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*J. A. Hood*

THE

SOUTHERN REVIEW,

VOL. XV.--No. 31.

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A. T. BLEDSOE, LL. D., EDITOR.

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JULY, 1874.

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*Πάντα δοκιμάζετε, τὸ καλὸν κατέχετε.*

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# THE SOUTHERN REVIEW.

No. XXXI.

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JULY, 1874.

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ART. I.—*The Franco-Prussian War to the Catastrophe of Sedan and the Fall of Strassburg.* By Colonel A. Bordstreet and Major F. Dwyer. London: Asher & Co. 1878.

In the present disturbance of the equilibrium of Europe, and the consequent unsettledness of international politics, there are four great empires contending for the mastery of Europe—the Romanic or Southern, the Germanic or Northern, the Slavonic or Eastern, and the British or Western. The first may be said to be marshalled under the Pope, and to embrace Italy, Spain, and France; the second under Bismarck, and to embrace Prussia and the other German States; the third under Gortschakoff, and to embrace Russia, Poland, Bohemia, and a few of the smaller Austrian States; and the fourth under the British Cabinet, and to embrace the British Isles and their colonies. Each one believes that if its forces were all united, or even properly organized under a close alliance, it could conquer any or all of the rest; and each is accordingly looking, under one form or another, for a unity and coöperation of its co-sanguinaires to this end. In this contest, whose course we shall attempt to trace in this article, the Romanic Empire can be said to represent the Church; the Germanic, the State and its organized civilizing institutions; the Slavonic, the army; and the British, commerce—so that it is a contest between religion, science, numbers, and wealth; or, in its moral aspect,

between faith, intelligence, force, and morality; or, religiously considered, between ritualism, rationalism, indifferentism, and humanitarianism. We shall first speak of the Romanic Empire.

The Romanic peoples, who are represented by the Church, are the descendants and successors of the ancient Romans, with their physical and intellectual characteristics in general preserved, and with their language, customs, sympathies, and religion all more or less faithfully handed down to the present. For, in most respects, the Spanish, French, and Italians are no more different from the ancient Romans than the distance which separates them in time would require of the blood descendants of a race. Their most general characteristic is a strong sensuousness, which the fiery sun of the south and the clear skies and smiling landscapes of their homes have developed to an æsthetical sensibility in art, a beautiful ceremonial in worship, a dogmatic faith in religion, a submissive obedience in moral practice, and a theocratic subordination of State to Church in politics. Sentiment taking among them the place of thought, faith of knowledge, politeness of morality, and graded subjection of liberty and equality, they are the depositaries of Bourbonism and anti-modernism in general. Their idea is to unite all the Romanic peoples in a religio-political organization, in order to bring their characteristics to a supremacy in the world. They hope in the end to restore, as Romans, if not the ancient Empire of the Cæsars, at least the mediæval Empire of the Popes. The Romans are numerous enough, they think, to rule the civilized world, as in the days of Constantine and Charlemagne, and to rule it from the Eternal City. As the Italians recently solved their perplexing difficulties about the supremacy of the State, and instead of making Savoy, or Lombardy, or Venice the master, or Milan, Florence, or Naples the capital, united them all in one kingdom, with Rome for the capital and Italy for the whole; so they think that, instead of deciding the rivalries between France, Spain, and Italy for the mastery among the Romans, they should unite them all in one Church, with the capital at Rome, and their empire in all the world.

The religious element is the strongest one in the Romanic peoples, and therefore most naturally brought uppermost in their policy. It is, indeed, about the only element of strength left them from their ancient greatness, and perhaps the only one of which, in their present enervation, they are intellectually capable. The Romanic peoples are all Catholics, and, with their colonized countries of South America and Mexico, are about the only Catholics in the world. Their religion is, therefore, peculiarly their own, developed out of the ancient religion of the Romans, with the mere name and externals of Christianity taken on; and as so developed it is adapted to the tastes of no other peoples. Their religion, moreover, has been, and is capable of being, kept peculiarly Romanic—that is, southern Ultramontane or ritualistic. For, as often as in spreading among other stocks and races of men, it has been modified to new tastes and requirements, or as often as it has been broken off from by reformations or rebellions, as has been its fate among the Slavonic, Germanic, and Anglican peoples, so often has the Romanic element in the Church rallied and restored it to its southern sensuousness as against northern rationalism. Thus, after the reformations of Huss, Luther, and Henry the Eighth, as well as after the more ancient separation of the Greek Church, the Italian, French, and Spanish Catholics, who, during these reformations, consistently fought for the Church as it was, restored again its Ultramontane character, sensualized, ritualized, and Jesuitized it further, and put it more securely than ever under the spirit of the Romanic peoples. Since no reformation of, or separation from, the Church has yet occurred among the Romanic peoples, either in France, Spain; or Italy, this could not well be otherwise. But the way in which more especially the Catholics now keep their religion Romanic, even beyond the extent of its Romanic population, is by the preponderance of Cardinals from the Romanic States, and especially from Italy and Spain. The Cardinals, eighty in number, are the advisers or cabinet officers of the Pope, and ought, theoretically, to be chosen in due proportion from the different peoples and nations embraced in the Catholic religion. But owing to the local situation of the

chief Pontificate, and to the expense and loss of influence that would attend the prelates of other countries if they left their flocks for Rome, the Cardinals are mostly taken from men nearer headquarters, and consequently from Italians, Spanish, and French. The few who are taken from more distant foreigners are rendered uninfluential, because not familiar with the ecclesiastical rings and machinery of Rome, or unavailable as practical advisers because not acquainted with the Italian tongue, or living too far off for consultation. The working Cardinals are the priests who supply the churches at Rome, and live off their revenues, and who, accordingly, must be Italians, and of such second class talent and ambition as to be satisfied with the humble livings which those churches afford. The result of this is, that the whole Roman Catholic Church is controlled by Italian monks of the lowest order, which gives an Ultramontane tinge to everything Catholic, keeps the Church back in the conservatism and illiberalism of the middle ages, and in politics commits it to the Romanic, and, in general, to the Italian policy. We can readily see, then, why religion should be made the rallying principle of the Romanic peoples, since it is not only the strongest element among them, but can be kept entirely under their control, and made to express their opinions and prejudices, as well as to advance their political policy among other peoples. This, therefore, is the religious idea of the Church—to get hold of and bring out this religious element of the Romans, and by identifying it with their political interests, to promote the latter by the spread of the former.

The next object of the Romanic peoples, and especially of the Church, is to bring the religious element uppermost in the minds of the people, that by ruling it they may rule the whole. They would, accordingly, have men think more of spiritual than of temporal things, more of heaven than of earth, more of religion than of politics. Setting in bold contrast the eternal glory of the next world with the temporal character of this, they would even have the secular interests, since they are inferior, subjected to the control of the eternal; the worldly powers put under the spiritual, the State under the Church,

the kings and emperors under the Pope. They would, in general, have the priests do the managing of the world, that it may be done with due regard to its subordinate place, and as contributory to the Church. In short, they would train the people in every way to regard their social and political interests as secondary, and to be managed by others than themselves—the very essence of slavery—all in order that the Church may get the control for itself, and through it get the control both of the Romanic and the other peoples of Europe.

But not only would the Romans or the Church bring religion uppermost in the minds of the people, but, in the next place, they would make it the bond of union among the nations. Something, they say, must determine the adaptability of the different States for fusions and alliances, and, since religion is the highest interest in nations, they would have a nation always act according to its religious interests, and never against any nation which is a unit with it on this point. In other words, they would classify the different peoples on their religions, and fraternize with and bind together the Catholics and Catholic States, because Catholic. In this way they hope especially to unite France, Spain, and Italy in their interest, and to keep them together, whatever minor issues and jealousies may separate them. Their rallying cry is, that the Catholic States should conquer the world, just as the Catholic religion should; herein putting forth a similar claim to the one anciently put forth by the Church, that the Christian nations should rule the world as against the heathen. This aspiration has always been and is a part of their religion—the ideal of Jesuitism—namely, that the Church, or its agents in secular government, should rule the world in the interest of Christ, or of the spiritual world.

The next idea of the Church is, that all this religious element should be controlled by the Pope. This would at once throw it, with all its attendant secular power, into the hands of the Romanic people, as explained above. It is no unworthy object of the ambition of any man or organization to rule the religion of the world, especially if the place and import-



ance be assigned to religion that is here claimed. Neither Alexander, Cæsar, nor Napoleon ever dreamed of such an empire. The Church, according to this idea, is to take entire control of the morals of the race, and therein to rule the springs of action in man. The Pope, as the agent of the Church, or its head, is to be the spiritual general to strategize these moral forces of the world for the subjugation of the rest. This plan will put at least half of man under Rome and Romanic influence, and paralyze the other half so as to be harmless in its opposition. The idea of Popery, which is one of the most magnificent that has ever been developed in history, rivaling the philosophic republic of Plato, the Universal Roman Empire of Augustus, the European Republic of the Communists, and even the universal brotherhood of Christ, is that of an empire within an empire, an empire running through all the States. Separating in thought the Church from the State, the ecclesiastical from all secular governments, the Church is to interlace and be interwoven in the State, its invisible powers wound around all its members, recognized, protected, and enforced by the State, yet left free in every country to be controlled by itself, or do the bidding of Rome. The power of Rome is to be the central spiritual power for all the States, however distant and different, and by controlling the religion is to have a recognition from the governments as well as from the people directly.

Another idea of the Church is to carry out this power by means of a peculiar kind of treaties, or concordats, to be made between her and the nations, by which the Church—that is, the Pope—is to be allowed to regulate the faith, order the worship, control the schools, make laws for marriages and divorces, and, in general, control the people in matters that relate, however remotely, to religion. This is to be allowed to the Church in return for the Church's service in keeping the people loyal to their rulers, which she is not slow to do as long as the rulers promote the interests of the Church. Church and monarchies, Pope and kings are a mutual support, and the Church insists that both are alike necessary to civil government and the maintenance of society. In this way

does the Church, by making herself felt as a necessity to the governments, secure for herself an efficient recognition by them, and have their secular arm lent her for the enforcing of her spiritual authority.

Another idea of the Church, by which she has sought to control both governments and people, is the dogma of papal infallibility. Finding of late years that the Catholics are inclined to disregard the wishes and commands of the Pope, however clearly made known, the Church has thought to clothe his Holiness with new authority, and hence has decreed him this new attribute, with express penalties of damnation to those who disbelieve or disobey him. The object of this is to enable the Pope to quickly, and without appeal, give his commands to the world in the interests of the Church. No Catholic government, it has been thought, will dare to disregard his commands when uttered by such sanctity; and no Protestant government even could feel safe in thwarting them if it has any large number of Catholics under it. By this authority, recognized everywhere by the Catholics, it has been calculated that the Pope can, with a word, turn the people against any nation he may see fit, or even against their own nation, and, in the event of a war or political contest, make them side with whatever faction he may choose. Thus has the Church sought to get control of the whole religious and moral element of the world, that through it it might control the rest.

Again, the strength of the Church is not only in the thorough organization of the Romanic peoples on the basis of religion, but also in having and keeping alive in every State an element weakening to such State. Thus the Church has the South German Catholic States as a thorn in the side of Prussia, Poland as a pair of reins to Russia, and Ireland as a powder-mine under England. It thus holds the Germanic, the Slavonic, and the British Empires in check by hostages, and aims to get in all these countries legislation favorable to the Church or powerless against it. What, therefore, the Church cannot do by strengthening itself, it hopes to do by weakening others; and this, indeed, is a great part of its tactics, to neutralize the Germanic, Slavonic, and British influ-

ence, by diffusing the Romanic religion among their populations.

The principal conflict now being waged on the part of the Church for the supremacy of Europe is with Germany. It is true that in all Catholic countries it keeps the fires of discontent burning by religious propagation. But all the resources of the Church, secret and open, by propagandism and by diplomacy, by excommunications and threats of rebellion and war, are directed against Germany. This is because Germany, by its recent ascendancy to the mastery of Europe, has most materially interfered, and is still most interfering, with the plans and prospects of the Church. For Germany, in taking her present rank in the world, has in turn conquered Catholic Austria, absorbed the South German or Catholic States, vanquished Catholic France, raised the Döllinger heresy, expelled the Jesuits from German borders, and taken all political power from the Church in German domains. Therefore the Church is measuring her strength with the Germans to-day, making the issue of this contest the chief trial question in the fate of the Romanic Empire. The measures that have been successively taken by the Church in this conflict we shall, therefore, next briefly trace; in which it will be seen that as the Church had left nothing undone to prevent the ascendancy of Germany, so, after its ascendancy, it has left nothing undone to put an end to it.

We observe, then, in the first place, that finding on the close of the Franco-German war that it was useless longer to contest the rise of the Germanic peoples, the Church next attempts, with unparalleled boldness, to get control of the German Empire itself. The bringing in of the South German or Catholic States into this empire, or into what was hitherto the North German (and Protestant) Confederation, gave them special hope in this direction. Accordingly, in the first election for delegates to the Imperial Diet, they strained every nerve to elect Catholics, and in many cases succeeded. These Catholic deputies were all marshalled under the leadership of the Archbishop of Mayence, and cast their united influence and votes steadily in favor of the Catholic Church. They

projected at the same time in Berlin a Catholic daily, the *Germania*, which was to foster and direct the Catholic influence in the new empire. Nothing was now wanting, they urged with a semblance of patriotism, to complete the greatness of the Germanic Empire but the blessing of the Pope and the assistance and coöperation of the Church. Empire and Church, Kaiser and Pope, they claimed, must stand or fall together. We must have, they insisted, a complete restoration of the ancient German Empire, in which the Pope is to be the spiritual and William the temporal head, as in the glorious days of Barbarossa. The Emperor should be crowned by the Pope in the ancient imperial city of Worms or Aix-la-Chapelle. In short, the Catholics dreamed of nothing else, and would hear of nothing else than a Germanic-Italian Empire, as in the middle ages, or rather a Germanic-Roman Empire. To such an empire they professed in advance eternal obedience, and pledged their united efforts for the upbuilding and aggrandizing of Germany. Had the new empire acceded to these terms, there would have been no opposition on the part of the Catholics to the union of Germany, nor any of the subsequent conflicts between Church and State, or between Bismarck and the Pope. But Germany was not to be so easily inveigled into exchanging her power for the friendship of the Church. Accordingly, in the trial of this question, which was had in the Imperial Diet on the issue of a crusade proposed by the Catholics for the restoration of the Pope to his temporal possessions, the Catholics were wofully defeated, or rather outvoted by the greater number of the Protestant members. This shattered at once all the hopes, and put an end to the aspirations of the Church for the control of the German Empire. Subsequently to this, therefore, the Catholics have adopted an entirely different set of tactics.

Seeing themselves thus defeated, the Church next resolved to oppose the new empire by all means, foul or fair, and especially to prevent any further consolidation of the German States. This action was intended partly as a means to compel by threats what they could not carry by votes, and partly as a step in the actual work of the overthrow of the Germanic Col-

ossus. As, therefore, they had, in the first place, opposed the entrance of the South German or Catholic States into the new German Empire (of which they failed by a single vote), they next went to these States—Bavaria, Baden, and Wirtemberg—to oppose at every step any closer union of them with the empire. A party was accordingly formed under their instigation in the South German States, called the National or States' Sovereignty Party, which was opposed to what might be called the Imperial or Union Party. It was led by the priests and bishops, under special direction from Rome, and directed all its efforts to create a sentiment against German union, which, they claimed, was merely an absorption of their own State under Prussia, and of the supreme power under King (now Emperor) William. The treaty of union had already put the army of all these States under the direction of the emperor and his Berlin generals, as also the army roads, railroads, telegraphs, and whatever was necessary for the transportation and communication of troops. As it was sought now to put also the postal and consular system under imperial control, as well as the currency and various other insignia of sovereignty, the national party succeeded in persuading their king that he was becoming, instead of a supreme sovereign, as heretofore, a mere governor under King William, his late rival, which was by no means palatable to the taste of that haughty young monarch. The departure of the diplomatic corps from his court to Berlin increased this feeling, and soon, seeing himself shorn of his strength, he threw himself into the arms of the opposition, and would have acted systematically and openly against the new empire, but for another matter that was now gaining importance in the State.

When Bismarck and the friends of union in Berlin saw the opposition they were likely to meet in Bavaria and Wirtemberg, they went right down into the heart of the opposition, and in Munich itself set on foot the Old Catholic movement. Döllinger, Frederichs, and some other loyal German professors were induced to take exceptions to the doctrine of papal infallibility, which was intended to be made the chief instrument in the hands of the Church for the propagation of the

national or separatist views. As when in Troy Cassandra had been endowed with prophetic powers by stealth, to the great annoyance of the Greeks, and Apollo could no longer deprive her of them, he had to avenge himself by making the Trojan people distrustful of her; so, after Germany could not prevent the passage of the dogma of infallibility in the Œcumenical Council, she contented herself with defeating it by infusing an incredulity into her Catholic citizens. This heresy being, therefore, raised in the midst of the disunion agitations of South Germany, the priests had to draw off from the political propagandism in favor of State sovereignty, and betake themselves to defending the Church. Instead, therefore, of using the new dogma of papal infallibility for inculcating their political ideas of separation, they found it policy to persuade the people, in view of the danger with which the dogma was threatened, that it was of no practical importance, and that so far from being dangerous to the State, as the Döllinger partisans and unionists alleged, who wished to prevent by law its promulgation in Bavaria, they even taught that it had no political significance whatever. The Church having thus its hands full in Bavaria, and using throughout Germany all its strength to save its members from the Old Catholic movement, it was temporarily restrained in its work of disunion, and the progress of the unification and consolidation of Germany was allowed to go smoothly on for awhile.

Regaining courage, however, after a little time the Roman Church next set to work to harass the German Empire in a new quarter. Going among the Poles and newly-admitted Alsations, it began to excite these to various species of disloyalty. This was no difficult task, because the Poles, forever dreaming of a return to their nationality, had always been impatient under the alien yoke, and especially, since they are Slavonians, under the yoke of Germanic Prussia. And as for the Alsations and people of Lorraine, who were not only Catholics, but also French, the task of exciting them against the new German Empire was still easier. In this way, therefore, did the Church pursue its work, mostly by sending Jesuits and Italian missionaries to these people, until the Ger-

man government, recently becoming alarmed, expelled all foreign-born Jesuits from the Empire, and compelled those who were native Germans to remove to such localities as Bismarck might think they could do no harm in. They were, accordingly, taken away from the Poles and Alsatians and put in perfectly loyal communities.

But even here the Church did not stop in its plottings against Germany. Scarcely are its missionaries expelled from Germany than they are sent out to England, France, Russia, and the United States to agitate there, and, by relating their persecutions under Germany, to create a sympathy for themselves and a hostility against that power. In England and Russia they have been especially active in that design, thinking if they could get up a conflict between any nation whatever that would draw in Germany, it would be to their advantage; since they are now so low in power that, having lost everything, they have nothing more to lose by war, and, therefore, would be gainers by an unsettling of affairs. Accordingly, it has been of late the settled policy of the Catholic Church to brew a war in Europe, in order to overturn the German Empire; and for this purpose it is rallying the Catholic States—France and Spain especially—to unite in a crusade to restore the Holy Father, or else make some combination or alliance that will enable them to withstand Germany and her probable allies. A war between Russia and England on the Khiva question would secure their purpose just as well, or indeed any other contest, since no war could well be begun without drawing in Germany; and hence the Catholics are zealous in pushing every matter of difficulty between the nations to a *casus belli*: the Black Sea and Khiva question between England and Russia; the Eastern question between Russia, Austria, and England; the Spanish throne question between Prussia, France, and Spain; and the Papal restoration question between France, Italy, and Prussia.

Such, in general, are the aspirations of the Church, or the Romanic peoples, and such the measures and hitherto workings by which they have sought to bring themselves to the

supremacy of Europe. We shall next speak of the Germanic Empire and peoples in their struggles in the same direction.

Germany has always been an important country, but a weak one, in arms and politics. Its division into several dozen principalities has made it the natural prey for the surrounding strong powers. The policy of the Romanic nations, and especially of France, has been to keep Germany divided that they might rule it. At no time, therefore, in its history has the whole or any commanding portion of Germany been united, but at most it has been only confederated under a loose and weak empire. Accordingly, while the Germans, as in the time of Tacitus, have generally fought singly, they have been conquered as a whole. It has long, therefore, been the dream of the German patriots to unite the German-speaking countries of Europe into one nationality, and so to assume their due importance in politics—a dream which of late is beginning to be realized under the direction of Bismarck. This diplomat has been able to persuade the petty princes and their protégés out of their sectional prejudices and interests, or to expel such of them as could not be so persuaded; so that the Germans have been consolidating, and a new, and closer, and stronger empire of the whole has risen up. It is now the aspiration of this empire, not only to consolidate all the Germanic peoples, but also to assume the control of the continent of Europe which properly belongs to them.

The first object of the Germans to realize this idea has been to fight the disunion sentiment, both within and without. In doing this they have had to come into conflict with Austria, with the Catholics, and with France; with Austria, because she had the controlling influence in the old German Empire or Confederation, and was not willing to give it up; with the Catholics, because under the former confederation they had a chief place by reason of their possessing Austria; and with France, because she had most to gain by the loose confederacy of the German States which existed under the old regime. Accordingly, the idea of the German unionists, who had both to effect this consolidation and to conquer these several opposing elements, was to substitute a new German Empire for the



old, a strong one for a weak, a close one for a loose, a northern for a southern, a Protestant for a Catholic, a Hohenzollern for a Hapsburgian, a home one for a foreign one, and, in short, an entire new regulation for the old, which would require a revolution of the most extensive kind to realize. Austria must be conquered; France must be conquered; the whole Catholic Church must be conquered. Accordingly, with this object in view, and all these obstacles in the way, the German Empire, or as yet the German imperial or union party, set to work some ten years ago. The first thing to be done, as we have said, was to create a North German Confederation, to take the place of the old German Confederation then existing, which was of southern antecedents and sympathies, and so weak as to forever preclude the idea of a strong German union under it. Bismarck came with a plan to King William of Prussia, who seeing that in it he was to be made the emperor of all the Germanies instead of Prussia alone, and his house and religion to be made supreme over that of Hapsburg, instead of he being a vassal of Francis Joseph, as in some sense he now was, consented, and gave full authority to his ministers to prepare for it in every department of the government. Among other preparations Moltke was appointed to reorganize the Prussian army—an army which was to conquer Austria, South Germany, and France. All this was accordingly done; and Prussia being now ready, and a safe alliance made with Italy to guard against the contingencies of a defeat of Prussian arms alone, a pretext was given to Austria, which was at once accepted, and the war begun. At the same time Prussia managed to keep France from interfering, by misleading her to suppose that it was only an internal quarrel for the settling of the Danish spoils taken in the Schleswig-Holstein war. At the same time, too, that Prussia began the war, she served a notice on all the North German States that they would be allowed twenty-four hours to decide whether they would unite their fortunes with Prussia to form a North German Confederation, or be forcibly made to do so, in which latter event they would lose their crowns and their independence. The war thus begun was pushed successfully to a close

by Prussia. Austria being conquered, was compelled to withdraw her influence entirely from Germany. Those of the Northern States which accepted Prussia's offer of union, were incorporated in the new confederation with honor, and those which refused were taken in by force, the Kings of Hanover and Brunswick being dethroned, and the throne of Saxony declared forfeited after the extirpation of the present dynasty. The free city of Frankfort was deprived of its independence, and made a part of Prussia. The South German States, moreover, were so far subjected to Prussia, that their armies were stipulated to be put in the hands of King William in the event of a war, to be entirely controlled by him. Thus arose, therefore, the North German Confederation, which was an irregular and unequal thing, but which embraced under some terms all the German States except those possessed by Austria, and which, for all purposes of war, was quite as powerful as a consolidated nation could be. At the same time, moreover, in which Germany thus commenced her union, she aided Italy to regain her lost prestige and provinces which Austria had recently taken from her, and vastly furthered the union prospect and sentiment in that country, as Napoleon had unwittingly aided her in doing before; so that a union sentiment was now set on foot in Europe in general, extending even to Austria, who, to amend her losses in Germany, began to unite her Slavonic and Magyar elements into a closer union.

France, however, became jealous of this growth of Germany and of the power of Prussia. It had been the dream of Napoleon to take back from Germany the left bank of the Rhine, which he thought would forever cement his dynasty and secure his throne. This now seemed to be every day growing more and more impossible. At last he boldly threw down the glove to Bismarck, informing him, through one of his ministers, that if he did not cede Mayence and the surrounding country to France, he must fight. Bismarck accepted the challenge, and when Napoleon saw that he was ready to fight, he withdrew the banter. But when, subsequently, France saw Prussia stretching out her arms toward Spain, and plotting to put a Hohenzollern on the throne of a Romanic nation, the chal-

lenge was again renewed and accepted by Prussia. The war which was then begun—the Franco-German war—was entered into on the part of France with the intention of reducing the German Confederation to the same state of weakness that it was in before the war with Austria; and on the part of Germany with the intention of completing the confederation already commenced, by including the South German States, and of rendering powerless the French opposition to their union by taking from France her eastern mountain chain to make it a border of defence for Germany. Germany was successful in the war, and all of this was accordingly done, as is well known; and all opposition being now removed, the South German States, which had heretofore held the relation of a perpetual military alliance to the North German Confederation, were incorporated as part and parcel of it. The confederation thus extended was, moreover, now called the German Confederation, instead of the North German Confederation, and subsequently changed into the German Empire, with King William, who had heretofore been President of the North German, and German Confederation, respectively, made the Emperor of the German Empire. Thus the union of Germany was accomplished—Protestant, Hohenzollern, close, strong, and permanent. All that was yet required, and still remains to be done, was to bring in about eleven millions of Germans who are now under Austria. But as these are now mixed with Bohemians, and in States where there is a large infusion of other Slavonian and non-German peoples, it may remain for some time a question whether the German Empire shall extend its bounds to embrace all these, or whether they will be taken up under the spread of some other race. That is one of the questions which is to be settled by the issue of the contest of the empires which we are now discussing.

The next idea of the Germans, in the consolidation of their empire, is to throw out all foreign influence. The curse of Germany, and the long cause of its disunion, has been its connection with Italy. In the middle ages, and until the time of Napoleon the First, it had formed an Italian-Germanic Empire, in which the Church had a chief control, and where an

Italian, a Spaniard, or member of any other nationality might be the emperor, according to the choice of the electors and the good will of the Pope. It was chiefly to break off from Italy, and become a home empire, and make the States independent, self-governing principalities, that the Reformation of the sixteenth century was consummated. The electors thought that by favoring the reformers they should become sovereign kings instead of mere imperial subordinates. And inasmuch as the Germans have never yet gotten free from foreign influence, this idea of a home-empire has ever since been lurking in their minds. The reason of this intermixture of foreign elements of late years has been the fact that almost every German State has had also some possessions that were not German. Thus Austria had Bohemia, Hungary, and part of Italy and Poland; Prussia had Poland and part of Denmark. None of them was willing to give up her non-Germanic States or peoples in order to a union of her Germanic peoples with other Germans. Accordingly, it was only part of each State that was in the old Germanic Empire—the German part; and often unavoidably large sections of non-Germanic peoples were made part of Germany, the borders being very indistinct and shading off into every nationality and race. There was, accordingly, a great confusion, nobody knowing where or how much was the German's fatherland. The partition of Poland among two of the largest German States (Russia got the rest, to her eternal annoyance,) has specially contributed to this difficulty and confusion. But there being this difficulty in the way of German union, and there being the necessity of getting rid of it, every effort has been made in the late rise of the empire to throw out the foreign element and influence, no other object having been kept more jealously in view. Hence it was that Austria was so peremptorily required to withdraw all pretensions to a control in German affairs; and although it was thereby excluding a great part of the Germans from Germany, these exiled Germans, it was thought, must be made to feel that they are not Germans, rather than that the Bohemians, Hungarians, Croatians, and others of a non-Germanic race shall be allowed longer to control the German people.

For the same reason it is that Germany will not hear to any right of France to dictate how she shall manage her internal affairs, or what terms or alliances she shall make for her union. And for the same reason it was that she would not allow England to dictate to her what disposition she should make of her late victory over France, telling England that her whole idea of preserving a national equilibrium by foreign interference was not to be entertained or respected by Germany for a moment. In short, Germany has boldly committed herself to the policy of non-interference of one nation with another in the wars either with herself or her neighbors; and in preserving this idea she has joined hands with Russia, which alone makes it impossible for England now to wage war with Russia on the Eastern question.

It is in furtherance of this idea of home government, or of the exclusion of foreign influence, that Germany has of late taken such a strong stand against the Catholic Church. The Döllinger movement was nothing else than an attempt to break the power of Rome and of the Romanic peoples in Germany. Ostensibly taking exception to the dogma of papal infallibility, the originators and supporters of the Old Catholic movement had in view the bringing of the German Catholics to govern themselves. Why should the Pope and a cabinet of Italian Cardinals, or any other foreigners indeed, manage the religion of the Germans, and so control one of their most important interests? A strong and jealous distinction has always been drawn in Germany between the Ultramontane or Romanic element in the Catholic Church and the Germanic or northern element; and so long as the Catholic Church is ruled by the former it will not be obeyed in Germany. Should the Germans not be able, at the death of Pius IX, to influence the election of a Pope of their own people, for which they are already straining every nerve, the breach between the Empire and the Catholics will be still wider. At present every energy is bent to further the cause of the Döllingerites, or Old Catholics, who have broken off entirely from Rome, in order that they may grow to embrace all the Catholics in Germany. And as for the other Catholics, who still adhere to Rome, the

German government is taking the most decided measures to shut off from them all influence from Rome. No interference of the Pope is allowed in the management of the Catholic Church in Germany, except in matters purely religious. He cannot reserve or have any officers of the Church removed—whether priests, or bishops, or professors in the Catholic schools—without the consent of the government. All appointments of importance must be made with the approval of the government. No edict or proclamation of the Pope, or of the General Council of the Catholic Church, can be promulgated from the pulpit without the consent of the government. Nobody can be excommunicated for merely obeying the laws of the State, or for not voting as the priests may dictate. In short, the government is taking the most decided measures to deliver its Catholic subjects from any threats or compulsion of the Romanic element in that Church. This all seems to us of America to be a matter of needless oppression, and the Catholics are everywhere indignant at the course of the German government, believing that their religion is persecuted, and that as Catholics they are not free. Such treatment, however, is a legitimate consequence of the religious systems of the Old World, and the wrong lies further back. Were the religions disconnected from the State, as in this country, and each allowed to support and manage itself, the evil would remedy itself, and merely by the withdrawal of the governmental recognition leave the Church free. But when the State supports religion, and pays for it out of the taxes of the people, it thinks it has a right to manage it. Its ministers and teachers are regarded as public officers, and their tenure regulated like those of postmasters or revenue collectors. The only alternative is an entire separation of Church and State. Accordingly, the German government, while paying for a religion, does not feel inclined to allow it to be used for the overthrow of the government, which would be suicide of the worst kind. The government accordingly insists that the Church shall be loyal to the empire and to the German idea, so long as it is drawing its life from the German treasury. At the present time all religions are alike recognized by the government of Prus-

sia, and all are equal before the law. But, at the same time, the Prussian government is not, like our government, indifferent to religion. It supports all alike, instead of ignoring all alike. In this state of things, recognizing and managing religion, religion is intended to be a national or Germanic institution, which must be used, if at all, for national or Germanic purposes.

It is in furtherance of this idea of home rule, too, that the Imperial Government has expelled the foreign Jesuits, of which we have already spoken. The work of the Jesuits being in the interests of Germanic disintegration, it has been thought policy to send them to their homes. And when the Jesuits have sought to evade the effect of this law, by handing over their work to the Redemptorist fathers, and other orders of the Church, male and female, the government has taken summary measures to expel the Romanic or Ultramontane workers, under whatever name. Thus everything in the policy of the German government, of late, has been to throw out the foreign influence and get the German alone.

The next idea of the Germans in consolidating their empire is to make the State idea strong. The universities, schools, armies, benevolent societies, railroad systems, and commerce are all organized with reference to an imperial purpose. The State is regarded as everything in Germany, and these others are thought important only as they contribute to the State's prosperity. The people are to derive all their good through the State, much as, according to the old ecclesiastical idea, they derive all spiritual good from the Church. The State is to be supreme; and if the Church, or any other institution, is set up in comparison with it, the State is at once and summarily to be adjudged the precedence. Every institution, organization, or corporation is to derive its authority from the State, and to be regarded as a function of the State. Instead of leaving the people free to voluntary enterprises, or ignoring such agencies as lyceums, art-culture, theatres, etc., which are ignored in this country by the government, the Germans go to the opposite extreme, and their government takes cognizance of everything. Mining, farming, manufacturing, railroads, canals, all are con-

trolled more or less completely by the State. In religion the Church is made subordinate to the State, though not separate from it, as we explained above. In Prussia the Lutheran and Reformed Church has been united in the interest of the State, and one Church constructed, called the State Church. A convention has recently been called of all the Protestant Churches in the whole German Empire, to effect a like fusion of the Protestants in the other German States; and although that convention has been unsuccessful, negotiations are now in progress, under the immediate patronage of the Emperor and Bismarck, that will no doubt prove successful. Nothing, it is thought, will better serve to consolidate the unity of the German Empire than a unity of its religions. A principal object in the Döllinger movement was to create a German Catholic Church, to take the place in the Empire of the Roman Catholic Church, or to make a State Catholic Church as well as a State Protestant Church. This has, in effect, been done, and it is more than probable that as soon as the Old Catholic, or German Catholic Church is fairly organized, it will be united with the Protestant Church of Germany, making one German Church for all Germany, coextensive with the bounds of the empire, and modified in every interest with the life of the empire. This is at least the German Church ideal, and will ultimately be realized, its only alternative being a separation of Church and State. Germany will not long support an institution that will not contribute to the German idea. The reason why the Old Catholic movement does not spread more rapidly in France, Austria, Spain, and other countries where there are liberal Catholics, is that its German character is suspected, and because the people in other nations believe that it has been gotten up entirely in the German interest. The German Government is not anxious for its spread elsewhere, but only that each State shall build up for itself a State Church, and regulate it without influence from Italy. Bismarck's idea appears to be a little more radical than this even, and it is largely adopted by the Rationalists of Germany—namely, that the State should supplant entirely the Church, that is, take charge of the morals of the people, and by well instructing



them in the schools, render the Church unnecessary, and in the end do away with it entirely. No man in Europe has a more exalted idea of the State than Bismarck. He believes that in the complete organization of society, which with him is the ideal of the State, all the interests of the people will be provided for, and the people all left free and happy to do as they please. Such a State is with him the ideal German State, after which he has been so long striving, and for the realization of which he is bringing about the union of Germany.

Such, in general, have been the policy and measures of the Germans to unite themselves by way of preparation for assuming the mastery in Europe. But the union and consolidation of Germany being effected, there remained much work to be done in order to establish the position thus gained, as well as to make it tell on the policy of other nations.

In the next place, then, Germany has persistently sought, ever since the close of the war with France, to form alliances with other nations, in order to prevent the disturbing of the peace and unsettling the existing state of affairs in Europe. Having gained all she wanted, and put herself at the head of European politics, with a fair prospect that the natural growth of the nations would only consolidate and increase her power, it was natural that she should be for peace. But while this was her policy, almost every other nation had some reason for wishing war. France, of course, wanted war to regain her lost provinces and honor. Austria wanted war to retrieve what she lost by Prussia in the war of 1866. The Pope wanted war to get back his temporal possessions. Russia wanted war to avenge herself on England for her Crimean defeat. Accordingly, the whole political atmosphere was charged with war; and to avert it in any shape whatever has been the untiring work of Bismarck. No man has been more successful in forming alliances than this man, or more given to carrying his national schemes by alliances. Accordingly, by alliances he seeks to avert these wars. Just as he made an alliance with Italy to secure himself in the war with Austria, and an alliance with Russia to secure himself in the war with France, so he now has bound up all Europe with alliances. He first goes

to Gastein, in Austria, where he effects a meeting of the Austrian and German Emperors, and stipulates that, for the preservation of peace in Europe, Austria shall engage to defend Germany in case of war with France, in return for Germany's stipulating to defend Austria in case of war with Russia on account of Austria's claims in the East. Subsequently, to make assurance doubly sure, he has a meeting called at Berlin, in the summer of 1872, of the three Emperors of Germany, Austria, and Russia, in which they respectively stipulated that, in order to keep the peace, Russia shall give up her designs on Austria's eastern provinces and on Turkey, and her hostility to Germany on account of the Danish war, in return for Austria's and Germany's stipulation to help Russia in the event of an attack from England on account of Russia's southward movement in Asia. And Austria and Russia stipulated that they will help Germany in the event of a war with France. And more recently Germany has brought Italy into this alliance, or more particularly stipulates that, in order to keep the peace of Europe, Italy shall engage to help Germany in the event of an attack from France, in return for Germany's stipulating to help Italy in the event of an attack from any power whatever for the restoration of the Pope. Accordingly, all the nations of Europe have been bound up against war, no matter by what power declared; so that a war is now impossible unless it be such as to embrace all the leading nations. And all this has been done by Bismarck, and in the special interests of Germany. He has persuaded Austria to forego her contemplated revenge for the defeat of 1866, and to think that the friendship of Germany is worth more to her than anything that could issue out of war. He has persuaded Russia that her honor is sufficiently satisfied against the Crimean defeat by the revocation of the Treaty of Paris touching her Black Sea disabilities, a revocation which Germany aided her in accomplishing. He has persuaded England that she is in no danger from the southern extension of Russia in Asia. The only two powers that he has not persuaded to be satisfied are France and the Pope; and them he holds in check by these alliances, and keeps them peaceable by fear.

But the plottings of Germany have not been confined to making profitable alliances of the different nations. Bismarck has also succeeded in manipulating the other States in their internal affairs in his interest. He has set Italy against the Pope, and so divided the Romanic powers themselves. He was largely instrumental in getting the son of Victor Emmanuel on the Spanish throne, and so in farther dividing the Romanic peoples. He barely failed to put a Germanic Prince, one of the Hohenzollern line, and of the same house with Emperor William, on that throne. He has so managed Austria in her Church relations as almost to destroy the Romanic power there. Under the ministry of Beust, a political friend, though personal enemy, of Bismarck, the Austrian Government has broken her Concordat with the Pope, established religious liberty, secularized the schools, enacted civil marriage, and in almost every other respect broke off from Rome. Under the influence of Bismarck, too, and of the German ideas which have spread in Europe, France has seen the necessity of imitating the course of Germany, in order, like her, to grow strong, so as in the end to conquer her—the motive which first set Austria on the way of liberality. In France religious liberty, compulsory education, scientific army organization, and other advanced measures have lately been put under headway. The management of Germany can be seen even in Russia, where the emperor has of late made wonderful strides in the direction of educating, elevating, and organizing his vast population. In short, the Germanic idea has been made, by the very successes of Germany, to prevail in almost every country, and is fostered as the only means of keeping abreast of the Germanic Empire in the race for power.

And, finally, on this point we may observe, touching the general significance of the late leading events of Europe, that the war of 1866 was a decision against the Catholics; that of 1870 a decision against the whole Romanic peoples; the recent alliances of Germany a decision against the Russians; and the general destruction of the equilibrium of Europe a decision against the English. So that the Germanic Empire has gained in her wars a triumph over all the other races, and

in so far outdistanced their rival empires in the race for supremacy.

Such, then, in general, has been the course of the German Empire in this contest, and such is its position to-day.

In speaking of the Slavonic and the British empires in this contest, we shall necessarily be brief, inasmuch as we have already traversed much of the matter incidentally in speaking of the Romans and the Germans.

The principal movement thus far made by the Slavonians to assert their importance, has been in calling for, and, to some extent, in organizing in embryo what is known as a Pan-Slavonic Empire. This has been entered into quite heartily by the Bohemians and Poles, who feel themselves aggrieved and oppressed by reason of their close contact and union in nations with the Germans, Romans, Magyars, and other races. In Russia, where the Slavonians are their own masters, or under a government of Slavonians, the cause does not make much headway, inasmuch as no necessity is felt for it. But in Bohemia, where the people of this race have been accustomed to fight their battles on the issue of German as against Bohemian, and where in past times they have been much oppressed by the Germans trying to force the German language, German officers, and German customs upon them, and in Germanizing them in general—in Bohemia, where there is a strong race-feeling, this idea of a Pan-Slavonic empire is very popular. In Poland, also, where the people are subjected to foreigners, whether Austrians or Prussians, they are made likewise to feel the necessity of this in the war of races. They all believe that if all the Slavonians were united under one head, or even in a close alliance, they would be stronger than any other nation or race in Europe, and could resist the encroachments of the Germanic people on the west, of the Romanic on the south, and of the British in Asia. The Slavonic population of Europe alone amounts to over eighty millions, which is far more than the total of either the Germanic, Romanic, or Anglo-Saxon peoples; and they have, moreover, a territory which is capable of accommodating millions more, and of indefinitely expanding in Asia and the south of Europe. The consumma-

tion of the proposed union would have to be by all submitting themselves to Russia, the greatest of the Slavonic nations. This, however, need be no difficulty. It is certain that both the Bohemians and the Poles would vastly prefer a restoration each of their ancient kingdoms; but inasmuch as this is quite impracticable, or very distant, they would be willing, for the time being, to live united under the rule of Russia, which would at least be the rule of their own race, in preference to living separate under German or Magyar rule.

Another idea of the Slavonians, and particularly of the Russians, by which to achieve the mastery of Europe, is extension in the south and east. This they propose to do partly by encroachments on Austria, Turkey, and the central Asiatic States, and partly by turning the channel of emigration from the overcrowded European States to the boundless regions already owned by Russia. England, Austria, and Turkey stand united against any such territorial encroachments just now, as do also the existing treaties referred to above; so that extension by this means seems out of the question for the present. But as to extension by immigration, the barriers which have hitherto existed to settlements in the remote regions of interior European and Asiatic Russia are measurably removed by railroads and the increased daring of modern colonization, which overleaps greater plains and higher mountains than in earlier times. We see no greater difficulty in settling central Russia than in settling the central portions of the United States, especially as the emigrants are nearer at hand than they are to us. And although Russia cannot be expected at present to encroach territorially on other nations, yet when her present possessions are all filled by these expected emigrants, then will be both the need and the opportunity for aggression. Russia has become very bold in anticipation of this state of things, and has recently gained in the Black Sea solution, and in the Khiva campaign, a series of victories over Austria and England that to the hopeful Slavonians looks very much like the conditions of universal empire. Russia now claims, and it is needed to be her right, to do as she pleases in the East; and she refrains it is only for the sake of present peace, and for

as long as the rival States refrain from anything like aggression on their part.

Another idea of the Russians, as we have already intimated, is to educate and elevate her great hordes. That being done, Russia will, even without any extension, assume an entirely new importance. She has already the necessary people, but they need the requisite cultivation. Hence she is at an advantage as compared with the other States and races, which are limited as to their numbers. The course of Russia has, accordingly, been one of constant organization, training, and liberalizing of her institutions and peoples. The serfs have been emancipated, the Churches have been freed, the schools and the army have been remodeled, and everything has been set on the new basis, which of late years has characterized Austria, France, and the other States who are copying after Prussia. The monarchs of the old world are beginning to see that they must educate their people if they would outdistance their rivals, and that they must do this however it may in the end interfere with the monarchies themselves. However it may be policy to keep the people ignorant in order the better to rule them, it is not policy to keep them ignorant the better to use them to rule others. Napoleon got a fatal lesson on this point.

Another idea of Russia is to fish for the Old Catholics, and so at the same time to deal a blow to Rome, and take away the spoils of the Döllinger movement from Germany. The Greek Church, or State Church of Russia, is more like the Reformed Catholic Church than any other religious body in existence. Hence they are working for a union of the two. We might also add that the English are also working for the Old Catholics. They likewise insist that the Church of England meets the idea of Döllinger and his partisans. This movement on the part of Russia is, therefore, one at the same time against Rome, Germany, and England. At the convention of the Old Catholics last year at Cologne, all those Churches, and through them their races, had their representatives on the ground, and each contested the new converts.

Such, in general, are the hopes and the plans of the Sla-

vonians for the increase of their power and their ultimate mastery in Europe. It will be observed that there is a strong resemblance between the foundation of their hopes for greatness and those of the United States. In both countries it is unlimited extent of land; untried resources; every variety of climate and production, from the poles to the tropics; comparative freedom from historical biases and traditional prejudices; newness of civilization and customs; frontier immigration and enterprise; and heavy draughting on other peoples. Russia, like the United States, cannot say what she is or can be, because her immense possibilities have not been tried, much less exhausted.

We come next to England. The foundation of England's greatness is her wealth. With her provinces, or whole empire rather, lying out in all quarters of the globe, rich with the productions of every clime, she always has a full treasury, and is ready, if need be, to buy out all the rest of Europe. Canada, Australia, and India is each a fathomless mine of commercial power. The trade carried on with other countries rivals that of all the rest of the world put together. In addition to this, England has nearly all the commerce with every other nation besides. She accordingly, taking all her colonies together, has more resources and more people than any other nationality. Her affinities of blood and language, too, as well as of custom and moral sympathies, are much more extensive than that of any other race. The United States is so very closely connected with England as to be almost one power with her. The English language is spoken by more enlightened people than any other, and promises to be the universal language of science and commerce. Judging from the present rate and ratio of increase among the English-speaking people, the English language will, by the end of the next century, be spoken by five times as many persons as any other. This all gives, and will give, England an advantage over every other civilization. Surely the pride of Britain has some foundation for its indulgence in the hope of a future world-empire for the Pan-Anglican race.

But at the same time it must be acknowledged that wealth

is England's only source of greatness. In all other respects she is not only weak, but exposed to the ambition and aggression of other races. In the first place, she is exposed to the Catholics or Romans. A strong Ultramontane power is growing up in her midst, which promises to absorb the great body of the English aristocracy. There is hardly a wealthy family among the nobility but has felt the attacks of the Jesuits, who have been working day and night for their conversion to Romanism, and hardly a member of the cabinet but by his very position makes himself an object of proselyting for this all greed after conversion. Even Mr. Gladstone, that truest of true Englishmen, is thought to be wavering under their strokes. His sister, and perhaps other members of his family, have been carried over to Rome, and he himself is thought to be a Jesuit in disguise. As all the power of Rome seems to be directed against the overthrow of the German Empire, it seems to be directed to the conversion of the British. Nearly all the Jesuits that have been expelled from Germany have taken up their abode and work in England; and although their line of operations is different in the two countries, it is directed to the same end of undermining the power under which they live, in the interest of the power of Rome. And not only so, but the Church itself of England is being carried over bodily into Rome. The ritualistic party have gotten the upper hand, and will ultimately make Catholics of all who are not made ritualists of. The old Stuart element, the unreformed Catholicism of the time of the Reformation, which has been forcibly kept in the Anglican Church, will carry itself back to where it belongs. This exposes the English nation, we say, to the Romanic peoples. For, in the event of a war with any Catholic country, the High Church party may be expected to sympathize with the national enemy, just as in a war between the United States and England the Episcopalians of this country might be counted on as sympathizing with England, because of the Church of England. Moreover, in Ireland the Catholics already have an omnipotent hold; and in the trial of English strength against the Romans, Ireland would be a canker-worm in the empire. The Irish Catholics



are all weapons of Rome, and so far from counting in the strength of England, must be subtracted as a negative element.

In the next place England is exposed as having great outlying provinces unprotected—India, Canada, Australia, Ireland, etc., exposed to Russia, the United States, and the Romanic power. It is the very unwieldiness of her greatness that makes England weak, and puts her at the mercy of all marauders. In the event of a war she would present many points of attack, and none of defence. She cannot, therefore, draw her slow strength into war with any hope of conquest, but only of sacrifice. Like the shipwrecked swimmer, she would have to throw away her weights of provinces and colonies, like so many bags of gold.

Again, England is exposed as having no army. While every other nation has a force constantly on hand, equal to the supposed strength of its rival neighbors, England has a force scarcely larger than that of the United States, and it is used merely as a police force in the colonies, and for royal pageantry at home. She depends for her protection, like the United States, on her isolation, and on her ability, in the event of war, to raise a volunteer army from among the countless millions of her citizens at home and in the colonies. As the British islands can be reached only by the sea, she has all her landing places fortified, and her immense navy can defend her until her army is organized. Her fleet also is sweeping the seas, and being much more numerous than that of any other people, can protect, in a measure, her colonies pending the same organization. But while such is England's protection against a sudden attack, and such her hope of preparation-time in case of a prolonged war, it is nevertheless true that she is measurably exposed in a continent of armies, and that she has no aggressive force by which to extend her empire over the others. It would be many months, if not years, before England could land an army in Germany or France, or do any serious execution there.

Accordingly, in the next place, it has been the policy of England to keep at peace. Her wealth is growing so fast by

the ordinary course of things that she can desire nothing better than to be let alone. Wealth flourishes best in peace, and, therefore, war would only interrupt her prosperity and set her back; that having everything to lose in the event of a war and nothing to gain, she stands with regard to financial prosperity in the same position as Germany in regard to military and political prosperity; and, therefore, equally with Germany she is for maintaining the *status quo*. She has all she wants, both in possessions and prospects, and, therefore, like a wealthy man in a community, she, a wealthy nation among the nations, does not want any revolution or disturbance of society. Accordingly, by reason of her all-absorbing desire for peace, she has made concessions to almost every power in the world, rather than come to war on any of the unsettled issues. In turn she has yielded to Russia, to Germany, and to the United States, in a degree that has compromised, according to her own citizens, her honor and her principles. She yielded twice to Russia in allowing her to cancel the Treaty of Paris and put her fleet on the Black Sea, and in permitting her to extend her armies southward in Asia to Khiva, thereby endangering the British possessions of India. She yielded ignobly to Germany in permitting her, against her long-established principle of keeping the present boundaries of European States intact, to appropriate two of the best provinces of France. She yielded twice to the United States in submitting her right in regard to the Alabama claims to a mixed tribunal on the basis of an *ex post facto* law, by which she lost fifteen millions of dollars, and in submitting to arbitration the Southwestern Boundary question, by which she lost a beautiful island and one of the most important strategic points. In short, since her greatness depends on having an uninterrupted growth more than in preserving scrupulously her honor or chivalry, she can afford to make a sacrifice of money, land, or even principle, for peace. It is for this reason that she has committed herself to arbitration, and by a late vote of Parliament inaugurated proceedings to bring all Europe to this mode of settling difficulties. England, therefore, like the United States, takes a foremost rank in aiming to bring about the abolition

of war and the reign of universal peace, having, like the United States, an equal interest therein.

The way, we may observe, in the next place, in which England proposes to acquire the mastery of Europe, is by making herself needed to it. Having the wealth and commerce of the world, she holds the channels through which Europe is fed and supplied with almost every luxury. No nation can do without her, or afford to be on bad terms with her; so that, as it is to her interest to keep peace in Europe, it is to their interest to keep peace with England. It is from England's treasury that the great enterprises of all European States are fed with supplies. She holds the notes of all the world, and everybody goes to England to make loans. If princes are to be married, they seek English alliances in order to replete their royal treasuries. The Queen of England, the most prolific of all female monarchs, has raised a very litter of princes, with which to pair off and mate, and breed a stock with every royal family on the continent. England, moreover, makes about all the advances in the arts and commerce of Europe, being the only inventive nation among them. In short, she leads in peace, and if peace perishes in Europe, there is no alternative but that England must stand at the head of the nations. However lightly, therefore, England may be regarded as a military or political power, she cannot be ignored on the whole as long as men have financial and commercial interests. She holds the purse of Europe, and accordingly has the same preëminence and distinction among the nations that the moneyed man has in society, however lubberly he may be intellectually.

In the next place, it has been the desire of England, in order to preserve and increase her status, to maintain the equilibrium of Europe. As she could not well take the mastery, either political or military, she has desired that no nation should have it. And as she has desired that peace should be maintained, and yet has had no army to enforce it, she has desired that the leading nations of the continent should be kept so nearly equal in strength as mutually to balance and counterpoise each other. As she could not keep peace, she wanted

them to mutually force each other to keep it for her. Accordingly, equilibrium has been her policy touching continental politics—an equilibrium between the Germanic, Romanic, and Slavonic peoples. The late victory of Germany over France, and the consequent ascendancy of the Germanic race to the political supremacy of Europe, has defeated the hopes of England in this respect, and accordingly now, since she cannot preserve the equilibrium, and so keep the peace of Europe, she has retired from continental politics altogether, so as not to be influenced by them. She takes a position in this respect like that of our own country. She considers herself henceforth neither European nor American, but inter-oceanic. If she cannot prevent war, she means prudently not to be drawn into it. Germany will, therefore, for the present, control Europe, but England will not be affected by her control; and England, on the other hand, will, in the meanwhile, keep her mid-ocean empire, and rule the finances of the world.

Such is the proud position of the British Empire to-day, and such its prospect for universal sway.

And such, in general, therefore, are the respective positions of the Romanic, Germanic, Slavonic, and British Empires. In general, their policies may be stated thus: The Romanic race is for a change, the Germanic for keeping things as they are, the Slavonic for territorial extension, and the British for growth by a fair trial. The Romanic Empire is for war, the Germanic for a forced peace, the Slavonic for aggression, and the British for a persuaded peace. The Romans think they will in the end conquer, because the Bible has promised that Christianity shall prevail over all the earth. The Germans ground their hopes of conquest on a scientific calculation of the force of armies, and the weight of intelligence and organized political institutions. The Slavonic see their conquest in the overpowering numbers of a single race, united and disciplined under an absolute monarch, and living under favorable conditions of soil and climate. The Britons believe that inasmuch as money is the ruling passion of the world, they, as having the wealth, and wealth-yielding lands and seas, are bound to get the mastery.

We might add, in conclusion, with regard to the other races and nations, or other nuclei of empires, that there are but two States that cherish any prospect of universal empire—namely, Austria and France.

Austria, by reason of her unparalleled growth of late years, has conceived a brilliant career for herself in the future. Her idea is a confederation of heterogeneous States. The great difficulty in the way of the union tendency of Rome, Germany, Russia, and Britain, is the infusibility of the different stocks, stems, languages, and States, whatever may be their different affinities or interests. Yet each one of the great empires has a number of these different varieties to deal with. Now, Austria believes that the consolidation of these incongruous elements in one nation is an impossibility. And yet, since there is undeniable tendency to union in Europe, a tendency which has made the greatness in turn of England, Italy, and Germany, and since it is impolitic to resist this tendency, Austria has conceived the idea of a federative instead of a national unity—a unity like that which existed in our country under the Articles of Confederation prior to the adoption of our Constitution, and which the South believed still existed till after our war. Situated as Austria is in the midst of a large number of heterogeneous States, and composed as she is of them, she thinks that she is to be this great empire. Being neither German, Slavonic, Romanic, nor Magyar, but all of them, she is, therefore, calculated for the nucleus of all. It is well known that in a loose confederation many nations can be joined, whereas, in a close one it is difficult to unite even a few; and it is believed by Austria that after a little experience Germany, and the other union-making States, will find it impossible to hold their components together; when, falling off, they will be induced to unite with the freer or more independent confederacy of Austria. Hence Austria follows to-day a policy in opposition to the union tendencies of Germany, Italy, and Russia. She is out and out anti-union. The old German Empire of the middle ages is her ideal, in which all the principalities were independent and united only for war. It is true that there is a union party in Austria,

which desires to consolidate all the States into one kingdom, with the capital at Vienna, the different nations being only provinces; but this party embraces only the German element of the Empire, who want to Germanize Austria, and who are opposed by all the rest of the Austrians, whether Hungarians, Bohemians, or Poles. The great body of the Austrians want to become more and more disunited, so as not only to hold all their present States, which, in the event of a union, would go off to Russia, if the union were Germanic, or to Germany if the union were Slavonic or Magyar, but also to gain other States which will fall to Austria by accretion. This, we say, is the policy of Austria as pursued by her present ministry, and is opposed to the late ministry of Count Beust. The Austrians, instead of centralizing in Vienna, are more likely, under this idea, not only to keep the two great capitals, at Vienna and Pesth, but also to create two more, one at Prague and the other at Oracow, so as to have respectively a capital for the Germans, for the Hungarians, for the Bohemians, and for the Poles. The great internal contest in Austria is between the component races, and, since no one can conquer all the others, this contest can be allayed only by such a loose confederacy as will leave all of them independent and supreme.

In the next place, Austria, by reason of her position, aspires to be the mediator between Europe, Asia, and Africa, the connecting link, and perhaps the nucleus, of an empire that shall embrace States in all these continents. She is the centre of the earth, and, lying between three continents, hopes, vaguely and distantly though it be, to become a great, or rather the great, central empire. Solving, as she hopes to do, the conflict between the European races by a heterogeneous empire, she hopes to do the same for the races of the other continents. In the present great spread of empire, when neither seas, nor mountains, nor distances, nor races can keep apart the components, Austria's dream is not altogether unfounded. The proud Viennese in the city of the world has a better prospect physically than the Britain, who now rules in all the continents from an insulated island distant from all. The recent International Exhibition has abundantly proved how con-

venient Vienna lies for the centre of intercourse of all the world.

With regard to France, she has cherished two ideas, one of Imperialism and one of Republicanism, under each of which she hopes, according to the different instincts of her population, to build up a great empire. The French have always believed, with a singular patriotic weakness, that France can conquer the world, and that in the end she will be the centre of empire, however the States may be united. The imperial idea of French supremacy is to organize the impetuosity of the French people under a great leader, or Cæsar, who shall conquer the world by military achievements and glory, as did Charlemagne and Napoleon. France, according to them, is the protector of the Church, its secular arm, and the head of the Romanic movement, which is also at bottom the Bourbon idea. In other words, the French would subserve the Romanic idea under that of France, and blend the two in one interest, with France the secular head, and the Church the spiritual head.

The Republican idea of French supremacy is that of bringing about in all Europe a realization of French republicanism, communism, or other product of their brains. Republican France means to take possession of Europe intellectually, if not politically, by force of arms; and to propagate her ideas until all the monarchies are overturned, and republics established in their stead. This they think will be done if France but takes the lead in good earnest. The proclamation of her republic, even as a temporary concern, has already made a republic of Spain, with the promise of one in Portugal, and the fear of one in nearly all the States of Europe. So, in 1848, when the French declared their republic, a like revolution took place in almost every country of Europe. In Prussia the king was practically dethroned, and the present Emperor William, then Regent, was compelled to fly for safety from Berlin, and hide in the retreats of Pottsdam. The Kings of Greece, Austria, and Bavaria had to abdicate. In Ireland there was a rebellion which assumed the proportions of a revolution. In Prague, Rome, Stockholm, Madrid, and almost

every other capital, there was war, or else changes in the constitution and government. So the French believe it will be again when France takes a permanent stand. France, Spain, Switzerland will then be a republican haven in Europe that will change all the rest; and, joining hands, they will, with the uprisings of the people, be able to bring about a revolution and republic in every other State. It is the hope also of many that in the end, when there shall be nothing but republics in Europe, there will be also a confederacy of the republics and an end of war—one nation in Europe, as in America, known as the United States of Europe. This is the ideal of men like Gambetta and Castellar, who are respectively at the head of the most aggressive parties, if not of the governments themselves, of two of the great nations of Europe. The International societies, which have now spread through all the States of Europe, are leagued in this interest; although these would go so far as to anticipate, not only a republic, but a community of all Europe. In general, the French Republicans have great faith in the force of ideas; and believing that the justice and excellence of the republic is fully demonstrated, they cannot but firmly anticipate the reign of republicanism in all the world, and in so far the reign of a French idea, with the French metrical system, French philosophy, and French supremacy generally. Of late, especially since the political and military power of France has declined, the aspiration for this French intellectual mastery has assumed new proportions and seriousness.

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ART. II.—*Culture and Religion in their Relations.* By J. C. SHARP. Edinburgh: Hamilton. 1870.

The general awakening throughout the country to the need of more efficient measures for education, is a fact which one must be blind indeed not to observe. Secular interests de-



manded this movement. The safety as well as the improvement of society required it. Universal education is seen to be indispensably coincident with universal suffrage. Material progress is observed to be conditioned in the development of material resources by educated agents. Industrial, social, and political wants necessarily call up the education question. It is a question men cannot avoid if they would. Society is obliged to provide for it in some way. Hence education becomes part of the policy of the State; laws are made and taxes imposed to secure it to the people.

But this is not a secular question alone; Christianity has also a profound interest in it. Education, in its widest sense, is human culture. But to assume that God, the Father of all, has no concern in this, would be strange ground for any, except an atheist, to take. To assume that Christ, the Saviour of all, has no concern with it, would be also strange ground for a believer in the New Testament. So far as religion implies knowledge, perception of principles, classification of duties, or, indeed, any intellectual processes, it necessarily involves some cultivation of the mental faculties; and so far as education employs motives and contemplates moral ends, it derives inspiration, strength, and dignity from religion.

*Bible* religion has always borne an important relation to education. It is no sentimental fancy, no poetic dream, no traditional mythology. The religion of the Bible is well defined, positive, practical; dealing with all the relations, duties, and interests of every-day life. It is not a religion of mere fancy and imagination. Its types, symbols, poetry, and parables are more than ornaments, and have practical and most important signification. Its very faith is practical, and must be proved by works. It is full of instructions, comprehensive and particular; for husbands and wives, parents and children, rulers and subjects; for trading, working, doing good; for living and for dying; from the cradle to the grave—this religion provides precepts and examples for the guidance and welfare of human life. By Divine law Hebrew parents were teachers of their children in all these things. The very religion itself enjoined instruction. Among the ancient people

of God, some rank with the most intelligent names in history. Moses, David, Solomon, Daniel, Isaiah are names that rank with the greatest thinkers of the ages. The people who had such laws, such books of instruction, such an inspiring yet also marvellously practical religion, must have attained to a very remarkable degree of intellectual cultivation.

The subjects of Jewish study were comparatively few. In the arts and sciences the Hebrews had no ancient distinction. They revered learning, but they regarded the grand end of all learning to be religion. Their teachers urged their young men 'to know wisdom and instruction; to perceive the words of understanding; to receive the instruction of wisdom, justice, and judgment and equity.' The young were urged to *incline their ears, apply their hearts, seek, search, cry, and strive for this wisdom.* The grand principle, the beginning of this wisdom, was the *fear of the Lord.* But it was to be practical wisdom for all the daily duties of life. In the New Testament the same idea prevails in respect to wisdom; but it is more carefully distinguished from the wisdom of the world. Its moral qualities are specially indicated, and it is described as pure, peaceable, and full of good fruits. Yet in both the Old and New Testaments it is a wisdom founded on *truth, not feeling—on thought, effort, and prayer; and it is a wisdom which is to enable a man to fill the stations and perform the duties of life well.* Its ideal in the Old Testament, and its human representation in the New, unite in the most perfect manner in Christ—the *Logos* (the thought and word united). There can be no higher manhood than his. There can be no personal glory greater than that which is 'full of *grace and truth.*'

This education question is not, therefore, a secular question merely. The Bible has been dealing with it for thousands of years. Before Herodotus wrote, or Homer sung—before human philosophy had a name, or science a system, a rude and enslaved race of idolaters were brought, as a nation, to the knowledge of the true God, and taught the soundest principles of life to their children.

But, in this work of education, in what way is Christianity

to be most directly and efficiently represented? By *individual enterprise*, or by the *Church*? We think, unquestionably, by the Church. This ought to be distinctly understood and felt! The Church is a community, organized on the basis of revealed truth, and penetrated with the Christian spirit. In its widest sense the Church is a witness for Christ, a provision for expressing, maintaining and diffusing Christianity. What, then, is the relation of such a provision to human culture? We speak of the Protestant Church especially. Speaking, not in the name of antiquity, nor of infallible ecclesiastical authority, but in the name of *Truth*, the Protestant Church cannot repudiate the principles of the Reformation. She is bound to invite investigation, study and learning for her own vindication and protection. But *reason* alone cannot take care of truth; an honest purpose is needed. Nay, more, 'the Spirit of all truth' is a Divine Spirit. If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light. To some extent the Church, in all her branches, has engaged in this work of education. Yet her achievements have not been commensurate with her resources. Among various reasons for this, *two* are obvious—the Church has not felt that general education was her *first* work; and even allowing it to be her work at all, she has not felt that her success or failure, as the mystical body of Christ, was dependent upon any merely human methods of education.

Secondly, imprudent advocates of educational enterprises have excited some of the members to oppose them by their extravagant demands for certain forms of intellectual culture. Disagreeable comparisons between the educated and uneducated have been made. Human learning and formal methods have been urged, in a tone of rationalistic dependence, on these for Church success, rather than on inspired truth and Divine grace. This has naturally offended some earnest Christians. Hence they have declined to coöperate with educational plans altogether, or have, at best, acquiesced in them coldly.

Another reason why the Church has not done more in this work is, obviously, because her enterprises are necessarily dependent upon *benevolent contributions*. The impracticability of engaging all her resources upon this principle of benevo-

lence, is just the impracticability of having a perfect Church, in which every member does his whole duty. Yet the Church has glorified her history by what she has done for human intelligence. She has done more for it *indirectly* than *directly*—more by elevating spiritual life and moral character than by establishing seminaries of learning. It is thus our own branch of the Christian Church has been of incalculable service to the masses which have been elevated by her preaching. In this work of evangelizing she has been so absorbed that, not until a comparatively recent period, have her schools borne any proper proportion to her numbers and wealth. Men, not in sympathy with her earnestness in this spiritual work, have failed to accredit her with its value, and have overlooked the fact that, from the beginning of her history, she has also, in no mean measure, sustained educational enterprises of her own. Methodism seems to have been specially misunderstood in the literary world. Historians, critics, and even novelists, have made insulting allusions to the ignorance of her preachers and people. Think of a learned and widely-read critic of the present day deliberately representing John Wesley as the founder of a 'monastical and convulsionary sect.'

'Methodism was cradled in a University, though it was born in the Epworth Rectory. It could not, therefore, be indifferent, much less hostile, to the education of the people, though its poverty, and its absorption in more directly moral labors for their elevation, did not at first allow much scope to its educational measures. Wesley, however, never lost sight of such measures, and it is an interesting fact, that in the year which is recognized as the epoch of Methodism, the date of its first field-preaching, and among the miserable people where the latter began, it also began the first of its literary institutions. . . . Whitefield laid the corner-stone of the Kingswood School; and kneeling upon the ground, surrounded by reclaimed and weeping colliers, prayed that "the gates of hell" might not prevail against it, while the prostrate multitudes, now awakened to a new intellectual as well as moral life, responded with hearty Amons. Wesley reared it by funds which he reserved from the income of his college fellowship,

or received from his followers. It was the germ of the later institution which bears its name.' Lady Maxwell—a pious and intelligent Methodist—gave Mr. Wesley eight hundred pounds toward his Kingswood School. 'Its system of instruction was remarkably thorough, and its comparatively few students were placed under a faculty of no less than six teachers. . . . About three years after his death it was exclusively appropriated to the sons of preachers. Its accommodations were subsequently found to be insufficient for the growing numbers of such pupils, and the estate of "Woodhouse Grove," not far from Leeds, was purchased for a second institution of the same character.' Now some 'two hundred and fifty sons of preachers and missionaries are educated within them, and gratuitously boarded and clothed during a term of six years. The Connection has expended between £300,000 and £400,000 upon these seminaries. Kingswood has been transferred to New Kingswood, near Bath, and the Woodhouse Grove institution has been rebuilt.

'Wesley also projected schools for poor children at Newcastle and London. . . . More than four hundred children are daily receiving instruction' in one of these schools.

Said Wesley: 'Another thing which had given me great concern was, the case of abundance of children. Some of their parents could not afford to put them to school, so they remained like "a wild ass's colt." Others were sent to school and learned at least to read and write; but they learned all kinds of vice at the same time; so that it had been better for them to have been without their knowledge than to have bought it at so dear a price. At length I determined to have them taught in my own house, that they might have an opportunity of learning to read, write, and cast accounts (if no more) without being under almost a necessity of learning heathenism at the same time; and, after several unsuccessful trials, I found two such schoolmasters as I wanted, men of honesty and of sufficient knowledge, who had talents for, and their hearts in the work.'<sup>1</sup>

The position of early Methodism on this subject, Wesley

<sup>1</sup> Stevens' History of Methodism.

said, in his own pithy manner, 'Getting knowledge is good; saving souls is better.' But neither he, nor any one else who represents the principles of this Church correctly, can charge it with unfriendliness to general intelligence.

As an important preliminary question, it is proper to inquire, On what *principles* does the Church engage in the work of education?

When the Church undertakes any work she must undertake it in the name of her Divine Head; whether that work be to preach the gospel, publish a journal, print a book, or found a school. In all such work she must avoid two errors—she must not become *secular*, and yet she must not confine her efforts to a field too *narrow* for the *legitimate business of Christianity*.

The Church approaches this education question from a point peculiar to herself. Her relation to Christ and his kingdom determines her position. In this position it is the *moral welfare* of society which becomes her aim. In her idea Christianity is the only true, sound basis of this moral welfare. But Christianity provides for the welfare of humanity in two directions; in respect to moral principles, the truths furnished by Revelation, and in respect to the life of righteousness which Christians are enabled to live through grace. To establish, vindicate, and diffuse divine truth; to develop, fortify, and sustain Christian life; to train her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, making them meet for the Master's use; to bring the world under the dominion of Christ—such is the platform which the Church is bound to occupy, and nothing incompatible with these principles is allowable as her work.

According to these principles, let it be observed, first of all, the Church is bound to take care of the *truth* as it is in Jesus. It is at this point her relation to human scholarship begins. By giving the truth in the form of a Revelation, a Book, to be transcribed and translated, for circulation, into all the various languages of mankind, with such historical learning and critical accuracy as may be needful to preserve its records from loss or corruption during the delicate and difficult process,

God has invoked the fidelity of his Church to the soundest scholarship. Here she comes at once in conflict with religious error in all its forms; and here her relation to education is obvious and unavoidable. Of all devices of Satan for the ruin of the human race, that deserves to be regarded as the deepest and strongest which assails the foundations of revealed truth. How is this done? By attempting to array *intelligence* against it. The plan has been to seek victory over the truth by dividing the forces which sustain it; arraying physical truths against moral truths; reason against faith; intellectual culture against spiritual culture; dividing the kingdom of manhood against itself; stimulating pride of intellect to a point of vain intoxication; proposing to exalt us to the dignity of gods without moral principles; for regeneration substituting self-cultivation; making talent more excellent than virtue; scholarship, more divine than inspiration; liberty, an occasion for the flesh; slavery, another term for obedience to God; Christian doctrines, dogmas of superstition; faith, irrational credulity; and skepticism, a mark of genius. All this in the name of *intelligence*! This we call the most cunning device of Satan, because the deadly poison—the fatal error—is concealed under a plausible parade of intellectual attainments. It has its attractions for those who would be disgusted with grosser forms of opposition to Christianity. It summons the friends of piety and the friends of intelligence to unnatural war. The success of this scheme of the father of lies is palpable in the history of human thought. Its result has been painfully visible in bitter conflicts between the friends of science and of religion. In various modified forms this mystery of iniquity continues to work. It finds agents among the learned and the unlearned; among the proudest, and boldest, and most brilliant skeptics, as well as among the most obscure vendors of small ideas in bad language who wag their tongues against the truth.

This subtle plan of the wicked one began in Eden; how long it shall deceive men God alone knows. The Church must meet this old falsehood directly and squarely. Like her own great apostle she must take the wise in their own crafti-

ness; must show that she also speaks wisdom among them that are perfect; that all questions of science are also investigated by her sons; that she wars against no philosophy but that which is falsely so called; that she is herself the truest friend of intelligence; and that her Divine Master is himself the King of Truth. That Biblical apologists may meet criticism with criticism, and argument with argument; that her children, of each generation, may fight over the old battles under the new names which men invent for them; that successive victories may accumulate yet more the proof of the saying, 'Greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world'; that honest skepticism may be met by clear instruction, and bold infidelity be confronted by undeniable facts; in a word, that the cause of truth may be properly sustained, the Church is bound to make educational provision for this war. Religious and moral questions must be re-discussed in every new generation. In certain branches of study men reach conclusions which are final, and remain settled; but in religious questions, where the right of private judgment is so largely insisted upon, and where the depraved inclinations of men inspire opposition, Christian evidences will be debated, perhaps, to the end of time. Until God's kingdom come, and his will be done on earth as it is in heaven, the Church will necessarily be a Church militant. Yet she has nothing to fear in the conflict. It will make truth clearer; it will deepen religious convictions; it will invigorate Christians; it will result in victories that shall multiply the splendors of her final triumph, and crown the name of Jesus with eternal praise.

But in the meanwhile—during the warfare—the Church must train her forces for the fight. She must provide for such conflicts by no doubtful method. Christian education must not be questionable. The office of the Church in relation to education is especially to bring about a *true combination of piety and intelligence—true wisdom*. For this combination God has provided. We have spoken of it as a grievous thing in human history, that such a harmony between the moral and intellectual life should have been disturbed. The human house has been divided against itself. Virtue is not



a science, nor is science a virtue. Men are not as good as they know how to be. The whole plan of salvation, and the entire work of the Holy Spirit, may be taken in proof of this. If the Church is faithful to her mission, she must strive to carry the truth to its rightful throne of honor in the human heart. The inspired books, which constitute her Holy Scriptures, furnish the most admirable illustration of a true combination of moral and intellectual elements. Every inspired prophet is an example of it. Christ himself is the most perfect representation of it. The Church cannot afford that these elements shall be divided. The intellect and the moral affections must be unitedly sanctified. The whole personality must be presented as a redeemed nature before God. Pentecost, with its enlightened apostle, its truth-speaking, eloquent tongues, is a sublime type of that power from on high—that Christian life which shall, in its own fire, unite the intellectual and moral forces of manhood, and wield them for the spiritual conquest of the world.

The instincts of Christian feeling very naturally recoil from a cold intellectual culture. It is this the Church has feared and resisted justly. The instincts of intelligence just as naturally recoil from a religion that seems to depreciate the understanding, or shrinks from investigation.

In the days of the Apostles the Greeks objected to the cross of Christ as an unreasonable method of human improvements. They at first seemed to mistake Paul's teaching for some new philosophy, or they pronounced it foolishness to talk of the cross of Christ as the wisdom of God. Their idea of wisdom was not a religious idea. Did Paul turn away in disgust from the Greeks on this account? On the contrary, he met them patiently, explained what he meant, declared that he also spoke wisdom, and thus 'he reasoned in the synagogue every Sabbath, and persuaded the Jews and the Greeks.' His charity toward these people was as wise as it was gentle and long-suffering.

The great strength of unhallowed learning has always been a Goliath, at the shaking of whose spear many in Israel have often trembled. And, on the other hand, the unintelligent

strength of fanatical ignorance has been a blind Samson, perishing himself while he destroyed others! It was Coleridge who said: 'All the products of the mere understanding partake of death.' It was Bacon who said: 'In knowledge without love there is ever something of malignity.' And it was a greater than either who said: 'Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth.' The discrimination is not against knowledge, but against the divorcement of knowledge from moral principles. This divorcement is a consequence of the alienation of the human heart from God: 'The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.'

Mere activity of the understanding, mere discipline of the cognitive faculties, mere attainments of information, are ends which have been mistaken for the highest wisdom. This is the 'wisdom of this world' which must 'come to naught.' Here is the field of a great modern conflict. On the one side are ranged those who contend that a religion which cannot be reduced to a science is less worthy of the intelligent than is the knowledge of science. On the other side stand those who, appreciating Divine grace in its manifestations and gifts, and in its spiritual results in human character, reply, 'Though I understand all mysteries and all knowledge—though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels—and have not the love which righteously devotes me to God and man, I am nothing.' Yet science is not underrated when it is subordinated to religion. If science is manly, religion is divine. The Church on this subject has been misrepresented by two classes—first, by those who have derided the Church as an enemy to science, and as contending for a mere superstitious credulity. To such persons it is a sufficient answer to say, read her history and call the roll of her own leaders and reformers. The other class which has misrepresented the Church in this matter have underrated education and spoken of it as something which God had specially rejected as a means for advancing his kingdom. Yet such persons do not seem to think God has rejected *money* as a needful means for Church work, though he has said, the

love of money is the root of all evil. They show signs of pleasure when wealth or rank comes to the support of piety. Education is a thousand times more powerful and far less perishable—an instrumentality more penetrating and diffusive, noble and effective, than all other secular advantages combined. It is true, that Church work, from the days of the Apostles until this hour, illustrates the power of the Divine Spirit, and shows how superior grace is to human art. It is also true, that in laying the foundations of the gospel system, 'not many wise men after the flesh, not many noble were called.' 'God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise.' 'Where is the scribe? where is the wise? where is the disputer of this world? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?' Why? The simple Bible answer is—'Lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect.' Wherein did this world's wisdom merit Divine rejection? In that it was without piety. Now, in the origin of the gospel system of salvation, the important point to be established was its divinity, that it was no mere invention of the philosophers, that the wisest could not originate it; hence miraculous agencies became indispensable. Divinity was to make itself manifest. Such a method belongs essentially to a period when a revelation is to be made. So in the olden time it was commanded 'that men should stand still and see the salvation of God.' So Gideon with three hundred men is sent to destroy an army of thirty-two thousand. So the Apostles received directly from on high princely endowments of intellectual and moral gifts. But now the foundations have been laid. The miracles have ceased. The sacred canon is closed. Ordinary means become essential means, only with this grand addition in all Christian work, that God's blessing shall accompany the workman—that to him that hath shall be given—that the faithful in little shall become the rulers over much. Yet neither now, any more than in apostolical times, can human learning supersede divine truth, or cultivation divine grace, or education dispense with regeneration, or Church work be done without God's blessing. 'Nevertheless, education is not displaced by this. At this point we will simply

say, in passing, there is around us quite as much impiety among the ignorant and uneducated as among the most cultivated, a fact which to observe some people seem entirely to forget.

The Church has nothing to fear from *real* intelligence. What is far more dangerous to her is philosophy, falsely so-called, and inaccessible ignorance. Hence her mission-fields become schoolhouses, and her missionaries schoolmasters. Hence, also, the immense value of her Sunday School system. The only intelligent classes she fails to reach are usually those in whose education she has little or no share. The most appreciative congregations to which she can preach are the *really* intelligent. Preachers of good sense and piety always pass for their full value among such people. They honor clearness, correctness, and simplicity. It is only among ignorant, or half-educated people, that grandiloquence is popular. Hearers who have itching ears, ever learning and never able to come to a knowledge of the truth, who will not endure sound doctrine, are not people spoiled by education. They are described by the apostle as false and corrupt; lovers of their own selves; covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemous, and the like; people who have turned from truth to fables; but neither the teachers nor their hearers does he distinguish for intellectuality or learning.

It is true that some highly cultivated men represent in history, successively, English Deism, French Materialism, and German Rationalism, all of whom have feeble American imitators. It is also true that some of these men were grossly wicked, and some of them singularly moral. Their infidelity is not fairly attributable to their intellectuality, or to their learning. However their followers would like to assert it, yet we cannot allow them this boast against Christian truth. The fact is that, in many instances, the forms of ecclesiasticism with which those men happened to be surrounded were corrupt, degenerate, and secularized—fair marks for skeptical satire. From such forms of religion reactions are inevitable. Earnest and pious men repudiate them and become reformers. Uneducated masses rise against them, and become reckless,

revolutionary, and atheistic. Cultivated men of the world treat them with contempt and ridicule; while all who count these forms of the Church as legitimate exponents of Christianity, reject it for their sake. Some do this more honestly and thoughtfully than others; *e. g.*, Spinoza, a Jew, cannot be content with Judaism, but, believing it to be the only religion worthy of notice, Christianity being in his view only a heresy, he must choose between Judaism and no religion; hence he becomes a pantheist, or rather, more correctly, an atheist. But were there not good Christians in England, France, and Germany all the while? Yes, undoubtedly. But let it be remembered that some of the best of these were not in such positions as to meet or cope with such men as Hume, Voltaire, or Strauss. Let it also be borne in mind that some able Christian thinkers unfortunately attempted to defend Christianity while their own erroneous methods of thought were logically favorable to the infidel side of the question. Hence the skeptics, in some instances, claimed to be representatives of the accepted principles of sound philosophy. Under such a combination of circumstances, while chief, and even national forms of ecclesiasticism impressed intelligent minds as being full of superstition and folly, and while Dissenters were looked on as offshoots of fanaticism from these grand centres, infidelity could appear in its strength. Yet, when we examine the writings of these men, we find that what are termed assaults on Christianity are, after all, chiefly arrows shot at the Church of their day, or the philosophical discussions in which superstition and tradition are denounced, and then Christianity is supposed to represent nothing better than these. Now, we make no apology for these men; we simply state historical facts, which prove that it is not *intelligence* that arrayed itself squarely and directly against Christianity, but against *misapprehension* of Christianity.

We think it just to condemn these men, because they show no very earnest spirit of devotion to truth. They are evidently anxious to say all the evil of religion they can. Instead of investigators, they are controversialists; instead of reformers, they are infidels. They are as bitter in spirit as they are bad in logic.

But in this battle for the truth, educated Christians did noble work. 'Professed irreligious men—Toland, Tindal, Mandeville, Bolingbroke—met foes stronger than themselves. The leaders of experimental philosophy, Ray, Boyle, Barrow, Newton; the most learned and accredited scholars of the age, Bentley, Clarke, Warburton, Berkeley; the most witty authors, the most beloved and able, Locke, Addison, Swift, Johnson, Richardson, all the authority of science and genius was employed in putting them down.'<sup>1</sup> We do not say these defendants of Christianity always took the right ground. They are not beyond criticism; but they show how scholarship becomes effective in meeting skepticism.

There have been some educated skeptics whom we find it more natural to pity than to blame. Take, for example, John Stuart Mill, whose early life and education were so managed by his infidel father, that he said of himself, 'I am one of the very few examples, in this country, of one who has not thrown off religious belief, but never had it; I grew up in a negative state with regard to it. I looked upon the modern as I did upon the ancient religion, as something which in no way concerned me.' His autobiography is, in many respects, the saddest book we ever read. Not a ray of moral light is in it. Nothing could illustrate more painfully the fearful consequences of divorcing intellectual culture from all spiritual principles. How fatal the error which fancies that intellectual training is alone sufficient—that intelligence is the only redemption for the human race! It must ever be so. Intellectual pride must be fostered; virtue be nothing but a mental perception, or a pleasure, or a utility, or a form of self-interest, and never be appreciated as a moral principle of high and holy dignity, unless the Church can infuse into human systems of thought the purifying influence of Christian truth. But to do this the Church must herself be an educator.

True it is that pride of opinion is a fault which does not belong to educated people alone. Nothing could be more self-conceited and obstinate than ignorance. Yet when intellectual people are arrogant and dogmatic, their opposition to

<sup>1</sup> Taine's *English Literature*. Vol. II., p. 69.

religion seems specially formidable to weak minds, because it is the opposition of the intelligent. There are persons who are alarmed at the question, 'Have any of the rulers or of the Pharisees believed on him?' They consider not that the rulers and the Pharisees may have other reasons for not believing on him besides their intelligence. They forget there is a kind of *light* which men do not love; that while carnal natures may hate the light of Jesus, the humble and pure may rejoice in it. Said the Divine Master: 'I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes'! It has been well said, too many Christians pay a servile deference to incompetent judges of Christianity. They abjectly look to men of the world, to scholars, to statesmen for testimonials to the everlasting verities of heaven. And if they can gather up the writings and speeches of these men—some patronizing notices of religion, some incidental compliment to the civilizing influence of Christianity, or to the literary beauties of the Bible, or to the æsthetic properties of worship, or to the moral sublimity of the Gospel of Christ—they forthwith proclaim these tributes as lending some great confirmation to the truth of God.

Pardon, the witness of the Spirit, the consolations of faith and hope, the joys of salvation would be poor offerings of grace, indeed, if suspended upon scientific or philosophical conditions. A religion whose only competent witnesses were the highly intellectual and learned would be a sorry failure. And yet, in no sense whatever is Christianity deficient in reasonableness, or antagonistic to learning.

When Science and Religion are to be distinguished, let the distinction be made properly, on true grounds, not in that sneering fashion which implies that the chief point of distinction between them is, that Science represents intelligence, and Religion something *less*. The assumption that Nature contains *higher* truths than can be found in the Word of God, is only a repetition of the old serpent's dogma, which he arrogantly proposed to Eve—the sensational knowledge of Nature's fruits, the key to the wisdom of the gods! Leave the

credulities of religion and come up higher into the regions of philosophic thought! Exactly. The world, the flesh, and the devil seek to give irreligion the title of respectability which belongs to intelligence. They are happy if they can dress up the silliest skepticism in the plumes of science. Thus would they delude Christians into a war with learning. 'Ah! you cannot stand the truths of science,' say they. 'Very well. Let religion attend to its own proper sphere, and leave science to the intelligent.'" This cool effrontery is literally the impudence of the devil. The wonder is so many people should seem to receive it as if it contained a particle of truth. Religion has no war with science, nor yet with scientists, as such. In this controversy, it is not the voice of science which has said there is no God; it is the utterance of a fool's heart. We are not to be betrayed into the folly of changing the issue we make with an *evil heart of unbelief* into a fight with science and philosophy. Our rods are not designed for the lion's skin, but for the ass which is concealed under it. We have no idea of allowing arrogant men, whether learned or unlearned, to palm off their enmity against God as intelligence. Neither can we permit them to order religion out of any path of thought they choose. Science and philosophy belong to truth. All truth belongs to God's kingdom. The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein; the sea is his, and he made it, and his hand formed the dry land. There is no province of truth, no field of thought, no opportunity for enlarged intellectual vision from which the sacred influences of religion may be rightfully excluded.

If facts and laws of nature cannot be reconciled by *some* men with the declarations of the Bible, the first question is, whether the fault is in the men or in the Bible. Do these men perfectly understand these facts and laws? Do they also perfectly understand the Bible statements? Do they strive to effect the harmony which they affirm impossible? or do they strive to prevent the reconciliation? These are questions of some importance. And still further: because *some* men may not be able to effect this harmony, can *no* men do it? They forget that there are subjective evidences for Biblical truth



which are too deeply established in experimental piety to be quickly shaken, and men are not easily induced to find fault with a book from which alone they have found grace and peace in believing.

There can be no truth foreign to God, to the Father of lights. The Church cannot admit that the highest intelligence is in conflict with His word. Men who have no experimental knowledge of Scripture truth are apt to take very narrow views of the province of religion. They see nothing in it but a feeling, an impulse, a blind faith, a superstition, a mysticism. They have no adequate conception of Christianity as the advanced truth for the redemption of the race, and as a great self-evidencing system of grace for the whole life of humanity. They know nothing of the unity of the Scriptures, and nothing of the analogy of faith. They fight against the Bible in fragments. When volumes would be necessary to support their views, they give, instead, short, flippant sentences, and closing their minds against the answers, reiterate the old nonsense about no intelligent man believing such and such things in the Bible, while tens of thousands of intelligent men do believe these very things in the Bible.

Now, to meet all this, to bring piety and intelligence forth in their true relation of harmonious service in God's cause, the Church becomes an educator. She cannot wisely avoid any issue in this conflict of truth with error. Blending spirituality and intelligence, she advances with invincible power. It seems to us, in saving, elevating, sustaining, and guiding the moral life of the human race, it is the grand office of the Church to enter the field of education, and bring about the glorious union of all the spiritual and intellectual forces for human good.

The misconceptions which irreligious minds form of Christianity, whether due to bad teaching or to carelessness of truth, is a sad hindrance to it. What Christian, while reading an infidel book, has not been both surprised and vexed by its misrepresentations? When men otherwise so intelligent manifest such sad ignorance of the truth as it is in Jesus, a sort of despair of reaching them comes over us. But may not this misapprehension of the truth be partly our fault? Have we been

clear, definite, and logical, at all times, in teaching? Is our theology never misrepresentative of the Bible? These are grave questions for good men to ponder. Would that those questions in our Book of Discipline respecting men claiming to be called to preach were universally insisted upon in their full meaning—'Do they speak *justly, readily, clearly*'? What carefulness ought the Church to show as the representative of such truth!

At this point we wish to refer to a matter which seems to deserve a passing notice. There are classes of rich, worldly persons who pass for educated people. They read newspapers, novels, politics, subscribe to certain periodicals, and talk in a sort of parrot fashion about science and philosophy. When young they went to some fashionable school—at least for a little while—where they were distinguished for nothing but unstudiousness, stupidity, and extravagance. They learned the names of a good many books. Sometimes these people go to Church. Occasionally they get converted, and become transformed into clever Christians by the power of grace. Generally, however, they maintain their irreligion; only a certain kind of flashy performance in the Church or in the pulpit can please them. They are sometimes the degenerate remains of good, old, sensible families; small undergrowth of a noble old stock from which they have inherited very respectable names. But, in fact, they are very slightly educated, and very ignorant, and are now the natural associates of all shoddyites. Yet, because of their modes of dress, assumptions, and the like, they get the reputation of belonging to the educated classes. Now we solemnly insist, in the name of sound learning and good sense, that these counterfeits be not mistaken for what education is worth. If worldly men of talent and culture seem sometimes to seek their society, perhaps the reason is that lucrative associations are not to be avoided when a man is simply seeking his living.

The Church is bound to guard the intelligence of her own people. She should never fear the truth; should never even *seem* to be afraid of it. The paths and processes of thought while investigating the facts of nature, laws of matter, history

of language, social relations and reciprocities are not profane paths. This true end is human improvement. A recent writer sarcastically asked: 'Is knowledge always to advance under the ban of religion? Is faith never to cease to dread investigation? Is science chiefly to value each new discovery as a victory gained over its rival?' The Church should render such questions as impossible as they are impertinent. Her provisions for education should furnish thinkers and writers whose intellectual and spiritual qualities are not doubtful.

We said the Church had nothing to fear from *real* intelligence. We go further and say, whenever the *moral and intellectual combination* of which we speak has been realized by the agents of the Church—whenever her sons have been at once deeply spiritual and highly intellectual men, they have been the *conservative* and *reformative* power of the Church.

First, they have been the *conservative* power in the Church. Such men in the ministry and laity have been the truest watchmen against all heresies and false doctrine. Their books have been the theological standards of the Church.

Secondly, to such men also belong the distinction of being the reformers of the Church. Intellectual and learned men have been heretical. So have illiterate and weak men. But ignorant men have never originated a reformation. The reformers were remarkable for the degree in which they united piety and intelligence; among saints, the most devout; among the intelligent, the most intellectual; men who could neither be deluded by priestcraft, nor entangled by sophistry. Unconfused and undaunted by outcries of mobs, decrees of councils, fulminations of ecclesiastics, and derisions of infidels, they saw the truth clearly, loved it deeply, and stood by it firmly. For the truth's sake they gave up everything. In comparison with it fortune was nothing; fame nothing; life itself was not counted too dear a price to pay for the honor of their Master's cause. The ancient forms, the old Church usages, the venerable and hallowed associations were all surrendered. In their eyes the grandest cathedral in which the truth has become corrupt was less sublime in inspiration than the humblest meeting-house where God is worshipped in spirit and in truth.

Whenever the Church has taken a step forward, introduced an actual improvement in her methods, rejected an unwise innovation, the credit, under God, has been due to holy men who could think deeply and give powerful expression to their thoughts. In proof of the conservative and reformatory character of such men, Methodists at least need go no further back in history than to the days of the Wesleys, whose tongues and pens, sermons and books, prose and poetry, wrought so wondrously for Christianity, and raised in England a standard which, though once despised, now, covered with inscriptions of manifold victories, advances into every land beneath the sun, winning honor from increasing millions!

The relation of the Church to the morals of society makes a still broader demand for educated agents.

Theoretical skepticism is not so hurtful as practical iniquity. Skeptics are, after all, a small minority of that irreligious mass we strive to save. Immoralities, in high places as well as low, political corruptions, dishonest business transactions, brazen humbuggery, obscene exhibitions, embezzlements, frauds, multitudinous forms of vice—gross and refined—ten thousand forms of ungodly smartness among rich and poor, all published in daily journals so continually that we may well dread the familiarity of the rising generation with the corrupting details. These are fearful facts for the Church to deal with. To counteract these works of the devil, everywhere in this busy, bad world, what agencies can the Church employ? It is answered at once—the pulpit, the press, and individual Christian influence. These must reach the public sentiment, purify and elevate it. But what will bring these into action in most effective form? Mere pulpit denunciations will not do. Will revivals of religion suffice? Will the example of consistent Christians be enough? Will all these combined head off the bad current or arrest its progress? Let us remember it is an age of immense activity, and depravity is abundantly made manifest, and sends its currents through innumerable channels. A manifold press, putting thoughts bad as well as good into type, is scattering over the world dailies, weeklies, monthlies, quarterlies, and thousands of volumes on all subjects. The

world's money is not withheld from the world's work. The world's journals and books pay largely. The world's talent is vigorous and well-trained. Secular interests are served by magnificent appropriations, investments, corporations, and the like. Ideas are rapidly circulated; opinions are quickly interchanged. Social, political, and ecclesiastical movements are accelerated by the modern swiftness of inter-communication. Each nation feels the presence of every other nation. The world's intellectual and moral life is becoming common. The forces that shape and direct the life of mankind are all running together in curious combinations and conflicts. Meanwhile the masses, who pick up their ideas and imbibe their sentiments without much reflection, unconsciously echo ten thousand times over the errors and infidelities of whose origin they know nothing. Like poisonous seeds, scattered by the winds, all manner of evil suggestions find lodgment in congenial soil. It is such an age as this, such a rapid and powerful movement of moral elements as this, which the Church must strive to control. Now, we submit that this grand work of the Church is impracticable without a strong force of *educated Christian minds*. We do not say inspired agents would not suffice, but it has not pleased God to continue such an apostolic succession. For such work Moses was a well-qualified agent. So were the prophets fit men for it. So were the Apostles. Let it be understood distinctly we refer not to educated preachers alone. Though why preachers may not be allowed the same privileges of general education permitted to other people we never could understand. Nor do we refer to a formal theological school training, the particular value of which, as well as what should be its extent, is a matter of dispute. But we mean by a strong force of *educated Christian minds*, that Christian men and women, generally, as far as possible, in all departments of society, ought to be a *strong, educated force*.

In the marts of trade, on farms, in workshops, in the social circle, in courts of justice, in legislative halls, in all the assemblies of the people, in science and literature, as well as in the sacred desk, the agents of Christianity must be found equal in

mental vigor and respectable intelligence to the secular thinkers and workers around them, or religion will be naturally, however unjustly, reproached as a superstition, or despised as a mere tradition, or avoided as a fanaticism, and the material and intellectual progress of the age will have no spiritual leaven, no sound moral health, and no safe guidance.

Skeptics themselves, become, occasionally, alarmed at such social facts as we have mentioned, and shrink from the vices of that irreligion whose theories they advocate. They have reluctantly confessed that the impersonal god of speculative philosophy, however harmonious with theories of the universe which strive for the title of scientific, miserably fails as an authority for a moral law fit for the social wants of kingdom or republic. The morals of prominent and powerful men have been shockingly bad. The politics and the civil administrations of our country have felt their immoral influence. Their example has been fearful. Now, tongues and pens which can cope with such rulers of darkness in high places, as well as with the myriad-formed evils in lower ranks, must be wielded with spiritual and intellectual power.

There is no substitute for the Church in this work. While infidelity and immorality, strong intellectual force, can pull down the social fabric, who shall build it up? Can representatives of secular ideas alone do it? Left to them, right and wrong, it has been well remarked, 'resolve themselves into mere principles of utility and social communism.' Can that pseudo-philanthropy, which is now-a-days so prolific of reform societies, do it? This counterfeit benevolence is one of the most dangerous forms of modern infidelity. It promises the masses a speedy millennium, and charges the Church with lack of humanitarian energy. Its platform is the Bible of an advanced era. It stirs up hatred and strife between different classes in society. It pities crime more than misfortune. It is impatient of all legal restraints. It dissolves the most sacred relations of life for the sake of license, which it mistakes for liberty. It talks largely of the new era, the universal brotherhood, progress, and the like, which Carlyle sums up as 'Universal syllabub of philanthropic twaddle'; and he adds,

‘Not the least disgusting feature of this gospel, according to the platform, is its reference to religion, and even to the Christian religion, as its authority.’ He is disgusted and indignant at such an insult to the Christian religion. There is no Christianity in it. It is nothing but ‘a malodorous phosphorescence of post-mortem sentimentalism.’ But though this pseudo-philanthropy be discarded, if secular ideas alone control the fortunes of society, false ethics will be the result. Business maxims will become unsound, unsafe, and selfish. Says Froude: ‘When nations go on long on the selfish hypothesis, they are apt to find at last that they have been mistaken. They find it in bankruptcy of honor and character, in social wreck and dissolution. All *lies*, in serious matters, end at last, as Carlyle says, in broken heads. That is the final issue that they are sure to come to in the long run. The Maker of the world does not permit a society to continue which forgets or denies the nobler principles of action. But the end is often long in coming, and these nobler principles are meanwhile not provided for us by the inductive philosophy.’

Now, we repeat the question, Who can build up society in the harmony of virtue and intelligence? Can the State do it? Civil power cannot do such moral work. Good laws must be upheld by sound public sentiment. Government is the *product*, not the *producer*, of such sentiment. The State cannot regenerate character. In a general and indirect manner the State can give its influence to Christianity. It can protect faith and punish crime; but it cannot become a preacher, an editor, an author, and a circulator of religious literature without becoming also the Church. It has not been able yet to protect society against even a nefarious literature, whose infamous tendencies shock the commonest sense of decency. Horrible reading matter, printed on cheap paper, illustrated by vulgar pictures, stimulating the lowest passions, congenial with the lowest taste, bought and sold by the young, and by that large class whose education is just enough to give them an opportunity to relish it; pamphlets and volumes piled up at the depots, lugged by armsfull through cars and steamboats—a mass of intellectual abortions and moral monstrosities!

Satanic literature, powerful and deadly ! poison for the young veins of the rising generation, for which Government has no antidote ; what can the State do with it ? When it breaks out in its natural consequences of crime, Government may deal fearfully with the poor wretches who have been poisoned by it ; but this is cutting off the branches only ; the vile roots are still there, and other branches will grow again.

Can the Church do nothing in this matter ? In the light of history it may be affirmed boldly, that so far as such evils have been counteracted at all, and society been built up in virtue and intelligence, it has been done by the Christian Church, and the most powerful agency which the Church has ever employed in such work has been *educated Christian mind*.

A point which, we think, is often overlooked in discussing the relation of the Church to education, is that the Christian idea of education must include a proper respect for the influence of divine grace in the development of manhood.

This idea of grace does not enter into any secular system of education. Secular writers on human improvement, whether in respect to individuals or to society, make no account of Redemption and means of grace. Skeptical writers, if they allude to gracious influence at all, do so only in mockery, or to speak of them as mystic notions of the unintelligent.

The divine Spirit of truth, by whose grace the heart is regenerated, purified, strengthened in its noblest purposes and best endeavors, has no place in the world's idea of educated manhood. No definition of education found in the schools contains such a conception. Grace is not a means of human culture in any of this world's plans ; yet without it what provision is proposed for moral nature ? At best, only a few conventional rules. Now, the Church holds that 'The fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness.' As a vital question, she asks, 'Have ye received the Holy Ghost' ?

'Taught by the Spirit,' 'Led by the Spirit,' are neither mystical nor meaningless words. Leave out this provision for human character and what science of manly excellence is complete ? Are there no faculties of the soul except intellectual faculties ? Is education to have nothing to do with moral



principles and moral life? And is it nothing to the Church though doubt and dimness prevail in the minds of men respecting the gracious office of the Holy Spirit in sanctifying character? Shall the young men and women of Christendom leave school with the idea that grace from God is to have no place in their cultivation? Then rationalistic or sensational repudiation of spiritual influences from what they conceive to be the sphere of intelligence becomes a natural consequence. All means of mental elevation are appreciated, all forces which pertain to mind or matter are considered; but, in the entire curriculum, no Scripture truth, and no word about the power of the Holy Ghost! Is it strange that among people thus educated we presently hear of prayer-tests, which boldly repeat the heathen question, 'What profit shall we have if we pray unto him'? Scientists, educated after such fashion, narrowing study to things of time and sense exclusively, find no place for the spiritual or the eternal verities which so deeply concern human life. But from Sinai to Pentecost, from the gift of the law to the gift of the Spirit, and from the days of the apostles until now, history will sustain the declaration that the best light humanity has ever received, the most elevating for the understanding and the heart of man, has been *light from on high*—the law that came by Moses, and the *grace and truth* that came by Jesus Christ.

The next point we propose to consider is, the *form* of education on which the Church should insist. The State is naturally most ready to provide for that form of education which is more immediately related to secular interests. In qualifying men to vote, and in fitting them for material service—teaching in primary schools and high schools and universities, with special view to what is conceived as essential to that form of education now termed *practical*—preparing for the development of material wealth, the State will most naturally foster education that can be most readily converted into public income. Secular journals will specially advocate such education. In the name of Political Economy the material utilities will be the ends contemplated.

Purely literary journals will advocate a variety of educa-

tional methods; but the Church must occupy a different ground in respect to the form of education to be preferred. Her position is more comprehensive. It is not essentially discordant with the political, economical, or literary purposes of education. While not unmindful of practical utilities, or of literary excellencies for their own sake, nevertheless the *moral*, not the material relations and products, the *spiritual*, not the secular ends of education, engage her attention chiefly. She esteems many faculties worthy of high culture for their own sake. Her chief aim is at manhood's best development. Information, knowledge, material utility, political sagacity, literary refinement are not put before *personal worth*. She is more concerned about what a man shall *be* than what he shall know. To make her sons '*in understanding men*,' with clear, strong intellects, sound judgments, honest principles, clean hearts, right wills—this is her aim. She appreciates the dignity and destiny of manhood, and educates men for eternity, and not time only; as heirs of immortality, kings and priests unto God forever! Her Lord of life and glory became a man, and lived and died for men. With such an estimate of redeemed manhood, her form of education must furnish the very highest standard. In her view divine ideas lie at the foundations of all science. All laws of nature are God's laws. The end of all scientific study, with her, is not to apply science to arts, mechanical contrivances, and the like. This is but its proximate purpose. Its ultimate end is to bring the soul into a more distinct realization of the wisdom and majesty of its God, and uplift and ennoble it with great and glorious study to which God has himself invited us. With such views, the Church will include the sciences in her curriculum.

But can the study of the *languages* be omitted? The Bible is inseparable from language. In it the Bible has a great past, and a great future—a history and a prophecy. In what tongue of East or West, of ancient or modern times, has the Church no interest? And what shall we say of history, mental and moral philosophy, and even poetry? Can a man with a Bible and Hymn-book in his hand say Christianity has no concern in these studies? From what department of thorough education

can the Church wisely detach the attention of her sons? From political economy? Are her sons, then, not among rulers? From studies which fit men for business? Are not her sons, even in regular Church work, concerned with financial interests? We must not forget that hers is the care and culture of manhood in all that pertains to his wisdom, his power, his goodness, and his glory! Some Christians seem not to understand clearly how the Church sustains any obligatory relation to general education. That she should teach the Holy Scriptures is easily seen; but that she should teach Latin, Greek, mathematics, and the sciences is not so plain. What, it is asked, have these studies to do with making people Christians? They have nothing immediately to do with repentance and justification by faith, but they have a great deal to do with personal improvement, accuracy of thought and speech, and general intelligence in the life-work of men. Let us observe one or two points here.

We can sustain a moral relation to things which in themselves have no moral quality. Things we eat and drink have no moral quality, yet it is written, 'Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' Certain textbooks have no moral quality, yet may be used unto most valuable moral ends. The law of self-improvement is a moral law, and no man may lightly despise any valuable agency for securing the best development of his own mind.

All educational agencies, whether religious or secular, have certain things in *common*, such as means to develop the mental powers—exercises, and the like. Language, numbers, laws, are those things which cannot be left out of any kind of education. Without some knowledge of these no one can be sufficiently educated to learn the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the laws of his own Church. If one becomes a secular student by reason of studying these things, then are all Church members who know such things secular. Nor is it the *extent* to which they are pursued, any more than the *fact* that they are studied, which gives them a secular character. Bible commentators study language, numbers, and laws to an extent rarely pursued by many college graduates. The fact is, the

more we study Christianity the more we perceive how vast is the range of truth that is related to it. Said an apostle: 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.'

What a range of study is here! 'Think on these things'! What room for *thought* is here! We are left to apply these categories to *whatsoever* things they belong. We would call this the *apostolic magna charta* of Christian education. Under this *charta* Church institutions may frame the grandest curriculum of study.

It is obvious that the *moral worth of human nature* furnishes a broader basis for education than can be suggested by State policy, material interests, or literary ambition. This is a notable fact. While State legislation has respect to political and material results, and appropriates funds to schools of limited grade, and is hardly appreciative of the higher universities belonging to the State itself, except for their technical and professional value, the Church, with no State patronage, has provided the best high schools, colleges, and even universities. While her members pay taxes for public schools which they scarcely patronize at all, they show a remarkable appreciation for seminaries of the highest grade, and support them by free-will offerings of benevolence. The Christian Church is, at least in this country, the most reliable patron and best protector of the highest forms of education. Her standard of manhood is higher, her obligation to make the most of human nature is more sacred, her work more world-encompassing, her ends more divine and enduring. She would make truth victorious over all the earth, till everywhere her children shall repeat the grand challenge of the apostle, 'Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth Jesus is the Son of God'!

The world's indebtedness to the Church for intellectual advancement is a grand chapter for the historian's pen. Grecian civilization was a wonderful forward movement of

intellectual life. Roman power was the enthronement of mental energies vastly superior to the rude barbarism over which it triumphed. To this day civilized humanity feels the influence of those classic lands, and enjoys the literature of Greece and Rome. But the world's debt to the Church is infinitely greater. To no pagan intelligence can we trace the origin of that purer light and powerful form of intellectual activity which distinguishes Christendom above every other portion of the world. Christianity furnished a moral and conservative element which heathendom lacked, and it is Christianity which has really preserved classic intelligence, purified it, and made it immortal. 'Ye are the salt of the earth,' said Jesus. History wonderfully verifies the saying. No unchristian nation has appreciated and cherished the literature of the ancient republics. To go still further back, *Genesis* is the beginning of universal history. The Decalogue is the beginning of a sound and consistent jurisprudence. Jewish prophecy is the first distinct announcement of a grand future for the human race. At Horeb, where the ancient Church was first formally organized, appeared the light and sounded the trumpet that doomed the superstition and idolatry of the world. Subsequently, the Church of Christ sent its apostles to the very centres of pagan civilization to instruct and redeem it. Their only weapon of conquest was the truth, the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. It redeemed every nation it conquered, and it is to-day the mightiest weapon of conquest in the world. Extract from modern literature all the light it has borrowed from the Bible, and its glory would be eclipsed. It is this truth the Church is commissioned to disseminate through all the earth, fulfilling the Master's words to his disciples, '*Ye are the light of the world*'!

The Church enters upon this grand work of education, not so much because Christianity needs education, as because education needs Christianity. As educated Greece and Rome needed Christianity, so all minds and all progress need Christianity.

But how shall the Church perform in the best manner her duty in this education work? This is itself a great, practical

question, sufficient for a volume. Perhaps the ideal of a Church school has nowhere yet been fully realized. The Church has her difficulties to meet in this work. Her educational plans, like her missionary and other benevolent operations, find their chief obstacles within her own organization. Brakes are screwed down on her wheels by the conduct of her own members, and her motive power is at the same time diminished by withholding fuel from her fires. The Master's parables of the good and bad fish in the net, and of the wheat and tares growing together, are as applicable to the modern as to the ancient Church. Much of the talent, energy, and wealth which belong to the Church are her resources only *nominally*. She carries an embarrassing proportion of negative members—dead heads and dead hearts—who measure what they do for the Church not by duty, but by impulse and convenience. If they are visited by a Church agent he is pronounced an annoying beggar, and the *Church stands at the locked doors of her own treasurers!* What she supposed to be her own bank, on whose ample resources she could rely, often proves to be only a number of private concerns where her agents find no deposits to her credit. She contracts her work to available benevolence. Alas! benevolence is a luxury men find it less difficult to surrender than many other enjoyments. Nevertheless, this great work goes forward by the hands of the faithful, and the earnestness of the Church increases. The light advances; thousands rejoice in it. Faithful men will not restrain prayer, nor diminish effort. We look hopefully to the future; while the sublime prayer which the Master taught to a few humble men of Galilee has become the solemn, earnest, united cry of redeemed millions: 'THY KINGDOM COME, AND THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IT IS DONE IN HEAVEN'!

ART. III.—*Memorials of a Quiet Life.* By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE. New York: George Routledge & Sons.

We live in a country where quiet is rarely sought, and still more rarely found. The fever of unrest fills the soul of the American, because worldly success is made the end-all of existence. The startling haste with which our countrymen rush forward in the pursuit of this blessing, so-called, is only a little less wonderful than sad. The small seeks to be great, and much asks for more. Neither fatigue nor trials serve to turn them aside from the great purpose of their existence. It is with a certain bewildered amazement that we watch men in the pursuit of fame and fortune, reaching forward with more eager haste as the shadows lengthen, and with increasing speed as 'the rapid of life shoots to the fall'; and when the end comes, as come it must, the last words gasped out are: 'Not as though I had attained.'

In the introduction to the American edition of the volume before us, by F. D. Huntington, he says: 'There are two diseases that poison the people's peace, generating a chronic religious unbelief—the ambition of showy performances, and a forgetfulness of the divine element and end in all strong and beautiful conduct. That element is always tranquil; and, accordingly, those lives where the Heavenly Presence is felt are always serene and steadfast. What needs to be demonstrated of the Christian faith now, seems to be, not so much the credibility of its documentary evidence, as the genuineness of its original quality; not so much its top-growth, as its root; not so much its capacity of noise and distension, as the blessedness of its patient, silent, and yet intensely earnest waiting upon God. To be ardent without affectation, enthusiastic without inconstancy, vigorous without assumption, cheerful without irreverence, equal to all occasions without courting either applause or opposition, is the perfect type of piety. Thus far it appears to have been yielded nowhere in Christendom, in its purest and finest form, so often as in the Christian homes of England,

'America need not be ashamed to acknowledge it. She will be wise if she learns from it. She will be foolish if she forfeits the highest charm of national and personal bearing by refusing, in a self-sufficient pride which is her peculiar temptation, to mould her temper and manners after that chaste model. English defects are obvious enough, but English household religion is a very gracious thing, and we should do well to claim it as a part of our ancestral heritage. Sooner or later we must find out that gentle breeding, a child of Christianity, is a positive good, and that neither energy nor independence can be a substitute for it in the true measurement of human greatness. We may go on multiplying enterprise and knowledge, making money and pushing discovery, but unless we crown these growths and gains with that supreme grace which is the fascination of the biography before us, we shall come to a discovery that will mortify us; namely, that eagerness and restlessness, hurry and clamor, are symptoms of vulgarity or of disorder; that even religion does not give its best peace unless its fountains are in secret and still places; and that "in quietness and confidence" is the abiding "strength" of the soul of man.'

In *The Memorials of a Quiet Life*, we are introduced, as privileged guests, into an intellectual and refined English Christian home-circle; we sit by the same fireside, and dine at the same hospitable board. Living faces are hardly more familiar than those which look so kindly upon us; we almost catch the happy laugh, and hear the murmur of voices.

The home we thus enter may be described negatively quite as well as affirmatively. No cant, no covetousness, no malice, no self-seeking dwell there; but we feel the influence of contentment, industry, warm affections, a cordial geniality, and a pervading indication of the love of God through Christ in the heart. The motto of their daily life seemed to be comprised in that pithy saying of Augustus Hare: 'What we can do for God is little or nothing, but we must do our little nothings for his glory.'

Naturally enough, her adopted son has made Mrs. Augustus Hare (Maria Leicester) the central figure in the group of distinguished persons, whose lives are so intimately blended with



hers; but it must be owned that the chief interest in the volume is found in the noble characters by whom she was surrounded. The two portraits of Maria Leycester present a pathetic contrast, thirty-three years intervening between them. The outline of the features bear a faint resemblance, and yet how different!—the smooth, untroubled face of her mature womanhood, and the dimmed, care-worn, sad look of her later years. The contrast is before us in all its salient significance, showing us the decay of a lifetime in a single instant. In a letter of Madame de Sévigné to the President de Moulceau, who had expressed extreme distaste to the title of grandfather, she says: ‘Could we, at twenty years of age, be made to see in a mirror the face we should have at sixty, there would be a revulsion of shocked fear and surprise; we should be horrified at this abruptly deformed figure; but in nature there are no such abrupt distortions; her declivities are gradual and gentle; there is daily waste, a day-by-day transmutation; but we look to-day as we did yesterday, and to-morrow as to-day. *Ainsi nous avançons sans le sentir, et c’est un miracle de cette Providence, que j’adore.*’<sup>1</sup> It is the sudden contrast between the sparkling face of youth, and the time-trying one of age which renders the identity so painfully startling.

The greatest interest and delight of Maria Leycester’s early life was derived from her association with the Reginald Hebers, who were quite near neighbors, living, as they did, at Hodnet, about two miles from her father’s rectory. A part of each day was passed with that charming home-circle, and in the evening Mr. Heber would read aloud either poetry or one of Sir Walter Scott’s newly published novels. He instructed her in German, and frequently wrote songs to suit her voice. There is no doubt that constant intercourse with this good and cultivated family became the means, with God’s blessing, of elevating her character and forming her tastes, and that which, at first, seemed mere pastime, assumed the graver significance of providential guidance.

‘In no scene of Reginald Heber’s life,’ wrote Mr. Blunt, ‘did his character appear in greater beauty than while he was

<sup>1</sup> Madame de Sévigné au Président de Moulceau, le 27 Janvier, 1687.

living at Hodnet, seeing God's blessings spring out of his mother earth, and eating his own bread in peace and privacy. His talents might have made him proud, but he was humble-minded as a child—eager to call forth the intellectual stores of others, rather than to display his own—arguing without dogmatism, and convincing without triumph—equally willing to reason with the wise, or to take a share in the innocent gaieties of a winter's fireside; for it was no part of his creed that all innocent mirth ought to be banished from the purlieus of a good man's dwelling, or that he is called upon to abstract himself from the refinements and civilities of life, as if sitting to Toniers for a picture of the Temptation of St. Anthony. . . . His love of letters might have made him an inactive parish priest, but he was daily amongst his parishioners, advising them in difficulties, comforting them in distress, kneeling, often to the hazard of his own life, by their sick bed; exhorting, encouraging, reproving as he saw need; when there was strife, the peacemaker; when there was want, the cheerful giver. Yet, in all this, there was no parade, no effort, apparently not the smallest consciousness that his conduct differed from that of other men—his duty seemed to be his delight, his piety an instinct.'

A few extracts from the diary of Maria Leycester at this time will convey some idea of the home-life in which she was so charmingly domesticated:

'*May 24, 1817.*—I have just spent two delightful days at Hodnet Rectory. I never saw, or rather heard, Mr. Reginald Heber so agreeable, though, indeed, I always say this of the last time of seeing him; but, really, his stories are quite inexhaustible—the more he tells the more he seems to have to tell.'

'*June 14.*—A most delightful evening with the Hebers—Reginald reading and reciting verses, and telling various entertaining stories. Among others, he mentioned that a letter had lately been received at the postoffice directed "To my son," and great was the difficulty as to whom the letter should be delivered, till a sailor solved it by asking if there was a letter "from my mother," when it was given up to him at once.

Late in the evening he recited a poem of Coleridge—"The Ancient Mariner."

The first mention made of Augustus Hare occurs two years later.

'*Dec. 14, 1818.*—My brothers and I have had such a pleasant visit at Hodnet. There were only Mr. and Mrs. R. Heber, Mr. Heber, and Mr. Augustus Hare there. The latter is the oddest and most agreeable person I have seen for a very long time—very clever and enthusiastic, but quite unlike other people, which is a relief sometimes, for every-day people are so common in this world.'

'*March 25, 1819.*—I have been spending two whole days with the Reginald Hebers; he was very delightful, and our evenings were most snug and comfortable. Reginald Heber made songs for us as fast as we could sing them.'

It was at this time that Maria Leycester met with Mr. Martin Stow, who was living at Hodnet as Reginald Heber's curate, and sharing, as they did, the many enjoyments of that charming home, it is not surprising that they became mutually attached to one another. Her father withheld his consent to their union, without which she refused to marry him. It was in January, 1823, that Reginald Heber accepted the Bishopric of Calcutta, and offered an Indian chaplaincy to Mr. Stow, hoping that Mr. Leycester would then be persuaded to assent to the marriage; but they were mistaken, and Maria parted from her friend and lover, convinced that they would never meet again. A great blank was thus made in her life, but Maria was gifted with what sometimes seems the best blessing which God bestows, a cheerful, happy, contented spirit. Goëthe writes, in one of his fictions, of a distressed frau: 'Nothing could save her from utter bewilderment, except patiently to do the duty which each day brought with it.' Thus Maria Leycester, with calm good sense, used each day and moment carefully, as one who labored for God, so that, when the news came that Stow had died of fever at Dacca, she was enabled to bear it with resignation to the Divine will.

From this period Augustus Hare and his family become so closely interwoven with the story that we will follow the course

of the narrative, and give a slight sketch of the brothers. Augustus and Julius Hare are best known to general readers as the authors of *Guesses at Truth*; their character and literary attainments were such as to make their influence very widely felt. The life of Augustus was more retired, but Julius was long considered one of the leaders of the Broad Church Party. He became Rector of Hurstmonceaux in 1832, Archdeacon of Lewes in 1840, Canon of Chichester in 1851, and Chaplain to the Queen in 1853. The oldest brother, Francis, also acquired a decided literary reputation. Their mother was Georgiana, the fourth daughter of Bishop Shipley; she was a brilliant beauty, and was said to resemble her celebrated cousin, 'the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire.' She was not only a beauty and a wit, but thoroughly conversant with all the modern languages, as well as Latin and Greek, and her artistic talents attracted the attention and were developed under the care of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was a daily visitor at her father's house.

Bishop Shipley, very naturally, entertained ambitious views for his accomplished and scholarly daughter, so that it was with great chagrin that he learned of her attachment to Francis Hare-Naylor, the son of the Canon of Winchester. 'At length, however, seeing the hopeless state of his daughter's affections, the Bishop was induced to invite Francis Hare-Naylor to Twyford. The following day he was arrested for debt, while driving in the episcopal coach with Georgiana and her parents. He was then forbidden the house, but on his release he contrived to communicate with his beloved by dressing up as a beggar, and appearing at her carriage window, as it ploughed its way through the muddy lanes between Winchester and Twyford. She recognized him, and kissed her hand in the presence of her family. The scene of indignation and reproach which followed brought matters to a crisis.' Francis Hare-Naylor does not indeed come down to us with much of a reputation, save for his good looks, his poverty, and the ill-favor in which he was held by his father; but he was apparently well skilled in the treatment of a woman's heart, for, despite all opposition, the affair ended in

marriage, and we find them living happily together in Italy on an annuity of £200.

It was in Italy that her four sons were born : Francis, Augustus, Julius, and Marcus ; and Mrs. Hare-Naylor gave herself up with the most untiring devotion to their education. The effort to advance her eldest son, Francis, both morally and intellectually, seemed to influence every act of her life. ' Before he was four years old, Francis Hare had begun to display the talents which afterward distinguished him, speaking English, French, and Italian with equal facility. Before he was ten, he could read fluently, with his mother, all the easier Greek and Latin classics, and he was familiar with many of the best authors in French and Italian.'

The intellectual atmosphere in which the boys were brought up had an immense influence on the formation of their character. Bologna was the resort of many learned persons, who were attracted thither by the university, so that the Hare-Naylors enjoyed the most choice literary society, and numbered the celebrated Mezzofanti as one of their intimate friends. One of the most remarkable of the refugees from Spain, who, at that time, were the principal instructors in the Scuole Pie of Bologna, was Father Emmanuel Afonte. ' An enthusiast in the study of Greek, Afonte possessed a solid and critical knowledge of the language, of which he wrote an excellent and practical grammar for the schools of the university, frequently republished since his time; and it was probably to this habit of close and critical examination, which he acquired under Afonte's instruction, that his pupil Mezzofanti owed the exact knowledge of the niceties of the language, and the power of discriminating between all the varieties of the Greek style, for which he became so eminently distinguished.' Clotilda Tambroni, the adopted daughter of Afonte, possessed acquirements even more wonderful than his own. Notwithstanding her sex, she occupied the chair of the professor of Greek, and her lectures were always largely attended. Her bust and picture still decorate the walls of the university. It was under the care of Don Emmanuel Afonte, and Clotilda Tambroni, that the sons of Mrs. Hare-Naylor received their

earliest instructions. Francis, being the oldest, was able to remember the precepts then instilled, and transmit them to his brothers in after years. The unity of the four brothers was proverbial; Landor used to call them the 'most brotherly of brothers.' When they had grown to be men, Francis and Augustus visited Bologna together, and Augustus writes: 'Oct. 27.—I am quite delighted with the people of Bologna. They all seemed so glad to see my brother again. Mezzofanti especially, who was formerly one of his thousand and one instructors, and who is now celebrated as the greatest linguist in the world, being perfect master of thirty languages, besides being more or less acquainted with twenty others, could hardly satisfy himself with looking at his old pupil, who, he had heard from Fazakerley, had turned out a great Grecian. Then he alluded, with looks of gratitude, to my brother's great kindness to him in a dangerous illness, then talked to me a little, then began rejoicing over Francis and his Greek again.'

In 1806 Julius was sent to the Charter-house, where his improvement was very rapid. 'His companions and friends were Thirlwall and Grote, the future historians of Greece; Waddington, afterwards Dean of Durham; Sir William Norris, and Sir Henry Havelock. The last two continued his friends throughout his life. Havelock received from his companions the nickname of Phloes, meaning philosopher. When Julius entered Trinity he had already acquired a great reputation both as a scholar and a mathematician, and was eagerly welcomed by the best set in the college. It was at this time that he formed the friendship of Starr, Whewell, Worsley, and Kenelm Digby.

The residence of Julius at Weimer, when a child, and the interest aroused by the conversations of Goëthe, and Schiller, and other illustrious persons who constantly met in the sick chamber of his mother, had inspired him with an enthusiasm for German poets and philosophers which never died out, and when he entered Cambridge 'his knowledge of German literature had been hitherto unknown in an undergraduate.' His aunt, Lady Jones, remonstrated with him about his preference for German authors, considering it dangerous for one so young;

and in one of her letters, impetuously declared her wish that 'all his German books were burnt.' He replied:

'Jan., 1820.—As for my German books, I hope from my heart that the day will never arrive when I shall be induced to burn them, for I am convinced that I never shall do so, unless I have first become a base slave of Mammon, and a mere vile lump of selfishness. I shall never be able to repay the hundredth part of the obligation I am under to them, even though I were to shed every drop of my blood in defence of their liberties. For to them I owe the best of all my knowledge, and if they have not purified my heart, the fault is my own. Above all, to them I owe my ability to believe in Christianity with a much more implicit and intelligent faith than I otherwise should have been able to have done; for without them I should only have saved myself from dreary suspicions, by a refusal to allow my heart to follow my head, and by a self-willed determination to believe whether my reason approved of my belief or not. The question has been so often a subject of discussion that I have determined, once for all, to state my reasons for remaining in my opinion.'

Julius Hare was ever ready to maintain his right to an opinion; still more to defend it. He was never afraid of words; still less of men. When once his reason determined what was true, he was ready to vindicate it to the bitter end. Any attack on Luther, Niebuhr, Bunson, Coleridge, would have called forth his sword from its scabbard under much less provocation than was actually given in the respective cases. Indeed, in some of these instances we almost wonder at the amount of energy and learning spent against charges which seemed hardly sufficient, either in quality or quantity, to need any refutation at all. But even when the object of attack was his dearest friend, it was an outraged sense not so much of private partiality as of public justice that fired the train; and in one remarkable instance in his later life (that of the Hampden controversy) he came forward in behalf of an entire stranger.

Augustus Hare had been adopted by his aunt, Lady Jones, who educated him as her son, and was very desirous for him

to take orders, not only that he might be useful in the Church, but that he should succeed to the rich family living of Hurstmonceaux. To this wish of Lady Jones Augustus always evinced a decided repugnance. He held the dignity of the clerical office in the highest estimation, but he felt that the Church was not the sphere for which he was best adapted. In the summer of 1820 he was elected school examiner at Oxford, where he was much beloved by all the pupils. He possessed the power to attract constant attendance and earnest attention. He had also the gift of mental assimilation, and, by his enthusiasm, invested his instructions with peculiar interest, while his eccentricities of manner were a constant delight and amusement. Archdeacon Randall writes of him at this time: 'If excited in conversation he would spring up in the midst of his talk, twirl himself rapidly around three times, and sit down again without pausing in what he was saying, as if some external action was necessary to let off the force of his excitement. After dinner, at the houses of his intimate friends, he would rush up and down the drawing-room in the vehemence of his spirits, and then cast himself upon a sofa, and throw up his legs in the air.'

It was in the spring of 1825 that Augustus Hare received the news of the death of his most esteemed friend, Martin Stow, the betrothed of Maria Leicester, and on the evening of that day he decided upon taking orders. He wrote about this time: 'In darkness there is no choice. It is light that enables us to see the differences between things, and it is Christ that gives us the light.' On the outside of the letter which he wrote to Lady Jones, announcing his determination, she has inscribed '*Mirabilia!*' It was Augustus Hare's wish to remain tutor at New College during his year of deaconship, and, after he was ordained priest, to accept the first country curacy which offered. In 1827 he went to Italy, where, owing to an accident, he passed several months with the Blessingtons. He gives us a glimpse of their home-life in a letter to Mrs. Stanley: 'Their house is, perhaps, not the house for a clergyman, though not a word is ever said there, either on religion, or morals, or politics, which could offend the most



scrupulous ear; but I cannot quarrel with people who, for my brother's sake, have received me both cordially and kindly. Lady Blessington reminds me of Julius' *Guess*—"Flattery is the nicest thing in the world; pray, don't sugar it too sweet." Lady Blessington sugars it too sweet. New College, Francia, the Vicar of Rumford, Landor, all are almost equally superlative. But she is attentive, she is clever, she is affable, she is amusing, she is Irish, she has black hair, and if she does not tire of me, which is not impossible, I foresee that she will continue to force me to dine with her five times a week.'

Meanwhile the friendship which had long existed between Maria Leycester and Augustus Hare assumed a warmer character, and their engagement received the sanction of her father in 1828. Throughout her life, as will be seen, notwithstanding her love and faith in God, Maria Leycester needed the support of a human arm, the love of a human heart. When, one by one, these earthly props were removed, there was ever another to take its place. There is a mild fervor, a womanly devotion, in her love for each object of affection in its turn, which has all the effect of an enduring possession; but, if the truth must be spoken, she never gives the impression, even when her feelings are deepest, of the entire self-abandonment, of the power of a gigantic sacrifice for the beloved object. From the beginning to the end of her life, she receives more than she gives; she is loved more than she loves. Her first lover, her husband, her brother-in-law, and her adopted son, were each, when the time came, exclusively devoted to her, so that, throughout her life, she was the supreme object of one loving heart, the first blessing of one life. In each cloud which darkened her existence there was the 'silver lining,' which gradually brightened it again into sunshine. With her intensely susceptible nature it would have been entirely incompatible to have been absorbed by one intense emotion to the exclusion of all others. Instead of going mad, like Ophelia, she would have turned for consolation to Horatio, or her brother Laertes would have devoted his life to her service. She was just the woman to inspire devoted love from the opposite sex. She was distinguished throughout by her in-

tense womanliness; gentle, loving, and pious, she had enough hero-worship in her nature to flavor her love with a spice of homage, and her fine tact and genial adaptiveness were better than genius in the home-life which she adorned and beautified.

Just before his marriage Augustus Hare accepted the small New College living of Alton-Barnes, in Wiltshire. It was a very primitive village, consisting of a few whitewashed mud cottages, with thatched straw roofs. Except the rectory, there was no gentleman's house to be seen, and the ignorance of his congregation was such that they were quite unable to follow any train of reasoning, or understand aught but the simplest gospel teaching. Augustus Hare took the liveliest interest in the temporal as well as spiritual welfare of his little flock, and often collected them together, and talked with them over the best manner of cultivating their little plots of ground, encouraging the industrious and reproving the negligent. It was one of his favorite sayings, 'We must get at the souls of the poor through their bodies.' When a stock of clothing was received for distribution, he rejoiced as much to give as the poor to get it. He rendered his people material service by keeping a shop, in which were all kinds of clothing, which he sold at two-thirds the original price. The shop was open once a week in the rectory barn, when Mrs. Hare was always in attendance. An extract from one of her letters will give some idea of their occupations and happiness at this time:

*'St. John's Day.*—I longed yesterday to have answered your dear letter, but the sun shone so bright that, when shop was ended, I could not resist a ride till our early Christmas dinner. When I came home I met Augustus in the passage, his face radiant with joy, and he pulled me into the study to see a parcel just arrived from Aunt Louisa, containing three most comfortable shawls for our three best old women, and a parcel of warm stockings for the men. Cannot you fancy the dear man's happiness over them; I could not guess what had happened. Our Christmas day was perfect, except that, in consequence of some dissension amongst the singers, we were deprived of our waking carol, and I was obliged to be satisfied

with the good news being communicated by a voice sweeter in my ears than a more harmonious one would sound to many. Perhaps the moment of greatest joy, in the whole day, was when I saw the red cloak and black bonnet of little old Hannah Baillie amongst those who were round the altar, and saw and heard Augustus, with eyes full of tears, and such a smile of joy, and his voice trembling with emotion, give her the blessed bread and wine. He could hardly say the words, and the affectionateness of his manner to her, and the simplicity of heart with which we knew she was receiving the blessing, were most touching. Poor Mary Brown, alas! had no heart to come, but I saw her in the evening steal across the fields to church, and I hope she picked out a great deal of comfort and good from the sermon.'

The principle which actuated Augustus Hare, in every act of his life, was duty to God. The first question he asked himself was, 'What would Jesus Christ have me to do? What would He have done in my place?' Dr. Johnson once said that 'Milton could hew a Colossus out of a rock, but he could not carve heads on cherry stones.' The scholarly mind of Augustus Hare evinced the master in tending these simple folk quite as well as in a more elaborate field of labor.

'Tis the same wind unbinds the Alpine snow,  
And comforts violets on their lowly beds.'

To breathe a spirit of love into loveless hearts, to brighten melancholy faces, to beautify the waste places, to make the desert blossom as the rose—this was the mission of Augustus Hare, a mission which he accomplished nobly, making the common-place sublime, by following in the footsteps of the Great Teacher.

After living at Alton three years, he became so attached to his parishioners, that his desire was to remain with them through life. He had taught them the value of their immortal souls, so that they often said: 'Mr. Hare does *long* to save our souls.' There was so much mutual confidence and love between him and his people, so much moral beauty in his life there, that a more lucrative benefice was no temptation to

him ; so that, when the rich family living of Hurstmonceaux became vacant at the death of his uncle, Robert Hare, he urged his brother Julius to accept it, 'and to leave him undisturbed in the humble rectory of Alton.'

Meanwhile, Julius had been living in his rooms in Trinity College, enjoying the constant companionship of Whewell, Worsley, Peacock, Thirlwall, Sedgwick, besides a younger set in Sterling, French, Maurice, and Cavendish. Maria Hare describes his beautiful rooms in one of her letters: 'Julius's rooms at Cambridge are most perfect, looking, as they do, down that glorious avenue, and the Gothic windows are filled with beautiful geraniums, etc. ; his walls literally lined and papered with books, except on one side, over the fireplace, where Raphael's Madonna and Child, and two or three other good pictures are. I fully enter into his feeling of the unworldliness, the freedom from care, the leisure afforded by such a life, and with him the warmth of friendship keeps alive the affections, which, in general, must lie dormant in a college ; yet I shall be much surprised if, after two or three years of his country life at Hurstmonceaux, Julius has not received more of real happiness than in many years at Trinity.'

It was in 1833 that Augustus Hare was seized with a violent cold, from which he never entirely recovered. His people showed the greatest anxiety about him. One said : ' It seems as if one of my own children was bad, not to see Mr. Hare about ' ; and another, when he was thought to be recovering : ' I be just about glad Mr. Hare's better, for he is a good friend to all of we.' When he was ordered to go to the Continent for his health, his manifestation of affection for them was very touching. He gave them a farewell supper, ' and after he had parted from them with prayer and a short exhortation, he was sitting quietly in the drawing-room, when the singers, underneath the window, unexpectedly began the Evening Hymn. Quickly unfastening the shutter, his face working with emotion, he threw up the sash, exclaiming, " Dear people ! how can I leave you " ! and then sank back on a chair quite exhausted by the mental conflict, and then a terrible fit of coughing came on.'

Augustus Hare lived only a few months after his departure from England. One who watched by his death-bed wrote: 'I look at Augustus, and cannot feel grief. That will come for ourselves when he is gone. It is not like watching the approach of Death; he is stripped of all his terrors. It is rather the feeling of the cry, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh; go thou forth to meet him."' In *Bunsen's Life* is the following letter to Arnold announcing the sad news: 'Feb. 19.—Our dear Augustus Hare has left us. When this arrives, you will have already known that he expired yesterday, in a state of perfect bliss. He had given previous directions that he should be buried by the side of my children. I saw him twice, and loved him from the first moment. His thoughts were always with his friends, his country, his Church, but above all, and up to the last moment, with his Savior. Requiescat in pace! His excellent wife has shown herself worthy of such a husband.'

The interview between Bunsen and Mrs. Hare, after the death of her husband, we will give in her own words: 'March 5.—Bunsen called. The last time he was here, my Augustus was lying on the sofa, able to talk to him and ask him questions. He showed, as I knew he would, the deepest sympathy with my grief, and seemed so deeply touched with my "allowing" him to come, one might have thought *he* was to be the gainer. . . . After some other conversation, I asked what he thought about the abode of the spirit when it leaves the body. "We must keep to what God's Word says; it is never safe in these matters to leave it. Our Saviour said, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' And we are elsewhere told the souls of the faithful shall be with God; so that we may safely conclude them to be in bliss, though the full consummation of that bliss is reserved to the end, when God shall be all in all. Your Church, as I think, beautifully prays for the accomplishment of the number of the elect, and I have introduced it into our service. What may be the nature of their employment there, we have no means of knowing; and fully do I believe that it is in mercy that God has not vouchsafed to reveal more, as it is in mercy that he has

revealed so much. He but lifts up the veil so high as to encourage us on; what more is to be known will be hereafter. We may be sure there is spiritual activity in heaven; there can be no idleness there; and what will be the joy of those eternal praises sung to God by the saints in glory"! Speaking of a hymn used by Hugo Grotius on his death-bed, and of the superiority of the ancient composition over the modern ones—"They were written by persons who had endured great afflictions, who had lived in perilous times: it does very well in prosperity and happiness to go on with lower views, but in fear of death, and in suffering, there is but one rock to stay on, the merits and love of Christ."'

On another occasion, Mrs. Marcus Hare writes; 'Bunsen is like no one I ever met with. One has seen pious men, and learned men, and admirable men, but he unites them all. In going with him through the museum of the Capitol, and over the site of the ancient temples, you saw all the accuracy of research of the antiquarian and scholar, which he explained with all the simplicity of a child.'

As everything relating to Bunsen must possess an interest, we will insert in this place a letter from Mrs. Julius Hare, written the day after his death. 'Nov. 29, 1860.— . . . . Yesterday the message of his emancipation came, and his suffering body no longer chains down his immortal spirit. His end was mercifully tranquil; and before he passed into a state of partial unconsciousness, in which he has lain for many weeks past, the full revelation made to his spirit of the pardoning love of his Saviour, and his child-like reliance on His merits, were indeed most blessed. In those days, when he seemed dying, it was, indeed, as if heaven had been opened before those around him; and most affecting it was to hear how that great mind was brought to feel that all was nothing to him at that hour but the merits and love of his Saviour. "All bridges that one builds through life fail at such a time as this, and nothing remains but the bridge of the Saviour," was his declaration one day; and this was evidently *the* bridge upon which he was passing over the river of death.'

Upon her return from the continent Mrs. Augustus Hare

was tenderly welcomed by her brother-in-law, Julius Hare, to his home at Hurstmonceaux Rectory. The change was very great, from the quiet home at Alton to the ever-changing circle of intellectual society which enlivened her brother's house; but although the shadow of grief hovered over her, her sense of duty was such that she lost no time in vain regrets, but began at once to visit the poor of the parish, and to brighten with her love and sympathy the house which she now called her home. She had learned her lesson of faith through great sorrow, and she taught it to those around her in the harmony and beauty of her daily life.

A charming description of Hurstmonceaux Rectory was given by Arthur Stanley, in an article for the *Quarterly Review*. 'The rectory,' he wrote, 'stood far removed from church, and castle, and village. . . . Of all the peculiarities of English life none, perhaps, is so unique as an English parsonage. But how peculiar, even among English parsonages, was the rectory of Hurstmonceaux. The very first glance at the entrance-hall revealed the character of its master. It was not merely a house with a good library—the whole house was a library. The vast nucleus which he brought with him from Cambridge grew year by year, till not only study, and drawing-room, and dinning-room, but passage, and ante-chamber, and bed-rooms were overrun with the ever-advancing and crowded book-shelves. At the time of his death it had reached the number of more than twelve thousand volumes; and it must be further remembered that these volumes were of no ordinary kind. Of all the libraries which it has been our lot to traverse, we never saw any equal to this in the combined excellence of quantity and quality—none in which were so few worthless, so many valuable works. Its original basis was classical and philological; but of later years the historical, philosophical, and theological elements outgrew all the rest. The peculiarity which distinguished the collection probably from any other, private or public, in the kingdom, was the preponderance of German literature. No work, no pamphlet, of any note in the teeming catalogues of German booksellers escaped his notice; and with his knowledge of the subjects,

and of the probable elucidation which they would receive from this or that quarter, they formed themselves in natural and harmonious groups around what already existed, so as to give the library both the appearance and the reality, not of a mere accumulation of parts, but of an organic and self-multiplying whole. And what, perhaps, was yet more remarkable was the manner in which the centre of this whole was himself. Without a catalogue, without assistance, he knew where every book was to be found, for what it was valuable, what relation it bore to the rest. The library was like a magnificent tree which he had himself planted, of which he had nurtured the growth, which spread its branches far and wide over his dwelling, and in the shade of which he delighted, even if he was prevented for the moment from gathering its fruits, or pruning its luxuriant foliage.

In the few spaces which this tapestry of literature left unoccupied were hung noble pictures, which he had brought with him from Italy. To him they were more than mere works of art—they were companions and guests; and they were the more remarkable from their contrast with the general plainness and simplicity of the house and household, so unlike the usual accompaniments of luxury and grandeur, in which we should usually seek and find works of such costly beauty.

‘In this home—now hard at work with his myriad volumes around him at his student’s desk, now wandering to and fro, book in hand, between the various rooms, or up and down the long garden walk, overlooking the distant Level, with its shifting lights and shades—he went on year by year extending the range and superstructure of that vast knowledge of which the solid basis had been laid in the classical studies of his beloved university, or correcting, with an elaborate minuteness, which to the bystanders was at times almost wearisome to behold, the long succession of proofs which, during the later years of his life, were hardly ever out of his hands.

Maria Hare was received with the warmest affection into this lovely home. Julius watched over her and cared for her with the greatest tenderness. The horizon of her life began to be brightened by a golden light; she again took up the



activities of her earlier days, both in her sympathies and her work. Her precious moments were not spent in fruitless regrets, but in practical endeavor to lighten the burdens of those around her; and the happiness which thus came to her 'neither eyes of earth might see, nor ears of earth might hear.' She had attained that 'perfection' which Saint Francis de Sales describes as consisting 'not in having no friendships, but in having none but such as are good, holy, and sacred.' She understood what Emerson calls 'the ethics of friendship.' In every close relation of life God himself seemed to be latent, so that each was sanctified into a 'good and perfect gift' from 'the Father of Lights.' The fruits of a friendship, thus formed, were sure; faith was made more steadfast; difficulties were more successfully encountered; obstacles more easily overcome; the heart was cheered, and the will strengthened to press forward more earnestly than before. There is, too, one other peculiarity in her friendships which is very eloquent. The same names which are the dearest in youth are the best loved in her declining years. It is easy to win affection, but unless it is fastened by noble and endearing qualities of the heart and mind it will be short-lived. Maria possessed a singularly responsive nature, but we all know that there is no such thing as perfection to be found in human beings, and we are inclined to believe that a tinge of selfishness was 'the little rift within the lute,' the shadow which sometimes dimmed this pure and beautiful life. The loving hand which has portrayed her story has given us very little tangible proof of this, and, with so meagre a knowledge of facts to guide our judgment, we must allow it to be influenced by the simple rule of cause and effect. From beginning to end we are never once struck by a single instance of noble self-contempt or self-forgetfulness. So far as we can see, she had no disappointments, and even her sorrows became transformed into happiness and rest. The pleasant paths in which her feet were led throughout her life must necessarily have engendered somewhat of selfishness; she would have been more than human else.

A short time after she was established at Hurstmonceaux Rectory she made known to her brother-in-law, Francis Hare

and his wife, her wish to adopt their son, Augustus, as her own. When she made the proposal it was under minute and special stipulations that he was to belong exclusively to her in every sense of the word—as entirely as if he were her own child. His future relationship with his parents was to be so utterly ignored that *her* relatives should be adopted as his, her parents to be his grandparents, etc. It would seem that, if it had been possible, she would have drained his blood from his veins and infused hers instead. She was evidently surprised, as well as delighted, when her proposition was accepted, and the 'little Augustus was given up to her care. How tender the relations between them were, to the end of her life, the memorial before us sufficiently attests.

We must confess that in this world of woe and misery we have not much pity to spare for one whose life seems to have been peculiarly blest. The sufferings she endured were only such as must come inevitably to all. She seemed to rule over men and women like some fairy princess, the great and small alike owning the influence of her little wand. Living in luxurious ease, surrounded by adoring friends, and moving among the most choice society in the kingdom, she appears as one example, if only one, of the old saying—

'Whom man delights in, God delights in too.'

Julius Hare rejoiced in the appointment of Manning as his fellow-archdeacon, although they differed in many points of doctrine. His feelings on this subject he expresses in the dedication of a sermon to Archdeacon Manning on the Unity of the Church. He says: 'If I may without presumption apply words, which were spoken of wiser and holier men, may the survivor of us be enabled to say, as Archbishop Bramhall said of himself and Usher, who in like manner differed from him on sundry points of opinion and feeling, "I praise God that we were like candles in the Levitical temple, looking one toward another, and both toward the stem. We had no contention among us, but who should hate contention most, and pursue the peace of the Church with swiftest paces."'

Ten years after this, Manning joined the Church of Rome.

In a letter which Archdeacon Hare wrote to his clergy on this occasion, he says, in conclusion: 'I can only wonder at the inscrutable dispensation by which such a man has been allowed to fall under so withering, soul-deadening a spell, and repeat with awe, to myself and to my friends, "Let him who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."'

In the next few years Julius Hare's health began to decline. Whenever he was well enough, the frequent visits of his distinguished friends served to enliven Hurstmonceaux Rectory. In a letter written at that time to Mrs. Augustus Hare, who was absent in Germany for her health, we are allowed a glimpse of the noble circle which surrounded him. 'Aug. 15, 1852.—The dear Archdeacon is better than when we wrote last; during these beautiful days he has been out a good deal in the garden, and though he comes in exhausted, still the quiet morning in the open air is good for him. Landor's visit has been a great enjoyment to the host, and still more so to the hostess, for I never saw Esther so animated, so amused, so drawn out. The mental vigor and effluence of Landor is indeed surprising. He gave his rich stores without stint, and was so gentle and well-bred that he seemed more pleased to receive than to bestow. He was occupied all day by his books, pen, or walking, and claimed not a moment of anybody's time; but you may suppose there was a grand display of summer lightning at breakfast, dinner, and in the evening! Bunsen's visit you will have heard of—curious contrast of mind and habits! I watched the two as they walked to and fro in the garden; sometimes standing still in the earnestness of discussion, Bunsen with all the action and vivacity of demonstration, Landor like a block of granite, immovable and apparently unimpressible. Mr. Empson came with Bunsen. He is the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and the son-in-law of Lord Jeffrey, a very interesting man, but in bad health, and so fast fading away that I had difficulty to restrain tears from falling as I looked at his bent and wasted form.'

The health of Julius Hare continued to decline. In January, 1854, the disease attacked his heart, and all hope faded out of the loving hearts of those who watched his bedside.

'So great was his weakness that a short portion of the Scriptures, or a Psalm, was all that he could bear; for the fever and the dryness of the throat impeded his articulation, and made conversation difficult. In this way the 17th, the 23d, and the 71st Psalms were read to him, and portions of the earlier chapters of St. John. When the 17th Psalm was read to him he said, "Thank you for choosing that dear Psalm; it is one of my greatest favorites." Meanwhile his patience and his thankfulness never failed. Two days before his death, in detached and whispered sentences, and for the last time, he offered up a prayer in which were these petitions: "We thank Thee for every dispensation of Thy providence, and pray that, whether painful for the moment or pleasant, they may bring us nearer to Thee in childlike confidence and trust"; and then in a true pastoral spirit he expressed his last prayer for the beloved flock of his parish; "that God's blessing might rest on them and their minister; that they might be all taught of God; and be led to seek more and more earnestly the way of eternal life"; after which he repeated slowly the Lord's Prayer—the prayer he loved so well.

'On Monday evening, the day before he died, the beautiful 121st Psalm was repeated to him, verse by verse, "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my help," with pauses between the verses, and an offer to cease if it were too much for him. But he smiled even then, and, though unable to speak, nodded his assent and his wish that the Psalm should be continued. On the same night, as one feature of his religion had long been a delight in the frequent communion of the Lord's Supper, it was suggested that his curate should administer it the next day, if he would wish it. "Very much," he whispered, "if I am able. It would be a great comfort." But before the day dawned he no more needed the memorials of an absent Saviour. He was present with the Lord. . . . When it was said to him in the night of his pass-over that he was going to his Heavenly Father's home, he faintly answered, "I think I may be"; and, after a short pause, added, "Bless the Lord for all his mercies to me." But his last clear words were remarkable, for they were in a

voice more distinct and strong than he had reached for several days past, and in answer to the question how he would be moved. With his eyes raised toward heaven, and a look of indescribable brightness, he said, "Upward, upward." Soon after that he passed from earth to heaven.<sup>1</sup>

The health of Mrs. Augustus Hare began about this time to decline, and after her adopted son finished his collegiate course, he devoted himself with untiring solicitude to the care of his mother, nursing her, and travelling with her on the Continent, each successive year, until the end came. There is something amazing and exquisitely touching in the entire devotion of this young man to his invalid mother, for fifteen years. His little, coaxing, tender ways with her were very charming. On one occasion, a few days before her death, he says: 'To-day she was especially bright and sunny. I remember saying to her playfully, as I sat at her feet, "Take a little notice of me, darling; you do not take enough notice of me," and then her stroking my head, and saying, "Oh, you dear child"! and laughing.'

Mrs. Hare was, during her last days, subject to long stages of sleep or torpor which resembled death, and when at last the end came, she breathed her soul away in the arms of him who loved her so tenderly. Unconsciously, Augustus Hare has revealed, in the memoir of his adopted mother, a depth in his own nature which is rarely seen in the youth of our age. Ardent and gifted, he devoted the early years of his manhood to the declining ones of his mother. Toward the close of the volume, in every page that we turn, we feel a more profound sense of the calm—nay, rather the rejoicing self-immolation of the young Augustus Hare to the beloved invalid. His great and absorbing love for her sparkles on every page of the book, and the biography tells, not only the story of those who have gone before, but it reveals the noble, loving nature of one who still lives, of one who sacrificed his fresh, buoyant youth, to follow the lead of his marvellous love.

<sup>1</sup> From the funeral sermon preached at Hurstmonceaux, by the Rev. H. V. Elliott.

ART. IV.—*A Careful and Strict Inquiry into the Modern Prevailing Notions of the Freedom of the Will.* By President EDWARDS.<sup>1</sup> New York: G. & C. & H. Carvill. 1830.

1 Our *Examination of Edwards on the Will* has long been out of print. As few, if any, of our readers have seen the work, we have concluded to republish, in the *Southern Review*, the chapter on the necessitarian 'Argument from the Foreknowledge of God.' The *New Englander*, a Quarterly conducted by the Faculty of Yale College, admitted that we had taken this argument out of the hands of the Calvinists, by reconciling the Foreknowledge of God with the Free-agency of Man. The reader can judge for himself.

The argument from the Foreknowledge of God is one on which the necessitarian relies with great confidence. Nor is this at all surprising, since to so many minds, even among distinguished philosophers, the prescience of Deity and the free-agency of man have appeared to be irreconcilable.

Thus, says Mr. Stewart: 'I have mentioned the attempt of Clarke and others to show that no valid argument against the scheme of free-will can be deduced from the prescience of God, even supposing *that* to extend to all the actions of voluntary beings. On this point I must decline offering any opinion of my own, because I conceive it as placed far beyond the reach of our faculties.' Dr. Campbell also says: 'To reconcile the divine prescience with the freedom, and even contingency, and consequently with the good or ill desert of human actions, is what I have never yet seen achieved by any, and indeed despair of seeing.' And Mr. Locke declares: 'I cannot make freedom in man consistent with omnipotence and omniscience in God, though I am as fully persuaded of both as of any truth I most firmly assent to; and therefore I have long since given off the consideration of that subject, resolving all into this short conclusion, that if it is possible for God to make a free-agent, then man is free, though I see not the way of it.'

Sentiments like these, which are so often met with in the writings of eminent philosophers, have repeatedly led me to reconsider the conclusion at which I have arrived on this subject; but I have been able to discover no reason why it should be abandoned. Indeed, if authority were a sufficient reason

why the great difficulty in question should be regarded as incapable of being solved, I should abandon it in despair, and leave the necessitarian to make the most of his argument; but it has only induced me to proceed with the greater caution; and this, instead of having shaken my convictions, has settled them with the greater firmness and clearness in my mind. Whether I am in the right, or whether I labor under a hallucination, satisfactory only to myself and perplexing to all others, I must submit to the candid consideration of the reader.

Why should it be thought impossible to reconcile the free-agency of man with the foreknowledge of God? No one pretends that there is any disagreement between the things themselves, as they really exist; if there is any discrepancy in the case, it must exist only between our ideas of foreknowledge and free-agency. Indeed, we cannot think of the things themselves, or compare them, except by means of the ideas we have formed of them; and if our ideas of them are really irreconcilable, it is because they have not been correctly formed, and do not correspond with the things themselves. What shall we do, then? Shall we set to work to reform our ideas? Shall we explain away the free-agency of man, or deny the foreknowledge of God? No. We may retain both.

Edwards contends, that volitions are brought to pass by the influence of motives, and that it is impossible in any case that a volition should depart from the influence of the strongest motive. This is the great doctrine of moral necessity, which it is the object of President Edwards to establish. Now, if his celebrated argument, or 'demonstration,' as it is called, proves this point, then it is to be held as true and valid; but but if it only proves some other thing, which is called by the name of necessity, it is not to the purpose. And if it can be shown, that his argument does not prove anything at all in relation to the causation of choice, it will appear that it has no relevancy to the point at issue.

The foreknowledge of God, I admit, infers the necessity of all human actions, in one sense of the word; but not that *kind* of necessity for which any necessitarian pleads, or against

which *any* libertarian is at all concerned to contend. The fallacy of the argument in question is, that it shows all human actions to be necessary in a sense in which it is not opposed to any scheme of liberty whatever, and assumes them to be necessary in another and quite different sense; and thus the great doctrine of free-will, otherwise so clear and unquestionable, is overshadowed and obscured by an imperfect and ambiguous phraseology, rather than by the inherent difficulties of the subject. This is the position which I shall endeavor to establish.

The first argument of President Edwards is as follows: When the existence of a thing is infallibly and indissolubly connected with something else, which has already had existence, then its existence is necessary; but the future volitions of moral agents are infallibly and indissolubly connected with the foreknowledge of God; and therefore they are necessary. (pp. 114–15.) Now this argument is perfectly sound; the conclusion is really contained in the premise, or definition of necessity, and it is fairly deduced from it. It is as perfect as any syllogism in Euclid—but *what does it prove?* It proves that all human actions are necessary—but in what sense? Does it prove that they are necessary with a *moral necessity*? Does it prove that they are brought to pass by the influence of moral causes? No such thing is even pretended. ‘I allow what Dr. Whitby says to be true,’ says Edwards, ‘that mere foreknowledge does not affect the thing known, to *make* it more certain or future.’ (p. 122.) He admits that foreknowledge exerts ‘no influence on the thing known to make it necessary.’ He does not even pretend that there is any *moral necessity* shown to exist by this argument; and hence his conclusion has no connection with the great doctrine of the Inquiry, or the point in dispute. It aims at the word, but not at the thing. The infallible connection it shows to exist, is admitted to be entirely different from the infallible connection between moral causes and volitions; that is to say, it is admitted that it does not prove anything to the purpose.

But is the indissoluble connection or necessity, established by this argument, at all consistent with human liberty? If it



is not, and if our scheme of liberty is perfectly consistent and reconcilable with it; then it infers nothing, and is nothing, that is opposed to what we hold.

This question admits of an easy solution. The foreknowledge of a future event proves it to be necessary in precisely the same manner that the knowledge of a present event shows it to be necessary. This is conceded by Edwards. 'All certain knowledge,' says he, 'whether it be foreknowledge, or after knowledge, or concomitant knowledge, proves the thing known now to be necessary, by some means or other; *or proves that it is impossible it should now be otherwise than true.*' (p. 121.) And again: 'All certain knowledge proves the necessity of the truth known, whether it be *before*, or *after*, or *at the same time.*' (p. 124.) And so in other places.

In what sense, then, let us inquire, does the knowledge of a present event prove it to be necessary? It is necessary, says Edwards, because it is indissolubly connected with the knowledge of it. In other words, it could not possibly be known to exist, unless it did exist; and hence its existence is said to be indissolubly connected with the knowledge of its existence, or, in other words, it is said to be necessary. This is all true; but is this indissoluble connection, or necessity, at all inconsistent with the contingency of the event known? *This is the question*; and let us not lose sight of it in a mist of words. Let it be distinctly borne in mind, and it will be easily settled.

For this purpose, let us suppose, to adopt the language of President Edwards, 'that nonentity is about to bring forth;' and that an event comes into being without any cause of its existence. This event then exists; it is seen, and it is known to exist. Now, even on this wild supposition, there is an infallible and indissoluble connection between the existence of the event and the knowledge of it; and hence it is necessary, in the sense above explained. But what has this necessary connection to do with the cause of its existence? This indissoluble connection, this dire necessity, is perfectly consistent, as we have seen, with the supposition that the event has no

cause at all of its existence. How can it conflict, then, with any scheme of free-agency that ever was dreamed of by man ?

If this argument proves anything in regard to human actions, it only proves that a volition has an effect, and not that it has a cause. Indeed, it has been said, that the knowledge of an event is the effect of its existence; and the same remark has been extended to the foreknowledge of God with respect to the future volitions of human beings. This position is not denied by Edwards; he considers, in fact, that it strengthens, rather than weakens, his argument. 'Because it shows the existence of the event to be so settled and firm, that *it is as if it had already been*; inasmuch as *in effect* it actually exists already;' and much more to the same purpose. (pp. 122-3.) 'It is as strong arguing,' says he, 'from the effect to the cause, as from the cause to the effect.'

This is all true; it is as strong arguing from effect to cause, as it is from cause to effect. But do the arguments prove the same thing? Let us see. I know a thing to exist; and therefore it does exist. This is to reason from effect to cause. The conclusion is inevitable; but what does it prove? Why, it proves that the thing does exist—it proves the bare fact of existence. The indissoluble connection, or the necessity, in this case, exists between the knowledge and the event known; and it has no relation to the question how the event came to exist. This argument, then, in regard to human volition, only proves that they are indissolubly connected with their effects, and are necessarily implied by them; just as every cause is implied by its effects: but no libertarian in the world has ever questioned such a position. For all that such an argument proves, all the volitions of moral agents may come into existence without having the least shadow of reason or ground of their existence. We admit that volitions are efficient causes, and that they have effects, with which they are indissolubly connected. Edwards undertook to show, that volitions are necessary, because they are infallibly and indissolubly connected with their causes; and he has shown that they are necessary, because they are infallibly and indissolubly con-

nected with their effects! This in one branch of his great argument.

There is another sense, in which the knowledge of an event whether it be *fore*, or *after*, or *concomitant*, knowledge, proves it to be necessary. This sense is not clearly distinguished from the former by Edwards. He recognizes them both, however, although he blends them together and frequently turns from the one to the other in the course of his argument. It is highly important, and affords no little satisfaction to keep them clearly distinct in our minds.

A thing is said to be necessary, as we have seen, because it is connected with the knowledge of it; and, if a thing does exist, or is certainly and infallibly known to exist, it may be said to be necessary, on the principle that it is impossible to exist and not exist at one and the same time. These two things are evidently different; and, for the sake of distinctness in our language, as well as in our thoughts, I shall call the first a *logical*, and the last an *axiomatical* necessity. A thing, then, which does exist, is said to be necessary with an *axiomatical* necessity; because it is impossible for it not to exist while it does exist: and it is said to be necessary, with a *logical* necessity, because it is indissolubly connected with the knowledge of it. The former kind of necessity is frequently presented in this form of expression, that if a thing does exist, it is impossible it should be otherwise than true that it does exist. In this form of expression, it is frequently resorted to by Edwards.

Thus, says he, 'I observed before, in explaining the nature of necessity, that in things which are past, their past existence is now *necessary*; having already made sure of existence, *it is now impossible that it should be otherwise than true that the thing has existed.*' (pp. 114-15.) Just so we may say in relation to things which now exist; for, having already made sure of existence, it is impossible it should be otherwise than true, that they do now exist; or, in other words, it is impossible they should not exist while they do exist. In like manner, if the future existence of anything is foreknown, 'it is impossible it should be otherwise than true,' that it should exist, or

come to pass—that is to say, if it will exist, it will be impossible for it not to exist at the time of its existence.

Foreknowledge, I admit, infers this kind of necessity; but is this anything to the purpose? The conclusion is the same, whether it be deduced from foreknowledge, or concomitant knowledge. Let us suppose, then, for the sake of clearness and convenience, that a thing is now known to exist. It follows from hence, by a *logical* necessity, that it does exist; for it could not possibly be known to exist unless it did exist. And, as it does exist, 'it is impossible that it should be otherwise than true that it does exist;' or, in other words, it is impossible for it not to exist now, while it does exist. This is all there is in this part of the argument.

And what does it amount to? It is a simple declaration of what nobody ever denied—that, if a thing exist, or is to exist, or has existed, it is impossible to conceive of it as not existing at the time of its existence. All this is perfectly true, without the least reference to the question, how it came to exist, or how it will come to exist? It is wholly irrelevant to the point at issue. It controverts no position held by any sane man that now lives, or that ever has lived.

In other words, if a thing is known to exist, certainly and infallibly, then it does exist; and if it does exist, then 'it is impossible it should be otherwise than true' that it does exist; and hence its existence is said to be necessary with an *axiomatical* necessity. But this does not prove that it is *necessarily produced*. For, supposing it to exist, its existence would be necessary in the above sense, even if it had no cause of its existence. The necessity here referred to, is a necessity *in the order of our ideas*, and not *in the course of events*. It arises from the impossibility of a thing's not existing at the time it does exist; and it has no reference whatever to the causation of anything: it is a fundamental law of belief, and not a *causal* necessity. These three things, an *axiomatical*, a *logical*, and a *causal* necessity, are most strangely confounded in the argument of President Edwards.

Will it be said, that in this argument, it was not the object of Edwards to prove that there is a moral necessity in regard

to our volitions; but only that they are 'not without all necessity'? Suppose this to be the case, with whom has he any controversy, or to what purpose has he argued? No one has ever held that human volitions are 'without all necessity,' according to Edwards' use of that term; and no one can hold it. No one can deny, that there is an indissoluble connection between the existence of a thing, and the certain and infallible knowledge of its existence; or between the effect of a thing and the thing itself; or that it is impossible for a thing not to exist while it does exist. In these senses of the word, all rational creatures are bound to acknowledge that human volitions are necessary. The most strenuous advocate of free-agency has not one word to say against them; and such being the meaning of Edwards, we must all heartily concur with him when he says, 'that there is no geometrical theorem or proposition whatever more capable of *strict demonstration*, than that God's certain prescience of the volition of moral agents is inconsistent with such a contingency of these events, *as is without all necessity.*' (pp. 125-6.)

If it can be truly said, that a thing is foreknown, it follows that it will come to pass, or the proposition which affirms the future existence of it, is necessarily true. In other words, it is self-contradictory and absurd, to assert that a thing is foreknown, and yet that it may not come to pass; just as it is to assert that a thing is known to exist and yet at the same time does not exist. Hence, it is frequently alleged by Edwards, that to deny his conclusions, drawn from foreknowledge, is self-contradictory and absurd: unless we deny foreknowledge itself. To admit this, says he, and yet contend that the thing foreknown may possibly not be, is to fall into a plain contradiction, and 'to suppose God's foreknowledge to be inconsistent with itself.' (p. 117.) Is it not strange, that it did not occur to Edwards, that if to deny his position is to deny that God foreknows what he foreknows; then to affirm it, is only to affirm that he foreknows what he foreknows. Indeed, all those reasonings in which he represents the denial of his position as self-contradictory and absurd, should have convinced him that he could prove nothing to the purpose, by arguing

from the foreknowledge of God, or else he must assume the very thing in dispute, by taking it for granted that it is future; or, which is the same thing in effect, that it is foreknown. For in admitting any premise, we admit no more than is contained in it; and if we only deny what is not contained in our admission, we are not involved in a self-contradiction, or absurdity. In alleging that we have done this, therefore, in the present case—in alleging that we contradict ourselves by admitting the foreknowledge of God, and in denying necessity, he takes it for granted that the very thing in dispute is included in that foreknowledge. In other words, if Edwards does not mean to say, that the point in dispute is included in the foreknowledge of God; then he cannot say, that we contradict ourselves by admitting that divine prescience; and if he does mean to say, that the thing which we deny is included in the foreknowledge of God, then he begs the question.

It is freely conceded, that whatever God foreknows will most certainly and infallibly come to pass. He foresees all human volitions; and, therefore, they will most certainly and infallibly come to pass, in some manner or other: the bare fact of their future existence is clearly established by God's foreknowledge of them. And if all human volitions will be brought to pass, by the operation of moral causes, then this manner of their existence is foreknown to God, and all will come to pass in this way; but to take this for granted, is to beg the question. We have just as much right to suppose that God foreknows that the volitions of moral agents are not necessitated, as the necessitarian has to suppose that He foreknows the contrary; and then it would follow that our volitions are necessarily free, or without any producing causes. If God foreknows that our actions will come to pass in the way we call freely, (and we have as much right to this supposition as our opponents have to the contrary,) then, as foreknowledge infers necessity, our actions are necessarily free. And surely, if the necessity which is inferred from foreknowledge, is predicable of freedom itself, it cannot be inconsistent with it.

In other words, if the necessity of human volitions, according to the scheme of Edwards, be a fact, then it was foreknown

to God that such is the fact ; and, if we please, we may infer the fact from his foreknowledge, after having inferred his foreknowledge from the fact. On the other hand, if the scheme of necessity be a mere hypothesis, having no corresponding reality in the universe ; then God never foreknew that it is according to such scheme that all human actions are brought to pass, unless he foreknew things to be necessitated which in reality are not necessitated. Hence, we can prove nothing by reasoning from the foreknowledge of God, except what we first assume to be true, and consequently foreknown to Him ; and, if we choose to resort to this pitiful way of begging the question, we may prove our hypothesis just as well as any other.

The foreknowledge of an event, as I have already said, proves nothing more nor less than *the bare certainty* of its future existence ; it decides nothing as to *the manner* of its coming into existence. The necessitarian may ring the changes upon this subject as long as he pleases, and all he can possibly make out of it is, that if God foreknows a thing, it will certainly be, and to suppose otherwise, is a contradiction. Thus, says Edwards : ‘ To suppose the future volitions of moral agents not to be necessary events ; or, which is the same thing, events which it is not possible but that they may come to pass ; and yet to suppose that God certainly foreknows them, and knows all things, is to suppose God’s knowledge to be inconsistent with itself. For to say that God certainly, and without all conjecture, knows that a thing will infallibly be, which at the same time he knows to be so *contingent* that it may possibly not be, is to suppose his knowledge inconsistent with itself ; or that one thing he knows is utterly inconsistent with another thing he knows. It is the same as to say, he now knows a proposition to be of certain infallible truth, which he knows to be of contingent uncertain truth. If a future volition is so without all necessity, that nothing hinders but it may not be, then the proposition which asserts its future existence is so uncertain, that nothing hinders but that the truth of it may entirely fail. And if God knows all things, he knows this proposition to be thus uncertain ; and that is

inconsistent with his knowing it to be infallibly true; and so inconsistent with his knowing that it is true.' (p. 117.) Now, all this going around and around amounts to just this, that if God certainly and infallibly foreknows a thing, he certainly and infallibly foreknows it, or that if it will certainly come to pass, it will certainly come to pass.

We admit that the certainty of all future events is implied in God's foreknowledge of them. Does the argument in question prove any more than the bare fact of the certainty of the events foreknown? The argument, so far as we have yet followed it, clearly does not. It merely proves the bare fact of the certainty of existence. Indeed, Edwards himself says, that 'metaphysical or philosophical necessity' (and this is the necessity for which he here contends) 'is nothing different from their certainty.' (p. 28.) And the younger Edwards frequently says: 'If a proposition asserting some future event, be a real and absolute truth, there is an absolute certainty of the event; *such absolute certainty is all that is implied in the divine foreknowledge, and all the moral necessity for which we plead.*' (p. 160.) Now, if the writers merely mean that a thing is certain, when they say it is necessary, it is to be regretted that they did not use the right word. It would have saved their works from no little confusion.

But the truth is, that the moral necessity for which they contend consists sometimes in the certainty of an event, and sometimes in *the ground* of that certainty. Volitions are said to be morally necessary in their definition, and in their system, because they are *made certain by the influence of moral causes*. But in their arguments, and the defence of their system, *the bare absolute certainty*, without any reference to the ground of it, is frequently all that is meant by moral necessity. Thus they build upon one idea of necessity, while they attack and defend themselves upon another idea thereof.

This is our present starting point, then, agreed upon by all sides, that the foreknowledge of God infers the certainty of all future realities. Now, how can we conclude from hence, that the volitions of moral agents are not only certain, but rendered certain by the influence of moral causes? It may



be said that it is sufficient that the foreknowledge of God proves that human volitions will certainly come to pass in some way or other; for, if they will certainly come to pass in any way, we know that they must have some cause of their existence; and it is just as absurd to suppose that a volition can come into being without any cause of its existence, as it is to suppose that a world can come into being of itself. If this ground should be taken (and it certainly will be) the reply is obvious. It would show that the divine prescience can only prove the certainty of future events; while it is left to the old maxim, that every effect must have a cause in order to make out the doctrine of moral necessity, or the point in dispute! It would show, that after all the parade made with the divine prescience, it leaves the whole argument to rest upon ground which has been already occupied by one side, and fully considered by the other! It would only show that a great pretence of demonstration had been made from the foreknowledge of God, whereas, in fact, it proves nothing to the purpose, unless 'its most impotent and lame conclusion' be helped out by something else!

Another attempt is made to link the conclusion drawn from the foreknowledge of God, with the point to be established by the necessitarian. It is said that God could not foreknow all future events, unless he views them as connected with known causes. This ground is taken by many eminent necessitarians. Thus says Dr. John Dick: 'Future events cannot be foreseen, unless they are certain; they cannot be certain, unless God have determined to bring them to pass.'

The same position is assumed by President Edwards. 'There must be a certainty in things themselves,' says he, 'before they are certainly foreknown.' . . . 'There must be a certainty in things to be a ground of certainty of knowledge, and render things capable of being known to be certain.' (p. 122.) Now, what is this certainty in things themselves, or in human volitions, without which they are incapable of being foreknown? The answer is obvious; for Edwards everywhere contends, that unless volitions are brought to pass by the *influence* of moral causes—that unless they are necessarily produced by an

‘effectual power and efficacy’—they are altogether uncertain and contingent, and connected with nothing that can render them certain. Hence he clearly maintains that unless human volitions are necessarily brought to pass by the influence of motives, they are not certain in themselves, and hence are incapable of being foreknown. And, besides, he has a labored argument to prove that God could not foreknow the future volitions of moral agents, unless he views them as ‘necessarily connected with something else that is evident.’ (pp. 115–117.) This something else is not foreknowledge itself; for it is the ground of foreknowledge, it is the necessary influence of motives or moral causes. But we need not dwell upon this point, as this is so evidently his meaning; and if it is not, then it is nothing to the purpose.

If Edwards means that a thing cannot be foreknown unless it has a sufficient ground and reason for its existence, and does not of itself come forth out of nothing, we are not at all concerned to deny his position. Every advocate of free-agency contends that volition proceeds from the mind, acting in view of motives, and, therefore, is not destitute of a sufficient ground and reason of its existence. He denies that volition is necessarily brought to pass by the operation of motives. Hence, if Edwards merely means that God could not foreknow a human volition, unless he foreknew all the circumstances in view of the mind when it is to act, as well as the nature and all the circumstances of the mind from which the act is to proceed, no advocate of free-agency is at all concerned to deny his position. It may be true, or it may be false, but it establishes nothing which may not be consistently admitted by the advocates of free-agency. If he means anything to the purpose, he must mean that God could not foresee human volitions, unless they are necessarily connected with causes, according to his scheme of moral necessity—that is, unless they are necessarily produced by ‘the action or influence’ of motives, or moral causes. If this is his meaning, then, indeed, it is something to the purpose; but what unbounded presumption is it, on the part of a poor blind worm of the dust, thus to set bounds and limits to the modes of knowledge possessed by an infinite, all-

knowing God! It is true, that 'no understanding created or uncreated, can see evidence where there is none'; but what kind of evidence that is, by which all things are rendered perfectly clear to the eye of Omniscience, it is surely not for us to determine. That all things are known to God, is freely admitted; but that they can be known, only by reason of their resulting from the necessitating influence of known causes, which are themselves necessitated, is more than any finite mind should presume to affirm. It were, indeed, to make our shallow, limited, and feeble intellects the measure of all possible modes of knowledge. It were to make God like one of ourselves. Yet this position the necessitarian has been compelled to assume. After all his pretended demonstrations from the foreknowledge of God, his argument can reach the point in dispute only by means of this tremendous flight of presumption.

Let the necessitarian show that God cannot foresee future events, unless he 'have determined to bring them to pass,' or unless they are brought to pass by a chain of producing causes, ultimately connected with his own will, and he will prove something to the purpose. But let him not talk so boastfully about demonstrations, while there is this exceedingly weak link in the chain of his argument. If God were so like one of ourselves that he could not foresee future volitions, unless they are brought to pass by the operation of known causes, then I admit that his foreknowledge would infer the moral necessity for which Edwards contends, provided he really possesses that knowledge; but if he were so imperfect a being, I should be compelled to believe that there are some things which he could not foreknow.

This assumption comes with a peculiarly ill-grace from the necessitarian. He should be the last man to contend, that God cannot foresee future events unless they are involved in known producing causes; just as all that we know of the future is ascertained by reasoning from known causes to effects. For he contends that with God 'there is no time': but that to His view all things are seen as if they were present. His knowledge is without succession, and there is no

before nor after with him ; all things are intimately present to his mind from all eternity. Such is the doctrine of both the Edwardses ; and Dr. Dick believes that ‘ God sees all things at a glance.’

Now, present things are not known to exist because they are implied by known causes, but because they are present and seen. And hence, if God sees all things as present, there is not the shadow of a foundation whereon to rest the proof of ‘ moral necessity’ from his foreknowledge. It is all taken away by their own doctrine, and their argument is left without the least support from it.

Indeed, there is no need of lugging the foreknowledge of God into the present controversy, except it be to deceive the mind. For all future events will certainly and infallibly come to pass, whether they are foreknown or not ; and foreknowledge cannot make the matter any more certain than it is without it. We may say that God foreknows all things, and we may mix this up with all possible propositions ; but this will never help the conclusion, that ‘ all future things will certainly and infallibly come to pass.’ If God should cease to foreknow all future volitions, or if he had never foreknown them, they would, nevertheless, just as certainly and infallibly come to pass as if he had foreknown them from all eternity. The bare naked fact, that they are future, infers all that is implied in God’s foreknowledge of them ; and it is just as much a contradiction in terms, to say that what is future will not come to pass, as it is to say, that what God foreknows will never take place. Hence, by bringing in the prescience of the Deity, we do not really strengthen or add to the conclusion in favor of necessity. It only furnishes a very convenient and plausible method of begging the question, or of seeming to prove something by hiding our sophisms in the blaze of the divine attributes. It only serves as a veil, behind which is concealed those sophistical tricks, by which both the performer and the spectator are deceived. This whole argument, from the foreknowledge of God, is, indeed, a grand specimen of undesigned metaphysical jugglery, by which the mind is called off in one

direction, whilst it is deceived, perplexed, and confounded by not seeing what takes place in another.

It appears from these things, that those persons who have endeavored to clear up this matter, by supposing that some things are not foreknown to God, have only got rid of one of the divine attributes, and not of their difficulty. It appears also, that Edwards might have made his argument far more simple and direct, by leaving out the long section in which he proves that God really foreknows all *future* things; and confining himself to the simple proposition, 'that all future events will certainly and infallibly come to pass'; that 'it is a contradiction in terms to say that a thing is future and yet that it will not come to pass'; or, in other words, 'if a thing is future, *it is impossible it should be otherwise than true*' that it will come to pass. And how unreasonable are those who have imagined that we are free agents, because God has chosen not to foresee our free actions; as if the supposition that he might have foreseen them, does not infer necessity just as much as the fact that he does foresee them. Indeed, these reasoners seem to have expected to see one truth by shutting their eyes upon another.

Mr. Hobbes has an argument to prove necessity, precisely like that of Edwards, except that its nakedness is not covered up with the foreknowledge of God. 'Let the case be put,' says he, 'of the weather: 'tis necessary that to-morrow it shall rain or not rain. If, therefore, it be not necessary that it shall rain, it is necessary it shall not rain; otherwise there is no necessity that the proposition, it shall rain or not rain, should be true.' This sophism confounds the *axiomatical necessity* referred to in the premise, that it must rain or not rain, with the *causal necessity* intended to be deduced from it in the conclusion. This poor sophism has been adopted by Mr. Locke, and seriously employed to prove that human volitions 'cannot be free.' Thus, says he: 'It is unavoidably necessary to prefer the doing or forbearance of an action in a man's power, which is once proposed to a man's thoughts. The act of volition or preferring one of the two, being that, which he cannot avoid, a man in respect of that act of willing

is under necessity.' Here we have precisely the same confusion of an *axiomatical* with a *causal* necessity that occurs in the argument of Mr. Hobbes. And yet, the younger Edwards has deemed this argument of Mr. Locke as worthy of his special notice and commendation; and President Day falls in with the same idea, alleging that 'we will because we cannot avoid willing,' because we must either choose or refuse. Is it not wonderful that these philosophers should have imagined that they had any controversy with any one, in contending so manfully that the mind, under certain circumstances, must either choose or refuse? or that they could infer anything from this in favor of *causal* necessity—the only question in dispute? With what clearness! with what force! would President Edwards have dashed this poor flimsy sophism into a thousand atoms, if he had come across it in the atheism of Hobbes! But, unfortunately, he came across it in a different direction; and hence he has rescued it from the loathsome dunghill of atheistical trash, invested it with dignity, seeming to clothe it in the solemn sanction of religion, by covering it up in the ample folds of the divine Omniscience.

This, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter. The pre-science of God does not *make* our volitions necessary; it only *proves* them to be certain. This is conceded by Edwards. It proves them to be certain, just as present knowledge proves them to be certain. This also is admitted by Edwards. But present knowledge proves an act of the mind to be certain, because it is infallibly connected with that knowledge, and not because it is necessitated by the influence of a cause. It proves it to be certain, because it is impossible for a volition, or anything else, not to exist at the time of its existence, and not because it is impossible for it to come to pass without being necessitated. In short, it proves an *axiomatical* and a *logical* necessity, but not a *causal* necessity—that is to say, it proves nothing to the point in dispute.

The necessitarian can connect his conclusion with the thing he has undertaken to prove in only one of two ways: he may say that if an event is certain, it cannot come into existence without a producing cause; or he may allege that God cannot

foresee them unless he is determined to bring them to pass. If he takes the former position, he really discards the argument from foreknowledge, and returns for support to the old argument, that every effect must have a cause. And if he assumes the latter, maintaining that God cannot foreknow future events unless he reasons from producing causes to effects, he builds his argument, not upon foreknowledge alone, but upon this in connection with a most unwarrantable flight of presumption, without which the argument from prescience is good for nothing.

And, besides, the bringing in of the divine prescience only serves to blind and not to illuminate. For God foreknows only what is future; and all future things will come to pass just as infallibly without being foreknown as they will with it. If we assume them to be future, it is just as much a contradiction to deny that they will come to pass, as it is to assume that they are foreknown, and yet deny it. Nothing can be proved in this way, except what is assumed or taken for granted; and the foreknowledge of God is only a plausible way of begging the question or concealing a sophism.

In conclusion, the necessitarian takes the wrong course in his inquiries, and lays his premises in the dark. To illustrate this point: I know that I act, and hence I conclude that God foreknew that I would act. And again, I know that my act is not necessitated, that it does necessarily proceed from the action or influence of causes, and hence I conclude that God foreknew that I would thus act freely, in precisely this manner, and not otherwise. Thus I reason from what I know to what I do not know, from my knowledge of the actual world as it is up to God's foreknowledge respecting it.

The necessitarian pursues the opposite course. He reasons from what he does not know—that is, from the particulars of the divine foreknowledge, about which he absolutely knows nothing *a priori*, down to the facts of the actual world. Thus, quitting the light which shines so brightly within us and around us, he seeks for light in the midst of impenetrable darkness. He endeavors to determine the phenomena of the world, not by looking at them and seeing what they are, but

by deducing conclusions from God's infinite foreknowledge respecting them!

In doing this a grand illusion is practiced, by his merely supposing that the volitions themselves are foreknown, without taking into the supposition the whole of the case, and recollecting that God not only foresees all our actions, *but also all about them.* For if this were done, if it were remembered that he not only foresees that our volitions will come to pass, *but also how they will come to pass,* the necessitarian would see that nothing could be proved in this way except what is first tacitly assumed. This grand illusion would vanish, and it would be clearly seen that if the argument from foreknowledge proves anything, it just as well proves the *necessity of freedom* as anything else.

Indeed, it does seem to me that it is one of the most wonderful phenomena in the history of the human mind, that, in reasoning about facts in relation to which the most direct and palpable sources of evidence are open before us, so many of its brightest ornaments should so long have endeavored to draw conclusions from 'the dark unknown' of God's foreknowledge, without perceiving that this is to reject the true methods, to invert the true order of inquiry, and to involve the inquirer in all the darkness and confusion inseparable therefrom: without perceiving that no powers, however great, that no genius, however exalted, can possibly extort from such a method anything but the dark, and confused, and perplexing exhibitions of an ingenious logomachy.

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ART. V.—*History of Fiction*: being a Criticism of the Most Celebrated Prose Works of Fiction, from the Earliest Greek Romances to the Novels of the Present Age. By John Dunlop. Edinburgh: James Ballantyne & Co.

There is no form of literature which gives so faithful and vivid a reflection of the social and domestic life of an age as the novel. History is generally but a dry skeleton, a statistical record, 'a portrait taken after death'; but a good novel brings



before us the breathing, palpitating age. No index points out so surely the changes which have taken place in popular taste and sentiment as does the standard romance of to-day, when contrasted with that of a former age. The novels which held our forefathers suspended in breathless interest can no longer enchain us. The heroine of by-gone days, that paragon of goodness and beauty, who wept so profusely, fainted so readily, and 'blushed against the dawn,' stirs never a chord in the modern, prosaic soul. Amanda Malvina Fitzallen, with her high-wrought sensibility, her delicate distresses, her romantic flights to escape the persecutions of enemies, or the importunities of lovers, amuse rather than captivate us. We are no longer *en rapport* with her, nor with Clarissa Harlowe, Lady Harriet Byron, Amelia, Eveline, Cecilia, nor any of the fair heroines who held a previous age entranced. They were very fine *ladies*, but the heroine of to-day is a *woman*—a breathing, sentient woman—who stirs our hearts and quickens our pulses.

'Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants;  
No angel, but a dearer being dipt  
In angel instincts;

a true woman, struggling onward through the fluctuations of life, developing gradually the noblest and sweetest phases of womanhood, but not standing at the tender age of sixteen on the highest summit of human perfection, and exhibiting such a galaxy of lofty virtues and ripened Christian graces as poor human nature rarely attained at any age, and never save by

'Rowing hard against the stream.'

A far more subtle analysis of character, is shown in the delineations of the heroines of modern romance than that which characterized the portrayal of those of a past age. Modern novelists recognize more clearly, and understand more fully, the organic laws of our being than did the novelists of the past. Their delineations of character are grounded on the great central fact, that there are two forces alternately swaying every human being, two voices speaking in every human heart, and that it is only after many struggles and fluctuations, that we learn to listen implicitly to the utterances of the inner

voice—the still, small voice—and to silence the clamors of the outer and lower voice. Hence, the modern novelist represents character as being gradually developed, as being evolved from the vicissitudes of life, as being rounded and completed, little by little, instead of going counter to all the laws of our nature, by representing it as a completed and perfected edifice at the outset—at the time when the corner-stone has just in reality been laid.

But we do not plunge precipitately into one era of literature from another, any more than we pass in [one day from winter to summer, or from boyhood to manhood. All change is gradual, and this universal law is followed in the developments of literature as truly as in the processes of nature. It would have been impossible to pass at once from a Lady Harriet Byron to a Romola, or from a Julia de Roubigne to an Agnes Wickfield. The gulf between these extremes is spanned over by intermediate writers, among whom we may chiefly note Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Austin, and Miss Ferrier, as they did more to inaugurate a natural and unstilted style of novel-writing than any writers of their day. Miss Edgeworth, in her charming tales, *Helen*, *Belinda*, *Patronage*, and many others, gives us, as an able critic says, ‘a genuine display of nature, a certain tone of rationality and good sense, which was the more pleasing because in a novel it was then new.’

‘It required,’ said Jeffrey, ‘almost the same courage to get rid of the jargon of fashionable life, and the sir arms of peers, foundlings, and seducers as it did to sweep away the mythological persons of antiquity, and to introduce characters who spoke and acted like those who were to peruse their adventures.’

As to Miss Austin, her own age did not appreciate her as highly as she deserved; for her readers could not fully understand the merits of a school of novel-writing then so entirely new. Her genius was of so mild a lustre, so free from anything startling or dazzling, her works were so exempt from stage effect and trickery, that the fine analyses they afforded of real life and character were underrated. They seemed pale and faded beside the highly-colored pages of *The Monk*, *The*

*Bravo of Venice, The Mysteries of Udolpho*, and other favorite romances of the day. As studies of human nature, they surpassed any English novels then existing, and, as Sir Walter Scott said: 'This young lady had a talent for describing the involvements, and feelings, and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big *bow-wow strain* I can do myself, like any one now going, but the exquisite touch that renders ordinary, commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and sentiment is denied me.'

This was a strikingly just criticism, both on Miss Austin and himself; for although his novels delight the fancy with noble pictures of chivalry and thrilling dramatic situations, yet they are mostly full of surface pictures, and seldom penetrate beneath the exterior into the workings of the inner life. His heroines, with one or two exceptions, have no individuality, and if their names were changed, they might interchange places and rôles without occasioning any confusion or incongruity. For instance, if the Lady Rowena would lend her name and Saxon hair and features to the Lady Isabella De Croye, neither *Ivanhoe* nor *Quentin Durward* would be damaged or deranged by any startling difference between the fair one taken and the fair one given in exchange. And the same arrangement might be effected between Rose Bradwardine and Lucy Bertram, or between almost any two of the *Waverley* heroines, except Jeanie Deans, Rebecca of York, and Flora McIvor, and one or two others. The subtle shades of thought, and feeling, and idiosyncrasies which make up a person's individuality lay beyond the grasp of the 'Wizard of the North.' The inner life was almost a sealed book to him.

As a type of the heroine of to-day, we know not how to make a more suitable choice than Ethel Newcome. She was far from being a model or a paragon; she was a faulty, and yet a very noble and lovable woman. Raised in a family and in a social atmosphere where wealth, fashion, and social distinction were regarded as the chief blessings of life, and a marriage combining these advantages the greatest achievement in a woman's

power, is it a wonder that self-love and love of the world sprang up and flourished in her breast? Under such guidance and such influences, what could we expect but the warping of her nature. And yet there was a germ of true and lovely womanhood which survived and propagated itself indestructibly amid the weedy entanglements of evil. It is beautiful to see how this better nature broke loose from the base shackles that had fettered it; how the mist and clouds rolled away at length, and left it shining forth bright and clear. Is not this a woman, who wins our love and sympathy a thousandfold more than the saintly paragons of a former age, who were impervious to temptation, who never felt a thrill of girlish vanity, never showed a touch of girlish coquetry, but who stood on a summit of ripened excellence of character before the battle of life had fairly begun. The one is an effigy, a woman of wax, the other is a living, breathing woman, with a touch of nature that makes us stretch forth the hand to her as a sister, as bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh.

Audrey Verschoyle, one of the heroines in the charming little romance, *Dorothy Fox*, naturally suggests herself next to our mind, from the resemblance existing between herself and Ethel Newcome. She, too, had been raised in an atmosphere of selfishness and worldliness. She, too, had been sedulously taught that a wealthy marriage was the highest goal, the noblest prize to which a woman could aspire. Her disposition, naturally open, generous, and ingenuous, had been warped by pernicious teachings and influences. She almost goes over the brink. She actually meditates marrying for money and an establishment. However, her better nature 'is not dead, but sleepeth.' It awoke; it threw off the fetters of selfish and worldly motives, and Audrey Verschoyle stands before us at length, a noble and true woman, rejoicing in the best and purest happiness a woman can taste.

As a proof of the tendency among standard modern novelists to make the interest of the novel hinge on the development of character, rather than on extraneous circumstances, surroundings, or adventures—on the workings of the inner

rather than of the outer life, let us look at *Jane Eyre*, who is poor, obscure, and ugly; or let us look at Miss Muloch's *Olive*, one of the sweetest heroines of modern days. Olive was plain and slightly deformed, and her surroundings and outward life were devoid of romance or brilliancy; yet she gives us a striking illustration of the beauty and fulness into which the inner life may develop itself through auspices apparently unfriendly. Few novels depict so lovely an unfolding of a true woman's nature, so affecting a picture of filial tenderness, of purity, of deep, enduring love. Miss Muloch's *Hannah*, too, is represented as plain and passé, yet beneath the quiet, unromantic surface lies a world of poetry, a capability of deep and fervent devotion. Agatha, Thodora Johnston, *A Brave Lady*, and others of the noble sisterhood evoked by Miss Muloch, rise before us; but time fails us to dwell on each one separately.

We must not pass by the beautiful, captivating, and piquante Hildegarde, whilst speaking of the heroines of modern romance, for she is certainly one of the most natural and charming types of the sex. Though proud, passionate, and prejudiced, yet beneath her surface-faults she was so noble and kind, and so magnanimous when convinced of her errors, with such

‘A deep and fathomless capacity for love,’

that a woman might trust, and a man might love, such a friend unto death.

But all this while we have kept waiting the most powerfully drawn and the most beloved heroine of the nineteenth century, Maggie Tulliver. We have kept her as one keeps the rarest delicacy, and most exquisite dainties, till the close of a feast. Never was a woman drawn with such force, such individuality, such subtle lines, such delicate and exquisitely fine shades. Truly George Eliot must have drawn this character with her heart's blood, as Mrs. Browning says every writer must do who would draw a true picture. Never was there a heroine who entwined herself so closely about the fibres of our hearts, with whose joys we rejoice so warmly, by whose woes our sorrow and sympathy are so moved. She steals irresistibly into our affections from the time she is first

introduced, a warm-hearted, eager, impulsive, aspiring child. Her surroundings are plain, her family and relatives obscure and commonplace, so that her life derives no borrowed lustre from circumstances; but the interest of the story turns mainly on the development of character. The child develops into girlhood under the shadow of domestic adversity and gloom. She is filled with vague longings, with cravings for the pleasant and beautiful, which are elements foreign to her own life. In this restless, unsatisfied state impressions are made on her which awaken the spiritual life, for Maggie was not by nature (like heroines of a past age) a paragon of Christian graces, but attained these by arduous struggle. She came across *A Kempis' Imitation of Christ*, and read devouringly those quaint old utterances, those dialogues with an invisible teacher. 'A strange thrill of awe passed through her while she read, as if she had been awakened in the night by a strain of solemn music, telling of beings whose souls had been astir while hers was in stupor.' The idea of self-abnegation takes possession of her mind, and though at first it carried her into unreasonable extremes, and though later it was assailed by wildest storms of temptation, yet through all it was founded on a rock, and so stood firm. In the outset of this spiritual awakening we are told, 'From what you know of her, you will not be surprised that she threw some exaggeration and wilfulness, some pride and impetuosity, even into her self-renunciation. Her life was still a drama for her, in which she demanded of herself that her own part should be played with intensity; and so it came to pass that she often lost the spirit of humility by being excessive in this act. She often strove after too high a flight, and came down with her poor, little, half-fledged wings dabbled in the mud.' All these shadowy battles of her early girlhood were, however, but a prelude to the struggle awaiting her womanhood, when she meets Stephen Guest, the tacitly affianced lover of her cousin and dead friend Lucy. She gradually and unconsciously becomes attached to him—loving him as only a woman can love, with a fearful depth of fervor of soul, while he, loving her with equal intensity, holds up before her hungry gaze a life filled with bliss and brightness, a 'world of happy days.'

Her life, without him, stretches out cold, bare, and desolate. By a combination of accidental circumstances her reputation is jeopardized, her fair name tainted, on Stephen's account. Her own brother disowns her; a thousand voices within and without seem urging her no longer to continue this hard and cruel self-sacrifice. But then, in this fearful conflict with the powers of darkness, how grand is the heroism of the glorious woman, who can still heed the still, small voice of duty—who can sacrifice upon its altar what is a thousand times dearer than life—her heart's most passionate love and her fair fame among men. In all the annals of romance nothing can be found at once more touching and more sublime than the last scene in this noble woman's life. Not one word could be added or taken away without impairing the most beautiful and thrilling word-picture in all the literature of modern romance. Is it any wonder, then, that in thousands of households *Maggie Tulliver* is a beloved household word? And when Amanda Malvina Fitzallen and all her sisterhood shall have been long consigned to oblivion, Maggie Tulliver will still be dear to every soul capable of a generous emotion or noble sentiment.

But we must not let Maggie Tulliver cause us to forget her noble sister Romola, in whom we find an almost equally fine picture of the unfolding of the inner life. Dorothea Brooke, too, is not unworthy of belonging to the sisterhood. Dissimilar as were the outward lives of the three, the substratum of character in each is not unlike. Each possessed a large, fine nature, capable of the greatest self-abnegation; each was animated by the idea of developing the inner life.

Undoubtedly the excellence of the standard novels of the day is due to a superior knowledge of human nature, and of the conditions and laws of its development, as well as to a higher ideal of true womanhood. There is a world of truth in the hackneyed old quotation, 'The proper study of mankind is man'; and the novelist of the day recognizes this, for he portrays the workings of the heart, making outward events the mere scaffolding for the real building. It may be said that we have taken a partial view of the subject, as we have referred only to the noblest creations of modern romance, over-

looking the numerous pernicious, sensational works of fiction, which have sprung up in this age of intellectual activity, as beneath a warm sun rank weeds and briars spring up beside flowers. We admit this, but we claim, nevertheless, to have exercised fairness in the comparison between the heroines of modern romance and those of a past age, for in both cases we have adduced only the best creations belonging to each period. At the close of the last century and the beginning of this there was, as now, a flood of trashy and vitiating fiction, which has long since been consigned to oblivion, and at no distant day we hope this fate may overtake thousands of idle, sensational novels which infest our literature. It is the fate of everything good and noble to be counterfeited, or to be perverted, and novel-writing has to submit to the universal law. Of the pure and noble, of the idle and pernicious, we may say, as the poet does of the star of the true and of the false Iscult,

'And one shall ever shine, and one shall pass away.'

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- ART. VI.—1. *Researches in the South of Ireland.* By T. CROFTEN CROKER. London: John Murray. 1824.**
- 2. *Ireland: its Scenery, Character, etc.* By Mr. and Mrs. S. O. HALL. London: How and Parsons. 1841.**
- 3. *Killarney Legends.* By T. CROFTEN CROKER. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1853.**
- 4. *The Irish Sketch-Book.* By W. M. THACKERAY. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1869.**

It is an extraordinary fact, that although the land whereof we are about to write possesses the most delicious scenery and the cleverest people on the earth, it presents apparently few attractions to the travel loving world. The romantic land of France, the classic shores of Italy, the storied hills of Scotland, and the rural scenery of England receive their share of public attention, while Ireland remains comparatively unknown. Glittering in the sunlight, 'The Emerald Isle' stands there,



fanned day and night by the soft sea breeze, and invites the passer-by to come and see and admire the superb panorama which she is waiting to unfold. Nature has decked the island with her most brilliant robes, and smiles gaily while castles and churches are crumbling to decay; so the native Irish, in harmonious accord, wear a *riante* and cheerful look, while they are

‘Clothed indeed, but not disgraced, with rags.’

Everywhere is seeming gladness, while a mysterious undercurrent of sadness, which, though unseen, is ever felt, adds an indescribable charm to the emotions of the traveller in Ireland. The landscape beauty of the country owes much to the ruins which are heaped on every side. A publisher, who was collecting a number of views of Irish scenery, asked: ‘To whom shall I dedicate my prints?’ The reply was: ‘To Oliver Cromwell, whose cannon has made so many dilapidated buildings for you.’

The northern and eastern parts of Ireland have been somewhat affected by their proximity to Scotland and Wales, so that the southern and western portions preserve more entirely their primitive manners and national peculiarities. It will be our endeavor in the present paper to notice only those customs and characteristics of the Irish peasantry which would probably interest an American reader, and, on occasion, to point them with such anecdotes as may seem appropriate and pleasant.

It is curious to notice the sudden contrasts which meet the traveller at every turn. Side by side we see luxurious ease and the shabbiest poverty; here a splendid coach, there a miserable crowd in the raggedest of rags; here a collection of wretched hovels which have lost, from lapse of time and want of thrift, every vestige of gentility, and there handsome residences and parks, which rise up in supercilious grandeur alongside, making the misery more squallid and striking.

Some of these cabins are described as resembling nothing in architecture so nearly as a pig-sty. Many of them are not six feet long, nor five feet high. The town of Bantry is composed of such hovels; those which lean against a wall are

rent-free, and are appropriated by beggars. They are built of stones piled upon one another, with an opening left in front for the inmates to crawl in and out. A hole is dug before the door which serves as a receptacle for all the refuse, from which streams flow in all directions. It sickens one to think of these miserable dwellings, and yet the occupants seem contented enough; but their smiles have the effect of a fantastic mask, with which the hapless creatures endeavor to conceal their woe.

The lower order of Irish have an inveterate dislike to light and air. If the landlord makes a window in their dwellings, they close it with old rags or hat-crowns; and if you expostulate with them, they reply: 'Oh, then, where is the use but to fasten it in? Sure it will only *let in the cowl*'; or 'Oh, then, it may be good, yer honor, but in the *hard weather* we're kilt alive with the cowl.' There are no chimneys to many of these cabins, so that the smoke increases the suffocating nature of the atmosphere. One woman explained the reason of the custom to Mrs. Hall: 'If I have a warm linsey-woolsey petticoat and a stuff gown, plaze yer honor, and flannel instead of "*flitters*" (rags) for the children, it's proud we'd be for the air and the light of heaven in our little place. Sure the only reason we put up with the blinding smoke is because of the heat that's in it.' The only light admitted is through the door, and there the women sit with their work, if they have any; they are, of course, subject to constant interruptions from the children and pigs, who are equally at home, and fraternize lovingly together on the mud floor. If a hint is given as to the greater convenience of a window, they say: 'It does well enough, sure; it answered our fathers before us *why*.' Mr. Croker suggested to a man the advantage of having a separate lodgment for his pig, but his cool reply was: 'Sure, then, and who has a better right to be in it? Isn't he the man of the house? and isn't it he that will pay the rent?'

The extraordinary apathy of the peasant to the daily wretchedness of his life is, doubtless, partly attributable to laziness, and partly to that indifference which is bred of daily habit. Many efforts have been made to ameliorate their con-

dition, but with only partial success. The old copy-book maxim about patience and perseverance was never more needful than among the 'improvers' of the condition of the Irish peasantry. Mrs. Hall relates the experience of an English friend, who had married an Irish gentleman, and began her life in her new home with Utopian ideas of 'neat houses, flower-gardens, and well-conducted peasantry.' She built eight beautiful cottages, with piggeries and chicken-houses, planted honeysuckle, railed in a little garden, and transported eight families, whose former life had been passed in the ordinary mud cabins, into these neat and orderly homes. The lady was absent in England four months, and the morning after her return, she went, full of hope, to visit her tenants. The first cottage she approached looked well enough on the outside, but on entering she found Ally in fierce battle with the pig.

'Yer honor's welcome, kindly welcome, my lady. Hourish out, yo dirty baste; saving yer presence, ma'am, the pig that got in it, in spite of me, and wants the run of the house, which he was used to; oh, murder! if it isn't under the bed he's getting, at the potatoes. Oh, my grief!'

'And why do you keep your potatoes under the bed?' said poor Mrs. —, looking about in vain for a seat.

'Sure yer honor forbid us to keep them in the kitchen, so we put 'em under the bed in the little room to plaze yer ladyship, where you wouldn't see them only for the pig; bad cess to him for turning them out.'

The lady sighed. 'I wished you to keep them in the house provided for them.'

'Oh, ma'am, is it outside? the potatoes! Sure it's bit by the frost they'd be. Molly take the iron pot off the chair, and wipe it down for her ladyship.'

'And why was it on the chair?' inquired Mrs. —. 'Why, that is the great thing you boil the potatoes in!'

'Thru for yo; see that now, how her darling ladyship know that! It was Mogue's shirt, and my own bits of rags, and the childers' I was washing, to go clean and dacent before yer ladyship.'

‘And where’s your nice washing-tub?’

‘Is it the tub? Oh, be dad, I’d be sorry to put a present of your ladyship’s to *such a dirty use.*’

‘But where is it?’

‘Why, then, it’s God’s truth I’ll tell ye, mo lady,’ said Ally, taking up the corner of her apron that she might have something to fidget with while she spoke; ‘the little girl left it outside, and the sun (whenever it does shine it’s to take the shine out of us)—the sun, plase yer honor, split it into smithereens.’

‘And where *are* the smithier—what you call them!’

‘Ah, then, sure,’ she said, lifting the corner of her apron to her eyes, ‘Ah, then, sure, it’s Mogue that said, don’t be vexing her honor with the sight of the staves, but put them out out of her sight; and we did, plase yer honor—we burnt them.’

The lady was about to leave the dwelling without another word, but Ally, with her warm Irish heart full of emotion, rushed forward and threw herself on her knees before her.

‘Ah, then, sure, it’s not going out of the place angry that your honor would be? I see it in ye, my lady, about the tub, and the potatoes, and the pigs. Och, murder, sure I’d lay my hands under the soles of your feet any day. I’ve no pace night nor day striving to keep things the way you’d like, and to remember the uses of the things you gave us for conveyance; and if yer ladyship had just given us the half of them we’d have more understanding; only the iron pot yer honor’s looking at, it’s handy, as I *tould* ye, for everything; so that, barring the tub that went to pieces with the *druth*, everything else is spick and span new to show yer honor—all put up out of the way of the childer, on the loft, my lady, and that’s the reason there’s nothing on the shelves. God knows, ma’am, while you weren’t in it it’s half-starved we war between the seasons; the old potatoes going out, and the new ones not in; and yet the Lord he knows I kep’ the bits of *curositie*s yer honor gave us for conveyance safe, and would die rather than part with them.’

The lady found the same litter and carelessness in each of

her pretty rural cottages. With only one exception, the inmates were full of gratitude, and eager to please. The solitary exception was a woman who reproached 'her ladyship' with having been the cause of her 'catching her death of *could for want* of the smoke,' and to remedy this she had closed up the top of the chimney, and fastened the back door.

Inapt as it is, among no people do we find greater pride of ancestry, or enthusiasm for rank, than lies hidden under the rags of the starving Irish. If Pat is not a gentleman himself, he is certainly related to one. Bishop Berkeley mentions a kitchen maid in his family, who refused to carry out cinders because she was descended from the ancient kings of Ireland. Mr. Croker says: 'I have heard the resident of a mud cabin speak with perfect assurance of his "*drawing-room*," an apartment in the roof, to which he ascended by means of a ladder; and the foot-way through his half-acre of cabbage garden has become "the road through the farm."' The prejudice in favor of birth obtains throughout the country, and is a much surer passport than the aristocracy of wealth, not only to good society, but to the favor of the populace.

This worship of rank may be one cause of their disgust for labor, and their love of ease, and thirst for pleasure. What matter if they do live in a pig-sty, they can go to the fair, or the race; and go they do, often walking more than a hundred miles to accomplish the end in view. They trudge along cheerfully, with no money in their pockets, trusting hopefully to any chance pennies which may be given them. There is a brightness and intelligence in the appearance of an Irish throng which is rarely the distinguishing mark of a crowd in other lands; but, then, no land can boast of such fine peasantry as Ireland. See them when they arrive at the end of their journey. What a bright picture they present, not only in color, but in sunny, happy faces. The women in their blue cloaks, rosy cheeks, and bare feet; the men lounging about in every attitude of ease; such happy indolence, such devil-may-care laziness can be found in no other country in Europe.

Thackeray thus describes a scene which he witnessed at a

race-course in Ireland: 'For a mile and a half to the race-course there could be no pleasanter occupation than looking at the happy multitudes who were thronging thither; and I am bound to say that, on rich or poor shoulders, I never saw so many handsome faces in my life. In the carriages, among the ladies of Kerry, every second woman was handsome; and there is a something peculiarly tender and pleasing in the looks of the young female peasantry that is perhaps even better than beauty. Beggars had taken their stations along the road in no great numbers, for I suspect they were, most of them, on the ground, and those who remained were consequently the oldest and ugliest. It is a shame that such horrible figures are allowed to appear in public, as some of the loathsome ones which belong to these unhappy people. On went the crowd, however, laughing and as gay as possible, all sorts of fun passing from car to foot passengers, as the pretty girls came clattering by, and the "boys" had a word for each. One lady, with long, flowing, auburn hair, who was turning away her head from some "boys" very demurely, I actually saw kissed by one of them. She gave the fellow a huge box on the ear, and he roared out, "O murther!" and she frowned for some time as hard as she could, whilst the ladies at the back of the car uttered a shrill rebuke in Irish. But in a minute the whole party was grinning, and the young fellow who administered the salute may, for what I know, have taken another without the slap of the face by way of exchange.' And here Thackeray goes on to say: 'Lest the fair public may have a bad opinion of the personage who talks of kissing with such awful levity, let it be said that, with all this laughing, romping, kissing, and the like, there are no more innocent girls in the world than the Irish girls, and that the women of our squeamish country are far more liable to err. One has but to walk through an English and Irish town and see how much superior is the morality of the latter.'

The duties and exactions of their religion are always supreme with the Irish peasantry. All other demands are peremptorily laid aside on 'pattern day,' a day appointed by the priests as a general penance. The performance of it is in this

wise: there are three stations on a mountain, one on either side, and one on the top; at each station is a pile of stones intended for an altar; the ascent is steep and rough, and the poor penitents crawl up with their bare feet, their blood marking every foot-fall. At the first station they walk around the altar seven times, casting a stone thereon each time. The second station, which is on the top of the mountain, they reach by crawling *on their knees*; around this altar they drag their poor, macerated bodies fifteen times, saying fifteen prayers. The third station is near the bottom of the mountain, and consists of three altars, around which they move, heaven knows how, but move they do, seven times around the three collectively and seven times separately, with a prayer at the beginning and end of each circuit. Think of this frightful exhibition of suffering, these heathenish rites, receiving the sanction and encouragement of Christian priests, in the name and service of One who came not to smite but to heal.

The beggars comprise the most bustling part of the community in Ireland. Their jokes and prayers, their blarney and abuse, are muttered in the same breath; and it is strange that, by such a system of lying, they should ever receive a penny; and yet the Irish Poor Law Report says, that there are twelve hundred thousand people in Ireland (one-sixth of the population) who have no visible means of support, and who live upon charity. How they get it, and from whom, is a mystery. But there is no hovel in Ireland so wretched as to refuse a shelter to the houseless. Paddy may be poor as poverty and idleness can make him, but he is likewise as generous as a prince. If a beggar lifts the latch with a benediction, 'God save all here,' he is sure of a hearty welcome, and as kind a reception as the poor inmates can give—the best seat and the largest potato are his.

The Irish beggar is never bowed down by his woe; he is always merry and witty. His heart is as light as his purse. Scarcity of food never distresses him, he can subsist on so little; but he cannot live without his jokes and sport. A jest is to an Irishman what a good dinner is to an Englishman. One

asked for a halfpenny. 'None to give you,' was the answer. 'That's bad English, yer honor.'

Work-houses have been established for them, as they are nearly all strong and able to work; but they grow fond of their wandering, easy life, besides having a genuine, Hibernian contempt for labor. A striking illustration of this fact is related of a beggar who subsisted on charity for many years. Kitty was called the queen of beggars. Very hearty and handsome, her ready wit made her an amusement to the gentry, from whose tables she was fed. After the erection of the work-house, they determined to furnish her employment, but to give her nothing in charity. 'After, according to her own account, going through "as much trouble as would break a heart of stone," she suddenly made her appearance before one of the Poor Law Guardians whom she had repeatedly offended, but whom she still considered her friend. There she stood, her empty wallet slinging by her side, her battered straw hat flapping over her face, and her brawny arms folded one within the other.

'Here I am, noble colonel!' she exclaimed; 'the supplics are stopped, my lord, and poor Kitty must yield to the articles of war.' 'I thought,' he replied, 'I should have been obliged to commit you as a vagrant.' 'Don't spake the word, yer honor; there's no use in insulting a dead soldier; it's only me shadow that's in it; I'm pickt to an atomy; the crows don't think me worth flying away from, and the dogs that I've known the last ten years bark at me. I never quartered meeself on a cabin-keeper yet; I'd scorn it! I'd not take from worse than meeself; and now, you see, I'm driven hard; yet, bad as they've used me, my heart's with the gentry of the county Armagh still. We can't forget the friends of our youth, noble colonel; and it's sorry I'd be to turn me back on me ould friends; and it's lonesome the roads will be without me, and they used to me so long; but still, needs must, when the devil (saving your presence) drives. And so, if yer honor will just answer me a few questions, which I'll put ye, to my satisfaction, why I'll be thinking about renouncing the poms and vanities—taking the veil, my dear!—what



else can I call it? Devoting meself, for the ase and peace of the counthry, inside them four heart-breaking stone walls—putting the prime of me valuable life in a stone jug.’ ‘I suppose,’ said the colonel, ‘you are going into the house at last.’ ‘That’s what I’m thinking of,’ she replied, ‘only my feelings war too tender to say it.’ ‘Well,’ he answered, laughing, ‘you know, Kitty, we have all come to the determination that you must all either go into the house or work—one or the other.’ ‘May the devil——!’ shouted Kitty; but recollecting herself, she paused, and dropping her voice to a whine, she continued. ‘Noble colonel, the little kwestions I was going to ask you, my dear gentleman, that’s all, before I devote meself—just—is it quite an impossibility to get the dhrop of the whiskey in it?’ ‘Quite.’ ‘Glory be to God! Well, I’ve had the thrial at the cowld wather to obleege Father Matthew, so I know it is possible to do without the whiskey, so I’ll drop it; but the grain of tay, colonel, sure you’d manage to let me have that *on the sly*, and me so ould and broken down?’ ‘No, Kitty; no,’ said the inexorable son of Mars; ‘no favor to one more than to another; that would be unjust.’ ‘Sure it’s the strength of justice to favor friends.’ ‘Not in my opinion. Have you any other question to ask?’ ‘Bedad I have, though your answers ain’t no ways pleasing to me. Sure, yer honor wouldn’t deprive me of a shock, or maybe a draw of the pipe, a few times in the day?’ ‘Not a single leaf of tobacco must enter the gates.’ ‘But they are light enough to fly over the walls,’ persisted Kitty. ‘No, not a drop of whiskey, nor a grain of tea, nor a leaf of tobacco.’ ‘And it’s cruel enough to be in airnest you are, is it?’ ‘Quite. Will you go in?’

The gentleman and the woman looked at each other fixedly for a moment. Kitty untied her empty wallet, grasped it in her hand, and then, as she flung it from her, exclaimed, ‘Tatternation to me, colonel dear, *but I’ll work first!* and for every sixpence any woman in the place airns, I’ll airn two.’

The love of drink is innate with the Irish, and after they take the pledge they resort to numberless expedients to gratify this taste, and at the same time save their conscience. For

example, a man swears that he will not drink in a certain county, and he will walk ten miles with the whiskey in his hand, until he reaches the boundary. Again, he pledges that he will drink neither in nor out of the house, and he takes his 'dhrop' with one foot within the door, and the other on the outside. At another time he will swear by this and by that 'not to dhrink a dhrop at all, at all,' and he bridges the oath by eating bread 'sopped in the cratur.'

Indulgence in drink doubtless increases the native love of the Irishman for fighting; for Paddy is no Paddy at all without his 'sprig of shillelah,'<sup>1</sup> which he will tell you he carries 'just to keep the cowlid out of his hands.' He feels almost disgraced to return home from a fair or merry-making with an unbroken head. Sooner than go quietly home, a man has been known to take off his coat and trail it on the ground, daring anybody to step on it, which being done, he knocks down the offender, and '*the sport begins.*'

Plucky and fond of fighting as the Irishman is, he is not revengeful, nor does he brood sullenly over his wrongs. Good will and kindness are overflowing in his simple heart. He will give away, without a thought, the pennies he may have earned through the day. There is no truer friend, nor one more liberal, even to sharing his last potato. No hovel is so poor that there may not be found, as part of its belongings, a poor relation or dependent; each 'depth,' it would seem, has 'a lower deep' which threatens 'to devour it.' It may be that this confidence in the generosity of their neighbors increases the native indolence of many of the Irish. As a people, they are so improvident and thriftless that one wonders how it is possible for them ever to help one another. They have no idea of what we consider the conveniences of household life, and rather despise them as quite unworthy their notice. Thackeray tells a story which illustrates this phase in the character of the poorer Irish, and which is made more amus-

<sup>1</sup> The name 'shillelah' is derived from a wood which bears the same in the county Wicklow. It is a species of Irish oak, very celebrated for its density of grain. The roof of Westminster Hall was made of Irish oak, as well as the timbers which support the leads of King's College, Cambridge.

ing by its juxtaposition with the swagger and importance of John Bull.

‘When Peggy brought in the coals for the drawing-room fire, she carried them in—what do you think?’

‘In a coal scuttle, to be sure,’ says the English reader, down on you as sharp as a needle.

‘No, you clever Englishman, it wasn’t a coal scuttle.’

‘Well, then, it was a fire-shovel,’ says that brightest of wits, guessing again.

‘No, it *wasn’t* a fire-shovel, you heaven-born genius, and you might guess from this until Mrs. Snooks called you up to coffee, and you would never find it out. It was in something I have already described in Mrs. Fagan’s pantry.’

‘Oh, I have you now; it was the bucket where the potatoes were; the thatterly wench!’ says Snooks.

‘Wrong again; Peggy brought up the coals *in a china plate!*’ Snooks turns quite white with surprise, and almost chokes himself with his port.

‘Well,’ says he, ‘of all the wum countwith that I ever wead of, hang me if Ireland ithn’t the wummost. Coalth in a plate! Mawyann, do you hear that? In Ireland they alwayth thend their coalth in a plate!’

The Irish have much of the French politeness, but their manner of expressing kind feeling is more *prononct*, their blarney is more blunt. And if they do say you are handsomer and better than you know yourself to be, who will quarrel with them for it? Their salutations even are redolent with a subtle flattery, which is very pleasing. On meeting you their exuberant kindness sparkles in a greeting which is often oriental in its beauty and poetry. ‘God grant you be as happy as the flowers in May.’ ‘The Almighty shower down blessings on your head day and night.’ ‘God’s fresh blessing be about you.’ ‘May the light of heaven shine on your grave.’ ‘May the sun never be too hot, nor the wind too cold for you.’ ‘May the smile of the Lord light you to glory.’ Mrs. Hall mentions stopping at a well, and asking a pretty Connamara peasant girl for a drink of water. ‘The girl ad-

vanced, dropped a curtsey, while she presented the pitcher, and said, "Wishing it was wine."

The Irish are not keen at a bargain, like their canny Scotch neighbors, neither are they at all avaricious, and often bless you for the trifle you bestow upon another. 'Well, God bless you, we want it bad enough ourselves, but she wanted it as bad; God help the widow and the fatherless!' The following curiosity of a letter is given as genuine:

'TO THE HON. MRS. B.:

'*Madam:* The Bearer hereof is the piper that played for your Lordable family at the Terrace on the 12th inst., and I am referred to your Honor for my hire. Your Ladyship's pardon for my boldness would be almost a sufficient compensation for my labor.

PATRICK WALSH.'

It is almost impossible to obtain a direct answer from an Irishman. 'Pray, is this the road to ——?' 'Is it to —— you are going? faith, and that's not the nearest road, being no road at all, at all.' 'Then I'd better go yonder way?' 'Och, indeed, and I wouldn't advise your going that way at all. 'Tis few people goes that way, for there's a big black dog there, and he'll *ate* you up entirely.' 'Which way, then, can I go?' 'Faith, and the best way you'd go is just to be staying where you are.' When he declines to be your guide, it is done with such quaint humor and good will that one can never be offended. 'Och! I'd have no objection in life to go *wid* yer honor, if supposing I could just *lave my throat at home*,' hinting at the danger of having his throat cut during the journey. The guides in Ireland are a tribe which cannot be ignored. They surround the traveller, each vociferating to be allowed the honor and glory. Their garrulity, amusing for a while, becomes a great bore, because of their persistency in being always by your side. They will do anything in the wide world to serve and 'obleege yer honors,' except leave you to yourselves. 'Is it let the likes of you alone, plase yer honor?' said a razor-faced youth. 'Be the dads! we've better manners than that, anyhow, to lave the quality alone by themselves in such a lonesome place; and sure the lady wont forget the dawshy

dancing sixpence among us, just as a compliment for our company!' And when paper and pencils were arranged for a sketch by one of the party, the obliging guide plants himself in front of the artist, and good-humoredly 'hopes yer honor will make a table of his head, and depind upon his standing steady.'

Joe Irwin was a very celebrated guide in his day, and the Rev. Cæsar Otway gives an account of Joe's introduction to a duchess, as related by himself. 'It was just at this hill, where we now stand, that the duchess ordered her coachman to draw up, and the darling lady looked out amongst us all, as we stood around, and a posey she was, with her cheeks as red as poppies among the corn; a proper woman, too, as to size, as becomes a duchess; so my dear life, out she drew her book, and then she axed, "Where is the guide that is down in *this book*, for no other will my *Grease* have," says she; so says I to myself, "Now's your time, Joe Irwin, to step forward, for you're the boy for her money;" so out I started from among the poor crathers who were about the coach, for they all knew, sure enough, that I was the man in the book, so taking off my hat, and not forgetting to make a low bow and a scrape of the heel, "I'm the boy you want, my *Grease*," says I. "Come along, then," says my duchess, "you're the man for my money; and so let all the other spalpeens sneak off, for not a mother's sowl shall be a follower, or get a penny of mine, but the man that is down in the book, and that's yourself, honest Joe Irwin."'

Joe would have served the duchess to the end of his life, just for the honor of being her ladyship's humble servant; for, as we have before said, at the sound of a title Paddy is in the dust at your feet, proud to perform the most menial service, while his contempt for trades and traders is sublime. This sentiment may be shown in the words of a herdsmen, when describing the last member of an old house:

'Oh! the last of them of any note is dead these thirty years and more; he was a fine man intirely, one of the ould knights of the screw, men that never cared what they did, and were always drinking and fighting. I don't remember the masther

in his prime, and more's the pity, for I'll never see such another. He tattered over the acres like a hail-storm. Be the dads! he was no man's enemy but his own, for he never kep' a shilling in his pocket, and ruined half the country to the back of it. He was a fine man with the ladies, and broke the hearts of twinty, at the laste; and if a word was said against him, he had the brother or the father of them at ten paces on the sod in a jiffy; and, crack! a bullet to end or a bullet to mend 'em; though, in general, he was contint to let 'om remember the lead for a few months; and sura that was all the satisfaction a family could desire.'

The Irish car-driver is of a type peculiar to itself. His curiosity is unbounded, and although constantly asking questions, and, in some mysterious way, getting them answered, too, he never seems intrusive. 'Ah, then, is it to Cahir ye're going, sir? and it's from Lismore ye're coming, I'll go bail.' 'You've made a good gness.' 'Maybe it's to my lord's I'll be driving ye?' 'Not so lucky this time.' 'To Mr. Grubb's did ye say, sir?' 'No.' 'Well, then, it's to Mr. Fennell' yer honor 'll be telling me to drive ye?' 'Yes.'

A story is told of a driver who grumbled at the shilling which was given to him at his journey's end, and said, slyly, 'Faith it's not putting me off with this ye'd be, yer honor, if ye knew but all.' The traveller's curiosity was excited. 'What do you mean?' 'Oh, faix! that 'ud be telling.' Another shilling was tendered. 'And now,' said the gentleman, 'what do you mean by saying, *if I but knew all?*' 'That I draw' yer honor the last three miles without a linchpin.'

The Irishman forms great designs in hasto, thinks over them in his long hours of leisure, and never executes them. Thackeray says that even the sign-boards, over the shop doors, partake of this national characteristic. 'Thus you read—

PAT <sup>K</sup> HANLAH <sup>AN</sup> TAILOR
---

JAMES HURL <sup>EY</sup> SHOE MAK <sup>ER</sup>
--

or some similar sign-board. High and low, in this country,

they begin things on too large a scale. They begin churches too big, and can't finish them; mills and houses too big, and are ruined before they are done: letters on signs too big, and are up in a corner before the inscription is finished. There is something quite strange, really, in this general consistency.'

The manner of christening the islands on the Killarney lakes is very curious. The boatmen point out to the stranger those which are unbaptized, asking as a favor that he will give one of them his name and stand godfather. The traveller, flattered and pleased, agrees to do so, and the party land on the chosen spot. The bugle-horn player acts as clergyman on the occasion, and with a string of unintelligible jargon bestows the name of the tourist upon the island. The ceremony ends by throwing a bottle of whiskey against a rock, as they say that no christening is complete without that libation. At the conclusion of the rite, the crew express a hope that they may be allowed to drink the sponsor's health in a bowl of punch, which fully explains their eagerness for the baptism.

Mr. Croker tells of a conversation with a boatman on one of the Killarney lakes. 'Do you recollect Sir Walter Scott's visit to the lakes?' said I to Plunket. 'Oh, then, and sure I ought, for sure it was meeself that steered his lordship. There was a lady and a couple of gentlemen with him. The lady was one Miss Edgeworth, and I hard say as how she was a fine writer entirely, and first came to be thought so through the means of rack-rents. But I know this well enough, that 'tis the rack-rents are ruining and bedeviling the country entirely. A fine *viös* (voice) she had with her any way, for sure she was singing a song about the big gentleman,

"Row, your sows, row, for the pride of the highlands."

'Oh, you're out there,' said Doolan; 'tis meeself can tell the very words of it:

"Row, my boys, row, for the pride of the islands."

Them were the very words,

"Stretch to your oars for the evergreen pine,"

and every time the lady would come to, "Row, my boys, row," then the gentleman with the long nose and short chin—one *Mr. Knockhard*, I think they called him, would make us all stretch out, and pull away like so many race horses.'

There are many interesting legends connected with these lakes. The principal one is that of O'Donohue and his white horse. For many years after his death, on the morning of May-day, his spirit was seen, on a white horse, gliding over the surface of the lake to the sound of delicious, heavenly music. He was preceded by a procession of lovely youths and maidens, who strewed delicate spring flowers in his path. Among other stories connected with this legend is one which asserts that a young and beautiful girl was so much fascinated by the idea of this visionary chieftain, that for several years she arose early on the first morning of May, and at the lakeside met the youth whose home was under its blue waters. At length she fancied herself so much in love with him that, one May-day, after the plumed chief and his fair steed disappeared from her sight, she followed, and was drowned in the lake. The boatmen at Killarney call the waves which rise on a windy day, crested with foam, 'O'Donohue's white horses.'

The fairies, those pretty little elves, who are linked with so many delightful associations of our childhood, continue to exert a great influence over the Irish peasantry. The little pixies are as real to their mind's eye as the mushroom-table, the honeysuckle horn, or the acorn cap are to the outward sense. Their stature is small, for 'mercy still consorts with littleness,' and their power is greater than that of any mortal, for they have been known to redress

'The tenfold ravages of giants strong,  
To whom great malice and great might belong.'

The practice of conciliating the fairies, by bestowing upon them pretty names, is of very ancient date. The Greeks called them Eumenides, or the benevolent, and dedicated a beautiful grove to their use; the Scotch call them 'goid folk,' and the Irish 'good people,' as they think the title of 'Fairies'



is peculiarly displeasing to them. 'I cannot think of this policy,' says Mr. Croker, 'without fancying a grin on Medusa, and those little urchins, the northern fairies, holding their sides with laughter.' If a peasant in Ireland should, through carelessness, use the obnoxious title, he is instantly reproved in a whisper, as they believe the little sprites to be always present. A rustic, before drinking, very commonly spills a small portion on the ground, as an offering to the invisible genii. When a cloud of dust is raised by the wind, the peasant supposes it to be caused by the march of a procession of fairies, and he takes off his hat with the utmost deference, saying, 'God speed ye, God speed ye, gentlemen!' and then, if a stranger is near, he mutters, by way of apology, 'Good manners are no burthen.'

The elves are represented as so tiny that they may dance on a dew-drop without breaking it. Their great beauty of person is dazzling when seen at night, but the Irish say, if visible in the day, they look old and wrinkled, like 'a wrinkled cauliflower.' On moonlight nights they emerge from their hiding-places, and dance until the morning dawns, when they vanish, with a whirring sound, like a swarm of bees. They often exhibit great malice and wickedness, and occupy a doubtful position in the land of spirits, being angels, who were expelled from heaven, and have not yet fallen into hell. They severely punish all who treat them with irreverence, but are friendly with, and bestow great favors upon, those who do them homage. Mab is the Irish Madbh, who is the queen of the Irish fairies. Spenser wrote his splendid poem in Ireland, so that the origin of some of his mythology need be no longer a mystery.

That antic elf, who is the English Puck, the Scotch Robin Goodfellow, and the Irish Leprehaune, he

'Who takes life's fabled miseries on trust,'

must have adopted the Irish nation into his family, imparting to them his 'small philosophy of happiness.' Let us avoid gloom and sadness, he says, and be merry always. Let us

'Own ourselves a pinch of lively dust,  
To frisk upon a wind—whereas the flood  
Of tears would turn us into heavy mud.'<sup>1</sup>

1 'The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies.' By Thomas Hood.

Leprehaune is generally represented in the garb of a cobbler, mending a shoe; he possesses the purse of Fortunatus; persons have often surprised him, and endeavored to obtain possession of the purse, but he is always cunning enough to elude their grasp.

The belief in the Banshee is the most weird of all the Irish superstitions. She is represented as an old woman, with long, white hair streaming over her shoulders, and draped in white. Great houses and ancient families have always a Banshee attached to them, which is considered as necessary an adjunct as armorial bearings. Her duty is to warn the family to which she belongs of any coming evil. She communicates her sad tidings at night, by long and mournful wails.

‘The Banshee mournfully wails  
In the midst of the silent, lonely night,  
Plaintive she sings the songs of death.’

Lady Morgan translates ‘Banshee’ as ‘the white lady of sorrow,’ and calls her the *madre di dolore* of the Irish faith. It is the counterpart of ‘The White Lady of Avenel’ of Sir Walter Scott.

The most romantic and sequestered spots are thought to be the chosen retreats of the fairies, and are called ‘gentle places’; the flowers and plants which grow there are supposed to possess distinctive charms. The little plant *Digitalis Purpurea* is called ‘fairy cap,’ and when the flower bends its long stems, it is said to be bowing in homage to some fairy whom it recognizes. Some of these plants are sought to cure diseases, and are collected by old women called ‘fairy doctors,’ or ‘Pishogue.’ These are characters entirely peculiar to Ireland. Patients are often carried miles to these women, who receive a fee, and give in return a charm, accompanied by some cabalistic word or sign. This is called their ‘luck,’ which is to be a defence against all the powers of darkness.

When a patient visits them the fee must be given before the grievance is told. The next stipulation is, that the person to be cured shall avoid the shop doctors, meaning the dispensary. A lady asked one of them why she took money from a very poor young woman who had presented her baby for cure.

'Oh,' answered the young mother, 'she can't help it, ma'am; she's under a promise to do nothing for nothing; there would be no good in what she gave if it was for nothing.' Meanwhile the old hag was fidgeting about; at last she asked, 'Has nothing gone wrong with you, Essy?' 'Nothing,' replied the mother; 'nothing, glory be to God, barring the child's flesh wasting off its bones, and not seeing how or why it goes. Mick has no regular work these two months, and if we want a second meal of potatoes we're forced to split one in two; but that's not being worse off than our neighbors.' 'Have ye seen nothing?' 'Sorra thing, barring that the ould cat died wanting a sup of milk, but not in the house.' 'Nor heard nothing?' 'No, only the bating of my own heart, and the way Mick sobs in his sleep ever since he's been out of regular work.' 'If you chanced to put on your stocking wrong side out, you didn't put it on right?' she again inquired, with a look of wisdom. 'Ye may be sure of that, Poll, honey, for sorra a stocking I have.' When the old sybil wanted to drive a hard bargain with her for the cure of her baby, the young mother said: 'I can't pay as I would if poer Mick had constant work; I *did* pay you then. When the pig took the measles and died—.' 'You came too late, then,' said the woman. 'I am not offering it against you,' replied the mother, 'only don't be hard upon me, and I'll make it up to you, if the Almighty turns his silver cloud to us once more.' Can words be sadder or more poetic? In what other land may you find groans and tears set to such pitiful music as in Erin?

It were unpardonable, even in this rapid review of the Irish peasantry, to pass unnoticed the distinctive features attending their marriages and funerals. The power which the Irish fathers exert over their children is very great. They often dispose of their daughters in marriage to the highest bidder. A young fellow, who is willing and able to work, with a cabin and a potato patch, is considered a good match. Should two such eligible offers present themselves, it is very common for the rivals to run a race for the bride, the one who is fleetest of foot winning the maiden. After the selection is made the bride and groom pay a fee to the priest for a contract, showing

that no impediment exists to the union. Then a license is procured from the bishop, to which another fee is attached; this being accomplished, the groom repairs to the bride's parish priest and pays an additional sum as a marriage fee. The friends of each party are expected to add a small sum to that already given, so that the cost of the ceremony is often from twenty to fifty pounds. It is not uncommon for the impoverished couple to begin housekeeping with an empty purse, their savings being appropriated to the ceremony which makes them one. Immediately before Lent is the usual time for celebrating weddings. A large dinner is served, the priest presides at the head of the table, and when the cloth is removed the couple are married. The ceremony is like that of the Church of England, but in Latin, and the priest concludes with the words, 'Give your bride the kiss of peace.' The cake is then cut by the priest, who blesses it, and divides it into small pieces, which are handed around among the guests; in taking a slice each one places on the plate a donation for the priest, according to his ability. The entertainment ends in dancing and singing. The cost of the ceremony varies, of course, with the means of the parties married, but often the savings of years are devoted this object. They may have no potatoes for to-morrow, but they will enjoy the song and dance to-night. With the Irish to-morrow is nothing worth; they lay all thoughts of it aside to enjoy the laughter of to-day.

Although so loth to burden themselves with provision for their every-day wants, there are no people who are more anxious about the respect and care which shall be taken of their bodies after death. If an Irishman economizes for no other purpose, he will for this. The formalities for a funeral begin immediately after death. The usual prayers being said by the priest, the friends collect around the body and watch by it until it is laid in the grave. If an adult, the body is adorned with black ribbons; with white, if unmarried; and with flowers, if a child. A quantity of salt is laid upon the corpse, tobacco and snuff are placed on plates near it, and lighted candles around. The women are ranged in rows on either side, and the 'keen' begins. They rise together, their arms up-

lifted, and moving their bodies to and fro, they continue a heart-rending cry, which is only interrupted at intervals to give the *ban caointhe* (the leading keener) an opportunity to begin. The leader is chosen, not only because of her good voice, but for her poetic talent. She is an improvisatrice. The dirge is impromptu, consisting of a recital of the pedigree, property, good deeds, and generosity of the deceased, which are recited in such heart-rending and mournful strains as to make the hearers sensible of their loss. She feels the pulse of her audience, and uses such expressions as will excite in them most intense emotion. At the close of every stanza of the dirge, the cry comes in as a refrain, which lasts for a few minutes, when the *ban caointhe* again proceeds with the dirge, and so on to the close. The only interruption which is ever allowed to occur at a wake is the entrance of some relative of the deceased, who, living remote, or being unavoidably delayed, could not be there at the beginning. In this event the *ban caointhe* ceases, the women again rise and repeat the cry as at first, which continues until the new-comer has no more voice to spare, or no more tears to shed. While the women are doing honor to the memory of the departed, the men are seated in groups, amusing themselves in various ways, joking and laughing, apparently unconscious of the scene enacted before them. The humor of Paddy is never hushed, but sparkles out with school-boy glee and recklessness even in the presence of the grim skeleton—Death.

Notwithstanding the bluster and importance which characterize the Irishman, he is evidently uneasy at heart about the position which the land he loves so well holds among strangers. He is so extremely sensitive, so excessively irritable at the least allusion to his country, that he unconsciously betrays the fact of being keenly alive to her defects. Shakespeare, who never forgets these little touches of nationality, gives a striking instance of this peculiarity in the play of Henry V. The scene is before Harfleur, the interview between Fluellen, Captain Jamy, and Captain Macmorris.

'*Fluellen.* Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation——

‘*Macmorris*. Of my nation? What ish my nation? ish a villain, a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?’

‘*Fluellen*. Look you, if you take the matter other than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

‘*Macmorris*. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so, Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.’

It is in vain that the Irish strive to seem always gay and cheerful. There are great rents in the quaint mask they assume, showing a full sense of their country’s degradation, and a morbid appreciation of its wretchedness.

No one can read much about the nation and fail to become its friend. Their story melts our heart at once into sympathy. Their wit is racy and refreshes us, and their warm-hearted generosity and bravery stir our hearts with a feeling warmer than admiration.

Like Hamlet, Ireland designs ‘enterprises of great pith and moment,’ but—

‘———— their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.’

Like a blind giant, with great force of will, she gropes about in the darkness which has settled upon her, accomplishing nothing. The strings of her harp are broken, and the chance-notes which reach us are more of suffering than of song.

‘No more to chiefs and ladies bright  
The harp of Tara swells,  
The chord alone that breaks at night  
Its tale of ruin tells;  
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,  
The only throb she gives  
Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
To show that still she lives.’

ART. VII.—*Infant Baptism.* By Rev. C. W. MILLER, A. M., of Kentucky Conference, M. E. Church, South. St. Louis: Southwestern Book and Publishing Co. 1872.

The title of this article requires a word of explanation. The reader will be convinced, unless we are very greatly mistaken, before this paper reaches its conclusion, that the *Southern Review* has been most unscrupulously and violently attacked, *professedly* on the ground of its heresies in relation to infant baptism. It has not been our custom to notice unfavorable criticisms of the *Southern Review*; especially when they have appeared, as occasionally they have done, in periodicals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. We have seen several such criticisms, which, as we believed, could have been crushed as easily as an empty egg-shell; but yet, for the sake of peace, we have passed them over in silence. But there is 'a point at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue'; or, at least, ceases to be a virtue in which there is safety. We believe that this point has now been reached in the history of the *Southern Review*. For, if such attacks are permitted to pass with impunity, there is no telling where the evil may end, or what mischief it may work in the fair fame of our beloved child—the *Southern Review*—the child whom, from its birth to the present day, we have watched over and nursed, sometimes in great darkness and agony of spirit, through all its desperate trials and struggles for existence. Hence we now intend to hang up 'a scare-crow' in the form, not of a living man, but only of an empty pair of old breeches, to warn off, and keep away, from our little enclosure, all the critical kites of the more rapacious kind. We mean the kites no harm; we merely mean to defend, while it is yet living, the carcass of our beloved offspring, that its eyes be not picked out before the time, nor its flesh torn away. And besides, there are other reasons which, in our humble opinion, not only justify, but demand, this defence of the *Southern Review*. First, the *person* by whom the attack was made; secondly, the *circumstances* under which it was made; thirdly, the *effects* of the

attack; and, fourthly, its gross misrepresentations of Scriptural truth in general, as well as of Methodist doctrine and teaching in particular.

(1.) '*The person by whom the attack was made.*' It was made by the Rev. C. W. Miller, A. M., the title of whose work on Infant Baptism we have placed at the head of this article. In the Introduction to that work, a very able, learned, and pious Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has said: 'The author, *though a young man, has already attained to eminence in controversial writing.*' We regret, on more accounts than one, that this 'eminent young man' has been pleased to turn his batteries on the *Southern Review*, and let fly the volleys of his ridicule, sarcasm, scorn, and contempt at its editor—who, for nearly the whole of a long life, has been an obscure but hard worker in the mines of eternal truth. He is welcome, however, and more than welcome, to all the additional eminence, and all the fresh laurels of glory, he may win in this new contest of arms.

'For ourself,' says he, 'we have more than once defended the *Southern Review* on the Annual Conference floor.' We thank him for *past* favors. We have no doubt they were real, genuine, and enthusiastic. For, while at the late General Conference, a friend of his—a young Methodist preacher—said to us, 'Why, Dr. B——, Mr. Miller was one of the very warmest friends of the *Southern Review*. When I complained that I could not afford to take the *Review*, he replied, "You cannot afford to do without it; no Methodist preacher can afford to do without the *Southern Review*."' Now whence, we ask, this sudden, this radical change, from an enthusiastic friend to a relentless foe of both the *Review* and its editor? The only reason he *assigns* for this sudden transformation is the attack of the *Southern Review* on the sacred citadel of 'Methodist truth,' in its article on 'The History of Infant Baptism.' He says, 'We are frank to say that we love *Methodist truth* better than we do the *Southern Review*, and if we are compelled to part with either we shall not hesitate in our choice.' Very well. We are glad to hear that he loves 'Methodist truth' so dearly; for, in the following paper we



shall treat him to more 'Methodist truth' on the subject of infant baptism than has ever before entered into his imagination. We shall, indeed, set before him such a rich feast of this truth that he will have better reason than ever to love the *Southern Review*. For, as we shall most abundantly show, it was not his love of 'Methodist truth,' it was only his ignorance of it, and blind devotion to the crotchets contracted by him in his controversy with the Campbellites,<sup>1</sup> that raised such shrieks of alarm at some of our late utterances. His onslaught has all the ferocity of blind passion. We can, and do, most cheerfully forgive him; *for he knew not what he did*. But still, for the defence of the *Southern Review*, and for the Methodist truth which it is set to defend, we shall repel and roll back, in torrents of fire, the blazing thunders of his indignation. We do not wish to lessen his eminence; we only wish to convince him that there are more persons than one in the world.

(2.) '*The circumstances under which the attack was made.*'

It was the hour of our trial. The *Southern Review* was in the hands of the Committee of the General Conference on 'Books and Periodicals.' Mr. Miller, from his *supposed* knowledge of books, had been placed on that important committee. He was, therefore, one of our judges. For four long years, under circumstances of darkness, difficulty, and distress known only to God and to himself, the editor of the *Southern Review* had conducted, as best he could that periodical in the interests of the Methodist Episcopal Church; looking forward, all the while, to the General Conference of 1874 for some sort of relief, or to some other dispensation of Providence. The General Conference assembled. We were there before its commencement. We watched for the signs; but we saw none; only a few unfavorable symptoms. The first thing in hand in relation to the *Review* was, that a motion had been made in the committee to start a Methodist Quarterly at

<sup>1</sup> We mean no disrespect by the use of this appellation. We would call them 'Christians,' as they desire, if this were a distinctive name, and not a *common* one. We call them Campbellites for the same reason, and in the same spirit, that we speak of Lutherans, or Calvinists, or Wesleyans.

Nashville; and that, too, by the very Nestor of Southern Methodism, who, more than any other man, had enjoyed the credit of having had his way with former General Conferences. There was not room for two such Reviews. Hence it was highly desirable to get the existing one out of the way: to kill it off and bury it out of sight. It was under these circumstances that Mr. Miller opened his fire upon us—a fire which, as we shall presently see, was certainly intended to be as deadly and destructive as possible. If, in a spirit of brotherly kindness, or even of common courtesy, he had consulted us, we could have convinced him, or any other *friend*, that there is not a word in the obnoxious article at all inconsistent with the perfect purity of ‘Methodist truth.’ But he did not deign to give us a hearing, nor even a notice of his intended attack. On the contrary, instead of exercising his office of judge with calmness, impartiality, and dignity, he just entered the lists against us as accuser, prosecutor, and would-be victimizer. The young lion, in all the fulness of his eminence, just laid his controversial paws upon us, and roared out his rage. Through five columns and a half of the *Central Methodist*, his orthodoxy roared and raved after us. ‘The man who is meekly and mildly in error,’ says the good Archbishop Leighton, ‘may be a much better man than one who is furiously orthodox.’

All this looked decidedly hostile to our *Review*. ‘What does all this mean,’ we said, ‘this motion to start another *Review*, and, at the same time, this attack on the one already in existence? Is it merely a coincidence, or is it a conspiracy?’ ‘No,’ replied one of the most distinguished members of the General Conference, ‘they do not mean to *injure you*; they merely intend to *benefit themselves*. The object is merely to start another *Review*, and to give that young man a finger in the pie.’ Be this as it may, we have nothing to do with their motives, but only with the charges against the *Southern Review*.

The design to start another *Review* failed utterly. A member of the General Conference wrote to *The Holston Methodist* as follows: ‘There will be an attempt to inaugurate a Southern Methodist Quarterly, and to ignore Bledsoe’s. I

hope the attempt will not succeed. *The Southern Methodists will stand by Bledsoe in any event.*' All this proved true. The attempt did not succeed, and the Southern Methodists did stand by us most nobly in the hour of trial. More than a hundred members of the General Conference, including its brightest minds and noblest hearts, gave us the warmest and most affecting assurances that they would, in any event, stand by the *Southern Review*. We now return them our most grateful acknowledgements, our most profound and heartfelt thanks, assuring them, at the same time, that it shall be our constant study to prove to them, and to the world, *that their confidence was not misplaced.* If we do not, then may 'my right hand forget her cunning,' and 'my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.' Brethren, help us, and hold up our hands in the work of the *Review*. A few more short years and our work will be over. Our prayer to God is that we may die in the harness.

3. *'The effects of the attack.'* It has left no trace of ill-will on our mind toward any human being under the sun, not even toward the person by whom the attempt was made 'to inaugurate a Methodist Quarterly, and to ignore Bledsoe's.' There is only one effect of Mr. Miller's attack which we regret, and which this paper is designed to remedy. It was very natural that one who had 'already attained to eminence in controversial writing,' and who was *supposed* to know all about the teaching of Methodism on the subject of infant baptism, should have raised doubts in the minds of many by his passionate outcry respecting the soundness of our views. We had many proofs of the existence of such doubts or fears. But, while they believed we had missed fire on the subject of infant baptism, they were disposed not to discard us, but only to say, 'pick your flint and try again.' We thank them for their generous forbearance. Indeed, the report of the committee contained the words, that they did not approve 'all the utterances of the *Southern Review*,' a clause which, on the motion of Dr. Craven, was all but unanimously stricken out by the General Conference. Many of its members, no doubt, did not approve all the utterances of the *Southern Review* on more subjects than

one; but yet, in spite of this, they deemed it unkind, or uncalled for, to signalize their disapproval by adopting the words of the committee to that effect. Now, we wish to convince these friends that there was no *real* ground whatever for their doubts or fears, so that if any critic should, in future, go off half cocked, they need not be unduly alarmed. In other words, we wish to regain their confidence, which we feel we are entitled to, and which we are sure they will be more than willing to yield in case we should make good our claim to it. Hence we shall proceed, under the following and last head, to show that we have not uttered a single word on the subject of infant baptism which is in the least degree inimical to the absolute and perfect purity of 'Methodist truth.'

4. Mr. Miller's '*gross misrepresentations of Scripture truth in general, as well as of Methodist doctrine and teaching in particular.*' We shall, under this head, lay every word of Mr. Miller's attack before the reader, in order that he may judge of himself respecting the wisdom, the justice, and the decency of his utterances. But we shall deal it out only as we go along, in broken doses, lest the whole, if taken at once, should prove too much for his stomach. Ere we come to the main points, however, we must bestow a word or two on his wit, his ridicule, his sarcasm, his scorn, his contempt, and so forth. We shall not bandy epithets with him; we shall, on the contrary, simply let him speak for himself, and thereby show what manner of man he is in controversy, with only an occasional reflection of our own.

He thus begins:

'In the April number of the *Southern Review* appears an article on the "History of Infant Baptism," from the pen of Dr. Bledsøe, which, in many respects, is a truly remarkable production. It is remarkable that a man who publicly subscribes to Article 17 of our Church could announce such sentiments. It is remarkable (his article) as a literary hodge-podge. In about twenty-nine pages, under the caption of "History of Infant Baptism," he discusses "baptismal regeneration," "adult baptism," "confirmation," and, of course, "Apostolical Succession," with an entertaining variety of smaller matters thrown in.'

No doubt about 'the hodge-podge.' The only question is, whether the hodge-podge exists in Mr. Miller's brain, or in

the pages of the *Southern Review*. He says we have *discussed* 'baptismal regeneration,' 'adult baptism,' 'confirmation,' and, of course, 'Apostolical Succession.' Now, the truth is, we have not discussed, nor even pretended to discuss, any one of these things. We introduced them, as we have explained in the article itself, only on account of their *historical* connection with the subject of infant baptism. We have introduced 'adult baptism,' because, as we said, 'This is so inextricably bound up with the history of infant baptism that it is impossible to treat the one separately from the other. Indeed, the developments of the doctrine of infant baptism have, in some respects, been so entirely determined by those of the doctrine of adult baptism, *that the former cannot be understood at all without a consideration of the latter.*' (p. 333.) Now, is this simple, truthful statement, in relation to the history of infant baptism, anything new or strange to the Rev. Mr. Miller? If so, we would advise him to give some little reading and study to the history of infant baptism before he again presumes to write on the subject. We shall, in our next article on the same topic, have occasion to say still more respecting the intimate and inseparable connection between the historical developments of the doctrines of adult and infant baptism. 'We shall, however,' as we have already promised, 'notice the history of adult baptism no further than is necessary to explain the wonderful phenomena of the history of infant baptism.' (p. 333.) We are very sorry that we cannot write to please Mr. Miller; but really we cannot agree to unlearn all that we have ever learned in our life respecting the history of infant baptism, in order to render our treatment of the subject sufficiently ignorant and stupid to be agreeable to his taste. He must excuse us.

Again, we have introduced the subject of the Apostolical Succession, because, as we then and there alleged, this is the very root of all the errors or aberrations of the human mind respecting the sacraments, especially respecting the rite of infant baptism. Is not this important truth known to Mr. Miller? We learned it many years ago, even while we were yet on our first legs in theology, from the great and good Dr. Sparrow—

now, alas! no more—at whose feet we had the high honor and privilege of receiving our first lessons in ‘systematic divinity.’ And all our reading and reflection, from that day to this, has only served to confirm, expand, and illustrate this important truth respecting the *historical* connection between the Apostolical Succession and false developments of the doctrine of infant baptism. We are sorry that it should appear so new and strange to Mr. Miller.

Or would he have us to write the history of the errors relating to infant baptism, without any notice of the root from which they have all sprung? If so, he must excuse us again; we cannot accept his dictation. Archbishop Whately, as every tolerably well-read theologian is aware, has directed a powerful blow at the errors of Rome, by tracing them to their roots in the corrupt principles of human nature. We have only done the same thing in relation to the errors respecting infant baptism. Let Mr. Miller, then, if he chooses, turn up his nose at the far more complex work of the learned Archbishop, and cry hodge-podge! ‘It is often the best way to refute an error,’ says Lord Coke, ‘to trace it to its source.’ Now, if we may be permitted to have our own way, we prefer the memorable aphorism of ‘my Lord Coke,’ and the example of Archbishop Whately, to the silly criticisms of his ‘eminence’ of the Kentucky Conference.

The third complaint is, that we have actually considered confirmation in connection with the history of infant baptism, thereby adding another item to our ‘literary hodge-podge.’ Now, here again, it is evident that Mr. Miller needs a little piece of information, which should long ago have entered into the hodge-podge of his theology. Confirmation was, for long centuries, considered ‘as an essential part of the baptismal ordinance,’<sup>1</sup> especially in the case of infants. He evidently needed this information; for, surely, he did not expect us to write the history of infant baptism, or of anything else, without any notice of what was so long considered as one of its essential parts.

But the strangest, the most wonderful complaint of all is,

<sup>1</sup> The Eccles. Polity of the N. T., by Dr. Jacob, p. 278.

that, in our historical sketch (which is only just begun), we have mixed up the subjects of 'baptismal regeneration' and infant baptism in our 'literary hodge-podge.' Now, the man knows absolutely nothing on the subject of our late article (and had, therefore, better say nothing), who does not know that the history of infant baptism is, in a very great measure, the history of baptismal regeneration itself. An edition of Shakespeare's 'Hamlet,' with the part of Hamlet omitted, would not be a more ridiculous production than a history of infant baptism without the introduction of baptismal regeneration. We fear we can never be silly enough to please Mr. Miller, or ridiculous enough to keep from appearing ridiculous in his eyes.

After what has been said, we may lay before our readers, without any comment, the following very elegant specimen of Mr. Miller's very polished wit. We are, indeed, very reluctant to occupy any portion of our valuable space with such exhibitions of genius; but, on the whole, we have concluded to lay every word of his crushing attack before our readers, that there may be no suspicion that we have not fairly represented his marvellous wit and wisdom. Here, then, is the second paragraph of his tirade in full:

'We sat down to read the article with a feeling of great pleasure, because we felt assured the hand of a master was upon it. Our anticipation of something new and unusually vigorous was greatly intensified by the assurance in the second paragraph that "the aberrations of the human mind" which have been so wonderfully displayed "in treating this question, are now to be cleared away, and the subject was about to receive at his hands "a more profound analysis and explanation than usual." This is certainly promising. Our surprise, consequently, may be guessed, when, upon the weary journey through these *twenty nine* pages we found almost every diverse dogma that has ever been in debate, brought forward and dilated upon, and that, too, in utter disregard of the title, "History of Infant Baptism." If it is true that names denote character, then must "History of Infant Baptism" place a truly tangled conception in the mind of Dr. Bledsoe. While reading the article, we could not keep out of our mind our German friend's definition of *conglomerate*. He says that in Germany little boys carry their fathers' dinners to them in the field in small tin buckets. They generally go in companies of twenties, forties, or more. On one occasion one of these little fellows stumbled and fell, and, sad to say, spilt the dinner. It was all that could be procured for that day, and the situation was accordingly a grave

one for the tired and hungry father. The distressed boy fell upon the following expedient. He asked each of the boys in the company to contribute a spoonful to the replenishing of his empty bucket. They consented; and one gave a spoonful of beans; another, a spoonful of potatoes; another, of soup; and thus the contribution was made up from the various buckets present. But, alas! what a mixture it was! This, he says, is what he understands by the word *conglomerate*. It is certainly *apropos* in the present case. The article on the "History of Infant Baptism" is a *conglomerate*.

If the reader has ever seen an elephant trying to dance a hornpipe—trying, with his huge, ponderous, unwieldy limbs, to imitate the movements of the 'light fantastic toe,' he will have exactly our idea of the above clumsy attempt at wit. There is, however, one statement in the above extract which we wish to signalize. It represents us as having *promised* to give the subject in hand 'a more profound analysis and explanation than usual.' There is not one particle of truth in this statement. It is made out of whole cloth. We have only said, 'These aberrations of the human mind, in their historical connection with the rite of baptism, *demand a more profound analysis and explanation than usual*,' and then left the reader to judge for himself whether our analysis is shallow or profound, ridiculous or otherwise. It is not our style to make boastful promises. The only sentence in which we have alluded to our own analysis is in the following unostentatious words: 'We shall, of course, begin our historical sketch and *critical analysis* with the first of these periods; that is, the formative period,' etc. But this, Mr. M. has alleged, taken in connection with the former passage, shows that we *intended* to give 'a more profound analysis.' What a sorry dodge! He did not tell the reader what we *intended*, but what we had *promised*, to do. Suppose we had dived into his mind, and, judging from his supposed intentions, had told the reader that he had *promised* to extinguish 'the great and good Dr. Blodsoe,' and cover himself with renown, would he not have felt the gross injustice of such a falsehood? He first beams us with the coarse colors of his misrepresentation, and then continually sneers, from the beginning to the end of the article, at the ridiculous attitude and light in which he himself has placed us! We can respect the man who deals in wit, ridi-



cule, irony, sarcasm, or indignant scorn, but not the man who sneers, much less the man who makes his own falsehood the medium of his sneers. We do hope that Mr. Miller will confine all such mean tricks of controversy to his attacks on Methodists, and not practice them in his debates with the Campbellites. Otherwise he will inevitably bring our cause into contempt with every impartial lover of fair-dealing and decorum in debate. With these reflections we dismiss the paragraph before us, and proceed to the consideration of the third, which is in the following words :

'But even this is not its most remarkable feature. The *most* remarkable feature of the matter is, that a gentleman who sits down to give us "a more profound analysis and explanation than usual," should get up after sitting through twenty nine pages, and leave this as the result of the profounder "analysis": "But yet with all our searching we have been unable to find, in the New Testament, a single express declaration, or word, in favor of Infant Baptism," p. 334; and again: "Before the time of Tertullian (A. D. 200), the practice of Infant Baptism is nowhere distinctly mentioned by any writer of the Church." (p. 336) Now, just where the more profound analysis and explanation than usual is to be found in these positions, which constitute the soul and body of his "History of Infant Baptism," we confess ourselves at a loss to determine. The fact is, Dr. Bledsoe in this simply fell full length into the extended arms of all the anti-pedobaptists from the saintly Munsterites to the present, and instead of making "a more profound analysis and explanation than usual," he only repeated insane ravings which have been refuted a thousand times. This seems to be in accordance with the intellectual exploits of the distinguished editor of the *Southern Review*. It has not been long since he triumphantly announced himself as the discoverer of the great truth, that God cannot coerce the conversion of a sinner, when the fact is known to every tyro in theology that all Arminian writers and teachers have taught this doctrine from the beginning. We seriously advise Dr. Bledsoe to take out a patent on his discoveries in theological science, and he will be able then to distinguish his from other people's.'

Let us now, deliberately, take this passage to pieces, and see if it is not a 'literary hodge-podge'—a miserable monstrosity—a gross medley of ignorance, injustice, misrepresentation, and bigotry—a fantastic fanfaronade of conceit and bluster, fuss and feathers, coarseness and vulgarity. Let us follow it, item by item, and see if it is not a *conglomerate* of something worse than Dutch beans, soup, and sauer kraut.

*Item first.* We have said, and we still say, that the rite of infant baptism is enjoined, or made a duty, by no *express* com-

mand of the New Testament. This is the head and front of our offending. Having asserted this, we then added the following sentence: 'We justify the rite, *therefore, solely on the ground of logical inference*, and not on any express word of Christ or his Apostles.' Now, if Mr. M. had copied this sentence, which immediately follows the one copied by him, it would show *the grounds* on which we *really believe in the doctrine of infant baptism*. Hence he kept this sentence out of sight, and has repeatedly represented us, most untruly, as contending that the New Testament furnishes no ground for such a belief. He has afterward, it is true, copied this sentence, but, then, he has been careful to leave out the words underscored by us, which show that 'we justify the rite' . . . 'on the ground of logical inference.' Now, we submit to the candid reader, if this is not a *suppressio veri*. Is such a concealment of the truth in relation to our position fair? is it ingenuous? is it honest?

In our speech before the committee we declared it as our opinion, that there was not a Pedobaptist writer of any note in the world who does not concede the same thing—namely, that infant baptism is not enjoined by any express command of the New Testament. Mr. Miller asked us to repeat the assertion, which we did emphatically, and he took the words down in his memorandum. The next day he repeated them correctly, and produced the *Institutes* of Mr. Watson to overturn our broad and bold assertion, that there was not a Pedobaptist, etc. He read the following words from the *Institutes*: 'In favor of infant baptism, the following arguments may be adduced. Some of them are more direct than others, but the reader will judge whether, taken altogether, they do not establish this practice of the Church, continued to us from the earliest ages, upon the strongest basis of SCRIPTURAL AUTHORITY.' Now, every word of this we most firmly and implicitly believe; but what does it assert? Why this, and this only, 'In favor of infant baptism, *the following arguments may be adduced.*' Our 'arguments' from Scripture, however clear and conclusive, are not *commands* of Scripture. Our *inferences* from the words of Christ, however irresistible in point of logic, are

not the words of Christ. We, too, justify the right of infant baptism, on 'the ground of logical inference' from Scripture, and insist that it rests on an immovable 'basis of scriptural authority.' But where is the *express* command? Show us this, and we have no further need of 'arguments,' or 'logical inferences.' A simple 'thus saith the Lord' would settle the controversy. But it has not been found. In the whole discussion by Mr. Watson, there is nowhere the mention or notice of any express command to baptize infants. He gives us arguments, and arguments only, or logical inferences. His high authority is, therefore, not to the point. It is a complete flash in the pan. If he will show us the *express* word, or command, we may dispense with his long array of arguments. But Mr. Watson was far too fair and candid, in the controversy with our Baptist brethren, to pretend that there is any *express* command in favor of our side of the question.

On the contrary, he expressly admits that there is no such command or injunction. He says: 'The impugnors of infant baptism are pleased to argue much from the absence of *all express mention* of the baptism of infants in the New Testament. *This, however, is easily accounted for,*' etc. Thus he admits that there is no *express mention of infant baptism* in the New Testament, either by command or otherwise, and proceeds to account for the 'absence of all express mention of the baptism of infants in the New Testament.' This is precisely the ground we have taken, and we are happy to find that we have only trod in the footsteps of Richard Watson. The only authority adduced by Mr. Miller to *crush* really *confirms* our position.

John Wesley admits the same thing—namely, that there is no command in Scripture for infant baptism. He says: 'It is objected, thirdly, "There is no command for it [infant baptism] in Scripture. Now God was angry with his people, because they did that which he said, "I commanded them not." (Jer. vii. 31.) One plain text would end all the dispute."' In reply to this objection Mr. Wesley does not pretend that there is any command for infant baptism in Scripture; he

1 Wesley's Works, Vol. IX. A Treatise on Baptism, p. 161.

only insists that one plain text would not settle the dispute, even if it were given; and also that it is unreasonable to oppose the practice of infant baptism, because it rests on the ground of inference only. Thus Wesley, no less than Watson, admits, just as we have done, that there is no express command for infant baptism in the New Testament.

Professor McClintock, in his *Encyclopædia of Biblical and Ecclesiastical Literature*, virtually makes the same admission with Wesley and Watson. He argues the question of infant baptism, without pretending to find in the New Testament any command for the practice. If he could have found such a command, would he not have produced it, or at least made some allusion to its existence? It was certainly his duty to have done so. Instead of this he says: 'Although there are no *express* examples in the New Testament of Christ and his Apostles baptizing infants, there is no proof that they were excluded.' 'No proof that they were excluded,' and no 'express' proof that they were included. This is our ground exactly. But we still hold, with Dr. McClintock, and Watson, and Wesley, that the indirect proof, by inference from Scripture, in favor of infant baptism, is unanswerable. Where, then, is our heresy? Are all Methodists, whether past or present, guilty of heresy on the subject of infant baptism, except Mr. C. W. Miller?

Our old friend, William Nast, D. D., is another authority to the same effect. In his learned and valuable *Commentary on Matthew* he has an essay on infant baptism, in which he says: 'Impartial men [that does not include Mr. Miller] on both sides will concede that *there are no passages in the New Testament from which we can draw any direct and positive proof either for or against the practice of infant baptism by the Apostles.* While Baptists rely on the silence of the New Testament concerning the baptism of infants, Pedobaptists appeal to the mention of whole households as implying it, urging, moreover, that the very silence of the New Testament is a proof for infant baptism, because infants had been incorporated into the Jewish Church by circumcision, and a change of their relation to the New Testament Church would have required a positive

declaration on the part of Christ and his apostles. But all arguments for or against infant baptism having been practiced by the apostles are more or less conjectural, and can only be used as collateral evidence.' Now here Dr. Nast, with all other impartial Pedobaptists, allows the Baptists to make the most of 'the silence of the New Testament concerning the baptism of infants'; and, conceding that there are '*no express passages* in the New Testament' to decide the question either way, appeals to those arguments, or inferences, which we find in all the celebrated Methodists who have gone before him in the same controversy.

We might, if necessary, multiply authorities to the same effect almost indefinitely. We have, in fact, at least twenty more already selected, marked, and lying around us, either on our desk or table. But surely the above four, consisting of John Wesley and his followers, are sufficient for our present purpose. If the authority of Wesley, and Watson, and McClinton, and Nast are not sufficient to outweigh the simple *ipse dixit* of the Rev. C. W. Miller, A. M., they are, we trust, at least sufficient to shield us from the wrath of his pig-headed Pedobaptism. He has written a little book, the same whose title is at the head of this article, in which he has made the grand discovery of an express command for infant baptism in the New Testament; but it was his blindness, and not his intelligence, which enabled him to make this wonderful discovery. He need not, however, take out a patent for this, 'his great discovery in theology'; as there is no likelihood whatever that any other human being will ever have the least desire to appropriate it. For it is, as we shall have occasion to show, an abortion of mental imbecility and weakness, which betrays an unacquaintance with our whole theological teaching on the subject of infant baptism, that would be absolutely incredible to us if we did not know it to be a fact.

He has undertaken to teach us the true doctrine of Methodists on the subject of infant baptism. He must certainly look upon us as mere neophytes in Methodism. We can assure him, that we possessed the writings of Wesley, Watson, and Adam Clarke, as well as of other celebrated Methodists, and

were *au fait* in their doctrinal views, long before he was born. We do not object, however, to his instructions. Perhaps they will be followed by several good effects. When Gil Percy undertook to teach Gil Blas the letters of the alphabet of his own language, he had the good fortune to learn them himself. Perhaps something of the same kind may happen to Mr. Miller, in consequence of his attempt to give us our *first lessons* in the teachings of Methodism. Perhaps, too, the inconveniences attending the methods adopted by him in giving his first lessons, may lead him to moderate the violence of his temper, the haughtiness of his tone, and the rudeness of his manners.

He has identified us with the Munsterites of the sixteenth century, who are known in history as among the most fanatical of rebels, the most lawless of incendiaries, and the most diabolical of wholesale murderers. Now, why has he done this? It can only be because we have admitted, what we have always believed, that there is no express command for infant baptism in the New Testament; for the Munsterites know nothing, and cared less, about the writings of Hermas, or Justin Martyr, or Irenæus. It is for this grave offence, then, that he uses the following language: 'Dr. Blodsoe, in this, simply fell full-length into the extended arms of all the anti-pedobaptists, from the saintly Munsterites to the present, and instead of making "a more profound analysis and explanation than usual," he only *repeated insane ravings* which have been refuted a thousand times. *This seems to be in accordance with the intellectual exploits of the editor of the Southern Review.*'

Now, the use of such language, we venture to suggest to Mr. Miller, is no evidence that he has any conception of the courtesy of a Christian, or even the good-breeding of a gentleman. For this outrage on the decencies of controversy, the Rev. Mr. Miller owes his Baptist brethren a most profound and humble apology. 'Before we conclude this article,' says the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 'it must be remarked, that the Baptists and Mennonites in England and Holland are to be considered in a very different light from the enthusiasts wo

have been describing [the Munsterites]; and it appears equally uncandid and inviolous to trace up their distinguishing tenet, as some of their adversaries have done, to these obnoxious characters, and there stop, in order as it were to associate with it ideas of turbulence and fanaticism, with which it certainly has no connection.' (Art. Baptism.) Mr. Miller does even more than this; he imputes to us 'the insane ravings'<sup>1</sup> of the anti-pedobaptists and Munsterites, which have been refuted a thousand times. For this outrage, we repeat, he owes the Baptists of the present day a thousand humble apologies, to say nothing of the disgrace which such language reflects on the cause he advocates.

As for ourselves, we desire no apology, and need none. Nor shall we attempt to refute such language; for we know of no arguments by which any sort of raving, whether insane or rational, may be 'refuted.' We simply notice the fact, in passing, that it falls on the head of John Wesley, as well as upon our own. He intended to annihilate, as a sham Methodist, the editor of the *Southern Review*; but, unfortunately for himself, the blow fell on a host of true Methodists, with John Wesley at their head. It hurts nobody, therefore, but himself. We once saw a young man, blind with the rage of passion, mistake a tree for his adversary, and so get the skin of his knuckles taken off, the bark of the tree proving too hard for the bark of his fist. We have seen another young man, likewise, in the blindness of his zeal, throw himself against the great founder of Methodism, whose name is more firmly planted than a tree, and get himself very badly hurt. But he ought to be grateful, very grateful indeed, if all the skin of his body be not taken off, and his carcass well salted and peppered into the bargain. The disaster is very much deplored; but he has no one to blame but himself. It is thought by his friends, by a great many of them at least, that it would have been far better for him if he had stayed at home, and nursed his young reputation for prowess in debate.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Miller did seem a little ashamed of this language, when it was read before the Committee, and said he thought it must be a misprint. He believed, in fact, if his manuscript could be found, it would be seen that he had written 'inane ravings' instead of 'insane ravings.'

*Item Second.* Mr. Miller sets forth the simple statement of the fact, that there is no *express* command for infant baptism in the New Testament, as the result of our 'more profound analysis.' It is the result of no analysis whatever, shallow or profound, and it is not given by us as any such thing. Really, if Mr. Miller intends to be the editor of a Quarterly Review, he ought to be able see so obvious a difference as that which exists between the simple statement of a fact and record, and the result of any kind of analysis. We simply see the one; we have to work out the other. The one is a postulate, a simple datum; the other is the solution of a problem, often complicated and intricate. In ascribing such a statement to us, as the result of our 'more profound analysis,' we should think Mr. Miller regarded us as a fool, if we did not know that it was merely a blunder of his own want of mental eyesight.

He may well confess himself 'at a loss to determine' where the 'more profound analysis' is 'in those positions' or simple statements of fact. He cannot find it, because it is not there, and no sane man would look there for it. If he would find a bird, he must look in the air, and not under the sea; or if he would find a fish, he must search the waters, not the atmosphere. So, in like manner, if he would find our analysis, such as it is, he must look where every reasonable being would expect to find it, *and not in the bare facts, or data, or postulates*, with which we set out. The truth is, that our analysis is hardly begun as yet, and may be fairly seen only in our second article on 'The History of Infant Baptism'—that is to say, if a man has eyes to see with. But we have no hope that the man who judges and condemns our analysis before it is produced, will judge it fairly and candidly after it is laid before him. But is it not, after all, a very little thing to be judged by a very little man?

*Item third.* Mr. Miller says, 'he triumphantly announced himself as the discoverer of the great truth,' etc. There is not one particle of truth in this. The truth here referred to is a hundred years old at least, if not a thousand. We defy Mr. Miller, or any other man, to produce the passage in which we



claim to be the discoverer of any such truth; and if he does not produce the passage, we shall pronounce him a false accuser.

*Item fourth.* *He triumphantly announced himself as the great truth,* . . . and yet *the fact is known to every tyro in theology that all Arminian writers and teachers have taught this doctrine [or truth] from the beginning.* What an ignorant, idle, vain, conceited boaster must Dr. Bledsoe then be! If this 'fact is known to every tyro in theology, then it is, of course, known to Mr. Miller. *But Mr. Miller does not know it.* There is in this little world of ours, as all history testifies, such a thing as 'the conceit of knowledge without the reality.' Such, precisely, is the knowledge of 'every tyro in theology' who assumes to know 'the fact' imputed to him by Mr. Miller. It is only 'the conceit of knowledge without the reality.' Every real theologian, who has studied the history of his science, *absolutely and certainly knows* that 'the fact,' so-called, is a sheer fiction. We defy Mr. Miller, or any other man, to show where 'the great truth' in question was ever held or taught by either Mr. Watson or Mr. Wesley. We have now marked in the writings of both Watson and Wesley—and we have had them marked ever since before Mr. Miller was born—the very passages in which 'the great truth,' falsely ascribed to 'all Arminian writers,' is expressly repudiated by them. The 'tyro in theology,' then, who declares that this 'great truth' has been taught by 'all Arminian writers' from the beginning, only proclaims his own ignorance in the very matter which he so confidently affirms. He has no reason to glory, as he does, in the fancied superiority of his knowledge. This 'conceit of knowledge without the reality' is, indeed, one of the sorest evils of a fallen world. It is the most fatal of all the obstacles among men to progress in *real* knowledge, and has, everywhere and always, disturbed the order, harmony, tranquility, and peace of society. It is the mother of heresies, and the very soul of schisms; the source of discord, and the calamity of science. It built 'the tower of Babel,' and erected 'the more perfect Union' of 1787. In fine, this 'conceit of knowledge without the reality' mistakes the true road to

heaven, and leads down to hell. The pit is peopled with its victims.

*Item fifth, and last.* 'We seriously advise Dr. Bledsoe to take out a patent on his discoveries in theological science, and he will be able then to distinguish his from other people's.' We simply dismiss this silly gibe, this low, gratuitous insult, as utterly unworthy of every tyro in theology we have ever known, *except Mr. Miller.*

We find that we must economize our space. Hence, instead of giving the next paragraph in full, and then repeating it in the form of items, we shall divide it into items as we go along, and thus give his words only once. The following items, then, comprise the next paragraph of the writer's virulent attack :

Par. IV.—*Item first* : 'But how can he believe, as he professes to, that "the baptism of young children is to be retained in the Church," when, after his "more profound analysis and explanation," he is "unable to find in the New Testament a single express declaration or word in favor of" it? and does not find a trace of it "before the time of Tertullian"? How can a man believe in and practice as a divine thing that *for which he finds no support in the New Testament* [the italics are ours], and still retain a conscience void of offence? Will the distinguished editor inform us?'

We have already informed him, in our article on 'The History of Infant Baptism.' But he who is informed against his will is of the same opinion still. Hence, without hoping to set Mr. Miller right, we will inform our readers, and convict him of a gross, perverse, and willful misrepresentation of our views.

He seems determined to represent us as finding 'no support in the New Testament' for infant baptism, and that, too, directly in the face of our most positive and explicit declarations to the contrary. He overlooks our positive declarations and *proofs*, and then, with the arts of a sophist, seeks to hold us responsible for our quotation from Neander, to the effect that there is no Scriptural authority for infant baptism. After quoting the words of Neander, we say (Art. Hist. of Inf. Bap., p. 335), 'We might, if necessary, adduce the admission of many other learned Pedobaptists, that their doctrine is not found in the New Testament, *either in express terms, or by*

*implication from any portion of its language.*' Now, Mr. Miller underscored these words, in deep black lines, and endeavored to hold us responsible for them before the Committee on Books and Periodicals. Now, we ask, is it fair, is it honest, to hold us responsible for every quotation in our historical sketch of infant baptism, unless we quote it with approbation? It is especially unfair and dishonest, in the case under consideration, for two very good reasons: First, because we have expressly disclaimed responsibility for the logic of Neander, and for the conclusion to which it leads. 'We quote this passage,' we say, p. 335, '*not because its logic does, in any respect, carry conviction to our mind, but simply to show how completely Neander concedes the point that infant baptism is not an apostolical ordinance.*' Simply to show, in our historical sketch, what Neander held and taught. Did we assent to this? Did we assert that infant baptism is not an apostolical ordinance? No. And if we had done so we would have belied the conviction of our whole life, as well as the express and positive utterances of the article under consideration. Secondly, because, instead of approving the conclusion, that infant baptism 'is not found in the New Testament . . . *by implication from any portion of its language,*' we proceed to refute this very conclusion, by giving the clearly and unequivocally inspired authority of the New Testament for infant baptism. Yet, in spite of the fact, that we have combated this conclusion, we are held responsible for it! Could anything be more unfair or unjust?

We now lay before our readers our reply to the conclusion of Neander and others. After stating their conclusion, we proceed, in the very next sentence, as follows: What evidence have we, then, that infant baptism should be retained in the Church as most agreeable to the institution of Christ? The arguments which, to our minds, establish this point *as probable*, may be found in an infinity of authors. But we are not concerned with these arguments in this paper, which is intended for those, and those only, who believe in the doctrine of infant baptism.

Yes, 'for those, and those only, who believe in the doctrine

of infant baptism,' as we ourselves do, and always have done. We add, in passing, if we had been concerned, in that article, with the arguments in favor of infant baptism, we should certainly have reproduced the unanswerable arguments of Watson and Wesley, and of an 'infinity of authors' besides. It is wonderful to us that Mr. Miller, who has undertaken to furnish a treatise on infant baptism for the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, should have utterly ignored some of the very best of those arguments, and substituted, in their place, sophistical trash of his own. Determined to find in the New Testament, what neither Watson nor Wesley could find, an *express command* in support of infant baptism, he has treated us to 'the abortion of imbecility and weakness' already alluded to, and, relying on this as sufficient, he has neglected and despised the great arguments, or inferences from Scripture, on which they planted the cause of infant baptism. We are abundantly prepared to show this; and, for the sake of 'Methodist truth' and sound logic, we will show this. Did not Mr. Miller 'wake up the wrong passenger'? No. He waked up the right passenger. For it is high time, in the good providence of God, that the sophistical trash of Mr. Miller should be swept away, and the unanswerable arguments of Wesley and Watson restored to their rightful place in the theological literature of Methodism.

'But, to return from this short digression, we did not stop with the above extract from the article on the history of infant baptism. We feared, indeed, if we stopped there, some weak-minded brother might conclude, that we did not believe that infant baptism 'is an apostolic ordinance.' Hence, to prevent the possibility of such an inference, we immediately added the following words: 'There is one of those arguments, however, which falls in with our present design (namely, the design to prevent all misconception of our views). It is found in Knapp's Theology (which, by the way, contains an admirable summary of all of them), and it is in these words: "The most decisive reason is the following: "Christ did not indeed ordain infant baptism *expressly* [Watson and Wesley, as we have seen, both say the same thing]; but if in the command to bap-

tize *all*, he had wished children to be excepted, he must have expressly said this." (Matt. xxviii.) Since the first disciples of Christ, as native Jews, never doubted that children were to be introduced into the Israelitish Church by circumcision, it was natural that they should include children also in baptism, *if Christ did not expressly forbid it*. Had he, therefore, wished that this should be done, *he would have said so in definite terms*.

Now, Mr. Miller, with his usual fairness, quotes only the first sentence of the above argument from Knapp. The two following sentences, which are indisponsably necessary to the validity of the argument, *he entirely omits*, and then proceeds to tear the argument (previously mangled in his extract) into shreds, by a method of maltreatment peculiar to himself. If he had laid the whole argument before his readers, perhaps some of them, more clear-sighted or fair-minded than himself, might have seen and appreciated its force. Be this as it may, it is certain that the argument, as mutilated by Mr. Miller, is deprived of its clearness and force, and, consequently, more easily exposed to the ridicule and scorn he pours upon it. How little he was aware—poor man!—that the ridicule and scorn which he thus poured upon Knapp and the *Southern Review*, also fell on the heads of Watson and Wesley, as well as on other great lights of Methodism! This, to his great shame and sorrow, he will be presently made to see.

But this is not all. He has been careful to conceal, also, the very emphatic and significant words which we added to the extract from Knapp. If these words had been quoted by Mr. Miller they would have shown our true position, and put to the blush his unscrupulous assertion, that 'he [Dr. Bledsoe] finds no support in the New Testament' for Infant Baptism. We beg leave, therefore, to lay these decisive words before our readers, and then leave them to determine if Mr. Miller ought not to blush all the way down to his boots. Here they are: 'It was not only natural [repeating the words of Knapp] that they *should*, it was absolutely certain that they *would*, include children in baptism, as the event has shown. [The italics are in Art. on Hist. of Infant Baptism.] Yet Christ, foreseeing

the event, did not forbid it (i. e., infant baptism). *Hence is (infant baptism) MUST HAVE BEEN AGREEABLE TO HIS WILL.*' (p. 336.) Now, here it is expressly affirmed that Christ knew his disciples would understand him to include infant baptism in his command to 'baptize *all*,' and that he so allowed them to understand him. It is affirmed, moreover, that his disciples did so understand him, as the event (or practice of infant baptism) has shown. 'Hence' [the inevitable conclusion is drawn] the practice of infant baptism 'MUST HAVE BEEN AGREEABLE TO HIS WILL.' Now who, we ask, can look this language in the face, and yet assert, as Mr. Miller does, that Dr. Bledsoe 'finds no support in the New Testament' for the practice of infant baptism? How can he so boldly assert this, we ask, and 'still retain a conscience void of offence'? In only one way, we humbly apprehend, and that is, *by having no conscience at all.*

It is remarkable that the argument from Knapp in the *Southern Review*, on which Mr. Miller pours his contempt, is the first great argument Mr. Watson himself uses in favor of infant baptism. After asserting that the arguments in favor of infant baptism show that it rests 'upon the strongest basis of SCRIPTURAL AUTHORITY,' Mr. Watson proceeds to give the following as his first great argument in proof of the truth of his assertion: 'As it has been established that baptism was put by our Lord himself and his apostles in the room of circumcision, as an initiatory rite into the covenant of grace, and as the infant children believers under the Old Testament were entitled to the covenant benefits of the latter ordinance, *and the children of Christian believers are not expressly excluded from entering into the same covenant by baptism, the absence of such an explicit exclusion is sufficient proof of their title to baptism.*'<sup>1</sup>

Now, here is precisely the same 'argument from silence,' or from 'the absence' of any 'explicit exclusion' of infants from the rite of baptism, which Mr. Miller deems so ineffably weak in the great work of Knapp and in the *Southern Review*. Will he ridicule it in Mr. Watson? Or will the authority of

<sup>1</sup> Institutes. Part IV. Chap. III.

Mr. Watson so clear up his mental vision, and so brighten his logical faculties, as to enable him to see the force of the same argument in him which appeared so weak in Dr. Knapp ?

Again, says Mr. Watson, ' If it had been intended to exclude infants from entering into the new covenant by baptism, *the absence of every expression* to this effect in the New Testament, *must have been misleading* to all men, and *especially to the Jewish believers.*' What shall we say, then ? Shall we say that Christ intended to mislead all men by his silence, especially the Jewish believers, or his immediate disciples ; or that he intended them to baptize infants ? Shall we say that he meant to mislead his Apostles, and other Jewish disciples, or that he meant them to practice infant baptism ? Most assuredly, that he meant them to practice infant baptism, *as they did*, in consequence of his command to baptize *all*, without any express exclusion of infants.

What says Mr. Miller now ? Is not his crest a little fallen ? Or is he still as full of fight as ever, and his feathers as fierce ? Not knowing exactly how this is, we will first corroborate the argument of Knapp, and the *Southern Review*, and Mr. Watson, by the authority of Mr. Wesley. For, in dealing with those whose mental eye-sight is dim, and whose logical faculty is weak, we must needs call in the aid of authority. If Mr. Miller, for example, cannot see the force of an argument in Knapp, or in the *Southern Review* ; we must show him the same argument in Wesley. In other words, if he cannot see for himself, and walk alone in the clear light of logic, come from what source it may, then we must restore the use of leading-strings, just to help his unsteady, tottering steps a little. Hear, then, the words of Mr. Wesley : ' If it was the custom of the Jews [as it was], when they gathered proselytes out of all nations, to admit children into the Church by circumcision, though they could actually believe the law and obey it, then the Apostles, making proselytes to Christianity by baptism, could never think of excluding children, whom the Jews always admitted (the reason for admission being the same), *unless our Lord had expressly forbidden it. It follows, the Apostles baptized infants. Therefore, they are the proper*

*subjects of baptism.*' Admirable logic, this; far better for some minds, no doubt, than the logic of Knapp, because it is found in Wesley. But in no other respect is it better than Knapp's, *for it is essentially the same.*

Every other Methodist, we believe, who has written on the subject of infant baptism, has approved this argument, except Mr. Miller. Thus says Professor McClintock: 'But although there are no express examples of Christ and his Apostles baptizing infants, *there is no proof they were excluded.* . . . Besides, if children were not to be baptized, it is reasonable to expect *that they would have been expressly forbidden.*' Most assuredly, considering all the circumstances, if Christ did not intend infants to be baptized, it 'would have been expressly forbidden.' But it was not expressly forbidden, either by him or his Apostles, and, *therefore, he intended them to be baptized.* Such is the argument of Professor McClintock, as well as of Knapp and the *Southern Review.*

Adam Clarke also says: The Apostles 'now received the command to teach and proselyte all the nations, and baptize them in the name of the Trinity, they must necessarily understand that *infants* were included; nor could they, *the custom of the country being considered,* have understood our Lord differently, *unless he had, in the most express terms, said that they were not to baptize children, which neither he nor his Apostles did.*' (Matt. xxviii. 19.)

In like manner, our old friend, Dr. Nast, as we have already seen in the quotation from him, uses these words: 'Infants had been incorporated into the Jewish Church by circumcision, *and a change of their relation to the New Testament Church would have required a positive declaration on the part of Christ and his Apostles.*' But as it is universally conceded that there is no such positive declaration, it follows that infants should be baptized. Thus Dr. Nast, as well as Adam Clarke, McClintock, Wesley, and Watson, uses precisely the same argument as Knapp and the *Southern Review.*

What will Mr. Miller do now? Will he still insist that we should be excluded from our office of teacher of 'Methodist truth,' because it is unknown to us? Will he still contend



that he is the true exponent of 'Methodist truth,' and that all other Methodists, with John Wesley at their head, are in the wrong? If so, we can only liken him to the soldier, who was put in an awkward squad, either because he *could* not, or *would* not, keep step with the rest of the company, and who thereupon complained bitterly that he was the only man in the whole company that *did keep the step*. Or to the French girl, mentioned by Dr. Franklin, who expressed to her mother very great wonder at the strange fact, that she was always right, while other people were always wrong whenever she differed from them. But even if he is right, that is no reason why he should denounce us, and seek to disgrace the *Southern Review*, as unfit to represent 'Methodist truth' (of which he seems to claim a monopoly), simply on account of views which we hold in common with such Methodists as Wesley, and Watson, and Clarke, and McClintock, and Nast, not to mention a host of others. Hence, if every one is to be discredited and denounced because he does not agree with Methodist teachings, then, in the name of truth and justice, let Mr. Miller be discredited and denounced, for, in regard to such teachings, he is at war with Wesley, and Watson, and Clarke, and McClintock, and Nast, and others, while we do most perfectly agree with them.

*Item second:* 'It is unworthy of the man and of his cause for him to tell us, half apologetically, that "hundreds of learned Pedobaptists have come to the same conclusion." It may be answered truly, that "hundreds of learned Pedobaptists" believe all the monstrous things that the harlot of Rome teaches; "hundreds of learned Pedobaptists" believe all the errors of the Greek Church, and of the Luthern Church, etc.; but is that any justification for a Methodist preacher, who, at his ordination, solemnly promised "to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's word," to *teach* and *practice* what he cannot find one "express word of Christ or his Apostles" to support? Many of "the learned Pedobaptists" who comfort Dr. B., by declaring that there is nothing in the *New Testament* to warrant infant baptism, were German rationalists, notwithstanding they were nominal members of the Lutheran Church, and their writings are replete with positions and sentiments abhorrent to our standard of faith.'

Now, we want no comfort or support in the declaration, 'that there is *nothing* in the *New Testament* to warrant infant baptism,' for, as we have seen, we have made no such declaration. On the contrary, we have found much in 'the *New*

Testament to warrant infant baptism'—as much, indeed, as either Watson or Wesley has ever found there. We only assert that we can find no '*express command*' for infant baptism in the New Testament, and in this position, which is so obnoxious to Mr. Miller, we have the support and comfort of all the great authorities of the Methodist Church, as well as of writers on Pedobaptism.

Nor have we quoted a single 'German rationalist' in favor of our real positions. We have only quoted Knapp and Neander: the one for the position, that there is no *express command* for infant baptism in the New Testament; and the other for the historical fact, that Tertullian is the first writer who makes any distinct mention of infant baptism. Every tyro in theology, or in the history of the Church, does know, or *ought* to know, that they were *not* 'German rationalists.' On the contrary, when Strauss, the great 'German rationalist,' sent forth his *Life of Christ*, Neander was the first great leader of German thought who, by his *Life of Christ*, assailed that giant of rationalism, and laid him low. Nor was any theologian in all Germany freer from the taint of rationalism than was George Christian Knapp. We can assure Mr. Miller that, whether he is aware of it or not, these great men are entitled to a little respect and deference, even from him. We are happy, indeed, in being associated with such names, and are willing to take our share of the spite and venom which he is pleased to spit upon their venerable names. He may identify, if he pleases, their simple and sober statement of facts with 'the raving insanities of the Munsterites'; but they were, none the less, great evangelical divines, as remarkable for the simplicity and fervor of their piety, as for the vast extent of their erudition. But, whatever Mr. Miller may be pleased to think of us, we insist that he should not be so *terrifically* hard on them, as they never had the benefit of his instructions, and could not have foreseen the positions he would be pleased to assume on the subject of infant baptism. They could not, therefore, have intended to insult him.

We beg leave, in conclusion, to read Mr. Miller a lesson

of moderation, candor, and good manners out of a work which he has repeatedly quoted, and which he is pleased to call a 'great History of the Church.'<sup>1</sup> Dr. Schaff, in the work referred to, uses the following words in relation to the question whether infants were baptized in the primitive Church: 'This question we must answer in the affirmative [as we ourselves have done], though we have encountered not only the Baptists, *but also the authority of many celebrated Pedobaptist divines*, and among them *the venerable Dr. Neander, who denies* [as we do not] the existence of infant baptism in the apostolic Church.'<sup>2</sup> Now, this is, in substance if not in form, precisely the same statement made by ourselves, and which has kindled the wrath of Mr. Miller. But, in a foot-note, Dr. Schaff points out the great difference between the position of 'the venerable Neander,' and that of the Baptists, in order, as it would seem, to shield his great name from the aspersions of pig-headed Pedobaptists. Not so, Mr. Miller. He not only identifies the position of Neander with that of the Pedobaptists, but also rails at him as guilty of 'the raving insanities of the Munsterites'! Nay, he includes us in the same category and the same railing, though we have contended, in opposition to Neander, that infant baptism *was* in existence in the Apostolic Church, and endeavored to establish our opposition! Having done all this, Mr. Miller then towers in the rage of his righteous indignation, as if he were determined to annihilate the poor, insignificant editor of the *Southern Review*. Only hear him, gentle reader, and then judge for yourself.

*Item the third:* 'May a preacher among us embrace any absurd fancy of these theological Don Quixotes, and justify himself by coolly telling us, "Hundreds of learned" ? etc. And, more than this, shall we publish his dreams thus justified "under the auspices of the M. E. Church, South" (see first cover of the *Southern Review*), and so become a party to the dream? For ourselves, we have more than once defended the *Southern Review* on the Annual Conference floor, not because we believed it perfectly faultless, but because we hoped that after the astute editor got through reviewing "The Theodicy," and explaining his reasons for becoming a Methodist, the *Review* would become a medium for our higher literature.'

1 Miller on Infant Baptism, p. 46.

2 History of the Apostolic Church, † 143.

Absurd fancy of these theological Don Quixotes! Neander asserts, as we have seen, that Tertullian is the first writer who speaks of infant baptism. And in our article on the History of Infant Baptism we said, and we now repeat, that 'Tertullian is the first writer in the Church who makes any *express mention* of the custom of infant baptism.' Now, this is our candid opinion. We should, if possible, be glad to find this custom mentioned by all the early writers of the Church—by Hermas, by Justin Martyr, by Irenæus and all the rest. But after the most careful and conscientious investigation, we have been able to find no such corroboration of the views we hold, nor do we need it. We stand on the Word of God. If Mr. Miller is right, and we are wrong, as to the testimony of Hermas, Justin Martyr, and Irenæus to the practice of infant baptism, in which we both believe, it is our misfortune, and not our fault. As to this *simple matter of fact*, the greatest of Ecclesiastical Historians may be wrong, and Mr. Miller may be right; but is such difference of opinion, we ask the reader, sufficient to justify a young man in pronouncing the sober and mature decision of Neander an 'absurd fancy,' and Neander himself a 'theological Don Quixote'? But, as we shall presently see, the great Ecclesiastical Historian is right, and the young man is wrong. He is only puffed up 'with the conceit of knowledge without the reality.'

But that which seems to have kindled his orthodoxy into its fiercest flames, is the admission made by us, that 'there is no express command for infant baptism in the New Testament.' For this we have quoted the authority of George Christian Knapp, and of the Rev. G. A. Jacob, D. D.—a learned evangelical divine of the Church of England—and no German rationalist whatever. Is this, too, an 'absurd fancy'? and are these learned divines, known all over the world, except in Mr. Miller's neighborhood, as possessing great, calm, judicial minds; are they, we ask, only crack brained 'theological Don Quixotes'? As we have already seen, this 'absurd fancy,' as Mr. Miller is pleased to call it, is also found in Wesley and Watson, as well as in Knapp and Jacob. Are they, too, 'theological Don Quixotes'? Ah! gentle reader,

is it not a shame, is it not an ineffaceable disgrace to the Methodism of the present day, that the obsolete 'dream' of a Wesley and a Watson should be published 'under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South'? And is it not high time that the *Southern Review*, in which this obsolete 'dream,' this old, 'absurd fancy,' is proclaimed to the brilliant young men of the rising generation, should be blotted out of existence, to make way for a better Methodist Quarterly, with a more promising editor at its head?

After 'the astute editor' gets 'through reviewing the *Theodicy*.' Another proof of the writer's petty spite. We have not reviewed a *Theodicy* nor any other of the works written by us. When our *Theodicy* first appeared, it was violently attacked in a Southern Quarterly, and the unknown author was assailed by misrepresentations and sophistries almost half as bad as those of Mr. Miller now under consideration. We made no reply. For nearly twenty years we patiently waited, believing that time would rectify the unjust epithets and misrepresentations of the reviewer. It was only after we had a *Review* of our own that we replied to that attack, and this is what Mr. Miller is pleased to call, with his usual fairness and candor, the 'reviewing of the *Theodicy*.'

He seems to be very much shocked, too, that we should have undertaken to give an account of 'Why and How I Became a Methodist'; or, as it might have been more properly worded, How I Discovered that I was a Methodist from the Beginning. It is true that we did, at the instance and request of many of our Methodist friends, begin such an explanation of the genesis of our religious opinions, and, by the grace of God, we mean to finish it. We expected, of course, to encounter the sneers of those enemies of Methodism, whose vanity sees vanity in almost everything done by others; but we did not anticipate, we confess, any such sneer from any man calling himself a Methodist. But for 'The Cummins Movement,' our explanation would have been continued in the April number of the *Southern Review*; and but for the Miller movement it would have been resumed in the present issue. We do hope, however, when it shall have been completed (if that

should ever be) to furnish the readers of the *Southern Review* with almost as good a literature as the lucubration of Mr. Miller in the *Central Methodist*.

'If we are compelled to part with either, we shall not hesitate in our choice.' He need part with neither. If Mr. Miller will just be so good as to exchange *his* Methodism for Wesley's or Watson's, he will no longer have any quarrel with the *Southern Review*.

But, to speak the plain truth, all this talk and hubbub about Methodism is *childish*. We have not assailed Methodism, nor any doctrine of Methodism, much less the doctrine of infant baptism. On the contrary, we have, from the beginning, expressed our belief in this doctrine as clearly and distinctly as possible. But this does not satisfy Mr. Miller. We must not only believe the doctrine, but also believe in the very grounds or arguments he is pleased to prescribe to us. He does us no wrong in ridiculing and rejecting our positions and arguments, though they are precisely those of Wesley, Watson, and other distinguished Methodists; but if we only neglect to use one of the arguments of his precious little book, he is all fire and tow. The question is, then, not about Methodism, nor any doctrine of Methodism, but about *Mr. Miller's supremacy in the realms of Methodism*. We must stand on *his* grounds, or we shall not stand at all. We must see with *his* eyes, or we shall not see at all. We may believe in the doctrine of infant baptism, and in all the arguments by Wesley, Watson, and others in its favor, but all this shall go for nothing, absolutely nothing, unless we also adopt *his* crotchets in support of the doctrine! In other words, we must desert the old, beaten track of the founder and fathers of Methodism, and tread most implicitly in his footsteps, or we shall not be considered Methodists at all. On the contrary, we shall be classed with the Anabaptists of the sixteenth century, and found guilty of 'the insane ravings' of the fanatical Munsterites. We cannot easily submit to such claims, nor acknowledge the ineffable, sublime superiority of Mr. Miller's wisdom, learning, and logic, on which they are founded. For, if we know what a Methodist is, *he is a free man*; and we have yet to

learn that there is in the Methodist Church any logical Lord, Dictator, or infallible Pope, to whom all minds must look for direction, or else be denounced as insane, raving, fanatical Munsterites. We have yet to learn, in other words, that all Methodists, old or young, wise or foolish, learned or ignorant, must watch Mr. Miller's debate with the Campbellites, and learn how to argue from him, or else come under the ban of herey. Who is this young man, we ask, who thus sets himself up—but we forbear.

Par. V.—As we do not intend to take this paragraph to pieces, or to notice it any further than we have already done, so we might refuse to spread on our pages such an exuberant farrago of bad rhetoric and worse logic, had we not promised to lay every word of this most extraordinary production before our readers. So here it is; the reader can peruse, it and make his own reflections:

'Dr. Bledsoe's "more profound analysis and explanation," by which he satisfies himself on the matter of infant baptism, strikes us as wonderful. E. g., he says, quoting from *Knapp's Theology*, "The most decisive reason is the following: Christ did not, indeed, ordain infant baptism expressly; but if, in his command to baptize *all* he had wished children to be excepted, he must have expressly said this." (p. 385.) Dr. B. says this "falls in with our [his] present design." He accordingly takes this as "*the most decisive reason*" for infant baptism! We never knew before that absolute *silence* upon a subject, especially when that subject had *never* been mentioned, could be a "decisive reason" for it. Let us apply this style of reasoning (?) to adult baptism. Suppose Christ had never "ordained" adult baptism. Dr. B. says he "did not indeed ordain infant baptism expressly." Again, suppose "no express word of the Apostles" had ever been spoken for it. Dr. B. says, "We justify the rite . . . not on any express word of Christ or his Apostles." Now, we say, suppose this absolute silence reigned through the New Testament with reference to baptizing men and women, would any man of ordinary sanity imagine that this *silence* is a "decisive reason" for baptizing men and women? This only places adult baptism where Dr. B. places infant baptism. The fact is, the argument *ex silentio* is not worth a fig, except as a purely collateral or presumptive process. If Christ never ordained the baptism of infants, and if his Apostles never uttered a word in favor of it, then their silence cannot be taken as "a decisive reason for it," any more than their silence can be taken as "a decisive reason" for the Roman hierarchy, concerning which they uttered no word of approval.'

We shall barely notice, in passing, two things in this remarkable extract. First, the mutilation of our extract from

Knapp, by omitting its last two and most conclusive sentences, and also our own words immediately following that extract, and which end with the emphatic words: '*Hence it [infant baptism] must have been agreeable to his [Christ's] will.*' And, secondly, the suppression of the grounds of our belief in infant baptism by the very convenient use of the points . . . . He seems determined that his readers should not see any evidence of our belief in the rite of infant baptism.

Par. VI.—In this paragraph the writer proceeds to find an express command for infant baptism in the New Testament. Has he found it? If so, all that we have to say is, it is a great pity that he came so late in the history of Methodism; otherwise he might have saved Wesley, Watson, and other great lights of our Church, from having made the fatal admission (as he esteems it), that there is no such command in the New Testament. But we shall follow him, item by item, that we may see and understand the nature of this new and wonderful discovery of the young Methodist.

*Item first:* 'But is it a fact that the New Testament does not contain "a single express declaration, or word, in favor of infant baptism"? Dr. B., who believes "the baptism of young children is to be retained in the Church," so affirms. We have neither time nor inclination to enter into an elaborate refutation of this opinion. Indeed, it is not necessary that we should; because the absurd and self-annihilating and contradictory attitude of a man who deliberately administers a rite in the name of Jesus Christ, for which Christ never uttered one word, renders that opinion, in this case, simply nugatory. And yet it must lie upon the surface to every unbiassed reader, that if the great commission given by Jesus Christ does not "ordain infant baptism," then it does not ordain anything. Matthew xxviii. 19—"Go ye, therefore, and *disciple (matheteusate)* all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," etc., is the only authority we have for administering baptism to any one. Now, according to Article 17 of our religion (which can be abundantly sustained by an appeal to the Bible), baptism is a sign that the party receiving it has been made a child of God.'

Now, on this remarkable passage we have several reflections to offer, which, if we are not greatly mistaken, will justify the assertion already made by us, that it is 'an abortion of mental imbecility and weakness.' First, the question is, not whether the great commission 'ordains infant baptism,' *but how it ordains it.* That is to say, whether it ordains infant baptism



*expressly*, or only by *necessary implication*. We have asserted, from the beginning, that, considering *the customs* of the age, and *the persons* to whom these words were addressed by our Lord, he intended them to understand him as intending infant baptism, *and that they did so understand him*. But this inference does not satisfy Mr. Miller. Nay, he ridicules and rejects this view of Knapp, Jacob, Wesley, Watson and a host of other Pedobaptists, and undertakes to show, in opposition to their admission, that the words of the commission are an *express command to ordain infant baptism*.

But how does he show this? Does he show that, in the words of the commission, infants are even mentioned? No. He does not even pretend to show any such thing. Christ merely commands his disciples to baptize all nations, but whether these words include infants or not is a *matter of inference*. Let him show us, we say, an *express command* for infant baptism. He has, as we shall presently see, attempted to show *by logic* that this is an express command! But if he will show us an *express command*, we promise him that we will see it, without the aid of his logic, by the use of our eyes alone. There was an 'express command' for the circumcision of infants, which all men could, and did see without the aid of logic. Thus, in Genesis xvii. 10 it is said: 'Every man-child among you shall be circumcised.' This is express. But where, we ask, is there any similar command for the baptism of infants? Where, in other words, is it said, *the infants among you shall be baptized*? Till he can show us some such words, or command, we must still adhere to the admission of the great Pedobaptists of the past, that the New Testament does not *expressly* enjoin the duty of baptizing infants.

In his little work on *Infant Baptism*, Mr. Miller attempts to show, *by logic*, that the great commission is a command to baptize infants. Thus he says: 'We propose to show a *command* (the italics are his) for infant baptism. Now, to determine to whom a command extends it is not necessary to fix or determine the *age*, or *sex*, or *name* of the party contemplated. The only thing necessary to be determined in order to ascertain whether the command extends to this, that, or the other

case, is to determine whether they belong to *the class* contemplated in the command. . . . We shall apply this method of proof to infant baptism, thus: In Matt. xxviii. 19, 20, we are commanded, "Go ye, therefore, and teach (disciple) all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," etc. Now, the only thing to be determined is, do infants belong to the *class* contemplated in the command? The class is "*all nations.*" Are infants any part of that class? If so, then the command to baptize them is as imperative as it is to baptize any others belonging to that class.' (pp. 13, 14.) Thus, having undertaken to show 'a command,' in which infant baptism is *expressly* enjoined, he produces the words of a command, and then proves, *by a logical inference*, that they do extend to infants as well as to any others! Why, have we not done the same thing, and that, too, in company with many of the best logicians in the world? Not liking our logical inference, however, he must have one of his own. But admitting, for the sake of argument, that his logical inference is better than any ever seen or heard of before, and entirely eclipses the reasoning faculty of the Pedobaptist world, still it is, nevertheless, *a logical inferencos*, which he uses to show that his 'command' to baptize infants is really a command to baptize them!

This is not all. This precious bit of logic of his is a sheer sophism. It is perpetrated in direct violation, if not in profound ignorance, of one of the very first and most universally recognized canons, or rules, of hermeneutical science. The language of the Bible is that of every-day, common life; and it is addressed to men whom it supposes will use their reason or common sense in the understanding of its import; a supposition, alas! which is not always realized, even among the students and teachers of Biblical theology. For, instead of applying the well-known *laws of language* to the interpretation of Scripture, they too often come with their dry, abstract, chop-logic to pervert its meaning, and debase its sublime teaching. No style of logic ever invented by the art of man would make wilder work with the Word of God than that

adopted and applied by Mr. Miller. Let us, then, see a few of the conclusions to which it would inevitably lead.

Take this command, for example, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to *every creature.*' (Mark xvi. 15.) Now, here 'the class is' every creature. But stocks, and stones, and dumb brutes are 'a part of this class.' Shall we, then, in obedience to Mr. Miller's logic, preach the Gospel to stocks, and stones, and dumb brutes? Reason and common sense forbid. These compel us, in spite of his logic, to limit the preaching of the Gospel, first to human beings, and then to that portion of the class, thus limited, who are capable of hearing and understanding the Gospel. Again, it is written, 'The wicked shall be turned into hell, and *all the nations* that forget God.' (Ps. ix. 17.) 'The class is' *all nations.* Are infants 'any part of that class'? Most assuredly they are. Shall we, then, conclude that all the infants of those nations shall be turned into hell? How does Mr. Miller like this application of his logic? Again, it is said, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, *but he that believeth not shall be damned.*' (Mark xv. 16.) Now, all the heathen nations, who have never heard of Christ or his Gospel, belong to the class here specified: *they do not believe.* Hence the logic of Mr. Miller not only may be, but often has been, applied to consign all such nations, old and young, to the outer darkness. But does not reason and humanity, we ask, recoil with horror from such a result of the application of his style of logic. It is certain that the reason and humanity of Wesley, and of the Methodist Church, reject such an inference with horror. But, not to multiply similar instances, as we might do almost *ad infinitum*, we shall conclude with this one: 'The Lord said unto Joshua, 'Make thee sharp knives, and circumcise again *the children of Israel* the second time.' (Joshua v. 2.) Here 'the class is' the children of Israel. But yet, instead of applying this command to 'all the children of Israel,' every reader of the Bible limits it to *male* children, in conformity with the well-known custom of the Jews. Thus, *custom* as well as reason and common sense, must be considered in the interpretation of the language of the Bible.

In like manner, we interpret the command to baptize 'all nations,' in conformity with the well-known *custom* of the Jews. As it was their *custom* to receive infants into the Israelitish Church, and, for that purpose, to administer to them the initiatory rite, so we have no doubt that Christ intended, by the words of his new commission, that his disciples should receive infants into the new dispensation of his Church by the ordinance of baptism. This is our logic. Nay, this is the logic of Wesley and Watson, and of all other Pedobaptist writers on the subject of infant baptism, *except Mr. Miller*. He stands alone in his glory. We infinitely prefer the good, old-fashioned logic of the Fathers of the Church, to the new-fangled logic of her most promising son.

In the second place, we object to the bold statement of Mr. Miller, that Matt. xxviii. 19 'is the only authority we have for administering baptism to any one.' For if so, then we have no authority whatever for administering baptism to infants, since Matt. xxviii. 19 does not say one word about infants, and cannot be extended to infants, unless we look beyond the words themselves for our authority to do so. Hence, in confining our authority for baptism to these words alone, he has betrayed the cause of infant baptism into the hands of its enemies. Are not the numerous—we had almost said the innumerable—instances of baptism recorded in the New Testament some authority for the administration of the rite? (See Cruden's Concordance.) Are not the words of Mark xvi. 16, 'He that believeth and *is baptized* shall be saved,' some authority for the importance, as well as for the existence, of the rite of baptism? In fact, one of the very best works ever written in favor of infant baptism—namely, the work of Dr. Samuel Miller, of Princeton, does not draw a single argument from Matt. xxviii. 19.

In the third place, Mr. Miller is unduly alarmed at our honest admission, that there is no *express command* for infant baptism in the New Testament. He seems to think, indeed, that this admission ruins the cause of infant baptism. If so, then it was ruined by Watson, and Wesley, and Knapp, and Jacob, long before we ever alluded to the subject. Nor is this

all; for almost all writers in favor of infant baptism have made precisely the same admission. Thus Mr. Edwards, in his admirably-reasoned book in favor of Pedobaptism, admits the assertion of the Baptists, that 'There is no *express command* or example for infant baptism'; and proceeds to refute the inference which they seek to draw from the admission of this fact.<sup>1</sup> In like manner, Mr. Baker says: 'It is said that there is *no precept* in all the Bible for *infant baptism*, and, therefore, "infants should not be baptized." I answer, there is no precept in all the Bible for *female communion*, and, therefore, on the same principle, females must not be permitted to commune.'<sup>2</sup> He thus admits the *fact*, and then refutes the inference. The Rev. William Hodge, also, concedes the fact that there is no express command in the New Testament for infant baptism, and then replies in the words of the illustrious Lightfoot: 'The Anabaptists object (says Lightfoot) that it is not commanded to baptize infants, therefore they are not to be baptized. To whom I answer: It is not *forbidden* to baptize infants, therefore they are to be baptized. And the reason is plain; for when Pedobaptism, in the Jewish Church, was so known, usual and frequent in the admission of proselytes, that scarcely anything was more known, usual, and frequent, there was no need to strengthen it with any precept when baptism was now passed into an evangelical sacrament.'<sup>3</sup> Equally explicit is the admission, and equally conclusive is the reply, of the Rev. Alexander Hay.<sup>4</sup> The pious and eloquent Mr. Bickersteth, not only admits the absence of an express command for infant baptism, but calls on his readers to 'admire the wisdom of God in not more positively and distinctly ordering the baptism of infants.'<sup>5</sup> The Baptist objects, says the Rev. Mr. Shaffer, 'If the Savior and his Apostles had designed to teach the doctrine of infant baptism, they would have given an *express* or *positive* command,' etc. He admits there is no such command, and proceeds to answer the objection founded thereon as usual. In like manner, the Rev. F.

1 Edwards on Baptism, p. 17.

2 Baker on Baptism, p. 45.

3 Hodges on Baptism, p. 168.

4 Treatise on Baptism, p. 46.

5 Bickersteth on Baptism, p. 118.

G. Hibbard concedes there is no such command for infant baptism, and gives in substance the same reply.<sup>1</sup> The Rev. John Livingston says: 'Anabaptists say there is *no command* to baptize infants, therefore they should not be baptized.'<sup>2</sup> He admits the fact, that there is no such command, and then conclusively refutes the objection founded thereon by the Baptists. Indeed, we cannot go amiss for such authorities, unless we travel beyond the writers on infant baptism. Even Bishop Burnet, the companion of our boyhood, bears testimony, clear and explicit, that we were right in the position, that there is no express command for infant baptism in the New Testament. To quote his own words, he says: 'Upon these reasons we conclude, that *though there is no express precept or rule given in the New Testament for the baptism of infants*, yet it is most agreeable to the institution of Christ,'<sup>3</sup> etc. Thus surrounded and supported by the Pedobaptist world—Methodists, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians—we just let the anathema of Mr. M., the young knight-errant of Kentucky, pass on with the idle wind. Fierce and malignant, truly, it does sound in our ears; but yet, as being only empty wind, it must soon whistle itself to rest. How any man could study—nay, actually write a book on the subject of infant baptism, and yet contrive to remain so profoundly ignorant of the whole literature pertaining to infant baptism, is utterly inconceivable to us.

But nowhere, in the whole range of our reading, have we seen the objection, that there is 'no express command for infant baptism in the New Testament,' more completely crushed into nothingness than by Dr. Miller, the late Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Princeton College, New Jersey. If we only had the room, we would lay the whole of this masterly reply before our readers. As it is, however, we can only call the attention of Mr. Miller to the following words of his great namesake.

'The first (objection) is,' says he, that we have *no direct warrant in the New Testament, in so many words, for infant*

1 Hibbard on Baptism, p. 78. Twenty-third edition.

2 Livingston on Christian Baptism, p. 83.

3 Burnet's Exposition of the XXXIX Articles, p. 366.

*baptism.*' . . . . 'This objection has been urged a thousand times, with great confidence, and with no inconsiderable effect, *on the minds of some serious persons of small knowledge and superficial thought.* But when thoroughly examined, it will, I am persuaded, *appear destitute of any solid foundation.*'<sup>1</sup> Why, then, should this objection have had such an effect on the mind of Mr. Miller, whose knowledge is so vast, and whose thought is so profound? We beg him to read the triumphant reply of Dr. Miller, and be convinced that, even granting that there is *no command* for infant baptism in the New Testament, his Methodism is in no danger, and he need not be at all ruffled or alarmed. Dr. Miller thus concludes in his unanswerable reply: 'So much on the supposition assumed by our Baptist brethren, that there is no direct warrant in the New Testament for infant membership, and, of course, for infant baptism. Admitting that the New Testament is silent on the subject, *their cause is ruined.*' (p. 35.) Read, then, O young man! and be comforted. Be not so dreadfully alarmed, nor cry out so lustily, at the very innocent and harmless admission, that there is, in the New Testament, no express command for infant baptism. *Our cause is not ruined.* Nay, it is not even hurt, except in the estimation of 'persons of small knowledge and superficial thought.' Be content, therefore, with the word of God, exactly as he has given it, and do not try to improve it for the sake of victory in debate. Be persuaded that in every silence of God, as well as in every utterance of his word, there is a divine wisdom, and that we, poor, blind, denizens of earth, should bow in adoring wonder at the mystery of his silence, no less than at the thunder of his voice. Remember the awful woe denounced against those who shall dare to add unto the testimony of God (Rev. xxii. 18), and seek not to put thy feeble words, or thy foolish logic, into his holy mouth. Take his word exactly as it is, with a true, child-like faith, *and then fear nothing.*

*Item second:* 'Baptism does not make him a child of God, in whole or in part; it has nothing whatever to do with the making of a child of God. That is the absurd dream of those who prefer to follow "hundreds of learned"

1 Dr. Samuel Miller, D. D., on Infant Baptism, pp. 82-83.

guides rather than God's truth. But when one is made a child of God, then baptism is intended to represent that fact. So teach the inspired penmen, and so teach all our standard writers. Now, wherever a child of God is found, he has an immediate and indefeasible right to baptism. One is not entitled to baptism upon the ground of avoirdupois, or length of bones, or number of years, or mental development. The right rests alone upon "being in Christ" as a present realization of a prospective fact. Hence, the commission does not fix age, mental development, or anything of the kind. It simply sent the Apostles to "all nations" to baptize all that God had, or is to have, in those nations. Well, already he had a numerous family among "all nations." The divine Master had already said to the Apostles, "suffer the little children [*ta paidia*] to come unto me, and forbid them not; FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF GOD." Here the fact is unequivocally stated that "little children" occupy precisely the relation to Jesus Christ which a regenerated, justified, sanctified adult sustains. They are IN the kingdom of God. Dr. B. knows that the New Testament is *replete* with statements of the fact that *children* are catalogued by the will of God with "believers," "saints," "family of God," "fold," etc. Well, does Dr. B. believe that Jesus Christ uttered "a single express declaration, or word, in favor of baptizing a grown up man who has been made God's child, and brought into "the kingdom of God"? Unquestionably he does. Then, either he must show that the commission to baptize makes size of body, number of years, and a given extent of mental development qualifications for baptism (which is absurd), or he must admit that the commission ordains the baptism of infants as well as adults. Baptism is intended to signify *relation*—the *relation* of one who is "in Christ." Infants have that relation—"of such is the kingdom of God"—and are entitled to baptism for the same reason that a regenerated adult is entitled to it. The Apostles so understood the commission.'

We shall notice only one thing in this very brilliant effusion of wit, wisdom, fairness, and candor. We are gravely informed, that 'baptism does not make a child of God'; and also that this is 'the absurd dream of those who [like ourselves] prefer to follow "hundreds of learned" guides rather than God's Word.' Now, this is a very singular passage, and presents a very curious problem in the study of mental character. The problem is this: How was it possible for Mr. Miller to impute such an 'absurd dream' to us *without one particle of evidence, or shadow of authority?*

If he had searched the record of our whole life, he could not have found one doctrine, absurd or otherwise, which we have more uniformly and constantly repudiated, than the one here imputed to us by him. It was our opposition to this doctrine, or dream, which, more than thirty-five years ago, drove us



from the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and sent us forth into the wilderness of the world in search of bread for self and family. And when, in consequence of the loss of our profession, we were as poor as any church mouse, or any churchless Christian, the same opposition to this doctrine, or dream, compelled us to reject a most advantageous offer of a lucrative situation. 'Bledsoe,' said an old friend, the Rector of one of the richest churches in New York, 'if you will only take charge of the Church School in connection with my parish, I will guarantee your fortune. You can have your own prices, and just as many children as you please.' 'You are very kind, sir,' was the reply, 'but I cannot teach a Church School.' 'Why? what in the world is the difficulty?' 'The difficulty is this, I cannot teach the Catechism, because I cannot say it myself.' 'Is it possible? and what part of it do you object to?' 'The first part; I should break down utterly at the very second question and answer. The words would stick in my throat, if I should attempt to say, "Who gave you this name? Answer: My sponsors in baptism; wherein I was made a member of Christ, *the child of God*, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven.'" And from that day to this, we have borne our testimony, however feeble, against this doctrine, or dream, of Baptismal Regeneration. Both by word and deed, by sacrifice and sufferings, in private and in public, in our conversation and in our writings, we have never ceased to repudiate the very 'absurd dream,' which Mr. Miller has so coolly and deliberately imputed to us! Now, the question is, How was such a thing possible? This question has suggested to our mind several queries and answers, as follows:

Was it on the part of Mr. Miller merely a stupid misapprehension, or a wilful perversion of the truth? It looks very much, at first view, as if it must have been the one or the other; but we must not judge from first appearances. We do not believe, for our part, that he is either such a fool, or knave, as this view of the case would show him to be. His design appears to us to have been very different; and, however unconscious to himself, deserves the attention of a philosopher.

What is, then, the real reason of the course pursued by him? Is there no truth, no life, no thought, no shame, or no decency in the man, that he should thus, without one particle of evidence or authority, impute to us the very absurdity which we have always most particularly abhorred and repudiated? The reader may judge for himself; but, for our part, we do not think any of these queries suggest the true solution of the question. Mr. Miller is no fool. He may not *always* know what he is about; but he is *always* about something. Even in his most egregious blunders there is a purpose.

The truth seems to be that he had some fine rhetoric to let off on the occasion, and he only required a suitable mark, or target, at which to let it fly. Hence, in opposition to the whole record of our life, it was necessary to represent us as High-Church-Baptismal-Regenerationists. He meant, in other words, to *extinguish* the editor of the *Southern Review*, and to *distinguish* himself. If this hypothesis be true, he has certainly succeeded in one part of his design; he has made a most admirable display of himself. If he has not *extinguished* us, he has certainly *distinguished* himself. If he has not exalted, he has certainly displayed in striking colors, his great 'eminence in controversial writing.'

The reader may, perhaps, object to this solution, that it is possible for a man, much less a preacher of the Gospel, to be so bent on an egotistical display of himself as to lose sight of all considerations of truth, fairness, and decency. But we have good reason to believe that such a thing is not only possible, but is, in fact, no new thing under the sun. We have known a young preacher, who, after having expressed his abhorrence and detestation of the doctrine of the eternity of future punishment, let fly from the pulpit some of his most tremendous rhetoric, his most flaming fire-works, in the enforcement of that doctrine. When asked, 'How he could do such a thing—how he could preach what he did not believe?' he coolly replied, 'Why, I have some of my best rhetoric on that side of the question, and cannot afford to lose it.' In like manner, Mr. Miller, it would seem, could not afford to lose some of his best rhetoric; and, therefore, he first made a

man of straw, and then shot his blazing words into the combustible materials of which it was composed. How great, how brilliant, how glorious the achievement!

It is certain that Mr. Miller was perfectly aware of our opposition to the doctrine of 'baptismal regeneration,' and lost sight of the fact only in the moment of his intense, egotistical passion for self-display. For, in the last sentence of his attack, he expresses the belief, that Dr. Bledsoe 'has got such a "big scare" at "baptismal regeneration," . . . that in fleeing from Babylon he has run past Jerusalem.' Thus, he *now* represents us as holding the 'absurd dream' of baptismal regeneration, and *anon* fleeing from it in abject terror!

He evidently thinks us very scary. For, after having failed to break down the *Southern Review*, he advised us, or warned us, not to notice his attack. Otherwise, he said, it would fare badly with the *Review*. 'I am not afraid to meet the issue,' he continued, 'but for the sake of the *Review*,' etc. We did not exactly understand, we confess, this new-born concern for the success of the *Southern Review*; but we made every possible allowance, knowing that human nature is full of *inconsistencies*, which are apt to be mistaken for *hypocrisies*.

Now, we have asked ourselves, what did this young man mean by his warning, or advice? Did he mean to intimidate us, or awe us into silence? We do not deny that we were dreadfully scared; but then, as the reader has discovered, we have not been exactly awed into silence. We know that these Kentuckians, some of them at least, are terrible creatures. We were born and brought up among them, and, from our earliest childhood, we have heard of the 'half-horse, half-alligator, and a little touch of the snapping-turtle.' Now, for all we know, Mr. Miller may be all this—nay, more; he may be all horse, all alligator, and all snapping-turtle. But even if he is all horse, or all donkey, is this any reason why he should run over us rough-shod, and trample us in the dust, simply because, in pleading the cause of Methodism as best we can, every word we utter does not happen to have the right ring in his lofty ears? Does this justify his horrible brayings, that we have learned our 'absurd dreams' from the 'theological Don Quix-

otes' of Germany, and that our views are one and the same with 'the insane ravings of the Munsterites'? Maybe the fault is in his ears, and not in our words. It is certain, as we have seen, that they are the words of Wesley and Watson, as well as of Knapp and Jacob.

Or, again, suppose he is all alligator, is this any reason why he should denounce every Methodist, old and young, who does not see exactly as he sees? On the contrary, is it not a good reason, gentle reader, why some one, less timid than ourselves, should just march right up to his expanded jaws, and, for the peace of the Church, pull out his teeth for him? Or, finally, suppose he is all snapping turtle (which seems to come nearer the truth), is this any reason he should go about snapping off the heads of Methodists, simply because they are so unfortunate as to agree with John Wesley and Richard Watson? Is it not, on the contrary, a far better reason why his own head should be snapped off, or else set right on his shoulders? We humbly venture to think so, for if anything in this world is worse than a 'theological Don Quixote,' it is a theological snapping turtle.

This article is already too long. We regret, exceedingly, that we cannot, at present, notice the rest of Mr. Miller's tirade, especially his darling arguments from Hermas, Justin Martyr, and Irenæus. These poor sophisms are not even mentioned by Dr. Samuel Miller, the ecclesiastical historian, and yet his argument from history suffers nothing from their omission. We should, indeed, have been sorry to find them in his work,<sup>1</sup> because they really weaken the cause of infant baptism. In our article on 'The History of Infant Baptism,' we say, 'We do not deny [we assert] that infant baptism was the common practice of the Church in the time of Justin Martyr, *but we do contend that such an argument as the one above advanced by the learned Bishop [the Bishop of Ely] is calculated to do any cause more harm than good.*' This is still more emphatically true in regard to the poor arguments from Hermas, and Irenæus. Believing, as we do, that infant baptism is founded in

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Miller's work on Infant Baptism is, by Dr. McClintock, pronounced one of the best ever written. See Art. Bap. in En. Bib. and Theo. Lit.

the word of God, we repudiate those false arguments, which may be so easily refuted by the weakest of our adversaries. They not only can, but they do refute them, and then claim a victory, as if they had stormed the citadel; whereas, in fact, they have reduced a few of our worse than worthless outposts, which our ill-advised friends have built of wood, hay, and stubble.

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ART. VIII.—1. *Hypatia; or, New Foes with an Old Face*. By Charles Kingsley, Jun., Rector of Eversley. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1854.

2. *Alexandria and her Schools*. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley, Canon of Middleham, and Rector of Eversley. Cambridge (England): Macmillan & Co. 1854.

In the year 331 B. C. was laid the foundation of the mighty city which was to bear down to posterity the name of Alexander the Great. Egypt had yielded an easy conquest to the Macedonian army, exchanging with small reluctance the supremacy of the Persian for that of the Greek. In the hasty progress which Alexander made through his new dominions, he must have noted the peculiar advantages of the site afterward selected, for he never again visited the spot. The village of Rhacotis was situated on the westernmost mouth of the Nile; the waters of the Mediterranean washed its northern border, while on the southern side it rested upon Lake Mareotis. On this spot Alexander determined to found the future metropolis of his empire; here should be the point of union of the three worlds united under his sway, the mighty reservoir into which Europe, Asia, and Africa should pour the accumulated treasures of their wisdom, their civilization, and their commerce.

Alexandria communicates easily with Europe and the Levant by means of the Mediterranean, and with India by the Red Sea. 'It is certain of boundless supplies of food from the desert-guarded valley of the Nile,' says Kingsley, 'to which it

formed the only key, thus keeping all Egypt, as it were, for its own private farm.'<sup>1</sup> The only unguarded avenue of approach lay through the fertile valleys of Judea; the only enemies from which it had anything to fear occupied the mountain fastnesses of Palestine. But the wisdom which had seen at a glance every advantage in the geographical position of the new city did not overlook this danger. Alexander, instead of trying to defend himself against the dogged courage and sullen ferocity which had grown up in the Jewish nation as the result of centuries of bitter suffering and galling subjection, made them his allies. He took into his own hand the intractable material and moulded it to his purposes; he enlisted in his own behalf, and against his enemies, those very qualities from which he had most to fear; he entrusted to the Jews the defence of their own beloved land, as well as the protection of his new dominion. The Jews remained loyal for several centuries, and, so guarded, Alexandria grew into the fulness of her power and her beauty.

The city was laid out according to the ideas of Alexander himself, under the direction of the great architect Dinocrates, the same who restored the temple of Diana at Ephesus. The city was crossed by two streets at right angles to each other, the one measuring seven miles and the other three; a harbor was formed by the erection of a massive mole, three-quarters of a mile in length, which connected the island of Pharos with the main land. It was adorned with magnificent buildings for the advance of science and philosophy. The Museum and the Serapeum divided between them the honor of holding the far-famed Alexandrian Library, containing seven hundred thousand volumes, which perished under the successive incursions of Romans, Christians, and Mohammedans; and it was made sacred, in Greek eyes, by the possession of the remains, or, as they were called, *the body* of Alexander.

By the statute of its founder the trade of Egypt was removed from Canopus to Alexandria. This latter city, according to Sharpe, possessed the advantage of commanding the only mouth of the Nile navigable by vessels of the greatest size.

1 Alexandria and her Schools, by Rev. Charles Kingsley, p. 7.

Not only was every stimulus given to trade and commerce, but no efforts were spared in making the city attractive to the wise men of all nations. The ideas conceived by Alexander found full development under the beneficent rule of his favorite general, Ptolemy. At the division of the overgrown and cumbrous empire, which had been aggregated into one, by the successive conquests of Alexander, Egypt fell to the share of Ptolemy. The sagacity with which he drew to the metropolis of his empire the learning and talent of the world is beyond all praise, and made Alexandria what it was in the fifth century—an epitome of the world, and the battle-field upon which Philosophy, Idealism, and Christianity were to meet in a hand-to-hand grapple, and fight out the question of their final supremacy.

Ptolemy saw that the means by which the Greek had conquered the world was intellectual superiority. He saw that in a contest between mind and brute force mind must win the day, and so he laid under contribution the whole civilized world, that he might garner in himself and his city the all-conquering force of intellect wisely directed. And yet this policy, though it produced a general literary culture, failed utterly in the objects for which it was instituted. Poets and philosophers and mathematicians were attracted toward the great capital of Egypt, and the Ptolemaic era was bright with the light of genius drawn to it from other lands, but native genius of a high order did not flourish. The unnatural, hot-bed system of Ptolemy induced a luxuriant growth of something; it did not at all insure its being of the desired kind. The genius which thrived in the sunshine of his favor had attained its maturity under sterner conditions; we do not find it productive anywhere of a fine, indigenous growth. Not one of the great names which figure in the Ptolemaic era belongs to native-born Alexandrians. Archimedes, Hipparchus, Euclid, Aristarchus, and Eratosthenes, as well as the lovely pastoral poet, Theocritus, were all natives of other lands, drawn by the royal patronage of letters to the new Egyptian court.

The unmixed prosperity, which was the portion of literary men during the reigns of the Ptolemies, produced, as pros-

perity is almost sure to do, a set of formalists, perfectly *au fait* in the posturing and millinery of their art, but wanting its vitality and power. Alexandria was a new combination of old elements—a mechanical mixture rather than a chemical union of these elements, and as such entered on no new life of its own, producing, as many another effete civilization has done, a collection of false and artificial schools. No stronger evidence need be adduced of flaccidity of thought during this period than the mere mention of the fact, that while for centuries philosophers and commentators swarmed, not one of them all thought it worth his while to bestow his precious time upon the great life-work of Hipparchus, and there it lay untouched, for three hundred years, till Ptolemy Philadelphus revised his system of the universe, and made it known under the title of the *Ptolemaic System*.

The whole tendency of the Alexandrian school was to utter selfishness. Epicurean and stoic alike held himself aloof from his kind, seeking only to defend himself, as best he might, against the pains and penalties entailed upon him by his social and individual life. Every man was seeking that philosophic calm which, in the aggregate, produced only social stagnation and its inevitable concomitant, social rottenness. The world was fast sinking into that awful darkness which preceded the coming day. Dawn had not yet sent over the old and sorrowful earth the promise of that morning, when the Son of Righteousness should arise with healing in his wings. The earth was full of forgetfulness of God. In the words with which the Apostle to the Gentiles winds up his awful description of the apostacy of the world: 'And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind to do those things which are not convenient; being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, coveteousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful.' (Rom. i. 28-31.) 'The old light was lost,' says Kingsley, 'the old faiths extinct,



the old reverence for the laws of family and national life destroyed, yea, even the natural instincts themselves perverted; we see that chaos whose darkness Juvenal and Petronius and Tacitus have proved in their faithful pages not to have been exaggerated by the more compassionate though more righteous Jew.

‘Woe to the nation or the society in which this individualizing and separating process is going on in the human mind. Whether it take the form of a religion, or of a philosophy, it is at once the sign and the cause of senility, decay, and death. If a man begins to forget that he is a social being, a member of a body, and that the only truths which can avail him anything, the only truths which are the objects of his philosophic search, are those which are equally true for every man, which will equally avail every man, which he must proclaim as far as he can to every man, from the proudest sage to the meanest outcast, he enters, I believe, into a lie, and helps forward the dissolution of that society of which he is a member. I care little whether what he holds be true or not. If it be true he has made it a lie by appropriating it proudly and selfishly to himself, and by excluding others from it.’<sup>1</sup> ‘But he that hateth his brother is in darkness, and walketh in darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth, because that darkness hath blinded his eyes.’ (1 John ii. 11.)

One cannot avoid noting a singular parallelism between the civilization of Alexandria immediately before, and for some centuries after, the Christian era, and that of our much-vaunted nineteenth century. The same composite elements of older nationalities, struggling for a national life of its own; the same divorce of the natural and the supernatural which results in mysticism on the one hand and rationalism on the other; the same phenomena which have astonished our age—clairvoyance, mesmerism, spiritual manifestations, even the same scourge of strong-minded women, are to be found in both. The latter class, says Kingsley, were ‘but too common in the later days of Greece, as they always will be in civilizations which are decaying and crumbling to pieces, leaving their

<sup>1</sup> Alexandria and her Schools, pp. 68-64.

members to seek in bewilderment what they are and what bonds connect them with their fellow-beings.'

The powerful sonnet of Dante Rossetti, 'Upon the Refusal of Aid between Nations,' is as true of the life which stirred in those old cities of the past as it is of our own :

' Not that the earth is changing, O my God !  
 Not that the seasons totter in their walk,  
 Not that the virulent ill of art and talk  
 Seethes ever as a wine-press ever trod.  
 Not therefore are we certain that the rod  
 Weighs in thy hand to smite thy world ; though now  
 Beneath thy hands so many nations bow  
 So many kings :—Not therefore, O my God !  
 But because man is parcelled out in men  
 Even thus : because for any wrongful blow  
 No man not smitten asks, " I would be told  
 Why thou dost strike : " but his heart whispers  
 " He is he, I am I." By this we know  
 That the earth falls asunder, being old.'

But there existed in Alexandrian society an element of which we have, as yet, taken no account, and in which we should hardly have looked for the germ of a new school of thought. Ptolemy, as has been already mentioned, adopted from the beginning a conciliatory policy toward the Jews. The royal protection and the new field opened for the commercial transactions of this people drew large numbers of them to Alexandria, where they established themselves as a powerful and respectable element of its political life. 'The Alexandrian Rabbis, or *Lights of Israel*, as they were called,' says Kingsley, 'may be fairly considered as the centre of Jewish thought and learning for several centuries.'<sup>1</sup>

The noble monotheism of the Israelitish creed, its essential difference from all heathen religions in the possession of a beneficent, personal God, who was the Creator and Preserver, not only of themselves, but of the human race, had been almost smothered under the mass of Rabbinical lore with which it was overgrown. Through generation after generation the idea of this universal, beneficent Ruler of the world was narrowed down to meet the requirements of their intense national pride.

<sup>1</sup> Alexandria and her Schools, p. 69.

As he became, in their eyes, not the Father of the race, but their own peculiar Deity, they lost their living, loving hold on him. As they tried to appropriate him as exclusively their own, they grasped only the shadow and missed the substance; he became to them a Being of the past, not their own God; he was the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, not the Guide and Friend to whom they could cry in their need. 'Doubtless thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not: thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer; thy name is from everlasting.' (Isa. lxiii. 16.) All the old fervor of love, all the sweet dependence upon divine aid was lost to them. As they tried to appropriate him exclusively to their own nation, they lost the Presence which had guided and sustained them; they found in their eager grasp only the garment in which he had clothed himself. The word which had been to them the bread of life became a magical sign, the object of their superstitious worship. Yet even out of this evil good arose; the authenticity of the Scriptural writings, the time when the divine guidance ceased, became the object of critical study. They recognized the awful fact that the Holy Spirit, which had taught and inspired them in the olden time, was no more present among them. They became mere commentators and dialecticians, and were no longer seekers after God. Even the inspired books which they acknowledged were 'to them no more the words of living human beings who had sought for the Absolute Wisdom, and found it after many sins, and doubts, and sorrows,' they were but cabalistic signs, each word and letter of which possessed some mysterious, recondite power, to be used for exorcising evil, or evoking good spirits, as the case might be. This exclusive appropriation of their Deity made them deny the existence of good outside their own faith. Much that was moral, and upright, and lovely, they could not deny, existed among the Gentiles; therefore, holiness must be degraded from its place, as an eternal principle, the expression of the will of God, into a mere formalism, a rigid obedience to the ceremonial law. As this deteriorating process went on, everything sacred went down before it; the inspired

word of the Almighty was made tribute to this selfish and ignoble philosophy. Every prophecy was twisted and interpreted to mean a coming triumph of the Jewish people. 'But even they,' says Kingsley, 'were happily preserved by their sacred books from the notion that deliverance was to be found for them, or for any man, in an abstraction or notion ending in *'ation* or *'ality*.'<sup>1</sup> They still held to a personal Messiah who was to redeem them, but as the time went on, and with it the steady demoralization of the race, the ideal Christ became merely an embodiment of power, and his salvation meant for them only political freedom and national glory. 'On that fearful day, on which for a moment they cast away even their last dream and cried, "We have no king but Cæsar," they spoke the secret of their hearts. It was Cæsar, a Jewish Cæsar, for whom they had been longing for centuries. And if they could not have such a deliverer they would have none; they would take up with the best embodiment of brute Titanic power which they could find, and crucify the embodiment of Righteousness and Love.'<sup>2</sup>

Among the enlightened Alexandrian Jews of the first century, one is conspicuous as the founder of a new philosophy. Philo, the Jew, was born about the same time with our Lord; side by side with the new-born Christianity lay the infant eclecticism, which was to grow up into such a sort of antagonist. Philo, though not, strictly speaking, the founder of Neo-Platonism, gave, by his speculations, the impulse to thought which resulted finally in that system of philosophy. Philo was not only a Jew, he was also a Platonic philosopher. In following the noble reasonings of his master, on life, and death, and immortality, he found corroboration of the divine teachings of his religion; he held the belief, which however was far from being original with him, that Platonism and Judaism might be harmonized into one system. This he tried to do by the 'evaporization of the objective, historical element in both.' He allegorized Plato and Moses, alike, to make them harmonize; the meaning of both were warped and twisted to

<sup>1</sup> Alexandria and her Schools, p. 77.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid, p. 78.

effect the combination. The human lives, of which such touching narratives are given in the Hebrew Scriptures, were perverted into mere symbols of abstract truth; the tender, beautiful stories, 'written aforetime for our learning,' lost their divine significancy, and became 'the baseless fabric of a dream.' The personal God, watching over, guarding, and guiding his chosen people; as well as the divine Logos of Plato, were swept away, and in its place we find a vague mysticism.

From the earliest ages the longing of the human soul has been for a personal manifestation of the Deity. The request of Philip, 'Show us the Father and it sufficeth us,' is only one voice given to the cry which has gone up from our common humanity for thousands of years—the cry whose human answer has been given again and again in the theogonies of heathendom, but the divine answer to which only came in the fulness of time, when the 'Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.' In him all the thought of the Creator toward his sorrowing creatures, all the love of the Father toward his erring children, found voice. This belief in an incarnation does not seem to have been borrowed or stolen by one nation from another; it was but the answer to an instinctive need common to man; and so Philo's symbolism, the allegories and fine-spun theories of the eclectic philosophy, failed to take permanent root, even in the speculative oriental mind. At the close of the second century a new school of philosophy was opened at Alexandria by Ammonius Saccas, which was clearly a modification of the eclectic method. This man was born and bred a Christian, and is supposed by some to have remained a Christian all his life. 'Being possessed,' says Mosheim, 'of great fecundity of genius as well as eloquence, he undertook to bring all systems of philosophy and religion into harmony; or, in other words, to teach a philosophy by which all philosophers and the men of all religions, the Christian not excepted, might unite together and have fellowship. And here especially lies the difference between the new sect and the eclectic philosophy which had before flourished in Egypt. For the *Eclectics* held that there was a *mixture* of

good and bad, true and false, in all the systems, and therefore they selected out of all what appeared to them consonant with reason, and rejected the rest. But Ammonius held that all sects professed one and the same system of truth, with only some difference in the mode of stating it, and some minute difference in their conceptions, so that by means of suitable explanations they might with little difficulty be brought into the same body.<sup>1</sup> Every impediment was swept away which hindered his plan of harmonizing all faiths; the fables of pagan priest and the record of Christian disciple were treated with the same contempt by the founder of Neo-Platonism. He chose this title, because he considered Plato, of all the Grecian philosophers, to have approximated most nearly to the truth.

Though Christianity claims with such peculiar emphasis to be *the truth*, given by divine inspiration, it was yet greatly affected by the new philosophy. The Eastern mode of thought is best illustrated in the works of Clement of Alexandria in the second century, and Origen in the third. The views of Clement were strongly tinged with the eclecticism of Philo and his school; he held that philosophy, especially the philosophy of Plato, like Judaism, served as a schoolmaster, to lead finally to Christ. He was persuaded 'that true philosophy, the great and most salutary gift of God, lay in scattered fragments among all sects of philosophers, and therefore that it was the duty of every wise man, and especially of a Christian teacher, to collect those fragments from all quarters, and to use them for the defence of religion and the confutation of impiety.'<sup>2</sup>

Origen shows the effect of the same influence; his Christianity is thoroughly interpenetrated with Neo-Platonism. 'It seems to us evident,' says Pressensè, 'that if he was right in recognizing, with Clement, the providential mission of the ancient philosophy, he nevertheless gave too large a place to it in his system. The mantle of the Platonist philosopher too often conceals the Christian, and he bears too plainly the

<sup>1</sup> Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, Vol. I, pp. 111-112.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid, Vol. I, p. 111.

marks of the disciple of Ammonius Saccas. The great reproach to be brought against him, as against the Platonic philosophy in all its forms, is an undue depreciation of the real, the tendency to an excessive idealism, which distorts that which it seeks to disfigure, and which, starting from the rejection or condemnation of the corporeal elements, concludes with despising all realities—all facts, that is to say—and substituting for them chimeras or dreams. The ideal world, peopled with the phantoms of a speculative imagination, is preferred to the divine creation, in which the true ideal appears clothed in the vesture of the real.<sup>1</sup> Out of this disposition to allegorize arose a system of scriptural interpretation scarcely less pernicious than that of Philo; the historical facts of Scripture were eliminated at pleasure, or made to bear some abstruse mystical signification. The life of Christianity was gone, not in Origen himself, because he was saved from the fatal effects of his own system by the earnestness of his beliefs, but in the interpretation of his followers.

We cannot wholly condemn this philosophic method, though it was undoubtedly fraught with great evils. There is much to be said both for and against the influence exerted upon the Christianity of the early Church by the Alexandrian philosophy; while, on the one hand, it produced broader and more catholic views, on the other, it involved in obscurity and mysticism the clear-cut, practical teachings of the Gospel. While it helped men to see that God had been governing the world and not merely the Jews, it lost sight of the essential truth of Christ's religion. 'He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.' We turn from the vague, mystical symbolism of Clement and Origen, with almost a sense of satisfaction, to the stern practicality of the Western Fathers, only to be turned back again sickened by the fierce vindictiveness of Tertullian, and chilled by the dogmatic spirit of Augustine. Finally, we are forced to conclude that the Fathers had a large amount of human nature in them, and that in this world the sun never shines without casting a

1 Pressensé's *Early Years of Christianity*, pp. 327-8.

shadow on the reverse side—a shadow not created by the sun, but only made manifest by contact with his light.

The adoption of the philosophic method by the Alexandrian Christians caused a split among the Neo-Platonists—the one party making the religion of Christ the base of their philosophizing, the other rejecting it as unworthy a place among the systems to be harmonized.

The essential difference between the Christian and the Philosophic schools lay in the fact that the former believed all men to be capable of receiving divine truth, while the latter limited the receptive power to the wise and initiated. The main idea of Christianity was the incarnation of God, that of Neo-Platonism the apotheosis of man. Christ taught that the Divine Love was to reach down and lift the fallen and the ignorant to purity and knowledge of heavenly things; the philosopher taught that man, by his own efforts, was to apprehend the divine, and lift himself above the evil in the world. And just here is the element in Christianity which sets it apart from all the religions of human origin. The practical maxima, the moral sentiments to be found in the canons of Confucius, of Buddha, and of Plato, are, in many instances, identical in spirit with the practical teachings of Christ, though in all systems but the Christian some huge flaws and defects may be found, even in morals. The difference is, however, a vital one: Christianity is, and professes to be, a new life, while each and every other system of religion is a code of morals, bearing with it no promise of divine aid for its fulfilment, or production of a new life.

It is to the result of these doctrines, however, in moulding the life of Alexandria, rather than to their definition, that we are now looking. The two schools, heathen and Christian, springing from a common root, diverged more and more widely; the antagonism between the two showed all the bitterness peculiar to internecine war or family feud. The heathen Neo-Platonist, holding that God revealed himself only to the seeker after truth, and not to the vile and ignorant who especially needed the revelation, of course found it necessary to predicate of the Divine Being a goodness utterly differ-



ent from that to be esteemed among men. It became a question with them whether any virtue, such as we understand it, could be considered as an element in the Divine Nature. Could courage be a virtue in one who has nothing to fear, or self-control in one who has nothing to desire? A different standard of divine and human nature was thus assumed, which finally led to the doctrine that virtue is not an end, but a means; that it is not the name by which God reveals himself in his legislative capacity, but only a process of purification by which man is to reach heaven.

The state of future existence, and the nature which was finally to be attained by this process of purification, was the ultimate end of the new philosophy, 'in searching for which it wearied itself out, generation after generation, till tired equally of seeking and speaking, it fairly lay down and died. In proportion as it refused to acknowledge a common divine nature with the degraded mass, it deserted its first healthy instinct, which told it that the spiritual is identical with the moral world—with right, love, justice; it tried to find new definitions of the spiritual, it conceived it to be identical with the intellectual.'<sup>1</sup> The union of spirituality with morality, the indissoluble bond which connects communion with God and a pure and holy life, as cause and effect, was broken; the marriage on which the divine seal had been set was dissolved; that which God had joined together eternally the impious hand of man was striving to put asunder, and only evil could result from the unnatural contest.

This spiritualism, which made *intellectual power* rather than *holiness* the highest attribute of God, must resort to some means of manifesting its approach to the *divine*. The Christian, according to his theory, offered as proof of his communion with God the evidence of a holy life; the Neo-Platonist, denying the identity of divine and human virtue, set to work to perform wonders as evidence of his 'higher life.' It is with a heart-sick sense of weariness that we read the records of the strivings of the unaided intellect after God; the same 'spiritual manifestations' which have shaken the religious life of our

<sup>1</sup> Alexandria and her Schools, pp. 103-4.

own country and our own time to its very foundations, are recorded of those old seekers after God. It cannot but touch the heart with sorrowful emotions to see the world returning upon itself; to hear the same questions, wrung out of the heart of humanity, answered by the same lying spirit, leading it to emptiness and disappointment. The temptation recorded in the first chapter of human history is a temptation common to man; the words which wrought such fearful evil then are only a terrible refrain, sounding out again and again in the world's history. Again and again has the spirit of evil whispered, 'Ye shall not surely die, for God doth know that on the day ye eat thereof then your eyes shall be opened, and *ye shall be as gods*, knowing good and evil.' How many times the voice has charmed listening humanity into the fatal preference of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, when the Tree of Life is standing hard by, 'whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.' How slowly man learns the lesson, that 'the world by wisdom knew not God,' and that by mere human wisdom shall never know him.

Though it is time that, in the fullest sense, God can never be approached by the intellect, that it is only the loving, reverent, faithful heart which can know him, yet every gleam of light which, in all the ages, has brightened the world, is only a reflection of the divine glory. In Christ 'there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free'; because in Christ is garnered up each grain of truth which exists in all; because he is not only the fulfilment of the law and the prophets, but also of all the truth taught in the philosophies, and shadowed forth in the symbolisms of the heathen world. Every truth which glimmered on the darkened mind of the barbarian, as well as the full radiance of the Platonic philosophy, came from no inherent shining of their own; they were only so many rays flashed back to that divine source and centre of light, 'which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world.'

These strange spiritual phenomena, into which the truth had been so willfully perverted, were a mere *ignis fatuus*, leading men away from the heavenly light into misery and

error. The whole system led not to God, but away from him. It led those who followed it from the contemplation of the serene heights where dwelt the divine *Logos*, down to the seething cauldrons where spells were wrought and incantations sung. Mind, which constituted their divinity, came finally to be, in their theory, an essence differing from matter only in being less gross and dense—'a function of the brain' perhaps they would have called it; and so the cycle was performed, the restless asking had come around to its starting-point again. This sorrowful culmination was not reached till the days when Proclus filled the chair of philosophy in Alexandria; the gradual change was in progress during its occupation by Hypatia.

Platonism, with all its lofty conceptions of truth, never wrought a deliverance, social or political, for any one of the many peoples who have adopted its teachings. No people, not inspired by the animus of Christianity, ever compassed the idea of freedom, national or individual. Plato who approached more nearly to it than any heathen thinker, still fell very far short of it. 'Thus much,' says Ackerman, 'is clear in respect to the Platonic and the Christian anthropology, that the gain in human dignity is, in the former, only an apparent one, the loss a real one; in the latter, on the other hand, the loss is apparent, and the gain real. How, indeed, did it happen that classic heathendom, with all its high estimation, yea, almost deification of human nature, was yet unable to form or apprehend any proper conception of *freedom* and *personality*, while Christianity, which seems to degrade man almost entirely, denying throughout to his virtue any merit before God, is the only religion on earth from which the doctrine of human dignity, personality, and freedom has been most gloriously developed? How is it that the heathen philosophy, even in the excellent Plato, in spite of all its struggling and soaring, could never get entirely free from a miserable fatalism; and, consequently, took back with the religious left hand what of bearing and dignity it gave to man with the moral right hand. Plato presents to us the picture of a man suffused with the

splendor of the Godhead, but, alas! he bears the sullen chains of absolute, irrational necessity.'<sup>1</sup>

The idea of freedom inculcated in the Christian ethics is different from any other freedom taught on earth; it is the very antipodes of that license with which the world's idea of freedom is constantly confounded. In its fullest development it is a liberty like that of God; it is a life above law, not because it is antagonistic to law, but because it is in perfect harmony with the eternal principles upon which law rests; it possesses a vital conformity with the right which makes every growth only a development into fuller beauty and perfection, and which, in consequence, needs no formal guidance here and restriction there. It would be as necessary and as wise to construct grooves in which the planets should roll in their God-appointed paths around the sun, as to construct a system of laws for a world where Christ's freedom was fully taught and fully practiced. In so far as a nation departs from the idea of an individual and political freedom, which has its roots in a willing submission to the divine supremacy, it loses all that deserves to be called liberty, and becomes involved in anarchy.

Only once in the history of the world have the peculiar doctrines of Plato, as modified by his Alexandrian followers—the Neo-Platonists—found a healthy development, and then it was only as a small and unimportant element among many others, and brought a sweetening and softening influence to bear on the strong English nature. Neo-Platonism once found a home in the healthy, practical English mind, and that in the days of its fullest vigor. Sidney, Raleigh, Spenser, all drank at the wells of Neo-Platonism; the writings of each are tinged with the symbolism, the idealism, the speculation of the Greek and Alexandrian schools; but that was a day when the blood of the nation coursed through its veins with a power and a passion which opened, for valiant deeds and lovely dreams, a home in the same heart, a place in the same life. The spell had not been wrought upon society which drove the natural and supernatural elements asunder; in the vigor of

<sup>1</sup> Ackerman's *Christian Element in Plato*, p. 263.

its youth England cast off the magnetic influence, and held herself free. As a national life grows older and feebler this phenomenon is apt to manifest itself; subtle force is at work which seems to leave the integral portions of which society is formed unaltered, while a real, vital change has been effected. It has been magnetized, and, in some mysterious way, as in the polarity of the steel bar, we see the supernatural element driven to one extreme, manifesting itself as an irreligious spiritualism, or a religious symbolism, while the natural element, left uncompensated, expresses itself as rationalism, or gross materialism. But Neo-Platonism, even in its modified form, ran its course to its appointed end no less surely in England than elsewhere.

The real distinction between the Christian and the heathen schools of Alexandria, as elsewhere, lay in the relative position given to the moral and the intellectual. With the Neo-Platonic the kernel was reserved for the favorite few, and the husks cast to the multitude; with the Christian philosophers the kernel of divine truth was for all; God himself was the portion of his creatures, and he was to be reached by that love and faith which were within the reach of the child and the slave as entirely as they were of the wisest philosopher.

The Christian school, for a long period, manifested the divine element which mingled with and vitalized its philosophy by the good and true men which it produced. The speculative tendency of the Eastern mind, however, finally did its work of demoralization in the school of Christian philosophy, as it had already done in the heathen. Its leaders became theorists and dogmatists rather than men who were living epistles to be known and read of all men. While they admitted into their creed the tenet that there was something in the most ignorant human heart to which God could appeal, they practically denied it. They asserted the articles of their belief with a persistency and a fierceness which, as a general rule, is utterly inconsistent with its being a vitalizing principle. They practically ignored the central fact of the Christian religion—the personality and incarnation of their God. As Christ became to them an abstraction, they lost all sense of a personal

relation and personal responsibility to him, and they were not ashamed to defend their abstract doctrines and dogmas by deeds of violence, cruelty, and murder. With them, as with their brother philosophers, the true worship of the living God was arrogantly pushed farther and farther away, and the void filled up with idolatrous rites paid to images, that reduced them finally to the condition in which their Mohammedan conquerors found them some centuries later—a religious condition which made their fierce monotheistic conquerors confound them with the polytheists whom they so abhorred.

In every religion the same phenomena may be observed; the Christian faith, as held by men, is not free from the disease which is so much deadlier in the heathen religion; the distinction seems to be in the fact that Christianity possesses, even in its most corrupt and languishing state, an innate vitality which causes it to rise up, shake off its lethargy, cast aside the bonds which held it, and begin a new life, while the faiths of heathen lands, though they hold within themselves some elements of truth, yet lack that vital force, that recuperative power. If a Julian had given to corrupt Christianity the power of mind, the earnestness of devotion, and the singleness of purpose, which he so uselessly gave to rouse, vitalize, and transfigure the lifeless religion of Greece, he would, no doubt, have left a name glorious in the annals of history, instead of one which stirs only a smile of sorrowful pity.

Brahminism, in its corrupt and formal condition, was stirred to its very foundation by the earnestness of one man; and Buddhism arose, pure and lofty in a morality, taught, not by precept alone, but by the noble, self-forgetful life of its founder. But Buddhism was in no sense a returning to the principles of the religion out of which it rose. All the 'bright Aryan gods' were swept away, and a calm, cold, atheistic morality took its place. Judaism, in the latter days, brought forth Christianity; and now Brahminism and Judaism, alike, lie lifeless corpses, bound and swathed, surrounded with gorgeous ceremonial, but hopelessly dead. Buddhism yielded to the demand of the human heart, and, rejecting the cold morality of its founder, lifted him to the throne of a god, and went on its

way to decay, demoralization, and death. Christianity, alone, comes out from apparently hopeless corruption into a new life of its own. Every time, however, that it becomes thus corrupt the process is much the same. The desire to glorify the divine nature of Christ has led to a neglect of his human nature; the glory of the incarnation is veiled. Christ is pushed so far away into the infinite that the void must be filled by innumerable intercessors: in Judaism, in Platonism, in Romanism, the process has been the same; the hungry longing of the human heart, whose divine fulfilment is in Christ, endeavors to satisfy itself with demonologies and hosts of saints, till the burden of its superstition and its formalism becomes intolerable, and the reaction comes as a cold and heartless atheism, which denies the very existence of God.

Besides the corruption brought into the Church, by this exaggerated view of the glory of Christ's divinity, at the expense of his humanity, there was another bitter and grievous error which ate into the very heart of human life, and polluted the very fountain-head of social purity. 'I cannot,' says Kingsley, 'but believe them, moreover, to have been untrue to the teachings of Clement and his school, in that coarse and materialistic admiration of celibacy, which ruined Alexandrian society, as their dogmatic ferocity had ruined Alexandrian thought. The creed which taught them that, in the person of the Incarnate Logos, that which was most divine had been proved to be most human, that which was most human had been proved to be most divine, might truly have given them, as it has given modern Europe, nobler, clearer, and simpler views of the relations of the sexes, . . . the very ideas of family and national life; those two divine roots of the Church, severed from which she is certain to wither away into that most cruel and most godless of spectacles, a religious world, had perished in the East. . . . Like the old Adam, the selfish, cowardly brute nature in every man and every age, were shifting the blame of sin from their own consciences to human relationships and duties, and therein to the God who had appointed them, and saying, as of old, "The woman whom

thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat.”’

It was not merely in Alexandria in the latter days as it had been in the first, that monk and nun had felt themselves called to come out from the world and give themselves to the special work of prayer and self-abnegation, but that theirs was, in their own eyes, the only service acceptable to God. They looked upon the married population, says Kingsley, ‘with a coarse contempt and disgust which is hardly credible, did not the foul records of it stand written to this day in Rosweyde’s extraordinary *Vita Patrum Eremiticorum*.’ The decay of national, social, and religious life begins in the family. In every nation which has perished from off the earth, so far as we know, there was a long, underground work of death in process before the failure in the production of fruit and foliage gave unmistakable signs of death to the whole. Unless the muddy stream of public life be fed by innumerable rivulets of pure, fresh material, it will be choked up into a stagnant mass of corruption. It is not luxury which kills a nation and disintegrates a people, it is the slight hold which home has upon its men; it is that *there*, instead of being taught to believe in purity, and truth, and honor, the conviction of the universal reign of sin, and falsity, and corruption is branded upon the very soul.

In Egypt, during the fifth century, the authorities give us this astounding fact, that the monastic population constituted one-half of the entire population of the country. Not only was one-half the population of that vast country withdrawn from active service, for the benefit of the community at large, but the loss could not be made good in future generations. This great body of men, removed from the attrition of social life, were utterly ignorant of the interests at stake in every social and political movement; they were without the practical experience which could direct their judgment; they were enthusiasts, full of an unreasoning faith in the absolute purity of their own Church, and a belief in the absolute evil of all which opposed it. With a weapon of such temper as this, what might not a haughty prelate effect against the civil authorities.



The lay population, despised by their brethren in the Church, came to look upon themselves as outcasts and reprobates. All the sweet sanctities of home were invaded, its life was polluted, its ties were ignored. Such a process of demoralization, perhaps, the world has never seen before or since. It was not simply that society was going to decay because the life was dying out of it, but that the very organization which should have purified it from its corruptions, and imparted new strength to its weakness, was deliberately undermining and destroying it. The Church, forgetful of her high and holy trust, had become careless of purity and truth, and was stretching out her hands, strong with lustful ambition, to despoil life of the little sweetness which sin and ignorance had left to it.

Such was the condition to which the corruption of Church and State, by their mutual interaction and reciprocal influence, had brought Egypt when, in the seventh century, it fell an easy prey to the conquering Mohammedan army. At the time when Cyril was Patriarch of Alexandria, and Hypatia taught in her philosophic schools, this process of demoralization was in progress; it had not yet reached the awful depths to which it was hastening. At that time, about the year 414 A. D., as Kingsley says, in the preface to Hypatia, 'While the sins of the Church, however heinous, were still such as admit of being expressed in words, the sins of the heathen world were indescribable, and the Christian apologist is thus compelled, for the sake of decency, to state the Church's case far more weakly than the facts deserve.

'Not, be it ever remembered, that the slightest suspicion of immorality attaches either to the heroine of this book, or to the leading philosophers of her school, for several centuries. However base and profligate their disciples, or the Manichees may have been, the great Neo-Platonists were, as Manes himself was, persons of the most rigid and ascetic virtue.

'For a time had arrived in which no teacher who did not put forth the most lofty pretensions to righteousness could expect a hearing. The Divine Word, who is "the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," had awakened

in the heart of mankind a moral craving never before felt in any strength, except by a few isolated philosophers or prophets. The spirit had been poured out on all flesh, and from one end of the empire to the other, from the slave in the mill to the emperor on his throne, all hearts were either hungering and thirsting after righteousness, or learning to do homage to those who did so. And He who excited the craving was also furnishing that which would satisfy it, and was teaching mankind, by a long and painful education, to distinguish the truth from the innumerable counterfeits, and to find for the first time, in the world's life, a good news, not merely for the select few, but for all mankind without respect of rank or race.<sup>1</sup>

For four hundred years the great Roman Empire had been growing up beside Christianity. The mighty force of enormous physical resources and vast numbers, welded into an almost irresistible power, by the 'genius for organization' which so preëminently characterized the Roman people, had been brought to bear upon a feeble, struggling faith, given to the world by a lowly carpenter of one of Rome's despised dependencies, taught by fishermen and publicans, carrying with it no promise of earthly good, bearing in its creed no appeal to human pride or human cupidity. For four hundred years the unequal contest had been carried on, and Rome stood vanquished, Christianity victor. This fight had been carried on with weapons which seemed as disproportionate as were the resources of the two powers engaged. Christianity held in its hand only the message, 'Peace on earth, good will toward men'; her ambassadors' credentials bore the divine seal of pure and self-forgetful lives; very inadequate weapons they seemed with which to conquer the proud conqueror of the world, and yet, before these alone, all the mighty force garnered in Imperial Rome went down. 'And now,' says Kingsley, 'the Church had conquered. The weak things of this world had confounded the strong. In spite of the devilish cruelties of persecutors; in spite of the contaminating atmosphere of sin which surrounded her; in spite of having to form herself, not out of a race of pure and separate creatures, but

1 Hypatia, pp. vii, viii.

by a most literal "new bulk," out of those very fallen masses who insulted and persecuted her; in spite of having to endure within herself continual outbursts of the evil passions in which her members had once indulged without check; in spite of a thousand counterfeits which sprung up around her and within her, claiming to be part of her, and alluring men to themselves by that very exclusiveness and party arrogance which disproved their claim; in spite of all she had conquered. The very emperors had arrayed themselves on her side. Julian's last attempt to restore paganism by imperial influence had only proved that the old faith had lost all hold upon the hearts of the masses; and at his death the great tide-wave of new opinion rolled on unchecked, and the rulers of earth were fain to swim with the stream; to accept, in words at least, the Church's laws as theirs; to acknowledge a King of kings, to whom even they owed homage and obedience; and to call their own slaves their "poorer brethren," and often, too, their "spiritual superiors."<sup>1</sup>

The early Church, like that of later days, loses its purity, earnestness, and fidelity, in proportion as it gains *political power and social standing.*<sup>2</sup> In days of calamity only those repair to her standards who hold the truth of God dearer than life, or the earthly possessions which make life desirable. In days of prosperity and power she is at the mercy, not of foe and persecutor, but of the traitors within her own camp. The Empire had nominally yielded to the Church, but it was only that it might, in the end, bring her under that baleful influence by which it had made every other form of existence succumb to its power.

We have attempted to bring under review some of the causes which had been at work moulding Alexandrian life and Alexandrian society into the form in which we find it in the early years of the fifth century. From the day when the future city lay as a thought in the mind of her founder, till that on which she attained her full maturity and glory, she was subjected to peculiar influences. Our sketch has been

<sup>1</sup> Hypatia, pp. x, xi.

<sup>2</sup> We hope all Methodists will mark these words.—Ed.

necessarily hasty and imperfect; it gives inadequate notion of her life, and it yet is sufficient to throw some light upon the strange medley into which Mr. Kingsley's romance introduces us.

A great artist chooses his subject rather for the scope it affords him in bringing out grand scenic effects, than for its inherent beauty and loveliness; if he be a true artist of the highest type, he will hold beauty of form and color to be but the visible representation of a higher and nobler spiritual beauty, and he will choose his subject with especial reference to the field it may afford him for bringing out moral and religious truths with new emphasis by their antithetical arrangement.

This era has been chosen by our author, rather for the reason that the lights and shadows of social and religious life are so clearly defined, so broad and deep, than because of its intrinsic beauty and tenderness. The whole book is full of the highest and noblest moral teachings, so skillfully inwrought into the texture of the story that it cannot be called its *moral*, but rather its *soul*. Though moral teaching is not the direct object of any art, still there is no art which is not ennobled and spiritualized by the recognition of the supreme dignity of moral truth. The loveliest creation of fancy is but a capricious, soulless Undine, until the immortal is breathed through all its exquisite outline by the development within itself of that divine love which beats out through the world in ever-widening circles, but which finds its fullest and truest expression only God-ward.

A direct, expressed, moral purpose, in any creation of the imagination, is felt to involve a violation of the principles of true art. That which should pervade it as the vital principle, controlling its development and growth from within, cannot be separated from it and appended to the dead form of art as a mere addendum. There is an impertinence in the verbal enunciation of a moral which is sure to meet with unpromising rejection; but a moral warp into which the color and form of the artistic conception is woven, and upon which it depends, is wholly consonant with the truest and the highest

art. It is the very condition upon which creative art must exist. Back of all the infinite modifications under which the divine power manifests itself lie great immutable principles of right, which are but the expressions of the Omnipotent will, but in harmony with which all the divine love that gladdens the universe, all the wealth of the divine imagination that fills the visible world with its glory, are forever at work. The will, the heart, the imagination of God are at one; the expression of himself is only full where all the attributes of divinity find voice. Every creative artist is, in his small, human way, working after the divine plan. It is at his own peril that he leaves out of his slightest work the element which gives the noblest beauty, the truest significance to it all.

In our opinion there are not, in the whole range of English fiction, half a dozen works into which the moral element has been so powerfully and skillfully wrought as in Mr. Kingsley's *Hypatia*. We hardly suspect the moral, till we can stand aside and look on the picture as a whole. As we read each page, the transcendent skill of the artist in his treatment of the subject is duly appreciated; the gorgeous coloring, the descriptions of oriental manners and customs, the touches of nature in the delineation of character, arouse a new wonder at each new perusal; but it is only as we stand apart, and look upon it as a finished work, that its true significancy flashes upon us, and we see, in the picture given us by the master of the pen, as we do in that of the master of the pencil, starting out in every jagged tree and wind-swept cloud, the mystic symbol of the cross.

The rising upon the world of 'The Sun of Righteousness' is the great central fact of history. It stands alone, shedding its light upon the strange mysteries and darkness of the night it came to dispel; touching into new meaning the insoluble problems of life, and death, and eternity; bringing life to all that is turned toward it, leaving in shadow only that which turns away from it. It is the full recognition of this fact that gives to Kingsley's picture of the world of the fifth century its artistic truth and unity. Here we find no misguided shadows falling in the wrong direction, simply because the sun does

not make mistakes, and our artist has drawn from the life. Here we find no impossible embodiments of good or evil, because he has gone down beneath the superficial differences, which are the result of circumstances, and laid hold upon the great principles of human nature. He has closely, accurately studied the *genus homo*, and, with that foundation of knowledge, can scientifically discuss the *species*. It is not the mere knowledge of facts, however full and accurate that knowledge may be, which insures a man against mistakes and anachronisms. He must take into his mind every fact of which he can lay hold; he must fairly saturate himself with his subject, and then, leaving the organization of all these elements to the divine power of his imagination, he need fear little from the result. What Ackerman so eloquently says of Plato may be said of our author. The organic character of his works 'has its ground far more in his creative genius than in the paltry measurings of cool deliberation. All genuine productions of true genius bear the profound unity of the author within them, and hence may be easily presented together as an organic whole. . . . One does not feel its value and beauty till he perceives it as a symphony in its entire fulness of life; single sections, presented by single instruments, not only remain usually not understood, but frequently make also a disagreeable impression, because one does not see and feel the significancy which they have in and for the whole. Is it otherwise with the greatest of all symphonies, the history of the world? The eye of Him who surveys the universe of things rests with satisfaction on the morning picture, of which the cropping out details confuse and wound us short-sighted mortals.'<sup>1</sup>

Alexandria, as we have already seen, was an epitome of the world. On this small stage were gathered the representatives of all the great religious and political powers then in existence. Here Jew and Gentile, European and Oriental, Goth, and Grecian met; here Christianity, Philosophy, and Judaism were to settle their points of difference. The artistic conception which shows us this strange medley, through the medium

1 Ackerman's *Christian Element in Plato*, pp. 126-7.

of eager, curious, young eyes, and a fresh, untainted young heart, is worthy of all praise.

A powerful argument is advanced by Bushnell in favor of man's being born into the world a helpless unit in family life, even though it involve the hereditary transmission of a fallen nature. It is easy to conceive that the human race would soon die out if each child came into the world utterly helpless, and did not bring with it the instinctive maternal love which provides for, and guards the feeble, little life. We can scarcely imagine birth by generation without a transmission of qualities and nature; the alternative then would be the introduction of each soul into the snares and temptations of life, with powers full-grown, but still wanting the wisdom to recognize the snares and the hardness of moral fibre attained only by exposure to temptation. He shows that the heritage of evil tendencies, in combination with the love, tenderness, and care which surrounds a growing soul (in its relations as one of a family) more than compensates for the absence of any full-grown, inexperienced, untrained sinlessness, such as that of Adam in the garden.<sup>1</sup>

One would think that Kingsley had in mind this very thought when he drew the character of Philammon, the young monk who comes, from the secluded *Laura* in the desert, into the full rush of Alexandrian life. He is an illustration, as near as the conditions of our human existence will permit, of this point. He had been removed in early childhood from all knowledge of the evil in the world; had been trained in the stern asceticism of an Egyptian *Laura*; had been taught by precept and example all the beauty of holiness; had felt the sweetness of a life where love was the controlling principle; one would think that the evil, the self-indulgent tendencies of human nature, had been almost neutralized by such a life and such training. His young, ardent, passionate soul reached out beyond the limitations of his meagre life to the great world, where sin was to be conquered, where corruption and sorrow were to find healing in the divine touch. Strong in

1 Nature and the Supernatural. By Horace Bushnell.

the confidence of his own untried virtue, full of faith in his own power to meet and resist temptation, armed, as he thought, with the sword of the Spirit, and protected by the shield of faith, he went out into the world only to fall. Like David, he had not 'proved his armor,' but, unlike David, he knew not where his strength lay; and so, instead of slaying his Goliath, 'in the name of the Lord,' he himself was wounded and vanquished. All the claims put forth in favor of monastic life are admitted in his case. He was pure and fervent, eager to give his life for the truth, and ready to submit to authority, and yet the avenues for the approach of temptation were open; he had never learned to distrust his own strength, and to look to Him who is ready to help, and so he failed. Philammon, whether from the intention of the author or from the necessities of the case, never assumes the dignity of a character. His life makes an admirable plea on one side or the other of various arguments; but the chief purpose which he fulfills is something different from this. He is the eye-piece to that magical glass through which we look down the vista of the ages; through his inexperienced vision we see the wonderful world, so far away in the obscurity of the past, flash out into vivid nearness. As he sees it, the strange commingling of different elements in Alexandrian life assumes a picturesqueness which an ordinary description could never have given. All through the story of his life he performs for us this service. As he sits, in its opening chapter, 'On the edge of a low range of inland cliffs, crested with drifting sand,' we see the desolate solitude of the desert with eyes touched to new clearness of vision: 'behind him the desert sand-waste stretched, lifeless, interminable, reflecting its lurid glare on the horizon of the cloudless vault of blue. At his feet the sand dripped and trickled, in yellow rivulets from crack to crack, and ledge to ledge, or whirled past him in tiny jets of yellow smoke, before the fitful summer air. Here and there, upon the face of the cliffs which walled in the opposite side of the narrow glen below, were cavernous tombs, huge old quarries, with obelisks and half-cut pillars, standing as the workmen had left them centuries before; the sand was slipping down



and piling up around them; their heads were frosted with snow; everywhere was silence, desolation—the grave of a dead nation in a dying land.’<sup>1</sup> As he wandered on, in search of the scanty fuel for their simple needs, another picture is brought before the mind’s eye, too full of picturesque beauty to be marred by the omission of one word.

‘Suddenly, at the turn of the glen, he came upon a sight new to him, . . . a temple carven in the sandstone cliff, and in front a smooth platform, strewn with beams and mouldering tools, and here and there a skull bleaching among the sands, perhaps of some workman slaughtered at his labor in one of the thousand wars of old.’<sup>2</sup> He had been strictly forbidden to look at any of these relics of ancient idolatry. ‘But he was young, and youth is curious, and the devil, at least in the fifth century, busy with young brains. Now, Philammon believed most utterly in the devil, and night and day devoutly prayed to be delivered from him; so he crossed himself, and ejaculated, honestly enough, “Lord, turn away mine eyes, lest they behold vanity!” . . . and yet he looked, nevertheless.

‘And who could have helped looking at those four colossal kings, who sat there grim and motionless, their huge hands laid upon their knees in everlasting, self-assured repose, seeming to bear up the mountain on their stately heads? A sense of awe, weakness, all but fear, came over him. He dared not stoop to take up the wood at their feet, their great, stern eyes watched him so steadily.

‘Round their knees and round their thrones were mystic characters engraven, symbol after symbol, line below line—the ancient wisdom of the Egyptians, wherein Moses, the man of God, was learned of old. Why should he not know it, too? . . . He looked past them into the temple halls, into a lustrous abyss of cool, green shade, deepening on and inward, pillar after pillar, vista after vista, into deepest night. And dimly through the gloom he could descry, on every wall and column, gorgeous arabesques; long lines of pictured story; triumphs and labors; rows of captives in foreign and fantas-

1 Hepatia, p. 25.

2 Ibid., p. 26.

tic dresses, leading strange animals, bearing the tributes of unknown lands; rows of ladies at feasts, their heads crowned with garlands, the fragrant lotus-flower in every hand, while slaves brought in wine and perfumes, and children sat upon their knees, and husbands by their side; and dancing girls, in transparent robes, and golden girdles, tossed their tawny limbs wildly among the throng. . . . What was the meaning of it all? Why had it all been? Why had it gone on thus, the great world, century after century, millennium after millennium, eating and drinking, and marrying and giving in marriage, and knowing nothing better? . . . How could they know anything better? Their forefathers had lost the light ages and ages before they were born. And Christ had not come for ages and ages after they were dead. . . . How could they know? . . . And yet they were all in hell, . . . every one of them. Every one of these ladies who sat there, with her bushy locks, and garlands, and jewelled collars, and lotus-flowers, and gauzy dress, displaying all her slender limbs—who, perhaps, when she was alive, smiled so sweetly, and went so gayly, and had children, and friends, and never once thought what was going to happen to her—what must happen to her. . . . She was in hell. . . . Burning forever, and ever, and ever, there below beneath his feet. He stared down on the rocky floors. If he could but see through them, . . . and the eye of faith could see through it, . . . he should behold her writhing and twisting among the flickering flames, scorched, glowing . . . in everlasting agony, such as the thought of enduring for a moment made him shudder. He had burnt his hands once when a palm-leaf had caught fire. He recollected what that was like. . . . She was enduring ten thousand times more than that forever. . . . He could hear her shrieking in vain for a drop of water to cool her tongue. . . . He had never heard a human being shriek but once, . . . a boy, bathing on the opposite Nile bank, whom a crocodile had dragged down; . . . and that scream, faint and distant as it came across the mighty tide, had rung intolerable in his ears for days; . . . and to think of all which echoed through those vaults of fire—forever! Was the thought bearable? Was it

possible? Millions upon millions burning forever for Adam's fall. . . . Could God be just in that?''<sup>1</sup>

Could any picture be more graphic, or any argument more powerful, than the mere seeing and feeling of the untutored monk as it is here given? Could the symbols of a life, long past, in any other way be recalled with such weirdness? Could the awful problems of life and death, of the Almighty's wrath at sin, and the expression of that wrath in future punishment, be stated in more powerful terms? Could the hard, coarse, monkish conception of eternal suffering, as the punishment of inherited evil, be given in more startling terms than this soliloquy? Wherever Philammon appears his function is the same. What is true of him always, is especially true in that awful scene where the turbulent ambition, unscrupulousness, and brutality, so characteristic of the Church in that day, reached its culmination in the martyrdom of Hypatia. Philammon, while still devoted to Hypatia, had forfeited her confidence through no fault of his own; he tried to warn her of her danger in going to her lecture that day; he wrote to her, and finally made a personal appeal to her, but it was all in vain. She turned away from him in disdain.

'She believed him guilty then! . . . It was the will of God!

'The plumes of her horses were waving far down the street before he recovered himself and rushed after her, shouting he knew not what.

'It was too late! A dark wave of men rushed from the ambuscade, surged up round the car, . . . swept forward. . . . She had disappeared, and, as Philammon followed breathless, the horses galloped past him madly homeward with the empty carriage.

'Whither were they dragging her? To the Cæsareum, the Church of God himself? Impossible! Why thither of all places on earth? Why did the mob, increasing momentarily by hundreds, pour down upon the beach, and return brandishing flints, shells, fragments of pottery?

<sup>1</sup> Hypatia, pp. 27-29.

‘She was upon the church steps before he caught them up, invisible among the crowd, but he could track her by the fragments of her dress.

‘Where were her gay pupils now? Alas! they had barricaded themselves shamefully in the Museum, at the first rush which swept her from the door of the lecture-room. Cowards, he would save her.

‘And he struggled in vain to pierce the dense mass of Parabolani and monks, who, mingled with the fish-wives and dock-workers, leaped and yelled around their victim. But what he could not do another and a weaker did, even the little porter. Furiously, no one knew how or whence, he burst up as if from the ground, in the thickest of the crowd, with knife, teeth, and nails, like a venomous wild-cat, tearing his way toward his idol. Alas! he was torn down himself, rolled over the steps, and lay there half-dead, in an agony of weeping, as Philammon sprung up past him into the church.

‘Yes! on into the church itself! Into the cool, dim shadow, with its fretted pillars, and lowering domes, and candles, and incense, and blazing altar, and great pictures looking from the walls, athwart the gorgeous gloom. And right in front, above the altar, the colossal Christ watching unmoved from off the wall, his right hand raised to give a blessing, or a curse?

‘On, up the nave, fresh shreds of her dress strewing the holy pavement—up the chancel steps themselves—up to the altar—right underneath the great, still Christ—and there even those hell-hounds paused. . . .

‘She shook herself free from her tormentors, and, springing back, rose for one moment to her full height, naked, snow-white against the dusky mass around, shame and indignation in those wide, clear eyes, but not a stain of fear. With one hand she clasped her golden locks around her, the other long, white arm was stretched upward, toward the great, still Christ, appealing—and who dare say in vain?—from man to God. Her lips were opened to speak, but the words that should have come from them reached God’s ear alone, for, in an instant, Peter struck her down, the dark mass closed over her

again, . . . and then wail on wail, long, wild, ear-piercing, rang along the vaulted roofs, and thrilled, like the trumpets of avenging angels, through Philammon's ears.

'Crushed against a pillar, unable to move in the dense mass, he pressed his hands over his ears. He could not shut out those shrieks! When would they end? What, in the name of the God of mercy, were they doing? Tearing her piece-meal? Yes, and worse than that. And still the shrieks rang on, and still the great Christ looked down on Philammon with that calm, intolerable eye, and would not turn away. And over his head was written in the rainbow, "I am the same yesterday, to-day, and forever!" The same as he was in Judea of old, Philammon? Then what are these, and in whose temple? And he covered his face with his hands, and longed to die.

'It was over. The shrieks had died away into moans, the moans into silence. How long had he been there? An hour or an eternity? Thank God it was over!'<sup>1</sup>

The wonderful power in this scene lies quite as much in what is left unsaid as in the written words. The horror of the murder assumes greater vividness when it comes to us as it smote the quivering, throbbing heart of her devoted pupil; the suggestion of detail is fuller of awe than the most minute description of the barbarities could be. The pen which knew how to cast around the simple words in the ballads—*The Sands of Dee*, and *The Three Fishers*—a weird and powerful beauty, due only to the power of suggestion, was never wielded with a nobler or more poetic effect than in the story of Hypatia's last days.

There is something infinitely pathetic in her longing for a manifestation of the God she had tried to serve. Even her appeal to the old Jews is natural. The woman, with her womanly needs and longings, is never so exquisite as then, when she forgets that she is a philosopher. There is a pathos deeper than words in the cry that is wrung from her soul as she finds herself deceived and tricked, and that, as she naturally believes, by Philammon whom she had trusted. Her last

<sup>1</sup> Hypatia, pp. 283-5.

interview with her beloved pupil, Raphael Aben-Ezra, on the morning of the day she died, is full of tenderness and beauty; the manner of the skeptical, witty, unbelieving young Jew, now converted and striving to lead his beloved teacher to the Galilean she had scorned, is solemn and touching. It is all a fitting prelude to the last scene of her life, and finds in that its significance.

It is impossible to discuss the peculiar merits of this book, the delineation of character, the graphic pictures of Eastern life, which make it one of the very few romances treating of foreign modes of thought, of distant countries and distant times, in which we never lose a sense of kinship to the actors. Every history of those times, philosophical, ecclesiastical, or profane, only reveals the truth and accuracy of the delineations to be found in this romance. That which bore its own credentials on its face in the air of verisimilitude it wore, has a new seal set to its truth by each author we consult.

We must not linger over details; the only criticism which it is within the scope of the present article to make is one upon the noble design of the work as a whole. The character of Hypatia is, undoubtedly, a creation of the imagination. Though there is not a word in history which does not sustain Kingsley in his delineation, still history gives but the meagerest outline of the pure, living, breathing woman as we find her here. For the sake of the argument, she is allowed to be *all* that the purest, loftiest, human philosophy ever claimed for its ideal. Her humanity is without a flaw or stain. She represents a faith which is forever reaching toward high and lofty things. She is the priestess of a religion whose maxims are so pure that Christ has been charged with borrowing from it. She is allowed to live up fully to her profession; and yet what is her perfection in this sorrowful, sin-stricken world, beside the pitying love which is not afraid of soiling its garments, if it can only rescue one soul from the slough of sin and despair? She holds herself aloof from the sinful, repentant, beautiful woman, who comes to her for help to lead a nobler life. She recognizes no tie between the philosopher and profligate. She acknowledges no claim upon her which had its

ground in the need of a fellow-being. In her haughty pride she feels that she, the philosopher, is the child of God in a sense in which her erring sister can never be. She has no 'glad tidings of great joy' for those who are too weak, too ignorant, too sinful, to help themselves. She wraps herself proudly in the mantle of her own purity, and looks out with a scornful and pitying wonder at the needs of her rival, poor, little, ignorant, sinful, pleasure-loving Pelagia.

No maxim, inculcating kindness, forgiveness, or generosity, can bear any fruit, in practical life, if it has its roots in a philosophy which makes man his own Savior. No religion possessing a God who sits supreme in his own perfections, indifferent to the sorrows, the temptations, the struggles, the sins of his creatures, and is approachable only by those who approximate to him, can be worshipped by his followers in deeds of loving pity for sinners. No disciple ever went beyond the ideal of his God in the practice of virtue. Human nature possesses instincts of tenderness which will sometimes manifest themselves in spite of a stern, unloving creed, but these acts of kindness do not assume to be religious service.

The most perfect of human philosophies, that which reaches out farthest in its kindly human sympathies, and holds most firmly to divine truth, differs radically from Christianity, in that its centre is self. However high-sounding its maxims may be, it is, after all, only a refined, far-seeing, organized selfishness. God has revealed himself to his world in many ways, as Creator, as Preserver, as Judge; he has manifested himself to many nations and peoples in the sterner attributes of his nature, in justice and avenging power, but it is only to those who are especially his children, his children by birth, by adoption, by the close ties of friendship and faith, that he has revealed himself by his name of *Love*.

## ART. IX.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

1. INFANT BAPTISM. By Rev. C. W. Miller, A. M. St. Louis: Southwestern Book and Publishing Company. 1872.

This work was, some two years ago, placed in our hands for notice, and we should have noticed it at the time, if we could have praised it without doing violence to the convictions of our mind. There were several reasons why we should have done so with pleasure. In the first place, it was written by a Methodist minister, and a good book from such a source will always be hailed by us with delight. Its merits will be gladly recognized by us, and proclaimed as far and wide as the *Southern Review* may be heard. In the second place, it was published by the same house from which our *Review* issued, and whose interests we wished to subserve, as far as possible, in conformity with the higher claims of duty to the literature of our Church. But yet, after an examination of the work, a feeling of kindness toward its author constrained us to pass it over in silence. We did not wish to signalize its manifold imperfections and defects. This act of mercy *seems* to have been misconstrued by the author. He has certainly attacked us (as we have shown in Art. VII) with a degree of acrimony and bitterness, vituperation and abuse, greater than we have ever experienced from any other man, old or young, friend or foe, Methodist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, or Roman Catholic.

We have, in the article just referred to, exposed his want of fairness and candor, as well as his gross misrepresentations of our views and sentiments. We had intended in that article, at whose head the title of the book before us is placed, to pass it in review, and should have done so, if the article had not grown to a much greater length than we had anticipated. Hence we have concluded to notice it in this place, and show why, as we have said, *we were compelled to form an unfavorable opinion of it*. It may be our fault, we admit, that we formed so poor an opinion of Mr. Miller's little work on Infant Baptism, as well as of his other little work on the Apostoli-



cal Succession ; but since, in point of fact, we could not bring ourselves to praise or to commend such productions, he ought to have been satisfied with our silence. We did the very best we could for him under the circumstances, and if we erred at all it was, as we shall proceed to show, *on the side of mercy*. Or, more properly speaking, we shall lay before the reader the grounds of our disapproval of the work in question, and *then leave him to judge for himself*.

The first thing in Mr. Miller's little work on Infant Baptism which struck us as exceedingly objectionable, is the contempt with which he treats those who have gone before him in the same line of investigation. His contempt, whether real or affected, is shown for other writers on infant baptism, not only by his general silence as to their merits, but also by his outspoken estimate of their utter worthlessness. 'I shall occupy the present paper,' says he, 'with a statement of *my methods of proof*, and thus indicate in advance the line of argument to be developed. The numerous works which I have examined on this subject are very faulty in this regard. No definite *aim* [italics his] seems to be before the writers. The reader finds himself, consequently, beating about in a vast sea of materials, uncertain as to what port he is to reach. Some writers begin at one end of the argument, others at the other end, and still others in the middle. Some open with *objections* to infant baptism, others with objections to the theory that opposes infant baptism. The result of this *rudderless, compassless* [the italics his] effort to navigate this sea of facts is, that the reader soon loses sight of the author and interest in his subject, and then lays down the book, indifferent whether he goes down amid the icebergs of the Arctic seas, or strands upon Cimmerian shores.' (p. 12.)

We are sincerely and truly sorry that this passage was penned by a Methodist minister. It is utterly destitute of candor, and truthfulness, and justice to writers on the subject of infant baptism. 'No definite *aim*,' says Mr. Miller, 'seems to be before the writers.' Nothing could be farther from the truth. Every one knows what is meant by the practice of infant baptism, and hence every writer who attempts to prove

or to disprove this practice has a clear, definite, and precise issue or *aim* before his mind, which no reader with a modicum of sense can possibly mistake. Hence, if any 'reader finds himself,' as our author affirms, 'beating about in a vast sea of materials,' uncertain as to what port he is expected to reach, the fault is in himself, and not in the writers on infant baptism. The *aimless* darkness and confusion, so eloquently complained of, is in his own mind only, and not in the celebrated writers—such as Watson, Wesley, Samuel Miller, and a host of others—who have discussed the subject of infant baptism. The Rev. C. W. Miller is not, we earnestly insist, the first writer who, in the history of the Church, introduced order and light into the doctrine of infant baptism.

'Some writers,' he says, 'begin at one end of the argument, others at the other end, and still others in the middle.' Where, then, would he have them to begin? Would he have them to begin, neither at the one end, nor at the other end, not yet in the middle? Some few writers have, as it seems to us, begun at the wrong end of the argument, and Mr. Miller is, as we shall presently see, a conspicuous instance of this sort of blundering in the logical treatment of his subject. It seems strange that, after pointing out this diversity in the method of treatment, Mr. Miller does not inform us at which end, if either, we should begin, or whether, deserting both ends, we should begin in the middle. It is certain that we must begin somewhere, or else not begin at all; and it is our very decided opinion, that if Mr. Miller had never begun at all, it would have been no very great loss to the literature of the Church.

'Some open with *objections* to infant baptism, others with objections to the theory that opposes infant baptism.' That is to say, there have been writers on both sides of the question who have actually begun with objecting to the theory of their opponents! How very wonderful! Why did they not begin with objections to their own theory?

But the result of all this absurdity and confusion has been most deplorable. In the sublime language of our author, 'The result of this *rudderless, compassless* effort to navigate this sea of facts is, that *the reader soon loses sight of the author*

and interest in the subject, and then lays down the book, **INDIFFERENT WHETHER HE GOES DOWN AMID THE ICEBERGS OF THE ARCTIC SEAS, OR STRANDS UPON CIMMERIAN SHORES.**' (p. 12.)

Alas! how great the pity, then, that Mr. Miller did not make his appearance a little sooner in this dark, sublunary world of ours, in order to guide, with clearness and safety, so many poor, inquiring souls struggling and 'beating about in a vast sea of materials,' without any visible port or bay to save them from despair! Alas! that he did not come a little sooner, with *his* rudder and *his* compass, to 'navigate the sea of facts,' on which so many luckless mariners have been tossed, and save them from the despairing, the desperate state of mind, which rendered them indifferent whether they went 'down amid the icebergs of the Arctic Seas,' or were stranded on dark 'Cimmerian shores.' May we not, then, on a somewhat diminished scale, apply to Mr. Miller the well-known lines of Pope—

'Nature, and Nature's laws, lay hid in night;  
'God Said, let Nature be, and all was light'?

Or, in other words, may we not say:

Infants, and Infant rights, lay hid from sight;  
God said, let Miller be, and all was right?

There have been giants in other days as well as in our own. Bacon, for instance, as every one knows, introduced a new era of light into the state of human knowledge by his 'Method.' In like manner, Mr. Miller inaugurates a new era of light in the learning and literature of infant baptism, by *his* 'Method.' In his own words, it is by 'my Methods of Proof' that he banishes the darkness of past ages, and, instead of the *rudderless*, and *compassless* effort [of others] to navigate the sea of facts,' he guides all those who, in former times, had been vainly 'beating about in a vast sea of materials,' into the safe harbor, into the bright and shining bay of eternal truth. No more danger now—thanks to our illustrious young hero!—no more danger now of 'the icebergs of the Arctic Seas,' or of the dark 'Cimmerian shores.' No more 'beating about in vast seas' now; and no '*rudderless, compassless* efforts' at navi-

gation; for now, by this young Columbus of Kentucky, all are safely landed, with a new world under their feet, and a sweet, smiling heaven over their heads!

Let us, then, examine what he is pleased to call '*my Methods of Proof,*' and see, if we can, to what it is that we are so greatly indebted for this wonderful revolution in the state of our knowledge. Descartes was justly proud of his Method, despising, in comparison, all the particular results to which it had conducted him, or to which it might conduct others. Lord Bacon, in like manner, considered his method the great thing, the new organ of science (the *Novum Organum*), by which the whole realm of nature would be made to put on a new and a glorified face. Let us see, then, if Mr. Miller has not, as well as Bacon and Descartes, good reason to be proud of his '*Methods of Proof.*'

In order to establish the doctrine, and justify the practice, of infant baptism, he employs 'three methods:.' (1.) '*A command*; (2.) An authoritative example; (3.) An induction.' '*We shall,*' he continues, '*employ these methods of proof in this investigation. .We, therefore, proceed to an explanation of these methods of proof, and to indicate how we shall apply them.*'

(1.) '*A command.* Thus: "Do this or that." This is our first method. We propose to show a *command* for infant baptism.' (p. 12.) Then follows a page and a half, in which the writer shows what a command is, and how we may know 'to whom it extends.'

Now all this may, *to the superficial reader*, appear as old and simple as the a, b, c of his alphabet. But it is, in fact, in the handling of Mr. Miller, very original, if not very profound. Any man could, perhaps, know a command for infant baptism, if he were to see it; but then it is not every man who can see the command discovered by Mr. Miller. On the contrary, the very greatest expositors of Scripture have, from time immemorial, failed to see that it is a command for infant baptism at all; and no one would have suspected it was so, if the fact had not been revealed by the light of his logic. When we first read his words, '*We propose to show a*

*command* for infant baptism,' we were startled by the novelty of the declaration; for, though we had read many writers on the subject of infant baptism, it was the first time we had ever seen such a proposal. On the contrary, we had always seen it admitted by Pedobaptists themselves, that there is no command for infant baptism in the New Testament. Mr. Miller's great discovery is certainly *original*. Let us look at it, and see what it is.

It is found in Matt. xxviii. 19. 'Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' Now, no one can, at first sight, see any command for infant baptism in these words; for they contain no mention whatever of infants, or of infant baptism. These words are, in fact, so far from expressly commanding infant baptism, that they form one of the chief proof-texts of those by whom the baptism of infants is opposed. 'From these terms,' says Mr. Fowles, in his admirable work on baptism, 'he [the Baptist] infers, with great popular effect, that only those capable of being *taught* are fit to be baptized.' (p. 73.) The Baptist, then, not only fails to see that this is a command for infant baptism, but he infers from it, '*with great popular effect,*' that it disproves infant baptism. Logic must be used, then, to open the eyes of the popular mind, as well as of our Baptist brethren, in order to enable them to see that Matt. xxviii. 19 is '*a command* for infant baptism.' We should rejoice, of course, if Mr. Miller's logic could only open the eyes of our Baptist brethren, and make them see his discovery, for they would then come over to us. But we can have very little hope, indeed, that his logic will open their eyes to his great discovery until it is made to perform the same office for Pedobaptists. Let him begin at home, and first convince the great lights of Pedobaptism that he has found '*a command* for infant baptism,' and then we may entertain some better hopes of his success abroad. But until then we fear that his discovery, however original, will only be laughed at by our adversaries, and his exploits deemed a little Quixotical.

John Calvin was certainly a great master of logic. Grant

his premises, and he is a match for the world. Yet his logic, clear and strong as it was, did not enable him to see, in Matt. xxviii. 19, anything like a command for infant baptism. Nay, he even admits that those words, in themselves considered, relate to adults only, and have no reference to infants. So far from seeing in them 'a *command* for infant baptism,' he does not even consider them any evidence of the truth of the doctrine. 'It will be impossible for them' [the Baptists], he says, 'with all their ingenuity, to prove anything from this passage [Matt. xxviii. 19], except that the gospel is first to be preached to those who are capable of hearing it, before they are baptized; *for it relates to no others*. Let them raise an obstacle from this, if they can, to exclude infants from baptism.'<sup>1</sup> Thus, in spite of all his zeal for infant baptism, he found no proof of the doctrine in Matt. xxviii, much less 'an express command' in its favor. Yet Calvin was, like most other men, by no means deficient in capacity to find his own views in the Scriptures. He admits, as we have seen, that the words of Matt. xxviii. 19, 20, relate exclusively to adults, and *and to no others*.' But he rejects the inference of the Baptists. 'What kind of argumentation,' he asks, 'is that with which they assail us? Persons of *adult* age are to be instructed, in order that they may believe before they are to be baptized; *therefore* it is unlawful to baptize *infants*,' an inference which he rejects with scorn. This inference of the Baptists is good in the opinion of Mr. Miller, if *the words* of Matt. xxviii. 19 refer to adults only, because he believes and asserts that that passage 'is the only authority we have for administering baptism to any one.' But John Calvin says, 'It is a mistake, *worse than childish*, to consider that commission as the original institution of baptism *which Christ had commanded his apostles to administer from the commencement of his preaching*.'<sup>2</sup> We agree with Calvin, that the opinion of Mr. Miller that Matt. xxviii. 19 'is the only authority for administering baptism to any one,' is *worse than childish*. It is not the original, much less the only, authority for baptism.

<sup>1</sup> Institutes. Book IV, chap. xvi.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

In like manner, Dr. John Dick, in his learned and powerfully reasoned *Lectures on Theology*, can no more see that the baptism of infants is enjoined in the words of Matt. xxviii. 19 than could John Calvin. Adults only, says he, and not children, 'are specified in the commission.' Hence the words of the commission, in themselves considered, have no bearing on the subject of infant baptism; and it is only in connection 'with the custom of the Jews' that they can be understood to refer to their baptism. But he reasons just as Wesley, and Watson, and other Pedobaptists did, that 'There was no occasion to specify children in the commission given to the Apostles, because they and all the Jews would understand that, since baptism had come in the room of circumcision, their children had the same right to it as themselves.' It is, then, incumbent on Mr. Miller to 'show a command for infant baptism' to Presbyterians and Methodists, to the followers of Calvin and Wesley, and open their eyes to see it, before he tries his novel 'method of proof' on the Baptists.

The Rev. J. C. Ryle is one of the latest, the most learned, and the most universally admired evangelical expositors of the Gospels, and yet where Mr. Miller sees 'a *command* for infant baptism,' this great Pedobaptist does not see one express word in its favor. 'The point settled by this text (Matt. xxviii. 19), says he, 'is not so much what ought to be done with the children of Christians, as what ought to be done with heathens when converted.' Hence, he adds, 'I purposely abstain from saying anything on the subject of infant baptism. *There is nothing in this text* [Matt. xxviii. 19] *which can be fairly used either way in settling this much-vevexed controversy.*' Yet, in spite of all this, or else in ignorance of all this, Mr. Miller will have it that this text, just as it is in itself, and without any reference to the custom of the Jews, settles the whole question of infant baptism! Its very words are, *ex in termini*, 'a command for infant baptism,' which convicts of heresy all who say that there is no 'express command' for that ordinance in the New Testament. The truth is, that he is so much more clear-sighted than all other theologians, whether for or against infant

baptism, that his great discoveries are likely to be lost on the dullness of mankind. He proposed to 'show an argument for infant baptism,' and he has shown it. But, unfortunately, no one can see it but himself. It is either far above or far below the apprehension of ordinary mortals. So much for his first 'method of proof.'

The second is like the first. The foregoing reflections may, indeed, be so easily extended to his second 'method of proof,' that it calls for no special notice. But why, we ask, should these be called 'methods of proof'? Is not 'a command,' for instance, simply *a proof*? So it seems to us. Hence, if he had simply given us *his proofs*, first his 'command' and then his 'authoritative example,' he might very well have spared us his learned disquisition of seven pages on his 'methods of proof.' But this is not our author's style; it is only the style of plain, common people. He is a philosopher, and must, therefore, speak like a philosopher. Hence, instead of bringing forward 'a command' to prove his doctrine, he must first dignify this proceeding with the name of a 'method,' and place it in the same category with 'Bacon's method in science.'

It is remarkable that, in laying down his 'methods of proof,' he ends with induction, and nowhere says one word about deduction. This is the more remarkable, because deductive reasoning is, in fact, the only method of proof applicable in the argument for infant baptism. Mr. Miller's method of 'a command,' and 'an authoritative example,' prove nothing, except that the authority of the command and the example are shown or brought to light solely by a process of *deductive* reasoning. In the case of Wesley, Watson, Knapp, and others, by uniting the so-called command with the custom of the Jews, and thence *inferring deductively* the obligation of infant baptism; in the case of Mr. Miller, by vainly attempting to *deduce* from the words of the so-called command itself, without reference to anything beyond them, the same obligation or duty. And as for induction, there is absolutely no place or use for it in the proof of infant baptism. As all the *premises* in this controversy are supplied, either by the words of Scripture, or



the facts of history, so induction has nothing whatever to do with it. The only office of induction is, in all cases, to construct premises; and since these are, in the present controversy, already given in the word of God, or in history, it is sheer pedantry, or childish ignorance, to parade induction as one of our 'methods of proof.' It has nothing whatever to do with the argument. All that we have to do, indeed, is to start from the *premises* already furnished to our hands, and thence infer or prove the duty of infant baptism by the use of the 'deductive method.' Hence, however strange it may seem, the only method which can be used in the controversy about infant baptism is the only one not mentioned by Mr. Miller! He has been at great pains to explain *his* 'methods of proof,' and yet the only real method of proof in the case is entirely ignored, overlooked, and omitted by him! The truth is, that, in the article of method, Mr. Miller assumed the office of teacher too soon. A little modesty, caution, and reflection would have convinced him that he should have remained a learner ere he undertook to expound the doctrine of method.

But one of the strangest things in his book, if not in any book, is his attempt to define and illustrate the nature of induction. After reading, some two years ago, the page devoted to this subject, we laid down the book in amazement, greatly wondering how it was possible for any man to indite such a passage. It is certainly one of the most wonderful things we have ever seen. If he had never read a line, nor reflected for a moment, on the subject of induction, he could not have gone more utterly astray than he has done in the marvellous page in question. There is one sentence, and only one, in the whole page which is not replete with the grossest error. It was not possible, indeed, for any man to live as long as Mr. Miller has done without learning, either in conversation, or from some newspaper paragraph, that induction is 'Bacon's method in science.' Accordingly, this is the one true sentence on his page on the subject of induction. Each and every other sentence is not only not true, but glaringly erroneous. Exaggeration is here out of the question. Indeed, if it were possible for human language to exaggerate the faults

of the page before us, the exaggeration would be less striking and impressive than a fair and faithful exhibition of its real character. The most crushing criticism that could possibly be written would be an exact representation of the passage as it is in itself, or as it appears in the light of science, without the exaggeration of the thousandth part of an iota, or the shadow of a deviation from the strict line of truth. Hence, this is precisely the kind of criticism which we shall proceed to make on our author's definition and illustrations of the nature of 'Bacon's method in science.'

He says: '(3.) *An induction.* This is a legitimate method of proof, and by it *a demonstration may be as infallibly made as by any other method of argumentation.*' (p. 16.) Is it not, then, *universally known*, that induction, which belongs to 'the sciences of contingent and *probable* truth' only, demonstrates nothing infallibly? Is it not known to every tyro in philosophy, that *demonstration* belongs exclusively to 'the mathematics,' to 'the sciences of necessary truth'?

'By induction we mean,' says Mr. Miller, 'that process of argumentation, *in which we ascend from the parts to the whole, and from general analogy or special presumptions in the case form conclusions.* This is Bacon's method in science.' We beg his pardon; this is *not* Bacon's method in science, nor does it bear the least conceivable resemblance to Bacon's method. Green cheese is far more like the moon than *this* is like Bacon's method. That method is defined in *Bacon's Novum Organum*, in *Mills' Logic*, in *Hamilton's Logic*, in *Whateley's Logic*, and in other works on logic almost without number; but in none of these works is there anything bearing the least resemblance to the above definition of induction. This reminds us of nothing, except the man who was always trying to be original, and yet never succeeded in anything but in *his orthography*. In Whewell's three large volumes on *The History of the Inductive Sciences*, and in his two large volumes on the *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*, there is a great deal said about induction, both in the way of definition and explanation; but there is not, in all those learned works, anything approximating to the above definition of Mr. Miller.

In the works on mental philosophy by Dugald Stewart, by President Porter, and by a hundred other eminent men, there are definitions of induction; but yet, in all our reading, we have never before seen any like Mr. Miller's definition. This stands alone, absolutely alone, in its originality, and defies the imagination of ordinary mortals to conceive how such a notion could have entered into his brain. It certainly did not come from his reading; and must, one would think, have proceeded from the conceit, that he could know induction, as Falstaff knew the true Princess 'by instinct' alone, without consulting any of the small oracles of the external world. It reminds one of the German philosopher, who imagined that, without reading, he could 'reconstruct the history of the world from his interior consciousness,' so utterly unlike is it to anything in the learning and literature of science on the subject of induction. When Mr. Miller called induction, 'that process of argumentation by which we ascend from the parts to the whole,' he seems to have been dreaming of the method usually known among chemists under the name of *synthesis*, in which 'the parts,' or the constituent elements, of a complex substance are so combined as to form the whole. He was certainly not thinking of induction. And when he described induction as 'that process of argumentation in which . . . from general analogy or special presumptions in the case *form conclusions*,' he must have been thinking, vaguely and confusedly, of deduction, or else of nothing. Such a jumble of disjointed notions as that exhibited in our author's attempt to define the inductive method, or 'Bacon's method in science,' we have seldom, if ever, encountered in the writings of any sane man.

His illustrations are as unfortunate as his definition. How, indeed, can any man illustrate that of which he has no idea? He says, 'This is Bacon's method in science. It is that method of proof upon which many of the most sacred rights and most momentous interests depend. Take, for example, the right or basis of property. *Law* does not fix the right or basis of property, though, as Wayland says, "the existence and progress of society, nay, the very existence of our race, depend

upon the acknowledgment of this right." Now, *our knowledge of the rights of property is obtained SIMPLY BY INDUCTION*! What in the name of common sense has induction to do with such a question? Our author answers, 'We make an induction (1.) of natural conscience, and (2.) of general consequences, and thus determine the question as to the right of property.' (p. 17.) Is it possible to conceive a more unintelligible jargon of words? 'An induction of natural conscience'! Why, this is no induction at all; it is merely one of the *intuitions* of the mind, or of conscience.

Having sufficiently defined and illustrated the inductive method, he adds, 'I shall apply this method of proof thus: I shall take the *covenant of grace*, the great organic law of Christ's kingdom, and the *relation of children* to Christ's kingdom ("if such is the kingdom of God"), and by an induction of these establish the rightfulness of infant baptism.' (p. 17.) This caps the climax. '*By an induction of these*!' What! by an induction of his premises? He *takes*, he *assumes*, 'the great organic law of Christ's kingdom, and the relation of children to Christ's kingdom,' as the premises from which his reasoning starts; and then, as he should have said, by a *deduction from these* establish the rightfulness of infant baptism. It is just as plain as the sun in the heavens that *his* induction is a *deduction*. If he will only try again, and give us one of *his* notions of a deduction, he may then, perhaps, stumble on an induction.

We are sick of this book, and, besides, our space is exhausted. Otherwise the two following sections would fare little better than the one already considered by us; for he commits the capital blunder of beginning at the wrong end of the argument—that is to say, he begins not with the proof from Scripture, but from the Fathers of the Church. Like those who pursue the same course, he shows, in more particulars than one, a want of respect for the word of God, and he falsifies the testimony of the Fathers, without adding one iota to the strength of his argument. Ignoring some of the very strongest arguments from Scripture, in which Knapp, and Watson, and Wesley, and others, relied with great confidence, his faith

is not well founded, as on a rock; and hence, when he plunges into the troubled sea of tradition, he lays hold, like a drowning man, on every floating straw within his reach, by which he does the cause of infant baptism more harm than good. He lays great stress on these straws, as if they were essential to *his* support, though they are utterly rejected by the best writers in favor of infant baptism. Nay, worse still, he falsifies the testimony of Hermas so glaringly that the meanest eye may easily detect the cheat. He makes him testify, for example, that there 'are infants' in the Church who had received the seal of baptism. (p. 45.) Whereas, his own extract from Hermas *shows that such was not his testimony*. Now, the question is,' says Mr. M., 'have children any place in this tower, or Church? We quote in answer: "And they who believed from the twelfth mountain, which was white, are the following: they are *as* infant children, in whose hearts no evil originates; nor did they know what wickedness is, but *always* remained *as* children. Such, accordingly, without doubt, dwell in the kingdom of God, because they defiled in nothing the commandment of God; *but they remained like children all the days of their life in the same mind*. All of you, then, who shall remain steadfast, and be *as children*, without doing evil, will be more honored than all who have been previously mentioned; for all infants are honorable before God, and are the first persons with him.'" (p. 45.) Now, in this passage, there is nothing which goes one particle beyond the testimony of Scripture, that 'of such [as children] are the kingdom of God.' Those of the 'twelfth mountain,' of whom Hermas speaks, are, most obviously, *not children at all*, but those adults who 'remained *as children*,' who 'remained like children *all the days of their life*,' free from 'wickedness,' and 'in whose hearts no evil originates.' Yet, directly in the face of his own extract, Mr. Miller makes Hermas testify that 'the most honorable persons in this tower [or Church], or with the owner of it, who is God, are "*infants*.'" Not those who *remain as infants all the days of their life*, but *infants themselves*. Could perversion be more glaring? And would it not have been better for Mr. Miller, and for

the cause he has so zealously espoused, if he had imitated those great writers in favor of infant baptism who entirely omit all allusion to the testimony of Hermas?

We now take leave of Mr. Miller. Indeed, it would require a book as large as his own to do justice to half the mistakes it contains. We were merciful, very merciful, to brother Miller, in passing over his little work in silence, and also over his other little volume on the Apostolical Succession. But we were remiss in our duty to the Church. We should, as faithful critics, have exposed the errors of those works, and shown our readers where they might procure much better works on the same subjects, and for less money. We owed this as a solemn duty to the literature of our Church. We see this now, and we should, perhaps, have seen it much sooner, if we had not been overburdened with other labors. If Mr. M. had only let us alone, we should, it is to be feared, have continued to neglect our duty to the all-important question of the literature of the Church. But he has disturbed us, and stirred us up, thank God! to a sense of this duty. His attempt to crush the *Southern Review* out of existence has only waked it up. The melted lead he poured into its ear did not kill, it only opened its eyes, and caused them to look into our Church literature. This may, we humbly trust, be of some little use to our readers; for our Church needs, as we now see, in several departments of reading and study, a *better* and a *cheaper* literature than she possesses.

2. THE AMERICAN PRIMER. PICTURES AND WORDS FOR TEACHING LITTLE CHILDREN TO READ AND WRITE. By Wm. J. Davis. Louisville: John P. Morton & Co.

The system embodied in this little book was first suggested by Jacotet, in the year 1822, in his *Langue Maternelle*, which constituted a portion of the *Enseignement Universel*.

The method, as first proposed, found much favor. It has been used by many successful teachers for a number of years. By it children were taught, first, to recognize the appearance of words, and then to analyze them into their elements, instead of first learning the names of the letters, and then, out of them, building up words, as is done in the old alphabetic

method. Even in this crude form the analytic method has been found better than the synthetic.

The names of the alphabetic signs are, in some instances, so different from their phonetic sound as to produce utter confusion in the childish mind. The common sense of a little child utterly rebels at the necessity of calling a letter *double u* and pronouncing it *oo*. One child, at least, within our experience, felt that he had reason on his side when he persisted that *h-o-w* spelled *hubble u*, and would not be convinced.

'The phonetic method,' says the Introduction to our modest little *American Primer*, 'is almost as bad as the alphabet method, because, though it begins correctly, it is imperfect; it teaches good pronunciation but bad spelling; the body is not dissected, its members are severed only at the articulate joints.'

The phonetic method, which gives to letters their *sounds* rather than their *names*, utterly ignores the spelling of words, which must be learned afterward as a separate task. Its most enthusiastic votaries would have us discard from our language all the superfluous letters that have been such pitfalls and snares to the unsteady little feet which, generation after generation, have toiled up the steep ascent that leads to the path of knowledge. But we all know that these silent letters have unbarred the door to many a golden philological secret, which would have remained forever unsuspected, and forever closed, but for this apparently meaningless 'open sesame.'

We must keep our orthography intact, as far as may be, and resist the encroaching innovations in spelling, if we would see the noble *science of language* hold the hard-earned place which she has gained of late years as peer of her sister physical sciences. No 'reading made easy' to the millions of small boys and girls, who every year spend rivers of tears over the primer and spelling-book, would compensate us for the disastrous loss to the scholar of our redundant letters.

The present system, it is believed, combines the various advantages of the three methods—the *alphabet*, the *phonetic*, and the original *word* methods, in addition to the fact that the child is taught to write at the same time. In connection with

the primer, three sets of cards are printed: the first, containing a wood-cut of a single, familiar object, with the name in large letters below it; the second, with the name alone; and the third, containing only single letters.

‘Here, it is believed,’ the Introduction goes on to say, ‘is the true system of teaching little children to read and write. 1. *The Object*; 2. *The Picture*, which represents the object to the eye in its true form; 3. *The Word*, which conventionally represents the object, being a sign to the mind of the thing for which it stands; 4. *The Analysis of the Word*, or separating one from another the actual sounds of which the word is composed, and the names of the letters which make it; 5. The shapes of the *printed letters* in the word; 6. The shapes of the same *letters in manuscript*’

The method, in its adaptation, is fully illustrated by a ‘Practical Lesson’ in the Introduction, which shows the manner of using cards, pictures, slates, etc. We have given a longer and more elaborate notice than might, perhaps, have been expected of so small and unpretending a volume, but we consider the subject one of great practical importance. Many a child, eager for the knowledge that comes by reading, has been discouraged and disgusted by the weariness induced by the first steps he takes in the royal road to knowledge. We may say this ought not so to be, but we are dealing with children as they are, and not with children as they should be. It is, undoubtedly, very undesirable that the attainment of all knowledge should be made easy. The very idea of a school or college is that it should be a gymnasium for the development of mental vigor and agility; the chief good to be derived from education is intellectual training; but we should be equally unworthy of the name of parent and of teacher if we were not watching to smooth the ground beneath our babes’ feet—if we were not trying to lead the uncertain little steps over the most level and most flowery paths. Discipline of this kind comes soon enough, and it is sure to be stern enough when it comes. Let us make the entrance which leads into that rugged path as pleasant and as sweet as we may, that the little feet may be tempted on



and on till they gain those nobler heights where the work and the struggle become finally their own sweetest reward.

The method thus systematized comes from the hand of a practical teacher, one who not only taught successfully, but who rejoiced in his work. The system which he gives to the public is the completed form of the method which grew up under his hand while teaching. It was used by him in training classes of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred children in the elements of English, and used with such success that ordinarily bright children averaged only three months in learning to read. All who have ever labored over the alphabet method will agree that this is a very short time. We are glad to give our cordial approbation to the method thus developed, and hope that this little book will find its way into many Southern homes, as well as into Southern schools, and that it will there be crowned with the success it has met with in Louisville as well as in other parts of Kentucky.

8. **STRAUSS AS A PHILOSOPHICAL THINKER.** A Review of his Book, 'The Old Faith and the Few Faith,' and Confutation of his Materialistic Views. By Hermann Ulrici. Translated, with an Introduction, by Charles P. Krauth, Vice-Provost of the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co. 1874. Pp. 167.

This little work is made up of the Introduction (seventy-two pages), and Ulrici's review of Strauss. We have read both parts with great interest, and various portions of both parts more than once. Dr. Krauth, in his very learned Introduction, gives a general view of the materialism of the day, and 'a special presentation of the most important points in the controversy raised by the book of Strauss.' He also brings together, in one view, 'many of the strongest and most brilliant things which has been called forth in the reviews of Strauss,' which, with Ulrici's searching criticism, makes the volume an epitome of the salient points in the great discussion. Every one who wish to see the merits of this great controversy in a nutshell, should by all means read the review of Ulrici. The following estimate of the work, by Dr. Krauth, appears to us perfectly just:

'The review of Strauss by Ulrici is a masterpiece of logic,

fact, and practical force. It is compact, yet comprehensive. It gives Strauss' own statements and arguments in full, in Strauss' own words, and meets them with cogent argument put in the most lucid manner. It is not written from a theological point of view, though the confutation of Strauss' philosophy is the completest confutation of what is most important in his theology. It is a scientific, yet popular discussion of the most vital of the speculative questions of the day. Its author is among the greatest living critics and philosophical thinkers, one of the few men thoroughly at home in both the physical and metaphysical sciences. His review furnishes one of the best antidotes to the widely-circulated and dangerous book of Strauss, the weaknesses and internal contradictions of which it lays bare. To the general reader, as well as to the man of science, to all who are in the perils or doubts of materialism, to young men, and to those whose duty it is to be the guides of young men, this book, small in bulk, but rich in matter and classic in execution, will be invaluable. It shows how necessary and great a part is borne by true philosophical thinking in the confutation of the false.'

Some critics now-a-days, calling themselves Christians, are accustomed to speak of Strauss as if he were really a great philosopher. How much of their high estimate arises from feebleness of insight, how much from a desire to be thought free from bigotry, how much from a wish to curry favor with the most lauded skeptics of the age, or how much from a real fairness and candor of disposition, it is impossible to determine. Be their motives what they may, however, we have often been offended, not to say disgusted, with their very flattering estimates of the genius of Strauss. In Farrar's *Critical History of Free Thought*, for example, he thus speaks of the arch-infidel's *Life of Jesus*: 'As a specimen of didactic and critical writing it is perhaps *unrivalled in German literature*. . . . If the historic sketches captivate by their clearness, the critical do so by their *surprising acuteness and dialectical power*, and the philosophical (?) by their appreciation of the ideal beauty of the very doctrines, the historic embodiment of which is denied. [Rapt with a sense of their *ideal beauty*, though

he believes them to be utterly false!] *It is the work of a mind endowed with a remarkable analytical power,*' etc., etc. (p. 266.) Now, we turn from all this amiable flummery and find positive relief in the earnest truthfulness and penetrating criticism of Ulrici. That is to say, we turn from the English divine and find positive relief in the German philosopher, of whose review Fichte has said: 'With such keenness of logic, such inexorable sequence of conclusion, has it laid bare the internal contradictions, the hastiness of inference, the unsustained assumption, which reveal themselves in the particular parts, as well as in the general position of Strauss' book, as to place beyond all doubt the final judgment in regard to its *philosophical* value.' Nippold also says: 'To consider it necessary to say a single word in regard to Ulrici's significance in the development of modern philosophy, would be as absurd as the attempt to ignore a Lotze, or a Trendlenburg. His judgment on Strauss, *as a philosophical thinker*, cuts with an almost unsurpassable acuteness.' 'Any one who will recall,' says another German reviewer, 'the haughty self-sufficiency with which Strauss has been making his appeal to *philosophy* [meaning the Hegelian], as if there were no other, and pleasing himself *with the idea of being a philosopher*, will readily understand, why among all the writings in opposition to his book, that of Ulrici *must most deeply cut to the quick his gigantic vanity.*'<sup>2</sup> Such criticisms may not please all men, infidels as well as Christians, but they are just—just to Strauss, as well as to the Jesus whom he seeks to displace from the throne of the universe. 'Ulrici is not a theologian,' says Dr. K. (p. 68.); *but he is a thinker*; a very terrible character, indeed, to such *philosophers* as Strauss.

4. PRIZE ESSAY. GO OR SEND: A PLEA FOR MISSIONS. By Atticus G. Haygood, D. D. Nashville, Tenn.: Southern Methodist Publishing House. 1874.

'The Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at its meeting, in Nashville, May 10, 1873, resolved to offer a premium of one hundred dollars for the best essay setting

1 Bampton Lectures, p. —.

2 Introduction. By Dr. Krauth, pp. 71-2.

forth the principles, facts, and obligations of the Church in regard to Missions.' 1

This resolution, after passing through all the regular steps, was carried into execution. Ten manuscripts were submitted to the Committee, who had been appointed to award the prize to the best Essay, consisting of Robt. A. Young, R. K. Hargrove, and J. M. Sharpe. The prize was adjudged to the above Essay, by Dr. Haygood, so well and so universally known as one of the most zealous, active, and useful ministers of the Southern Methodist Church; though no one at the time the award was made knew to whom it was awarded. 'We read them carefully,' say the Committee, 'and have agreed to award the prize to the author of the Essay containing eighty-three pages [making seventy-three printed pages, 12mo], and marked X. Y. Z. On opening the sealed envelopes, we find that he is our friend and brother, the Rev. Atticus G. Haygood, D. D. There are other four or five manuscripts of great merit, which we hope the Board will publish; thus making a handsome volume on the subject of Missions.'

We need not indulge our feelings of friendship for Dr. Haygood, by praising his admirable little book, his 'Prize Essay.' We will say, however, that it is an honor to our Church, as well as to the noble head and heart by which it was dictated.

GO OR DIE. By David C. Kelley, D. D., of the Tennessee Conference. Nashville, Tenn.: Southern Methodist Publishing House. 1874.

This is, in print, one of 'the four or five manuscripts of great merit' mentioned in our last notice, which the Committee of three hoped 'the Board of Missions' would publish. The Board ordered its publication; and here it is, the peer of Dr. Haygood's, minus the prize. Dr. Kelley is right; just as the spirit of Missions dies out of any Church, so dies out the spirit of Christ also, for both are essentially one and the same. 'Witness the Protestant Episcopal Church,' he says, 'with a large home-work and almost no foreign; the anti-missionary

1. Introductory Note.

Baptist, without any such work—the one frail in the extreme, the other *in articulo mortis*. Obedience to the command, “Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature,” or death, is the only alternative which the history of the Christian Church, thus far, offers to the Churches of to-day. Death may come in either of two forms—corruption or extinction. *Go or die!*’ (p. 54.) Hence the title of his Essay. We take it for granted that the reader will procure both Essays, ‘Go or Send,’ and ‘Go or Die,’ and read them for himself; otherwise we should have enriched our pages with copious extracts from them. No more important subject than that of Missions could possibly be named or discussed, nor one more essential to the vitality of the Church; for how can we expect the blessing of the great Head of the Church at home, if we live in the neglect of his command, ‘Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.’ We must ‘Go or Die.’

6. HEIRS OF THE KINGDOM. By Mrs. Mary Stuart Smith. Edited by the Rev. A. G. Haygood, D. D. Nashville, Tenn.: Southern Methodist Publishing House.

The writer of this handsome little volume of 178 pages is a truly remarkable woman. A premium of three hundred dollars, which was offered for ‘the best Sunday school book,’ called forth no less than eighty-nine competitors, among whom were some of the most learned and eloquent ministers of the Southern Methodist Church. Mrs. Smith’s little work took the prize.

But this is not even the beginning of the wonder. The daughter of one man of genius, the late Gessner Harrison, and the wife of another, Professor F. H. Smith, of the University of Virginia, Mrs. S. was, both by nature and by education, competent to rout a hundred doctors of divinity in such a contest. Neither her father nor her husband, with all their genius, would have stood any chance with her in a contest for the said prize of three hundred dollars. But any other woman would, in her circumstances, have looked upon all literary labor, and even mental improvement, as utterly

out of the question. The mistress of a large household, and the mother of a large family, what more could she do than devote herself, as she did most conscientiously, to her domestic duties? Teaching and training her own children, receiving and returning visits — in one word, omitting nothing, and slighting nothing, connected with the cares, duties, and amenities of her domestic and social life, what time had she for reading, and study, and the composition of books? Yet for all these things she has found time. She has not only read much, and studied much, but she has also written contributions for some of the best periodicals in the country. How did she find the time? Did she make it? No; she only did not waste the time which God has given alike to all, nor hide away her talent under the plausible excuses of idleness. Think of this, O ye fair daughters of the South! and do likewise. Think of this, O ye lazy heroes of the South, and blush for shame! Think of this, O ye mothers of the South! and teach your children, by example as well as by precept, that there is nothing, in all God's world, more honorable than *work*, or more indispensable to restore our down-trodden country to more than its former glory.

If this notice should fall under the eye of Mrs Smith, she will feel that we owe her an apology; but alas! we have none to offer. We can only say, in our *vindication*, that if she will set such an example for the benefit of her sex and the world, she must permit us to use it for the same high and holy purpose. It is no part of our object to make her blush, whose modesty is the crowning glory of all her other virtues, but only to inspire ourselves, and other lazy worms, with a sense of duty. She must excuse us, then, for the liberty we have taken with her name, for the use we have made of her example, seeing that its only design is, under God, to make more 'Heirs of the Kingdom.'

7. **THE THEORY OF THE BEAUTIFUL.** By Samuel Tyler, LL. D., author of 'The Progress of Philosophy,' 'Memoirs of Chief Justice Taney,' etc., etc.

The theory of the beautiful, and the quadrature of the circle, have cracked more brains than one, or found them cracked.

As to the mathematical question, we speak from our own personal knowledge; for during our residence at the University of Virginia not a year passed that some poor fellow did not favor us with *his* solution of the world-famous problem. One of the most memorable of these was by a man whose name is universally known, to-wit: John Smith. He had a middle name, by which he was distinguished from the common herd of J. S—s; but, wishing to be as impersonal as possible, we have written it plain John Smith. This gentleman by whom, at last, after the toil of so many ages, the circle was squared, was, as we learned from the preface to his little book, ‘a native-born Virginian,’ and ‘a self-taught mathematician.’ The little book was decorated, and the great problem introduced with the three following mottos: 1. ‘Let no man enter here who is ignorant of geometry.—Pythagoras;’ 2. ‘Truth is mighty and must prevail.—General Jackson;’ and 3. ‘Figures can’t lie.—John Smith.’ Having fired off this *feu de joie* of mottos, Mr. Smith then proceeded to square the circle for the benefit of mankind, as well as for the eternal glory of his native State and of his native, self-taught genius for mathematics.

The reader may wish to know, perhaps, how it has happened that we have associated in our mind the ‘native-born’ and ‘self-taught’ mathematician of Virginia with the name of Samuel Tyler, LL. D. If so, we can truly and honestly answer, the things have associated themselves together without any sort of effort on our part. The law of association under which they came together, and embraced each other, has been known at least ever since the time of Aristotle. In his writings, as well as in those of Aquinas and Hume, this primary law of association, or suggestion, is connected by the term *resemblance*.

The first point of resemblance is, that both have exerted their genius and exhausted their ingenuity on questions which have, for more than two thousand years, defied the learning and sagacity of mankind, and both with *equal success*. There is another point of resemblance, also, which is very striking: neither (if we may judge from his writings) has ever formed

the least idea of the problem he has undertaken to solve. In the third place, each has, to his entire satisfaction, solved the great question of ages with an ease that is truly wonderful.

Mr. John Smith has, in no part of his little book, ever stated the problem which it has been his sublime purpose to solve. Hence the wonderful ease with which he has solved it. If, on the contrary, he had only understood the nature of the question, and had stated it correctly, he would have seen, perhaps, that he had just exactly nothing to say on the subject, and that, consequently, silence would have shown his wisdom to the greatest advantage. As it was, however, he first did two *impossible* things, in order to solve the *impossible* problem of the quadrature of the circle. That is to say, he first found a piece of wood that is *perfectly homogeneous throughout*, and everywhere of exactly the *same thickness*; and, then, out of this marvellous piece of wood he cut a circle that was *mathematically perfect*! This done, he then weighed the circle, and, finally, cut from the same piece of wood a square weighing precisely as much as the circle! He thus solved, just as any other ninny might have done, the great problem by purely *mechanical* means, and not by *mathematical*. This was, in fact, no solution at all; for, instead of showing how, in all cases, or once for all, a *mathematical* square may be *constructed* exactly equal in area to a *mathematical* circle, he found, as he imagined, one *material* square which *weighed* exactly as much as a particular *material* circle. Such was the ridiculous process from which Mr. John Smith passed, by a single step, to his sublime *quod erat demonstrandum*. The old saying, 'one step from the sublime to the ridiculous,' was thus reversed by 'the self-taught mathematician.'

The case is very little, if any, better with Dr. Samuel Tyler. If he has, indeed, any conception of what is meant among philosophers by a 'theory of the beautiful,' he betrays no sign or symptom whatever of his knowledge in the poetical effusion now before us. He nowhere states, or defines, the question he professes to deal with; and nowhere, amid all his fine fancies, can we catch even so much as a glimpse of anything like a 'theory of the beautiful.' Indeed, the writer himself tells us, that 'to



discover the theory of this *sweet wonder* [the beautiful], we must go back to the earliest age, when philosophy was the product of the imagination rather than of the understanding; when mental operations were guided *more by the laws of association than the laws of thought*. The problem, in fact, springs out of the heart, and is more nearly related to the feelings than to the intellect. *The search after the theory is the romance of philosophy.*<sup>1</sup> (p. 9.)

Now, we had always supposed that 'the laws of association' are 'the laws of thought.' No so Dr. Tyler. He evidently dissents (perhaps without knowing it) from all the writers on the laws of association, from Aristotle down to the present day, that they are 'the laws of thought' as well as of feeling. Accordingly, he takes leave of 'the laws of thought,' and, in his search after 'the theory of this sweet wonder,' feels his way by 'the laws of association.' He does not *see*, he only *feels*, his way as one soaring in the dark. He appeals from 'the understanding' to 'the imagination,' from 'the intellect' to 'the feelings,' and, consequently, instead of giving us anything like 'a theory of the beautiful,' he only gives us a dainty little '*romance of philosophy*.' This little '*romance*,' indeed, as he truly calls it, bears about the same relation to a philosophical theory of the beautiful that the mechanical labors of John Smith sustains to the mathematical quadrature of the circle.

There is no philosophy and no theory in his book, much less 'a theory of the beautiful.' The familiar line of Keats, 'A thing of beauty is a joy forever,' is the motto he has chosen for his book, and it is under the inspiration of this joy that he goes forth in search after 'the theory of this sweet wonder.' He only talks about the beautiful, and goes into ecstasies over 'the beautiful,' pretty much as we may suppose young lovers to have done in 'the earliest age,' before philosophy, *as such*, had a local habitation or a name among men.

His reading appears to have been as deficient as his philosophy. The first thing he should have done was to form for himself, and to state for the benefit of his readers, the nature

1 The italics are all ours.

of the problem he had undertaken to solve, and this a little reading would have enabled him to do with success. It would have shown him, in other words, that a 'theory of the beautiful' aims to point out the common idea, or property, by which all beautiful things are distinguished from non-beautiful ones, so that they may be known, defined, and classified by means of this common characteristic. But there is nothing of this kind in the random rhapsodies of Dr. Tyler. On the contrary, he just moves onward or floats about in blissful ignorance of the very nature of the problem of the beautiful, giving sweet utterance to whatever is most agreeable to his feelings or imagination. It is, indeed, 'a romance'—not a 'romance of philosophy,' however, so much as a romance of *sweet wonders*.

If Dr. Tyler had, however, taken the pains to form a correct notion of the problem of the beautiful, and then considered himself bound, by 'the laws of thought,' in his search after the solution of it, his freedom would have been lost. He would have been compelled to *think*, as well as to *feel*, and *fancy*, and *rhapsodize*. And if he had thought to any purpose, he would have been constrained to see that the problem he had undertaken to solve is just as impossible as that of the quadrature of the circle itself. This truth is, in fact, well explained by one of the best known writers, not of 'the earliest age,' but of the present day. Let us, then, turn from the random speculations of Dr. Tyler, and listen to the thoughtful wisdom of Dugald Stewart.

'The various theories, which ingenious men have framed in relation to the beautiful,' says Mr. Stewart, 'have originated in a prejudice, which has descended to modern times from the scholastic ages, that when a word admits of a variety of significations, these different significations must all be *species* of the same *genus*; and *must, consequently, include some essential idea common to every individual to which the generic term can be applied*.

'The question of Aristippus, "how can beauty differ from beauty"?' plainly proceeded on a total misapprehension of the nature of the circumstances, which, in the history of language,

1 In Plato.

attach different meanings to the same word ; and which, by slow and insensible gradations, remove them to such a distance from their primitive or radical sense that no ingenuity can trace the successive steps of their progress. The variety of these circumstances is, in fact, so great that it is impossible to attempt a complete enumeration of them ; and I shall, therefore, select a few of the cases in which the principle now in question appears most obviously and indisputably to fail.

‘ I shall begin with supposing, that the letters A, B, C, D, E, denote a series of objects ; that A possesses some quality in common with B ; B a quality a common with C ; C a quality in common with D ; D a quality in common with E ; while, at the same time, no quality can be found which belongs in common to any *three* objects in the series. Is it not conceivable that the affinity between A and B may produce a transference of the name from the first to the second ; and that, in consequence of the other affinities which connect the remaining objects together, the same name may pass in succession from B to C ; from C to D ; and from D to E ? ’

Now, this idea, and the reasoning founded on it by Mr. Stewart, are, when once stated, as obvious as they are original and profound. They show that the most gifted philosophers, from Plato to the present day, have failed in their attempts to frame a satisfactory ‘theory of the beautiful,’ just because such a theory is, in the nature of things, impossible. Proceeding to the false supposition, that *all those objects which are called beautiful have a common property merely because they have a common name, by which they may be distinguished from other objects*, they have been inevitably doomed to failure. As they sought a common property, where none existed, so their search was necessarily in vain. Nor will the wit or ingenuity of man ever be able to find anything in common with a beautiful idea, a beautiful face, a beautiful piece of music, and a beautiful mountain, except the name. There are, in this world of ours, ten thousand beautiful things, which have, in themselves, no common quality or property ; and hence, the search for such a distinguishing mark of the *beautiful*, after which philosophers in all ages have toiled, is just

as hopeless as the search after the elixir of life, or the quadrature of the circle.

The idea of Aristippus, that beauty cannot differ from beauty, has set men in an endless search after that which has no existence; that is, after some quality or property in common among all things that are beautiful. It never has been, and it never will be, found. Those who have sought this common property, have, in most cases, lost sight of the real object of the search, and so defined the nature of the beautiful with reference to its effects on the mind. It revives 'pleasant memories,' says one; it produces 'agreeable sensations,' says another; and so on *ad libitum*. But this gives no fixed idea or standard of the beautiful. On the contrary, instead of defining 'the beautiful' by means of any *objective* property in beautiful things, it refers only to their *subjective* effects, which are as variable as the winds. Indeed, according to such a standard or theory of the beautiful, it is obvious that 'beauty differs from beauty,' as much as the customs, tastes, prejudices, and fashions of men differ from each other. That which is most beautiful in one age or country may be most deformed in another.

Nothing is more easy than to point out the defects of all such *subjective* theories of the beautiful—such as those advanced by Alison, Jeffreys, and others. Dr. Tyler disposes of them with ease (only to return to them, however, in his own speculations). Having done this, he then, on page 22, broaches his own 'theory of the beautiful.' We are in chaos again! 'We would say,' says our author, 'that the æsthetic effect of an object [i. e., the impression it makes on the mind *as beautiful*] is founded on three principles: the principle of *impression*, the principle of *resemblance*, and the principle of *association*.' . . . 'These three principles,' he believes, 'will account for the entire æsthetic effect of objects upon the mind, as we will endeavor to show by example and analysis.' (p. 22.)

Good! We have his philosophy at last. We have seen the romance of his philosophy; we now have before us the philosophy of his romance. It consists of 'three principles.' Two of these are, 'the principle of *resemblance*,' and 'the principle

of *association*.' Now, this philosophy is quite new to us. After reading Hume, and Aquinas, and Aristotle on the subject of 'association,' we were firmly persuaded that 'the principle of *resemblance*' was one of 'the laws of *association*.' But, in the handling of Dr. Tyler, the branch has been transplanted, and become more important than the parent tree. Hence, the question arises, How stand these things in nature? If things *resemble* each other, are they not associated in *our* minds by 'the principle of resemblance, just as they were in the days of Aristotle, and Aquinas, and Hume? So it seems to us. And if so, then 'the principle of association' includes 'the principle of resemblance.' Why, then, speak of the principle of 'association, and 'the principle of resemblance'; just as if the whole does contain its parts? It looks to us a little like the famous expression, 'all the world, and *the rest of mankind*;' or 'all over the world, and *in China, too*.'

But the marvel of this new philosophy or theory yet remains to be noticed. It is 'the principle of *impression*.' He says, in illustration of this principle, 'No one will pretend that the whole æsthetic effect of an object lies in its *intrinsic qualities*. But that a part of it does, and that no inconsiderable part, we will now show.' (p. 22.) Very well; he does show this to our entire satisfaction. He does show, in one word, that there is *some quality* in a beautiful object, by which it affects the mind. But *what is this quality?* This is the question of philosophy; and yet, upon this question, his philosophy, his theory, throws not one single particle of light. A beautiful object impresses the mind with a sense of the beautiful. But if we ask why or by what quality it thus impresses the mind, we are only told that it is by *some intrinsic quality!* The impression made, we are profoundly assured, depends on 'the principle of *impression!*' We seek the reason, the explanation of the fact, and all that we get in reply is merely a restatement of the fact itself! All this is very clear, as clear as the sun itself; but, then, for all that we can see, it throws no light whatever on the nature of the beautiful. It simply tells us, what no one ever doubted, that a beautiful object possesses the power, the intrinsic power, to impress the mind as beauti-

ful. This is fact, not science; the thing to be explained, not the explanation. It gives us back only the echo of our inquiry, and then calls this echo philosophy or theory! If we seek any further explanation, we are informed that it happens, or is brought to pass, by 'the principle of *impression*.' Wonderful principle! How it clears away all our darkness! Heat impresses wax and melts it. But if we ask, why it produces this effect, will some great philosopher, or doctor of laws, inform us that it is by *some* 'intrinsic quality' in the heat, and that the impression follows from 'the principle of *impression*'? All this is admirable, especially the ease with which it explains the facts of nature. In like manner, sight may be explained by the principle of *seeing*; hearing by the principle of hearing; life by the principle of living; death by the principle of dying; and so on *ad infinitum*. It is philosophy made easy. It is theory, at which centuries have labored in vain, brought down and made plain to the meanest understanding in the world. But, after all, is this *really* philosophy? Is it the philosophy of the feelings, or the intellect, or the imagination? Is it any sort of philosophy? If it is, then we beg leave to retrace our steps, and return once more to the 'sweet wonders' of our author's romance and poetry. If Dr. T. will only tell us what is that quality of all beautiful objects by which they are distinguished from non-beautiful ones, he may then claim that he has solved the problem at which so many centuries have toiled in vain. But it is not likely that he, or that any other man, will make even a respectable attempt toward the solution of this problem, unless he will first take the pains to form some notion of the nature of the problem to be solved. We might just as well expect John Smith to square the circle. Let every man, we say, whether he be a 'self-taught mathematician' in the woods, or a learned doctor of laws at 'the intellectual centre of the moral universe,' *know what it is he is going to do before he proceeds to do it*. Otherwise, however great his strength, he will only lay around him in utter obscurity, without *once hitting the mark*, or advancing an inch *in the right direction*.

1 Washington City.

NOTICE.—We have received several other works, which, from a slight examination, appear to possess very great interest; but, having spent a month at the late General Conference, it has not been in our power to do them justice in the present number of the *Review*. Their authors will, we trust, excuse us till the next issue of our periodical in October.

NOTE.—There has been much inquiry as to the writer of the article entitled 'The Best Government the World Ever Saw,' etc., in our issue for April, 1874, and many persons have ascribed it to the pen of Judge Black. This is a mistake; it was written by the late James Findley Shunk, the son-in-law of Judge Black, and one of the most powerful writers this country has produced.

THE  
SOUTHERN REVIEW,

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A. T. BLEDSOE, LL. D., EDITOR.

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OCTOBER, 1874.

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*Πάντα δοκιμάζετε, τὸ καλὸν κατέχετε.*

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# THE SOUTHERN REVIEW.

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OCTOBER, 1874.

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**ART. I.—1. *Systematic Theology.*** By Charles Hodge, D. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, New Jersey. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Vol. I, 1872; Vols. II and III, 1874.

**2. *Fetich in Theology; or, Doctrinalism Twin to Ritualism.*** By John Miller, Princeton, N. J. New York: Dodd & Mead. 1874.

The idea of God is the root of all religion, whether natural or revealed; and the decay of this root-idea, or its non-development, is the secret source of the deep-seated and wide-spread infidelity of the present day. Hence, if we would counteract this great evil, we must promote the revival, the growth, and the development of the idea of God in the minds of men; that is to say, we must go to the very root of the tree, and there bestow our chief care, instead of expending our energies, as so many do, in battling about its outgrowths and branches. It is worse than idle, it is simply ridiculous, to argue the question of providence, or prayer, or miracles, with men who have no adequate notion of a living and personal God. We might as well, indeed, pray to a stock, a stone, or a star, as to the poor, lifeless, and impersonal God of a Darwin, a Tyndall, a Huxley, or a John Stuart Mill. For he is the creature, and not the Creator, of law and order; the slave, and not the Master, of the blind forces of nature. He can hear

no prayer, he can work no miracle, and he can exercise no sort of providence in the affairs of men. Hence, with such an idea of God, every intelligent being must needs deny the reality of providence, the efficacy of prayer, and the possibility of miracles. Their logic is good; their premises only are bad. If, therefore, we would counteract their influence, and turn the currents of religious thought into the right channel, we must encounter their premisses, and show that their idea of God is more worthy of a monkey than of a man. We must, in other words, restore the true idea of the Creator and Ruler of the universe, from which we may deduce the doctrine of providence, the duty of prayer, and the use as well as the possibility of miracles, as corollaries in the moral system of the world. Otherwise all our labor will be in vain. Mr. Mozley should have devoted the *first* instead of the *fourth* chapter of his work 'On Miracles' to the idea of God, as this is the hinge on which turns all our great controversies with the infidelity of the present day, whether they relate to the reality of providence, the efficacy of prayer, or the possibility of miracles. He should, first of all, have awaked the mental vision of the skeptic, and laid open his mind to the central light of the universe, if he intended (as no doubt he did) to deliver him and his dupes from the darkness in which they are involved. This piece of surgery we shall now proceed to perform—a duty which appears the more necessary because it has been so unskillfully performed by Dr. Hodge.

He begins right. That is, he opens the first chapter of his 'Theology proper' with 'The Idea of God;' but he no sooner takes the second step than his views become indistinct, confused, and vacillating. Nay, in more places than one they become glaringly inconsistent and self-contradictory. To the question, says he, 'What is the Origin of the Idea of God?' 'three answers have been given: first—that it is innate; second—that it is a deduction of reason, a conclusion arrived at by a process of generalization; third—that it is to be referred to a supernatural revelation, preserved by tradition.' (p. 191.)

He adopts the first of these answers, namely, that 'the idea of God is *innate*.' But when he comes to explain himself he

evidently means, not that the idea of God is innate, but that it is the product of innate tendencies, or faculties of the mind. And this confusion of *the products* of innate tendencies, or faculties of the mind, with *the tendencies or faculties themselves*, runs through all the speculations of Dr. Hodge on this profoundly interesting subject. Thus, he says (p. 191), 'These immediate perceptions are called intuitions, primary truths, laws of belief, innate knowledge, or ideas.' He here confounds, as usual, 'primary truths,' or 'ideas,' with the 'laws of belief;' or, in other words, *the products* of those laws with *the laws themselves*; than which a more fatal source of error could not infect the mind. It confounds a thought with the faculty or power of thought; a belief with the laws of belief; and hence, because the latter are innate, he concludes that the former are also innate!

He will have it, that the idea of God is always innate, and is never 'due to a process of reasoning' (p. 199), and yet he proves the existence of God, or establishes the idea of God in the mind by 'a process of reasoning.' He proves and establishes the objective reality of this idea by five several arguments, namely—by 'the cosmological argument' (p. 208), by the 'historical argument' (p. 211), by the 'geological argument' (p. 212), by the 'teleological argument' (p. 215), and by the 'moral or anthropological argument' (p. 233). Thus, according to Dr. Hodge, the idea of God is innate, and it is not innate! It *cannot* be proved by 'a process of reasoning,' and yet *it is* proved by a process of reasoning, or arguments, from effect to cause! Is it not wonderful that one who has devoted his life to the study of theology should fall into such glaring inconsistencies and self-contradictions? He makes, it is true, certain very refined distinctions in order to reconcile these discrepancies, of which he seems half conscious; but, as we shall presently see, these distinctions are more subtle than solid, and serve only to gild with delusive light the chaos of opinions in which he seems hopelessly involved.

Among the many strange things in the logic of Dr. Hodge is his 'Proof that the knowledge of God is innate' (p. 194). The knowledge or idea of God is innate, says he, because it is

both *necessary* and *universal*. To use his own words, 'The question here is, whether the existence of God is an intuitive truth? Is it given in the very constitution of our nature? Is it one of those truths which reveal themselves to every human mind, and *to which the mind is forced to assent?* In other words, has it the characteristics of *universality* and *necessity?* It should be remarked that when universality is made a criterion of intuitive truth, it is intended to apply *to those truths only which have their foundation or evidence in the constitution of a nature.* As to the external world, if ignorance be universal, error may be universal. All men, for example, for ages believed that the sun moved around the earth; *but the universality of that belief was no evidence of its truth.*

Before he proceeds far he finds that 'universality,' as a test of primary or innate truths, is about to break down under him utterly, and so he mends his position. Seeing that the universal belief, once entertained, that the earth is the centre of the material universe, round which the sun, moon, and stars revolve, was no evidence of the truth of the belief, he very prudently limited his test, or criterion, 'to those truths *only* which have their foundation or evidence in the constitution of our nature.' But even this limitation does not save him. For, by the very constitution of our nature, all men were led to believe that color is a property of bodies, and not merely a projection and illusion of the mind; that sensation resides in the organs of sense, and not merely in the sentient mind; and yet these convictions, though once absolutely universal, are now well known to have no foundation whatever in truth. They were no evidences of truths at all, much less of innate truths. They were only illusions.

Again, there is a natural conviction which universally springs from 'the constitution of our nature,' and which relates, not to 'the external world,' but exclusively to the world of spirit; and yet it is false. That is to say, we are conscious that the motion of our bodies is produced by the action of our spirits; and hence, the fundamental 'law of belief,' that, '*like effects proceed from like causes,*' leads us to refer other motions of the body to the action of spirit. The child, or the

savage, for example, believes that every body in motion is moved by a spirit, or by a will-force, like his own, which is the only cause of motion known to the experience of mankind. He believes that a watch, when he sees it move, is animated by a living spirit, and is moved by its will force. Even Plato and Kepler believed that each planet, or star, was animated and moved by a spirit or soul of its own. Was this 'idea innate'? Did God, in other words, plant this notion in the mind of man that 'he might not leave the world without a witness of himself?' It is certain that, until corrected by the teachings of science, or 'processes of reasoning,' or by a divine revelation, it led to polytheism and idolatry—to the worship of sun, moon, and stars, as well as of cats and crocodiles. Such, too, is 'the idea of God,' which Dr. Hodge asserts is 'innate.' It is no 'idea of God' at all; nor is it the work of his hands. It is merely a miserable *fetich*, which the human faculties have formed for themselves as an object of worship. It may be a cat or a crocodile, a stream or a star; but it is *not* a God. It may even be some 'Being [spelled with a big B] on whom they'—the poor, blind worshippers—may feel that they 'are dependent, and to whom they [in some dark, unknown sense of the term] are *responsible*;' but it is *not* a God. Whether great or small, high or low, beautiful or deformed, it is merely a miserable idol, and not a God.

'All men,' says Dr. Hodge, 'have some knowledge of God.' We admit that all men, even the most ignorant, 'have some knowledge of God,' or else of some idol. 'That is,' he continues, 'they have the conviction that there is a Being [or a being] on whom they are dependent, and to whom they are responsible.' What is the source of this conviction? In other words, 'what is the origin of the idea of God?' But here the question arises, Is this Being a God? May it not, in fact, be merely a father, or a mother, or a departed and deified hero? Nay, may not this Being, or this God, as it is called, be merely a thing, and not a person? May it not be a sun or a star—a world, or a wilderness of worlds—the fire-god of the fire-worshipper—the blind force of a Huxley—the impersonal 'not-me' of a Matthew Arnold—or other *fetich* of Egypt, or



Africa, or Princeton? We must know, indeed, what *kind* of Being this is on which 'all men' feel their dependence, and in what sense they own their responsibility to him, or to it (as the case may be), before we can admit that it answers to 'the idea of God.'

Dr. Hodge tells us, it is true, that 'if this idea is analyzed it will be found to embrace the conviction that God is a person, and that he possesses moral attributes, and acts as a moral governor.' This 'innate idea,' be it observed, is universal, or common, to the whole human species. Hence, it contains no more than may be found to exist in the most ignorant and degraded portions of the human race. How, then, by *the analysis* of so meagre an idea, if idea it may be called, can it be shown 'that God is a person, that he possesses moral attributes, and acts as a moral governor'? We cannot possibly conceive. Analysis certainly cannot enlarge the contents of the idea. It seems to us, therefore, perfectly incredible that such an idea can be *analyzed* into 'the conviction that God is a person—that he possesses moral attributes, and acts as a moral governor.' Indeed, Dr. Hodge himself says, that it is by various processes of reasoning—or by five several arguments, and not by analysis—that the innate idea of God is thus to be developed, enlarged, and clothed with the attributes of the moral governor of the world. 'It is to be remembered,' says he, 'that theistical arguments are designed to prove not only that there is a necessity for the assumption of an extramundane and eternal Being, but mainly to show *what that Being is; that he is a personal Being, self-conscious, intelligent, and moral.* All this may be included in the primary intuition, (!) but it needs to be brought out and established.' How? By being analyzed into its contents? No; but by his five 'theistical arguments,' which are needed to develop, amplify, and to clothe with moral attributes the innate idea of God. The 'cosmological argument' shows that he is the Creator of the universe; the 'teleological argument,' that he is the intelligent, 'designing Cause,' to whom is due in order, harmony, beauty, and magnificence of the world; and 'the anthropological argument,' that he is its moral gov-

error. Now, the whole 'idea is innate,' and may be analyzed into the glorious attributes of God; and anon, these sublime superadditions are due to his five 'theistical arguments,' or reasoning processes!

'All men have the conviction that there is a Being on whom they are dependent, and to whom they are responsible.' (Vol. I, p. 191.) 'All that is maintained is, that there is a general sense of dependence and accountability to a *being* higher than themselves exists in the minds of all men.' (Vol. I, p. 195.) Now, the conviction in question is an 'innate idea,' and anon, it is a 'general sense.' An 'idea,' a feeling or 'sense,' and a 'conviction'! This conviction, says he, is opposed 'to that acquired by a process of research and reasoning.' (Vol. I, p. 191.) God's 'existence is a self-evident truth.' (p. 23.) 'It is the *general sense* of a Being [what being?] on whom we are dependent, and to whom we are responsible.' 'If this idea [or conviction, or vague general sense,] is analyzed, it will be found to embrace the conviction that God is a person,' etc.

'But hardly,' as Mr. Miller truly says, 'has all this escaped from the lips of Dr. Hodge before he begins most singularly to contradict it. On page 339 he asks, "*How do we know God?*" He approaches this systematically. He uses the very word "*idea.*" "How does the mind proceed in forming the idea of God?" [Yea, verily, how does the mind proceed in forming an innate idea?] He distinctly shows how it can be formed [innate though it be], and depends to form it upon *the very methods that he had once denounced.* He says, "we deny to God any limitation; we ascribe to Him every excellence in the highest degree; and we refer to Him as the Great First Cause *every attribute manifested in His works.* We are the children of God, and, therefore, we are like him. We are, therefore, authorized to ascribe to Him all the attributes of our nature as rational creatures, without limitation, and to an infinite degree. If we are like God, God is like us. *This is the fundamental principle of all religion.* If we are his children, He is our Father, whose image we bear, and of whose nature we partake. This, in the proper sense of the word, is Anthropomorphism, a word much abused, and often used in a

bad sense, to express the idea that God is altogether such a one as ourselves, a being of like limitations and passions. *In the sense, however, just explained, it expresses the doctrine of the Church, and of the great mass of mankind.* Jacobi well says: "We confess, therefore, to an Anthropomorphism inseparable from the conviction that man bears the image of God, and maintain that, besides this Anthropomorphism, which has always been called Theism, is nothing but atheism and *fetichism.*"' (p. 113.)

We are happy to agree with Dr. Hodge, that the idea of God is '*formed*' by reasoning from effect to cause. But if it is *formed* in this way, or by any other operation of our faculties, it is not innate. Suppose, however, that the idea for which he contends were innate, what would be gained to the cause of Theism? It is only a conviction, or idea, that there is some being, or thing, 'on which we are dependent, and to which we are responsible.' If such a conviction, or idea, is actually innate, it is not one, it is manifold; and its various forms are widely different in different minds. We asked a negro the other day, 'What do you think of God?' and he replied, 'He is just like any other man.' This is one of Dr. Hodge's innate ideas, which must be true, because it is '*both necessary and universal!*' It was the *fetich* of the poor negro. He evidently believed, as we learned upon inquiry, that God, as he called him, was subject to the same limitations and passions, and possessed the same bodily form of 'any other man.' This was sad enough; for the poor negro was a professor of religion, who had been born in a Christian land, and brought up among Christian people, in the full blaze of Gospel light. But there is something far sadder still, and it is this, that, after the studies of a long life devoted to the subject, Dr. Hodge has set forth an '*idea of God,*' in which one of his former pupils, and a thoughtful member of his own school in theology,<sup>1</sup> has been able to find nothing at all that is worthy of the worship of a rational, moral, and religious being. Is not Princeton, then, a house divided against itself? Be this as it may, it is certain that the labors of Dr. Hodge do not supersede

1 John Miller, of Princeton, N. J., the author of *Fetich in Theology*.

the necessity of a clearer, fuller, more accurate, and more satisfactory exhibition of the idea of God. We shall, in the present paper, endeavor to contribute our mite toward so desirable an object or achievement.

To attempt this, with any hope of success, we must form a clear, full, accurate, and satisfactory idea of His image here upon earth. For it is only through this study, successfully pursued, that we can rise to a contemplation of the infinite and adorable perfections of God. If the nature of our own powers and attributes, or the relations they sustain to one another, and to the world around us, be misconceived, or seen amiss, this will work a corresponding distortion and deformity in our idea of God. As we must, in other words, proceed from effect to cause in forming our idea of God, from his manifold works in the world around us to the great Worker above us, and especially from His little image upon earth to the great Original in heaven, so any defect, or error, in our finite data, or premises, will lead to an infinite defect, or error, in our conclusions. The truth of this remark, as we shall have occasion to show, is amply and most strikingly illustrated in the speculations of Dr. Hodge. All history, in fact, illustrates the same great truth. Whether it be the history of skepticism, or of belief; the history of atheism, or of theism; it shows that, at all times and in all places, our idea of God depends on our idea of ourselves. Or, in other words, that it is only through a knowledge of the attributes, the laws, and the relations of the human mind that we can arrive at a knowledge of the attributes, the laws, and the relations of the Divine Mind, in whose image we are formed. Hence it is that those who, like Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, and others, have studied matter so much, and mind so little, have such low, mean, defective, and grovelling ideas of God, and of His relation to the world. The microcosm in man must, by careful study and patient meditation, be cleared of its manifold obscurities ere it can reflect, as in an even and pure mirror, the microcosm of God. No man, much less a Huxley, could behold the unity, the order, the magnificence, and glory of the material universe if he should view it only through a knotty and cloudy piece of

glass. It would needs look more like a chaos than a Cosmos. Still less can any man, though he possessed the native intelligence of a Huxley, with all his vast knowledge of material things, behold the unity, order, magnificence, and glory of the spiritual universe if viewed through his dark jumble of confused notions respecting the nature, the properties, the laws, and the relations of mind. *Knowledge begins at home.*

There has always been a school of philosophers who, under one form and name or another, have deified Fate, and subordinated God to the laws of the universe. Thus the Stoics of old, for example, maintained the opinion that all things in heaven and earth are bound together by 'an implexed series and concatenation of causes.' They admitted, it is true, the existence of a God; but yet they regarded Him as merely the greatest and brightest link in the adamantine, universal chain of necessity, and not as the independent, free, personal Creator and Ruler of the world. They maintained this opinion, because they viewed the human will, not as a free, self-active power, being in and of itself a spring of action, but as involved in, and enslaved by, the mechanism of cause and effect. They could not say,

That God, binding all nature fast in fate, •  
Left free the human will,

and hence, they could not believe that God himself was free. Thus, as we have said, a finite error in regard to their own will became an infinite error in regard to the Divine will, and the system of the universe. This scheme of Fate, or system of the universe, differs in nothing except in name from the all-producing and all-embracing 'Blind Force' of Herbert Spencer, and his school of 'blind' philosophers.

On the other hand, there has been, especially in modern times, a school of thinkers who have denied the very existence of force, or efficient causation, in the system of the universe. This is blank atheism. When we saw, in the *Logic* of John Stuart Mill, the statement that 'the distinction between agent and patient is illusory,' we knew that he was an atheist—an

opinion which, however sedulously concealed during his life, has since been openly avowed in the posthumous publication of his *Autobiography*. For, if 'the distinction between agent and patient is illusory,' then is mind, no more than matter, a real agent; and God himself, supposing such a Being to exist, is merely a passive part and parcel of the universal sea of flowing existence, in which there is no moving force, or efficient causation. David Hume and John Stuart Mill have been the chief advocates of this strange philosopheme, or theory of the universe.

This theory, though previously propounded by Hobbes, would perhaps have disappeared ere this from modern speculation if Hume had not thrown around it the eclat of his genius. 'The first time,' says he, 'a man saw the communication of motion by impulse, as by the shock of two billiard balls, he could not pronounce that the one event was *connected*, but only that it was *conjoined* to the other. After he has observed several instances of this nature, he then pronounces them to be *connected*. What alteration has happened to give rise to this new idea of *connexion*? Nothing but that he now *feels* these events to be *connected* in his imagination, and can really foretell the existence of one from the appearance of the other. When we say, therefore, that one object is connected with another, we mean only that they have *acquired a connexion in our thought* [or imagination, though they have none in reality], and gave rise to this inference, by which they become proofs of each other's existence.' (An Inquiry concerning the Human Understanding, sec. 7, p. 2.) Thus, according to Hume, when we say that one event is the cause of another, we can only mean, if we would speak truly, that it is simply the *antecedent* of the other, without any sort of connecting *nexus* between them. In other words, the cause is only *conjoined* in place and time with its effect, but never exerts any efficient influence, or productive power, in order to bring it to pass. He thus eliminates all force, or efficient causation, from the system of the world; and pronounces the ordinary notion of causation, which is believed in by all minds, and wrought into all languages, to be merely an illusion of

the imagination. Hence the conclusion of his disciple, John Stuart Mill, that 'the distinction between agent and patient is illusory.' It follows, therefore, that we can have no knowledge of a Great First Cause, inasmuch as he has never been observed, or seen, as the antecedent of effects, and that the very idea of such a Being is merely a figment of the imagination. Experience, says Hume, and Mill, is the source of all our knowledge; and we have never had any experience, or observation of the fact, that God has made a world.

Now, for our part, we are grateful for the labors of David Hume. It is customary, we are aware, to rush full tilt against his doctrine, as if determined to dash it to atoms and grind it to powder. But, if we are not very greatly mistaken, it contains a partial truth, which may be rendered of immense service to the cause of Theism. He is right in concluding, as he does, that no such thing as productive force, or efficient causation, exists in the external world, or in the sphere of matter. For dead, passive, inert matter never acts. His 'two billiard balls' were equally passive—the one in moving, and the other in being moved. The first, passive to the force by which it was put in motion, only *suffered* a change of place; and, if it put the second ball in motion, this was not because it had any *power to act*, but only because two bodies cannot occupy the same place at one and same time. The only real cause, in such a case, was the will-force, by which the motion of the first ball was produced. All the rest was the most pure and perfect *passivity*. We hope this will be carefully meditated by the reader and constantly borne in mind, for we shall have great use for it in our polemic against the skepticism of David Hume. There will be no great harm, we trust, in our polemic, if we just put a hook in the nose of the great leviathan of unbelief, and bring him, well-harnessed, into the service of the living God. His great error consisted, not in denying the existence of real efficiency or causation in the world of matter, but in the sweeping conclusion that, because he could not find it there, it had no place in the universe—in the sweeping conclusion that, because he could not find the living among the dead, there is no living thing in the universe which can

think, and feel, and will, and act like the great Being whose image it bears. We even thank him, indeed, for the proof of the great truth, that in the universe of matter there is no such thing as real causation or positive efficiency. But we cannot allow him to extend this partial truth, this one-sided view of the world, however precious and important, over the universe of mind, so as to obliterate 'the distinction between agent and patient,' between action and passion, between 'the living and the dead.'

Every system of divinity is treated by Hume with unbounded contempt. Thus he says, in a passage quoted with approbation and delight by Professor Huxley, 'If we take in our hand any volume of divinity, or school metaphysics, let us ask, does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number? No. *Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact or existence?* No. *Commit it, then, to the flames, for it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion.*'<sup>1</sup> Now, is not the rabid infidelity of such a man more worthy of the Caliph Omar, by whom the Alexandrian Library was committed to the flames, than of a philosopher? Yet is this calm and dispassionate philosopher, as he is considered by his followers, the admired and acknowledged master of the most advanced physicists of the modern scientific school. We propose, then, to try them, one and all, by their own principles and methods of investigation. And we do hope, before we are done, to give them something a little better than their own 'sophistry and illusion,' even a little 'experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact [and] existence.' We do hope, in other words, to demonstrate, *by their own methods of science*, the being and the attributes of God; and to show that, in their mad opposition to such 'matter of fact and existence'—the most glorious in the universe—they do most incontinently trample their own principles and methods under foot. Let the reader hear, and then decide whether this hope be well or ill-founded.

Before we can, however, apply the methods of science, in a clear and satisfactory manner, to the demonstration of the

<sup>1</sup> Hume's Works, Vol. IV, p. 193, Edinburgh Edition, 1826.



being and attributes of God, we must clear away some of the difficulties and obscurities in which they are involved. We could have wished, indeed, that this had been done for us by the scientists themselves, but the truth is, they do not understand their own methods any better than other people. Even John Stuart Mill, the philosopher of the school of skeptical scientists, is no exception to the truth of this remark, though he has written a large book on the logic of their methods. He is still involved in the darkness and difficulty of the points here referred to; they are very distinctly recognized by him, but not solved. Thus he says: 'Mankind were wrong in concluding that all swans are white: are we also wrong when we conclude that all men's heads grow above their shoulders and never below, in spite of the conflicting testimony of the naturalist Pliny? We have, no doubt, what is the correct answer to this question. But why are not men wrong in rejecting such a story, and in believing, with assured confidence, that wherever men exist their heads are not beneath their shoulders?

*Why is a single instance, in some cases, sufficient for a complete induction, while in others myriads of concurring instances, without an exception known or presumed, go a very little way in establishing an universal proposition?*' (Logic, B. III, c. 3.) This is one of the great questions and great perplexities which pertains to the philosophy or logic of the inductive method; and Mr. Mill truly adds, '*Whoever can answer this question knows more of the philosophy of logic than the wisest of the ancients, AND HAS SOLVED THE GREAT PROBLEM OF INDUCTION.*' Now, has Mr. Mill himself answered this question, and thus, after the lapse of ages, 'solved the great problem of induction'? We think not.

After stating the above question, in the language of Mill, President Porter gives his answer, or solution, in the following words: 'If we seek to answer this question, we say it is more credible or reasonable to believe that swans should vary in color than that men should vary so greatly in form. But why is it more credible? Some would deem it sufficient to reply that in most of the species of animals, individuals who are alike in every other respect differ in color; in other words, that

it is the 'generally observed law that color is very variable, while the general outline or type of form is uniformly observed in every species, or at least has never admitted so monstrous a deviation as would be implied in having the head beneath the shoulders. *This would be Mr. Mill's answer to his own question, for in the last analysis or ultimate solution, he makes extended observations and broad generalizations from observed facts to be the grounds of all induction—nay, he makes the belief in causation itself, in the uniformities of nature, and in the necessary truths of mathematical axioms to rest upon experience. But this does not relieve the difficulty. It in no way explains why we believe the unknown will follow the uniformly known—why facts which have been generalized from the past must necessarily hold good in the future. In this particular instance the solution obviously rests upon some other ground than observation.*' (The Human Intellect, § 480.) True, this does not relieve the difficulty in the least, but leaves the great question propounded by Mr. Mill pretty much, if not precisely, where he found it, still enveloped in the clouds and obscurities of a false philosophy. For, as the philosopher of Malmesbury has well said, 'experience concludeth nothing universally'; and hence it cannot, from 'a single instance,' nor from a hundred instances, draw an universal conclusion. On the contrary, it concludes only so far as it sees or observes, and no farther. All generalizations 'from observed facts' must be limited to the facts themselves, and can never rise from the particular to the universal. Dr. Porter is right; the answer to Mr. Mill's question must rest 'on some other [and higher] ground' than any known to his philosophy. It must, and, as we shall presently see, *it does*, rest on a fundamental law of belief, and not merely upon 'observed facts.' It is such a law of belief, and not *observed facts* or properties, which lifts the mind from a particular instance to an universal truth. An observed instance or fact, or rather an observed *relation*, is the ground or datum from which the law of belief takes its start; but yet it is, by its own internal power and authority, that it reaches an universal conclusion, or 'a complete induction.' It is precisely for the want of such 'a law of belief,' grounded

and established in the very constitution of the human mind, that Mr. Mill's logic is blind, and so fumbles about in the dark, and fails to solve 'the great problem of induction' propounded by himself. This will be, we think, perfectly apparent, when we come to give our own solution of that 'great problem.'

But before attempting this it becomes us to notice, in passing, President Porter's answer to the same question, or solution of the same problem. 'We assert with confidence,' says he, 'that it is not likely that a species of men should be so monstrously constructed. We cannot admit the supposition for a moment. The decisive reason is, that men so formed could not perform the functions of men with any convenience or success; that such a form would offend both the eye and the mind, and would be entirely incompatible with the ideal of beauty and convenience to which we assume that nature would certainly conform.' Now, in spite of our great respect for President Porter, this looks to us more like sentiment than science, more like poetry than philosophy. Assuming that nature will, everywhere and always, certainly conform to 'the ideal of beauty and convenience,' he concludes, in spite of the testimony of Pliny, that no men have ever been, or ever will be, found with heads so very *inconveniently* and so very *unhandsomely* placed with reference to their shoulders. It 'would offend both the eye and the mind.' But the question under consideration is one of science, not of taste; and hence, as it seems to us, it is to be determined, not by our notions of fitness and beauty, but by the certain, fixed, and eternal principles of truth. If the argument of Dr. Porter were good, would it not prove, not only that the heads of all men are placed right with reference to their shoulders, but also that the eyes, noses, mouths, arms, and legs of some men conform more nearly, than in fact they do, to 'the ideal of beauty and convenience'? Nay, if his argument were good, might it not be used to prove that the minds of men are far more perfect and beautiful than nature has been pleased to make them? However this may be, it appears clear to our minds that the learned President, though usually so acute and profound, has

thrown very little real light on 'the great problem of induction.'

He continues: 'Considerations of *convenience* and of *adaptation*, and even of *beauty* and *grace*, then, go far toward deciding the question. They give that weight and force to those "single instances which in some cases are sufficient for a complete induction," and detract all force from "the myriads of concurring instances" in other directions. It must be on the ground of such relations, assumed *a priori* to be true of the whole universe of being, and to hold good of its properties, powers, and laws, that we proceed in all our judgments of induction.' (§ 481.) Now, this solution, to say the very least of it, does not answer our purpose, which is to meet the skeptic on his own ground, and to conquer him with his own weapons.

'The great problem of induction,' as it is called by Mr. Mill, engaged our attention in early life, before it was suggested by him, or by any other writer, even before his *Logic* was published. Our solution of it appeared in the *New York Review*,<sup>1</sup> and in the first article ever written by us for a quarterly. That article was a review of a work by Lord Brougham, in which he attempted to prove that natural theology is an inductive science. His Lordship failed, as we believed, because he had never considered, much less solved, the problem in question. If he had only seen why it is that 'a single instance' does, in some cases, establish 'a complete induction,' while, in other cases, 'myriads of concurring instances' yielded only most uncertain, insecure, and precarious inductions, he would have possessed the great secret of the inductive method in its application to the truths of natural theology. For, by applying the principles of the first class of inductions, or those which

<sup>1</sup> This *Review*, which was projected and edited by Prof. C. S. Henry, of New York, with an assistant editor, both of whom were learned and able writers, had a short but brilliant career. On the list of its contributors were such names as Bishop M'Ilvaine, Chancellor Kent, Dr. Hawks, and the greatest and most brilliant writer of them all, Hugh S. Legare, of South Carolina. Yet with the aid of all these celebrated writers, and others also, in addition to the two editors, the *New York Review* languished and died in three short years.

spring from 'single instances,' he might have shown that all those great truths—the being and the attributes of God—rest upon the method of induction as securely as any of the truths of physical science. He might have shown, in other words, that natural theology is an inductive science, as rigorously and firmly established as any other science under the sun. This is what we shall now proceed to show.

If we would understand the reason of the difference between the two classes of inductions, we must, in the first place, ascertain the leading characteristics by which each class is so deeply marked and clearly distinguished. Let us see, then, this characteristic of each class of inductions. 'Mankind were wrong,' says Mr. Mill, in concluding that all swans are white.' Yea, after having seen millions of white swans, and never one of any other color, they were wrong in the conclusion, 'that all swans are white.' In like manner, if, from the same number of concurring instances, with no instance to the contrary, they had concluded that all crows are black, or that all roses are red, they would have been equally wrong. For, as there are swans that are *not* white, so are there crows that are not black, and roses that are not red. Now, in these several cases, as well as in all others of uncertain and precarious inductions, the conclusion relates to some *property* of the class of the objects observed. On the other hand, in every case of a secure and complete induction, the conclusion relates, not to a *property* of one class of objects, but to a *relation* between two classes of objects, or to a *relation* between the analogous parts of the same class of objects. The reason of the difference in the two cases is this, that there is an infinite diversity in the superficial *properties* of things, while their *relations* are uniform, fixed, and universal. Hence, one observed instance of a *relation* points to an universal truth, or 'complete induction,' while myriads of instances of observed *properties* indicate no certain conclusion. We shall dwell no longer on this difference or distinction here, because it is discussed, and its value illustrated, in two most elaborate papers on the logic of induction and deduction, which appeared not long since in the pages of this *Review*. It only remains, at present, to apply, as we

have never yet done, the principles of the first class of inductions to the *scientific proof* of the being and the attributes of God.

It is a trite remark, and an admitted fact, that the universe everywhere displays, as one of its grandest and most striking characteristics, 'a diversity in unity, and a unity in diversity.' But it is seldom, if ever, observed, that all the infinite variety of nature relates, mainly, if not exclusively, to the *properties* and *forms* of nature, while its wonderful unity consists in the uniformity of her laws or *relations*. According to the law of gravity, for instance, every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle with a force which varies directly as its mass, and inversely as the square of its distance from the attracted particle. This mathematically expressed *relation* is uniform, fixed, and universal. It is always and everywhere 'without the least variableness or shadow of turning.' How different in size, and form, and color are all the material objects of earth! yet all, without exception, sustain this one relation to each other, or obey this one law. 'One star differeth from another star in glory.' In size, in form, in color, and in splendor one star differeth from another. But all stars obey the one law of gravity. Some solar systems, like our own, have only one sun, while others have two, or three, or four similar suns, or centres of light. But all systems, no less than all single stars, obey the same universal law. When Newton discovered that this law, or mathematically expressed relation, obtained between the earth and moon, he leaped at once to the sublime conclusion, that all atoms, and all worlds, and all systems, are under the dominion of the same law. Yet this induction—the widest and most wonderful ever made—is universally received as an established conclusion of science.

How established? By the aid of innate ideas, or *a priori* assumptions, or self-evident truths? No. These things have been the bane of all science and philosophy. No innate idea, or *a priori* assumption, or self-evident truth, has ever thrown one particle of light on the constitution or the laws of the universe. The human mind can take no steps safely in science or philosophy till she has first planted her foot on a concrete

instance, or real relation, and then, by virtue of a fundamental law of belief, or innate tendency, she can make a 'complete induction,' or think the thoughts of God. Mankind cannot say that all swans are white, nor that all crows are black, nor that all roses are red, nor that all stars have the same color, because they have observed 'myriads of concurring instances which seem to justify the conclusion. But mankind can and does affirm, with the most assured confidence, not even excepting the most skeptical of scientific skeptics, that 'like effects imply the existence of like causes,' and hence, when, in 'a single instance,' a relation is observed and known to exist between a *particular effect and its cause*, the same relation is instantly extended to all similar effects. It was by this law of belief, by this innate tendency of the mind, that Newton was enabled to take, from the humble stepping-stone of 'a single instance,' his sublime step among the stars—a step which all science has since justified and confirmed. So true is the saying of the Son of Sirach, that 'God has made all things double, the one over against the other,' so that the human mind, in its normal action, responds to the unity, order, harmony, and beauty of the universe, as displayed in its laws or *fixed relations*.

Now, let us apply this principle, this axiom, this law of belief, this innate tendency of the mind (no matter by what name it is called), to the truths of natural theology. We are conscious of an *act* of the will, or, more accurately speaking, of the mind in the *act* of willing, and we know that this is the cause of motion in our body. From this 'single instance' of a relation between a cause and *its* effects, we rise to the inductive, to the universal truth, that every motion in a body proceeds from will-force like our own—the only type of causation or of efficient productive energy, of which we have any experience or knowledge. We do so by virtue of the principle, now universally conceded, that 'like effects imply the existence of like causes.' Hence the child, or the savage, no sooner sees a watch in motion than he concludes that it is animated and moved by a spirit like his own. The skeptical scientist laughs at the blunder of the child, or the savage, and likens it to the con-

clusion of those who believe that the motion of the heavenly bodies is produced by a will-force, or a spirit like their own. But the mistake of the child, or the savage, is a very superficial one, when compared with the error of the skeptic himself. It relates merely to *the place* occupied by the spirit or will-force by which the watch was produced and set in motion. In point of fact, the watch was made and rendered capable of keeping time by the will-force of an intelligent artist, and its motion was caused, and its machinery kept in motion, by the will-force that wound it up. Fortunately, however, neither the child, nor the savage, was sufficiently learned, like the skeptic, to be able to doubt that all motion, whether in a watch or a world, necessarily implies the action of spirit. Or, in other words, to trample under foot the fundamental law of belief, that 'like effects proceed from like causes.' The mistake of Plato and Kepler, who supposed that each revolving planet was moved and directed by an indwelling spirit, was similar to that of the child and savage in relation to the moving machinery of the watch. But science has corrected their mistake, without impairing the fundamental law of belief, that all motion, whether in heaven or earth, implies the action of mind or spirit. It has only displaced the notion, that each planetary world is moved by an indwelling spirit, by substituting in its stead the will-force of a supreme, extra-mundane, and eternal Spirit, who is seated on the throne of the universe, and clothed with supernatural power. When Newton stated and solved, as a purely mechanical problem, the system of the material universe, he left unchanged its relation to the universe of mind. He still found it necessary, in order to account for the origin of the motion of sun, moon, and stars, to refer it to the action of one supreme Mind or Spirit. Thus, with the native simplicity of a child, rather than with the learned sophistry of the skeptic, did he preserve intact the great fundamental law of belief, that like *effects* imply like *causes*—that *motion* implies the *action* of spirit. If we admit this principle or law of thought, as all rational beings do, and adhere to it consistently, as all logicians should, without blinking it in our speculations, or obscuring it by our sophistry,



we shall reach the conclusion, that Mind or Spirit is the supreme Mover of the heavens and the earth.

This sublime conclusion, whether more or less clearly arrived at, is that of some of the best minds in the modern as well as in the ancient world. As we have already shown, in a recent article entitled 'Modern Atheism,' it was the conclusion of a Clarke, a Hall, a Gregory, a Stuart, a Herschel, and other thinkers of great eminence in the world of letters and science. It was the conclusion, also, of such minds as those of Roger Collard, Maine de Biran, Principal Tulloch, the naturalist, Wallace, and many others. All these celebrated men do, as clear thinkers and consistent logicians, find the cause of all motion in the will of God, except those motions which originate in the will of man, for will-force is the only type of causation within the range of human experience or knowledge. Hence, unless we are pleased to fancy or imagine causes of which we know nothing, we are bound to ascribe all motion to the supreme, self-active Agent and Cause of all things, or to the self-active agents or finite minds which bear His image. In one word, *all efficiency is in mind, and in mind alone.*

This view of the universe, or explanation of the phenomena of *all* motion, is borne out and sustained by the three conditions, tests, or criteria by which a true theory is distinguished from an unsupported hypothesis. 1. The cause used to explain the phenomena or facts *is known to exist.* 2. *It is known to produce phenomena exactly like those ascribed to it in the theory.* 3. It is *sufficient* to explain all the phenomena ascribed to it in the theory.

1. In the first place, the cause *is known to exist.* No one can doubt the testimony of his own consciousness, that an effort of his will, or of his mind in willing, is the efficient or producing cause of motion in his body. It is, therefore, not merely a fancied or imaginary cause which has been *invented* to explain the phenomena of motion. On the contrary, *it is known to exist,* and is denied by those only who would fain reject the testimony of consciousness, shake the foundations of all knowledge, and let in a flood of universal skepticism

on the human mind, darker and more cheerless than an Egyptian night.

2. In the second place, this known cause is *known* to produce effects or phenomena precisely like those ascribed to it in the theory; for, in both cases, it is simply *motion* — the motion of body, as distinguished from, and set over against, the action of mind.

3. In the third and last place, the cause is *sufficient* to explain all the phenomena ascribed to it in the theory. This is obvious. And he must needs be a very bold man who is rash enough to assert, that all the Mind of the spiritual universe is not sufficient to produce all the motion in the material universe. Hence, to *suppose* or *fancy* any cause of motion besides the known one of will-force, or the action of spirit, is to trample under foot the very first rule of the inductive method. It is, moreover, to sin against 'the law of parcimony,' which condemns all causes that are not necessary to explain phenomena, especially all imaginary or supposed causes. As the above view, then, complies with all the conditions, tests, or criteria of the true theory, it should be accepted *as such*.

In order to evade this conclusion, it may be asserted that *matter* is *known* to produce motion no less than mind. How known? and by whom? Against this evasion of the skeptic we set the skeptic himself. For, as Hobbes, and Hume, and Comte, and Mill have abundantly shown, the events of the physical world are '*conjoined*' only, and never '*connected*.' They have shown that, in relation to the universe of matter, we have absolutely 'no experience,' and therefore no knowledge, of any such thing as an efficient or producing cause. They have done the work for us, and we have to thank them for the conclusion, that there is no efficiency in matter, or in body, by which its own motions are produced. Hence, by the elimination of all causation from the sphere of matter, they negatively established the grand conclusion of the Theist, that '*All efficiency is in mind, and in mind alone.*'

They would also eliminate, we are aware, all efficiency from the universe of mind, as well as from the universe of matter.

But they can do so only by a most unwarrantable generalization—by an illicit application to the universe of mind of the discovery they have made in regard to the universe of matter. This process of theirs is not only illicit or illogical, it is also seen to be false in the light of consciousness—the only light we have for our guidance in the study of nature. For we do know, in the clear light of consciousness (if we know anything), that mind does exert an efficient influence, or put forth a *producing force*. This is the light that is *in us*, and if any man extinguishes this light, how great is his darkness! He may boast of his light, his reason, his science, his knowledge, but, in fact, he has put out the eyes of his mind.

Those who assert, however, that 'the distinction between agent and patient is illusory,' usually deny the difference between matter and mind. Mind, they allege, is merely a result or function of material organization. But how is the position established by them? By the evidence of 'experience,' their one grand and only source of knowledge? By no means. Experience has never shown, in 'a single instance,' that any combination or organization of matter can produce mind. Their position, then, instead of being founded on *experience*, and established by *induction*, is a purely gratuitous assumption. The truth is, if we reason from the facts of experience at all, we must recognize the distinction between mind and matter, agent and patient, as founded on the most fundamental difference in all the universality of things. We are conscious of thinking, and feeling, and willing; and as nothing, or blank naught, cannot exhibit such phenomena, so we *know* that there is *some thing*, or essence, which thinks, and feels, and wills. This 'some thing,' this 'essence,' we call 'mind.' On the other hand, the thing, or substance, which exhibits the properties of site, figure, motion, etc., we call 'matter.' By what authority is it that we assert these two substances to be one and the same in nature, essence, or kind? By what principle of reason, or science, or method, do we conclude that there is no real or essential difference between matter and mind? They have, it is certain, no one property whatever in common, and hence no assumption could be more perfectly gratuitous than

the assertion that mind is matter, or that matter is mind. As they are wholly disparate in all their properties, in all that we know of them by experience or otherwise, so the only reasonable inference is, that they differ from each other in nature and in kind, as well as in all their manifestations. Hence we hold that Descartes, the great founder of the inductive study of mind, was right in the fundamental position, that the most profound and clearly-marked difference in the universe is that which subsists between mind and matter, or between agent and patient. The philosophy which does not see this difference is simply stone-blind. Is it any wonder, then, that Mr. John Stuart Mill, by whom this difference was utterly denied, should have failed to discover the existence of God? or that he should set aside the very idea of such a Being as the dream of women, and children, and theologians? A dream which, however childish, has infected the weak brains of a vast multitude of would-be philosophers, such as Socrates, Plato, Descartes, Leibnitz, Bacon, Newton, Herschel, and a few other old fogies, whose names have paled before the mightier constellation of the Mills, the Darwins, the Tyndalls, the Huxleys, and other advanced philosophers and fire-flies of the present day.

To deny the distinction between agent and patient, or between mind and matter, is to deny the difference between God and the world. It is, in other words, to deny the existence of a living, personal, self-conscious, self-active God, and sinks into a pantheism which, for all the grand purposes of life, and love, and hope, and joy, is no better than downright atheism itself. How important is it, then, how infinitely important, that this most fundamental of all distinctions should not only be preserved in speculation, but that it should also be kept ever bright and burning on the altars of the human mind!

It is to be regretted, therefore, more than words can express, that this distinction between agent and patient, or, in other words, between mind and matter, is so often and so sadly obscured by the friends of Theism themselves. They admit the distinction in words, and yet by their incautious assumptions, reasonings, and speculations, they so obscure it as to involve

the idea of God in clouds and darkness. Dr. McCosh, for example, in his work on *Positivism and Christianity*, admits 'that matter is action,' as well as mind. We have already exposed, in a former number of this *Review*,<sup>1</sup> the weakness and folly of this fatal admission, by which one of the great strongholds of Theism is betrayed into the hands of its enemies. The President of Princeton could not have committed such an error, if he had only reflected sufficiently on the essential difference between *motion* and *action*, in order to recognize and appropriate, with a clear, firm grasp, the great idea of a Galileo and a Newton respecting the utter *passivity* of matter in all its states, whether of motion or rest, and in all its forms, whether solid, fluid, or gaseous. It was the glory of Galileo that, in spite of the illusions of the senses, the ambiguities and confusions of language, and the prejudices of all men to the contrary, his power of patient thought and profound meditation enabled him to see clearly and to grasp firmly this great idea, that matter is altogether and always *passive*, never *active*; and it was the glory of Newton, that he revealed this great idea and law of the *inertia* or *passivity* of matter as one of the constituent elements in the system of the material universe. It is not, however, the second-rate glory of President McCosh, that he has thought their thoughts, and thereby conserved the interests of Theism.

President Day has fallen into the same error. The former President of Yale College, no less than the present President of Princeton College, has confounded agent and patient, or action and passion, and thereby obscured the glory of the idea of God. His zeal in the cause of necessity has led him to adopt principles or assumptions utterly inconsistent with the nature of mind as distinguished from matter. We have not room, however, in the present paper, to convict President Day of this error, or to expose the false assumptions, reasonings, and illustrations by which its nakedness is hid from view.<sup>2</sup>

1 See notice of Dr. McCosh's *Positivism and Christianity*.

2 This we did, many years ago, in our work on *The Will*, a work which has been long out of print. Hence, in order to complete this portion of our

But Dr. Hodge is, if possible, more incautious in his admissions, in his assertions, than either Dr. McCosh or President Day. Indeed, his deliverances under this head—'Matter is Action'—are so very remarkable that we feel called upon to notice them *in extenso*. 'The second fact or principle,' says Dr. Hodge, 'recognized by Scripture, is that *matter is active*. It has properties or forces which are the proximate causes of the physical changes which we constantly see and experience. This is considered by scientific men almost an axiomatic truth. "No force without matter, and no matter without force." This is also the general conviction of men. When they take a heavy body in their hand, they attribute its weight to the nature of the body and its relation to the earth. When one substance produces the sensation of sweetness, and another the sensation of acidity, they instinctively refer the difference to the substances themselves. So of all other physical effects; they are always and everywhere referred to physical causes. Such is a law of our nature; and therefore the theory which denies that any physical causes exist, and refers all natural effects or changes to the immediate operations of the Divine will [or to the will of finite spirits], contradicts our nature, and cannot be true. Besides, as we have already seen, that theory logically leads to idealism and pantheism. It merges the universe into God.' (Vol. I, p. 606.)

Alas! for the metaphysics of Princeton. Such a display of the want of metaphysical acumen is, we are constrained to say, *extremely distressing*. It is, however, but a fair specimen of Dr. Hodge's usual style of thought on the deep questions of metaphysical theology. It demands, therefore, and it shall have, a severe analysis of its mistakes in logic, and its blunders in philosophy. The criticism which we are here about to make on this extraordinary passage may be easily extended, by the intelligent reader, to nearly half of Dr. Hodge's three large volumes.

argument, we shall reprint, in a separate article, the Section of that work which treats 'Of Action and Passion.' It will, in this isolated form, lose the support of the preceding and the succeeding Sections of the same work; but it will, if we are not mistaken, be sufficient in and of itself to refute President Day. (See Art. III.)

The first thing which strikes us in the above passage as most extraordinary, is the appeal to Scripture to prove the position 'that matter is active.' We had supposed, indeed, that it is known everywhere, especially at Princeton, that the Scriptures were not written to settle abstruse questions of science. They invariably speak of things as they *appear*, not as they *are* in themselves, or in the results of scientific analysis and exposition. They leave all men, exactly as they found them, to judge of natural things according to first *appearances*, which lie upon the surface, or else to search out for themselves the deep truths concealed behind them. Every illusion of the senses, as well as of the mind, is incorporated into the popular language in which they are written, just as it is in the vernacular of all nations. It would, therefore, be a prodigious anomaly if they were found to throw any light whatever on the question as to whether matter is active or passive. They have absolutely nothing to do with any such question; and if the popular language in which they were written *seems* to favor Dr. Hodge's view, 'that matter is *active*,' this is only what should have been expected, even on the supposition that matter is in its own nature inherently and essentially *passive*. As all this must have been well known to Dr. Hodge, so we can only wonder that he should have appealed to Scripture to prove 'that matter is active.' He might just as well have appealed to them, as did the infallible Church of Rome, to prove that the earth is the fixed centre of the universe, around which the sun, moon, and stars revolve from east to west. The Church and the world were both wrong, and Galileo was right, not only in regard to the Copernican system of astronomy, but also in regard to the great truth, 'that matter is *passive*.' This great truth is, in fact, a constituent element in the mathematical exposition of that system as given by the *demonstrations* of Sir Isaac Newton.

That 'matter is active,' says Dr. Hodge, 'is considered by scientific men almost an axiomatic truth. "No force without matter, and no matter without force."' This is simply amazing. 'No force without matter'! Then is God, who is a most pure spirit, without all force or power to act in the

world. 'No force without matter'! Then no force to create or to move the heavens and the earth without a material God. For if there is no force without matter, then how did God create matter itself, or how does he act on matter without material organs? Is not such a position, we ask, is not such a glaring self-contradiction, more than most amazing in one who has written so much against materialism?

By what class of 'scientific men,' we ask again, is the position, 'that matter is active,' considered as 'almost an axiomatic truth?' By such 'scientific men,' we answer, as Tyndall, and Huxley, and Herbert Spencer, by all, in one word, whose science lands them in the belief of a materialistic atheism. We do, therefore, in the name of God, appeal from all such 'scientific men' to the decision of a Herschel, a Hall, a Gregory, a Stewart, a Clark, a Tulloch, a Maine de Biran, a Galileo, and a Newton, that matter is passive, and *that mind alone is active.*

'This is also,' says Dr. Hodge, 'the general conviction of men.' True, he has the majority on his side, but questions of science are not to be determined by numbers; otherwise the system of Copernicus had gone under, never more to raise its head above the multitudinous waves of a boundless majority. 'All which things,' said Copernicus, after the protracted mathematical labors and profound meditations of forty long years, 'seem incredible, and are against the opinion of the majority [himself alone standing up for the truth]; yet, by the grace of God, I will make them clearer than the sun.' He redeemed his promise, and justified the sublime audacity of his reason, which, in the end, outweighed the authority of the world, and caused it to kick the beam. Galileo, in like manner, had the majority against him—nay, he was crushed by the weight of numbers. But his reason was, nevertheless, in the right, and has already prevailed, except with the multitude to whom Dr. Hodge makes his pitiful appeal.

'The *general* conviction of men.' That is to say, the conviction of men who have bestowed as little reflection on the nature of matter, and on the first law of its motion, as has Dr. Hodge himself, or President McCosh. We regret that Prince-



ton still halts with the herd of men, instead of marching onward and planting her standard on the heights of science, which have been gained by such majestic, mighty minds as those of a Galileo and a Newton, as well as by all who are capable of thinking their thoughts or appropriating their labors. The sun of science, it has been truly said, first touches the mountain-tops and gilds them with the glory of its golden beams, and then, by slow, very slow, degrees pours its floods of illumination into the benighted valleys below. Princeton has not yet, we are sorry to say, been visited by one of the most glorious lights ever kindled on the mountain-tops of science, though it has been shining there, in all the fullness of its effulgence, for more than a century and a half. She seems to have been napping, indeed, much longer than did Rip Van Winkle himself, in the Sleepy Hollow of 'general convictions.' Indeed, it is so easy to live, and move, and think, and dream with the crowd, under the illusions of sense and the prejudices natural to mankind, that few, very few, rouse themselves to shake off the mighty spell, and rise, by severe mental toil, to the pure regions of cloudless and eternal truth. Aye, it is so very easy, so delightfully slumberous, to travel in the beaten tracks of Sleepy Hollow, that very few attempt the rugged sides of science, though a Copernicus, a Kepler, a Galileo, and a Newton have opened for us a high mountain road to the very Pisgah of the universe. Princeton has evidently never tried that mountain road. Why, then, will she continue to utter the dreams of Sleepy Hollow as the decisions of science? We should not care so much about her dreams, or her decisions, if they did not obscure the idea of God, and stain his glory with the very errors which she has undertaken to combat.

'This is also the general conviction of men. When they take a heavy body in their hand, they attribute its weight to the nature of the body and its relation to the earth.' But what right have they to 'attribute its weight to the nature of the body'? etc. They only feel that it is heavy, and know that, if the hand be removed, the body will move toward the earth. The question is, by what force is it made to move?

We answer, by the only force which is known to the human mind as the cause of motion—namely, the force exerted by spirit, that is, a will-force. For if we give up or abandon this fundamental law of belief, that like effects imply like causes, we are cut loose again from our moorings, and sent adrift, without chart or compass, on a dark sea of baseless assumptions and dreams, in which *unknown* causes or fancies are mistaken for real causes.

True, it is 'the general conviction of men,' that if a substance imparts a sensation of sweetness or of acidity, it is itself sweet or acid. But who does not know that this 'general conviction of men,' or natural belief, is an illusion of the mind? Who does not know, in other words, that the sweetness or the acidity is in the sentient mind alone, and not in the so-called sweet or acid substance? There is a difference, no doubt, between the so-called sweet or acid substances, which is *the occasion* of the different sensations of sweetness and acidity. But an *occasion* is not a cause. The real cause in the case is the act of the will, or the mind in willing, by which it is brought into correlation with the external substance, and so gives rise to the sensation of sweetness or of acidity within the mind itself.

'So of all other physical effects; they are always and everywhere referred to physical causes. Such is a law of our nature [an illusion of our nature]; and therefore the theory which denies that any physical causes exist, and refers all natural effects or changes to the immediate operations of the Divine will [or of the human will], contradicts our nature [an illusion of our nature], and cannot be true.' Now, all this reasoning proceeds on the false supposition, 'that matter is active,' and keeps itself in countenance only by confounding the too hasty decisions of our nature with the oracles of reason and nature itself. The 'general conviction of men,' though it be a natural illusion or prejudice long since exploded by philosophers, is at once erected into 'a law of our nature,' before which every adverse conclusion must be set aside.

But the most wonderful thing of all remains to be noticed. It is as follows: 'Besides, as we have already seen, (?) that

theory logically leads to idealism and pantheism. It merges the universe into God.' How, or by what logic? We do not deny that the logic of Dr. Hodge has made this theory 'lead to idealism and pantheism,' or to 'merge the universe into God.' But *his* logic is one thing, and *true* logic is another. The sublime theory, that the uncreated, self-existent, eternal and infinite Spirit, 'without body, parts, or passions,' is the sole mover of the heavens and the earth, excepting always the finite spirits whom he has made in his own image, has no shadow of affinity whatever with idealism or pantheism. It is not idealism, because it recognizes a universe of matter, as well as a universe of mind. It is not pantheism, because it keeps clearly and forever distinct the universe of mind and the universe of matter—the one as the sole fountain of all efficiency and causation, the other as the passive recipient of impressions and effects. It does not make God the soul of the world. On the contrary, it keeps him entirely and forever distinct from the created universe of mind and of matter, as the uncreated Creator of all things, who existed alone from all eternity, before he called the world into existence. It must be an exceedingly willful and tortuous logic by which such a theory can be made to 'merge the universe into God,' or to 'lead to idealism and pantheism.' It is certainly not the logic of a Herschel, or a Hall, or a Clark, or any one of a hundred other profound Christian theists by whom this sublime theory of the universe has been maintained. It is only the logic of Dr. Hodge which, in this instance as well as in many others, has shown its marvellous capacity *to make anything lead to anything*. Why, in order to save this sublime theory of so many profound theists from the gulf of pantheism, his logic, as we have just seen, has swamped the idea of God in the bottomless slough of materialism, and erected over its dismal burying-place the awful motto, 'No force without matter.'

The great difficulty with Dr. Hodge is, that his ideas are seldom clear, precise, definite, and fixed. Hence, his logic is not of the rigid kind, which marches straight forward, from clearly formed and firmly established premises, till it reaches their inevitable consequences, or conclusions. On the con-

trary, his premises are often vague, his course wavering, and his conclusions doubtful. We have several remarkable instances of these defects in the next short paragraph, which concludes all he has said under the memorable head, that 'matter is active.' 'These physical forces,' says he, 'act of necessity, blindly, and uniformly. They are always and everywhere the same. The law of gravitation is in the remotest regions of space what it is on our earth. *It acts* always, and always in the same way. The same is true of all other physical forces. Light, heat, electricity, and chemical affinities are everywhere the same in their mode of operations.' One or two words respecting this remarkable jumble of ideas, and we shall give our author a little rest.

Physical forces do not *act*, even if they exist, for the simple reason that no force ever acts. Force is itself an exercise or *act* of power; and surely it is absurd to say that an act acts, or that force exerts a force. Again, he says, 'the law of gravitation . . . *acts* always.' But this is to confound *the law* with *the force* of gravity; than which it is not possible, even for Princeton, to perpetrate a grosser confusion of ideas. For a law does not act; it is merely the mode according to which an agent acts. A law is nothing except a conception of the mind, *and it can do nothing*. It is only an agent that acts; and the law according to which it acts is not its act or force. Nor can 'the force of gravity' act; for all force is the act or exercise of some power, and that power is the property of some agent. What agent is it, then, that exercises the power, and puts forth the continuous act which we call 'the force' of gravity? Is it a material or a spiritual agent? We know, by our own experience, that spirit acts; we have no such knowledge that matter ever acts. If we say, then, that matter is active, or ever acts, we utter a purely gratuitous assumption, which has no foundation whatever in our own experience, or knowledge. When we say that a force acts, we forget that force is an act, and an act is force; or that the only idea we have of force is, that it is an act or exercise of power. Again, when we say that a *force* acts, we forget that *power* only acts, and that power is an attribute, or property,

of an agent. Force in the abstract is nonsense; and so is power in the abstract. Power is the property, or attribute, of an agent; and force is the exercise of power by an agent, who has the power to act. Is matter, or spirit, such an agent?

'Force,' says Laplace truly, 'is the cause of motion.' 'But of the nature of force,' says he, '*we know nothing.*' Yet it was by the aid of 'force' alone—sometimes called 'the force,' and sometimes 'the law,' of gravity—that the great author of the *Mecanique Celeste* showed how the beautiful system of sun, moon, and planets was created, 'without the hypothesis of a God.' Force, as blind as fate, reared all this majestic and beautiful fabric of the heavens and the earth; so that M. Comte could see therein not 'the glory of the Lord,' but the glory of Hipparchus, and Copernicus, and Kepler, and Newton. Thus force—not in the concrete, but force in the abstract—was 'the unknown' god of Laplace, or the builder and beautifier of the universe. In like manner, 'Blind Force,' and force in the abstract, was, and is, 'the unknown and the unknowable god' of Herbert Spencer. But what is force? It is nothing, absolutely nothing, but an exercise of power; and power is nothing in itself, absolutely nothing, but an attribute, or property, of some agent, by whose power it is exercised, or put forth in the form of force. But, surely, it is the greatest of all solecisms to deny the agent, or substance, and deify its attribute—nay, to deny the attribute, or power, and deify its exercise. Hence, as we cannot have the exercise of a power without the power itself, nor the power itself without some agent to whom it belongs, so we believe in a real, substantial Being, or Agent, behind the force that built and beautified the universe. This Being, or Agent, and not his power, much less the exercise of his power, is our God. The creating force of a Laplace, or of a Spencer, is merely the outer skirts of his power, and his power is merely the united element of his infinite glory. In other words, he is not the act, force, or exercise of a power, nor the power or attribute of an Agent; he is the Agent himself; the living, personal, self-conscious, and self-active God, in whose image we are made. It is for this reason that he is not an unknown God.

In all that Dr. Hodge has said about 'light, heat, electricity,' etc., and their 'operations,' he has not gone one hair's breadth beyond the coarse, vulgar notions of the uneducated classes, beyond the philosophy of the *οἱ πολλοί*, the metaphysics of the rabble. These phenomena are, according to Dr. H., all 'physical forces,' or 'physical causes,' and produce 'physical effects' by their 'operations.' Even when they act on the mind, and produce impressions, these are called 'physical effects.'

But let us raise the curtain a little and look at what really passes behind all this drapery of words. Neither light, nor heat, nor electricity, nor sound, is a 'physical force,' or cause. It is merely 'a mode of motion;' and motion, as we have repeatedly seen, is not a force or cause. The force by which the motion is produced is the only real cause in the case. All the phenomena of sound, light, heat, electricity, and so forth, result from certain 'modes of motion,' and these results are the effects, not of the motion, but of the force by which the motion was produced. The motion of passive matter is, we repeat, merely the instrument or means by which force achieves its effects, or produces its works.

But Dr. Hodge appeals to the Scriptures, and to the general convictions of men. His appeal to the Bible only mistakes its rhetoric for logic, or the popular descriptions of its poetry for the definitions of science. By such means he can, of course, prove from the Scriptures that light, and lightning, and thunder, and heat, are all most terrific 'physical forces.' But, while every philosopher should admire good rhetoric and good poetry, there is no sufficient reason, unless it be the want of reason, why he should be the slave of rhetorical writers and poets. Our very learned and brilliant scientists, who seem determined to put 'physical forces' in the place of God, are likely to remain in bondage to the language of eloquence and poetry, or of passion and the imagination; but we do hope that our philosophers, divines, and theologians will, sooner or later, shake off such miserable shackles of the mind, and learn the language of pure reason.

Dr. Hodge's appeal to popular opinion is, if possible, still

more unfortunate. More than once since this article was begun, here at the Yellow Sulphur Springs, have we heard 'the live thunder leap' in the mountains around us. Sometimes it would *seem* to roll and die away in the far distance, and at others it would *apparently* come crashing down among the forest trees at our door, as if it would rend the very earth in sunder. But in all this there was a grand illusion of the senses and the mind. The sound *appeared* to be in the external world, and the popular opinion, or 'the general conviction of men,' accredit this *as a fact*. But, as every philosopher is aware, the sound of thunder, or the noise it occasions, is merely a sensation of the mind, and only *seems* to be in the external world. It is the popular opinion, also, that it is the thunder and not the lightning that does all the damage as a 'physical force,' or cause of destruction. After all, however, and in spite of the general opinion, the *occasion* of thunder, as it exists in the world of matter, is merely 'a mode of motion,' and the real or efficient cause in the case is the force by which that 'mode of motion' was produced in the air. All the rest was motion, not action—effect, not cause; and all the results of the motion, whether in the world of matter or in the world of mind, are the *effects* of the force that produced the motion. [See Art. III.]

So, in regard to lightning, the vivid electric flash and the zigzag fury, or the faint, broad glimmer, all *appear* to exist in the clouds. But they, too, are only sensations of the mind, which *appear* as if they were phenomena of the external world. But, in the case of lightning, there is, in all the external world, nothing but a 'mode of motion' in an infinitely elastic medium, which is as invisible to the eye of man as the very Spirit of God himself—that is to say, nothing except the *force* by which that particular 'mode of motion' is produced. So, in like manner, the phenomena of light, and all the vast variety of shades and colors, are only sensations in the mind or sentient principle, which are, by a grand illusion, spread over the magnificent panorama of visible things. The source of light, as light is seen by the eye, is also a 'mode of motion,' and its real or efficient cause is the *force* by which the motion is pro-

duced. Motion is merely the passive instrument or means by which the *effects* of the original or producing *cause* are transmitted. Dr. Hodge has fallen into the vulgar error of mistaking the instrument for the cause, and this error runs through all his attempts to prove that 'matter is active,' or that 'physical forces' are not merely figures of speech. We are very sorry that he should have done so much to obscure the idea of God, and lend his countenance and support to some of the worst errors of the atheistical scientists of the present day, as well as of all time. It is only necessary to strip the gaudy feathers of popular language and of popular illusions from the atheism in question, in order to show how insignificant and deformed a thing it is in its own native nakedness. This we shall, accordingly, continue to do until the atheism of 'second causes,' or of 'physical forces,' is shown as it is in itself.

It is so much easier to *abstract* than it is to *dissect* nature, and our grand abstractions spread, apparently, a light so broad and beautiful over the surface of things, that we are frequently dazzled into blindness to their real differences. Lord Bacon has, in one of his most subtle and profound aphorisms, alluded to this source of error. This habit of *abstracting*, instead of *dissecting*, nature has, in fact, given rise to many weird, unstable, and transitory systems of metaphysics, especially in Germany. We need not, however, cross the Atlantic in order to find proofs of the prolific outcroppings of this great root of error. The philosophy of New England is replete with them. The present President of Yale College, for example, the learned, eloquent, and highly accomplished Noah Porter, D. D., belongs, in part at least, to the same school of transcendental *abstractionists*. In other words, his habit of judging by abstractions, instead of by dissections, has led him to overlook the real differences of things, so as to obscure the distinction between agent and patient, and consequently the idea of God.

Thus, for example, he finds much delusive light, beneath which is concealed no little confusion and error, in the grand abstraction, 'that every event must have a cause.' (§ 596.) This



abstraction he sometimes calls 'a self-evident and intuitive truth' (§ 595), and sometimes 'the *a priori* principle.' (§ 596.) But by whatever name it may be called—an abstraction, a self-evident truth, or an *a priori* principle—it is merely a thing of words, and can throw no light whatever on any part of the real constitution or course of nature. After Mr. Hume exposed the utter insignificance of the truism, that 'every effect must have a cause,' philosophers were accustomed to say, that 'every event must have a cause.' But this did not mend the matter in the least conceivable degree. For when it is asserted, that 'every event must have a cause,' it is assumed that every event is an effect; and if the idea or conception remains the same, the insignificance of the truism must also remain the same. It cannot be hid away, or changed merely by the substitution of some new word or *sound* for the same idea. There must be some change in the ideas, the meaning, the sense of proposition, and not in its sound merely, if we would redeem it from the character of an insignificant and worthless truism. This the philosophy of New England has not done.

The truth is, that 'the self-evident truth' of President Porter is a very ambiguous proposition. In one sense of its terms it is 'a self-evident truth,' while in another sense of its terms it is false. Hence the necessity of a little *dissection* of nature, in order to show in what sense it is true, and in what sense it is false, as well as to show how it may be amended so as to reflect, not the delusive light of words merely, but the real light of things.

'I sometimes use the word *cause*,' says President Edwards, 'to signify any antecedent,' or occasion. In this sense of the word, it is self-evident that 'every event must have a cause.' For 'nothing cannot bring forth,' or give rise to events. There can, for instance, be no such thing as an act of the will without a will capable of acting, or some substance endowed with the power of willing. Nor can there be any act of the will, or of the mind in willing, without some motive as the antecedent or occasion of its volition. To say that any effects or events can come into existence without some such cause of

its existence, is to say that '*nothing* may bring forth,' or give rise to events, which is the most inconceivable of all absurdities.

Again, says President Edwards most truly, 'the word is often used in so restrained a sense as to signify *only that which has a positive efficiency to produce a thing, or bring it to pass.*' In this sense of the word it is not true (it is false), that 'every event must have a cause.' For many of the most momentous events in the universe, namely, the acts of the mind in willing, have no such cause of their existence. They are causes, and not effects, that is, in this sense of the word *cause* and its correlative *effect*. If, indeed, some preceding act were necessary to produce an act of the will, or of the mind in willing, then another preceding act would be necessary to produce that, and so on *ad infinitum*, which lands us in the conclusion of an infinite series of causes, than which a greater absurdity could not possibly be conceived. Hence we conclude that action must and does take its rise somewhere in the universe, without being efficiently caused or produced by any preceding action whatever. And where shall we find this first action, this producing cause, or this fountain of original causation, if not in the universe of mind? Shall we look for it in the world of matter—in that which is by nature inert, passive, or inactive? or in the world of mind—in that which is by nature endowed with a self-active will? In mind, and in mind alone, is the original fountain of power, activity, or causation.

Is it self-evident, or evident in any way, that 'every event must have [an efficient or producing] cause'? If so, then every executive act of the human will—nay, of the Divine Will itself, is not free, but fast bound in the mechanism of cause and effect. Man is no longer a *person*, but merely a machine. His freedom, his power, his dominion, his glory, are all gone. Nay, God himself, the high and holy One who inhabiteth eternity, is deposed from his throne, and reduced to merely 'the greatest and brightest link in the adamantine chain of necessity,' and his volition, the mightiest of all events, to the greatest and brightest *effect* in the universe. For if his

will is free from the dominion of causes, then it is not true, much less self-evident, that 'every event must have a cause.' And if his will is free from the mechanism of cause and effect, or the dominion of fate, then is the will of man, who was made in his image, also free from the same dominion. The truth is, there are many events—namely, all the volitions of God and man, which have no efficient or producing causes; they are *causes* themselves, but not *effects*.

If 'every event must have a cause,' then there must be as many causes as events. But when it is asserted, that 'every event must have a cause,' it is clearly assumed that every event, as having a cause, must be an effect. But if every event is an effect, where and what are the causes? Since every event is an effect, and as there must be as many causes as effects, it follows that every event must be a cause as well as an effect. All events are effects, and all are causes! Even the first cause of all must be an effect! Thus the self-evident truth, as it is called, that 'every event must have a cause,' lands in utter and inextricable confusion of thought. A more complete obliteration of the distinction between cause and effect, or action and passion, and therefore between agent and patient, could not well be conceived. But the obliteration of this distinction does, as we have already seen, involve the idea of God in the clouds and darkness of a false metaphysics, and consequently favors the cause of atheism.

Every event is, it may be said, an effect in relation to the event which precedes and produces it, and a cause in relation to that by which it is followed. This is a very common view of the subject of causation, and hence the notion of 'a chain of causes and effects,' which, as may be easily shown, is utterly false and delusive. It is, like the self-evident truth 'from which it flows, a mere thing of words, which corresponds to nothing in nature.

To say that 'every effect must have a cause,' is merely to assert that *every effect is an effect*, an identical proposition, an insignificant truism, which can throw no light whatever—not even so much as a particle—on any fact or principle in all the universality of *real* things. Nothing can, indeed, be

deduced from such truisms, from such barren abstractions, except delusions and shadows. All real knowledge takes its rise, not in such poor, pitiful abstractions of the brain, but in the real, concrete instances of nature. From 'the single instance,' for example, that force does produce motion, as seen in the light of consciousness, we may conclude that, in all instances, motion is an effect, and force is its cause. *Motion is always an effect, and never a cause; force is always a cause, and never an effect.* This principle, which, as we believe, is of infinite importance to the cause of Theism, we shall now proceed to illustrate and establish.

Force is an effort, exertion, or exercise of power. The legitimate effect of force, when brought to bear upon matter, is motion. In regard to Mr. Hume's 'two billiard balls,' for example, the only force or cause in the case was the exercise of power by which the first ball was put in motion. All the rest was the most pure passivity. The first ball imparted its motion to the second, but it did not act or exert its power, for it had none to exert. (See Art. III, Of Action and Passion.) And if there had been a hundred balls instead of two, the only force that caused them all to move would have been that by which the first ball was driven against the second, the second against the third, and so on. *Motion is not action, exercise of power, force, or cause. It is merely a passive change of place.* A body in motion *does* nothing, it merely *suffers* a change of place. This important truth, which first rose on the great mind of Galileo with invincible clearness, is frequently obscured and lost sight of amid the manifold imperfections of human language.

The history of science has furnished an illustrious proof of the truth of this remark, in the search, at one time so diligently pursued, after the measure of 'the force of a moving body.' All the great mathematicians and thinkers of Italy, Germany, France, and England, at one time were, for more than half a century, engaged in this search. Descartes and Newton had asserted that 'the force of a moving body' is always as 'its mass into its *velocity*.' Leibnitz, the Bernouillis, and others, contended, on the contrary, that it always varies

'as the mass into *the square of its velocity.*' The controversy raged for fifty-seven years. Reid, of Scotland, and Kant, of Germany, tried their hands on the question, but, in the opinion of the scientific world, without any satisfactory result. The Academy of Sciences of France offered a premium for the best essay on the subject. The prize was adjudged to the celebrated Colin Maclaurin, who afterward embodied his essay in his invaluable 'Account of Sir Isaac Newton's Discoveries.' But this essay, however learned and ingenious, did not settle the vexed question. It still continued to engage the attention and to divide the opinions of the greatest mathematicians and philosophers of Europe. The scientific world, however, at length acquiesced in the decision of D'Alembert, 'not so much because they were entirely satisfied with his solution of the problem, as because they were tired of the controversy.'<sup>1</sup>

Though his solution was not entirely satisfactory to men of science, it has found its way into all the text-books on mechanical philosophy, both in Europe and in America. This solution and its history have long appeared to us exceedingly wonderful and instructive. 'The force of a moving body,' he concludes, 'has two measures widely different from each other,' according to the manner in which it is estimated. If we estimate this force by 'one class of its effects,' then it is to be measured by 'the mass into *the simple velocity*'; and if by 'another class of its effects,' then it must be measured by 'the mass into *the square of the velocity.*' The wonderful thing about this is, that such a solution should have been given by a D'Alembert, and that it should have been acquiesced in by the whole scientific world for more than a century. It embodied, it is true, the opinion of both contending parties, and so effected a compromise between them, which seems to have resulted from the love of peace more than from the love of truth. For how, in the name of common sense, can one and the same thing—'the force of a moving body'—have 'two measures widely different from each other.' If 'one class of effects,' when summed up, is proportioned to '*the velocity*

1 See Playfair's History of the Mathematical Sciences.

*simply,* and another class of effects to 'the square of the velocity,' then, most assuredly, the sum of the effects, in the one case or the other, cannot be proportioned to its cause, which is surely the very height of absurdity. What! The effect produced by a force or cause not proportioned to its cause! Who can possibly believe such a thing? Is it not wonderful, then, we humbly ask, that such a conclusion as that of Mr. D'Alembert's should have stood unchallenged so long on the very face of the annals of science?

But the instructive thing in this piece of history, and that for which it is here introduced, is this, namely, the deep-seated, the obstinate, the all but unconquerable nature of the error, which arose from mistaking an effect for a cause, the motion of a body for a force. The expression, 'the force of a moving body,' is merely a figure of speech, and not a fact of nature. There is, in fact, no such thing as 'the *force* of a moving body'; there is only its motion. The search was in vain, because it was a search after *the mathematical measure of a metaphor*. Who could find it? Not all the men of science and genius in the universe. One of the greatest mathematicians and philosophers of the age, after a most diligent and laborious search, discovered that this metaphor had 'two measures widely different from each other.' In truth, it had no measure at all, and it admitted of none. As soon as it was seen to be a metaphor—as soon, in other words, as it was seen that the force by which a body was put in motion, and the motion (not the force) of the moving body were the only elements of the problem—the true and satisfactory solution of it was not at all difficult. It then became evident that the perfect passivity of body, even in motion, had been ignored by all who had discussed the subject—by Leibnitz, by the Bernouillis, by Maclaurin, by Reid, by Kant, and by all the rest. No sooner was the great idea of Galileo restored, and *applied to the subject*, than the light of the true solution appeared. The very facts, or 'class of effects,' which had been supposed to favor the *vis viva* of Leibnitz, or 'the square of the velocity,' were found to be the strongest proofs and confirmations of the opposite doctrine of Newton. The strange

decision, that one and the same thing can have 'two measures widely different from each other,' was shown to be an error in fact, as well as an absurdity in principle. The great controversy was settled, not by an awkward compromise between heterogeneous and irreconcilable conclusions, but by reducing the apparently conflicting facts, or 'different classes of effects,' to a unity of principle, and thereby bringing to light the internal harmony and beauty of the science.

Now, to apply all this to the science of theology, no greater error can be committed than to mistake an effect for a cause—that is, *a motion for a force*. For this is to confound action and passion, cause and effect, or agent and patient, which is the great blunder of the atheizing scientists of the present day, as well as of all time. Motion is not a *cause*; it is only an effect. Motion is the effect of force, and not itself a force; and it must be kept in its own place, viewed in its own nature, and in its subordination to its cause, if we would not turn the world up-side down, and introduce infinite confusion into the system of things. To subvert this relation by mistaking an effect for a cause, a motion for a force, is to sin against the great fundamental law of all rational belief, *that like effects proceed from like causes*. It was this error, the subversion of this relation, which seduced the whole scientific world into the hopeless search after the measure of 'the *force* of a moving body,' only to return from their fruitless labors weary, worn, and exhausted under the burden of difficulties too great for them. But for this mistake, which rendered the problem in question insoluble by the greatest minds, the very least of the great inquirers might easily have solved it with perfect success. And the error, or mistake, which thus darkened, for more than a century and a half, the little problem of a moving body, has still more fearfully darkened the great problem of the universe, and concealed from the view of many the great 'unmoved Mover of the heavens and the earth;' a lesson which never should be forgotten or lost on the human mind.

Let it be, then, forever remembered that the results of motion, whether simple or sublime, are not the effects of motion, but only of the force, or forces by which the motion is

really produced. Or, in other words, that motion is merely *the passive instrument, or means*, by which *Force, or the exercise of power*, achieves its wonderful effects and works. To ignore or to overlook the principle, that motion, *as an observed and known effect*, always implies the exertion of power, or the existence of force, *as an observed and known cause*, is the very root of atheism in speculative thought. 'He is not an atheist,' says Helvetius, 'who believes in motion; for motion . . . is the source of all things.' Motion is, on the contrary, the *original* source or cause of nothing, much less of the unity, the order, the harmony, and the beauty of the universe. Motion is nothing, and does nothing, except as the pliant, passive instrument of force, which is everywhere and always the cause of motion. By ignoring this truth, the logic of Helvetius just turned the universe up-side down, so as to hide away the existence of God beneath the nadir of oblivion, and exalt motion into the very zenith of all power and efficiency. Motion is the god of Helvetius. What a god!

Motion is also the god of Tyndall. Forgetting the principle, that motion, as an *effect*, always implies the existence of force as its *cause*, Mr. Tyndall departs from the only true line of induction from 'the single instance' of a *known relation*, only to wander in a wilderness of words, assumptions, and shadows. 'Sound is a mode of motion; 'heat is a mode of motion; 'light is a mode of motion; 'nay, mind itself, with all its wonder-working powers, is merely a mode of motion. Bent and bowed down, in the very habit of his soul, he looks only at the results of motion, never rising and erecting himself to the contemplation of the *real* cause of motion, and its wonderful results in the cause or *force* by which it is produced. Thus motion becomes his god, as well as the god of Helvetius. We, on the contrary, keeping in the only line of induction from 'a single instance,' or relation, seen and known in the light of our own conscious *experience*, we rise to the contemplation of God, 'the unmoved Mover of the heavens and the earth.' Keeping in the straight and narrow path to all accurate and clearly-defined knowledge, we discover the existence of a living, personal force like our own, by whom all superhu-



man motions are produced. This force is the initial element in 'the idea of God.'

We hear much of 'a chain of causes and effects.' But such a chain is an illusion, created by the false light of the so-called 'self-evident truth, that every event must have a cause.' We may trace up any series of events we please, from the end to the beginning, and we may observe it as closely as possible, and yet we shall see only effects till we reach the original, real cause in the will-force, by which the *passive* series was set in motion. Only the first link of 'the chain,' if it must be so called, is a real or *producing cause*, while all the others are *produced effects*. This first link, or producing cause, is not a produced effect. For if, in order to account for its existence, we must believe that it has a real or producing cause, we must do the same for this last, and so on *ad infinitum*, which lands us in the great absurdity of an infinite series of causes, and, at the same time, in an infinite series of effects! The reader may take his choice between an infinite series of causes and an infinite series of effects, without any first cause or first effect—that is to say, if he is determined not to believe in the existence of any such thing as a free, independent, self-active Will. For our part, we believe that there is such a free, independent, self-active will in God, above and beyond whom there is no power that controls his volitions. So, in like manner, we believe that there is a free, independent, self-active will in man, who bears the image of God. Otherwise he were not a responsible being. This will has, it is true, been enslaved by the indwelling power and habit of sin, and so needs to be redeemed, emancipated, and set up *de novo*. But it is only in so far as it is, either by nature or by grace, free, independent, and self-active, that it is a responsible will. Our dependence on God is, we most joyfully acknowledge, ineffable and unutterable; but yet is this dependence *moral*, not *mechanical*. Thus do we dissect nature, and, in the light which shines through the real differences of things, the vast metaphysical chain of necessity melts into thin air, and the huge image of Fate vanishes from the world. Man is free, and God is glorified. Man is no longer viewed as bound, with all *things*, to

the footstool of God here upon earth, by 'a chain of causes and effects'; nor is God himself beheld as bound, by the same chain, on the throne of the universe. As is his finite image upon earth, so is the infinite God in heaven, a free, independent, and self-active Spirit, and all who worship him must do so as free, independent, and self-active spirits.<sup>1</sup>

We have thus dwelt, at great length, on the initial element in the idea of God, because this will facilitate and shorten the development of the other elements of the same divine idea, *especially the element that God is an intelligent and designing Cause*. Indeed, nearly all that we have said in relation to the first element is directly and obviously applicable to this. Thus, in the light of consciousness, we become aware of the relation between design and a designing mind, between the arrangement of means to accomplish an end and a contriving mind by which the design is planned and executed. From this 'single instance,' or relation between cause and effect, we 'complete the induction,' as universal as it is simple and grand, *that design always implies a designer*. This induction is perfectly legitimate, because it is authorized by the fundamental law of belief, *that like effects always proceed from like causes*, without which all knowledge is little if any better than a dream. To depart from the light and guidance of this principle is to go astray in quest of causes where none exist, and consequently to find, instead of real or known causes, only the gratuitous assumptions and unsubstantial shadows out of which so many misty systems of confusion have been most elaborately constructed. The darkness of such systems have often been, it is true, relieved and grandly illuminated by the lightnings of genius and the splendors of learning; but, for all this, as they have had no root in nature, and have not *grown* up under the pure and simple light of nature, so have they passed away, and are still passing away, to give place to other systems as unstable as themselves, leaving behind, in the minds of most

<sup>1</sup> Independent, we mean of course, not in the states of *intelligence* and the *sensibility*, but in the volitions or acts of the *will*, the seat and centre of all responsible *personality*. Independent, not of God for existence or moral aid, but of the mechanism of cause and effect; a *person*, and not a *thing*, with all the chains of the metaphysical workshop shattered at his feet.

men, the sad heritage of doubt as to the truth of all metaphysical science. The very scientists of the present day, who affect to despise all metaphysics, have done more to bring science into contempt by their *false* metaphysics than by all other means put together.

The universal principle, that design implies a designer, is an induction from 'a single instance' of a known relation between cause and effect. Is it not true? It is certain that, in all ages of the world, it has been accepted as true by the very greatest minds that have adorned the annals of science, letters, or philosophy. Neither a Solomon nor a Socrates, neither a Plato nor a Pascal, neither a Bacon nor a Newton, seems to have doubted, for a single moment, the absolute and perfect truth of the principle, that a design implies a designer. Hence, from the wonderful manifold designs, which blaze on all sides around us, and from every part of the universe, they inferred the existence of an intelligent, designing Mind, like our own; or, in other words, a personal God. But such, it seems, is the inconstancy and vanity of learning, that philosophy, like dress, must have its change of fashions. It is now the fashion, for example, with Darwin and his disciples, to account for design without a designer, thus setting at nought, and treating with contempt, the fundamental law of belief, that like effects are to be referred to like causes. The effects are like, essentially the same; and yet, instead of explaining them by like causes, this inductive philosopher, as he calls himself, explains them by utterly unlike ones. Instead of explaining phenomena by *known* causes, and which are known to produce *like* phenomena, he prefers to explain them by *unknown* causes, which have never been known, even in a single instance, to produce similar phenomena. Thus, at the very first step, he tramples under foot the principles of the inductive method, which he professes to follow with learned insight and the most scrupulous care.

Nothing is more severely ridiculed, or treated with greater contempt, than 'the weak credulity' of Christians, by the so-called men of science. *Believers* may 'walk by faith,' but they, forsooth, demand the light of evidence, and *can* believe

only those facts or truths which 'are verifiable.' It is for this reason that they deny the existence of a God. It cannot be 'verified' by the principles of science; or the inductive method of investigation. Now, let us see how this is, and, if we are not greatly mistaken, it will appear that these children of the light, these boasted champions of reason and despisers of faith, these severe thinkers and profound logicians, are, in fact, among the most weakly-credulous of men. For this purpose we intend to contrast the theory of the Theist with the wild hypothesis which they propose to substitute in its place.

We cannot, it is true, ascertain the existence of God by any of the five senses. We can neither see, nor hear, nor feel, nor taste, nor smell the existence of a divine essence. Nor can we put it in a crucible, and ascertain its existence by any of our chemical tests. All this is freely admitted. But it is equally true, that by none of these methods can we ascertain the existence of the elastic medium, in which are exhibited the phenomena of light, heat, and electricity. We know the existence of God, however, precisely as we know that of the infinitely elastic medium in question—namely, *by its manifestations*. Again, we cannot ascertain or 'verify,' by any of the means above specified, the indubitable fact, that the moon is nearly two hundred and forty thousand miles from the earth, or that it is nearly twenty-one hundred miles in diameter. How, then, do we establish these facts? Why, we answer, simply by *inductive* and *deductive* reasoning, the two great methods of the physical sciences. By precisely the same methods, also, do we establish or 'verify' the existence of a God, as the great central fact of the universe.

We know, from our own experience, that design and a designer stand related to each other as cause and effect. From 'this instance' of an observed *relation* we rise to the 'complete induction' that design always implies a designer; in other words, that the arrangement of means to accomplish an end implies and shows forth the existence of an intelligent and contriving cause. If this is not a true inference, then is there no such thing in science as safety in reasoning from effect to cause, or in passing from the known to the unknown.

But nature everywhere—in all the places of her dominion—exhibits the evidences of design, even the 'most complicated arrangements of means, the most wonderful adaptations, in order to accomplish an infinite variety of ends. Hence, unless we are pleased to trample under foot the great law of rational belief, *that like effects must have like causes*, we are bound to conclude that the manifold works of nature imply the existence of a designing Cause or Mind. This is our *deduction*. Where, we fearlessly ask, is the fault or flaw in this 'verification' of the existence of God? By precisely the same steps, both *inductive* and *deductive*, do we ascertain all the great facts of physical astronomy; though in astronomy the steps are more numerous and complicated than they are in theology. Yet no one ever doubts that, by such reasoning, the *real facts* of astronomy, so immensely different from the *apparent facts*, are clearly ascertained or 'verified.' It is only in regard to the fact of God's existence that an 'evil heart of unbelief' gives the trammels of its own logic to the winds, and rejoices in its fancied freedom!

The above theory fulfills all the conditions and stands all the tests or criteria of a truly established inductive science. In the first place, it employs no cause to explain phenomena, except such as are *known* to exist. That there is such a thing as a designing cause no man can doubt who is not blind to the light of consciousness, or from the the tablets of whose memory the hand of oblivion has not razed the clearest and most unequivocal facts of his own existence. The cause, then, which we have employed to account for phenomena is *known* to exist. It is not an imaginary, it is a real cause. It was not invented to account for facts or phenomena which could not be otherwise explained; it is furnished to our hands by nature herself.

In the second place, this cause, a designing mind, is *known* to produce effects precisely like those ascribed to it in theory. Not precisely alike, it may be, in every minute and non-essential particular, but in every essential feature or characteristic of all that is necessary to the absolute validity of the conclusion, the two classes of effects are exactly alike. A watch, for

example, is not more evidently a system of means skillfully adapted to an end by a designing mind than is the wonderful structure of an eye, or the sublime mechanism of the solar system.

In the third and last place, the Cause assigned is amply sufficient to explain all the facts or phenomena ascribed to it in the theory. Mind is, in fact, the only cause that is sufficient to explain the wonderful designs everywhere exhibited, both in the frame-work and in the fancy-work of the universe. The last is the perfection of beauty, the first is the beauty of perfection. How fair must he be, then, 'whose utmost skirts so beautiful appear!'

The logic upon which the above view rests is so simple, so natural, so direct, and so irresistible that it forces conviction upon the honest inquirer after truth, and requires an ingenuity as dogged as it is perverse to shut out its light from the mind. Accordingly, such has been the view or opinion of all great and *sound* minds, from Moses to Solomon, from Solomon to Socrates, from Socrates to Newton, and from Newton to the present hour. The doctrine, that Mind, or God, is the builder and beautifier of the universe, has stood, like one of the everlasting pyramids of Egypt, amid the ravages of time and the ruins of human speculation. There have been, it is true, Darwins in all ages of the world, who have come before the public with their little *raree* shows of a cosmogony.

'What!' we seem to hear some one exclaiming, 'is not Darwin a great man, a master mind? Has he not eclipsed Moses, and Solomon, and Socrates, and Newton, and all great stars in the firmament of mind?' Yes, we answer; but it is only as a passing cloud eclipses the eternal glory of the sun, moon, and stars. All great minds are, like those of Socrates and Newton, simple, natural, direct, and truth-loving in their movements. They are great, like the sun, without eccentricity in their orbits, or deviations in their career—intrinsically and eternally great. Others are sometimes *esteemed* great, not because they are so *intrinsically*, but only because, like comets, they startle and astonish the world with the glare of novelty and the portentous aspect of a shadow. Mr. Darwin is

such a comet. So eccentric, indeed, is his course, that, like some comets, he is destined to cross the field of vision but once, and then disappear forever. It is distance, and distance only, that lends substance to Darwinism, just as it does to a comet. We have seen a large comet, and beheld, shining through its *apparently* solid nucleus—the perfect image of Darwinism—a star of the sixth magnitude, a star which the most attenuated mist or vapor would have concealed from view. What is a comet, then? And why should the late comet have attracted, as it has done, more attention than all the great luminaries of heaven? Because men, viewing it at a distance, do not understand its nature. Merely to approach it, and to enter into its substance, or *solid nucleus*, as it is called, is to see what a shadow or mist it is, visible only at a distance. So, likewise, is it with that portentous mist of philosophy called Darwinism, which has been made to obscure the idea of God. If, indeed, we only look close enough, all the stars of heaven may be seen shining through this miserable mist, though at a distance it may seem radiant with the glories of science. Having, in a former article,<sup>1</sup> exposed a few of the imposing shadows of Darwinism, we shall, in the conclusion of this paper, merely subject it to three tests, or criteria, by which the sorry shams of science are detected, and distinguished from its substance.

‘Mr. Darwin and his associates,’ says Dr. Hodge, ‘admit not only the creation of matter, but of living matter, in the form of one or a few primordial germs, from which, without any purpose or design, by the slow operation of unintelligent, natural causes and accidental variations, during untold ages, all the orders, classes, genera, species, and varieties of plants and animals, from the lowest to the highest, man included, have been formed. Teleology, and therefore mind, or God, is expressly banished from the world.’ (Vol. II, p. 23.) But here the question is, by what *known* cause, or causes, has the whole world of living things, with all its infinite variety of forms and diversity of elements, been developed from ‘one or a few primordial germs,’ or ‘forms,’ or ‘cells,’ or ‘eggs,’ as these

<sup>1</sup> See Art. ‘Philosophy versus Darwinism.’

seeds of the living universe are frequently called by Mr. Darwin and his associates? Is there, in fact, any such *known* cause?

It will be found, if the language of Mr. Darwin be closely searched, that he does not even pretend to the existence of any *cause* by which all the wonders of his hypothetical creation have been produced. It is to 'the *law* of natural selection,' and other laws, not to any *cause*, that he ascribes the development, from one or a few seeds, of the whole terrestrial universe of living things. But a *law*, as we have already seen, is not an agent or a cause; it is merely the rule according to which an agent or cause acts. It can do nothing; it can produce nothing, much less all the wonders of a world. We must suppose, then, that by the term *law* Mr. Darwin intended to designate a *cause*, and not a law merely. That is to say, we must suppose this, if we would give to his language any reasonable sense. Let us look, then, at the expression, 'the *law* of natural selection,' and see if it really means a cause.

Some 'primordial germs,' 'forms,' 'cells,' or 'eggs' are more perfectly developed than others. Some of them are, therefore, fitted, by the perfection of their development, to survive in the struggle for existence, while all the others are destined to perish. 'Nature,' says Mr. Darwin, 'selects' those thus fitted to survive, and leaves all the rest to perish in the vain struggle for existence; and this choice of Nature he calls 'the *law* of natural selection.' Now, a moment's reflection is sufficient to convince any one that this so-called choice or selection of nature is neither a law nor a cause; it is merely a figure of speech! If some forms, or germs, survive in the struggle for existence, this is only because the natural influences which favor their development and preservation are stronger than those which tend to their destruction, and not because nature 'selects' them to survive. There is no choice or selection in this case. 'The *law* of natural selection' is, in other words, merely a *figure of speech*, by which Mr. Darwin has imposed on himself, as well as on the unthinking portion of the world. All the causes recognized in his hypothesis are those, and those only, which develop its germs, cells, or eggs



into the infinite variety of the living world; and if we inquire what these real causes are, we do not find them anywhere described, or even specified, in the confused dream of Darwinism. We only learn that they are 'natural causes;' but as to *what* they are, or whether they are *known* to exist, we are permitted to learn nothing from him or his associates.

If we look at the *known* world, or take a survey of its *known* causes, we find that its germs are preserved by the influence of parents, and by no other means whatever. This agrees with the cosmogony of Moses [Gen. i. 20-28], according to which the parent plant or animal was created *first*, 'whose seed was in itself, after his kind,' by whose seed the earth was replenished. But Mr. Darwin inverts, not only the cosmogony of Moses, but also the whole order of the *known* world, by placing the seed first, and the parent last, in the creation of the world. For, since the beginning of time, no seed, egg, or cell has ever been known to exist, except as the product of the living parent; and none has ever been preserved or fitted to survive except by the agency or influence of the parent. But all this, which is the universal order of the known world, is inverted in the imaginary world of Mr. Darwin. His seed, cells, or eggs came from no parent, and were developed by 'natural causes'—what causes?—when no parents existed! He reasons not from the known to the unknown, but from the unknown to the known; or rather, from an imaginary and unknown order of things, which he supposes existed at *first*, he draws conclusions directly and utterly at variance with all that is, or ever has been, known of the order of the actual world.

Now, this inversion of the known order of nature, and of all natural logic, is perpetrated by Mr. Darwin with a view to get rid of the idea of God, and to establish the absurdity of miracles. 'The time is coming,' says he, 'when the doctrine of special creation, that is, the doctrine that God made the plants and animals each after its kind, will be regarded as "a curious illustration of the blindness of preconceived opinion." These authors,' he adds, 'seem no more startled at a miraculous creation than at an ordinary birth.' Yet, in spite of all

1 Hodge's Theo. Vol. II, p. 17.

this, Mr. Darwin is compelled to account for his living cell, or egg, by the creative act of God! The notion, that God created the world, he leaves to the fond credulity of the believer, who is so little startled at the idea of a miracle. But he, a man of science and a philosopher, can believe no such miracle, no such monstrous fable. All such nursery tales and silly stories he ranks with old wives' fables and the wonders of witchcraft. Yet this mighty man of science and this profound philosopher no sooner finds himself under stress of weather with his anti-miraculous hypothesis, than he calls in the miraculous hand of God to create his living germ, cell, or egg! How weak the belief, that God created the world! and yet how wise the conclusion, that He created the world-producing egg! 'The time is coming,' says Mr. Darwin, 'when the doctrine of a special creation' will be regarded as 'a curious illustration of the blindness of preconceived opinion.' But it will never come, we reply, until the doctrine, that God created a world-producing egg, and then left this egg to develop into the world, shall be regarded as 'a curious illustration' of the wonderful wisdom of rejecting all received opinions. Then, but not till then, will Darwinism, with all its glaring self-contradictions and worse than Hindoo fables, be entitled to the respect of mankind.

But what does Mr. Darwin mean by this strange, this wonderful inconsistency of his? Does he mean that the belief in all miracles is absurd, except the one miracle which is demanded by the exigencies of his hypothesis? Or is this one miracle of his merely a tub thrown to the whale?—merely a miracle in words, and a sham, intended to propitiate credulous Christians? Let him answer this question. Let him tell us whether his one miracle was wrought by a real God—by a living, personal, self-conscious, and self active God, or by a personification of nature only, or by a figure of speech. Then shall we be able to determine whether, after all, he is an honest or only a hypocritical believer in miracles. We can 'walk by faith' in God, but not in Mr. Darwin.

The first test of a true science is, then, amply sufficient to detect the hollowness of Mr. Darwin's theory. God is, after

all, the only real cause specified in his theory, and the nature of this cause he has not taken the pains to define or explain. God, or something he calls by His name, he is compelled to use to account for the existence of his living germs, cells, or eggs. All the rest — the growth, development, perfection, and glory of the world — he explains by 'natural causes,' not one of which is specified by him. Animated nature, he assures us, is the result of 'natural causes' operating on the seeds, germs, or eggs of nature, which God is said to have created. Wonderful information! Enlightened by this brilliant scientist, we are more fully convinced that natural effects are the result of natural causes! though we are not permitted to see any *known* cause at work, or how its part is performed in the production of the world. All is still as dark as night, and the only hope for his disciples is to 'walk by faith' in him.

The second test of a true theory exposes, if possible, still more signally the emptiness of Darwinism. For, Mr. Darwin himself being the judge, 'natural causes' have never been *known* to produce effects like those ascribed to them in his theory. Mr. Darwin admits that if, according to his theory, one species was developed out of another, by slow variations, there has been no sign or symptom of any such effect, or transformation, in any historical period of the world. On the contrary, he acknowledges that, during the whole of the historical period, species have remained unchanged, and are now precisely what they were thousands, if not millions, of years ago. Thus, according to Mr. Darwin, his 'natural causes' completed their work long before history began, and since then have rested from their labors. If one species is derived from another, by the slow operation of 'natural causes,' then one of two things inevitably follows: either that these causes have ceased to operate, or that the vestiges of their operation must be everywhere visible. Or, in other words, we should everywhere behold the intermediate steps, or connecting links, formed by the process of transformation of one species into another. It is admitted, however, that there is not the slightest indication of any such thing, or partial transformation of species. Hence, if Mr. Darwin's theory be true, the labors

of his 'natural causes' were completed thousands of years ago, since which they have ceased to operate. Long before the historical period, nay, long before the age of myths and dreams, 'natural causes' completed their work, and stamped on the very face of nature 'the immutability of species.' This, however wonderful it may seem, is admitted by Mr. Darwin himself. He does not even pretend that natural causes have ever been *known* to produce, either in whole or in part, any effect like those ascribed to them in his romance or rhapsody of science. He does not assert, in fact, that natural causes did *actually* produce the effects ascribed to them in his hypothesis; he only insists that, considering 'the hundreds of millions of years' in which they had to operate, they *might* have produced those effects. This is his grand argument—*they had time enough to produce them; that is, to do what they had been known to do in a single instance.* And so they had, if their sublime work were only a question of time. But something more than time is required to enable blind, unintelligent causes to do the work of infinite wisdom; even to build and beautify the universe. The simple truth is, that no theory or hypothesis has ever done more to disgrace the weakness and credulity of man than the wild dream of Mr. Darwin. If the letters of the alphabet were cast up and down at random for 'hundreds of millions of years' there would have been time enough, if time only were required, to produce an *Iliad*, or a *Paradise Lost*. But who, that has not lost his senses, can believe that such poems would ever have been produced by such means. They *might* possibly have been produced in that way, but, in fact, no poem has ever been, or we may safely predict will ever be, produced in any such way. Much less can we believe that the infinitely more sublime poem of the world has resulted from the blind operation of natural causes. No man who has really studied that poem can fail to discover therein, not only the most profound and perfect knowledge of all the sciences, both abstract and concrete, but also of all the most complicated collocation of the means best adapted to attain, in conformity with the laws and principles of all the sciences, the beneficent ends of infinite

wisdom and goodness. Hence, no credulity save that of the skeptic in religion is sufficiently weak or wayward to ascribe 'the origin of species,' or 'the descent of man,' to fortuitous hits of chance, or the blind operation of natural causes. We could, for our part, far more easily believe all the legends of the Koran, and the Talmud, or all the wild absurdities of the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, or all the lying wonders of Lemuel Gulliver, than that 'this universal frame is without a Mind.'

The admission of Mr. Darwin, that natural causes have never been *known* to produce effects like those ascribed to them by him, shows the utter hollowness of his hypothesis, and exposes it to the just contempt of all men of science who have not ignored the very first principles of their own methods. His causes are not known *as such*, because they have never been *known* to produce the effects ascribed to them. He has only given us fancies for facts, dreams for demonstrations, and the wildest of theories for thoughts; and all this, too, more than two hundred years after the publication of Bacon's *Novum Organum*! In the first Aphorism of that immortal work we are taught that 'Man is the servant and interpreter of nature,' and not its lord and lawgiver. But, says Professor Huxley, 'I am tired of hearing about Bacon.' Yes, truly, he seems exceedingly tired of hearing about 'the Master of Wisdom,' and also of hearing about all the other masters of wisdom, from Moses to Solomon, from Solomon to Socrates, from Socrates to Newton, and from Newton to Herschel. But he is not, as yet, tired of the new-fangled novelties of Mr. Darwin. On the contrary, he expressly declares that the hypothesis of Mr. Darwin is the *only one* which is entitled to the respect of a philosopher. The old hypothesis, however, *that there is a God*, is, perhaps, entitled to a little respect even from so great a philosopher as Professor Huxley. Especially since that hypothesis stands as firm now as it has stood for ages, under all the tests of science, while that of the *new* 'master of wisdom' melts into thin air, and disappears, like a mist of the morning, at the touch of these tests.

The third and last test is equally fatal to the lofty preten-

sions of Darwinism. Are 'natural causes' sufficient to explain all the phenomena ascribed to them in his theory? Mr. Darwin himself shall answer this question for us. To select only one instance out of countless myriads of others equally conclusive, Is the operation of natural causes sufficient to account for the production of an eye? Mr. Darwin says: '*The belief that an organ so perfect as the eye could be formed by natural selection, is more than enough to stagger any one.*' Yes, most truly, it is 'more than enough to stagger any one,' except the skeptic, who makes amends for his incredulity in rejecting all that is ascribed to God, by his infinite gullibility in swallowing all that is attributed to nature, or to 'natural causes.' Even the wonderful structure of the eye, which is evidently not a work of law, but an arrangement of means, the most complicated and skillfully contrived, to secure the unspeakable blessing of vision, does not stagger him at all, if it only be ascribed to 'natural causes,' and not to God. Or, if it stagger him a little, it is only till he has time to invoke the boundless resources of his sophistry, in order to restore the balance of his powers and plant him on his feet again. It is, however, 'more than enough to stagger any one,' except a Darwin, a Huxley, or the like.

Having applied the three tests of science to the dream of Mr. Darwin, and shown how wild it is, we shall now dismiss it from our presence into the Limbo which has long since engulfed all the wild cosmogonies of atheizing schemers, from Lueretius to Lamarck, and from Lamarck to the *Vestiges of Creation*.

We must now conclude this long paper. The most interesting element in the idea of God, namely, the moral element, or the holiness of God, we have not as yet noticed. We have especially desired to do so, because it is in relation to this element that the work of Dr. Hodge appears to us the most radically deficient, the most sadly and deplorably defective. Mr. Miller, in his acute criticisms of Dr. Hodge's Theology, has directed much of his attention to this portion of the work. Dr. Hodge's speculations respecting the holiness of God are, indeed, the views against which Mr. Miller has directed his

most powerful and effective batteries. But, unless we are greatly mistaken, he might have planted his batteries on still broader and deeper foundations, and consequently given a more complete vindication of the holiness of God. He might, in other words, have brought out the effulgence of the divine holiness in such a way as to scatter still more effectually than by any logic, however resistless and conclusive, the inconsistencies and obscurities in which it is involved by the speculations of Dr. Hodge.

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ART. III.—1. *The Beginnings of Life.* By BASTIAN. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

2. *Body and Mind.* By MAWDSLEY. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,  
 How complicate, how wonderful is man!  
 How passing wonder He who made him such!  
 Who centred in our make such strange extremes,  
 From different natures marvellously mixt,  
 Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!  
 Distinguished link in being's endless chain!  
 Midway from nothing to the Deity!  
 A beam ethereal, sully'd and absorpt!  
 Tho' sully'd and dishonored still divine!  
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute!  
 An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!  
 Helpless immortal! insect infinite!  
 A worm! a god!

Not the least encouraging and significant of the signs of the times is the revolution which modern science has wrought in the study of human nature. Under the intense rays of physical investigation, *dichotomies* and *trichotomies* evaporate into nothing, and man comes forth a symmetrical unit, a perfect whole; complex it may be, made up of strange extremes, with 'different natures marvellously mixt,' but nevertheless so interdependent as to constitute an *individual* being. A philosophy that is constructed upon any *one* class of phenomena

exhibited in the life of man, whether mental or physical, proceeds upon premises that are false, and can only lead to subtle and dangerous errors. Man is a unit — a grand, imposing individual; and it is only by studying him as an individual that we can arrive at any correct and definite conclusions as to the nature of his being. The failure to recognize this individual oneness of human nature has ever been fraught with dangerous and delusive error, and nowhere is this more apparent than in the department of human physiology, which lies within the domain of molecular action, which, for the convenience of discussion, we have seen fit to denominate

#### THE PHYSICS OF PHYSIOLOGY.

What is it to *live*? Momentous question this! A question which philosophy has never answered, a mystery which science cannot explain, a problem which revelation alone can solve.

So numerous have been the attempts to clearly and accurately define the nature of life, and so conflicting and nebulous have these definitions been, that all reasoning upon this subject has by very many eminent physiologists been relegated to the domain of abstract speculation, to furnish food for the fevered fancy of the metaphysical brain.

But amid all the conceptions of life which have hitherto been entertained, two fundamentally opposite doctrines have stood out in bold relief, under one or the other of which all the views ever promulgated on this subject may be ranged.

One school of physiologists maintains that life is a super-added and altogether independent power, which acts through the instrumentality of elaborately perfected material, but is altogether apart and distinct from the intrinsic properties of material substance. According to this school, life is to be regarded as the principle or cause of organization.

The other school holds that life is but a more complicated manifestation and development of molecular and material force, a property of material substance, when it has been raised into the sphere of sufficiently advanced and matured complexity. According to this school, life is to be regarded as the product or effect of organization. The atoms of Demo-



critus grouping themselves together so as to form the various material substances which exist by virtue of these inherent tendencies; the *νοῦς* of Anaxagoras, whose business it was 'to dispose all things, each in accordance with its own nature, into a universe that shall comprehend within it the most manifold forms of existence, and to enter into, and identify itself with, this universe as the power of individual vitality;' the all-pervading spirit or 'soul of Nature, the basis of the ancient Pantheistic philosophy, and so beautifully expressed in later days by the poet Wordsworth, in his "Excursion," when he said

"To every form of being is assigned  
An active principle: how'er removed  
From sense and observation, it subsists  
In all things, in all nature, in the stars  
Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds:  
In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone  
That paves the brooks;"

the *Archaos* of Paracelsus and Van Helmont, whose place of abode was the cardiac orifice of the stomach, guiding and directing the chemical changes in the organisms which gave rise to the phenomena of life. All these and many other less notable conceptions of life in ancient philosophy have come down to us under varied modifications, but all bearing the impress of either one or the other school of physiological thought.

We cannot, in the narrow limits of a single paper, enter into the discussion now attracting the attention of the scientific world concerning the origin of life. But it is necessary that we notice briefly the position taken by Dr. Bastian in his late work on *The Beginnings of Life*, the pages of which are still wet from the press. In this he attempts to establish a position which, at first glance, seems to accord with neither of the conceptions of life which we have here noticed. In speaking of the modes of origin of reproductive units, he says:

'The mere *form* of living things, or of the active elemental parts of higher organisms, has lost its importance. Vital manifestations are now known not to be dependent upon visible

organization of any kind: they are the results of peculiar molecular aggregations.'

Now, while we might not admit with Virchow, that 'the *cell* is really the ultimate morphological unit in which there is any manifestation of life, and that we must not transfer the seat of real action to any point beyond the cell,' yet the rejection of this doctrine would not, as held by Dr. Bastian, involve the possibility of the presence of life in the absence of organism. For what are 'peculiar molecular aggregations' but simply another expression for organization; whether such organization be *visible* or not, does not at all affect the question. Organization means simply the coming together of ultimate particles to form a mass different from the morphological units which enter into its composition. This is nothing more nor less than a 'peculiar aggregation of molecules.' The crystal is an example of such an aggregation of molecules, and the crystal is an organization. Here the aggregation takes a definite geometrical form, while in the case of protoplasm the aggregation of plastide particles is amorphous, and yet there is something in the protoplasm which distinguishes it as an aggregation of morphological units from the liquid which holds it in suspension: that something is organization.

But the question now arises, upon the supposition that all life is dependent upon organization, how shall we distinguish the living from the non-living organisms, the crystal from the man? Here the definition of Bèclard comes in to solve the problem — 'Life is organization in action.' The crystal does not live because it does not act. The law of inertia is impressed upon it. It can neither move nor reproduce itself. The plastide particles are readily distinguished from the liquid which surrounds them by their ceaseless activity, which begins just so soon as the 'peculiar aggregation of molecules' takes place. The man becomes a living being whenever, in the secret chambers of the womb, that 'peculiar aggregation of molecules' takes place, which manifests itself in the formation of a self-acting organism. And the man is dead when that 'peculiar aggregation of molecules' which makes up his organism is irreparably disturbed. Death is but the manifestation

of a disorganization which has already taken place. When once the body has exhibited the functional activities of life they will never cease until the organism is so altered that it is rendered incapable of expressing the activity which gave rise to its so-called vital phenomena. And yet how often do we hear it said, by those who maintain that death consists in the abstraction of an undefinable something entirely independent of the organism in which it dwells, that the body is frequently in a state of perfect organization immediately upon death? What, then, we ask, was the cause of death? Was it not something which interfered with the organization? And this interference is nothing more nor less than disorganization. It may not be indeed somatic, but molecular disorganization there must always be, or death could never blanch the rosy cheek, or still the warm beating heart. A body is dead because it is disorganized, not disorganized because it is dead.

But if the question be asked, 'What is there in the mere molecular arrangement of dead matter to produce vital phenomena? we can only answer, that we do not know, unless it be that such molecular arrangement is required for the expression of the one common force of nature in vital manifestations. The man can no more see without an eye, or hear without an ear, than the great force of nature can express itself in vital phenomena without a properly-organized material through which to act. And if we are further asked, 'What is this common force of nature? we are ready at once to refer its agency back to the Source of all that is—to Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being, the pulsations of whose mighty heart sends a life-giving energy through all the arteries of existence.

' God of the granite and the rose,  
Soul of the sparrow and the bee,  
The mighty tide of being flows  
Through countless channels, Lord, from thee.  
It leaps to life in grass and flowers —  
Through every grade of being runs;  
While from Creation's radiant towers  
Its glory flames in stars and suns.'

But now let us inquire where that peculiar aggregation of molecules, which we call organization, first takes place in the human body. Where do we first find that bioplasm out of which the tissues are to be developed? What is the immediate penetralium in which the mystery, which is still the aspiration, if not the reproach, of physiological science lies concealed?

This problem is worked out by that crimson fluid, which is distributed to the several fabrics through a service of branching tubes. It is liquid in order to effect such distribution, and complex because it has to contain all the ingredients that are needed for the constitution of the body in its vast diversity, muscle, membrane, nerve, bone, cartilage, and fat. The blood is thus nothing more nor less than food compounded by chemical elaboration into vital condition and power. It is in this chemical elaboration that we find the seat of the first manifestation of vital endowment. And upon the ultimate perfection or finish which the blood receives from this chemical elaboration depends the degree of vitality impressed upon those formed anatomical elements known as the red corpuscles. Now, from this it is readily seen how very important, nay, how necessary it is, that this chemical elaboration, which is to determine the physiological condition of the body, be properly regulated, not only by supplying the materials for its action, but also by properly preparing those materials for organic assimilation. We affirm boldly, and without fear of contradiction, that any system of medical treatment that does not proceed upon the basis of alimentation, is utterly worthless, is but the evidence of a total want of chemico-physiological information so necessary to the successful practitioner of medicine. But when we say this we do not mean that the work of the physician is accomplished when he introduces into the stomach those elements which he finds necessary to the nutrition of the body, for they are just as much outside the organism there as though they were on the shelves of the apothecary. Physiology demands that medical treatment shall have in view the assimilation of nutritious materials as well as the supply. Hence the prescriptions based upon the constitution of the

blood have failed to bring about those results which might naturally be expected by those ignorant of the laws of organic assimilation. It is the failure to recognize these laws which has brought reproach upon chemical physiology. Chemical physiology, did we say? Why, physiology itself is nothing but the chemistry of vital action. The human body, viewed in the light of science, is a chemical laboratory and nothing more. It is chemistry alone which can show us the elements of our physical being, and explain the laws of their organic arrangement, a proper understanding of which is the *ultima thule* of physiological investigation. Through the agency of chemical laws all the vital phenomena of the body can be readily explained. The crushing argument, so triumphantly thrown out by the vitalists, that it is the inherent vitality of the stomach which protects it from the action of its own secretion, which would destroy it under other conditions, is set at naught by chemistry, which teaches that the secretion does act upon the stomach, destroying the epithelium which lies upon the mucous membrane, the interior walls of the stomach becoming of a brighter hue as digestion progresses, until the epithelium is so destroyed as that the alkalinity of the blood, by osmosis, neutralizes the further action of the gastric juice, and the secretion of the stomach is thus held, as it were, in a bag with alkaline walls, which neutralize all action which would otherwise be carried on to complete disorganization. And in this way may be explained all those processes which seem peculiar to vital action.

In concluding this division of our subject, we would unite with Lehmann, the great chemico-physiologist, in expressing our conviction, 'that even metaphysiology will be unable to deprive physiological chemistry of the consideration due to it, among physical studies in its explanation of vital processes; and we will therefore leave it to the poetic and the imaginative to depict the romance of the protecting activity and sturdy contest maintained by the vital force, and of a struggle between different powers—between the attraction and repulsion of polarities.' And we put the question with which this eminent co-worker in the field of physiological chemistry has

already preceded us. Does it not need a superabundant richness of fancy to believe with metaphysiologists, that apparent death, trance, or, as it has been termed, *latent life*, is the predominance of the spiritual over the material (the metamorphosis of matter being at its minimum), rather than a predominance of the material over the spiritual, as sounder minds would be led to assume? It would be well if these spiritualists would look down from the high stand which they have chosen, and deign to believe that there are some among those experimentalists who, clinging to matter and gathering their facts with ant-like industry from the lowly earth, notwithstanding that they have long held communion with the poet-philosopher Plato, and the philosophical natural inquirer, Aristotle, and have some familiarity with the Paraphrases of Hegel and Schelling, are yet unwilling to relinquish their less elevated position. If these happy admirers of their own ideal had descended from their airy heights, and closely examined organic and inorganic matter, they would not have deemed it necessary to assume, that besides carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen, organic substances must also contain an *organogenium* or latent vital force, or whatever else they may be pleased to call it. Had they sought information from a chemist, they would have learned that when exposed to the clear light of rigid logic, there is no essential difference between organic and inorganic bodies; a chemist totally unacquainted with organic matter would, *a priori*, have deduced all these incidental differences of matter from the doctrine of affinity, and the science of stoichiometry evolved from dead matter. However these advocates of a romantic poetry of nature may despise the swarm of industrious investigators, who are often unwearyingly employed for years together in endeavoring to collect a few firm supports for the construction of a true philosophy of nature, we do not despair of seeing our work rise in simple grandeur, until a great temple shall stand as a monument to our energy, every stone polished, and every spire glittering in the sunlight of truth — a structure more durable and lasting than those sophisms of natural philosophy, which, passing through ages, from Pythagoras and Empedocles to

Schelling and Hegel, have, like the sand of the ocean shore, been alternately upborne by one wave and engulfed by the next.

THE ÆSTHETICS OF PHYSIOLOGY.

Dr. Mawdsley, in one of his Gulstonian lectures, makes this statement: 'The internal organs are plainly not the agents of their special functions only, but by reason of the intimate consent in sympathy of function they are essentially constituents of our mental life.'

Now, it is with profound interest and pleasure that we note the introduction of this passage in an article upon the Progress of Medicine and Surgery in the *Edinburgh Review*, together with the following significant remarks:

'The heart, the lungs, the liver, and the reproductive organs, when diseased, have their voice, if we may so speak, in the varying emotions which they give rise to. The wonderful exaltation of hope which takes place in the consumptive patient we are all familiar with. The fear and oppression which accompany heart disease, and the depression and envious feelings which master us when subject to derangement of the liver, have long been patent to the poet as well as to the physician. To a still larger extent sex influences character, and it is in the power of the surgeon to wholly change the tone of mind of either man or woman. With proofs like these, of the solidarity of mind and matter, we need not fear that the study of psychological medicine will in future be hampered by the subtleties and words of the metaphysician, but that it will become amenable to scientific inquiry as a purely physical disease.'

This strikes the keynote of modern science. Psychology and physiology have long been billing and cooing like two courting doves, and we hail with joyful enthusiasm their wedding day. In spite of dogmatic prejudices, the common sense of men has formulated the identity or correlation of the two in expressions like these: 'He has a *bad* face;' or, as the

great poet of human nature has it, 'there is murder in his eye.'  
And again,

'Your face, my thane, is as a book where men  
May read strange matters.'

And again, 'He wears his heart upon his sleeve.' And the well known words of Cæsar present themselves at once to our minds :

'Let me have men about me that are fat;  
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:  
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look:  
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.'

So intuitive are these ideas of the interrelation between physiological expression and psychological disposition that the strongest advocates of that philosophy which denies the interdependence of soul and body find it impossible to shake them off, and never fail to manifest surprise when expression and character stand at variance with each other. If a dark crime be committed by one who wears a noble face, the incongruity between the physiological expression and this state of moral degradation is noted by all alike, and the commission of the crime is in every case instinctively referred to some extraneous influences brought to bear upon the character, which resulted in disturbing the balance of his nature. When such incongruities exist, they are regarded in every case as anomalous, and are always remarked. But these anomalies do not affect the law, as has been aptly said, any more than the perturbations of planets destroy the general ellipticity of their orbits.

We propose to trace this law of interrelation between character and expression through the whole extent of its operation, and establish, if possible, the efficiency of its action in the modification and development of psychological disposition on the one hand, and the physiological expression on the other.

'Expression,' says Herbert Spencer, 'is feature in the making.' The transitory forms of the features are, as all admit, indices of mental states. Very few there are who can 'wear a smiling face while discontent sits heavy at their



heart.' What a world of meaning there is in a smile, and many a story of love has been told by the liquid glance of hazel eyes, in language, too, far more eloquent than the poor, stammering tongue can ever reach.

'The beauty that is borne here in the face  
The bearer knows not, but commends itself  
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself  
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,  
Not going from itself; but eye to eye opposed,  
Salute each other with each other's form.'

Now, these transitory forms, as they spring from internal mental states, register themselves upon the face and *produce*—mark the word—permanent expression. That cultivation of a cynical disposition will soon express itself in a chronic modification of the angles of the mouth, and discontent writes upon the brow its ineffaceable frown. The fixed determination of a resolute spirit never fails to render permanent that compression of the lips and steady gaze of the eye which so signally characterize the state of its energetic activity. We thus see how it is possible to change completely the whole contour of facial expression by the cultivation of a certain bent or disposition of the mind. Nor is this physiological change confined to the face alone. As there is no portion of the organism which is not acted upon, either directly or indirectly, by nervous influence, and as this influence has its source in that complex network of nervous decussations, the brain, it follows that the influence of mental disposition must be transmitted to every portion of the physical system. It is thus that physiological individuality is established. 'Why is it that every man possesses an identity by which he is recognized? Why are not all men alike in their physiological expression? We apprehend that this is a question which has never been fairly met, or satisfactorily answered, by those who deny the correlation, or 'interrelation' as some have styled it, of mind and body. When we consider the fact, that a mental impression transmits its influence to the remotest part of the organism, so as to produce instantaneous effects, we can readily see how great an influence such a battery as this must exert

upon the growth and development of the organism. It is, indeed, strange that the influence of *intelligent selection*, so subtle, so powerful, so certain as it is, should have been so overlooked by those who have wrought out for us the doctrine of evolution. We are glad to see this dwelt upon by Prof. E. D. Cope, in his late articles upon Evolution and its Consequences. After reducing growth—force (of which term we believe he is the author), in all its exhibitions, to cell-division, cell-nutrition, and cell-origin, he goes on to speak of the influences active in locating this force, very properly taking the ground that natural selection can originate nothing. Then, speaking of intelligent selection, he says :

Intelligence is a conservative principle, and will always direct effort and use into lines which will be beneficial to its possessor. Here we have the source of the fittest, *i. e.*, addition of parts by increase and location of growth force, directed by the influence of various kinds of compulsion in the lower, and intelligent option among higher animals. ‘ Thus intelligent choice, taking advantage of the successive evolution of physical conditions, may be regarded as *the originator of the fittest*, while natural selection is the tribunal to which all the results of accelerated growth are submitted. This preserves or destroys them, and determines the new points of departure on which accelerated growth shall build.

‘ If the above positions be true, we have here also the theory of the development of intelligence and of other metaphysical traits. In accordance with it, each trait appropriates from the material world the means of perpetuating its exhibitions by constructing its instruments. These react by furnishing means of exercise of these qualities, which have thus grown to their full expression in man.’

It is this last paragraph of which we wish to make use at present.

Retardation of development, either physical or mental, is indicative of unbalanced activity. On the other hand, excessive development in one direction is generally accompanied by atrophy in another. The blacksmith’s arm is the badge of his profession, and such excessive physical development does

not indicate any great cerebral power. 'The pale cast of thought,' on the other hand, in the language of the old Roman poet, '*redolet lucerris*' — smells of the lamp, and tells of 'wee sma' hours,' 'when churchyards and graves give up their dead.' The projecting lower jaw or the prognathous countenance is generally considered indicative of a lack of intelligence. And why? The reason is obvious, when we go among the Papuans and find them tearing their food with their jaws, instead of cutting it with knives and forks. And the lower we go in the scale of animal life the greater prominence of the lower jaw do we find, since greater demands are made upon the jaws, as they are used not only for mastication, but for prehension, for carrying, for gnawing, in short, for everything except locomotion, which is the sole function performed by the limbs. As we advance from the stage of barbarism toward civilization we find the facial angle increasing, owing to the fact that the fore-limbs are made to assist the jaws and relieve them of much of the labor which barbaric manners imposed upon them. Still further advancements show the use of implements to assist the hands, and further still, we find factories in which machinery is used for manufacturing implements. 'This progression in the arts of life,' says Herbert Spencer, 'has had intellectual progression for its necessary correlative.' The gradual disuse of the jaws thus results in their gradual recession, and the simultaneous protrusion of the brain, which is indicative of higher mental states.

And then again, the lateral prominence of the cheek bones, which, like the prognathous countenance, both detracts from facial beauty and indicates deficient intelligence, is, in like manner, related to lower habits of life. The muscles which move the jaws are the temporal muscles. Now, in proportion as the jaws are exercised, will these muscles, according to the law of development, increase in size. But as they pass down between the cranium and zygomatic processes of the temporal bone, the spaces must be enlarged in order to adapt themselves to the increased size of the muscle. This enlargement must take place laterally, and we notice this peculiarity in facial expres-

sion in the Mongolian and other uncivilized races. We can thus trace other defects of feature to intellectual inferiority, which, with the expression it gives to the countenance, gradually disappears as we pass from barbarism to civilization. The wide expanded nostrils, opening up in full view as if to scent the air; the depression of the bridge of the nose, alike characteristic of the 'gray barbarian and the Christian child;' the great width between the eyes, giving us the listless Beatian stare; the long mouth to grasp, and the large mouth to contain the immense boli of food, which the canine eagerness of the uncultivated barbarian prompts him to gulp unmastered down his throat; the wide-spread alæ of the nose, and other facial defects too numerous to mention, which, by common consent, *are* called ugly, all are traceable to intellectual inferiority. And now, what are the ideal forms with which art furnishes us to represent the highest order of intellectual development? Do they not present us with facial characteristics exactly the opposite of those we have just enumerated? Take the ideal Greek head, which sculpture presents as not only the perfection of physical beauty, but also as the expression of the highest intellectual development. Here we find the projecting forehead and receding jaws, rendering the facial angle indeed greater than it is ever found in fact. The cheek bones are so small as scarcely to make any impression upon the soft tissues which cover them. The bridge of the nose is high, almost on a line with the forehead. The alæ of the nose join the face with but little obliquity. The nostrils are scarcely visible from the front. The mouth is small, and the upper lip short and deeply concave. The outer angles of the eyes do not keep the horizontal line as is usual, and, instead of being directed upward, as in the Mongolian type, they are directed slightly downward. The form of the brow indicates an unusually large frontal sinus — a characteristic entirely absent in children, in the lowest of the human races and in the allied genera. Time would fail us were we to attempt to note the individual mental characteristics manifested by facial expression, but in the ideal Greek head we find those general characteristics which go to make up physical beauty. The question

now arises, how do we arrive at this ideal of physical beauty? Why should the prognathous countenance be called ugly, and the receding jaw constitute an element in facial beauty? Why does a cultivated taste fix upon the characteristics which we have enumerated as elements of beauty? The problem is easily solved, if we assume the correlation of beauty and ugliness with the perfection and imperfection of mental nature. 'All those,' says Mr. Morell, 'who have shown a remarkable appreciation of form and beauty, date their first impressions from a period lying far behind the existence of definite ideas or verbal instructions. The germs of all their æsthetic impressions manifested themselves, first of all, as a spontaneous feeling or instinct, which, from the earliest dawn of reason, was awakened by the presentation of the phenomena which correspond objectively with it in the universe.' Now, these elementary intuitions are the result of the attainment of that grade of mental development which enables us to apprehend the objective reality of external things. During the period of infancy a very rapid and energetic process of self-education is going on; 'the whole mind,' says Dr. Carpenter, 'being concentrated upon its perceptive activity.' By judicious parents and nurses this process will be favored by supplying a sufficient variety of objects upon which it may be advantageously exercised. These intuitional æsthetic feelings constitute a fundamental part of our very nature, though they exist in very different intensity in different individuals. Every one has heard of the marvellous sense of harmony in the infant Mozart, and no one has failed to notice the repugnance of infants to hideous objects, when they have been allowed to look only upon those which are pleasant to the cultivated eye. These feelings in the infant, are, however, the result of education, it may be indeed self-education, and that too very rapidly attained, for had not Mozart been brought in contact with harmony, the intuitive appreciation of it would have remained latent forever. These intuitions are peculiarly susceptible of development by appropriate culture, under the influence of which they not merely grow up in the individual, but manifest themselves with increased vigor and more extended range in successive generations of mankind.

The question again recurs, why should these intuitional feelings exist at all? Why should they not be called forth by ugly as well as beautiful objects? These are questions which cannot be answered unless we accept the almost irresistible induction from the facts before us, that the aspects which please are the outward correlatives of inward perfections, while the aspects which displease are the outward correlatives of inward imperfections. From what has been said we arrive at the conclusion, which we think logical and correct, that beauty is divine, that ugliness is *criminal*.

How many an otherwise lovely female face is spoiled by the habitual furrowing of the forehead and curling of the lip, revealing so unmistakably the Xantippe spirit within her breast; while, on the other hand, the cultivation of a gentle, loving spirit would materially modify the hideousness of a Medusa's head.

The transitory aspects of face which detract from beauty are certainly criminal, as they spring from those dispositions which are morally wrong. In the case of permanent ugliness, the individual who inherits it, like him who inherits consumption, scrofula, gout, or insanity, is more sinned against than sinning. Sin there certainly is somewhere, for ugliness is a disease, a pathological condition, and, like all other diseases, is the result of that evil diatheses into which 'man by transgression fell.' But, like all other tendencies and dispositions, it comes within the sphere of free agency, and may, according to evangelical ideas, be totally eradicated under the influence of the atonement which is said to remedy all defects made by the fall, whether physical, mental, or moral. Thus we see that, under the proper system of development, man has it in his power to direct the formation of his physical constitution in such a way as to wholly eradicate ugliness, which is generally considered rather a misfortune than a fault. From the bottom of our heart we sympathize with those unfortunate women who inherit the dire disease of ugliness; but our sympathy would not lead us so far as to enter into an organic copartnership with

them any sooner than we would take to our bosoms a scorbutic or otherwise tainted constitution.

The very presence of facial defects, according to laws laid down by Galton in his *Hereditary Genius* — laws, too, which have their foundation in fact — indicates some intellectual or moral deficiency in the breed, if not in the individual; and if we expect our posterity to be free from these deficiencies we must not run the risk of having them reproduced by hereditary transmission. Like consumption, these facial defects will certainly crop out, and that, too, in many instances, along with the mental characteristics which caused them, or of which they were originally the expression. Now, we are aware that, in taking this ground, we lay ourselves liable to be met with facts which, at first glance, appear to conflict with the induction which we have established. We know that often the law seems to be reversed; that beneath plain faces grand natures are often found, and noble countenances often hide the darkest souls. The passionate outburst of Juliet, when she hears of Tybalt's death at the hand of Romeo, is often not unjustly applied:

'O serpent heart hid with a flowering face!  
 Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?  
 Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!  
 Dove-feathered raven! wolfish, ravening lamb!  
 Despised substance of divinest show!  
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,  
 A damned saint, an honorable villain!  
 O nature! what had'st thou to do in hell  
 When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend  
 In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?  
 Was ever book containing such vile matter  
 So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell  
 In such a gorgeous palace!'

And many a despairing Troilus has expressed his despondency in the melancholy words,

'O beauty! where's thy faith?

But these exceptions do not, as we have before intimated, affect the law. Most of these defects can very readily be accounted for. Some are caused by unsymmetrical develop-

ment, others by defects in the epidermis produced by visceral derangements. Indeed, in many cases, disease so alters the facial expression as to produce great deformity of feature, even where beauty had once abounded. And, on the other hand, the low, moral state of the Italians, which seems to co-exist with prevalent facial beauty, though at first sight affording an insuperable argument against the hypotheses we have laid down, can, nevertheless, be reconciled to the general induction. In the first place, we contend that in the typical Italian face we can detect the traces of that obliquity of moral character so often and so justly charged against them. But when this cannot be done, there is an explanation, which we think renders it possible to admit the seeming contradictions which the detailed facts present and yet to hold by the theory. This explanation is founded upon the heterogeneity of constitution which must exist in all mixed races. Galton, in his *Hereditary Genius*, to which book we have already referred, takes this view, substantially, in treating of the anomalies which occur, seeming to contradict the law of heredity. Speaking of the apparent anomaly which is noticed when the children of pious parents occasionally turn out badly, he says: 'The *amplitude* of the moral oscillations of religious men is greater than that of others whose average moral position is the same.' With this fact as a basis he draws the following conclusion:

'The parents are naturally gifted with high moral characters, combined with instability of disposition; but these peculiarities are in no way correlated. It must, therefore, often happen that the child will inherit the one and not the other. If his heritage consist of the moral gifts without great instability, he will not feel the need of extreme piety: if he inherit great instability without morality, he will be very likely to disgrace his name.'

Now, precisely the same kind of reasoning applies to the variance of the physique with its morale. Let there be a mixture produced by the superinduction of a well-balanced moral and physical nature upon one possessing moral and physical defects, and there will result, not a homogeneous



mean between the two, but a seemingly irregular combination of the one with characteristics of the other. The disposition of the one will be transmitted while the physique of the other is superinduced upon it, thus producing an incongruity between the two; while, if the case were otherwise, there would be a perfect correlation.

Upon this point Herbert Spencer has taken very much the same position as that we have laid down, and has thus expressed himself:

‘This imperfect union of parental constitutions in the constitution of offspring is yet more clearly illustrated by the reappearance of peculiarities traceable to by-gone generations. Forms, disposition, and diseases, possessed by distant progenitors, habitually come out from time to time in descendants. Some single feature, or some solitary tendency, will again and again show itself, after being apparently lost. It is notoriously thus with gout, scrofula, and insanity. On some of the monumental brasses in our old churches are engraved heads having traits still persistent in the same families. Wherever, as in portrait galleries, a register of ancestral faces has been kept, the same fact is more or less apparent. The pertinacity with which particular characteristics perpetuate themselves is well exemplified in America, where traces of negro blood can be detected in the finger nails, when no longer visible in the complexion. Among breeders of animals it is well known, that after several generations in which no visible modifications were traceable, the effects of a cross will suddenly make their appearance. In all which facts we see the general law that an organism produced from two organisms constitutionally different is not a homogeneous mean, but is made up of separate elements, taken in variable manner and proportion from the originals.’

To what conclusion do we then come? We have admitted that plainness may co-exist with nobility of nature, and fine features with baseness. We have removed the difficulties that stand in the way of the belief, that beauty of character and beauty of face are correlative of each other. Then, since character is plastic in the hands of man, why should the

world be cursed with ugliness, either moral or physical? Why let the trail of the serpent be longer seen in Eden's bowers?

'Beauty was lent to Nature as the type  
Of Heaven's unspeakable and holy joy,  
Where all perfection makes the sum of bliss.'

To cultivate the beautiful is among man's highest duties. Thanks to the age in which we live, we do not belong to that class of cynics who trample upon godlike beauty in the name of God, and curse it as vanity and pride. Beauty is the costume of heaven, ugliness the livery of hell.

#### THE ETHICS OF PHYSIOLOGY.

Dr. Holland has well remarked, that a great deal of religion flows through the biliary duct. It is indeed wonderful to trace the different intellectual, emotional, and volitional states back to the physical conditions in which they inhere. And as it is impossible to construct a mental philosophy independent of the physiological laws which govern the organism, so we hold that it is equally impossible to construct a system of ethics into which physiology does not enter as a prominent factor. What morality can there be in the continence of Origen? And, on the other hand, who cannot, to some extent, condone the fierce anger of an Othello? There were men who took an active part in the crucifixion of Christ who would themselves have been crucified before they would have played the part of Judas in betraying him. Men are born with peculiar moral diatheses, which, according to the law of heredity, are transmitted through the physical organism.

And it is a fact much to be regretted, that such a gulf has ever separated that ethereal essence which is called the soul and the organism through which alone it can act. 'This hasty pudding within the skull,' said Frederick W. Robertson, as he epitomized in a single expression the stupid prejudice of the prevailing 'scholarship.' Upon which Dr. Youmans has well remarked, 'Poor Robertson! smitten down in the midst of a noble career, by the consequences of over-tasking, dying of brain disease in the prime of manhood! How cruelly did Nature avenge the insult!'

To ignore the physiological aspects of human nature in the

construction of a science of mind or morals, is to render the play of Hamlet with the part of the illustrious Dane left out. Our codes of social and religious ethics need revisal. Physiology has been left too much in the background. The soul has been magnified; the body villified, neglected, and despised. Upon this 'prison-house of the immortal soul' the anathemas of fanatical ascetics fall thick and fast. With strange inconsistency we are called upon to trample under foot the emotions, the passions, which find their origin in this seed-bed of corruption, while that which bears the seal of inspiration has deigned to call it the temple of the living God. Broken columns, inverted torches, weeping angels, and willows are within the gates upon which is written, 'Whoso believeth in me shall never die.' Why cling with such tenacity to life, if to die is but to sever the chain that clogs the spirit in its upward flight! As well might the gaudy insect, whose hues of beauty sparkle in the summer sunlight, contemn the humble shell that was once its home, as that man should despise his own humanity, which is the only road to life and immortality—the sole mysterious ladder that 'slopes through darkness up to God.' Away with that philosophy which would strike out humanity from man, and leave nothing but a shadowy abstraction — a flickering phantom on the shores of time. No, no; let us be *human*. Humanity has been honored, blest, and consecrated by the great Jehovah, who, in the beginning, looked upon this the crowning work of his hands and pronounced it '*very good*;' and who, in the person of his immaculate and only begotten Son, became man himself, with all the tender sympathies, the nobler aspirations, the god-like purposes of a sanctified humanity.

Far from being a clog to the immortal spirit, the body is but the stepping-stone to immortality, and upon the walls of this temple the panorama of eternity is painted, for the soul is the grand expression of human life. Let the deserted shell no longer speak to us of corruption and decay, since its own vitality has entered into that which now survives it.

'Cold in the dust this perished heart may lie,  
But that which warmed it once can never die.'

Though dead, he who was human is human still, and lives throughout the cycles of eternity in all the expanding progression of a developed humanity. Away then with blackness, and tolling bells, and weepers, the heavy stones we so often roll against the sepulchres in which lie those who have been baptized into the name of him

' Who robbed the grave of victory,  
And took the sting from death.

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### ART. III.—*President Day on the Will.*

There are no two things in nature which are more perfectly distinct than action and passion; the one necessarily excludes the other. Thus, if an effect is produced in anything, by the action or influence of something else, then is the thing in which the effect is produced wholly passive in regard to it. The effect itself is called passion or passiveness. It is not an act of that in which it is produced; it is an effect resulting wholly from that which produces it. To say that a thing acts, then, is to say that it is not passive, or, in other words, that its act is not produced by the action or influence of anything else. To suppose that an act is so produced is to suppose that it is not an act, the object in which it is said to be caused being wholly passive in regard to it.

If this statement be correct, it follows that an act of the mind cannot be a produced effect; that the ideas of action and passion, of cause and effect, are opposite and contrary the one to the other; and hence it is absurd to assert that the mind may be caused to act, or that a volition can be produced by anything acting upon the mind. This is a self-evident truth. The younger Edwards calls for proof of it; but the only evidence there is in the case is that which arises from the nature of the things themselves, as they must appear to every mind which will bestow suitable reflection on the subject. But as he held the affirmative, maintaining that the mind is caused

to act, it would have been well for him to have furnished proof himself before he called for it from the opposite party.

It may be said, that if it were self-evident that the mind cannot be caused to act, it would appear so to all men, and there could be no doubt on the subject; that a truth or proposition cannot be said to be self-evident unless it carries irresistible conviction to every mind to which it is proposed. But this does not follow. Previous to the time of Galileo it was universally believed by mankind that if a body were set in motion it would run down of itself, though it should meet with no resistance whatever in its progress. But that great philosopher, by reflecting on the nature of matter, very clearly saw that if a body were put in motion, and met with no resistance, it would continue to move on in a right line forever. As matter is inert, so he saw that it could not put itself in motion; and if put in motion by the action of anything upon it, he perceived with equal clearness that it could not check itself in its career. He perceived that it is just as impossible for passive, inert matter to change its state from motion to rest as it is for it to change its state from rest to motion. Thus, by simply reflecting upon the nature of matter, as that which cannot act, the mind of Galileo recognized it as a self-evident and unquestionable truth, that if a body be put in motion, and there is nothing to impede its career, it will move on in a right line forever. This great law of motion, first recognized by Galileo, and afterward adopted by all other philosophers, is called the law of *inertia*, because its truth necessarily results from the fact that matter is essentially inert, or cannot act.

We are aware it has been contended by Mr. Whewell, in his *Bridgewater Treatise*, that the law of motion in question is not a necessary or self-evident truth; and the reason he assigns is, that if it were a truth of this nature, it would have been recognized and believed by all men before the time of Galileo. But this reason is not good. For if it did not appear self-evident to those philosophers who lived before Galileo, it was because they did not bestow sufficient reflection upon the subject, and not because it was not a self-evident truth. All men

had seen bodies moving only in a resisting medium, amid counteracting influences; and having always seen them run down in such a medium, they very naturally concluded that a body put in motion would run down of itself. Yielding to an illusion of the senses, instead of rising above it by a sustained effort of reason and meditation, they supposed that the motion of a body would spend itself in the course of time, and so come to an end without any cause of its extinction. This is the reason why they did not see, what must have appeared to be a self-evident truth, if they had bestowed sufficient reflection upon the subject, instead of being swayed by an illusion of the senses.

Mr. Whewell admits the law in question to be a truth; he only denies that it is a necessary or self-evident truth. Now, if it be not a necessary truth, we should like to know how he has ascertained it to be a truth at all. Has any man ever seen a body put in motion, and continue to move on in a right line forever? Has any man ever ascertained the truth of this law by observation and experiment? It is evident, that if it be true at all, it must be a necessary truth. Who that is capable of rising above the associations of sense, so as to view things as they are in themselves, can meditate upon this subject, without perceiving that the law of *inertia* is a self-evident truth, necessarily arising out of the very nature of matter?

It does not follow, then, that a truth is not self-evident, because it does not appear so to all men; for some may be blinded to the truth by an illusion of the senses. This is the case with the necessitarian. He has always seen the motion of body produced by the action of something else; and hence, confounding the activity of mind with the motion of body, he concludes that volition is produced by the prior action of something else. All that he needs in order to see the impossibility of such a thing, is severe and sustained meditation. But how can we expect this from him? Is he not a great reasoner, rather than a great thinker? Does he not display his skill in drawing logical conclusions from the illusions of the senses, and assumptions founded thereon, rather than in laying his foundations and his premises aright, in the immu-

table depths of meditation and consciousness? We may appeal to his *reason*, and he will fall to *reasoning*. We may ask for *meditation*, and he will give us *logic*. Indeed, he wants that severe and scrutinizing observation which pierces through all the illusions and associations of the senses, rising to a contemplation of things as they are in themselves, which is one of the best attributes of the great thinker.

To show that he does this, we shall begin with President Day. No other necessitarian has made so formal and elaborate an attempt to prove that the mind may be caused to act. He undertakes to answer the objection which has been urged against the scheme of moral necessity, that it confounds action and passion. It is alleged, that a volition cannot be produced or caused by the action or influence of anything. To this President Day replies, 'these are terms of very convenient ambiguity, with which it is easy to construct a plausible but fallacious argument. The word passive is sometimes used to signify that which is *inactive*. With this meaning, it must, of course, be the opposite of everything which is active. To say that that which is in *this* sense passive, is at the same time active, is to assert that that which is active is not active. But this is not the only signification of the term passive in common use. It is very frequently used to express the relation of an effect to its cause.' (p. 159.)

Now, here is the distinction, but is it not without a difference? If an effect is produced, is it not passive in relation to its cause? This is not denied. Is it active, then, in relation to anything? President Day says it is. But is this so? Is not an effect which is wholly produced in one thing by the action or influence of another wholly passive? Is not the thing which, according to the supposition, is wholly passive to the influence acting upon it, wholly passive? In other words, is it made to act? Does it not merely suffer? If it is endued with an active nature, and really puts forth an act, is not this act clearly different from the passive impression made upon it?

One would certainly suppose so, but for the logic of the necessitarian. Let us examine this logic. 'The term passive,' says President Day, 'is sometimes employed to express the

relation of an effect to its cause. In this sense, it is so far from being inconsistent with activity that activity may be the very effect which is produced. A thing may be *caused* to be active. A cannon shot is said to be passive with respect to the charge of powder which impels it. But is there no activity given to the ball? Is not the whirlwind active when it tears up the forest? etc., etc. (p. 160.)

Now, all these illustrations are brought to show that the mind may be caused to act—that it may be passive in relation to the cause of its volition, and active in relation to the effect of its volition. A more striking instance could not be adduced to prove the correctness of the assertion already made, that the necessitarian confounds the motion of body with the action of mind. ‘A thing may be caused to act,’ says President Day. But how does he show this? By showing that a thing may be caused to move! ‘Is no *activity* given to the ball? Is not the whirlwind *active* when it tears up the forest?’ And so he goes on, leaving the light of reason and of consciousness; now rushing into the darkness of the whirlwind; now riding ‘on the mountain wave;’ and now plunging into the depths of ‘volcanic lava,’ all the time in quest of light respecting the phenomena of mind! We could have wished him to stop awhile, in the impetuous current of rhetoric, and inform us, whether he really considers ‘the motion of a ball’ as the same thing with the volition of the mind. If he does, then he may suppose that his illustrations are to the purpose, how great soever may be his mistake; but if he supposes there is a real difference between them, how can he even pretend to show that mind may be caused to act by showing that body may be caused to move?

We freely admit that body may be caused to move. Body is perfectly passive in motion, and hence its motion may be caused. But the mind is not passive in volition, and hence the difference in the two cases. It is an error, as we have already said, pervading the views of the necessitarian, that he confounds the action of mind with the motion of body. Even Mr. Locke, who, in some places, has recognized the essential difference between them, has frequently confounded them in



his reasonings and illustrations. Hence, it becomes necessary to bear this distinction always in mind in the examinations of their writings. It should be rendered perfectly clear to our minds by meditation, and never permitted to grow dim through forgetfulness. This is indispensably necessary to shut out the illusions of the senses, in order that we may have a clear and unclouded view of the phenomena of nature.

Is the motion of body, then, one and the same thing with the action of mind? They are frequently called by the same name. The motion of mind, and the action of body, are very common modes of expression. Body is said to act when it only moves, and mind is said to move when it really acts. These metaphors and supposed analogies are intimately and inseparably interwoven into the very frame-work of our language; and hence the necessity of guarding against them in our conceptions. They are almost as subtle as the great adversary of truth, and, therefore, we should be constantly on the watch lest we should be deceived or misled by them.

Let us look, then, at these things just as they are in themselves. When a body moves, it simply passes from one place to another; and when the mind acts or chooses, it simply prefers one thing to another. Here there is no real identity or sameness of nature. The body *suffers* a change; the mind itself *acts*. The one is pure passion or passiveness; the other is pure action — the very opposite of passivity. The one is a *suffering*, and the other is a *doing*. There are no two things in the whole range of nature which are more perfectly and essentially distinct; and he who confounds them in his reasonings, as philosophers have so often done, can never arrive at a clear perception of the truth.

President Day, if he intended anything to the purpose, undertook to show that an act may be produced in mind, in that which is active, by the action or influence of something else; and what has he shown? Why, that body may be caused to move! Let a case be produced in which the mind, the active soul of man, is made to act; let a case be produced in which a volition is caused to exist in the soul of man, by the action or influence of anything whatever, and it will be

something to the purpose: but what does it signify to tell us, that a body, that that which is wholly and essentially passive in its nature, may be made to move, or *suffer* a change of place? A more palpable sophism was never perpetrated; and that such a mind should have recourse to such an argument only betrays the miserable weakness and the forlorn hopelessness of the cause in which it is enlisted.

Indeed, the learned President seems, after all, to be at least half conscious that the analogies of matter can throw no light on the phenomena of mind; and that what he has so eloquently said amounts to just nothing at all. For he says, 'It may be objected that these are all examples of *inanimate* objects, and that they have no proper application to mental activity.' (p. 161.) Yes, truly, this is the very objection which we should urge against all the fine illustrations of President Day, and it is a full and complete answer to them. It is the great principle of the inductive study of mind, that its phenomena can be understood only in so far as we have observed them in the pure light of consciousness, and no farther; they should never be viewed through the darkening and confounding analogies of matter.

No one, that we know of, has ever denied that a body may be caused to move; the only point on which we desire to be enlightened is, whether the mind may be caused to act. To this point President Day next directly comes. Leaving 'inanimate objects,' he says, 'take the case of deep and earnest thinking. Is there no activity in this? And is it without a cause? When reading the orations of Demosthenes, or the demonstrations of Newton, are our minds wholly inactive; or, if they think intensely, have our thoughts no dependence on the book before us? (p. 161.) Truly, there is activity in this, in our 'deep and earnest thinking'; but what is the cause of this activity? Does the book before us *cause* us to think? This is the point at which the argument of the author is driving, and to which it should come if it would be to the purpose, and yet he does not seem to like to speak it out right manfully; and hence, instead of saying that the book causes us to think, he chooses to say that our thoughts have a *de-*

*pendence* on the book. It is true, that no man can read a book unless he has it to read; and, consequently, his thoughts in reading the book are absolutely dependent on the possession of it. But still, the possession of a book is the *condition*, and not the *cause*, of his reading it. The cause of a thing, and the indispensable *condition* of it, are perfectly distinct from each other; and the argument of Day, in confounding them, has presented us with another sophism.

The ideas of a condition and of a cause, though so different in themselves, are always blended together by necessitarians; and hence the confusion into which they run. Edwards has united them, as we have seen, under the term cause, and then employed this term to signify the one or the other, at his pleasure. The word 'dependence' is the favorite of President Day; and he uses it with fully as much vagueness and vacillation of meaning as Edwards does the term cause. He has undertaken to show us that the mind may be *caused* to act; and he has shown us, that a particular class of thoughts can not come into existence, except upon a particular condition! This is not to reason, but to slip and to slide from one meaning of an ambiguous word to another.

When it is said that the mind cannot be caused to act, President Day must have known in what sense the term cause is used in this proposition. He must have known that no one meant to assert, that there are no *conditions* or *antecedents* on which the action of the mind depends. There is not an advocate of free-agency in the universe who will contend that the mind can choose a thing, unless there is a thing to be chosen; or, to take his own illustration, can read a book unless there is a book to be read. The question is not, whether there are *conditions*, without the existence of which the mind cannot act; this no one denies; but whether there is, or can be, a real and efficient cause of the mind's action? The point in dispute relates not to the mere fact of dependence, but to the *nature* of that dependence. The question is, *can the mind be efficiently caused to act?* This being the question, what does it signify to tell us, that it cannot read a book unless it has a book to read? Or what does it signify to tell us, that a body

may be caused to move? These are mere irrelevancies; they fall short of the point in dispute; and they only seem to reach it by means of a very 'convenient ambiguity' of words.

But still it may be said, that although a body is passive in motion it may act upon other bodies, and thereby communicate motion to them. This is the ground taken by President Day. 'The very same thing,' says he, 'may be both cause and effect. The mountain wave, which is the effect of the wind, may be the cause which buries the ship in the ocean.' (p. 160.) We are aware, that one body is frequently said to *act* upon another; but this word action, as President Day has well said, is a term 'of very convenient ambiguity, with which it is easy to construct a plausible but fallacious argument.' (p. 159.) The only cause in every case of motion is, that *force*, whatever it may be, which acts upon the body moved, and puts it in motion. All the rest is pure passion or passiveness. The motion of the body is not-action; it is the most pure passion of which the mind can form a conception. If a body in motion is said to act upon another, this is but a metaphor; there is no real action in the case. Indeed, if a body be put in motion, and meets with no resistance, it will move on in a right line forever — and why? Just because of its *inertia*—of its inherent destitution of a power to act. As a mathematician, President Day certainly knew all this; but he seems to have forgotten it all in his eagerness to support the cause of moral necessity.

He saw that motion is frequently called action; he saw that one body is sometimes said to act upon another; and this was sufficient for his purpose. He did not reflect upon the natures of motion and of volition, as they are in themselves; he views them through the medium of an ambiguous phraseology. Nor did he reflect, that if motion is communicated from one body to another, this is not because one body really acts upon another, but because it is impossible for two bodies to occupy the same place at one and the same time. He did not reflect, that if motion is communicated from one body to another, this does not arise from the activity, but from the impenetrability of matter. In short, he did not reflect that there is no state

or phenomenon of matter, whatever may be its name, that at all resembles the state of mind which we call action or volition, or else he would have seen that all his illustrations drawn from material objects can throw no light on the point in controversy.

We find the same confusion of things in the works of the Edwardses. We do not at all confound action and passion, President Edwards contends, by supposing that acts of the soul are effects, wherein the soul is the object of something acting upon and influencing it. (p. 203.) And again, 'It is no more a contradiction to suppose that action may be the effect of some other cause beside the agent, or being that acts, than to suppose that life may be the effect of some other cause beside the being that lives.' (p. 203.) The younger Edwards also asserts, that 'to say that an agent that is acted upon can not act, is as groundless as to say, that a body acted upon can not move.' (p. 131.) We might adduce many similar passages, but these are sufficient. What do they prove? If they are anything to the purpose, they are only so by confounding motion with volition, passion with action.

No one would pretend to deny that the mind may be, and is, caused to exist, or that the agent may be caused to live. In regard to our being and living we are perfectly passive; and hence we admit that we may be caused to exist and live. *Living* and *being* are not *acting*. We are not passive in regard to volition; this is an act of the mind itself. The above assertions only overlook the slight circumstances that *being* and *doing* are two different things; that motion is not volition, that passion is not action. This strange confusion of things is very common in the writings of the Edwardses, as well as in those of all other necessitarians.

Edwards held volition to be a produced effect. This identifies a passive impression made upon the mind, with an act of the mind itself. In order to escape this difficulty, Edwards was bound to show that action and passion are not opposite in their natures. 'Action, when properly set in opposition to passion or passiveness,' says he, 'is no real existence; it is not the same with *an action*, but is a mere relation.' And again,

‘Action and passion are not two contrary natures;’ when placed in opposition they are only contrary relations. The same ground is taken by President Day. ‘Are not cause and effect,’ says he, ‘opposite in their natures? They are opposite relations, but not always opposite things.’ They contend that an object may be passive in relation to one thing, and active in relation to another; that a volition may be passive in relation to its producing cause, and yet active in relation to its produced effect.

Now, this is not true. An act is opposite in its nature to a passive impression made upon the mind. This every man may clearly see by suitable reflection, if he will not blind himself to the truth, as the necessitarian always does, by false analogies drawn from the world of matter and the phenomena of motion. We have seen how President Day has attempted to show, that an object may be passive in relation to one thing, and yet active in relation to another; and that in all these attempts he has confounded the motion of body with the action or choice of mind. We have seen that all the illustrations adduced to throw light on this subject are fallacious. Let this subject be studied in the light of consciousness, not through the darkening and confounding medium of false analogies, and we may safely anticipate a verdict in our favor. For who that will closely and steadily reflect upon *an action* of the mind does not perceive that it is different, in nature and in kind, from a passive impression made upon the mind from without? We do not say action, which President Edwards seems to think does not signify anything positive, such as *an action*, when it is set in opposition to passion; but we say that *an action* itself is opposite in its nature to passion—to a produced effect.

President Edwards cannot escape the absurdity of his doctrine by alleging, that when action and passion are set in opposition, they do not signify opposite natures, but only opposite relations. For he has confounded *an act* of the mind with a *passive impression* made thereon; and these things are opposite in their natures, whether he is pleased to say that action and passion are opposite *natures* or not.

This position may be easily established. ‘I humbly con-

ceive,' says he, 'that the affections of the soul are not properly distinguished from the will, as though they were two faculties in the soul.' . . . 'The affections are no other than the more vigorous and sensible exercises of the inclination and will of the soul.' These passages are referred to by President Day to prove that Edwards regarded our 'emotions or affections as acts of the will,' (p. 39.) Having confounded the will and the sensibility, it became exceedingly easy for Edwards to show that a volition may be produced or caused; all that he had to do was to show that an emotion may be produced, which is the same thing with an act of the will or a volition. It is upon this confusion of things, that his whole system rests; for if the sensibility is different from the will, as most persons at the present day will admit it is, then to excite an emotion, or to make a passive impression upon the sensibility, is very different from producing a volition.

Edwards has taken great pains with the superstructure of his system, while he has left its foundations without support. He has not shown, nor can any man show, that the sensibility and the will are one and the same faculty of the soul. He assumes that an emotion is an act of the will, and then proceeds to build upon it, and to argue from it, as if it were a clear and unquestionable truth. Thus, he repeatedly says, that whatever pleases us most, or excites the most agreeable sensation, is that which 'operates to induce a volition;' and to say otherwise is to assert that that which pleases us most does not please us most. Such assertions (and I have already had occasion to adduce many such) clearly identify a sense of the most agreeable, or the most pleasing emotion, with an act of the will. His definition, as we have already seen, laid the foundation for this, and his arguments are based upon it. The passive impression, or the sensation produced, is, according to Edwards, a volition! No wonder, then, that he could conceive of an action of the mind *as being produced*. The wonder is, how he could conceive of it *as being an action at all*.

Let us suppose, now, that a feeling or an emotion is produced by an object in view of the mind. It will follow, that the mind is passive in feeling, or in experiencing emotion.

We are conscious of such feeling or emotion, and hence we infer, that we are susceptible of feeling or emotion. This susceptibility we call the sensibility, the heart, the affections, etc. But there is another phenomenon of our nature, which is perfectly distinct in nature and in kind from an emotion or a feeling. We are conscious of a volition or choice; and hence we infer that we have a power of acting, or putting forth volition. This power we call the will.

Now, the phenomena exhibited by these two faculties of the soul, the sensibility and the will, are entirely different from each other; and there is not the least shadow of evidence going to show that the faculties themselves are one and the same. On the contrary, we are compelled by a fundamental law of belief, to regard the susceptibility of our nature, by which we feel, as different from that power of the soul by which we act or put forth volitions. The only reason we have for saying that matter is different from mind, is that its manifestations or phenomena are different; and we have a similar reason for asserting that the emotive part of our nature, or the sensibility, is distinct from the will. And yet, in the face of all this, President Edwards has expressly denied that there is any difference between these two faculties of the soul. It is in this confusion of things, in this false psychology, that he has laid the foundation of his system.

If President Edwards be right, it is no wonder that the younger Edwards should so often assert, that it is no more absurd to say that volition may be caused than it is to say, that feeling or emotion may be caused. For, if the doctrine in question be true, a volition is an emotion or feeling; and to produce the one is to produce the other. How short and easy has the path of the necessitarian been made by a convenient definition.

If we only bear the distinction between the sensibility and the will in mind, it will be exceedingly easy to see through the cloudy sophistications of the necessitarian. 'How does it appear to be a *fact*,' asks President Day, 'that the will cannot act when it is acted upon?' We reply, that the *will* is not acted upon at all; that passive impressions are made upon the



sensibility, and not upon the will. This is a *fact* which the necessitarian always overlooks.

Again, the same object may be both passive and active—passive with respect to one thing, and active with respect to another. Thus, says President Day, ‘The axe is passive with respect to the hand which moves it; but active with respect to the object which it strikes. The cricket club is passive in *receiving* motion from the hand of the player; it is active in *communicating* motion to the ball.’ The fallacy of all such illustrations, in confounding motion and action, we have already noticed, and we intend to say nothing more in relation to this point. But there is another less palpable fallacy in them.

How are such illustrations intended to be applied to the phenomena of volition? Is it meant, that volition itself is passive in relation to one thing, and active in relation to another? If so, we reply, it is absurd to affirm that volition, or an act, is passive in relation to anything? Is it meant, that not volition itself, but the will, is passive to that which acts upon it, while it is active in relation to its effect? If so, we contend that the will is not acted upon at all; that the passive impression is made upon the sensibility, and not upon the will. Is it supposed, that it is neither the volition nor the will, which is both active and passive at the same time, but that it is the mind? This may be very true. The mind may be passive, if you please, in relation to that which acts upon its sensibility, while it is active in volition; but how does this prove the doctrine, that *an act* may be produced by something else acting upon the will? How does this show that action and passion are not confounded, in supposing that an act is caused? The passive impression, the state of the sensibility, is produced; but this is not *a volition*. The passive impression exists in the sensibility; the volition exists in the will. The first is a produced effect; the last is an act of the mind. And the only way in which this act of the mind itself has been linked with that which acts upon the mind, as an effect is linked with its cause, has been by confounding the *sensibility* with the *will*; and the light of this distinction is no sooner

held up, than we see that a very important link is wanting in the chain of the necessitarian's logic. Let this light be carried around through all the dark corners of his system, and through all its dark labyrinths of words; and many a lurking sophism will be detected and brought out from its unsuspecting hiding-place.

When it is said, that the same thing may be active and passive, this remark should be understood with reference to the mind itself. The language of the necessitarian, we are aware, sometimes points to the volition itself, and sometimes to the will; but we should always understand him as referring to the mind. This is conceded by the necessitarian. Hence, when he says, that the same thing may be both active and passive, he must be understood as applying this proposition to the mind itself, and not to the will or to volition. It is the mind that acts; and hence the mind must be also passive, or we cannot say that *the same thing* may be both active and passive.

The mind, then, it may be said, is both active and passive at the same time. But it is passive in regard to its emotions and feelings; and hence, if you please, these may be produced. It is active in regard to its volitions, or rather in its volitions; and hence these cannot be produced by the action of anything upon the mind. To show that they can, the necessitarian, as we have seen, has confounded a passive impression with an active volition. If these be distinct, as they most clearly are, the necessitarian can make his point good only by showing that the passive impression made upon the mind is connected with the volition of the mind, as a producing cause is connected with its effect. But this he has not shown; and hence his whole system rests upon gratuitous and unfounded assumptions. I say his whole system; for if the mind cannot be caused to act, if it is absurd to speak of a produced action, it is not true, that an action or volition does or can result from the necessitating action or influence of motives.

ART. IV.—*Wilkes—Sheridan—Fox.* By W. F. RAE. New York : D. Appleton & Co. (Reprint from London Edition. 1874.)

This book is a collection of three monographs on the individuals named. A work of this kind, when well executed, is a desideratum. Books are multiplied so fast that information must be condensed for us. The reading public has not the time to learn the details of different historical periods from original sources, sifting the wheat from the chaff, and books like this, which, in giving a sketch of the leading characters of a particular age, present us with a graphic picture of the times in which they lived, are always welcome. To those who do not read original works they supply information in an attractive form, while to those who have studied the history of the times to which they relate they recall half-forgotten memories, and serve as books of ready reference.

Such works, however, while the details they give are full, must avoid the fault alluded to by Voltaire, of trying to say everything there is to be said on a subject. Moreover, the author, barring his political predilections, that natural bias for which allowance must always be made, should be strictly impartial—should nothing extenuate nor aught set down in malice. Tried by these canons, the book before us is well worthy of a careful perusal.

With regard to Sheridan and Fox the author has added nothing to our stock of information; he has epitomized the leading events of their lives, and presented us with facts with which we are already familiar. In regard to Wilkes, however, the case is different. There is no readable life of him, and Mr. Rae supplies us with information not easily accessible, while the view he takes of his character is somewhat new. This part of the book, if not the best, is certainly the most noticeable, and for that reason claims most of our attention.

The current idea of 'Ugly Jack Wilkes' is that of a popular demagogue, passing most of his time in relating obscene

stories of his numerous amours, or cracking jests on the New Testament, and occasionally, by way of more serious diversion, writing outrageous libels on political opponents, and stirring up the rabble of London to open violations of law and order. Mr. Rae does not undertake to whitewash his hero after the approved modern custom, but the case he makes out in opposition to the views above stated is a strong one. His own opinion is summed up at pp. 124 and 139.

‘To pronounce a panegyric on Wilkes, because others have reviled him, would be a piece of absurdity not unprecedented, yet wholly inexcusable. He was neither a perfect man nor a perfect monster. . . . Granting it to be true, as his traducers allege, that in professing attachment to liberty he was but acting a part, it is undeniable that his part was a most useful one, and that his performance has proved his country’s gain.’

Accused of being a mere political adventurer, his primary object, notoriety, and his end, self-interest; still the means which he adopted for the attainment of that end was the persistent, uncompromising, and indomitable advocacy of many of the dearest principles of English freedom, and for that reason the story of his long struggle with the supporters of high prerogative belongs to English constitutional history.

John Wilkes made his first appearance in Parliament in 1757, at the outbreak of what is called in Europe the ‘Seven Years’;’ and by us, the ‘Old French,’ War. This war was universal, and England waged battle in every quarter of the globe. In Westphalia, in the Low Countries, in the Iberian Peninsula, on the coasts of France, her armies were engaged with varying success, but with brilliant valor. Amid the pestilential vapors of an African jungle a British fleet crossed the bar at the month of the Senegal, and wrested Fort St. Louis from the French, while amid the balsamic odors of Canadian pines Wolfe fell victorious on the plains of Abraham. In the sultry empire of the great Mogul, Robert Clive shattered the power of Sarajah Dowlah, in the battle of Plassey; while, despite the efforts of the heroic Lalley, the lilies of France were torn from the walls of Pondicherry. In the West Indies

island after island was captured by the British Navy, while the British Army stormed the breach at Moro Castle, and planted the banner of St. George in the Capital of the Pearl of the Antilles. Far away at the antipodes, Manilla was wrested from the Spaniard after a desperate struggle, in which swarthy Malays flung themselves against the iron battalions of England, and died like wild beasts gnawing the very bayonets with their teeth. Every courier that arrived at St. James brought news of some brilliant achievement—victories won, fortresses taken, provinces acquired.

A series of feats of this kind is well fitted to gild the pill of arbitrary power when about to be administered by a ruler. George III, who ascended the throne before the conclusion of the war, resolved to administer this pill to the English nation, and he undertook to administer it without the gilding. Dismissing the elder Pitt, who was the life and soul of the war, he directed his first efforts to bring it to a close, and that, too, by giving up most of the conquests it had placed at the disposal of England.

There can now be no doubt that the views of the King were those attributed to him by Burke in 1770. He was English born; he felt secure of his throne; he resolved to cast off the leading strings of the great Whig party, which had directed and supported his predecessors; he determined to be a king in the full sense of the word, and to choose only such ministers as were pleasing to himself, whether they could command a majority in Parliament or not. To carry out these views he made a most unfortunate choice of a Premier, in the Earl of Bute, who was hated by some as a tory, by some as a favorite, and by all as a Scot. This campaign against the liberties of England, and the principles of the Revolution of 1688, deliberately planned, and obstinately persisted in, was of far more importance to the English nation than its foreign wars. The leaders of that gallant band who, almost always in the minority, contended during this whole reign against the indomitable obstinacy of the King, who possessed all the courage and tenacity of his race, are very dear to the lovers of constitutional freedom, wherever they may be, and for that reason

their lives will always be perused with interest by American readers.

‘Among the earlier critics and opponents of the King’s policy, the most pointed and virulent, persistent and audacious, the most sorely tried, and, in the end, the most successful, was John Wilkes.’ (p. 5.)

Our space will not allow us to follow the details of his career as set forth in Mr. Rae’s book; we can but call attention to a few of his more prominent services in the cause of popular rights.

Freedom of opinion (free speech, free press) is the greatest of all liberties, and generally the last acquired. At the close of the seventeenth century, liberty of the press was theoretically established in England, but practically the undefined state of the law of libel, shackled free discussion. To speak ill of government was a crime — censure of ministers was a reflection on the King himself. During the reigns of the first two kings of the House of Hanover, no marked advance was made. The press, although it used more license, was a mere tool of party. Grub-street writers were hired by political leaders, to blacken in wretched pamphlets the characters of political opponents. The accession of George III witnessed a great awakening in the press, a vast increase in its power. It was about to rise above party, and become a great popular force — a fourth estate in the kingdom.

At this period Wilkes appeared as a newspaper writer. He started the celebrated *North Briton*, in opposition to the *Briton*, a government periodical edited by Dr. Smollett. In this publication appeared for the first time the full names of public characters, who had been formerly designated by initials. In the opening sentence of the first number the keynote is struck. ‘The *liberty of the press* is the birth-right of a Briton, and is justly esteemed the firmest bulwark of the liberties of this country.’

Forty-four numbers were published, but without any prosecution for libel being brought against the author, though they contained sufficient ground of action and turned the government into ridicule. The resignation of the Earl of Bute

caused the publication to be suspended. Finding, however, in the speech from the throne prepared by the Grenville ministry, proof that, though the favorite had resigned, he was still in power, Wilkes issued, on April 23, 1763, the celebrated No. 45, of the *North Briton*.

We, who in the present age read the article, are at a loss to discover what it contains which could have caused so bitter and persistent a persecution of its author. 'The truth is, that Wilkes was prosecuted not so much on account of No. 45, . . . but because it was accounted intolerable that freedom of discussion in print should be claimed and exercised by a declared opponent of the ministry of the day. (p. 52.)

All the influence of the government was employed to crush him, and here commenced the memorable struggle which he carried on with dogged resolution till he finally triumphed, and the liberty of the press triumphed with him. The step was the issue of a general warrant by Lord Halifax, one of the Secretaries of State, directing four messengers, taking with them a constable to search for and seize the authors, publishers, and printers of No. 45, together with their papers. No sworn evidence of crime had been offered, no one was named in this dread instrument. Armed with this roving commission, the messengers held in their hands the liberty of every English citizen. Forty-nine persons were arrested under it, many of them as innocent of any connection with No. 45 as was Lord Halifax himself. It was an exercise of prerogative as fatal to the existence of constitutional freedom as any of the acts of the Star Chamber. When Wilkes read it upon his seizure, he, wiser than the crown lawyers, declared it to be 'a ridiculous warrant against the whole English nation.' Wilkes was gifted by nature with an unusual amount of firmness and intrepidity, and these qualities were exhibited to perfection when he was brought before Lord Halifax, prior to his commitment to the Tower, of which interview Mr. Rae gives a hitherto unpublished version. He was released on a writ of *habeas corpus*, on the ground that his arrest was a violation of privilege as a member of Parliament. Not content, however, with his own release, he attacked the general warrant as an

unlawful exercise of prerogative. Suits were brought by himself and the arrested printers, in which, after many delays, Lord Halifax was laid in damages for £4,000, while the printers recovered sums varying from £5 to £200. This high-handed proceeding cost the Government £100,000 before its termination.

Meanwhile great exertions were made in Parliament to have general warrants declared unconstitutional, and all the force of government was exerted to defeat the motion. The great debate in 1765 on this question was protracted for two nights, the house sitting on one of them for seventeen successive hours without adjourning. The party whips used superhuman exertions to marshal their forces; 'and the spectacle of the sick and halt, swathed in flannels, encumbering the floor, reminded the not too reverent Walpole of the inspired account of the pool of Bethesda.' The ministry succeeded by a majority of fourteen in forcing an adjournment, but the next year the motion was carried. It was then unnecessary, both Chief Justice Pratt in the Common Pleas, and Lord Mansfield in the King's Bench, had declared general warrants 'unconstitutional, illegal, and absolutely void.'

To the obstinate resistance of Wilkes, and the vehemence with which he proclaimed his wrongs, is due the rendering of this decision at that time. Charles Townshend, no friend of Wilkes, acknowledged that he had done some good: 'he had stopped a growing evil. Nobody could think what thirty years more might have done.'

Meanwhile, unsuccessful with the general warrant, the ministry appealed to their majority in Parliament, and a motion of Lord North was passed in the Commons, and agreed to in the Lords, declaring No. 45 to be a 'false, scandalous, and seditious libel,' and sentencing it to be burned by the hangman. When sentence, however, was about to be executed the mob of London interposed, rescued No. 45 from the flames, and burnt in its stead their favorite symbols for the King's mother and the Earl of Bute—a petticoat and a jackboot.

The upper house still further distinguished itself in the persecution of Wilkes. He had printed, at a private press in his



own house, a vile production in parody of *Pope's Essay on Man*, called an *Essay on Woman*, with notes purporting to be by Bishop Warburton. A copy of this was stolen by one of his printers, who had been bribed to procure it by the Earl of March, known to a later generation as 'Old Q.' This copy was placed in the hands of Lord Sandwich, then Secretary of State, who it is said, in addition to political hatred, bore a lasting grudge against Wilkes for a practical joke the latter had played upon him in the Monastery of Medmenham — a monk of which order Sandwich had been chosen in preference to Wilkes.

Armed with the *Essay on Woman*, Sandwich presented himself before the House of Lords, and proceeded to read it to them. The assembled peers were shocked. Lord Hardwick appealed to him not to continue to the end. But the occupation was too congenial a one to be suspended, and he crammed the whole mass of filth into the ears of his hearers with infinite gusto. The work itself, although obscene and filthy, was not more so than some of Pope's own writings, and less so than some of Swift's. Moreover, it had never been published; it had injured no one. Only thirteen copies had been printed for circulation among a few of Wilkes' chosen friends, whose morals were as likely to be corrupted by a loose book as a negro was to be tanned by a warm sun. Besides, if the accused was guilty of an obscene and blasphemous publication, he had exposed himself to the law, and the courts were the proper tribunals at which to proceed against him. The only pretext for noticing the book was the absurd use of the name of a bishop, which was claimed to be a breach of privilege. That the object of the court party was to give publicity to Wilkes' obscenity, as damaging to his moral reputation, is shown by the character of the chief actor, Lord Sandwich, who furnished the wits with an apt illustration of 'Satan reproving Sin.'

The upper house recommended Wilkes' prosecution for having published an impious libel. He had been ordered by the Commons to attend in his place with a view to further proceedings; but, having been wounded in a duel, provoked

and forced upon him by Samuel Martin, one of their own members, his attendance was necessarily deferred. Meanwhile, expecting no mercy from Crown or Parliament, and dogged by spies, and beset with petty persecutions, he withdrew to Paris. He was expelled from Parliament, convicted in the King's Bench for having published No. 45 and the *Essay on Woman*; and, as he continued to absent himself, was outlawed, and the King and his party thought there was an end of him. Wilkes, however, was not the man to hide his light under a bushel. One campaign, indeed, was over, but the war was not ended.

For the rest of his long struggle; his return from the continent; his election to Parliament while still an outlaw; the attempt of the House of Commons by an arbitrary exertion of privilege to usurp the right of suffrage of the electors of Middlesex; for the excitement of the mob of London, who howled 'Wilkes and Liberty' till they were hoarse, and chalked '45' on every available object, including the boots of the Austrian ambassador; for Wilkes' second prosecution for a libel on Lord Weymouth; his unconquerable persistency and final triumph; for all this we must refer the reader to the pages of Mr. Rae's book.

Another popular cause which he advocated was the admission of the public to the debate in Parliament, and their publication in the newspapers. The privilege of excluding strangers from the houses was undoubted. It had its origin from the time when Parliament met for deliberation, not debate, and when the presence of the public would impede the transaction of business. Instances were on record where strangers had been counted in a division. This exclusiveness, however, was alien to the spirit of a later age, and the rule had been gradually relaxed, as also had that forbidding publication of the debates. It is not wonderful that the Parliament, which not only expelled Wilkes when duly elected, but also seated Col. Luttrell in his place, should desire to shroud its debates in secrecy. It had been so jealous in the enforcement of its privileges as to be nick-named the *Unreported Parliament*. What meagre reports of debates were given to

the public were published with great precautions to disguise their character. They were given as debates in the 'Senate of Great Lilliput,' and the principal speakers figured as Mark Antony, Brutus, etc. At a somewhat later day less disguise was used, and some part of the true name given. Thus, Mr. Constantine Phipps, and Mr. Dyson, the former representing Lincoln and the latter Weymouth, figure as 'Mr. Constantine Lincoln,' and 'Mr. Jeremiah Weymouth, the d——n of this country.'

In 1771, Wilkes, having instigated several printers of newspapers to publish the debates with the names of the speakers in full, the house made a determined attack upon them. The skilful tactics of Wilkes, who was at that time Alderman, completely baffled the supporters of privilege, and brought the question to a final decision. The publication of debates was still asserted to be a breach of privilege, but the offence was committed with impunity, and has not been since attacked.

A point of interest in the life of Wilkes is his advocacy of the cause of the American colonies, a service which was at the time gratefully acknowledged. He is one of the few parliamentary supporters of their cause, whose names are preserved in the geography of the country. Wilkesbarré, in Pennsylvania, owns Wilkes and Col. Barré, as common god-fathers. We have not the space to cite the passages from his speeches in behalf of the colonies, which are given by Mr. Rae. As early as 1775 he ventured to style Samuel Adams and John Hancock, not only 'worthy gentlemen,' but 'true patriots;' and he was throughout the persistent and consistent friend of the colonies.

Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, the staunch upholder of the Established Church, makes it a leading charge against Wilkes, that he divorced politics and Christianity. Condemning his moral character, we can see nothing to commend in his public career. We agree with Mr. Rae, in holding that public benefits are not wholly neutralized by private vices, and while we reprobate the one, we are willing to award due meed of praise to the other. Moreover, in judging Wilkes' moral character, we have

no right to try him by our own code, but must apply the canons of the time in which he lived. Society has changed so much in the last hundred years that it is only by a careful study of the memoirs and letters of the time that we can put ourselves in the place of the actors in the scene. Chatham, Pitt, Burke, thought nothing of debt; Charles Fox gambled away fortunes; Robert Walpole, and Henry Fox, Lord Chancellor Worthington, and Lord Chancellor Thurlow, were free talkers and loose livers, as was more than one dignitary who sat on the bench of Bishops. The beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, the leader of fashion and the most cultivated society in the English capital, was accustomed to listen to language which would throw a modern peeress into an agony of shame.

High-bred, upright, and honorable English gentlemen sat at table and swallowed claret till they rolled under the mahogany. There is an account in Wraxall's memoirs of the Prime Minister, the Lord High Chancellor, and the Treasurer of the Navy, getting so fuddled with wine at dinner that, as they drove home, they forced their way without paying through a toll-gate, and narrowly escaped a bullet from the keeper's blunderbuss. Thackeray, in his four Georges, tells of a German gentleman he once met, who had served in the English army and mixed in the best English society fifty years before, since which time he had resided on his estates. He spoke English perfectly, but every other word was an oath.

Judged by the rules even of an age like this, we must acknowledge that Wilkes was a debauchee and a profligate; but he is not the incarnation of all human wickedness we have been taught to believe him. Moreover, it has been much the custom to attribute to him every story more than usually obscene, every piece of blasphemy more than usually outrageous. In this respect he has shared the fate of Byron. 'Both have had to bear the sins of their neighbors in addition to their own. It may be, as has been asserted, that Wilkes is the Cleon of the eighteenth century; if so, he is not the Cleon of Mitford, but the Cleon of Grote.' (p. 135.)

Bad though his private character was, there must have been virtue in his public career. Had he been the utterly worthless

demagogue he is usually represented to be, it was a singular interposition of Providence, which for upward of thirty years so guided his steps, that, seeking only his own interests, he yet never sold out to his opponents; and in all the great constitutional questions in which he was engaged, was invariably on the side of right and justice. 'Personally he was subordinate to his cause. The cause of which he became the champion, was really that of the nation.' (p. 126.) It is not perhaps generally known, that as early as 1776 Wilkes moved for leave to bring in a bill for the reform of Parliamentary representation, which embraced the principles of the celebrated bill of 1830.

In the days of Walpole, Selwyn, and Sheridan, to be acknowledged by his contemporaries to have no living superior in the endowment of what the French call *esprit*, is no small commendation. The example Mr. Rae gives is evidence of the justice of the verdict, for no repartee recorded in that whole age of brilliancy is superior in caustic keenness to Wilkes' reply, when Lord Sandwich jestingly asked him whether he expected to die of a certain contagious disease or on the scaffold. 'That depends, my Lord, whether I embrace your principles or your mistress.'

We have given so much space to Wilkes that we can only call attention to two points in our author's sketch of Sheridan. The events of his life are so well known that nothing further is needed. The first of these is the resuscitation of the celebrated Begum speech, as reported by the short-hand writers, which our author, by several amusing comparisons, shows to be quite different from the usually received version or that published in the edition of Sheridan's speeches. This report certainly gives a much better example of his oratory, though how far even it is trustworthy may be matter of doubt when we remember that these same short-hand writers turned the last words of Burke's famous sentence, 'virtue depends not on climates and degrees — into *climaxes* and *trees*. The critical review Mr. Rae gives of Sheridan's dramatic works will be read with interest by all who have listened with delight to his fascinating plays.

'Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,  
And saving those that eye it.'

Such were the lines once applied to Fox by Sheridan in the House of Commons, and the comparison has always seemed to us eminently just. It was his lot for the greater part of his life, to fight the battle of constitutional freedom against prerogative. In the course of that time he was never induced by the love of power, wealth, or popularity, to sacrifice the happiness of the many to the interests of the few. He was a true lover of his country; he sought her welfare and happiness, and shrank from no odium in advocating that course of action which he thought could alone ensure to her prosperity. When he was at last for a short season called to the helm of State, during the war with Napoleon, he forced even from such bitter partisans as Alison and Scott the confession, that 'Fox a Briton died.' But his love was not confined to his own country, He was an ardent and consistent lover of liberty, whether for France or America, for India or England, Protestant or Catholic. The main and ruling passion of his life was a love of freedom. He gave his life for the defence of English freedom; he hastened his death by his exertions to abolish the slave-trade.

His independent political career commenced in 1774, when he was in his twenty-fifth year. He seems to have had an early presentiment of his lot. As early as 1776, in a letter to his friend Fitzpatrick, speaking of his credit as an orator, he says: 'I am so convinced that this is all that I ever shall gain (unless I choose to become the meanest of men) that I never think of any other object of ambition. I am certainly ambitious by nature, but I really have, or think I have, totally subdued that passion. . . . Great situation I never can acquire, nor, if acquired, keep, without making sacrifices that I never will make. . . . I am sure I shall be the happier for having made up my mind to the situation.'

For fifteen years he was continually in opposition; for even when a member of the Rockingham Ministry and the Coalition, his views were those he himself expressed when he said: 'Provided we stay in long enough to have given a good stout

blow to the influence of the crown, I do not think it much signifies how soon we go out.' As we follow him through this long struggle, and read his speeches, which, unlike the brilliant fireworks of Sheridan, seem always the clear, straightforward, and convincing utterances of plain common sense; as we listen to the overflowings of his warm and generous heart; as we recognize in him the sturdy bulwark of English freedom, the friend of the oppressed in every country; as we see in him the unchanging friend of America, we feel some share of that warm glow of admiration and affection which his followers felt for him, and which with them approached to idolatry.

As the life and character of Charles James Fox are too well known to call for any further comment, we shall confine our remarks to Mr. Rae's style of treatment. He evidently regards this as the best chapter in the book; and from what we know of his political feelings we may well believe that he has written it *con amore*. It is, however, a disappointment to us. We will not quote from it, for it would be only quotation at second-hand. This, we think, is the great fault of the sketch; the greater part of it is borrowed. Not only paragraphs, but sentences, and even single words, are enclosed in inverted commas. Their bristling array is repulsive to the reader as he turns the pages. This defect has probably arisen from two causes. The first of these is a certain conscientiousness, which will not allow him to borrow a single expression, idea, or word, without giving credit for it. This, we think, is overstrained; the references at the foot of the page are sufficient evidence of the sources whence his information is derived, and (except in the speeches) we could surely dispense with further indication.

Another reason is, perhaps, the idea that in this way he would be more likely to present the living Fox to us as he spoke and acted, not as evolved from the author's internal consciousness. In this respect his success is but limited, although his careful and exhaustive study of his subject has enabled him to make his selections with care, and to bring them in with excellent effect. The result, however, is to such a pro-

duction as we could wish to see as a mould is to a statue. He has all the materials for a perfect casting, every little detail is noticed, but the clear-cut, powerful sentences, such as Macaulay would use in a similar case, which, by condensing the materials, would transform them into the 'living bronze,' are wanting. A writer who seeks to impress us with the truth of his conceptions must rely upon himself. He must show that confidence in the truth of his picture that he can dispense with the ostensible aid of others, and by his own self-reliance impress us with a feeling of safety in relying upon him. He is supposed to have so far mastered his subject as to speak with authority, and we expect it of him, giving, as he does, the opinions of Smith, and Jones, and Robinson, and overloads his page with voluminous quotations from the words of the person he is describing. He simply indicates to us the many little rills which unite to form the perfect river; he does not guide us himself down the broad bosom of the stream. While this mode of presentation, perhaps, prevents exaggeration in statement, it mars the beauty of the production. By making allowance for the bias of a writer, we find no difficulty in correcting exaggerations in his picture when it is presented to us glowing with life; but to require the reader to construct the picture for himself, from the mere corporal's guard of facts (which is all that can be given in a sketch like this) is to exact from him unnecessary labor, and the result is to weaken any views of his own which the writer may seek to impress upon us.

The most noticeable portion of the article is a parallel between Fox and John Bright. 'Fox differed from Pitt as Mr. Bright differs from Mr. Gladstone, while the oratorical likeness between Mr. Bright and Fox is as close as that between Mr. Gladstone and Pitt. The "Man of the People" of the reign of George III is represented by the "Tribune of the People" in the reign of Victoria. In warmth of feeling; in sympathy with the down-trodden and oppressed; in hatred of tyrants; in reverence for the Constitution, coupled with a readiness to remove from it all excrescences and defects; in devotion to peace as the one thing needful for a great and



self-respecting nation, combined with the purest and most ardent patriotism ; in poetic imagination and humorous sallies united to the strongest common sense ; in love and reverence for their noble mother-tongue, which they have shown to be grandest when least adorned, most effective when spoken in homely simplicity, Fox and Mr. Bright display an identity which is almost unprecedented.' (p. 441.)

Mr. Rae has a vigorous style, never dull, and often brilliant. When he abandons his inverted commas he states a great deal in few words, and without seeming to cramp or hurry himself. He has thoroughly studied his subject, and gives us an admirable condensation of it. On the whole, we can recommend the book to our readers. It treats, and treats well, of a period of English history, which may always be studied with profit by American statesmen, and read with interest by American readers.

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ART. V.—1. *The Rural and Domestic Life in Germany.*

By WILLIAM HOWITT. London : Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1842.

2. *Social Life in Munich.* By EDWARD WILBERFORCE. London : Wm. H. Allen & Co. 1864.

3. *An American Family in Germany.* By J. ROSS BROWNE. New York : Harper and Brothers. 1866.

'He who has battled,' says Carlyle, 'were it only with poverty and hard toil, will be found stronger and more expert than he who could stay at home from the battle, concealed among the provision wagons, or rest unwatchfully "abiding by the stuff."' The rough road in life with its thorny pit-falls, is the one which opens out slowly and surely into sunny meadows and smooth paths. The best blessings are evoked out of difficulties and trials. Bunyan compares temptation to the lion which met Sampson ; it is the same with the perils which beset our life-journey ; 'the first time we encounter

them they roar and gnash their teeth, but once subdued, we find a nest of honey in them.' 'What is poverty,' says Jean Paul Richter, 'that we should whine under it? It is but piercing the ears of the maiden, and you hang precious jewels in the wound.' That good is educed from evil, that the most secure safety is plucked from danger, are truisms which are not without historic justification. Nations, as well as individuals, often undergo the discipline of suffering before they develop the highest virtues.

Although the 'Thirty Years' War' apparently drained all the life-blood out of Germany, the great heart of the nation slowly resumed its pulsations. When France was in the high tide of her prosperity, in the reign of *Le Grand Monarque*, Germany was at the lowest ebb of her humiliation; but out of that humiliation was evolved, gradually and certainly, her second Renaissance. The strength of the country was enfeebled, but out of that weakness has been slowly developed modern German character.

Jean Paul has said, that 'the empire of the seas belongs to the English, that of the land to the French, and that of the air to the Germans.' If the distinguished German writer meant to imply that his nation excelled in the subtle triumph of mind over matter, his words have been verified, for Germany yields to no country in depth and variety of literature, and takes the lead of all others in intellectual superiority. In the realms of science, art, and theology, she holds undisputed sway, and her increasing influence throughout the world calls for a more extensive knowledge of her people.

'Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.' It is this obstinate courage, this dogged persistency in the German character, which has resulted in ultimate triumph. They possess, in a great degree, that quality which has been given by some one as a definition of genius—'an immense capacity for taking trouble!' Whether their work be intellectual or manual, there is no shirking, no wasting time; their whole soul is in it. They take for a maxim the old Saxon saw, 'where there's a will there's a

way;’ and, with wind and tide against them, they have won honor in literature and war.

The German peasantry are the most industrious and thrifty in the world. It surprises the traveler to see in how short a time the corn-land is cleared up. Men, women, and children, with their little old wagons and cows, accomplish the work with such dexterity that you never see a rick. In a fortnight the whole Rhine plain is cleared of its corn, and plowed up for turnips. It is one of the peculiar features of German peasant life, for the old and young women to collect the household fuel, which they bear in huge bundles on their heads. In the severe cold of winter, and the intense heat of summer, they may be seen toiling under the crushing weight, now and again stopping to say an *Ave Maria* as they pass a niche where the Virgin is enshrined. Who does not remember in this connection, Reed’s exquisite picture in ‘Drift-Wood,’ of ‘the woman, worn and bent,’ sinking under her load at the foot of a way-side cross, where she met the ‘Burthen Bearer,’ who relieved her forever of the weight which oppressed her?

The young girls present quite a picturesque appearance, with their pretty costumes and bright, happy faces. Some of them wear little white or black caps, some have a black or red handkerchief arranged like a hood, some wear black hats like Welsh women, with long, black streamers, and often the head is left uncovered, and exposed to the blazing heat of the sun. They are all healthy-looking, very upright, with a most hearty, good-humored look; but, as age advances, this out-of-door work tells upon them, and the old women are fearfully ugly, lean, and withered. The women in the lower classes, are unmercifully worked; nearly all the harvesting is done by them, the men allotting them their task, as if they were machines. ‘It is no uncommon thing,’ says Browne, ‘to see a stout young fellow returning to his village after a hard day’s work, with his arm cast devotedly over the neck of his sweetheart; a broad grin of satisfaction on his honest face, while the unre-sisting damsel staggers along under a load of vegetables, skillfully poised in a huge basket on the top of her head. The unmannerly lout professes to love her with all his might and

main, but never offers to relieve her of her burden. "Ach, du bist so schön!" he cries—"thou art so beautiful!"—and then he snatches a kiss from under the big basket. 'Ja, Ja! Hans,' says the girl, 'but where is that new handkerchief you promised me?' 'Ach, Gott!' cries Hans, 'you are so sweet you make me forget everything!' But Hans does not offer to take the basket, with all this excess of devotion. He always forgets that 'women are weak as well as pretty.'

The married women frequent the markets to sell the produce of the dairy and farm, the younger girls to sell flowers; their costume on such occasions is a lilac petticoat, trimmed with black ribbon, and a peasant waist of red and green; the hair is worn in long plaits, and crowned with a broad-brimmed straw hat. The women throughout Germany are taught to work, but the lower classes wear their industry, as poor Ophelia did her rue, 'with a difference.' The educated portion of the gentler sex in Germany are always good musicians, and understand several languages; and, although the Germans live simply, no woman's education is considered complete without a thorough knowledge of cookery, which they never hesitate to use practically. They are not deterred by the bug-bear of respectability (so-called); indeed, there is no synonym for that ill-used word in the German language. They are not cursed with idle moments; the clock never 'clicks lazily behind the door.' When chatting with friends, the fingers are always as busy as the tongue; knitting-needles are flying, or bright silks and worsteds are weaving some exquisite picture on canvass.

'Is it true,' said a German lady to one of our countrymen, 'is it true that your ladies in America sit still in houses and read, and cause the husbands and servants to work everything?' 'Oh, no!' was the reply, and then followed an explanation of the position of the American women.

'So!' said the fraulien, 'it is very different here. You see that lady across the room, very stout, with ear-rings and light hair, that is the Frau Professor and Geheimrath S—, but she goes down in the kitchen and cooks till eleven hour every morning. I myself divide my householding with my sister,

and since six months I have kept the accounts, and I go to the markets, and look the cooking every day over, and brush the rooms, and clarify the dishes. The next six months will my sister take, and oh! will I not be glad?'

John Wesley, that prodigy of industry, says: 'Never be unemployed, never be triflingly employed, *never while away the time.*' It is this noble economy of time, this steady, unremitting work, in which the German nation excel all other peoples. It is related of a celebrated German critic, that he could recite the whole of the Iliad in Greek without a mistake. He was a distinguished physician with an immense practice, and mastered 'the old Ionian singer' in the hurried snatches of time, when driving from one patient to another.

It is a well-known fact that the greatness of a country often depends on the thrift of its people, and as time is held in high esteem by the Germans, so also is money. Cautious and economical, they are not penurious. They know, like St. Paul, 'how to spare and how to abound.' Nothing is allowed to be wasted. The grass and weeds are gathered for the cows; the cuttings of the vines are dried and tied up for fodder; even the refuse of hemp and the rough stalks of poppies are saved to make bedding for the cattle, which is afterward converted into manure. The fungi out of the woods is gathered and sold for poisoning flies, and the stalks of a certain long grass for cleaning pipes. Fir-cones are collected and stored for fuel. Everything is made to tell. Nothing is thrown away; but, at the same time, there is no race more liberal to the poor, none more hospitable and kindly. The result is, that the poor are well cared for, and that all are content and happy on the smallest possible expenditure. The wise theory of Dickens' Micawber may be cited as the secret which regulates households and lightens hearts throughout Germany: 'Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen six; result, happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds pought and six; result, misery.' There is no such wretched state of things in Germany as *keeping up appearances*. Poverty is no disgrace

1 'Social Life in Germany.' Charles Loring Brace.

there, and the people are wise and brave enough to be content with the lot which God has appointed them.

Their judicious care of the poor may be seen by a description of the *Hamburgh Rauhe Haus* (Rough House), a large vagrant school established by Herr Wichern in 1833. An English traveler has called it 'The Home among the Flowers,' and Mr. Brace describes it as having no counterpart in the world. 'A "Home among the Flowers," where the vagrant—the child nourished amid filth and squalor in the dark cellars of a great city—should at length see something of God's beautiful world; where, among friends, in the midst of orchards and cornfields, he could grow up, invigorated by healthful labor, to manhood; all this would seem alone more like the dream of a philanthropic French novelist than the reality. But still farther, that this institution should have a system, almost Fourier-like, of groups and families, and yet be imbued with the simplest, truest spirit of the Christian religion; that it should send out, not only skilled apprentices, saved from the prison and the alms-house, but educated young men to teach others, and to spread abroad the self-denying, Christian principles of the place; and, most of all, that it should have existed seventeen years, and by its well-conducted industry have almost supported itself, may fairly constitute it one of the wonders in benevolent effort. The friend of man, searching anxiously for what man has done for his suffering fellows, may look far in both continents before he finds an institution so benevolent, so practical, and so truly Christian, as the *Hamburgh Rough House*.'

For many years *Hamburgh* has been celebrated for its benevolent institutions and the high morality of its inhabitants. 'Charitable institutions ought, indeed, to prosper in the city of *Hamburgh*,' says *Madame de Stael*. 'There is so much honesty among its people that for a time they paid their taxes into a sort of trunk without any person seeing what they brought. These taxes were to be proportioned to the fortune of each individual, and when the calculation was made they were always found to be scrupulously paid. Might we not believe that we were relating a circumstance belonging to the

golden age, if in that golden age there had been private riches and public taxes? We cannot sufficiently admire how easy all things relating to instruction as well as administration are rendered by honesty and integrity. We ought to grant them all the honors which dexterity usually obtains; for, in the end, they succeed better even in the affairs of this world.'<sup>1</sup> It is said that the honesty of the inhabitants of Leipsic was such that a proprietor, who had planted an apple tree on the borders of a public walk, and placed upon it a notice desiring that the fruit should not be touched, declared that for ten years not an apple had been stolen.

The German language is itself a great auxiliary to the preservation of the honesty and truth of the nation. It is not flexible like the French, and always means what it says; so that if a German should feel inclined to prevaricate or deceive, his mother-tongue rises up like a steady, unwavering conscience, and forms a barrier before which falsehood shrinks away. Goëthe, in *Wilhelm Meister*, makes a German woman discover the perfidy of her lover because he writes to her in French. The consequence of this national truthfulness is, that although the people may not have the '*esprit de société*,' which distinguishes their French neighbors, there is more *naturalness* in their home-life. Their manners are often stiff and phlegmatic in society, but in the domestic circle all restraint is thrown aside, and 'love is without dissimulation.' Indeed, this candor would seem excessive in American eyes, when exhibited, as is often the case, in demonstrations of affection between betrothed couples. There is no reserve then even before strangers; they are happy, and delight in letting the world know it. The lover is chosen by the parents of the girl, who usually submits to her fate with a good grace, and yields unconditional obedience to the caprices of her lord from the day of her betrothal.

In that charming picture of German life, *The Initials*, we have several vivid touches which illustrate this custom. 'But tell me,' asks Hamilton of Crescenz, 'why did you not refuse Major Stultz, if you did not like him?'

<sup>1</sup> Germany. By Madame de Staël, p. 184.

‘He did not ask me; he spoke to mamma, and wrote to papa, and, when all was arranged, I had not courage to refuse; and he is forty six years old, and I shall not be sixteen until next year.’ But such is the influence of custom that a few months later we read the following scene:

‘Major Stultz placed himself, as usual, beside Crescenz and her work-basket, and began a whispered conversation, which, however, in time perceptibly flagged; for Crescenz’s fingers moved more quickly than her tongue. The monotony of his own voice, on the otherwise unbroken stillness in the room, naturally produced drowsiness, with which the Major long and valiantly combated, but it was in vain; he endeavored to sit bolt upright in his chair, occasionally staring wildly around him. After having made a succession of sleepy obeisances of such profundity that Crescenz’s smile almost verged into laughter, his arms sank at length heavily on his outspread legs; his head sought support on the uncomfortable low back of his chair; his jaw fell, and the long-drawn breathing degenerated into snores both long and loud. . . . Crescenz seemed embarrassed, but there was not a particle of either dislike or impatience in the look which she bestowed on the sleeper. She bent toward her sister, and said in a whisper, “If I could manage to put a sofa-cushion on the back of the chair!” . . . Crescenz began to insinuate it between his head and the chair; her movements were so gentle that she succeeded without awakening him; his mouth closed with a slight jerk, while uttering a grunt of sleepy satisfaction as his chin dropped on his breast. Nothing could be less attractive than Major Stultz’s face at this moment, with his puffed-out, crimson cheeks and wrinkled, double chin, but Crescenz saw him not; with a good-humored smile she tried to arrange still better the supporting cushion, and then stood behind him with all the immovable serenity of a Caryatide.’<sup>1</sup>

There are no better wives and mothers in the world than in Germany, for even though they may have followed Mrs. Malaprop’s advice, and begun their married life with a little

<sup>1</sup> The Initials. By Baroness Tautphoens. p. 248.



aversion, they are sure to end by regarding their husbands with the greatest reverence and admiration. One of the most charming features of *Home-Life in Germany* is the mingled affection, respect, and obedience shown by children to their parents. Deference for parental influence, and obedience to parental authority, are peculiarly striking to the American traveller, because he is not often startled by their exhibition at home. The children are the same as our children; they have the same human nature certainly, but their training is different. We are criminally indulgent to our children, encouraging them in their precocious ignorance, which we dignify by the misnomer, manliness. Thus 'Young America' is proverbially rude and supercilious, ill-mannered and unscrupulous. In Germany children are taught to be industrious, child like, and obedient. Reverence and respect for their parents is their first duty. The love of the family circle for one another is cemented by frequent simple festivals, when the old and the young join in the same sports, and with the same freshness and *abandon*, as if care and sorrow were unknown.

In respect of facilities for education Germany takes a high rank. It is not only filled with the most learned universities in Europe, but there is not a village without its school, where learning may be obtained by all, from the highest to the lowest; there are beside, industrial schools, established by the government, where drawing, mechanics, mathematics, physics, and chemistry are taught. 'The schools throughout Germany,' says Browne, 'are excellent — in some respects the best in the world. They are conducted with great care, and under strict municipal regulations. The teachers are generally persons of superior ability and thorough education. The business of teaching is a profession in itself. A great feature in these schools is the amount of oral exercise through which the children are required to pass. No mere learning by rote is permitted. Every study must be thoroughly understood; and however little a pupil may acquire he at least comprehends it as far as he goes. Superficial show is altogether disregarded. Until a boy is duly qualified in a primary class he cannot enter a higher one. Great attention is bestowed upon those

studies most likely to be of use to the pupil in future life, as, for example, the modern languages, mathematics, civil engineering, geography, drawing, book-keeping, natural philosophy, geology, etc. Due regard is also paid to the health of the pupil. He is required to exercise at frequent intervals: to bathe, sing, walk, and hold himself in an erect position. . . . At schools for boys all are considered boys, big and little. Precocious young gentlemen of sixteen are regarded with special disfavor. Neatness and cleanliness in dress and person are imperatively required. These remarks will apply, in general terms, to schools for girls.<sup>1</sup>

The relation existing between the teacher and pupil is friendly and affectionate. The vacations are usually spent together in pedestrian excursions, which are often extended into the mountains of Switzerland and Bavaria. As they journey along they sing glees, make sketches, or gather specimens of minerals and insects, which are secured in little tin boxes prepared for the purpose. 'They are the happiest set of beings in existence.' Browne goes on to say, 'Knowing no troubles, overflowing with health, and in the full enjoyment of liberty, they present a picture of pure and perfect happiness, if such a thing can exist upon earth. Will any one pretend to say that such a life as this, innocent and refining in all its tendencies, is not infinitely better than the holiday life of our American children? Here there is no dissipation, no encouragement to idle and profligate habits, no morbid and unwholesome excitements. A love of nature in its most attractive aspects is encouraged. Not a stick, or stone, or flower on the way-side but has its meaning. The beautiful legends of the country are the subjects of song and story. Health, earned by exercise, brings with it an increased capacity for study. The mind and body are refreshed, and when the holidays are over, the teachers and pupils return to their duties with clear heads and strong nerves. In this way the Germans acquire those robust constitutions which are the admiration of the world; and among our Teutonic citizens we find the best civil engi-

1 An American family in Germany. By J. Ross Browne. pp. 62-63.

neers, draughtsmen, chemists, botanists and geologists, to develop the resources of our country.'<sup>1</sup>

The University students in Germany form a distinct class, with peculiar privileges, which even the police dare not invade. They wear a student-costume, and may be known by their high jackboots, little red or yellow caps, and velvetreen coats. No student ever salutes another with 'Guten Abend!' (good evening), but always 'Guten Morgen!' (good morning), because they say 'that with them it is always morning.' The German student has three friends, which are indispensable—his dog, his pipe, and his song. The dog is often taught to carry his master's stick and portfolio to the College door, and then return quietly home. An anecdote is told of one who always sat quietly by his master's side during the lecture, looking solemnly into his note-book all the time. One day, when the dog was absent, the Professor, who was extremely short-sighted, said: 'Gentlemen, it would be well if you all wore coats of one color; and were they dark ones, they would not be so much observed by me, but it struck me immediately that the gentleman in the white coat was absent to-day.' The dogs are often employed in frolics and fun. It is related of the students of Leipsic, that they named their dogs after the ladies of the city, and then very ungallantly shouted their names aloud in the streets, to the dismay of the fair *frauleins*. The dog continues his student-life to the end of his existence; his master finishes his University course, and hands him over to his successor, and so he serves each in turn, and so he would go on till doomsday, did not death step in, and behold! the dog too gets his diploma, and leaves the scene of action.

The pipe is another auxiliary, which becomes to the student a necessity; his beer would be 'flat, stale, and unprofitable,' without it. Pipes, in every variety of form, decorate the walls of his room; the bowl is often handsomely ornamented with portraits, armorial bearings, etc.; the tubes vary in length from a few inches to several yards. The sight of this 'armory of delight' naturally suggests the mug of beer and the song,

1 An American Family in Germany. By J. Ross Browne, pp. 65, 66.

which always form prominent features in the student's evening parties.

Hood gives a correct idea of the use of the pipe in Germany. In his '*Up the Rhine*,' he condenses the truth in three words. Here he says: '*wir alle rauchen, we all smoke!*' Smoking is so universal among old and young, gentle and simple, that a celebrated German writer says, 'it has created an entire revolution in the diseases of the inhabitants, and, through it, the duration of life has been considerably abridged.'

The Germans have a marvelous love for harmony and song.

'What is the German's Fatherland?  
So name me finally that land!  
"Far as the German's free tongue springs,  
And hymns to God in Heaven sing."  
That shall it be while sun doth shine,  
That land, brave German, call it thine.'

The folk-songs of Germany are varied and numerous. Every feeling, 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe,' meets a response in melody. The German goes to his work singing; indeed, he can understand neither pleasure nor labor without this accompaniment. There is nothing which operates so quickly upon the German mind as music. 'Take from Germany,' says Howitt, 'its wine, its songs, and we might name yet a third particular of a less noble character, and it will become quite another Germany.'

This habit of singing at all times and seasons, is often annoying to the weary traveler. The watchman begins his rounds at ten o'clock; sometimes he introduces his call of the hour by means of a rattle; again, a blast from a horn rouses you to the pleasing consciousness that he is awake and performing his duty. Besides this, he sings the following rhymes, each verse suiting the passing hour:

'Hear, my masters, what I tell!  
*Ten* has struck now by the bell;  
Ten are the Commandments given,  
By the Lord our God from Heaven.  
Human watch no good can yield us;  
God will watch, and God will shield us.  
May He, through his Heavenly might,  
Give us all a happy night.

'Hear, my masters, what I tell !  
 'T has struck *eleven* by the bell.  
 Eleven were the Apostles sound,  
 Who did teach the whole world round.  
 Human watch, etc.

'Hear, my masters, what I tell !  
*Twelve* has struck now by the bell.  
 Twelve did follow Jesus' name —  
 Suffered with Him all His shame.  
 Human watch, etc.

'Hear, my masters, what I tell !  
*One* has struck now by the bell.  
 One is God, and one alone,  
 Who doth hear us when we groan.  
 Human watch, etc.

'Hear, my masters, what I tell !  
*Two* has struck now by the bell.  
 Two paths before our steps divide ;  
 Man beware, and well decide.  
 Human watch, etc.

'Hear, my masters, what I tell !  
*Three* has struck now by the bell.  
 Threefold is what's hallowed most—  
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
 Human watch, etc.

'Hear, my masters, what I tell !  
*Four* has struck now by the bell.  
 Four times our lands we plough and dress ;  
 Thy heart, O man, till'st thou that less ?  
 Human watch,' etc.

An Italian once said of Goëthe, 'He thinks his feelings.' It may be said of the Germans, that they sing their thoughts. More than this; Germany has lifted music out of the plane of mere amusements, into the dignity of a high art. She not only gives us music which expresses our emotions, but that which likewise disciplines them; thus, at the same time soothing and ennobling the mind. 'The Italian music,' says Haweis, 'makes us sentimentalize; the German makes us feel. The one is stagey — smells of the oil and the rouge-pot; the other is real, earnest, natural, and reproduces with irresistible force

the deepest experiences of our lives.' As Germany gives us her poet G $\ddot{o}$ ethe to be an incarnation of modern analytical genius, so does she also present us with names which are pre-eminently the embodiment of music. Gluck, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, claim the same Fatherland. The German invests his art, whatever it may be, with all the reverence and devotion of a religion. He concentrates his energies upon it, and says, like St. Paul, 'This one thing I do,' and the result is a complete work of art. Haydn considered his art a part of his religion, and wrote at the beginning of all his works, 'In nomine Domine,' or 'Soli Deo gloria;' and at the end, 'Laus Deo.' Handel was so identified and absorbed in his work, that after he composed that triumphant shout of praise, 'The Hallelujah Chorus,' he said, 'I did think I did see all Heaven before me, and the great God Himself.'

It is no exaggeration to say that the most important element to success in any work, is to possess a good physical constitution. It is said that the Duke of Wellington, when once looking on at the boys engaged in their sports in the playground at Eton, made the remark: 'It was there that the battle of Waterloo was won.' The effects of physical training may be seen in the nations of antiquity, with whom it formed an important part of school education. The discipline of mind and muscle were made to harmonize, and this was the secret of the intellectual power which distinguished the sages of old. We are told that Cicero was at one time in his life a victim to dyspepsia, and instead of consulting physicians, he went to Greece and submitted himself to the systematic exercise of the gymnasium for two years, after which he returned to his duties with renewed vigor of mind and body.

We have spoken at length of the care and attention which the Germans bestow upon the mind, and of their immense capacity for work. We come now to another distinctive characteristic—their care of the body, and their capacity for enjoyment. Relaxation is quite as important to them as work, and is entered into not as a duty, but as an enjoyment. They take their pleasures gayly—not in an indifferent, sad way, as

we do; not in crowded ball-rooms, but in open-air games and sports, which old and young alike enjoy. The Germans are genuine lovers of nature, and their education increases the feeling into a positive poetic passion. This enhances the delight which they have in their holidays, as they are always spent in the open air. It is the same in every village. The whole population assemble in great family groups, with troops of children, and you may find them in public gardens, under trees, in vineyards, the men smoking or drinking, the women knitting, the children playing in the sunlight, or listening to the music, without a shade of care upon their faces, just as happy as if in Paradise. There is no ruin or picturesque spot that is not furnished with seats, where you are sure to find an exquisite view. The Royal Gardens, too, are free for high and low alike, and the peasant may pass the Prince with no other salutation or token of reverence, than the ordinary one of lifting the hat.

From the mountains on the south to the sea on the north, from the Rhine to the Danube, the country is at once picturesque and poetic. The careful observer may gain, from the landscape alone, certain hints concerning the character of the people, before he receives a word of welcome from them. Fruit-trees are planted by the high-roads for the refreshment of the traveller. There are no fences throughout the land; one large domain is spread out before you without the perpetual reminder of *meum* and *tuum*. We feel that only a gentle, honest, and kindly people could accomplish such results. The gardens are beautiful; the owners often neglecting their dwellings to bestow taste and care upon this luxury. Æolian harps are sometimes concealed in arbors of flowers so that music and perfume are wafted together.

Attached to some of the cities are gardens exclusively devoted to children, called '*children's gardens*.' These are always filled with pleasant, smiling groups. A large pole, garlanded with flowers, is erected in the centre, around which a merry little band receive their dancing-lessons from some master selected for the purpose. Others may be seen swinging, trundling hoops, or engaged in graceful calisthenic exercises under

the trees. The mothers unite and engage three or four nurses to take charge of about forty children, each mother paying a small sum, thus securing proper care for her children, and, at the same time, saving the expense of a separate nurse.

In the large towns out-of-door enjoyment is carried to its highest perfection. Artists and musicians join in making these fêtes delicious and enchanting. 'Extensive gardens stretch on all hands, where crescents and colonnades extend themselves; groves and bowery walks, with numberless seats, offer their friendly shade; fountains splash and sparkle with a graceful and soothing witchcraft; orchestras, in the shape of open-pillared temples, stand aloft for the accommodation of musical bands; and throngs of the gayest people of the place make all lively, varied, and unceasingly attractive. In these beautiful resorts Strauss and Lanner, and other leaders, are perpetually performing with their bands during summer evenings to eager thousands, bearing testimony to the universality of this joyous and social out-of-door existence. The lover of pleasure can nowhere find himself so surrounded by so many enticing enjoyments and bewitching spectacles as in Germany. They enjoy themselves as those who have earned the right. Operas, soirees, plays, talking, smoking—a constant succession of pleasures await you, and throng about your steps.' No wonder that the German is no traveller; his Fatherland has sufficient attractions for him; he is ever meeting men of all nations, and he may enjoy at home the rarest painting and statuary, the most ravishing music, and the most entrancing scenic effects.

There are in Munich one thousand artists who have organized costume-balls, to be given at intervals of three years, and a May-feast in the spring. These balls are not like our masked balls, where the assumed character is left to the fancy of the wearer, but a certain era is chosen, sketches are drawn, and each guest must adopt one of these pictured costumes, and follow it rigorously. 'A very celebrated ball, some years ago, represented Rubens. This time the subject taken was a historical panorama of a fairy tale. Half the artistic world was engaged for months preparing sketches, or dresses, or decora-



tions for the ball, and, from an artistic point of view, the success of the pageant was complete. The hall of Odeon was beautifully decorated, the dresses were all in keeping with each other, and were highly to be praised; each train was well organized, and swept past with splendor that seemed too real to be mimic.'

The May-feast is entirely different, requiring the necessary rural surroundings. The ticket for the feast is artistically drawn, showing a procession of children crowned with lilies of the valley, preceded by a May-bug as the musician. The site chosen is always picturesque, and all the artistic talent of Germany is brought into requisition so as to render the panorama effective and delightful.

The vintage is the crowning harvest of the year. It begins on the 12th of October, and is ushered in by the firing of cannon, and the ascent of rockets, mingled with the shouts of the peasantry. The grapes are gathered amid laughter and song; then the leaves are raked up and secured, after which comes a holiday, when the young people dance, and the old smoke, and talk, and knit, or all join in those simple German games, such as 'The Black Man,' 'The Blind Cow,' etc.; care is thrown to the winds, and all are children together. Such holidays are often spent in the pasture-lands on the lower hills which the people call the Alps. Every farmer of consequence has an Alp where he sends his cattle in summer, and there the butter and cheese are made for the winter. These Alps are either inherited or bought. Little wooden houses are erected there, and the view is generally very extensive and fine. Although they are often enlivened by pleasure-parties, the lives of some of these peasants are very isolated. But they are never unhappy; they sing over their work, and call their herds together with a song. The musician, Weber, passed much of his time on these Alps, listening to the singers and zitter players. We may find in 'Der Freischutz' something very true to nature.

The waltz is the 'dear delight' of Germany; it was invented by the Germans, and is the universal, almost the only dance of the people. Although it is condemned by other nations on

account of its freedom, the German girl who spins around all night with a young man, would be seriously offended, if, on the next day, he offered her his arm in a promenade. From the highest saloon to the village green the waltz forms a constant amusement.

The severe German winters are enlivened by sledging parties, and often gentlemen engage ladies for this amusement three months before the snow begins. The parties consist of thirty or forty sledges; there is a troop of outriders, with white breeches, and blue or red jackets, and caps to correspond; these form the advance-guard, smacking their whips and hurrahing; then comes the train of sledges, each one containing two persons, a lady and gentleman. It is a merry and gay winter spectacle. On entering the sledge, the lady thanks the gentleman for the pleasure he gives her, and he expresses his obligation for the honor she has done him. They usually go to an inn at a distance of seven or eight miles, where they have refreshments, and amuse themselves with various games. If a city is within reasonable distance they never fail to enter it, and drive from one end to the other, and back again, so that the citizens may see and admire.

The luxury of sledging was carried to such an extent one winter that the students often drove from six to eight in hand, so that the academical senate was obliged to stop the extravagance by forbidding the use of so many horses. The next day, in order to caricature the prohibition, an old, worn-out horse was harnessed to a wretched-looking sledge, in which were packed a dozen students huddled together. The poor horse was hardly able to put one foot before the other, but he was urged forward by a hunch-backed, lame hostler, who walked in front, holding a bunch of hay before his nose. When they arrived at the inn, they called for a choppin of beer, and had it divided into twelve parts, thus allowing about a spoonful to each man. About this time the beadle, or 'poodle' as they called him, appeared, and commanded them to withdraw such a satire on the decree of the senate.

One of the favorite out-of-door amusements in winter is skating. 'I went down one day,' says Browne, 'to look at

the skaters, and certainly it was a very lively and amusing scene. Boys and girls, big and little, young men and old men, were flying over the crystal element in full glee. Smart, buckish gentlemen were pushing before them ponderous old ladies who were seated in sledges or sliding-chairs. Pretty, blooming damsels of vigorous form were flying hither and thither, laughing and joking with amazing zest. Whole schools of students were turned out to enjoy the exercise, with their teachers leading the way. The fathers of families were disporting themselves before their admiring fraus, while their little responsibilities were clapping their hands and laughing merrily at the sport. Old apple-women were selling apples, cakes and nuts; old men were sweeping the ice or shovelling off the snow; grand officers in the military line of life were standing on the quays, looking on with remarkable condescension; policemen were watching about generally to preserve order, which nobody had the least idea of breaking; a buffoon, dressed in an absurd costume, was navigating a whirling ship that flew around in a circle, while he called aloud upon all classes to take passage in the same for the regions of joy; strangers in motley groups were smoking their two-cent cigars or blowing their fingers to keep themselves warm; and, in short, everybody was doing something very amusing to an American.

As the ice itself forms an occasion for amusement, so likewise does its disappearance. The breaking-up of the ice, being the first manifestation of spring, gives another opportunity for rejoicing. It takes place suddenly, with a tremendous crash and rush, and nearly always at twelve o'clock at night. In each village or town men are stationed to give the alarm, and at the first sign of the breaking up, they cry, 'The ice goes! the ice goes!' The cry is soon taken up by a gay throng which swarm on the banks, guns are fired, the greatest excitement prevails, and the people are as light-hearted and happy as if they had nothing to do but to enjoy themselves.

The chief domestic festival of Germany is Christmas. It is a season exclusively for family reunions, and is specially de-

voted to children, although old and young join together, and the festival is celebrated with enthusiasm by the whole population. All trouble and anxiety are thrown aside, and there are no families so poor as not to have their tree and pfefferkuchen (the Christmas cake) on Christmas Day. It is called '*Der Gluckliche Abend*,' 'The Happy Evening.' About a fortnight before Christmas, the children are visited by Pelznickel, who is generally a servant of the family, dressed in a hideous costume, with chains clanking around him. Around his waist is a belt, from which hang the bags filled with nuts, apples, and cakes, and in his hand is a huge bunch of rods. He is supposed to be the servant of the Christ-child, who comes to prepare the children for his appearance on Christmas Eve. The children are in a state of dread and hope, for he nows, and does not hesitate to declare their faults, and administer his reproof. He announces, in a loud voice, that the Christ-child has bidden him come, and he questions each one separately about his behavior at home, and his attention to study at school. The little ones try to gain his favor by repeating the following lines :

'Christ-kindschen komm ;  
Mach mich fromm ;  
Dass ich zu dir in Himmel komm.'

Which means, 'Christ-child, come ; make me good, that I may come to thee in heaven !' Howitt says : 'The aspect of a little child standing in awe and faith before Pelznickel, and in the soft, innocent tones of its voice, making this simple petition in the truth of its heart, as I have seen it, is one of the most beautiful and affecting things in the world.' The Christmas-tree in all well-to-do families is superb. It is generally a spruce-fir, adorned with bright-looking figures of men and animals, brilliant fruits and flowers of gold and silver, angels with golden wings, all glittering in the starry light of hundreds of little tapers, which sparkle like gems against the dark-green branches of the fir. The legendary stag, with golden horns, is always one of the decorations, as there is a tradition that he was the first creature to perceive the angels

who startled the shepherds of Bethlehem, and that he immediately knelt in reverence of the heavenly vision.

New Year is another great holiday. Early in the morning the glee-wine is brought in on a waiter, and with it an accompanying New Year's greeting from different members of the family or friends; these are generally in rhyme, written on ornamental paper, and often without signature, so as to cause much guessing and merriment.

The concerts in Germany are greatly enjoyed by Americans. They are held in the coffee-gardens out of the city, and no band in America can equal the music given here for an entrance-fee of six or eight cents.

In the Catholic parts of Germany, the public processions form a distinctive and picturesque feature of out-door life. Each religious season has its appropriate festival. The mystery-plays at Ober Ammegau are peculiar to the place, and were instituted in the year 1623 when the village was visited by a plague, and the monks induced the parish to make a vow as follows: 'That in thankful devotion, and for edifying contemplation, they would, every ten years, publicly represent the Passion of Jesus, the Savior of the world.' Whereupon the parish was immediately freed from the pestilence. At the recurrence of these plays the village is crowded with visitors, but it has often been remarked that the inhabitants take no advantage of the occasion to obtain profit; they only allow themselves to be remunerated for any actual outlay, and no more, always giving up their time and their houses gladly to strangers and visitors. The person chosen to represent our Lord in the play is always one who is particularly adapted in appearance, and whose life has been blameless.

There is a very graphic description of the effect produced by the play in *Quits*, by Baroness Tautphoens, which we will transcribe: 'So completely did the person and manner of the artist-performer satisfy her high-wrought expectations, that dissatisfaction or disappointment was certainly not among them. She perceived instantly that what was then before her would take the place of all the pictures and statues she had ever seen, and remain indelibly impressed on her mind for-

ever. It was, therefore, this one deeply-interesting figure, with the pale face, finely chiselled features, and parted waving hair, which has become typical, that she followed with breathless interest and anxiety throughout, and never did the eminence of the character of Christ strike her so forcibly, or the worthlessness of mankind, and the ignoble motives that are the springs of their actions, become so glaringly apparent as on this occasion. The monologues of the principal actors, showing the current of their thoughts without reserve, made each, as it were, a psychological study, yet so simple and forcible as to be within the comprehension of the most illiterate among the audience. The sending of our Lord from one tribunal to another, the wish of those who knew his innocence to avoid the responsibility of his martyrdom, yet determination that he should suffer, his being forsaken by every friend at the moment of danger; in short, all that habit enables us to hear and read almost unmoved, and as a matter of history, was brought before Nora with a force so perfectly irresistible that, various and eloquent as had often been the sermons she had heard, excellent and celebrated as were the pictures she had seen, never had she been moved as on the present occasion.'

We have attempted to give some idea of the amusements which form so large a share in the domestic life of the Germans. Yet we have recorded only a few of the many festivals which are ever recurring throughout the year. More unreservedly and entirely than any other nation do the Germans throw the entire force of their nature both into their work and their play. They feel that the body has rights to be regarded as well as the mind. The result is the union of a strong body and a strong head; an alliance, and the only one, which may enable a man to work out all that is in him. It is this truth which we would emphasize.

In drawing this sketch of German Home-Life, we cannot fail to be impressed by several wholesome truths. The heads of the household, both the man and woman, consider it their highest duty and delight to contribute to its maintenance, comfort, and happiness. The German home may be poor,

but it is happy; its quiet light sheds a sweet radiance, which not only cheers the inmates, but guards them from evil. They work industriously and faithfully, and they enjoy themselves quite as conscientiously. Old and young enter into the most juvenile sports, as if they were all boys and girls together.

In America there are two extremes. Life is either all holiday or all work. But, usually, the men of mark, in our country, take little or no relaxation; they care nothing for games and sports; and, indeed, even our children become indifferent to play long before they are men and women. The heart of the American is in his money-bags, present or prospective. A foreigner once said: 'Every American I meet looks as if his eyes were glaring into the far-west and the far-future.' We are aiming to realize Milton's sentiment:

'To scorn delights and live laborious days.'

And for what? To get rich! This is the goal of American ambition; it is for this that men rise early and sit up late; it is for this that the brain is overtaxed. Day and night they toil in the court of Mammon, in the service of that 'great busy-body, Sabbathless Satan,' as Charles Lamb calls him. Even the few public holidays which are forced upon the nation become 'uneasy joys.' Honesty, prudence, the hearthstone of home, are all thrown into the fierce struggle for money. The everlasting hurry and excitement plant sadness in the heart and furrows on the brow, and in discontent and weariness, we begin to doubt, at last, 'if the play be worth the candle.' It cannot be surprising, after all this wear and tear, that the American often finds himself, like poor Swift, 'dying a-top,' without the power left to reckon up the thousands or millions he may have amassed.

ART. VI.—*The Spirit of Laws.* By Baron DE MONTESQUIEU.  
London: J. Collingwood.

It was Polybius, we believe, who enunciated and illustrated the proposition, though very likely he drew the germ of the idea from Aristotle, that the several forms of government naturally succeed each other in a certain regular order of progression, but moving in a circle so as finally to come back to the starting-point. First, the absolutism of the patriarch or autocrat; then, 'the war of the many with one,' until a number of the best men—the *Ἀριστοί*—come to be sharers in the supreme power, and aristocracy supersedes autocracy. The same process, carried a step further, leads to the rule of the *ἄσμος*—popular supremacy—and aristocracy is supplanted by democracy. When the latter reaches its ultimate stage—the supremacy of mere numbers without regard to qualifications—then comes agrarianism; then the *commune*; then anarchy, from which the natural result is a reaction toward despotism and autocracy again; the strongest hand and most resolute will seizes absolute power, and men suffering the evils of anarchy welcome the yoke of a despot who can give them assurance of order. Such, in brief, was the idea of the ancient writer, and history has corroborated it by a multitude of examples. In fact, it is, under certain limitations, an epitome of the internal history of every people. Few nations have lived long enough, undisturbed or unconquered by foreign powers, to complete the circle; but while they have lived all have moved onward in that circle. Old Rome maintained her independence sufficiently long to pass through all the gradations and make an entire revolution. She began with absolute kings, was afterward under the rule of the patricians, then of the plebeians, fell subsequently into general disorder, civil discord and anarchy, received the yoke of the Cæsars, and was too much corrupted and decayed in spirit to throw it off before she became the prey of the barbarian invader.



To come down to the history of our own Saxon-Norman race, few monarchs were ever more arbitrary in temperament, more resolute of will, or more absolute in prerogative, than the Norman and early Plantagenet kings of England. The decrees of William, Henry, or Richard, were the supreme laws of the realm. Fortuitously and fortunately John was a prince of his race exceptionally weak, and this gave the aristocratic barons the opportunity which they so well improved at Runymede by exacting from the crown the concessions and guarantees of *Magna Charta*, the foundation-stone of British and American liberty.

It was a grand victory which the barons achieved that day. It made England a limited instead of an absolute monarchy; a land of parliamentary legislation instead of monarchical decrees; but a long and bitter contest, extending through several centuries, was maintained between royal prerogative on the one side, and the rights of the people on the other; the tyranny of the Tudors and Stuarts had to be encountered, regicide committed, and a dynasty deposed, before genuine popular liberty, regulated by law, was secured, and the excellent system of parliamentary government which England has enjoyed nearly two centuries was perfected and crystallized—a system in which the respective powers of king, lords, and commons were so admirably adjusted and skillfully balanced.

We have thus alluded briefly to the several stages by which the British Constitution was gradually built up, because that is really a part of our own political history. It was at the last and most perfect stage of development of the British system that ours was derived from it, as a scion from a vigorous and flourishing tree, and engrafted upon a new stock in a virgin soil. It may jar upon our American *amour propre* to say it, but it is none the less true, that the fabric of our political institutions in the United States was not a new creation; it was but a modified reproduction. Circumstances dictated many alterations in the details, but in the essence and fibre it was but the perpetuation of the British system. We may very properly lay aside some of our self-gratulations upon our exceptional success in maintaining our government for nearly

a century without any essential change, at least in form; and we may cease from invidious comparisons of our political wisdom with that of the French and the South Americans, who have so signally failed in their efforts to model their institutions after ours. Our system has sometimes been styled an experiment. It never was strictly such. Is it remarkable that a branch taken from an oak a thousand years old should remain green for a while? Is it singular that a stream of political ideas and instincts, which had its head-springs far away back even beyond the days of Alfred, and has flowed on ever since in its old English channel, should have continued to flow on thus long in this new American channel into which we have diverted a portion of its waters?

A political system is a living organism. It cannot be made to order; it must grow. Ours has grown by the degrees which I have specified. We are entitled to less credit for the form and spirit of our institutions than we sometimes imagine; and if we must boast at all, our boasting should reach back and embrace those working, struggling ancestors, centuries ago, by whose labors and on whose bones our admirable political structure was reared; just as the stems of living, flowering coral which crop out above the surface of the ocean stand upon the remains of myriads of little toilers, who labored age after age far down in the deep, and in succession left their carcasses as a foundation for their progeny to build upon.

The great obstacle to the success of the French and the South Americans in their efforts to establish political systems like ours, is one which we might have found formidable, if our situation had been similar. It is, indeed, a new creation which they have to accomplish, and creation is the work of Omnipotence. They are trying to make a tree grow, not by planting and rearing from the acorn, but by transplanting an old tree; for republican or democratic institutions are an advanced stage of human progress only to be reached by gradual steps from absolutism, through limited monarchy, aristocracy, to final popular supremacy, during which process a people becomes trained in the difficult lesson of preserving order with liberty, or liberty regulated by law. We went through this

course of training, and it required many centuries to complete it. To advance at once from absolutism to the republic is impracticable, because the necessary intermediate training is not allowed, and the sudden removal of restraint results, not in liberty, but in wild license, from which reaction is inevitable. France, probably, will not in our day succeed in a permanent consolidation of the republic. To return to the empire would be simply to retrograde, and such a backward oscillation cannot be long-lived, if it should occur. To adopt the monarchy hedged in by constitutional restrictions—this would be real progress, and this seems to us her only path to true liberty.

But a nation which has passed through the necessary preparatory stages, finds it comparatively easy to establish free institutions. That which was not very difficult for us, but which seems impossible to France, could, no doubt, be readily accomplished by the British-American provinces north of us, or by Australia, or by any other people having like tuition and traditions.

If we advert closely to the subject, we shall be struck with the vastness of what we have derived from our ancestral country in laws, traditions, tastes, spirit, style, social habits, and even political forms. King, Lords, and Commons find their counterpart in President, Senate, and House. Even our idea of a Union with adjusted representation among the several States, though perhaps natural and obvious in any event, was already exemplified in the relations established between England and Scotland, and subsequently Ireland. The machinery of the courts, the system of common law, the principal features of local and county administration, with the various kinds of officials needed therefor, all these were ours by inheritance. They grew up with us, and were a part of our national life, before we became an independent nation. When we threw off the yoke of Britain we had only to take up the threads of internal administration, where she had dropped them, and all moved harmoniously on. We set up some new figure-heads in place of those we had cast down. Instead of a king we created a president, because the only

man among us fit to be king was too unselfishly patriotic to assume the crown. Our colonies had governors appointed by the king. Our States still kept their governors, only changing the method of their appointment. While the Englishman said, 'God save the king!' we simply modified it into 'God save the State!' A thousand other illustrations might be given to show how thoroughly British we were, and are yet indeed, and how the establishment of our American political system was no infant birth, but the leaping forth of Minerva fully armed from the head of Jove. Our social system was no less mature. George Washington, and his contemporary planters, had more in their composition of the British nobleman than of the plain democratic citizen of our day. Mount Vernon, and hundreds of other family-seats in Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas, with their ample grounds, their quaint but lordly architecture, their state dining-rooms, their wine-vaults, their porters' lodges, and their dusky tenantry, bore then, and still bear about them more the air of old English baronial castles than of the simple dwelling-places of republican freemen. We have mentioned these things to enforce the truth, that while we are historically a new nation, we are organically a very old one. In the grand principles which underly our system, in many of our methods of administration, in our judicial, and even many of our political forms, we date back to an equal antiquity with our kinsmen who yet remain in the ancestral land. With the same origin and traditions, and, down to a century ago, the same fortunes, we have now separated only as a great river sometimes divides into two or more streams which flow on afterward in nearly parallel courses. We were severed from the mother-country at the time when her constitution had attained perhaps its most perfect stage of development. It was the very excellence of English liberty which made us revolt against the first beginnings of oppression, and caused the separation. The system which we established was designed to perpetuate those great principles of personal and public freedom under which we had been reared; and after our independence, the two great English-speaking peoples still remained more alike in

the essential spirit of their institutions and in national character than any two nations in all history.

Let us briefly glance at the subsequent political history of these two nations, and see if there are not in each of them manifest signs of that inevitable turning of the wheel—that inherent tendency of all governments toward revolution—of which we have spoken. In Britain, under the name of reform, there has been more than once during the present century an extension of the right of suffrage to large classes of the people from whom it had before been withheld. This was resisted by the aristocratic and privileged classes as long as it was safe to do so, and at last only conceded to appease the dangerous clamors of the populace. Every such concession only proves the growing power of the people, and hastens the growth of that power. Time was when parliament was but a body of nobility, which the king assembled at his option for consultation merely. The Commons were unknown. They afterward grew in importance, and while the Lords circumscribed the power of the King, the Commons encroached upon them; until at length, under the Prince of Orange, the system of parliamentary government was perfected, and these three estates of the realm shared supreme authority in such a manner that neither seemed capable of invading the prerogatives of the others. But by imperceptible degrees the popular branch has outgrown the other two in importance. The queen now is but the symbol of power where no power exists. Only the conservative temperament of the English, and their proverbial reverence for old institutions, together with the amiable character of the excellent lady who wears the crown, could prevent that bauble from being at once set aside with other antiquated rubbish. Among a more mercurial and less sober-minded people the queen would not reign a year longer. It is doubtful whether she will have any successor. She is said to rule by her ministers; but no ministry can retain power unless sustained by a majority of the Commons, a body that is becoming more and more the exponent of the will of the masses. The House of Lords has lost its prestige also. From being the sole parliament, it has fallen to a subordinate posi-

tion, and in more than one instance has recently exhibited its want of nerve and will to contend successfully with the fierce aggressive spirit of the Commons. Such is a brief *résumé* of the political situation in old England, a country above all others most averse to novelties, and instinctively attached to whatever is ancient and customary. Even there we perceive the gradual breaking down of every barrier against the final complete ascendancy of the people. British phlegm makes the wheel turn slowly; but, as Galileo said of the earth, so we may say of the seat of power in the British political system, *è pur si muove*. How long it will be before Britain will cease to be a monarchy, and become a democracy, in *form*, as she now is in *substance*, it is needless to conjecture. It suffices for our purpose to note the tendency, and to assure ourselves that such a transformation is only a question of time. When it takes place, that country will only have entered more completely upon a political career which we have been for three-fourths of a century pursuing. We come, then, to consider our own situation and tendencies, social and political, and the outlook for the future which presents itself to us.

No man, who studies our political history, can fail to perceive that there has been since 1789 a well-marked progression in our institutions toward democracy pure and simple. We use that term in its true sense, as expressing the rule of the popular masses in the most direct manner. In a country where the people are sovereign and govern themselves, there may still be a great variety in the methods of exercising that sovereignty, and in carrying on the government. It may be by intermediate agencies, more or less numerous, interposed between the people and the objects to be accomplished, or it may be by the direct action of the people themselves. There may or may not be restrictions upon the power of mere numbers, by educational or property qualifications, and the like, being required to entitle a man to exercise all the rights of a citizen. In our system, as inaugurated by the fathers of the Republic, and inherited from our British ancestors, there remained many aristocratic elements, many special privileges, many prescriptive rights, and traditional usages, which served

as so many barriers to the absolute and direct sway of numbers simply. Suffrage was not universal. While the people were, more or less remotely, the source of all power, many officers were appointed or chosen by other means than by the direct vote of the people. In the State of North Carolina, for instance, a citizen could not vote for a State Senator without being the owner of a freehold of fifty acres of land, and a Senator himself was required to own three hundred acres. All freemen twenty-one years old could vote for a Commoner, but he must own one hundred acres of land. In this way it was sought to make one branch of the General Assembly represent property, while the other represented persons only; though eligibility to either branch was restricted to men of substance. It is needless to say that all such qualifications and restrictions have been swept away, most of them before the late civil war; and this was done in obedience to an impulse toward a more complete popularization of the State Government, an idea very naturally cherished by the majority, and, in fact, sustained by such overwhelming numbers that men of conservative tendencies found opposition to it fruitless. Similar changes have occurred in other States; but we need not specify nor enlarge upon them further than to say that they have all tended in one direction, that is, the removal of all checks upon popular power.

The election of Judges by popular vote was, we believe, a thing unknown in our early history. In most, if not all the States they were appointed by the Executive or the Legislature, and for long terms, often during life or good behavior. Now, all that is changed, and the election of Judges by the people, and for short terms, is the general rule.

In the election of President the Constitution interposes the electoral college between the people and the officer to be chosen. It is proposed now to elect him by direct popular vote, and an amendment providing for this in substance will probably be soon adopted.

The election of United States Senators by the Legislatures of the several States is also inveighed against by the champions of popular suffrage, and it is not unlikely that in a short

time they will be chosen by the vote of the people of the respective States.

Thus, in whatever direction we turn our eyes, we see the great wave of popular power advancing, surging over all obstacles, sweeping away every barrier, laughing all opposition to scorn. The *Δεμος* rules. And it no longer deigns to rule through intermediaries. It rules in person, and absolutely.

While everything is being subjected to the test of direct popular suffrage, the privilege of voting is being indefinitely extended. It was once restricted by property qualifications, and other limitations. These are being rapidly obliterated. It was once confined to the white race. Color counts for nothing now. Every man, rich or poor, wise or foolish, white or black, votes in virtue of his so-called 'manhood.' Will it stop there? Pretty clearly not. In some of the political divisions of the country the suffrage is already extended to women. In the State of Michigan the question of female suffrage is to be submitted to the people at the next election. Meanwhile, agitation on this subject is kept up throughout a large part of the Union, and in this country it seems that agitation persevered in means final success. We may, therefore, accept as a probability the general prevalence of womanhood suffrage at an early day. After letting the negro in, it is hard to find a good excuse for keeping *anybody* else out.

What is to be the end of all this? It was the opinion of Macaulay, expressed in his correspondence with an American friend, that our political institutions would not be subjected to a supreme test until the vast unoccupied domain in the West, which offers so obvious an outlet to the restless elements of the population in the older States, should be filled up by thickly-peopled communities. Then would begin the fierce encounter between rich and poor, the moneyed classes and the struggling millions. Then would culminate the grand conflict, always and everywhere going on, between capital and labor; and the dangerous and explosive ingredients among our population, deprived of the safety-valve of emigration westward, thrown back upon themselves and pent up, would inaugurate a series of social and political convulsions propor-



tioned in magnitude to the grandeur of the stage whereon they would be enacted. Such, in substance, were the prognostications of the great historian. God grant they may prove untrue! But is there not much reason to fear they will be realized. In comparison with other nations, we have been remarkable for the equal distribution of property among the people. The means of living in tolerable comfort have been within the reach of almost every individual, and until recently few had succeeded in amassing overgrown fortunes. Those startling contrasts of squalid poverty and princely magnificence, which in the old countries of Europe strike the eye everywhere, were not to be seen here. The mob has had no temptation to violence, because it had work to do and was well fed; nor has there been any lofty pride and gilded splendor to invite hatred and plunder. If any one in a dense community found himself outrun in the race of life, and wanted to threaten himself and his little ones, there has always remained the great West with its boundless expanse of virgin soil open to all. Thither we could fly as to a sure refuge, and where bountiful nature would not fail to bless our toil with an abundant subsistence.

Great changes are occurring in many of these particulars. Immense corporations and moneyed monopolies are growing up in the country, and amassing fortunes the like of which we have not before seen on this Continent. The banking system, with its monopoly of money, and its blood-sucking usury, is making the rich richer and the poor poorer. The influx of the Chinese, soon to be among us by millions, will greatly reduce the wages of the laborer. By a venal and unstatesmanlike policy, a large part of the most valuable public lands of the West have been bestowed upon grasping corporations and wealthy speculators, so that the territory available for poor settlers is being rapidly reduced in extent.

The operation of these influences is already beginning to be felt. The struggle between capital and labor grows fiercer. The exactions of the lordly capitalist are met by the violent outbreaks of 'strikers' and the organized resistance of 'trades-unions'; and we know how frequently the peace of communi-

ties in various sections of the country is imperilled by these contests between laborers and their employers. The effort being made to reduce the hours of a day's work is another indication of the rebellion which is brewing among the poorer and humbler classes against the capitalist and the monopolist.

We perceive that many steps are continually being taken toward the centralization of all political power in the Federal Government. Paradoxical as it may seem, this is but another form of aggrandizing and adding to the power of the universal mob; and the money-kings, who are blindly aiding so largely in perfecting this centralization, would do well to take timely heed as to the real object they are about to effect. It is, indeed, the popular masses, now masters of the situation through unqualified suffrage, who are thus seeking, instinctively rather than by definite design, to subject everything in every part of the country to their unobstructed control. The machinery of the Federal Government affords the only channel for the gratification of this blind thirst in the populace for general intermeddling and unchecked dominion. The independence and autonomy of the States serve as an obstruction to the interference of the whole people of the Union in the local affairs of each State; and therefore State sovereignty is denied, and State lines threatened with obliteration. In view of these plain tendencies, we can see how truly conservative is the doctrine of States Rights, and how unfortunate it is for our country that it should have become fashionable to decry that doctrine.

If we discern rightly the signs of the times, all checks and restraints are being removed, which stand in the way of the absolute domination of mere numbers in all our affairs and throughout the Republic; and, unless history teaches falsely, the next step which, more or less remotely, awaits us is mob-rule, agrarianism; insecurity to property, and general disorder.

This is a gloomy picture which we have been painting, and the soul of the patriot instinctively shudders at its contemplation, and asks if there is no ray of light to illumine the darkness and cheer our hopes.

Undoubtedly there is. The general diffusion of intelligence among the masses of the people, is an incalculable advantage which we possess over every other nation, which has ever occupied a political position parallel to ours at present. It is difficult to measure what we know must be the *great* influence of widely-disseminated popular education in fostering conservative ideas in the minds of the people, and retarding the operation of the vicious tendencies which exist in our political and social system.

Moreover, the grand fact stands out above all question, that we have, and shall continue to have, on this Continent, a great people full of energy and vitality, and endowed also with a large fund of *common sense*, with a teaspoonful of which, Sidney Smith said, the whole world might be ruled better. There is nothing effete here. There is the fierce conflict of contending ideas and forces, but there is no decay. Whatever of convulsion—whatever of discord—awaits us as a nation; despite all the volcanic throes that may shake our political fabric or even destroy some of its parts, we may still hope that enough of virtue, wisdom, and practical vigor will be left in the souls of the people to eradicate the evil which may temporarily prevail, and to reestablish the good, for awhile overthrown.

Another thing, and the best of all, is the powerful influence of the Bible and the Christian religion. To these the patriot, trembling for the safety and welfare of his country, must turn as to the surest safeguards against the outburst of the reckless and depraved elements of society, and the general spirit of lawlessness and disorder, which must prevail before the country will be ripe for mob-rule and agrarianism. So long as the Bible is generally read and its sacred lessons imprinted on the minds of the young, so long as an uncontaminated pulpit inculcates the fear of God and charity among men, our country surely cannot be wholly ruined. From among a people thus trained, the God who presides over the destiny of nations will certainly raise up great and good men able to guide the ship of state wisely and save her from a total wreck. Great innovations may take place in our institutions. Our ideas of government may crystallize into new forms. But so

noble a race of men, with so pure and noble a religious faith, cannot fail to achieve a splendid destiny, and exercise a dominant influence over the world's future.

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ART. VII.—*The Lost Prince: Facts tending to prove the identity of Louis the Seventeenth, of France, and the Rev. Eleazer Williams, Missionary among the Indians of North America.* By JOHN H. HANSON. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co.

Strange as is this union of titles, it has its application in the life, romantic without a parallel, of Louis XVII, the orphan Dauphin of France, Charles Louis.

At the time of the execution of his unfortunate parents, in 1792, he was seven years of age. There was much said of his early promise of beauty and vigor, and many anecdotes related of the fine qualities of his mind and heart at that early period.

After the sad catastrophe, the jealous policy of the chiefs of the republic consigned him to an apartment of the tower of the 'Temple,' where he was guarded with unnecessary and cruel strictness. He was committed to a coarse, brutal keeper named Simon, apparently with the design of destroying him, both in soul and body. Forty years afterward, when the portrait of Simon was presented to him without explanation, the painful impression it made upon him, which yet he could not explain, was remarkable. Simon's famous interrogatories to the Committee of Safety were: 'What is to be done to this young wolf? Carry him away?' 'No.' 'Kill him?' 'No.' 'Poison him?' 'No.' 'What then?' 'Get rid of him.' And this he failed to do, only through lack of time, and the baffling strength of the victim's constitution. At first he only taunted him. Afterward, upon his refusal one day to sing the *Marseillaise*, he gave him his first blow. In answer to his remonstrance, he exclaimed, 'Animal! I am here to command you, and to do what I please.' The scar of another blow, near

the eye, gave a lasting testimony to the discipline of Simon. Incidents such as these in the captivity of the lad we owe to the researches of Duchesne, to whom we may refer more particularly hereafter. It were a narrative both tedious and revolting to detail, as he has done, the course of violent and ignominious treatment by which the constitution of the child was gradually broken and his mind destroyed. The fearful progress of his demoralization and imbecility cannot be better shown than by the hideous accusations against his mother, whom he had loved so much, that he was made to sign. Simon could at any moment have put him to death; but his commissio<sup>n</sup> did not extend beyond the slower process, by which murder can ape the appearance of natural decay. But Simon's tyranny was to come to an end. He accepted a more lucrative employment, and he left his unfinished task in the Temple with regret.

After Simon had left him (Jan., 1794), he was removed to a very small apartment, with one window, where he remained for six months in perfect solitude, so that he did not see the person that delivered his food. And it is not strange that he sank into such a state, where all consciousness would cease, and mechanical, vegetable life, devoid of memory, and destitute of hope, would alone remain. In this wretched state he was found after the fall of Robespierre; and such was his condition, when found by his new keeper, covered with filth and vermin, unable to speak, and his last meal untasted, that it appeared that a few hours would have ended his career.

Under the party that became dominant, succeeding that of Robespierre, although the condition of the prince was alleviated, yet the policy regarding the confinement of his person was not changed. There were fears still entertained of attempts to seat him upon the throne. But the party had awakened at last to a sense of decency, and they shrank from the responsibility of extreme measures.

Laurent, the next guardian of the children of Louis XVI, was a respectable man. He was permitted to visit the captive only at stated times. But in the boy's vegetable condition of life, solitude was no longer a hardship. He could play with

a toy or a flower, but he felt no want of companionship, and though he was slowly recovering strength of body, his mind continued prostrate and unobservant.

Hopeless as the cause of order seemed at this time, still the spirit of loyalty must here and there make itself felt. The name of Louis XVII was the rallying point of tens of thousands in France. The perplexity of the Convention increased. Intrigues of influential men, really loyal in heart, but assuming the guise of republicans, aimed at the rescue of the prince. And, what was still more important, the Count de Provence, afterward Louis XVIII, brother of the martyred king, shrewdly framed his plans, the result of which was to be the removal of the prince, leaving for him a way to the throne. By judicious management of some of the republican leaders, a few became virtually his agents, and through them he at last succeeded in bringing about the appointment of one Gomin as an associate of Laurent in the custody of the captive in the Temple. The rest followed without much difficulty. A royalist (Debiërne) obtained the appointment of commissary, and he effected a ready communication with Gomin respecting the escape of the prince. The event was brought about by substituting a boy of about the age of Louis, in the last stage of disease, in his place. The escapade was accomplished about the 1st of June, 1795. The substitute died on the 8th of June, of which abundant testimony was published, and given to the public as the death of the prince, and was generally so received. But such was the information in possession of the authorities, that on the very day of the supposed death of the prince, an order is still on record in the archives of the police, which was issued to all the departments, 'to arrest on every high road in France any travellers bearing with them a child of eight years or thereabouts, as there had been an escape of royalists from the Temple.' But the scheme had been too well planned. *It was an escape.*

In the year 1795 a French family, calling themselves De Jardin, or De Jourdan, arrived in Albany, direct from France. Circumstances attracted unusual attention. The family consisted of a gentleman, lady, and two children, a

girl and a boy. Much mystery was observed concerning the children, who were never taken out. The boy was simply called Monsieur Louis. Madame had in her possession many articles which had belonged to the deceased King and Queen of France, and she stated that she had been maid of honor to Marie-Antoinette. Among the articles, she had some gold plate, on which was engraved the royal arms. Many interesting particulars in regard to this family and their visit were related by an elderly lady of great respectability of the name of Dudley, to the Rev. J. H. Hanson, and the Rev. Dr. Kip, now Bishop of California, and were committed by her to writing. The boy is said by her not to appear to notice any one, nor to join in the play of other children; but was seen at times to be balancing himself on a stick, or something of the sort. The lady often alluded to the French revolution, and always with deep and painful emotion. She once sat down at the piano-forte, and played the *Marsellaise*, with her eyes filled with tears. These strangers were called on by many of the citizens, especially by ladies who spoke French. After a few days, for what reason it was not known, their effects were sold, some articles of which were in that city a few years since; they then suddenly disappeared, no one knew whither. The mystery attending their visit caused them to be vividly remembered for a long period.

The scene changes again to Ticonderoga. It is attested by the affidavit of a very aged and respectable Canadian, named John O'Brien, that while at that place on a hunting excursion in 1795, two Frenchmen, one of them having the appearance of a Romish priest, came there, bringing a weak, sickly boy, in a state of mental imbecility, whom they left among the Indians. He conversed with them, and could only learn that the boy was born in France. He was adopted by an Iroquois chief of the name (in English) of Thomas Williams. O'Brien states that he saw him long afterward, bearing the name of Eleazer Williams.

The reader will probably recollect the painfully interesting story of the sacking of the town of Deerfield, Massachusetts, in the early part of the last century, by the French and Indians,

and the capture of the Rev. John Williams. He was carried to Canada, with those of his family who survived the massacre. There they remained for some time, but were all finally redeemed and returned home except one daughter, Eunice, who had adopted Indian life and habits, as well as the Romish faith, and married an Indian. Thomas was a descendant of Eunice, and the sickly French boy, Eleazer, passed as one of his children, notwithstanding the contrast in appearance between him and his reputed brothers.

Some time after the adoption of Eleazer by Williams, he either dove or fell into the water on the shore of Lake George, and was taken out with a deep gash on his head, cut by a rock beneath the surface. Physiologists may explain the strange result of this accident. He always insisted that it was only from the time of his recovery from this wound, at about twelve years of age, that he had a clear memory of past events. When striving to recall his early years, all beyond that point presented only faint, shadowy reminiscences of things mingled in confusion, such as Indians roasting chestnuts round a fire, splendid architecture, troops in a garden, a room with persons magnificently dressed, lying on a carpet with his head against a silk dress; all these came up indistinct and unconnected, like phantoms of the night. The first scene that he apprehended with distinctness, was the sight of the enchanting scenery around Lake George.

It was after this event that two strangers, who spoke French, visited the hut of Williams, and called for the French boy. There were two different interviews, in which deep affection and emotion were manifested on their part, which the boy at the time did not at all understand.

Among the connections of the descendants of the Rev. John Williams, was a gentleman of the name of Nathaniel Ely, who resided at Long Meadow. Being related by marriage to the family of Eunice, who, as before stated, had remained in Canada, he felt a deep interest in her descendants. He was a pious man, of a good understanding, but of little education. He found the means of opening a correspondence with Thomas Williams, the reputed father of Eleazer, and succeeded at last



in obtaining the consent of Thomas against the objections of his Indian wife, to let two of their sons go to Long Meadow to be educated. The lot fell upon Eleazer, with whom the Indian mother was naturally more willing to part, and another, in English called John. This was in January, 1800, when Eleazer was in his fifteenth year, as was supposed.

The appearance of the two boys in the village of Long Meadow, dressed in their Indian costumes, was a matter that naturally excited much curiosity and speculation. The difference, especially, in the appearance of the two, was a subject of remark, and was never overlooked by those who saw them. It is ascertained that the good Deacon Ely was to some extent apprized of the mystery of Eleazer's birth, for when a protest was made against the *brotherhood* of the boys, he said that 'there was something about it which he should possibly never reveal, but would say this much, that Eleazer Williams was born for a great man, and that he intended to give him an education to prepare him for the station.' It may also be stated here, that there was a report that for some time, and from time to time, money had been received at Albany by the late J. R. Bleeker, Esq., and devoted to the support of Eleazer.

His residence at Long Meadow was the crisis of his life. He was soon found to possess fine traits of character, 'amiable,' says one, 'kind, sensitive, frank, generous, and grateful for every overture of kindness.' His total unlikeness to his supposed brother John forbade at once the supposition of the same origin. While the latter had every personal feature of his race, Eleazer had brown hair, hazel eyes, light complexion, and European features. Nor were their tastes and amusements less unlike. He carried a mystery about him which could not be explained.

The rapid progress which Eleazer made in two or three years, while resident in the deacon's family, in reading, writing, and speaking English, was remarkable. His decidedly religious character seems to have commenced—unless, indeed, it was the revival of preëxistent impressions—in 1802. At that time there was a great awakening upon religious subjects at

Long Meadow, by which he was much affected. One of his schoolmates writes thus: 'Eleazer was a very studious boy; indeed, he seemed to do nothing but study; and I can remember his remarkable proficiency in writing, and that the second winter after his coming to Long Meadow, he would say to me, "Come, Cousin Mary, and hear my sermon"; when he would produce and read some paper on religious subjects.'

The practice of keeping a journal he maintained, with more or less regularity, during most of his life. Such had been his proficiency, that in 1803, three years after his arrival, he wrote a journal, apparently made from separate scraps of paper, which he dated back to 1800. He generally expresses himself clearly, though sometimes with amusing simplicity:

'I have written from time to time, and now collect in part from recollection. First, my coming to *England* in 1800. I, Eleazar Williams, aged 13 years, and John Williams, my brother; both of us came to Long Meadow, it being Wednesday, 23d of January, 1800, this being the day we began with Nathaniel Ely. After a long, tedious journey, we arrived at this place safely, through the kindness of Providence. Praised be God for our preservation! We received welcome from our friends here, and treated [kindly by them. My brother and I was not able to converse with them, and went to school next day after our arrival. Mrs. Hale kept the school. I hope I shall remember her amiable disposition.

'Feb. 11, 1800. My father set out for home. It was great trial for me when he left us; more so on account that we could not speak the language. However, we soon learn the language; and the family were very agreeable and kind to us. The blessing of the Lord rest upon them.

'Oct. 3, 1800. Thanks be to God for his loving kindness toward us. We have been well since our father left us, etc. My brother's sickness was soon over—his home-sickness. Hoping the Lord will be with my father on his journey, and return him safely, etc. If I only consider the blessings which I have received from my common Father which is in heaven, oh! how I ought to give him praise which is due to him, etc. This being written by the recollection. The end, 1800.'

Extended extracts cannot be here given from these earlier journals. They are most remarkable productions, from the indications of intelligence and the elevated morals and piety which they exhibit. The child, taken from the midst of savage life, is in a year or two master of a new language, in a degree ordinarily attained only after a long and painful study, all tending to show that civilized life was natural to him. Education seems to have come to him as a *recovery*. On the contrary, in *John* the passion for savage life was irrepressible, and in a few years he returned to live and die a mere Indian.

From 1805 his journals evince great correctness, and often elegance. They show, too, the great attention which his so-called Indian youth everywhere attracted. In that year his health was very precarious, and on this account he took a journey to Boston.

‘29th May—Boston. I was invited to dine at Mr. T.’s. I was at Roxbury last evening, and dined at Mr. D.’s; and this afternoon I went over to Charlestown, agreeably to the request of the Rev. Dr. Morse, and took tea with him. I was agreeably entertained, while I stayed, looking over his books.’

By the advice of the physician, in June he went to the North. In some places, especially at Montreal, he received from leading citizens such attentions as are usually bestowed only on persons of distinction, showing that, notwithstanding the supposed obscurity of his origin, he possessed a personal attractiveness that caused it to be forgotten.

In 1807 he met the distinguished President Dwight, of Yale College. His notice of this is as follows:

‘Here I was introduced to President Dwight. The good president took me on one side, and said, that he had been wanting to see me this long time, and had pleasure to see me now. He gave me very affecting advice. “If you are to have happiness in this world,” he said, “you must have religion. . . . It is my most earnest prayer to Almighty God that he will raise you up to be useful in the world, in the day of your generation. The blessing of the Lord be with you always.” . . . My friend S—— came to me, and said, “The president gave you good advice. I would give anything to

be so noticed and regarded by so many venerable men in New England." I answered, "This is my grief; I don't deserve any notice to be taken of me."

The president himself, in his *Travels*, says: 'One of her grandchildren' (Eunice Williams) 'has been educated at Long Meadow, in a respectable manner. I have seen this young man. He has a very good countenance, pleasing manners, a good understanding, and apparently an excellent disposition, with scarcely a trace of the Indian character. *He is destined to the employ of a missionary.*' He should have said great-grandchildren.

Educated, so to speak, in the Romish communion, and then for some years surrounded by the influences of New England orthodoxy, still the soundness and independence of his mind was at this time manifest, of which an instance is given in his journal:

'May 27, 1807. Dr. Williams and I had an agreeable conversation upon religious subjects, and we disagree in some particular points of Christian doctrine, such as total moral depravity, election, redemption through Christ, and the saints' perseverance. The Protestant divines, in my opinion, go too far in some particular points. I wish the doctrine of the great Captain of salvation would be preached in its purity.'

Whence could he obtain his early maturity of judgment? and how can we account for the absence of any leaning toward Romanism?

*In May, 1808*, a friend, Dr. Lyman, urged him to go as a missionary to the heathen.

'It is certainly an encouragement to me to go as a missionary, when I hear that young nobles and others in England are promoting the cause of the Blessed Redeemer. I feel perfectly willing to go and suffer for the sake of advancing the glorious Gospel of Christ. God is doing wonders in the world. I pray God to make me an instrument for promoting his own cause.'

The lamented death of Mr. Ely, his first benefactor, brought to a close the first scene of his life in civilized society in America.

In 1809 he was put under the tuition of a clergyman, with whom he continued till 1812; though, during much of that time, he travelled to various places, and, among the rest, he was engaged, under the patronage of the Board of Missions, in a missionary visit to the St. Louis or Caughnawaga Indians, to ascertain what prospect there was of introducing Protestantism among them. It is impossible to peruse the earnest and simple outpouring of his feelings in his private journals without perceiving the entire devotion of his soul, mind and powers to the work of converting his Indian brethren. His residence among Europeans, his instinctive delight in the refinements of social intercourse, the attentions everywhere shown him, had not, for one moment, diverted his mind from the great purpose for which he conceived himself created—that of carrying the Gospel to the heathen. But his health continued very feeble, and severe pains in the head and chest rendered it difficult to pursue his studies uninterruptedly. In 1811 it was again thought expedient for him to travel, and he went to Canada to see his family, taking every occasion to converse with the Indians upon religious subjects. The Romish priests warned their people against him, but he was firm in the resolution to enter on what he designed should be the work of his life.

In 1812 Mr. Williams took another journey to Canada, as agent of the American Board of Missions. His motives were, to improve his health, and to perfect himself in the Indian language, and survey the scene of his future labors. He set to work zealously to accomplish his design, visiting the Indians all along the northern frontier, and preaching to them the saving truths of the Gospel. But such he found to be their demoralized condition, that he was for the time greatly disheartened, though he was somewhat consoled by finding that at least he had been able to gain their confidence and esteem. Indeed, such progress had he made that a message was sent him to meet the chiefs of the Iroquois, and on his presenting himself, in compliance with the summons, he was declared a *chief of the nation*. The name given him was Onwarenhüaki, or Tree Cutter. He made an affectionate speech to them,

which they greatly applauded, and he then took occasion to press upon them with tenderness the things belonging to their eternal peace. But he found it impossible to accomplish much at that time. A chief said to him: 'When you talk on political matters you talk like a wise Indian counsellor, but when you converse about religion you talk like a Frenchman.'

Mr. Williams had returned to Massachusetts when the war broke out between England and the United States. His reputation for ability, and for influence among the Indians, caused his early selection by the Government as the proper person to prevent his reputed countrymen from taking up arms against the United States. The St. Regis Indians, who occupied a border frontier, at the same time applied to him for advice. Thus he seemed compelled to abandon the quiet of the parsonage for the hot scenes of war. 'I am sent for,' he writes, July 27, 'to prevent the Indians from taking the hatchet against the United States. I tremble; my situation is very critical. Indeed, I hope God will direct me what to do.'

He accepted the situation. His reflections upon war in connection with this event are such that if they had emanated from a throne they would have been accounted a model of princely wisdom and liberality.

After a visit to the headquarters of the army, and conferring with General Dearborn and other officers, and mixing with the stirring scenes of the camp, he became so much affected, as he admits, with the war-spirit, as to be led to accept a very different position from that which led him thither. He was appointed Superintendent-General of the Northern Indian Department, having under his command the whole secret corps of rangers and scouts of the army. The men under his command were the most daring and reckless men of the army, and in his journal (which he still kept) he describes them as 'the terrible corps,' and he trembles at the responsibility of being at their head. His war-journal shows that he was admitted to the confidence of the highest officers in command; and he appears to have honorably and successfully performed the most arduous duties of his station, both in the important

object of preserving the neutrality of the Indian tribes, and in services of a purely military character.

Mr. Hanson, in his *Lost Prince*, copies nearly the whole of his war-journal. It is, for the most part, animated and graphic. The services which he rendered during this period, important as they were, were not of a kind to bring him prominently before the public, and there have been few who have known what degree of gratitude is due to his memory for them, from the country. In Sept., 1814, at the battle of Plattsburg, he received a wound, which confined him for several weeks.

War was not his element; and though, for a time, his mind was stirred by its excitement, and carried away by its brilliancy, he constantly reverted to his master-passion, the idea of becoming an Indian missionary. At every opportunity he retired to his quiet room for prayer, meditation, and study, having kindly thoughts even for his national enemies, 'supplicating God for peace, even on the field of blood.' 'As soon as it was practicable,' he says, in 1814, 'I closed my military concerns with the Government, and, like a monk, entered into my cell for meditation and reflection'; and he determined to consecrate his remaining days to preaching the Gospel.

After the close of the war, at about 30 years of age, Mr. Williams applied himself with new zeal to his preparation for the ministry. During the war he had had frequent interviews with the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the solemnity of whose ritual in the first place attracted his attention, and so deeply impressed his heart, that notwithstanding his earlier associations, and the kindness of his Congregational friends, through whom he had been rescued from barbarism, he attended the worship of the church on all convenient occasions. To this predilection was added the belief, that her ritual and discipline would be more serviceable to the Indians than the extemporaneous worship of other denominations; and, in 1815, he went to New York, to confer with, and receive the advice of, Bishop Hobart. 'I have read much,' he writes, 'upon the claims of this Church, and I now firmly believe she is the true and sound part of the Church militant,

or the Church of Christ. I pray God to enlighten me more on this important subject.'

'*May 44.* Presented my letters to Bishop Hobart. He received me with great cordiality, and appeared to be much gratified.

'*22d.* Took breakfast at Dr. Hosack's, etc.

'*29th.* Bishop Hobart has requested me to take my board with the Rev. Mr. Onderdonk,' etc.

Bishop Hobart entered heartily into the designs of Mr. Williams. It has been stated that the extreme doctrines of Calvinism were not in harmony with his views, but it was nearly impossible that he should have been unaffected by them.

'When I touched,' he says, 'upon some controverted points of theology, the Bishop abruptly observed, that I was straining too much on those points, which were considered, by some, to be in close alliance with the Calvinists. "Rt. Rev. Father," said I, "it is not my wish to know, on the present occasion, Calvin, Luther, Arminius, or Wesley, but Christ and him crucified. I have no desire to embrace the opinions of men, farther than they follow Christ. It is my wish always to appeal to the law and to the testimony; and if their religious opinions are not in accordance with the Holy Scriptures, I, of course, reject them." To which the Bishop, with a placid countenance, replied, "Right, my son." I continued: "You see, father, I am somewhat free and independent in my views in regard to the high doctrines of the Gospel. If I am to be a teacher in the Episcopal Church, I trust I shall not be compelled to receive, anything as an article of faith which I may view as repugnant to the word of God. I acknowledge the Thirty-nine Articles are such as to command the approbation of orthodox Christians, and contain a vast amount of important truth, yet they were composed by fallible men. I will cheerfully adhere to them, so far as they agree with the word of God." "This is all," said the Bishop, "we can ask of you." And then continued, in a solemn voice: "My son, holding the mystery of faith in a pure conscience, let no man despise thy



youth, but be thou an example to the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.””

For the first time in his life, he received the communion in St. John's Church, May 21, 1815, from the hands of the Bishop and the Rev. B. T. Onderdonk.

It was determined by the Bishop to send him among the Indians as a catechist, lay reader, and schoolmaster; and in this humble capacity he continued many years, performing all the duties of the ministry, except the administration of the sacraments. But although his labors were crowned with the most ample success, and he enjoyed the full confidence of Bishop Hobart, he was not ordained until 1826. He was satisfied with the work assigned him. Personal display was not in his nature. Almost instinctively he attached himself everywhere to the highest and most gifted minds. But through all vicissitudes his affections reverted to the Indian huts on which his eyes had opened in boyhood, and to preach the glad tidings of salvation, in sounds to others barbarous, but to him most meaning and most musical, was the one absorbing idea of his heart.

He undertook to revise former translations of the Prayer-book in the Mohawk language, and also to establish a school at St. Regis. But in this last object he was foiled by the influence of the Romish priests, and by prejudices arising from the part he took in the war, from which the purest intentions, and the most self-denying conduct did not protect him.

He next turned to the Oneidas, one-half of whom, though professedly Christian, were in the most deplorable condition, and the rest given up to idolatry and every vice; and so wonderful was his success among them, that in 1817 all the principal chiefs of both parties united in signing an address to the Governor of New York, in which they professed their entire faith in the Christian religion. This most interesting document is in the archives of New York, and is copied by Mr. Hanson.

From time to time certain hints came to the hearing of Mr. Williams, implying doubts as to the reality of his origin and

family. But it was not until he was permitted by the priest at the Sault St. Louis to examine the parochial register, that he discovered that all the names of the children of Thomas Williams were registered *except his own*. This was the first time that serious doubts were awakened in his mind as to his belonging to that family, but having nothing to support them they gradually died away. While wholly absorbed in present interests, duties, and trials, he referred the whole subject to Providence and futurity, and he continued to act and feel in everything toward his reputed kinsmen, far and near, as he had always done.

In 1822, under circumstances which need not be here detailed, Mr. Williams removed with a portion of the Oneidas to Green Bay, on the Western border of Lake Michigan. Here he hoped to establish a colony that would be a perpetual seat and undisturbed haven of a down-trodden race. His dream, which he indulged in common with his Bishop and President Monroe, who had mainly encouraged the project of removal, was, that all the remains of the Indian race in the territories of the United States should be there gathered into one vast community, where the savage tribes might be won over to civilization and Christianity by intercourse with their already civilized brethren. With this unselfish hope he braved the hardships of the wilderness, poverty, and isolation, and patiently awaited the hour when he should be repaid by the sight of the prosperity of his people.

The limits of this sketch does not allow more than a bare mention of the subsequent events of the career of the humble, laborious missionary—the successful treaty for the grant of lands at Green Bay, by services poorly rewarded; his marriage with a lovely lady of French and Indian descent; his ordination at Oneida by Bishop Hobart; of aspersions triumphantly refuted; struggles against return of ill health; his reverses and pecuniary embarrassments; the friendly patronage of Lewis Cass; his visits at Washington in behalf of Indian rights; the relinquishment of his charge at Green Bay and return to St. Regis; of Romish persecution and detraction—these and other interesting events in the varied life of Mr.

Williams are related with circumstantial minuteness by Mr. Hanson. It is from the volume of Mr. Hanson, *The Lost Prince*, that the writer of this sketch has chiefly drawn his materials. The indefatigable journalist, an Episcopal clergyman of high respectability, then residing at Haddington, on the southern bank of the St. Lawrence, possessed peculiar advantages for investigating this subject, of which he has availed himself with rare zeal and exhaustive industry.

Thus far the endeavor has been, in this limited sketch, to present only the events of the biography, omitting topics of speculation and argument such as are freely presented in the extended work of Mr. Hanson, leaving the intelligent reader to frame his conclusions from those facts. He is aware that the conviction to which his own mind has been led, namely, that Mr. Williams was the son of the unfortunate King of France and the lovely Marie-Antoinette, may not have been generally received in this country, and certainly not in France; not from an evident improbability in the story itself, but because it is little known, or because the conclusion is thought to be too strange and romantic to be true. And he will now, in the fullest view of all that may involve this conclusion in doubt, proceed to the one incident in the narrative which, in his own estimation, places the conclusion above the limits of reasonable doubt.

In the summer of 1850, as Mr. Hanson relates, Mr. Williams met himself and the late Dr. Francis L. Hawks, the celebrated pulpit orator, in New York, by appointment. A prolonged interview ensued, of which the chief subject was the matter of a rumor that had already obtained some currency, relative to an interview said to have taken place some years previously between Mr. Williams and the Prince de Joinville, son of Louis Philippe, then the reigning King of France. With the frankness and simplicity which were the remarkable characteristics of Mr. Williams, and mainly in answer to the questions put to him by these two gentlemen, he made full statements concerning that interview, which 'were treasured up,' as Mr. H. says, 'in a retentive memory,' and immediately afterward written out by him as nearly as possible in his own

words. The details occupy several pages of his book, but must here be abridged, to the loss of much of the animation and interest of this remarkable narrative.

Mr. Williams said that in October, 1841, he was at Mackinac, waiting the arrival of the steamer from Buffalo to Green Bay. Crowds of people had assembled to see the Prince de Joinville, who was expected in the Buffalo boat. The Prince in due time arrived with his retinue. While stopping for a short time, the captain (John Shook) came to him and told him that on the passage the Prince had made inquiries respecting a Rev. Mr. Williams, and he thought he must have referred to him. After the steamer had put to sea the Prince, through the captain, expressed a desire to have an interview with him. An introduction followed, and much conversation ensued, in which he found the Prince extremely intelligent and interesting, expressing himself in correct English. The subject related mainly to French history, and the relations of France to America, etc. This kind of conversation was continued the next day. There was an evident surprise on the part of others on account of such special attentions of the Prince, a surprise in which he fully participated. On arriving at Green Bay the Prince requested that Mr. W. should stop with him at his hotel, as he had something of much importance to communicate. After a short visit to his family he returned at evening, and found the Prince in his chamber with one attendant, whom he dismissed. He then commenced by saying that though the communication he had to make was momentous, no other persons were interested in it, and therefore he desired a pledge that he would not reveal what he was going to say. He demurred at first, but on reflection he made a promise and signed it, 'on condition, however, that there was nothing in it that was prejudicial to any one.' The Prince then began by saying: 'You have been accustomed, sir, to consider yourself a native of this country, but you are not. You are of foreign descent; you were born in Europe, sir, and, incredible as it may appear to you, you are the son of a king. There ought to be much consolation to you to know this fact. You have suffered a great deal, and been brought very low, but you have not suf-

ferred more or been more degraded than my father, who was long in exile and poverty in this country; but there is this difference between him and you, that he was all along aware of his high birth, whereas you have been spared the knowledge of your origin.'

Mr. W. was overcome, as would be supposed, by this announcement. It seemed to him like a dream. He could not distinctly recall all that he said in his excitement, but he remembered that he was oppressed by two doubts; one was that of crediting the truth of the statements, and the other was that of a mistake as to the person. As to the point of identity, the Prince replied that he had in his possession ample proof that there was no mistake whatever. After some questions and solicitations, the Prince said that before he should make any fuller disclosure it was necessary, for the interest of all concerned, that a certain process should be gone through with. He went to his trunk and brought from it a parchment, with double parallel columns, elegantly written in French and English, and placed them on the table, and placed there a governmental seal of France, apparently of the old monarchy. This document he continued reading and considering for a long time, while the Prince was passing to and fro. The purport of the document was a solemn abdication of the Crown of France, in favor of Louis Philippe, by Charles Louis, the son of Louis XVI, who was styled Louis XVII, King of France and Navarre, with all the names and titles, etc., together with a minute specification of the conditions upon which the abdication was made. These were, a princely establishment, to be secured either in France or in this country, and that Louis Philippe would pledge himself to the restoration of all the private property of the royal family confiscated during the Revolution rightfully belonging to the Dauphin. After a long and deliberate reflection, he rose and told the Prince that he could not be the instrument of bartering away with his own hand the rights pertaining to him by birth, and he could only give him the answer which De Provence gave at Warsaw to the ambassador of Napoleon, 'Though I am in poverty and exile I will not sacrifice my honor.'

The next day they parted amicably, the Prince promising to write to him from New York, and the other gentlemen presenting their cards.

At this stage the cautious inquirer, positive as the above narrative is, will observe that it is only evidence made by the party himself, and he will ask, What proof is there in support of it? It is answered, there is proof most convincing to the mind, and such as would be admitted to go to a jury in a court of justice, and such as should satisfy a jury of common intelligence.

In this interview it occurred to Mr. Hanson that Mr. Williams was in the habit of keeping a journal, and he asked him if he had preserved any contemporaneous record of these interviews? He replied that he believed that he had, but it was a long time since he had examined his old papers, and a great portion of them were at Green Bay, and some of them even at Hogsburg. In his characteristic simplicity he seemed not to have thought that any evidence coming from himself would be entitled to any weight. The next time, however, that he went to the North he brought portions of his journals for 1841 and 1848. From that of 1841 Mr. Hanson gives copious extracts, including the period of the visit of the Prince de Joinville, and also those which were before and after it. Some of them were of the dates following, upon various subjects:

'Oct. 4—*Syracuse* (fourteen days before the Prince's visit).

'*Detroit*, Oct. 11; *Monday*, Oct 14; Oct. 15.

'*Mackinac*, Oct. 16; Oct. 17. Sunday of services at the church. Two soldiers called and asked for Prayer-books. I was only able to give them one which was accompanied by some tracts. My son now is much better; still complains of pain in the head. May God give him grace to be submissive to the Divine will.'

Next comes the entry—

'*On Lake Michigan*, Oct. 18—*Monday*. Arrival of steamer from Green Bay.' Mentions the Prince de Joinville and suite; Captain Shook informing him of the Prince's desire to see him, and his reply, 'It cannot be, as I have no acquaint-

ance with the Prince.' Then mentions the captain's leaving him and bringing and introducing the Prince, and the Prince's manner; grasping his hand with both his, and his eyes intently fixed on him; then the Prince's conversation on historical subjects, etc.

'*October 19—Tuesday.* Conversation of Prince on French Revolution; the obligations of the United States to France,' etc. Afternoon, the Prince expressed a wish to take his son to France to be educated; then the narration at night, much more briefly given than that before recited. His feelings 'greatly excited; was filled with grief and sorrow. Is it so; that I am among the number thus destined to such degradation? From a mighty power to a helpless prisoner of state—from a palace to a prison and dungeon—to be exiled from one of the finest empires in Europe, and to be a wanderer in the wilds of America! . . . O! my God, am I thus destined! Thy will be done. To be informed that I had rights in Europe, and one of these was to be the first over a mighty kingdom; and this right is demanded of me to surrender for an ample and splendid establishment. . . . It was overwhelming. . . . The Prince saw my agitation and left the room, with an excuse, for ten or fifteen minutes.' Then follows, 'the splendid parchment placed before him for signature'; 'respectfully refused,' the statement whereof is, as before stated, very brief. Then follows: 'Gracious God! what scene I am passing through this night! Is it in reality, or a dream? My refusal of the demand made of me I am sure can be no earthly good to me, but I save my honor, and it may be for the benefit of generations yet unborn. It is the will of Heaven. I am in a state of obscurity. So shall I remain while in this pilgrimage state. I will endeavor, with all humility, to serve the King of Heaven, and advance his holy cause among the ignorant and benighted people, which has been my delight.' In the same connection he speaks of 'the unexpected intelligence as a matter of grief and affliction. To the God of my salvation I fly in this hour of distress. Let Christ be all in all. Savior of the world, have mercy upon thy unworthy servant, and for the glory of thy name turn from him all those evils that he

most justly has deserved ; and grant that in all his troubles he may put his whole trust and confidence in thy mercy, and evermore serve thee in holiness and pureness of living to thy honor and glory. For with God nothing is impossible. All that I have heard I will lay up in my breast with the greatest secrecy.'

'*Oct. 21—Thursday.* The Prince and suite left Green Bay yesterday at 12 o'clock, and lodged,' etc.

'The adieux between the Prince and myself were affectionate. He promised to write to me on his arrival in New York. The gentlemen officers presented me with their cards ; were urgent to give them a call should I ever visit France. May the best blessing of Heaven rest upon the whole party.

'*Oct. 23—Saturday.* I have commenced to collect materials for letter to be sent to the Prince de Joinville, in compliance with his request. My mind has been agitated since his departure, in consequence of the intelligence he communicated to me, which is startling in its nature. May God support me in these trying scenes, and keep my mind in a proper frame.

'*Little Kakalin, Oct. 31.* . . . . Heard that he and his party had lodged at Cato's (a black man).

'*Oct. 31—Sunday evening.* This has been a solemn day with me on several accounts. My reflections have been upon my shortcomings to the great duties enjoined upon me by that holy religion which I profess. Why is it I am so much troubled with my spiritual state ? As to my foreign birth, it is not only new to me, but it is awful. This has changed my feelings materially. I am an unhappy man ; and in my sorrow and mournful state I would often, with a sigh, cry out, O ! my father. O ! my mother. It is done ; it is past ; and O ! my God, I would humbly submit to thy holy will in that which thou hast done toward us. Thou hast dealt toward us as thou didst toward Nebuchadnezzar in the days of old. We are afflicted and in a situation of degradation and poverty. Shall we remain thus till we know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will ? Holy Father ! remember not our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers, neither take thou vengeance of our sins.



Spare us, good Lord, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood, and be not angry with us forever. O! grant me grace to consecrate myself entirely to thy service, and whatever painful trials I may be called upon to sustain, wilt thou support me under them, and at length deliver me from them, for Christ's sake.'

*Nov. 18.* Makes mention of a threat of 'a suit,' perhaps in relation to the lands at Green Bay.

'*Nov. 30.* From some circumstances which have transpired within two days past, connected with the intelligence I have received from the Prince de Joinville, my mind has been, and is now, greatly exercised. Why should I think on this subject, which is so unpleasant, or rather so afflictive? Yet it obtrudes itself, as it were, into my mind in spite of my resistance. O! the fate of my dearest friends! My soul is troubled within me at times on account of them. I seek comfort and rest, but I find none. The awful intelligence has made me wretched, to which no language, no conception can be true. Hours have I spent in the solitary wilderness mourning over my fate and the fate of my family. Why was it permitted that I should know this? But to God, the judge of all, I leave it.

'*Dec. 16.* Although I have had it in my head that I would read the history of the French Revolution, I have been afraid to read anything of the kind; but at length I have been induced to read a certain author, but my mind has been too much excited by the work, so that I have returned it to the owner.'

Other entries relative to unimportant matters, dated in the same month, are omitted here.

It might seem superfluous to ask the candid reader to observe the weight of the foregoing journal, considered as testimony. Strange as the narrative is, the habit of keeping such a record nearly all his life, and the important entry concerning the Prince occurring in the very midst of the yearly chronicle, and fortified, both as to character and authenticity, by all that precedes and all that follows, leaves, it would appear to a reasonable mind, no ground of question. To suppose

these entries to be a forgery, is to suppose a noble and pious mind guilty of a degree of fraud without a parallel, and that, too, without any object; for they had evidently been written nearly ten years before, and but for Mr. Hanson's investigations, would never have seen the light at all.

In what manner was the publication of the statement met by the Prince? It was in the number of *Putnam's Magazine* for February, 1853, that publication was made of this strange history. Copies were immediately sent to the Prince, who made reply by his secretary, directed to the London agent of Putnam. In his reply he calls the whole story a 'mass of fables,' except the fact that he did meet at Mackinac a gentleman who turns out to be Mr. Williams, whose name had entirely escaped his memory. He represents the meeting to be accidental, and that finding this passenger to be well informed in matters pertaining to American history, he had much conversation with him on these subjects during the passage, and on no others. The want of truth of the Prince's reply is evidenced by stubborn testimony; by his line of travel, Green Bay not lying on a route that a man engaged in his historical researches would take; by the statement of Captain Shook that the whole account of the introduction, as given by Mr. Williams, is true; by Mr. G. S. Raymond, editor of the *Northern Light*, who travelled with the Joinville party from New York, and who states that during several conversations with the Prince he expressed a most particular anxiety to find out this Mr. Williams and have an interview with him; by Mr. Brayman, of the *Buffalo Courier*, that he travelled with that party, and heard him make inquiries respecting Mr. W., especially of his *personal bearing*, etc., asking various questions concerning him; by a letter of the Prince to him (by his secretary) from New York a month afterward, thanking him for a letter received from him, containing this invitation, 'If ever you come to visit France, please to remember that his royal highness will see you again with pleasure'; by another letter from the Prince (by his secretary) in October, 1843, expressing 'hearty thanks' for a letter from him, and saying, 'according to your desire the

Prince has presented the petition enclosed in your letter to his father, the King of the French, and earnestly recommended it to the benevolence of his Majesty'; and yet the *name* of Mr. Williams was forgotten! *Credat Judæus Apella, non ego.*

We cannot omit to add to the mass of testimony in confirmation of Mr. Williams' statement of the interview at Green Bay, an incident given on the authority of Mr. Hanson, that the late Mr. George Sumner, brother of Senator Charles Sumner, in 1846 met at Brest one of the officers who accompanied the Prince to Green Bay, and, in the cabin of his vessel, looking cautiously round before he spoke, he said to Mr. Sumner that *there was something very singular in the American trip of the Prince, who went out of his way to meet an old man among the Indians, who had very much of a Bourbon aspect, and who was spoken of as the son of Louis XVI.*

The remainder of the remarkable history of Mr. Williams does not afford materials for an extended record. He continued to move on in the long-accustomed path of his chosen duty. For nearly ten years longer he still performed the part of the Indian missionary, without any political aspirations. A member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, his only wish was to labor in her field and worship at her altars. Once or twice he again visited Washington, on business connected with the Indian interests. On one of these occasions, about the year 1855, the writer had a special occasion to call on him, and he remembers his portly, manly form, his simple courtesy, and his accurate memory of things that might well have faded from his mind. The weather was warm, and he had on a loose dressing-gown and velvet cap. It so happened that a lady, who was making a visit of curiosity, addressed him in relation to his early life, and asked, 'If he believed that Louis XVII died in prison, as stated in the histories?' 'No, I do not.' She then followed with the home-question, asking, *sotto voce*, 'Do you think, sir, that you are that individual?' 'That is not for me to say,' was the prompt and obvious answer. His age was then about seventy.

The chief earthly hope of Mr. Williams during his latter

years was to rear among the Indians a temple in the name of Almighty God, which in future years should be at once the means of recalling them from ignorance and vice, and a monument of his love and sacrifices for them. This object he did not live to accomplish. What have been the real fruits of his years of labors of love can be fully known only on that day when kings and people shall hold an equal rank, and right and wrong will be separated, and every man will be judged according to his works. He died about 1858, at Hogsburg, and was buried by the people and on the soil where his lot had been so strangely cast.

The present sketch may close with a brief reference to the question that naturally arises: If Mr. Williams refused to relinquish his rights in the manner he relates, why did he not seek to enforce them? The answer is, the want of power, and the want of inclination. The impracticability of such a movement will be admitted when it is considered that, if there were still remaining in France any of the Legitimists who knew his secret, no effort had been made by them in his favor, showing that they preferred not to disturb the present order of things. This obstinate fact would itself tend to check any inclination or wish on the part of Mr. Williams to take active measures. And this would fall in with the whole character of the man, his training, the absorption of his faculties and interest in the one main pursuit of his life, and his consciousness of his utter want of fitness for the duties and strifes of political station. If at any time within the seven years that remained of the reign of Louis Philippe, before the reestablishment of the Republic (1848), he could have harbored any such aspirations, surely these constituted very natural reasons and cogent grounds for their abandonment.

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ART. VIII.—*What the Swallow Sang.* By FRIEDRICH SPIELHAGEN. Translated from the German by M. S. 'Leisure Hour Series.' New York: Holt & Williams. 1873.

What the swallow sang? Not a bit of it. We take issue with you, Herr Spielhagen; the swallow never sang it. How

could you think he did? Surely it was not for this that your Creator endowed you with such a keen sense of the beautiful in nature, that you should misinterpret the clear voice of so tiny and simple a creature. Surely, he did not give you so eloquent a tongue, that you should throw the blame of its revolutionary utterances upon a cheery little bird, that, from day to day, unquestionably fills its destined sphere with song, and melody, and mirth. To put such an earthly, sensual song in the mouth of a poor, innocent little swallow! Fie! fie! upon the thought.

It is not given to all to read aright the book of Nature. The heart must be pure ere the ears be unstopped to hear the music of the universe, and the eyes of the mind be opened to see clearly the connecting-links that bind in one harmonious whole the beauties of animate and inanimate creation.

If there is one earthly sight more sad than another, it is to see a man of high natural endowments pervert these gifts to his own hurt, and the hurt of all those who are drawn within the range of his influence. Such a man we regretfully pronounce Spielhagen to be. His sympathy with poetry and art, his happy faculty of picturing life-like scenes, his unaffected love of nature, all render him extremely attractive upon first acquaintance. It is to the imagination that he addresses himself preëminently.

The taste being fascinated, how easy is it to touch the heart, then blind the judgment. We read that the announcement of a new novel by Spielhagen forms an era in German literary circles. The promptness with which his works are translated, and the avidity with which those translations are received, would seem to prove him popular with the American public. In deference, then, to the power which such a writer exerts, we should bring proportionate care to the consideration of his work, especially his latest work.

In our day the novel seems to be not infrequently used as a powerful engine for enforcing some doctrine, or propounding some theory which the author desires to establish. His *dramatis personæ* are but puppets worked in such a manner that however varied the complications of plot, or develop-

ments of character, all are made to do their part in summing up evidence to prove the justness of the argument advanced.

If there is unity of purpose discernible in the mind that penned these volumes, we understand it to be, the doing away with the institution of marriage as it exists among all civilized people.

According to Spielhagen, what the swallow sang is the cry of an agrarian leveller. Dissatisfaction with the existing order of things is the key-note resounding through the whole strain. But if we ask, as practical people will do, whereto the end? You show us the evil? give us a remedy? There is no satisfactory response. For anything that we can see, it is recommended to cast away the rudder of law and established order; to leave the bark of human destiny to be driven at pleasure before the uncertain gales of reckless passion. Goethe's elective affinities are again held up to admiration, and, forsooth, to imitation! Suppose that after marriage, one's wife or husband be not of sympathetic nature, that difference of temperament and habit exist, reason and religion imperatively call for the exercise of mutual forbearance and self-restraint, a course which, if persisted in, will bring forth harmony out of the most discordant elements.

Instead of this, men and women are encouraged to fancy themselves aggrieved and injured if a partner differ from them in, perhaps, some unimportant particular; or, more urgently still, if caprice or fancy attract elsewhere, the unwilling captive in the toils of matrimony not only *may*, but *ought* to, yield to such caprice, regarding it as an index of the soul's true need—*ought* to listen to the allurements of such fancy. He is counselled to free himself from the galling shackles which law imposes, and, heeding the monsters of selfish desire within, to find freedom in licence, and greatness of soul in the consciousness of having trampled under foot the convictions and prejudices of common mortals.

Could any precept be less timely, any doctrine more subversive of morality? The evil tendencies of such teachings are so obvious, their pandering to vice so patent, that one would think they could gain no hearing in a Christian coin-

munity did we not know that now, in large cities, deemed the very centres of American civilization, the tongue of woman even may be heard advocating like views to crowded audiences. And now, when the voice of infidelity re-echoes the insane cry from Luther's fatherland, and the pen of one of Germany's most popular writers has enlisted in the same bad cause, it would indeed seem time that the advocates of implicit obedience to the reasonable requirements of Scriptural law, should with united strength, oppose this tide of innovation, and unmask the hideousness of this mock angel of reform that with bold front has reared its brazen crest in the land. Let their trumpet give forth no uncertain sound who advance to do battle against the strong, who would with unholy step enter the penetralia of domestic privacy, and one by one put out the lights of virtue, trampling under foot those principles of lealty, constancy, and peaceful trust, that make a veritable Christian home an assured sanctuary, and render the family circle, even amid the imperfections of earth, a prototype of that glorious state to which we are now reaching forward when the whole family of heaven and earth shall be gathered in blissful communion around the throne of God. If the doctrines of these modern agitators of society—the so-called strong-minded and liberal thinkers—*should* take deeper root, and, with the rankness of their weed-like growth, further flourish among the people of the United States, shall we not of all nations be most miserable ?

Beholding, however, the signs of the times, can it be premature to sound the alarm-cry—to call once more upon the watchmen of Zion to look well to her defences—to examine her bulwarks that they be strong, fitted to repel assault from within as well as from without, since, alas! her foes are oft-times they of her own household, who have been called by her name, and make their deadliest thrusts from beneath the abused covert of her sacred walls. Let the Church of God see to it, that, in our day and generation, even as though for the first time St. Paul's spirit-stirring appeal were sounding through the world, that the apostolic injunction be heeded, and the name of believer be a synonym for ' whatsoever things

are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report.'

To ascertain the moral status of a book it is not enough to inquire whether the scenes depicted are coarse, or the characters low, but whether vice is dressed up in so attractive a manner as to present charms for the allurements of the young and impressible. Often in giving a true picture of life an author may portray revolting scenes of crime, yet, in the true interests of virtue, so represent them that they serve as felt warnings, instead of beckoning the reader to a committal of the same errors or crimes, by casting around them an unreal halo such as genius so well knows how to create.

*Griffith Gaunt*, for example, has been held to be a very immoral work, yet could a sane mind follow that hero's career with any degree of complacency—nay, with any modicum of patience? Jealousy, as seen in that book, is hideous in the extreme. The reader feels no more like tarrying in such company than did Minerva at the house of Envy, as she stood before its gates on errand not her own, loathing its hateful inmates and scorning their contact.

The above, however, is not a suitable test to apply to the work at present under review. It was evidently written with the intent of presenting vice under attractive garb, but the attempt signally fails.

*What the Swallow Sang* opens beautifully. The scene is the hallowed sanctuary of a village-church. A stranger—an artist of interesting mien—comes within its portals. And as he stands in the darkening shadows of twilight, his soul swept by touching memories of a motherless childhood, his heart opened to the whisperings of hope by the mere twittering of a birdling's voice; and, moreover, as in taking his departure from the sacred enclosure where rest his mother's remains, accidentally his eye falls upon the head-stones of two infants' graves, and the depths of manly tenderness within well forth. We are invited to contemplate, and in Gotthold Weber admire, the impersonation of all that is noble, susceptible, and magnanimous in human nature. For if the children, whose



untimely fate so strongly thrills him, were the offspring of Cecilia, his early love, were they not equally akin to Brandow, his rival—his foe—who had left upon his cheek an indelible mark of hatred in a deep, disfiguring scar ?

Who can withhold sympathy from one of such manly tenderness of nature ? The sensibilities of this model man are further displayed by condescending and gracious recognition of a former humble playfellow, Jock Prebrow, the silent coachman, who as a stranger has been bearing him company a whole day, and through whom he now gains an insight into the present unhappy relations of the loved Cecilia with her gambling, horse-racing, dissipated husband.

We observe, *en passant*, that our hero is a systematic Sabbath-breaker. Every important step he takes is appointed for that day. Is this intentional or accidental ?

We are not yet fully awakened from our dream of sentiment and enjoyment of word-painting. We are only fairly startled into suspicions as to the true character of the man, during a conversation held with his business-friend, Herr Hollnow, a Jew, who thus explains his transfer from Judaism into the pale of the Christian communion :

‘Out of love for my wife, who declared she had suffered enough from Judaism, and also from business motives, I have taken the step—a very easy one for me—from one positive religion, which was indifferent to me, to another that was not less so.’

Hollnow, as one might expect from this account of himself, takes no exalted ground in his argument for the strict observance of the legal requirements of marriage; more exalted, however, than the noble Gotthold, who, after the discussion has gone on *pro* and *con.* as to the trials and inconveniences of the matrimonial relation, puts in this plea :

‘But why should not earnest, honorable human beings, when they become conscious of their mistakes, seek to cast out the errors that have crept into the score of their lives while there is time ?’

‘In what way ?’ naturally asks Herr Hollnow.

‘By restoring each other’s freedom,’ boldly replies Gotthold.

To end the scene, he is left regretfully pondering the fact, that his own dead mother had not forsaken 'the father who could not make her happy for joy in the arms of another!'

But the crowning immorality of the book consists in holding up to veneration the character of 'Cousin Boslaf.' A hoary-headed old villain, he had not only in youth betrayed the confidence and outraged the hospitality of his near kinsman, and more than brother, by means too shocking to repeat, but in old age he glories in the same, and is held up to admiration for this very shamelessness.

It would be too sickening and aside from our purpose to go into the minutiae of the annals of connubial treachery detailed within the compass of this, fortunately, rather brief novel. We shall only indicate some points in which we believe that Spielhagen, with all his genius, falls below the level of ordinary mankind; some reasons why we believe that his productions should be ostracized as perversions of truth.

If baseness on the part of a husband furnishes excuse for unfaithfulness in the wife, Brandow was base enough. Knowing Gotthold's avowed interest in Cecilia, he invites him to his house, and deliberately uses her as the instrument for extracting money from her lover, for the purpose of paying his own debts. She is mean enough to become such a tool—by force, it is urged. But could a woman of her predicated nobility of nature ever sink so low?

On more than one occasion, this type of virtuous womanhood rushes so naturally into Gotthold's arms that she is hardly conscious of the fact; this, too, after a separation of ten years, not even having the excuse of a previous attachment for him. In the days of her girlhood, Cecilia had deliberately preferred Brandow as a suitor, because he was rich and owned a magnificent old mansion, whose possession she coveted. Gotthold, at that time poor, received no token of her favor, nor does Spielhagen hint that she then felt any predilection for him. She is, nevertheless, held up as a pattern of feminine delicacy and refined feeling!

If Spielhagen would undermine our faith in womanly virtue, according to presently received ideas, he must try again.

Cecilia is a failure. Weak must be the female mind which would find in her character aught to admire; and corrupt the heart whose sympathies could be stirred by the mongrel emotions emanating from so nondescript a source. An awkwardly contrived attempt, on the part of Brandow, to murder the rival whose pocket he was so persistently picking, by means of such an original device, fails. Gotthold escapes uninjured. Brandow, by an accident as fortunate as improbable, is put out of the way, dying sweetly upon his virtuous friend's bosom. 'Cousin Boslaf' ends his career in an equally imposing and satisfactory manner. Prince Prora enters upon the scene in time to give royal benediction to the happy, united pair. 'Cecilia's head sinks upon Gotthold's breast; the prince, who during the whole scene has discreetly remained at a distance, turns away, and gazes steadily at the golden sunset.'

Again the poor, maligned little swallows visit the village, and Gotthold (why not Gottlos?) professes to know 'what the swallow sang.'

And now, kind reader, having followed us through this roughly outlined sketch of some of the contents of Spielhagen's last novel, do you not agree with us, that it is hard to put such a rigmarole of wicked nonsense into the mouth of an irresponsible little creature, that winging its way, as it does, 'twixt earth and heaven, should surely speak a purer language, and beckon upward rather than downward? We know, however, that Satan can, upon occasion, transform himself into an angel of light. Why, then, should we think it strange that foul-mouthed blasphemy gives forth its utterances from a source whence the unsuspecting look for naught but innocence and lack of guile? Fortunate is it for the unwary, when the veil is so transparent, and the falsehood hid beneath is so plainly discernible as in the work at present under review.

Having thus considered *What the Swallow Sang*, as presented to us in the original German text, it is time to turn to the translation, the vehicle through which Spielhagen will be best known to the majority of his American readers.

There is a prejudice against translations, and, like all prejudices, there is some foundation laid for it in truth. From the

author's point of view, it is at best but a setting forth of ideas at second-hand, and therefore not calculated to lure the ambitious. If one has ideas, it is so much easier to express them spontaneously, than laboriously and with painstaking to have first to catch the exact force and meaning of somebody else's language, and then convey them to others. The public say, contemptuously, of a writer, 'Nothing but a translator;' and yet no department of literature numbers so many aspirants to favor. Despite the discouragements cast in their teeth, the name of translators is legion. Translations come, and come, and still they come. Every tyro in the art of composition feels competent to the task; every school-girl *knows* she can translate!

But, amid such multitudes of workmen and workwomen, is the work well done? Is the demand for good translations satisfactorily supplied? We fear not. The theologian complains that he cannot trust the translator's rendering of theological works. Much as a faithful version of some standard old father's writings would expedite his task, he *must* refer to the original, or feel insecure of having caught the true sense of the authority referred to. The medical man says, 'I must read French and German for myself; these translators—the best accredited among them—make such wretched blunders.' From men of other sciences comes the same cry. An accomplished professor of applied chemistry states, that the best text-book he can procure for his class is full of ludicrous blunders. And so it goes.

The task of the translator of novels is by no means so grave. All we require of him is to understand what his author means, and to express his meaning in easy, flowing English; that while it preserves the identity of the original, it shall be filled up with coloring and shading of its own.

*What the Swallow Sang* appears as one of the 'Leisure Hour Series,' published by Holt and Williams, condensed into one volume, printed in fair type, neatly bound, and of portable size. The translator is a lady, who only gives us her initials, M. S., her real name having never yet been given to the public. She is one of the most indefatigable of her class,

and her mere unflagging energy and perseverance would command our respect if she evinced no further fitness for her task. The writer's sex and industry disarm criticism. She has discharged her office well—fully as well as it deserved to be discharged. We regret that her labor was no better bestowed than in this instance, and trust her facile pen may hereafter do service in behalf of some writer of pure morality, whose productions shall appeal to the higher, more noble sympathies of our nature. Let woman, at least, withhold her aid from promulgating infidelity, however indirectly. In so doing, does she not turn aside from her true mission? Many an infidel man steps back horror-stricken before the reflection of his own sentiments as re-echoed from woman's lips.

Spielhagen is not easy of translation. With that passion for saying things in a striking, original manner, which is the bane of modern literature, leading authors into various extravagances of diction, he indulges himself in the dangerous prerogative of coining words. The German language is notoriously flexible in this respect, but the difficulty thus thrown in a translator's way will be at once apprehended. The opening paragraph of the novel presents a difficulty of this description. Spielhagen speaks of a door to the 'beiseite' of a church. Although the component parts of the word are so simple, the meaning, taken as a whole, is not quite clear in this place. A scholarly architect being referred to, explained it as meaning the transept. But the word was in no dictionary. We still had doubts, and applied, with some eagerness, to the translator for a solution of the difficulty. How do you think the translator had solved it? Why, by simply skipping the whole passage! Again the word was used, and again its translation avoided. The opening sentence is not happy, even after this clever escapade from trouble. 'I won't' is not English, nor a needful contraction even in familiar speech.

In a work of fiction such an evasion may be smiled at and excused; there is no harm done; but, unfortunately, in works of graver character the same liberty is taken by translators, when it must be severely reprehended. The mischief that results may be incalculable. It would be unfair, though, to

set up this particular translation as a target whereat to shoot sharp arrows of criticism. It is more than commonly free from error, and those faults that might be pointed out are, for the most part, trivial. Occasionally there are awkward expressions. Why speak of paradises? One is generally supposed to be enough.

Those best versed in the science of language, appreciate most highly the difficulties that lie in the way of the translator. How hard to transfer perfectly the ideas of another person into a tongue other than that originally used. Idioms are so different; the arrangement of thought so variously ordered; the construction of sentences so diverse: proverbs are sometimes not interchangeable; expletives and other adjuncts of speech so subtle in essence, so stubborn and unmanageable from their very littleness. The best judges pronounce translation to be an admirable school of discipline for one who would perfect himself in the art of composition, provided always that the student works faithfully at his task. Let him dive, as it were, into the very depths of that mind whose thoughts he endeavors to express accurately, for the comprehension of a foreign public. To perform a task perfunctorily, to slur over work carelessly, can never be productive of good results.

To be properly equipped, a translator should have a thorough knowledge of the grammar, and the capabilities of both languages that he handles; and, besides all this, as in many another department of human effort, a peculiar gift seems to be required to insure complete success. The fusion of thought and expression, as it flows from mind to mind, from tongue to tongue, must be so thorough that the residuum is at once recognizable as an entity; the component parts being no longer discernible, save as an indivisible whole. A translation, to be enjoyable, must never remind us that it is a translation, but produce the effect of emanating from one source.

To learn that George Elliott served an apprenticeship as a translator, before attempting to embody original conceptions of her own, is no small encouragement for those who would arrive at excellence in writing to essay the task; at least, if

we are to suppose that such labor bore its part in forming her vigorous, nervous style of diction.

Translation seems peculiarly adapted to the feminine mind, hence we find the majority of translators to be women. It is humble work. The translator must consent to be second to his author—an interpreter merely. It is accounted a defect if he obtrude himself upon the notice of the reader, or direct attention from his original. Not, however, that an interpreter may not legitimately improve a transmitted message, in minor particulars affecting form rather than spirit.

Women seem naturally to absorb more readily extraneous impressions, and hence present their impressions in more lively manner than would be possible for a genuinely constituted masculine mind. Imagination, tact, and intuition are all faculties advantageously called into play in the composition of a successful translator—all faculties which the higher style of women are believed to possess in an eminent degree.

So touching an instance of filial devotion, as well as feminine aptitude for excellence in this branch of literature, was recently furnished by a daughter of the English writer, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, that we cannot forbear allusion to her achievement here.

This gifted young lady, eighteen years of age, heard her father express a desire to have some Spanish works translated. Utterly unacquainted with that language, she set to work, mastered it sufficiently, and in six months laid the MSS. before her father. Sad to say, in six months more she lay a corpse, another victim to over-exertion and unselfish devotion.

But whether work suited for man or woman, it is yet work for which there seems to be a demand. He or she will be most apt to excel, and do good service in the craft, who comes up to the work with truest, because most high, appreciation of the responsibilities incurred, the difficulty of the office assumed.

This is said to be an age of good translations. Modern life is so full, so crowded with occupation, that while a more comprehensive knowledge is daily required to constitute a person well educated, time does not lengthen itself out to meet such

added requirements. Hence short-cuts to knowledge, if safe and reliable, are not to be despised. Translation furnishes a highly commendable medium for the more rapid commingling of international ideas. However desirable it may be for him who is athirst for knowledge to drink at the fountain sources of information, when lack of time and multitude of affairs deny him the privilege, it is well to have the pure waters conveyed to him by aqueduct, or handed him by trusty hand in vessels sealed and safe.

Let the translator then be encouraged to work, by knowing that the circle is daily widening of those who appreciate the value of his labors, and that to those who really excel in his art, there is not wanting the stimulus of good pay as well as the meed of intelligent praise.

As we were about to cast aside, in disgust and disappointment, this book of inviting, suggestive title, and coarse, unsatisfying contents, we paused and reflected. How many young, sensitive minds will be attracted to the perusal of this novel by its pretty name! Will not some also be tempted to read this review of it from the like piquing of curiosity; shall even this occasion go unimproved? Was not poor, infidel Spielhagen partly right? Should he not share our pity with our blame? Did not the swallows bear this message in very truth, which he heard, but only did not understand? To the humble Christian alone is given the clue for unravelling the windings of nature's labyrinth, the key being sympathy with the great heart of Him who fashioneth man and beast; whose breath alone gives spirit and animation to all that live and move.

Who has not felt delight, on a calm summer evening, in watching the graceful movements of these airy, winged little beings, as, in Spielhagen's words: 'The swallows had free course. Up and down they winged their arrowy flight, now grazing the ground, now rising in graceful curves, moving first straight-forward, next zigzag; chirping, twittering; their long wings unweariedly astir.' And as one had seen the more aspiring of the busy throng mount higher and higher until failing vision refuses to follow, who has not felt David's longing well-up



strongly within him, and sighed forth: 'Oh! that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest.' Is not the mind insensibly lifted to wondering thoughts of the mysteries veiled behind those crimson, curtaining clouds, where, unconscious of exaltation, such humble, tiny things can float and soar at ease, while lordly man, with his unbounded aspirations, must still be chained to earth, weighted with clogs of flesh, which, though they chafe, must still be worn, and can ascend heavenward only upon the wings of inspired imagination. Oh! to taste of the glories hidden there! And if the Christian's hope be warm within, how the heart leaps up in joyful anticipation of that day and hour when we shall know even as we are known.

Again, what sweeter message than that sent us by our Savior, as he bids us: 'Behold the fowls of the air who sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them.'

Let every discontented murmurer against the dispensations of Providence obey the behest, and but *behold*. Surely, in spite of himself the voice of sweet content will make itself heard in his soul, taking the form of some such promise as this: 'Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and *verily thou shalt be fed*.'

How heartily, too, do we all assent, as David exclaims in loftiest strain of inspiration: 'The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork; day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.' And have you never thought how important a part in Nature's chorus of praise is performed by the song of birds? Just fancy the dreary silence of a spring landscape without the enlivening strains of the multitudinous songsters, who people grove, and hill, and dale, seeming to give audible expression to sweet feelings of the soul that would otherwise die voicelessly away, unuttered, unrevealed.

Rise early in the morning, Christian, and emulate the birds in offering up incense of songful praise to God. Once more mark David's words: 'Yea, the sparrow hath found a house and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her

young, even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God.' Judah's sceptred king disdains not to learn a lesson from the contemplation of the lowliest of created things.

Remember, however, that 'with the heart man believeth unto righteousness,' and 'that God hath hidden these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes.'

And now, reader, we leave you to follow up for yourself these few hints, derived from Revelation, of whose unfailing waters all are invited freely to partake, whence also may be gathered that manna whose peculiar attribute it is to satisfy yet never sate.

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ART. IX.—*Life of Chopin.* By F. LISZT. New York: Leopoldt & Holt. 1866.

What a flood of melody the name evokes! Chopin and Poland! The fatherland is ever present in his music, and in the gladdest strains there comes anon a pensive refrain like the sigh of an exile. He chose the national *Polonaises*, *Mazourkas*, and *Cracoviennes* because he found in them the expressions which fitted naturally to his thought. The musical language of Poland was especially suited to express the musical conception of the Pole; he and they were the children of one land, and imbued with the same national spirit.

What delicious pictures of Polish life he unrolls before us! Chopin is a magician, who waves his slight hand, and lo! melody and color blend together in harmonious union. We see the gay assemblage—the lovely Polish maidens—the glitter of lights—all is gladness and joy; and then, suddenly the brightness dies out, and the picture is covered with a breathless haze which sleeps above it. The dances are little love poems, which Chopin translates into enchanting melody.

In the sketch of Chopin, written by his friend Liszt, there is a very elaborate description of the national dances of Poland—of the *Polonaise* and *Mazourka* especially. 'The *Ma-*

*zourka*, whose every cadence,' he says, 'vibrates in the ear of the Polish lady as the echo of a vanished passion, or the whisper of a tender declaration.' But Liszt chafes impotently at the limitations of language when he seeks a voice for the more delicate shades of feeling; the fingers which had been so well used to evolving strains of intense and passionate sound, as an expression of feeling, do not readily content themselves with the pen. He asserts that in order to understand the peculiar meaning, dignity, and grace of these dances 'it is necessary that one should have known personally the women of Poland;' and he dilates upon them through fifty pages. It is certainly necessary that one should have inhaled a musical atmosphere in order to a comprehension of musical rhapsody. Those who have been denied by Providence both these privileges must rest content to look upon a large part of Liszt's monograph as an unknown tongue. Every language, whether it be the rich and noble Sanskrit, or the thin and meagre Zulu, sounds equally like a barbarous jargon to the uninitiated ear. But there is a language, equally characteristic of Liszt's sketch, which all can understand. It is the full and tender appreciation of Chopin while living, and the generous care for his fame since his death, which breathes in every page. This is a tongue easily comprehended by every true heart.

Liszt, at the time when Chopin came to Paris, was the 'bright, particular star' of the musical world, and yet it was from Liszt that he received the most generous and ardent sympathy. Such praise from one who, with a meaner spirit, would have been his rival, comes with peculiar force.

Frederic Chopin was born in 1810, at Zelazowa-Wola, near Warsaw. He gave no hint, in his early childhood, of the magical power which has made his name immortal. His health was very frail. 'The little creature,' says Liszt, 'was seen suffering indeed, but always trying to smile; patient and apparently happy; and his friends were so glad that he did not become moody or morose, that they were satisfied to cherish his good qualities, believing that he opened his heart to them without reserve, and gave them all his secret thoughts.' Curiously enough, he could never remember his own age. The

date of his birth was fixed in his memory only by an inscription engraved in a watch which was given him by Catalini in 1820. 'Madame Catalini to Frederic Chopin, aged ten years.' It is not known whether the gift was inspired by a prophetic sense of the boy's genius, which was not patent to other eyes, or whether she was only charmed by the unvarying sweetness of his disposition.

He began the study of music at nine years of age, and his musical education was shortly afterward confided to Zirona, a disciple and passionate admirer of Sebastian Bach. The boy was fortunate in having such a character for his earliest guide. Zirona was his only master on the piano, and conducted his musical training, upon the most severe classical models, for seven years. The style which marked his early execution, as well as his maturer compositions, was characterized by an exquisite grace, and was probably due, in part, to the extreme delicacy of his constitution. His physical organization was so sensitive that anything coarse, or even very forcible, caused him to shrink.

Something of his peculiar power must have manifested itself early, for Prince Antonio Radziwill—himself a remarkable composer, as well as a discriminating critic and liberal patron of the arts—recognized the genius of the boy, and assumed the expenses of his education. Madame Dudevant—George Sand—gives the following graphic sketch of his boyish appearance and character: 'Gentle, sensitive, and very lovely, he united the charms of adolescence with the gravity of a more mature age. He was delicate both in body and mind. Through the want of masculine development he retained a peculiar beauty, an exceptional physiognomy, which had, if we may venture so to speak, no age, and no sex. It was not the bold, masculine air of a descendant of a race of magnates, who knew nothing but drinking, hunting, and making war; neither was it the effeminate loveliness of a cherub *colour de rose*. It was more like the ideal creations with which the poetry of the middle ages adorned the Christian temples.'

In 1830, while Chopin was making a visit to Vienna, the Polish revolution broke out, and he was forced by circum-

stances to remain in the city longer than he had intended. It was at this time that he made his *début* in a concert of Mademoiselle Veltheim. The Viennese, generally so appreciative of the delicate subtleties of art, did not give him the warm reception which his talent merited, and his public appearances were few. During his whole musical career he became more and more convinced of his own unfitness for public exhibition. He said, long after this time: 'I am not suited for concert-giving; the public intimidate me; their looks, only stimulated by curiosity, paralyze me; their strange faces oppress me; their breath stifles me.'

His peculiarly sensitive temperament could only blossom out in the genial air of sympathy; he flagged and drooped unless he felt an answering thrill in his audience. It was only in those rare meetings, composed of a few thoroughly appreciative friends, who could follow the intricate delicacy of his conception with quick, responsive sympathy, that his wonderful powers ever had full play. In moments like this, the white keys responded to the touch of his slight fingers in entrancing melody. On one afternoon, there were only three persons present, and Chopin had been playing for some time, when one of the most distinguished women in Paris declared that the emotions produced in her soul were 'such as might be awakened in presence of the grave-stones strewn those grounds in Turkey, whose shady recesses and bright beds of flowers promise only a gay garden to the startled traveller.' She begged Chopin to tell her why her heart should be subdued by such sadness when the music seemed only to present sweet and graceful subjects. He replied, 'that her heart had not deceived her in the gloom she felt stealing upon her, for whatever might have been his transitory pleasures, he had never been free from a feeling which might almost be said to form the soil of his heart, and for which he could find no appropriate expression except in his own language, no other possessing a term equivalent to the Polish word, "*Zal*.'" This word expresses the emotions of regret, sorrow, hatred, and repentance.

In Madame George Sand's *Impressions and Souvenirs*, she

gives a very interesting account of an interview between Delacroix, Chopin, and herself. She represents Delacroix and Chopin as being tenderly devoted to one another. We quote the scene as she describes it: 'Chopin accepts his friend's adoration and is touched by it; but when he looks at one of his friend's pictures he suffers, and is unable to utter a word. He is a musician, and nothing but a musician. His thoughts can be expressed only in music. He has much wit, tact, and *malice*, but he understands nothing of pictures and statuary. Michael Angelo frightens him. Rubens horrifies him. Everything that appears eccentric scandalizes him. He limits himself, by a singular anomaly, to the rigidest conventionality. His genius is the most original and individual that exists, but he dislikes to have any one tell him so.'

Delacroix, during Chopin's performance on the piano, talks in a low tone to Madame Sand. 'Chopin does not listen any longer; he is improvising carelessly. He stops. "Well, well," cries Delacroix, "that is not all!" "It's not begun. Nothing occurs to me. Nothing but shades, shadows, reliefs, which are all vague. I am trying to fix the color, but I can't even make sure of the drawing." "You won't get one without the other," said Delacroix, "and you will find them both." "But if I only find moonlight?" "You will have the shade of a shade," answered Eugene.

'That idea pleases the divine artist. He goes on, without seeming to begin again, so vague and uncertain is his theme. Before our eyes float the soft tints which respond to the gentle modulations which we hear.

'The bell rings. Chopin shivers and stops playing. I tell the servant I am not at home for any one. "But," said Chopin, "you are for *him*." "Who can it be?" "Mickiewicz." "Oh, yes, to be sure. But how do you know it is he?" "I don't know, but I am sure it is he; I was thinking about him." It is he, in fact. He shakes hands with us all kindly, and takes a seat in the corner, begging Chopin to go on. Chopin continues; he is inspired; he is sublime.

'But the servant bursts into the room in terror. The house is on fire! We rush out, and find my chamber on fire! but

we are in time to save it. We put it out at once. Still, it keeps us busy for an hour, and we then ask: "Where can Mickiewicz be?" We call for him—he does not answer; we return to the parlor—he is not there. Ah! there he is in the little corner where we left him. The lamp had gone out, but he did not notice it. We made a great deal of noise two paces off, but he did not hear anything. He did not even ask why we left him alone; he did not know he had been alone. He had been listening to Chopin, and he was still hearing him.'

The inspiration of the artist's solitary moments, in which he is alone with his own high thoughts, when the beauty of the outer world surges in upon him and floods his soul in exquisite delight, will not come to him in the presence of a multitude. He must look for another inspiration; the vibration must then act and re-act between the musician and his listeners, till it rouses in him the echo of his moments of solitary exaltation. He must control his audience and sway them by the power of his magic, or he must forever fail of being a successful executive musician. Chopin's delicate spirit felt the first chill of non-appreciation, and thus lost the power of establishing a *rapport* with his audience.

It was no lack of courage which made him succumb so readily to circumstances, but he possessed the feminine courage to endure, rather than the masculine courage to dare. He felt keenly not so much the want of appreciation, as the partial appreciation, and *mis*-appreciation of his hearers. A word of eulogy would sometimes make him shrink with pain, either because it was partial and he thirsted for a full recognition, or because it showed a want of the discrimination and responsive feeling which he needed. That indiscriminating praise 'which misses every valid quality,' is a severer sting to the artistic soul which is thirsty for sympathy, not greedy for praise, than is the total oblivionsness of the public.

After he went to Paris he found the sympathy and friendship he needed. In the *Nocturnes*, which he wrote after ten years' sojourn in the midst of the refinements of Parisian society, we find that his native accent is neither lost nor im-

paired. The spirit of the north breathes through them all. Among the admiring friends who surrounded him, the one with whom his future was most closely connected was the celebrated French novelist, Madame Sand.

This woman possessed one of those imperious natures which absorbed all who came near her with herself. She saw in Chopin what she needed for her further self-development. The usual conditions were reversed, perhaps, because her mind was of so strong and masculine a cast, and his was so delicately feminine. She gives an account of their friendship in *Lucrezia Floriani*. She loved Chopin with a tender, protecting love, but he abandoned himself to an absorbing passion for her, which resembled more the self-devoted love of a woman than the ordinary love of a man.

The pulmonary complaint, which had filled his childhood with suffering, now manifested itself again. He was ordered to go South, and he repaired, with Madame Sand, to the island of Majorca. She nursed him with the tenderest solicitude through his illness, and by her unwearied care brought him back to life. Her philosophy taught her to believe marriage 'a snare to a man, and a delusion to a woman.' She refused to sacrifice her philosophy upon the altar of her affections. Chopin opposed himself violently to her philosophical creed, and from the hour when she announced her decision as final, he was seized with a miserable jealousy, for which there was no real ground. The *Floriani* confesses that she, at last, 'grew tired of his endless reproaches, and the knell of their separation was at length sounded.'

This love, which was but an insignificant episode in the life of Madame Sand, which barely touched her exuberant being, undermined the health and broke the heart of Chopin. 'All the cords which bind me to life,' he would say, 'are broken.' He seemed entirely indifferent in regard to his health. 'Why should I care? I have no one to live for,' he said; 'no second friend.'

On the 15th of October, 1849, his attacks of suffocation and distress became more violent and of greater duration. During an interval of comparative ease, he looked up and saw the



Countess Potocka standing, clothed in flowing white, at the foot of his bed. He did not seem to recognize her, but apparently thought it was an apparition. He eagerly asked her to sing. The piano was rolled to the door of the chamber, and with her exquisite voice, made tender with stifled sobs, the Countess sang the famous Canticle to the Virgin, which, it is said, once saved the life of Stradella. 'How beautiful it is,' he murmured. 'My God, how very beautiful! Again—again!' With the tears streaming down her face, his countrywoman complied, and sang a hymn from Marcello. Involuntarily all who were present fell upon their knees. The sacred silence was only broken by the voice of the Countess floating, like a melody from heaven, above the sighs and sobs which formed its heavy, mournful earth-accompaniment. It was the haunted hour of twilight; a dying light lent its mysterious shadows to this sad scene; the sister of Chopin, prostrated near his bed, wept and prayed, and never quitted this attitude of supplication while the life of the brother she had so cherished lasted.

It was said by the ancients that 'the soul consisted first of harmony and rhythm, and, ere it gave itself to the body, had listened to the divine harmony.' The soul of Chopin was wafted, by pearly notes of melody, into the presence of that heavenly music which he had never quite forgotten.

The very last act of his life was not without a touch of pathos. He bent over to kiss the hand of M. Gutman, who supported his head, and, while giving this tender token of love, he expired.

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ART. X.—*Fragments of Science for Unscientific People: A Series of detached Essays, Lectures and Reviews.* By JOHN TYNDALL, LL. D., F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1871.

'The sciences,' says Pascal, 'have two extremities which touch each other. The one is that pure natural ignorance in

which we are born; the other is that point to which great minds attain, who, having gone the whole round of possible human knowledge, find that they know nothing, and that they end in the same ignorance in which they began. But it is an intelligent ignorance which knows itself. Those who have come forth from their native ignorance, and yet have not reached this other extreme, are tinged with scientific conceit, and claim to be learned and intelligent. Those are the men who trouble the world.'

Perhaps one of the most striking illustrations of the closing sentences of this extract, is the work which forms the head of this article. The name of those illustrations just about this time in the scientific world, especially in its lowest department, that of inorganic matter, is legion, and one could hardly go amiss in finding single cases. There are some, however, which are specially noteworthy. Among these is the author of this work.

This writer, well-known for his attainments in other departments of science, has, in various forms, come before the public with his views in regard to that of Theology. The most noted, perhaps, of his utterances in this direction, is that in respect to the subject of prayer: the effort to prove that prayer has no control in the domain of physical nature. The religious public were more especially startled and shocked by a proposed experiment upon this point some two years ago. But the readers of Professor Tyndall were aware that the substance of what was involved in the proposal of that experiment had already been given to the world. We may, therefore, go back in our examination to some of these earlier publications. It will be seen that they touch not only the subject of prayer in the control of physical nature, but prayer of all kinds—the supernatural in all its possibilities, whether of revelation, of miracle, or even of the truth of the Divine existence as a personality. Of course, the special significance of this writer's opinions is not the fact of their proceeding from him as an individual, but as those of the representative of a class. They are of interest, moreover, as simultaneous with similar movements, by which Christianity, and indeed all revealed

religion, is placed in such a relation to the facts of nature, that their claims are depreciated and their truth called into question. It is, indeed, in reality only another instance of 'the science falsely so-called,' the sciolism of scientific men, exercising itself in giving decisions in departments of knowledge with which they are but imperfectly acquainted. But, in the present state of the public mind with reference to physical science, it is well calculated to do mischief, and may therefore properly become a subject of critical examination.

Confining attention to this writer, we find that one of the earliest of his publications, afterward collected in his *Fragments of Science*, was elicited by a discussion going on in regard to the propriety of the use of the prayer in the service of the Church of England for rain or fair weather, as deemed by the worshippers to be needed. In this discussion clergymen took sides, and, so far as the affirmative or negative is concerned, either one might have been held and advocated by real believers. The extraordinary thing is not so much the conclusion, as the arguments and principles adduced in its support. 'No act of humiliation, individual or national, finding expression in prayer, can call one shower from Heaven or deflect toward us one beam of the sun, without a disturbance of the order of nature, which disturbance constitutes a miracle.' That God *can* answer such prayer is substantially admitted; or rather it is admitted that *science, at its present point, is unable to prove that he cannot*. But that he *does* not is the proposition asserted, and the ground of this assertion is, that he cannot without a miracle, without the disturbance of the established order or laws of nature.

Now, the simple statement of this proposition involves, if not its own refutation, at least the hopelessness of any effort on the part of a finite creature to establish it. How can it be known that any prayer or its effect, physical, intellectual, or moral, does not constitute a portion of this established order? Any complete system of the universe must take into account the movements of spirit, of mind, and will, as well as those of matter. Will controls matter in actual life, in the domain of

ordinary experience, without jostle or supernatural disturbance.<sup>1</sup>

Who can undertake to assert or to show that the relation of Infinite Will to a finite physical universe is such that like control, without deviation from physical law, cannot be exerted? Nothing less than a perfect knowledge of this established system of the Universe, of its laws, of its forces, material, intellectual, and moral, of the resources of its Author and his exact relations to it, can justify the assertion which we are examining. That assertion, therefore, is without sufficient proof. It is not self-evident. It is not in accordance with ordinary conviction. It is opposed to the special conviction and firm belief of nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of those who really pray, in other words, have made the matter one of experiment. On all these accounts, therefore, it is worthless and to be rejected.

1 If Professor Espy, by burning a certain area of forest, could have produced a cloud and its accompanying shower, or if Professor Tyndall, by his use of an ordinary lens, can deflect the rays of light from the sun; if such results follow the exercise of finite will without disturbance, why may not the infinite will and power be competent to the same achievement? So far as we can get at this writer's definition of a miracle, it would seem to mean any and every exertion of Divine Personality upon the universe. The next step in logic, as in faith, is the denial of Divine Personality, leaving us the God of Pantheism, the God over nature who is Himself a part of nature. 'These evolution notions,' says he elsewhere, 'that emotion, intellect, will, and all their phenomena, were once latent in a fiery cloud,' that 'all our philosophy, all our poetry, all our science, and all our art; Plato, Shakespeare, Newton, and Raphael, are potential in the rays of the sun,' these 'notions are absurd, monstrous, and fit for the intellectual gibbet — in themselves? Not so; but only *in relation to the ideas concerning matter which were drilled into us when young.*' If we give up these ideas, then, of the essential distinction of mind and matter, these absurdities as they now seem would not be absurd; 'our repugnance to the idea of the primeval union between spirit and matter might be considerably abated.' Perhaps it might. But what would be the result? If 'primeval' mean eternal, we, of course, have the eternal union of spirit and matter, and no Creator, spirit and matter, nature and God, are eternally one. There is a theory of evolution which is perfectly consistent with this distinction of mind and matter, and which only pushes back the origin of the world in the will of its Author to a more remote past. But is that the theory of the present evolutionists? Does the Author himself, here, or anywhere else, distinctly recognize nature as originating in the mind and act of God?

But the argument is not left upon this, its professedly scientific basis. There is a further appeal to Scripture. Judging from the way in which this writer treats the claims of Scripture elsewhere, his quotations here would seem to be only an *argumentum ad hominem*, an unctious way of talking to commend his views to pious opponents. As, however, he goes to Scripture we must follow him. 'He causeth His sun to rise upon the evil and upon the good; and He sendeth His rain upon the just and the unjust.' Which we all believe, but which has no connection with the subject under discussion. What there is in the truth, that God sends certain blessings to all classes alike, to forbid or discourage special prayer for the relief of any one or all of these classes in a time of need and suffering, would exceed the logic of Professor Tyndall to prove. If praying people were in the habit of praying and expecting sunshine for themselves, and that there should be none for their prayerless neighbors, as seems to be the notion of the proposed hospital experiment, this passage might have been quoted to some purpose. As it is, it has no bearing upon the point at issue; and the use made of it is shown to be an improper one by its comparison with other passages, in which prayer for all kinds of Divine gifts is urged, and the assurance given that it will be heard and answered. Professor Tyndall's Scriptural argument is as baseless as his scientific one. The one rests upon an unproved and unprovable assumption; the other upon an irrelevant and misapplied quotation.

So much for the argument. There are many subordinate assumptions, however, introducing and accompanying this argument of no little significance in their connection. There is just now a good deal of quackery among really scientific men—that is, of men thoroughly informed in one department of human investigation, but only slightly or moderately so in others. More than once it has been a matter of observation, that an individual who takes up with one system of delusion goes the round of a certain circle. Let him touch that charmed circle at any one point—say of phrenology, of homœopathy, of hydropathy, of Swedenborgianism—for there is a religious seg-

ment—and he is in for most of the others. So with a certain scientific circle. They know of only one set of authorities, and these authorities, each one in his own department, are infallible. If it is a question in metaphysics or political economy, John Stuart Mill has said thus and so. If it be one in biology, it is settled by Huxley; if in social life, by Herbert Spencer; and if in the doctrine of species or races, by Sir John Lubbock or Charles Darwin. This writer, as we have said, represents a class, and, as we shall see, he argues, more than once, upon the assumptions of a class which are quietly assumed as indisputable, as not to be questioned—are often of more importance to be understood than the main line of argumentative propositions. To some of these we may give a brief examination.

One of these is the assumption of the Positivist, that as the world grows enlightened there is a decrease of the spirit of devotion; or that the number of objects included in prayer is diminished. 'Our faith and feelings,' says this writer, 'are dear to us, and we look with suspicion and dislike on any philosophy the tendency of which is to dry up the soul. Probably every change from our ancient savagery to our present enlightenment excited, in a greater or less degree, a fear of this kind.' Now the question may well be asked, are not the dislikes and suspicions excited by 'a philosophy which dries up the soul' reasonable and well-founded. Such a result constitutes a demonstration that the philosophy is defective, if not positively bad. Truth never dries up the soul, but falsehood always does. Such a result was not produced in the philosophizing of Francis Bacon, of Isaac Newton, of David Brewster, of Michael Faraday. Putting this aside, however, where is the evidence, scriptural, historical, or rational, that man started in this condition of religious savagery; and that every advance and elevation has been accompanied with pious alarm lest the existing devotional spirit should be diminished? What pious people Sir John Lubbock's stone men must have been! Of course, if this be the correlation of things, the most savage tribes extant—say the Australians, the Fuegians, the Fijians thirty years ago, or the Africans encountered by Sir Samuel Baker near the sources of the Nile—are the most

devotional of extant races; whereas they do not seem to know anything about devotion. Their savagery, so far from heightening their devotional spirit, seems to have done what Professor Tyndall says his philosophy threatens to do, 'to have dried it up.'

By the way, one of these communities, the Fijians, within the last quarter of a century, has come under the influence of Christian civilization. What has been the result? If a wrecked ship-load of infidel scientists should be thrown on their shores, they would soon recognize to their comfort!

What proof, again, is there of the other assumption in this statement, that man's original condition was that of debased savagery? The earliest historical documents, those of the Hebrews, of the Egyptians, and of the Assyrians, give no countenance to such a notion. No instance can be adduced of a people in such a state elevating itself to one of enlightenment and civilization. Such elevation comes only through contact with nations already civilized. If the race had started savage, it would have remained savage; or rather, as savages usually do when left to themselves, they would have become more savage. This notion, borrowed from Auguste Comte, is in opposition alike to past history and present experience. There is probably more prayer offered at this time than at any other period of our world's history; more in the most enlightened countries than in any others. Men, in every way Professor Tyndall's equals in physical science or in everything else, find no such effect produced as that of which he speaks; find in science itself a source of heightened devotion, of filial confidence in the love and in the infinite resources of the Author of nature, and extending to all the provinces of his dominion. The ignorance of the savage is the mother, not of devotion, but of superstition. The effect of this argument, which we are examining, is to treat these two things as identical. Whether so or not, that argument, in both of its assumptions, is without good foundation. There is, first, no satisfactory proof that the original man was a savage. There is still less proof that savages are specially devotional.

No less unfounded is another assumption of which much is

made in the course of this argument; that is, that prayer which in its answer anticipates physical results is offered only with reference to a sphere of agencies beyond and above the comprehension of the petitioner. The author tells us that he encountered in the Alps a Tyrolese priest who, according to custom, had come to bless the mountains, pronouncing upon them a benediction, seeking desirable weather for the coming season. Upon being asked why he did not seek that the Rhone should be diverted from its course, or its bed deepened, his reply was that he did not seek or expect miracles. The effort, then, is to show that there is no real difference in the two cases; and that there is no real difference between these and the prayers, say, of the Prayer-book, for rain and good weather.

The basis of that argument is the assumption just noted. The priest in his ignorance blessed the mountains, because the blessing rose into a region above that of his knowledge of physical agencies. The more intelligent Protestant, knowing more of the operation of these agencies, asks less; rises in his petition above the sphere of his higher knowledge into a region of the unknown still higher. The man of science, understanding the principles upon which all possible agencies operate, leaves them to themselves. To ask would be to demand a miracle.

To this the reply is twofold. The facts asserted are not facts. The conclusions do not follow from them even if they were. It is not, first of all, a fact that knowledge of the grounds of physical agencies includes faith, or the prayer of faith. It is not a fact, that intelligent believers, the most thoroughly scientific, say such men as Haller, or Euler, or Whewell, or Chalmers, make petitions only with reference to physical agencies, the operations of which they do not understand. They believe that the intelligent Author of nature is constantly operating by his providence upon the most intelligible of his agencies; that he can do this in answer to prayer without departure from, or violation of, any of the laws and principles of his established administration. Of course, a cast-iron god cannot do this. But that is not the God to whom



prayer is offered. 'The prayer of faith heals the sick.' How? With that the petitioner need not necessarily trouble himself. It may be by setting in train a series of providential operations, which bring into play the skill of a human physician, the assiduities of a faithful nurse, or the remedial efficiency of an unusual prescription. Is the prayer any the less efficacious, or the answer any the less an answer on that account? Not at all. Finite mind producing change in the material world does not involve a miracle. Why the Infinite? It is not God working in nature which constitutes a miracle. It is God so working, so manifestly working, in nature as to afford, not to all, but to the honest and truthful, an indubitable sign of his presence and power. The Tyrolese priest might have been, in other respects, a very stupid fellow; but he manifestly had a truer view of the limits of human knowledge, and the relation of the natural to the supernatural, than his scientific questioner. He was willing to seek for certain physical benefits, leaving alike the fact and manner of bestowing them at the Divine disposal. But he was unwilling to ask God unconditionally to turn a river out of its course, or to deepen its bed; in other words, to give such a sign of his presence and power as would exhibit miraculous interposition. The concealed premise, however, in this whole argument is that any operation of divine power, any exertion of divine will, in and upon physical nature, is a miracle; whereas, in reality, God's providence is a constant operation of that will and power without any such element. 'Beyond the boundaries of the knowledge of this priest,' says the author, 'lay a region where rain was generated, he knew not how.' Was he not in this respect, after all, very much like his scientific opponent? The known region of this latter may have been a little higher and broader. But, above the highest and beyond the broadest, there is one infinitely higher and broader, in which the faith of a sound heart and a healthy intellect will ever find scope for exercise and expansion. How very, very small the difference between the most ignorant and the most enlightened human intellect as compared with that between the most enlightened and the Infinite. May not faith properly enter

where knowledge may not go, especially if that faith rest upon a well authenticated Divine Word. Where, moreover, science cannot go, would it not be well for scientific men to recognize and confess their ignorance ?

But Professor Tyndall thinks that there is a principle justifying the assertions of science as to many of these matters beyond its knowledge. Mechanicians, he tells us, sought perpetual motion by looking in nature for new forces ; whereas science informs us that we have all the forces that are—that in the doctrine of the conservation of forces we have the principle of commutability, but no new creation. Very well. Suppose it be so. We are just as ignorant of the ultimate resources of convertibility as we are of those of new creation ; as bearing, moreover, upon the question of the efficacy of prayer, there is no relevance in this doctrine of the conservation of forces, except upon the assumption that there are no forces in nature but those that are physical. The lurking sophism in the word nature needs to be kept in view. Mind is a natural force, so are affections and will. These are natural agencies, not coming under the category of convertibility. And so as to this principle even in the physical world. These, we are told, is no creation, but an infinite conversion. These conversions are the expressions, ‘ not of spontaneity, but of physical necessity.’ But these conversions—when, and where, and how did they begin ? Had they any beginning ? If so, whether through their own energy, or through the will of God, there was something new. The material, moreover, subject to convertibility distinct from, and prior to, the first specific conversion, how did that come ? If it created itself, it was something new ; if God created it, it was no less new. Physical necessities, if the words have any intelligible meaning, do not reside in original and eternal properties of material objects and forces. They are physical conformities to the will and law of Infinite Intelligence, an intelligence distinct from nature, above nature, and exercising over it supreme control. This principle of conservation can only hold in things created. It cannot include the infinity of the Creator. The prayer may only seek ; the miracle, in the

fullest sense of that word, may only be a new conversion, or an old one adapted to existing emergencies. The argument, to be of any value for the object this writer has in view, must show that there can be, even under divine power, no such conversion.

‘I can never,’ said Pascal, ‘forgive Descartes; he would willingly in all his philosophy have done without God, if he could, but he could not do without letting him give the world a fillip to set it a-going; after that he has nothing more to do with him.’ Physical necessity and infinite conversion seem disposed to try to dispense even with this first fillip which sets things in motion.

We have thus, to some degree, been led to anticipate the argument of the second publication of this writer, having more especial reference to the subject of miracles. The basis of the argument in both, however, is substantially the same. The paper on prayer, for instance, is professedly based upon the assumption that the age of miracles is passed. The one following undertakes to show that there never was such an age; that the immutability of the order of nature excludes the possibility, at any and all times, of their occurrence. But this latter conclusion is really contained in the principles through which the former is sought to be established. The only difference in the two cases is, that in the latter, the expression of unbelief in the supernatural, in all its forms, is more openly given. Sometimes, in the course of the discussion, quotations are made of the language of Scripture, it is more particularly, however, as having authority with the writer’s opponents. He himself elsewhere distinctly repudiates that authority as Divine, and, of course, ultimate. His object, indeed, is to prove miracles, revelation, inspiration, which are forms of the miraculous, all supernatural influences upon men’s minds and hearts, and through these upon their physical powers, and the physical world around—his object is to prove that everything of this kind is impossible. His position, as thus defined, is that of a rejector of revealed religion; believing, perhaps, in a religion of nature, but not very clear in his statements

always as to whether he does not include nature and its Author under the same appellation.

As our object is to exhibit the views of Professor Tyndall and his class, we do not enter upon an examination of that which he criticizes, the argument of Prof. Mozley. This latter is abundantly able to take care of himself, as he has proved in his reply to this criticism. Our object is to criticize this criticism. That brings the issue to the single point of miracle within the scope of the order of nature. 'This order,' it is asserted, 'flowing ever onward in the uninterrupted rhythm of cause and effect, is disturbed by the miraculous deviation, by the introduction of the element of human, or even of divine, volition.' The proposition, then, is simply this: Will, in physical nature, is a disturbing force, so in the miracle, so in the special providence. As a disturbance, therefore, of the order of Him who ordered nature, or, as Professor Tyndall perhaps prefers, as a disturbance of the physical necessities of the world, it is impossible.

Of this there is no proof offered. It is urged as self-evident; and, perhaps, under one of the various meanings of the word nature, it might not be questioned. But, as meaning only physical or material nature, to which the argument is limited, it does require that it shall be proved. Is it true that will in physical nature, working in and upon it, is always necessarily a disturbing force—disturbing in the sense of lawless, 'capricious,' as constituting an interruption of cause and effect? Disorderly wills make disturbances; but wills accordant with the divine will do not. The divine will ordering all things and all times, and, according to that very order, in special times and manners making itself conspicuously manifest, the very thought of disturbance connected with such exercise of will is excluded, is as absurd as it is profane. Professor Tyndall's argument, as urged, is open to this alternative. If will, in physical nature, be necessarily disturbance, then nature is full of disturbance. If it be not disturbance, then miracle is an orderly thing, an extraordinary physical result, brought about by an orderly and order-conserving moral agency. There is an order of nature much broader, and

deeper, and higher than that of material forces, which includes life, and mind, and will, as well as inorganic matter; each working according to its own laws; each with each, and each with all, and all with the comprehensive order of Infinite Intelligence. The physical deviation from its ordinary course, in such case, and however extraordinary, is in accordance with divinely established order.

But the question may be asked, have we not, even while asserting the miracle to be a deviation from the order of nature, asserted it to be a part of that order? Undoubtedly we have, and for a special purpose. In so doing, we are enabled to point out the fundamental defect of such arguments as this of Professor Tyndall, of Baden Powell, and many others, in the use of this expression, *the order of nature*. It is one which swarms with sophistries, and can scarcely ever be used with safety except in company with its defining adjective. Had Professor Tyndall affixed that adjective, *physical*, or more properly, *material*, to that expression, *the order of nature*, wherever used, as the limitations of his argument require that he should, what a manifest halt there would have been to his conclusion. By way of testing that argument, we may throw it into the form of the syllogism:

Deviations from the order of nature, that is, from the comprehensive plan of all the divine agencies of the universe (physical, intellectual, and moral), are impossible.

Miracles are deviations from the order of nature, that is, from the ordinary course of only one of these agencies, physical sequences.

*Ergo*, miracles are impossible, and the paltry sophism which has been doing service ever since the days of David Hume, to prove that the Author of physical nature has no control, through his human instruments, over its ordinary movements, to make manifest his own presence, and which has been refuted *ad nauseam* in every one of its particulars,<sup>1</sup> is here gravely presented as something original. It would be well for those who

1 If the reader has any curiosity to see the sophisms of this celebrated argument of Hume pulverized in detail, we would refer him to Hetherington's discussion in his *Apologetics*.

write against prevalent religious beliefs to read up a little on their own side as well as on that of their opponents. To speak of miracle as the act of the human will, or in the gratuitously offensive expression of this writer, as 'the trigger which, by its free action, liberates the Divine power,' is simply to caricature, not to describe, the conviction of intelligent Christians. Inspired men are sometimes loosely spoken of as working miracles. But did Professor Tyndall, or any one else, ever imagine that such expression meant that they were wrought by mere human will and power, and without divine indications preceding of a divinely operative agency ?

Miracles, like prayer, do not plant themselves in the atmosphere of human capacity or human volition. They have their foundations alike in the divine—in the divine power, or in the divine word, making themselves present and intelligible. When Professor Tyndall can show that Infinite Perfection can not thus manifest himself to his finite creatures, he will be arguing to some purpose. 'If he will undertake to assert that he has not thus manifested himself, he touches on a problem in the domain of historical evidence, and he may amuse himself in doing what his unbelieving brethren have not even attempted to do, in demolishing Lardner and Paley.

So, again, as to the doctrine of a special providence, we are told of the recorded experiences of certain individuals as to immediate interpositions: of the votive offerings in the Tyrol to the Virgin for similar special deliverances; and the assertion is gravely made that this is essentially the view of intelligent Christian believers as to the doctrine of Divine Providence. Of course, all these classes, and all theists, agree in one point—that of divine control in the affairs of this world. The mode of that control, in regard to which there is so much difference, is the real question. This is entirely ignored. Does not Professor Tyndall himself admit such control? Consistent or inconsistent, he tells us, in an article on prayer, that it is beyond the present power of science to demonstrate its impossibility. He talks about a God—not always in a very consistent manner, but still as superior over all things. The question, then, in common with him, the

intelligent Christian, the Tyrolese Romanist, and the ignorant Methodist, is simply this, *How* is such power of control exercised? His reply is, only through physical force or law in the physical world. Their reply is various; in some instances no such reply is ventured. But that of intelligent Christians is not difficult to find. Providential control, in the physical world, as everywhere else, is only through the action of will, of spiritual force upon and through natural agencies. The same power which called the physical universe into existence, from moment to moment continues and controls that existence. The error of ignorance and superstition is, that it does not recognize natural law at all; that it makes miracle and special providence part of nature's ordinary course. The error of the skeptical scientist is that of refusing to see the constant exercise and presence of divine will and power in this ordinary course of nature, and, therefore, pronouncing them impossible in miracle and special providence. Intelligent Christians repudiate both of these absurdities. They recognize, with the scientist, an order of nature, but something more than mere material agencies — a living God in nature. They recognize, with the ignorant and superstitious, the control of this living God over all natural agencies; but the manner, and form, and time of such control they leave in prayers and experiences of deepest need to the exercise of his own infinite love and wisdom. The real difficulty with this writer, as already pointed out, is that he does not really accept and recognize the truth of Divine Providence in any form, either ordinary or special. He talks about God as he talks about nature. But his god is either entirely outside of, or beyond, nature, or included in nature, and his nature is not under the control of God. In such a theory of the relations of God and nature the miracle and special providence have no place. But it may also be said, that in such theory God himself, in any intelligible sense of the word, has no place.

The belief, against which this writer is arguing, that is, of will in nature, and controlling, for great moral purposes, the ordinary course of nature, he asserts could not maintain itself a decade if it depended upon the physical benefits derived

from it. Perhaps not; but this involves another misapprehension of the real issue. Men do not pray for divine interposition mainly, or merely with reference to physical benefit. Such results, by themselves, are rarely, if ever, distinctly contemplated in prayer. They are connected with numberless others. The feelings and convictions which dictate such prayer as Professor Tyndall distinctly recognizes and admits have their origin in the primal forces of human nature. But these primal forces are only elevated or purified, or made to work healthfully, upon the assumption that the prayer can be answered. What does this admission, as to the connection of these convictions and feelings with the primal forces of human nature, involve? If Christian, Jew, Pagan, and Mahometan—human nature in all these varied forms, and in its most sacred instincts—combine to accept and act upon a certain conviction, spontaneously give utterance to such conviction, what does this indicate as to the design of the truthful Author of nature from whom these instincts are derived? Is human nature constructed to act habitually, and in its purest and best moments, upon the assumption of a falsehood? There are those who welcome attacks like this upon prevalent belief as damaging Christianity. Let it be distinctly recognized, that when Christianity is struck in a point which it holds in common with all other religions, these are struck also. 'Who is the Almighty that we should serve him, or what profit is there if we pray unto him?' This is the language, not of the votary of one religion against another, but of ungodliness—of that spirit which would disprove and get rid of all religion.

Perhaps, however, the most remarkable portion of this argument is that which has reference to the subject of experience. Whether Professor Tyndall means *personal* experience, or *general* experience, or universal experience, he does not say. Like one of his teachers, already mentioned, he leaves this essential point undecided. As illustrative of the looseness of such mode of argumentation, we may take one of his statements elsewhere. As reported by the daily press at the time, he opened one of his lectures in this country with the affirmation, that the only real source of human knowledge is experi-



ence. Now, this proposition is disputable in any sense of the word. But, in one sense, it was, under the circumstances, full of absurdity. Certain persons having been called together, and paid their admission fee to learn the substance of a lecture, through the *testimony* of a lecturer are told that they are capable of knowing nothing except through personal experience. This also they are expected to receive upon his testimony! But to return to the argument. The assertion of the religionist, as put by Professor Mozley in regard to this matter, is that the Positivist himself, even in his physical researches, has, like the Christian believer in his religious life, to walk, not by demonstration, but by faith; that there must be such faith, not only in the trustworthiness of the tools with which he works, his own senses, but also in the reports of phenomena noted, and experiments verified in other times and places, by other persons; that there must be also like faith in the continuance, through the present and in the future, of a natural order of things, which experience and testimony combined make known as having gone on in the past. Consequently, that no demonstration can be made at any time that miraculous changes in the future may not take place. How does Professor Tyndall meet this? By the citation of cases which are really illustrations of his opponent's proposition. He tells of discoveries by Pascal, Torricelli, and Newton, in view of the reliance of these philosophers upon the continuance of the order of nature; in view of their confidence, or faith, as Professor Mozley would say, that the natural future would be like the natural past; or as Professor Tyndall prefers stating it, without, however, essentially changing its meaning, 'in their *assurance* of permanence of force of the necessary connection of phenomena with adequate producing force.' But who ever denied this statement in any of its forms? Who is it that asserts that such confidence, or assurance, or faith, is not profoundly rational? Certainly not the theologian, but the Positivist. This latter, to be consistent, would stop the experimentalist, as he begins with his faith in the continuance of the order of nature, or 'of the permanence of force,' until he demonstrates its certainty; in other words, would stop all

investigation. Let such demonstration be afforded, and then these instances of philosophical discovery will have been urged to some purpose. Where does Professor Tyndall get his demonstration, or his experience, that the permanent force of the past will be either permanent or variable, or even existent in the future? He is assured of it. So are religionists, but neither he nor they can demonstrate it. It is to be remembered in all this discussion that the object of the religionist is not to get rid of, to deny, or distrust experience; but it is that of the Positivist to get rid of and underrate testimony. These can no more be separated in science than they can be in religion. The scientific knowledge, moreover, of any man which is confined to his personal experimental verification will not be very extensive. To begin his experiments, too, he must depend very largely upon the testimony of his scientific predecessors. It is just here in science as it is in religion. Testimony gives truth in both alike. Faith, accepting this truth, sometimes does, and sometimes does not, subject it to the forces of experiment. But whether so or not, the truth is the same, and there are many truths, and many facts, which have to be received, and are rationally received and acted upon, where there is no opportunity of subjecting them to the test of experiment. As to the further effort of Professor Tyndall to turn the argument of the religionist, versus himself, by attempting to show that if experience demonstrates nothing beyond the present moment, the possibility of future miracles can not be disproved, the reply may be very simply given. No theologian cares to prove that miracles can not take place in the future. What can or can not take place is a question with which Professor Tyndall and his friends may occupy themselves. What has taken place, what is the proof of it, is the theological question. Of course, if what were miracles in the past should be brought about by natural means in the future, they will, under those circumstances, cease to be miracles.

But one other issue of special interest remains to be examined—the relation of the miraculous to moral goodness, as also to the progress of truth. Like a great many others, this

writer finds in Christ moral goodness, but nothing of the miraculous, and opposes, therefore, to the evidence of the miracle that of moral excellence. There is, we need not say, no necessary or natural opposition of these two forms of proof. The religious argument insists upon both ; and the difference between this writer and his theological opponents is, that while he has quoted only one class of passages upon this point, they have quoted both. The argument of moral goodness is valid so far as it goes. But, as a natural force, it cannot take us beyond the domain of the natural. It needs the supplement of the supernatural, either in its own supernatural character of moral goodness, or by outward sign, to enable us to reach the supernatural conclusion. Moral goodness proves Jesus to be a good man. But it does not prove his omniscience, his omnipotence, or even his divine commission. When a man asserts a peculiar connection with the supernatural, it is the highest dictate of reason to demand the supernatural attestation—as saving the man himself, as saving others from the possibility of error and mistake. Miracles do not by themselves prove goodness, nor does goodness by itself prove power and wisdom. But the two combined prove both. There is a species of fallacy, often resorted to in our courts of law, in cases where a moral demonstration is involved in the combined effect of many particulars: the attempt to prove that each one of these particulars, by itself, fails to establish the general conclusion ; *ergo*, they do not prove it in their combination. We have an instance of this sort of argument in Professor Tyndall's effort to quantify the miraculous element in some of the recorded facts of the New Testament. The single particular in such case, the physical change in certain miracles, is selected and made the basis of the quantification, while the preceding, accompanying, and following circumstances, which give special character to each case, are ignored, or assumed to be entirely similar. When we quantify facts, we must include all the particulars. The miracle in every case has a great many more facts than that of the physical operation and result. Some of the most preëminently miraculous occurrences described in the Old and New Testaments consist

almost entirely in a combination of phenomena, any one of which is only natural. 'Elias prayed, and it obtained not for three years and six months; and he prayed again and the heavens gave rain.' There is nothing here in Elias' act of prayer that is supernatural; although, according to Professor Tyndall and Dr. Thompson, it was very useless and foolish. There is nothing supernatural either in a drought, or in a rain at the end of it, or in the announcements of Elias that the rain would be withheld or granted at certain times. The particulars, each one in itself, are all natural. But are they so in their collocation? Would the elimination of the supernatural from these particulars singly, get rid of it in their combination? <sup>1</sup>

When, again, Professor Tyndall infers that because Mahometanism succeeded without miracles, therefore, a miracle is not necessary to explain the success of Christianity, he ignores the peculiar nature of the facts upon which his inference is dependent. There is nothing remarkable in a religion succeeding by force. There is nothing, again, very remarkable in a religion succeeding by moral suasion. The religious history of the world is full of such cases. But there is something remarkable, perfectly unique, in a religion succeeding upon its assertion of miracle—upon its assertion of the miraculous character of its author and his works; and in getting these assertions behind and acted upon by those whose observations and experience enabled them to know whether or not they were true. This is the peculiarity of Christianity, and all these natural explanations of its success, break down because they ignore the peculiar aspect under which it comes before the world and the peculiar agency through which it sought and achieved success. Here we come to a question of

1 Some years ago a person of eminent ability in his own department, but who was ambitious of displaying his powers on matters which he had not studied, was declaiming on the destruction of Senacherib's army, which he said was doubtless the effect of the simoon—the pestilential blast from the desert, which has often proved fatal to travellers. There was, therefore, he said, nothing miraculous in the event; nothing that could not be accounted for by natural causes. 'And what difference does that make,' said a youth who was in the company, 'if it was prophesied?'

fact and evidence, and there is but one way of meeting it, that of fairly examining the evidence, the particular evidence in the case, and showing it to be worthless or insufficient. What, let us examine, is Professor Tyndall's way?

Just here, as in the argument already adduced in the order of nature, with a sophism of Hume, which Archbishop Whately has already exposed.

'We have only to open our eyes to see what honest and even intellectual men and women are capable of in the way of evidence in this nineteenth century, and in latitude fifty-two degrees north. The experience thus gained ought, I imagine, to influence our opinion of the testimony of people inhabiting a sunnier clime, with a richer imagination,' etc., which may be thus stated :

Some testimony is likely to be false ;  
The evidence for miracles is testimony ;  
Ergo, this evidence is likely to be false.

Let Professor Tyndall distribute his middle term ; in other words, prove not that *some*, but that *all*, testimony is likely to be false, and then he may infer his conclusion as to the particular evidence for miracles.

So, too, as to his special effort to show that the reception of this evidence by the intelligent and cultivated, in the past and present, is really little or nothing in its favor. 'Jurists, statesmen, and church dignitaries know nothing of physics. Versed in the literature of Greece, Rome, and Judea, like nine-tenths of the clergy of the present day, they were, in their ignorance of nature, 'that is, physics,' only noble savages, and their belief in miracles of no evidential value. Did it occur to Professor Tyndall, that the mere physicist, ignorant of the literature of Greece, Rome, and Judea, and of the sciences of his own mind and spirit, is a savage also, one whose tendencies and influences are all ignoble and materializing? If we must choose between the two forms of savagism, whether for general capacity or reliability, we should not long hesitate. Just as mind, and spirit, and life, are higher elements of nature than dead matter, so, if they are to be separated, will the

higher style of man, in the cultivation of the former, be developed.

Of course, there is no need of any such separation, nor has it ever, to any great degree, been made. The educated believers of the past had the physical culture, such as it was, of their day, as is the case with educated believers at the present time. It is no doubt true that many of the clergy are ignorant of physical science. So are many lawyers and merchants. So will they ever be in the press of attention to their proper duties. But it is not so with all. As a matter of fact, the number of scientific clergymen is, perhaps, larger than from any other single class. Need we mention such cases as that of the author of the *History of the Inductive Sciences*, or of the *Bridgewater Geology*. The insinuations thus contained in the language quoted above as to the want of information in physical science of Christian believers, either of the past or present, is as gratuitous as it is offensive. Jurists, and statesmen, and clergymen, in Sir Matthew Hale's time, made great practical mistakes. So did the physical philosophers, as Professor Tyndall lets it out in his quotations from Lecky. He may tell us that the physical science of that day was very imperfect. So he may be told that the theology and law of that day were imperfect also. But they were far ahead of the then physical science in their ameliorating influences upon human welfare, as they are now, and as they will ever be. Human knowledge in all these departments has advanced, and we are persuaded that the same order of advance will ever hold; and that physical science will, for its real progress and elevation, depend more upon a pure Christianity than a pure Christianity depends upon physical science. Nothing could be more absurd than the language of this writer, and those of his kind, in reference to the physical science of the past. He speaks, for instance, of 'the belief in witchcraft, and magic, and miracles, and special providences, and the distinctive reason of man,' having had the world to themselves for thousands of years. Now, it is quite a curious and amusing fact, so far as his argument is concerned, that while they had the world to themselves, they were separated into the two departments

of theology and physical science. 'Miracles, special providences, and the distinctive reason of man,' pertained to the domain of theology. 'Witchcraft, magic, astrology, alchemy, and the like, belonged to that of physical science. That the latter was a humbug no one now doubts. So their theological contemporaries then affirmed; following up this affirmation sometimes by a persecution. But so it was, and, out of the tentative efforts thus originating, has physical science, as it has come under the quickening influences of general culture and Christian enlightenment, grown to its present condition. What sort of physical science is found outside of this circle of Christian culture? It is just here as it is in every department of human knowledge. Men have observed, and investigated, and speculated; upon the phenomena of the material world from the beginning, as they have upon the world of mind and spirit. In both it was the work of ages, the result of numerous trials, and mistakes, and blunders, to accumulate material for the inductions of those who should come after. The physicist, like the psychologist, or the historian, or the physiologist, or the theologian, knows more—has a better method—than his predecessors, because they have preceded him; because the stock with which he starts is that of their accumulation. The only difference in the two cases seems to be an unwillingness with this class to acknowledge their obligations, and a disposition to assume that they are the philosophers, and that science was born with them. Whether a great deal of what they claim to be science will not die before them is another question.

As to Professor Tyndall's remark about 'logic and imagination, apart from observation and experience,' it may be said, that when he finds any one who makes or advocates such separation, it will be time to urge his objection. That he should object to imagination does seem a little inconsistent. His antipathy to logic, judging from some of the specimens which we have examined, is not at all surprising. 'You say,' was the remark of one controversialist to another, 'that you do not make any pretensions to logic. I do not know that any man is under a moral obligation to understand the art of

reasoning, or to be versed in the common and well-defined rules of discussion; but, perhaps, it may not be amiss to suggest that in such an instance it would be expedient for the individual, whoever he may be, not to thrust himself into positions where the observance of these rules is fairly imposed upon him.' Logic creates no material in any department of human investigation, but it is a test of the rational value of material in all.

With an examination of one or two points in the *Fragment*, intended to sustain some of the ideas already noticed, we will pass on to the point of interest with most readers—the prayer-gauge intended to test its efficacy. This *Fragment* opens with a statement explanatory of the case of belief among the ancients, in miracles, and of the difficulty among the moderns. 'The concerns of the universe were vastly more commensurate with man and his concerns than the universe which science now reveals.' Here we have a fact and its proposed explanation. Let us see what they are worth. The fact asserted is, that there is great difficulty in miracles under the light of modern science. Is this true? This or that scientific man, this or that scientific clique, may find or make it difficult to believe in miracles. But such is not the case with all. There is no such difficulty with the earnestly-religious portion of modern society. The scientific and theological literature, in the way of reply to this writer, and those of his kind, clearly disposes of this assumption. There may, through the efforts of such men, be an evolution of outspoken disbelief, where previously, among the irreligious and unthinking, there was outspoken unbelief. Such epidemics of open infidelity, through such means, are by no means uncommon. But Christianity is but very little damaged, infidelity but very little advanced, by such evolution. As to the number of real believers, and the real capacity of belief, they are not slightly, if at all, affected. It is a noticeable fact, that when the epidemic of rationalistic unbelief prevailed some eighty years ago among the theologians of Germany, and they found, like Professor Tyndall, so much difficulty in the way of their belief in miracles, men of science, like Euler and Haller, recognized no such difficulty, and wrote



in defence of the faith against these theological unbelievers. This fact of Professor Tyndall is a pure assumption. Making the largest allowance for the success of every such effort as this of his, which we are now examining, there are probably as many intelligent believers, scientific as well as unscientific, in the supernatural, the miraculous, as there has ever been.

So, too, as to the explanation of this fact. There was no commensuration of the universe to human capacity even as it was known by the ancients. Conceptions of the universe, like our conceptions of the Infinite, may seem to be heightened by forms of expression, by verbal description, or enumeration. We think, now, of our system or planet as small compared with others, or with the whole of which it is a part. But it is as much a delusion to think of ours as small as it is to imagine we conceive the other. If there be any difference in this respect between the ancient and modern it is rather in favor of the supernatural, that is, the hyperphysical, or hypermaterial. For any and every enlargement of mere quantity in the universe to the conception of the modern is more than offsetted by the additional evidences of law, of purpose, of an intelligent Creator; in other words, of a supernatural power, sustaining and controlling all natural agencies.

Perhaps it is hardly worth while, after having seen the baselessness of this asserted fact, as the insufficiency of its explanation, to remind the reader that skepticism is not confined to the moderns. It was quite as abundant, and quite as materialistic, among the ancients as it is at the present moment. If any one has doubts upon this point, he may easily remove them. The evidence produced by Cudworth as to the abundance and variety of such skepticism going to the last extreme of materialistic atheism is overwhelming.<sup>1</sup>

1 'Physicians,' says this old writer, 'speak of a certain disease or madness, the symptoms of those who have been bitten by a mad dog, which makes them have a monstrous antipathy for water. So all atheists are possessed of a certain kind of madness that may be called "Pneumataphobia," that makes them have an irrational abhorrence for spirits as incorporeal substances, they being infected also with an Hylomania whereby they madly dote upon matter, and worship that as the only power.' The pathology of the disease thus described has very little changed.

And this brings us to some of the illustrations of this asserted difference between the ancients and the moderns. Two miracles of the Old Testament, coolly assumed to be absurd and incredible, are selected for the purposes of such illustration: The miracle by which the victory of Joshua over the Amorites was rendered complete, and that of the appearance of Jehovah to Moses in Horeb. 'The average Jew of that day,' says Professor Tyndall, 'would have more easily believed in these than the average Englishman in our day.' We may say that the belief in either case, if of any intellectual or moral value, would have depended upon something else — that is, the evidence. Rational belief does not depend upon our capacity of solving the rationale of phenomena, but upon the evidence that they have here exhibited. A reasonable Jew of that day, average or extraordinary, like a reasonable Englishman of the present, scientific or unscientific, would have first settled the question of the actual fact before attempting to explain it, or to show that it could not take place. As to the asserted disproportion of expenditure to result, six trillions of horse power to the destruction of a few Amorites (suppose it had been six times six) it would not have diminished the resources of Almighty power; nor would it have been wasted had its ultimate end been attained—not that of killing a few Amorites, but of impressing upon the Israelites, and the men of all future time, the great truth against which Professor Tyndall is arguing, that of Supreme Intelligence and Will in the world of nature, and controlling all its agencies. The miracle in this, as in most other cases, is not exhausted in its first and immediate effect. So, too, as to the gratuitously offensive allusion to the Divine manifestation to Moses in Horeb. That the Infinite should be contracted within the compass of a burning bush would probably have been as shocking to an intelligent Israelite as to a modern scientist. But that he should manifest himself in any way suitable to his purpose, that of giving rise to a recognition of his presence, need not shock either of these classes. Suppose the bush had been a mountain, would that have helped the matter? There are those who looked for the Infinite only in the exercise of the six-trillion horse-power,

‘in the strong mind, the earthquake, or the fire.’ And then again there are others who recognize and find Him ‘in the still, small voice.’

But, it is admitted, that if the Infinite power chose to exert itself thus and so, its power thus to do cannot be contradicted. Let us see how such admission is neutralized. ‘I neither agree with you, nor differ from you, for it is a subject of which I know nothing.’ ‘The question is not, has Omnipotence done so and so? or is it in the least likely that the Omnipotence should do thus and so, but, is *my imagination competent to picture a Being able and willing to do so and so.*’ How imagination can picture the elements of will and ability in any being, supposing it to have pictured the Spiritual Being in whom they reside, would transcend the power even of a modern scientist to explain? The truth is, the imagination has very little to do with the facts of such a case, and the scientific imagination in the presence of Omnipotence and Infinite Perfection is as helpless as is the unscientific. The blunder of all such arguments is, that they are directed not against a fact, but against the attempted construction of the mode of that fact by some effort of the imagination. When, as a matter of fact, we know nothing, why, through incapacity of imagination, assert a negative? It is rather unreasonable that Professor Tyndall in a previous portion of his argument should object to the exercise of the imagination of his opponents, and that here he should limit the exhibition of Infinite power to the capacities of his own.

But it is not true that we know nothing. The sophistry in this assertion of ignorance is in the double sense of the word ‘know.’ Of course, Professor Tyndall does not know of miracles by his personal experience. But he does, or may, through the experience of others. He has the same evidence of such experience, as he has for numberless other things which he professes to know, and which he makes use of in his scientific researches. He professes to know that a certain eclipse of the sun, or an occultation of a planet, or a scientific discovery, took place at a certain time, upon historical testimony, the recorded and proved experience of others. But he knows

nothing, upon tenfold, upon an hundredfold, of the same kind of testimony, when that testimony proclaims the presence or the almighty power of God; when it has to do with the highest elements of man's moral and spiritual being. Is this reason or caprice? Professor Tyndall, if on a jury, would give a verdict involving the property, the liberty, or the life of the accused, upon a tithe of the evidence which establishes the miracles of the New Testament. Upon what principle of reason, then, or inconsistency, rests this assertion, in the presence of such testimony, that he knows nothing?

Thus far we have not specifically touched the issue which has given this writer his special importance to Christian readers and thinkers—his test of the efficacy of prayer. The subject has already been discussed in this *Review*, and may, therefore, for the present be deferred. In a future number it is proposed to take it up in detail, and in somewhat different aspect from that already presented. We trust, in due time, to be able to show that the author's lucubrations here have as little value as those already examined.

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#### ART. X.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

1. **THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE: AN EPISODE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.** By George Zabinski Gray. New York: Hurd and Houghton. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1870. Pp. 238.

After reading this little volume with no ordinary interest, we feel that we can give no better idea of the scope and design of the work than that contained in the very graceful preface of the accomplished author. The preface is, moreover, valuable for the information it contains. It is in the following words:

There are some minor episodes of history that have not received the attention which they seem to merit. Historians have been too much occupied with events of greater importance to stop and explore these by-ways as they passed them. The same reason led the chroniclers of the times to preserve

no more than scanty details concerning them, and consequently these worthies often dismiss with a few words incidents that have more interest than others to which they give many a dreary page.

This has been the case with the transaction to which this volume is devoted. Although pertaining to a sphere so interesting as the child-life of other and remote days, yet it has been almost forgotten. Many are not aware of its occurrence; some have regarded it as a myth.

It is generally referred to, with varying fullness, in works that treat of the Crusades, but not always with accuracy of statement. The most copious accounts are given in *Kaumer's Geschichte der Hohenstaufen*, *Herter's Innocent III*, *Menzel's Deutschland*, *Wilken's Kreuzzüge*, *Haken's Gemälde der Kreuzzüge*, *Sporschild's Kreuzzüge*, *L'Esprit des Croisades*, by *Mailly*, *Histoire des Croisades*, by *Michaud*, *Influence des Croisades*, by *Choiseul d'Aillecourt*, *Mill's History of the Crusades*, and *Hecker's Child-Pilgrimages*. Many authors, in whose writings we would expect some reference to the subject, are entirely silent concerning it.

But, otherwise than with the brevity necessary to a casual mention in the course of historical narratives, this theme has never been treated. As far as I can ascertain, it has never been the subject of a volume, nor have the original materials been thoroughly explored and exhausted. A small Sunday-school book was published several years ago called *The Crusade of the Children*, but it was merely a brief fiction based upon the event.

It is, therefore, because the field was untrodden, and because I thought that the story told in its completeness would possess interest, that I have written this book.

As regards the chronicles that refer to the event, a list is given of all that have yet been found by others and by myself. For their trustworthiness, it is sufficient for me that such writers as Wilken, Herter, and Michaud, rely fully upon their statements. In the notes I have not thought it necessary to give the particular source of each fact in the course of the

narrative, but have only done so in the case of those of prominence, or of those that are peculiar.

Hecker regards it and treats it as one of the 'Epidemics of the Middle Ages' of which he writes. They who wish to view it in that light can consult his pages. It may seem to some, that to regard it as such, and to call it by such a name, is to open the door for the admission into the list of diseases of many transactions that the world has been wont to view, not in that way, but rather as the manifestations of the universal 'epidemics' of human ignorance and folly.

I have sought to write in sympathy with the little ones whose futures are followed in this strange movement. It has been difficult to restrain feelings produced by a vivid realization of their chequered experiences. While I pored, during several months, over the story, in quaint and dusty chronicles, where even monkish Latin warms with its theme, it seemed as if the children's songs were in the air, and their banners in the breeze.

I hope that the attractiveness which the theme has had in my eyes may not have caused me to overestimate too much the interest it may have for others, and that they who read it may find in its perusal some of the pleasure which accompanied its composition.

2. A SHORT MEDITATION ON THE MORAL GLORY OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST. By J. G. B. Fourth Edition. London: W. H. Brown. 1870. Pp. 79.

This little work, or *Short Meditation on the Moral Glory of the Lord Jesus*, we have read with unspeakable pleasure. The subject of which it treats—'the moral glory of the Lord Jesus'—is not exhausted—is, in fact, inexhaustible. It is, indeed, a theme for the tongues of men and of angels, and shall inspire them with their gladdest hallelujahs, not only for time, but also for eternity. If we may venture to speak for others, judging from our own experience, the more we meditate on the moral glory of the Lord Jesus, the more overpowering we find a sense of his inexhaustible sweetness and

infinite beauty. We are constrained, at times, to exclaim with Spenser :

O blessed Well of Love! O House of Grace!  
 O glowing Morning Star! O Lamp of Light!  
 Most lively image of thy Father's face,  
 Eternal King of Glorie, Lord of Might,  
 Meek Lamb of God, in boundless splendors bright,  
 Thy Beauty draws us to thy breast above,  
 With sweetest ties of faith, and hope, and love,<sup>1</sup>

But more frequently feeling that, in the utmost efforts of the imagination, we can catch but a few feeble glimpses of that glory, of that 'wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights,' we fall back upon the lines :

'I faine would tell the things that I behold,  
 'But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold.'

'Cease then, my tongue! and lend unto my mind  
 'Leave to bethinks *how great that Beautie is,*  
 'Whose utmost parts so beautiful I find ;  
 'How much more those essential parts of His,  
 'His truth, His love, His wisdom, and His blis,  
 'His grace, His doome, His mercy, and His might,  
 'By which He lends us of himself a sight.'

But our author is never, like Spenser, 'rapt with the rage of his own ravisht thought.' He writes in a far more calm, dispassionate, and less poetical mood. He simply follows the life of the Lord Jesus in his daily walk and conversation among men, and shows how every circumstance and every incident in that life brings out some new beauty in his character. The effect of these minute details is *cumulative*; and is, on the whole, more impressive than any more general description by poet or philosopher. The total impression may be summed up in two conclusions. First, the Lord Jesus was, in his moral glory, more than man. He is never taken by surprise, and never makes a mistake in thought, word, or deed. His wisdom is equal to every emergency, however varied or trying, and always shows itself worthy of the God-man. In his career, indeed, we see how God himself has, in a human form,

1 The last three lines are different from Spenser's.

acted and spoken on the theatre of human life. He stands alone — absolutely alone — in solitary and unapproachable grandeur and beauty among the children of men. Secondly, his character was not conceived by men, much less by a set of illiterate fishermen. As J. J. Rousseau long ago said, to suppose that such a character was the conception of the Evangelists, is to believe a greater miracle than any recorded by them. The pen which delineated the simple, but sublime, life of the Lord Jesus, in all the grand outlines, as well as in all the minute details, of its moral glory, was moved by the Spirit of infinite wisdom, goodness, mercy, and justice. Even infidels, such as Rousseau and Renan, have, in spite of their theological notions, been smitten with the transcendent sweetness, and beauty, and loveliness of the life of Jesus. No wonder, then, that it transports the believer into 'the very seventh heaven of delight.' The rhapsodies of a Rousseau, or a Renan, is the tribute which genius pays to a beauty, whose origin it does not comprehend, but whose power it must needs feel and acknowledge.

In delineating the moral glory of the Lord Jesus, or in gathering up its scattered rays as they appear in the narratives of the Evangelists, and setting them before us in his little book, the author has shown great sensitiveness of moral taste, and great delicacy of moral perception, such as would have been impossible, indeed, but for the teachings and the example of the Lord Jesus himself. And the reader will, no doubt, find his work a charming one, just in proportion as he possesses these admirable traits of the writer, or of the great Master himself.

3. SCIENCE AND RELIGION: FULL TEXT OF PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S ADDRESS BEFORE THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION. New York: *Tribune-Science Monthly*.

This long address is the last proclamation of Professor Tyndall on the subject of 'Science and Religion.' It should have been styled, however, *all* science and *no* religion, or the truths of science *versus* the traditions of religion, for such is, in fact, the character of the production. It professes to give 'a philosophical history of science: Ecclesiastical modes of



thought interfering with progress; imaginary discussion between Lucretius and Bishop Butler; Tyndall's estimate of Darwin and Spencer; the present position of science.' Here, again, we find a gross misnomer; for, instead of philosophy writing a 'history of science,' we have science *attempting* a history of philosophy. But as it is the business, or office, of philosophy to explain the principles and methods of science, so the history of science should be written by a philosopher, and not by a mere scientist. It is the great mistake of Professor Tyndall, that he has attempted to write 'a philosophical history of science,' without having sufficiently studied for that purpose, either the principles of philosophy, or the facts of history. Hence his grand discourse is, from beginning to end, replete with strange blunders of fact, as well as with those half-truths in philosophy which are more fatal to its development and progress than whole errors. We might, if our time and space would permit, illustrate the truth of this remark by a dissection and examination of each and every one of the thirty-three heads of his Address. But, as it is, we shall confine our attention to the first three heads of the Address, which will be sufficient to illustrate Professor Tyndall's capacity, or want of capacity, for the task he has undertaken.

He gives us, in the first place, the origin of human belief in the existence of 'supernatural beings.' The 'web and woof of their theories [i. e. of our earliest ancestors] were drawn, not from the study of nature, but from what lay much closer to them—the observation of men. Their theories accordingly took an anthropomorphic form. To supersensual beings, which, however potent and visible, were nothing but species of human creatures, perhaps raised from among mankind, and retaining all human passions and appetites," were handed over the rule and governance of natural phenomena. Tested by observation and reflection, these early notions failed in the long run to satisfy the more penetrating intellects of our race. Far in the depths of history we find men of exceptional power differentiating themselves from the crowd, rejecting these anthropomorphic notions, and seeking to connect natural phenomena with their physical principles.'

The first thing which strikes us, in connection with this passage, is the easy and confident air with which Professor Tyndall—the great champion of science and despiser of authority, relies on the philosophism, the mere *ipse dixit* of David Hume, to establish the true origin of human belief in ‘superatural beings.’ One quotation from Hume’s *Natural History of Religion*, and the great fact is settled; just as if we were expected to bow down to the simple authority of the arch-skeptic whose miserable sophism has been a hundred times refuted! As Professor Tyndall has not condescended to notice any of these refutations, so we may well excuse ourselves from any further notice of his reassertion of Hume’s exploded sophism. Especially since, in the first article of the present number of our *Review*, we have shown how the idea of a God arose in the human mind, and how its existence was necessitated by the principles of inductive science itself.

‘The more penetrating intellects of our race,’ to whom Professor T. here refers, have never been reckoned among the greatest minds of the ancient world. They may be so received by him—they certainly belonged to the same class or type of mind as his own. But, as Oudworth has abundantly shown, there was another great class of penetrating intellects, who, in rejecting polytheism, did not fall back into the atheism of Leucippus, Democritus, and Epicurus, as our author has done. On the contrary, they rose above the scheme of polytheism, and beheld, above its mob of gods, one supreme and eternal Being, who is the Creator, Preserver, and Ruler of all things. ‘We shall now make it unquestionably evident,’ says Oudworth, ‘by a particular enumeration, that the generality of the Pagan philosophers, who were theists, however they acknowledged a multiplicity of gods, yet asserted one only self-existent Deity, or a universal Numen, by whom the world and all those other gods were made.’<sup>1</sup> In the proof of this proposition, that the generality of the Pagan philosophers were theists, or believers in one only self-existent God, and Maker of all things, he excepts Epicurus alone. ‘Indeed, Epicurus,’ says he, ‘is the

1 Intellectual System of the Universe, Chap. iv. p. 20.

only person that we can find among the *reported* philosophers, who, though pretending to acknowledge gods, yet professedly opposed monarchy (or one supreme God), and verbally asserted a multitude of eternal, unmade, self-existent deities.<sup>1</sup> Thales, Pythagoras, 'the most eminent of all the ancient philosophers,' Pherecydes, Syrius, Xenophanes, the Colophonian, the head of the Eclectic philosophers, Anaxagoras, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, were all devout believers in one supreme, self-existent God, by whom the world and all the inferior gods were made. Were not these philosophers among 'the more penetrating intellects of our race'? Not at all, perhaps Professor T. would reply, because they were not sufficiently penetrating to detect and expose the absurd belief in a God, or unmade Maker of all things. This grand discovery was, it must be admitted, beyond the reach of their feeble powers. It required 'the more penetrating intellects' of a Democritus, an Epicurus, or a Tyndall, to search all parts of the universe, as with the eye of omniscience, and come back with the amazing discovery that, in all the regions of infinite space, there is no God, no supreme, self-existent Mind.

Next comes 'the birth of science.' According to Professor T. it is right here, at the birth of science, that its war with religion began. But with what sort of religion? 'The state of things to be displaced (that is, the religion to be superseded by science,) may be gathered,' says Professor T., 'from a passage of Euripides quoted by Hume: "There is nothing in the world; no glory, no prosperity. The gods toss all into confusion, mix everything with its reverse, that all of us, from our ignorance and uncertainty, may pay them the more worship and reverence." Now, as science demands the radical extirpation of caprice, and the absolute reliance upon law in nature, there grew, with the growth of scientific notions, a desire and determination to sweep from the field of theory this mob of gods and demons, and to place natural phenomena on a basis more congruent with themselves.' But here the question arises, how did it happen that science went to the poetry

1 Ibid.

of Euripides in order to get a description of the true nature of religion? 'It is well known,' says Cudworth, 'that the poets . . . . were the grand depravers and adulterators of the Pagan theology.' (Chap. iv, 19.) First, by 'attributing to the gods, in their *fables* concerning them, all manner of human imperfections, passions, and vices.' (Ibid.) 'Secondly, the poets were further guilty of depraving the religion and theology of the Pagans, by their so frequently personating and deifying all the things of nature and parts of the world, and calling them by the name of gods.' (Ibid.) Who cares, then, how soon the religion of the Pagans, thus depraved and disgraced by the monstrous fables of the poets, is devoured by science? Let them, we say, fight it out to the bitter end, as did the Kilkenny cats. But which, we ask, is the more wonderful—the blindness of the poets, who introduced such monstrous fables into the religion of the Pagans, or the blindness of the scientists, who mistook these monstrous fables for the real religion of the Pagans? It was for this reason—the false teachings of the poets on the subject of religion—that Plato, as is well known, proposed to banish them from his ideal Republic. Plato, the Prince of philosophers, would banish the poets from his republic, because they were, for the popular mind, the grand depravers and adulterators of religion; while Democritus, the prince of scientists and sophists, would banish religion itself from the world, because it had been depraved into all sorts of monstrous fables by the poets. Who was the wiser of the two, *the* philosopher or *the* scientist, the theist or the sophist? Mr. Tyndall, as he expressly avows in the Address before us, greatly prefers Democritus to Plato. That is *his* judgment. He is welcome to his choice.

Yet, as Cudworth has most abundantly shown, the poets, who thus depraved the Pagan theology in their popular exhibitions of it, 'did themselves notwithstanding acknowledge a monarchy, one Prince and Father of gods' (Chap. iv, 19.); thus agreeing with all the most illustrious of the philosophers. Their inferior deities were called 'gods'; but they were gods only in name, being regarded, both by poets and philosophers, as *creatures* of the one, supreme, self-existent, and eternal

God, by whom all things were created. Why, then, did not the scientist pay some little attention to this sublime view of religion, which was maintained by the great poets, as well as by the great philosophers, of antiquity? Because, we reply, it has been in all ages the miserable trick of atheizing scientists, first to adopt some frightful caricature of religion in its true portrait, and then wage war upon it as an abortion of night and chaos.

So did Leucippus, Democritus, Epicurus, and other scientists of the ancient world; and so does Tyndall, Darwin, Huxley, and other scientists of the present day. But so did *not* Sir Isaac Newton. Before the former, the walls of the universe must give way, and the throne of the Highest topple to its fall, to make elbow-room for science. But science, in the hands of Newton, banished the whole rabble of gods and demons, invented by the poets and poetizing philosophers, far more effectually than they were banished by Democritus and Epicurus; and yet, without detriment to itself, it left the great white throne of the Eternal more resplendent than ever. And did not science, in the hands of a Newton, have as free, as full, and as glorious a development as it has ever had in the hands of any other scientist, from the days of a Democritus down to the degenerate times of a Tyndall? Why cannot men think of this, instead of going about here and there, as they do, in the darkness of the world, and getting up cock-fights between a false religion and a false science, for the edification and amusement of all sorts of charlatans and fools.

There have been German philosophers, with whom Sir William Hamilton seems to sympathize,<sup>1</sup> who bemoaned the discoveries of Newton, because they 'rived the heavens of their manifold deities,' and thereby 'robbed a kneeling world of the objects of its adoration and worship.' But is it not to his praise and glory, that he only rived the heavens of the motley 'mob of gods and demons, which the imagination of man had created, while, at the same time, he restored the true worship of the one, supreme, self-existent, eternal, and immutable God, by

<sup>1</sup> See paper on the 'Study of Mathematica.'

whom all things in heaven and earth were created, and are still sustained and governed by his infinite power, wisdom, and goodness? The German philosophers may weep with Herodotus, and the English scientists may laugh with their patron saint, Democritus; but, as for ourselves, we simply say, 'The Lord God omnipotent reigneth; let the whole earth rejoice.'

But among the strange and unaccountable utterances of Professor Tyndall there are none more wonderful or astounding than those which he has put forth respecting which he is pleased to call, 'The Philosophy of Democritus.' Why, he would have us to believe, that Democritus, the atheizing scientist whom he delights to honor, was the real founder of 'the atomic physiology,' of 'the pregnant doctrine of atoms and molecules, the latest developments of which were set forth with such power and clearness at the last meeting of the British Association.' 'Thought, no doubt,' he continues, 'long hovered about this doctrine before it attained the precision and completeness which it assumed in the mind of Democritus.'

Strange it is, indeed, that such a blunder, in the history of his own science, should have been perpetrated by the foremost man in the British Association. The truth is, as Cudworth has shown by a wealth of learning and illustration which is absolutely overwhelming, that 'this doctrine' is much older than the age of Democritus. He has shown, beyond the possibility of a doubt, 'That neither Democritus, nor Leucippus, nor Protagoras, nor any atheists, were the first inventors of this philosophy' [i. e., the atomical physiology]; and also, 'the necessity of being thoroughly acquainted with it' *in order to the confutation of Atheism.*' (Chap. i. 8.) He also gives, in two several sections, 'The antiquity of this physiology, and the account which is given of it by Aristotle,' and 'A clear and full record of the same physiology in Plato, that hath not been taken notice of.' (Chap. i., 6 and 7.)

After producing his historical proofs, Cudworth concludes with these very pregnant words: 'Before Leucippus and Democritus, the doctrine of Atoms was not made a whole philosophy by itself, but looked upon only as a part or member of

the whole philosophic system, *and that the meanest and lowest part, too*; it being only used to explain that which was purely corporeal in the world; besides which, they acknowledged something else, which was not mere bulk and mechanism, but life and activity, that is, *immaterial or incorporeal substance*; the head and summit whereof is *the Deity, distinct from the world*. So that there have been two sorts of atomists in the world, the one atheistical, the other religious. *The first and most ancient atomists holding incorporeal substances, used that physiology in a way of subordination to theology and metaphysics*. The other, *allowing no other substance but body*, made senseless atoms and figures, *without any mind or understanding (i. e., without any God) to be the original of all things*; which latter is that *that was vulgarly known by the name of atomical philosophy, of which Democritus and Leucippus were the source.* (Chap. i., 18.)

This, then, is the great thing which Democritus did for the atomic philosophy of the older physiologists, who were Theists; he corrupted it, and debased it, just as Professor Tyndall now does, into the mad dream of a besotted atheism. He made mind, as well as matter, to consist of atoms; and he tells us, moreover, with wonderful 'precision,' the kind of atoms which constitute the essence of mind. With him also, as with Professor Tyndall, thought, feeling, volition—in one word, all the manifestations of mind—are merely modes of motion among his atoms or molecules. Such was 'the completeness which the doctrine of atoms assumed in the mind of Democritus.' All mind, in any true sense of the word, including God himself, is cashiered from the universality of things, and only blind matter and local motion are left to build the fabric of the universe, as best they may, with all its wonderful manifestations of might, majesty, wisdom, goodness, and glory.

The great work of Cudworth was written to refute, especially, this form of atheism, which has now become so popular with a certain class of scientists. We recommend his immortal labors as the best remedy for this most deadly poison of atheism. His second chapter, which contains all the grounds of reason for the atheistical hypothesis, opens with the following sec-

tions: 1. 'That the Democritic philosophy, which is made up of these two principles, Corporealism and Atomism complicated together, is essentially atheistical. 2. Though Epicurus, who was an atomical corporealist, pretended to assert a democracy of gods, yet he was, for all that, an absolute atheist; and that atheists commonly equivocate and disguise themselves. 3. That the Democritical philosophy is nothing else but a system of atheology, or atheism swaggering under the glorious appearance of philosophy.' The third section begins thus: 'Wherefore, this mongrel philosophy, which Leucippus, Democritus, and Protagoras were the founders of, and which was entertained afterward by Epicurus, that makes (as Leartius writes) ἀρχὰς τῶν ὄλων ἀτόμους, senseless atoms to be first principles—not only of all bodies (for that was a thing admitted before by Empedocles and other atomists that were Theists), but also all things whatsoever in the whole universe, and therefore of soul and mind, too; this, I say, was really nothing else but a philosophical form of atheology, a gigantic and titanical attempt to dethrone the Deity, not only by solving all the phenomena of the world without a God, but also by laying down such principles from whence it must needs follow that there could be neither an incorporeal nor corporeal Deity. It was atheism openly swaggering under the glorious appearance of wisdom and philosophy.' Such was 'the philosophy of Democritus,' which Professor Tyndall has taken so much pains to glorify. He is, in fact, no less than was his master Hume, a legitimate successor of Democritus, whose doctrine of 'Fate founded on the atomical physiology,' or 'atheistical hypothesis,' is so terribly riddled by the shafts of Cudworth. Indeed, 'the philosophy of Democritus,' as it is called, is so completely riddled, and torn to shreds, by the irresistible learning and logic of Cudworth, that we can account for its reproduction and glorification by Professor Tyndall only on the supposition that he is profoundly ignorant of the immortal labors of the author of *The Intellectual System of the Universe*.

Professor Tyndall, however, evidently thinks that he has the authority of Bacon for his high estimate of Democritus. 'Lange,' says he, 'speaks of Bacon's high appreciation of De-



moeritus, for ample illustration of which I am indebted to my excellent friend, Mr. Spedding, the learned editor and biographer of Bacon.' Strange, indeed, it seems, that Professor Tyndall should have to acknowledge his indebtedness to another for his extracts from Bacon—extracts which are perfectly familiar to every student of philosophy. But if he will only weigh and consider these extracts a little, instead of receiving them from his excellent and learned friend, Mr. Spedding, he will find that they relate to his estimate of Democritus, as compared with Aristotle and Plato, solely and exclusively as students of natural philosophy or physical science.

No one doubts that, in this department of investigation, Democritus possessed greater insight and knowledge than did Plato or Aristotle. It does not follow from this, however, that he is their superior. It only follows that Democritus, who devoted his genius to the study of the philosophy of matter—'the meanest and lowest part' of 'the whole philosophic system'—excelled those therein who devoted their immortal powers almost exclusively to the highest and most glorious part of philosophy. It was only when Democritus, like Professor Tyndall, became intoxicated with his success in the study of atoms, that he reeled out into the higher regions of philosophy, and mistook his dreams for realities. Lord Bacon has well described the character of his mind, as well as that of Professor Tyndall's. 'Democritus,' says Bacon, in a passage with which Mr. Spedding does not seem to have supplied his grateful friend, '*excelled only as an analyzer of the world: in dealing with its aggregates and totality, he was inferior even to ordinary philosophers.*' (Vol. iii., p. 576.) He was, in other words, a minute philosopher, far better qualified to deal with atoms, and the modes of their motion, than with views of the universe. It was, in fact, in relation to 'his theory of the universe,' that Bacon declared he '*excelled only as an analyzer of the world.*' So poorly did he succeed in his attempt to reconstruct the universe. His was a microscopic mind; and hence, as Bacon elsewhere says,<sup>1</sup> he was 'a most

1. Bacon's Works, vol. ii., p. 579.

acute' observer, or scientist. But when he attempted, as he did on occasion, to take a grand view of the totality of things, his intellectual exploit is thus described by Bacon: 'This meditation was *very shallow*.'<sup>1</sup>

Bacon not only appreciated the natural philosophy of the atheistical atomists, but he has truly assigned the reason why they excelled in their own special department. The misplaced study of 'final causes,' which belongs to theology, has, says Bacon, 'brought this to pass, that the search of the physical causes hath been neglected, and passed in silence. And, therefore, the *natural* philosophy of Democritus and some others (who did not suppose a mind or reason in the frame of things, but attributed the form thereof, able to maintain itself, to infinite essays or proofs of nature, which they term *fortune*) *seemeth to me*, as far as I can judge by the recital and fragments which remain to us, *in the particularities of physical causes*, more real and better inquired than that of Aristotle and Plato.'<sup>2</sup>

'But if we would learn Bacon's estimate of the *whole* 'philosophy of Democritus,' not merely of 'its meanest and lowest member, we must recall his opinion of atheism. We must consider, in other words, Bacon's estimate of his excluding all 'mind or reason from the frame of things.' Bacon's celebrated utterance, 'I had rather believe all the fables of the legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind; and, therefore, God never wrought miracle to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince,' is alone sufficient to show his opinion of the unspeakable absurdity of the highest member, of the very head and front, of the Democritical philosophy. It was not lame in the feet; it was only addled in the brain. In dealing with matter and modes of motion, it was more acute and accurate than the speculations of Aristotle and Plato, who devoted their immortal powers to far higher subjects of meditation; but when it uttered its oracles on the most sublimé of all themes, it came under the censure of the Psalmist, which

1 Bacon's Works, vol. ii., p. 299.

2 Ibid. vol. i., p. 198.

Bacon repeatedly quotes as a ray of eternal truth, 'The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.'

Again, says 'the master of wisdom,' 'they that deny a God destroy man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beast by his body; and, if he be 'not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature. It destroys likewise magnanimity, and the raising of human nature; for take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to him is instead of a God, or "melior natura;" which courage is manifestly such as that creature, without that confidence of better nature than his own, could never attain. So man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon divine protection and favor, gathereth a force and faith which human nature in itself could not obtain; therefore, as atheism is in all respects hateful, so in this, that it depriveth human nature of the means to exalt itself above human frailty.' His philosophy of atoms was admirable, for the age in which it appeared; but, for all ages, his philosophy of man and God was execrable. Both in origin and in destiny, it degraded man to a level with the beast, and shut out from his spirit all those high aspirations which constitute the dignity, the grandeur, and the glory of his immortal nature.

Hence it follows, as Bacon elsewhere says, 'Amongst statesmen and politics, those who have been of the greatest depth and compass, and of largest and most universal understanding, have not only in cunning made their profit in seeming religious to the people, but in truth have been touched with an inward sense of the knowledge of Deity, as they which you shall evermore note have attributed much to fortune and providence.'

'Contrariwise, those who ascribed all things to their own cunning and practices, and to the immediate and apparent causes, and as the prophet saith, "Hath sacrificed to their nets," have been always but petty, counterfeit statesmen, and not capable of the greatest actions.'

From these premises, founded in reason and in experience, Bacon draws the conclusion: 'Wherefore atheism every way seems to be combined with folly and ignorance, seeing nothing

can be more justly allotted to be the saying of fools than this, "There is no God."

Alas! how dark, how dreary, how low, how mean, how desolate must be the condition of the man whose soul has never been touched with any sense of the knowledge of Deity! Whence? and what? and whither? The offspring of atoms, which, in the ceaseless whirl of infinite space and of the eternity that is past, have given birth to all things alike—to worlds and worms, to suns and seeds, to men and mice, to 'cabbage and frogs'—yea, to the very gods themselves—if, in all nature, there be any such things as gods. And whether there be or not, these very gods are, like men, *creatures* of the dust; the workmanship of chance, or fate, and the food of worms. Such was the creed of the old heathen Democritus, which, in this Year of Grace 1874, has been reproduced, and unblushingly proclaimed, before the assembled wisdom and folly, science and stupidity, of the British Association, by one of 'the most advanced' scientists of the age! It may produce an acute observer, a diligent student, and a brilliant scientist, in the realm of physical nature, but by no miracle of genius can it ever produce a philosopher. It may produce a Democritus, a Darwin, a Tyndall, or a Huxley, but never a Plato, a Pascal, a Bacon, or a Newton. All great minds of the first order have, indeed, not only been touched, but stirred, by the sense of a supernatural Deity, and, by its inspiration, raised above themselves into the sublime character of great statesmen, poets, philosophers, heroes, or martyrs. All minds, on the other hand, who have never been touched with this elevating sense of the supernatural, have been dwarfed and degraded into 'petty, counterfeit statesmen,' incapable of 'the greatest actions,' or into 'petty, counterfeit' poets and philosophers, as incapable of the greatest thoughts and meditations. 'There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding.' (Job xxxii., 8.)

4. LECTURES ON THE NEW TESTAMENT DOCTRINE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.  
By W. Kelly. London: W. H. Brown, Paternoster Row. 1868. 8vo, pp. 350.

This volume is a course of lectures delivered in London in 1867, and printed, after revision, from a short-hand writer's

report. The lectures are ten in number, and are, in a large measure, close expositions of Scripture.

They treat of: (1) The Holy Spirit as the author of the New Birth conferring everlasting life; (2) as the indwelling Spirit, so taking the things of Christ and manifesting them to the soul as to satisfy its wants, and prepare it, thus satisfied, to worship the Father in spirit and in truth; (3) as the sole power for service and for testimony toward others of the body of Christ, and toward the world without, represented in the Scriptures under the figure of 'rivers of living water;' (4) as the *Paraclete* or 'Comforter;' (5) the gift of the Spirit, the common blessing of believers in this dispensation, in contrast with (6) the gifts of the Spirit, or the special powers and graces conferred by Him on believers as 'members of the body of Christ,' and 'members one of another;' 'the manifestation of the Spirit given to every man to profit withal;' (7) the place of privilege and power in regard to the sin that dwelleth in us, expressed by the Scripture statement, that 'we are not in the flesh but in the Spirit;' (8) the one body which believers constitute, because 'baptized by one Spirit into one body'; (9) the Church as 'an habitation of God through the Spirit; and (10) the Spirit in the Apocalypse as compared with the Epistles.'

It will be thus seen that the subjects presented in these lectures are of the profoundest importance to the individual believer, and to the Church as a body. And yet they are subjects about which very great confusion of thought or gross ignorance prevails among professing Christians.

The style of the book is plain, perspicuous, and earnest. The author is profoundly impressed with the importance of his subject, and the need of the Church for instruction in regard to it. He is evidently a thorough student of the Scriptures, with the deepest reverence for God's word, and the most conscientious care in interpreting it to others. However much one may differ from him in some of his views, it is with a feeling of respect for the earnest, frank, and decided manner in which he maintains what he holds to be the truth.

As has been already said, the book is in large part made up

of expositions of Scripture, and is the more valuable for that reason. The first lecture on 'The New Birth and Eternal Life' is mainly an exposition of our Lord's discourse with Nicodemus in John III. The Holy Spirit, it is here held, is the source of spiritual life in every age and dispensation. The explanation of what it is to be 'born of water and of the Spirit' seems profoundly clear and satisfactory — rescuing John iii. 5 from the misleading interpretations of immersionists and others, and showing that there is not the remotest reference to baptism in the passage. The water is the symbol of the word of God, which is spoken of in connection with the new birth in James i. 18, and in 1 Peter i. 22, and the link between these passages and John iii. 5, is clearly supplied by Ephesians v. 26.

The life received at the new birth is eternal life; not a repairing of the old, but a 'new nature,' as taught by our Lord in the words, 'That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.' On this point the author is clear and decided, and the truth, as he presents it, is of the utmost importance to be apprehended by believers, but largely obsolete in the Church. Not only is there a new nature, namely, as communicated by God's word through the operation of his Spirit, indispensable always, as we see, for man's entrance (into the kingdom of God); but, besides that, as the nature of man can never be etherialized, so to speak; never can be so improved or modified as to rise up into any acquaintance with the things of God; never can be changed into divine nature by any spiritual process whatsoever; so, on the other hand, the new nature cannot deteriorate — cannot be reduced into 'the flesh, or the nature of man as he is.'

'God is only known in Christ, and for this reason I cannot know God, just because I am not God. Unless I am a partaker of the divine nature, I cannot know him. Hence the necessity for the new birth. 'It is not faith merely, though, of course, there is faith, and faith is the only possible way of being brought into the possession of this nature. Again, it is not only by the word, but by the Holy Ghost's application of the word; of course, by the Holy Ghost so far as we are con-

cerned. Nevertheless it is really the partaking of a new nature by virtue of which we know God.'

The second lecture, being an exposition, in the main, of John iv., presents to us the Spirit under the figure of the 'well of water springing up into everlasting life.' The Spirit, in this new manifestation peculiar to the Christian dispensation, is the power of all true Christian worship. Since the Son has come and redeemed them that were under the law, we receive the adoption of sons, and are therefore no more servants, but sons. In the light of this new revelation must all that professed to be worship be tested. The soul that thus owns the Father in taking the place of a son shall never hunger nor thirst. 'This is not said simply of one born afresh, nor even where we hear of eternal life alone; nor was it true in fact when sons were born again and no more; for up to the time of God's giving in Christ, and by Christ, the Holy Spirit of grace, there was a craving after the things of the world; and God did himself not wholly condemn this in a certain sense, but allowed it — it might be for the hardness of their heart. . . . Believers were not then treated as absolutely dead to flesh and world. . . . *Now*, if the heart is not satisfied with Christ, how is it? It is because the Holy Ghost is not given to us; it is because I have him not filling my heart to overflowing with the grace of Jesus; it is because, though divinely attracted to Christ, I have no rest in him — am still occupied with myself, grovelling in the mud of my nature, instead of being taken up by the power of the Spirit with that Christ who is my life. . . . There is no thirsting again when in the Spirit we enjoy Christ, but there is hope still; but then he whom I hope for is the very same that I possess. The Christ I long for is the Christ I actually have, and I shall never find in that blessed one a whit of difference. I shall know him better, and praise him more, for I shall be in a condition where my infirmities are gone, and my very body will be incorrupt and glorious, and nothing shall annoy, distract, or obscure; but I shall find him the same Christ who loves me perfectly now.'

True worship and service, as the necessary outgoings toward

God, and the Father of the heart thus set at rest, is next spoken of. Most solemn, and searching are the views presented. Much that is called worship is cut up by the root, and tossed aside as utterly worthless and offensive to God.

‘None but a possessor of eternal life is competent to worship — one who, having the Son, has life; one who has the Holy Ghost as the spring of joy within, and owns the Father. There is no other worship that is now acceptable. The Father seeks none other; he does seek these.’ ‘Men, as such, are not competent to worship, but they are, beyond doubt, responsible to feel that they are not true worshippers.’ ‘In our Christian assemblies it ought to be our heart’s joy, when assembled for worship, to rise up into worship, and not to content ourselves with mere speaking about it. Sometimes there seems too much of this when we come to worship the Lord. It is rather something said or prayed about worship than actually adoring him. I may talk about worship in my prayer, or from the word of God, perhaps even in the very hymn. If we are there to worship, let us be found engaged in the thing, adoring him who should be before every soul to praise, and magnify, and delight in. Christian worship is the outflow to God of hearts that have seen and found their joy and satisfaction by the Holy Ghost in the Son and in the Father. The heart which has not a want that is not satisfied in the Christ we have found (given of God now in the midst of such a world as this), desires to praise, and cannot but praise, in fellowship with all that are thus blessed.’

Again: ‘It is a low character of worship to be merely occupied about ourselves and one another, and ever singing about our own privileges. Even edification, however precious, is not worship; it has the saints for its object, not the Father and the Son. It is all admirable in its way, of course; and I do not deny that, if we are really occupied with the Father of our Lord Jesus in adoration, there will be refreshment and edification; but it remains ever true, that the proper aim of worship is our common praise going up to God; of ministry, is the grace and truth of Christ coming down and so building up the saints. Even thanksgiving, though a real part, seems to me the lowest



form of Christian worship; and for this reason, that it is not so much the expression of our joy in God as in what he gives to us.'

Thus the author proceeds, evidently inspired by the Holy Spirit of whom he writes, through all the remaining portions of his admirable work. The piety of the writer, which breathes on every page, is his leading characteristic; and it is 'the inspiration of the Almighty' that hath given 'him understanding.' Hence the freshness, the beauty, the suggestiveness, and the force of his thoughts. The work is admirably adapted to assist those who wish to understand 'the New Testament Doctrine of the Holy Spirit,' or to comprehend, with all saints, 'the riches of the glory of this mystery,' . . . . . 'which is Christ in [us] the hope of glory.'

5. A TEXT-BOOK OF ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY, Theoretical and Inorganic. By George F. Barker, M. D., Professor of Physiological Chemistry in Yale College. Twelfth Edition. Louisville: John P. Morton & Co. 1874.

The vast strides made by Physical Science during the last century is nowhere more strikingly illustrated than in the growth and development of chemical theory. The qualities which preëminently characterize modern investigation find their most congenial field here; nowhere else does the multiplication of experiments, the searching scrutiny into theoretical truth, by the ever-growing light of ascertained phenomena, find greater scope than in the wide fields of organic and inorganic chemistry.

For ages this science, under the name of Alchemy, and, it would almost seem, under the spell of a malignant fate, worked toilsomely by a false method toward a mistaken end. The ground was eagerly turned up by the seekers after the 'philosopher's stone,' and the 'elixir of life.' Though the treasure so eagerly sought was never found, a better treasure sprung up in its place; for the harvest of physical truth ripening under our eyes, we owe, in part, to the unwearied toil of the old 'philosophers.' The story of so much misdirected energy, of so many dead and dying hopes, is full of pathos; but to us, who can see inscribed above it all the legend which reveals its

meaning, it is not so hopelessly sad as it was to the curious, eager, watching eyes which were too deeply absorbed in bending over furnace and crucible to discern any lesson but that of the utter disappointment, which was, each day, driven closer home to the heart-sick worker.

As astrology was the parent of astronomy, so was alchemy of chemistry. The vague longing to discern the secrets of the universe (but always in their bearing upon the life or fortunes of the seeker) was gradually narrowed down to the legitimate channel for physical research. The experience gained, in the search after the unattainable, proved invaluable when the true end of scientific investigation was determined, and the correct method reached. Facts which had been gathered in the chimerical efforts of the alchemist, and which lay a mass of useless rubbish, became valuable material when organized under the true chemical theory. Each one of these old 'philosophers,' as they delighted to call themselves; though he was working selfishly and blindly, was still contributing his quota toward the building of that mighty temple which rears itself no less grandly toward heaven because the hand which laid stone upon stone was often ignorant of the work it was really doing. Like many another workman in the world of mind, as well as in the world of matter, 'He builded better than he knew.'

Whether the atomic physiology can be traced back to the Phœnician philosopher, Moschus, who has more than once been suspected to be the lawgiver of Israel, is an extremely doubtful question, but it was undoubtedly a dream of the ancient poet, and found distinct enunciation in the writings of more than one of the ancient philosophers. In one form or another it is to be found in the teachings of most of the theistical and atheistical sages of Greece.

In the dark eclipse which truth endured during the middle ages, the physical sciences suffered no less than did the metaphysical. Minds which were occupied with the lofty problem of determining how many disembodied souls could dance at once upon the point of a cambric needle, could hardly stoop to anything so commonplace and vulgar as the observation of mere

facts. It is scarcely surprising that the nearest approach to modern science, which we find in mediæval times is that wild mixture of fact and fancy that called itself *alchemy*. But with the dawn which brought day to the darkened earth, all truth awoke and expanded itself to the light. With freedom of religious thought, with new views of personal and national liberty, arose new methods of scientific research. The same age which produced a Luther, produced also a Bacon, and with a recognition of the uses of the inductive method, science became possible. The first and noblest application of induction was to the motions of the heavenly bodies. The facts there lay all ready to the hand of the philosopher, and there the most wonderful generalizations were made. It was not till a century after Newton had raised the mighty dome upon the magnificent structure of physical astronomy, which had been growing up under the hands of Copernicus, Galileo, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler, that chemistry was born.

Just a hundred years ago the discovery, which gave birth to the chemical theory, was made. The unwieldy, though ingenious, theory of 'phlogiston,' suggested by Beecher and developed by Stahl, finally yielded before the exhaustive experiments of Lavoisier.

In 1774 Dr. Priestly made known the existence and properties of oxygen. The suggestion offered by this discovery was enough for the fertile intellect of Lavoisier. By a careful analysis of the atmosphere, which he himself minutely describes, he proved that oxygen was one of its elements, and that it performed the function of supporting combustion, both vital and chemical. He also proved by this same experiment that combustion is not destruction, but merely a re-arrangement, with no loss, of material already existing. From his discoveries arose his theory of combustion and life, which displaced that of Stahl.

With the destruction of a belief in the transmutability of metals, upon which alchemy founded itself, chemistry arose. The ancient science perished, but not till the new-born heir lay in its arms—the heir upon whom all its garnered wisdom was

to descend, while its follies, and blunders, and mistaken aims were to be buried out of sight and forgotten.

The theory of chemistry rapidly matured. The old dream of the atoms received a scientific enunciation from Dalton, and became the foundation of chemical science. Dalton also discovered and gave expression to the 'law of multiple proportions.' 'Berzelius,' says Wurtz, 'the great successor of Lavoisier, completed his theory of dualistic chemistry. He gave to the atomic theory [of Dalton], on the one hand, a solid foundation, by the determination of atomic weights, as exact as they were numerous, and on the other, a new expression by the use of formulæ adapted to the idea of dualism. Moreover, he attempted to explain dualism itself by the electro-chemical hypothesis.'

'Within the past ten years,' says Prof. Barker, in his Preface, 'chemical science has undergone a remarkable revolution. The changes which have so entirely altered the aspect of the science, however, are not, as some seem to suppose, changes merely in the names and formulæ of chemical compounds, for in this the science is but returning to principles long ago established by Berzelius. They are changes which have had their origin in the discovery, first, that each element has a fixed and definite combining power of equivalence; and, second, that in a chemical compound the arrangement of the atoms is of quite as much importance as their kind or number. The division of the elements into groups, according to the law of equivalence, necessitated a revision, and, in some cases, an alteration of their atomic weights; while in obedience to the second law, molecular formulæ were reconstructed so as to express this atomic arrangement. The importance of these laws cannot be over-estimated. By the former all the compounds formed by any element may be with certainty predicted; by the latter, all the modes of atomic grouping may be foreseen, and the possible isomers of any substance be pre-determined. Instead, therefore, of being a heterogeneous collection of facts, chemistry has now become a true science, based upon a sound philosophy.'

It is matter for rejoicing that the old method of simplifying

and popularizing science is gone out of date. The grand discovery has been made, that science may be simplified without being falsified. The 'middle men' in letters were much more given to adulteration than is the case now. In fact, to a certain extent, the system of 'middle men' has been abolished, and we find men, foremost in discovery, willing to provide instruction for the people, which is accurate, full, and yet not technical in its form. This is happily true, not only in regard to books intended for general reading, but also for those prepared for use in schools and colleges. The text-book under consideration is what it claims to be, 'a fair representation of the present state of chemical science.' It possesses, moreover, the advantage—which is of incalculable value in the mathematics and the physical sciences—of clear and philosophical definitions.

As to its scope and aim, we will quote the concluding paragraph of Prof. Barker's Preface: 'In conclusion,' says he, 'this text-book is offered as a contribution toward making science disciplinary as well as instructive. If it be true that chemistry already excels in training the powers of perception and of memory, it is unquestionably true that this science is capable of developing the reasoning faculties also. The present attempt to make it available for this purpose, therefore, may fairly ask to be judged, not in the light of its shortcomings alone, but also by the desirability of the end at which it aims.'

6. *OUR CHURCH IN SANDBURG.* By S. W. Moore, D. D., of the Memphis Conference. With an Introduction by Thomas O. Summers, D. D. Nashville: S. M. Publishing House. 1874. Pp. 278.

We have read this book, 'from end to end,' which is a wonderful feat for us, who have long since ceased to read works of fiction. But then *Our Church in Sandburg* is so life-like, so very *real*, that we forget it is not a historical sketch. Indeed, if the work is a fiction at all, it may be said that Dr. Moore 'had a dream which was not all a dream.' 'Is it a work of fiction?' asks Dr. Summers; and replies truly, 'Yes—no.'

It is as much Utopian as *Post-Oak Circuit*; but the reader

who is acquainted with the history of Methodism for the past thirty years, especially in the Southwest, will not be at a loss to locate 'Sandburg,' and to identify every minister and member of Our Church at that place. The characters are drawn to the life. Snell, Ticknor, Grumbles, Peters, Trigg, Standby, Hardwill, old Sister Phipps, and Aunt Berthie, and many others, of both sexes, saints and sinners, preachers and teachers, stewards and singers—surely, we have them all in the flesh, and the reader will know them at sight. All this, as well as the other portions of the Introduction, is truthfully and well said; but not more so than is every part of the work itself.

It does one good to read such a book. Amid the wastes and desolation of the world, the trials and vexations of life, *Our Church in Sandburg* grows, and buds, and blossoms, and bears fruit—an oasis in the desert. What more comforting and cheering to the way-worn traveller!

At the conclusion of his labors, our author says: 'We have seen a living Church—planted, nurtured, trained by a living ministry—grow up "in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, holding forth the word of life," and commanding even the unwilling admiration of the wicked. The manifest presence of the Master wrung, at times, from scoffers and infidels, an acknowledgment of its divine original and super-human constitution.'

The important lesson which he deduces from the whole narrative is thus set forth in the last two paragraphs in the work: 'During all these years our Church entered upon no field so fertile, pursued no enterprise so fascinating, performed no labor so remunerative as the Sunday School. From the date of its reorganization, after Sandburg became a station, there was never an *interregnum*. Some years were more marked by prosperity than others, but the institution was as constant a part of our religious duty as public worship. When first undertaken, the fruitfulness of the work was not adequately understood, and some who doubted its utility, but yet devoted themselves to it, lived to see rich returns accrue from their exertions. A well-managed Sunday School is to a Church

what a nursery is to an orchard, a stream to a reservoir, a recruiting officer to an army; it continually supplies the waste that death and other causes make in numbers, filling the places with intelligent and devoted members.

'I have seen, many times, the altar crowded with penitents who were all Sunday School scholars; and from these very children of the Church, thus brought to Christ, I have seen, in after years, nearly, if not quite, every office known to local Methodism supplied with mature, wise, and devoted workers, while some of the same trained soldiers went forth as chosen captains to lead the hosts of Israel; and my experience compels the conclusion, that in no way can the churchship of a denomination be more fully vindicated than by this reproductive fruitfulness by which its faith and usages are perpetuated in vital and unbroken succession from generation to generation.'

7. **CHILDREN AND THE CHURCH; OR, THE SPIRITUAL CONDITION, MORAL CAPABILITIES, AND CHURCH RELATIONS OF BAPTIZED INFANTS.** By Samuel Regester, D. D., of the Baltimore Conference, M. E. Church, South. Nashville: S. M. Publishing House. 1874. Pp. 192.

This little book we note as admirable literature for the Church. Sound to the core in doctrine, clear and luminous in exposition, and attractive in style, it is in every way worthy of the all-important theme of which it treats.

One feature of the book we hail with especial pleasure, namely, the vast improvement in the doctrine of 'original sin,' which our Methodism made in passing over from the Church of England into the wilderness of the New World. Our doctrine of 'original sin,' or 'innate depravity,' is, if we mistake not, a vast improvement on that held by all the Churches born of the grand movement of the sixteenth century. It is at once more scriptural and more rational than the same doctrine as it came forth distorted from the whirlwinds of the great Reformation, and is still embodied in the creeds and confessions of so many Protestant denominations. The root of the old doctrine, that infants deserve 'God's wrath and damnation' on account of inherited depravity, which is still embodied in the ninth article of the Church of England and of the Protestant Epis-

copal Church of this country, and its various ramifications in the ritual of those Churches, were stricken out by the reforming hand of John Wesley, who thereby gave us leave to rejoice in the sweet sunshine of God's eternal truth. It was this root, and these ramifications, which drove us, many years ago, from the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, and compelled us to wander in the wilderness of the world, till Methodism with open arms received us into the blessed bosom of her purified doctrinal system. According to this system, no infant, whether baptized or unbaptized, is exposed to 'God's wrath and damnation.' It was the great glory of the reaction of the sixteenth century, inaugurated by Mr. Wesley, that it threw off, and consigned to the limbo of error, this disfigurement of truth, which the Churches of the sixteenth century brought with them from the Church of Rome, or from the distortions of the school-fathers under whom the great reformers of that period had received their theological training and education. But this was not its greatest glory. For, while it thus threw off the incubus of error, it was sufficiently calm, steady, and considerate to preserve all the great evangelical truths with which that error had been so unfortunately blended. Hence, according to our system, no man is ever lost because he came into the world with a depraved nature, but only because, in spite of all the means of grace provided by the infinite love of 'God our Saviour, who will have all men to be saved,' he chooses to go out of the world with a nature unrenewed, and so unfitted for the enjoyment of his presence in the kingdom of his exaltation and glory.

Our author, accordingly, sails securely between Scylla and Charybdis, leaving all the latitudinarianism of modern times, on the one hand, in which so many vessels have been swamped, and, on the other, the old iron orthodoxy, against which so many gallant ships have struck. 'One theory is,' says he, 'that infant children are *spiritually pure*; i.e., they are without *taint* of hereditary depravity or moral disability. Another theory is, that infants having by nature no spiritual detriments or disabilities, other than mere inherited proclivities or propensities to moral evil, which, in themselves, are so under the



control of the will as to involve no serious damage or danger to spiritual and moral rectitude,' etc.

Both of these theories he rejects, as inconsistent with the teachings of Scripture, the lessons of experience, and the scheme of redemption by the blood of the Cross. He contends, on the contrary, that the nature of man is so ruined, lost, and depraved by the fall, that its salvation must come from without, not from within; that its great need is, not reformation by any human means, but regeneration by the Holy Ghost. As spiritually dead, it needs not merely some new *regimen* of life, but a new life itself. If left to itself, or aided only by appliances of human wisdom, it is, and must continue to be, the inexhaustible fountain from which the overwhelming wickedness of the world flows. It must be 'born from above.'

On the other hand, he rejects the third theory, which is stated by him in the following words: 'A third theory is, that infants are not only *spiritually* depraved or impure, but they are *morally* culpable on account of "imputed sin;" i. e., that they—infant children—may and do take the law-place of Adam in the judicial administration of God, and consequently may be, and are—because of a limited atonement—left in that state, and *punished forever on account of the "original sin."*' (p. 18.)

In regard to this theory, he says (p. 22), 'This view is so shocking to every sensibility of our nature, and so much at variance with what we consider the teachings of God's holy word, that we must decline to discuss it, save to a very limited extent.

'This theory, as is well known, is held by a large number of persons of varied and extensive culture—persons of solid piety, and who are among the most prominent defenders of our holy Christianity, and brightest exemplifiers of its divinity—men whose splendid intellects and profound theological erudition have thrown around the Protestant religion the most impregnable logical breastworks.

'Far be it from us to say or do aught that would damage the reputation or fortunes of a people who justly occupy a

prominent and exalted position in the ranks of the militant hosts of the Captain of our salvation, for it is our good fortune to know and love many who do as conscientiously hold to this form of faith, and do as fully illustrate in their lives the purity and power of the Christian religion as any other disciples of the Lord Jesus.'

To every word of these paragraphs we give our most cordial and hearty assent. But in what follows the gentle and loving spirit of our author has, we fear, carried him a little beyond the exact bounds and metes of historic truth. He says: 'Happily for our times, the fierce spirit of dogmatic and denominational strife has been superseded by the spiritual life of a *sweet, Christian experience*, and a *warm, brotherly love*.' (p. 23.) Not entirely so. The millennium of such 'warm, brotherly love' is, we fear, not quite so near us, or quite so complete, as the author seems to imagine. If, on the contrary, we tell the advocates of this third theory, that 'their view is so shocking to every sensibility of our nature,' we fear their 'sweet, Christian experience' will be a little soured toward us, and their 'warm, brotherly love' a little chilled. No admiration of their 'solid piety,' or 'splendid intellects,' or 'profound theological erudition,' will suffice, we fear, to lay the 'fierce spirit of dogmatic strife' in their bosoms. We must, indeed, 'decline to discuss' their theory, 'save to a very limited extent,' if not altogether, in order to secure the 'warm, brotherly love,' which we so earnestly desire. We should, indeed, rejoice to believe that this were not so. Be this as it may, however, we dare not purchase peace at the expense of our convictions of truth and duty, or lay down the sword of controversy in view of such a theory.

The author thus states his own theory: 'A fourth theory—and the one we accept as authorized by the word of God—is, that infant children—*all* infants, and therefore the *whole race* of mankind—are born in a state of depravity or spiritual impurity, but not in a state of moral culpability; i. e., that they inherit not only "proclivities" to evil, but spiritual impurities as well; and that while they possess an elemental but undeveloped *moral* character, they are not, as infants, morally liable to punishment; that they are without *moral* character,

and therefore in a state of *legal innocency*, and without moral responsibilities.'

In the exposition of this view, the author shows the relation which the infant world, according to the plan of salvation, sustains to God, and thus prepares the way for the proper treatment, training, and education of children by the Church, which is the great theme of his book. We shall not pretend to follow him in the able discussion of the various points of this great theme. It is, in many of its aspects, a powerful plea for Methodism; and every Methodist family in the land should not only own the work, but devoutly read and study its pages.







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