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AND LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

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CRITICAL WRITINGS.

BY

THEODORE PARKER.

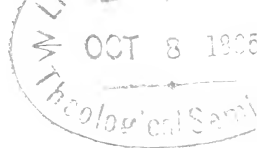
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CRITICAL WRITINGS.

ESSAYS.

A LESSON FOR THE DAY :

OR, THE CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST, OF THE CHURCH,
AND OF SOCIETY.*

“Hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches, . . . I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead.”—BIBLE.

EVERY man has at times in his mind the Ideal of what he should be, but is not. This ideal may be high and complete, or it may be quite low and insufficient; yet in all men that really seek to improve, it is better than the actual character. Perhaps no one is satisfied with himself, so that he never wishes to be wiser, better, and more holy. Man never falls so low, that he can see nothing higher than himself. This ideal man which we project, as it were, out of ourselves, and seek to make real; this Wisdom, Goodness, and Holiness, which we aim to transfer from our thoughts to our life, has an action, more or less powerful, on each man, rendering him dissatisfied with present attainments, and restless unless he is becoming better. With some men it takes the rose out of the cheek, and forces them to wander a long pilgrimage of temptations, before they reach the delectable mountains of Tranquillity, and find “Rest for the Soul,” under the Tree of Life.

Now there is likewise an ideal of perfection floating before the eyes of a community or nation; and that ideal,

* From the *Dial* for October, 1840.

which hovers, lofty or low, above the heads of our nation, is the Christian Ideal, "the stature of the perfect man in Christ Jesus." Christianity then is the ideal our nation is striving to realize in life; the sublime prophecy we are labouring to fulfil. Of course some part thereof is made real and actual, but by no means the whole; for if it were, some higher ideal must immediately take its place. Hence there exists a difference between the actual state in which our countrymen are, and the ideal state in which they should be; just as there is a great gulf between what each man is, and what he knows he ought to become. But there is at this day not only a wide difference between the true Christian ideal and our actual state, but, what is still worse, there is a great dissimilarity between *our ideal* and the ideal of Christ. The CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST is the highest and most perfect ideal ever presented to the longing eyes of man; but the CHRISTIANITY OF THE CHURCH, which is the ideal held up to our eyes, at this day, is a very different thing; and the CHRISTIANITY OF SOCIETY, which is that last ideal imperfectly realized, has but the slightest affinity with Christ's sublime archetype of man. Let us look a little more narrowly into the matter.

Many years ago, at a time when all nations were in a state of deep moral and religious degradation; when the world lay exhausted and sick with long warfare; at a time when Religion was supported by each civilized State, but when everywhere the religious form was outgrown and worn out, though the State yet watched this tattered garment with the most jealous care, calling each man a blasphemer who complained of its scantiness or pointed out its rents; at a time when no wise man, anywhere, had the smallest respect for the Popular Religion, except so far as he found it a convenient instrument to keep the mob in subjection to their lords; and when only the few had any regard for Religion, into whose generous hearts it is by nature so deeply sown, that they are born religious,—at such a time, in a little corner of the world, of a people once pious but then corrupted to the heart, of a nation well known but only to be justly and universally hated, there was born a man; a right true man. He had no advantage of birth, for he was descended from the poorest of the people; none of education, for he was brought up in a little

village, whose inhabitants were wicked to a proverb ; and so little had schools and colleges to do for him, that his townsmen wondered how he had learned to read. He had no advantage of aid or instruction from the great and the wise ; but grew up and passed his life, mainly, with fishers, and others of like occupation,—the most illiterate of men.

This was a true man ; such as had never been seen before. None such has risen since his time. He was so true, that he could tolerate nothing false ; so pure and holy, that he, and perhaps he alone of all men, was justified in calling others by their proper name ; even when that proper name was Blind Guide, Fool, Hypocrite, Child of the Devil. He found men forgetful of God. They seemed to fancy He was dead. They lived as if there had once been a God, who had grown old and deceased. They were mistaken also as to the nature of Man. They saw he had a body ; they forgot he is a Soul, and has a Soul's Rights, and a Soul's Duties. Accordingly they believed there had been Revelations, in the days of their fathers, when God was alive and active. They knew not there were Revelations every day to faithful Souls ;—Revelations just as real, just as direct, just as true, just as sublime, just as valuable, as those of old time ; for the Holy Spirit has not yet been exhausted, nor the River of God's inspiration been drunk dry by a few old Hebrews, great and divine souls though they were.

He found men clinging to tradition, as orphan girls cling to the robe of their mother dead and buried, hoping to find life in what had once covered the living. Thus men stood with their faces nailed to the past ; their eyes fastened to the ground. They dreamed not the sun rose each morning fresh and anew. So their teachers looked only at the West, seeking the light amid dark and thundering clouds, and mocking at such as, turning their faces to the East, expounded the signs of new morning, and “wished for the day.”

This true man saw through their sad state, and comforting his fellows, he said, Poor brother man, you are deceived. God is still alive. His Earth is under your feet. His Heaven is over your head. He takes care of the sparrows. Justice, and Wisdom, and Mercy, and Goodness, and Virtue, and Religion, are not superannuated and ready

to perish. They are young as Hunger and Thirst, which shall be as fresh in the last man as they were in the first. God has never withdrawn from the universe, but He is now present and active in this spot, as ever on Sinai, and still guides and inspires all who will open their hearts to admit Him there. Men are still men; born pure as Adam, and into no less a sphere. All that Abraham, Moses, or Isaiah possessed is open unto you, just as it was to them. If you will, your inspirations may be glorious as theirs, and your life as divine. Yea, far more; for the least in the New Kingdom is greater than the greatest in the Old. Trouble not yourselves, then, with the fringes and tassels of thread-bare tradition, but be a man on your own account.

Poor sinful Brother, said he to fallen man, you have become a fool, a hypocrite, deceiving and deceived. You live as if there were no God; no soul; as if you were but a beast. You have made yourself as a ghost, a shadow, not a man. Rise up and be a man, thou child of God. Cast off these cumbrous things of old. Let Conscience be your Lawgiver; Reason your Oracle; Nature your Temple; Holiness your High-priest; and a Divine Life your Offering. Be your own Prophet; for the Law and the old Prophets were the best things men had before John; but now the Kingdom of Heaven is preached; leave them, for their work is done. Live no longer such a mean life as now. If you would be saved—love God with your whole heart, and man as yourself. Look not back for better days, and say Abraham is our father; but live now, and be not Abrahams, but something better. Look not forward to the time when your fancied deliverer shall come; but use the moment now in your hands. Wait not for the Kingdom of God; but make it within you by a Divine Life. What if the Scribes and Pharisees sit in the seat of authority? Begin your kingdom of the divine life, and fast as you build it, difficulties will disappear: false men will perish, and the true rise up. Set not for your standard the limit of old times,—for here is one greater than Jonah or Solomon,—but be perfect as God. Call no man master. Call none father, save the Infinite Spirit. Be one with Him; think His thoughts; feel His feelings; and live His will. Fear not; I have overcome the world, and you shall do yet greater things; I and the Father will

dwell with you for ever. Thus he spoke the word which men had longed to hear spoken, and others had vainly essayed to utter. While the great and gifted asked in derision, Art thou greater than our father Jacob?—multitudes of the poor in spirit heard him; their hearts throbbed with the mighty pulsations of his heart. They were swayed to and fro by his words, as an elm branch swings in the summer wind. They said, This is one of the old Prophets, Moses, Elias, or even that greater Prophet, the “desire of all nations.” They shouted with one voice, He shall be our King; for human nature is always loyal at its heart, and never fails of allegiance, when it really sees a real Hero of the Soul, in whose heroism of Holiness there is nothing sham. As the carnal pay a shallow worship to rich men, and conquering chiefs, and other heroes of the Flesh, so do men of the spirit revere a faithful Hero of the Soul, with whatever in them is deepest, truest, and most divine.

Before this man had seen five-and-thirty summers, he was put to death by such men as thought old things were new enough, and false things sufficiently true, and, like owls and bats, shriek fearfully when morning comes, because their day is the night, and their power, like the spectres of fable, vanishes as the cock-crowing ushers the morning in. Scarce had this divine youth begun to spread forth his brightness; men had seen but the twilight of his reason and inspiration; the full moon must have come at a later period of life, when experience and long contemplation had matured the divine gifts, never before nor since so prodigally bestowed, nor used so faithfully. But his doctrine was ripe, though he was young. The truth he received first-hand from God required no age to render it mature. So he perished. But as the oak the woodman fells in Autumn on the mountain-side scatters ripe acorns over many a rood, some falling perchance into the bosom of a stream, to be cast up on distant fertile shores, so his words sprang up a host of men; living men like himself, only feebler and of smaller stature. They were quickened by his words, electrified by his love, and enchanted by his divine life. He who has never seen the sun can learn nothing of it from all our words; but he who has once looked thereon can never forget its burning brilliance. Thus these men “who had been with Jesus,” were lit up by him.

His spirit passed into them, as the sun into the air, with light and heat. They were possessed and over-mastered by the new spirit they had drunken in. They cared only for truth and the welfare of their brother men. Pleasure and ease, the endearments of quiet life and the dalliance of home, were all but a bubble to them, as they sought the priceless pearls of a divine life. Their heart's best blood—what was it to these men? They poured it joyfully as festal wine was spent at the marriage in Cana of Galilee; for, as their teacher's life had taught them to live, so had his death taught them to die to the body, that the soul might live greater and more. In their hearts burned a living consciousness of God; a living love of man. Thus they became rare men, such as the world but seldom sees. Some of them had all of woman's tenderness, and more than man's will and strength of endurance, which earth and hell cannot force from the right path. Thus they were fitted for all work. So the Damascus steel, we are told, has a temper so exquisite, it can trim a feather and cleave iron bars.

Forth to the world are sent these willing seedsmen of God; bearing in their bosom the Christianity of Christ, desiring to scatter this precious seed in every land of the wide world. The Priest, the Philosopher, the Poet, and the King,—all who had love for the past, or an interest in present delusions,—join forces to cast down and tread into dust these Jewish fishermen and tent-makers. They fetter the limbs; they murder the body; but the word of God is not bound, and the soul goes free. The seed, sown broadcast with faith and prayers, springs up and grows night and day, while men wake and while they sleep. Well it might, beneath the hot sun of persecution, and moistened by the dew that martyrs shed. The mailed Roman, hard as iron from his hundred battles, saw the heroism of Christian flesh, and beginning to worship that, saw with changed heart the heroism of the Christian soul; the spear dropped from his hand, and the man, newborn, prayed greater and stronger than before. Hard-hearted Roman men, and barbarians from the fabulous Hydaspis, stood round in the Forum, while some Christian was burned with many tortures for his faith. They saw his gentle meekness, far stronger than the insatiate steel or flame, that never says enough. They whispered to one another—those

hard-hearted men—in the rude speech of common life, more persuasive than eloquence. That young man has a dependent and feeble father, a wife, and a little babe, newly born, but a day old. He leaves them all to uncertain trouble, worse perhaps than his own; yet neither the love of young and blissful life, nor the care of parent, and wife, and child, can make him swerve an inch from the truth. Is there not God in this? And so when the winds scattered wide the eloquent ashes of the uncomplaining victim to regal or priestly pride, the symbolical dust, which Moses cast towards Heaven, was less prolific and less powerful than his.

So the world went for two ages. But in less than three centuries the faith of that lowly youth, and so untimely slain, proclaimed by the fearless voice of those trusting apostles, written in the blood of their hearts, and illuminated by the divine life they lived—this faith goes from its low beginning on the Galilean lake, through Jerusalem, Ephesus, Antioch, Corinth, and Alexandria; ascends the throne of the Cæsars, and great men, and temples, and towers, and rich cities, and broad kingdoms, lie at its feet. What wrought this wondrous change so suddenly; in the midst of such deadly peril; against such fearful odds? We are sometimes told it was because that divine youth had an unusual entrance into life; because he cured a few sick men, or fed many hungry men, by unwonted means. Believe it you who may, it matters not. Was it not rather because his doctrine was felt to be true, real, divine, satisfying to the soul; proclaimed by real men, true men, who felt what they said, and lived what they felt? Man was told there was a God still alive, and that God a father; that man had lost none of that high nature which shone in Moses, Solomon, or Isaiah, or Theseus, or Solon, but was still capable of Virtue, Thought, Religion, to a degree those sages not only never realized, but never dreamed of. He was told there were Laws for his nature, laws to be kept: Duties for his nature,—duties to be done: Rights for his nature,—rights to be enjoyed: Hopes for his nature,—hopes to be realized, and more than realized, as man goes forward to his destiny, with perpetual increase of stature. It needs no miracle, but a man, to spread such doctrines. You shall as soon stay Niagara

with a straw, or hold in the swelling surges of an Atlantic storm with the "spider's most attenuated thread," as prevent the progress of God's truth, with all the Kings, Poets, Priests, and Philosophers the world has ever seen; and for this plain reason, that Truth and God are on the same side. Well said the ancient, "Above all things Truth beareth away the victory."

Such was the nature, such the origin of the CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST; the true ideal of a divine life; such its history for three hundred years. It is true that, soon as it was organized into a Church, there were divisions therein, and fierce controversies, Paul withstanding fickle Peter to the face. It is true, hirelings came from time to time to live upon the flock; indolent men wished to place their arm-chair in the Church and sleep undisturbed; ambitious men sought whom they might devour. But in spite of all this, there was still a real religious life. Christianity was something men felt, and felt at home, and in the marketplace, by fire-side and field-side, no less than in the temple. It was something they would make sacrifice for, leaving father and mother and child and wife, if needful; something they would die for, thanking God they were accounted worthy of so great an end. Still more, it was something they lived for every day; their religion and their life were the same.

Such was Christianity as it was made real in the lives of the early Christians. But now, the CHRISTIANITY OF THE CHURCH, by which is meant that somewhat which is taught in our religious books, and preached in our pulpits, is a thing quite different, nay, almost opposite. It often fetters and enslaves men. It tells them they must assent to all the doctrines and stories of the Old Testament, and to all the doctrines and stories of the New Testament; that they must ascribe a particular and well-defined character to God; must believe as they are bid respecting Christ and the Bible, or they cannot be saved. If they disbelieve, then is the anathema uttered against them; true, the anathema is but mouthfuls of spoken wind; yet still it is uttered as though it could crush and kill. The Church insists less on the divine life, than on the doctrines a man believes. It measures a man's religion by his creed, and calls him a Heathen or a Christian, as that creed is short or long.

Now in the Christianity of Christ, there is no creed essential, unless it be that lofty desire to become perfect as God; no form essential, but love to man and love to God. In a word, a divine life on the earth is the all in all with the Christianity of Christ. This and this only was the Kingdom of God, and eternal life. Now the Church, as keeper of God's Kingdom, bids you assent to arbitrary creeds of its own device, and bow the knee to its forms. Thus the Christianity of the Church, as it is set forth at this day, insults the soul, and must belittle a man before it can bless him. The Church is too small for the soul; "the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." Some writer tells us of a statue of Olympian Jove, majestic and awful in its exquisite beauty, but seated under a roof so low, and within walls so narrow, that should the statue rise to its feet, and spread the arms, it must demolish its temple, roof and wall. Thus sits man in the Christian Church at this day. Let him think in what image he is made; let him feel his immortal nature, and rising, take a single step towards the divine life—then where is the Church?

The range of subjects the Church deigns to treat of is quite narrow; its doctrines abstract; and thus Christianity is made a letter, and not a life; an occasional affair of the understanding, not the daily business of the heart. The ideal now held up to the public, as the highest word ever spoken to man, is not the ideal of Christ, the measure of a perfect man, not even the ideal of the Apostles and early Christians. Anointed teachers confess without shame, that Goodness is better than Christianity. True, alas! it is better in degree; yes, different in kind from the Christianity of the Church. Hence in our pulpits we hear but little of the great doctrines of Jesus; the worth of the soul; the value of the present moment; the brotherhood of all men, and their equality before God; the necessity of obeying that perfect law God has written on the soul; the consequences which follow necessarily from disobeying—consequences which even Omnipotence cannot remove; and the blessed results for now and for ever, that arise from obedience, and the all-importance of a divine life; the power of the soul to receive the Holy Ghost; the di-

vine might of a regenerate man ; the presence of God and Christ *now* in faithful hearts ; the inspiration of good men ; the Kingdom of God on the earth—these form not the substance of the Church's preaching. Still less are they applied to life, and the duties which come of them shown and enforced. The Church is quick to discover and denounce the smallest deviation from the belief of dark ages, and to condemn vices no longer popular ; it is conveniently blind to the great fictions which lie at the foundation of Church and State ; sees not the rents, daily yawning more wide, in the bowing walls of old institutions ; and never dreams of those causes, which, like the drugs of the Prophet in the fable, are rending asunder the Idol of Brass and Clay men have set up to worship. So the mole, it has been said, within the tithe of an inch its vision extends over, is keener of insight than the lynx or the eagle ; but to all beyond that narrow range is stone blind.

Alas ! what men call Christianity, and adore as the best thing they see, has been degraded ; so that if men should be all that the pulpit commonly demands of them, they would by no means be Christians. To such a pass have matters reached, that if Paul should come upon the earth now, as of old, it is quite doubtful that he could be admitted to the Christian Church ; for though Felix thought much knowledge had made the Apostle mad, yet Paul ventured no opinion on points respecting the nature of God, and the history of Christ, where our pulpits utter dogmatic and arbitrary decisions, condemning as infidels and accursed all such as disagree therewith, be their life never so godly. These things are notorious. Still more, it may be set down as quite certain, that if Jesus could return from the other world, and bring to New-England that same boldness of inquiry which he brought to Judea ; that same love of living truth, and scorn of dead letters ; could he speak as he then spoke, and live again as he lived before,—he also would be called an infidel by the Church ; be abused in our newspapers, for such is our wont, and only not stoned in the streets, because that is not our way of treating such men as tell us the truth.

Such is the Christianity of the Church in our times. It does not look *forward* but *backward*. It does not ask truth at first hand from God ; seeks not to lead men directly to

Him, through the divine life, but only to make them walk in the old paths trodden by some good pious Jews, who, were they to come back to earth, could as little understand our circumstances as we theirs. The Church expresses more concern that men should walk in these peculiar paths, than that they should reach the goal. Thus the means are made the end. It enslaves men to the Bible; makes it the soul's master, not its servant; forgetting that the Bible, like the Sabbath, was made for man, not man for the Bible. It makes man the less and the Bible the greater. The Saviour said, Search the Scriptures; the Apostle recommended them as profitable reading; the Church says, Believe the Scriptures, if not with the consent of Reason and Conscience, why without that consent or against it. It rejects all attempts to humanize the Bible, and separate its fictions from its facts; and would fain wash its hands in the heart's blood of those who strip the robe of human art, ignorance, or folly, from the celestial form of divine truth. It trusts the imperfect Scripture of the Word, more than the Word itself, writ by God's finger on the living heart. "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," says the Apostle. But where the spirit of the Church is, there is slavery. It would make all men think the same thoughts; feel the same feelings; worship by the same form.

The Church itself worships not God, who is all in all, but Jesus, a man born of woman. Grave teachers, in defiance of his injunction, bid us pray to Christ. It supposes the Soul of all our souls cannot hear, or will not accept, a prayer, unless offered formally, in the Church's phrase, forgetting that we also are men, and God takes care of oxen and sparrows, and hears the young ravens when they cry, though they pray not in any form or phrase. Still, called by whatever name, called by an idol's name, the true God hears the living prayer. And yet perhaps the best feature of Christianity, as it is now preached, is its idolatrous worship of Christ. Jesus was the brother of all. He had more in common with all men, than they have with one another. But he, the brother of all, has been made to appear as the master of all; to speak with an authority greater than that of Reason, Conscience, and Faith;—an office his sublime and God-like spirit would revolt at. But yet, since he lived divine on the earth, and was a hero of

the soul, and the noblest and largest hero the world has ever seen, perhaps the idolatry that is paid him is the nearest approach to true worship, which the mass of men can readily make in these days. Reverence for heroes has its place in history; and though worship of the greatest soul ever swathed in the flesh, however much he is idealized and represented as incapable of sin, is without measure below the worship of the ineffable God, still it is the purest and best of our many idolatries in the nineteenth century. Practically speaking, its worst feature is, that it mars and destroys the highest ideal of man, and makes us beings of very small discourse, that look only backward.

The influence of real Christianity is to disenthral the man; to restore him to his nature, until he obeys Conscience, Reason, and Religion, and is made free by that obedience. It gives him the largest liberty of the Sons of God, so that as faith in truth becomes deeper, the man is greater and more divine. But now those pious souls who accept the Church's Christianity are, in the main, crushed and degraded by their faith. They dwindle daily in the Church's keeping. Their worship is not Faith, but Fear; and Bondage is written legibly on their forehead, like the mark set upon Cain. They resemble the dwarfed creed they accept. Their mind is encrusted with unintelligible dogmas. They fear to love man, lest they offend God. Artificial in their anxiety, and morbid in their self-examination, their life is sickly and wretched. Conscience cannot speak its mother tongue to them; Reason does not utter its oracles; nor Love cast out fear. Alas! the Church speaks not to the hearty and the strong; and the little and the weak, who accept its doctrines, become weaker and less thereby. Thus woman's holier heart is often abased and defiled, and the deep-thoughted and true of soul forsake the Church, as righteous Lot, guided by an angel, fled out of Sodom. There will always be wicked men who scorn a pure Church, and perhaps great men too high to need its instructions. But what shall we say when the Church, as it is, impoverishes those it was designed to enrich, and debilitates so often the trusting souls that seek shelter in its arm?

Alas for us, we see the Christianity of the Church is a very poor thing; a very little better than heathenism. It

takes God out of the world of nature and of man, and hides Him in the Church. Nay, it does worse; it limits God, who possesseth heaven and earth, and is from everlasting to everlasting, restricting His influence and inspiration to a little corner of the world and a few centuries of history, dark and uncertain. Even in this narrow range, it makes a deity like itself, and gives us not God, but Jehovah. It takes the living Christ out of the heart, and transfigures him in the clouds, till he becomes an anomalous being, not God, and not man; but a creature whose holiness is not the divine image he has sculptured for himself out of the rock of life, but something placed over him, entirely by God's hand, and without his own effort. It has taken away our Lord, and left us a being whom we know not; severed from us by his prodigious birth, and his alleged relation to God, such as none can share. What have we in common with such an one, raised above all chance of error, all possibility of sin, and still more surrounded by God at each moment, as no other man has been? It has transferred him to the clouds. It makes Christianity a Belief, not a Life. It takes Religion out of the world, and shuts it up in old books, whence, from time to time, on Sabbaths, and fast-days, and feast-days, it seeks to evoke the divine spirit, as the witch of Endor is fabled to have called up Samuel from the dead. It tells you, with grave countenance, to believe every word spoken by the Apostles,—weak, Jewish, fallible, prejudicial, mistaken as they sometimes were,—for this reason, because forsooth Peter's shadow and Paul's pocket-handkerchief cured the lame and the blind. It never tells you, Be faithful to the spirit God has given; open your soul and you also shall be inspired, beyond Peter and Paul it may be, for great though they were, they saw not all things, and have not absorbed the Godhead. No doubt the Christian Church has been the ark of the world; no doubt some individual churches are now free from these disgraces; still the picture is true as a whole.

Alas! it is true that men are profited by such pitiful teachings; for the Church is above the community, and the CHRISTIANITY OF SOCIETY is far below that of the Church; even in *that* deep there is a lower deep. This is a hard saying, no doubt. But let us look the facts in the face, and

see how matters are. It is written in travellers' journals and taught in our school-books that the Americans are Christians! It is said in courts of justice that Christianity is part of the law of the land; with the innocent meaning, it is like, that the law of the land is part of Christianity. But what proof have we that the men of New-England are Christians? We point to our churches. Lovely emblems they are of devotion. In city and village, by road-side and stream-side, they point meekly their taper finger to the sky, the enchanting symbol of Christian aspiration and a Christian life. Through all our land of hill and valley, of springs and brooks, they stand, and most beautiful do they make it, catching the earliest beam of day, and burning in the last flickering rays of the long-lingering sun. Sweet, too, is the breath of the Sabbath bell; dear to the hearts of New-England; it floats undulating on the tranquil air, like a mother's brooding note, calling her children to their home. We mention our Bibles and religious books found in the houses of the rich, and read with blissful welcome beside the hearth-stone of the poor. We point to our learned clergy, the appointed defenders of the letter of Christianity. All this proves nothing. The Apostles could point to no long series of learned scribes; only to a few rough fishermen in sheep-skins and goat-skins. They had no multitude of Bibles and religious books, for they cast behind them the Old Testament as a law of sin and death, and the New Testament was not then written, save in the heart; they had no piles of marble and mortar; no silvery and sweet-noted bell to rouse for them the slumbering morn. Yet were those men Christians. They did not gather of a Lord's day, in costly temples, to keep an old form, or kill the long-delaying hours;—but in small upper rooms; on the sea-shore; beneath a tree; in caves of the desert mountains; or the tombs of dead men in cities, met those noble hearts, to worship God at first hand, and exhort one another to a manly life, and a martyr's death, if need were.

We see indeed an advance in our people above all ancient time; we fondly say, the mantle of a more liberal culture is thrown over us all. The improved state of society brings many a blessing in its train. The arts diffuse comfort; industry and foresight afford us, in general, a

competence; schools and the printing-press, which works indefatigable with its iron hand, day and night, spread knowledge wide. Our hospitals, our asylums, and churches for the poor, give some signs of a Christian spirit. Crimes against man's person are less frequent than of old, and the legal punishments less frightful and severe. The rich do not ride rough-shodden over the poor. These things prove that the age has advanced somewhat. They do not prove that the spirit of Religion, of Christianity, of Love, the spirit of Christ, of God, are present among us and active; for enlightened prudence, the most selfish of selfishness, would lead to the same results; and who has the hardihood to look facts in the face, and call our society spiritual and Christian? The social spirit of Christianity demands that the strong assist the weak.

We appeal as proofs of our Christianity to our attempts at improving ruder tribes, to our Bibles and Missionaries, sent with much self-denial and sacrifice to savage races. Admitting the nobleness of the design, granting the Christian spirit is shown in these enterprises,—for this at least must be allowed, and all heathen antiquity is vainly challenged for a similar case,—there is still a most melancholy reverse to this flattering picture. Where shall we find a savage nation on the wide world that has, on the whole, been blessed by its intercourse with Christians? Where one that has not, most manifestly, been polluted and cursed by the Christian foot? Let this question be asked from Siberia to Patagonia, from the ninth century to the nineteenth; let it be put to the nations we defraud of their spices and their furs, leaving them in return our Religion and our Sin; let it be asked of the red-man, whose bones we have broken to fragments, and trodden into bloody mire on the very spot where his mother bore him; let it be asked of the black-man, torn by our cupidity from his native soil, whose sweat, exacted by Christian stripes, fattens our fields of cotton and corn, and brims the wine-cup of national wealth; whose chained hands are held vainly up as his spirit strives to God, with great, overmastering prayers for vengeance, and seem to clutch at the volleyed thunders of just, but terrible retribution, pendent over our heads. Let it be asked of all these, and who dares stay to

hear the reply, and learn what report of our Christianity goes up to God?

We need not compare ourselves with our fathers, and say we are more truly religious than they were. Shame on us if we are not. Shame on us if we are always to be babes in Religion, and whipped reluctant into decent goodness by fear, never growing up to spiritual manhood. Admitting we are a more Christian people than our fathers, let us measure ourselves with the absolute standard. What is Religion amongst us? Is it the sentiment of the Infinite penetrating us with such depth of power, that we would, if need were, leave father and mother and child and wife, to dwell in friendless solitudes, so that we might worship God in peace? O no, we were very fools to make such a sacrifice, when called on for the sake of such a Religion as that commonly preached, commonly accepted and lived. It is not worth that cost; so mean and degraded is Religion among us. Religion does not possess us as the sun possesses the violets, giving them warmth, and fragrance, and colour, and beauty. It does not lead to a divine character. One would fancy the bans of wedlock were forbidden between Christianity and Life, also, as we are significantly told, they have been between Religion and Philosophy; so that the feeling and the thought, like sterile monks and nuns, never approach to clasp hands, but dwell joyless, each in a several cell. Religion has become chiefly, and with the well-clad mass of men, a matter of convention, and they write Christian with their name as they write "Mr," because it is respectable; their fathers did so before them. Thus to be Christian comes to nothing, it is true, but it costs nothing, and is fairly worth what it costs.

Religion should be "a thousand-voiced psalm," from the heart of man to man's God, who is the original of Goodness, Truth, and Beauty, and is revealed in all that is good, true, and beautiful. But Religion is amongst us, in general, but a compliance with custom; a prudential calculation; a matter of expediency; whereby men hope, through giving up a few dollars in the shape of pew-tax, and a little time in the form of church-going, to gain the treasures of heaven and eternal life. Thus Religion has become Profit;

not reverence of the Highest, but vulgar hope and vulgar fear; a working for wages, to be estimated by the rules of loss and gain. Men love Religion as the mercenary worldling his well-endowed wife; not for herself, but for what she brings. They think Religion is useful to the old, the sick, and the poor, to charm them with a comfortable delusion through the cloudy land of this earthly life; they wish themselves to keep some running account therewith, against the day when they also shall be old, and sick, and poor. Christianity has two modes of action, direct on the heart and life of a man, and indirect through conventions, institutions, and other machinery; and in our time the last is almost its sole influence. Hence men reckon Christianity as valuable to keep men in order; it would have been good policy for a shrewd man to have invented it, on speculation, like other contrivances, for the utility of the thing. In their eyes the church, especially the church for the poor, is necessary as the court-house or the jail; the minister is a well-educated Sabbath-day constable; and both are parts of the great property establishment of the times. They value Religion, not because it is true and divine, but because it serves a purpose. They deem it needful as the poll-tax, or the militia system, a national bank, or a sub-treasury. They value it among other commodities: they might give it a place in their inventories of stock; and hope of Heaven, or faith in Christ, might be summed up in the same column with money at one per cent.

The problem of men is not first the Kingdom of God, that is, a perfect life on the earth, lived for its own sake; but first all other things, and then, if the Kingdom of God come of itself, or is thrown into the bargain, like pack-thread and paper with a parcel of goods, why very well; they are glad of it. It keeps "all other things" from soiling. Does Religion take hold of the heart of us? Here and there, among rich men and poor men, especially among women, you shall find a few really religious: whose life is a prayer, and Christianity their daily breath. They would have been religious had they been cradled among cannibals, and before the Flood. They are divine men; of whom the spirit of God seems to take early hold, and Reason and Religion to weave up, by celestial instinct, the

warp and woof of their daily life. Judge not the age by its religious geniuses. The mass of men care little for Christianity; were it not so, the sins of the forum and the market-place, committed in a single month, would make the land rock to its centre. Men think of Religion at church on the Sabbath; they make sacrifices, often great sacrifices, to support public worship, and attend it most sedulously, these men and women. But here the matter ends. Religion does not come into their soul; does not show itself in their housekeeping and trading. It does not shine out of the windows of morning and evening, and speak to them at every turn. How many young men in the thousand say thus to themselves, Of this will I make sure, a Christian character and divine life, all other things be as God sends? How many ever set their hearts on any moral and religious object, on achieving a perfect character, for example, with a fraction of the interest they take in the next election? Nay, woman also must share the same condemnation. Though into her rich heart God more generously sows the divine germs of Religion; though this is her strength, her loveliness, her primal excellence; yet she also has sold her birthright for tinsel ornaments, and the admiration of deceitful lips. Men think of Religion when they are sick, old, in trouble, or about to die, forgetting that it is a crown of life at all times; man's choicest privilege; his highest possession; the chain that sweetly links him to Heaven. If good for anything, it is good to live by. It is a small thing to die religiously; a devil could do that; but to live divine is man's work.

Since Religion is thus regarded or disregarded by men, we find that talent and genius, getting insight of this, float off to the market, the workshop, the senate, the farmer's field, or the court-house, and bring home with honour the fleece of gold. Meanwhile, anointed dulness, arrayed in canonicals, his lesson duly coned, presses, semi-somnous, the consecrated cushions of the pulpit, and pours forth weekly his impotent drone, to be blest with bland praises, so long as he disturbs not respectable iniquity slumbering in his pew, nor touches an actual sin of the times, nor treads an inch beyond the beaten path of the Church. Well is it for the safety of the actual Church, that genius and talent forsake its rotten walls, to build up

elsewhere the Church of the first-born, and pray largely and like men—Thy kingdom come. There is a concealed scepticism among us, all the more deadly because concealed. It is not a denial of God,—though this it is whispered to our ear is not rare,—for men have opened their eyes too broadly not to notice the fact of God, everywhere apparent, without and within; still less is it disbelief of the Scriptures; there has always been too much belief in their letter, though far too little living of their truths. But there is a doubt of man's moral and religious nature; a doubt if righteousness be so super-excellent. We distrust Goodness and Religion, as the blind doubt if the sun be so fine as men tell of; or as the deaf might jeer at the ecstatic raptures of a musician. Who among men trusts Conscience as he trusts his eye or ear? With them the highest in man is self-interest. When they come to outside goodness, therefore, they are driven by fear of hell, as by a scorpion whip; or bribed by the distant pleasures of heaven. Accordingly, if they embrace Christianity, they make Jesus, who is the archetype of a divine life, not a man like his brothers, who had human appetites and passions; was tempted in the flesh; was cold, and hungry, and faint, and tired, and sleepy, and dull—each in its season—and who needed to work out his own salvation, as we also must do; but they make him an unnatural character; passionless; amphibious; not man and not God; whose holiness was poured on him from some celestial urn, and so was in no sense his own work; and who, therefore, can be no example for us, goaded as we are by appetite, and bearing the ark of our destiny in our own hands. It is not the essential element of Christianity, *love to man and love to God*, men commonly gather from the New Testament; but some perplexing dogma, or some oriental dream. How few religious men can you find, whom Christianity takes by the hand, and leads through the Saharas and Siberias of the world; men whose lives are noble; who can speak of Christianity as of their trading, and marrying, out of their own experience, because they have lived it! There is enough cant of Religion, creeds written on sanctimonious faces, as signs of that emptiness of heart, "which passeth show," but how little real Religion, that comes home to men's heart and life, let experience decide.

Yet, if he would, man cannot live all to this world. If not religious, he will be superstitious. If he worship not the true God, he will have his idols. The web of our mortal life, with its warp of destiny and its woof of free will, is most strangely woven up, by the flying shuttles of time, which rest not, wake we or sleep; but through this wondrous tissue of the perishing there runs the gold thread of eternity, and like the net Peter saw in his vision, full of strange beasts and creeping things, this web is at last seen to be caught up to Heaven by its four corners, and its common things become no longer unclean. We cannot always be false to Religion. It is the deepest want of man. Satisfy all others, we soon learn that we cannot live by bread only, for as an ancient has said, "it is not the growing of fruits that nourisheth man, but thy Word, which preserveth them that put their trust in Thee." Without the divine life we are portionless, bereft of strength; without the living consciousness of God, we are orphans, left to the bleakness of the world.

But our paper must end. The Christianity of the Church is a very poor thing; it is not bread, and it is not drink. The Christianity of Society is still worse; it is bitter in the mouth and poison in the blood. Still men are hungering and thirsting, though not always knowingly, after the true bread of life. Why shall we perish with hunger? In our Father's house is enough and to spare. The Christianity of Christ is high and noble as ever. The religion of Reason, of the Soul, the Word of God, is still strong and flame-like, as when first it dwelt in Jesus, the chiefest incarnation of God, and now the pattern-man. Age has not dimmed the lustre of this light that lighteneth all, though they cover their eyes in obstinate perversity, and turn away their faces from this great sight. Man has lost none of his God-likeness. He is still the child of God, and the Father is near to us as to him who dwelt in his bosom. Conscience has not left us. Faith and hope still abide; and love never fails. The Comforter is with us; and though the man Jesus no longer blesses the earth, the ideal Christ, formed in the heart, is with us to the end of the world. Let us then build on these. Use good words when we can find them, in the church, or out of it. Learn to pray, to pray greatly and strong; learn to reverence

what is highest ; above all learn to live, to make Religion daily work, and Christianity our common life. All days shall then be the Lord's day ; our homes, the House of God, and our labour, the ritual of Religion. Then we shall not glory in men, for all things shall be ours ; we shall not be impoverished by success, but enriched by affliction. Our service shall be worship, not idolatry. The burthens of the Bible shall not overlay and crush us ; its wisdom shall make us strong, and its piety enchant us. Paul and Jesus shall not be our masters, but elder brothers, who open the pearly gate of truth and cheer us on, leading us to the tree of life. We shall find the Kingdom of Heaven and enjoy it now, not waiting till death ferries us over to the other world. We shall then repose beside the rock of ages, smitten by divine hands, and drink the pure water of life as it flows from the Eternal, to make earth green and glad. We shall serve no longer a bond-slave to tradition, in the leprous host of sin, but become free men, by the law and spirit of life. Thus like Paul shall we form the Christ within ; and like Jesus, serving and knowing God directly, with no mediator intervening ; become one with Him. Is not this worth a man's wish ; worth his prayers ; worth his work ; to seek the living Christianity, the Christianity of Christ ? Not having this, we seem but bubbles,—bubbles on an ocean, shoreless and without bottom ; bubbles that sparkle a moment in the sun of life, then burst to be no more. But with it we are men, immortal souls, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ.

TRUTH AGAINST THE WORLD.*

A PARABLE OF PAUL.

ONE day Abdiel found Paul at Tarsus, after his Damascus journey, sitting meek and thoughtful at the door of his house; his favourite books, and the instruments of his craft, lying neglected beside him. "Strange tidings I hear of you," said the sleek Rabbi. "You also have become a follower of the Nazarene! What course shall you pursue after your precious conversion?" "I shall go and preach the Gospel to all nations," said the new convert, gently. "I shall set off to-morrow."

The Rabbi, who felt a sour interest in Paul, looked at him with affected incredulity, and asked, "Do you know the sacrifice you make? You must leave father and friends; the society of the great and the wise. You will fare hard, and encounter peril. You will be impoverished; called hard names; persecuted; scourged; perhaps put to death." "None of these things move me," said Paul. "I have counted the cost. I value not life the half so much as keeping God's law, and proclaiming the truth, though all men forbid. I shall walk by God's light, and fear not. I am no longer a slave to the old law of sin and death, but a free man of God, made free by the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus." "Here," rejoined the Rabbi, "you have ease, and fame; in your new work you must meet toil, infamy, and death." "The voice of God says, Go," exclaimed the Apostle with firmness; "I am ready to spend and be spent in the cause of truth."

"Die, then," roared the Rabbi, "like a Nazarene fool, and unbelieving Atheist, as thou art. He that lusts after new things, preferring his silly convictions, and that whim of a conscience, to solid ease, and the advice of his friends,

* From the *Dial* for October, 1840.

deserves the cross. Die in thy folly. Henceforth I disclaim thee. Call me kinsman no more!"

Years passed over; the word of God grew and prevailed. One day it was whispered at Tarsus, and ran swiftly from mouth to mouth in the market-place, "Paul, the apostate, lies in chains at Rome, daily expecting the Lions. His next trouble will be his last." And Abdiel said to his sacerdotal cronies, in the synagogue, "I knew it would come to this. How much better to have kept to his trade, and the old ways of his fathers and the prophets, not heeding that whim of a conscience. He might have lived respectably to an easy old age at Tarsus, the father of sons and daughters. Men might have called him RABBI in the streets."

Thus went it at Tarsus. But meantime, in his dungeon at Rome, Paul sat comforted. The Lord stood by him in a vision, and said, "Fear not, Paul. Thou hast fought the good fight. Lo! I am with thee to the end of the world." The tranquil old man replied, "I know whom I have served, and am thoroughly persuaded that God will keep what I have committed to Him. I have not the spirit of fear, but of love, and a sound mind. I shall finish my course with joy, for I see the crown of righteousness laid up for me, and now my salvation is more perfect, and my hope is higher, than when first I believed."

Then in his heart spoke that voice, which had spoken before on the mount of Transfiguration, "Thou also art my beloved Son. In thee am I well pleased."

STRAUSS'S LIFE OF JESUS.*

THE work above named is one of profound theological significance. It marks the age we live in, and to judge from its character and the interest it has already excited, will make an epoch in theological affairs. It is a book whose influence, for good and for evil, will not soon pass away. Taken by itself, it is the most remarkable work that has appeared in theology for the last hundred and fifty years, or since Richard Simon published his *Critical History of the Old Testament*; viewed in reference to its present effect, it may well be compared to Tindal's celebrated work, "Christianity as old as the Creation," to which, we are told, more than six-score replies have been made. We do not propose to give any answer to the work of Mr Strauss, or to draw a line between what we consider false and what is true; but only to give a description and brief analysis of the work itself, that the good and evil to be expected therefrom may be made evident. But before we address ourselves to this work, we must say a brief word respecting the comparative position of Germany and England in regard to Theology.

On the fourth day of July, in the year of grace one thousand seven hundred and fifty-seven, died at Halle, in Germany, Sigismund Jacob Baumgarten; a man who was deemed a great light in his time. Some thought that Theology died with him. A few, perhaps more than a few, at one time doubted his soundness in the faith, for he studied philosophy, the philosophy of Wolf, and there are always men, in pulpits and parlours, who think philosophy is curious in unnecessary matters, meddling with things

* *Das Leben Jesu, Kritisch bearbeitet, von DR DAVID FRIEDERICH STRAUSS.* Tübingen: 1837. 2 vols. 8vo. *The Life of Jesus, critically treated, &c.* Second improved edition. (1st edition, 1835; 3rd, 1839; 4th, 1842.)—[From the *Christian Examiner* for April, 1840.]

that are too high for the human arm to reach. Such was the case in Baumgarten's time in Halle of Saxony. Such is it now, not in Halle of Saxony, but in a great many places nearer home. But Dr Baumgarten outlived this suspicion, we are told, and avenged himself, in the most natural way, by visiting with thunders all such as differed from himself; a secret satisfaction which some young men, we are told, hope one day to enjoy. Baumgarten may be taken, perhaps, as representing the advanced post in German theology in the middle of the last century. A few words, from one of the greatest critical scholars Europe has produced, will serve to show what that post was a hundred years ago. "He attempted, by means of history and philosophy, to throw light upon theological subjects; but wholly neglecting philology and criticism, and unacquainted with the best sources of knowledge, he was unable to free religion from its corruptions. Everything that the Church taught passed with him for infallible truth. He did not take pains to inquire whether it agreed with Scripture or common sense. Devoted to the Church, he assumed its doctrines, and fortified its traditions with the show of demonstrations, as with insurmountable walls of defence. His scholars were no less prompt and positive in their decisions than their master. Every dogma of their teacher was received by them as it were a mathematical certainty, and his polemics exhibited to them the Lutheran Church in exclusive possession of the truth, and resigned all other sects covered with shame and contempt to their respective errors. Everything appeared to be so clearly exhibited and proved by him, that there seemed to be nothing left for future scholars to investigate and explain; but only to repeat and enforce in an intelligible manner the truths already acquired. Baumgarten, indeed, accounted it nothing less than high treason against his discipline, for his scholars to presume to think and examine for themselves; and acknowledged him only for his genuine disciple, who left his school, confident that, with the weapons of his instructor in his hands, he could resist the whole theological world, and overcome it without a violent struggle."*

* Eichhorn, Allgemeine Bibliothek, &c.; Leip., 1793. Vol. V. pp. 16, 17. We have followed the beautiful translation in "The General Repository and Review." Cambridge, 1812. Vol. I. p. 65, seq.

and its precincts forbidden to all pious souls. Ecclesiastical history was in the service of a mystical Pietism; its real province and genuine sources were unknown. Exegetical learning was thought unnecessary, and even a foe to genuine piety; the chimeras of Buxtorf, half Jewish, half Christian, ruled with despotic sway. Langen's method of salvation was esteemed an oracle in dogmatic theology, and pictistic and fanatical notions prevailed in morals. If a man was not satisfied with this, or showed a desire for more fundamental theological learning, it was said, "He has forsaken his first love, and wants to study his Saviour out of the world." * Such was Germany a hundred years ago. The fate of Lawrence Schmid, the "Wertheim Translator" of part of the Pentateuch, is a well-known sign of the times. A young man was accused of Socinianism, and Arianism, because he doubted the genuineness of the celebrated passage, 1 John v. 7, now abandoned by all respectable critics; he was reckoned unsound because he openly, or in secret, studied Richard Simon, Grotius, Leclerc, and Wetstein.†

Let us now turn to England. Before this time the Deists had opened their voice; Hobbes, Morgan, Collins, Chubb, Tindal, Bolingbroke, had said their say. The civil wars of England, in the century before, had awakened the the soul of the nation. Great men had risen up, and given a progress to the Protestant Reformation, such as it found in no other country of the world perhaps, unless it were in Transylvania and Holland. There had been a Taylor, Cudworth, Secker, Tillotson, Hoadly, Hare, Lardner, Foster, Whitby, Sykes, Butler, Benson, Watts,—yes, a Newton and a Locke, helping to liberalize theology. The works of Montaigne, Malebranche, Bayle, even of Spinoza, had readers in England, as well as opponents. The English theologians stood far in advance of the Germans, among whom few great names were to be reckoned after the Reformation. Take the century that ended in the year of Baumgarten's death, and you have the period of England's greatest glory in science, literature, and theology. The works which give character to the nation were written then. Most of the English theology, which

* Eichhorn, l. c. Vol. III. p. 833, seq.

† See Semler's *Lebensbeschreibung*; Halle, 1781, Vol. I. p. 250, seq. et passim.

pays for the reading, was written before the middle of the last century; while in Germany few books had been written on that general theme since the sixteenth century, which are now reprinted or even read. Such was England a century ago.

What have the two countries done since? Compare Taylor's *Liberty of Prophesying*, the writings of Cudworth, Locke, Butler, and Tillotson, or Foster, with the writings of the men who occupy a similar relative position at this day,—with the general tone of the more liberal writers of England,—and what is the result? Need it be told? Theology, in the main body of English theologians, has not been stationary. It has gone back. The works of Priestley, and others like him, bear little fruit.

Now in Germany, since the death of Baumgarten, there has been a great advance. Compare the works of Neander, Bretschneider, De Wette, and F. C. Bauer, with Baumgarten, and "the great theologians" of his time, and what a change! New land has been won; old errors driven away. It is not in vain that Michaelis, Semler, Eichhorn, Kant, Schelling, Hegel, and Schleiermacher, have lived. Men study theology as the English once studied it,—as if they were in earnest. New questions are raised; old doubts removed; some principles are fixed; and theology studied as a science, in the light of reason. But as another has said, "In the English theology there is somewhat dead, and immoveable, catholic, external, mechanical; while the industrial power of England is active, and goes ahead with giant strides, from invention to invention; while the commercial and warlike spirit of the nation goes storming forth, with manly and almost frantic courage, into the remotest distance, embracing the globe with its gigantic arms, and in the midst of its material concerns, pursues without wearying the interests of science, too haughty to disturb itself about the truth of religions foreign to its concerns,—Theology remains, as it were, to represent the female element in the mind of the nation, sitting at home, domestic as a snail, in the old-fashioned narrow building she has inherited from her fathers, which has been patched up a little, here and there, as necessity compelled. There she sits, anxiously fearing, in her old-womanly way, lest she shall be driven

out of doors by the spirit of enlightened Europe, which sports with heathen religions. In English theology a peace has been established between the understanding and Christianity, as between two deadly foes. Theology preserves unhurt the objective contents of the Christian religion; but in the dull understanding, it lies like a stone in the stomach." But let us now turn to the work of Mr Strauss.

It is not our aim to write a polemic against the author of the "Life of Jesus," but to describe his book, or "define his position," as the politicians are wont to say. The work in question comprises, *first*, an introduction, relating to the formation of "the Mythical stand-point," from which the Evangelical history is to be contemplated; *second*, the main work itself, which is divided into three books, relating respectively to the History of the Birth and Childhood of Jesus; his Public Life; his Sufferings, Death, and Resurrection; *third*, a conclusion of the whole book, or the doctrinal significance of the life of Jesus. The work forms two closely-printed volumes, and comprises about sixteen hundred pages, thus making a work nearly as large as Mr Hallam's History of Literature. It is not properly called a *Life of Jesus*; but a better, a more descriptive title would be, A Fundamental Criticism on the Four Gospels. In regard to learning, acuteness, and sagacious conjectures, the work resembles Niebuhr's History of Rome. Like that, it is not a history, but a criticism and collection of materials, out of which a conjectural history may be constructed. Mr Strauss, however, is not so original as Niebuhr (who yet had numerous predecessors, though they are rarely noticed), but is much more orderly and methodical. The general manner of treating the subject, and arranging the chapters, sections, and parts of the argument, indicates consummate dialectical skill; while the style is clear, the expression direct, and the author's openness in referring to his sources of information, and stating his conclusions in all their simplicity, is candid and exemplary.*

The introduction to the work is valuable to every student of the Scriptures who has sufficient sagacity to

* He professes very honestly, that he has no presuppositions. We shall touch upon this point.

discern between the true and the false ; to any other it is dangerous, as are all strong books to weak heads, very dangerous, from its "specious appearances." It is quite indispensable to a comprehension of the main work. We will give a brief abstract of some of its most important matters. If a form of religion rest on written documents, sooner or later there comes a difference between the old document and the modern discoveries and culture shown in works written to explain it. So long as the difference is not total, attempts will be made to reconcile the two. A great part of religious documents relate to sacred history, to events and instances of the Deity stepping into the circle of human affairs. Subsequently, doubts arise as to the fact, and it is said "the Divinity could not have done as it is alleged," or, "the deed could not be Divine." Then attempts are made to show either that these deeds *were never done*, and, therefore, the documentary record is not entitled to historical credibility, or that they *were not done by God*, and, therefore, to explain away the real contents of the book. In each of these cases, the critic may go fearlessly to work ; look facts clearly in the face ; acknowledge the statements of the old record, with the inconsistency between them and the truths of science ; or, he may go to work under constraint ; may blind himself to this inconsistency, and seek merely to unfold the original meaning of the text. This took place in Greece, where religion did not rest on religious documents, but had yet a sort of connection with the mythological stories of Homer and Hesiod, and with others, which circulated from mouth to mouth. The serious philosophers soon saw that these stories could not be true. Hence arose Plato's quarrel with Homer ; hence Anaxagoras gave an *allegorical* explanation of Homer, and the Stoics *naturalized* Hesiod's Theogony, supposing it related to the operations of nature. Others, like Evhemerus, *humanized* and applied these stories to men, who by great deeds had won divine honours.

Now with the Hebrews, their stability, and their adherence to the supernatural stand-point, would, on the one hand, prevent such views being taken of their religious records ; and on the other, would render this treatment the more necessary. Accordingly, after the

exile, and still more after the time of the Maccabees, the Hebrew teachers found means to remove what was offensive; to fill up chasms, and introduce modern ideas into their religious books. This was first done at Alexandria. Philo—following numerous predecessors—maintained there was a *common* and a *deeper* sense in the Scriptures, and in some cases the literal meaning was altogether set aside; especially when it comprised anything excessively anthropomorphic, or unworthy of God. Thus he gave up the historical character, to save the credit of the narrative, but never followed the method of Evhemerus. The Christians applied the same treatment to the Old Testament, and Origen found a *literal*, *moral*, and *mystical* sense in all parts of the Scriptures, and sometimes applied the saying, “the letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive,” to the former. Some passages, he said, had no literal sense; in others, a *literal lie* lay at the bottom of a *mystical truth*. Many deeds, he says, are mentioned in Scripture which were never performed; fiction is woven up with fact to lead us to virtue. He rejected the literal sense of those passages which *humanize* the Deity. But Origen went farther, and applied these same principles to the New Testament, where he found much that was distasteful to his philosophical palate. Here also he finds fiction mingled with fact, and compares the Homeric stories of the Trojan war, in respect to their credibility, with the Christian narratives. In both Homer and the Gospels, he would consider what portions can be believed; what considered as figurative; what rejected as incredible, and the result of human frailty. He, therefore, does not demand a blind faith in the Gospels, but would have all Christians understand, that good sense and diligent examination are necessary in this study, to ascertain the meaning of a particular passage. But this heretical father was too cautious to extend these remarks, and apply them extensively to particular passages. The Scriptures fell into the hands of men who acknowledged something divine in them; but denied that God had made therein particular manifestations of himself. This was done by Celsus, Porphyry, and Julian, who assented to much that is related of Moses and Jesus; while they found “lying legends” in other parts of the Bible.

Among the Greeks and Hebrews, whose religious literature was contemporary with the growth of the nation, the prevalence of allegorical interpretation of the sacred books proved that the old forms of religion had died out, for the modern culture had outgrown the faith of the fathers of the nation. But in Christianity, the allegorical explanation adopted by Origen, and the peculiar opposition of Celsus taking place so near the birth of Christianity, prove that the world had not yet properly lived in the new form of religion. But, from the age after this time, when the rude Germanic nations—too rude to find any difficulty in admitting the most objectional parts of the Old and New Testament—were conquering the Roman Empire, and becoming Christians at the same time, all proofs have disappeared, which would indicate the prevalence of a manner of interpreting the Scriptures, that arose from a radical discrepancy between the culture of mankind and the statements in these records. The Reformation made the first breach upon the solid walls of Ecclesiastical faith in the letter of the Bible. This was the first sign, that in Christianity, as formerly in Judaism and Heathenism, there was a culture sufficiently powerful to re-act upon the prevalent form of religion.

So far as the Reformation was directed against the Romish Church, it soon accomplished its sublime Mission. But in relation to the Scriptures, it took the direction of Deism. Toland and Bolingbroke called the Bible a collection of fabulous books. Others robbed the Scriptural heroes of all divine light. The law of Moses was considered a superstition, the apostles were called selfish, the character of Jesus was assailed, and his resurrection denied by a "moral philosopher." Here belong Chubb, Woolston, Morgan, and the Wolfenbüttel Fragmentis. These scholars were ably opposed by a host of apologetical writers in England and Germany, who defended the supernatural character of the Bible. But in Germany there arose a different class of men, who designed to strip the Bible of its supernatural character and direct divinity; but to leave its human character unharmed. They would not call the alleged miracles, *miracles*, nor consider them as *juggling*. Thus Eichhorn opposed the Deists,—who ascribed bad motives to the writers of Scripture,—but denied

that there was anything supernatural in the stories of the Old Testament. He saw that he must deny this of the Bible, or admit it, likewise, of all ancient religious documents; for they all claimed it. We are not to be astonished, he says, at finding miracles in these writings, for they were produced in the infancy of the world; we must interpret them in the same spirit that composed them. Thus he can explain the history of Noah, Abraham, and Moses, by natural events.

Others treated the New Testament in the same manner. But the first Christian Evhemerus was Dr Paulus. He makes a distinction between the fact *related* and the *judgment* or *opinion respecting the fact*; for example, between the fact and the writer's opinion respecting its *cause* or *purpose*. The two, he supposes, are confounded in the New Testament; for its writers, like others in that age, took a supernatural view, and referred human actions to the direct agency of God. The office of an interpreter is to separate the *fact* from the *opinion* about the fact. Paulus, accordingly, believes the Gospels, but denies the supernatural causality of the events related. Jesus is not the Son of God, in the ecclesiastical sense, but a good man; he works no miracles, but does kind deeds, sometimes by chirurgical skill, and sometimes by good luck. Both Paulus and Eichhorn, in order to maintain the truth of the narrative, must refer it to a date as early as possible; thus the former admits that Moses wrote the Pentateuch on the march through the wilderness, and the latter believes the genuineness of the Gospels. Both of these sacrifice the literal history for the sake of the great truths contained in the book.

Kant took a different position. He did not concern himself with the history, but only with the *idea* the history unfolded; this idea he considered not as theoretical and practical, but only the latter. He did not refer it to the Divine mind, but to that of the writer, or his interpreter. Christian writers, he says, have so long interpreted these books, that they seem to harmonize with universal moral laws. But the Greeks and Romans did the same, and made Polytheism only a symbol of the various attributes of the One God, thus giving a mystical sense to the basest actions of the gods and the wildest

dreams of the poets. In the same way the Christian writings must be explained, so as to make them harmonize with the universal laws of a pure moral religion. This, even if it does violence to the text, must be preferred to the literal interpretation, which, in many instances, would afford no support to morality, and would sometimes counteract the moral sense. Thus he makes David's denunciation of his foes signify the desire to overcome obstacles; but thinks it is not necessary these ideas should have been present to the mind of the writer of the books.

Here, Mr Strauss continues, was, on the one hand, an *unhistorical*, and, on the other, an *unphilosophical* method of treating the Bible. The progressive study of mythology shed light upon this subject. Eichhorn had made the reasonable demand, that the Bible should be treated like other ancient books; but Paulus, attempting to treat others as he treated the Bible, could not naturalize the Greek legends and myths. Such scholars as Schelling and Gabler began to find myths in the Bible, and apply to them the maxim of Heyne, "a mythis omnis priscorum hominum cum historia, tum philosophia procedit." Bauer ventured to write a Hebrew mythology of the Old and New Testament. A myth was defined to be a narration, proceeding from an age when there was no written authentic history, but when facts were preserved and related by oral tradition. It is a myth, if it contains an account of things,—related in a historical way,—which *absolutely* could not be the objects of experience, such as events that took place in the supersensual world, or, which could not *relatively* be objects of experience, such, for example, as, from the nature of the case, no man could witness. Or, finally, it is a myth, if the narrative is elaborated into the wonderful, and is related in symbolic language.

Now, the *naturalistic* method of interpreting the Bible could only be resorted to on the supposition of its historical accuracy, and that it was written contemporary with the events it relates. Accordingly, men who denied this carried out the mythical theory. The Pentateuch, says Vater, can be understood only on the supposition it was not written by eye-witnesses. De Wette declared still more strongly against the naturalistic, and in favour of the mythical hypothesis. To test the credibility of an

account, he says, we must examine the writer's tendency. He may write history, and yet have a poetic tendency, and such is the case with the writers of the Old Testament. Fact and fiction are blended together therein, and we cannot separate them, because we have no criterion, or touchstone, by which to examine them. The only source of our knowledge of events, is the narrative relating the historical facts. We cannot go beyond this. In regard to the Old Testament, we must admit or reject these narratives; in the latter case, we relinquish all claim to any knowledge of the affairs related, for we have no other evidence respecting them. We have no right to impose a *natural* explanation on what is related as a *miracle*. It is entirely arbitrary to say the *fact* is genuine history, and the *drapery* alone is poetical; for example, we have no right to say, Abraham thought he would make a covenant with God, and that this fact lies at the bottom of the poetic narrative. Nor do we know what Abraham thought. If we follow the narrative, we must take the fact as it is; if we reject it, we have no knowledge of the fact itself. It is not reasonable that Abraham should have such thoughts of his descendants possessing Palestine centuries afterwards, but quite natural that they should write this poetic fiction to glorify their ancestor.

Thus the *naturalistic* explanation destroys itself, and the mythical takes its place. Even Eichhorn confessed the former could not be applied to the New Testament, and Gabler, long ago, maintained that there are in the New Testament not only erroneous *judgments upon facts*, which an eye-witness might make, but also *false facts* and improbable results mentioned, which an eye-witness could not relate, but which were gradually formed by tradition, and are, therefore, to be considered myths. The circumstance of writings and books being well known at the time of Christ does not preclude the mythical view; for the facts must have been preserved orally long before they were written down. Besides, says Bauer, we have not in the New Testament a whole series of myths, but only single mythical stories. Anecdotes are told of a great man, which assume a more extraordinary character the farther they spread. In a miracle-loving age, the obscure youth of Jesus would, after his name became illustrious, be em-

bellished with miraculous stories of celestial beings visiting his parents, predicting his birth and character. Where the records or authentic tradition failed, men gave loose to fancy, to historical conjectures, and reasonings in the style of the Jewish Christians, and thus created the philosophic myths of primitive Christian history. But men did not set down with fancy aforethought, saying, "Go to, now, let us make {myths;}" but they were gradually formed; a little was added here, and a little there. They would relate chiefly to the obscurest part of Christ's history. In obedience to this principle, Eichhorn, seeing that only a slender thread of apostolical tradition runs through the three first Gospels, rejects several stories from the life of Jesus, which offended his critical taste; for example, the gospel of the infancy, the temptation, some of his miracles, the resurrection of the saints at his death.

Now, Mr Strauss objects to his predecessors, that, for the most part, their idea of a myth is not just and definite; for in the case of a historical myth they permit the interpreter to separate a natural, historical fact from the miraculous embellishments, which they refer to *tradition*; not, as the naturalist had done, to the *original author*. Thus the naturalist and the supernaturalist could admit historical but not philosophical myths, for then the entire historical basis seemed to fall away. Again, these views were not applied extensively—as far as they would go. Eichhorn admitted there was a myth on the threshold of the Old Testament. When the mythical hypothesis reached the New Testament, it was not permitted to go beyond the very entrance. It was admitted there could be no certain accounts of the early life of Jesus, and, therefore, that many false stories, suited to the taste of the times and the oracles of the Old Testament, have taken the place which there was no history to fill. But this does not in the slightest degree impair the credibility of the subsequent narrative. The Evangelists give an account of the three last years of his life; and here they were themselves eye-witnesses, or took the word of eye-witnesses. Then objections were brought against the end of the history, and the Ascension was considered spurious or mythical. Thus critical doubts began to nibble at both ends of the narrative, while the middle remained untouched, or, as some

one has said, "Theologians entered the domain of evangelical history through the gorgeous portals of the myth, and passed out at a similar gate; but in all that lay between these limits, they were content to take the crooked and toilsome paths of naturalistic explanation."

Mr Strauss next inquires, whether it is possible there should be myths in the New Testament, and, judging from outward arguments, he thinks it possible. Most Christians, he says, believe that is false which the heathen relate of their gods, and the Mahometans of their prophet, while the Scriptures relate only what is true respecting the acts of God, Christ, and the holy men. But this is a prejudice founded on the assumption that Christianity differs from heathen religions in the fact that it alone is a historical, while they are mythical, religions. But this is the result of a partial and confined view; for each of the other religions brings this charge against its rivals, and all derive their own origin from the direct agency of God. It is supposed that the Gospels were written by eye-witnesses, who were not deceived themselves, and were not deceivers, and, therefore, no room is left for the formation or insertion of myths. But it is only a prejudice that the Gospels were written by eye-witnesses. The names of Matthew and John, for example, prefixed to these writings, prove nothing; for the Pentateuch bears the name of Moses, though it must have been written long after him; some of the Psalms bear the name of David, though they were written during the exile, and the book of Daniel ascribes itself to that prophet, though it was not written before the times of Antiochus Epiphanes. He finds little reason for believing the genuineness of the authenticity of the Gospels. Indeed, he regards them all as spurious productions of well-meaning men, who collected the traditions that were current in the part of the world where they respectively lived. This is the weakest part of his book, important as the question is; yet weak as it is, his chief argument rests upon it. The proofs of the spuriousness of these books are quite too feeble and uncertain for his purpose, and accordingly we are pleased to see, from the preface and many passages of the third edition, that his doubts upon the genuineness of John's Gospel have become doubtful, even to himself, after a

farther study of it, with the aid of the recent works of Neander and De Wette.*

Again, judging from the character of the books themselves, myths, according to Strauss, might be expected in the New Testament. It is sometimes said, the mythical stories of the Bible differ from the Greek myths, in their superior moral character; but the alleged immorality of the Greek myths arises from mistaking their sense, and some of the myths in the Old Testament are immoral; and if they could be formed, much easier could moral myths be made and accepted. It is sometimes said in opposition to the mythical hypothesis, that all these stories in the Bible appear natural, if you admit the direct agency of God. But the same remark applies equally to the Greek and Indian myths. Still farther, it is said, the heathen myths represent God as a changing being, and thus contain the natural history of God, and the birth, infancy, youth, and manhood of Apollo, or Jupiter, for example; while those of the Bible represent Jehovah as eternally the same. But Jesus, the Son of God, the divine Logos incarnated, is the subject of history. Others say there can be no myths, because the time of Jesus was a historical and not a mythical age; but all parts of the world were not filled with the historical spirit, and fictions might easily grow up among the people, who had no design to deceive, and thus myths be formed. This is the more probable, for in ancient times, among the Hebrews, and in particular in the religious circles of that people, history and fiction, like poetry and prose, were never carefully separated, and the most respectable writers, among the Jews and early Christians, wrote works, and ascribed them to distinguished men of an earlier age.

His definition and criteria of a myth are as follows:—A myth has two sides; first, it is not a history; and second, it is a fiction, which has been produced by the state of mind of a certain community.

I. It is not a historical statement: (1) if it contradict the well-known laws of causality (and here belong the direct actions and supernatural appearances of God and the angels, miracles, prophecies, and voices from Heaven,

* Neander's *Leben Jesu*; De Wette's *Exegetische Handbuch der N. T. Commentar in Johan.*

violations of the order of succession, and well-known psychological laws) ; and (2) when the writers or witnesses contradict each other, in respect to *time* (for example, of the purification of the temple), *place* (the residence of Joseph and Mary), *number* (the Gadarenes and angels at the grave), or in respect to *names* and other circumstances.

II. A narrative is shown to be legendary or fictitious : (1) if it is poetical in *form*, and the discourses of the characters are longer and more inspired than we need expect (for example, the discourses of Jesus) ; and (2) if the *substance* of the narrative agrees remarkably with the preconceived opinions of the community where it originated, it is more or less probable the narrative grew out of the opinion. He adds several qualifications and modifications of these tests.

Having thus drawn lines of circumvallation and contravallation about the Gospels, Mr Strauss thus opens the attack upon the outworks : The narrative in Luke relating to John the Baptist, he says, is not authentic ; it is not probable the angelic state is constituted as it is here supposed. This idea was borrowed by the later Jews from the Zend religion, and the name of the angel Gabriel, and his office to stand before God, are Babylonian. The angel's discourse and conduct are objectionable ; he commands that the child shall be trained up as a Nazarite, and smites Zacharias with dumbness, which is not consistent with "theocratic decorum." Admitting the existence of angels, they could not reveal themselves to men, since they belong to different spheres. The naturalists and supernaturalists fail to render this story credible, and we are, therefore, forced to doubt its literal accuracy. Some writers suppose there are historical facts at the bottom of this tale ; for example, the sterility of Elizabeth, the sudden dumbness of Zacharias, and his subsequent restoration. But there is no better reason for admitting these facts than for admitting the whole story. It must be regarded as a myth, and is evidently wrought out in imitation of others in the Old Testament. It resembles the story of Sarah, in the age of the parties ; Elizabeth is a daughter of Aaron, whose wife bore this same name. The appearance of the angel, who foretells the birth of John, his character, and destiny, is evidently an imitation of the prophecy re-

specting Samson, and there is a very strong resemblance between the language of Luke in this part of the story and that of the Septuagint in the account of Samson's birth. The conclusion of the story (Luke i. 80) resembles the end of the story of Ishmael (Gen. xxi. 20). The name of John (God's gift), which was not a family name, renders the narrative still more suspicious. Thus the whole is a myth. We think Mr Strauss, for the sake of consistency, ought to deny that John the Baptist was a historical person, and doubtless he would have done so, were it not for an unfortunate passage in Josephus, which mentions that prophet. A rigorous application of his tests would deprive John of historical existence. But Josephus saves him.

He next examines the *genealogies of Jesus*.

Matthew enumerates three series, each of fourteen generations, or forty-two persons in the whole, between Abraham and Jesus, and gives the names of the individuals; but the number actually given does not agree with his enumeration, and no hypothesis relieves us of the difficulty. If we compare this list with the Old Testament, it is still more objectionable, for it omits several well-known names, and contains some mistakes. Luke's genealogy differs still more widely from the Old Testament; from Nathan, the son of David, downward, he mentions only *two* persons who occur in the Old Testament, namely, Salathiel and Zorobabel, and even here it contradicts the narratives in 1 Chronicles iii. 17, 19, 20. If we compare these two genealogies together, there is a striking difference between them. Luke reckons *forty-one* generations from David to Joseph, the father of Jesus, where Matthew makes but *twenty-six*, and with the two exceptions above mentioned, the names are all different in the two narrations. According to Luke, the father of Joseph is *Heli*, a descendant of *Nathan*, son of David; according to Matthew, Joseph's father is *Jacob*, a descendant of *Solomon*. Various attempts have been made to reconcile these conflicting genealogies, but they all rest on arbitrary suppositions. It is sometimes said one contains the genealogy of Joseph, the other of Mary; but this also is an arbitrary supposition, at variance with the text, and is not supported by any passage in the Bible. We must, then, conclude these genealogies are arbitrary compositions, which

do not prove the Davidic descent of Jesus, who was called *son of David*, because he was considered as the Messiah. It is easily conceivable that a Galilean, whose descent was unknown, after he had acquired the title of Messiah, should be represented by tradition as a son of David. On the strength of these traditions genealogies were composed, which, for want of authentic documents, were as various and conflicting as these two of Luke and Matthew.

He then treats of the *miraculous birth of Jesus*.

Here he makes use of two apocryphal Gospels, quoted by several of the early fathers. He shows the striking difference between the accounts of Matthew and Luke, concerning the birth of Jesus. But since the same view has been taken amongst us by Mr Norton, and this remarkable discrepancy has been pointed out by him in a work well known and justly valued,* it is unnecessary to enter further into the subject. Mr Norton rejects Matthew's account as spurious and unauthentic; while Mr Strauss, with more perfect logical consistency, rejects likewise Luke's narrative, on the ground that Gabriel talks like a Jew; that the supernatural birth is impossible; that if a human birth implies the sinfulness of the child, then a celestial mother is needed also, that the child may be free from sin. Again, there are exegetical difficulties, for Mark and John omit this part of the history, and the latter had the best possible means of information, and it is always supposed in the New Testament that Jesus was Joseph's son. Beside, if Jesus were the son of God, how could he be the son of David, and why are the two genealogies given to prove that descent, one of which is confessed, on all hands, to be the genealogy of Joseph, who by the supernatural hypothesis was nowise related to Jesus? In this case the genealogies would prove nothing. It is not possible they proceeded from the same hand as the story of the supernatural birth, and Mr Strauss conjectures they are the work of the Ebionites, who denied that article of faith. The attempts of the rationalists and the supernaturalists are alike insufficient, he thinks, to explain away the difficulties of this narrative; but if we regard it as a myth,

* Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels, by Andrews Norton, Vol. I. Boston, 1837.

the difficulty vanishes, and its origin is easily explained. The story itself, in Matthew, refers to Isaiah (vii. 14), and that prophecy seems to have been the groundwork of this myth. In the old world, it was erroneously supposed, or pretended, that great men were the descendants of the gods; for example, Hercules, the Dioscuri, Romulus, Pythagoras, and Plato, of whose remarkable birth Jerome speaks. This myth, therefore, grew naturally out of the common Jewish notions at the time, and was at last written down.

He next examines *the account of the census, and the early life of Jesus.*

Luke informs us that Augustus Cæsar issued a decree "that all the world should be taxed, or numbered; but no other writer mentions a *general census* in the time of Augustus, though a census was made in some provinces. If we limit the term "all the world" to Judea, still it is improbable that such a census was made at that time, for the Romans did not make a census of conquered countries, until they were reduced to the form of a province, and Judea did not become a Roman province until after the disgrace and banishment of Archelaus, which event took place after he had reigned ten years as an allied sovereign. Luke says this census was made when Quirinus was governor of Syria. Now it was not Quirinus, but Sentius Saturnius, and after him, Quint. Varus, who were proconsuls of Syria in the latter years of Herod I., and it was some years after his death that Quirinus became proconsul of Syria, and actually made a census, as Josephus relates. Luke also refers to this latter census (Acts v. 37), and speaks of Judas the Galilean, who rebelled on this occasion, as Josephus informs us. Now it cannot be true, that Jesus was born at so late a period as the time of this census, under Quirinus, for,—not to mention the chronological difficulties this hypothesis would create in the latter years of Jesus,—this census could not have extended to Galilee, the residence of Joseph and Mary, for that state was governed by Herod Antipas, in the capacity of allied Prince, and accordingly was not a province; therefore Joseph would not be summoned to Judea when the census of that province was taken. Still further, it is not probable the Romans would assemble the citizens

together by families in the birth-place of the founder of the family, to enrol them.

One evangelist makes Joseph live at Bethlehem, the other at Nazareth. Now the design of the author, in placing the birth of Jesus at Bethlehem, is obvious. He wished the prophecy in Micah (v. 2), to be fulfilled in Jesus, for the Jews applied it to the Messiah. The author, setting out from the opinion that Joseph and Mary dwelt at Nazareth, sought for some natural errand to bring them to Bethlehem. He found a suitable occasion in the well-known census of Quirinus; but not understanding accurately the circumstances of the time and place, he has brought hopeless confusion into the narrative, if it is taken for genuine history. We have, therefore, no reason, concludes Mr Strauss, for believing Jesus was born at Bethlehem, for the story is a myth.

Other circumstances in this narrative present difficulties. What purpose, asks Mr Strauss, is served by the angels, who appear at the birth of Jesus? * It could not be to publish the fact; nor to reward the believing shepherds, who, like Simeon, were waiting for the consolation; nor yet to glorify the unconscious infant. They seem sent to the shepherds, because they were supposed to be more simple and religious than the artificial Pharisees. Similar objections may be made to the story of the magi, who, it is presupposed, knew before-hand, as astrologers, that a king of the Jews was to be born. A miraculous star guides them; but a *star* does not change its position relatively to earthly places, and a *meteor* does not appear so long as this guide seems to have done. The conduct of

* Mr Norton (p. lxi. of the additional notes to his Genuineness of the Gospels), thus disposes of these difficulties in Luke's narrative: "With its real miracles, the fictions of oral tradition had probably become blended; and the individual by whom it was committed to writing probably added what he regarded as poetical embellishments. It is not necessary to believe, for example, that Mary and Zachariah actually expressed themselves in the mythical language of the hymns ascribed to them; or to receive as literal history the whole of the account respecting the birth of John the Baptist, or of the different appearances of an angel, announcing himself as Gabriel. With our present means of judging, however, we cannot draw a precise line between the truth and what has been added to the truth. But in regard to the main event, the miraculous conception of Jesus, it seems to me not difficult to discern in it purposes worthy of God." But see, on the other hand, the opposite opinion of Mr Stuart, American Biblical Repository for October, 1838.

Herod is not consistent with his shrewdness, for he sends no officer with the magi to seize the new-born Messiah. The story of the massacre of the innocents at Bethlehem is not mentioned by any ancient author, except Macrobius, a writer of the fourth century, and he confounds it with Herod's murder of his son Antipater. The Rabbins, who never spare this tyrant, do not mention it. True it was but a drop in Herod's sea of guilt, but it is so peculiarly horrible and revolting, that they would not pass over it. In this short passage there are four miraculous dreams and a miraculous star, not to mention the misinterpretation of the Old Testament. (Matt. ii. 23.)

But the whole story is mythical, and is derived from ideas and opinions commonly held at the time. The ancients believed a heavenly body sometimes appeared on great occasions; for example, a comet, at the birth of Mithridates, and at the death of Julius Cæsar. The Rabbins assert a star appeared at the birth of Abraham. It was their opinion that a star would appear in the east, and remain visible for a long time, at the period of the Messiah's birth. Balaam also had predicted that a star should come out of Jacob. In ancient times it was supposed stars guided men; for example, Æneas, Thrasybulus, and Timoleon: and the Jews fancied that a star conducted Abraham to Mount Moriah. Isaiah had foretold, that in the days of the Messiah, men should come from distant lands to worship, bringing gold and incense. Again, many great characters of antiquity had escaped from imminent peril, for example, Cyrus, Romulus, Augustus, and Moses, in early life. Abraham, Jacob, and Moses, had saved their lives at a later age, by flight. All these ideas and reminiscences, therefore, appear in the two narratives, which are different variations of the same theme, though they have no direct influence one upon the other.

Matthew passes in silence over the entire period from the return from Egypt to the baptism of Jesus, and Luke mentions but a single circumstance of his early life, namely, his conversation, when twelve years old, with the doctors. But this event cannot be historical; for it is not probable he would, at that age, be admitted to a seat in the council of the Rabbis. His reply to his parents would not have been misunderstood, if the previous events had taken place

as they are related. The whole story, Mr Strauss contends, is a myth, conceived to suit the opinion, that great men are remarkable in their childhood. Thus, in the Old Testament, Samuel is consecrated in his childhood; the later traditions, which Philo and Josephus follow, ascribe wonderful things to Moses at an early age, though the Bible knows nothing of them. Tradition says that Samuel prophesied from his *twelfth* year, and that Solomon and Daniel uttered wise oracles at the *same age*; 1 Kings iii. 23, seq.; Susannah, vs. 45, seq.

The next chapter treats of the *public ministry* of Jesus. We pass over the chronological difficulties relating to the ministry of John the Baptist, which have been carefully collected by Mr Strauss, and come to his connection with Jesus. The baptism of John seems based chiefly on some figurative expressions of the Old Testament, according to which God would wash away the sins of his unregenerate people before the Messiah came. These passages could easily be combined so as to make it appear that baptism, as the symbol of repentance, must precede the Messiah's coming.

Luke informs us that John was a kinsman of Jesus, and that their respective mothers were acquainted with the sublime destiny of their children, even before the latter were born. Matthew knows nothing of this, but ascribes to John, at the baptism of Jesus, expressions which imply a previous acquaintance with him; for otherwise he would not refuse to baptize Jesus, on the ground of his own unworthiness to baptize a being so far above him. These two Gospels, then, agree in presupposing the acquaintance of John and Jesus. But the fourth Gospel makes John distinctly deny the fact (i. 31—33). The appearance of the sign first assures him of the appearance of Jesus.

All the Gospels agree that John calls himself a forerunner of the Messiah, and that he was convinced Jesus was that Messiah. But Matthew and Luke relate, that after his imprisonment, John sent two of his disciples to James, to ascertain the fact. Now if he was convinced by the sign at the baptism, he ought still more to have been convinced by the miracles of Jesus, that he was the Messiah. He could not have sent his disciples to Jesus in order to strengthen *their* faith, for he did not know Jesus would

work wonders in their presence, nor would he compromise his own assertion, that Jesus was the Messiah; and yet if he himself believed it, he would not urge his superior to declare himself immediately, but would leave him to decide for himself.

The fourth Gospel contains the most definite expressions respecting the Messiahship of Jesus, and puts them in John's mouth. But did the Baptist consider him an expiatory sufferer? Did he ascribe to him an antemundane, celestial existence, as the Evangelist has done? We find no proofs of it, except in this fourth Gospel. Now it is not probable the Baptist had this conception of the office and nature of Jesus; nor is it probable that he made the reply to his disciples which this Evangelist ascribes to him (iii. 27—36), where he confesses that he (John) is from beneath, but Jesus from above, the one sent by God, the son of God, speaking God's words, and born of God. He must increase, and I decrease. It is probable that the Evangelist put these words into John's mouth, but not that the Baptist ever uttered them; for if he had so deep an insight into the nature of the kingdom of God, and the character and office of the Messiah, and believed Jesus to be that Messiah, the latter would never have said that men so rude in their conceptions as the humblest of his disciples, were superior to John the Baptist; for Peter, the very greatest of these disciples, never attained the lofty conception that Jesus was the son of God, the "Lamb, who taketh away the sin of the world." Besides, the character of John renders it incredible he would place himself at the feet of Jesus, the very opposite of himself in all respects. This man of the desert, rough and austere, could not become a pattern of the profoundest Christian resignation. A man on a humbler stand-point (like that of John) cannot comprehend the man on a superior stand-point (like that of Jesus). If this, which is related of John, were true, "It would be the only instance on record of a man belonging to the history of the whole world, voluntarily, and in such good humour, giving up the reins of the affairs he had so long directed, to a man who succeeded him, only to cast him into the shade, and render his mission unnecessary." The fourth Gospel, then, would make the Baptist unlike the Baptist of the Synoptics and

Josephus. The statement in John i. 29—35, is derived in part from fancy, and partly from an embellishment of the narrative in the Synoptics.

Now the origin of the narratives relating to the Baptist, Mr Strauss contends is very easily explained. Paul related the historical fact, that John spoke in the name of one to come, and added, Jesus was that one. Afterwards, men spoke as if John had a *personal* acquaintance with Jesus. This view, though not supported by facts, pleased the early Christians, who were glad to have the Baptist's authority on their side. But there seems no reason for believing there ever was such a recognition of Jesus on the part of John; nor is it probable that while in prison on the charge of sedition (as Josephus says), he would be permitted to hold free intercourse with his disciples. The historical facts are, perhaps, the following: Jesus was baptized by John; perhaps continued for some time one of his followers; was entrusted by John with the idea of the approaching Messiah. After John was cast into prison, he continued to preach the doctrines of his master in a modified form, and afterwards, when he rose far above John, never ceased to feel and express a deep reverence for him. Now we can trace the gradual formation of these stories. John spoke indefinitely of the coming Messiah; tradition added, that he proclaimed *Jesus* as that Messiah. It was thought the rumour of the works of Jesus might have led him to this conclusion, and, therefore, Matthew's story of the mission of two disciples from the prison was formed. But since Jesus had been a disciple of John, it was necessary the relation should be changed, and this purpose is served by Luke's stories of events before his birth, which prove Jesus is the superior. But these accounts were not sufficiently definite, and therefore the fourth Gospel leaves no doubt in John's mind that Jesus was the Messiah, but makes him give the strongest assurance of this the first time he sees him, and ascribes to him the most distinct expressions touching his eternal nature, Divinity, and character, as a suffering and atoning Messiah. Now the accounts of John's imprisonment and execution are easily reconciled with one another, and with Josephus; and hence we see that his life, as portrayed in the Gospels, is surrounded by mythical shadows only on the side

turned towards Jesus, while on the other the historical features are clearly seen.

The miraculous events at the baptism of Jesus, Mr Strauss maintains, also present difficulties. The Synoptics mention both the dove and the voice; the fourth Gospel says nothing of the voice, and does not say,—though, perhaps, it implies,—that the Spirit descended on him at the baptism. The lost Gospels of Justin and the Ebionites connected with this a celestial light, or fire burning in the Jordan. According to the fourth Gospel, John was the only witness of the Spirit descending upon Jesus like a dove; but Luke would make it appear there were many spectators. Taking all the accounts, there must have been some objective phenomena visible and audible. But here the cultivated man finds difficulties and objections. Must the heavens open for the Divine Spirit to pass through? Is it consistent with just notions of the infinite Spirit, to suppose it must move like a finite being from place to place, and can incorporate itself in the form of a dove? Does God speak with a human voice? The various theories, naturalistic and supernaturalistic, fail of removing these difficulties. It cannot have been an aggregation of natural events, nor a subjective vision of John, Jesus, or the multitude.

In some of the old Gospels now lost, the words, "*Thou art my beloved son,*" &c., were followed by these, "*This day have I begotten thee.*" Clement of Alexandria and Augustine seem to have found them in their copies, and some manuscripts of Luke still contain the words. These words (from Psalm ii. 7) were supposed by Jewish and Christian interpreters to relate to the Messiah, in their original application. Now, to make them more effective, and their application to Jesus as the Messiah the more certain, this story naturally grew up that a celestial voice applied them to Jesus. It was perfectly in the spirit of Judaism, and primitive Christianity, to believe such voices were addressed to men. Some of the Rabbis, it is said, received them not rarely. Still further, Joel and Isaiah had predicted the outpouring of the Divine Spirit in the days of the Messiah. This Spirit he also was to receive. If Jesus were the Messiah, he must receive this Spirit; and the occasion of his baptism afforded a very favourable oppor-

tunity. But how should it be known that it came upon him? It must descend in a visible form. The dove is a sacred bird in Syria, and, perhaps, in Judea. The Jews supposed the Spirit of God "moved on the face of the deep" in this form. The dove, therefore, was a proper symbol and representative of the Divine Spirit. These features were all successively united in a mythus, which gradually grew up. There is, then, no reason for doubting that Jesus was baptized by John; but the other circumstances are mythical, and have been added at a later date. Here Mr Strauss is false to his principles, and separates the fact from the drapery which surrounds the fact.

But the whole story of the descent of the Spirit on Jesus, continues the author, seems at variance with the previous account of his conception by that Spirit. If the Divine Spirit was the proper parent of Jesus, why should that Spirit descend and abide upon him? It could not thereby produce a more intimate union between them. We must suppose this story originated in a community which did not believe the supernatural conception of Jesus; and in fact we find that Christians, who did not admit the supernatural conception, believed the Divine Spirit was first imparted to Jesus at his baptism, and the orthodox fathers persecuted the old Ebionites for nothing more rigorously than for maintaining that the Holy Spirit, or the celestial Spirit, *first* united himself with the man Jesus at his baptism. According to Justin, it was the Jewish notion that a higher power would be first imparted to the Messiah, when he was anointed by Elias. This seems to have been the primitive belief; but afterwards, when reverence for Jesus rose higher, a myth grew up to prove that his Messiahship, and divine sonship, did not commence with his baptism, but with his conception; and then the words, "*This day have I begotten thee,*" were left out, because they could not be reconciled with the orthodox view.

The story of the Temptation also, Mr Strauss contends, has its difficulties. John does not mention it, but makes Jesus appear in Galilee three days after his baptism, while the Synoptics say he went immediately after this event into the wilderness, and fasted forty days. The Synoptics also differ slightly among themselves. There are other difficulties. Why did the Divine Spirit subject Jesus to

this temptation by a visible Satan? Not to ascertain what manner of spirit he was of; nor to try him, for his subsequent trials were sufficient. Again, a man could not abstain from food for forty days. Therefore some say this is only a round number, and the fasting was not total abstinence from food; but this theory does not agree with the text. Still further, wherein consisted the utility of this fast? But the personal devil is the chief stone of stumbling. His visible appearance has its difficulties. How could the devil hope to seduce Jesus, knowing his superior nature? and if ignorant of this, he would not have taken the pains to appear visibly before him. The second temptation could offer no attraction to Jesus, and therefore is not consistent with the alleged character of the devil. How could he transfer Jesus from place to place? Their appearance on the pinnacle of the temple would create a sensation. Where is the mountain whence he could show Jesus all the kingdoms of the world? To say the *world* is Palestine, with its four provinces, is no less absurd than to maintain with Fritzsche, that the devil showed Christ all the countries on the map of the world. Attempts have been made to explain this story as an account of what passed in the mind of Jesus, either in an ecstatic vision, occasioned directly by God, or the devil, or by his own natural thoughts arising in a dreamy state, when he spontaneously transformed the thoughts into persons speaking and acting. But why should the Deity, or how could the devil, effect this? To suppose it was the result of his own natural thoughts, implies that Jewish notions of the Messiah had a strong influence on him even after his baptism. The merely natural view is absurd. Some call it a parable, designed to show that no miracle is to be wrought for the man's self; hope of extraordinary divine aid should not lead to rash undertakings; and an alliance with the wicked must never be made even to obtain the greatest good. But if this is so, why does it not wear the form of a parable? It is easy to explain it as a myth. The Messiah was regarded as the concentration of all that is good; and the devil, of all evil. He opposes Jesus, but can at furthest only produce momentary bad thoughts, not bad resolutions. Many passages in Jewish writings indicate a common belief, that the Messiah would be tempted by the devil, as

they say Abraham had been before. If Jesus was the Messiah he must encounter this temptation, which, like that of Hercules, was very suitably placed just at his entrance upon active life. The scene of the temptation is well chosen, for the wilderness was not only the dwelling-place of Azazel (Levit. xvi. 9, 10), Asmodeus (Tobit viii. 3), and the expelled demons; but it was the place where the whole nation, the *collective son of God*, was tempted forty years; and there is a strong analogy between their temptations and that of Jesus. The story was gradually formed out of these Jewish notions, without the slightest intention to deceive.

There is a striking discrepancy, Mr Strauss affirms, between the Synoptics and John in respect to many parts of Christ's ministry. The former represent him to have spent the greater part of his life in Galilee; while the latter places him in Jerusalem and Judea. From them we should suppose he spent all his life in Galilee and the Peræa, before his last visit to Jerusalem, while John relates four previous journeys to that place, and a visit to Bethany. If John is in the right, the Synoptics were ignorant of an essential part of Christ's ministry; but if the latter are in the right, then he has invented a great part of the history, or at least transferred it to a wrong place.

We pass over the chronological and many other difficulties. The Synoptics and John disagree in respect to the assumption of the office and title of the Messiah. According to John, Jesus confessed early that he was the Messiah, and the disciples remained faithful to the conviction, that he spoke the truth (i. 42, 46, 50). To follow the Synoptics, he did not take this title until a late period of his life; he supposes a special revelation had announced the fact to Peter (Matthew xvi. 17), and charges the apostle to tell no man of it. Two views may be taken of the case. Jesus was a follower of John the Baptist, and after his teacher was cast into prison he preached repentance, and the approach of the Messiah, and concluded he was himself that Messiah. This view would account for the fact, that he was disturbed when called by this name, and therefore forbid his disciples to speak of him in that relation. But since these prohibitions are doubtful, and if real, they may be accounted for without supposing Jesus was not thoroughly convinced of his Messiahship, for it cannot be supposed

that he, who made such a revolution in the world as no other man has ever done, ever faltered in the midst of his course in his conviction that he was the Messiah. Since, then, he must have had a clear consciousness of his calling, we conclude that he was convinced of his Messiahship from the time of his first appearance in that relation, but was somewhat reserved in expressions of this conviction, because he preferred his disciples should gradually learn the truth from the silent testimony of his life and works.

The Synoptics, says Mr Strauss, never speak of the pre-existence of Jesus, while John often mentions it. Now the pre-existence of the Messiah was an article of faith with the Jews soon after Christ, and it is probable they believed it before his time. But it must remain doubtful whether Jesus entertained this idea, or whether John has ascribed it to him without any authority.

Mr Strauss considers the story of the woman of Samaria an unhistorical myth. The whole scene has a legendary and poetic colouring. The position at the well is the "idyllic locality of the old Hebrew stories." The scene is the same as in the stories of Eliezer, Jacob, and Moses, all of whom meet women at a well. In this case, the woman, weak and good-humoured, who had had five husbands, but then had none, is a symbol of the Samaritan people, who had forsaken Jehovah, &c., &c. This story, then, is only a poetic account of the ministry of Jesus among the Samaritans, which itself is not a matter of history, but is only a "legendary prelude of the extension of Christianity" among that people after Christ's death.

But we must press on with more rapid wheels. The calling of the apostles presents numerous difficulties, for there are great discrepancies between the accounts of John and the Synoptics. It is not probable Jesus understood the character of men at first glance of their persons (John i. 46, seq., though the Jews expected the Messiah, *odorando judicare*, as Schottgen has it); nor is it probable the disciples would immediately forsake all and follow him. These stories are mythical, and evident imitations of the legendary history of Elijah and his followers. As Elisha left his oxen and ran after Elijah (1 Kings xix. 19, seq.), so the disciples presently left their nets and followed Jesus. Elisha received permission to go and take leave of

his parents, but now the call of the Messiah is so urgent, that he rejects a young man who made the same request (Luke ix. 60, seq.), and will not suffer a convert even to go and bury his father. The historical fact may be, that some of his disciples were fishermen, but they must have come gradually into their connection with Jesus.

John does not mention that the twelve disciples were sent on a mission; and the Synoptics relate nothing of their baptizing converts during their teacher's life. It is probable Jesus had a body of *twelve* disciples; but Luke's statement, that he had also a larger circle of *seventy* disciples, is not confirmed by any other Evangelist, by the book of Acts, nor by any Epistle. It is evidently formed in imitation of the story of *seventy* elders in the Pentateuch. The accounts of Peter's fishing expeditions, and Christ's miraculous draught of fishes, like that of Pythagoras, are self-contradictory and all mythical.

There is a great difference between Christ's discourses in John and the Synoptics; they have but few expressions in common; even their internal character is entirely different. The latter differ among themselves in this respect: Matthew gives large masses of discourse, Luke short discourses on different occasions, and Mark offers but a meagre report of his sayings. Matthew's report of the sermon on the mount differs very widely from that of Luke; many of the expressions in Matthew's report are obviously misplaced; for example, Jesus could not, at the commencement of his ministry, have declared that he came to fulfil the law and the prophets, for he had not declared himself the Messiah, of whom alone this was expected. By comparing all the accounts together, we see, says Mr Strauss, that "the granular discourses of Jesus have not been dissolved and lost in the stream of oral tradition, but they have, not rarely, been loosened from their natural connection, washed away from their original position, and, like boulders, rolled to places where they do not properly belong. By this comparison, we find that Matthew has not always restored the fragments to their original connection; but yet, like a skilful collector, for the most part, has made an intelligible arrangement, joining like with like; while in the two other Gospels, some small pieces are suffered to lie, where chance has thrown them, in the

chasms between large masses of discourse, and Luke has sometimes given himself the pains to arrange them artificially, but has not been able to restore the natural connection."—Vol. I., p. 63.

We pass over the alleged instructions of the twelve, and the parables, where the only difficulty lies in the discrepancy of the several narratives. Mr Strauss thinks the controversial discourses of Jesus are genuine, because they correspond so closely to the spirit and tone of rabbinical explanations of Scripture at that time. The discourses which John ascribes to Jesus present greater difficulties. Let us take the conversation with Nicodemus. He is not mentioned by the other Evangelists. It is difficult to believe that, if John's account is true, so distinguished a follower of Jesus as Nicodemus would be omitted by Matthew, an immediate disciple of Christ,—to follow the tradition. Still more difficult is it to believe he would be forgotten by the oral tradition, which was the source of the Synoptical Gospels, which remember Joseph of Arimathea, and the two pious Marys. This difficulty is so great, that we are tempted to ask if it is not more natural that John has followed a traditional legend, and that there never was such a man as Nicodemus? The Synoptics relate that the mysteries of the Messiah were understood by babes and sucklings, but were concealed from the wise and prudent. They mention Joseph of Arimathea as the only disciple from the "better sort" of people. John says the Pharisees attempted to "put Jesus down," by saying, none of the rulers or Pharisees, but only the ignorant and infamous populace, believed on him. Celsus subsequently made this objection, which was, no doubt, often brought in the early times of Christianity. So long as only the poor and unlearned embraced this religion, they comforted themselves by Christ's blessings pronounced upon the poor and simple; but when men of "character and standing" became Christians, they wished to find others of their own class among the direct disciples of Jesus. Not finding any such, they could say, "they were his secret followers, who came to him by night, for fear of the Jews" (John xii. 42, seq.; xix. 39). Joseph of Arimathea was one of this class; but more than one such was needed. Therefore this story was formed to remove the difficulty. The Greek name of

Nicodemus clearly indicates his connection with "higher classes" of society in Judea. He is mentioned only in John's Gospel, because this is the most modern, and was composed in a community where the above objection was most keenly felt.

But this is only a conjecture; and even if it is well-grounded, it should excite no prejudice against the conversation itself. This may, in all its essential features, be a genuine discourse Jesus held with one of the common people. It is incredible that a Jewish teacher should not have understood the new birth; but it was for the interest of the story to show how far Jesus rose above other Jewish teachers. They were but fools compared to the Great Teacher. Nicodemus applies to earthly things what Jesus asserts of heavenly things. It is not probable that Jesus really spoke in the manner John relates, for this manner differs from that of the Synoptics. There he dwells on particular points, "with genuine pedagogical assiduity," until he has completely explained them, and then passes on, step by step, to other instructions, as a true teacher must do. But in the fourth Gospel, he speaks in a desultory and exaggerated manner, which can be explained only by supposing it was the narrator's design to set the teacher's wisdom and the pupil's ignorance in the most striking contrast.

John makes Jesus speak very differently from the Synoptics; for example, in Matthew, Jesus defends his violation of the Sabbath by three practical arguments, the example of David eating the holy bread, of the priests sacrificing on the Sabbath, and of a man saving the life of a beast on that day. But in John he uses the metaphysical argument, drawn from the uninterrupted activity of God: "My Father worketh hitherto." Besides, there is the closest analogy between the language of Jesus in the fourth Gospel and that of John's first Epistle, and those passages of the Gospel in which either this Evangelist himself, or John the Baptist, speaks; and since this language differs from that of the other Gospels, we must conclude the words belong to John, and not to Jesus. Perhaps he invents suitable occasions (as Plato has done), and writes down his own reflections in the form of his master's discourses. His frequent repetitions of the same

thought, or form of expression, is quite striking. We must conclude that this Evangelist treated the authentic tradition in the freest manner, and in the tone and spirit of the Alexandrians, or Hellenists.*

We pass over a long statement of discrepancies between the several Gospels, and other matters, of greater or less importance, which Mr Strauss has treated with his usual freedom, learning, and dialectical clearness of vision. His explanation of the several stories of the sinful woman, who anointed the feet of Jesus, is quite ingenious, to say nothing more. He supposes they all grew out of one simple story. "We have, then, a group of five histories, the centre of which is the narrative of a woman anointing Jesus (Matt. xxvi. 6, seq.; Mark xiv. 3, seq.); John's account of the sinful woman (viii. 1, seq.), and Luke's of Mary and Martha (x. 38, seq.), occupy the extreme right and left; while Luke's picture of his anointing by a sinful woman (vii. 36, seq.), and John's, by Mary (xii. 1, seq.), complete the piece. All may be but different delineations of the same event.

We come next to the miracles of Jesus. Miracles of various kinds were commonly expected of the Messiah, who was to surpass all the former prophets and deliverers. Now Moses had furnished food and water in a miraculous manner; Elisha had opened the blind eyes, healed the sick, and raised the dead. The prophets had predicted nearly the same things in general, and some of them in special, of the Messiah (Isaiah xxxv. 5; xlii. 7), and according to the Gospels Jesus did more than realize these expectations. The fact that men demanded a "sign" from him proves nothing against his miracles, for these demands seem to have been made after a display of miraculous power. He censures the love of miracles; but this does not prove he would never perform one on a suitable occasion. But when he says no sign shall be given unto that generation, &c., Mr Strauss concludes *he refuses to perform any miracles whatever* before any of his contemporaries. This statement is quite inconsistent with the miraculous narratives in the Gospels, but it agrees

* In the third edition, p. 741, he adds: "I cannot maintain that John's discourses contain anything which cannot, decidedly, be explained from John's character, or the composition of the Gospel in the latter part of his life."

perfectly well with the preaching and letters of the Apostles; for there (excepting a general statement in Acts ii. 22, and x. 38), the miracles are passed over in silence, and all rests on his resurrection; and this would not be so unexpected, nor would it make an epoch in the world, if Jesus had previously raised more than one from the dead, and wrought miracles of all sorts. Here, then, the question is, whether we are to explain away the Gospel accounts of miracles, for the sake of the above refusal of Jesus to perform them; or doubt the genuineness and authenticity of this refusal; or in consideration of that refusal, and the silence of the apostolical writings, to mistrust the numerous miracles of the Gospels. The author devotes above two hundred and fifty pages to miracles in general and particular. We shall notice only some of his most striking remarks.

It was a common opinion of the Jews, that certain diseases were caused by demons; Jesus himself seems to have shared this opinion. The belief, of course, is not well founded. Some of the accounts, in which Jesus is said to expel these demons, are self-contradictory; for example, it cannot be true that there were *two* Gadarene madmen, so fierce as they are represented, who yet lived together. They would destroy one another. Mark and Luke, with greater probability, mention but one demoniac in this place. These several accounts, which conflict with one another, present numerous difficulties. The demoniac knows Jesus is the Messiah; in Matthew, *he calls out*, "Hast thou come to torment me?" &c.; in Luke, *he falls down and worships* Jesus, and in Mark, *he knows him at a distance*, runs to him, and does homage. Here is a regular climax in the Christian tradition. But the greatest difficulty consists in the demon entering the swine; for as Olshausen has said, the Gadarene swine in the New Testament, like Balaam's ass in the Old, are a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence. If we trust the account, the demon, at his own request, was transferred from the body of the man to the swine, and *possessed* the latter as he had done the former. Then the possessed animals rushed into the sea and were drowned. Here the conduct of the demon is inexplicable; he entreated not to be cast out into the deep, but casts himself into it. The character of Jesus

is impaired by this story; for he must have known the result of suffering the demons to enter this large herd of two thousand swine, and the consequent loss their owners would sustain. He, therefore, is thus made "accessory before the fact," and the naturalistic and supernaturalistic theories can give no satisfactory explanation of the difficulties. But considered as a mythical story, which grew naturally out of the common opinions of the people, it is easily explained. It was commonly supposed that demons must possess some body, and that they preferred impure places; therefore the unclean bodies of the swine were the most suitable recipients of the demons, when driven from the man. Josephus mentions a conjuror, who, to convince spectators that he really expelled demons, ordered them to overturn a vessel of water, set near the possessed men, as they came out of him, which they did to the satisfaction of all present. Jesus meant to give a similar proof, and, to render the proof doubly strong, the test is not an inanimate body, placed near at hand, but a whole herd of swine, "a good way off," which the demons force to rush upon certain destruction, contrary to the instinct of self-preservation natural to all animals. This, then, was a proof of the expulsion of the demons, and of their perfect subjection to Jesus. Besides, to magnify the powers of Christ, he must not only cure simple, but difficult cases. Accordingly, that is represented as a desperate case; the man was fierce and malignant; he dwelt naked in the tombs, and broke asunder all chains that could be forced upon him; and not only this, but he was possessed by a whole legion of devils, thus presenting a case of the greatest possible difficulty. Matthew gives us the most simple form of the legend thus constructed; Luke renders it more artificial; and Mark adds still further embellishments to it.

John mentions nothing concerning the demoniacs or their cure. Yet he must have shared the common Jewish notions on this point, and especially if they were the views of Jesus. It cannot be said he omitted these cases, which form a great part of Christ's miracles in the Synoptics, because it was unnecessary to repeat what they had recorded, for he more than once allows himself such repetitions; nor can it be true, that he accommodated himself to the deli-

cate ears of his Greek converts, to whom demoniacal possessions would be offensive. It seems, therefore, that the fourth Gospel was written not by John, but by some one who drew from the Christian tradition as received by the more refined Hellenists.

Another case of expelling a demon is evidently an imitation and improvement of a similar case in the Old Testament. The disciples had failed in their attempt; but Jesus cures him at a word. So Elisha restores a dead child after Gehazi, his servant, had tried in vain (2 Kings iv. 29, seq.). Moses and Elisha had cured the leprosy; the Messiah must do the same. He also must literally fulfil figurative predictions of the prophets, and give sight to the blind. John enlarges upon the statements of the Synoptics, and makes him cure a man *born* blind. They relate that he cured paralytics, and increased bread, and restored a dead person; but John enlarges these wonders, and, according to him, Jesus cures a man who had been diseased for *thirty-eight* years, *changes water into wine*, and recalls to life a man *four days after his death*, when the body was on the verge of dissolution.

Mr Strauss supposes the accounts of Jesus involuntarily curing such as touched him,—as it were by a species of magnetic influence,—and even persons at a distance, whom he had never seen, are mythical stories, which have grown out of the popular reverence for Jesus. He places them on a level with similar stories in the Acts, of miraculous cures wrought by Peter's shadow, and Paul's handkerchiefs and aprons (Acts v. 15; xix. 11, 12). "It is not difficult to see what causes have produced this branch of the Gospel legends of miracles, in distinction from the others. The weak faith of the people, unable to grasp the Divine Spirit with the thoughts, strives to bring it down more and more to the level of material existence. Therefore, according to the later opinion, the reliques and bones of a saint must work miracles after his death; Christ's body must be actually present in the transubstantiated bread and wine; and for the same reason, according to the earlier opinion, the sanatory power of the New Testament-men adhered to their bodies, and even their garments. The less men understand and adhere to the words of Jesus, the more anxious will they be to seize

upon his mantle; and the farther one is removed from sharing Paul's unconfined spiritual power, the more confidently will he carry home Paul's gift of healing in his pocket-handkerchief."

Mr Strauss examines the several accounts where Jesus is said to raise the dead, and finds a climax in the three instances mentioned: first, he restores a *girl, on the bed* where she had died; next, a *young man in his coffin*, before burial; and finally, Lazarus, who had *been dead four days, and was in the tomb*. He enumerates all the difficulties that beset a literal or mystical, natural or supernatural, interpretation of the passages, and concludes that all the stories grew out of popular notions of the Messiah, or are copied from the similar stories of Elisha's wonderful works (1 Kings xvii. 7; 2 Kings iv. 18), or from the predictions of the prophets.

He collects and dwells upon the difficulties of the alleged transfiguration of Jesus. What was the use of this scene? Not to glorify Jesus, for his physical glorification is unnecessary and childish. Why or how could Moses and Elijah appear to him, and for what purposes? Not to inform Jesus of his death—he had himself foretold it; not to strengthen him for future troubles, for it did not effect this object—and we do not know that he needed aid at that time; not to confirm his disciples, for only *three* were present, and they were asleep, and were not permitted to relate the events until after the resurrection. Does God speak in an audible voice, and quote from the Old Testament? The theories of interpreters of the various schools are in part absurd, and all inadequate to remove the difficulties. But the whole story has grown out of the Messianic expectations of the Jews and an imitation of scenes in the Old Testament. The Jews expected the Messiah would appear with a face far more resplendent than that of Moses—"a mere man;" his splendour would extend "from one hinge of the world to the other," was the poetic expression. Moses had been glorified on a mountain; God had appeared to him in a cloud. The same scene is repeated, and Jesus is glorified on a mountain, in presence of the two representatives of the Jewish system, who were expected to appear. Moses and Elijah, the founders of the theocratical law, and of theocratical

prophecy, appear as the supporters of the Messiah, who fulfils the law and the prophets, and completes the kingdom of God. God appears in the clouds; and acknowledges him as a son, by a quotation from the Law, the Psalms, and the Prophets. (Ps. ii. 7; Isa. xlii. 1; and Deut. xviii. 15.)

We will now mention only the death and final scenes of the life of Jesus. Mr Strauss thinks he could not have had so accurate a foreknowledge of the manner of his suffering and death as the Evangelists would lead us to suppose. The prediction was written after the event. Jesus could not definitely have foretold his resurrection from the dead, for then the disciples would have expected the event. But after the crucifixion they anoint the body, as if it was to become the "prey of dissolution." When they repair to the grave, they think not of a resurrection; their only concern is, who shall roll away the stone from the mouth of the tomb. Not finding the body, they think it has been stolen. When the women mention the angels they had seen, it is idle talk to the disciples; when Mary Magdalene and two others assured the disciples they had seen the "risen Jesus," their words produced no belief. It is only when Jesus appears in person, and upbraids them for their unbelief, that they assert as a fact, what they would have foreknown if he had predicted it. A foreknowledge or prediction of this event was ascribed to Jesus after the result, not from any intention to deceive, but by a natural mistake. He thinks, however, that Jesus actually predicted his own second coming in the clouds of heaven, the destruction of the Jewish state, and the end of the world; all of which were to take place before his contemporaries should pass away. Here, following the Wolfenbüttel Fragmentist, he says, there is no prophecy in the whole Bible so distinct and definite as this, and yet it is found obviously and entirely false. We attempt to fill up the great gulf between this prediction and the fact, and our hope of success shows how easy it must have been for the author of these predictions to suppose, that soon after the destruction of the Jewish state—supposed to be the central point of the world—the whole earth should come to an end, and the Messiah appear to judge mankind.

John, who is supposed to have written later than the others, does not mention so distinctly these predictions, because they had not come to fulfilment as it was expected. Mr Strauss thinks Jesus at last saw that his death was inevitable, and designated the next passover as the probable end of his life, and while at table with his disciples gave them the bread and wine, either as the symbols of his body, soon to be broken by death, and of his blood, soon to be shed ; or as a memorial of himself. He considers as mythical the account of his going *three* times to pray, and repeating the same words, at Gethsemane, as well as that of the angel's visit, and the bloody sweat.

Many of the circumstances which, it is related, accompanied the trial and crucifixion, he sets aside as mythical additions, borrowed in part from the Old Testament. He maintains that the supernatural appearances at the death of Jesus ; the sudden and miraculous darkness ; the resurrection of the bodies of the saints ; the earthquake ; and the rending of the veil,—have all grown up in the mythical fashion. The latter is symbolical of removing the wall of separation between the Gentiles and Jews. He thinks it quite improbable the Jews would set a guard over the tomb, as it is not probable they had heard of the promise of Jesus to rise from the dead ; a promise which the disciples themselves did not remember until after it was fulfilled. The Jews, he thinks, in later times, pretended that Jesus did not rise from the dead, but that his disciples stole the body by night, secreted it, and then pretended he was risen ; and the Christians, to counteract this statement, gradually formed the evangelical narrative, that the door of the tomb was sealed, and a guard set over it ; but Jesus was raised, and to throw dust in the eyes of the people, the great national council bribed the soldiers to assent to a very improbable falsehood, that the disciples stole the body while they slept. But it is not probable a body of seventy men would condescend to such open wickedness, with the almost certain chance of detection.

He enlarges at great length, and with acuteness, and some "special pleading," which is not altogether rare in the book, on the confusion of the statements in the four Gospels concerning the time, place, and circumstances of

the resurrection, and the several appearances of Jesus after that event, passing through closed doors, appearing under various forms, and, like a spirit, remaining with them but a short time, and then vanishing out of sight. But the fact of the resurrection itself, Mr Strauss says, involves difficulties, and cannot be admitted. We must, then, suppose, with the Rationalists, either that he was not dead, or that the resurrection did not take place. He accepts the latter part of the dilemma, and thinks the disciples were mistaken, led astray by the figurative passages in the Psalms and Prophets, which they erroneously referred to the Messiah. The testimony of the Gospels and the book of Acts, he says, is so inconsistent, contradictory, and imperfect, that we can place no dependence upon it; and that of Paul, which is consistent with itself, and of great weight, only assures us of his own conviction, that Christ rose and appeared to men, and even to himself. But Christ's appearance to Paul was entirely subjective, and there is no reason to believe he supposed Jesus had appeared to others in an objective manner, visible to the senses. Mr Strauss fancies the narratives originated in the following manner: The disciples, thinking the Messiah must remain for ever, thought he must have arisen; next, they had subjective visions; then, in a high state of enthusiasm, they mistook some unknown person for him. Afterwards, as these disciples related their convictions, the story was enlarged, embellished, and varied, until it assumed the form of the present canonical and apocryphal Gospels. The ascension to heaven, which many have hitherto rejected as not trustworthy, is regarded by Mr Strauss as a myth, which derives its ideas from the histories and predictions of the Old Testament, and Jewish tradition, and with a particular reference to the alleged translations of Enoch and Elijah.

The author adds a "Concluding Treatise" to his critical work, "For the inward germ of Christian faith is entirely independent of critical investigations; the supernatural birth of Christ, his miracles, his resurrection and ascension to heaven, remain eternal truths, however much their reality, as historical facts, may be doubted."* All these, he supposes, are realized not in a historical personage,

* Vol. I. p. xii.

but in the human race. Mankind have unconsciously projected out of themselves the ideal of a perfect man, an incarnation of God, a personification of morality and religion. This ideal has been placed upon Jesus, a man distinguished for great virtue and piety. But neither he nor any man ever did, or can, realize the idea; it must be realized in the race. The history of the miraculous conception, says one of the profoundest of the Germans, represents the divine origin of religion; the stories of his miracles, the independent power of the human soul, and the sublime doctrine of spiritual self-confidence. His resurrection is the symbol of the victory of truth; the omen of the triumph of the good over the evil hereafter to be completed. His ascension is the symbol of the eternal excellence of religion; Christ on the cross is the image of mankind purified by self-sacrifice. We must all be crucified with him, to ascend with him to a new life. The idea of devotion is the ground-tone in the history of Jesus; for every act of his life was consecrated to the thought of his Heavenly Father.

We can only glance at the contents of this concluding treatise. It gives a fundamental criticism of the Christology of the Orthodox, the Rationalists, of the Eclectics, of Schleiermacher, Kant, and De Wette, and the speculative theology of Hegel and his followers. He points out the merits and defects of these various systems, and concludes his work with an attempt to reconcile, in some measure, his own views of Christ with the wants of religious souls, and the opinions of others. He thus concludes: "Setting aside, therefore, the notions of the sinlessness and absolute perfection of Jesus, as notions that could not be realized perfectly by a human being in the flesh, we understand Christ as that person, in whose self-consciousness the unity of the Divine and Human first came forth, and with an energy that, in the whole course of his life and character, diminished to the very lowest possible degree* all limitations of this unity. In this respect he stands alone and unequalled in the world's history. And yet, we do not affirm that the religious consciousness, which he first attained and proclaimed, can, in its separate parts, dispense

* Bis zum verschwindenden Minimum zurückdrängte.

with purification and further improvement through the progressive development of the human mind.”*

Having thus given a patient and, we hope, faithful account of the principles, method, and most striking results of this celebrated work, it may not be amiss to point out some of the false principles which have conducted the author to his extreme conclusions, though we think their extravagance answers itself. We see no reason to doubt that he is a religious man *in his own way*; nay, he calls himself a Christian, and so far as his *life* abides the test, we know not why the *name* should be withheld. His *religion* and *life* may have the Christian savour, though his *theology* be what it is. We know there are fascinations which a paradox presents to daring souls, and we are told there is a charm, to a revolutionary spirit, in attempting to pull down the work which has sheltered the piety, defended the weakness, and relieved the wants of mankind for a score of centuries, when it is supposed to rest on a false foundation. Yet we doubt not that Mr Strauss is honest in his convictions, and has throughout aimed to be faithful and true. We cannot, therefore, as some have done, call him “the Iscariot of the nineteenth century;” we cannot declare him “inspired by the devil,” nor accuse him of the “sin against the Holy Ghost;” nor say that he has “the heart of leviathan, hard as a piece of the nether mill-stone.” We judge no man’s heart but our own. However, the erroneous principles which lead to his mistaken conclusions may be briefly glanced at.

1. He sets out, as he says, without any “presuppositions.” Now this is not possible, if it were desirable, and not desirable, if it were possible. But he has set out with presuppositions, namely, that the idea precedes the man, who is supposed to realize that idea; that many men, having a certain doctrine, gradually and in a natural manner, refer this doctrine to some historical person, and thus make a mythical web of history. He presupposes that a miracle is utterly impossible. Again he presupposes—and this is an important feature of his system—that the ideal of holiness and love, for example, like the ideal of beauty, eloquence, philosophy, or music, cannot be concentrated in an individual. In a word, there can be no incarnation

* Vol. II. pp. 771—779, 3rd edit.

of God ; not even of what, in a human manner, we call his love or holiness. We could enumerate many other presuppositions, but forbear.* He explains his meaning in the controversial replies to his opponents, but does not satisfy us.

2. He passes quite lightly to the conclusion, that the four Gospels are neither genuine nor authentic. Perhaps it is not fair to enumerate this among his *presuppositions*, though we know not where else to place it ; certainly not in the catalogue of *proofs*, for he adduces no new arguments against them ; decides entirely from internal arguments, that they are not true, and were not written by eye-witnesses, and pays no regard to the evidence of Christian, heretical, and even heathen antiquity on some points in their favour. The genuineness of Paul's most important epistles has never been contested, and the fact of the Christian Church stands out before the sun ; but the convictions of the one and the faith of the other remain perfectly inexplicable, by his theory.†

3. The book is not written in a religious spirit. It will be said a critical work needs not be written in a religious spirit, and certainly those works—and we could name many such—which aim at two marks, edification and criticism, usually fail of both. They are neither wind nor water ; are too high for this world, and too low for the next ; too critical to edify, too hortatory to instruct. That anicular criticism, so common on this side of the waters, deserves only contempt. But a philosophical work should be criticised philosophically, a poetical work in the spirit of a poet, and a religious history in a religious spirit. The criticism of Schleiermacher and DeWette is often as bold, unsparing, and remorseless, and sometimes quite as destructive, as that of Strauss ; but they always leave an impression of their profound piety. We will not question the religious character of Mr Strauss ; a Christian like Dr

* See Ullmann, *Historisch oder der Mythisch. Beiträge zur Beantwortung der gegenwärtigen Lebensfrage der Theologie* : Hamburg : 1838, p. 62, seq. De Wette, l. c. Tholuck, *Glaubwürdigkeit der evangelischen Geschichte zugleich eine Kritik des Lebens Jesu von Strauss*. 1838, p. 26, seq.

† See the necessary "presuppositions," laid down by De Wette, *Kurzgefasstes Exegetisches Handbuch zum N. T.*, Vol. I. Th. 3, concluding treatise on the historical criticism of the Evangelical History ; Leip. 1837, p. 214, seq.

Ullman, his own countryman, does not doubt it ; others of his countrymen, in letters and conversation, inform us that his religious character is above reproach, and puts some of his opponents to shame.

4. His mythical hypothesis has carried him away. Fondness for theory is "the old Adam of theology," and Strauss has inherited a large portion of "original sin" from this great patriarch of theological errors—this father of lies. To turn one of his own war-elephants against himself, he has looked so long at mythical stories that, dazzled thereby, like men who have gazed earnestly upon the sun, he can see nothing but myths wherever he turns his eye—myths of all colours. This tendency to see myths is the *Proton Pseudos*, the first fib of his system. It has been maintained by many, that the Bible, in both divisions, contained myths. Some of his own adversaries admit their existence, to a large extent, even in the New Testament. But with them the myth itself not only embodies an *idea*, as Strauss affirms, but also covers a *fact*, which preceded it. Men do not make myths out of the air, but out of historical materials. Besides, where did they obtain the *idea*? This question he answers poorly. Shaftesbury long ago said, with much truth, that if a Hebrew sage was asked a deep question, he answered it by telling a story ; but the story, for the most part, had some truth in it. Strauss is peculiar in carrying his theory further than any one before him ; yet he is not always perfectly true to his principles ; his humanity sometimes leaves a little historical earth clinging to the roots of the tree, which he transplants into the cold thin atmosphere of the "Absolute." Taking the Bible as it is, says good Dr Ullman, there are three ways of treating it : We may believe every word is historically true, from Genesis to Revelation ; that there is neither myth nor fable—and this is the theory of some supernaturalists, like Hengstenberg and his school ; or with Strauss, that there is no historical ground which is firm and undeniably certain, but only a little historical matter, around which tradition has wrapped legends and myths ; or, finally, that the Bible, and in particular the New Testament, always rests on historical ground, though it is not common historical ground, *nor is it so rigidly historical that no legendary or*

mythical elements have entered it. The two former theories recommend themselves for their simplicity, but neither can be maintained; while the *third is natural, easy, and offends neither the cultivated understanding nor the pious heart.*

It is wonderful, we think, that some of the absurdities of the theory Mr Strauss supports have not struck the author himself. He reverses the order of things; makes the effect precede the cause; the idea appear in the mass, before it was seen in an individual: "As Plato's God formed the world by looking on the eternal ideas, so has the community, taking occasion from the person and fate of Jesus, projected the image of its Christ, and unconsciously the idea of mankind, in its relations to God, has been waving before its eyes." He makes a belief in the resurrection and Divinity of Christ spring up out of the community, take hold on the world, and produce a revolution in all human affairs perfectly unexplained; and all this without any adequate historical cause. No doubt, theologians in his country, as well as our own, have attempted to prove too much, and so failed to prove anything. Divines, like kings, lose their just inheritance when they aspire at universal empire. But this justifies no man in the court of logic, for rejecting all historical faith. If there was not a historical Christ to idealize, there could be no ideal Christ to seek in history. We doubt if there was genius enough in the world in the first two, or the first twenty, centuries since Christ, to devise such a character as his, with so small a historical capital as Strauss leaves us. No doubt we commit great errors in seeking for too much of historical matter. Christian critics, says De Wette, will not be satisfied with knowing as much respecting Christ as Paul and the apostles knew. No one of *them*, though they were eye-witnesses, had such a complete, consistent, and thoroughly historical picture of the life of Christ as we seek after. Many of the primitive Christians could scarcely know of Christ's history a tenth part of what our catechumens learn, and yet they were more inspired and better believers than we. It is much learning which makes *us* so mad; not the apostle Paul.* But if we cannot *prove* all things, we can hold fast to enough that is good.

* L. c., p. 221.

Mr Strauss takes the idea, which forms the subject as he thinks of a Christian myth, out of the air, and then tells us how the myth itself grew out of that idea. But he does not always prove from history or the nature of things, that the idea existed before the story or the fact was invented. He finds certain opinions, prophecies, and expectations in the Old Testament, and affirms at once these were both the occasion and cause of the later stories, in which they re-appear. This method of treatment requires very little ingenuity on the part of the critic; we could resolve half of Luther's life into a series of myths, which are formed after the model of Paul's history; indeed, this has already been done. Nay, we could dissolve any given historical event in a mythical solution, and then precipitate the "seminal ideas" in their primitive form. We also can change an historical character into a symbol of "universal humanity." The whole history of the United States of America, for example, we might call a tissue of mythical stories, borrowed in part from the Old Testament, in part from the Apocalypse, and in part from fancy. The British Government oppressing the Puritans is the great "red dragon" of the Revelation, as it is shown by the national arms, and by the British legend of Saint George and the Dragon. The splendid career of the new people is borrowed from the persecuted woman's poetical history, her dress—"clothed with the sun." The stars said to be in the national banner, are only the crown of twelve stars on the poetic being's head; the perils of the pilgrims in the May-flower are only the woman's flight on the wings of a great eagle. The war between the two countries is only "the practical application" of the flood which the dragon cast out against the woman, &c.* The story of the Declaration of Independence is liable to many objections, if we examine it *à la mode* Strauss. The congress was held at a mythical town, whose very name is suspicious,—Philadelphia,—brotherly love. The date is suspicious; it was the *fourth* day of the *fourth* month (reckoning from *April*, as it is probable the Heracிடæ and Scandinavians, possible that the aboriginal Americans, and certain that the Hebrews, did). Now *four* was a sacred

* We borrowed this hint from a sermon heard in childhood, "opening this Scripture," and explaining this prophecy, as relating to America.

number with the Americans ; the president was chosen for *four* years ; there were *four* departments of affairs ; *four* divisions of the political powers, namely,—the people, the congress, the executive, and the judiciary, &c. Besides, which is still more incredible, three of the presidents, two of whom, it is alleged, signed the Declaration, died on the *fourth* of July, and the two latter exactly *fifty* years after they had signed it, and about the *same hour* of the day. The *year* also is suspicious ; 1776 is but an ingenious combination of the sacred number, *four*, which is repeated *three* times, and then multiplied by itself to produce the date ; thus, $444 \times 4 = 1776$, Q.E.D. Now dividing the first (444) by the second (4), we have *Unity* thrice repeated (111). This is a manifest symbol of the national *oneness* (likewise represented in the motto, *e pluribus unum*), and of the national *religion*, of which the Triniform Monad, or “Trinity in Unity,” and “Unity in Trinity,” is the well-known sign !! Still further, the Declaration is metaphysical, and presupposes an acquaintance with the transcendental philosophy, on the part of the American people. Now the *Kritik of Pure Reason* was not published till after the Declaration was made. Still further, the Americans were never, to use the nebulous expressions of certain philosophers, an “idealo-transcendental-and-subjective,” but an “objective-and-concrevito-practical” people, to the last degree ; therefore a metaphysical document, and most of all a “legal-congressional-metaphysical” document, is highly suspicious if found among them. Besides, Hualteperah, the great historian of Mexico, a neighbouring state, never mentions this document ; and further still, if this Declaration had been made, and accepted by the whole nation, as it is pretended, then we cannot account for the fact, that the fundamental maxim of that paper, namely, the soul’s equality to itself—“all men are born free and equal”—was perpetually lost sight of, and a large portion of the people kept in slavery ; still later, petitions—supported by this fundamental article—for the abolition of slavery, were rejected by Congress with unexampled contempt, when, if the history is not mythical, slavery never had a legal existence after 1776, &c., &c. But we could go on this way for ever. “I’ll” prate “you so eight years together ; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping

hours excepted; *it is the right butterwoman's rank to market.*" We are forcibly reminded of the ridiculous prediction of Lichtenberg, mentioned by Jacobi: "Our world will by-and-by become so fine, that it will be as ridiculous to believe in a God as now it is to believe in ghosts; and then again the world will become still finer, and it will rush hastily up to the very tip-top of refinement. Having reached the summit, the judgment of our sages will once more turn about; knowledge will undergo its last metamorphosis. Then—this will be the end—we shall believe in nothing but ghosts; we shall be as God; we shall know that being and essence is, and can be only,—ghost. At that time the salt sweat of seriousness will be wiped dry from every brow; the tears of anxiety will be washed from every eye; loud laughter will peal out among men, for Reason will then have completed her work, humanity will have reached its goal, and a crown will adorn the head of each transfigured man."*

The work of Strauss has produced a great sensation in Germany, and especially in Berlin. It has called forth replies from all quarters, and of all characters, from the scurrilous invective to the heavy theological treatise. It has been met by learning and sagacity, perhaps greater than his own, and he has yielded on some points. He has retorted upon some of his antagonists, using the same weapons with which they assailed him.† He has even turned upon them, and carried the war into their borders, and laid waste their country, with the old Teutonic war-spirit. We have never read a controversy more awful than his reply to Eschenmeyer and Menzel. Porson's criticism of poor Mr Travis was a lullaby in comparison. But he has replied to Ullman,—a Christian in heart, apparently, as well as in theology,—as a child to a father. His letters to this gentleman are models for theological controversy. He has modified many of his opinions, as his enemies or his friends have pointed out his errors, and seems most indebted to Neander, Tholuck, Weisse, Ullman,

* This quotation seems to be a classic common-place against all new schools. Jacobi applied to it Idealism and Nature-Philosophy, and both Tholuck and Hengstenberg cast it upon Strauss. A writer in the Princeton Repertory "sips the thrice-drawn infusion," and gives the passage a new application.

† Streitschriften zur Vertheidigung meiner Kritik, 1837-8; 3 Hefte, 8vo.

and De Wette, not to mention numerous humbler and more hostile names.

His work is not to be ranked with any previous attacks upon Christianity. It not only surpasses all its predecessors in learning, acuteness, and thorough investigation, but it is marked by a serious and earnest spirit. He denounces with vehemence the opinion that the Gospels were written to deceive. There is none of the persiflage of the English deists; none of the haughty scorn and bitter mockery of the far-famed Wolfenbüttel Fragmentist. He is much more Christian in expressing his unbelief than Hengstenberg and many others in their faith. We could wish the language a little more studied in some places. Two or three times he is frivolous; but in general, the style is elevated, and manly, and always pretty clear. We do not remember to have met with a sneer in the whole book. In this respect it deserves a great praise, which can rarely be bestowed on the defenders of Christianity, to their shame be it spoken.

The work derives its importance not more from the novelty of its views, than from the fact that it is a concentration of objections to historical Christianity. Viewed in this light, its importance has by no means been exaggerated. It is sometimes said, had the work been published in England it would have been forgotten in two months; but no man who has read the book, and is familiar with the history of theology, ever believes such a statement. We should be glad to see the English scholars, who are to measure swords with a Strauss, as the Cudworths, Warburtons, Sherlocks, Lardners, and Clarkes encountered their antagonists in other days, when there were giants among the English clergy.

“ 'Tis no war, as everybody knows,
Where only one side deals the blows,
And t'other bears 'em.”

We have no doubt which side would “bear the blows” for the next five-and-twenty years, should any one be provoked to translate Strauss to a London public.*

* See Observations on the Attempted Application of Pantheistic Principles to the Theory and Historic Criticism of the Gospel, &c., by W. H. Mill, D.D., F.R.A.S., and Chaplain to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. Part I. London, 1840.

We cannot regard this book as the work of a single man; it is rather the production of the age. An individual raised up by God discovers a great truth, which makes an epoch, and by its seminal character marks the coming ages. But a book like this, which denotes merely a crisis, a revolution, is the aggregate of many works. Like Kant's *Kritik*, it is the necessary result of the great German movement, as much so as Spinoza's theological treatises were of the Cartesian principles; and, indeed, the position of Strauss is in many respects not unlike that of Spinoza. Both mark a crisis; both struck at the most deeply-cherished theological doctrines of their times. Before mankind could pass over the great chasm between the frozen realm of stiff supernaturalism, and lifeless rationalism, on the one side, and the fair domain of *free religious thought*, where the only *essential* creed is the Christian motto, "Be perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect," and the only *essential* form of religion is love to your neighbour as to yourself, and to God with the whole heart, mind, and soul, on the other,—some one must plunge in, devoting himself unconsciously, or even against his will, for the welfare of the race. This hard lot Strauss has chosen for himself, and done what many wished to have done, but none dared to do. His book, therefore, must needs be negative, destructive, and unsatisfactory. Mr Strauss must not be taken as the representative of the German theologians. Men of all parties condemn this work; and men of all parties accept it. You see its influence in the writings of Tholuck, De Wette, and Neander; men that have grown old in being taught and teaching. The liberal party has fallen back afraid of its principles; the stationary party has come forward, though reluctantly. The wonderful ability with which it is written, the learning, so various and exact, wherewith it is stored, are surprising in any one, but truly extraordinary in so juvenile an author; born 1808. For our own part, we rejoice that the book has been written, though it contains much that we cannot accept. May the evil it produces soon end! But the good it does must last for ever. To estimate it aright, we must see more than a negative work in its negations. Mr Strauss has plainly asked the question, "What are the historical facts that lie at the basis of

the Christian movement?" Had he written with half this ability, and with no manner of fairness, in defence of some popular dogma of his sect, and against freedom of thought and reason, no praise would have been too great to bestow upon him. What if he is sometimes in error; was a theologian never mistaken before? What if he does push his mythical hypothesis too far; did Luther, Zwingli, Calvin, make no mistakes? Did they commit no sins? Yet Strauss, we think, has never cursed, and are certain that he never burned, an opponent! We honour the manly openness which has said so plainly what was so strongly felt. We cannot say, as a late highly distinguished divine used to say, that we "should not be sorry to see the work re-published here," because there is no general theological scholarship to appreciate its merits and defects. With many of his doctrines, as we understand them, especially his dogmas relative to God and immortality, we have no sympathy; but as little fear that they will do a permanent injury anywhere. We still believe our real enemies are "the Flesh and the Devil," and that neither the philosophy of Hegel, nor the biblical criticism of the Germans, will ever weaken the popular faith in God or man, or the pure religion that mediates between the two. Strauss has thrown a huge stone into the muddy pool of theology, and it will be long before its splashing waters find their former repose and level: Let it not be supposed Strauss is an exponent of the German school of theology or religion, as it is sometimes unwisely urged. He is a single element in a vast mass. His work finds opponents in the leaders of the three great Protestant theological parties in Germany. The main body of theologians there is represented by Schleiermacher, Tholuck, Neander, De Wette, and men of a similar spirit. Strauss is the representative of a small party. He is by no means the representative of the followers of Hegel, many of whom are opposed to him.*

The whole book has the savour of Pantheism pervading it, as we think, using Pantheism in its best sense, if our readers can find a good sense for it. He does not admit a

* See, for example, an article on the second volume of the "Leben Jesu," in the Berlin "Jahrbücher für Wissenschaftliche Kritik," for 1836, Band I. p. 681, seq., by *Bruno Bauer*.

personal God, we are told, and, therefore, would not admit of a personal Christ, or incarnation of God. This, we suspect, is the sole cause of his aversion to personalities. But he nowhere avows this openly and plainly; we, therefore, only give it as our conjecture, though Tholuck openly calls him a Pantheist of the school of Hegel, defining that school "Atheistic;" while Ullman brings the same charge, but with much more modesty, asking men to translate it more mildly if they can.

We are not surprised at the sensation Mr Strauss has excited in Germany, nor at the number of replies which have been showered down upon him. Destruction always makes a great noise, and attracts the crowd, but nobody knows when the Gospels were published, and the world doubtless was in no great haste to receive them. It is fortunate the book has been written in the only country where it can be readily answered. We have no fears for the final result. Doubtless, some will be shaken in their weakly-rooted faith; and the immediate effect will probably be bad; worse than former religious revolutions with them. The Rationalists took possession of the pulpit, but unlike Strauss, says Mr Tholuck, they pulled down no churches. But we have no fear that any church will be destroyed by him. If a church can be destroyed by a criticism, or a book, however pungent, the sooner it falls the better. A church, we think, was never written down, except by itself. To write down the true Christian Church seems to us as absurd as to write down the solar system, or to put an end to tears, joys, and prayers. Still less have we any fear that Christianity itself should come to an end, as some appear to fancy. A form of religion, which has been the parent and the guardian of all modern civilization; which has sent its voice to the ends of the world, and now addresses equally the heart of the beggar and the monarch; which is the only bond between societies; an institution, cherished and clung to by the choicest hopes, the deepest desires of the human race, is not in a moment to be displaced by a book. "There has long been a fable among men," says an illustrious German writer, "and even in these days is it often heard; unbelief invented it, and little belief has taken it up. It runs thus: There will come a time, and, perhaps, it has

already come, when it will be all over with this Jesus of Nazareth; and this is right. The memory of a single man is fruitful only for a time. The human race must thank him for much; God has brought much to pass through him. But he is only one of us, and his hour to be forgotten will soon strike. It has been his earnest desire to render the world entirely free; it must, therefore, be his wish to make it free also from himself, that God may be all in all. Then men will not only know that they have power enough in themselves to obey perfectly the will of God; but in the perfect knowledge of this, they can go beyond its requisitions, if they only will! Yea, when the Christian name is forgotten, then for the first time shall a universal kingdom of love and truth arise, in which there shall lie no more any seed of enmity, that from the beginning has been continually sown between such as believe in Jesus, and the children of men. But this fable can never be true. Ever, since the day that he was in the flesh, the Redeemer's image has been stamped ineffaceably on the hearts of men. Even if the letter should perish,—which is holy, only because it preserves to us this image,—the image itself would remain for ever. It is stamped so deep in the heart of man, that it never can be effaced, and the word of the Apostle will ever be true, 'Lord, whither shall we go? thou only hast the words of eternal life.'”*

* While we have been preparing these pages, we have sometimes glanced at another book; attacking Christianity. Its title is, *Jesus-Christ et sa doctrine, Histoire de la Naissance de l' Eglise, de son organization et de ses progrès, pendant le premier siècle, par J. Salvador.* Paris: 1838. 2 vols. 8vo; a work of great pretensions and very little merit.

THE LIFE OF ST BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.*

A CHAPTER OUT OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

SAINT BERNARD of Clairvaux,—his name carries us back to the depths of the middle ages. We connect it, in our associations, with Scholastic Theology and Mystical Religion; with activity almost unbounded in the affairs of the Church. Austere monks, admiring women, and long ranks of crusaders, come up in our fancy when his name is mentioned. St Bernard was a great man in his time, and his day outlasted several centuries; for after his death he made a mark on the ages as they passed over his tomb, and the Church long bore the impress of his gigantic spirit. A man who oftener than once scorned to be archbishop; who dictated to kings, and wrote a manual for the “infallible head of the Church;” who projected a crusade, uttered prophecies, and worked miracles, even after his death,—so his biographers affirm,—such a man was St Bernard in his day. Such is he now, by force of tradition, in the minds of many a true Catholic. It has been said that he honoured the year when he became immortal, “and went to receive in heaven the reward of his illustrious virtue and glorious fatigues.”† He was called in his own age, and after it, “the firm pillar of the Church,” the “fellow-citizen of the angels,” the second interpreter

* De Melliflui devotique doctoris sãeti Bernardi Abbatis clarevallensis cisterciãsis ordinis opus præclarũ suos cõpletes, sermones de tempore; de sanctis; et super cantica canticarum. Aliosque plures ejus sermones, et sentẽtias nusq. hætenus impressas. Ejusdem insuper epistolas ceteraque universa ejus opusecula. Domini quoque Gilleberti Abbatis Do. Hoilãdia in Anglice prelibati ordinis super cantica sermones. Omnia sm. seriem hæc a sequẽti pagella annotatam collocata vigilanter et accurate super vetustissima clarevallis examplaria apprime correctæ. Johan Petit.

Venũdantur Parisiis in vice divi Jacobi sub Lilio aureo a Johanne Parvo. (Paris, 1513, one vol. fol.)—[From the Christian Examiner for March, 1841.]

† Muratori, Annali d' Italia, etc. Tom. VI. p. 403, seq.

of the Holy Ghost, and the second child of the most holy mother of God.* “The salutiferous honey of moral instruction fell from his lips and flowed everywhere,” says a learned Jesuit, writing many hundred years after his death.† “The Bossuet of the twelfth century,” his word shook the Church, and made two great empires rock to their foundation.

Yet this man is forgotten in less than eight centuries from his birth. His books, no man reads them; or only those scholars “who have folios in their library,” and graze with delight amid the frowzy pastures of old time, where the herbage is thick, and matted together with ages of neglect. The Saint is no longer appealed to in controversies; his works are not reprinted, except in ponderous collections of the Fathers, which the herd of scholars stare at and pass by, in quest of new things, wondering at the barbarism that could write, and the stupidity that can still read, such works. But Bernard is eclipsed only because brighter lights have gone into the sky. We are struck with the wealth of thought there is in the world, when we read, on the pages of the nations, those names which Genius and Virtue have consecrated and forbid to die. But the world’s richness seems still greater, when men, like this mighty Bernard, are not deemed worth remembering. But if he is thus quickly forgot, who of modern great men can stand? What existing reputation shall not be blown away as chaff, before the mystic fan of time?

Saint Bernard belongs to that long list of middle-age scholars, on whom the world has passed the bitter doom of forgetfulness and night. We would gladly rescue much that it consigns to oblivion; but its decree is irreversible, and there is no higher court of appeal, save only “the pure eyes and perfect witness of all-judging Jove.” The works of these men stand in old libraries, and fill goodly presses with forgotten folios. Their ribbed backs, their antiquated dress, eaten with worms and covered with dust as many generations have passed by,—dust which no antiquarian finger has disturbed,—these things frighten the loose-girt student, and he turns away to read the novels of Bulwer and Scott, or laugh at the illustrations of La

* Andres, dell’ Origine progressi e Stato attuale di ogni Letteratura, Romo. 1817. Tom. VII. p. 219, seq.

† Ibid.

Fontaine's fables. Should he open the venerable tome, the barbarism of the print; the contractions unnumbered, which defile its thousand folio pages; the uncouth phraseology; the strange subjects which it treats; the scholastic terms; the distinctions without a difference,—all these repel the modern student. The gaunt shadow of the monk, its author, seems to rise from its coffin, and staring at the literary gentleman, to say, "Why hast thou disturbed my repose, and brought me to the day once more? Break not again my mystic dream." These are the authors before whom Industry folds her hands, and gives up the task; from whom Diligence, with his frame of iron and his eye of fire, turns away, disspirited and worn down. Yet were these men lights in their day. They shed their lustre over many a land. The shadows they cast fall still on us. Mankind looked hopeful as their light arose, and saw it sink, doubting that another would ever arise and equal it.

What a different spirit pervades the men of those ages we call dark,—not dreaming that our age,—the nineteenth century itself,—shall likewise one day be called by the same name. Their spirit is not classic, and it is not modern. You come down from Plato to St Bernard, for example, and feel that you have made a descent. The high ideal of mortal life does not float before the eyes of the saint as before that great-hearted pagan. The character of these writings is unique. They have not the majestic tranquillity of the Greek literature, nor the tempestuous movement of modern works. Here worship takes the place of passion, and contemplation is preferred before action. Their ideal life would be wretchedness to an American, and Tartarus itself to a Greek, for fast and vigils are thought better than alms-deeds and daily duty. The senses are looked upon as legitimate inlets of pain, and pain only. What austerity of discipline,—to which the wars of antiquity and the commercial enterprises of our day were pastime; what watching; what fast and prayer; what visions and revelations,—the natural result of their life,—conspired to form these stout spirits.

You turn from the bustling literature of the nineteenth century to the works of Bernard, and the change of atmosphere is remarkable. You feel it in every limb. It is as

if you stepped at once from the hot plains of Ethiopia to the very summit of the Mountains of the Moon. Or better, as if you were transferred in a moment from the feverish heat of an August noon to the cool majesty of an April night, when there was frost in the air, and a rawness in the occasional gusts of wind, come from what quarter they would ; when clouds of grotesque shape and threatening darkness mingled capriciously with the uncertain shining of the moon and the mysterious twinkle of the stars ; when you were uncertain what weather had preceded or what would follow, but knew that a storm was not far off, it might have been, or might yet come, for all was organic and not settled. The difference between this and the spirit of Greek literature, is the difference between a forest, with its underbrush and winding paths, leading no one knows whither,—a forest full of shadows and wild beasts,—and a trim garden of great and beautiful trees, reared with art, planted by science, and arranged with most exquisite taste,—a garden where flowers bloomed out their fragrant life, fruits ripened on the stem, and little birds sang their summer carol, to complete the harmony of the scene.

In the days of Bernard, a saint was a popular character the great man of a kingdom. Men went in crowds to see him. Women threw garlands on him as he passed, and branches were spread in his way. Rude peasants and crowned kings begged for his blessing, though it were but a mere wave of his hand. But we have changed all that, and more wisely confer them and the like honours on men in epaulets, and dancing girls. It is nature's law to pay men in kind. It may be surprising to our readers, but it is still true, that Saint Bernard, though lean as a skeleton almost, was received with as much eclat wherever he chanced to go, as the most popular modern statesman, or electioneering orator. Nay more, men made long pilgrimages to see him ; they laid the sick, that they might be healed, in the streets where he walked, or beneath the windows of the house in which he chanced to pass the night, and the sick were cured, at least his three monkish and contemporary biographers credited the miracle. Rebellious Dukes and a refractory Emperor were subservient to his will, and when at high mass he elevated the host,

the stoutest of heart fell on his knees, and forgot his rebellion, becoming like a little child. The bold deniers of the Church's authority,—bold even then, when it was dangerous to be bold,—shrank from the grasp of this nervous athlete of the faith. Peter of Bruis, Henry of Lausanne, Gilbert of Poitiers, even Abelard himself, with his net of subtle dialectics, fine-meshed as woven wind, gave up at last to him. He uttered prophecies which time has not yet seen fit to fulfil, though the good Catholic, no doubt, hopes they will yet come to pass. In what follows, we shall rely chiefly on the lives of this great man, which were written by several of his contemporaries.

Saint Bernard was born at Fontaines, in Burgundy, not far from Dijon, in the year of our Lord 1091. His father, Trecelin, a knight of an ancient family of considerable fortune, spent most of his life in arms, taking little pains about the education of his children. This duty fell to the lot of his pious and intelligent wife, Aleth, the daughter of Count Montbart, who discharged it with most exemplary fidelity. In old times, we are told that supernatural signs preceded the birth of men predestined to eminence, and swarms of bees, or flocks of birds, or sheep with one horn in the middle of the forehead, foretold the character and prowess of the babe unborn, so that when he came into the world he had nothing to do but realize the augury. The monkish historian, Abbot William, of St Thierry,* relates similar things of Bernard. To Aleth, as to Hecuba, was foretold the character of her son, with the same clearness in both cases. Aleth, before the birth of her child, dreamed of a dog, "white all over, but somewhat reddish on the back," and in her dream the dog barked, as dogs often do. Terrified at this prodigy, she sought ghostly counsel of a certain religious man. He, remembering that King David wished "that the tongue of the dogs may be dipped in the blood of the enemy," and being "filled with the spirit of prophecy," foretold that the child about to be born should bark loud and long at the enemies of the Church. He should be an excellent preacher of the word, and his tongue should have a medicinal savour, and cure diseases of the soul. The mother was comforted by this

* Vita S. Bernardi Abbati, Lib. I. c. 1—3. Prefixed to Bernard's Works.

interpretation, which coming events very kindly fulfilled, and proved he could not only bark but bite also. Aleth, the mother of Bernard, and of five other sons and one daughter, was a religious woman, as religion was then understood. She declined the splendours which usually belonged to her wealth and station; lived almost a monastic life of prayer, fasting, and self-mortification. She early dedicated her child to a monastic life, and accordingly gave him an education suited to his destiny. He received some instruction in the church at Chatillon. His contemporary and friend, the above-named William, relates that in study he far surpassed his fellow-students, but began his mortification of the flesh, also, at the same time. Even in his youth he gave signs of the excellent virtue that was in him, and by his remarkable greatness of soul foreshowed what he was one day to become. Once he was violently afflicted with a head-ache, and "a sorry little woman was called in to cure him by the magic of songs. But soon as she came in with the implements of her art, which she used to delude the superstitious, he cried out against her with great indignation, and ordered the witch out of the house. He felt that virtue had come into him, and rising in the strength of the Spirit, found himself free from all pain." This is looked on as one of his earliest miracles. Exceeding grace was given to the youth even in his tender years. "The Lord appeared to him, as to Samuel at Shiloh, and manifested his glory." This took place on Christmas night, as he sat waiting the event, between sleeping and waking. "Jesus appeared to him, like a bridegroom coming out of his chamber," and then took the form of the word just incarnated in the new-born babe, "beautiful above the sons of men." After this, as he grew up and "increased in favour with God and man," the great Enemy spread in vain the witchery of his most enticing nets, and the serpent lay in wait to sting his heel. On one occasion, he was so sorely pressed by the same temptation that overcame even St Anthony, and has been thought irresistible, that he could find no relief, except by jumping into a pond of exceedingly cold water up to his ears. Here he remained until similar temptations lost all their power, and he lost nearly his life. But by "virtue of Divine grace" he was, ever after, "ice all over" to such

allurements. Those who are curious in such matters may see, in the good monk's biography, how variously he was tempted by this Protean Devil, transforming himself into an angel of light, and how he yet kept whole, as a salamander in a brazier's fire. While a school-boy in the world, he became a soldier for Christ, and had "visions and revelations of the Lord." Bernard lost his mother at an early age, and then his youthful companions sought to seduce him from his pious vow, and lead him away to their life of violence, and riot, and bloodshed.

In this period of the middle ages, the line of distinction between noble and ignoble blood was drawn with peculiar sharpness, as feudal society is based on birth and birth only. For the ignoble there was open the common lot of the poor and despised. They served to flesh the swords of the nobles; to fight in their wars, with the certainty of loss to themselves, whether conquering or conquered. Slaves they were, to till the soil for their masters, to build castles and churches, at this day the proud monuments of gothic and feudal grandeur. Men's heads were made to think, but theirs to bear burdens. They were hewers of wood and drawers of water for their superiors, who should have borne their sorrows and upheld them when they fell. God gives to a few more excellent gifts of mind, or body, or social position, or wealth, not that they may thereby oppress their brethren, but that they may comfort and bless them. There are but two scales in the balance of society, the Rulers and the Ruled. As the one rises, the other falls. In that age the world was far less rich in the comforts and conveniences of life than it is now. Therefore when we admire at the ruler's scale so well loaded, we are to remember also the empty scale of the poor, who could not tell their tale to other times, except by implication. When we admire the possessions of the powerful, the castles and cathedrals of those days, it may be profitable to remember, how wretched were the cabins in which the builders slept, and with what reluctant and compulsory toil, with what privation, hunger, and wretchedness, this magnificence must have been bought. The desires of the rich were fed with the bread of the poor. Men were left naked and comfortless, that grandeur might pile up its marble and mortar. The needy asked bread, and literally

a stone was given them. The name of a tyrant who harried a province, and whose character was well imaged by the ferocious beasts he bore on his scutcheon, comes down to our times coupled with the epithet of Pious, or Gentle, because, forsooth, he built a church, or endowed a convent, with the fragments of rapacity that fell from his table; while the men, who paid for it all with pain and toil and bloody sweat, lie forgotten in the ditches and fens where they had laboured and died. At that time the Christian maxim, "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak,"—a maxim which meant something to Paul and Jesus, as their lives attest,—was regarded far less than even now. Such was the simple lot of the low-born and poor; their "puddle-blood" flowed at the mercy of each noble or haughty head and rapacious hand. But their prayers and the cry of their blood went up to the God of justice, who answered in the peasant wars, and similar convulsions, from the twelfth century to the nineteenth. Such was their lot, a life of subjection, hardships, and bondage.

But for the other and less numerous class, two arenas were open, the World and the Church. There seems to have been no middle ground between the life of a Nobleman and that of an Ecclesiastic. Fortune met well-born men at their entrance into being, and said, "Choose which you will, the Church or the World. I have no other alternative." The life of an Ecclesiastic, and the life of a Noble; the cloister and the camp; what a world lies between them! On the one side celibacy, fasting, and poverty, and prayer; * on the other, riot, debauchery, wealth, and sin in general. Ambition pointed, and perhaps equally,

* It may be said, *celibacy* was not universal at this time among the clergy, and it is certain the laws of that period are conflicting on this point. In some countries, as Hungary and Ireland, great freedom prevailed in this respect. Priests and Deacons, even Bishops, had their wives. At the council of Gran, 1114, a singular decree was passed. "Presbyteris uxores—runs the original—quas legitimis ordinibus accesserint, moderatius habendas, prævisa fragilitate, indulsumus." Synod Strigonius, C. xxxi. p. 57, cited in Schroeckh's Kirchengeschichte, Vol. XXVII. p. 203. (Leipzig, 1798.) But Bernard complains bitterly that men with wives,—*viri uxorati*,—had got into the Church. Even the Hungarian clergy gradually lost their freedom. Yet in 1273, Bishop Henry of Lüttich had fourteen children born in a little less than two years. See in Schroeckh, l. c., the gradual progress of celibacy in the Church. But out of this partial evil there grew a general benefit. When there was no legitimate heir, there could be no spiritual aristocracy growing up to usurp dominion over

to both, for the Cardinal was often greater than the King, and the Pope was second only to the Almighty. Every lawyer in England, it is said, hopes one day to be Lord Chancellor, or at least Judge; and so, perhaps, every priest in the twelfth century hoped to be Pope, Cardinal, or Bishop at the very least. So young men of the noblest families rushed into convents, just as others rushed into camps. To the lasting praise of the Catholic Church, be it said, that she knew nothing of difference between rich and poor; at least, nothing in theory, though rich men daily bought and sold benefices, and that without concealment, in the Pope's court. The Church was the last bulwark of Humanity in the dark ages. She kept in awe the rude barons and barbarous kings, and nestled the poor and forsaken comfortably in her bosom. In her eyes every one born at all was well born. Hence we find a cobbler in the chair of St Peter, and that cobbler Gregory the Seventh, of whom all Europe stood in awe. The Church, thus opening for the poor the road to wisdom and power, unconsciously bettered their condition at large. For bishops, cardinals, and popes, elevated from the servile class,—having no legitimate issue to provide for, or enrich with power and place transmitted to them,—felt strongly the natural, instinctive love of their native class, and watched over it with a jealous care. The history of Thomas à Becket, and his sovereign, is a striking instance of this kind, where each represents a class.

The Church and the camp were the two fields open before the wealthy and well born. But in Bernard's time, a new and distinct arena was also opened; that of letters. A great enthusiasm for literature and philosophy sprang up in the eleventh century, as the world began to awake from its long sleep, and rub its drowsy eyes. Its starting-point was the ancient philosophy, and the *Organum* of Boethius. In the twelfth century the brilliant success of Abelard was both a cause and an effect of the new movement.* With him the scholastic philosophy began, as M. Cousin thinks.

the Church, as the nobles had done over the State. "The wrath of man shall praise thee," says the Psalmist, "and the remnant of wrath thou wilt restrain."

* On the number of Abelard's pupils, and his influence, see *Ouvrages inedites d'Abelard*, etc.; par M. Victor Cousin. Paris, 1836. *Introduction*, p. ii. seq.

After Bernard's companions found the camp had no charms "to shake the settled purpose of his soul," they tried him with the life of letters, in which his bright spirit found activity and joy. But this attempt also was fruitless. The image of his mother soared above him, and forbade the unholy life. His lively fancy brought her from the grave, in visions, and in his waking hours; she reminded him of her past example, and seemed to chide him for his faltering faith. Once, as he was travelling alone, to see his brothers in the Burgundian camp at Grancy, this thought came over him, and the image of his mother filled his soul. He turned aside into a church to pray for strength to keep his resolve and be a monk. His prayer was granted. A voice said to him, "Qui audit dicat 'Veni.'" After this the difficulty was all over. He persuaded others to follow his example. Among these were his uncle Galdric, a rich and celebrated man, and some of his own brothers. But Guido, his oldest brother, mocked at Bernard's resolution, and called it frivolous. Guido, a distinguished man, bound by wedlock, and more strongly rooted in the world than the others, stoutly refused the monastic life, when urged by the young enthusiast to accept it. Well he might shudder at the thought, for his married life seems to have been happy, and the change proposed involved a separation from his wife and children, and imprisonment—such it really was—amid monks as cheerless and stupid as they were superstitious. "Yet," says Abbot William, "at first hesitating, but weighing the matter continually, and thinking it over and over, he consented to the change, on condition that his wife were willing. But this contingency seemed scarcely possible to a young woman of noble birth, the mother of several daughters, at that time of tender age." But Bernard, nothing daunted at the difficulty, tenderly promised Guido, that "his wife would soon consent, or die." To bring about one of these pleasant alternatives, "the Lord gave the husband this manly counsel, that he should abjure all he seemed to have in the world, lead a rustic life, earning with his own hands the subsistence of himself and wife, whom it was not lawful for him to divorce against her will." This ingenious counsel, so pleasantly attributed to the Holy Ghost, succeeded like a charm. The wife very

naturally fell sick, and remembering the prediction, and finding "how hard it was to kick against the pricks," begged Bernard's forgiveness, and promised all that he required of her. Accordingly she was separated from her husband, and took the usual conventual vow, which she kept "until this day," says the Abbot; for he wrote while she and Bernard were both still living.

The other brother, Gerhard, still held out, "and loved the world." "Nothing but suffering will ever convince you," said Bernard. "But the day is coming," continued he, putting his finger on his brother's side, "and it comes quickly, when the lance plunged in your breast shall open to your heart a way for my counsels, which now you despise." "No sooner said than done," proceeds the biographer, "for after a few days he was wounded in just the spot marked by the priestly finger, and taken prisoner besides." Then, fearing death, he exclaimed, "I am a monk, a Cistercian monk." Bernard was sent for to comfort him in prison. But he refused to go, saying he "knew all this before, and the wound was not unto death, but unto life." And "it was even so;" for, contrary to expectation, the wound healed of a sudden. However, he was still a captive, and kept closely in ward. But one day, as he grew continually more and more desirous of the monastic life, he heard a voice more than mortal, as he lay wakeful in his dungeon, saying to him, "This day shalt thou be set free," and about nightfall, by accident as it were, he felt of his chains, and they fell off his hands with a heavy clank; still the door was shut, and a crowd of beggars stood before it, not to mention the guards. But the bar fell back, and the door opened at his approach. The beggars, astonished at the prodigy, fled without speaking. It was the hour of evening prayers when he drew nigh the church, walking slowly, for some of the chains still clung to him. Bernard espied his brother, and said, "Brother Gerhard, have you come? There is still something left that you may hear." But "his eyes were holden, so that he did not know what was going on," until Bernard led him into the church. "Thus was he freed from captivity and love of the world."

After this, Bernard "went to and fro upon the earth, and walked up and down in it," seeking to bring souls

into the monastic fold. He compelled many to come in. His word was so taking, his eloquence so persuasive,—for he knew the way equally to the heart of the clown and the courtier,—that when he was to preach in public or private, wise “mothers shut up their sons at home; wives kept back their husbands from hearing, for the Holy Ghost gave such voice and power to his words, that scarce any tie could restrain those who listened.” All whom he converted were like the first Christians, “of one heart and one mind.” *

His biographer gives a glowing account of his noviciate, and holds him up as an ideal of austerity, to be looked up to and imitated by all tyros in the convents. He not only resisted the desire of the senses, but turned the senses themselves out of doors. “When, with the interior sense, he began to feel the sweetness of divine love breathe gently over him, he feared lest the secret sense within should be darkened by the senses from without, so he scarce gave them enough to keep them in being. The ‘breathings of divine love’ were at first but a momentary impression, but soon became a constant habit, and the habit, at length, nature itself.” Absorbed entirely in the spirit, all his hopes directed inward to God, his mind entirely occupied with spiritual meditation, seeing he saw not, hearing he heard not; eating he tasted not; and scarce felt anything with the corporeal sense. After passing a year in the noviciate’s cell, he hardly knew when he went out whether it had a roof or not.” This was deemed the perfection of a monk’s life. He ate only to sustain the body, and knew not whether he fed on bread or stones, or whether his drink was water or wine. “He went to his dinner as to the rack.” Nemesis never sleeps even in a monk’s cell, so nature took sweet revenge, and racked him all his life long in every limb of his attenuated frame. However, he did two good things, and that daily. He worked hard with his hands, and walked in the woods,

* The monastic life was then held in very high esteem. Bernard calls it “a second baptism;” “it renders its professors like the angels, and unlike men.” It could wash out the deepest sins. See Neander’s *Heilige Bernhard und sein Zeitalter*, &c. Berlin, 1813. p. 1, 42, note 2. But he mentions Norbert advising Count Theobald of Champagne not to become a monk, because he was already so useful to the poor and down-trodden.

where he used afterwards to confess he found his best thoughts, and had no teachers but the birch-trees and the oaks. "Trust my experience," he subsequently wrote to Henry of Murdoch, a celebrated teacher of speculative theology, "thou wilt find in the woods somewhat more than in books; wood and stone shall teach thee what thou canst not learn from masters."* The cheerful though serious countenance of nature, we should fancy, might shame even a monk into a rational life; but man outgrows nothing so reluctantly as the religious prejudice of his times, and it is given to but few to take a single step in advance of their age. But one day, while exhausted with very slight labour in reaping, Bernard felt a natural shame at the artificial weakness of his body; he turned aside, and "besought the Lord for strength," which was given, miraculously, as the Abbot thinks, and he reaped before them all.

On entering the monastic state, he had not chosen, as many did, a cloister, where the buxom ascetics revelled in everything but self-mortification. He chose the cloister at Citeaux, a wild quarter of the bishopric of Chalons sur la Saone. The number of monks increased so rapidly, through his efforts and austere reputation, that the buildings of the establishment required to be enlarged, and new ones erected. A new cloister, also, was established in another place. This was the celebrated cloister of Clairvaux, a wild, desolate glen, formerly named the Valley of Wormwood,† on account of a den of robbers in it, as some say; but after the cloister was built, it was called Clairvaux,—the fair valley. In three years from its foundation, Bernard was appointed Abbot of Clairvaux, and ordained to that office by the famous William de Champeaux, whose skill in dialectics took nothing from the jolly roundness of his face. The spectators laughed, or admired, at the

* Boulau, *Hist. Universitatis Parisiensis*, Tom. II. p. 162, cited in Neander, l. c., p. 45.

† Nicolaus Hacqueville thus poetically celebrates the charms of the place :

"Abdita vallis erat, mediis in montibus, alto
Et nemore, et viridi tunc adoperta rubo,
Hanc *claram vallem* merito dixere priores,
Mutarunt nomen *vallis amara* tuum," etc.

De Laudibus Bernardi, prefixed to his works, fol. 24, 1, of this edition.

contrast between the bishop and the monk. Established in his new office, his example animated the whole cloister. "You might see there a weak and languid man, solicitous for all, but careless of himself; obedient to all in all things, but scarce doing anything for himself. Not deeming his own concerns of prior importance to others, he strove chiefly to avoid sparing his own body. So he made his spiritual studies the more rigorous. His body, attenuated by various infirmities, was still more worn down by fast and watching without intermission. He prayed standing day and night, till his knees, weakened by fasting, and his feet, swollen with extreme toil, refused to sustain his body. For a long time, in secrecy he wore sackcloth next his skin, but when the fact was accidentally discovered he cast it off, and returned to his common dress. His food was bread and milk; water, in which pulse had been boiled, or such thin water-gruel as men make for little children."* Physicians who saw him, or listened to his eloquence, wondered at the strength in his emaciated frame, as much as if they had seen a lamb drawing the plough.

The monkish admirer relates that Gerhard was a sort of butler in the establishment, and as winter began to set in, he naturally, in the way of his vocation, complained of the slender provision, both in money and victuals, laid in for the season. To this complaint Bernard returned no reply. But being told that no less a sum than eleven pounds was absolutely needed, and that for the present emergency, he sent away his brother and betook himself to prayer. While at his devotion a messenger arrived, and said that a woman stood at the gate, asking to see him. She fell down at his feet, and gave him twelve pounds to pray for her husband, then dangerously ill. "Go in peace," said Bernard to the woman, "thou shalt find thy husband safe and sound." She went home and found as he had foretold. A similar case often occurred, says William, and unexpected help came from the Lord, whenever common means failed. It is difficult to estimate the power of prejudice and superstition to blind men's eyes, but each of the then contemporary biographers of Bernard ascribes to him a similar

* Vita S. Bernardi, l. c., Lib. I. c. viii.

miraculous power, and relates the wonderful cures he effected on men, women, and children.*

Weak as Bernard was in body, and secluded from the world, in that remote valley, he yet took an active part in all the great concerns of Church and State, not only in France but out of it. He was present at councils, and men journeyed from far to ask his advice. He lifted his voice indignantly to rebuke the wantonness and pride of the clergy; wantonness and pride not surpassed by the nobles of the court of Sardanapalus. He declaimed with the sternest vehemence against the great, who trod the humble down into the dust. He laboured to extend his own order, and still more to defend the Church from the assaults of the temporal powers,—no light work, nor lightly undertaken.

At this time the moral state of the clergy was bad, very bad. Men of loose habits and no religion pressed into the lucrative offices of the Church, through the influence of some prince or count.

“Of other care they little reckoning took,
Than how to scramble at the shearers’ feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.”

Their office was gain. The Pope might make laws, often as he listed, against simony, extravagance, licentiousness, and all other clerical sins of the age; cunning men found means to break them all, and live unconcerned, or at least unmolested. The Popes themselves were partakers of their crimes. “The stench of the Roman court,” says William of Paris, “rising from this dunghill of usury, robbery, and simony, went up a hateful steam, to the very clouds.” The vice of the clergy reached its height about the middle of the twelfth century. In England alone, about that time, in the short space of ten or twelve years, more than a hundred murders were committed by priests. Bernard saw these monstrous evils, and laboured

* Neander tells a singular story, illustrating this peculiarity of the age. One Norbert, a rough, tempestuous, destructive personage, was once riding in a hunting expedition, and a violent storm came on. His horse was struck down by lightning, and he lay senseless nearly an hour. When he recovered, and saw how providentially he had escaped death, a shudder came over him, at the thought of his past life, from which he was so near being summoned to the bar of God. He resolved to found a religious institution, kept his vow, and was one of the most distinguished reformers of his age. L. c., p. 44, seq.

with great diligence to reform the clergy. He censured the monks with the greatest severity.

But while engaged in this good work, if we may trust his biographer, he did not neglect the minor gifts of healing the sick, and casting out devils. We will set down some of the miraculous works ascribed to the saint by his contemporaries. In a certain monastery, called Carus-Locus (Charlieu), he cured a boy, who wept and wailed incessantly, with a kiss. For when he had been weeping for several days, and found no help from his physicians, our holy man advised him to confess his sins. He did so, and with a serene face asked Bernard to kiss him. This also was done, and "the kiss of peace being received from the saint's face, he rested in perfect peace; the fountain of his tears was dried up, and he went back rejoicing to his friends, safe and sound."

A new Oratory was to be dedicated at Fusniacum (Foigny), and a great swarm of flies took possession of it, so that their noise and buzzing was very offensive to all who entered. There was no help to be had. The holy Bernard said, "I excommunicate them," and the next morning they were all found dead. This affair was so well known, that the curse upon the flies of Foigny became a proverb.*

Once, however, Bernard himself fell sick of the influenza, we should judge, and "his body failing on all hands, he was brought well nigh to death's door." "His sons and his friends came as it were to the funeral of so great a father, and I also was present among them," says William, "for his esteem for me gave me a place among his friends. When he seemed about to draw his last breath, as his soul was on the point of leaving the body, he seemed to himself to stand before the tribunal of the Lord. And Satan also was present, attacking him with bitter accusations. When he had brought forward all his charges, and it was time for this man of God to speak for himself, nothing daunted, or disturbed in the slightest degree, he said, 'I confess that I am not worthy, nor can I, of my own merits, obtain the kingdom of Heaven. But my Lord has obtained it for me, in two legitimate ways; namely, by inheritance from

* Vita S. Bernardi, l. c., Lib. I. c. xi.

his Father, and by the merit of his own suffering. He is satisfied with one, and grants me the other claim. I claim it on the ground of his gift, and shall not be confounded.' At these words the enemy was put to shame; the meeting (before the tribunal of the Lord) broke up, and the man of God came to himself." * His recovery was no less remarkable. "The blessed Virgin appeared to him, with two companions, St Laurentius and St Benedict; they laid their hands on him, and by their pious manifestation assuaged the pain in the most afflicted parts of his body; they drove off the sickness, and all pain ceased."

Still further, to show to what length human credulity will go, William relates gravely a miracle Bernard wrought on the historian himself. "Once upon a time, when I had long been sick in our own house, and my illness, long continued, had weakened and worn me down to a great degree, Bernard heard of it, and sent his brother, Gerhard, —a man of happy memory,—directing me to come to Clairvaux, and promising that I should be cured, or should die very soon. I set out forthwith, though with great pain and trouble, for I looked on this as an opportunity, divinely given, or at least offered, of dying with him, or of living with him some time, and I don't know which I should have then preferred. That was performed which had been promised, and, I confess it, as I wished. My health was restored from this great and dangerous infirmity, and my strength gradually returned. But, good God! what advantage did this infirmity bring me! All the time of my illness with him, his sickness wrought with my necessity, for he also was sick at that time. We were both ill together, and he talked all day about the spiritual physic of the soul, and the remedial force of the virtues against the weakening influence of the vices. Accordingly he discoursed to me of the Song of Songs, as far as my weakness allowed it." One day during his convalescence, he abstained from his customary food, and suffered accordingly. His pains returned with such violence that he despaired of life. Bernard came in, in the morning, and learned the cause and the result. "What would you advise me to do?" said William. "Keep quiet," said he,

* Vita S. Bernardi, l. c., Lib. I. c. xi. xii.

“you shall not die this time,” and went out. “And what shall I say? Immediately all my pain vanished; the next day I was well again, and recovered strength, and after a few days went home, with the benediction of my kind host.”*

We will now mention but one more miracle attributed to Bernard. On a certain time, “when that blessed man was coming from Laviniacum, a noble city in the bishopric of Meldis, a deaf and dumb girl, nearly grown up, was brought to him. She was placed on the neck of his horse, and he, looking up to heaven, uttered a short prayer. Then he anointed her ears and lips with saliva; blessed her, and commanded her to call on the Holy Virgin. Immediately the damsel, who had never before spoken a word, opened her mouth and cried out, “Sancta Maria!” There was present one Roger, afterwards an ecclesiastic and monk of Clairvaux, but then in the world; and seeing this miracle wrought before his eyes, he was sharply pricked in the heart, and as he has told me, this was the chief cause that induced him to enter the cloister at Clairvaux.”†

In the year of our Lord 1130, died Pope Honorius the Second, in the sixth year of his Pontificate. “In a city like Rome,” says Neander, “where party spirit, ambition, and intrigues had long prevailed, where Avarice, Poverty, and Wantonness stood side by side, where a restless people and ambitious families struggled together, it was but natural the choice of a Pope should create the greatest discord and dissensions.” The deceased Pope was not legally chosen, and trouble and bloodshed were avoided only by the rare self-denial of his rival, Cardinal Buccapecu. Honorius the Second had been placed in the chair by the great families of Rome, and especially by the Frangipani. At his death there were two candidates for the papacy, one the descendant of a rich Jewish usurer, who had been converted to Christianity, and had taken the name of Leo. Cardinal Gregory was supported by the opposite faction,

* Beside the stories of his miracles related in the lives of Bernard,—and his life was a favourite theme,—there is a distinct treatise of his miracles. *Narratio Herberti Abbatis Cœnobii Morensis de libro Miraculorum S. Bernardi; per insigne miraculum servato.* It may be found in Mabillon's Edition of Bernard, Vol. II.

† *Fragmenta ex Herberti libris de miraculis Cisterciensium monachorum.* C. 13, p. 1247, ed. Mabillon.

who appointed him the very night Honorius died, pretending that such was his wish. The new Pope assumed the title of Innocent Second. Leo was proclaimed Pope by the other party, with the title of Anaclete Second. Thus there were two Popes at the same time. Innocent repeatedly declined the power that was offered him, and with many tears threw off the pontifical robes, but was at last prevailed on to accept the office, when convinced that he alone could ensure the peace and prosperity of the Church in these times of trouble. Roger of Sicily declared in favour of Anaclete. But Louis Sixth of France, to whom Innocent had fled, declined at first deciding between the two competitors, until he had called a council of the bishops. Bernard was also called to this council, and cheered by revelations and visions on his way thither. His character and reputation gave great weight to his opinion.* The affair before the council turned chiefly on the merit of the two Popes, for the question of a legal choice was little regarded by either party. Bernard declared in favour of Innocent, and by his eloquent and forcible harangue, made such an impression on the council, that a unanimous vote was passed confirming the claims of Innocent to the Papal chair and its consequent infallibility. But as all the neighbouring kingdoms did not readily follow the example of France, Bernard was despatched to England to persuade King Henry First to declare for Innocent. But that acute investigator doubted if the election were legal and regular in all respects, and after Bernard had cleared up that point, and found his representations were of no avail, he resorted to a device, as he often did when better weapons failed him. "You fear that if you obey Innocent as Pope you shall bring a sin upon yourself. Let this rather be your only concern, to answer before God for all your *other* sins; *leave this sin to me, I will take it upon myself.*" And the word of the venerable man was sufficient to quiet his scruples.† Bernard then accompanied the new Pope in a journey

* Dupin is mistaken when he says the *sole decision of the matter was left to him* (Ecclesiastical History of the 12th Century, ch. iv. p. 43, ed. Lond. 1698), and in making the Pope *post hither* (to France) *with all diligence*, after the King's declaration. He went there before.

† Vita S. Bernardi Auctore Ernaldo, etc., Lib. II., c. i.; and Neander, p. 72, seq.

through the greater part of France, "strengthening the churches."

At this time Lothaire of Saxony, and Conrad of the Swabian family,—so hateful to the Popes,—were contending for the crown of Germany. The former Pope had acknowledged Lothaire, and both of the rival Popes, recognizing their predecessor's infallibility, declared in favour of Lothaire. He was indeed addressed by the Roman friends of Anaclete, but took no notice of their letter, for his chief bishops had already given in their adhesion to Innocent. To quiet these difficulties, or rather to strengthen the papal hands, Innocent went to Germany. Bernard accompanied him, serving the cause by his eloquence and activity. When he preached, the audience was melted into tears, even though they did not understand the language in which he spoke. This event often happened. At Lüttich the Pope and Emperor first met, the latter surrounded by his great men, "the Lords Spiritual and Temporal." He dismounted, walked through the assembly, took the Pope's horse by the bridle with one hand, and holding in the other the staff of defence for the Church, conducted the Pontiff to the church. Here, after mentioning the many evils the Empire had borne for the Church, he touched upon the right of investiture, so long a subject of controversy between them, and of course maintained his own claims. But Bernard set forth in such glowing colours the injustice of his demand, that he receded, leaving this important right in the hands of the Pope.* This signal service of the holy abbot was never forgot. Innocent and Lothaire separated in perfect harmony.† The next year, after Bernard and the Pope had passed through several districts of France, had quieted the discontented, and reconciled the hostile, and held a council at Rheims, Lothaire conducted Innocent to Rome, and entering by violence into the city, was crowned by that Pope. But

* See on this point an extract from Echart's *Quaternis vet. Monument*, p. 46, in Gieseler's *Eccles. History*, Am. ed. Vol. II. p. 182, note 1.

† Lothaire, it seems, was little better than a puppet for the Pontiff. He received his crown *on his knees, as a feudal investiture* from the Pope, and so became the vassal of the Church. The Pope caused a painting to be made of this imperial genuflection, with the following inscription beneath it: REX HOMO FIT PAPAE. See Wolfgang, Menzel's *Geschichte der Deutschen*, etc. 3rd ed. 1837, chap. 199, p. 284, seq.

Anaclete's party was still strong in the metropolis, and Innocent fled to Pisa, which was near both to France and Germany, and where his friends were powerful enough to protect him.

The letter of Bernard to the Pisans is a curious monument of the spirit of the age. "May the Lord bless you, and remember the faithful service and pious compassion, and consolation, which you have shown, and still continue to show, toward the spouse of his Son, in an evil time, and in the days of her affliction. This is already in part fulfilled, and some fruit of my prayer is already in our hands. A worthy recompense shall soon remunerate you. God rewards thee for thy works, O nation, whom he hath chosen as an heritage to himself, an acceptable nation, zealous of good works. Pisa is taken in the place of Rome, and is chosen out of all cities of the earth, as the place of the apostolic seat. This has not happened by any human chance, or counsel, but by the celestial providence and divine favour of God, who loves those that love him, and has said to Christ, his friend Innocent (*Christo suo Innocentio*), Dwell thou in Pisa, and blessing, I will bless it. Inhabit there since I have chosen it. By my counsel, the constancy of the Pisans yields not to the wickedness of the Sicilian tyrant, nor is shaken by his threats, nor corrupted by his gifts, nor circumvented by his frauds. Oh men of Pisa! men of Pisa! God hath done greatly for you; we are made joyful. What city does not envy you! Keep what is committed to thee, faithful city; acknowledge the favour; seek to be found not ungrateful for the privilege. Honour the father of thyself and all; honour the chiefs of the world who are in thee, and the judges of the earth whose presence renders thee illustrious, glorious, famous."*

Bernard thus wrought diligently for the head of the Church, both in person and by his many letters. The inhabitants of Milan had been fast friends to Anaclete. The city was one of his strongholds. It had espoused the party of Conrad. And Anselm, the metropolitan bishop, strenuously opposed Innocent, though some of the clergy had taken his part. This disagreement among the clergy

* Epist. 130. Ed. Mabillon.

led to many evils, and a certain time was appointed by the magistrates to settle the matter between the parties. On the day appointed, a large body of men, dressed in coarse and undyed woollen garments, their heads shaven in an unusual fashion, appeared in the place of meeting. They were men more or less connected with the Cistercian order of monks, and of course were friends to Bernard and Innocent. "These men," said Anselm to the hostile bishops, "these men are heretics." But it would not do; the people regarded them as angels of light, and he was no longer looked on as the head and bishop of the diocese. Messengers were sent to Bernard himself, "the last of the fathers," the great pacificator. He came; the result was wonderful, and is thus described by a contemporary. "When the inhabitants of Milan heard that the well-beloved abbot was drawing nigh to their borders, all the people went out to meet him seven miles from the city. Noble and vulgar, horse and foot, rich and poor, as if migrating from the city, left their homes, and, arranged in regular order, received the Man of God, with incredible reverence. All were delighted to see him; they judged themselves happy who could hear him speak, and they kissed his feet. They pulled threads out of his garments, and took whatever thread they could from the hem of his garments (*de pannorum laciniis*), as remedies for sickness, counting as sacred whatever he had touched, and thinking that they also should be made holy by using or touching any of those things." *

Here he allayed all the strife and settled the difficulties as usual. Nor was this all. Landulf the younger, an eye-witness, thus speaks of his work: "At a nod from him all sorts of church apparel, that was of gold or silver,—because disagreeable to the abbot,—were shut up in presses. Men and women put on garments of hair, or the coarsest wool; water was changed into wine. Devils were cast out, and the sick healed. The abbot loosed the bonds of the captives taken by the Milanese, and restored them to freedom. And by an oath he made them take, he bound this great people in love to the Emperor Lothaire, and obedience to the Pope." †

* *Vita S. Bernard*, l. c., Lib. II. cap. ii.

† Landulf, cited in Neander, p. 83, seq.

One day, continues Ernaldus, the people knowing "that he obtained whatever he chanced to ask of the Lord, brought to him, nothing doubting, a woman; a woman known to all of them, and whom an unclean spirit had vexed seven years, suppliantly asking him, in the name of the Lord, to put the devil to flight, and restore the woman to health." He blushed a little as they persisted, but thought he might offend God if he declined doing so good a work. Thinking within himself, he concluded it would be a sign to the unbelieving, "so he committed his enterprise to the Holy Ghost," and kneeling in prayer, put the devil to rout, in the spirit of fortitude, and gave back the woman safe and sound. "The noise of this affair soon went abroad, and suddenly it filled all the city; and through the churches, the camps (*prætoria*), and all the public streets, they came thronging together. Everybody was talking about the Man of God. It was stated in public, that nothing was impossible which he asked of God. They say and believe, they preach and confirm it, that the ears of God are open to his prayers. They could not be satisfied with seeing and hearing him. Some rushed into his presence; others took their stations before the doors until he should go out. Men left business and trade; all the city was in suspense on this spectacle. They rush together; they beg to be blest, and some seem to have been healed by touching him."* He healed a woman deaf, dumb, and blind, and possessed of a devil, in the presence of a great multitude, by going up to the house with the Host in his hand, and adjuring the devil, in the name of God, to leave the woman.

We will not weary the patience of our readers with more details. The few we have given mark an age of credulity, when a sharp distinction was not made between the miraculous and the natural; when the effects of imagination, of a strong will, or sensitive nerves, were less understood than now, and when "wonders" were expected of each very holy man. Where they are expected, or looked for, they always come. The history of trials for witchcraft might lead a philosopher to ponder deeply the natural law of testimony. There is no doubt that these monks be-

* L. c., c. ii.

lieved Bernard wrought surprising miracles.* No doubt, he himself believed that he wrought them, for he often mentions the fact, but without any vain-glory. His biographer relates with surprise that he never grew vain of his powers, "never walked above himself in wonderful things, but judging humbly of himself, thought he was not the author of these venerable works, but only their minister; and when in the opinion of all he was the greatest, in his own opinion he was the least." This latter statement is not strictly true, for the vice of pride had entered into his soul, and his ambition and love of power knew no bounds. His hatred of those who stood in his way was cruel and remorseless, as we shall soon see.

After he had finished his work in Italy, Bernard returned to Clairvaux. But the fame of his greatness went before him. As he passed the Alps, "the herdsmen and boors came down from their rocks to see him, and after receiving his blessing, turned back joyful to their rude dwellings." His monks received him with no less joy. They fell down before him and embraced his knees; they rose up and kissed him, and in this manner conducted him to the cloister. Here, during his long absence from Clairvaux, "the Devil could effect nothing. No mildew had gathered on the pure minds therein, and the house of God, founded on a rock, was in no part shaken." "No quarrels had been kept for his coming, and no long-nursed hatred broke out in his presence. The young did not accuse the old of austerity, nor did the old accuse the young of remissness, "but they were all found of one accord, in the house of God; in holiness and peace ascending the ladder of Jacob, and hastening up to look on God, whose delectable countenance shone in the upper realm. The abbot, not unmindful of him who said, 'I saw Satan falling as lightning from heaven,' was the more humble and submissive to God as he saw that God was propitious to his desires. Nor did he rejoice because the devils were subject to him, but rather he rejoiced in the Lord, because he saw the names of his brethren were written in heaven."

But the difficulties of the times would not suffer the

* Even Fenelon believed these miracles, and cites them as proofs of the power of God. See his "Sermon pour la fête de Saint Bernard," in his *Œuvres*. Paris. 1822. Tom. III. pp. 196—219.

strong and active spirit of Bernard to remain idle or contemplative at Clairvaux, "bemoaning his own sins." New troubles called him forth again. William the Ninth of Aquitaine and Poictou, espousing the part of Anaclete, deposed all the bishops of the province who were hostile to him. Bishop Godfrey of Chartres went with Bernard to visit the rebellious prince. He was a rough layman, who knew no reason for following one pope more than the other, but had taken a solemn oath never to be reconciled with the degraded bishops. Bernard attempted for a long time to bring the baron to reason; but his efforts were fruitless. So he went into the church to celebrate high mass. The prince, who had been excommunicated, did not venture in, but stood without at the door. Bernard consecrated and transubstantiated the bread and wine; gave his blessing to the people, and then, with fiery countenance and flaming eyes, and threatening look, "bearing on a platter the bread just changed to the body of Christ," went out to the prince, and said to him, "in terrible words," "We have entreated, and you have despised us. The multitude of God's servants united has besought you in two meetings, and you have mocked at them. So now comes to you the Son of the Virgin, the Head and Lord of the Church, which you persecute. Here is thy Judge, at whose name every knee shall bow, of things celestial, and terrestrial, and things under the earth. Here is thy Judge, into whose hands thy soul will come. Will you despise Him also? Will you despise Him, as you have despised his servants?" The prince was overcome; he fell like one lifeless on the ground. His servants raised him up. Bernard ordered him to rise upon his feet; to be reconciled with the bishops of Poitiers; to give him the kiss of peace, and yield to Pope Innocent. The humbled prince did as he was commanded, and thus peace was restored to a whole province. This event is characteristic of the middle ages,—the presumption of the priest, and the folly of the prince.

Bernard was the most powerful man in Europe; though but an ecclesiastic, without money, or lands, or soldiers, or powerful connections, by the might of his spirit alone this emaciated monk kept the wide world in awe. He tamed rough barons; said to kings, thus far and no

farther. It was mainly through his influence that Innocent kept possession of the papal chair. He reconciled Conrad with Lothaire. A third time he was called to Rome, by the pope, whom German arms once more established in the capital, though here he held only divided empire. He attempted to reconcile the two papal parties without loss of blood, and had a convenient formula, wherewith to remove any oaths that interfered with his plans. "Alliances hostile to the law can never be confirmed by an oath, for God's law renders them of no avail." He went to Roger, king of Sicily, on the eve of a battle, hoping to divert that prince from assisting Anaclete. This effort was vain; but after Roger had lost the battle he consented to decide between the two popes, on condition that their respective claims were laid before him. So on a set day Roger arrayed himself in his robes of state, and sat down to hear the conflicting parties. The cardinals of the two popes appeared as counsel. On the side of Anaclete, the chief speaker was Cardinal Peter, or Pisa, a man well skilled in dialects and the canon law. Bernard, of course, was the foremost in favour of Innocent. Bernard's chief argument was this: There is no salvation out of the true Church; the legal pope is head of the true Church. Now almost all the western Churches have declared Innocent to be that head, and it is more likely they should be in the right, since they all agree, than it is that Roger, a single layman, is alone right; for God would not suffer so many to go astray, and be damned eternally, while one only, and he a layman, was saved. Cardinal Peter was convinced by the logical skill and eloquence of his opponent, and was soon reconciled to Innocent; for it would be quite unfair to suppose the offers of power and wealth, thrown privately into the scales, had the slightest weight in the dialectic balance of this cardinal, so well versed in the canon law. Roger still held out, but luckily Anaclete died soon after (1138), and when his friends appointed Victor the Third his successor, Bernard had the hardihood to beard the lion in his den, and ask the new pope to renounce his budding honours; and still more, he had the address to succeed in the attempt. Victor went and fell down at Innocent's feet, and did homage. Peace was thus restored to the Church. Years of war and thousands

of lives were saved, by force of this poor monk. The public gratitude did not loiter behind such signal merit. The people received him everywhere with shouts. Men and women escorted him in processions from place to place. But, his work done, he returned again to the quiet repose and mystical devotion of Clairvaux, to retire into himself, and to write letters to the ends of the world.

But the repose of this "Dog of the Church" was never very deep, or of long continuance. The Church was always in trouble. Bishops quarrelled with one another, or a priest took a wife, a lord sold a benefice, or a monk went back to the cottage or the camp, and the burden of the Church fell on Bernard. We must pass over the troubles occasioned by nobles pressing, uncalled for, into ecclesiastical offices, and by the wickedness of the clergy, to come to the remarkable quarrel between Bernard and Abelard.

So long as ignorance lowered dark and heavy on the middle ages, there was no doubt of the Church's doctrine. Then nothing opposed the ecclesiastical sway, but the Flesh and the Devil,—ambitious and wicked men. The Church was in advance of the world, and the little light by which men walked came mainly from the Church itself. But there is no monopoly of the truth, and least of all can the whole of wisdom be appropriated by a body of men, however pious and thoughtful, who resolve to accept nothing which was not admitted by their fathers centuries before. So when light began to dawn on the world once more, and the clouds to withdraw their heavy folds, and the noble army of Greek and Roman sages or poets to come out of their recesses, men began to doubt, for the first time, whether all moral, philosophical, and religious truth were contained in the dogmas of the Church. These doubts came from the wisest and best men of the age. Thus the Church was assaulted not only by its old enemies, the Flesh and the Devil, with whom it knew how to contend, but also by the Spirit of the Holy Ghost, against whom some new device was to be tried. Men, wiser and holier than the Church itself, rose up,—often coming from its own bosom,—and opened their dark sayings. Hence arose two parties; one stood on authority, and adhered strictly to the old theological formulas, and if they could

not find expressed therein the sum of wisdom which they sought, they found it by implication. A few of the latter sort of this class, calling a certain capricious mysticism to their aid, succeeded marvellously with their work. They were the conservatists of that time, and dealt out, with a lavish hand, the thunders of the Church, and its fire and faggots too, against all who dared to look forward. The other party, few in numbers, but often mighty in talents, relied on no authority, however great and good. They referred all to the human soul, or rather to the spirit of God in the soul of man. Hence they deduced their doctrines, and hereby they formed the dogmas they accepted. To them, philosophy was more than history. They might not disagree with the creed of the Church, in whose bosom they sometimes continued all their life long, but their starting point, their new method, their spirit, differed entirely from that of the Church. This party was inclined to rationalism, as the other was to a vicious sort of mysticism. Yet there were genuine mystics and religious men in either sect. It would be instructive, as well as curious, to trace the gradual growth of Protestantism in the middle ages,—coincident as it was with the spread of light,—but we forbear.*

Abelard would be prominent in any period of the world's history; but in the twelfth century he towers above his contemporaries like a colossus. He went back to the human soul, and from that he attempted to prove the truth of his doctrines, knowing well, that while men rested on truths that were elementary and universal, even if they should doubt the Scriptures, and deny the Church, they would still be religious, useful to their fellows, and acceptable to God. Besides, he saw Credulity confounded with Faith, and Superstition mistaken for vital Piety. His aim was to unite Reason and Religion. He denied that we can form an adequate conception of God, or express his nature, in words.† He attempted to explain the Trinity in a

* Among those who contributed most powerfully, directly or remotely, to this, may be named Scotus Erigena, Gerbert, (afterwards Pope Sylvester II.), Berenger, or Berengarius, of Tours. (See Lessing's *Sämtliche Werke*, Vol. XX.), Lanfranc, Roscelin, Anselm, and Abelard.

† To judge from his remarks on this point, there seems to be a striking similarity between him and Hegel.

manner sufficiently orthodox, if that mystery is to be explained at all, and the profound truth it covers, but too often conceals, also is to be pointed out and explained. He denied free-will to God, in the sense we apply that term to man, who, from his weakness and wickedness, must decide between conflicting desires. He found virtue, like Christian excellence, among the heathen also, who, as well as the Jews, received revelations, and sometimes had power to work miracles. But the doctrines of the Church forbid the free action of his mind in this direction, and so he concluded that baptism was necessary to salvation and the forgiveness of sins, though the man lived a life never so divine. But he dwelt with great delight on the virtue of some of the heathens, and with the obvious design of shaming the hideous sin of the clergy in his own day. He judged virtue by its motives, not by its actions; defined sin as voluntary action opposed to God's law. He spoke with the greatest indignation against those men who were frightened by fear of hell, and after a life of sin, repenting on their death-bed, left money got by crime, that priests, wicked as themselves, and hypocrites besides, might say masses for their souls. He denied the false or alleged miracles of his time, though he admitted the Christian miracles in full.

Such a man could not want for opponents. His philosophical opinions; his Christian zeal, which sometimes out-travelled his discretion; still more, his tendency to call sin, *sin*, and his violent invectives against vice and hollowness,—raised up for him a host of enemies. The timid feared; the wicked hated him. But we are now concerned with Abelard only so far as he comes into the history of Bernard. The first persecution* of Abelard—and in which Bernard took an active part—arose, like many others, from personal, and not ecclesiastical jealousy. Albric and Lotulf, rival professors at Rheims, brought two charges against him; the one, that he, a monk, engaged in secular studies; the other, that he taught theology, which he had never learned “from the great doctors of the age,” and without a regular theological education. Their complaints

* The opposition of Walter de Mauritania does not deserve so harsh a name.

were brought before the Council of Soissons (1121), where his obnoxious book (*de Theologia*) was to be explained. The matter was referred to a greater council, at Paris. Here, to quell the alarm, Abelard threw his offensive book into the fire, knowing well that this act would recoil upon his enemies. He withdrew to a cloister. But the public condemned his opponents, and he soon returned in triumph to Paris, and renewed his teachings and attacks on the wicked lives of the monks. But, getting weary of this work,—as hopeless as to pick up all the sands of Sahara,—and desiring leisure to think far down into the deep of things, he retired to solitude once more. Here he lived in poverty and want. But pupils came to be taught. The neighbourhood was filled with young men. A great enthusiasm, wide and deep, broke out in his favour. His doctrines spread far and wide. The watch-dog of the Church awoke from his brief slumbers at Clairvaux, and began his threatening growl. Bernard—the Napoleon of the twelfth century—was more formidable than all other opponents, bishops, and councils. To escape the imminent danger, Abelard accepted the post of Abbot in Brittany. But he could not be silent, and here likewise his hateful doctrines were taught, and rumours of Abelard's fame went up like a cloud, and extended to Clairvaux. Bernard “eyed him” as “Saul eyed David.” He warned him, in letters, to change his “manner of theologizing,” and on all occasions cautioned Abelard's pupils against the poison of their master's doctrines. He was not a man to sit quietly down and thus suffer dictation, though from “the first man in the century.” He expressed a willingness to look Bernard in the face, and argue the matter in the synod of Sens (1140), before an assembly of the first men of the nation. He called on his thousands of scholars to come and witness his triumph. But Bernard declined entering the lists with the first dialectician of the age. He knew what he was about,—the artful monk. So he cunningly wrote,—that precursor of the Jesuits,—“he would not make the articles of faith matters of dispute.” No. They rested on authority, which was abandoned soon as he came down into a fair field. He wished his opponent's doctrines to be compared with the “standard” of the only infallible Church. Thus the accused was condemned by implication,

and without a hearing. But it is easy to gainsay such a swift verdict of condemnation, and Abelard's reputation rose higher even than before. His scholars boasted that even Bernard dared not venture into the arena with their master. So it became necessary for the Abbot of Clairvaux to make a regular attack, and risk a defeat, or else leave his rival master of the field. So he came to the council. The king was present, and the most eminent bishops, abbots, and clergymen in general; men over whom Bernard's authority was almost despotic. Abelard knew a fair hearing would not be allowed him. Bernard was resolved to give him no chance for it, and laid before the council a list of passages carefully culled from Abelard's works, and flanked by the conflicting doctrines of the Church. He then called on the accused to recant, or defend the passages. Abelard was silent, and the council pronounced the obnoxious sentences heretical. But before they could take the next step, and condemn the *man* as a heretic, he appealed to the Pope. No sooner was this done, than Bernard wrote letters to the Pope and the nobles of Rome, to prejudice their minds against the alleged heretic. In these letters, as in the statement made to the council, Bernard either intentionally misrepresented or atrociously misunderstood Abelard; * charged upon him doctrines he never taught, and twisted sentences into a form different from the original. Bernard had great influence at the Roman court. The Church was afraid of Philosophy. The result was, that the passages obnoxious to Bernard were judged heretical; the author was pronounced a heretic, and forbidden to teach the obnoxious doctrines. All who adhered to them were excommunicated. Thus was he condemned, through the jealousy of one man, without any proof that the obnoxious passages were contained in his writings, or that they would not bear a different interpretation, and without asking if the author could not reconcile them with the or-

* See Epist. 187—194. He condemns the works of Abelard, viz. *Theologia*, *Liber Sententiarum*, and *Nosce Teipsum*. He calls his opponent many hard names, an Arian, a Pelagian, a Nestorian, "a Herod at home, and a Saint John abroad." "In all things that are in Heaven above, &c., he sees only himself." "A fabricator of lies." Epist. 327—338. Abbot William fears the treatise, *Sic et Non*, is "monstrous in doctrine as it is in name." See also *Bernardi Opuseula*, especially the "Tract concerning the errors of Peter Abelard," sometimes put among his letters, as Epist. 190.

thodox faith. *All* his heretical doctrines were condemned, but no care was taken to specify *which* were heretical. Bernard's conduct in this affair justifies fully the sharp and bitter censure of Bayle and others, whom he follows. "It is certain, that he had very great talents, and a great deal of zeal; but some pretend that his zeal made him too jealous of those who acquired a great name through the study of human learning, and they held that his mild and easy temper rendered him too credulous, when he heard any evil reported of these learned persons. It is difficult to imagine he was free from human passions, when he made it his business to cause all that seemed heterodox to him, to be overwhelmed with anathemas. But it is very easy to conceive, that his good reputation, and the ardour wherewith he prosecuted the condemnation of his adversaries, surprised the judges, and made the accused persons sink under the weight of these irregular proceedings." "They do not do him justice, who call him only a hound, or a mastiff-dog; he ought in some sense, to be compared to Nimrod, and styled *a mighty hunter before the Lord.*"

Abelard's scholars—especially the young and enthusiastic part of them—defended their master, with the keen wit and exquisite sarcasm for which the French were remarkable, even then. But the philosopher himself, weary of conflict, worn down by repeated calamities, yielded to the tide of trouble, and became reconciled with the Argus of the Church. He offered to strike out of his works whatever offended orthodox ears, and to renounce both his school and his study.

This reconciliation—as men call it—was effected by Peter the Venerable, Abbot of Clugny, who received Abelard into his establishment, where, and at the more healthy cloister of Chalons sur la Saone, he spent the brief and bitter remnant of his days, and ended a life, at once the brightest and most sad that appears in the middle ages. Few men have been so often misjudged and abused as he. Fate seemed to pursue him with a fiery sword, and the furies—Ambition, Hatred, Fear—to scourge him with their bloody scorpion whip, through life. Bernard rejoiced that he had reduced that eloquent voice to silence, and restored tranquillity to the Churches! So the old Romans, after they had desolated a province, "proclaimed

peace, where they had made only solitude." But though he went where the wicked cease from troubling, his spirit passed into the ages, and lives even now. It is an easy thing to kill a man, or to shut him up in a cloister, especially if he is old, or constitutionally timid. To burn a heretic is no difficult matter, for the weakest princes have, perhaps, burned the most. But to suppress heresy, to stay thought, or to stop truth thereby, the world has not found so easy. Bernard could cut off the hydra's head; but others sprouted anew. What was personal in Abelard died, or faded out of the public mind. But the scorn of whatever is false; the love of truth; the desire of a divine life,—burnt in many a young heart, like a fire in a forest, and would not be put down.

Arnold of Brescia was among these. The corruption of the clergy; the strife between the emperors and the popes; the increasing study of the Roman law; the general advance of knowledge,—all favoured his design of founding a true Church on the earth, which could offer no bribes, and claim no secular power. He fell back on primitive Christianity, and preached it with a soul of fire. He held up to shame the conduct and life of the clergy. At Bernard's suggestion, he was excommunicated and condemned to a cloister. He refused to make his peace, as his master had done, and finding few disposed to enforce the papal sentence, went to Zurich, where even the bishop tolerated him. Guido a Castellis, though the Pope's legate, received him kindly, and took little heed to Bernard's admonitory letters. After the death of Innocent the Third, Arnold repaired to Rome, and made "no small stir" among the people. But we pass over all this, and the troubles about the Popes, and come down to the crusade, and the administration of Eugene the Third,—the friend and pupil of Bernard.

Celestine the Second, the successor of Innocent, filled the papal chair but four months. Lucian the Second, the next Pope, lived but a short time after his election; and when Eugene the Third was elected, the confusion at Rome forced him to take refuge in Viterbo, where he speedily excommunicated Arnold, no doubt to the great satisfaction of his old persecutor. Bernard wrote letters to the Romans, exhorting them to receive Eugene as their father.

But these falling fruitless to the ground, he tried Conrad, his old enemy, exhorting him to revenge the Pope. "Gird on the sword. Give to yourself, as Cæsar, what is Cæsar's, and to God, what is God's." "God forbid," says he, "that the power of the nation, the insolence of the rabble, should hold out a moment before the eyes of the monarch." Bernard exerted himself with all his might to sustain his friend in the chair of the Church. Meantime, a great event was gathering in the future, and coming near at hand. The mountain once produced a mouse, as the story goes; but here, several mice produced a mountain. The occasion of a new crusade was as follows. Louis the Seventh of France felt some natural compunctions of conscience for the cruelties he had been guilty of in the war against Theobald of Champagne. He hoped to efface the old crime, by engaging in a new war, at the command of the Church, and thus wash the old blood from his hands, in the fresh stream of so many lives. A crusade in the twelfth century,—it stirred men's hearts, as a line of gas packets to the moon would do in our day. We know not who first proposed the new enterprise, but Bernard caught readily at the idea, and called on the Pope to summon all Christendom to the work. Eugene the Third knew as well as Lord Chatham, that when a brilliant war burns in the distance, men will not look at grievances they suffer at home. So he readily favoured a plan which would strengthen his own hands.

At that day it was easy to raise armies. Especially was it easy to raise armies for a crusade. There have always been sinners enough in the world; sinners, too, who wished their guilt might be wiped off all at once, and they be cleansed of their old leprosy without trouble, by a single plunge into the Jordan. The Pope promised that all sins, however great, however numerous and deeply ingrained, should be all wiped out for those who engaged in the crusade, on condition that they repented,—which was easily done, and cost nothing,—and joined the expedition with good motives.

A council was held on Easter-day. But the castle at Bezelay, where it had met, would not hold the retainers of the Church militant. The assembly adjourned to a field. Here the king appeared on a stage, with the sign of the

cross on his back. Bernard was beside him, and addressing the multitude, he poured out such a molten tide of words, eloquent and persuasive, that the assembly yielded to his counsels, and shouted, till all rung again,—To THE CROSS! To THE CROSS! Meanwhile,—says the monkish chronicler,—the holy abbot wrought miracles more plentiful than ever. Miracles became the order of the day, almost of the hour; for not only “was no day without its miracle;” but “one day he wrought twenty. Men, blind from their birth, received sight; the lame walked; men, withered up, became fresh again at his word; the dumb spake; the deaf heard,—divine grace supplying what nature lacked. Bernard’s zeal burned like a rocket, kindling as it rose. He declaimed with fiery eloquence, and wrote letters, and preached, and watched, and fasted, and prayed, to a degree almost exceeding belief. But the most attenuated body sometimes becomes powerful under the pressure of a giant will. He laboured with good effect; for he soon writes in triumph to the Pope: “The cities and castles are getting empty, and seven women can scarcely find one man; wives are widowed while their husbands are yet alive!” A great assembly once demanded Bernard himself as the leader of the host; but the wily monk knew how to make excuses. “It is too foreign to my holy office.” Precious scruple, of a man who preached and got up the whole affair! He journeyed through France, fanning the flame. In the neighbourhood of the Rhine, he found one Ralph, an ignorant monk, who had excited many to murder the Jews, thinking, no doubt, he did great honour to Jesus by slaying the poor remnant of that nation which produced the Bible, both Old Testament and New Testament, and gave birth to the Saviour, and the “mother of God.” Bernard, to his praise be it spoken, thought it better to convert the Jews than to kill them; and really, monk as he was, took sides with the oppressed race.

Conrad—the German emperor—was averse to the crusade, and for the best reason. Bernard must attempt to bring him over; and here the greatness of his influence and the triumph of his genius are seen in all their lustre. He had an interview with Conrad, and the result was unfavourable. He gave up the attempt for the moment, and waited

his time. But on Christmas-day, after settling some difficulties, and healing some dissensions among the great men of Germany, he exhorted the nobles and emperor to the work. Three days later, in private, he advised the emperor to accept so easy a penance, and wash out his many sins. Soon after, he celebrated the mass before the court, and unexpectedly delivered a sermon relating to the crusade. At the end of the ceremony, he went to the emperor, in the church. He addressed him as though he was a private man; described the last judgment, and the consternation of a man unable to give God an answer, if he had not done his best. He spoke of Conrad's blessings, his wealth, power, strength of body and mind. Conrad burst into tears, and sobbed forth, "I am ready to serve him. He himself exhorts me." A scream of joy followed, from all who filled the church. Bernard took a consecrated banner from the altar, and placed it in Conrad's hands, and the work was done.*

After the crusade was fairly on its feet, and the last straggler of the army was out of sight, Bernard returned to his cloister, and his old work, hunting heretics; and no English squire ever loved to unearth an otter, better than the good abbot to scent a heretic, and drive him out of the Church. He found no lack of employment in this agreeable occupation. The spirit of Abelard was not yet laid. It stood in the background of the Church, and made mouths at the crusade; nay, at orthodoxy itself. Protean in its nature, it assumed all manner of forms, most frightful to Catholic believers. The metaphysics of the Trinity opened a wide field for philosophical inquiry and speculation. The Cerberus of Heresy bayed loud at the Church. Nominalism, Realism, and Scholasticism, all were at feud, and each engendered its band of heretics. Among these was Gilbert of Poitiers,—often called Porretanus,—a man allied to Abelard by a kindred love of philosophy, but differing widely from his conclusions. Though a bishop, he was soon accused before the Pope, and Bernard was easily put

* The following sentence, from his appeal to the German nation, is curious, and a fair specimen of his style of address: "The earth trembles and quakes because the God of Heaven is afraid he shall lose his land; his land, I say, where the Word of the Heavenly Father was affianced for more than twenty years, teaching and conversing with men,—his land, glorified by his miracles, sanctified by his blood," &c.

upon the scent. He accused Gilbert in a council at Paris, but he found more than his equal, for Gilbert could "parry, pass, and ward," and was well skilled in the dazzling fence of dialectics. He would not be silent, like Abelard; he had all the weapons of logic at command; could quote councils and fathers readily as the paternoster or decalogue, and, what was still more important in that crisis, *his friends and pupils were great men*; some of them cardinals, who, however, were fearful of offending Bernard. The whole affair was referred to the great council at Rheims. When the dispute had outlasted the patience of the Pope and the cardinals, the latter said, "We will now decide." Whereupon Bernard, fearing the result, hastily collected his friends, telling them, that "Gilbert must be put down." So they drew up a paper, condemning him, and sent it to the Pope, for whom it was a cake of the right leaven. But the cardinals were very justly offended because the Pope had violated justice, and preferred the opinion of one man to the united council. The head of the Church knew not which way to turn. Bernard was called in to end the troubles. He reconciled Gilbert, who shook hands with his foes, and went home in greater honour than ever before.

He who begins to pursue heretics, finds his work increase before him. In the twelfth century, there were men in no small number whom the Church could not feed. They turned away from cold abstractions and lifeless forms, to warm and living love for man and God; they shrunk away from the contaminating breath of emaciated monks and ambitious cardinals, to fresh and glowing nature, which still reflected the unfading goodness of the Infinite. These were men who took what was good where they could find it, and so found manna even in the wilderness. They were content to sit on the brink of the well of Truth, and watch the large, silent faces of the stars reflected from its tranquil deeps, which they did not ruffle, while they drew life from its waters; men whose inward eye, once opened by the Holy Ghost, could never again be closed, but ever looked upwards and right on, for Light and Life. These men might be branded as heretics, scourged in the market-place for infidelity, or burned at high noon for atheism. The natural man does not understand the things of the spirit. They had too much religion to be understood by their con-

temporaries ; they were too far above them for their sympathy, too far before them for their comprehension. No doubt these men were often mistaken, fanatical ; their minds overclouded, and their hearts filled with bigotry. Still, it is in them that we find the religion of the age. The veriest tyro in ecclesiastical history knows that the true life of God in the soul, from the third century downwards, has displayed itself out of the established Church, and not in it. It would be both curious and instructive to trace the growth of Protestantism from Paul down to Luther, and notice the various phases it assumed, of mysticism or rationalism, as the heart or the head uttered the protest, and consider the treatment it met with from men of a few good rules, of much ambition, and little elevation of character. The mass of men is too often eager to punish both such as loiter in the rear, and such as hurry in the front,—especially the latter. Perhaps this contagion of heresy, this epidemic of non-conformity, like Christianity itself, came from the East, where every religion that has taken a strong hold of the heart has had its home. The Gnostics and Manicheans, and men of more mystical piety, for whom the blind orthodoxy of the Church offered little attraction,—these men fattened the Christian soil with their blood, in the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries. Their bones fell still more abundantly in the two ages that followed. But, in countries where Christianity was newly introduced, the obnoxious sects took root, and flourished. The tumults of the tenth century brought them to Italy, France, and Germany. Heresy spread like the plague ; no one knows how, or by whom it is propagated. Rather let us say, Truth passes, like morning, from land to land, and men, who all night long have read with bleared eyes by the candle of tradition, wonder at the light which streams through the crevice of window and wall. In the eleventh century, these “heretical doctrines” were still more common. The headsman’s axe gleamed over many a Christian neck. But the neck of Heresy was not cut off ; for in the twelfth century there were still some to be done to death. It is sad to reflect, that every advance in science, art, freedom, and religion, has been bought with the best hearts that ever beat, who have poured out the stream of their lives, and thus formed a deep, wide channel of blood, which

has upborne and carried forward the ark of Humanity, Liberty, and Truth, from the dawn of things till this day. On every lofty path, where man treads securely now, naked feet have bled, as they trampled the flint into dust. How many forerunners leave their heroic heads in a charger; and even the Saviour must hang upon the cross, before men can be redeemed. In Bernard's time, these reformers came to a world lying in wickedness; they came to priests, still more wicked, who attempted to heal the world by church ceremonies, theological dogmas, councils, and convents, and "communion in one kind." There were a few who wished to fall back on morality and religion. They counted the Bible as the finite stream, that comes from the infinite source, and waters the gardens of the earth. They took their stand on primitive Christianity; when they spoke, it was from heart to heart, and so the common people heard them gladly.

We lament to say, that Bernard, great man as he was, good and pious as we know him to have been, set his face seriously against all these men, and thought he did God service by hunting them to death. His garments were rolled in the blood of these innocents. One of his friends, Everwin of Steinfield, tells him he has "written enough against the pharisaism of Christians; now lift up your voice against the heretics, who are come into all the churches, like a breath from hell." Among the most eminent of these reformers and heretics were Peter of Bruis, founder of the Petrobrusians, and Henry of Lausanne. Bernard signalized himself in attacking these men, though with various success. On a certain occasion some heretics were burned in a remote district, and Everwin, writing an account of the affair, and, as usual, throwing all the blame on the *people*, wonders that these limbs of the devil, in their heresy, could exhibit such steadfastness in suffering the most cruel tortures, as was scarce ever found even among pious orthodox Christians.* The monk's wonder is quite instructive. In one of his letters, Bernard thus complains of the desolations wrought by the heretics. "The churches are shunned as if they were synagogues; the sanctuary of God is no longer reckoned holy; the sacraments are not honoured; the festivals not celebrated. Men die in their

* Neander, p. 244.

sins ; their souls are brought into the dreadful judgments of God, not reconciled by penance, not confirmed by taking the Last Supper." Yet, even among these heretics, Bernard was nearly all-powerful. He came to the city Albigeois, the head-quarters of these men, and did wonders. The following anecdote exhibits the character of the Saint, and the age. He once preached against the heretics at Toulouse, and, finishing his sermon, mounted his horse to ride off. In presence of the crowd, one of the dissenters said, "Your horse, good abbot, is fatter and better fed than the beast of our master, much as you say against him." "I do not deny it," said Bernard, with a friendly look ; "it is the nature of the beast to be fat ; not by our horses, but by ourselves, are we to be judged before God." He then laid bare his neck, and showed, naked, his meagre and attenuated breast. This was, for the public, the most perfect confutation of the heretic !

But we must, however unwilling, hasten from these scenes. In 1148, Pope Eugene visited Bernard in the cloister at Clairvaux, and remained with him some time. It was a beautiful homage from the conventional Head of the Church to a poor monk, whom piety, zeal, and greatness of soul, had raised above all the heroes of convention. Bishop Malachias, who had done a great work in Ireland, came to lay his bones at Clairvaux. But bitter disappointment came at last upon Bernard. The crusade for which he had preached, and prophesied, and worked miracles, and travelled over half Europe, was a failure. Its ruin was total. Half-smothered invectives and fierce denunciations arose against him. All his predictions fell to the ground : the miracles he wrought, the vaunting boast and fiery words he had uttered came back on the head of the poor monk, mingled with the scorn of the nations. He had sophistry enough to refer the calamity to the sins of the crusaders. But this availed little, for he had promised their sins should be forgiven, and expressly called notorious sinners to the task. So he laid the blame upon the Almighty, who had assigned him his mission, gave him the promise, and "confirmed it by miracles."

Weary and disappointed, the poor abbot betook himself to finish his greatest literary work, the celebrated treatise *de Consideratione*, a sort of manual for the popes, giving a

picture of an ideal pope, a book of no small merit. This was the latest work of his life, and its concluding lines flowed forth from lips longing to give up the ghost. His usefulness continued to the last. His letters went on as usual; he exhorted his friends and pupils. But the shadow of defeat was on the man. It grew thicker and blacker each day. His letter to Andreas, written shortly before his death, shows how a monk can feel, and a man, whose word then shook the world, can be overcome. All his life long he had looked to the west and found no comfort, as the rising luminary shed new day over the world. But even on his death-bed, cast down as he was, he gave proofs of that mysterious power the soul exerts over those decaying elements which it gathers about itself, a power remarkably shown in his whole life. While sick almost to death, scarce any strength left in him, Hillin, Archbishop of Friers, came to ask him to mediate between the people of Metz and the nobility of the neighbourhood. Bernard arose from his bed; forgot his weakness; forgot his pain; forgot his disappointment. His body seemed sinewy and strong beneath his mighty will. He met the delegates of the two parties on the banks of the Moselle. The haughty knights, flushed with victory, refused to listen to his terms, and withdrew, "not wishing the sick monk farewell." "Peace will soon come," said he. "It was foretold me last night, in a dream; for I thought I was celebrating mass, and was ashamed because I had forgotten the chant, *Gloria in Excelsis*; and so I sung it with you to the end." Before the time arrived for singing the chant a messenger came to say the knights were penitent! His words had done the work in silence. The two parties were reconciled, and the kiss of peace exchanged. He returned to Clairvaux, and his strong spirit soon left the worn-out frame, where it had long dwelt almost in defiance of the body's law. He had lived sixty-three years, and his spirit was mighty in the churches long after his death.

His biographer Alanus thus describes the last scene: "About the third hour of the day (August 20, 1153), this shining light of his age, this holy and truly blessed abbot, passed away from the body of death to the land of the living; from the heavy sobbings and abundant tears of his

friends, standing around him, to the chorus of angels chanting continually, with Christ at their head. Happy that soul, which rises by the excellent grace of its own merits; which is followed by the pious vows of friends, and drawn upwards by holy desire for things above. Happy that transition from labour to rest; from expectation to enjoyment of the reward; from the battle to the triumph; from death to life; from faith to knowledge; from a pilgrimage to his own home; from the world to the Father."

In stature Saint Bernard was a little below the common standard; his hair of a flaxen colour: his beard somewhat reddish, but both became gray as he grew old. The might of the man was shown in his countenance. Yet his face had a peculiar cheerfulness, more of heaven than of earth, and his eye at once expressed the serpent's wisdom with the simplicity of the dove. It was indifferent to him whether he drank oil, or wine, or water. He was dead to the pleasures of the table, and to all sensual delights. He could walk all day by the lake of Lucerne, and never see it. In summing up his character, we must allow him great acuteness of insight; a force of will, great and enduring almost beyond belief,—a will like that of Hannibal, or Simeon the Stylite, which shrunk at no difficulty, and held out Promethean to the end. He was zealous and self-denying; but narrow in his self-denial, and a bigot in his zeal. He was pious,—beautifully pious,—but superstitious withal. In a formal age, no man loved forms better than he, or clung closer to the letter when it served his end. His writings display a masculine good sense;*

* His works are, 744 Letters; numerous Sermons on all the Sundays and Festivals in the year; 86 Sermons on the Canticles; a Treatise, in five books, de Consideratione; another, de Officio Episcoporum, de Præcepto et Dispensatione; Apologia ad Gulielmum Abbatum; this contains some of his sharpest rebukes of the monks and clergy. De laude Novæ Militiæ, i. e. the new order of knights templars. De gradibus humilitatis et superbiæ, de gratia et libero arbitrio, de baptismo, de erroribus Petri Abelardi. De Vita S. Malachie, de Cantu. Besides these, there are many works attributed to him, which belong to others, known or unknown. Such are the famous "Meditations of St Bernard," which are sometimes printed in English in the same volume with Saint Augustine's Meditations. No writer of the middle ages has been so popular as Bernard. His works were read extensively before the art of printing was invented, and have often been published since then. The best edition is that of Mabillon, Paris, 1719, 2 vols. folio. A new edition has recently been published (Paris 1838, 4 vols. 8vo), which we have not examined. Besides, he

great acquaintance with the Scriptures, which he quotes in every paragraph, and with Augustine and Ambrose, "with whom he would agree right or wrong."* He hated all tyranny but the tyranny of the Church. Yet his heart was by nature gentle; he could take pains to rescue a hen from the hawk; but would yet burn men at the stake for explaining the mystery of the Trinity. He was as ambitious as Cæsar; not that he cared for the circumstance and trappings of authority, but he loved power for itself, as an end. All the wax of Hymettus could not close his ears against this syren, not a whole Anticyra heal his madness. He lived in an age when new light came streaming upon the world. But he called on men to close their shutters and stir their fires. Greek and Roman letters, then beginning their glorious career in modern times, he hated as profane, and never dreamed of the wonders they were to effect for art, science, religion, yea, for Christianity itself. He was a man of the eleventh century, not of the twelfth. Its spirit culminated most beautifully in him. But he had no sympathy for those who, grateful for their fathers' progress, would yet carry the line of improvement still farther on. He did nothing directly to promote a pure theology, or foster philosophical views, and thus to emancipate mankind from their long thralldom. Yet he did much remotely. Frozen hands are best warmed in snow. Bernard was a mystic,† and the age was growing rational. But in his mystic flights he does not soar so sublime as the Pseudo-Dionysius, or Scotus Erigena, from whom his mysticism seems derived. Still less has he the depth of Saint Victor, Tauler, Eckart, and Nicolas of Basle, or the profound sweetness of Fenelon, the best, perhaps, of modern mystical Christians.

wrote a *Summa Theologiæ* not noticed by Mabillon, but commented on by *Gerson*, whose book thereon is called *Floretus*, published at Paris, 1494, 1 vol. 4to. This, by the way, is not in Dupin's edition of *Gerson*, 1706, 5 vols. fol. It is noticed in *Fleury*, *Hist. Eccl.* Vol. XIV. p. 444, ed. Nismes, 1779.

* His reverence for the authority of the Church was most uncompromising. He thought it had power to change the words of Scripture, and make the Bible better by the change: "*Cum in Scripturis divinis verba vel alterat, vel alternat, fortior est illa compositio quam positio prima verborum.*"—*Sermon on the Nativity.*

† On his mysticism, see *Ammon*, *Fortbildung des Christenthums*, Vol. II. 2nd edition, p. 355, seq.; *Heinroth*, *Geschichte und Kritik der Mysticismus*, p. 324, seq.; and *Schmid*, *Der Mysticismus der Mittelalter*, etc., p. 187, seq.

His practical tendency was lead to the wings of mystical contemplation, and the very strength of his will prevented him from seeing Truth as other mystics, all absorbed in contemplation. Yet he was a great man, and without him the world would not have been what it is. Well does he deserve the praise of Luther, "If there ever was a pious monk, it was Saint Bernard."

THOUGHTS ON LABOUR.*

"God has given each man a back to be clothed, a mouth to be filled, and a pair of hands to work with." And since wherever a mouth and a back are created, a pair of hands also is provided, the inference is unavoidable, that the hands are to be used to supply the needs of the mouth and the back. Now as there is one mouth to each pair of hands, and each mouth must be filled, it follows quite naturally, that if a single pair of hands refuses to do its work, then the mouth goes hungry, or, which is worse, the work is done by other hands. In the one case, the supply failing, an inconvenience is suffered, and the man dies; in the other he eats and wears the earnest of another man's work, and so a wrong is inflicted. The law of nature is this, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat." Still further, God has so beautifully woven together the web of life, with its warp of Fate, and its woof of Freewill, that in addition to the result of a man's duty, when faithfully done, there is a satisfaction and recompense in the very discharge thereof. In a rational state of things, Duty and Delight travel the same road, sometimes hand in hand. Labour has an agreeable end, in the result we gain; but the means also are agreeable, for there are pleasures in the work itself. These unexpected compensations, the gratuities and stray gifts of Heaven, are scattered abundantly in life. Thus the

* From the *Dial* for April, 1841.

kindness of our friends, the love of our children, is of itself worth a thousand times all the pains we take on their account. Labour, in like manner, has a reflective action, and gives the working man a blessing over and above the natural result which he looked for. The duty of labour is written on a man's body; in the stout muscle of the arm and the delicate machinery of the hand. That it is congenial to our nature, appears from the alacrity with which children apply themselves to it, and find pleasure in the work itself, without regard to its use. The young duck does not more naturally betake itself to the water, than the boy to the work which goes on around him. There is some work, which even the village sluggard and the city fop love to do, and that only can they do well. These two latter facts show that labour, in some degree, is no less a pleasure than a duty, and prove, that man is not by nature a lazy animal who is forced by hunger to dig and spin.

Yet there are some who count labour a curse and a punishment. They regard the necessity of work as the greatest evil brought on us by the "Fall;" as a curse that will cling to our last sand. Many submit to this yoke, and toil, and save, in hope to leave their posterity out of the reach of this primitive curse!

Others, still more foolish, regard it as a disgrace. Young men,—the children of honest parents, who living by their manly and toil-hardened hands, bear up the burthen of the world on their shoulders, and eat with thankful hearts their daily bread, won in the sweat of their face,—are ashamed of their fathers' occupation, and forsaking the plough, the chisel, or the forge, seek a livelihood in what is sometimes named a more respectable and genteel vocation; that is, in a calling which demands less of the hands than their fathers' hardy craft, and quite often less of the head likewise; for that imbecility which drives men to those callings has its seat mostly in a higher region than the hands. Affianced damsels beg their lovers to discover (or invent) some ancestor in buckram who did not work. The Sophomore in a small college is ashamed of his father who wears a blue frock, and his dusty brother who toils with the saw and the axe. These men, after they have wiped off the dirt and the soot of their early life,

sometimes become arrant coxcombs, and standing like the heads of Hermes without hands, having only a mouth, make faces at such as continue to serve the state by plain handiwork. Some one relates an anecdote, which illustrates quite plainly this foolish desire of young men to live without work. It happened in one of our large towns, that a shopkeeper and a blacksmith, both living in the same street, advertised for an apprentice on the same day. In a given time fifty beardless youngsters applied to the haberdasher, and not one to the smith. But that story has a terrible moral, namely, that forty-and-nine out of the fifty were disappointed at the outset.

It were to be wished that this notion of labour being disgraceful was confined to vain young men, and giddy maidens of idle habits and weak heads, for then it would be looked upon as one of the diseases of early life, which we know must come, and rejoice when our young friends have happily passed through it, knowing it is one of "the ills that flesh is heir to," but is not very grievous, and comes but once in the lifetime. This aversion to labour, this notion that it is a curse and a disgrace, this selfish desire to escape from the general and natural lot of man, is the sacramental sin of "the better class" in our great cities. The children of the poor pray to be rid of work; and what son of a rich man learns a trade, or tills the soil with his own hands? Many men look on the ability to be idle as the most desirable and honourable ability. They glory in being the mouth that consumes, not the hand that works. Yet one would suppose a man of useless hands and idle head, in the midst of God's world, where each thing works for all, in the midst of the toil and sweat of the human race, must needs make an apology for his sloth, and would ask pardon for violating the common law, and withdrawing his neck from the general yoke of humanity. Still more does he need an apology, if he is active only in getting into his hands the result of others' work. But it is not so. The man who is rich enough to be idle, values himself on his leisure; and what is worse, others value him for it. Active men must make a shame-faced excuse for being busy, and working men for their toil, as if business and toil were not the duty of all, and the support of the world. In certain countries men are

divided horizontally into two classes, the men who WORK and the men who RULE, and the latter despise the employment of the former as mean and degrading. It is the slave's duty to plough, said a Heathen poet, and a free-man's business to enjoy at leisure the fruit of that ploughing. This same foolish notion finds favour with many here. It is a remnant of those barbarous times when all labour was performed by serfs and bondsmen, and exemption from toil was the exclusive sign of the freeborn. But this notion, that labour is disgraceful, conflicts as sharply with our political institutions, as it does with common sense, and the law God has writ on man. An old author, centuries before Christ, was so far enlightened on this point, as to see the true dignity of manual work, and to say, "God is well pleased with honest works; he suffers the labouring man, who ploughs the earth by night and day, to call his life most noble. If he is good and true, he offers continual sacrifice to God, and is not so lustrous in his dress as in his heart."

Manual labour is a blessing and a dignity. But to state the case on its least favourable issue, admit it were both a disgrace and a curse, would a true man desire to escape it for himself, and leave the curse to fall on other men? Certainly not. The generous soldier fronts death, and charges in the cannon's mouth; it is the coward who lingers behind. If labour were hateful, as the proud would have us believe, then they who bear its burthens, and feed and clothe the human race, and fetch and carry for them, should be honoured as those have always been who defend society in war. If it be glorious, as the world fancies, to repel a human foe, how much more is he to be honoured who stands up when Want comes upon us, like an armed man, and puts him to rout! One would fancy the world was mad, when it bowed in reverence to those who by superior cunning possessed themselves of the earnings of others, while it made wide the mouth and drew out the tongue at such as do the world's work. "Without these," said an ancient, "cannot a city be inhabited, but they shall not be sought for in public council, nor sit high in the congregation;" and those few men and women who are misnamed the World, in their wisdom have confirmed the saying. Thus they honour those who sit in idleness and ease; they

extol such as defend a state with arms, or those who collect in their hands the result of Asiatic or American industry ; but pass by with contempt the men who rear corn and cattle, and weave and spin, and fish and build for the whole human race. Yet, if the state of labour were so hard and disgraceful as some fancy, the sluggard in fine raiment, and that trim figure—which, like the lilies in the Scripture, neither toils nor spins, and is yet clothed in more glory than Solomon—would both bow down before colliers and farmers, and bless them as the benefactors of the race. Christianity has gone still farther, and makes a man's greatness consist in the amount of service he renders to the world. Certainly he is the most honourable who, by his head or his hand, does the greatest and best work for his race. The noblest soul the world ever saw, appeared not in the ranks of the indolent ; but “took on him the form of a servant,” and when he washed his disciples' feet, meant something not very generally understood, perhaps, in the nineteenth century.

Now, manual labour, though an unavoidable duty, though designed as a blessing, and naturally both a pleasure and a dignity, is often abused, till, by its terrible excess, it becomes really a punishment and a curse. It is only a proper amount of work that is a blessing. Too much of it wears out the body before its time ; cripples the mind, debases the soul, blunts the senses, and chills the affections. It makes a man a spinning-jenny, or a ploughing-machine, and not “a being of a large discourse, that looks before and after.” He ceases to be a man, and becomes a thing.

In a rational and natural state of society,—that is, one in which every man went forward towards the true end he was designed to reach ; towards perfection in the use of all his senses ; towards perfection in wisdom, virtue, affection, and religion,—labour would never interfere with the culture of what is best in each man. His daily business would be a school to aid in developing the whole man, body and soul, because he would then do what nature fitted him to do. Then his business would be really his calling. The diversity of gifts is quite equal to the diversity of work to be done. There is some one thing which each man can do

with pleasure, and better than any other man ; because he was born to do it. Then all men would labour, each at his proper vocation, and an excellent farmer would not be spoiled to make a poor lawyer, a blundering physician, or a preacher who puts the world asleep. Then a small body of men would not be pampered in indolence, to grow up into gouty worthlessness, and die of inertia ; nor would the large part of men be worn down as now by excessive toil before half their life is spent. They would not be so severely tasked as to have no time to read, think, and converse. When he walked abroad, the labouring man would not be forced to catch mere transient glimpses of the flowers by the way-side, or the stars over his head, as the dogs, it is said, drink the waters of the Nile, running while they drink, afraid the crocodiles should seize them if they stop. When he looked from his window at the landscape, Distress need not stare at him from every bush. He would then have leisure to cultivate his mind and heart no less than to do the world's work.

In labour, as in all things beside, moderation is the law. If a man transgresses and becomes intemperate in his work, and does nothing but toil with the hand, he must suffer. We educate and improve only the faculties we employ, and cultivate most what we use the oftenest. But if some men are placed in such circumstances that they can use only their hands, who is to be blamed if they are ignorant, vicious, and, in a measure, without God ? Certainly not they. Now it is a fact, notorious as the sun at noon-day, that such are the circumstances of many men. As society advances in refinement, more labour is needed to supply its demands ; for houses, food, apparel, and other things, must be refined and luxurious. It requires more work, therefore, to fill the mouth and clothe the back than in simpler times. To aggravate the difficulty, some escape from their share of this labour by superior intelligence, shrewdness, and cunning ; others by fraud and lies, or by inheriting the result of these qualities in their ancestors. So their share of the common burthen, thus increased, must be borne by other hands, which are laden already with more than enough. Still further, this class of mouths, forgetting how hard it is to work, and not hav-

ing their desires for the result of labour checked by the sweat necessary to satisfy them, but living vicariously by other men's hands, refuse to be content with the simple gratification of their natural appetites. So Caprice takes the place of Nature, and must also be satisfied. Natural wants are few; but to artificial desires there is no end. When each man must pay the natural price, and so earn what he gets, the hands stop the mouth, and the soreness of the toil corrects the excess of desire; and if it do not, none has cause of complaint, for the man's desire is allayed by his own work. Thus if Absalom wishes for sweet cakes, the trouble of providing them checks his extravagant or unnatural appetite. But when the mouth and hand are on different bodies, and Absalom can coax his sister, or bribe his friend, or compel his slave, to furnish him dainties, the natural restraint is taken from appetite, and it runs to excess. Fancy must be appeased; peevishness must be quieted; and so a world of work is needed to bear the burthens which those men bind and lay on men's shoulders, but will not move with one of their fingers. The class of mouths thus commits a sin, which the class of hands must expiate.

Thus, by the treachery of one part of society in avoiding their share of the work, by their tyranny in increasing the burthen of the world, an evil is produced quite unknown in a simpler state of life, and a man of but common capacities not born to wealth, in order to ensure a subsistence for himself and his family, must work with his hands so large a part of his time, that nothing is left for intellectual, moral, æsthetic, and religious improvement. He cannot look at the world, talk with his wife, read his Bible, nor pray to God, but Poverty knocks at the door, and hurries him to his work. He is rude in mind before he begins his work, and his work does not refine him. Men have attempted long enough to wink this matter out of sight, but it will not be put down. It may be worse in other countries, but it is bad enough in New-England, as all men know who have made the experiment. There must be a great sin somewhere in that state of society which allows one man to waste day and night in sluggishness or riot, consuming the bread of whole families, while from others, equally well-gifted and faithful, it demands twelve, or six-

teen, or even eighteen hours of hard work out of the twenty-four, and then leaves the man so weary and worn, that he is capable of nothing but sleep,—sleep that is broken by no dream! Still worse is it when this life of work begins so early, that the man has no fund of acquired knowledge on which to draw for mental support in his hours of toil. To this man the blessed night is for nothing but work and sleep, and the Sabbath day simply what Moses commanded, a day of bodily rest for man, as for his ox and his ass. Man was sent into this world to use his best faculties in the best way, and thus reach the high end of a man. How can he do this while so large a part of his time is spent in unmitigated work? Truly he cannot. Hence we see, that while, in all other departments of nature, each animal lives up to the measure of his organization, and with very rare exceptions becomes perfect after his kind, the greater part of men are debased and belittled; shortened of half their days, and half their excellence, so that you are surprised to find a man well educated whose whole life is hard work. Thus what is the exception in nature, through our perversity becomes the rule with man. Every black-bird is a black-bird just as God designs; but how many men are only bodies! If a man is placed in such circumstances, that he can use only his hands, they only become broad and strong. If no pains be taken to obtain dominion over the flesh, the man loses his birthright, and dies a victim to the sin of society. No doubt there are men, born under the worst of circumstances, who have redeemed themselves from them, and obtained an excellence of intellectual growth, which is worthy of wonder; but these are exceptions to the general rule; men gifted at birth with a power almost superhuman. It is not from exceptions we are to frame the law.

Now to put forward the worst possible aspect of the case. Suppose that the present work of the world can only be performed at this sacrifice, which is the best, that the work should be done, as now, and seven-tenths of men and women should, as the unavoidable result of their toil, be cursed with extremity of labour, and ignorance, and rudeness, and unmanly life, or that less of this work be done, and, for the sake of a wide-spread and generous culture, we sleep less softly, dine on humbler food, dwell in mean houses, and

wear leather, like George Fox? There is no doubt what answer Common Sense, Reason, and Christianity would give to this question; for wisdom, virtue, and manhood, are as much better than sumptuous dinners, fine apparel, and splendid houses, as the soul is better than the senses. But as yet we are slaves. The senses overlay the soul. We serve brass, and mahogany, and beef, and porter. The class of mouths oppresses the class of hands, for the strongest and most cunning of the latter are continually pressing into the ranks of the former, and while they increase the demand for work, leave their own share of it to be done by others. Men and women of humble prospects in life, while building the connubial nest that is to shelter them and their children, prove plainly enough their thralldom to the senses, when such an outlay of upholstery and joiners' work is demanded, and so little is required that appeals to reason, imagination, and faith. Yet when the mind demands little besides time, why prepare so pompously for the senses, that she cannot have this, but must be cheated of her due? One might fancy he heard the stones cry out of the wall, in many a house, and say to the foolish people who tenant the dwelling,—“O ye fools, is it from the work of the joiner, and the craft of those who are cunning in stucco and paint, and are skilful to weave and to spin, and work in marble and mortar, that ye expect satisfaction and rest for your souls, while ye make no provision for what is noblest and immortal within you? But ye also have your reward!” The present state of things, in respect to this matter, has no such excellencies that it should not be changed. It is no law of God, that when Sin gets a footing in the world it should hold on for ever, nor can Folly keep its dominion over society simply by right of “adverse possession.” It were better the body went bare and hungry, rather than the soul should starve. Certainly the life is more than the meat, though it would not weigh so much in the butcher's scales.

There are remedies at hand. It is true—a certain amount of labour must be performed, in order that society be fed and clothed, warmed and comforted, relieved when sick, and buried when dead. If this is wisely distributed, if each performs his just portion, the burthen is slight, and crushes no one. Here, as elsewhere, the closer we keep

to nature, the safer we are. It is not under the burthens of nature that society groans ; but the work of caprice, of ostentation, of contemptible vanity, of luxury, which is never satisfied,—these oppress the world. If these latter are given up, and each performs what is due from him, and strives to diminish the general burthen and not add to it, then no man is oppressed ; there is time enough for each man to cultivate what is noblest in him, and be all that his nature allows. It is doubtless right that one man should use the service of another ; but only when both parties are benefited by the relation. The smith may use the service of the collier, the grocer, and the grazier, for he does them a service in return. He who heals the body deserves a compensation at the hands of whomsoever he serves. If the painter, the preacher, the statesman, is doing a great work for mankind, he has a right to their service in return. His fellow-man may do for him what otherwise he ought to do for himself. Thus is he repaid, and is at liberty to devote the undivided energy of his genius to the work. But on what ground an idle man, who does nothing for society, or an active man, whose work is wholly selfish, can use the services of others, and call them to feed and comfort him, who repays no equivalent in kind, it yet remains for reason to discover. The only equivalent for service is a service in return. If Hercules is stronger, Solon wiser, and Job richer, than the rest of men, it is not that they may demand more of their fellows, but may do more for them. “We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak,” says a good man. In respect, however, to the matter of personal service, this seems to be the rule ; that no one, whatever be his station, wants, attainments, or riches, has any right to receive from another any service which degrades the servant in his own eyes, or the eyes of the public, or in the eyes of him who receives the service. It is surely unmanly to receive a favour which you would not give. If it debases David to do a menial service for Ahud, then it debases Ahud just as much to do the same to David. The difference between king and slave vanishes when both are examined from the height of their common humanity, just as the difference between the west and north-west side of a hair on the surface of the earth is inconsiderable to an eye that looks down from the sun, and takes in the

whole system, though it might appear stupendous to the notes that swim uncounted in a drop of dew. But no work, useful or ornamental to human life, needs be debasing. It is the lasting disgrace of society, that the most useful employments are called "low." There is implied in this very term, the tacit confession on the part of the employer, that he has wronged and subjugated the person who serves him; for when these same actions are performed by the mother for her child, or the son for his father, and are done for love and not money, they are counted not as low, but rather ennobling.

The law of nature is, that work and the enjoyment of that work go together. Thus God has given each animal the power of self-help, and all necessary organs. The same robin builds the nest and lives in it. Each lion has claws and teeth, and kills his own meat. Every beaver has prudence and plastic skill, and so builds for himself. In those classes of animals where there is a division of labour, one brings the wax, another builds the comb, and a third collects the honey, but each one is at work. The drones are expelled when they work no more. Even the ruler of the colony is the most active member of the state, and really the mother of the whole people. She is only "happy as a king," because she does the most work. Hence she has a divine right to her eminent station. She never eats the bread of sin. She is Queen of the Workers. Here each labours for the good of all, and not solely for his own benefit. Still less is any one an injury to the others. In nature, those animals that cannot work are provided for by love. Thus the young lion is fed by the parent, and the old stork by its children. Were a full-grown lion so foolish that he would not hunt, the result is plain—he must starve. Now this is a foreshadowing of man's estate. God has given ten fingers for every two lips. Each is to use the ability he has for himself and for others. Who, that is able, will not return to society, with his head or his hand, an equivalent for what it received? Only the sluggard and the robber. These two, the drones and pirates of society, represent a large class. It is the plain duty of each, so far as he is able, to render an equivalent for what he receives, and thus to work for the good of all; but each in his own way; Dorcas the seamstress at her craft, and

Moses and Paul at theirs. If one cannot work through weakness, or infancy, or age, or sickness,—love works for him, and he too is fed. If one will not work, though he can—the law of nature should have its effect. He ought to starve. If one insist simply upon getting into his hands the earnings of others, and adding nothing to the common stock, he is a robber, and should properly meet with the contempt and the stout resistance of society. There is in the whole world but a certain amount of value, out of which each one is to have a subsistence while here; for we are all but life-tenants of the earth, which we hold in common. We brought nothing into it; we carry nothing out of it. No man, therefore, has a natural right to any more than he earns or can use. He who adds anything to the common stock and inheritance of the next age, though it be but a sheaf of wheat, or cocoon of silk, he has produced, a napkin, or a brown loaf, he has made, is a benefactor to his race, so far as that goes. But he who gets into his hands, by force, cunning, or deceit, more than he earns, does thereby force his fellow-mortal to accept less than his true share. So far as that goes, he is a curse to mankind.

There are three ways of getting wealth: First, by seizing with violence what is already in existence, and appropriating it to yourself. This is the method of the old Romans; of robbers and pirates, from Sciron to Captain Kidd. Second, by getting possession of goods in the way of traffic, or by some similar process. Here the agent is Cunning, and not Force; the instrument is a gold coin, and not an iron sword, as in the former case. This method is called Trade, as the other is named Robbery. But in both cases wealth is acquired by one party, and lost by the other. In the first case there is a loss of positive value; in the latter there is no increase. The world gains nothing new by either. The third method is the application of labour and skill to the earth, or the productions of nature. Here is a positive increase of value. We have a dozen potatoes for the one that was planted, or an elegant dress instead of a handful of wool and flax. Such as try the two former ways consume much, but produce nothing. Of these the Roman says, "*fruges consumere nati*,"—*they are born to eat up the corn*. Yet in all

ages they have been set in high places. The world dishonours its workmen; stones its prophets; crucifies its Saviour; but bows down its neck before wealth, however won, and shouts till the welkin rings again, LONG LIVE VIOLENCE AND FRAUD.

The world has always been partial to its oppressors. Many men fancy themselves an ornament to the world, whose presence in it is a disgrace and a burthen to the ground they stand on. The man who does nothing for the race, but sits at his ease, and fares daintily, because wealth has fallen into his hands, is a burthen to the world. He may be a polished gentleman, a scholar, the master of elegant accomplishments, but so long as he takes no pains to work for man, with his head or his hands, what claim has he to respect, or even a subsistence? The rough-handed woman, who, with a salt-fish and a basket of vegetables, provides substantial food for a dozen working men, and washes their apparel, and makes them comfortable and happy, is a blessing to the land, though she have no education, while this fop with his culture and wealth is a curse. She does her duty so far as she sees it, and so deserves the thanks of man. But every oyster or berry that fop has eaten, has performed his duty better than he. "It was made to support nature, and it has done so," while he is but a consumer of food and clothing. That public opinion tolerates such men is no small marvel.

The productive classes of the world are those who bless it by their work or their thought. He who invents a machine does no less a service than he who toils all day with his hands. Thus the inventors of the plough, the loom, and the ship, were deservedly placed amongst those whom society was to honour. But they also who teach men moral and religious truth; who give them dominion over the world; instruct them to think, to live together in peace, to love one another, and pass good lives enlightened by wisdom, charmed by goodness, and enchanted by religion; they who build up a loftier population, making man more manly,—are the greatest benefactors of the world. They speak to the deepest wants of the soul, and give men the water of life and the true bread from Heaven. They are loaded with contumely in their life, and come to a violent end. But their influence passes like morning

from land to land, and village and city grow glad in their light. That is a poor economy, common as it is, which overlooks these men. It is a very vulgar mind, that would rather Paul had continued a tent-maker, and Jesus a carpenter.

Now the remedy for the hard service that is laid upon the human race consists partly in lessening the number of unproductive classes, and increasing the workers and thinkers, as well as in giving up the work of ostentation and folly and sin. It has been asserted on high authority, that if all men and women capable of work would toil diligently but two hours out of the twenty-four, the work of the world would be done, and all would be as comfortably fed and clothed, as well educated and housed, and provided for in general, as they now are, even admitting they all went to sleep the other twenty-two hours of the day and night. If this were done, we should hear nothing of the sickness of sedentary and rich men. Exercise for the sake of health would be heard of no more. One class would not be crushed by hard work; nor another oppressed by indolence, and condemned, in order to resist the just vengeance nature takes on them, to consume nauseous drugs, and resort to artificial and hateful methods to preserve a life that is not worth the keeping, because it is useless and ignominious. Now men may work at the least three or four times this necessary amount each day, and yet find their labour a pastime, a dignity, and a blessing, and find likewise abundant opportunity for study, for social intercourse, and recreation. Then if a man's calling were to think and write, he would not injure the world by even excessive devotion to his favourite pursuit, for the general burthen would still be slight.

Another remedy is this—the mind does the body's work. The head saves the hands. It invents machines, which, doing the work of many hands, will at last set free a large portion of human time from slavery to the elements. The brute forces of nature lie waiting man's command, and ready to serve him. At the voice of Genius, the river consents to turn his wheel, and weave and spin for the antipodes. The mine sends him iron vassals, to toil in cold and heat. Fire and water embrace at his bidding, and a new servant is born, which will fetch and carry at

his command ; will face down all the storms of the Atlantic ; will forge anchors, and spin gossamer threads, and run of errands up and down the continent with men and women on his back. This last child of Science, though yet a stripling and in leading strings, is already a stout giant. The Fable of Orpheus is a true story in our times. There are four stages of progress in regard to labour, which are observable in the history of man. First, he does his own work by his hands. Adam tills the ground in the sweat of his own face, and Noah builds an ark in many years of toil. Next he forces his fellow-mortal to work for him, and Canaan becomes a servant to his brother, and Job is made rich by the sweat of his great household of slaves. Then he seizes on the beasts, and the bull and the horse drag the plough of Castor and Pollux. At last he sets free his brother ; works with his own hands ; commands the beasts, and makes the brute force of the elements also toil for him. Then he has dominion over the earth, and enjoys his birthright.

Man, however, is still in bondage to the elements ; and since the beastly maxim is even now prevalent, that the strong should take care of themselves, and use the weak as their tools, though to the manifest injury of the weak, the use of machinery has hitherto been but a trifling boon in comparison with what it may be. In the village of Humdrum, its thousand able-bodied men and women, without machinery, and having no intercourse with the rest of the world, must work fourteen hours out of the twenty-four, that they may all be housed, fed, and clothed, warmed, instructed, and made happy. Some ingenious hands invent water-mills, which saw, plane, thrash, grind, spin, weave, and do many other things, so that these thousand people need work but five hours in the day to obtain the result of fourteen by the old process. Here then a vast amount of time—nine hours in the day—is set free from toil. It may be spent in study, social improvement, the pursuit of a favourite art, and leave room for amusement also. But the longest heads at Humdrum have not Christian but only selfish hearts beating in their bosoms, and sending life into the brain. So these calculators think the men of Humdrum shall work fourteen hours a-day as before. “It would be dangerous,” say they, “to set free so

much time. The deluded creatures would soon learn to lie and steal, and would speedily end by eating one another up. It would not be Christian to leave them to this fate. Leisure is very good for us, but would be ruinous to them." So the wise men of Humdrum persuade their neighbours to work the old fourteen hours. More is produced than is consumed. So they send off the superfluities of the village, and in return bring back tea and porcelain, rich wines, and showy gewgaws, and contemptible fashions that change every month. The strong-headed men grow rich; live in palaces; their daughters do not work, nor their sons dirty their hands. They fare sumptuously every day; are clothed in purple and fine linen. Meanwhile the common people of Humdrum work as long as before the machines were invented, and a little harder. They also are blest by the "improvement." The young women have red ribbons on their bonnets, French gloves on their hands, and shawls of India on their shoulders, and "tinkling ornaments" in their ears. The young man of Humdrum is better off than his father who fought through the Revolution, for he wears a beaver hat, and a coat of English cloth, and has a Birmingham whittle, and a watch in his pocket. When he marries he will buy red curtains to his windows, and a showy mirror to hang on his wall. For these valuable considerations he parts with the nine hours a-day, which machinery has saved, but has no more bread than before. For these blessings he will make his body a slave, and leave his mind all uncultivated. He is content to grow up a body—nothing but a body. So that if you look therein for his understanding, imagination, reason, you will find them like three grains of wheat in three bushels of chaff. You shall seek them all day before you find them, and at last they are not worth your search. At Humdrum, nature begins to revolt at the factitious inequality of condition, and thinks it scarce right for bread to come fastest into hands that add nothing to the general stock. So many grow restless and a few pilfer. In a ruder state crimes are few;—the result of violent passions. At Humdrum they are numerous;—the result of want, indolence, or neglected education; they are in great measure crimes against property. To remedy this new and unnatural

evil, there rises a court-house and a jail, which must be paid for in work ; then judges and lawyers and jailors are needed likewise in this artificial state, and add to the common burthen. The old Athenians sent yearly seven beautiful youths and virgins ;—a tribute to the Minotaur. The wise men of Humdrum shut up in a jail a larger number ; a sacrifice to the spirit of modern cupidity ; unfortunate wretches, who were the victims not the foes of society ; men so weak in head or heart, that their bad character was formed FOR them through circumstances, far more than it was formed BY them through their own free-will. Still further, the men who violate the law of the body, using the mouth much and the hand little, or in the opposite way, soon find nature taking vengeance for the offence. Then unnatural remedies must oppose the artificial disease. In the old time, every sickly dunce was cured “with motherwort and tansey,” which grew by the road-side ; suited all complaints, and was administered by each mother in the village. Now Humdrum has its “medical faculty,” with their conflicting systems, homœopathic and allopathic, but no more health than before. Thus the burthen is increased to little purpose. The strong men of Humdrum have grown rich and become educated. If one of the labouring men is stronger than his fellows, he also will become rich, and educate his children. He becomes rich, not by his own work, but by using the hands of others whom his cunning over-reaches. Yet he is not more avaricious than they. He has perhaps the average share of selfishness, but superior adroitness to gratify that selfishness. So he gets and saves, and takes care of himself, a part of their duty which the strong have always known how to perform ; though the more difficult part, how to take care of others, to think for them, and help them to think for themselves, they have yet to learn, at least to practise. Alas, we are still in bondage to the elements, and so long as two of the “enlightened” nations of the earth, England and America, insist on weaving the garments for all the rest of the world,—not because they would clothe the naked, but that their strong men might live in fine houses, wear gay apparel, dine on costly food, and their mouths be served by other men’s hands,—we must expect that seven-tenths

of mankind will be degraded, and will hug their chains, and count machinery an evil. Is not the only remedy for all the evils at Humdrum in the Christian idea of wealth, and the Christian idea of work ?

There is a melancholy back-ground to the success and splendid achievements of modern society. You see it in rural villages, but more plainly in large cities, where the amount of poverty and wealth is summed up as in a table of statistics, and stands in two parallel columns. The wretchedness of a destitute mother contrasts sadly with a warehouse, whence she is excluded by a single pane of glass, as cold as popular charity and nearly as thin. The comfortless hutch of the poor, who works, though with shiftless hands and foolish head, is a dark back-ground to the costly stable of the rich man, who does nothing for the world but gather its treasures, and whose horses are better fed, housed, trained up, and cared for, than his brother. It is a strange contrast to the church of God, that, with thick granite walls, towers up to Heaven near by. One cannot but think, in view of the suffering there is in the world, that most of it is the fault of some one ; that God, who made men's bodies, is no bankrupt, and does not pay off a penny of satisfaction for a pound of want, but has made enough and to spare for all his creatures, if they will use it wisely. Who does not sometimes remember that saying, Inasmuch as you have not done it unto the least of these, you have not done it unto me ?

The world no doubt grows better ; comfort is increased from age to age. What is a luxury in one generation, scarce attainable by the wealthy, becomes at last the possession of most men. Solomon with all his wealth had no carpet on his chamber-floor ; no glass in his windows ; no shirt to his back. But as the world goes, the increase of comforts does not fall chiefly into the hands of those who create them by their work. The mechanic cannot use the costly furniture he makes. This, however, is of small consequence ; but he has not always the more valuable consideration, TIME TO GROW WISER AND BETTER IN. As society advances, the standard of poverty rises. A man in New-England is called poor at this day, who would have been rich a hundred and fifty years ago ; but as it rises, the number that falls beneath that standard becomes a greater

part of the whole population. Of course the comfort of a few is purchased by the loss of the many. The world has grown rich and refined, but chiefly by the efforts of those who themselves continue poor and ignorant. So the ass, while he carried wood and spices to the Roman bath, contributed to the happiness of the state, but was himself always dirty and overworked. It is easy to see these evils, and weep for them. It is common also to censure some one class of men—the rich or the educated, the manufacturers, the merchants, or the politicians, for example—as if the sin rested solely with them, while it belongs to society at large. But the world yet waits for some one to heal these dreadful evils, by devising some new remedy, or applying the old. Who shall apply for us Christianity to social life?

But God orders all things wisely. Perhaps it is best that man should toil on some centuries more before the race becomes of age, and capable of receiving its birth-right! Every wrong must at last be righted, and he who has borne the burthen of society in this ephemeral life, and tasted none of its rewards, and he also who has eaten its loaves and fishes and yet earned nothing, will no doubt find an equivalent at last in the scales of divine justice. Doubtless the time will come when labour will be a pleasant pastime; when the sour sweat and tears of life shall be wiped away from many faces; when the few shall not be advanced at the expense of the many; when ten pairs of female hands shall not be deformed to nurse a single pair into preternatural delicacy, but when all men shall eat bread in the sweat of their face, and yet find leisure to cultivate what is best and divinest in their souls, to a degree we do not dream of as yet; when the strong man who wishes to be a mouth and not a hand, or to gain the treasures of society by violence or cunning, and not by paying their honest price, will be looked upon with the same horror we feel for pirates and robbers, and the guardians who steal the inheritance of their wards, and leave them to want and die. No doubt it is a good thing that four or five men out of the thousand should find time, exemption from labour, and wealth likewise, to obtain a generous education of their head and heart and soul; but it is a better thing, it is alone consistent with God's law,

that the world shall be managed, so that each man shall have a chance to obtain the best education society can give him, and while he toils, to become the best and greatest his nature is capable of being, in this terrene sphere. Things never will come to their proper level so long as thought with the head, and work with the hands, are considered incompatible: never till all men follow the calling they are designed for by nature, and it becomes as common for a rich man's son to follow a trade, as now it is happily for a poor man's to be rich. Labour will always be unattractive and disgraceful, so long as wealth unjustly obtained is a distinction, and so long as the best cultivation of a man is thought inconsistent with the life of the farmer and the tailor. As things now are, men desert a laborious occupation for which they are fitted, and have a natural fondness, and seek bread and honour in the "learned professions," for which they have neither ability nor taste, solely because they seek a generous education, which is thought inconsistent with a life of hard work. Thus strong heads desert the plough and the anvil, to come into a profession which they dislike, and then to find their duty pointing one way and their desire travelling another. Thus they attempt to live two lives at the same time, and fail of both, as he who would walk eastward and westward at the same time makes no progress.

Now, the best education and the highest culture, in a rational state of society, does not seem inconsistent with a life of hard work. It is not a figure of speech, but a plain fact, that a man is educated by his trade, or daily calling. Indirectly, labour ministers to the wise man intellectual, moral, and spiritual instruction, just as it gives him directly his daily bread. Under its legitimate influence, the frame acquires its due proportions and proper strength. To speak more particularly, the work of a farmer, for example, is a school of mental discipline. He must watch the elements; must understand the nature of the soil he tills, the character and habits of the plants he rears, the character and disposition of each animal that serves him as a living instrument. Each day makes large claims on him for knowledge, and sound judgment. He is to apply good sense to the soil. Now, these demands

tend to foster the habit of observing and judging justly ; to increase thought, and elevate the man. The same may be said of almost all trades. The sailor must watch the elements, and have all his knowledge and faculties at command, for his life often depends on having "the right thought at the right time." Judgment and decision are thus called forth. The education men derive from their trade is so striking, that craftsmen can express almost any truth, be it never so deep and high, in the technical terms of the "shop." The humblest business may thus develop the noblest power of thinking. So a trade may be to the man, in some measure, what the school and the college are to the scholar. The wise man learns more from his corn and cattle, than the stupid pedant from all the folios of the Vatican. The habit of thinking, thus acquired, is of more value than the greatest number of thoughts learned by rote, and labelled for use.

But an objection may readily be brought to this view, and it may be asked, why then are not the farmers, as a class, so well instructed as the class of lawyers? Certainly, there may be found farmers who are most highly educated. Men of but little acquaintance with books, yet men of thought, observation, and sound judgment. Scholars are ashamed before them when they meet, and blush at the homely wisdom, the acute analysis, the depth of insight, and breadth of view, displayed by labourers in blue frocks. But these cases are exceptions. These men were geniuses of no mean order, and would be great under any circumstances. It must be admitted, that, as a general rule, the man who works is not so well educated as the lawyer. But the difference between them rises not so much from any difference in the two callings, as from this circumstance, that the lawyer enters his profession with a large fund of knowledge, and the habits of intellectual discipline, which the farmer has not. He therefore has the advantage so long as he lives. If two young men, of the same age and equal capacity, were to receive the same education, till they were twenty years old, both taking proper physical exercise at the same time, and one of them should then spend three years in learning the science of the law, the other in the science of the farm, and then both should enter the full practice of their two callings, each having

access to books if he wished for them, and educated men and women, can any one doubt that the farmer, at the age of forty, would be the better educated man of the two? The trade teaches as much as the profession, and it is as well known that almost every farmer has as much time for general reading as the lawyer, and better opportunity for thought, since he can think of what he will when at his work, while the lawyer's work demands his thought all the time he is in it. The farmer would probably have the more thoughts; the lawyer the more elegant words. If there is any employment which degrades the man who is *always* engaged in it, cannot many bear the burthen—each a short time—and so no one be crushed to the ground?

Morality, likewise, is taught by a trade. The man must have dealings with his fellows. The afflicted call for his sympathy; the oppressed for his aid. Vice solicits his rebuke, and virtue claims his commendation. If he buys and sells, he is presented with opportunities to defraud. He may conceal a fault in his work, and thus deceive his employer. So an appeal is continually made to his sense of right. If faithful, he learns justice. It is only by this exposure to temptation, that virtue can be acquired. It is in the water that men learn to swim. Still more, a man does not toil for himself alone, but for those dearest to his heart; this for his father; that for his child; and there are those who out of the small pittance of their daily earnings, contribute to support the needy, print Bibles for the ignorant, and preach the Gospel to the poor. Here the meanest work becomes heroism. The man who toils for a principle, ennobles himself by the act.

Still further, Labour has a religious use. It has been well said, "an undevout astronomer is mad." But an undevout farmer, sailor, or mechanic, is equally mad, for the duties of each afford a school for his devotion. In respect to this influence, the farmer seems to stand on the very top of the world. The laws of nature are at work for him. For him the sun shines and the rain falls. The earth grows warm to receive his seed. The dews moisten it; the blade springs up and grows he knows not how, while all the stars come forth to keep watch over his rising corn. There is no second cause between him and the Soul of all. Everything he looks on, from the earliest flowers of spring,

to the austere grandeurs of a winter's sky at night, is the work of God's hand. The great process of growth and decay, change and reproduction, are perpetually before him. Day and Night, Serenity and Storm, visit and bless him as they move. Nature's great works are done for no one in special; yet each man receives as much of the needed rain, and the needed heat, as if all rain and all heat were designed for his use alone. He labours, but it is not only the fruit of his labour that he eats. No; God's exhaustless Providence works for him; works with him. His laws warm and water the fields, replenishing the earth. Thus the husbandman, whose eye is open, walks always in the temple of God. He sees the divine goodness and wisdom in the growth of a flower or a tree; in the nice adjustment of an insect's supplies to its demands; in the perfect contentment found everywhere in nature—for you shall search all day for a melancholy fly, yet never find one. The influence of all these things on an active and instructed mind is ennobling. The man seeks daily bread for the body, and gets the bread of life for the soul. Like his corn and his trees, his heart and mind are cultivated by his toil; for as Saul seeking his father's stray cattle found a kingdom, as stripling David was anointed king while keeping a few sheep in the wilderness, and when sent to carry bread to his brothers in the camp, slew a giant, and became monarch; so each man who with true motives, an instructed mind, and soul of tranquil devotion, goes to his daily work, however humble, may slay the giant Difficulty, and be anointed with gladness, and possess the Kingdom of Heaven. In the lowliest calling he may win the loftiest result, as you may see the stars from the deepest valley, as well as from the top of Chimborazo. But to realize this end, the man must have some culture, and a large capital of information at the outset; and then it is at a man's own option, whether his work shall be to him a blessing or a curse.

THE PHARISEES.*

IF we may trust the statement of grave philosophers, who have devoted their lives to science, and given proofs of what they affirm, which are manifest to the senses, as well as evident to the understanding, there were once, in very distant ages, classes of monsters on the earth, which differed, in many respects, from any animals now on its surface. They find the bones of these animals "under the bottom of the monstrous world," or imbedded in masses of stone, which have since formed over them. They discover the foot-prints, also, of these monstrous creatures, in what was once soft clay, but has since become hard stone, and so has preserved these traces for many a thousand years. These creatures gradually became scarce, and at last disappeared entirely from the face of the earth, while nobler races grew up and took their place. The relics of these monsters are gathered together by the curious. They excite the wonder of old men and little girls, of the sage and the clown.

Now there was an analogous class of moral monsters in old time. They began quite early, though no one knows who was the first of the race. They have left their foot-prints all over the civilized globe; in the mould of institutions, laws, politics, and religions, which were once pliant, but have since become petrified in the ages, so that they seem likely to preserve these marks for many centuries to come. The relics of these moral monsters are preserved for our times, in some of the histories and institutions of past ages. But they excite no astonishment, when discovered, because, while the sauri of gigantic size, the mammoth, and the mastodon, are quite extinct, the last of the Pharisees has not yet been seen, but his race is vigorous and

* From the *Dial* for July, 1841.

flourishing now, as of old time. Specimens of this monster are by no means rare. They are found living in all countries and in every walk of life. We do not search for them in the halls of a museum, or the cabinets of the curious, but every man has seen a Pharisee going at large on the earth. The race, it seems, began early. The Pharisees are of ancient blood; some tracing their genealogy to the great father of lies himself. However this may be, it is certain we find them well known in very ancient times. Moses encountered them in Egypt. They counterfeited his wonders, as the legend relates, and "did so with their enchantments." They followed him into the desert, and their gold, thrown into the fire, by the merest accident came out in the shape of an idol. Jealous of the honour of Moses, they begged him to silence Eldad and Medad, on whom the spirit of the Lord rested, saying, "Lord Moses, rebuke them." They troubled the Messiah in a later day; they tempted him with a penny; sought to entangle him in his talk; strove to catch him, feigning themselves just men. They took counsel to slay him, soon as they found cunning of no avail. If one was touched to the heart by true words—which, though rare, once happened,—he came by night to that great prophet of God, through fear of his fellow Pharisees. They could boast that no one of their number had ever believed on the Saviour of the nations,—because his doctrine was a new thing. If a blind man was healed, they put him out of the synagogue, because his eyes were opened, and, as he confessed, by the new Teacher. They bribed one of his avaricious followers to betray him with a kiss, and at last put to death the noblest of all the Sons of God, who had but just opened the burthen of his mission. Yet they took care—those precious philanthropists—not to defile themselves by entering the judgment-hall with a pagan. When the spirit rose again, they hired the guard to tell a lie, and say, "His disciples came by night, and stole the body while we slept."

This race of men troubled Moses, stoned the prophets, crucified the Saviour, and persecuted the apostles. They entered the Christian Church soon as it became popular and fashionable. Then they bound the yoke of Jewish tradition on true men's necks, and burned with fire, and blasted with anathemas, such as shook it off, walking free

and upright, like men. The same race is alive, and by no means extinct, or likely soon to be so.

It requires but few words to tell what makes up the sum of the Pharisee. He is, at the bottom, a man, like other men; made for whatever is high and divine. God has not curtailed him of a man's birthright. He has in him the elements of a Moses or a Messiah. But his aim is to SEEM good and excellent, not to BE good and excellent. He wishes, therefore, to have all of goodness and religion, except goodness and religion itself. Doubtless, he would accept these also, were they to be had for the asking, and cost nothing to keep; but he will not pay the price. So he would make a covenant with God and the devil, with righteousness and sin, and keep on good terms with both. He would unite the two worlds of salvation and iniquity, having the appearance of the one, and the reality of the other. He would work in deceit and wickedness, and yet appear to men with clean hands. He will pray in one direction, and yet live in just the opposite way, and thus attempt, as it were, to blind the eyes and cheat the justice of all-knowing God. He may be defined, in one sentence, as the circumstances of a good man, after the good man has left them. Such is the sum of the Pharisee in all ages and nations, variously modified by the customs and climate of the place he happens to dwell in, just as the rabbit is white in winter and brown in summer, but is still the same rabbit, its complexion only altered to suit the colour of the ground.

The Jewish Pharisees began with an honest man, who has given name to the class, as some say. He was moral and religious; a lover of man and God. He saw through the follies of his time, and rose above them. He felt the evils that oppress poor mortal man, and sought to remove them. But it often happens that a form is held up, after its spirit has departed, and a name survives, while the reality which bore this name is gone for ever. Just as they keep at Vienna the crown and sword of a giant king, though for some centuries no head has been found large enough to wear the crown, no hand of strength to wield the sword, and their present owner is both imbecile and diminutive;—so it was in this case. The subsequent races of Pharisees cherished the form after the spirit had left it,

clinging all the closer because they knew there was nothing in it, and feared, if they relaxed their hold, it would collapse through its emptiness, or blow away and be lost, leaving them to the justice of God, and the vengeance of men they had mocked at and insulted. In Christ's time, the Pharisee professed to reverence the law of Moses, but contrived to escape its excellent spirit. He loved the letter, but he shunned the law. He could pay tithes of his mint, anise, and cummin, which the law of Moses did not ask for, and omit mercy, justice, and truth, which both that and the law of God demanded. He could not kindle a fire nor pluck an ear of corn on the Sabbath, though so cold and hungry that he thought of nothing but his pains, and looked for the day to end. He could not eat bread without going through the ceremony of lustration. He could pray long and loud, where he was sure to be heard, at the corners of the streets, and give alms in the public places, to gain the name of devout, charitable, or munificent, while he devoured widows' houses, or the inheritance of orphans, in private, and his inward part was full of ravening and wickedness.

There are two things which pass for religion in two different places. The first is, the love of what is right, good, and lovely; the love of man, the love of God. This is the religion of the New Testament, of Jesus Christ; it leads to a divine life, and passes for religion before the pure eyes of that Father of all, who made us, and the stars over our heads. The other is a mere belief in certain doctrines, which may be true or false; a compliance with certain forms, either beautiful or ludicrous. It does not demand a love of what is right, good, and lovely, a love of man or God. Still less does it ask for a life in conformity with such sentiments. This passes for religion in the world, in kings' courts, and in councils of the Church, from the council at Nice to the synod at Dort. The first is a vital religion; a religion of life. The other is a theological religion, a religion of death; or, rather, it is no religion at all; all of religion but religion itself. It often gets into the place of religion, just as the lizard may get into the place of the lion, when he is out, and no doubt sets up to be lion for the time, and attempts a roar. The one is the religion of men, and the best men that have ever lived, in

all ages and countries ; the other is the religion of Pharisees, and the worst men in all ages and in all countries.

This race of men, it has been said, is not yet exhausted. They are as numerous as in John the Baptist's time, and quite as troublesome. Now, as then, they prefer the praise of men to the praise of God ; which means, they would rather SEEM good, at small cost, than take the pains to BE good. They oppose all reforms, as they opposed the Messiah. They traduce the best of men, especially such as are true to conscience, and live out their thought. They persecute men sent on God's high errand of mercy and love. Which of the prophets have they not stoned ? They build the tombs of deceased reformers, whom they would calumniate and destroy, were they now living and at work. They can wear a cross of gold on their bosom, "which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore." But had they lived in the days of Pilate, they would have nailed the Son of God to a cross of wood, and now crucify him afresh, and put him to an open shame. These Pharisees may be found in all ranks of life ; in the front and the rear ; among the radicals and the conservatives, the rich and the poor. Though the Pharisees are the same in nature, differing only superficially, they may yet be conveniently divided into several classes, following some prominent features.

THE PHARISEE OF THE FIRESIDE.—He is the man who at home professes to do all for the comfort and convenience of his family, his wife, his children, his friends ; yet, at the same time, does all for his own comfort and convenience. He hired his servants only to keep them from the almshouse. He works them hard, lest they have too much spare time, and grow indolent. He provides penuriously for them, lest they contract extravagant habits. Whatever gratification he gives himself, he does entirely for others. Does he go to a neighbouring place to do some important errands for himself, and a trifle for his friend,—the journey was undertaken solely on his friend's account. Is he a husband,—he is always talking of the sacrifice he makes for his wife, who yet never knows when it is made, and if he had love, there would be no sacrifice. Is he a father,—he tells his children of his self-denial for their sake, while they find the self-denial is all on their

side, and if he loved them, self-denial would be a pleasure. He speaks of his great affection for them, which, if he felt, it would show itself, and never need be spoken of. He tells of the heavy burthens borne for their sake, while, if they were thus borne, they would not be accounted burthens, nor felt as heavy. But this kind of Pharisee, though more common than we sometimes fancy, is yet the rarest species. Most men drop the cloak of hypocrisy when they enter their home, and seem what they are. Of them, therefore, no more need be spoken.

THE PHARISEE OF THE PRINTING PRESS.—The Pharisee of this stamp is a sleek man, who edits a newspaper. His care is never to say a word offensive to the orthodox ears of his own coterie. His aim is to follow in the wake of public opinion, and utter, from time to time, his oracular generalities, so that whether the course be prosperous or unsuccessful, he may seem to have predicted it. If he must sometimes speak of a new measure, whose fate is doubtful with the people, no one knows whether he would favour or reject it—so equally do his arguments balance one another. Never was prophecy more clearly inspired and impersonal. He cannot himself tell what his prediction meant, until it is fulfilled. “If Cræsus crosses the Halys, he shall destroy a great empire,” thunders the Pharisee, from his editorial corner, but takes care not to tell whether Persia or Lydia shall come to the ground. Suggest a doubt that he ever opposed a measure which has since become popular, he will prove you the contrary, and his words really have that meaning, though none suspected it at the time, and he least of all. In his, as in all predictions, there is a double sense. If he would abuse a man or an institution which is somewhat respectable, and against which he has a private grudge, he inserts most calumnious articles in the shape of a “communication,” declaring, at the same time, his “columns are open to all.” He attacks an innocent man, soon as he is unpopular; but gives him no chance to reply, though in never so Christian a spirit. Let a distinguished man censure one comparatively unknown, he would be very glad to insert the injured man’s defence, but is prevented by “a press of political matter,” or “a press of foreign matter,” till the day of reply has passed. Let an humble

scholar send a well-written article for his journal, which does not square with the notions of the coterie; it is returned with insult added to the wrong, and an "editorial" appears, putting the public on its guard against such as hold the obnoxious opinions, calling them knaves and fools, or what is more taking with the public at this moment, when the majority are so very faithful and religious, "infidels" and "atheists." The aim of this man is to please his party, and seem fair. Send him a paper reflecting on the measures or the men of that party, he tells you it would do no good to insert it, though ably written. He tells his wife the story, adding, that he must have meat and drink, and the article would have cost a "subscriber." He begins by loving his party better than mankind; he goes on by loving their opinions more than truth, and ends by loving his own interest better than that of his party. He might be painted as a man sitting astride a fence, which divided two enclosures, with his hands thrust into his pockets. As men come into one or the other enclosure, he bows obsequiously, and smiles; bowing lowest, and smiling sweetest, to the most distinguished person. When the people have chosen their place, he comes down from "that bad eminence," to the side where the majority are assembled, and will prove to your teeth, that he had always stood on that side, and was never on the fence, except to reconnoitre the enemy's position.

THE PHARISEE OF THE STREET.—He is the smooth sharper, who cheats you in the name of honour. He wears a sanctimonious face, and plies a smooth tongue. His words are rosemary and marjoram for sweetness. To hear him lament at the sins practised in business, you would take him for the most honest of men. Are you in trade with him,—he expresses a great desire to serve you; talks much of the subject of honour; honour between buyer and seller; honour among tradesmen; honour among thieves. He is full of regrets that the world has become so wicked; wonders that any one can find temptation to defraud, and belongs to a society for the suppression of shoplifting, or some similar offence he is in no danger of committing, and so

"Compounds for sins he is inclined to,
By damning those he has no mind to."

Does this Pharisee meet a philanthropist,—he is full of plans to improve society, and knows of some little evil, never heard of before, which he wishes to correct in a distant part of the land. Does he encounter a religious man,—he is ready to build a church if it could be built of words, and grows eloquent, talking of the goodness of God and the sin of the world, and has a plan for evangelizing the cannibals of New Zealand, and christianizing, forsooth, the natives of China, for he thinks it hard they should “continue heathens, and so be lost.” Does he overtake a lady of affluence and refinement,—there are no limits to his respect for the female sex; no bounds to his politeness; no pains too great for him to serve her. But let him overtake a poor woman of a rainy day, in a lonely road, who really needs his courtesy,—he will not lend her his arm or his umbrella, for all his devotion to the female sex. He thinks teachers are not sufficiently paid, but teases a needy young man to take his son to school a little under price, and disputes the bill when rendered. He knows that a young man of fortune lives secretly in the most flagrant debauchery. Our Pharisee treats him with all conceivable courtesy, defends him from small rumours; but when the iniquity is once made public, he is the very loudest in his condemnation, and wonders any one could excuse him. This man will be haughty to his equals, and arrogant to those he deems below him. With all his plans for christianizing China and New Zealand, he takes no pains to instruct and christianize his own family. In spite of his sorrow for the wickedness of the world, and his zeal for the suppression of vice, he can tell the truth so as to deceive, and utter a lie so smoothly, that none suspects it to be untrue. Is he to sell you an article,—its obvious faults are explained away, and its secret ones concealed still deeper. Is he to purchase,—he finds a score of defects, which he knows exist but in his lying words. When the bargain is made, he tells his fellow-Pharisee how adroitly he deceived, and how great are his gains. This man is fulfilled of emptiness. Yet he is suffered to walk the earth, and eat and drink, and look upon the sun, all hollow as he is.

THE PHARISEE OF POLITICS.—This, also, is a numerous class. He makes great professions of honesty; thinks the

country is like to be ruined by want of integrity in high places, and, perhaps, it is so. For his part, he thinks simple honesty, the doing of what one knows to be right, is better than political experience, of which he claims but little; more safe than the eagle eye of statesman-like sagacity, which sees events in their causes, and can apply the experience of many centuries to show the action of a particular measure, a sagacity that he cannot pretend to. This Pharisee of politics, when he is out of place, thinks much evil is likely to befall us from the office-holders, enemies of the people; if he is in place, from the office-wanters, most pestilent fellows! Just before the election, this precious Pharisee is seized with a great concern lest the people be deceived, the dear people, whom he loves with such vast affection. No distance is too great for him to travel; no stormy night too stormy for him, that he may utter his word in season. Yet all the while he loves the people but as the cat her prey, which she charms with her look of demure innocence, her velvet skin and glittering eyes, till she has seized it in her teeth, and then condescends to sport with its tortures, sharpening her appetite and teasing it to death. There is a large body of men in all political parties,

“who sigh and groan
For public good, and mean their own.”

It has always been so, and will always continue so, till men and women become Christian, and then, as pagan Plato tells us, the best and wisest men will take high offices cheerfully, because they involve the most irksome duties of the citizen. The Pharisee of politics is all things to all men (though in a sense somewhat different from the Apostle, perhaps), that he may, by any means, gain some to his side. Does he meet a reformer,—he has a plan for improving and finishing off the world quite suddenly. Does he fall in with a conservative,—our only strength is to stand still. Is he speaking with a wise friend of the people,—he would give every poor boy and girl the best education the state could afford, making monopoly of wisdom out of the question. Does he talk with the selfish man of a clique, who cares only for that person girded with his belt,—he thinks seven-eighths of the people, in-

cluding all of the working class, must be left in ignorance beyond hope ; as if God made one man all head, and the other all hands. Does he meet a Unitarian,—the Pharisee signs no creed, and always believed the Unity ; with a Calvinist,—he is so Trinitarian he wishes there were four persons in the god-head, to give his faith a test the more difficult. Let the majority of voters, or a third party, who can turn the election, ask him to pledge himself to a particular measure,—this lover of the people is ready, their “obedient servant,” whether it be to make property out of paper, or merchandise out of men. The voice of his electors is to him not the voice of God, which might be misunderstood, but God himself. But when his object is reached, and the place secure, you shall see the demon of ambition, that possesses the man, come out into action. This man can stand in the hall of the nation’s wisdom, with the Declaration of Independence in one hand, and the Bible, the great charter of freedom, in the other, and justify,—not excuse, palliate, and account for,—but JUSTIFY, the greatest wrong man can inflict on man, and attempt to sanction slavery, quoting chapter and verse from the New Testament, and do it as our fathers fought, in the name of “God and their country.” He can stand in the centre of a free land, his mouth up to the level of Mason and Dixon’s line, and pour forth his eloquent lies, all freedom above the mark, but all slavery below it. He can cry out for the dear people, till they think some man of wealth and power watches to destroy them, while he wants authority ; but when he has it, ask him to favour the cause of humanity, ask him to aid those few hands, which would take hold of the poor man’s son in his cabin, and give him an education worthy of a man, a free man ; ask him to help those few souls of great faith, who perfume Heaven’s ear with their prayers, and consume their own hearts on the altar, while kindling the reluctant sacrifice for other hearts, so slow to beat ; ask him to aid the noblest interests of man, and help bring the kingdom of Heaven here in New-England,—and where is he ? Why, the bubble of a man has blown away. If you could cast his character into a melting-pot, as chemists do their drugs, and apply suitable tests to separate part from part, and so analyze the man, you would find a little wit, and less wisdom ; a thimble-full of

common sense, worn in the fore part of the head, and so ready for use at a moment's call ; a conscience made up of maxims of expediency and worldly thrift, which conscience he wore on his sleeve to swear by when it might serve his turn. You would find a little knowledge of history, to make use of on the 4th of July and election days ; a conviction that there was a selfish principle in man, which might be made active ; a large amount of animal cunning, selfishness, and ambition, all worn very bright by constant use. Down farther still in the crucible would be a shapeless lump of faculties he had never used, which, on examination, would contain manliness, justice, integrity, honour, religion, love, and whatever else that makes man divine and immortal. Such is the inventory of this thing which so many worship, and so many would be. Let it also pass to its reward.

THE PHARISEE OF THE CHURCH.—There was a time when he who called himself a Christian, took as it were the Prophet's vow, and toil and danger dogged his steps ; poverty came like a giant upon him, and death looked ugly at him through the casement as he sat down with his wife and babes. Then to be called a Christian, was to be a man ; to pray prayers of great resolution, and to live in the kingdom of Heaven. Now, it means only to be a Protestant, or a Catholic ; to believe with the Unitarians, or the Calvinists. We have lost the right names of things. The Pharisee of the Church has a religion for Sunday, but none for the week. He believes all the true things and absurd things ever taught by popular teachers of his sect. To him the Old Testament and the New Testament are just the same,—and the Apocrypha he never reads,—books to be worshipped and sworn by. He believes most entirely in the law of Moses, and the gospel of the Messiah which annuls that law. They are both “translated out of the original tongues, and appointed to be read in churches.” Of course he practises one just as much as the other. His belief has cost him so much he does nothing but believe ; never dreams of living his belief. He has a religion for Sunday, and a face for Sunday, and Sunday books, and Sunday talk ; and just as he lays aside his Sunday coat, so he puts by his talk, his books, his face, and his religion. They would be profaned if used on a week-day. He can sit in his

pew of a Sunday—wood sitting upon wood—with the demurest countenance, and never dream the words of Isaiah, Paul, and Jesus, which are read him, came out of the serene deeps of the soul that is fulfilled of a divine life, and are designed to reach such deeps in other souls, and will reach them if they also live nobly. He can call himself a Christian, and never do anything to bless or comfort his neighbour. The poor pass, and never raise an eye to that impenetrable face. He can hear sermons, and pay for sermons that denounce the sin he daily commits, and thinks he atones for the sin by paying for the sermon. His Sunday prayers are beautiful, out of the Psalms and the Gospels, but his weekly life, what has it to do with his prayer? How confounded would he be, if Heaven should take him in earnest, and grant his request! He would pray that God's name be hallowed, while his life is blasphemy against Him. He can say "Thy kingdom come," when if it should come, he would wither up at the sight of so much majesty. The kingdom of God is in the hearts of men; does he wish it there, in his own heart? He prays "Thy will be done," yet never sets a foot forward to do it, nor means to set a foot forward. His only true petition is for daily bread, and this he utters falsely, for all men are included in the true petition, and he asks only for himself. When he says "forgive us as we forgive," he imprecates a curse on himself, most burning and dreadful; for when did he give or forgive? The only "evil" he prays to be delivered from is worldly trouble. He does not wish to be saved from avarice, peevishness, passion, from false lips, a wicked heart, and a life mean and dastardly. He can send Bibles to the heathen on the deck of his ship, and rum, gunpowder, and cast-iron muskets in the hold. The aim of this man is to get the most out of his fellow-mortals, and to do the least for them, at the same time keeping up the phenomena of goodness and religion. To speak somewhat figuratively, he would pursue a wicked calling in a plausible way, under the very windows of Heaven, at intervals singing hymns to God, while he debased His image; contriving always to keep so near the walls of the New Jerusalem, that when the destroying flood swept by, he might scramble in at a window, booted and spurred to ride over men, wearing his Sunday face, with his Bible in his hand, to put the Saviour

to the blush, and out-front the justice of Almighty God. But let him pass also ; he has his reward. Sentence is pronounced against all that is false. The publicans and the harlots enter into the kingdom of God before that man.

THE PHARISEE OF THE PULPIT.—The Scribes and Pharisees sat once in Moses' seat ; now they go farther up and sit in the seat of the Messiah. The Pharisee of the pulpit is worse than any other class, for he has the faults of all the rest, and is set in a place where even the slightest tarnish of human frailty is a disgrace, all the more disgraceful because contrasted with the spotless vestments of that loftiest spirit, that has bestrode the ages, and stands still before us as the highest ideal ever realized on the earth,—the measure of a perfect man. If the gold rust, what shall the iron do ? The fundamental sin of the Pharisee of the pulpit is this : He keeps up the form, come what will come of the substance. So he embraces the form when the substance is gone for ever. He might be represented in painting, as a man, his hands filled with husks, from which the corn has long ago been shelled off, carried away, and planted, and has now grown up under God's blessing, produced its thirty or its hundred-fold, and stands ripe for the reaper, waiting the sickle ; while hungering crowds come up escaping from shipwreck, or wandering in the deserts of sin, and ask an alms, he gives them a husk—only a husk ; nothing but a husk. “The hungry flock look up and are not fed,” while he blasts with the curses of his Church all such as would guide the needy to those fields where there is bread enough and to spare. He wonders at “the perverseness of the age,” that will no longer be fed with chaff and husks. He has seen but a single pillar of God's temple, and thinking that is the whole, condemns all such as take delight in its beautiful porches, its many mansions, and most holy place. So the fly, who had seen but a nail-head on the dome of St Peter's, condemned the swallow who flew along its solemn vault, and told the wonders she had seen. Our Pharisee is resolved, God willing, or God not willing, to keep up the form, so he would get into a false position should he dare to think. His thought might not agree with the form, and since he loves the dream of his fathers better than God's truth, he forbids all progress in the form. So he begins by not preaching what he believes, and so on comes

to preach what he believes not. These are the men who boast they have Abraham to their father; yet, as it has been said, they come of quite a different stock, which also is ancient and of great renown.

The Pharisee's faith is in the letter, not the spirit. Doubt in his presence, that the Book of Chronicles and the Book of Kings are not perfectly inspired and infallibly true, on those very points where they are exactly opposite; doubt that the Infinite God inspired David to denounce his enemies, Peter to slay Ananias, Paul to predict events that never came to pass, and Matthew and Luke, John and Mark, to make historical statements which can never be reconciled,—and he sets you down as an infidel, though you keep all the commandments from your youth up, lack nothing, and live as John and Paul prayed they might live. With him the unpardonable sin is to doubt that ecclesiastical doctrine to be true which reason revolts at, and conscience and faith spurn off with loathing. With him the Jews are more than the human race. The Bible is his master, and not his friend. He would not that you should take its poems as its authors took them; nor its narratives for what they are worth, as you take others. He will not allow you to accept the life of Christianity; but you must have its letter also, of which Paul and Jesus said not a word. If you would drink the water of life, you must take likewise the mud it has been filtered through, and drink out of an orthodox urn. You must shut up reason, conscience, and common sense, when you come to those books, which above all others came out of this triple fountain. To those books he limits divine inspiration, and in his modesty has looked so deep into the counsels of God, that he knows the live coal of inspiration has touched no lips but Jewish. No! nor never shall. Does the Pharisee do this from true reverence for the word of God, which was in the beginning, which is life, and which lighteth every man that cometh into the world? Let others judge. But there is a blindness of the heart, to which the fabled darkness of Egypt was noon-day light. That is not the worst scepticism which, with the Sadducee, denies both angel and resurrection; but that which denies man the right to think, to doubt, to conclude; which hopes no light save from the ashes of the past, and would hide God's truth

from the world with the flap of its long robe. We come at truth only by faithful thought, reflection, and contemplation, when the long flashes of light come in upon the soul. But truth and God are always on one side. Ignorance and a blind and barren faith favour only lies and their great patriarch.

The Pharisee of the pulpit talks much of the divine authority of the Church and the Minister, as if the one was anything more than a body of men and women met for moral and religious improvement, and the other anything but a single man they had asked to teach them, and be an example to the flock, and not "Lord of God's heritage." Had this Pharisee been born in Turkey, he would have been as zealous for the Mahometan Church as he now is for the Christian. It is only the accident of birth that has given him the Bible instead of the Koran, the Shaster, the Vedam, or the Shu-King. This person has no real faith in man, or he would not fear when he essayed to walk, nor would fancy that while every other science went forward, Theology, the Queen of Science, should be bound hand and foot, and shut up in darkness without sun or star; no faith in Christ, or he would not fear that search and speech should put out the light of life; no faith in God, or he would know that His truth, like virgin gold, comes brighter out of the fire of thought, which burns up only the dross. Yet this Pharisee speaks of God, as if he had known the Infinite from His boyhood; had looked over His shoulder when He laid the foundations of the earth; had entered into all His counsels, and known to the tithing of a hair, how much was given to Moses, how much to Confucius, and how much to Christ, and had seen it written in the book of fate, that Christianity, *as it is now understood*, was the loftiest religion man could ever know, and all the treasure of the Most High was spent and gone, so that we had nothing more to hope for. Yet the loftiest spirits that have ever lived have blessed the things of God; have adored Him in all His works, in the dew-drops and the stars; have felt at times His spirit warm their hearts, and blessed Him who was all in all, but bowed their faces down before His presence, and owned they could not by searching find Him out unto perfection; have worshipped and loved and prayed, but said no more of the nature and

essence of God, for thought has its limits, though presumption it seems has none. The Pharisee speaks of Jesus of Nazareth. How he dwells on his forbearance, his gentleness, but how he forgets that righteous indignation which spoke through him, applied the naked point of God's truth to Pharisees and hypocrites, and sent them back with rousing admonitions. He heeds not the all-embracing love that dwelt in him, and wept at sin, and worked with bloody sweat for the oppressed and down-trodden. He speaks of Paul and Peter as if they were masters of the soul, and not merely its teachers and friends. Yet should those flaming apostles start up from the ground in their living holiness, and tread our streets, call things by their right names, and apply Christianity to life, as they once did, and now would do were they here, think you our Pharisee would open his house, like Roman Cornelius, or Simon of Tarsus?

There are two divisions of this class of Pharisees: those who *do not think*,—and they are harmless and perhaps useful in their way, like snakes that have no venom, but catch worms and flies,—and *those who do think*. The latter think one thing in their study, and preach a very different thing in their pulpit. In the one place they are free as water, ready to turn any way; in the other, conservative as ice. They fear philosophy should disturb the Church as she lies bed-ridden at home, so they would throw the cobwebs of authority and tradition over the wings of truth, not suffering her with strong pinions to fly in the midst of Heaven, and communicate between man and God. They think “you must use a little deceit in the world,” and so use not a little. These men speak in public of the inspiration of the Bible, as if it were all inspired with equal infallibility; but what do they think at home? In his study, the Testament is a collection of legendary tales; in the pulpit it is the everlasting Gospel; if any man shall add to it, the seven last plagues shall be added to him; if any one takes from it, his name shall be taken from the Book of Life. If there be a sin in the land, or a score of sins tall as the Anakim, which go to and fro in the earth, and shake the Churches with their tread, let these sins be popular, be loved by the powerful, protected by the affluent; will the Pharisee sound the alarm, lift up the banner,

sharpen the sword, and descend to do battle? There shall not a man of them move his tongue; "no, they are dumb dogs, that cannot bark, sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber; yes, they are greedy dogs, that can never have enough." But let there be four or five men in obscure places, not mighty through power, renown, or understanding, or eloquence; let them utter in modesty a thought that is new, which breathes of freedom, or tends directly towards God,—and every Pharisee of the pulpit shall cry out from Cape Sable to the Lake of the Woods, till the land ring again. Doubtless it is heroic thus to fight a single new thought, rather than a score of old sins. Doubtless it is a very Christian zeal thus to pursue obscurity to its retreat, and mediocrity to its littleness, and startle humble Piety from her knees, while the Goliath of sin walks with impudent forehead at noon-day in front of their armies, and defies the living God;—a very Christian zeal, which would destroy a modest champion, however true, who, declining the canonical weapons, should bring down the foe and smite off the giant's head. Two persons are mentioned in the Bible, who have had many followers: the one is Lot's wife, who perished looking back upon Sodom; the other Demetrius, who feared that "this our craft is in danger to be set at nought."

Such, then, are the Pharisees. We ought to accept whatever is good in them; but their sins should be exposed. Yet in our indignation against the vice, charity should always be kept for the man. There is "a soul of goodness in things evil," even in the Pharisee, for he also is a man. It is somewhat hard to BE all that God made us to become, and if a man is so cowardly he will only aim to SEEM something; he deserves pity, but certainly not scorn or hate. Bad as he appears, there is yet somewhat of goodness left in him, like hope at the bottom of Pandora's box. Fallen though he is, he is yet a man, to love and be loved. Above all men is the Pharisee to be pitied. He has grasped at a shadow, and he feels sometimes that he is lost. With many a weary step and many a groan, he has hewn him out broken cisterns that hold no water, and sits dusty and faint beside them; "a deceived heart has turned him aside," and there is "a lie in his right hand." Meantime the stream of life hard by falls from the rock of ages; its

waters flow for all ; and when the worn pilgrim stoops to drink, he rises a stronger man, and thirsts no more for the hot and polluted fountain of deceit and sin. Further down, men leprous as Naaman may dip and be healed.

While these six classes of Pharisees pursue their wicked way, the path of real manliness and religion opens before each soul of us all. The noblest sons of God have trodden therein, so that no one need wander. Moses, and Jesus, and John, and Paul, have gained their salvation by being real men ; content to seek Goodness and God, they found their reward ; they blessed the nations of the earth, and entered the kingdom of religious souls. It is not possible for falseness or reality to miss of its due recompense. The net of divine justice sweeps clean to its bottom the ocean of man, and all things, that are, receive their due. The Pharisee may pass for a Christian, and men may be deceived for a time, but God never. In his impartial balance, it is only real goodness that has weight. The Pharisee may keep up the show of religion ; but what avails it ? Real sorrows come home to that false heart ; and when the strong man, tottering, calls on God for more strength, how shall the false man stand ? Before the justice of the All-seeing, where shall he hide ? Men have the Pharisee's religion, if they will, and they have his reward, which begins in self-deception, and ends in ashes and dust. They may, if they choose, have the Christian's religion, and they have also his reward, which begins in the great resolution of the heart, continues in the action of what is best and most manly in human nature, and ends in tranquillity and rest for the soul, which words are powerless to describe, but which man must feel to know. To each man, as to Hercules, there come two counsellors ; the one of the flesh, to offer enervating pleasures and unreal joys for the shadow of virtue ; the other of the spirit, to demand a life that is lovely, holy, and true. Which will you have ? is the question put by Providence to each of us, and the answer is the daily life of the Pharisee or the Christian. Thus it is of a man's own choice that he is cursed or blessed ; that he ascends to heaven, or goes down to hell.

HOW TO MOVE THE WORLD.

ONE day a philosopher came to Athens, from a far country, to learn the ways of the wonderful Greeks, and perhaps to teach them the great lore he treasured in his heart. The wise men heard him; sought his company in the gardens; talked with him in private. The young men loved him. He passed for a wonder with that wonder-loving people. Among those that followed him, was the son of Sophroniscus, an ill-favoured young man, a mechanic of humble rank. He was one of the few that understood the dark, Oriental doctrines of the Sage, when he spoke of God, man, freedom, goodness, of the life that never dies. The young man saw these doctrines were pregnant with actions, and would one day work a revolution in the affairs of men, disinheriting many an ancient sin now held legitimate.

So he said to himself, when he saw a man rich and famous,—“Oh! that I also were rich and famous, I would move the world soon. Here are sins to be plucked up and truths to be planted. Oh that I could do it all, I would mend the world right soon.” Yet he did nothing but wait for wealth and fame. One day the Sage heard him complain with himself, and said, “Young man, thou speakest as silly women. This gospel of God is writ for all. LET HIM THAT WOULD MOVE THE WORLD MOVE FIRST HIMSELF. He that would do good to men begins with what tools God gives him, and gets more as the world gets on. It asks neither wealth nor fame, to live out a noble life, at the end of thy lane in Athens. Make thy light thy life; thy thought, action; others will come round. Thou askest a place to stand on hereafter and move the world. Foolish young man, take it where thou standest, and begin now. So the work shall go forward. Reform thy little self, and

thou hast begun to reform the world. Fear not thy work shall die!"

The youth took the hint; reformed himself of his coarseness, his sneers, of all meanness that was in him. His idea became his life; and that blameless and lovely. His truth passed into the public mind as the sun into the air. His acorn is the father of forests. His influence passes like morning, from continent to continent, and the rich and the poor are blessed by the light and warmed by the life of Socrates, though they know not his name.

GERMAN LITERATURE.*

OPINIONS are divided respecting German literature. If we are to believe what is currently reported, and generally credited, there is, somewhere in New-England, a faction of discontented men and maidens, who have conspired to love everything Teutonic, from Dutch skates to German infidelity. It is supposed, at least asserted, that these misguided persons would fain banish all other literature clean out of space; or, at the very least, would give it precedence of all other letters, ancient or modern. Whatever is German, they admire; philosophy, dramas, theology, novels, old ballads, and modern sonnets; histories, and dissertations, and sermons; but above all, the immoral and irreligious writings, which it is supposed the Germans are chiefly engaged in writing, with the generous intention of corrupting the youth of the world, restoring the worship of Priapus, or Pan, or the Pope,—it is not decided which is to receive the honour of universal homage,—and thus gradually preparing for the Kingdom of Misrule, and the dominion of Chaos and “most ancient Night.” It is often

* From the *Dial* for January, 1842.—Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature, edited by GEORGE RIPLEY, Vol. VII., VIII., and IX., containing German Literature, translated from the German of Wolfgang Menzel, by C. C. FELTON; in Three Volumes. Boston: Hilliard, Gray, and Co. 1840.

charitably taken for granted, that the lovers of German works on Philosophy and Art amongst us are moved thereto, either by a disinterested love of whatever is German, or else, which is the more likely, by a disinterested love of evil, and the instigation of the devil, who, it is gravely said, has actually inspired several of the most esteemed writers of that nation. This German epidemic, we are told, extends very wide. It has entered the boarding-schools for young misses, of either sex, and committed the most frightful ravages therein. We have been apprized that it has sometimes seized upon a College, nay, on Universities, and both the Faculty and the Corporation have exhibited symptoms of the fatal disease. Colleges, did we say?

“No place is sacred, not the Church is free.”

It has attacked clergymen, in silk and in lawn. The Doctors of Divinity fall before it. It is thought, that

“Fever and ague, jaundice and catarrh,
The grim-looking tyrant's heavy horse of war;
And apoplexies, those light troops of death,
That use small ceremony with our breath,”

are all nothing to the German epidemic. We meet men with umbrellas and over-shoes, men “shawled to the teeth,” and suppose they are prudent persons, who have put on armour against this subtle foe. Histories of this plague, as of the cholera, have been written; the public has often been called to defend itself from the enemy, and quarantine regulations are put in force against all suspected of the infection. In short, the prudent men of the land, men wise to foresee, and curious to prevent, evil, have not failed to advise the public from time to time of the danger that is imminent, and to recommend certain talismans, as effectual safeguards. We think a copy of the “Westminster Catechism,” or the “Confessions of Faith adopted by the Council of Trent,” or the “Athanasian Creed,” perhaps, if hung about the neck, and worn next the skin, might save little children, and perhaps girls nearly grown up, especially if they read these amulets every morning, fasting. But a more important specific has occurred to us, which we have never known to fail, and it has been tried in a great many cases, in both

hemispheres. The remedy is simple ; it is a strong infusion of Dulness. Continued applications of this excellent nostrum will save any person, we think, from all but very slight attacks of this epidemic. Certainly, it will secure the patient from the worst form of the disease,—the philosophical frenzy, which it is said prevails in colleges, and among young damsels, but which, we think, does not attack the pulpit. The other forms of the malady are mainly cutaneous, and easily guarded against.

It has often been matter of astonishment to us, that the guardians of the public welfare did not discover German literature when it first set foot in America, and thrust it back into the ocean ; and we can only account for the fact of its extension here, from the greater activity of Evil in general. “Rank weeds do grow apace.” So this evil has grown up in the absence of our guardians, as the golden calf was made while Moses was in the mount, fasting. While the young men and maidens have been eating the German lotus, the guardians of the public weal have been “talking, or pursuing, or journeying, or peradventure they slept, and must needs be awaked.” However this may be, they are now awake, and in full cry.

Now, for our own part, we have never yet fallen in with any of these dangerous persons, who have this exaggerated admiration of whatever is Teutonic, still less this desire to overthrow Morality, and turn Religion out of the world. This fact may be taken as presumptive evidence of blindness on our part, if men will. We sometimes, indeed, meet with men, and women also, well read in this obnoxious literature ; they are mostly,—yes, without a single exception, as we remember,—unoffending persons. They “gang their ain gait,” and leave others the same freedom. They have tastes of their own ; scholarly habits ; some of them are possessed of talent, and no contemptible erudition, judging by the New-England standard. They honour what they find good, and to their taste, in German literature as elsewhere. Men and women, some of them are, who do not think all intellectual and æsthetic excellence is contained in a hundred volumes of Greek and Roman authors, profound and beautiful as they are. They study German Philosophy, Theology, Criticism, and Literature in general, as they would the similar works of any

nation, for the good they contain. This, we think, is not forbidden by the Revised Statutes, or any other universal standard of right and wrong. Why should not a man study even Sanscrit Philosophy, if he will, and profit by it, in peace, if he can? We do not say there are no enthusiastic or fanatical admirers of this literature; nor, that there are none who "go too far" in their admiration,—which means, in plain English, farther than their critic,—but that such persons are by no means common; so that there seems, really, very small cause for the panic into which some good people have seen fit to fall. We doubt the existence, therefore, of this reputed faction of men and maidens, who design to reinstate Confusion on her throne.

But on the other hand, we are told—and partly believe it—that there is a party of cool-headed, discreet, moderate, sound, and very respectable persons, who hate German literature. Of these we can speak from knowledge. Most men have heard of them, for they have cried out like Bluebeard in the tale, "till all shook again." They are plenty as acorns in autumn, and may be had for the asking. This party has, to speak gently, a strong dislike to German literature, philosophy, and theology. Sometimes this dislike is founded on a knowledge of facts, an acquaintance with the subject, in which case no one will find fault; but far oftener it rests merely on prejudice,—on the most utter ignorance of the whole matter. Respecting this latter class of haters without knowledge, we have a few words to say. We have somewhere seen it written, "He that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is a folly and shame unto him." We commend it to the attention of these judges. They criticise German literature by wholesale and retail—to adopt the ingenious distinction of Dr Watts. They issue their writs, and have the shadow of some poor German brought into the court of their greatness, and pass sentence with the most speedy justice, never examining the evidence, nor asking a question, nor permitting the prisoner at the bar to say a word for himself, till the whole matter is disposed of. Before this honourable bench, Goethe, and Schleiermacher, and Schiller, and Arndt, and Kant, and Leibnitz, Henry Heine, and Jacob Böhme, Schelling of universal renown, and Schefer of Muskau in Neider-Lausitz, and Hegel, and Strauss, with their aids and abettors, are

brought up and condemned as mystics, infidels, or pantheists ; in one word, as Germans. Thus the matter is disposed of by the honourable court. Now we would not protest against this method of proceeding, ancient as it is, and supported by precedents from the time of Jethro to General Jackson. Such a protest would be "a dangerous innovation," no doubt. We would have no exceptions from the general method made in favour of German letters. No literature was ever written into more than temporary notice, and certainly none was ever written down. German literature amongst us encounters just the same treatment the classic authors received at the hands of the middle ages. When those old sages and saints began to start out of the corners, where night had overtaken them, men were alarmed at their strange faces and antique beards, and mysterious words. "What!" said they, as they gaped on one another, in the parlour, the court, the camp, or the church, with terror in their faces,—“What! study Greek and Roman letters? Greek and Roman philosophy? Shall we men of the TENTH century study authors who lived two thousand years ago, in an age of darkness? Shame on the thought! Shall we, who are Christians, and live in an age of light, look for instruction to Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, or Seneca—men from dark pagan times? It were preposterous! Let such works perish, or sink back to their original night.”* So it goes with us; and it is said, “Shall we Americans, excellent Christians as we are, who live in a land of education, of righteousness, of religion, and know how to reconcile it all with our three millions of slaves; in the land of steamboats and railroads; we Americans, possessed of all needed intelligence and culture,—shall we read the books of the Germans, infidels as they are—Germans, who dwell in the clouds, and are only fitted by divine grace to smoke tobacco and make dictionaries? Out upon the thought!”

* The following anecdote is quite to the point. One day, in the year 1530, a French monk *said in the pulpit*, “a new language has been discovered, which is called Greek. You must take good heed, and keep out of its way. This language engenders all heresies. I see in the hands of many, a book written in this language. It is called the New Testament. It is a book full of thorns and vipers. As for the Hebrew language, all who study that become Jews immediately.”—*Sismondi, Histoire des Français*, T. XVI. p. 364, cited in Michélet's *Hist. Luther*.

No doubt this decision is quite as wise as that pronounced so gravely by conservatives and alarmists of the middle ages. "Would you have me try the criminal before I pass sentence?" said the Turkish justice; "that were a waste of words and time, for if I should condemn him after examination, why not before, and so save the trouble of looking into the matter?" Certainly the magistrate was wise, and wherever justice is thus administered, the traditional complaint of the "law's delay" will never dare lift up its voice. Honour to the Turkish judge and his swift decision; long may it be applied to German literature. Certainly it is better that ninety-and-nine innocent persons should suffer outrageous torture, than that one guilty should escape. Why should not public opinion lay an embargo on German works, as on India crackers, or forbid their sale? Certainly it costs more labour to read them, than the many excellent books in the mother tongue. No doubt a ready reader would go over the whole ninety-eight volumes of Sir Walter Scott in less time than he could plod through and master the single obstinate book of Kant's *Kritik of the Pure Reason*. Stewart, and Brown, and Reid, and Paley, and Thomas Dick, and Abercrombie, are quite easy reading. They trouble no man's digestion, though he read them after dinner, with his feet on the fender. Are not these writers, with their illustrious progenitors, successors, and coadjutors, sufficient for all practical purposes? Why, then, allow our studious youth in colleges and log-cabins to pore over Leibnitz and Hegel, till they think themselves blind, and the red rose yields to the white on their cheek?

In the name of good sense, we would ask if English literature, with the additions of American genius, is not rich enough without our going to the Hercynian forest, where the scholars do not think, but only dream? Not to mention Milton, and Shakespeare, and Bacon,—names confessedly without parallel in the history of thought,—have we not surpassed the rest of the world, in each department of science, literature, philosophy, and theology? Whence comes the noble array of scientific works, that connect general laws with single facts, and reveal the mysteries of nature? Whence come the most excellent works in poetry, criticism, and art? Whence the pro-

found treatises on ethics and metaphysics? Whence the deep and wide volumes of theology, the queen of all sciences? Whence come works on the classics of Greece and Rome? Whence histories of all the chief concerns of man? Do they not all come, in this age, from England and our own bosom? What need have we of asking favours from the Germans, or of studying their literature? As the middle-age monks said of the classics,—ANATHEMA SIT. It is certainly right, that the ghost of terror, like Mr Littlefaith in the story, should cross itself in presence of such a spirit, and utter its APAGE SATHANAS. Such an anathema would, no doubt, crush the Monadnock—or a sugar-plum.

But let us come out of this high court of Turkish justice, and for a moment look German literature in the face, and allow it to speak for itself. To our apprehension, German literature is the fairest, the richest, the most original, fresh, and religious literature of all modern times. We say this advisedly. We do not mean to say Germany has produced the greatest poetic genius of all modern times. It has no Shakespeare, as the world has but one, in whom the Poetic Spirit seems to culminate, though it will doubtless rise higher in better ages. But we sometimes hear it said, admitting the excellence of two or three German writers, yet their literature is narrow, superficial, and poor, when compared with that of England. Let us look at the facts, and compare the two in some points. Classical taste and culture have long been the boast of England. There is a wealth of classical allusion in her best writers, which has an inexpressible charm, and forms the chief minor grace, in many a work of poetic art. Classical culture is the pride, we take it, of her two “ancient and honourable universities,” and their spirit prevails everywhere in the island. The English scholar is proud of his “quantity,” and the correctness of his quotations from Seneca and Demosthenes. But from what country do we get editions of the classics that are worth the reading, in which modern science and art are brought to bear on the ancient text? What country nurtures the men that illustrate Homer, Herodotus, the Anthology of Planudes, and the dramatic poets? Who explain for us the antiquities of Athens, and write minute treatises on the law of inheritance, the castes,

tribes, and manners of the men of Attica? Who collect all the necessary facts, and reproduce the ideas lived out, consciously or unconsciously, on the banks of the Eurotas, the Nile, or the Alpheus? Why, the Germans. We do not hesitate to say, that in the present century not a Greek or a Roman classic has been tolerably edited in England, except through the aid of some German scholar. The costly editions of Greek authors that come to us from Oxford and London, beautiful reprints of Plato, Aristotle, Aristophanes, Euripides, Sophocles, Æschylus, Herodotus, the Attic orators, and Plotinus—all these are the work of German erudition, German toil, German genius sometimes. The wealthy islanders, proud of their classic culture, furnish white paper and luminous type: but the curious diligence that never tires; the profound knowledge and philosophy which brings the whole light of Grecian genius to illuminate a single point,—all this is German, and German solely. Did it not happen within ten years, that the translation of a German work, containing some passages in Greek, incorrectly pointed in the original edition, and, therefore, severely censured at home, was about being published in Edinburgh, and no man could be found in the Athens of the North, and “no man in all Scotland,” who could correctly accent the Greek words? The fact must be confessed. So the book was sent to its author,—a Professor of Theology,—and he put it into the hands of one of his pupils, and the work was done. These things are trifles, but a straw shows which way the stream runs, when a mill-stone would not. Whence come even the grammars and lexicons, of almost universal use in studying the ancient authors? The name of Reimer, and Damm, and Schneider, and Büttman, and Passow, give the answer. Where are the English classical scholars in this century, who take rank with Wolf, Heyne, Schweighauser, Wyttenbach, Boeckh, Herrmann, Jacobs, Siebelis, Hoffman, Siebenkees, Müller, Creutzer, Wellauer, and Ast? Nay, where shall we find the rivals of Dindorf, Schäfer, Stallbaum, Spitzner, Bothe, and Bekker, and a host more? for we have only written down those which rushed into our mind. What English name of the present century can be mentioned with the least of these? Not one. They labour, and we may enter into their labours,

if we are not too foolish. Who write ancient history like Niebühr, and Müller, and Schlosser? But for the Germans, the English would have believed till this day, perhaps, all the stories of Livy, that it rained stones, and oxen spoke, for so it was written in Latin, and the text was unimpeachable.

But some may say, these are not matters of primary concern; in things of "great pith and moment" we are superior to these Teutonic giants. Would it were so. Perhaps in some of the physical sciences the English surpass their German friends; though even here we have doubts, which are strengthened every month. One would expect the most valuable works on physical geography from England; but we are disappointed, and look in vain for any one to rival Ritter, or even Mannert. In works of general civil and political history in the present century, though we have two eminent historians in our own country, one of whom must take rank with Thucydides and Tacitus, Gibbon and Hume, England has nothing to equal the great works of Von Hammer, Wilkins, and Schlosser. Why need we mention the German histories of inventions, of art, of each science, of classical education, of literature in general? Why name their histories of Philosophy, from Brucker down to Brandis and Michelet? In English, we have but Stanley, good in his time, and valuable even now, and Enfield, a poor compiler from Brucker. The Germans abound in histories of literature, from the beginning of civilization down to the last Leipsic fair. In England, such works are unknown. We have as yet no history of our own literature, though the Germans have at least one, quite readable and instructive. Even the dry and defective book of Mr Hallam,—for such it is with all its many excellencies,—is drawn largely from its German predecessors, though it is often inferior to them in vigour, and almost always in erudition and in eloquence.

Doubtless, the English are a very learned people; a very Christian people likewise, no doubt. But within the present century, what has been written in the English tongue, in any department of theological scholarship, which is of value, and makes a mark on the age? The Bridgewater Treatises, and the new edition of Paley,—we

blush to confess it,—are the best things. In the criticism and explanation of the Bible, Old Testament or New Testament, what has been written, that is worth reading? Nothing, absolutely nothing of any permanent value, save some half-dozen of books, it may be, drawn chiefly from German sources. Who have written the grammars and lexicons, by which the Hebrew and Greek Testaments are read? Why, the Germans. Who have written critical introductions to the Bible, useful helps in studying the sacred letters? Why, the Germans. Who have best and alone developed the doctrines of the Bible, and explained them, philosophically and practically? Why, the Germans again. Where are the men who shall stand up in presence of Gesenius, Fürst, Schleusner, and Wahl; Winer, and Ewald, and Nordheimer; Michaelis, Eichhorn, Jahn and Bertholdt, Hug and De Wette; the Rosenmüllers, Maurer, Umbreit, Credner, Paulus, Kuinoel, Fritzsche, Von Meyer, Lücke, Olshausen, Hengstenberg, and Tholuck, and take rank as their peers? We look for them, but in vain. “We put our finger on them, and they are not there.” What work on theology, which has deserved or attracted general notice, has been written in English, in the present century? We know of none. In Germany, such works are numerous. They have been written by pious men, and the profoundest scholars of the age. Wegscheider’s *Theology* is doubtless a poor work; but its equal is nowhere to be found in the English tongue. Its equal, did we say? There is nothing that can pretend to approach it. Where, then, shall we find rivals for such theologians as Ammon, Hase, Daub, Baumgarten, Crusius, Schleiermacher, Bretschneider, and De Wette? even for Zachariæ, Vatke, and Kaiser?

In ecclesiastical history everybody knows what sort of works have proceeded from the English and American scholars. Jortin, Milner, Priestley, Campbell, Echard, Erskine, Jones, Waddington, and Sabine; these are our writers. But what are their works? They are scarcely known in the libraries of scholars. For our knowledge of ecclesiastical history we depend on the translations from Du Pin, and Tillemont, or more generally on those from the German Mosheim and Gieseler. All our English ecclesiastical historians, what are they when weighed against

Mosheim, the Walchs, Vater, Gieseler, Schröckh, Planck, Muenscher, Tzschirner, and Neander? Why they might make sumptuous repasts on the crumbs which fall from these men's table. The Germans publish the Fathers of the Greek and Latin Church, and study them. To the English they are almost "a garden shut up and a fountain sealed." It is only the Germans in this age who study theology, or even the Bible, with the aid of enlightened and scientific criticism. There is not even a history of theology in our language.

But this is not all, by no means the chief merit of the German scholars. Within less than threescore years there have appeared among them four philosophers, who would have been conspicuous in any age, and will hereafter, we think, be named with Plato, Aristotle, Bacon, Descartes, and Leibnitz—among the great thinkers of the world. They are Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. Silently these lights arose and went up the sky without noise, to take their place among the fixed stars of Genius, and shine with them; names that will not fade out of heaven until some ages shall have passed away. These men were thinkers all; deep, mighty thinkers. They knelt reverently down before Nature, with religious hearts, and asked her questions. They sat on the brink of the well of Truth, and continued to draw for themselves and the world. Take Kant alone, and in the whole compass of thought we scarce know his superior. From Aristotle to Leibnitz we do not find his equal. No, nor since Leibnitz. Need we say it? Was there not many a Lord Bacon in Immanuel Kant? Leibnitz himself was not more capacious, nor the Stagyrte more profound. What revolutions are in his thoughts! His books are battles. Philosophical writers swarm in Germany. Philosophy seems epidemic almost, and a score of first-rate American, or half a dozen English, reputations might be made out of any of their philosophical writers of fourth or fifth magnitude. Here, one needs very little scholarship to establish a name. A small capital suffices for the outfit, for the credit system seems to prevail in the literary as well as the commercial world; and one can draw on the Bank of Possibilities, as well as the fund of achievements. One need but open any number of the Berlin Jahrbücher, the

Jena Allgemeine Literatur Zeitung, or the Studien und Kritiken, to see what a lofty spirit prevails among the Germans in philosophy, criticism, and religion. There, a great deal is taken for granted, and supposed to be known to all readers, which here is not to be supposed, except of a very few, the most learned. Philosophy and theology we reckon as the pride of the Germans. Here their genius bursts into bloom, and ripens into fruit. But they are greatly eminent, likewise, in the departments of poetry, and elegant letters in general. Notwithstanding their wealth of erudition, they are eminently original. Scandinavia and the East, Greece and the middle ages, all pour their treasures into the lap of the German muse, who not only makes trinkets therefrom, but out of her own stores of linen, and wool, and silk, spins and weaves strong and beautiful apparel for all her household, and the needy everywhere. "She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple." No doubt, among the Germans there is a host of servile imitators, whose mind travels out of itself, so to say, and makes pilgrimages to Dante, or Shakespeare, or Pindar, or Thucydides. Some men think they are very Shakespeares, because they transgress obvious rules. The sickly negations of Byron, his sensibility, misanthropy, and affectation, are aped every day in Berlin and Vienna. Horace and Swift, Anacreon and Bossuet, and Seneca and Walter Scott, not to name others, have imitators in every street, who remind one continually of the wren that once got into the eagle's nest, set up to be king of the birds, and attempted a scream. Still the staple of their literature is eminently original. In point of freshness, it has no equal since the days of Sophocles. Who shall match with Wieland, and Lessing, the Schlegels, Herder, so sweet and beautiful, Jean-Paul, Tieck, and Schiller, and Goethe? We need not mention lesser names, nor add more of their equals.

In what we have said, we would not underrate English literature, especially the works of former ages. We would pay deep and lasting homage to the great poets, historians, philosophers, and divines of the mother country, in her best days. Their influence is still fresh and living throughout the world of letters. But as these great spirits ascended, the mantle of their genius, or inspiration, has fallen on the

Germans, and not the English. Well says a contemporary, "Modern works are greatly deficient both in depth and purity of sentiment. They seldom contain original and striking views of the nature of man, and of the institutions which spring from his volition. There is a dearth of thought and sterility of sentiment among us. Literature, art, philosophy, and life, are without freshness, ideality, verity, and spirit. Most works, since the days of Milton, require little thought; they want depth, freshness; the meaning is on the surface; and the charm, if any, is no deeper than the fancy; the imagination is not called into life; the thoughts are carried creepingly along the earth, and often lost amid the low and uncleanly things of sense and custom." "I do not, at this time, think of any writer since Milton, excepting Coleridge and Wordsworth, whose works require a serene and thoughtful spirit, in order to be understood."*

As little would we be insensible to the merits of the rising literature of our own land. Little could be expected of us, hitherto. Our business has been to hew down the forest; to make paths and saw-mills, railroads and steamboats; to lay the foundation of a great people, and provide for the emergencies of the day. As yet, there is no American literature which corresponds to the first principles of our institutions, as the English or French literature corresponds to theirs. We are, perhaps, yet too young and raw to carry out the great American idea, either in literature or society. At present, both are imitations, and seem rather the result of foreign and accidental circumstances, than the offspring of our own spirit. No doubt the time will come when there shall be an American school, in science, letters, and the elegant arts. Certainly, there is none now. The promise of it must be sought in our newspapers and speeches, oftener than in our books. Like all other nations we have begun with imitations, and shall come to originals, doubtless, before we end.

But there is one peculiar charm in German literature, quite unequalled, we think, in modern days, that is, the RELIGIOUS character of their works. We know it is often said, the Germans are licentious, immoral in all ways, and above all men,—not the old giants excepted,—are haters

* A. B. Alcott in "Record of a School."

of religion. One would fancy Mezentius or Goliath was the archetype of the nation. We say it advisedly, that this is, in our opinion, the most religious literature the world has seen since the palmy days of Greek writing, when the religious spirit seemed fresh and warm, coming into life, and playing grateful with the bland celestial light, reflected from each flower-cup and passing cloud, or received direct and straightway from the Source of all. It stands an unconscious witness to the profound piety of the German heart. We had almost said it was the only Christian national literature the world has ever seen. Certainly, to our judgment, the literature of Old England, in her best days, was less religious in thought and feeling, as it was less beautiful in its form, and less simple in its quiet, loving holiness, than this spontaneous and multiform expression of the German soul. But we speak not for others, let each drink of "that spiritual rock," where the water is most salubrious to him. But we do not say that German literature comprises no works decidedly immoral and irreligious. Certainly we have read such, but they are rare, while almost every book, not entirely scientific and technical, breathes a religious spirit. You meet this, coming unobtrusively upon you, where you least of all expect it. We do not say, that the idea of a Christian literature is realized in Germany, or likely to be realized. No, the farthest from it possible. No nation has yet dreamed of realizing it. Nor can this be done until Christianity penetrates the heart of the nations, and brings all into subjection to the spirit of life. The Christianity of the world is yet but a baptized heathenism, so literature is yet heathen and profane. We dare not think, lest we think against our Faith. As if Truth were hostile to Faith, and God's house were divided against itself. The Greek literature represents the Greek religion; its ideal and its practical side. But all the literature of all Christian nations, taken together, does not represent the true Christian religion, only that fraction of it these nations could translate into their experience. Hence, we have as yet only the cradle song of Christianity, and its nursery rhymes. The same holds true in art,—painting, sculpture, and architecture. Hitherto it is only the church militant, not the church triumphant, that has been represented. A

Gothic cathedral gives you the aspiration, not the attainment, the resting in the fulness of God, which is the end of Christianity. We have Magdalens, Madonnas; saints, emaciated almost to anatomies, with most rueful visage; and traditional faces of the Saviour. These, however, express the penitence, the wailing of the world lying in darkness, rather than the light of the nations. The SON OF MAN risen from the grave is yet lacking in art. The Christian Prometheus, or Apollo, is not yet; still less the triple Graces, and the Olympian Jove of Christianity. What is Saint Peter's to the Parthenon, considered as symbols of the two religions? The same deficiency prevails in literature. We have inherited much from the heathen, and so Christianity, becoming the residuary legatee of deceased religions, has earned but little for itself. History has not yet been written in the spirit of the Christian scheme; as a friend says, hitherto it has been the "history of elder brothers." Christianity would write of the whole family. The great Christian poem, the Tragedy of Mankind, has not yet been conceived. A Christian philosophy founded on an exhaustive analysis of Man, is among the things that are distant. The true religion has not yet done its work in the heart of the nations. How, then, can it reach their literature, their arts, their society, which come from the nation's heart? Christianity is still in the manger, wrapped in swaddling-bands, and unable to move its limbs. Its Jewish parent watches fearful, with a pondering heart. The shepherds, that honour the new-born, are Jewish still, dripping as yet with the dews of ancient night. The heathen magicians have come up to worship, guided by the star of truth, which goes before all simple hearts, and lighteth every man that cometh into the world. But they are heathen even now. They can only offer "gold, and frankincense, and myrrh." They do not give their mind, and still less their heart. The celestial child is still surrounded by the oxen, that slumber in their stalls, or wake to blame the light that prevents their animal repose. The Herod of superstition is troubled, and his city with him. Alarmed at the new tidings, he gathers together his mighty men, his chief priests and scribes, to take counsel of his twin prophets, the Flesh and the Devil, and while he pretends to seek only to worship, he would gladly slay the

young child, that is born King of the world. But Christianity will yet grow up to manhood, and escape the guardianship of traditions, to do the work God has chosen. Then, and not till then, will the gospel of beautiful souls, fair as the light, and "terrible as an army with banners," be written in the literature, arts, society, and life of the world. Now when we say that German literature is religious, above all others, we mean, that it comes nearer than any other to the Christian ideal of literary art. Certainly it by no means reaches the mark.

Such, then, is German literature. Now, with those among us who think nothing good can come of it, we have nothing to say. Let them rejoice in their own cause, and be blessed in it. But from the influence this rich, beloved, and beautiful literature will exert on our infant world of letters, we hope the most happy results. The diligence which shuns superficial study; the boldness which looks for the causes of things, and the desire to fall back on what alone is elementary and eternal, in criticism, philosophy, and religion; the religious humility and reverence which pervades it,—may well stimulate our youth to great works. We would not that any one should give in his adhesion to a German master, or copy German models. All have their defects. We wonder that clear thinkers can write so darkly as some do, and that philosophers and theologians are content with their slovenly paragraphs, after Goethe has written such luminous prose. We doubt that their philosophical or theological systems can ever take root in the American mind. But their method may well be followed; and fortunate will it be for us if the central truths their systems are made to preserve, are sown in our soil, and bear abundant fruit. No doubt, there is danger in studying these writings; just as there is danger in reading Copernicus or Locke, Aristotle or Lord Brougham, or Isaiah and St John. As a jocose friend says, "It is always dangerous for a young man to think, for he may think wrong, you know." It were sad to see men run mad after German philosophy; but it is equally sad to see them go to the same excess in English philosophy. If "Transcendentalism" is bad, so is Paleyism, and Materialism. Truth is possessed entire by no sect,

German or English. It requires all schools to get at all truth, as the whole Church is needed to preach the whole Gospel. Blessed were the days when Truth dwelt among men in her wholeness. But alas! they only existed in fable, and now, like Osiris in the story, she is cut into fragments and scattered world-wide, and sorrowing mortals must journey their life long, to gather here a piece and there a piece. But the whole can never be joined and re-animated in this life. Where there is much thought, there will be some truth, and where there is freedom in thinking, there is room for misconduct also. We hope light from Germany; but we expect shadows with it. The one will not eclipse the sun, nor the other be thicker than the old darkness we have "felt" from our youth up. We know there is SIN among the Germans; it is so wherever there are men and women. Philosophy, in Germany or England, like the stout man a-journeying, advances from day to day; but sometimes loses the track, and wanders, "not knowing whither he goeth;" nay, sometimes stumbles into a ditch. When this latter accident,—as it is confessed,—has befallen Philosophy in America and England, and men declare she is stark dead, we see not why her friends might not call on her German sister, to extricate her from the distress, and revive her once more, or at least give her decent burial. We are sorry, we confess it, to see foolish young men, and old men not burthened with wisdom, trusting wholly in a man; thinking as he thinks, and moving as he pulls the strings. It is dangerous to yield thus to a German or a Scotch philosopher. It were bad to be borne off on a cloud by Fichte and Hegel, or to be made "spouse of the worm and brother of the clay," by Priestley or Paley. But we fancy it were better to fall into the hands of Jove than Pluto. We cannot predict the result of the German movement in Philosophy; but we see no more reason for making Henry Heine, Gutzkow, and Scherer, the exponents of that movement,—as the manner of some is,—than for selecting Bulwer, Byron, Moore, and Taylor the infidel, to represent the Church of England. Seneca and Petronius were both Roman men, but which is the type? Let German literature be weighed in an even balance, and then pass for what it is worth. We have no

fear that it will be written down, and should be sorry to see any exaggerated statement of its excellence, which would, in the end, lead to disappointment.

We turn now to the book named at the head of our article. The author's design is to give a picture of German literature. His work does not pretend to be a history, nor to point out the causes which have made the literature what it is. His aim is to write of subjects, rather than to talk about books. His work is merely a picture. Since this is so, its character depends on two things, namely, the artist's point of sight, and the fidelity with which he has painted things as they appear, from that point. The first question then is, from what point does he survey the field? It is not that of philosophy, theology, or politics. He is no adept in either of these sciences. He is eminently national, and takes the stand of a German amateur. Therefore it is his duty to paint things as they appear to a disinterested German man of letters; so he must treat of religion, philosophy, education, history, politics, natural science, poetry, law, and criticism, from this point of view. It would certainly require an encyclopedical head to discuss ably all these subjects, and bring them down to the comprehension of the unlearned. It was scarcely to be expected, that any one man should be so familiar with all departments of thought in a literature so wide and rich as this, as never to make mistakes, and even great mistakes. But Mr Menzel does not give us a faithful picture of things as seen from this position, as we shall proceed to show in some details. He carries with him violent prejudices, which either blind his eyes to the truth, or prevent him from representing it as it is. On his first appearance, his unmanly hostility to Goethe began to show itself.* Nay, it appeared, we are told, in his *Streckverse*, published a little before. This hostility amounts to absolute hatred, we think, not only of the works, but of the man himself. This animosity towards distinguished authors vitiates the whole work. Personal feelings and prepossessions perpetually interrupt the cool judgment of the critic. When a writer attempts, as Menzel does, to show that an author who has a reputa-

* *Europaischen Blättern* for 1824, I. B. p. 101—108, and IV., p. 233, seq. But these we have never seen, and only a few stray numbers of the *Literatur-Blatt*.

tion which covers the world, and rises higher and higher each year, who is distinguished for the breadth of his studies, and the newness of his views, and his exquisite taste in all matters of art, is only a humbug, what can we do but smile, and ask, if effects come without causes? Respecting this hostility to Goethe, insane as it obviously is, we have nothing to say. Besides, the translator has ably referred to the matter in the preface. That Goethe, as a man, was selfish to a very high degree, a debauchee and well-bred epicurean, who had little sympathy with what was highest in man, so long as he could crown himself with rose-buds, we are willing to admit. But let him have justice, none the less. Mr Menzel sets up a false standard, by which to judge literary productions. Philosophy, ethics, art, and literature, should be judged of by their own laws. We would not censure the *Laocoön*, because it did not teach us agriculture, nor the *Iliad*, because it was not republican enough for our taste. Each of these works is to be judged by its own principles. Now, we object to our friend, that he judges literary works by the political complexion of their author. Thus, for example, not to mention Goethe, he condemns Johann von Müller,—whom, as a Swiss, he was not bound to mention among German writers,—and all his works, because he was no patriot. For him, “of all the German writers, I entertain the profoundest contempt.” No doubt the venerable historian, as some one has said, would be overwhelmed as he stands in the Elysian fields, with Tacitus and Thucydides, to be despised by such an historian as Menzel! * So Krug is condemned, not for his fustiness and superficiality, but because he wrote against the Poles. † It is surprising to what a length this is carried. He ought to condemn the “Egoism” of Fichte, no less than that of Hegel. But because the former is a liberal, and the latter a conservative, the same thing is tolerated in the one and condemned in the other. Words cannot express his abhorrence of Hegel. Fries is commended as a philosopher, because he was “almost the only true patriot among our philosophers.” Oken must not be reproached with his coarse Materialism, be-

* See an able defence of Von Müller, in Strauss's *Streitschriften*, Heft 2. Tübingen: 1837. p. 100.

† Vol. I. p. 235, seq.

cause he resigned his professorship at Jena, rather than give up his liberal journal. These few instances are sufficient to show the falseness of his standard.

He indulges in personal abuse; especially does he pour out the vials of his calumny on the "young Germans," whom he censures for their personal abuse. He seems to have collected all the "little city twaddle," as the Germans significantly name it, as material for his work, and very striking are the colours, indeed. His abuse of this kind is so gross, that we shall say no more of it.* Mr Menzel is the Berserker of modern critics. He scorns all laws of literary warfare; scalps, and gouges, and stabs under the fifth rib, and sometimes condescends to tell a little fib, as we shall show in its place. He often tries the works he censures by a moral, and not a critical or artistic standard. No doubt, the moral is the highest; and a work of art, wherein the moral element is wanting, deserves the severest censure. No man can insist on this too strongly. But when a man writes from the artistic point of view, we think it is his duty to adhere to his principles. If a work is immoral, it is so far false to the first principles of art. It does very little good, we fancy, merely to cry out, that this book of Gutzkow, or that of Goethe, is immoral. It only makes foolish young men the more eager to read it. But if the critic would show, that the offending parts were false, no less than wicked, and mere warts and ulcers on the body of the work, he would make the whole appear loathsome and not attractive. Mr Menzel is bound to do this, for he believes that the substance and the form of art are inseparable, or, in plain English, that virtue is beautiful, and vice ugly. Having made this criticism, he might justly pronounce the moral sentence also. If truth is harmonious, then a licentious work is false and detestable, as well in an artistic, as in a moral point of view. But we cannot enlarge on this great question at the end of an article.

Judging Menzel from his own point of view, this work is defective in still graver points. He carries his partisan feelings wherever he goes, and with very superficial knowledge passes a false sentence on great men and great things. His mistakes are sometimes quite amusing, even to an

* Read who will, Vol. III. p. 228, for an example.

American scholar, and must be doubly ludicrous to a German, whose minute knowledge of the literature of his own country would reveal more mistakes than meet our eye. We will point out a few of these in only two chapters—those on philosophy and religion. In the first, we think the author may safely defy any one to divine from his words the philosophical systems of the writers he treats of. Take, for a very striking example, his remarks upon Leibnitz.* “The great Leibnitz, who stood on the boundary line between the old times of astrology, magic, and sympathetic influences, and the later times of severe scientific method, united the labyrinth of life, belonging to these austere dark days, with the clear light of our own. He was animated with deep religious faith, but still had the full vigour of thought. Living faith in God was his rock; *but his system of world-harmony* † showed nothing of the darkly-coloured cathedral light of the ancient mystics; it stood forth in the clear white light of the day, like a marble temple on the mountain-top.” From this statement one would naturally connect Leibnitz with Pythagoras, Kepler, and Baron Swedenborg, who really believed and taught the world-harmony. But who would ever dream of the Monads, which play such a part in the system of Leibnitz? He tells us, that Eberhard has written a one-sided and Kantian history of Philosophy, which is very strange in a man who lived a Wolfian all his days, and fought against the critical philosophy, though with somewhat more zeal than knowledge, it is thought. Besides, his history of Philosophy was published in 1788, before the Kantian philosophy had become lord of the ascendant. As he criticises poets by the patriotic standard, so he tries the philosophers by his æsthetic rule, and wonders they are hard to understand. But these are minor defects; come we to the greater. His remarks on Kant are exceedingly unjust, not to speak more harshly. “The philosophical century wanted an earth without a heaven, a state without a church, man without a God. No one has shown so plainly as Kant, how with this limitation earth may still be a paradise, the state a moral union, and man a noble being, by his own

* Vol. I. p. 219.

† Mr Felton has translated *Weltharmonie* “Preëstablished Harmony,” which Leibnitz believed in, but it is not the meaning of the word.

reason and power, subjected to law.”* We do not see how any one could come to this conclusion who had read Kant’s *Kritik of Judgment*, and *Practical Reason*, and conclude our critic, forgetting to look into these books, in his abhorrence of scholastic learning, and “study, that makes men pale,” cut the matter short, and rode over the “high priori road,” in great state to the conclusion. We pass over his account of Fichte and Schelling, leaving such as have the ability to determine, from his remarks, what were the systems of these two philosophers, and reconstruct them at their leisure. There is an old remark we have somewhere heard, that it takes a philosopher to judge a philosopher; and the truth of the proverb is very obvious to the readers of this chapter. Hegel seems the object of our author’s most desperate dislike. His sin, however, is not so much his philosophy, as his conservative politics, as it appears. He does not condescend—as an historian might do once in a while—to give us a portrait, or even a caricature of his system; but contents himself with such abuse as the following precious sentences. “Hegel first reduced God to a mere speculation, led about by an evil spirit, in the void of his heavenly heath, who does nothing but think, indeed, nothing but think of thinking.” † “He makes no distinction between himself and God; he gives himself out for God.” He says God first came to a clear consciousness of himself “in the philosopher who has the only right philosophy, therefore in himself, in the person of Hegel. Thus we have, then, a miserable, hunch-backed, book-learned God; a wooden and squinting academical man, a man of the most painful and pompous scholasticism; in a word, a German pedant on the throne of the world.” We need make no comments on the spirit which suggests such a criticism upon a philosopher like Hegel. Still further, he says, Förster “declared over the grave of Hegel, that, beyond all doubt, Hegel was himself the Holy Ghost, the third person in the Godhead.” When we read this several years ago, we believed the words were uttered by some man of an Oriental imagination, who meant no harm by his seeming irreverence. But on inquiry we find it is not so. One who heard Mr Förster’s Oration, who had it

* Vol. I. p. 223.

† Vol. I. p. 259.

lying before him in print, at the time of writing, declares there was no such thing in it, but the strongest passage was this: "*Was it not he who reconciled the unbelievers with God, inasmuch as he taught us truly to understand Jesus Christ.*"*

But enough on this subject. Let us say a word respecting the chapter on Religion, more particularly on that part relating to theology. Here the learned author's abhorrence of book-learning is more conspicuous than elsewhere, though obvious enough in all parts of the book. We pass over the first part of the chapter,—which contains some very good things, that will come to light in spite of the smart declamations in which they are floating,—and proceed to his account of Catholicism in Germany.† Here, in a work on German literature, we naturally expect a picture of the Catholic theology, at least a reference to the chief Catholic writers in this department. But we are disappointed again. We find declamations and anecdotes well fitted for the Penny Magazine, as a German critic says, to whom we are indebted for some hints on this topic.‡ He throws together such remarks as would make excellent and smart paragraphs in a newspaper; but gives no calm, philosophical view of the subject. He can enlarge on the Jesuits or Jansenists, on the influence of Kant's and Schelling's philosophy, and the reaction in favour of Catholicism, for these subjects are in all mouths; but he scarce looks at the great philosophical question, on which the whole matter hinges. His acquaintance with modern Catholic writers seems to be as narrow as his philosophy is superficial. Gunther, Pabst, Möhler, Singler, Staudenmaier, Klee, and Hermes, have escaped the sharp glance of our author.§ In the portion of the chapter which relates to Protestantism, we find the same defects. The sketch of the history of theology since Luther is hasty and inaccurate. It does not give the reader a clear conception of the progress of ideas. He makes some amusing misrepresentations on page 159 and 173, to which we will only refer. Among the most celebrated of German preachers, since the middle of the last century, he forgets

* Strauss, ubi sup., p. 212, 213.

† Vol. I. p. 114—139.

‡ A writer in Rheinwald's Repertorium, Vol. XV. p. 14, seq.

§ See Rheinwald, ubi sup., p. 16.

to mention Teller, Löffler, Zollikoffer, Lavater, Herder, Tzschirner, Schmalz, Röhr, Zimmermann, De Wette, Marheineke, Nitzsch, Tholuck, Ehrenberg, Strauss, Reinhard, Therimin, Couard, Lisco, and many others of equal fame. Mosheim is mentioned as a distinguished writer on morals, Ammon and Bretschneider are despatched in a word. Wetstein is mentioned among the followers of Ernesti and Semler, and is put after Eichhorn, though he died only two years after the latter was born. But it is an ungrateful task to point out these defects. Certainly we should not name them, if there were great and shining excellencies beside. But they are not to be found. The chapter gives a confused jumble of ideas, and not a true picture. True, it contains passages of great force and beauty, but throughout the whole section, order and method, accurate knowledge and an impartial spirit, are grievously wanting. Who would guess what great things had been done in Biblical criticism, from Mr Menzel's words? Who would know that De Wette had written profound works in each of the four great departments of theology; indeed, that he wrote anything but a couple of romances? But we are weary with this fault-finding. However, one word must be said, by way of criticism upon his standing point itself. German literature is not to be surveyed by an amateur merely. The dilettanti has no rule and compasses in his pocket, by which he can measure all the objects in this German ocean of books. No doubt, histories of literature have hitherto been too often "written in the special interest of scholastic learning," and are antiquarian lists of books and not living histories. It is certainly well to write a history of literature so that all men may read. But it would require a most uncommon head to treat ably of all departments of literature and science. In one word, it is quite impossible to judge all by one rule. The writer, therefore, must change his position as often as he changes the subject. He must write of matters pertaining to religion, with the knowledge of a theologian; on philosophical subjects, like a philosopher; and so of the rest. Any attempt to describe them all from one point of sight seems as absurd as to reckon pounds, shillings, and pence, and drachms, ounces, quarters, and tons in the same column. A sketch of German theo-

logical literature ought to tell what has been done and what is now doing by Protestants and Catholics, in the four great departments of exegetical, historical, systematic, and practical theology. It should put us in possession of the idea, which lies at the bottom of Catholicism and Protestantism, and tell what form this idea assumes, and why it takes this form and no other. But to this Mr Menzel makes no pretension. He has not the requisite knowledge for this. His learning seems gathered from reviews, newspapers, the conversations-lexicon, literary gossip, and a very perfunctory perusal of many books. The whole work lacks a plan. There is no unity to the book. It seems a compilation of articles, written hastily in the newspapers, and designed for immediate effect. So the spirit of the partisan appears everywhere. We have declamation instead of matter-of-fact and cool judgment. Still the work is quite entertaining. Its author, no doubt, passes for a man of genius; but, as a friend says, who rarely judges wrong, "he has more show than sinew, and makes up in smartness what he wants in depth." We are glad to welcome the book in its English dress, but we hope it will be read with caution, as a guide not to be trusted. Its piquant style, and "withering sarcasm," remind us often of Henry Heine, and the young Germans, with whom the author would not wish to be classed. We think it will not give a true idea of the German mind and its workings, to the mere English reader, or aid powerfully the student of German to find his way amid that labyrinthian literature. The book is very suggestive, if one will but follow out the author's hints, and avoid his partialities and extravagance.

Professor Felton seems to have performed the work of translation with singular fidelity. His version is uncommonly idiomatic and fresh. It reads like original English. But here and there we notice a slight verbal inaccuracy in translating, which scarce any human diligence could avoid.* We regard the version as a monument of diligence and skill. The metrical translations are fresh and spirited.

* It would have been a convenience to the readers, if it had been stated in the preface, that the version was made from the second German edition, published at Stuttgart, 1836; for the author only treats of things as they were at that time, or before it.

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.*

THERE are some ages when all seem to look for a great man to come up at God's call, and deliver them from the evils they groan under. Then Humanity seems to lie with its forehead in the dust, calling on Heaven to send a man to save it. There are times when the powers of the race, though working with their wonted activity, appear so misdirected, that little permanent good comes from the efforts of the gifted ; times when governments have little regard for the welfare of the subject, when popular forms of religion have lost their hold on the minds of the thoughtful, and the consecrated augurs, while performing the accustomed rites, dare not look one another in the face, lest they laugh in public, and disturb the reverence of the people, their own having gone long before. Times there are, when the popular religion does not satisfy the hunger and thirst of the people themselves. Then mental energy seems of little value, save to disclose and chronicle the sadness of the times. No great works of deep and wide utility are then undertaken for existing or future generations. Original works of art are not sculptured out of new thought. Men fall back on the achievements of their fathers ; imitate and reproduce them, but take no steps in any direction into the untrodden infinite. Though wealth and selfishness pile up their marble and mortar as never before, yet the chisel, the pencil, and the pen, are prostituted to imitation. The artist does not travel beyond the actual. At such times, the rich are wealthy, only to be luxurious, and dissolve the mind in the lusts of the flesh. The cultivated have skill and taste, only to mock, openly or in secret, at the forms of religion, and its substance also ; to devise new

* From the *Dial* for January, 1842.

pleasures for themselves ; pursue the study of some abortive science, some costly game, or dazzling art. When the people suffer for water and bread, the king digs fish-pools, that his parasites may fare on lampreys of unnatural size. Then the poor are trodden down into the dust. The weak bear the burden of the strong, and they who do all the work of the world, who spin, and weave, and delve, and drudge, who build the palace, and supply the feast, are the only men that go hungry and bare, live uncared for, and when they die are huddled into the dirt, with none to say GOD BLESS YOU. Such periods have occurred several times in the world's history.

At these times man stands in frightful contrast with nature. He is dissatisfied, ill-fed, and poorly clad ; while all nature through, there is not an animal, from the mite to the mammoth, but his wants are met and his peace secured by the great Author of all. Man knows not whom to trust, while the little creature that lives its brief moment in the dew-drop, which hangs on the violet's petal, enjoys perfect tranquillity so long as its little life runs on. Man is in doubt, distress, perpetual trouble ; afraid to go forward, lest he go wrong ; fearful of standing still, lest he fall ; while the meanest worm, that crawls under his feet, is all and enjoys all its nature allows, and the stars overhead go smoothly as ever on their way.

At such times, men call for a great man, who can put himself at the head of their race, and lead them on, free from their troubles. There is a feeling in the heart of us all, that as sin came by man, and death by sin, so by man, under Providence, must come also Salvation from that sin, and Resurrection from that death. We feel, all of us, that for every wrong there is a right somewhere, had we but the skill to find it. This call for a great man is sometimes long and loud, before he comes, for he comes not of man's calling but of God's appointment.

This was the state of mankind many centuries ago, before Jesus was born at Bethlehem. Scarce ever had there been an age when a deliverer was more needed. The world was full of riches. Wealth flowed into the cities, a Pactolian tide. Fleets swam the ocean. The fields were full of cattle and corn. The high-piled warehouses at Alexandria and Corinth groaned with the munitions of luxury,

the product of skilful hands. Delicate women, the corrupted and the corrupters of the world's metropolis, scarce veiled their limbs in garments of gossamer, fine as woven wind. Metals and precious stones vied with each other to render loveliness more lovely, and beauty more attractive, or oftener to stimulate a jaded taste, and whip the senses to their work. Nature, with that exquisite irony men admire but cannot imitate—used the virgin lustre of the gem, to reveal more plain the moral ugliness of such as wore the gaud. The very marble seemed animate to bud and blossom into palace and temple. But alas for man in those days! The strong have always known one part of their duty,—how to take care of themselves; and so have laid burthens on weak men's shoulders; but the more difficult part, how to take care of the weak, their natural clients, they neither knew nor practised so well even as now. If the history of the strong is ever written, as such, it will be the record of rapine and murder, from Cain to Cush, from Nimrod to Napoleon.

In that age men cried for a great man, and wonderful to tell, the prophetic spirit of human nature, which detects events in their causes, and by its profound faith in the invisible, sees both the cloud and the star, before they come up to the horizon, foretold the advent of such a man. "An ancient and settled opinion," says a Roman writer, "had spread over all the East, that it was fated at this time for some one to arise out of Judea, and rule the world." We find this expectation in many shapes, psalm and song, poem and prophecy. We sometimes say this prediction was miraculous, while it appears rather as the natural forecast of hearts, which believe God has a remedy for each disease, and balm for every wound. The expectation of relief is deep and certain with such, just as the evil is imminent and dreadful. If it have lasted long and spread wide, men only look for a greater man. This fact shows how deep in the soul lies that religious element, which sees clearest in the dark, when understanding cannot see at all; which hopes most, when there is least ground, but most need of hope. But men go too far in their expectations. Their faith stimulates their fancy, which foretells what the deliverer shall be. In this, men are always mistaken. Heaven has endowed the race of men with but little inven-

tion. So in those times of trouble, they look back to the last peril, and hope for a redeemer like him they had before; greater it may be, but always of the same kind. This same poverty of invention and habit of thinking the future must reproduce the past, appears in all human calculations. If some one had told the amanuensis of Julius Cæsar, that in eighteen centuries men would be able in a few hours to make a perfect copy of a book twenty times as great as all his master's commentaries and history, he would pronounce it impossible; for he could think of none but the old method of a scribe forming each word with a pen, letter by letter; never anticipating the modern way of printing with a rolling press driven by steam. So if some one had told Joab, that two thousand years after his day, men in war would kill one another with a missile half an ounce in weight, and would send it three or four hundred yards, driving it through a shirt of mail, or a ploughshare of iron, he would think but of a common bow and arrows, and say it cannot be. What would Zeuxis have thought of a portrait made in thirty seconds, exact as nature, pencilled by the Sun himself? Now men make mistakes in their expectation of a deliverer. The Jews were once raised to great power by David, and again rescued from distress and restored from exile by Cyrus, a great conqueror and a just man. Therefore the next time they fell into trouble, they expected another king like David, or Cyrus, who should come, perhaps in the clouds, with a great army to do much more than either David or Cyrus had done. This was the current expectation, that when the Redeemer came, he should be a great general, commander of an army, King of the Jews. He was to restore the exiles, defeat their foes, and revive the old theocracy, to which other nations should be subservient.

Their deliverer comes; but instead of a noisy general, a king begirt with the pomp of oriental royalty, there appears one of the lowliest of men. His kingdom was of truth, and therefore not of this world. He drew no sword; uttered no word of violence; did not complain when persecuted, but took it patiently; did not exact a tooth for a tooth, nor pay a blow with a blow, but loved men who hated him. This conqueror, who was to come with great pomp, perhaps in the clouds, with an army numerous as

the locusts, at whose every word kingdoms were to shake—appears; born in a stable; of the humblest extraction; the companion of fishermen, living in a town whose inhabitants were so wicked, men thought nothing good could come of it. The means he brought for the salvation of his race were quite as surprising as the Saviour himself; not armies on earth, or in heaven; not even new tables of laws; but a few plain directions, copied out from the primitive and eternal Scripture God wrote in the heart of man,—the true Protevangelium,—LOVE MAN; LOVE GOD; RESIST NOT EVIL; ASK AND RECEIVE. These were the weapons with which to pluck the oppressor down from his throne; to destroy the conquerors of the world; dislodge sin from high places and low places; uplift the degraded, and give weary and desperate human nature a fresh start! How disappointed men would have looked, could it have been made clear to them, that this was now the only deliverer Heaven was sending to their rescue. But this could not be; their recollection of past deliverance, and their prejudice of the future based on this recollection, blinded their eyes. They said, “This is not he; when the Christ cometh, no man shall know whence he is. But we know this is the Nazarene carpenter, the Son of Joseph and Mary.” Men treated this greatest of Saviours as his humble brothers had always been treated. Even his disciples were not faithful; one betrayed him with a kiss; the rest forsook him and fled; his enemies put him to death, adding ignominy to their torture, and little thinking this was the most effectual way to bring about the end he sought, and scatter the seed, whence the whole race was to be blessed for many a thousand years.

There is scarce anything in nature more astonishing to a reflective mind, than the influence of one man’s thought and feeling over another, and on thousands of his fellows. There are few voices in the world, but many echoes, and so the history of the world is chiefly the rise and progress of the thoughts and feelings of a few great men. Let a man’s outward position be what it may, that of a slave or a king, or an apparent idler in a busy metropolis, if he have more wisdom, love, and religion than any of his fellow-mortals, their mind, heart, and soul are put in motion, even against their will, and they cannot stand where they stood before,

though they close their eyes never so stiffly. The general rule holds doubly strong in this particular case. This poor Galilean peasant, son of the humblest people, born in an ox's crib; who, at his best estate, had not where to lay his head; who passed for a fanatic with his townsmen, and even with his brothers,—children of the same parents;—who was reckoned a lunatic—a very madman, or counted as one possessed of a devil, by grave, respectable folk about Jerusalem; who was put to death as a rebel and blasphemer, at the instance of Pharisees, the high-priest, and other sacerdotal functionaries—he stirred men's mind, heart, and soul, as none before nor since has done, and produced a revolution in human affairs, which is even now greater than all other revolutions, though it has hitherto done but a little of its work.

He looked trustfully up to the Father of all. Because he was faithful God inspired him, till his judgment, in religious matters, seems to have become certain as instinct, infallible as the law of gravitation, and his will irresistible, because it was no longer partial, but God's will flowing through him. He gave voice to the new thought which streamed on him, asking no question whether Moses or Solomon, in old time, had thought as he; nor whether Gamaliel and Herod would vouch for the doctrine now. He felt that in him was something greater than Moses or Solomon, and he did not, as many have done, dishonour the greater, to make a solemn mockery of serving the less. He spoke what he felt, fearless as truth. He lived in blameless obedience to his sentiment and his principle. With him there was no great gulf between thought and action, duty and life. If he saw Sin in the land,—and when or where could he look and not see that last of the giants?—he gave warning to all who would listen. Before the single eye of this man, still a youth, the reverend veils fell off from antiquated falsehood; the looped and windowed livery of Abraham dropped from recreant limbs, and the child of the devil stood there, naked but not unshamed. He saw that blind men, the leaders and the led, were hastening to the same ditch. Well might he weep for the slain of his people, and cry, "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" Few heard his cries, for it seems fated, that when the son of man comes he shall *not* find faith on the

earth. Pity alike for the oppressed and the oppressor,—and a boundless love, even for the unthankful and the merciless,—burned in his breast, and shed their light and warmth wherever he turned his face. His thought was heavenly ; his life only revealed his thought. His soul appeared in his words, on which multitudes were fed. Prejudice itself confessed—“ never man spake like this.” His feeling and his thought assumed a form more beautiful still, and a whole divine life was wrought out on the earth, and stands there yet, the imperishable type of human achievement, the despair of the superstitious, but the way, the truth, and the life, to holy souls. His word of doctrine was uttered gently as the invisible dew comes down on the rose of Engaddi, but it told as if a thunderbolt smote the globe. It brought fire and sword to the dwelling-place of hoary Sin. Truth sweeps clean off every refuge of lies, that she may do her entire work.

A few instances show how these words wrought in the world. The sons of Zebedee were so ambitious they would arrogate to themselves the first place in the new kingdom, thinking it a realm where selfishness should hold dominion,—so bloody-minded, they would call down fire from Heaven to burn up such men as would not receive the Teacher. But the spirit of gentleness subdues the selfish passion, and the son of thunder becomes the gentle John, who says only, “ Little children, love one another.” This same word passes into Simon Peter also, the crafty, subtle, hasty, selfish son of Jonas ; the first to declare the Christ, the first to promise fidelity, but the first likewise to deny him, and the first to return to his fishing. It carries this disciple—though perhaps never wholly regenerated—all over the eastern world ; and he, who had shrunk from the fear of persecution, now glories therein, and counts it all joy, when he falls into trouble on account of the word. With Joseph of Arimathea, “ an honourable counsellor,” and Nicodemus, “ a ruler of the Jews,” the matter took another turn. We never hear of them in the history of trial. They slunk back into the Synagogue, it may be ; wore garments long as before, and phylacteries of the broadest ; were called of men “ Rabbi,” “ sound, honourable men, who knew what they were about,” “ men not to be taken in.” It is not of such men God makes reformers,

apostles, prophets. It is not for such pusillanimous characters to plunge into the cold, hard stream of truth, as it breaks out of the mountain and falls from the rock of ages. They wait till the stream widens to a river, the river expands its accumulated waters to a lake, quiet as a mirror. Then they confide themselves in their delicate and trim-wrought skiff to its silvery bosom, to be wafted by gentle winds into a quiet haven of repose. Such men do not take up Truth, when she has fallen by the way-side. It might grieve their friends. It would compromise their interests; would not allow them to take their ease in their inn, for such they regard their station in the world. Besides, the thing was new. How could Joseph and Nicodemus foretell it would prevail? It might lead to disturbance; its friends fall into trouble. The kingdom of Heaven offered no safe "investment" for ease and reputation, as now. Doubtless there were in Jerusalem great questionings of heart among Pharisees, and respectable men, scribes and doctors of the law, when they heard of the new teacher and his doctrine so deep and plain. There must have been a severe struggle in many bosoms, between the conviction of duty and social sympathies which bound the man to what was most cherished by flesh and blood.

The beautiful Gospel found few adherents and little toleration with men learned in the law, burthened with its minute intricacies, devoted to the mighty consideration of small particulars. But the true disciples of the inward life felt the word, which others only listened for, and they could not hush up the matter. It would not be still. So they took up the ark of truth, where Jesus set it down, and bore it on. They perilled their lives. They left all—comfort, friends, home, wife, the embraces of their children—the most precious comfort the poor man gets out of the cold, hard world; they went naked and hungry; were stoned and spit upon; scourged in the synagogues; separated from the company of the sons of Abraham; called the vilest of names; counted as the offscouring of the world. But it did them good. This was the sifting Satan gave the disciples, and the chaff went its way, as chaff always does; but the seed-wheat fell into good ground, and now nations are filled with bread which comes of the apostles' sowing and watering, and God giving the increase.

To some men the spread of Christianity in two centuries appears wonderful. To others it is the most natural thing in the world. It could not help spreading. Things most needful to all are the easiest to comprehend, the world over. Thus every savage in Otaheite knows there is a God; while only four or five men in Christendom understand his nature, essence, personality, and "know all about Him!" Thus while the great work of a modern scholar, which explains the laws of the material heavens, has never probably been mastered by three hundred persons, and perhaps there is not now on earth half that number, who can read and understand it, without further preparation, the Gospel, the word of Jesus, which sets forth the laws of the soul, can be understood by any pious girl fourteen years old, of ordinary intelligence, with no special preparation at all, and still forms the daily bread and very life of whole millions of men.

Primitive Christianity was a very simple thing, apart from the individual errors connected with it; two great speculative maxims set forth its essential doctrines, "Love man," and "Love God." It had also two great practical maxims, which grew out of the speculative, "we that are strong ought to bear the burthens of the weak," and "we must give good for evil." These maxims lay at the bottom of the apostles' minds, and the top of their hearts. These explain their conduct; account for their courage; give us the reason of their faith, their strength, their success. The proclaimers of these maxims set forth the life of a man in perfect conformity therewith. If their own practice fell short of their preaching,—which sometimes happens spite of their zeal,—there was the measure of a perfect man to which they had not attained, but which lay in their future progress. Other matters which they preached, that there was one God, and that the soul never dies, were known well enough before, and old heathens, in centuries gone by, had taught these doctrines quite as distinctly as the apostles, and the latter much more plainly than the Gospels. These new teachers had certain other doctrines peculiar to themselves, which hindered the course of truth more than they helped it, and which have perished with their authors.

No wonder the apostles prevailed with such doctrines,

set off or recommended by a life, which—notwithstanding occasional errors—was single-hearted, lofty, full of self-denial and sincere manliness. “All men are brothers,” said the apostles; “their duty is to keep the law God wrote eternally on the heart, to keep this without fear.” The forms and rites they made use of, their love-feasts, and Lord’s Suppers, their baptismal and funeral ceremonies, were things indifferent, of no value, save only as helps. Like the cloak Paul left behind at Troas, and the fishing-coat of Simon Peter, they were to serve their turn, and then be laid aside. They were no more to be perpetual than the sheep-skins and goat-skins, which likewise have apostolical authority in favour of their use. In an age of many forms, Christianity fell in with the times. It wore a Jewish dress at Jerusalem, and a Grecian costume at Thessalonica. It became all things to all men. Some rites of the early Church seem absurd as many of the latter; but all had a meaning once, or they would not have been. Men of New-England would scarce be willing to worship as Barnabas and Clement did; nor could Bartholomew and Philip be satisfied with our simpler form, it is possible. Each age of the world has its own way, which the next smiles at as ridiculous. Still the four maxims, mentioned above, give the spirit of primitive Christianity, the life of the apostles’ life.

It is not marvellous these men were reckoned unsafe persons. Nothing in the world is so dangerous and untractable, in a false state of society, as one who loves man and God. You cannot silence him by threat or torture; nor scare him with any fear. Set in the stocks to-day, he harangues men in public to-morrow. “Herod will kill thee,” says one. “Go and tell that fox, behold, I cast out devils and deceivers to-day and to-morrow, and the third day I shall be perfected,” is the reply. Burn or behead such men, and out of their blood, and out of their ashes, there spring up others, who defy you to count them, and say, “Come, kill us, if you list, we shall never be silent.” Love begets love, the world over, and martyrdom makes converts, certain as steel sparks, when smitten against the flint. If a fire is to burn in the woods, let it be blown upon.

Primitive Christianity did not owe its spread to the ad-

dress of its early converts. They boast of this fact. The apostles, who held these four maxims, were plain men; very rough Galilean fishermen; rude in speech, and not over-courteous in address, if we may credit the epistles of Paul and James. They had incorrect notions in many points, which both we and they deem vital. Some of them—perhaps all—expected a resurrection of the body; others, that the Jewish law, with its burthensome rites and ostentatious ceremonies, was to be perpetual, binding on all Christians, and the human race. Some fancied—as it appears—that Jesus had expiated the sins of all mankind; others, that he had existed before he was born into this world. These were doctrines of Jewish and Heathen parentage. All of these men—so far as the New Testament enables us to judge—looked for the visible return of Jesus to the earth, with clouds and great glory, and expected the destruction of the world, and that in very few years. These facts are very plain to all who will read the Epistles and Gospels, in spite of the dust which interpreters cast in the eyes of common sense. Some apocryphal works, perhaps older than the canonical, certainly accepted as authentic in some of the early Churches, relate the strangest marvels about the doings and sayings of Jesus, designing thereby to exhibit the greatness of his character, while they show how little that was understood. We all know what the canonical writings contain on this head, and from these two sources can derive much information, as to the state of opinion among the apostles and their immediate successors. Simon Peter, notwithstanding his visions, seems always to have been in bondage to the law of sin and death, if we may trust Paul's statement in the epistle; James—if the letter be his—had irrational notions on some points; and even Paul, the largest-minded of them all, was not disposed to allow woman the rights which reason claims for the last creation of God. But what if these men were often mistaken, and sometimes on matters of great moment? We need not deny the fact, for the sake of an artificial theory snatched out of the air. It is not expedient to lie in behalf of truth, however common it has been. We need not fear Christianity shall fall, because Christians were mistaken in any age. Were human beings ever free from errors of opinion, imperfection in action? Has the nature

of things changed, and did the earth bring forth super-human men in the first century? It does not appear. But underneath these mistakes, errors, follies, of the primitive Christians, there beat the noble heart of religious love, which sent life into their every limb. These maxims they had learned from Jesus, seen exhibited in his life, found written on their heart,—these did the work, spite of the imperfection and passions of the apostles, Paul withstanding Peter to the face, and predicting events that never came to pass. The nobleness of the heart found its way up to the head, and neutralized errors of thought.

By means of these causes the doctrines spread. The expecting people felt their deliverer had come, and welcomed the glad tidings. Each year brought new converts to the work, and the zeal of the Christian burnt brighter with his success. Paul undertook many missions, and the word of God grew mightily, and prevailed. In him we see a striking instance of the power of real Christianity to recast the character. We cannot forbear to dwell a moment on the theme.

There are two classes of men who come to religion. Some seem to be born spiritual. They are aboriginal saints; natives of Heaven, whom accident has stranded on the earth; men of few passions, of no tendency to violence, anger, or excess in anything. They do not hesitate between right and wrong, but go the true way, as naturally as the bird takes to the air, and the fish to the water, because it is their natural element, and they cannot help it. Reason and religion seem to be coeval. Their Christianity and their consciousness are of the same date. Desire and duty, putting in the warp and woof, weave harmoniously, like sisters, the many-coloured web of life. To these men life is easy; it is not that long warfare which it is to so many. It costs them nothing to be good. Their desires are dutiful; their duties desirable. They have no virtue which implies struggle. They are goodness all over, which is the harmony of all the powers. Their action is their repose; their religion their self-indulgence; their daily life the most perfect worship. Say what we will of the world, these men, who are angels born, are happier in their lot than such as are only angels bred, whose religion is not a matter of birth, but of hard earnings. They start,

in their flight to Heaven, from an eminence, which other souls find it hard to attain, and roll down, like the stone of Sisyphus, many times in the perilous ascent. Paul was not born of this nobility of Heaven.

The other class are men of will; hard, iron men, who have passions, and doubts, and fears, and a whole legion of appetites in their bosom, but yet come armed with a strong sense of duty, a masculine intellect, a tendency upwards towards God, a great heart of flesh, contracting and expanding between self-love and love of man. These are the men who feel the puzzle of the world, and are taken with its fever; stout-hearted, strong-headed men, who love strongly and hate with violence, and do with their might whatever they do at all. These are the men that make the heroes of the world. They break the way in philosophy and science; they found colonies, lead armies, make laws, construct systems of theology, form sects in the Church; a yoke of iron will not hold them, nor that of public opinion, more difficult to break. When these men become religious, they are beautiful as angels. The fire of God falls on them; it consumes their dross; the uncorrupted gold remains in virgin purity. Once filled with religion, their zeal never cools. You shall not daunt them with the hissing of the great and learned; nor scare them with the roar of the street, or the armies of a king. To these men the axe of the headsman, yes, all the tortures malice can devise, or tyranny inflict, are as nothing. The resolute soul puts down the flesh, and finds in embers a bed of roses. To this class belonged Paul, a man evidently quick to see, stern to resolve, and immovable in executing; a man of iron will, that nothing could break down; of strong moral sense, deep religious faith, and a singular greatness of heart towards his fellow-men; but yet furnished with an overpowering energy of passion, which might warp his moral sense, his faith, his philanthropy, aside, and make him a bigot, the slave of superstition, a fanatic, perverse as Loyola, and desperate as Saint Dominic. In him the good and the evil of the old dispensation seemed to culminate; for he had all the piety of David, which charms us in the shepherd-psalm; all the diabolic hatred, which appears in the curses of that king, who was so wondrous a mixture of heaven, earth, and

hell. In addition to this natural character, Paul received a Jewish education, at the feet of Gamaliel,—a Pharisee of the strictest sect. His earlier life, at Tarsus, brought him in contact with the Greeks, intensifying his bigotry for the time, but yet facilitating his escape from the shackles of a worn-out ritual.

It is easy to see how the doctrines of Jesus would strike the young Pharisee, fresh from the study of the law. Christianity set aside all he valued most; struck down the law, held the prophets of small account, put off the ritual, declared the temple no better place to pray in than a fisher's boat; affirmed all men to be brothers, thus denying the merit of descent from Abraham, and declared, if any one loved God and man he should have treasure in heaven, and inspiration while on earth. No wonder the old Pharisee, whose soul was caught in the letter; no wonder the young Pharisee, accustomed to swear by the old, felt pricked in their hearts, and gnashed with their teeth. It is a hard thing, no doubt, for men who count themselves children of Abraham, to be proved children of a very different stock, dutiful sons of the great father of lies. It is easy to fancy what Paul would think of the arrogance of the new teacher, to call himself greater than Solomon, or Jonah, and profess to see deeper down than the law ever went; what of the presumption of the disciples, "unlearned and ignorant men," to pretend to teach doctrines wiser than Moses, when they could not read the letter of his word. It is no wonder he breathed out fire and slaughter, and "persecuted them even unto strange cities." But it is dangerous to go too far in pursuit of heretical game. Men sometimes rouse up a lion when they look for a linnet, and the eater is himself eaten. But Paul had a good conscience in this. He believed what came of the fathers, never applying common sense to his theology, nor asking if these things be so. He thought he did God service by debasing His image, and helping to stone Stephen. At length he becomes a Christian in thought. We know not how the change took place. Perhaps he thought it miraculous, for, in common with most of his times and country, he never drew a sharp line between the common and the supernatural. He seems

often to have dwelt in that cloudy land, where all things have a strange and marvellous aspect.

A later contemporary of Paul relates some of the most remarkable events, as he deemed them, which occurred in those times. He gives occasionally minute details of the superstition, crime, and madness of the emperors of Rome. But the most remarkable event which occurred for some centuries after Tiberius, he never speaks of. Probably he knew nothing of it. Had he heard thereof, it would have seemed inconsiderable to this chronicler of imperial follies. But the journey from Jerusalem to Damascus of a young man named Saul, if we regard its cause and its consequences, was a more wonderful event than the world saw for the next thousand years. Men thought little of its result at the time. The gossips of the day had specious reasons, no doubt, for Paul's sudden conversion, and said he was disappointed of preferment in the old state of things, and hoped for an easy living in the new; that he loved the distinction and notoriety the change would give him, and hoped also for the loaves and fishes, then so abundant in the new church. Doubtless there were some who said, "Paul is beside himself." But King Herod Agrippa took no notice of the matter. He was too busy with his dreams of ambition and lust, to heed what befell a tent-maker from a Cilician city, in his journey from Jerusalem to Damascus. Yet from that time the history of the world turns on this point. If Paul had not been raised up by the Almighty, for this very work, so to say, who shall tell us how long Christianity would have lain concealed under the Jewish prejudice of its earlier disciples? These things are for no mortal to discover. But certain it is, that Paul found the Christians an obscure Jewish sect, full of zeal and love, but narrow and bigoted, in bondage to the letter of old Hebrew institutions; but he left them a powerful band in all great cities, free men by the law of the spirit of life. It seems doubtful, that Peter, James, or John would have given Christianity its natural form of universal faith.

There must have been a desperate struggle before Paul became a Christian. He must renounce all the prejudices of the Jew and the Pharisee; and the idols of the tribe

and the den are the last a man gives up. He must be abandoned by his friends, the wise, the learned, the venerable. Few men know of the battle between new convictions and old social sympathies ; but it is of the severest character,—a war of extermination. He must condemn all his past conduct, lose the reputation of consistency, leave all the comforts of society, all chance of reputation among men,—be counted as a thief and murderer, perhaps be put to death. But the truth conquered. We think it easy to decide as Paul, forgetting that many things become plain after the result, which were dim and doubtful before.

When the young man had decided in favour of Christianity, he would require some instruction in matters pertaining to the heavenly doctrine, we should suppose,—taking the popular views of Christianity, which make it an historical thing, depending on personal authority, or eye-witness, and external events, as the only possible proof of internal truths. He would go and sit down with the twelve and listen to their talk, and learn of all the miracles ; how Jesus raised the young man, the maiden, called Lazarus from the tomb ; how he changed the water into wine, and fed the five thousand ; he would go to Martha and Mary to learn the recondite doctrine of the Saviour ; to the mother of Jesus, to inquire about his birth of the Holy Spirit. But the thing went different. He did not go to Peter, the chief apostle ; nor to John, the beloved disciple ; nor James, the Lord's brother. "I conferred not with flesh and blood," says the new convert, "neither went I up to Jerusalem to them that were apostles before me ; but I went into Arabia." Three years afterwards, for the first time, he had an interview with Peter and James. Fourteen years later he went up to Jerusalem to compare notes, as it were, with those "who seemed to be somewhat." They could tell him nothing new. At last—many years after the commencement of his active ministry—James, Peter, and John give him the right hand of their fellowship. Paul, it seems, had heard of the great doctrines of Jesus, and out of their principles developed his scheme of Christianity,—not a very difficult task, one would fancy, for a plain man, who reckoned Christianity was love of man and love of God. In those

days the Gospels were not written, nor yet the Epistles. Christianity had no history, except that Jesus lived, preached, was crucified, and appeared after his crucifixion. Therefore the gospel Paul preached might well enough be different from those now in our hands. Certainly Paul never mentions a miracle of Jesus; says nothing of his super-human birth. Had he known of these things, a man of his strong love of the marvellous would scarcely be silent.

In him primitive Christianity appears to the greatest advantage. It shone in his heart, like the rising sun chasing away the mist and clouds of night. His prejudices went first; his passions next. Soon he is on foot, journeying the world over to proclaim the faith, which once he destroyed. Where are his bigotry, prejudice, hatred, his idols of the tribe and the den? The flame of religion has consumed them all. Forth he goes to the work; the strong passion, the unconquerable will, are now directed in the same channel with his love of man. His mighty soul wars with Heathenism, declaring an idol is nothing; with Judaism, to announce that the law has passed away; with folly and sin, to declare them of the devil, and lead men to truth and peace. The resolute apostle goes flaming forth in his ministry. A soul more robust, great-hearted, and manly, does not appear in history, for some centuries at the least. Danger is nothing; persecution nothing. It only puts the keener edge on his well-tempered spirit. He is content and joyful at bearing all the reproaches man can lay on him. There was nothing sham in Paul. He felt what he said, which is common enough. But he lived what he felt, which is not so common. What wonder that such a man made converts, overcame violence, and helped the truth to triumph? It were wonderful if he had not. Take away the life and influence of Paul, the Christian world is a different thing; we cannot tell what it would have been. Under his hands, and those of his coadjutors, the new faith spreads from heart to heart, till many thousands own the name, and amid all the persecution that follows, the pious of the earth celebrate such a jubilee as the sun never saw before.

However, it was not among the great and refined, but the low and the rude, that the faith found its early con-

fessors. Men came up faint and hungry, from the high-ways and hedges of society, to eat the bread of life at God's table. They ate and were filled. Here it is that all religions take their rise. The sublime faith of the Hebrews began in a horde of slaves. The Christian has a carpenter for its revealer; fishermen for its first disciples; a tent-maker for its chief apostle. Yet these men could stand before kings' courts—and Felix trembled at Paul's reasoning. Yes, the world trembled at such reasoning. And when whole multitudes gave in their adhesion; when the common means of tyranny, prisons, racks, and the cross, failed to repress "this detestable superstition," as ill-natured Tacitus calls it; but when two thousand men and women, delicate maidens, and men newly married, come to the Prætor, and say, "We are Christians all; kill us if you will; we cannot change;"—then for the first time official persons begin to look into the matter, and inquire for the cause which makes women heroines, and young men martyrs. There are always enough to join any folly because it is new. But when the headsman's axe gleams under his apron, or slaves erect a score of crosses in the market-place, and men see the mangled limbs of brothers, fathers, and sons, huddled into bloody sacks, or thrown to the dogs, it requires some heart to bear up, accept a new faith, and renounce mortal life.

It is sometimes asked, what made so many converts to Christianity, under such fearful circumstances? The answer depends on the man. Most men apply the universal solvent, and call it a miracle—an over-stepping of the laws of mind. The apostles had miraculous authority; Peter had miraculous revelations; Paul a miraculous conversion; both visions, and other miraculous assistance, all their life. That they taught by miracles. But what could it be? The *authority* of the teachers? The authority of a Jewish peasant would not have passed for much at Ephesus or Alexandria, at Lycaonia or Rome. Were they infallibly inspired, so that they could not err in doctrine or practice? Thus it has been taught. But their opponents did not believe it; their friends knew nothing of it, or there had been no sharp dissension between Paul and Barnabas, nor any disagreement of Paul with Peter. They themselves seem never to have dreamed of such an infallibility, or they

would not change their plans and doctrine as Peter did; nor need instruction as Titus, Timothy, and all the primitive teachers, to whom James sent the circular epistle of the first synod. If they had believed themselves infallibly inspired, they would not assemble a council of all to decide, what each infallible person could determine as well as all the spirits and angels together. Still less could any discussion arise among the apostles as to the course to be pursued. Was it their learning that gave them success? They could not even interpret the Psalms, without making the most obvious mistakes, as any one may see, who reads the book of Acts. Was it their *eloquence*, their miraculous gift of tongues? What was the eloquence of Peter, or James, when Paul, their chief apostle, was weak in bodily presence, and contemptible in speech? No; it was none of these things. They had somewhat more convincing than authority; wiser than learning; more persuasive than eloquence. Men *felt* the doctrine was true and divine. They saw its truth and divinity mirrored in the life of these rough men; they heard the voice of God in their own hearts say, it is true. They tried it by the standard God has placed in the heart, and it stood the test. They saw the effect it had on Christians themselves, and said, "Here at least is something divine, for men do not gather grapes of thorns." When men came out from hearing Peter or Paul set forth the Christian doctrine and apply it to life, they did not say, "What a moving speaker; how beautifully he 'divides the word;' how he mixes the light of the sun, and the roar of torrents, and the sublimity of the stars, as it were, in his speech; what a melting voice; what graceful gestures; what beautiful similes gathered from all the arts, sciences, poetry, and Nature herself!" It was not with such reflections they entertained their journey home. They said, "What shall we do to be saved?"

Primitive Christianity was a wonderful element, as it came into the world. Like a two-edged sword, it cut down through all the follies and falseness of four thousand years. It acknowledged what was good and true in all systems, and sought to show its own agreement with goodness and truth, wherever found. It told men what they were. It bade them hope, look upon the light, and aspire after the most noble end—to be complete men, to be reconciled

to the will of God, and so become one with Him. It gave the world assurance of a man, by showing one whose life was beautiful as his doctrine, and that combined all the excellence of all former teachers, and went before the world, thousands of years. It told men there was one God—who had made of one blood all the nations of the earth, and was a Father to each man. It showed that all men are brothers. Believing in these doctrines; seeing the greatness of man's nature in the very ruin sin had wrought; filled with the beauty of a good life, the comforting thought, that God is always near, and ready to help,—no wonder men felt moved in their heart. The life of the apostles and early Christians, the self-denial they practised, their readiness to endure persecution, their love one for the other, beautifully enforced the words of truth and love.

One of the early champions of the faith appeals in triumph to the excellence of Christians, which even Julian of a later day was forced to confess. You know the Christians soon as you see them, he says; they are not found in taverns, nor places of infamous resort; they neither game, nor lie, nor steal, attend the baths, or the theatres; they are not selfish, but loving. The multitude looked on, at first to see "whereunto the thing would grow." They saw, and said, See how these Christians love one another; how the new religion takes down the selfishness of the proud, makes avarice charitable, and the voluptuary self-denying.

This new spirit of piety, of love to man and love to God, the active application of the great Christian maxims to life, led to a manly religion; not to the pale-faced pietism which hangs its head on Sundays, and does nothing but whine out its sentimental cant on week-days, in hopes to make this drivelling pass current for real manly excellence. No; it led to a noble, upright frame of mind, heart, and soul, and in this way it conquered the world. The first apostles of Christianity were persuasive, through the power of truth. They told what they had felt. They had been under the law, and knew its thralldom; they had escaped from the iron furnace, and could teach others the way. No doubt, the wisest of them was in darkness on many points. Their general ignorance, in the eyes of the scholar, must have stood in strange contrast with their clear view of religious

truth. It seems, as Paul says, that God had chosen the foolish and the weak, to confound the mighty and the wise. Now we have accomplished scholars, skilled in all the lore of the world, accomplished orators; but who does the work of Paul and Timothy? Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings praise was perfected; out of the mouth of clerks and orators what do we get?—Well said Jeremiah, “The prophets shall become wind, and the word not be in them.”

If we come from the days of the apostles to their successors, and still later, we find the errors of the first teachers have become magnified; the truth of Christianity is dim; men had wandered further from that great light God sent into the world. The errors of the Pagans, the Jews, the errors of obstinate men, who loved to rule God’s heritage better than to be ensamples unto the flock, had worked their way. The same freedom did not prevail as before. The word of God had become a letter; men looked back, not forward. Superstition came into the Church. The rites of Christianity—its accidents, not its substance—held an undue place; asceticism was esteemed more than hitherto. The body began to be reckoned unholy; Christ regarded as a God, not a man living as God commands. Then the priest was separated from the people, and a flood of evils came upon the Church, and accomplished what Persecution, with her headsmen, and her armies, never could effect. Christianity was grossly corrupted long before it ascended the throne of the world. But for this corruption it would have found no place in the court of Rome or Byzantium. Still in the writings of early Christians, of Tertullian and Cyprian, for example, we find a real living spirit, spite of the superstition, bigotry, and falseness too obvious in the men. They spake because they had somewhat to say, and were earnest in their speech. You come down from the writings of Seneca to Cyprian, you miss the elegant speech, the wonderful mastery over language, and the stores of beautiful imagery, with which that hard bombastic Roman sets off his thought. But in the Christian you find an earnestness and a love of man, which the Roman had not, and a fervent piety, to which he made no pretension. But alas, for the superstition of the bishop, his austerity and unchristian doctrines! It

remains doubtful, whether an enlightened man, who had attained a considerable growth in religious excellence, would not justly have preferred the religion of Seneca to that of Cyprian; but there is no doubt such an one would have accepted with joyful faith the religion of Jesus—the primitive Christianity undefiled by men. To come down from the Christianity of Christ, to the religion popularly taught in the churches of New-England, and we ask, can it be this for which men suffered martyrdom—this which changed the face of the world? Is this matter, for which sect contends with sect, to save the heathen world? Christianity was a simple thing in Paul's time; in Christ's it was simpler still. But what is it now? A modern writer somewhat quaintly says, the early writers of the Christian Church knew what Christianity was; they were the *fathers*: the scholastics and philosophers of the dark ages knew what reason was; they were the *doctors*: the religionists of modern times know neither what is Christianity, nor what is reason; they are the *scrutators*.

THOUGHTS ON THEOLOGY.*

At the present day, Germany seems to be the only country where the various disciplines of Theology are pursued in the liberal and scientific spirit which some men fancy is peculiar to the nineteenth century. It is the only country where they seem to be studied for their own sake, as poetry, eloquence, and the mathematics have long been. In other quarters of the world, they are left too much to men of subordinate intellect, of little elevation or range of thought, who pursue their course, which is “roundly

* *Entwicklungsgeschichte der Lehre von der Person Christi von den ältesten Zeiten bis auf die neuesten, dargestellt.* Von J. A. DORNER, a. o. Professor der Theologie an der Universität Tübingen. Stuttgart: 1839. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. xxiv. and 556. (Historical development of the doctrine of the person of Christ from the earliest to the latest times, &c.)—[From the *Dial* for April, 1842.]

smooth, and languishingly slow," and after a life of strenuous assiduity, find they have not got beyond the "standards" set up ages before them. Many theologians seem to set out with their faces turned to some popular prejudice of their times, their church, or their school, and walk backwards, as it were, or at best in a circle, where the movement is retrograde as often as direct. Somebody relates a story, that once upon a time, a scholar, after visiting the place of his academic education, and finding the old professors then just where they were ten years before, discussing the same questions and blowing similar bubbles, and splitting hairs anew, was asked by a friend, "what they were doing at the old place." He answered, "One was milking the barren heifer, and the others holding the sieve."

To this rule, for such we hold it to be, in France, England, and America, at this day, there are some brilliant exceptions; men who look with a single eye towards Truth, and are willing to follow wherever she shall lead; men, too, whose mind and heart elevate them to the high places of human attainment, whence they can speak to bless mankind. These men are the creatures of no sect or school, and are found where God has placed them, in all the various denominations of our common faith. It is given to no party or coterie, to old school or new school, to monopolize truth, freedom, and love. We are sick of that narrowness which sees no excellence, except what wears the livery of its own guild. But the favoured sons of the free spirit are so rare in the world at large, their attention so seldom turned to theological pursuits, that the above rule will be found to hold good in chief, and theology to be left, as by general consent, to men of humble talents, and confined methods of thought, who walk mainly under the cloud of prejudice, and but rarely escape from the trammels of bigotry and superstition. Brilliant and profound minds turn away to politics, trade, law, the fascinating study of nature, so beautiful and composing; men who love freedom, and are gifted with power to soar through the empyrean of thought, seek a freer air, and space more ample, wherein to spread their wings. Meanwhile the dim cloisters of theology, once filled with the great and wise of the earth, are rarely trod by the children of genius and liberty.

We have wise, and pious, and learned, and eloquent preachers, the hope of the Church, the ornaments and defence of society; men who contend for public virtue, and fight the battle for all souls with earnest endeavour, but who yet care little for the science of divine things. We have sometimes feared our young men forsook in this their fathers' wiser ways, for surely there was a time when theology was *studied* in our land.

From the neglect of serious, disinterested, and manly thought, applied in this direction, there comes the obvious result; while each other science goes forward, passing through all the three stages requisite for its growth and perfection; while it makes new observations, or combines facts more judiciously, or from these infers and induces general laws, hitherto unnoticed, and so develops itself, becoming yearly wider, deeper, and more certain, its numerous phenomena being referred back to elementary principles, and universal laws,—theology remains in its old position. Its form has changed; but the change is not scientific, the result of an elementary principle. In the country of Bossuet and Hooker, we doubt that any new observation, any new combination of facts, has been made, or a general law discovered in these matters, by any theologian of the present century, or a single step taken by theological science. In the former country, an eminent philosopher, of a brilliant mind, with rare faculties of combination and lucid expression, though often wordy, has done much for psychology, chiefly, however, by uniting into one focus the several truths which emanate from various anterior systems; by popularizing the discoveries of deeper spirits than his own, and by turning the ingenuous youth to this noble science. In spite of the defects arising from his presumption, and love of making all facts square with his formula, rather than the formula express the spirit of the facts, he has yet furnished a magazine whence theological supplies may be drawn, and so has indirectly done much for a department of inquiry which he has himself never entered. We would not accept his errors, his hasty generalizations, and presumptuous flights,—so they seem to us,—and still less would we pass over the vast service he has done to this age, by his vigorous attacks on the sensual philosophy, and his bold defence of

spiritual thought. Mr Coleridge, also, in England, a spirit analogous, but not similar, to M. Cousin,—has done great service to this science, but mainly by directing men to the old literature of his countrymen and the Greeks, or the new productions of his philosophical contemporaries on the continent of Europe. He seems to have caught a Pisgah view of that land of stream and meadow, which he was forbid to enter. These writers have done great service to men whose date begins with this century. Others are now applying their methods, and writing their books, sometimes with only the enthusiasm of imitators, it may be.

We would speak tenderly of existing reputations in our own country, and honour the achievements of those men who, with hearts animated only by love of God and man, devote themselves to the pursuit of truth in this path, and outwatch the Bear in their severe studies. To them all honour ! But we ask for the theologians of America, who shall take rank as such with our historians, our men of science and politics. Where are they ? We have only the echo for answer, Are they ?

We state only a common and notorious fact, in saying, that there is no *science* of theology with us. There is enough cultivation and laborious thought in the clerical profession, perhaps, as some one says, more serious and hard thinking, than in both the sister professions. The nature of the case demands it. So there was thinking enough about natural philosophy among the Greeks, after Aristotle ; but little good came of it in the way of science. We hazard little in saying, that no treatise has been printed in England in the present century, of so great theological merit, as that of pagan Cicero on the nature of the Gods, or the preface to his treatise of Laws. The work of Aristotle, we are told, is still the text-book of morals at the first university in Christian England.

In all science this seems everywhere the rule : The more light, the freer, the more profound and searching the investigation, why the better ; the sooner a false theory is exploded, and a new one induced from the observed facts, the better also. In theology the opposite rule seems often to prevail. Hence, while other sciences go smoothly on in regular advance, theology moves only by leaps and violence. The theology of Protestantism and Unitarianism are not

regular developments, which have grown harmoniously out of a systematic study of divine things, as the theory of gravitation and acoustics in the progress of philosophy. They are rather the result of a spasmodic action, to use that term. It was no difficult thing in philosophy to separate astronomy from the magicians, and their works of astrology and divination. It required only years, and the gradual advance of mankind. But to separate religion from the existing forms, churches, or records, is a work almost desperate, which causes strife, and, perhaps, bloodshed. A theological reformation throws kingdoms into anarchy for the time. Doctrines in philosophy are neglected as soon as proved false, and buried as soon as dead. But the art of the embalmer preserves, in the Church, the hulls of effete dogmas in theology, to cumber the ground for centuries, and disgust the pious worshipper who would offer a reasonable service. It is only the living that *bury* the dead. The history of these matters is curious, and full of warning. What was once condemned by authority, becomes itself an authority to condemn. What was once at the summit of the sublime, falls, in its turn, to the depth of the ridiculous. We remember a passage of Julius Firmicus, which we will translate freely, as it illustrates this point: "Since all these things," namely, certain false notions, "were ill concocted, they were at first a terror unto mortals; then, when their novelty passed away, and mankind recovered, as it were, from a long disease, a certain degree of contempt arises for that former admiration. Thus, gradually, the human mind has ventured to scrutinize sharply, where it only admired with stupid amazement at the first. Very soon some sagacious observer penetrates to the secret places of these artificial and empty superstitions. Then, by assiduous efforts, understanding the mystery of what was formerly a secret, he comes to a real knowledge of the causes of things. Thus, the human race first learns the pitiful deceits of the profane systems of religion; it next despises, and at last rejects them with disdain." Thus, as another has said, "Men quickly hated this blear-eyed religion (the Catholic superstitions), when a little light had come among them, which they hugged in the night of their ignorance."

For the successful prosecution of theology, as of every

science, certain conditions must be observed. We must abandon prejudice. The maxim of the saint, CONFIDO, ERGO SUM, is doubtless as true as that of the philosopher, COGITO, ERGO SUM. But it is pernicious when it means, as it often does, I BELIEVE, AND THEREFORE IT IS SO. The theologian of our day, like the astronomer of Galileo's time, must cast his idols of the tribe, the den, the market-place, and the school, to the moles and the bats; must have a disinterested love of Truth; be willing to follow wherever she leads. He must have a willingness to search for all the facts relative to divine things, which can be gathered from the deeps of the human soul, or from each nation and every age. He must have diligence and candour to examine this mass of spiritual facts; philosophical skill to combine them; power to generalize and get the universal expression of each particular fact, thus discovering the one principle which lies under the numerous and conflicting phenomena. Need we say that he must have a good, pious, loving heart? An undevout theologian is the most desperate of madmen. A whole Anticyra would not cure him.

This empire of prejudice is still wide enough a domain for the Prince of lies; but formerly it was wider, and included many departments of philosophy, which have since, through the rebellion of their tenants, been set off to the empire of Reason, which extends every century. Theology, though now and then rebellious against its tyrant, has never shaken off his yoke, and seems part of his old ancestral domain, where he and his children shall long reign. An old writer unconsciously describes times later than his own, and says, "No two things do so usurp upon and waste the faculty of Reason, as Enthusiasm and Superstition; the one binding a faith, the other a fear upon the soul, which they vainly entitle some divine discovery; both train a man up to believe beyond possibility of proof; both instruct the mind to conceive merely by the wind, the vain words of some passionate men, that can but pretend a revelation, or tell a strange story; both teach a man to deliver over himself to the confident dictate of the sons of imagination; to determine of things by measures phantastical, rules which cannot maintain themselves in credit by any sober and severe discourses; both inure the mind to divine rather than to judge; to dispute for

maxims rather vehement than solid; both make a man afraid to believe himself, to acknowledge the truth that overpowers his mind, and that would reward its cordial entertainment with assurance and true freedom of spirit. Both place a man beyond possibility of conviction, it being in vain to present an argument against him that thinks he can confront a revelation, a miracle, or some strange judgment from heaven, upon his adversary to your confusion. It seems there is not a greater evil in the State than wickedness established by law; nor a greater in the Church than error [established] by religion, and an ignorant devotion towards God. And therefore no pains and care are too much to remove these two beams from the eye of human understanding, which render it insufficient for a just and faithful discovery of objects in religion and common science. ‘*Pessima res est errorum apotheosis, et pro peste intellectus habenda est, si vanis accedat veneratio.*’”*

Theology is not yet studied in a philosophical spirit, and the method of a science. Writers seem resolved to set up some standard of their fathers or their own; so they explore but a small part of the field, and that only with a certain end in view. They take a small part of the human race as the representative of the whole, and neglect all the rest. As the old geographers drew a chart of the world, so far as they knew it, but crowded the margin, where the land was unknown, “with shrieks, and shapes, and sights unholy,” with figures of dragons, chimeras, winged elephants, and four-footed whales, anthropophagi, and “men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders,” so “divines” have given us the notions of a few sects of religious men, and telling us they never examined the others, have concluded to rest in this comprehensive generalization, that all besides were filled with falsehood and devilish devices. What is to be expected of such methods? Surely it were as well to give such inquirers at starting the result they must reach at the end of their course. It appears legitimate to leave both students and teachers of geology, mathematics, and science in general, to soar on the loftiest thoughts toward absolute truth, only stopping when the wing was weary or the goal

* Spencer’s Discourse concerning Prodigies: London, 1665. Preface, p. xv.

reached ; but to direct the students and teachers of things divine, to accept certain conclusions arrived at centuries ago ! If Faraday and Herschel pursued the *theological* method in their sciences, no harm would be done to them or the world, if they were required to accept the "standard" of Thales or Paracelsus, and subscribe the old creed every lustrum. The method could lead to nothing better, and the conclusion the inquirer must reach might as well be forced upon him at the beginning as the end of his circular course. The ridiculous part of the matter is this—that the man professes to search for whatever truth is to be found, but has sworn a solemn oath never to accept as truth what does not conform to the idols he worships at home. We have sometimes thought what a strange spectacle—ridiculous to the merry, but sad to the serious—would appear if the Almighty should have sent down the brilliant image of pure, absolute Religion, into the assembly of divines at Westminster, or any similar assembly. Who would acknowledge the image ?

The empire of Prejudice is perhaps the last stronghold of the Father of lies, that will surrender to reason. At present, a great part of the domain of theology is under the rule of that most ancient czar. There Common Sense rarely shows his honest face ; Reason seldom comes. It is a land shadowy with the wings of Ignorance, Superstition, Bigotry, Fanaticism, the brood of clawed, and beaked, and hungry Chaos and most ancient Night. There Darkness, as an eagle, stirreth up her nest ; fluttereth over her young ; spreadeth abroad her wings ; taketh her children ; beareth them on her wings over the high places of the earth, that they may eat, and trample down and defile the increase of the fields. There stands the great arsenal of Folly ; and the old war-cry of the pagan, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," is blazoned on the banner that floats above its walls. There the spectres of Judaism, and Heathenism, and Pope, and Pagan, pace forth their nightly round ; the ghost of Moloch, Saturn, Baal, Odin, fight their battles over again, and feast upon the dead. There the eye is terrified, and the mind made mad with the picture of a world that has scarce a redeeming feature, with a picture of heaven such as a good free man would scorn to

enter, and a picture of hell such as a fury would delight to paint.

If we look a little at the history of theology, it appears that errors find easiest entrance there, and are most difficult to dislodge. It required centuries to drive out of the Christian Church a belief in ghosts and witches. The Devil is still a classical personage of theology; his existence maintained by certain Churches in their articles of faith; and while we are writing these pages, a friend tells us of hearing a preacher of the popular doctrine declare in his public teaching from the pulpit, that to deny the existence of the Devil, is to destroy the character of Christ. In science, we ask first, What are the facts of observation whence we shall start? Next, What is the true and natural order, explanation, and meaning of these facts? The first work is to find the facts, then their law and meaning. Now here are two things to be considered, namely, FACTS and NO-FACTS. For every false theory there are a thousand false facts. In theology, the data, in many celebrated cases, are facts of assumption, not observation; in a word, are NO-FACTS. When Charles the Second asked the Royal Society, "Why a living fish put into a vessel of water added nothing to the weight of the water?" there were enough, no doubt, to devise a theory, and explain the fact, "by the upward pressure of the water," "the buoyancy of the air in the living fish," "its motion and the re-action of the water." But when some one ventured to verify the fact, it was found to be no-fact. Had the Royal Academy been composed of "divines," and not of naturalists and philosophers, the theological method would have been pursued, and we should have had theories as numerous as the attempts to reconcile the story of Jonah with human experience, and science would be where it was at first. Theology generally passes dry-shod over the first question, — *What are the facts?* — "with its garlands and singing robes about it." Its answer to the next query is therefore of no value.

We speak historically of things that have happened, when we say, that many, if not most, of those theological questions which have been matters of dispute and railing, belong to the class of explanations of no-facts. Such, we

take it, are the speculations, for the most part, that have grown out of the myths of the Old and New Testament; about angels, devils, personal appearances of the Deity, miraculous judgments, supernatural prophecies, the trinity, and the whole class of miracles from Genesis to Revelation. Easy faith and hard logic have done enough in theology. Let us answer the first question, and verify the facts before we attempt to explain them.

As we look back on the history of the world, the retrospect is painful. The history of science is that of many wanderings before reaching the truth. But the history of theology is the darkest chapter of all, for neither the true end nor the true path seems yet to be discovered and pursued. In the history of every department of thought there seem to be three periods pretty distinctly marked: First, the period of *hypothesis*, when observation is not accurate, and the solution of the problem, when stated, is a matter of conjecture, mere guess-work. Next comes the period of *observation and induction*, when men ask for the facts, and their law. Finally, there is the period when science is developed still further *by its own laws*, without the need of new observations. Such is the present state of mathematics, speculative astronomy, and some other departments, as we think. Thus science may be in advance of observation. Some of the profound remarks of Newton belong to this last epoch of science. An ancient was in the first when he answered the question, "Why does a man draw his feet under him, when he wishes to rise from his seat?" by saying it was "on account of the occult properties of the circle."

Now theology with us is certainly in the period of hypothesis. The facts are assumed; the explanation is guess-work. To take an example from a section of theology much insisted on at the present day—the use and meaning of miracles. The general thesis is, that miracles confirm the authority of him who works them, and authenticate his teachings to be divine. We will state it in a syllogistic and more concrete form. Every miracle-worker is a heaven-sent and infallible teacher of truth. Jonah is a miracle-worker. Therefore Jonah is a heaven-sent and infallible teacher of truth. Now we should begin by denying the *major* in full, and go on to ask proofs of the *minor*.

But the theological method is to assume both. When both premises are assumptions, the conclusion will be—what we see it is. Men build neither castles nor temples of moonshine. Yet, in spite of this defect, limitation, and weakness, it is a common thing to subject other sciences to this pretended science of Theology. Psychology, Ethics, Geology, and Astronomy, are successively arraigned, examined, and censured or condemned, because their conclusions—though legitimately deduced from notorious facts—do not square with the assumptions of Theology, which still aspires to be head of all. But to present this claim for Theology in its present state, is like making the bramble king over the trees of the forest. The result would be as in Jotham's parable. Theology would say, "Come and put your trust in my shadow. But if you will not, a fire shall go out from the bramble and devour the cedars of Lebanon."

Now it seems to us, there are two legitimate methods of attempting to improve and advance theology. One is for the theologian to begin anew, trusting entirely to meditation, contemplation, and thought, and ask WHAT can be known of divine things, and HOW can it be known and legitimated? This work of course demands, that he should criticise the faculty of knowing, and determine its laws, and see, *à priori*, what are our instruments of knowing, and what the law and method of their use, and thus discover the *NOVUM ORGANUM* of theology. This determined, he must direct his eye *inward* on what passes there, studying the stars of that inner firmament, as the astronomer reads the phenomena of the heavens. He must also look *outward* on the face of nature and of man, and thus read the primitive Gospel God wrote on the heart of His child, and illustrated in the earth and the sky and the events of life. Thus from observations made in the external world, made also in the internal world, comprising both the *reflective* and the *intuitive* faculties of man, he is to frame the theory of God, of man, of the relation between God and man, and of the duties that grow out of this relation, for with these four questions we suppose theology is exclusively concerned. This is the *philosophical* method, and it is strictly legitimate. It is pursued in the other sciences, and to good purpose. Thus science becomes the

interpreter of nature, not its lawgiver. The other method is to get the sum of the theological thinking of the human race, and out of this mass construct a system, without attempting a fresh observation of facts. This is the *historical* method, and it is useful to show what has been done. The opinion of mankind deserves respect, no doubt; but this method can lead to a perfect theology no more than historical eclecticism can lead to a perfect philosophy. The former researches in theology, as in magnetism and geology, offer but a narrow and inadequate basis to rest on.

This historical scheme has often been attempted, but never systematically, thoroughly, and critically, so far as we know. In England and America, however, it seems almost entirely to have dispossessed the philosophical method of its rights. But it has been conducted in a narrow, exclusive manner, after the fashion of antiquarians searching to prove a pre-conceived opinion, rather than in the spirit of philosophical investigation. From such measures we must expect melancholy results. From the common abhorrence of the philosophical method, and the narrow and uncritical spirit in which the historical method is commonly pursued, comes this result. Our philosophy of divine things is the poorest of all our poor philosophies. It is not a theology, but a despair of all theology. The theologian—as Lord Bacon says of a method of philosophizing that was common in his time—“hurries on rapidly from particulars to the most general axioms, and from them as principles, and their supposed indisputable truth, derives and discovers the intermediate axioms.” Of course what is built on conjecture, and only by guess, can never satisfy men who ask for the facts and their law and explanation.

Still more, deference for authority is carried to the greatest extreme in theology. The sectarian must not dispute against the “standards” set up by the Synod of Dort, the Westminster Divines, or the Council of Trent. These settle all controversies. If the theologian is no sectarian, in the usual sense of that word, then his “standard” is the Bible. He settles questions of philosophy, morals, and religion, by citing texts, which prove only the opinion of the writer, and perhaps not even that. The chain of his argument is made of Scripture sentences well twisted.

As things are now managed by theologians in general there is little chance of improvement. As Bacon says of universities in his day, "They learn nothing but to believe; first, that others know this which they know not, and often [that] themselves know that which they know not. They are like a becalmed ship; they never move but by the wind of other men's breath, and have no oars of their own to steer withal." And again: "All things are found opposite to advancement; for the readings and exercises are so managed, that it cannot easily come into any one's mind to think of things out of the common road; or if, here and there, one should venture to ask a liberty of judging, he can only impose the task upon himself, without obtaining assistance from his fellows; and if he could dispense with this, he will still find his industry and resolution a great hindrance to his fortune. For the studies of men in such places are confined and penned down to the writings of certain authors; from which if any man happens to differ, he is presently reprehended as a disturber and innovator." And still further: "Their wits being shut up in the cells of a few authors, did, out of no great quantity of matter, and infinite agitation of wit, spin cobwebs of learning, admirable for the fineness of thread and work, but of no substance or profit."

There are two methods of philosophizing in general, that of the materialists and spiritualists, to use these terms. The one is perhaps most ably represented in the *Novum Organum* of Lord Bacon, and the other in Descartes' *Book of Method* and of *Principles*. The latter was early introduced to England by a few Platonizing philosophers,—now better known abroad than at home, we fancy,—whose pious lives, severe study, and volumes full of the ripest thought, have not yet redeemed them, in the judgment of their countrymen, from the charge of being mystics, dreamers of dreams, too high for this world, too low for the next, so of no use in either. But this method, inasmuch as it laid great stress on the *inward* and the *ideal*,—in the Platonic sense,—and, at least in its one-sidedness and misapplication, led sometimes to the visionary and absurd, has been abandoned by our brethren in England. Few British scholars, since the seventeenth century, have studied theology in the spirit of the Carte-

sian method. The other method, that of Bacon, begins by neglecting that half of man's nature which is primarily concerned with divine things. This has been found more congenial with the taste and character of the English and American nations. They have applied it, with eminent success, to experimental science, for which it was designed, and from which it was almost exclusively derived by its illustrious author. We would speak with becoming diffidence respecting the defects of a mind so vast as Bacon's, which burst the trammels of Aristotle and the School-men, emancipated philosophy in great measure from the theological method which would cripple the intellectual energies of the race. But it must be confessed that Bacon's philosophy recognizes scarcely the possibility of a theology, certainly of none but an historical theology,—gathering up the limbs of Osiris dispersed throughout the world. It lives in the senses, not the soul. Accordingly, this method is applied chiefly in the departments of natural and mechanical philosophy, and even here Englishmen begin to find it inadequate to the ultimate purposes of science, by reason of its exceeding outwardness, and so look for a better instrument than the *Novum Organum*, wherewith to arm the hand of science.* One of the most thorough Baconians of the present day, as we understand it, is M. Comte, the author of the course of positive Philosophy just published at Paris; and it is curious to see the results he has reached, namely, Materialism in Psychology, Selfishness in Ethics, and Atheism in Theology. It is not for us to say he is logically false to his principles.

Some of the countrymen of Bacon, however, have attempted to apply his method in other departments of human inquiry. Locke has done this in *Metaphysics*. It was with Bacon's new instrument in his hand, that he struck at the root of innate ideas; at our idea of Infinity, Eternity, and the like. But here his good sense sometimes, his excellent heart and character, truly humane and Christian, much oftener, as we think, saved him from the conclusions to which this method has legitimately led others who have followed it. The method defective, so was the work. A Damascus mechanic, with a very rude instrument,

* See Whewell's *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*, etc. London, 1840. 2 vols. 8vo. Preface to Vol. I.

may form exquisite blades, and delicate filigree; but no skill of the artist, no excellence of heart, can counteract the defects of the *Novum Organum*, when applied to morals, metaphysics, or theology. Hume furnishes another instance of the same kind. His treatise of Natural Religion we take to be a rigid application of Bacon's method in theological inquiries, and his inductions to be legitimate, admitting his premises and accepting his method. A third instance of the same kind is afforded by the excellent Dr Paley. Here this method is applied in morals; the result is too well known to need mention.

Never did a new broom sweep so clean as this new instrument in the various departments of metaphysics, theology, and ethics. Love, God, and the Soul, are swept clean out of doors.* We are not surprised that no one, following Bacon's scheme, has ever succeeded in argument with these illustrious men, or driven materialism, selfishness, and scepticism, from the field of philosophy, morals, and religion. The answer to these systems must come from men who adopt a different method. Weapons tempered in another spring were needed to cleave asunder the seven-orbed Baconian shield, and rout the scepticism sheltered thereby. No Baconian philosopher, so it seems to us, has ever ruffled its terrible crest, though the merest stripling of the Gospel could bring it to the ground. The replies to Locke, Hume, Paley, come into England from countries where a more spiritual philosophy has fortunately got footing.

The consequences of this exclusive Baconianism of the English have been disastrous to theological pursuits. The "divines" in England, at the present day, her bishops, professors, and prebendaries, are not theologians. They are logicians, chemists, skilled in the mathematics; historians, poor commentators upon Greek poets. Theology is out of their line. They have taken the ironical advice of Bishop Hare. Hence it comes to pass, either that theology is not *studied* at all; only an outside and preparatory department is entered; or it is studied with little success, even when a man like Lord Brougham girds himself for the task. The most significant theological productions of the

* We would not have it supposed we charge these results upon the *men*, but on their systems, if legitimately carried out.

last five-and-twenty years in England are the Bridgewater Treatises, some of which are valuable contributions to natural science. Of Lord Brougham's theological writings little need be said; and of the Oxford Tracts we shall only say, that while we admire the piety displayed in them, we do not wonder that their authors despair of theology, and so fall back on dark ages; take authority for truth, and not truth for authority. The impotence of the English in this department is surely no marvel. It would take even a giant a long time to hew down an oak with a paver's maul, useful as that instrument may be in another place. Few attempt theology, and fewer still succeed. Men despair of the whole matter. While Truth is before them in all other departments, and research gives not merely historical results to the antiquary, but positive conclusions to the diligent seeker, here, in the most important of all the fields of human speculation, she is supposed to be only behind us, and to have no future blessing to bestow. Thus Theology, though both queen and mother of all science, is left alone, unapproached, unseen, unhonoured, though worshipped by a few weak idolaters with vain oblation, and incense kindled afar off, while strong men and the whole people have gone up on every hill-top, and under every green tree, to sacrifice and do homage to the useful and the agreeable. Any one who reads the English theological journals, or other recent works on those subjects, will see the truth of what we have said, and how their scholars retreat to the time of the Reformation and Revolution, and bring up the mighty dead, the Hookers, the Taylors, the Cudworths, with their illustrious predecessors and contemporaries, who, with all their faults, had a spark of manly fire in their bosoms, which shone out in all their works. It must be confessed, that theology in England and America is in about the same state with astronomy in the time of Scotus Erigena.

Now theological problems change from age to age; the reflective character of our age, the philosophical spirit that marks our time, is raising questions in theology never put before. If the "divines" will not think of theological subjects, nor meet the question, why others will. The matter cannot be winked out of sight. Accordingly, unless we are much deceived, the educated laymen have applied good

sense to theology, as the "divines" have not dared to do, at least in public, and reached conclusions far in advance of the theology of the pulpit. It is a natural consequence of the theological method, that the men wedded to it should be further from truth in divine things, than men free from its shackles. It is not strange, then, for the pulpit to be behind the pews. Yet it would be very surprising if the professors of medicine, chemistry, and mathematics, understood those mysteries more imperfectly than laymen, who but thought of the matter incidentally, as it were.

The history of theology shows an advance, at least a change, in its great questions. They rise in one age and are settled in the next, after some fierce disputing; for it is a noticeable fact, that as religious wars—so they are called—are of all others the most bloody, so theological controversies are most distinguished for misunderstanding, perversity, and abuse. We know not why, but such is the fact. Now there are some great questions in theology that come up in our time to be settled, which have not been asked in the same spirit before. Among them are the following.

What relation does Christianity bear to the Absolute? What relation does Jesus of Nazareth bear to the human race? What relation do the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament bear to Christianity?

The first is the vital question, and will perhaps be scarce settled favourably to the Christianity of the Church. The second also is a serious question, but one which the recent discussions of the Trinity will help to answer. The third is a practical and historical question of great interest. In the time of Paul, the problem was to separate religion from the forms of the Mosaic ritual; in Luther's day, to separate it from the forms of the Church; in our age, to separate it from the letter of Scripture, and all personal authority, pretended or real, and leave it to stand or fall by itself. There is nothing to fear from truth or for truth. But if these questions be answered, as we think they must be, then a change will come over the spirit of our theology, to which all former changes therein were as nothing. But what is true will stand; yes, will stand, though all present theologies perish.

We have complained of the position of theology in England and America. Let us look a little into a single department of it, and one most congenial to the English mind,—that of Ecclesiastical History; here our literature is most miserably deficient. Most English writers quote the Fathers, as if any writer of the first six centuries was as good authority for whatever relates to the primitive practice or opinion, as Clement of Alexandria, or Justin Martyr. Apart from the honourable and ancient name of Cave, we have scarce an original historian of the Church in the English tongue, unless we mention Mr Campbell, whose little work is candid and clear, and shows an acquaintance with the sources, though sometimes it betrays too much of a polemical spirit. England has produced three great historians within less than a century. Their works, though unequal, are classics; and their name and influence will not soon pass away. To rank with them in ecclesiastical history, we have Echhard, Milner, Waddington, Millman! The French have at least, Dupin, Tillemont, and Fleury; the Germans, Mosheim, Walch, Arnold, Semler, Schroeckh, Gieseler, and Neander, not to mention others scarcely inferior to any of these. In America, little is to be expected of our labours in this department. We have no libraries that would enable us to verify the quotation in Gieseler; none perhaps that contains all the important sources of ecclesiastical history. Still all other departments of this field are open to us, where a large library is fortunately not needed.

Now in Germany, theology is still studied by minds of a superior order, and that with all the aid which science can offer in the nineteenth century. The mantle of the prophet, ascending from France and England, and with it a double portion of his spirit, has fallen there. Theology has but shifted her ground, not forsaken the earth; so, it is said, there is always one phoenix, and one alone, in the world, although it is sometimes in the Arabian, sometimes in the Persian sky. In that country, we say it with thanksgiving, theology is still pursued. Leibnitz used to boast that his countrymen came late to philosophy. It seems they found their account in entering the field after the mists of morning had left the sky, and the barriers could be seen, when the dew had vanished from the grass. They

have come through philosophy to theology still later ; for the theology of the Germans before Semler's time, valuable as it is in some respects, is only related to the modern, as our Scandinavian fathers, who worshipped Odin and Thor, two thousand years ago, are related to us. Germany is said to be the land of books. It is *par excellence* the land of theological books. To look over the *Literatur Anzeiger*, one is filled with amazement and horror at the thought, that somebody is to read each of the books, and many will attempt inward digestion thereof. Some thousands of years ago it was said, "of writing books there is no end." What would the same man say could he look over the catalogue of the last Leipsic fair ?

We do not wonder that the eyes of theologians are turned attentively to Germany at this time, regarding it as the new East out of which the star of Hope is to rise. Still it is but a mixed result which we can expect ; something will no doubt be effected both of good and ill. It is the part of men to welcome the former and ward off the latter. But we will here close our somewhat desultory remarks, and address ourselves to the work named at the head of this article.

In any country but Germany, we think, this would be reckoned a wonderful book ; capable not only of making the author's literary reputation, but of making an epoch in the study of ecclesiastical history, and of theology itself. The work is remarkable in respect to both of these departments of thought. Since copies of it are rare in this country, we have been induced to transfer to our pages some of the author's most instructive thoughts and conclusions, and give the general scope of the book itself, widely as it differs, in many respects, from our own view. Its author is a Professor of Theology at one of the more orthodox seminaries in Germany ; and, so far as we know, this is the only work he has given to the public in an independent form.

In one of the prefaces—for the work has two, and an introduction to boot—the author says, that as Christianity goes on developing itself, and as men get clearer notions of what they contend about, all theological controversies come to turn more and more upon the person of Christ, as the point where all must be decided. With this discovery much is gained, for the right decision depends, in some

measure, on putting the question in a right way. It is easy to see that all turns on this question, whether it is necessary that there should be, and whether there actually has been, such a Christ as is represented in the meaning, though not always in the words, of the Church. That is, whether there must be and has been a being, in whom the perfect union of the divine and the human has been made manifest in history. Now if philosophy can demonstrate incontestably that a Christ, in the above sense, is a notion self-contradictory, and therefore impossible, there can no longer be any controversy between philosophy and theology. Then the Christ and the Christian Church—as such—have ceased to exist; or rather philosophy has conquered the whole department of Christian theology, as it were, from the enemy; for when the citadel is taken, the outworks must surrender at discretion. On the other hand, if it is shown that the notion of an *historical*, as well as an *ideal*, Christ is a necessary notion, “and the speculative construction of the person of Christ” is admitted, then philosophy and theology, essentially and most intimately set at one with each other, may continue their common work in peace. Philosophy has not lost her independence, but gained new strength. Now one party says, this is done already, “the person of Christ is constructed speculatively;” while the other says, the lists are now to be closed, inasmuch as it has been demonstrated that there be can no Christ, who is alike historical and ideal.

Professor Dorner thinks both parties are wrong; that “the speculative construction of the Christ” is not yet completed: or in other words, that it has not yet been shown by speculative logic, that an entire and perfect incarnation of the Infinite, in the form of a perfect man, is an eternal and absolute idea, and therefore necessary to the salvation and completion of the human race; nor, on the other hand, has the opposite been demonstrated. Faith has been developed on one side, and Reason on the other, but not united. Philosophy and Religion are only enamoured of one another, not wed; and the course of their true love is anything but smooth. His object is to show what has already passed between the two parties: or, to speak without a figure, to give the net result of all attempts to explain by reason or faith the idea of the Christ; to show what

has been done, and what still remains to be done, in this matter. He thinks there is no great gulf fixed between Faith and Reason; that if Christianity be rational, that Reason itself has been unfolded and strengthened by Christianity, and may go on with no limit to her course.

He adds, moreover, that if Christ be, as theologians affirm, the key to open the history of the world, as well as to unloose all riddles, then it is not modesty, but arrogant inactivity, which will not learn to use this key, and disclose all mysteries. He assumes two things in this inquiry, with no attempt at proof, namely, first, that the idea of a God-man—a being who is at the same time perfect God and perfect Man—is the great feature of Christianity; that this idea was made actual in Jesus of Nazareth; and again that this idea of a God-man exists, though unconsciously, in all religions; that it has been and must be the ideal of life to be both human and divine; a man filled and influenced by the power of God. Soon as man turns to this subject, it is seen that a holy and blessed life in God can only be conceived of as the unity of the divine and human life. Still further, the ideal of a revelation of God consists in this, that God reveals Himself not merely in signs, and the phenomena of outward nature, which is blind and dumb, and knows not him who knows it, but that He should reveal Himself in the form of a being who is self-conscious, and knows Him as he is known by Him. In the infancy of thought, it was concluded, no adequate representation of God could be made in the form of a God-man; for the divine and human were reckoned incompatible elements, or incommensurable quantities. God was considered an abstract essence, of whom even BEING was to be predicated only with modesty. In its theoretic result, this differed little from Atheism; for it was not the Infinite, but an indefinite being, who revealed himself in the finite.

Now Christianity makes a different claim to the God-man. It has been the constant faith of the Christian Church, that in Jesus the union of the divine and human was effected in a personal and peculiar manner. But the objection was made early, and is still repeated, that this idea is not original in Christianity, since there were parallel historical manifestations of God in the flesh, before Jesus.

But if this objection were real, it is of no value. Its time has gone by, since Christianity is regarded as a *doctrine*, and not merely an *historical fact*; as the organization of truth, which unites the scattered portions into one whole, that they may lie more level to the comprehension of men. But to settle this question, whether the idea is original with Christianity, it becomes necessary to examine the previous religions, and notice their essential agreement or disagreement with this.

“In this posture of affairs, all contributions will be welcome which serve to give a clearer notion of the ante-christian religions. So far as these contributions contain only the truth, it is a matter of indifference, whether they are made with a design hostile or favourable to Christianity. For the more perfectly we survey the field of ante-christian religions, in its whole compass, the more clearly, on the one hand, do we perceive the preparation made for Christianity by previous religions, and its historical necessity; and, on the other hand, as we look back over all the phenomena in this field, we see not less clearly the same newness and originality of the Christian religion, which has long been admitted by every sound, historical mind, as it looks forward and sees its world-traversing and inexhaustible power. Yes, we must say, that it is for the sake of proving the truth of Christianity, and in particular of its all-supporting, fundamental idea,—the absolute incarnation of God in Christ,—that we have abandoned the more limited stand-point which was supported by single peculiarities, such as inspiration, prophecy, and the like; that taking our position in the most comprehensive stand-point, supported by the whole course of religious history before Christ, we may thoroughly understand how the whole ante-christian world strives towards Christ; how in him the common riddle of all previous religions is solved, and how in him, or, still more particularly, in his fundamental idea, lies the solution by which we can understand all these religions better than they understood themselves. So long as all religions are not understood in their essential relation to Christianity, as negative or positive preparations for it, so long the historical side thereof will swing in the air.”—Pp. 3, 4.

He then goes on to inquire, if it were possible this idea of the God-man could proceed from any religion before Christ, or was extant in his time. The Jews were hostile to it, as appears from the various forms of Ebionitism embraced by the Jewish Christians. Besides, the doctrine, or the fact, finds no adequate expression in Peter or James, in Matthew, Mark, or Luke. Hence, some have conjectured it came from heathenism, and the conjecture seems at first corroborated by the fact, that it was not developed in the Church until the Gentiles had come in, and the apostles, who lived in the midst of the heathens, were the men who taught this doctrine.* But this natural suspicion is without foundation. Heathenism may be divided into Eastern and Western. The Indian religion may be taken as the type of one, the Greek of the other. But neither separates God distinctly enough from the world. Both deserve to be called the worship of nature.† One proceeds from the divine in the objective world, the other from the finite, and both seek the common end, the unity of the divine and human. Hence, in the East, the various incarnations of Krishna, in one of which he assumes the human form, as the highest of all. Here the God descends to earth, and becomes a man. Again, Vishnu actually becomes a man. The idea of the God-man appears, as in Christianity, in the condescension of God to the human form. There is no doubt these notions were well known in Alexandria in the time of Jesus. But the Christian idea cannot be explained from this source, for the *true unity* of the divine and human natures nowhere appears, therefore the redemption of men by the Eastern religion is but momentary. The incarnate Deity does not draw men to him. Besides, the dualism of this system destroys its value and influence. It ends, at last, in a sort of

* The influence of heathenism on the opinions of the primitive Christians has never yet, it would seem, had justice done it by writers of ecclesiastical history. We see traces of it in the apocryphal Gospels and Epistles, some of which are perhaps as ancient as the canonical writings. In our view, the divinity of Christ, and its numerous correlative doctrines, come from this source.

† This we think true of neither, except while the religion was in its weak and incipient stages. In the Greek religion there are three stages, the Saturnian, Olympian, and Dionysian. Only the first is a worship of nature.

quietism and Pantheism, which denies the existence of the world.

The Greek religion is the opposite of this. It deifies man, instead of humanizing God. It admitted Polytheism, though a belief in fate still lingered there, as the last relic of primitive Pantheism. It does not develop the ethical idea, but confounds it with physical causes. It begins, in part, the opposite way from the Indian, but comes to the same conclusion at last, a denial of all but God, "the one divine substance before which all the finite is an illusion." * Besides, our author finds the moral element is wanting in the Greek religion. In this conclusion, however, we think him too hasty; certainly the moral element has its proper place in such writers as Æschylus, Pindar, and Plato. It would be difficult to find an author in ancient or modern times, in whom justice is more amply done to the moral sense, than in the latter.

However, Dr Dorner thinks Parsism is an exception to the general rule of ancient religions. Here the moral element occurs in so perfect a form, that some will not reckon it with the heathen religions. But this has not got above the adoration of Nature, which defiles all the other heathen forms of religion. Besides, the Dualism which runs through all the oriental systems allows no true union of the divine and human. Accordingly, the Parsee Christians always had a strong tendency to Manicheism, and ran it out into the notions of the Docetæ, and then found, that in Jesus there was no union of the two natures. According to Parsism, the divine can never coalesce with the human; for the Infinite Being, who is the cause of both Ormusd and Ahriman, remains always immoveable, and at perfect rest. It, however, admits a sort of Arian notion of a mediator between him and us, and has a poor sort of a God-man in the person of Sosioch, though some conjecture this is a more modern notion they have taken from the Jews. Thus it appears the central idea of Christianity could have proceeded from no heathen religion.

Could it come from the Hebrew system? Quite as

* This wholesale way of disposing of centuries of philosophical inquiry is quite as unsafe as it were to take the middle-age philosophers, the Mystics, the Sensualists of England and France, with the Transcendentalists of Germany, as the natural results and legitimate issue of the Christian Religion.

little.* Of all the ancient religions, the Hebrew alone separates God from the world, says our mistaken author, and recognizes the distinct personality of both God and man. This solves the difficulty of heathenism. It dwells on the moral union of man and God, and would have it go on and become perfect, and, in the end, God write the law in the heart, as in the beginning He wrote it on tables of stone.† But in avoiding the adoration of Nature, the Jews took such a view of the Deity, that it seemed impossible to them that he should incarnate himself in man. All the revelations of God in the Old Testament are not the remotest approach to an incarnation like that in Jesus. They made a great chasm between God and man, which they attempted to fill up with angels, and the like.‡ The descriptions of Wisdom in Proverbs, the Apocrypha, and Philo, are not at all like the Christian incarnation. The Alexandrian Jews assimilated to the Greek system, and adopted the Platonic view of the Logos, while the Palestine Jews, instead of making their idea of the Messiah more lofty and pure, and rendering it more intense, only gave it a more extensive range, and thought of a political deliverer. Thus it appears, the idea of a God-man could not come from any of these sources, nor yet from any contemporary philosophy or religion. It must, therefore, be original with Christianity itself. It was impossible for a heathen, or Hebrew, to say, in the Christian sense, that a man was God, or the son of God. But all former religions were only a *præparatio evangelica* in the highest sense. This fact shows, that Christianity expresses what all religions sought to utter, and combines in itself the truths of heathenism and Judaism.

“Judaism was great through the idea of the absolute, personal God; the greatest excellence of heathenism is

* See the attempt of Mr Hennell (*Inquiry into the Divine Origin of Christianity*: London, 1839. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 8—23) to derive some of the Christian ideas from the Essenes.

† If we understand the Hebrew Scriptures, and St Paul, they both teach that He *did* write the *law in the heart* in the *beginning*, else the law of stone were worthless.

‡ Here, also, the author fails to notice the striking fact, of the regular progress of the theophanies of the Old Testament. 1. *God appears himself*, in human form, and speaks and eats with man. 2. It is an *angel of God* who appears. 3. He *speaks only in visions, thoughts*, and the like, and his appearance is entirely subjective. We see the same progress in all primitive religious nations.

the idea of the most intimate nearness and residence of a divine life in a free human form. But the idea of the personal existence of God in Christ was both of them united together into a higher unity. According to the heathen way of considering the matter, the divine, alone absolute and impersonal Being who soars above the gods,—if it is possible for him to reveal himself,—must have first in Christ come to a personal consciousness of himself, which he had not before; but this would be the generation of a personal God, through the form of human life, and therefore a human act. Judaism had for its foundation not an obscure, impersonal being, a merely empty substance, but a subject, a personality. But to such as admitted its form of Monotheism, the incarnation of God seemed blasphemy. But Christianity is the truth of both systems. In the personality of Christ, it sees as well a man who is God, as a God who is man. With the one, it sees in Jesus as well the truth of the Hellenic Apotheosis of human nature, as with the other it sees the complete condescension of God, which is the fundamental idea in the East. But it required long and various warfare before the Christian principle went through the Greek and Jewish principle, and presented to the understanding its true form. We shall see that even now its work is not completed.”*—Pp. 33, 34.

He next turns to consider the historical development of this central idea, which Jesus brought to light in word and life. This remained always *enveloped* in the Church, but it was not *developed*, except gradually, and part by part. Then he proceeds on the clever hypothesis, that all moral and religious truth was *potentially involved* in the early teachers, though not professed consciously, and *actually evolved* by them; a maxim which may be applied equally to all philosophers, of all schools, for every man *involves* all truth, though only here and there a wise man *evolves* a little thereof. Now, the Church did not state all this doctrine in good set speech, yet it knew intuitively how to separate false from true doctrine, not as an individual good man separates wrong from right, by means of conscience. This is rather more true of the Church, than

* We have given a pretty free version of portions of this extract, and are not quite certain, that in all cases we have taken the author's meaning.

it is of particular teachers, who have not been inventors of truth, but only mouths which uttered the truth possessed by the Church.* However, amid conflicting opinions, where he gets but intimations of the idea of a God-man, and amid many doctrines taught consciously, he finds this tendency to glorify Christ, even to deify him, which he regards as a proof that the great central idea lay there. This, also, we take to be a very great mistake, and think the tendency to deify persons arose from several causes; such as the popular despair of man. The outward aspect of the world allows us to form but a low opinion of man; the retrospect is still worse. Besides, some distrusted the inspiration which God gives man on condition of holiness and purity. Therefore, when any one rose up, and far transcended the achievements and expectations of mere vulgar souls, they said, he is not a man, but a god, at least the son of a god; human nature is not capable of so much. Hence, all the heroes of times pretty ancient are either gods or the descendants of gods, or at least *miraculously* inspired to do their particular works. Then the polytheistic notions of the new converts to Christianity favoured this popular despair, by referring the most shining examples of goodness and wisdom to the gods. Hence, for those who had believed that Hercules, Bacchus, and Devanisi were men, and became gods by the special grace of the Supreme, it was easy to elevate Jesus, and give him power over their former divinities, or even expel them, if this course were necessary. Now, there are but two scales to this balance, and what was added to the divinity of Jesus was taken from his humanity, and so the power of man underrated. Hence, we always find, that as a party assigns Jesus a divine, extra-human, or miraculous character, on the one hand, just so far it degrades man, on the other, and takes low views of human nature. The total depravity of man, and the total divinity of Jesus, come out of the same logical root. To examine the history of the world, by striking the words and life of Jesus out of the series of natural and perfectly human actions, and then deciding as if such actions had never been, seems

* But these mouths of the Church seem smitten with the old spirit of Babel, for their "language was confounded, and they did not understand one another's speech," nor always *their own*, we fancy.

to us quite as absurd as it would be, in giving a description of Switzerland, to strike out the Alps, and the lakes, and then say the country was level and dull, monotonous and dry. To us, the popular notions of the character of Jesus "have taken away our Lord, and we know not *where* they have laid him." To our apprehension, Jesus was much greater than the Evangelists represent him. We would not measure him by the conceptions formed by Jewish or heathen converts, but by the long stream of light he shed on the first three centuries after his death, and through them on all time since.

But to return to our task. Dr Dorner admits this idea does not appear in the earliest Christian writings, which we think is quite as inexplicable, taking his stand-point, as it would be if Columbus, after the discovery of the new continent, had founded a school of geographers, and no one of his pupils had ever set down America in his map of the world, or alluded to it, except by implication. But as Christianity went on developing, it took some extra-Christian ideas from the other religions. Thus from Judaism it took the notion of a *primitive man*, and a *primitive prophet*; from heathenism, the *doctrine of the Logos*. These two rival elements balanced each other, and gave a universal development to the new principle. Thus while Christianity attacked its foes, it built up its own dogmatics, not unlike the contemporaries of Ezra, who held the sword in one hand, and the trowel in the other. He finds three periods in the history of Christology: I. That of the establishment of the doctrine, that there were two essential elements in Jesus, the divine and human. II. Period of the one-sided elevation of either the one or the other; this has two epochs: 1. From the Council of Nice to the Reformation; period of the divine side. 2. From the Reformation to Kant; period of the human side. III. Period of the attempt to show both in him, and how they unite. We must pass very hastily over the rest of the work; for after we have thus minutely described his stand-point and some of his general views, and have shown his method, the student of history will see what his opinions must be of the great teachers in the Church, whose doctrines are well known.

To make the new doctrines of Christianity intelligible,

the first thing was to get an adequate expression, in theological dogmas, of the nature of Christ. On this question the Christian world divides into two great parties,—one follows a Hebrew, the other a Greek, tendency,—one taking the human, the other the divine, side of Christ. Hence come two independent Christologies, the one without the divine, the other without the human, nature in Jesus. These are the Ebionites and the Docetæ. “Docetism, considered in antithesis with Ebionitism, is a very powerful witness of the deep and wonderful impression of its divinity, which the new principle had made on mankind at its appearance; an impression which is by no means fully described by all that Ebionitism could say of a new, great, and holy prophet that had risen up. On the other hand, Ebionitism itself, in its lack of ideal tendency, is a powerful evidence on the historical side of Christianity, by its rigid adherence to the human appearance of Christ, which the other denied.”—P. 36. Strange as it may seem, these two antithetic systems ran into one another, and had both of them this common ground, that God and man could not be joined; for while the Ebionites said Jesus was a *mere man*, the Christ remained a pure ideal not connected with the body, a redemption was effected by God, and Jesus was the symbol; while the Docetæ, denying the *body* of Jesus had any objective reality, likewise left the Christ a pure ideal, never incarnated. “Both were alike unsatisfactory to the Christian mind. Both left alike unsatisfied the necessity of finding in Christ the union of the human and divine; therefore this objection may be made to both of them, which, from the nature of things, is the most significant, namely, that man is not redeemed by them, for God has not taken the human nature upon himself, and sanctified it by thus assuming it. The Church, guided rather by an internal tact and necessity, than by any perfect insight, could sketch no comprehensible figure of Christ in definite lines. But by these two extreme doctrines it was advanced so far, that it became clearly conscious of the necessity, in general, of conceiving of the Redeemer as divine and human at the same time.”—P. 39.

Various elements of this doctrine were expressed by the various teachers in the early ages. Thus, on the divine side it was taught, first, by the Pseudo-Clement,

Paul of Samosata, and Sabellius, that a *higher power* dwelt in Christ; next by Hippolitus, that it was not merely a *higher power*, but a *hypostasis*, that dwelt in Christ. Tertullian, Clement, and Dionysius of Alexandria, with Origen, considered this *subordinate* to the Father, though the latter regarded it as *eternally begotten*. The next step was to consider this hypostasis not merely subordinate, but eternal; nor this only, but of the *same essence* with the Father. This was developed in the controversy between Dionysius of Rome and of Alexandria; between Athanasius and Arius. At the same time the human side was also developed. Clement and Origen maintained, in opposition to the Gnostics, that Christ had an actual human body. Then Apollinaris taught that Christ had a human *soul* (*ψυχή*), but the Logos supplied the place of a human *mind* (*νοῦς*). But in opposition to him, Gregory of Nazianzen taught that he had a human mind also. Thus the elements of the Christ are “speculatively constructed” on the human and divine side; but still all their elements were not united into a human personal character—for the human nature of Christ was still regarded as impersonal. But attempts were made also to unite these parts together, and construct a whole person. This, however, led rather to a mixture than an organic and consistent union; therefore the separateness and distinctness of the two natures also required to be set forth. This was done very clearly. The Council of Nice declared he was *perfect God*; that of Chalcedon, that he was *perfect man* also, but did not determine how the two natures were reconciled in the same character. “The distinctive character of these two natures”—we quote the words of Leo the Great—“was not taken away by the union, but rather the peculiarity of each nature is kept distinct, and runs together with the other, into one *Prosopon* and one *Hypostasis*.”* Next follow the attempts to construct one

* We give the Greek words *Prosopon* and *Hypostasis*, and not the common terms derived from the Latin. The subtleties of this doctrine can only be expressed in the Greek tongue. A Latin Christian could believe in three *personæ* and one *substantia*, for he had no better terms, while the Greek Christian reckoned this heretical if not atheistical, as he believed in *one essence* and *three substances*. But to say *three persons*—τρία πρόσωπα—in the Godhead, was heresy in Greece, as to say *three substances* (*tres substantiæ*) was heresy at Rome. Well says Augustine, apologizing for the Latin language, “dictum est

person out of these two natures. Some said there was one will, others two wills, in the person of Christ. This was the quarrel of the Monothelites and the Dyothelites. Others said the union was effected by the loss of the attributes of the human, or divine being; some supposing the one passed into and so became the other, or that both coalesced in a *tertium quid*, a *συνθετος φυσις*. But it became orthodox to affirm that each retained all its peculiar attributes, and so the two were united. Now this doctrine may seem very wise, because it is very puzzling; but the same words may be applied to other things. We have very little skill in showing up absurdities, but can apply all this language to very different matters, and it shall sound quite as well as before. Thus we may take a circle instead of the Father, and a triangle for the son, and say the two natures were found in one, the circle became a triangle, and yet lost none of its circularity, while the triangle became a circle, yet lost none of its triangularity. The union of the two was perfect, the distinctive character of each being preserved. They corresponded point for point, area for area, centre for centre, circumference for circumference, yet was one still a circle, the other a triangle. But both made up the circle-triangle. The one was not inscribed, nor the other circumscribed. We would by no means deny the great fact, which we think lies at the bottom of the notion of the Trinity, a fact, however, which it seems to conceal as often as to express in our times,

tres personæ, non ut illud diceretur, sed ut non taceretur.—De Trinitate, Lib. V. c. 9.

St Augustine has some thoughts on this head, which may surprise some of his followers at this day. "And we recognize in ourselves an image of God, that is, of the Supreme Trinity, not indeed equal, nay, far and widely different; not co-eternal, and (to express the whole more briefly) not of the same substance with God: yet that, than which of all things made by Him none in nature is nearer to God; which image is yet to be perfected by re-formation, that it may be nearest in likeness also. For we both are to know that we are to love to be this and to know it. In these then, moreover, no falsehood resembling truth perplexes us."—Civ. Dei, Lib. XI. c. 26, as translated in *Pusey's* ed. of Augustine's Confessions. London: 1840. 1 Vol. 8vo, p. 283, note.

The late Dr Emmons seems aware of the imperfection of language, and its inability to express the idea of a Trinity. "Indeed there is no word, in any language, which can convey a precise idea of this incomprehensible distinction; for it is not similar to any other distinction in the minds of men, so that it is very immaterial whether we use the name person, or any other name, or a circumlocution instead of a name, in discoursing upon this subject."—Sermon IV. p. 87. Wrentham: 1800.

that the Deity diffuses and therefore incarnates himself more or less perfectly in human beings, and especially in Jesus, the climax of human beings, through whom "proceed" the divine influences, which also "proceed" from the Father. Hence the doctrine of the Holy Ghost. This truth, we think, is expressed in all religions; in the incarnations of Vishnu; the Polytheistic notions of the Greeks; the angels, archangels, and seraphs, that make up the Amshaspand of the Persians, which Daniel seems to imitate, and the author of the Apocalypse to have in his eye.

But to return. These points fixed, the Catholic Church dwelt chiefly on the divine in Christ, and continued to do so till the Reformation, while the human side was represented by heretics and mystics, whom here we have not space to name.

We now pass over some centuries, in which there was little life and much death in the Church,—times when the rays of religious light, as they came through the darkness, fell chiefly, it seems, on men whom the light rendered suspicious to the Church,—and come down to times after the Reformation. After the great battles had been fought through, and the Council of Trent held its sessions, and the disturbances, incident to all great stirrs of thought, had passed over, and the oriental and one-sided view of Christ's nature had been combatted, the human side of it comes out once more into its due prominence. "By the long one-sided contemplation of the divine in Christ, his person came to stand as somewhat absolutely supernatural, as the other side of and beyond human nature; something perfectly inaccessible to the subjective thought, while it is the greatest thing in Christianity to recognize our brother in him." With the Reformation there had come a subjective tendency, which laid small stress on the old notions of Christ, in which the objective divine nature had overlaid and crushed the subjective and human nature in him. This new subjective tendency is a distinctive feature of the Reformation. It shows itself in the doctrine of Justification by Faith, and quite as powerfully in the altered form of Christology. But here, too, we must tread with rapid feet, and rest on only two of the numerous systems of this period, one from the Reformers themselves, the

other from a Theosophist. The human nature is capable of divinity (*humana natura divinitatis capax*), said the early Protestants; what Christ has first done all may do afterwards. Well said Martin Luther, strange as it may seem to modern Protestants, who learn ecclesiastical history from the "Library of useful knowledge," "Lo, Christ takes our birth (that is, the sinfulness of human nature) from us unto himself, and sinks it in his birth, and gives us his, that we thereby may become pure and new, as if it were our own, so that every Christian may enjoy this birth of Christ not less than if he also, like Jesus, were born bodily of the Virgin Mary. Whoso disbelieves or doubts this, the same is no Christian." Again: "This is the meaning of Esaias, To us a child is born, to us a son is given. To us, to us, to us is he born, and to us given. Therefore look to it, that thou not only gettest out of the Evangel a fondness for the history itself, but that thou makest this birth thine own, and exchangeest with him, becomest free from thy birth, and passest over to his—then thou indeed shalt sit in the lap of the Virgin Mary, and art her dear child." This thought lay at the background of the Reformation, which itself was but an imperfect exhibition of that great principle. He that will look, finds traces of the action of this same principle in the Greek revival of religion, five centuries before Christ; in the numerous mystical sects from the first century to the Reformation; in such writers as Ruysbröck, Harphius, Meister Eckhart, Suso, Tauler, the St Victors, and many others. Perhaps it appears best in that little book, *once* well known in England under the title *Theologia Germana*, and now studied in Germany, and called *Deutsche Theologie*; a book of which Luther says, in the preface to his edition of it, in 1520, "Next to the Bible and St Augustine, I have never met with a book from which I have learnt more what God, Christ, man, and all things are. Read this little book who will, and then say, whether our theology is old or new; for this little book is not new."

We give a few words from it, relating to the incarnation of God, for the private ear of such as think all is *new* which they never heard of before, and all naughty things exist only in modern German. It says, man comes to a state of union with God, "when he feels and loves no longer this

or that, or his own self, but only the eternal good; so likewise God loves not himself as himself, but as the eternal good, and if there were somewhat better than God, then God would love that. The same takes place in a divine man, or one united with God, else he is not united with him. This state existed in Christ in all its perfection, else he would not be the Christ. If it were possible that a man should be perfect and entire, in true obedience be as the human nature of Christ was, that man would be one with Christ, and would be by grace what he was by nature. Man in this state of obedience would be one with God, for he would be not himself, but God's own (*Eigen*), and God himself would then alone become man. Christ is to you not merely the objective, isolated in his sublimity, but we are all called to this, that God should become man in us. He that believes in Christ believes that his (Christ's) life is the noblest and best of all lives, and so far as the life of Christ is man, so far also is Christ in him." In this book—and its ideas are as old in this shape, as the time of Dionysius the Areopagite—the historical Christ is only the primitive type, the divine idea of man, who appears only as a model for us, and we may be all that he was, and we are Christians only in so far as we attain this. It is only on this hypothesis, we take it, that there can be a Christology which does not abridge the nature of man.* This same idea—that all men are capable of just the same kind and degree of union with God, which Jesus attained to—runs through all the following Christologies. It appears in a modified form in Osiander and Schwenkfeld, whom we shall only name.† But they all place the historical below

* Dr Bauer, a very able Trinitarian writer and Professor at Tübingen, sums up the various Christological theories in this way: Reconciliation must be regarded, either, (1) as a necessary process in the development of the Deity himself, as he realizes the idea of his being; or, (2) as an analogous and necessary process in the development of man, as he becomes reconciled with himself, the one is wholly objective, the other wholly subjective; or, (3) as the mediation of a *tertium quid*, which holds the human and Divine natures both, so involves both the above. In this case reconciliation rests entirely on the historical fact, which must be regarded as the necessary condition of reconciliation between God and man; of course he, who takes this latter view, considers Jesus as a sacrifice for the sins of the world. See his *Die Christliche Lehre von der Versöhnung in ihrer geschichtliche Entwicklung*, &c. Tub. 1838.

† See Osiander's *Confessio de unico Mediatore J. C. et justificatione fidei*, 1551. His *Epistola in qua confutantur*, etc., 1549. See also Schwenkfeld *Questiones von Erkenntnis J. C. und seiner Glorien*, 1561, von der Speyse des

the internal Christ which is formed in the heart, and here commences what Dr Dorner calls the degeneracy of the principle of the Reformers, though the antithesis between nature and grace was still acknowledged by the Protestants. But as our author thinks, the subjective view received a one-sided development, especially in Servetus and the Socinians, who differ, however, in this at least, that while the former, in his pantheistic way, allows Christ to be, in part, uncreated (*res increata*), the latter considers him certainly a created being, to whom God had imparted the divine attributes.

We pass over Theophrastus and Paracelsus, and give a few extracts from Valentine Weigel's "*Güldene Griff.*" With him, man is an epitome of the whole world,—a favourite notion with many mystics,—all his knowledge is self-knowledge. "The eye, by which all things are seen, is man himself, but only in reference to natural knowledge; for in supernatural knowledge man himself is not the eye, but God himself is both the light and the eye in us. Our eye therefore must be passive, and not active. Yet God is not foreign to men in whom he is the eye, but that passive relation of man to him has this significance, that man is the yielding influence by which God becomes the seeing eye." This light in us, or the word, is for him the true Christ, and the historical God-man disappears entirely in the back-ground. The book whence all wisdom comes is God's word, a book written by the finger of God in the heart of all men, though all cannot read it. Out of this are all books written. This book of life, to which the sacred Scriptures are an external testimony, is the likeness of God in man; the seed of God; the light; the word; the Son; Christ. This book lies concealed in the heart, concealed in the flesh, concealed in the letter of Scriptures. But if it were not in the heart, it could not be found in the flesh and the Scripture. If this were not preached within us, if it were not always within us,—though in unbelief,—we could have nothing of it. A doctrine common enough with the fathers of the first three or four centuries. If we had remained in Paradise, we should never have needed the outward word of Scripture, or the historical incarnation. *Lebens*, 1547. Schwenkfeld's Christology agrees closely, in many respects, with that of Swedenborg.

tion of Jesus.* But expelled from Paradise, and fallen through sin, it is needful that we be born again of Christ, for we have lost the holy flesh and the Holy Ghost, and must recover both from Christ. Because we cannot read this inner book, God will alter our spirit by Scriptures and Sermons. All books are only for *fallen* men. Christ was necessary to the race, as the steel to the stone, but his office is merely that of a prophet and preacher of righteousness, for God was incarnate in Abel, Noah, Adam, and Abraham, as well as in Jesus, "and the Lord from Heaven" exists potentially in all men; the external Christ, who was born of Mary, is an expressive and visible model of the internal Christ. In a word, he makes Christ the universal divine spirit, shed down into man, though it lies buried and immovable in most men. But whenever it comes to consciousness, and is lived out, there is an incarnation of God.

These views are shared by many teachers, who modify them more or less, of whom we need mention but a few of the more prominent; Poiret, Henry More, Bishops Fowler and Gastrell, Robert Fleming, Hussey, Bennet, and Thomas Burnet, Goodwin, and Isaac Watts.†

This mystical view appears in Jacob Böhme, and through him it passed on to philosophy, for it is absurd to deny that this surprising man has exerted an influence in science as deep almost as in religion. German philosophy seems to be the daughter of Mysticism.

But we must make a long leap from Valentine Weigel to Immanuel Kant, who has had an influence on Christology that will never pass away. It came as a thunder-bolt out of the sky, to strike down the phantoms of doubt, and scatter the clouds of scepticism. Kant admits that in practice, and the actual life of man, the moral law is subordinate to sensuality; this subordination he calls *radical evil*.

* Quaint George Herbert has a similar thought. We quote from memory.
 " For sure when Adam did not know
 To sin, or sin to smother,
 He might to Heaven from Paradise go,
 As from one room to another."

† See, who will, his three discourses "on the Glory of Christ as God-man" (Lond. 1746), and Goodwin's book to which he refers, "Knowledge of God the Father and his Son J. C." See also the writings of Edward Irving, Cudworth's Sermon before the House of Parliament, in the American edition of his works, Vol. II. p. 549, seq.

Then to perfect mankind, we need a *radical restoration*, to restore the principles to their true order from which they have been inverted; this restoration is possible on three conditions: 1. By the idea of a race of men that is well-pleasing to God, in which each man would feel his natural destination and perfectibility. It is the duty of each to rise to this, believe it attainable, and trust its power. This state may not be attained empirically, but by embracing the principle well-pleasing to God; and all the faults in manifesting this principle vanish, when the whole course is looked at. We should not be disturbed by fear lest the new moral disposition be transient, for the power of goodness increases with the exercise of it. The past sins are expiated only by suffering, or diminution of well-being in the next stage of progress. 2. The foundation of a *moral commonwealth*,*—without this there will be confusion. This is possible only on condition that it is religious also. Thus this commonwealth is, at the same time, a church, though only an ideal one; for it can rest on nothing external, but only on the “unconditional authority of reason, which contains in itself the moral idea.” 3. This ideal Church, to become real, must take a *statutory form*, for it is a universal tendency of man to demand a sensual confirmation of the truth of reason, and this renders it necessary to take some outward means of introducing the true rational religion, since, without the hypothesis of a revelation, man would have no confidence in reason, though it disclosed the same truths with revelation, because it is so difficult to convince men that pure morality is the only service of God, while they seek to make it easier by some superstitious service (Afterdienst).

On these notions the following Christology is naturally constructed. Man needs no outward aid for the purpose of reconciliation, sanctification, or happiness; but the belief in an outward revelation is needed for the basis of the moral commonwealth. Christianity can allow this, as it has a pure moral spirit. Here everything turns on the person of its founder. He demands perfect virtue, and would found a kingdom of God on the earth. It is in-

* It is a saying of Pagan Plato in the *Timæus*, “We shall never have perfect men, until we can surround them with perfect circumstances,” an idea the English Socialists are attempting to carry out in a very one-sided manner.

different to practical religion, whether or not we are certain of his historical existence, for historical existence adds no authority. The historical is necessary only to give us an idea of a man well-pleasing to God, which we can only understand by seeing it realized in a man, who preserves his morality under the most difficult circumstances. To get a concrete knowledge of supersensual qualities, such as the idea of the good, moral actions must be presented to us performed in a human manner. This is only needed to awaken and purify moral emotions that live in us. The historical appearance of a man without sin is possible; but it is not necessary to consider he is born supernaturally, even if the impossibility of the latter is not absolutely demonstrable. But since the archetype of a man well-pleasing to God lies in us in an incomprehensible manner, what need have we of further incomprehensibilities, since the exaltation of such a saint above all the imperfections of human nature would only offer an objection to his being a model for us,—since it gives him not an achieved but an innate virtue?—for it would make the distance between him and us so great, that we should find in him no proof that we could ever attain that ideal. Even if the great teacher does not completely correspond to the idea, he may yet speak of himself as if the ideal of the good was bodily and truly represented in him, for he could speak of what his maxims would make him. He must derive his whole strength from reason. The value of his revelation consists only in leading to a conscious, voluntary morality, in the way of authority. When this is done, the statutory scaffolding may fall. The time must come, when religion shall be freed from all statutes, which rest only on history, and pure Reason at last reign, and God be all in all. Wise men must see that belief in the Son of God is only belief in man himself; that the human race, so far as it is moral, is the well-pleasing Son of God. This idea of a perfect man does not proceed from us, but from God, so we say that HE has condescended and taken human nature upon himself. The Christ without and the Christ within us are not two principles, but the same. But if we make a belief in the historical manifestation of this idea of humanity in Christ the necessary condition of salvation, then we have two principles, an empiric and a rational one. The true

God-man is the archetype that lies in our reason, to which the historical manifestation conforms.

This system has excellences and defects. By exalting the idea of moral goodness, Kant led men to acknowledge an absolute spiritual power, showing that this is the common ground between Philosophy and Christianity, and with this begins the reconciliation of the two.* He recognized the divine as something dwelling in man, and therefore filled up the chasm, as it were, between the two natures. Again, he acknowledged no authority, so long as it was merely outward and not legitimated in the soul, for he had felt the slavery incident upon making the historical a dogma. He saw the mind cannot be bound by anything merely external, for that has value only so far as it contains the idea and makes it historical. But, on the other hand, he exalts the subjective too high, and does not legitimate the internal moral law, which Dr Dorner thinks requires legitimating, as much as the historical manifestation. His foundation therefore is unstable until this is done. Besides he is not consistent with himself; for while he ascribes absolute power to this innate ideal of a perfect man, he leaves nothing for the historical appearance of the God-man. He makes his statutory form useless, if not injurious, and makes a dualistic antithesis between Reason and God. Still more is it inconsistent with Christianity, for it makes morality the whole of religion; it cuts off all connection between the divine and human life, by denying that influence comes down from God upon man. He makes each man his own redeemer, and allows no maturity of excellence, but only a growth towards it. In respect to the past, present, and future, it leaves men no comfort in their extremest need.

We pass next to the Christology of Schelling, leaping over such thinkers as Röhr, Wegscheider, De Wette, Hase, Hamann, Oettinger, Franz Baader, Novalis, Jacobi, and Fichte.

The divine unity is always actualizing itself; the One is constantly passing into the many; or in plain English, God is eternally creative. God necessarily reveals himself in the finite; to be comprehensible to us, He must take

* Leibnitz made the attempt to effect the same thing, but in a manner more mechanical and unsatisfactory.

the limitations of finite existence. But since He cannot be represented in any finite form, the divine life is portrayed in a variety of individuals; in a copious history, each portion whereof is a revelation of a particular side of the divine life. God therefore appears in historical life as the finite, which is the necessary form of the revelation of Him. The finite is God in his development, or the Son of God. All history, therefore, has a higher sense. The human does not exclude the divine. Thus the idea of the incarnation of God is a principle of philosophy; and since this is the essence of Christianity, philosophy is reconciled with it. Nature herself points forward to the Son of God, and has in him its final cause. Now the theologians consider Christ as a single person; but, as an eternal idea alone can be made a dogma, so their Christology is untenable as a dogma. Now the incarnation of God is from eternity. Christ is an eternal idea. The divinity of Christianity cannot be proved in an empirical way, but only by contemplating the whole history as a divine act. The sacred history must be to us only a subjective symbol, not an objective one, as such things were to the Greeks, who thereby became subordinate to the finite, and refused to see the infinite, except in that form. But as Christianity goes immediately to the infinite, so the finite becomes only an allegory of the infinite. The fundamental idea of Christianity is eternal and universal, therefore it cannot be constructed historically without the religious construction of history. This idea existed before Christianity, and is a proof of its necessity. Its existence is a prediction of Christianity in a distant foreign country. The man Christ is the climax of this incarnation, and also the beginning of it; for all his followers are to be incarnations of God, members of the same body to which he is the head. God first becomes truly objective in him, for before him none has revealed the infinite in such a manner. The old world is the *natural* side of history. A new era, in which the infinite world preponderates, could only be brought by the truly infinite coming into the finite, not to deify it, but to sacrifice it to God, and thereby effect a reconciliation; that is, by his death he showed that the finite is nothing; but the true existence and life is only in the infinite. The eternal Son of God is the human race; created

out of the substance of the Father of all; appearing as a suffering divinity, exposed to the horrors of time, reaching its highest point in Christ; it closes the world of the finite and discloses that of the infinite, as the sign of the spirit. With this conclusion, the mythological veils, in which Christ, as the only God-man, has been arrayed, must fall off. The ever-living spirit will clothe Christianity in new and permanent forms. Speculation, not limited by the past, but comprehending distinction, as it stretches far on into time, has prepared for the regeneration of esoteric Christianity, and the proclamation of the absolute gospel. Viewed in this light, Christianity is not regarded merely as *doctrine* or *history*, but as a *progressive divine act*; the history of Christ is not merely an empirical and single, but an eternal history. At the same time it finds its anti-type in the human race. Christianity, therefore, is not merely one religious constitution among others, but THE RELIGION; the true mode of spiritual existence; the soul of history, which is incorporated in the human race, to organize it into one vast body, whose head is Christ. Thus, he would make us all brothers of Christ, and show that the incarnation of God still goes on to infinity, in the birth of the Son of God, until the divine life takes to itself the whole human race, sanctifies and penetrates all through it, and recognizes it as His body, of which Christ is the head; as His temple, of which Christ is the corner-stone. We shall not dwell upon the excellence of this view, nor point out its defects. The few who understand the mystical words of St John, and the many who do not understand them, can do this for themselves.

Our remarks are already so far extended, that we must omit the Christology of Hegel, though this, however, we do with the less reluctance, as the last word of that system has but just reached us; it comes with the conclusion of Strauss's work on Dogmatics.* We regret to pass over the views of Schleiermacher, which have had so deep an influence in Germany, and among many of the more studious of our Trinitarian brethren in this country. To most of our own denomination only the Lemnian horrors of its faint echo have come. We give Dr Dorner's conclusion

* Die Christliche Glaubenslehre, &c. Von Dr D. F. Strauss. 2 vols. 8vo. 1840, 1841.

in his own words. "Christology has now reached a field as full of anticipations as it is of decisions. But the anxiety which here takes possession of us is a joyful one, and bears in itself the tranquil and certain conviction, that, after a long night, a beautiful dawn is nigh. A great course has been run through, and the deep presentiments of the greatest minds of the primitive times of Christianity begin to find their scientific realization. After long toil of the human mind, the time has at last come, when a rich harvest is to be reaped from this dogma, while the union, already hastening, is effected between the essential elements of Christology, which seem the most hostile to each other. Previous Christologies have chiefly presented these elements in their separation and opposition to one another. Now, while we contemplate them together in their living unity, which verifies their distinction from one another, we see their historical confirmation and necessity, and now, as Æthiopia and Arabia, according to the prophet, were to present their homage to the Lord, so must the middle ages, with their scholasticism and modern philosophy, the whole of history,—as well of the ante-christian religions, as that of the Christian dogma,—assemble about the One (the Son of Man), that they may lay down their best gifts before him who first enables them to understand themselves; while, on the other hand, he confers on them the dignity of his own glorification, and allows them to contribute to it, so that by their service, likewise, his character shall pass into the consciousness of the human race with an increasing brilliancy."

Now, if we ask what are the merits and defects of the work we have passed over, the answer is easy. It is a valuable history of Christology; as such, it is rich with instructions and suggestions. A special history of this matter was much needed. That this, in all historical respects, answers the demands of the times, we are not competent to decide. However, if it be imperfect as a history, it has yet great historical merits. Its chief defects are of another kind. Its main idea is this, that the *true Christ is perfect God and perfect man*, and that *Jesus of Nazareth is the true Christ*. Now, he makes no attempt to prove either point; yet he was bound, in the first instance, as a *philosopher*, to *prove his proposition*; in the second, as an *historian*, to

verify his fact. He attempts neither. He has shown neither the eternal necessity, nor the actual existence of a God-man. Nay, he admits that only two writers in the New Testament ever represent Jesus as the God-man. His admission is fatal to his fact. He gives us the history of a dogma of the Church; but does not show it has any foundation to rest on.

We must apply to this book the words of Leibnitz, in his letter to Burnet, on the manner of establishing the Christian religion.* “I have often remarked, as well in philosophy as theology, and even in medicine, jurisprudence, and history, that we have many good books, and good thoughts, scattered about here and there, but that we scarce ever come to *establishments*. I call it an *establishment*, when at least certain points are determined and fixed for ever; when certain theses are put beyond dispute, and thus ground is gained where something may be built. It is properly the method of mathematicians, who separate the *certain from the uncertain, the known from the unknown*. In other departments it is rarely followed, because we love to flatter the ears by fine words, which make an agreeable mingling of the certain and the uncertain. But it is a very transient benefit that is thus conferred; like music and the opera, which leave scarce any trace in the mind, and give us nothing to repose on; so we are always turning round and round, treating the same questions in the same way, which is problematic, and subject to a thousand exceptions. Somebody once led M. Casaubon the elder into a hall of the Sorbonne, and told him, The divines have disputed here for more than three hundred years! He answered, And what have they decided? It is exactly what happens to us in most of our studies. . . . I am confident that if we will but use the abilities wherewith God and nature have furnished us, we can remove many of the evils which now oppress mankind, can establish the truth of religion, and put an end to many controversies which divide men, and cause so much evil to the human race, if we are willing to think consecutively, and proceed as we ought. . . . I would proceed in this way, and distinguish propositions into two classes: 1. What could be *absolutely demonstrated* by a metaphysical necessity, and in an incontestable

* Opp. ed. Dutens., Vol. VI. p. 243, seq.

way: 2. What could be *demonstrated morally*; that is, in a way which gives what is called moral certainty, as we know there is a China and a Peru, though we have never seen them. . . . Theological truths and deductions therefrom are also of two kinds. The first rest on definitions, axioms, and theorems, derived from true philosophy and natural theology; the second rest in part on history and events, and in part on the interpretation of texts, on the genuineness and divinity of our sacred books, and even on ecclesiastical antiquity; in a word, on the sense of the texts." And, again:* "We must demonstrate rigorously the truth of natural religion, that is, the existence of a Being supremely powerful and wise, and the immortality of the soul. These two points solidly fixed, there is but one step more to take,—to show, on the one hand, that God could never have left man without a true religion; and on the other, that no known religion can compare with the Christian. The necessity of embracing it is a consequence of these two plain truths. However, that the victory may be still more complete, and the mouth of impiety be shut for ever, I cannot forbear hoping, that some man, skilled in history, the tongues, and philosophy, in a word, filled with all sorts of erudition, will exhibit all the harmony and beauty of the Christian religion, and scatter for ever the countless objections which may be brought against its dogmas, its books, and its history."

* Epistola II. ad Spizelium. Opp. v. p. 344.

THE EXCELLENCE OF GOODNESS.

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE CHURCH OF THE DISCIPLES, IN
BOSTON, ON SUNDAY, JANUARY 26, 1845.

“And the king said, He is a good man.”—2 SAM. xviii. 27.

At the bottom of all things there is a law. Kings are made to act in a certain manner, and not otherwise. Thus the rock is made to be solid and the water to be fluid, under certain conditions, and not the reverse. This law, here and everywhere, is perfect. It is the work of God. All law is the will of God; it is God in action, for God is not a mere abstraction, but is concentered in part, so to say, in the world we look upon. He is not only the other side of the universe, but here; here and now; as much here as anywhere. He is immanent in creation, and yet transcends creation. Suppose all created worlds were struck out of existence, God does not cease to be; does not cease to be *here*, for He transcends all the created worlds. But they cannot exist without God. You cannot, without a contradiction, conceive of them devoid of God, for He is immanent therein. Without His continual presence to preserve, as well as His transient presence to create, they would cease to be. Indeed the existence of these things is, as it were, but a continual creation.

This being so, God being in all, in essence no less than in power, active in each—smallest and greatest—and active too with no let or hindrance of His Infinity, the world becomes a revelation of God, so far as these material things can disclose and reveal the Infinite One. But these are to us only a revelation of something kindred to qualities that are awakened in ourselves. Hence all men do not see the same things revealed therein. The world, or the smallest particle thereof, reveals God's Power, His Wisdom, and His Goodness. It reveals these attributes in just that order to mankind. In the history of our consciousness, we come,

in the order of time, to understand Force sooner than Wisdom, and that before Goodness. The natural man is before the spiritual man. Mankind represents in its large process the same things which you and I represent in our smaller story. In a few years of our early life we must climb through all the stages which the human race has passed by in its sixty centuries; else we are not up to the level that mankind has reached in our day.

Watching the progress of ideas in history, we see that mankind began as we do, and goes on as we have gone; and first became conscious of God's Power; next of His Wisdom; of His Goodness last of all. We see out of us only what we are internally prepared to see; for seeing depends on the harmony between the object without and your own condition within. Hence no two of us see the same things in the sun and moon and stars; hence some men see only God's Power in the world; others, His Wisdom also; and others still His Goodness crowning all the rest.

Had we some active quality as much transcending Goodness as that surpasses physical force, we should see in the world, I doubt not, still further revelations of God; qualities higher than Goodness. In Him there may be, must be, other qualities greater than Goodness, only you and I can now have no conception thereof, not having analogous qualities active in ourselves. It is by no means to be supposed that our ideas of God exhaust the character and nature of God; nor even that the material world reveals now to us all of Him which it might reveal had we a higher nature, or a larger development of the nature we have. The limit of our finite comprehension is no bound to the Infinite God. If a bear were to look at a watch, he might notice the glitter of the metal, perhaps attend to its constant click. But the *contrivance* of the watch he would not see, nor yet its *use*, not having in himself the qualities to appreciate, or even apprehend, that contrivance or that use. How inadequate a conception must he have both of the watch and the man who made it! So it is with us in our application of the world, and its Maker. We are all in this respect but as bears.

Now men admire in God what they admire in themselves. It is so unavoidably. You may see three periods

in man's history. In the first bodily force is most highly prized. Here the hero is the strongest man; he who can run the swiftest, and strike the hardest; is fearless and cruel. In that state, men conceive mostly of a God of Force. He is a man of war. He thunders and lightens. He rides on the wind; is painted with thunderbolts in his hand. He sends the plague and famine. The wheels of his chariot rattle in war. What represents Force is a type of Him. In some primitive nations their name of God meant only the Strong—the Powerful.

Then as men advance a little, there comes a period in which intellectual power, or wisdom, is prized above bodily force. Men esteem its superiority, for they see that one wise head is a match for many strong bodies. It can command ten weak men to overcome a strong one, whom singly they dared not touch; but no aggregation of foolish men, however numerous, can ever outwit a single wise man, for no combination of many little follies can ever produce wisdom. In this stage he is the hero who has the most intellectual power; knows the secrets of nature; has skill to rule men; speaks wise sayings: Saul, the tallest man, has given place to Solomon, the wisest man. The popular conception of God changes to suit this stage of growth. Men see His Wisdom; they see it in the birth of a child, in the course of the sun and moon; in the return of the seasons; in the instinct of the emmet or the ostrich: God works the wonders of nature. Wisdom is the chief attribute in this age ascribed to God. Who shall teach Him? says the contemplative man of this age—where the sage of a former day would have asked, Who can overcome Him?

There comes yet another period, in which moral power is appreciated. He is the hero who sees moral truth, walks uprightly, subordinates his private will to the universal law, tells the truth, is reverent and pious, loves goodness, and lives it. The saint has become the hero; he rules not by superior power of hand, or superior power of head, but by superior power of heart—by justice, truth, and love; in one word, by righteousness. "The Queen of Sheba came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon," said Jesus, "but behold a greater than Solomon is here." In this period, men

form a higher conception of God. Men believe that He is not only wise, but good; He loves men; He loves justice, goodness, truth; demands mercy and not sacrifice; He keeps His word, and is an upright God. He is no longer regarded as the God of the Mosaic law, jealous, revengeful, exacting; but as a Father of infinite goodness. In one word, God is Love. He is not a man of war, nor a worker of wonders barely, but a Saviour. The Jewish name of God—Jehovah—does not appear in the New Testament! Read the Old Testament and New Testament in connection, you will see this twofold progress in the state of man, and these divergent conceptions of God. However, you will not find them distinctly separated, as in this sketch; you must estimate them by their centre and types, not by their circumference, for in nature and in human affairs there are no classes of things, but only individuals, which we group into classes for convenience in understanding their relations one to another. But these facts are suggestive to such as think.

It was said there is a law at the bottom of all things; that this law is the will of God, who is immanent in nature, and yet transcends nature; that it is God in action. The same rule holds good in relation to mankind. Here also is a law. God is immanent in man as much as in nature, yet as much transcending man. This is a doctrine of the Bible, and appears in various forms in all the more spiritual sects of Christians. But we are conscious and free, having power to keep the law, or, to a certain extent, to violate it; we are not merely to be governed as the material world—but to be self-governed. As conscious and free beings, it is our duty to keep this law; to keep it knowingly and voluntarily, not merely because we should as duty, but also, and no less, because we would as desire; thus bringing the whole of our nature into obedience to God. This our duty is our welfare too. Now Goodness is the keeping of this law; the keeping thereof knowingly and joyfully, with the hand, with the head, with the heart. Goodness is conformity with God in the matter of self-government. In its highest form it is a conscious conformity therewith, and so is Religion. The good man puts himself in a line with God; in unison with Him. He accords with God, and works after where God has worked before. In the matter of self-

government he is consciously one with God ; for God's law acts through him, and by him, with no let nor hindrance.

Now we do not always appreciate the excellence of Goodness. We seldom believe in its power. Mankind has been struggling here on the earth six thousand years—perhaps much longer,—who knows? Yet even now, few men see more than signs of God's Power and Wisdom in the world. Most men stop at the first. The force of muscles they understand better than the force of mind, and that better than the excellence of justice, uprightness, truth, and love. So it has become a political maxim to trust a man of able intellect, sooner than a just and good man of humbler mind. Most men, perhaps, tremble before a God who can destroy the world to-morrow, and send babes new-born to endless hell, far more than they rejoice in a God who rules by perfect justice, truth, and love, who to-day blesses whatever He has made, and will at last bless them all more abundantly than thought can fancy or heart can wish.

We bow before the man of great capabilities of thought, of energetic mind, of deep creative genius. Yet is the good man greater than the wise man—taking wisdom in its common sense of intellectual power, capacity of thought;—greater and nobler far! He rests on a greater idea. He lives in a larger and loftier sentiment. Yet I would not undervalue intellectual power. Who of us does not reverence a man that has the understanding of things; whose capacious mind grasps up the wonders of this earth, its animals and plants, its stones and trees; which measures the heavens, and tells the wonders of the stars, the open secret of the universe; knows the story of man; is possessed of the ideas that rule the world; has gathered the wisdom of the past, and feels that of the present throb mightily within his heart? Who does not honour that capaciousness of thought, which sees events in their causes; can rule a nation as you your household, forecasting its mighty destinies, and that for centuries of years, and moulding the fate of millions yet to come? Who does not appreciate the man who can speak what all feel, but feel dumbly, and can't express; who enchants us with great thoughts which we know to be our known, but could not

say them ; the man who holds the crowd, or the nation, breathless, pausing at his thought, and sways them to and fro as sway the waters underneath the moon ? Who will not honour the poetic mind which tells the tale of our life, and paints to us in rhythmic speech the rocks, the trees, the wind singing melodious in every pine, the brook melting adown its sinuous course ; which tells anew the story of our hopes and fears, our passions, tears, and loves, and paints the man so very like, he trembles but to recognize himself ? Who does not honour the man of vast mind, who concentrates in himself the ideas and sentiments of an age, and shoots them forth far on into the darkness of the coming time, a stream of light, dazzling and electric too, where millions come and light their little torch, and kindle with its touch their household fire ? I would not undervalue this power of thought, the mind's creative skill. It is not the meanest ambition to seek to rise above the mass of men in this, and rule not o'er their bodies but o'er their minds, by power of thought, and live a king for many a hundred years. It is the "last infirmity" of noble men. There is a magnificence in force of mind which may well bid us all look up to admire, and bow down to do homage. It is vast and awful even when alone, not wedded with a noble heart. I would be the last to undervalue this.

But it is little compared to the power of Goodness—the resting, living in those ever fair ideas which we call justice, right, religion, truth,—it is very little and very poor. In time we confess it is so of each great, but wicked, man of thought. Men who stood aghast, awed by the terrific mind of Cæsar, of Cromwell, of Napoleon, come at length to see that a single good man, who conforms with God, yields to no temptation, harbours no revenge,—not railing when mocked at, not paying back scorn for scorn ; who is able to stand alone amid the desertion of friends, and the ribald mockery of the public mind, serenely lifting up a forehead blameless and unabashed to men and God ; who lives in the law of the Just, the Good, the Holy, and the True,—is greater than all Cæsars, all Cromwells, all Napoleons. His power is real, not depending on the accident of a throne or an army, and as the most ancient

Heaven, is permanent and strong, resting on the same foundation with them—the law of God. He lives in his undying powers.

Ask yourself what is it that makes you admire this or that great man? Is it what is highest in you, or what is lowest? Is it your best quality? If not, then is your admiration not of the best things in man, for the quality you admire in him is only an enlargement of the same quality in yourself. Your little honours his much, and if your little is not of your best, no more is his much. It is dangerous to admire what it is not safe to love.

Now all things in nature league with the good man; her symbols and her soothing influence are on virtue's side. So are the highest sentiments that flash as lightning on your mind in some great hour—the sunrise of the soul. Goodness unites all men. It hinders no other man's goodness, for it is not selfish; rests on nothing private, personal to you or me, but on what is universal, patent to the world. It is Badness that separates; makes man afraid of his brother, jealous, and exclusive. Badness rests on somewhat private, and personal to you and me. It seeks its own; only its own welfare. There cannot be a community of misers and cut-throats. They must lay aside their miserly and murderous principles before they can live together. Birds of prey never go in flocks; they are grasping, each takes before the other. It is a social nature that unites in groups the harmless sheep, the ox, the horse. It is not this, but famine, stern necessity, that crowds hyænas and wolves together into bands, when they would bring down some beast of noble mark. Spiders cannot work together, harmonious as silk-worms. They bite and devour one another.*

When a good man commences his career of Goodness, sceptics will doubt and bigots will oppose him. These men have no faith in Goodness, only in cunning or in force. But the great heart of mankind will beat with him. Even men indebted to sin will forsake their old tyrants, and welcome him to their arms, confessing their former life a

* It is said that some French philosophers, irreligiously disregarding this hint of nature, shut up a great quantity of spiders, in hopes of obtaining a material finer than silk, and in quantities proportionate to the spider's energy. But the spiders quarrelled more than they spun, and in a few days there was but one spider left.

mistake and a grievous curse. By-and-by the world rolls round to his side, and the longer it stands the more will his ideas prevail, for the world is going a pilgrimage towards the Truth.

The secret history of the world is a contest between ideas of Goodness and Badness. We sometimes think it is all over with Goodness; but it gets the better continually. What is bad dies out, perishing slowly in the ages. What is good lives for ever. A truth is never obsolete. All nature is really leagued against selfishness; for God is the author of nature, and there is no devil. A selfish nation digs its own grave; if strong it digs it all the deeper, and the more secure. That is the lesson which Rome teaches the world. A selfish party in the nation does the same thing. A selfish man in society seems to succeed, but his success is ruin. He has poisoned his own bread. For all that is ill got he must pay back tenfold. God is not mocked. The man laughs that he has escaped a duty. Poor, blind man! a curse has fallen on him; it cleaves to his bones. Justice has feet like wool, so noiseless you hear not her steps; but her hands are hands of iron, and where God lays them down it is not in man to lift them up.

A moral man, from the height of his idea, looks down on the world and sees the cause, process, and result of all this. He sees that the bad man has conjured up a fiend to stand always beside him, corrupting his dainties; while all the foes that attack a good man are, by the magic wand of his Goodness, transformed to angels which encamp about his dwelling-place to guard him from Sloth and Pride. For all good actions, sentiments, and thoughts, a tenfold recompense is paid him here. We all know the history of Cæsar, the fortunes of Cromwell, the story of Napoleon—men that towered over the world as giants of vast intellectual force, of comparatively little goodness; of little power of heart. What if one had the head of Napoleon and the heart of Fenelon; if such an one should rise amongst us, should be a senator of these United States, their president,—what an effect would it have on us, on the nations of the world, on millions yet unborn! What a monument would he build—that should last perennially fair when the Pyramids shall have crumbled into dust;

what a furrow of light would his name leave behind him in the world! How would he elevate our notions of a man—yes, our notions of God! To be ruled by such an one would be the beginning of freedom. What advance should we make in the qualities of a man! Nature would be on his side, and God none the less. If it be not the meanest ambition to rule over men's minds by the power of thought,—but a great excellency, as the world goes,—what shall be said of the desire to live in men's hearts by the magic of Goodness; the ambition to lead all men to be brothers, to conform with God, to live by His law, and be blessed by the freedom of obedience, and so be one with Him? Why, words cannot paint the excellence of that zeal of a seraphic soul.

Goodness is the service of God. The good heart, the good life are the best, the only sacrifice that He demands. When men saw mainly the power of God, trembling thereat, they made sacrifice of things dearest to them, to bribe their God, as to appease a cruel king. "Come not empty-handed before thy God," said the priest. Even now, many a man who sees also the wisdom of God, and bows before Him as the soul of thought, will sacrifice reason, conscience, and good sense, as Abraham would offer Isaac, and as Solomon slew sheep and goats. They think God loves tears and hates smiles; so they pay him with gloom, gloomy Sundays and gloomy weeks, and most despairing and melancholy prayers. How many think religion to consist of this. Belief is the sign of their Christianity and its only proof! No doubt there are, practically speaking, two parts of religion: Piety the sentiment, Morality the expression, a revelation of that sentiment, as the world is a revelation of God. Piety is the in-ness of Morality, as Morality is the out-ness of Piety. No doubt there are two parts of service to God, namely, Faith and Love within the man, Works and Goodness without the man. If faithful Love be in the man, works of Goodness must needs appear in his manifested life. If not, who shall assure us that Faith and Love exist within? a good tree is known by its good fruit. It is of more importance that the tree be good, than it be called by a good name.

Now one of the sacramental sins of the Christian Churches has been to lay the main stress on expressions of Faith, on

Devotion, or Belief. If they laid the main stress on real Piety that were well, for it would be making the tree good, when, of course, its fruit would be also good. Piety is love of God with the mind and heart; he who has this must conform to God in his self-government, so far as he knows God's will. But Piety cannot be forced. It eludes the eye. It will not be commanded nor obey the voice of the charmer. So the Churches early insisted that Belief and Devotion were the main things of Christianity. They told men what to believe—how to be devout. They gave men a creed for their belief, and a form or a rite for their devotion. The whole thing was brought into the outer court—placed under the eye of the priest. Behold Christianity made easy; the Power of God and the Wisdom of God, and God's Goodness too, become a stumbling-block and foolishness to the Christians themselves! None was accounted a Christian but a conformist to the ways of man. He only was a Christian who believed the popular creed and complied with the popular form. The absolute Religion of Christ had passed away from the Churches; the sectarianism of the priesthood had usurped its place. Goodness was cheated of its due. In the name of Christ was it taught that a good man might be damned; he had kept the Law of God, as reason and conscience make it known; he had been faithful to God and true and loving to man; he had believed all things that to him were credible, and done prayerfully the duty of a man. "What of that?" said the priest, "he has not believed nor worshipped with the rest of men. Hell waiteth for such." Would to God I could say that these things only *were*, that they *are* not. It has for many a hundred years been a heresy in the Christian Churches to believe that a man goes to heaven on account of his goodness, his righteousness, or is acceptable to God because he walks manfully by the light God gives him! *Has been*, did I say? Far worse, it is so now! It is a heresy to believe it now in all popular and recognized Churches of Christendom! A creed and a rite are of course but external—only the gold of the altar—not the altar sanctifying the gold. Once they were symbols, perhaps, and signs of all good things to some pious man. They helped him to commune with God. They aided him to grow. Losing their first estate, to many

they become not stimulants of Goodness, but substitutes for it. The man rests at the symbol and learns no more!

It was so in Judea when Christ came into the world. No nation of old time surpassed the Jews in their concern for external rites of devotion. No modern nation has equalled them in this. But they were not a good and moral nation; they were not then, and are not now. They were always hated—not without some reason. Let us do them justice for their marvellous merits, but not be blind to their faults. Christ found that in the popular faith Goodness and Religion were quite different things. Men thought that God was to be served by rites and beliefs. So the priests had taught, making Religion consist in what was useless to God and man;—a wretched science with the few, a paltry ceremony with the mass. Not so did the prophets teach, for priests and prophets are never agreed. Christ fell back on Goodness. He demanded this, he set forth its greatness, its power, in his words and in his life. He encumbered no man with creeds, nor rites. He said, “He that doeth the will of my Father shall know of the doctrine.” He summed up the essentials of Religion in a few things, a right heart, and a right life, in Piety and Goodness. He knew they would extend, and that swiftly, to many things. Moses and the Law might go their way; they had authority to bind no man. His words were their own evidence and proof; moral truth is its own witness. He had authority. Whence came it? From the scribes and the priests? They hated him. From tradition, Moses, the Old Testament? Quite as little. He puts them behind him. He had authority because he conformed to God’s Law, in his mind and in his heart, and in his life. So God spoke through him; inspiration came, and though his friends forsook him, and Church and State rose in tumult, clamorous for his overthrow; though the world turned against him, and he stood alone, he was not alone—better than friends, and Church, and State, and world, better than twelve legions of angels, the Father was with him, and he fell not!

Even publicans and harlots welcomed him. They did not love sin. They had been deluded into its service; they found it a hard master. Joyfully they deserted that hopeless Armada, to sail the seas with God, soon as one

came who put the heart, conscience, reason, on Religion's side, speaking with an authority they felt before they saw, showing that religion was real and dear. Humble men saw the mystery of Godliness, they felt the power of Goodness which streamed forth from their brother's heart of fire. They started to found a Church on Goodness, on absolute Religion, little knowing what they did. Alas! it was a poor Church which men founded in that great name, though the best the world ever saw; it was little compared with the ideas of Jesus; little and poor compared with the excellence of Goodness and the power of real Religion.

Some day there will be churches built in which it shall be taught that the only outward service God asks is Goodness, and Truth the only creed; that a Divine life—piety in the heart, morality in the hand—is the only real worship. Men will use symbols or not, as they like; perhaps will still cling to such as have helped us hitherto; perhaps leave them all behind, and have communion with man in work, and word, and joyful sympathy, with God through the elements of earth, and air, and water, and the sky; or in a serener hour, without these elements, come nearer yet to Him. But in that day will men forget Jesus—the son of Joseph, the carpenter, whom the priests slew, as a madman and an infidel, but whom the world has worshipped as a God? Will his thought, his sentiments, his influence pass away? no, oh! no. What rests on the ideas of God, lasts with those ideas. Power shall vanish; glory shall pass away; England and America may become as Nineveh and Babylon. Yes, the incessant hand of Time may smooth down the ruggedness of the Alleghany and the Andes, but so long as man is man must these truths of Jesus live; religion be the love of man, the love of God. Men will not name Jesus, God; they may not call him master, but the world's teacher. They will love him as their great brother, who taught the truth, and lived the life of heaven here; who broke the fetters of the oppressed, and healed the bruises of the sick, and blessed the souls of all. Then will Goodness appear more transcendent, and he will be deemed the best Christian who is most like Christ; most excelling in Truth, Piety, and Goodness. They will not be the preachers

who bind, but they who loose mankind; who are full of truth; who live great noble lives, and walk with Goodness and with God. Worship will be fresh and natural as the rising sun—beautiful like that, and full of promise too. Truth for the creed; Goodness for the form; Love for the baptism—shall we wait for that, with folded arms? No, brothers, no. Let us live as if it were so now. Earth shall be blessed and heaven ours.

EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

1. *City Document, No. 40.—Reports of the Annual Visiting Committees of the Public Schools of the City of Boston, 1847.* Boston: 1847. 8vo, pp. 124 and 92.
2. *Eleventh Annual Report of the Board of Education; together with the Eleventh Annual Report of the Secretary of the Board.* Boston: 1848. 8vo, pp. 136 and ix.

EDUCATION, in the wide sense of the word, is the harmonious development of all the natural powers of man,—of the Body, of the Mind, Conscience, Affections, Will, and Religious Sentiments. The general means to that end are twofold—the World of Matter and the World of Men. Leaving the former out of account, the latter may be considered under four several forms, as constituting so many educational forces, which influence the development of the rising generation in this country. There is—

I. The Political action of the People, represented by the State;

II. The Material action of the People, represented by Business;

III. The Literary and Scientific action of the People, represented by the Press;

IV. The Ecclesiastical action of the People, represented by the Churches.

Now these four, the State, Business, the Press, and the Churches, are the Educational Forces which most powerfully affect the intellectual and moral development of the people, modifying the original tendency of each generation as it rises. This is so from the very nature of man and the constitution of society.

But subordinate to these general educational forces, there are likewise Special Institutions, whose design is to prepare the child, and put him in communication with these general influences. The more completely they do that, the more completely are they commonly thought to do their work; and for this purpose schools and colleges have mainly been established—to put the youth in connection with these forces, and thus enable him to do the duties and receive the instruction which the State, Business, the Press, and the Churches may demand or afford him. He who has learned to read, to write, and to calculate, has got possession of the three most important educational tools or helps; and by the use thereof receives the aid of these great general educators. He who learns, also, a foreign language, letting alone other advantages of that study, may thereby receive the instruction which the State, Business, Press, and Churches of another land have likewise to offer him.

Were these great and general educational forces of a higher or a lower character than now with us, their influence would be modified accordingly. It is the duty of a wise educator to appreciate the kind and degree of influence which these forces actually exert on the young, and act with or against it, as the case may require. The State, by its actions, may teach men to reverence the eternal Right, or only the power of armies and commerce. The Business of the nation may teach respect for honesty and manly usefulness, or only the omnipotence of the dollar. The Press may direct men to honour justice, truth, and manliness, may fill them with noble ideas and sentiments, or teach them to be mean and little, taking Public Opinion as their standard. The Churches may instruct men to love God and to love man, as the supreme objects of ideal or practical affection, or they may teach men to comply with public sins, to believe a lie, and for a pretence make long prayers, hypocritically affecting a be-

lief in all manner of absurdities and contradictions. It is the duty of such as direct the public education of the people to understand the character and influence of all these. It will be hard work for the teacher to make his pupil ascend, though by his proper motion, while these forces are contending to drive him down. But when these forces act in the right direction, it is difficult for the youth to go wrong. However, it is not our task at present to criticise these educational forces, and inquire what they actually teach in America at this day,—what good they promise, what ill they threaten, for the future;—we wish rather to look at the subordinate institutions for the public education of the people, whose aim is to furnish the youth of our land with the rudiments of learning.

After a nation has provided for the common material wants of protection, food, shelter, clothing, and the like, the most important work is to educate the rising generation. To do this is not merely a duty which the father owes to his own child, but which society, in virtue of its eminent paternity, owes to every child born in its bosom. The right of the State to control alike person and property, is continually set forth, till it often comes to be considered as superior to reason and conscience; but the duty of the State to watch over the culture of its children is too often forgot. But this duty is co-extensive with the right, and both grow out of the relation of sovereignty which the State holds over the individuals that compose it.

It has always been acknowledged that society owes something to each person subject to its power. In the rudest ages of social existence it is felt to be the duty of the State to protect, as far as possible, the lives of its citizens from the violence of a public enemy from abroad, or a private enemy at home. Next it becomes recognized as a natural duty to protect also the property of each man, as well as his person: then the State admits its obligation to aid all its citizens or subjects in their religious culture, and so, in some form or other, provides for the public worship of the God of the State. There is no government in Europe which does not admit all these obligations. All have established armies, jails, and churches, with their appropriate furniture, to protect the persons and property of their subjects, and do something to advance their re-

ligious culture. At a period of social progress considerably more advanced, the State first admits it is a public duty of the sovereign power to defend a man from want, and save him from starvation, not only in times of famine and war, but in the ordinary state of things. At a period of progress still more recent, it is also recognized as a public duty to look after the education of all the children of the State. This duty rests on the same foundation with the others. At this day it is admitted by all civilians, that each citizen has a right to claim of his State protection for property and person; food enough, likewise, to keep him from perishing—on condition that he does what he can to protect himself. In New-England and most of the enlightened States of the world, it is also admitted that each child has a right, likewise, to claim of the State an opportunity of acquiring the rudiments of education. But how far ought the State to carry this education, which is to be placed within the reach of all? The answer to this question we will attempt to give in another part of this article, only premising here, that in a progressive people the zero-point of education is continually rising: what was once the maximum of hope, one day becomes the minimum of sufferance.

In New-England it has long been admitted in practice, though not proclaimed in our political theories, that the State owes each child in it a chance to obtain the average education, so far as schools can secure that attainment. Our scheme of public education of the people is one of the most original things in America. In literature and science America has hitherto shown little invention, and has achieved little worth mentioning. In business the nation is eminently creative, and in politics we are the most original of nations, both in respect of ideas and the forms in which they become actual. With these exceptions, the New-England scheme of public education, now extended over most of the free States, is the most original thing which America has produced. Take New-England as a whole, with the States which have descended from her—her public free schools are the noblest monument of the character of the people; of their industry, their foresight, their vigorous and thrifty manhood. New-England has been complimented for her ships, her roads—of earth and

iron,—her factories, her towns, and her shops; she has often looked with pride on her churches, once the dwelling-place of such piety, and long the bulwark of civil freedom in the new world: but she has far more reason to be proud—if aught human may be proud—of her common schools. These are more honourable to her head and heart, than even the great political and legal institutions which have grown around them, and above them, often, but always out of the same soil.

Democracy is the government of all the citizens for the sake of all the citizens, and by means of them all. Of course, it is only possible on condition that it is itself conducted by the eternal laws of Justice, which man has not made, but only found made; otherwise it will not be for the sake of ALL, but hostile to the welfare of some. Such a democracy is of course only an ideal as yet. But the prevalent sentiments of America, especially of New-England and her descendant States, are democratic; her ideas are democratic; her institutions, in the main, democratic,—all progressively tending towards that ideal. The public schools of New-England have grown out of these democratic sentiments and ideas,—their growth as unavoidable as that of lichens and mosses on Monadnock.

Democracy is the ideal of America. But it is an ideal which can never be realized except on the condition that the people, the whole people, are well educated, in the large sense of that word. There may be a monarchy—despotic or constitutional, or an aristocracy, without any considerable culture on the part of the mass of the people; but a democracy under such circumstances cannot be. A nation of ignorant savages may be governed: it is only a wise people that can govern themselves. The very political constitution of New-England, therefore, demands a degree of culture in the people hitherto unknown in the most advanced nations of the world. Thus in America there is not only the general duty of society to educate all its members, but also the special duty of a democratic government—which thereby is fulfilling the most imperative conditions of its existence.

At the first settlement of America, it was not possible for the infant State, struggling for existence, to spend much time in the education of the children; yet, consider-

ing all things, the ideal set up in New-England, in the seventeenth century, was exceedingly high, and the achievement, likewise, greater than a sanguine man would have dared predict. At this day, the intelligence of the mass is much enhanced, and the wealth thereof is prodigiously increased. The zero-point of public education has also risen.

This may be laid down as a maxim—that it is the duty of society to afford every child born in it a chance of obtaining the best education which the genius of the child is capable of receiving, and the wealth and intelligence of society are capable of bestowing. It seems to us, from the very nature of man and of society, that each child has just as good a claim for this as for protection from violence or starvation. Much, doubtless, will be possible in the way of education a hundred years hence, not thought of now; but *now* much is possible which is not attempted—much not even hoped for. When the opportunity for obtaining even a liberal culture is afforded to all, there is danger that men will leave the laborious callings of life, and rush to what are called the educated professions? Quite the contrary. There will always be five hundred good carpenters to one good philosopher or poet. There are but few men who have an innate preference for being lawyers, ministers, and doctors, rather than farmers, shoemakers, and blacksmiths. Many are now in the professions solely because these offered a chance for some liberal culture which the trade did not afford, though otherwise far more attractive. When education is thought equally necessary for the farmer and the lawyer, and all honest and useful callings equally honourable, there is more danger that the office be neglected than the field; we may safely count on more corn and less litigation.

The process of education at this day consists of two distinct things.

I. The acquisition of certain positive knowledge, namely, of the facts of science and the facts of history,—including also the ideas of science and history.

II. The development of the faculties of the learner, so that he may also effectually possess all his natural powers, and act originally for himself. At present the common schools do a little of both; the high schools and colleges

a little more. But in the common schools, taken as a whole, so far as we know—far too little is attempted in the way of an original development of the faculties themselves. Memory and imitation are the chief faculties which are cultivated. The reason of this is too plain to need showing.

Now the foundation of the public education of the people must be laid in the common schools. Take the whole population of any northern State, perhaps not more than an eighth part of the people receive any instruction from any private school. The faults, then, of the common schools will show themselves in the character of the people, and that in a single generation.

The common schools, therefore, are the most important institutions of New-England. If there had been none such for two hundred years past, the mass of men would have been unable to read, and write, and calculate; those attainments would be the monopoly of a few men of superior wealth or superior natural ability. As the natural consequence, agriculture would have been in a poor state; commerce in a poor state; manufactures a hundred years behind their present condition. There would not be the signs of life, activity, thrift, of continual progress, visible all over the New-England States. The crowds which in Boston now attend the lectures of the Lowell Institute, and other means of instructive or refined amusement, would seek their entertainment in a bull-fight, or a bear-baiting; perhaps in a man-fight of bruisers in a ring, or a soldier-baiting on the common. Public lectures would be as rare in Boston, as in Montreal, Halifax, or even New Orleans and Naples. The government would not be a democracy, getting more and more democratic, but a despotism in the form of a monarchy or aristocracy; a government OVER all, but by a few, and against the interest of the many. The few and the strong would own the bodies of the weak and the many in New-England, as well as in South Carolina and Morocco. There would not be a hundred churches in Boston, filled by intelligent men of more than a hundred different ways of thinking on religious matters—each claiming freedom of conscience; but three or four magnificent and costly temples, in which the ignorant and squalid people, agape for miracles, ridden by their rulers,

and worse ridden by their priests, met to adore some relic of a saint—the pocket-handkerchief of the mother of God, and the nail from the cross, or from the horse the Queen of Sheba did not ride, a hair from Saint Joseph's beard, or perhaps the seamless coat of Christ! The city would swarm with monks dedicated to ignorance and filthiness, and religiously fulfilling at least that part of their vow. There would be slaves in New-England, not black slaves alone, but white; freedom would be in few hands; land in few hands; education in few hands; power in few hands; comfort and virtue in few hands. New-England might then be the Heaven of the rich and the noble, the Purgatory of the wise and the good, but the Hell of the poor and the weak.

If there had never been any public schools for girls in New-England, then the majority of women would have had the monopoly of ignorance. They would be the slaves of the men; not their companions. The hardest and most revolting work, in the streets, the scows, and the drains, would be performed by the hands of sisters, wives, mothers. Woman would be the victim of lust, of intemperance, of every crime—trod down into the dust, but poisoning still the oppressive foot.

On the other hand, if the public schools could have been better—could have been as good and well attended in 1748 as now, New-England would have gained, perhaps, at the least, fifty years. Where would have been the intemperance, the pauperism, the crime—which now prey on society? We should not need so many jails, and five thousand magistrates of the police in Massachusetts. We should not have a nation with so little shame and so much to be ashamed of; a press so corrupt and debasing. Business would be marked by an activity wiser and yet greater, and by its purer morals; the Churches would be far other than what now they are; the amount of intelligent activity might be tenfold what it is now, and that tenfold activity would show itself in all departments of human concern—in a tenfold morality, comfort, order, and welfare in general.

There are several causes which prevent the common schools from doing the service which is needed of them; we will mention only the two chief. All the children from five to sixteen do not attend regularly. From a fourth to

a third part are always absent. Mr Mann complains of this as "an enormous loss." "The most frugal and thrifty community in the world here plays the spendthrift and prodigal." The State can do little directly to repair this evil. To make attendance compulsory would be inconsistent with the spirit of American institutions, and perhaps productive of little good. Teachers, school committees, and the clergy, can doubtless do much to check this evil.

The next cause is found in the inferior character of the teachers employed. Far be it from us to find fault with these persons;—there is no class in the community for whom we feel a more profound respect, or regard with a deeper sympathy. "Madam," said Dr Johnson to a lady who grumbled about her servants, "Madam, you cannot expect all the celestial virtues for three shillings a week." Eminent ability does not naturally flow towards the master's desk in the common schools. Take two thousand five hundred of the men of Massachusetts most marked for general ability, and probably not ten of them would be found among the teachers of public schools in that State; certainly not seeking there a permanent resting-place. There is no honour connected with the calling; the pay is miserably little. Massachusetts rewards her teachers better, we think, than any other State; but on the average, after deducting the expense of board, pays the male teacher less than twenty-five dollars a month, and the female but eight dollars and seven cents! In Vermont it is but twelve dollars a month for males, and four dollars and seventy-five cents for females. The celestial virtues are seldom to be had so cheap. Such a stipend is not likely to attract men of superior energy; they will flee from a calling which can offer no inducement but the vow of poverty. Men of inferior ability have hitherto had little encouragement to fit themselves for the duties of a teacher. Indeed, there have been no means hitherto placed within their reach. There have long been establishments for the training of lawyers, physicians, clergymen, and soldiers,—until lately none for the education of teachers. There are even now few good works treating either of the art or the science of teaching. There is no college, we think, in the United States, in which lectures are given on this art

or science, though it is necessary for every parent to practise the art, and to understand it belongs to the very profession of the teacher. The normal schools have already done something to remedy this evil. Teachers' institutes, lectures by accomplished men, the production of books treating of the art and science of teaching, will also do good.

But all this will not reach the root of the evil. Martyrs may always be found to go on the forlorn hope of Humanity, but no State ever relied on a whole army of martyrs—to man its forts and its fleets, to form the rank and file of the very militia! A more mundane argument must be resorted to than the hope of eternal rewards in heaven. Superior talent will always be attracted towards wealth and social rank—in no country more certainly than in America. A Christian minister was once sure of a competent support for his natural life; sure, also, of a high social rank. Then men of masculine ability and superior culture came to that calling and did it honour, representing the superior thought of the nation. Circumstances changing, the minister's salary becoming uncertain in its continuance, or comparatively small, his social rank in reality far less—that masculine ability and superior culture seek other channels of usefulness, and only by exception flow through the pulpit, then to the amazement and consternation of the Church, long wonted to the drowsy tinkle of an humbler stream.

Now it is entirely in the power of the people to command superior talent, cultivation, and skill, solely by paying its price. Some men are born with a genius for teaching; many with a talent for it. Offer a sufficient pay, and they will come, and the results will appear in the character of the next generation. It is not difficult for colleges to obtain men of fine ability and culture for their service, because, though the salary is not large compared with the income of a thrifty grocer or a master mason in a large town—yet a certain honour and respectability, as well as permanency, is connected with the post of Professor. Give the same reward to the teacher of the common schools, and a similar result will follow.

Now the State demands its ablest men for judges, senators, and the like, and easily obtains them. The business of educating the whole generation of youth in t

land between four and sixteen is one of the first importance ; on which the destinies of the nation depend. Common-sense demands, then, a class of men with superior powers, with a generous development of all their faculties, and especially masters of the science and art of Education. Soon as the people are satisfied of this, they can have such a body of men at their disposal. Until this is done, the State must suffer. It is easy to be penny-wise and pound-foolish, and it seems to us that the system of small salaries for schoolmasters hitherto pursued, even in New-England, is like sacrificing a whole cloak of velvet to save the end of a farthing candle.

Compare the attainments of a child of fourteen, trained in one of the common schools, say of Boston, and another of equal age and capacity trained under the care of the most judicious and skilful teachers of that city, and what a difference ; a difference not only in the amount of positive knowledge acquired, but still more in the actual development of faculties. The one is ten times better educated than the other ; the difference arising solely from the fact that one has had the discipline of a superior person, and the other not. Yet it is possible to make every public school in the land better than the best private school now in it ; the people have never done their duty until this is attained. It were a bad thing that the children of the rich should grow up with little knowledge, little possession of their faculties : but it is worse still that the children of the poor grow up in this state, for in adult years they cannot command for themselves the educational resources so easy of access to the man who has enough of both time and money, which commands also the time of other men.

The services of women cost less than men ; educational ability, also, is more common amongst women, and therefore it is easier to obtain for the common schools eminent educational talent in the female teacher than in the male. The community is wisely availing itself of this advantage, and the number of female teachers advances more rapidly than the males. But here, too, is a difficulty. The idea has commonly prevailed, that woman was inferior to man—not deserving of superior culture. Her business was

“To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.”

Her education, therefore, need not go beyond the merest rudiments, to qualify her for these functions. Like father like son—the rude boy inheriting this traditional notion of woman, refuses to submit to female government at school, and the father thinks he is more than half right. Besides, woman has not counted herself the equivalent of man, but tamely accepted the place assigned her; and now, too, it is difficult to find women of competent culture to assume their natural position, and educate the aspiring youth of the land, and so the country school is poorly taught, by men of little natural or acquired fitness for the work, and taught, likewise, but few months; while the same money would better pay the services of a competent woman for the whole year.

But the common schools must be occupied mainly with the rudiments of education. Some scholars will wish to obtain more than these offer. The number of such is continually increasing. To meet their wants there is needed a class of high schools, to take boys and girls where the common schools leave them, and advance them yet further. The law provides for the establishment of such schools in large towns; but even there the want is but ill supplied, and in the small towns it is still severely felt. If several small towns would unite and establish such a high school in some convenient place, the evil would be remedied in part; at any rate such a scheme would work better than anything which is now offered to the public. In such a school ancient and modern languages might be taught; mathematics, the natural sciences, ethics, and metaphysics. At present, for their higher culture, children must repair to the numerous private academies which testify to the want of such public institutions, rather than supply it. The money now paid to the private academies for the education of a few would be more than sufficient to establish such public schools as might better teach all the hopeful youth who would avail themselves thereof. At present, these private academies, with a few honourable exceptions, do their work but poorly, as we think. They are not under the vigilant supervision of a committee appointed by the public, and responsible to them; there is seldom a regular and systematic course of studies prescribed; still more rarely a wise and vigorous method of education pursued, by which

the pupil's mind is well disciplined. Much of the quackery of education, we fear, takes refuge in the private schools. Besides, the private academies are often so sectarian in their character that much of the good they might do is prevented, and much time is wasted in teaching the child what he will slowly and painfully unlearn in later years, or else be blighted all his life by a barbarous theology, forced upon him when he was too feeble to resist the baneful imposition.

We will not pretend to mention all the details which ought to be considered in establishing such high schools as are hinted at above, but this, at least, seems possible—for two or three small towns to unite, or, if it were needful, all the small towns in a county, and establish such an institution. We see not why it would not work as well as the normal schools, which already have done so much to advance the education of the people. Such schools should provide for the youth of both sexes. Originally the public schools of New-England were open only to the boys. The Hebrew notion has long prevailed, that man was created for his own sake, woman only for man's sake, because it was "not good that the man should be alone." She has been considered as inferior to man, and, therefore, not entitled to any considerable culture. This barbarous notion still prevails; as proof of which we need only look at the one hundred and nine colleges in the United States, and ask what analogous provision has been made for the superior education of young women. Boston has done much for the public education of her children, and thereby been honourably distinguished above the other cities of the western or the eastern world. Her Latin and English high schools would be an ornament and honour to any city in the world. But, even in Boston, there are no public schools for girls at all corresponding to those excellent institutions for boys. Why not?

Perhaps nothing would give so direct and powerful an impulse to popular education in New-England, as the establishment of free schools for girls in Boston, analogous to the Latin and English high schools for boys. Rich men can give their daughters a superior culture; some of them will do it, at any cost. But nine-tenths of the girls must depend on the public schools alone. There is no

reason in the nature of things, or the duty of the State to its citizens, why superior education should be confined to the rougher sex. In the higher seminaries and the first class of the grammar schools, few boys are found from the humblest ranks of the people;—their services are so valuable that their needy parents will not allow the boy to attend school. Now, to the man of small means the daughter's time is not worth so much as the son's. She, therefore, could attend school much longer were there any superior school for her to attend. Such, too, is the demand for active young men, and the general hurry of the times, that young men rush from the schools and colleges into active life long before they are prepared. Young women, less needed in active life—finding, indeed, few callings to fill—could remain longer at school, and would gain a superior culture. In such schools there would come many daughters out of the humblest portion of the people, and getting well educated, they would become the mothers of men of no humble class; would diffuse an ennobling influence wherever they were, and elevate that class which is now a burthen and a reproach to the young democracy.

Further still, the presence of a body of highly-educated young women would stimulate the other sex more than any amount of appeals from the press or the pulpit. A coarse and ignorant young man—foppish and conceited, his head filled with nothing better than the newspapers and play-bills, who abhors thought as Nature a vacuum—he hates nothing so much as to be found inferior to the women he constantly meets. While the majority of women have a very inferior culture, their heads even more scantily furnished than the young men's; while they are illiterate, ignorant, incapable of all serious thought, even of attention enough to understand a common lecture and report it faithfully—it is no wonder that men, who have a better culture, though still coarse and ignorant, conceited and foppish, should think women their inferior. When such men meet a woman of really superior culture, they only mock and call names, looking on her as a curiosity, almost as a monster. Were there many such women, were the majority of women of such a character, our ignorant young man, finding himself in a minority, would become seasonably ashamed, would give over calling names, and, finding

that his boasted superiority of nature only made him ridiculous, would betake himself to diligent culture of his better faculties, and would end by becoming something of a man.

It need not be said the expense of such establishments could not be afforded, for all experience of public education shows that it costs less to educate the whole at public charge than to educate the select portions who now occupy the private seminaries. We think it could soon be shown, that the sums now paid for the education of two or three hundred young women at private schools in Boston, would more than suffice for the superior education of the thousand who would avail themselves of such an education, were it possible. Were there a thousand young women furnished with the best culture which this age could afford, scattered about in society, as wives and mothers, it is easy to see the change which they would soon effect in a single generation. Nay, it is not easy to see ALL the change they would effect. Their influence would soon appear in the churches, in the newspapers, the theatres, in all our literature,—yes, in the State itself,—and produce effects by no means anticipated now. The establishment of such an institution would in a very few years double the number of persons who have a superior education, and every such woman is not only an ornament, but a blessing, to society.

To crown the whole system of public education, a public college would seem necessary, founded by the State, watched over by the State, and by the State preserved from all sectarian and partisan influence; a college with libraries and lectures open to all who were able to understand their use. Our scheme of public education is exceedingly incomplete until this also is established. At present, many young men of superior talent are debarred from a generous education solely by their inability to meet the expenses of a college course. They suffer for lack of culture, and society suffers for lack of their services. Inferior men, but born of parents thrifter or more fortunate, obtain the culture and occupy the more elevated posts of society, which can only be *filled* by men born with superior gifts not less than well-bred.

Everywhere we see signs that a free public college is

needed and desired. Amongst them are the rise of cheap colleges, which only express the want which they cannot satisfy; the numerous lyceums and courses of lectures; the Mercantile Library Association, the Association of Mechanics' apprentices, and the like, in Boston. It would be easy for any one of the free States to establish such a public college in one of its principal cities, offering gratuitous instruction to all who could pass such an examination as would show they were capable of appreciating the instruction offered. We will not go into the details of such a scheme, wishing only to invite public attention to the subject. Such institutions would soon furnish a large body of men with a superior education, and free us from one of the troubles of American society—professional men ignorant of their profession; lawyers, doctors, ministers, whom it would be flattery to call half-educated, but who are yet not to be blamed, having all the culture they could get. Still more, it would diffuse a liberal education amongst all classes of society, and the advantages of that we have not time to point out. It is no mean reproach to us that the Prussians, the Saxons, and the French have done far more for the *superior* education of the people than we have thought proper even to attempt. Massachusetts has taken the lead in many important movements of the nation. We wish she would set the example of a public college; for surely, no State is so competent, for various reasons, to make the experiment, and perhaps none so much feels the need of it. Every man of superior education, so far as that goes, is a blessing to society, not less than an ornament. He gives dignity and honour to his calling, not it to him. He may sit on the bench of a judge, or on the bench of a shoemaker, be an upholsterer, or a clergyman, that is of small account; his thought, his wisdom, his character, do their work in society. As things now go, we get rich faster than we get intelligent, and as a nation deserve the reproach of being material and vulgar. Aristotle said in his day, the mass of labouring people should not be "of a character too elevated." A democratic government demands for all the best education which it is possible for all to receive; the superior education of as many as possible.

In all the large towns of Massachusetts, men and women

have associated together, established lyceums, and secured to themselves courses of lectures every winter. This movement shows the want of something more than schools, colleges, and churches have hitherto afforded. The effect of these lyceums with their lectures is excellent in many ways, intellectual, moral, social. But as yet little is accomplished by them in comparison with what may easily be done. No system is pursued by such institutions; lectures come pell-mell after one another, without order. There is no sufficient body of men well trained for the business of popular lecturing. Brilliant and showy men serve for an hour's amusement, but fail of accomplishing the great work which waits to be done. It seems to us that the lyceums of several towns might combine together, and have regular and systematic courses of lectures delivered in each by the same person. In this manner men of ability and suitable education might easily be well paid for the labour of preparing valuable lectures; and the people receive the advantage of instruction from the best minds in the land. The business of a popular lecturer might soon become as important as that of a judge; his social rank as high, and his salary still more. In this manner some of the best talent of the State might be applied to its most appropriate work—the Education of the People. Lectures might be delivered treating of the Facts of Nature, or Science in its various departments; the Facts of Man, his history, literature, laws, and the like;—lectures on Facts, and lectures, also, on Ideas.

A few years ago, in Boston, one of her sons founded an Institute for the better education of the people by means of lectures, and thereby did a greater service to that town, as we think, than any American has ever done to his native place. Education, in its large sense, is the greatest charity which can be bestowed on a town or a city. We refer to the Lowell Institute. Its usefulness is now only beginning. There the services of some of the most able men of America and of Europe have been wisely obtained for the purpose of instructing the people. The experience of that Institute shows that superior talent and culture can easily be commanded for this great work whenever the pecuniary means are provided. A combination of numerous lyceums, though individually poor, can also secure the services of

men of superior ability for their purpose, as soon as they will. The apparatus most important in education is men,—able men. The influence of lectures like those of Agassiz and Walker at the Lowell Institute, of Emerson at the various lyceums and elsewhere, it is not easy to calculate. Not only do those men give positive information, but they stimulate all their ingenuous hearers to desire a yet nobler culture, and suggest the intellectual and other methods by which it may be won.

In New-England there is no public or even social amusement—recognized as such. The old and barbarous sport of military exhibitions has long been unpopular, and is now ridiculous. The amusement of getting drunk is rather old-fashioned, and though still the only pastime of the wretched, is not likely to revive amongst intelligent or even merely respectable men. Politics and Theology may serve for awhile in place of amusement—this for the men, that for the women; but they will not do the work. This absence of amusement, and the somewhat unsocial character with which America has been reproached, render it the more desirable that lyceums and public lectures should be provided, to meet numerous wants, and, while they cultivate the mind, cultivate, also, social feelings amongst all.

Public libraries, also, will powerfully aid this work. We think there is not a public library in any large town in the United States,—a library to which all persons have access. The land is full of books; valuable books, even, are now becoming more and more common. True, the “yellow literature,” the literary trash that is hawked about at the railways, indicates a low taste in the manufacturers and consumers of such miserable productions. The school-books in most common use, we regret to say, are poor and low; such as relate to Science often poorly constructed, and devoid alike of scientific principles and scientific method. It is commonly thought that an ignorant man may write for the ignorant; if he wishes to keep them so, he had better. But the most skilful physicians are needed by the sickest men. Still, spite of the increase of these ephemeral works, and the spread of that yellow fever of literature, the taste for really valuable books has increased with astonishing rapidity. The want of public libraries in most of our large towns is beginning to be felt. The

establishment of social libraries, which are not so often merely domestic as heretofore,—of district school libraries, the libraries of the various institutes, associations, athenæums, lyceums, and the like, is only an indication of the want, not adequate provision to meet it. It is a remarkable fact, that in the city of Paris there are more books thrown open to the public every day, than are contained in all the college and state libraries of this country. There we have seen, with Republican and Christian delight, a professor from the Sorbonne and a teamster in his blouse of blue cotton, sitting at the same table, diligently studying works which neither of them, perhaps, could afford to own. We are glad to learn, while writing these pages, that attempts are seriously making in Boston to found such a library. The generosity of the wealthy men of that city is well known, and seems to have almost no limit; but we think their wealth has seldom been directed to a nobler object than this work of educating the people.

The Lawrence Scientific School in the University at Cambridge, recently established, will doubtless afford valuable aid in promoting the solid education of the people. A want has long been felt of some institution which should afford a culture somewhat different from that of our better colleges, not less severe and scientific, but more so, if possible, only less monastic and mediæval. We see it suggested by the distinguished President of Harvard University, that something is perhaps to be done “with a view to the formation of accomplished teachers for classical schools and colleges;” and hope that some provision may soon be made there or elsewhere for instruction in the science of education—what the Germans call *Pädagogik*. Apart from the art of teaching there is a science of education, as distinct from the practical business of instruction as geometry is from the art of surveying land or making an almanac. This, also, is a liberal science, to be cultivated in part for itself, as an end, and therefore should have a place in every liberal scheme of education, as well as ethics and metaphysics; but is a means, also, and will prove useful in practice, as most men come at length to have the charge of forming and developing the characters of others, at the most tender age, committed to their care. The English language is singularly deficient in works

which treat of this subject, though the German is sufficiently rich, at least so far as quantity is concerned.*

We come now to speak, though briefly, of the works named at the head of our article. No. 1 contains the reports of two sub-committees of the Boston School Committee. The first is the Report of the "annual examination of the Grammar department of the Grammar and Writing Schools." The second, of the "annual examination of the Writing department of the Grammar Schools." The first is a plain statement of the results of the examination of each particular school. The reading in the upper divisions of the first class is pronounced admirable, as that class is under the direction of the head masters. But the three lower classes, including more than four-fifths of all the children in the schools, are under the care of subordinate teachers, with much smaller salaries, and probably with inferior qualifications. The author, Mr G. B. Emerson, thinks a considerable majority of all the children never reach the first class, and therefore do not partake directly in the advantages of the best instruction provided for the schools. Some children have been two years in the grammar schools, who yet have not advanced at all since they entered them. Something ought to be done to remedy this injustice. There is a considerable deficiency in the furniture of the schools, but in special there is a great want of libraries. There are not two thousand volumes in all the grammar schools in the city! The author thinks libraries should be provided; that the study of physiology should be introduced into all the schools as soon as possible, and recommends, also, that the art of drawing should likewise be taught in all, and geometry in the schools for boys. The Report also mentions the want of schools for ignorant adults; a want deeply felt, and now but imperfectly supplied by the benevolence of a few private persons. Many ignorant foreigners come yearly amongst us; many, also, from "woods" places in New Hampshire and Vermont, where there are no schools accessible—who cannot even read. It is hard to leave these men to the irregular care of pri-

* See Von Raumer, *Geschichte der Pädagogik*, &c. 2te Ausgabe. Stuttgart. 1843. 2 vols., 8vo.

vate benevolence, which already finds more than enough to do; it is unjust to neglect them, leaving them in their ignorance. The little which would be required to establish such schools would perhaps be a gain to the city in the end.

The Report of the other committee is a literary curiosity. A document so ill-written we have seldom seen, and know not which is the more remarkable, the confusion of thought or of speech. Speaking of the Hawes School, the author says, "The teacher has had no *Philosophical apparatus to illustrate* or interest the pupils in." In the Winthrop School, he says, "No *permitted* books are used." The tenth question in natural philosophy laid before the pupils at the examination was as follows: "Is the North Pole of the earth and the North Magnetic Pole in the same part of the earth's surface?" But we forbear from giving any more specimens of the *style* of the Report. The committee recommend, as it seems to us very justly, that *plain sewing* should be taught in all the girls' schools. To some this will doubtless seem a trifling matter, while in reality it is one of great importance. But the committee also recommend that algebra and geometry should be discontinued in the writing schools, that "boys should be educated only by men," and that medals should be distributed to the most excellent scholars. We trust the city will not take three steps backward in compliance with these suggestions.

We wish the Boston Examining Committee had recommended the appointment of a general superintendent of all the schools in the city, to look after teachers and pupils both. The School Committees, from their very nature, can at best do their work but imperfectly, as their Reports show. It would be easy for each town with ten thousand inhabitants to appoint a superintendent of public schools, who should make it his whole business to look after their welfare; and we think that in a few years most beautiful results would follow. The School Committees have seldom much time to devote to their work; they are yet more rarely men who understand the science or the art of education so well as the teachers themselves. The result is, that the teachers become substantially irresponsible, adopt

inferior methods of instruction, or attempt to teach with no method at all; and much of the time of the children and the money of the people is thereby wasted.

No. 2 contains a large amount of valuable information and important suggestions offered by the indefatigable Secretary of the Board of Education. His Report will doubtless be extensively circulated, and therefore we say but little of its contents. The most important part is the section which treats of "the power of common schools to redeem the State from social vices and crimes." He thinks that more than half of the bodily debility and disease, of the pains and expenditures of sickness, of all cases of death before the age of seventy years, are the consequence of sheer ignorance, and therefore can easily be avoided. He gives the testimony of eight distinguished friends of popular education, all of them believing in the natural depravity of the human heart, to show that the common schools may be made to "expel ninety-nine hundredths of all the vices and crimes under which society now mourns and agonizes." "The crowning beauty of the whole is," he continues, "that Christian men of every faith may cordially unite in carrying forward the work of reform, however various may be their opinions as to the cause which has made that work necessary; just as all good citizens may unite in extinguishing a conflagration, though there may be a hundred conflicting opinions as to the means or the men that kindled it."

He thinks the most generous public education is the best economy for the State. "What is engulfed in the vortex of crime, in each generation, would build a palace of more than Oriental splendour in every school district in the land; would endow it with a library beyond the ability of a lifetime to read; would supply it with apparatus and laboratories for the illustration of every study, and the exemplification of every art, and munificently requite the services of a teacher worthy to preside in such a sanctuary of intelligence and virtue."

He contrasts the cost of war and its preparations with the cost of education.

"Since the organization of the Federal government, in 1789, the expense of our military and naval establishments and equipments, in round numbers, is 700,000,000 dols.

Two of our ships of the line have cost more than 2,000,000 dols. The value of the arms accumulated, at one time, at the arsenal in Springfield, in this State, was 2,000,000 dols. The Military Academy at West Point has cost more than 4,000,000 dols. In our town meetings, and in our school district meetings, wealthy and substantial men oppose the grant of 15 dols. for a school library, and of 30 dols. for both library and apparatus; while, at West Point, they spend 50 dols. in a single lesson at target-firing, and the government keeps a hundred horses, and grooms and blacksmiths to take care of them, as an indispensable part of the *apparatus* of the Academy. The pupils at our normal schools, who are preparing to become teachers, must maintain themselves; the cadets at the Academy receive 28 dols. a month, during their entire term, as a compensation for being educated at the public expense. Adding bounties and pensions to wages and rations, I suppose the cost of a common foot-soldier in the army cannot be less than 250 dols. a year. The average cost of female teachers for the public schools of Massachusetts, last year, was only 13 dols. 60 cents a month, inclusive of board; or, at a rate which would give 163 dols. 20 cents for the year; but the average length of the schools was but eight months, so that the cost of *two* common soldiers is nearly that of *five* female teachers. The annual salary of a colonel of dragoons in the United States army is 2206 dols.; of a brigadier-general, 2958 dols.; of a major-general, 4512 dols.; that of a captain of a ship of the line, when in service, 4500 dols.; and even when off duty, it is 2500 dols.!! There are but seven towns in Massachusetts where any teacher of a public school receives so high a salary as 1000 dols.; and, in four of these towns, one teacher only receives this sum."

He might have added, that the annual cost of a single regiment of dragoons in the United States service is 700,000 dols., more than 30,000 dols. greater than the annual cost of the public education of the people of Massachusetts. There are now in service three such regiments, costing yearly 2,100,000 dols.; a sum greater than the cost of all the colleges of New-England. No boy can waste his cake and have it too.

"It being proved, if all our children were to be brought

under the benignant influences of such teachers as the State can supply, from the age of four years to that of sixteen, and for ten months in each year, that ninety-nine in every hundred of them can be rescued from uncharitableness, from falsehood, from intemperance, from cupidity, licentiousness, violence, and fraud, and reared to the performance of all duties, and to the practice of all the kindnesses and courtesies, of domestic and social life,—made promoters of the common weal instead of subtractors from it;—this being proved, I respectfully and with deference submit to the Board, and through them to the Legislature, and to my fellow-citizens at large, that *every man is poor, in an educational sense, who cannot both spare and equip his children for school, for the entire period above specified*; and that while he remains thus poor, it is not only the dictate of generosity and Christianity, but it is the wisest policy, and profoundest statesmanship, too, to supply from the public treasury—municipal or state, or both,—whatever means may be wanted to make certain so glorious an end. These principles and this practice, the divine doctrines of Christianity have always pointed at, and a progressive civilization has now brought us into proximity to them. How is it, that we can call a man *poor* because his body is cold, and not because his highest sympathies and affections have been frozen up within him, in one polar and perpetual winter, from his birth. Hunger does not stint the growth of the body half so much as ignorance dwarfs the capacities of the mind. No wound upon the limbs, or gangrene of vital organs, is a thousandth part so terrible as those maladies of the soul that jeopard its highest happiness, and defeat the end for which it was created.”

We should not perform our duty did we omit all mention of the movements recently made in this State for the improvement of popular education. The condition of our public schools in 1836 and for some years previous, is well known. The State raised annually less than 400,000 dols. for educational purposes. There were no public seminaries for teachers; many of the teachers themselves were incompetent to a degree almost exceeding belief. Little interest was felt in the public education of the people, either by the mass of men or the classes most favoured

with culture and with wealth—the natural guardians of society. A few noble men, generously feeling for the common good of mankind, formed the brilliant exception to the general and melancholy rule. By the efforts of a few men, the Board of Education was established in 1837. At that time Horace Mann was President of the Massachusetts senate, with a fair prospect of advancing his political career. He had abundant talents; good men of all parties gave him their confidence. He was also a lawyer, with a reputation rapidly increasing, and a professional income of about 3,000 dols. a year. Some one was needed to take the office of Secretary of the Board of Education, and toil for the common good of the people of Massachusetts. Mr Mann accepted that arduous post. He gave up his chance of political preferment—so dazzling to the greedy aspirant for noisy fame; gave up his profession, with the certainty of wealth which it offered. He became Secretary of the Board of Education, with a pitiful salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year, and the chance that even that would be reduced one half by a vote of the legislature in a year or two. He knew he must toil far harder than ever before, and that, too, with the certainty of being abused by each lazy and incompetent schoolmaster coveting a sleepy supervision of his work; by every demagogue who could get up the insane cry of “expense,” and talk of the folly of Massachusetts paying fifteen hundred dollars for a man to look after the common schools; yes, by every sectarian bigot from Provincetown to Williamstown, who feared nothing so much as education wide spread amongst the people. Such was the prospect. Many thought him a fool for taking the office, and some said so. But one good man, soaring far above the heads of his contemporaries, thanked him for his heroism, and bade him God speed. That man long since ceased to be mortal, and needs no praise of ours. A single guess would solve the mystery,—it was Dr Channing.

The ends which could so easily have been foreseen soon came to pass. The penny-wisdom of the State was appealed to by the pound-foolishness thereof, and the talk was of the expense—the great cost of the Board of Education; fifteen hundred dollars in one year actually paid to the Secretary! Truly, the commonwealth was in danger. The

demagogues, also, took their turn, attacking the Board and its Secretary, not with success, but not without effect. Sectarians were true to their ruthless craft, and raised the old cry of "Infidelity," and "Church in danger," till the land rung again. But if the ears of the people tingled at that cry, we think other ears, also, smarted at the retort, and its echo loud and long. "Suspensions, political and denominational, were excited and widely diffused;" "dark insinuations, imputing sinister and ulterior designs, were clandestinely circulated, and they worked longer and more efficiently for working beneath the surface." Even the schoolmasters, or a part of them, joined also in the battle, excited we know not whence or how, and fought with fierceness if not with science and with skill. Even now we fear the battle is not over.

The normal schools got established, a single man thereby doing much for education, that greatest charity; much in public, though as green a growth still marks the unseen windings of that same stream of private bounty flowing towards the same end.

By means of this movement—by the Board of Education, by the normal schools, and still more, as we think, by the able efforts of the Secretary, matters are rapidly getting mended; the education of the people goes forward rapidly, and yet more certainly. Bigots are losing their influence; demagogues their power. But it is getting light. When the day dawns wild beasts lie down in their dens, and bats and owls are not seen nor heard. If we were asked for the man who in the last ten years has done the greatest service to his State, we should not hesitate to name the Secretary of the Board of Education, who will doubtless blame us for writing of him who hides himself behind his work. He has had the reward always given to such services,—not riches and not rank, not honour,—but a crown. Not a crown of gold or of laurel, by grateful men pressed upon an honoured brow, but a CROWN OF THORNS, put there by quite other hands and for purposes somewhat unlike.

We cannot forbear saying a word on the causes which impede the public education of the people amongst us. One is the effect of habit. It has never been the habit of any State to demand a wide culture of its citizens, or to use

the public wealth for the public education. Said the present emperor of Austria, a few years ago, to the assembled students of the University of Vienna—"Austria wants not so much accomplished students as obedient subjects." The money which built Versailles and the Tuileries—what colleges and common schools might it not have founded! What sums are squandered by England, France, Prussia, the United States, on armies, navies, fortifications, which would easily educate those nations! True, a cannon speaks with a loud voice, yet a schoolmaster can be heard the furthest. The hundred million dollars already spent, it is said, in the Mexican war, would found one hundred and twenty-five free colleges, each as costly as Harvard University,—Library, Professorships, Scientific School, and all. Yet nobody thinks it very strange that the public book-money and school-fund are taken to buy powder and ball! Even the Churches, which certainly have played an important part in the general education of the human race, are doing little directly to advance the intellectual culture of mankind. They have favoured that by God's Providence, not their own design;—unconscious ministers of a good they knew not. At this day, in many instances, the clergy actually retard the education of the people—counting reason as *carnal*, forbidding thought, mocking at science, "now hawking at geology and schism," now justifying ignorance, pauperism, slavery, war—out of the Bible itself taking pains to establish unity of belief in some miserable tradition, rather than that independent wisdom which takes old things if good, and new ones, likewise, if also true. We wish such men may be found the exceptions;—yet we blame not the Church or the State, doubting not that the leaders of both walk by such light as they have. We only take their walking as the index of their light.

It has not been the habit of the people to look on Church and State as two keepers of a dame's school for mankind, and therefore the nation has not held them to that work. Yet it is, if thoughtfully looked at, their highest function. Pope Pius IX. and Louis Philippe are but larger schoolmasters. The people themselves think little of education; make it consist of a very few things, a poor use of these three educational tools; a knowledge of their calling, so as

to get along without many blunders—of a few good rules, but not in a generous culture of mind, conscience, affection, and the religious sentiments.

In every community there is a class called educated. Their knowledge is their power; “the one-eyed man is lord among the blind.” But the educated class even here have taken far too little pains to educate the multitude; have rather laughed at the toiling mass, as incapable of culture, and often made the matter worse than they found it. Certainly they are not doing what Christianity, or even patriotism, demands of them. With the exception of that small but ambidextrous class, hard-headed, hard-bodied, who support themselves at school and college, every man, rich or poor, who gets a superior education, is a charity-scholar of society, for others earned his bread while he was at school. He owes, therefore, for his schooling; the least he can do in payment is to help the education of all. When such a man sneers at the ignorance of the public, calling them incapable and unwashed, it reminds us of a beggar abusing the man who fed, clad, and gave him a house. The staple literature of the nations has seldom been written in the interest of mankind—only of a class. One great excellence of the New Testament is, that it is written in the interest of the human race; that is one reason why it is the book of the people, and will long continue such; one reason also why, in Catholic countries, it has been withheld from them. An eloquent writer, Rev. H. W. Beecher, says, “Men become scholars that they may become benefactors.” “The body of educated men should stand so far above the level of society as shall give them scope to exert their greatest attractive force. If privileged at all, it is as the clouds are privileged to rain in gracious showers that they have gathered up; as the sun’s satellites are, to reflect light.”

Then from our very circumstances there is an excessive demand for practical men. It is not merely brain that is wanted, but brain in the hand. We turn all things to some immediate and economic use; would put Homer to lead the singing in some village church; set Raphael to paint the faces of silly women and sillier men, or, that failing, to daub sign-boards and make arabesques for calicoes: Michael Angelo and Da Vinci we should employ on a rail-

road, or place them with the sappers and miners in the army, and put Newton at the head of some annuity office. High intellect, accomplished with high culture, goes to the church, the forum, or the bar, and finds itself above the market. Superior ability, therefore, in America, finds its most fitting sphere in common business, where superior talent provokes no jealousy while it wins its gold.

Such being the case, the general aim in education is not to get the most and the best, but the least one can get along with. It is counted the means, not the end, and is taken as a maid-servant, as HELP, its demands granted with a grudge; not taken as a wife, for itself. Education is valued, as it helps to make men able to serve as tools in the great workshop of society. This man is an agricultural implement; that a tool of the court-house; another a piece of ecclesiastical furniture. The farmer must have a little culture for his special work on the soil, less for his general work as a man; the merchant a little more, special and general; the lawyer, minister, and doctor, a little more yet. But even in the learned professions it is rare to find men of large general culture; the special absorbs the general; the whale of the profession swallows down the prophetic man, and makes away with him for ever. The title of Doctor of Law, Medicine, and Divinity, has sometimes seemed to us a misnomer, for which it would be well to substitute Mechanic at Law, Medicine, and Divinity. Many professional men seem not educated, but went to their profession, as the mill-horse to his narrow beat, and have scarcely more saliency of intellect than the beast. How many lawyers and ministers are there who are only parts of their profession! You look for a man in the calling of the attorney or minister, and find only a limb of the law, or a slip of divinity. We have few scholars ripe and good; each man gets a taste of education, some a mouthful, but nobody a meal. Such being the case, then how much less can we expect a good and general education to be sought after and won by the labouring mass of mankind. Yet one fact is encouraging and prophetic: each man, as a general rule, is better educated than his father.

The reason of this neglect of the higher education in the educated class, of all but the rudiments in the humbler

class, lies deep. We take mean views of life, of man and his possibility, thinking the future can never be better than the past. We think the end a man is to live for is this: wealth, fame, social rank. Genius, wisdom, power of mind, of heart and soul, are counted only as means to such an end. So in the hot haste to be rich, famous, respectable, many let manhood slip through their fingers, retaining only the riches, fame, and respectability. Never till manliness is thought the end of man, never till education is valued for itself, can we have a wide, generous culture, even among the wealthiest class. Not till then in the mass of men shall we find a scheme of education worthy of the American people and the great ideas given them to unfold in life. But day teaches day, and experience offers wisdom if she does not give it.

END OF CRITICAL WRITINGS, VOL. I.



