

PALESTINE NOTES

and other Papers

J. WILHELM ROWNTREE

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PALESTINE NOTES AND OTHER PAPERS.

“LOVE, THAT ROOT OF FAITH, AND
UNITY OF ALL THE VIRTUES.”

—J.W.R.



AT SILVERDALE, SCALBY.

PALESTINE NOTES
AND OTHER PAPERS

By

JOHN WILHELM ROWNTREE

11

Edited by

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PREFACE.

In the volume of *Essays and Addresses* by John Wilhelm Rowntree already published, it was sought to make accessible, and to hand on to others, the thoughts which best represent the main purpose of his life. The introductory sketch, or preface, described this purpose and its growth, as far as possible in his own words. Young as he was when the end came, keenly as he enjoyed life, greatly as he delighted in art and in beauty wherever he found them, his words were weighted with his own experience when he called to his comrades—“ ‘gather the rosebuds while ye may,’ but gather them not for mere selfish enjoyment. Such roses turn to ashes, they have neither the bloom, nor the sweet scent of the roses which grow in the garden of eternal love. There is no freshness of dew upon them.” And so in a thoroughly manly fashion, he sought to turn the world’s gardens into gardens of the Lord. He placed character before intellect, and the awakening of the soul first. He was keenly alive to the difficulties, to some minds more especially, in the acceptance of the historical Christ, but he had found for himself “a living bridge which links us to the past,” and that “the personal knowledge of God as revealed in Christ, convicting us of selfishness, searching out our sin, destroying in its pure flame the dross of our lower nature, is an experience which banishes doubt, and demands no explanation.” He longed exceedingly to see the simple, practical, true-hearted life of Christianity, as set forth in the New Testament, become a mighty power in the land; and for this he spent his life fearlessly and joyously. Born and brought up in a small religious community

which views the Christian life itself as sacramental, and places it above creeds and systems, knowing no distinction of clergy and laity, he threw himself into its fellowship with untiring zest, as the best instrument he could find for permeating the present generation with the faith and hope and charity of a lay Christianity.

The volume referred to is then of necessity mainly devoted to the warnings, appeals, and encouragements addressed by this young prophet to the fellow members of his own religious society. Bearing this limitation in mind, it is the more permissible to acknowledge here the generous and appreciative notices of the book which have appeared, not only in many organs of the daily press, but also in not a few weekly journals, representing very diverse churches and schools of theology.

It was proposed, if the reception of the first book should encourage it, to bring out a supplemental but lesser volume of John Wilhelm Rowntree's writings, of more general interest than those previously selected, showing more obviously the wide range and catholicity of his mind. This intention has been confirmed by requests from the Council of the National Adult School Union, and from the Executive Committee of the London Adult School Union, for the publication of some of the addresses, or notes of lessons given in his Adult School work. As the Council represents some 900 Schools all over the Kingdom, with 90,000 members, such requests could not be put lightly aside, and the following pages are, to some extent, a response to these appeals. It is to be wished that the piles of MS. notes for Adult School lessons, left amongst his papers, could have been further utilised. But they are in such skeleton form, that the ordinary reader, however much he might desire it, could hardly make them stand up, like the bones of Ezekiel's vision, a great army of living thought and expression. A few examples, both of his Adult School notes, and of more finished addresses, have, however, been selected, and it is hoped they may be of value, not

only to those who can recall the personality of the speaker, but to workers in this great movement who had no such acquaintance with him. The desire to meet the two requests referred to, has indeed largely guided the preparation of this volume as a whole. The first part contains a considerable portion of the journal of a visit to Syria and the East, with extracts from one or two other diaries of travel. The second gives Adult School lessons and addresses; and the third some of the many lectures he was in the habit of giving whether to audiences of Friends, or of other denominations.

Several extracts have been added from lectures and writings, which could not well be inserted at greater length. For instance, the six lectures on Art and Religion referred to in the following pages, would make a small book in themselves; but it would quite fail to do justice to the subject, or to the very painstaking lecturer who prepared them, if the slides on which the discourses were to a great extent founded were not reproduced, and this is practically impossible. The extracts may at least give some idea of the freshness and force which characterised his work, with hardly any exception.

John liked to study his Bible, as one of his scholars has happily phrased it, "with plenty of fresh air and sunshine." He ever feared selfish indifference more than intellectual doubt. He had had to sound his own way through the shoals of scepticism, until he reached a clear course in deep water; and he always retained the keenest sympathy for those who were still throwing the lead. He showed this in two ways. As far as possible he avoided the use of well-worn phrases, that lulled, rather than attracted the hearer. And he availed himself of helps and illustrations from whatever quarter they might be found. The writings of Tom Paine had no fears for him, and he used them freely in illustration, and in pressing home his own conclusions in his class at Acomb. He would, no doubt, have agreed with Bishop Westcott's remark, "I have learned more, I believe, through

scholars from whom I differ on fundamental principles, than through those whose conclusions I share." And yet the longer he lived, the more Christ became the centre of all things to him. In 1899, without abating any of his appeals to the power of men's minds, as well as to the devotion of their hearts, he wrote* : " We confess that if the broadening of evangelical theology is to involve the loss of its directness and power in saving men, we would have it always ' narrow ' ; for evangelicalism, in spite of its narrowness, has been the salvation of the Church."

He had come to feel and to know of Christ in the words of the German mystic :

" None other tells unto my soul the secret,
The mystery divine ;
The love that maketh glad the inner chambers,
His home and mine."

* * * *

Probably the best supplement to the preface of the previous volume may be found in some fuller description, however imperfectly given, of his radiating personality, whether in boyhood, in Adult School work, in his travels, or in his home friendships. To the sketch of the inner life before presented, further glimpses into his outer mind, in the freedom he set such store by himself, should not detract from, but rather complete, the readers' true estimate of the whole.

An old housemaid of the family wrote after his death, that " Master John was always such a little gentleman." Whether this explains a tradition current about his infancy (before he had learned to speak), that, having been taken to some Scarborough lodgings, he rebelled so loudly against the wall-paper of the room first allotted to him and to his nurse, that another nursery had to be found, it might be hazardous to say. It is more certain that as a boy he was straight and honourable, but easily roused and passionate. At these

* " The Outlook." *Present Day Papers*.

times his language is said to have been highly impressive to the victims against whom it was directed. Occasionally he might hurl a chair at an offender, or roast the wax doll of a sister, or direct a hose pipe into a kitchen window, to avenge injuries received from an unsympathetic cook; but even these things were not done boisterously, but rather on "principles of honour," as the delightful servant to George Borrow in Spain, used to explain his escapades. His thirst for knowledge set in early. His generalship and inventiveness showed itself in boyhood, in indoor games, but, most strikingly, in acting. It is said that one of his fancies in his teens was to have been an actor, if only his deafness had not prohibited. He was by no means the good boy, or peacemaker, of the family. He was perhaps most distinguished for "throwing himself tremendously into things" to which he gave himself. He had a fine disregard for the value of money. To all who knew him in later life these few touches may give vivid impressions of the long conflicts that must have been waged and won in the moulding of his character, as it grew up into the light of noonday.

John was not twenty-five years old when, in June, 1893, he started the Adult School at Acomb, three miles from his own home. At first he had two volunteers from the parent School to help him. Six members joined them during the first few weeks, then the numbers rose into teens, and so on into the twenties, until the register counted 100 names, and upwards. Premises for the School and a social club were built, and opened in November, 1896. The bulk of the men who attended are said not to have been in the habit of "going nigh places of worship," but, along with agnostics and socialists, the young teacher attracted some thoughtful men, both from church and chapel, whose loyalty stood all the strain that his fearlessness in "dividing the word of truth" as he saw it, brought upon them. He would begin with a hymn, and a pause for silent prayer, explaining that he could not offer words as a formality to God. As time went on,

he frequently did engage in vocal prayer. A portion of Scripture read round by the men followed. The inner meaning of the passage was as likely as not to be a mystery to most of those who listened. Then, with clear, incisive sentences, the speaker would unfold some of the marvels of the universe. It might be the crust of the earth, or the stars, or some stirring life in the history of man. Whatever the theme, he won his audience, by the wealth of his knowledge, and the generosity with which he presented it; and when their interest was aroused, and they felt they knew more on that particular subject than they had dreamed of before, he would bring all the light shed on the lesson round to the passage with which they had started, until it stood out with a meaning and a purpose quite new to those who listened. The closing hymn, men say, never sounded otherwise than genuine and appropriate.

As you listen to *viva voce* accounts of the rise of the school, you know that the youthful leader had undoubtedly many of the gifts of a great teacher, and spared no pains in the using of them. His scholars assure you that he must have had the run of the York museum, because of the number of specimens he brought with him, to make real the formation of the earth, the life of man in the stone age, or the occupation of their city by the legionaries of Rome. And they know that he often sat up until two on the Sunday morning preparing diagrams for the lesson, for he had indeed no other time for the doing of them.* In his lessons he cared yet more about drawing out than putting in. At the outset, he would ask anyone who could not follow what he was saying, to stop him at once. He welcomed interruptions gladly, and would at once turn to a blackboard, or vary his illustration to make things clear. He watched the faces of the class, and when once he felt sure he had them with him, it was not always easy

* He thought twelve hours a week none too much time for the preparation of Sunday's lesson, and rose early, or sat up late to obtain them.—ED.

to stop ; but he insisted on some time for questions at the end, and in this he was rarely disappointed. His deafness was, of course, a difficulty, but to ensure everyone having a chance, the Secretary, or some one who knew the men would sit beside him, and make sure that no question was passed by ; now and then he would promise to answer a question the next Sunday. "The only thing that ever did upset him" (one of the men said to the writer) "was to find a scholar in favour of war." "But he never offended the class. We saw how he liked honest opinions from everybody, and how he wanted us all to think. He would teach more in a few words than some men could in a day."

Notwithstanding the distance, and the loss of sight, which was growing upon him, in the early days of the school he visited every member at his own home, with one of the regular visitors as his guide. The difficulty, as you hear now, was to get him through the allotted round in anything like decent time. He could not resist an invitation to join in any tea that might be on the way, and was in friendship at once with everybody in the house. "There never was a finer man to go into a sick room," are words still to be heard of those visits. He would follow up any inquiries for more knowledge, by the loan of any books he possessed, or even by the purchase of new ones. He and his young wife threw open their house to members of the School once a week, and formed a reading circle to assist them. As a matter of fact these "socials" began whilst John was helping his father in the central Schools. There happened to be several blind men in the "B" class, and they especially enjoyed coming. Some were themselves good musicians, and one used to read amusing original poems. The Acomb men had six or seven miles to walk from the railway shops to their homes, and then to John's house and back, yet there would be twenty to thirty of them in his drawing room on Thursday nights, ready to read Clodd's "Childhood of Religion," or Kidd's "Social Evolution," and to discuss them to the full,

but not to the end,—for that was often left to the North-Eastern workshops.

On the men's part they soon took the business of the School upon their own shoulders. The painting and glazing of the new premises, the tables, lamp, etc., are the handiwork of the members.

The present writer is not qualified to speak of all that came from this sharing fellowship of the Acomb School and its teacher. When other calls came to him, able workers followed in the field. But the faces are many that still glow with the light of other days, as they recall the lessons when they learned "more than at any other time" in their lives,—as one will tell you how, when he first went to listen, he thought it a grand thing to put a shilling or half-a-crown a week on a horse, and what the change that came meant for his children. How another young fellow walked six miles every Sunday, and found a real purpose, instead of a mockery in life, and is finely following it up to-day. How, in spite of some misgivings at first, and a threat to send for the village policeman when the first photo of the School was taken on a Sunday, the Wesleyan chapel and the Church schoolroom were generously opened to them in times of need, and how the work made, not only for the building up of character, but, as it went on, for the unity and peace of the village. The first photograph, by the bye, is interesting, with young Mrs. Rowntree in the second row, and the teacher, almost the youngest of some sixty stalwart men, in the fourth row at the back. "There never was anything of self about him," is the comment, as the picture is put back in its place again. One characteristic incident must finish this conversational account of John's work at Acomb. "One Sunday when he came, he was taken quite aback to find it was open school,—the wives were all asked to this once a month. Mr. John was startled, and said the lesson he had for us would not do. He seemed anxious for a bit, but soon made up his mind, and when the singing was over, he gave us one of the finest addresses

we ever had on some of the differences between King Hezekiah and Queen Victoria!" No wonder as time went on that Sunday School teachers and local preachers used to join the audience, "to get ideas."

No one who reads with care the papers which follow in this book need ask what the teacher himself learned from his Adult class. Some of the fruits are clearly visible in a passage on the weak hold of the churches on the life of the world.* It is worth reproducing here.

"For reasons which we have partially discussed, many men, both earnest and indifferent are repelled from the Church, or remain unattached. But even indifference may be more in the seeming, and we seldom trust the power of love enough, whether in our private or international affairs. Let us make an effort to bridge the gulf which the past sins of the Church, no less than the present sins of a worldly generation, have fixed.

"It is a want of imagination that confines the Adult School to a particular class. Discuss the deeper side of life with him at round table conferences,—no priest, no parson, no holy order, simple human beings, laymen all; or, as Friends say, Priests all, in the sight of God.

"There will be no want of directness, and no parasitism in such a method. Mind is close to mind. It is the method of Socrates, and the message of Christ, a rare combination. Sermons tend to be soporific, discussion provokes thought in the mental clash. But more than that, the ordinary congregational worship lacks too often the vital social cement. We gravely doubt whether, in public worship, the right mean of practice has yet been discovered. The family feeling so essential is seldom experienced. The sense of fellowship is generally weak, and where it exists, is, as we have seen, too often exclusive.

"The Adult School has its basis in the promotion of a vivid sense of human fellowship, rooted in an all-embracing

* "History of Adult School Movement," by J. W. Rowntree and H. B. Binns. Headley Bros., London.

Divine Love. The small gatherings are, or should be, in the family spirit; their intensely human character, their simplicity, their freedom from conventional restraint, tend to keep them close to the difficult problems of life. These are too often left in the church porch, but in the Adult Schools they are, so to speak, laid on the table.

“Surely our questions are answered! If we grasp the idea aright, we can see before us a vista of possibilities, far-reaching in their scope, and rich in dower of blessing.

“The Adult Schools may be but the bridge to a different form of church fellowship, but at least they are a bridge. Nor do we believe that their service will be temporary. In some future church order, in that wider brotherhood, which, in the far-off years shall fuse the sects, embracing them as one in living bonds, there will yet be a place for the ‘round table,’ for the sweet discourse of kindred souls breaking in common the spiritual Bread of Life.”

This happy intercourse with working men at Acomb undoubtedly quickened John’s interest in social work of all kinds, as well as the desire to strive after true equity in all the relationships of life. The working builder of his new home at Scalby said to the writer that most men when you come to have dealings with them had two sides to their natures—a business side and a religious side—but with John Wilhelm Rowntree, keen though he was to get his work done, there was only one united whole. The Guest House, to which John gave the ancestral German name of *Friedensthal* (the valley of peace) may be regarded as another outcome of the Acomb Adult School. It is satisfactory to note that upwards of 400 guests have found rest and recreation there during the first nine months it has been opened.

The journals sent home whilst visiting Palestine and Mexico were often written very hastily, and without any thought of their ever appearing in print. They convey, however, to the reader what many more laboured note books

of travel fail to accomplish, an impression of colour and of life which is of real value. Imagination is not the strong point of average Englishmen, and all descriptions by eye witnesses which help a class to realise the East and the common aspect of its daily tasks, may be of interest and service to Adult School workers. For this reason the notes from Palestine are given here almost in full.

His friend, Lawrence Richardson, who joined him at Jerusalem, writes of this journey :

“ We had the month of May in Palestine. This is considered rather late, but we were fortunate in weather, having little or none that was oppressively hot except at Jericho, in the Vale of Jezreel, and again by the Lake of Galilee, that is in places at or below sea-level.

“ John was very sensitive to changes of atmosphere, which may explain an apparent lack of interest in the Lake of Galilee, but Nazareth we both enjoyed much, and later on the crossing of the shoulder of Mount Hermon on the way to Damascus, and coming over the ranges of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon to Beyrout were among the pleasantest parts of the whole journey.

“ John said often at the time that this would probably be his last chance of a trip abroad. He had taken it deliberately with a view of storing up impressions for the long years of darkness which he expected lay before him, especially impressions of Palestine which would be of special use in his Adult School lessons and in the ministry which he had then only recently begun. Fortunately his sight did not fail so rapidly as was then feared, and he made many and longer journeys afterwards ; indeed, with better health, less nervousness, and being more accustomed to it, he was really able to get about alone more in his last years than at this time.

“ It has been my good fortune to travel abroad with John over a total distance considerably more than the circumference of the earth, and all who knew him will understand the privilege it was. He was so keenly interested in everything,

and had always taken such trouble to find out and read up the best books on the countries visited. In Palestine he read aloud George Adam Smith's 'Geography of the Holy Land,' a book which shows how the physical features of the country affected its history and thus doubles the interest of seeing it. John was very fond of reading aloud on his journeys, either some descriptive book like that just mentioned or in idler moments, some well chosen novel.

"He could undergo considerable fatigue, though rather easily upset by changes of temperature or diet, but he had a remarkable power of recovery. His helplessness in strange places in requiring someone to lead him wherever he wished to go must have been a severe trial, but he rarely showed that it was so."

Under his disabilities, frequent travellers' grumbles might reasonably be expected to occur in his notes. They are on the contrary exceedingly rare, whilst almost every page is lit up by humour. His Haverford friend and comrade, Rufus Jones, writing under the very shadow of the valley of his death, finely says of John, "Few things show the true, deep nature of a man more than his humour. The finest humour always comes from the finest spirit. The play of his spirit was one of the loveliest things about him. He thoroughly enjoyed life, and when he was with congenial persons his happy spirit flowed out in sheer joy."

It may truly be said of John Wilhelm Rowntree that those who judged him when either grave or gay "saw but a single side." The two were constantly commingled, and difficult though it be to attempt any portraiture of this attractive feature of his character in print, it is certain that no descriptions of him can even approach accuracy which fail altogether to convey it. His fun seemed to come from two unfailing springs—his splendid hopefulness and his vivacious kindness. The dial he had erected for his new home was to record "only sunny hours," and he sought to emulate it in this respect. To him this was a real part of his

Master's business. He sailed from England for the last time under a pressure of arrangements and responsibilities unusual even for him. The necessity for breaking in upon all these to go and place himself under painful treatment for the further arrest, if possible, of the ever threatening blindness had come suddenly upon him, and he might well have excused himself from all ordinary engagements previously entered into; so far as possible, however, he kept them all. One of these was a lecture long promised to the Malton Adult School. It was to be on the "Atlantic Ferry," with lantern slides. There was a large company. The whole lecture was brimful of fun, and the audience, many of whom heard him for the first time, were quite carried away by the charm of it. (When the sad news of his death came a week or two after, some of the listeners could not at first be persuaded that it was true). The enjoyment of the company that evening was shared in by the lecturer, and at supper-time, after the cares of the day were over, he continued to pour out rich recollections of stories and incidents met with in the course of his travels.

A correspondent adds: "It was characteristic of him that he passed without any discordant feeling from the stories to graver themes. I remember that the ensuing Yearly Meeting at Leeds loomed large, and he spoke eagerly of the great service that the Quaker fellowship might yet render if its members were more faithful to the great call. He spoke cheerfully of his coming personal trial, and very brightly concerning his realisation of the real presence of Christ with His disciples, here and now."

If, as we have seen, he could rejoice with those who do rejoice to the extent even of childlike abandonment, he had the tenderest sympathy with the bereaved and sorrowful. He knew full well the depths no less than the heights of life. The following extract from a letter to a correspondent, who was mourning the loss of a gifted brother, may best confirm this:—

“ Silverdale, Scalby.

“ 13. xii. 03.

“ There is a passage, I think in William Law’s ‘ Serious Call,’ if I remember rightly, where that great mystic says that sorrow and suffering are God’s tenderest angels. My knowledge of the sharp pain of bereavement has come to me only through sympathy with others. And yet my heart, and doubtless your own, bears witness that those words are true. I remember Rufus Jones saying to me that he had never felt the love of God so real as in the hours of desolate grief which assailed his soul at the loss of his son. Fellowship with him in that trial I felt to be a rich privilege, but it has inevitably brought into prominence the more solemn notes of life’s music. I have felt more and more the need for a sensible contact with the Divine, the sustenance of the Divine love, and the hope that springs eternal from a living Communion with the Supreme Purpose, the Life—the Father of us all.”

The *Spectator*, in reviewing the previous volume of his Essays and Addresses says, “ He was an excellent writer as well as an impassioned speaker ; there are historical passages in his ‘ remains,’ particularly in his lectures on the history of Quakerism, which are genuinely eloquent.” In the last volume of the Cambridge Modern History (ix.) a description of Chateaubriand is given by the writer, Professor Pariset, which may well, with all modesty, be applied to the writer of the lectures referred to. The sentence runs : “ History was to him only the past restored to life, and this past he made others see as he himself saw, landscape, colour, sunlight. Lastly, whatever he did was steeped in his personality.”

The extracts given from his lectures on mediæval art bear out this thought with curious exactness. In Dürer’s woodcuts, or Holbein’s portraits, he saw the past restored to life with “ landscape, colour and sunlight.” Indeed, in the endeavour to bring home any incident or lesson weighing on

his mind to an audience, it seemed almost a necessity with him to first paint in the main facts of the historic period out of which the incident arose, so as to form a panoramic scene piece, a realistic background to his subject.

The power alluded to by the *Spectator*, marks a real loss to the Church history of England by his removal before he could put his hand to the history of Quakerism for which he had long been accumulating materials.

Yet all those who were privileged to enjoy his friendship will unhesitatingly feel that his personality was greater than his gifts. His perceptions were very keen, his words very forceful, his imagery often very attractive, but the power of his character, the spirit of the man himself, was greater than all, and made the most impression on those who knew him. This was why his presence at any small gathering of individuals was just as delightful as at any full-sized Conference or Summer School.

An account of such an occasion has reached the present writer from a personal friend of John's in the south-west of England. It, too, has the deepened interest attaching to the closing weeks of his life.

"It was only a visit of one night—John Wilhelm's to Failand,—and he bravely faced it quite alone. It was a mild day in February, and the drive from Clifton was filled with eager talk, and, as usual with him, there were the large hopes for men and measures. The late afternoon found us at the tiny, old, thatched Meeting-House at Portishead, and it was wonderful to see how our guest made himself friendly with every one, as we took our tea in primitive fashion, sitting about on the old white seats, or filling up the narrow gangway.

"The tea and social time was for Friends and Attenders only, and when it was over the people from the village began to come in. The room was soon full with a mixed audience of country folk and those better educated. It was not an easy audience to draw together, and the promoters might be pardoned some initial wonder as to whether the delicate,

refined figure, standing in the little gallery, would be able to meet the variety of needs, when unguided by the sight of the faces before him. But all questionings vanished as he told of the hunger of the soul, which science and art alike fail to satisfy, and went on to tell the old story of the power of the personal Christ, and it was soon evident that he had not come in vain, and that many differing conditions of souls would go away with a clearer sense of what religion might be to them than they had ever had before.

“It was pathetic to note his apparently impersonal allusion to blindness, as a possible trial amongst others that might come to men, and one could only dimly surmise what it must be to him to be always facing such an overwhelming possibility. But the personal note, whenever struck, was not one of sadness, but of hopeful endeavour, the strenuousness of the struggle lit by the certainty of the issue.

“Perhaps the address might have been fairly easily equalled by an expert preacher, so far as mere phrasing went, but to concede this is only to bring into stronger relief the effect of John Wilhelm’s personality upon that audience in the little white-washed Meeting-house. People remarked upon it afterwards, and those not connected with the Meeting were as sensible of it as those more likely, at first sight, to appreciate what he was. They spoke with unusual warmth of the value of the gathering, and it was felt by many that one of rare gifts and devotion had been amongst us. This impression was but deepened when, shortly afterwards, the papers told of his passing away, and it was striking to note the sense of personal loss which came to more than one of those who only heard or saw him that one evening, for it had not needed Death to tell us that we had been privileged to listen to one who spoke from heights which were, in every sense, near to the heavenly country.”

The last Adult School address given by John Wilhelm Rowntree was given to the Acomb School, the scene of his early labours, on the afternoon of the Sunday before he sailed

with his wife to the United States. The men who could look back over the twelve years that had elapsed since he had first gathered them together, were struck by the deep notes and mature powers of the teacher they had loved in his youth. He closed his address as he had done elsewhere in the morning.

“ Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies,
Heaven’s morning breaks and earth’s vain shadows flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.”

A Friend has mentioned that John, in speaking to him for the last time of hymns, said how at one time the impersonal hymns, such for instance as “ O God, our help in ages past,” were most acceptable to him, but that “ now the personal hymns came first,” and he mentioned “ Jesus, Lover of my soul,” as an instance. The choice of a number of hymns copied out in his own handwriting, and left amongst his papers, would seem to confirm this statement.

Pneumonia seized him on his way across the Atlantic, and his brave stewardship of life ended three days after the landing at New York. All that was mortal of him was laid to rest by the kindest of Friends in the Burial Ground at Haverford, not far from Penn’s city of Brotherly Love. But his life lives on, and will live.

In the introductory sketch to his Essays and Addresses already referred to, mention is made of the exceeding happiness of his home life, and an instance is given of his walking some six miles, though tired, one Sunday, to take his then youngest child out in her perambulator, rather than break a promise. Violet, a charmingly self-contained little person, was especially dear to him. He seemed as if he never could have too much of her company, and she was equally attached to her father. After his death, she continued to speak of him, perhaps more than anyone else in the family. She would come into the house from looking up at the skies, and say that she had seen her Daddy. At Christmas she was very urgent that he

should have his present along with all the rest. On her mother asking her what she was to do if Violet went off on such a long errand, the reply was she should hold him by the hand until Mother came too. On the anniversary week of her father's death she became suddenly ill, and after three days' illness, bravely borne, the little child passed away. Who knows whether it was not to "hold her father's hand," as she had said. Is not "Love, that root of faith, and unity of all the virtues," as John Wilhelm phrased it, also the unity of all true lives ?

PART I.
TRAVEL JOURNALS.

DIARY OF A VISIT TO PALESTINE AND
THE EAST.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The journey East, by way of Rome and Pompeii, as stated by his companion in Syria, Lawrence Richardson, was partly undertaken in order that John Wilhelm Rowntree might see Egypt and Palestine, and so qualify himself better for his Adult School work, before his threatened loss of eyesight should become a reality. The journey took place in March, April and May, of 1895. Dr. Bedford Pierce and Gilbert Richardson were with him in the earlier half of the tour. The traveller brought back with him 116 pill boxes of shells from the shores of the Lake of Galilee, for the members of his class, and a mummy! The local references to York and Scarborough show that the writer had no thought of any general publication present to his mind.

DIARY OF A VISIT TO PALESTINE AND THE EAST.

THE PYRAMIDS.

[After some days of illness in bed at Cairo, the journal begins.]

Sunday. I rose from my couch, and determined to have done with care. The morning drive down the long avenue of acacias to the Pyramids was a pleasant change to counting flies on the ceiling. Well, and what about the Pyramids? I didn't feel physically strong enough to more than climbing half-way up the Great Pyramid, and having a good peep into his dark inside, though I did "do," in the proper sense, the immediate environs. But though I didn't do all the orthodox things, I had a day under the shadow of the giants, and believe I have formed as good an opinion of them as the average man who hops up and down again and rushes off.

The Pyramids are undoubtedly "interesting," and though probably the most "done" things in the world, they will still continue to be unique. Utterly different to the ruins we saw at Luxor and Abydos and elsewhere, they have none of the interest in detail which is supplied by bas-reliefs and coloured frescoes. And, I say it deliberately, their size disappoints you. There is not the impression of height given, for instance, by Cologne, when you look straight up the towers from the street, nor even the impression given by Antwerp. You can't get a straight line, and the sloping lines only carry you up 450ft. But for all that they are the most impressive human buildings I have ever seen. When

you are being dragged up the weather-worn rough steps, you cannot get rid of the idea that you are climbing a rocky hill, and when close to, the size of the blocks, the enormous masses of masonry beetling in ruddy crags about you, appal utterly, when one remembers that human sinews dragged all this heap together. The base is longer than the length of York Minster by over 100ft., and our central tower wouldn't reach half-way to the apex; and the trouble of it all is that this mass is practically solid. Recent clearings at the base have revealed some of the casing stone of the great Pyramid intact. You can't get a knife between the joints. When these Pyramids were finished and polished, how they must have glittered in the sun! The inner work, of which I had a good glimpse, is much rougher—as much as two inches of mortar filling some of the joints—still, try and imagine the labour, and under an Egyptian sun! One feels most comfortable when the human agency is forgotten. Otherwise the very stones cry out, and one hears the whistle of the rhinoceros hide—remember the horrors of even the modern *corvée*. How many beside Cheops and Khufu lay buried there when all was done? The Sphinx on the side of the Great Pyramid furthest from Cairo is ruinous beyond one's expectations, but it is nevertheless remarkable and suggestive. Its face is shattered, and has suffered on account of Tommy Atkins I fear, but still it is the Sphinx par excellence, though I have seen many other Sphinxes on the Upper Nile. I was most surprised to find how much it is built up. The outer casing of the two fore-paws has disappeared, and reveal the fact that they were “stuffed” so to speak, with masonry laid in regular courses. Close to, the temple of the Sphinx—probably a Memnonium—discloses, after centuries of burial in the shifting sand of the desert, slabs of granite of enormous size, that look as if they had been dressed yesterday. Some are sixteen feet long, and deep in proportion, and curiously enough the joints are never in the angles as one would suppose.

Wednesday, April 24th.—After further penance in bed—a punishment for too hastily assuming myself to be convalescent,—we left Cairo, and crossed the fertile land of Goshen by train, coming once more to Ismailya. But instead of taking steamer here, we took the Suez railway along the canal banks, with the desert rolling away on the left, and appearing beyond the deep blue of the canal on the right. We saw some large steamers passing through before darkness closed in, and on reaching Port Said we drove straight to the steamer—an Austrian Lloyd, neither large nor comfortable. There was somewhat of a sea, and we wriggled and squirmed our corkscrew way to Jaffa through all the livelong night.

JAFFA.

There is no harbour at Jaffa, and when we came on deck we were quite at a loss to know where we were to land. There was the coast,—the houses of Jaffa, yellow in the sun, with white plastered domes, seemed piled up one above the other as if scrambling out of reach of the surf which came in white and angry. The sea was grey and swelling in momentary mountains, that broke into foam, and rushed past us with a grand sweep. The wretched steamer was kicking and plunging like an impatient horse pawing to be off. Two other steamers were moored in the roads close to, and as they pitched and rolled, we could guess how unsteady our own boat was. I was wondering how we were going to get into the boats that were closing in on us with their lusty shouting crews, when one of the sailors, calling out “Ladies first,” began passing us down the landing steps at the side of the steamer. All I remember was, that I was told to sit down on the bottom step. Below me, far out of reach, was the boat in a hollow of the surges—another instant, a wave lifted the boat to my very feet—strong arms picked me off the ladder, and the boat sank into the next hollow only to rise again. So we loaded up, and then pulled for the shore. At least, what is called the shore. In front were jagged black

rocks, and a sheet of foam with roaring angry surf. On we swept. I took off my Kodak in my childish innocence—(which I had slung over my shoulders), prepared to swim for it. But of course the crew had done the same thing hundreds of times and in rougher weather. We shot through the reef with what seemed only a foot to spare. One minute boiling foam, and the next smooth water and a quiet pull to the landing.

Joppa was delightfully sea-blown and breezy, though it can be terribly hot when there is no wind off the sea. It was not strange to us. The only difference between Syrian Orientalism and Egyptian which I at once noticed, was the greater prevalence of red in the dresses, and the lesser prevalence of the blues and blacks so almost universal in Egypt. The houses are as dilapidated, there are more domes visible—almost all the more important private houses seem to have domed roofs,—and there is more green. The orange groves, which were in blossom and heavy with scent, were delightful, and the vine comes largely into view. Take the old part of Scarborough, and orientalise it according to my bazaar recipe, turn on a brilliant light and put domes on the houses, remove the castle-hill and lower the coast-line, and you have a very tolerable Jaffa indeed.

The customs' examination never came off. Cooks have made an arrangement with the customs in Jaffa, and all Cooks' tourists are passed unchallenged: who does not bow down and worship the mighty Cook? I left my watch in the customs steamer. Reported it to Cooks, and they secured it at Beirut, sent it to Jerusalem, and now it is in my pocket. I arrange for dragoman, etc., and all details from Jaffa to Beirut at the Cairo office. At Jaffa my dragoman meets me. He knows everything, all is arranged. I have no trouble; I have a meal at the hotel at Jaffa, to which I am driven from the steamer, and I take my seat in a first-class carriage in the train to Jerusalem without paying a cent, or troubling about my luggage, or taking a ticket. The dragoman simply asks

what you have, you show him your luggage, and from that time he sees to it, sees it to the train and from the train to your bedroom, pays all the tips and all the fares, and you have the blissful assurance meanwhile that all is paid for by you in advance, and that when you reach Beirut you will have spent just that sum you paid down at Cairo, and no more. When you are recovering from an unpleasant passage, this freedom from worry is particularly delightful. We happen to be exceedingly fortunate in our dragoman. He is the dragoman who took George Adam Smith round Palestine, when he was writing his new "Historical Geography of Palestine." He is by far the most intelligent man we have yet had—very gentlemanly and very considerate, and judging by what we have so far seen, able and complete. He was very pleased when I told him that I had Smith's book with me, and told me of certain incidents recorded therein for which he is responsible. This will materially add to the interest of our ride north. His name is Harma—John Harma—but I shall refer to him in future by his family name.

At the Jaffa station I noticed what had escaped me before, the sheepskin caps and cloaks of the peasants. There was evidence in most of the costumes of greater cold than the people of the Nile Delta seem to expect, and we soon felt it ourselves very keenly. The season has been unusually late here, and we ought to be getting it hotter, but so far we have found Jerusalem remarkably like a high Swiss resort. Keen dry air, mountain and sea, a delightfully bracing mixture, with a hot sun. Well, I don't quite know how to describe all I have seen here, or how to give you a correct impression of things. I have been correcting previous ideas ever since I landed. First of all, unless you have seen for yourselves, it is difficult to realise how entirely the Israelites were a mountain people.

Let us say that Scarborough, altered as I have told you to alter it, and with all its modern parts destroyed, is Joppa. First, the train traverses a fertile plain (wheat, oranges,

pomegranates, and other cereal and vegetable products) analagous to the journey to Malton. All the time we are approaching a range of hills—high hills, irregular, like a chain of potato-heaps, green, streaked with white limestone where the rock crops through the grass. Soon you find yourself among the hills, winding into the heart of them up broad valleys. This may be called the Castle Howard and Kirkham Abbey stage of the journey. But now at what ought to be Barton Hill we are faced by the real hills of Judea. It is as if Levisham were to replace Barton Hill, and the train was there to begin its first serious ascent. (Make the crack to Goathland narrower and finer, more rocky and precipitous). Finally where the Scarborough train reaches York, your Joppa train has reached a plateau 2,000-3,000 feet above the sea, and a walled and ancient city half the size of York. The distance from Joppa to Jerusalem by rail is just about that from Scarborough to York. It was a very curious sensation, taking train to this old capital of the Jews. I think unconsciously I had shared the feelings of the servant who, when asked what Jerusalem was, replied "something religious." It really is a shock to find the place is real, and a thing of matter of fact to its inhabitants.

The only two places of any importance that you pass through are Lydda and Ramleh,—Lydda, once a Benjamine city, lies right out on the maritime plain, and was occupied by the Crusaders. Here the legend of St. George and the dragon had its birth, and the plain is like a great Clifton Ings, only there are orange groves and olives. The ground is bright with small, dark scarlet poppies which are exceedingly plentiful, as also the ox-eyed daisy. The greenness of everything struck us very much after Egypt; no wonder the land seemed to flow with milk and honey to the Israelites, after the parching sand of the desert.

Opposite opens the vale of Ajalon, up and down which the tide of battle between Philistine and Israelite rolled so often, but the line turns south, and we pass up the Wady es

Surar. Above us, on the rock hill-slope, are two cowsheds—that is Beth Shemesh (1 Sam. vi. 9.) Here, according to the Book of Samuel, the ark was brought by the five Philistine lords. The wheat was waving in the valley as we passed. I think it was the wheat harvest when the ark came. The ancient Zorah is also visible—a hut or two on the slopes. This is where the story of Samson is located. Down the slopes of this valley, according to the curious Old Testament narrative, the foxes (jackals) were loosed, and the jaw-bone was wielded with such Christian charity. It is all very peaceful now. We pass groups of merry women who are acting as navvies, picking basket-loads of stones off the fields, and throwing them on the narrow-gauge track of single line as ballast. I say “merry” women, for in Egypt only the little girls are merry, and it is very refreshing to see these brighter faces again.

Leaving Beth Shemesh behind us, we enter the gorge through which and up which we win our tortuous way to the more open valley on the plateau. Here we see the vine cultivated, where possible,—the terraced limestone lending itself to the culture,—but there are few trees, and in spite of the pleasant greenness from Jaffa to Jerusalem, we saw no running water. In Switzerland the gorge would have re-echoed the roar of a mountain torrent. You miss the sound of it, and can believe when you are told that in less than a month from now, the smiling plain and green valleys will be burnt up and brown as the desert almost. It is the winter and latter rain that has made the wilderness to blossom like the rose, and the fierce Syrian sun will soon re-assert himself. In the meantime we were suffering from the cold keen air, that blew up the mountains from the sea—rugs, great-coats, kuffiyehs, comforters, availed not to keep us warm.

JERUSALEM.

The arrival at Jerusalem and the prospect of tea at the hotel was by no means unwelcome, therefore, when at last

we stopped at what seemed a south Italian town. The entry to Jerusalem is not striking by rail. You come in by the Yafa suburb, red roofs, Italian villas—Latin monks and priests in shovel hats,—Europe in Asia. But when you pass through the Yafa gate you know that you are back in the East again, there is the same unmistakable dilapidation and dirt. But please mark one great difference, here, and in the villages. Good stone is used in place of the mudbricks of Egypt, and he who has seen the latter will appreciate the change. Our hotel here, the Grand New Hotel, would seem very modest indeed in Cairo or in the Riviera, but it is comfortable and very clean. The manager flew into my arms with joy in his countenance at the magic mention of my name. He used to keep the little "Jerusalem" shop on the slope from St. Nicholas Cliff to the Aquarium, just above the (Scarborough) Museum, and he has been most affectionate in consequence. He claims to remember me when I came to dig on the sands. One is at times impressed with the fact that the world is small.

Our first day, Friday, we drove with Harma our dragoon, to the Mount of Olives. I write this account after four days' sight-seeing, but I don't think there is anything I look back to with such pleasure as the Mount of Olives, even though it has not escaped the fate of everything here, and is disfigured by churches and monasteries. If you wanted to convince anyone sceptical as to Christianity of the truth and beauty of its faith, the last place in the world to bring him to is Jerusalem. Here, if anywhere, Mephistopholes has occasion to laugh in his sleeve; here, if anywhere, I can fully forgive the scorn and contempt of the Moslem for the wrangling and squabbling sects who profess the Christ. One breathes freer in the Mosque of Omar than in the gaudy Christian churches, and one's prejudices are irresistibly drawn on the side of the Moslem. Of course as regards sites, there is little or no certainty, and an enormous amount of superstition and tradition.

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

But the more one sees the lie of the land, and learns the connection of things and to *know* Jerusalem, the more one feels that there could be no other Mount of Olives. It is so pre-eminent, the view is so much the finest, and the position fits in with the Bible narratives. I think I am inclined to pin my faith to the Mount of Olives. But not,—emphatically not,—to the Garden of Gethsemane. You come to this before you ascend the Mount itself; an exposed, public situation, and now an artificial walled in arrangement of paths and flowers. You remember the artificial plot of garden behind the Hospitium (York) by the river. Wall that in with a high wall, and you have a good idea of Gethsemane as it is shown. The door into the garden is iron, and only four feet high. You have to bend to get in. That is for fear of the Moslems. The path round the garden is marked off every few feet with a gaudy picture in a shrine. Once in, you are shown where Peter slept, James slept, and John slept, where Judas stood when he kissed Jesus, etcetera—as if some one went round with stakes to mark the different places at the time. Close by is a hideous Russian church. It is a relief to pass on through wheat fields, and past the olive, almond and fig trees which dot the slopes, picking the brilliant poppies as we climb, and turning now and then to look at the extending view. Two other churches spoil the summit, they stand some distance apart, but both mark the exact spot where Christ ascended to heaven. One belongs now to the Moslems and is falling into ruin, the other, loud and vulgar, is Greek. We climbed the Muezzin tower of the Moslem building, and thence a wonderful view. G. Adam Smith in that *excellent* historical geography speaks of the wall of Moab. But no word-painting can give you an idea of it. It is a most impressive barrier, stretching in an unbroken line where visible along the east; and, looking down over the hummocky highlands of Judea, in a haze of heat, is the no less wonderful crack of the El Ghor, and the blue glimmer of the Dead Sea

3,900 feet below us. Palestine shrinks up into a small country when you visit it. In the other direction, forty miles odd carry you to the Levant and Joppa; seventeen miles down the Jericho road and you are gazing up at the prohibitive barriers of Moab. Judea, with all its history, with all its wonderful influence on the world, is almost identical in area with Northumberland; so small was the kingdom of the Jews. Read the striking chapter on the character of Judea in Smith, and you will understand what the impression given by the view from the Mount of Olives is. You appreciate the *insular* character of Judea. You can understand why the great armies of the foreign conquerors so often swept past on the maritime plain, and took no account of the hill tribes. You realise the difficulty of conquering this mountain province. The lowlands are worth having, but who wants to conquer these wild highland Israelite tribes in their stony hills, with nothing but their fanaticism and their sheepskins? At our feet is the valley of Jehoshaphat (or Kidron); opposite and sheltering behind the city walls is Mount Moriah and the Mosque of Omar—the great enclosed space of Harames Sherif, where the Temple used to stand—one of the few *certain* sites. Not far off we make out the dome of the church of St. Sepulchre, and the ruins of the tomb of David (falsely so called), near the Jaffa gate. Jerusalem with its yellows and whites, the domed roofs, the crumbling minarets, the half-ruinous walls, lies at our feet, and beyond is the chain of the rolling hills, brown and green and smiling in the sun. It is a picture not soon forgotten—even apart from its history, a sight worth seeing, and a view to be remembered. But I cannot give you all the details, the few huts visible of Bethany, the green streak which marks the Jordan, the crack of the River Arnon, the hills which hide Bethlehem, you must take your own brush, and colour in the details from your imagination.

After lunch we picked our way through the dirty and crowded bazaars. A few tortuous byways, down steps and between walls and over heaps of rubbish (a common

feature), and finally we found ourselves in a long lane, bounded on one side by a rough wall of average height, and on the other by a high massive wall of great stones. Standing in a row, close to it, with their faces in many cases pressed against the stone, were from one to two hundred men and women, the men at one end, the women at another. One perpetual wail, dismal in the extreme, filled the lane with melancholy sound. They were Jews of all nationalities,—Russian, Polish, Spanish, etc.—and this curious scene is repeated at four o'clock every afternoon. Many were reading from the Talmud and the Book of Jeremiah. I saw no very poignant grief; many of the women looked round from time to time and laughed at us, and gossip was not altogether tabooed among them. But women are always women, and gossip is the air they breathe! The men were more solemn. But I could believe what I was told—namely that this curious practice is dying out. They have wailed so long in vain, poor things, that one can readily imagine they are losing faith. However, I am glad they have just let me be a spectator, for the sight is most curious. It is not at all poetical or suggestive. A frowsier, sorrier crew I never saw; a crowd of Irish tramps might well have taken their place, and the change escape detection; but their very prosaic character adds to the incongruity of the scene. Again my ideas have undergone correction, and I have had another disillusionment.

Well, after this, we picked our way over more heaps of rubbish, and between great forbidding hedges of prickly pear—very un-English indeed—down into the Tyropœan, a valley which runs into the vale of Hinnom, and across which Solomon built a conduit for water. A few shattered stones, and an arch called Rabinsai's arch, are all we can see of it however, and we are soon climbing, still over rubbish, up Mount Zion. Let the pious pilgrim restrain his rapture for this sacred mount; if he can forget the smells, the only inspiration he will get is the view from the wall at the top. This is limited after the Mount of Olives. At one's feet, hidden by the

dirty and disreputable village of Siloam, lies the historic pool, I believe an undoubted site—unlike the pool of Bethesda, whose site is merely traditional. The most ancient Hebrew inscription yet discovered has been found in an old tunnel of clumsy workmanship here, though, unfortunately, it has gone to a museum at Constantinople. At present, excavations are on foot, and remains have been found of part of the old city wall, which here extended further afield than the modern. These are now being traced, and may lead to interesting discoveries. Harma now took us to see the Cœnaculum, and we went as meekly as if we had been told to go by our nurse. You feel very insignificant and powerless in the hands of a dragoman. Here, on no authority, David is said to be buried, and you see a wooden sarcophagus through a grating; also the Last Supper is said to have taken place here, likewise on worthless authority; and finally, this not apparently being enough under one roof, the Holy Ghost descended here on the assembled apostles. We listen apathetically to these statements, which our guide believes to be true, and notice with more interest that the building is Norman, and finished in Arabic style. Here are Norman arches, and round three windows the dog-tooth ornament. This building dates from Crusading times, and has been converted to a Mosque by the Arabs. The mixture of styles made the visit worth while, unexpectedly so, I may say.

Thence we found our way, still meek, to the House of Caiaphas, or, more strictly speaking, an Armenian monastery. Here is the prison of Christ. At least so the Armenians say, the Greeks have another prison of Christ, and deny this one. It is a hole in the wall, as big as a cupboard, beautifully tiled with blue and white tiles, a redeeming feature; redolent with incense, and hung with lamps. The church of the prison is as gaudy, over-decorated and as heavy with incense as the other churches. All these churches are built in a debased Byzantine style; unlovely, and look like bauble shops. At times there is evidence of much wealth. We saw doors

of tortoiseshell in St. James, inlaid with mother of pearl, and silver. Jerusalem lives on the piety and credulity of the pilgrims, and has indeed no trade but religion,—no doubt to many here a profitable one. It is difficult not to let one's indignation get the better of one, or to feel that "if Christ came to Jerusalem," His first act would be similar to the expulsion of the money changers.

THE TEMPLE AREA.

Saturday, April 27th.—The morning was well spent. It was a relief to be among Mohammedans again, and I must say I am glad the Temple grounds are in their hands. We went straight to the Haram es Sherif, the great enclosed area where the Temple once stood, and where now is the beautiful Mosque of Omar. We had to have an escort of two soldiers, and a permit from the British Consul, and felt quite important. We entered by the ruinous gate called the Suk el Kattanin, or the Cotton gate—a long dilapidated tunnel—it was really nothing more, and emerged in a great open space. Along the walls run the hostelries for the Moslem Pilgrims, to whom this place is very sacred, the most sacred place after Mecca; for Mohammed ascended hence on his winged steed, to heaven. We pick our way through various Mostabas, raised places where the Moslems pray in the open air, and then ascend a broad flight of shallow steps, and, passing under a ruined arcade with graceful pillars, we find ourselves on the highest plateau—on which the Mosque itself, the Dome of the Rock, stands. Here no doubt was the Temple, and the Mosque may very possibly cover the site of the Holy of Holies.

The Kubbet es Silsileh, an open pavilion with two concentric rows of pillars (Byzantine), beautiful mosaic floor, and a dome, attracts attention before we enter the Mosque. The mosaic work is exceedingly fine, and in harmony with the Mosque itself. This world-famous building is, in its particular way, the most beautiful I have ever seen. The exterior decoration is wonderfully intricate, and here and there

the design is extremely beautiful. Blue and white predominate, especially the former, and a good deal of yellow comes into the composition also. As one would expect, the designs are entirely geometrical, and to be properly enjoyed require to be seen at a moderate distance. A long way off the Mosque looks ordinary and has a bluish grey tone. Each tile is separately burnt with a separate design; many are Persian, and some of the richest effects are produced by blocks of coloured glass set in cement. With the strong sunlight upon it the effect is wonderful. A circular gallery runs round the central space, the rounded roof being supported by polished marble pillars with gilded capitals, and the floor paved in marble mosaic. The roof of this gallery and the interior of the dome are the most exquisite examples of mural decoration I have ever seen. The general tone of colour reminds me as much as anything of Burne Jones' "Briar Rose"; green, red and gold are the chief colours used, and the whole effect utterly surpasses any power of description. I am naturally prejudiced against polished pillars and gilded capitals, but I would not alter anything in this Mosque; the *tout ensemble* is such that you are content to have it as it is. I don't expect to see anything finer in its way than this. Round the centre space runs a fine wrought iron screen dating from the Crusaders' time, and in the centre lies a naked rock. This may have been the rock of sacrifice; it has a cistern underneath, and channels for carrying away water or blood, but it is by no means clear that it is so. The Moslems claim that it is the centre of the world, that God will sit on it on the Judgment day; that it is poised on air, and though apparently resting on a wall below, is not really resting upon it, only pretending to. Perhaps it does to take breath at times. Mohammed sprang from this rock to go to heaven; you are shown where his head broke through the roof, so it must be true; and the rock was so anxious to follow that the angel Gabriel had to come and hold it down. You can see his finger-marks, so that must be true also. Not far off in the floor is a block of green jasper.

Mohammed drove nineteen nails of gold into this. A nail was to fall out at the end of every epoch, and when all had disappeared, the end of the world would come. The devil pulled out all but three and a half; but the angel Gabriel caught him at it, and drove him away. Very fortunate, for three and a half seems a poor number. However, they have lasted so long that one may take comfort.

Passing an ancient pool, we walked across the open plateau to the Mosque El Aksa, much simpler and less pretentious. It is not without interest, the pulpit is a wonderful specimen of Arabesque carving at its best, dating from Nuredin's time, 1168 A.D., and one of the transepts is an excellent specimen of the work of the Crusaders, the roof being groined and vaulted. The Mosque is indeed a Christian church of Justinian (to the Virgin) transformed. Below are extensive vaults called Solomon's stables, but probably no earlier than the time of the Crusaders, the mangers and bridle rings for the horses being of that period. A walk round the walls gave us a good view, over the Vale of Jehoshaphat to the Mount of Olives, and to Mount Scopus on the North. The rolling hills are very refreshing after Egypt, and after much sight-seeing. At one point in the wall is a pillar projecting at right angles. Here Mohammed will sit astride, and Christ on the Mount of Olives; the resurrection will take place in the Vale of Jehoshaphat, and all will be made to walk across the valley on a hair of the prophet. Those who fall will go to hell. These are crude and foolish legends, but unfortunately the Christians have a stock which outnumber, if they do not rival, the Moslems. We met Miss K., of York, at the Deaconesses' Home in the evening, and she told us at supper that numbers of English and Americans came to live at Jerusalem, so as to be there if the end of the world came. A queer old lady has just died, who used to go up the Mount of Olives every day with a tea-making apparatus. She wanted to be able to offer Jesus a cup of tea when He came!

"THE HOLY SEPULCHRE."

I think the afternoon of Friday is the most remarkable we have spent since I left England. I visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and here seem to be concentrated the superstitions and follies of all Christendom. The place reminds me as much as anything of the Alhambra Music Hall in London, with its gilt and its coloured lamps, and its luxurious but tawdry magnificence. So bitter are the feuds between the different churches of Christ, that Mohammedan officials have charge of the building, and the first comment you have on the faith of Christianity is in the Mohammedan guard at the door. I wish I could describe the scene to you. It baffles all one's powers, however. The largest clear space (there is no shape or symmetry, so the ordinary terms nave, transepts, etc., are impossible; the church is nothing but a congeries of chapels) is called the Rotunda, and here the Chapel of the Sepulchre itself stands. It looks like a large shrine, and is covered with pictures, candles, lamps and what not. It glitters like a fairy fountain, or a fairy grotto rather. You stoop to enter, and find yourself in what is called the Angel's Chapel (where the angel sat), a few feet square, heavy with incense, and loaded with ornament. You stoop again and find yourself by a gaudy altar with barely room to turn round. This is the actual sepulchre, and repeats the Angel's Chapel, only more so. All the time there is a stream of people of all nationalities in and out, kissing the pictures, crossing themselves, and bowing with the utmost piety. As we came out, we saw an interesting sight. Opposite the entrance to the so-called Sepulchre is the Greek chapel (every chapel must have a *raison d'être*, and though all are under one roof, this covers the garden of Joseph of Arimathea and a round hole and ball in the floor mark the centre of the world!! The second centre I have seen in one day). Service was going on here, and the singing was suddenly drowned by a loud strident chant. An Armenian procession with the Armenian patriarch was entering the Rotunda. Gorgeous jewelled robes,

blackhooded monks, and gaily dressed acolytes, candles and incense. On they came. Armenians and Greeks have been fighting at the Easter service, so there is a bitter feeling just now. Two Greek priests rushed out, and hustled their flock out of reach of contamination. You could see the fight in their eyes, and the pleasure with which the Armenians formed up at the very door of the Greek Shrine, in order to enter one by one the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre itself. This over, they made the tour of the Rotunda, headed by two Mohammedans armed with sticks to prevent the Christians from fighting, a gorgeous spectacle, but scarcely an inspiring one. I can fancy "the man with the leather breeches" in the midst of all this!

We naturally came home with our heads in a whirl, and sick with incense, and weary of candles and coloured lamps. What wonder the Moslems look down on us with contempt. There is much irony in the fact that it is Jerusalem that is the scene of this exhibition of weakness and folly, and still more in the fact that the centre of bitterest feud is certainly not the right site. These churches are spending their incense and pictures over an unknown site, and a fraudulent tomb.

Sunday, April 28th.—We walked down into the valley of Kidron or Jehoshaphat, and examined what is called Solomon's quarry. This again is a fictitious name, the date and origin of the quarry are unknown. It extends for two or three hundred feet under Jerusalem, and is interesting because it is possible that the stone for the Temple was hewn here. You see great blocks half-dressed and left lying, niches in the walls for lights, and so forth. Opposite is one of the suggested sites for Calvary—much more to my mind than any other I have seen. It is a low eminence overlooking the road, and with caves in its rocky face. But of course it is the merest surmise, and I don't quite see how the real site can be found. Neither do I see why it matters, or what good

would be done if it was found. The flame of superstition would have added fuel to feed it, that is all; and a great deal of sentimental writing would be produced by as many future Cooks' tourists. I prefer the present doubt.

Not far from the Cotton Grotto, as the quarry is also called, are the Tombs of the Kings. Here again, we have no authority for the name, and may be pretty certain they were not the tombs of Jewish kings, but of wealthy citizens. We visited one which may have been just like Joseph of Arimathea's. A low square-cut opening in the cliff face to which you descend a few steps, closed by a rolling stone which revolves in a channel specially prepared—a square chamber cut in the rock about eight feet high, and a small aperture in the wall of this chamber for the body. No hieroglyphs, no decoration, none of the elaborate ornamentation of the Theban necropolis. The rolling stone was very interesting. Wherever the sepulchre was, the stone was probably worked in the same way to close just such an entrance four feet high.

The entrance to what may be taken as a necropolis of the wealthy Jews is by a broad flight of steps leading down into the hollow (like a quarry) where the rock tombs were cut. At the foot of these steps are two excellent cisterns, where the bodies were washed before burial; a much simpler arrangement than the elaborate embalming of the Egyptians.

Equally sceptical were we at the convent which contains the ruins of the Roman Praetorium, and the site of the judgment of Christ. But we enjoyed this visit. We were taken round by a dear old nun, with the face of an angel, and the grace and manners of a high-born lady. There was an indescribable flavour of sweet cloister piety about everything, and everything was beautifully fresh and clean. We felt as if in a Friends' Meeting-house in the neat, simple room. Undoubtedly there is a ruined arch over the altar in the convent church, and here, of course, Pilate stood when he gave judgment. But the dear old lady believed it, and we enjoyed the sweet patter of the nuns at the Litany the while.

We were taken down into the vaults, through an infinity of doors, all carefully locked after us, and locked behind us again as we returned, to be shown the beginning of the *Via Dolorosa*. In acknowledgment of the good lady's courtesy I was fain to buy a small silver cross for my wife out of the stock of little trinkets made in the convent, and we passed out distinctly refreshed and very good friends. The *Via Dolorosa* is a series of dirty lanes with all sorts of superstitions attached to it.

BETHLEHEM.

It was a relief in the afternoon to drive to Bethlehem, over a high, breezy plateau, with the hills of Moab ever visible—an unbroken barrier line, and the rolling uplands of Judea when we looked towards Hebron. You pass a Moslem Sheikh's tomb, with its dome, and are informed that this is the tomb of Rachel, and after an hour's drive, through fields of wheat and past olives, figs and terebinth and carob trees, the considerable town of Bethlehem comes into sight. There are 8,000 inhabitants in this flourishing place, where I had expected a little village. We drove three horses abreast at a furious pace, hearts in our mouths, through the narrow streets, and pulled up in front of the chief hotel with much clatter and noise. We went to see only one "sight" here, the so-called Church of the Nativity; to me it was a repetition of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The manger is shown you (there is another at Rome I think) and the cave and so forth, all gaudy with the usual decorations. The main nave of the church is refreshingly simple, but that is the one redeeming feature. The Latins were holding their service, and the organ was pealing as we entered. Greeks and Armenians do not have music. Mentioning the Latins reminds me that hereby hangs a tale. The Armenian altar is in such a position, that if the Latins crush to pass in a procession to visit the Holy Manger, they must pass close to the Armenian sanctuary. The Armenians objected, and used to decline

to make way, and fights ensued. The Turkish governor, growing weary of this, has had to lay a carpet with one corner cut off before the Armenian altar, and order the Armenians to keep off it, crossing by the diagonal where the carpet is cut off. This done, a Turkish soldier had to be placed continually on guard there to watch that this rule is kept.

We sketched the view from Bethlehem after enduring the incense and candles for a while, and walked back in the sunset light. Only then did the full glories of the Holy City appear, as we approached along the broad carriage road from Hebron, the mountains growing violet in shadow to the east, while yet a liquid yellow light lit up the city walls. The sense of the past history is choked out in these chapels, but out in the open you breathe freely, and catch something of the inspiration of the place. The Galilean in His rough peasant dress and turban, no doubt, had wandered in the evening over these hills with His rude following of fisher-folk, every whit as humble and obscure as the peasants we met on our way. One realises the extent of the idealism of the devotional pictures of the west; and the help one gets in Palestine in getting a truer picture of things, brings the figure of the Christ nearer to you, and strengthens the human ties.

Bethlehem is famous now for the extraordinary beauty of its women. Some say this is due to Crusaders' blood, I only know I was much struck with the merry, vivacious manner of the people. The population is nearly all Christian; the Christians massacred and expelled the Moslems in 1830, and the difference in the Christian treatment of the women may partly account for this. They wear a curious head-dress, white, and quite distinct.

In Camp, May 8th, '95.

Temperature 97° F. in shade.

Place, El Fuleh, near Shunem, on the Plain of Esdraelon, where the Philistines encamped when Saul was killed.

I expect you will smile at the date, remembering when I last wrote, but just you come here and write a diary with the thermometer at 97° F. and a close heat withal! But the fact is, riding and camping mean next to no opportunity for writing. Moreover the country is so steeped and saturated in history that you spend all your time reading up. We have G. A. Smith's "Historical Geography of Palestine" with us, and are reading it as we go along. It makes a delightful companion, and adds enormously to our understanding of what we see, as well as our understanding of the book itself.

CAMP LIFE.

The life in camp is very healthy and really very luxurious. We two Englishmen have no less than eight servants, and eleven four-footed beasts and three tents! It would be a libel on Cook and Son—the immaculate dispenser of creature comforts—to call this "roughing it."

It is a picturesque sight to see the camp following sitting round, Eastern fashion, eating out of the common flesh-pot (common in the sense that it is common to all I mean), the red glow of the charcoal and the faint glimmer of the lamp flickering on the dusky limbs and many-coloured raiment. That is the sentimental hour, when, the heat of the day forgotten, and the glaring hills softened to mysterious violet in the gloom, we stroll, with cigarettes lighted, after the sumptuous evening meal, up and down outside our temporary "Castle." Then tongues are loosened, and there steals a comfortable sense upon one of being at peace with all the world. We accept our dragoman's invitation, and squatting down Arab fashion among our cooks and muleteers, drink the coffee cup of friendship with them. Then come the jokes at our remissness in rising;—how often we had to be called,—and the time we take to dress,—and the things we leave in the tent,—or we praise our cook's soup and his excellent rice pudding and his vegetables and chicken; and after more

amicable converse, and tales of former adventures with other parties from the valiant John, we turn in under the brilliant stars and the waxing moon to sleep the sleep of the just. Breakfast, when at last the patient waiter, after much calling, has got us safely seated at the table, is a royal repast. A plate of bread and milk, first-rate tea, bread, Danish butter, English marmalade, Jaffa honey tasting of the orange groves, potted meat, eggs,—and,—I ought to mention the one drawback,—innumerable flies.

Lunch is without our tents, and usually contrived so as to be timely by some bubbling spring or under the grateful shade of fig or olive. We recline on a carpet spread for us, and what Nabob could turn up his nose at the lemon and soda, the sardines, the cold chicken and salad, the dates and figs, and the little cup of inevitable coffee, heated on the extemporized furnace while we eat and doze ;—John, the dragoon, in his long blue-embroidered cloak, his pistol in his belt, sits gravely on another carpet, smoking his nargileh, which the groom prepares with due reverence as for a lord. Our horses champ and whisk away the pestilential flies, nose in grass, or gulping grateful draughts from the battered tin which serves as their trough. And when towards the close of a hot and thirsty ride we see our tents gleam white before us, by some magic transported from our last resting place—there is a cry of “To your tents, O Israel,” for we know that fragrant tea and English biscuits are waiting, set out with civilised propriety on snowy table-cloth. And dinner, illuminated by candles, is a sumptuous finish to the day’s regal repasts. We have a kind of feeling that we are not performing a feat quite so heroic as across Darkest Africa !

In Camp, Mansurah. On the slopes of Mount Carmel, overlooking Esdraelon, Nazareth visible. May 9th. Delicious cool sea breeze, 70° F. in tent.

Here goes for a dry and an uninteresting itinerary—jottings from my pocket-book, little else—with no seasoning of “Fine writing !”

THE DEAD SEA.

Tuesday, April 30th.—Manetho, Strabo, and the newly-arrived L. R., who shall henceforth figure as the Philosopher with a big P., left Jerusalem on horseback at 2 p.m. Wind high from the sea, but a hot sun. We were soon zigzagging down the rocky path into the Vale of Hinnom (the horses are wonderfully sure-footed) and over steep grass-slopes. In this vale children used to be offered as sacrifices to Moloch, whence the place became known to the Jews as Gehenna, or Vale of Fire, and this I suppose has given rise to further cosmological developments much enlarged on by some, Milton for example. I understand, however, that allusions to this division of the cosmogony are falling into disrepute nowadays. We pass under frequent olives, by fields of wheat ripening, and when I say fields, of course I don't mean hedged-in enclosures, but open patches. Few peasants were in evidence, one wondered where the reapers were to come from, we passed not a single village. Rounding a hill-slope into the valley of Kidron, lo! and behold, an armed Bedouin, sitting silent with gown and curved scimitar, on a beautiful glossy black Arab horse. This is our escort, without which we may not travel in this part of the country. Our ride is in the main a descent. Bit by bit the scenery grows wilder, and all vegetation vanishes. First of all, goats and sheep and a few smiling vales of corn, the lower fields ripe for harvest; but after a while no life of any kind, except a stray marbled white butterfly, and a dusty black beetle hurrying out of our path, or a gruesome, repellent centipede. The rounded hills become more and more rocky; we have entered the Judean desert. The prevailing colour of the landscape, from being a doubtful green streaked with white limestone, is now reddish, and as we enter a deep gorge, the rocks glow here and there as if from internal fires. We follow an ascending stony path along one side of the gorge for some way, the chasm at our left deepening and with more precipitous walls. Suddenly rounding a corner we see the Monastery of Marsaba, and the

tents of our camp flying the Union Jack. The camping ground is a sandy cliff top, walled in by higher cliffs on three sides. In front is the monastery, clinging to the precipitous side of the gorge, and facing a bare desert wall honeycombed with caves. The Monastery, which we visit, is a Greek penitentiary for recalcitrant priests—a curious scrambling building in a weird and desolate spot. Here a court, there a block of terraced building—far up above more buildings, tunnellings, staircases and towers—you could invent a weird ghost story, or a fanciful fairy tale, or commit suicide with equal propriety here. With its flying buttresses and higgledy piggedly arrangement, it all looks as if stuck on to the cliff face by cement. Somewhere about 530 A.D., S. Saba lived here—a pious anchorite (read George Eber's "Homo Sum" if you want to know more of the desert anchorites). He found a lion in the cave he lived in, but each amicably settled which corner they would occupy. So the legend runs, and you are shown the cave. From the grand terrace of the Monastery we looked down into the gorge below, and saw the jackals roaming in search of food; at night the tent watch kept his rattle going, to scare away hyænas. Surely a more lonely, unearthly penitentiary nowhere exists. Wind changed in the night to South-East. Sirocco: Temperature rose in tents at night to 84° F.

Wednesday, May 1st.—Breakfast 6.15 a.m. Off before 7 a.m. Wind veers to the North. No sun till noon. Wild ride over rolling and rocky uplands. Here and there the low black tents of the Bedouin—swarthy people. These are the "ravens—black people" of the Old Testament, who fed Elijah. Now and then, down some rocky Wady, covered with detritus and sparsely green here and there, we see the deep blue Dead Sea in a haze of heat thousands of feet below, and beyond, the Wall of Moab. Wind blows cool, but as we descend, the heat comes on gradually. After a pleasant canter—the horses canter beautifully, but can't trot—we

make a tremendous descent down a rocky torrent bed—dry as a bone. Now and then we have to lead our horses, but they take us nevertheless where English horses could never go. Above to the West, on a high hill, we see a white tomb Mosque, which the Mohammedans believe to be the tomb of Moses, and which they visit in pilgrimage once a year from Jerusalem. A great sight, I am told.

At last we are down on long ridges of sand dunes sloping down to the head of the Dead Sea. Here is a tropical jungle and glorious rushes, towering over our heads with great feathery plumes, but our dragoman tells us we shall get these at L. Huleh, so we pass and spare them. Wherever, as here on these marshy flats, there is fresh water, the shores of the Dead Sea are luxuriantly clothed in sub-tropical verdure, as at Engedi. We were disappointed in not finding the Dead Sea *dead* enough. Birds *do* fly across it, and there is no particular curse about it, it is simply a lake in the desert. Still, its immediate shore of pebbles with the withered branches cast up thereon gave some impression of the want of life in its waters. We bathed in the Dead Sea, and could not sink. I got a photograph of the Philosopher floating, feet and head above water, without the slightest effort: The taste is vile, and the smart in a raw place I had, excruciating. Moreover, we were all horribly sticky when we dressed, so a bathe therein is more interesting than pleasant. Of course Sodom and Gomorrah are not at the bottom, as even Kinglake seems to suppose in his "Eothen." The lake has been there, only deeper, since Tertiary times. G. A. Smith says that we must look for the site of these towns in the plain to the North, and if the account of their destruction may be taken as historical, the site is desolate enough in all conscience. I was not prepared for this. I had thought that the valley of the Jordan was a tropical jungle, whereas it is a flat sandy desert—at least at the southern end—intersected by verdure only where the Jordan coils its snake-like way along. We noticed as we rode to the Jordan, after lunching on the

Dead Sea shore, now imposing—nay, forbidding—the mountains of Judea and Samaria looked; fully as impenetrable as Moab to the East. No wonder the Israelites were afraid to enter in and possess the Promised Land.

We ought to have seen Hermon to the North, but were prevented by the heat-haze; indeed, the heat nearly rendered us incapable of noticing anything, and we rejoiced at reaching the green trees and muddy swift stream of the world-famous river. It was really a cool day for the Jordan valley, though it was 100° F. in the shade. It must be remembered that we were over 1,200 feet below the Mediterranean, and 3,900 feet below Jerusalem. These facts require to be borne in mind, if there is to be a due apprehension of the extraordinary nature of this deep crack—the El Ghor.

The Jordan is amazingly small and ordinary when you come to it; like the Nidd, for all the world, only swifter and far muddier. We heard a dove cooing—the spot is supposed to be that where Jesus was baptised—the voice of the Turtle was heard in the land. This stream, our *first* running water since Jerusalem, made us appreciate as never before the allusions to water in the Psalms and elsewhere in the Bible. “Thou shalt lead me beside still waters,” “As a hart thirsteth after the water brooks,” etc., have a new meaning to the traveller in Palestine. I lazed in a boat, taking to the water to avoid some grubbing pigs on the banks, and utterly failed to realise where I was. Here the pilgrims are baptised to this day—but somehow I only felt as if back on some good old English stream, and my heart yearned for that tight little island. After all there is no place like home. We rode on in the late afternoon to Jericho, across melancholy dry stream beds, paths of straggling vegetation—the henna used to dye the finger-nails is cultivated here—and finally patches of corn, yellow and ripe. New Jericho, an hotel, some Turkish official’s private house, some miserable huts, a few palm trees, that is all! Then a thistle-covered common, donkeys, Bedouin, their black low tents and cattle, dirty and degraded

looking people—the women terribly ugly, poor things, a stream, a burst of luxuriant vegetation, cactus hedges concealing palms and tropical shrubs and masses of towering red flowers, and we find our tents at the foot of a tumulus concealing old Jericho, and by a good spring. Wind strong, North, and *cool*. Temperature falls to 72° F. in tent.

Thursday, May 2nd.—Start 8 a.m. Wind veers to West, cloud driven sky. Gleams of sunshine. Ascent to Jerusalem exceedingly fine. A most impressive ride—low part of the pass guarded by ancient watch-towers, reminds one of the St. Gothard above the Devil's Bridge. Crossing a ridge the scenery is less grand and majestic, but still wild—like Llanberis, say. Good carriage road all the way. We pass another monastery clinging to the cliff wall like Mar Saba—called Mar Yahanna. The brook in the gorge is by some supposed to be the brook Cherith where Elijah was fed by the Bedouin, and the mountain overlooking Old Jericho to be the scene of the Temptation, which is hardly likely.

We meet flocks of goats and donkeys, troops of armed Bedouin on horseback with long guns, barrels brass bound, and stocks inlaid with mother of pearl; the round swelling hills become greener, and the breeze distinctly unpleasantly chilly after the hot El Ghor. Veiled Moslem ladies pass in a carriage with armed escort—whither bound?

We reach at twelve, after four hours riding, the "Apostles' Well," another merely traditional name. Round this is gathered a concourse of Bedanese, donkeys, women, children, horses, and fine dark-looking men, in black and yellow striped cloaks and black kuffiyehs, armed with a short knife and gun. They are of particular interest when one remembers that they give us a picture of what those wandering Hebrew tribes, under their great powerful sheikh Moses must have looked like, when they came as invaders to the land of the Canaanite—a great wave of emigration out of the desert sea away there

behind Moab—one among many waves, that from time to time have washed up on the eastern shore of Palestine, and peopled its hills and valleys with desert drift. One feels grateful for the realistic picture of the past which such a scene affords. I watched these people giving their beasts the longed-for draught, as we sat at our lunch, and felt that the Old Testament was getting to be real for me bit by bit, though one's western ideas need considerable readjustment at first. And if it is a reality from which much that we call "miraculous" had to be eliminated, this elimination is not a loss, but an infinite gain. The unbridged gulf that yawns between a past teeming with miraculous interventions, and a prosaic present where miracle is reduced to law, is bridged by a new human interest, as one *feels* these old Bible people were only human beings after all, and subject to the same unalterable laws of a God, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever. After this well, a steep ascent. We have now been climbing four hours up a fine pass. Surely Jerusalem will be below us over this ridge—No! There is the Holy City above us still—and there the Mount of Olives on the right—the squalid, wretched hovel of Bethany—all are above us. I know nothing that can more impressively fix the height of Jerusalem above the plain on one's mind than this view upward, after a long climb of hours. We rode in past *my* Golgotha; the Philosopher says that in certain lights the caves in its rock face give the appearance of a skull, and that it is seriously supposed that this explains the phrase "the place of the skull." However, be this as it may, the Philosopher immediately after had a bad throw from his horse, from the wounds of which he is only now recovering; and so back to the New Hotel.

Friday, May 3rd.—Manetho left us for England, amid sad farewells from the bereaved remainder. Before the Philosopher and Strabo start North, I just want to put on record the manner of veiling among the Moslem women at Jerusalem. This is peculiarly ghastly in its effect. A



JOHN WILHELM ROWNTREE,

Act. 16.

(From a photo by W. Eskell, York).

thin handkerchief, with a pattern and colour like a bandanna, covers the whole face. You cannot see the face, or a suggestion of a face behind, though the lady can see out. In a white shawl and with their coloured face cloths, these women look like the sheeted dead come to life—or mummies that have strayed far from Giseh.

TO SAMARIA.

We started in rain after a cold night (Therm. down to 60° F. in the bedroom). Strong wind, North-West. As we climbed the slopes of Scopus, we met a long pilgrimage of Russians straggling over two miles, some on asses, some on foot, of the peasant class apparently. There were 700 of them, and some of the women seemed very ill with the long march from Nazareth, being supported by their husbands as they rode by on their mules. I suppose these poor people will go the round of the shrines, etc., in Jerusalem, and probably spend many a hard earned penny in useless ceremonies. We had a fine retrospect over Jerusalem, which ought to have been our last, but we got another glimpse in making a detour to Ramallah. The road was very rough—like a dry mountain stream bed; scenery, bare rolling uplands—red soil, very stony ground, not a square foot being without its white limestone detritus; patches of green corn and occasional olives. Wind continues cold and strong, though the rain was slight, and soon ceased. Stony and abominable, a mere path as the road is, it is one of the great caravan routes from Jerusalem to Damascus. We met frequent strings of ill-kempt donkeys, with dusky ragged drivers sitting sideways. We pass Tell el Ful, a high hill crowned with the ruins of a Crusaders' fort—the most frequent ruins we have seen in Palestine. We deviate from the usual route to the east, climbing a hill crowned by the village of Ramah of Benjamin—a wretched, squalid, dirty group of hovels, with wheat growing on the sod roofs. Here we had a fine view of the village and battlefield of Michmash, and the long line of the Moab hills opposite.

It is open, rolling hill country, and the eye is struck with the long, sweeping curves of the gradual swelling mounds and hills. The soil gave a decidedly red look to the foreground, indeed this colour is quite a feature in the district. I got a careful sketch of the battle-field before leaving. As we were riding away through the green corn, our muleteer missed a carpet; we rode back, and John threatened to the assembled villagers that he would send for ten Turkish soldiers, and arrest the whole village. The threat, after much talk and gesticulation, took effect. The house of the thief was reluctantly pointed out, to which we rode in force. The door was barricaded, and had to be broken open. There was a castigation administered to the recalcitrant owner of the house, and the carpet was then borne out in triumph.

We lunched in a fig orchard at El Bireh (the ancient Burok) now a fanatical Moslem village, the distinguishing feature of which are the ruins left by the Templars. (We saw some columns in a pigstye at Ramah, dating also from Crusading times).

A French party of six, travelling North, here passed us, camping by our tents at Bethel. We felt that we had sufficient equipage, but these six people had a train of fifty horses and mules—palanquins for wet weather—and were carrying their chickens alive in crates. Here we branched off from the usual route once more—to the West—over a high, ploughed field. Looking back, we saw the hills beyond Jordan—looking forward ten minutes later, lo and behold, the blue Mediterranean. What a small country Palestine is!

Our detour to Ramallah proved interesting. The American Friends have a mission here, which we visited. It is chiefly for girls, who live partly as boarders—I think twenty-four reside on the premises—the rest in the village.* Ramallah is decidedly cleaner than most of the villages. It has several missions, which seem to be doing their duty socially as well as religiously, and bringing about a better sanitary condition.

* The school has since been much enlarged, and now includes boys.

I noticed the brighter faces of the women. Christianity stands out very favourably by Mohammedanism in the treatment of the gentler sex; the position of woman, indeed, seems to me one of the greatest blots on Mohammedan civilisation. The girls sang hymns to us in English and Arabic, in a schoolroom filled with European furniture. I only objected to their costume, sober and Quakerly perhaps, but a prim uniform, most incongruous and unsuited when you have the Oriental sense of colour to guide you. Leave the national dress alone, I say.*

After a pleasant visit and chat, in the cool, white-washed building—so clean and spruce, though simple withal,—we rode down to the head of a green vale of corn, where under a grove of olives our tents were visible. This was Bethel in all probability. At present it is known as Betin, and is a fearfully squalid collection of hovels. I hope the Irish cabins I have so often heard of are no worse than these. There is not much suggestion of the historic interest attaching to the place from Jacob to Josiah. We suppose that the unspeakable Turk must be responsible for much of the present condition of things, coming as their misrule does after the stormy centuries which succeeded Christ. But reading again in the tent the account of the battle of Michmash, we were struck with the simple provincial style of the account. The warriors who mustered against the Philistines must surely have been much like the primitive agriculturists we have been passing. "For there was no smith in Israel," and the ox-goad is frequently to be seen in use during the day's ride. The one striking feature of Bethel now is the ruined Crusaders' church. One realises what a grip the Crusaders did get after all on the country, and it is possible to appreciate Smith's remarks on the subject when we see almost every height of strategical importance, almost every site of religious interest, stamped with the impress of their civilisation. In a day or

* This is so now, the children sitting in meeting look like a garden of flowers.—ED.

two, we shall pass over another battlefield (I am writing now at Nazareth), that of Hattin, where, I suppose, this civilisation received its death-blow; where, as Smith says, "a militant and truculent Christianity, as false as the relics of the True Cross round which it was rallied, met its judicial end."

Saturday, May 4th.—We were glad to be off. The night had been very cold, Temperature 50° F. in the tent, and a nasty, damp, white mist. On horseback before nine, after some delays. Rode in the cool breeze through fig orchards and over awful roads; descending after an hour or so into a lonely valley, overhung with crags and green with grass, gay with flowers and shaded by noble olives. Here we pass the usual camping ground of those going North, at what is called the Robbers' Spring—the sky clearing the while and deepening to an intense blue. We are entering the northern kingdom and leaving Judea behind, traversing the debatable ground where the boundary fluctuated North or South of the more natural division from Michmash down Ajalon—according as North or South was strongest. And a change is really coming over the country. Figs and olives are more numerous than I have seen them since Bethlehem; the bleak, rolling uplands are giving place to a succession of shallow, flat-bottomed valleys—alps—with more trees and great sheets, rather than the patches we noted in Judea, of waving corn. The whole aspect of the land is more open and smiling, and as we proceed North, continues to open out and become yet more fertile. Bethel seems to mark a distinct stage in our journey, looking back on it.

As on the ride from Rome to Naples, we notice how the villages are almost always perched on the hill tops—seldom in the plains; with their flat roofs they are often difficult to distinguish from the limestone ribs, which everywhere peep through the green hillsides. We see yet two more Crusaders' Castles—one of Baldwin, another Casale San Cirles—and

then enter the broadest, flattest, upland valley we have yet seen; like a bit of the Plain of Sharon stranded on the heights. Crossing the well-cultivated fields and picking our way up through a large fig orchard, and then through ripening corn and banks of glorious flowers, morning glory, dahlias and pinks, etc., we find ourselves at an olive tree, large and isolated at the entrance to a shallow wady; standing alone on the height with ruined masonry under its shadow. Here we spread our carpet and lunch. The spot is now called Seilun; once it was Shiloh, to which memories of the Ark, of Eli, and Samuel attach themselves. Now there is nothing for the eye to rest upon except open vales of ploughed land and corn—rounded hills of undecided outline. Bees are humming and passing from flower to flower, beetles swarm, flying with heavy clumsy flight across the field, and everywhere the nimble lizards pop in and out among the stones. A gentle sea breeze tempers the noonday heat. Shiloh is a very pleasant spot for a picnic and a doze for such of Cooks' tourists as so incline, but its slopes will no more be covered with the black tents of the Bedouin Ben Israel awaiting the allotment of their portions.

On the hill, down the opening vale, we see Sebim (Sebonah, Judges xxi. 19), and then turning more distinctly northward, we regain the usual route, from which we have made a detour, and in the late afternoon reach a rocky ridge of some height. The view at this point was very fine. On our left, immediately facing us, Ebal and Gerizim—reminding me forcibly of the Malvern hills. At our feet the long fertile upland plain of El Muknah, and beyond over a distant ridge of mountain, faint, indescribably delicate with its fairy-like blue and white—the splendid triple crown of snowy Hermon. Evening was fast gathering her shadows as we descended with this view before us,—the sight of snow after hot Egypt and thirsty Judea is an experience more memorable than a first glimpse of the Alps—and we reached Hawara,—our camp—on the slopes of Gerizim, but a short time before darkness swooped down on

us. Time here is $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours later than with you in England, and twilight is very short, the approach of darkness very swift. It is quite dark now about seven, the sun setting about 6.30.

Sunday, May 5th.—We did not keep Sunday here, intending to keep our Sunday on Monday at Sebaste. We had another cold night, Temperature 54° F. Off at 8.20, sky cloudless. Burning sun but cool breezes. We rode North for a space up the broad El Muknah,¹ with its corn and olives, and then turned up West to the gap between Ebal and Gerizim, a high pass, where Nablus, the ancient Shechem lies. On our right we see a white dome, a bit of wall, and some green trees. That is Jacob's well. I will not plunge into the controversy as to the site, as my remarks would be valueless, but might mention that we had read G. A. Smith on the subject with interest the night before.

Reaching Nablus, high up (800 feet), we nevertheless find the pretty town of 20,000 inhabitants gay with luxuriant verdure, palms, vines, pomegranates, and (not seen since Jerusalem) cypresses. This is a place of great importance, connecting with the country east of Jordan. We saw the telegraph posts, which if we followed them would take us to Es Salt beyond the "Ghor." Here are Turkish soldiers lounging along the streets. Somehow I always think of the Armenian atrocities when I see them, though I have found them most obliging and polite, and though more than once we have had a Turkish guard, armed with bayonet fixed, patrolling as a night-guard for our camp.

MOUNT EBAL.

We struck off early to the right to climb Mount Ebal, leaving our horses in a Moslem cemetery. The Moslems have two headstones on their graves, not one, as we have. We climbed a path hedged in by extraordinary hedges of cactus, most unearthly and forbidding they look too, and in an hour

reached the top. Gerizim is the proper mountain to do, as of course it has more historical interest, "Neither in this mountain nor yet in Jerusalem," etc. But Ebal is higher, and G. A. Smith gives a chapter to the view, and we determined to climb the latter on that account. We had a perfect day, and a marvellous view. I have never had the sense of looking down on so much outspread history before, and over such a vast extent of country. Our northern limit was Lebanon—150 miles away, to the south the upland of Judea beyond Hebron, fully fifty miles away. To the west there was the sea—to the east we saw beyond Galilee, beyond Jordan, to the mountains of the Hannam. It is not often given to mortal men to scan at a glance 200 miles of country, where almost every peak suggests or conceals some historic spot.

I gave my time to sketching a complete outline panorama, which I managed to secure in spite of a blazing sun, from which no protection was possible, and the fact that it was not possible to get the view from one spot. The top of Ebal is a long ridge, with no definite peak; the mount is really only a great shoulder 3,077 feet above the sea. It is impossible in this journal to give the view in detail; the view would make excellent material for an illustrated lecture, but it is not possible to make myself clear in a brief outline journal like this. Looking east, rises the dark mass of Carmel, breaking the line of the blue Mediterranean. North of this is the sweep of gold where Acre lies, and Haifa snuggles under the promontory; the flat green there is the Phœnician plain connecting with Esdraelon by the now hidden glen of El Rais. South of Carmel sweeps the golden line of coast again. We make out Cæsarea and with the glasses Jaffa—four vessels at anchor in the roads—the plain of Sharon like a map and the Shephelah breaking down the ridges, green and grey and brown, from the mountain on which we stand. Due south, over Gerizim, appear the highlands of Judea. (It is interesting to note, by the by, that Gerizim is of Memmalite

limestone, of the same tertiary formation as that found in the high Himalayas). East is the wall of Moab and Gilead. We make out where Es Salt must lie, can see the valley of the Jabbok, the Jebal Ajlun, catch a spur of Gilboa; see the dominating Hermon, the grandest and most conspicuous feature in the whole panorama, and just to the west, faint and far, but unmistakable, snowy Lebanon. Smith and Baedeker neither of them mention this. But we are sure of our point. The Philosopher made the most careful examination and we located the mountain with certainty at last. We intend to write to G. A. Smith and tell him of his omission. We had a most exceptionally clear day and expect that it is rarely that Lebanon is seen from this point.

Coming down we ride through the whitewashed town, and lunch in an olive grove which overlooks the valley. I must say that while Nablus looks beautiful from below or on the approach by the road, the view down from where we lunched or from Ebal is the reverse of pleasing—the flat roofs look so very unprepossessing as you see them from above. Half a dozen houses have the red roofs pitched as in Europe, which are getting so common in Jerusalem and Jaffa, and these in the green setting of the palms and other trees looked very picturesque. I don't think, except for association's sake, that we can regret the coming in of the European architecture. Nablus is a fanatical place or we should have stopped here, but our dragoman says the visitors often have trouble, and Sebaste is now becoming the more usual place to stay. Thither we rode in a delicious fresh breeze off the sea. We saw nothing of the few remaining families of directly descended Samaritans who still live in a separate quarter at Nablus—nor were we there at the right time to see their Passover festival, still observed in Gerizim to this day, but we felt that the wonderful view we had had amply made up for anything we might have missed. Illustrative of the happy-go-lucky character of Oriental sanitation I may here record *en passant*, that barely outside the town, on the Tafa

highroad, one of the few real roads in Palestine, we passed a dead donkey decaying with intolerable stench, one leg already a bleaching bone, and two men cutting off what was no doubt their supper from its corrupting sides. Excuse me, but a detail like this is necessary if you are to understand the difference between East and West !

We rode on, not reluctantly, and soon the "Vale of Barley" opened out lovely in afternoon sunlight with sufficient waving barley to justify its name. Dotted with villages and trees, this was perhaps the brightest bit of country side we had seen. Climbing slowly up zig-zag paths to the right, we passed flocks of goats and sheep following their shepherds, a large black snake three feet in length, dead on the path-way, looking as if the shepherds had just killed it, and then breasting the ridge, a puff of strong sea air, and lo ! the hazy blue Mediterranean. Down into a lovely glen of olives and figs, past a well where the women were gathering for water, and up a stony steep path to a platform, brought us to Seboste. This miserable village—all that is left of the city of Omri, of Ahab, of Herod, crowns a hill surrounded on all sides by fertile valleys. Its flat houses and the minaret of its Mosque, a Crusaders' Church converted into a Mohammedan place of worship (there are also remains of the Crusaders at Nablus), look exceedingly striking and picturesque, terraced among the trees. The glen, through which you approach, carries you quite out of the scenery which has hitherto prevailed, and you feel to have entered a new country. We pitched on a platform which was levelled to make a site for a temple of the Herods, and indeed the hill is everywhere terraced, and ruins peep out of a tangle of weeds and towering thistles. I don't think we have before or since had the impression of decay and of the glory of a departed civilisation so strongly as at Seboste, with its ruined theatres, its desolate colonnades, its ruined wheat-sown hippodrome, cut in a huge semi-circle into the hill-side. This little wretched village does not suggest a siege by Ben Haddan—or a three

years' struggle with Sargon. Where is all the Greek and Roman life that once made the hippodrome, the theatre, and the temple gay with the colour and movement of many people? What tales of passion, love, hatred, slander, of devotion and of selfishness lie buried under the wheat fields! What a contrast, these ragged tatterdemalion peasants, droning out a monotonous and unintellectual existence, year after year following each other with Oriental sameness!

Monday, May 6th.—Remained in camp, temperature at night (min.) 66° F., and spent the day "reading up" and dozing, and exploring the hill with camera and sketch-books. Numerous swallow-tail butterflies, speckled black-beetles swarming on thistles. Captured a magnificent iridescent green beetle and a horrid black scorpion. Saw innumerable lizards and chameleons—the latter are wonderful illustrations of protective colouring: they change to green in the grass and a mottled gray on the stone, and often I have mistaken them for a crack or ridge in the stone. The mosque, once a church of St. John is curious, as it retains the mark of the Crusaders, though the greater part is now Arabic, while in the court are pillars of Herod's time.

With all their poverty and rags I have not seen what I call really degraded looking people, unless the Jericho Bedouins can be called so. Certainly you do not see, either here or in Egypt, in a whole tour of months, such as I am taking, as much real human degradation, as much self-conscious degradation, as you can see in the low parts of London in one day. Here the most ragged beggar has some suggestion, at any rate, of dignity about him.

Returning to our camp in the evening we passed the threshing floor. Here two oxen yoked together were treading out beans, there a man with a rude fork was tossing and beating corn, a clumsy and primitive method of winnowing.

As the light waned I seized the opportunity of sketching the ruined columns. I soon had an innumerable host of

admiring youths, who presently struck with an idea, climbed the columns and attitudinised for my benefit. I was fain to include them in my sketch, and to pay the inevitable backshish.

Maximum temperature in tent during day only 84° F. owing to the breeze.

Tuesday, May 7th.—Off at 8 a.m. Temp. at night 58° F. Hot, cloudless but breezy. Ride up a fine rocky glen from which we miss the water sadly. Olives, figs, sycamores, apple and pomegranate trees in dense orchards.

Numerous droves of black cattle—shorthorns; not like the great Egyptian buffaloes, but small, like our mountain cattle. Wherever there is a view north we get frequent glimpses of Hermon—dominating the whole landscape. I never realised before how important an element this great snow-capped pile is in a Samarian landscape.

ESDRAELON.

We ride all day through a succession of the broad, flat bottomed valleys which seem to be the feature of Samaria as the upland downs are of Judea, and as we proceed towards Esdraelon, these open out still more into great flat Ings, forming a series of easy passes, as Smith says, for an invader from the north. The reapers are at work here in the barley fields—the vales being alive with peasants for the first time. The women reap in long rows, squatting on their heels, with their skirts tucked up to the waist, singing, as they reap with primitive hooks. Those who have babies bring them along in sledges covered with filthy cloth hangings. Every now and then a little naked fly-pestered thing is taken out to be fed. We pass a well where there is the usual pretty group of women, in this part of the country remarkably beautiful and attractive, and quite conscious of the flashing brilliance of their teeth, as they smile at you. The well-side in Palestine takes the place of the afternoon tea-table at home. It is

here that the gossip and the scandal take unto themselves the swift wings of speech, while at home it is whispered over the tea and biscuits, with chairs drawn close and many an expressive look !

The fields where the reapers have no call, are those occupied by the plough, and here the men find their work, ploughing with clumsy ploughs of bent branches, yoked to oxen and tipped with iron. The march of progress is slow here. I heard an American in the train to Jerusalem sighing because he hadn't the contract to supply that vale of Sharon with steam ploughs ! I suppose that will come some day !

Shortly before reaching Dothan, we are thrown into a state of excitement at the capture of a green chameleon, coiled up now in his last sleep in my bottle of spirits of wine. Dothan appears to be the most probable site of the well where Joseph was sold to the Ishmaelites. The well is there certainly, only as it is half full of green, slimy water, I can hardly fancy Joseph remained in it long. Perhaps it was dry then. It lies by a huge cactus hedge sixteen feet high, which encloses a European house and a modern thrashing machine. A great flock of sheep, goats, and herds of cattle were reposing at the well with their shepherds, and to heighten the suggestiveness of the place, a string of loaded camels, perhaps *en route* for Egypt, were taking their noon-day repose. We lunched on a fine hill overlooking the well, where shade was procurable. The hills are almost always rounded in Palestine. I think I may leave the word out and let you take it for granted in future. The fact is that the country looks everywhere distinctly *roche moutonnée*. We suppose there can have been no ice action, as the ice wall stopped short of Palestine, of course, even in glacial times. Is it possible that Hermon and Lebanon sent down glaciers ? Or is it the way limestone wears ?

After Dothan we notice the soil changes in colour. Since Jerusalem we had commented on its redness, now it is brown. Snakes seem to abound about here ; we passed a large one, four feet long, black and yellow, also dead as the previous one

at Samaria, and had an exciting chase after an equally large copper-coloured one, which was watching us pass with raised head and glittering eye from the meadow grass.

After Dothan and lunch, and two hours repose in the shade, we rode across country, through barley up to our saddles (they don't seem to mind this here), in order to rejoin the Jericho road; crossing a stream, sluggish and reedy, and noticing for the first time how much *whiter* the corn grows here when ripe. "The fields are white unto the harvest, but the reapers are few." Both statements are correct. The thin line of reapers in these great valleys, squatting on their heels with primitive hooks, look few for the work they have to do. The hills are now much lower and less bold in outline than at Samaria. We have been coming down a sort of gigantic salmon ladder, a series of hollows each lower than the last. Pass a *brilliant* blue bird perched on a near rock, turn down a shallow, narrow wady, and there, white in palm, orange, lemon, almond, apple, pomegranate and other fruit trees, are the houses and minaret of Engannim, or Jenin, a market town of some little importance on the edge of Esdraelon. In the evening we strolled out to a Moslem cemetery on a low mound to the east of the town. Before us stretched Esdraelon, undulating, bathed in soft sunset light. Chequered with shadow, to the west, Carmel, fine and imposing, the gradually rising hills of Galilee. To the north, Nazareth visible, and Hermon towering behind. Mount Moreh, Shunem, Jezreel, Mount Gilboa, bring the eye back along the east. It was a view of no little interest, and we came upon it quite casually and unexpectedly. Next day we were to get a better prospect from Gilboa. Temperature at night, 68° F. Wind changes to sirocco, East.

Wednesday, May 8th.—Sirocco, hot, stifling, close. Temperature at 4.30 p.m. in shade, 97° F., though it fell rapidly to 64° F. at night! Like a drop from an English average summer day of 65° F. to 32° F. and in 3½ hours too!

Rode across level plain, ploughed land, and cornfields, to Mount Gilboa, starting 8 a.m. Reached the summit of this bare rocky hill by 10.30, to find a dirty village occupying the best point of view, and a cactus hedge doing its best to obstruct where possible. Here was a woman wielding the distaff—and from awful holes in the ground crept out numerous dirty children, dogs and chickens, which apparently live together. In spite of the dirt, the girls here too are very pretty. The Philosopher's field-glass was much admired. One man in looking through it at the village of Nazareth, intimated that he could put his foot in Nazareth, and dwelt in a long and excited harangue on its merits and marvels to the assembled village. I gave my strength, however, not to the villagers, but to a careful sketch of the views—which took some considerable time. I wanted to get a thorough grip of the plain of Esdraelon, and the subsidiary plain of Jezreel, with a view to a better understanding of their bearing on history. And as since then we have crossed and recrossed the great plain, and practically circumnavigated it, I think we have clearly impressed its features on our minds.

JEZREEL.

At our feet was the treeless plain of Jezreel, brown, green and yellow, sloping rapidly down to Beisan in the Ghor. Beyond the Ghor was the long line of Gilead, hazy and grey-blue in the heat of the sirocco wind, which blew up from them hot and lifeless. The plain of the Jordan in the wide bit by Beisan was just visible through this haze also, and what a heat there must have been down in that crack!! We could make out where Galilee lay hidden—thence the eye was led up to the heights of lordly Hermon. Safed was visible set on a hill just not eclipsed by the dark dome of Tabor. Opposite rose Moreh—Little Hermon—or the Jebel Dahi, whence the line of Galilean hills, with Nazareth white on the green slopes, led the eye away to the grey sea. (It was not blue

when the sirocco was blowing, but grey, under a leaden haze).

On the plain at the foot of Mount Moreh, we can spot without the glasses the mud village of Shunem (the villages of the plain are mud like the Egyptian, for the plain is clear of the stones which cover the hills and upland valleys). A little further out is El Fuleh—a Crusaders' fort—the camping ground of the Philistines when Saul met his death, and when Gideon and his men watched the slaughter in Jezreel. Also the scene of a victory by Kleber with 1,500 horse over 25,000 of the Turkish cavalry. Surely Napoleon must have been one of the great Persian or Egyptian warrior kings in a previous existence. The Plain of Acre is hidden by the hills of Galilee, running down to the glen pass of Tel el Rias which connects that plain with Esdraelon. Carmel rises up steeply from the flat chequered carpet of brown and green, dark with its oaks and shrubs,—a strong contrast to the great treeless plain, where Carmel runs down to lesser elevations to meet the mountains of Samaria. We can just locate Megiddo, now Lejjun (a controversial site), and looking southward the hills of Samaria rise in height as we glance east, Jenin, white in its green oasis of trees nestling at their foot. Not so comprehensive a view as Ebal—it is a view at close quarters—that from Gilboa is nevertheless *amply* worth the detour. It is unquestionably the best point of view for the great plain. The descent from Gilboa was steep and awkward through dirty villages where, again, people seemed to come out of holes in the ground, and the huts are only ventilated and lit by a single door—the families living all together, apparently not excepting the fowls and goats. At the foot we came to a cliff with a cave in its face, whence welled a spring of beautiful water—Ain el Jalûd—with a great pond of clear water lapping the cliff-base. Here the natives were bathing in considerable numbers, and many horses and goats came to drink. It is supposed to be the spot where Gideon's men lapped; we noticed fresh-water crabs here—the first I have seen. Lunch

was a hot, and not altogether resting occasion. We could get no shade, and this spring, almost at the head of the Vale of Jezreel, is below sea-level. A group of girls and boys who had been bathing, came and watched us with awe. A present of chocolate frightened and mystified them, even though I ate some myself, and made the Philosopher eat, I could not get them to do more than look dubiously at it. One of the girls, ragged, and not perhaps over clean, nevertheless possessed great beauty. One sees the most extreme types among the women here—from an ugliness which is really revolting, to a beauty rare in England. But it is always the young girls, twelve to seventeen years of age, who strike you; there seem to be no women who can stand the wear and tear of their hard life, and they seem rapidly to wizen and grow old. You ride over a swelling upland of ploughed fields before you reach Esdraelon proper. A low ridge connects Gilboa and Moreh, and just on the ridge which marks off the plain of Jezreel as distinct, stands the mud village that was once royal Jezreel. Across dark brown soil, almost peaty in appearance, and through great brakes of thistles we make our way to El Fuleh, where, beside the miserable huts, we still trace the Crusaders' moat, and here also are our tents. At night there rose an unpleasant malaria, which, however, did us no harm; it appears all this region is still a swamp in winter.

How we rode thence next day to Megiddo and Mansura; how the day after we climbed Carmel and rode down to its farthest point; looking up the coast even to Acre; how we slept at Haifa and rode on thence to Nazareth where these lines are written—all these things will be set forth at a future date. At present, good-bye.

MEGIDDO.

May 9th.—We had dosed ourselves with quinine so that malarial Fuleh did us no harm, and we started at 8 a.m. to find a cool breeze instead of the exhausting sirocco of

the day before. Our ride was across Esdraelon, back in a south-west direction to Megiddo, which we wanted to explore at close quarters. Esdraelon was a sort of no man's land, but is now the possession of wealthy Beyrout Christians, who collect revenues from the miserable mud villages. The white house of a steward (we will hope a just one) was our first land mark. The undulating ground (of a rich peaty, brown colour) was chiefly occupied by fields of yellow corn, but great stretches, as yet unreclaimed, yielded only thistles and hemlock—great towering brakes of them lining our path. Nothing could be less suggestive than the squalid mud hovels, and the wilderness of weeds which make the village of Lejjun (or as some have it Megiddo, and I confess to feeling personally satisfied with G. A. Smith's plea for such an identification). I sat on the roof of one of the dwellings, and looking across the thistles and the great sheets of ripening corn, took a pencil sketch of the historic pass, by which so many armies have tramped north or south over to or from the Vale of Sharon. It was sufficiently unassuming—a herd of camels, perhaps on their way to Gaza, feeding on the slopes of the hills, and cattle grazing on the round swelling rise of ground which forms the pass itself. Fragments of masonry indicated the ancient site, and the sheikh of the village took us up through the corn to show us a ruined column which looked very forlorn indeed, standing there by itself "all alone." It is all that remains above ground of the ancient Legio. In a hot sun we skirted the rising spurs of Carmel, lurching under the grateful shade of a large olive, and crossed the famous brook Kishon, very much a brook and densely shrouded in oleander. Our camp was at Mansura, a little hamlet on the slopes of Carmel. The foreground was dotted with numerous white tents—not the tents of Sisera, who camped near that very spot, but Turkish cavalry with horses out to grass. Esdraelon's military traditions were asserting themselves. At night our minimum temperature was 64° F.

CARMEL.

Friday, May 10th.—We at once began steeply to climb from our camping ground by a rugged path overhung now and then by crags. The scenery very rapidly changed, and we felt our surroundings to be distinctly more English. A fine oak tree at one point overhung with welcome suggestions of home—our first oak since England. The flowers were luxuriant—especially a hollyhock-like plant and others like tissue-paper roses, which all faded, unfortunately, in the saddle bag a few minutes after being picked. One was struck, after the bare plain, with the wealth of undergrowth and trees, thyme, wild almond, terebinth, olive, fir, sycamore, and at the same time we felt on our faces the dampness of the breeze from the sea. It is this latter that explains the former. Carmel is green long after the surrounding country has been burnt brown. At the top (the highest point overlooks Esdraelon, not the sea) we came upon a chapel marking the spot where Elijah is said to have withstood the prophets of Baal. Clouds were rolling in from the Mediterranean, and unfortunately prevented us seeing the full extent of the view.

Landward we could not see beyond Tabor and Gilboa. To the south we got a peep at Sharon, hazy and cloud-driven, and looked over the shallow ridge, or potato heap rather, which divides it from Esdraelon.

So far we had had a Druse guide, who had engaged to take us to the point looking over the sea. Here, however, he calmly left us in spite of all expostulation, and we were left to find our way alone. John, the dragoman, did not know the exact path, for strictly speaking there are no paths, and we soon lost our way in the dense jungles of thorn and wild almond, etc., etc. We had read that leopards can still be shot on Mount Carmel, and momentarily expected their roar, and flashing teeth in our horses' throats—but they must have been tame leopards; with all our beating about the bush we failed to raise a single specimen. And here I just wish

to say that I don't agree with G. A. Smith when he says that *Mount Ephraim*, *Mount Carmel* is better taken as meaning a "Mount" rather than "hill-country." I had looked on Carmel as a single mount or ridge at one time, but in this ride of ours we found it to be a *group* of bold hills, with flat high valleys like Alps, villages, etc. At times you get so among these vales that you might be in Samaria—and though you frequently have views of Esdraelon, which with its squares and patches of green and yellow and brown looks like a badly designed carpet, you by no means have a continuous view, nor the sense of being on a ridge until you near the sea. At Es Fujeh, a Druse village, we had a fine view north to Acre, and looked over the golden sweep of sand to the green plain beyond, but Galilee was hidden all day in mist. After pressing sundry Druses into our service here and there as guides, and losing our way again when they left us with full but false directions, we finally lunched in a copse where the mountains dip to the sea, and where the rest of our road was in view. With the cold sea breeze in our faces (welcome after the sirocco) we rode down to the extreme point which is disfigured by a large Carmelite monastery with iron barred windows. Here from the terrace there was a glorious view—south as far as Athlit—north to Acre with Haifa at our feet. It was very refreshing to hear the wave music again, and to see the white fringe of foam on the beach. Among its green trees we noticed too, the pleasant relief of the red roofs of the German colony—giving unwonted colour to the scene. The flat roofs of the East are not picturesque, especially from above. After our horses had manœvered round considerably in fear of the Monastery dogs, which were very obstreperous, we rode down a delightful path into Haifa. Vineyards and hops on either hand spoke of the German's love for his Roth Wein and Bier, while almond, fig, olive, apple, acacia and great stacks of geranium, but especially the palm trees, reminded one of the southern latitudes. It was curious to see how neat everything was, to see German

faces and the wicker perambulators, and unveiled women a veritable "Deutsche Wirthschaft," along with the cypresses away here in Syria. When we came near the sea our horses shied at the sound of the waves—we could hardly get them on at all—that speaks volumes for the dryness of the land, for surely a waterfall would have trained them to this had they ever heard one.

We found our tents under an olive tree of great dimensions in the outskirts of the dirtiest part of the Mohammedan quarter, and the view from our tent door of the palms, whole groves of them—the yellow strip of coast and the sea beyond, reminded me strangely of Egypt.

NAZARETH.

Saturday, May 11th.—We had seen Nazareth now since reaching Jenin, and to-day we really set off to go there. We were glad to make haste and leave the plain for the 1,000 feet of elevation which Nazareth enjoys, as the heat soon became close and oppressive. Especially on the long flat road skirting the base of Carmel were we made to feel the sun's unmerciful lash, for there was little or no shade, and the white dust of the road—a real road for once—reflected the dazzling light and beat back the heat into our faces. "It was 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard 'igh road," with a vengeance. It was an unwonted experience; instead of picking our way over a dry stream bed, to be cantering hour after hour and actually covering the ground. As we rode out of Haifa we had an excellent mirage across the plain to the north, giving the impression of a palm-bordered lake where we knew only the plain of Acre to be—also, to remind us that this is *not* a land of Parish Councils, we came on a dead donkey in the Nazareth highway, which was being devoured by dogs,—a prelude only to a dead horse, which we were to see later in the day on the village green (threshing floor) in Nazareth itself, undergoing the same process. What would become of the Oriental without his dogs? An interesting testimony

to the summer heat, and an illustration of Scripture withal, was to be observed in the booths or summer houses of boughs and leaves built on the flat roofs of the village huts. We met women bending under great heaps, miniature stacks of green leaf foliage, which was to be made use of as a summer residence.

Then I must not forget the railway: G. A. Smith and Baedeker, both in haste to be up to date, mention a railway from Haifa down the vale of Jezreel and up the east side of Tiberias to Damascus. They both reckoned without the unspeakable Turk. He has in some way or other fallen foul of the French Company* who were constructing the line, and all is at a dead stop and likely to be. The line follows the road, overgrown with thistles two miles out of Haifa, and then stops. What could you want more than this, and the dead donkey in the road, to tell you that you are in the great and glorious Ottoman Empire?

Baedeker also speaks of the "excellent carriage road to Nazareth" just finished. It may have been quite excellent, say after the manner of a country lane *before* the winter rains, but now there is no evidence whatever of any attempt at keeping the road in repair, and the wash-outs are as the rains left them. I pity those who travel this road by carriage, especially those who travel by the sort of rude country waggon service which has been established, and which we passed as it jolted and swayed and tilted its way down to Haifa. Commend me even to the irritating trot of a Syrian horse by preference. At one point I ought to say, however, they were really making a bridge. The engineer was European, the navvies were women.

I think I never saw so many chameleons in one day as I did on that ride—they were everywhere—even gazing skyward with a curious intentness, as if reading the stars, from the tops of the telegraph posts. They are a very curious feature in your day's ride—they have such an unearthly

* Afterwards the Thames Iron Company, Ltd.—Ed.

appearance, as if made of crumpled paper with nothing inside.

Lunch was under a spreading oak tree, in cool shade, and with oaks dotting the vale on every side. For all the world this first low Shephelah of Galilee was like Surrey, and had the greenness of our own dear old country. But with a difference, for as we lunched there passed a procession that has been repeated over and over again since Abraham's day. A long line of camels laden with corn from the Hauran, going down to Gaza—and if they could not sell their goods there, on to Cairo.

Camels from the Hauran had been reposing round our tents at Haifa, coming in the evening and sitting down with that curious telescopic action that a camel has, folding himself up bit by bit deliberately as if it hurt him to sit down; but these were going no further than Haifa, and indeed passed us shortly after the first string of camels had gone by, in their return journey. Nothing changes in the east, and I am almost glad that the railway to Damascus is not going to be finished just yet, these bits of fossilised history are none too common.

A descent into the plain of Esdraelon, followed by the final steep ascent of the main Nazarene range, soon brought us up to a sort of plateau land, limestone and shrub with the suggestion almost of English moor country. East, Carmel, Haifa, the sea, all hazy and grey-blue, except for the gleam of yellow sand. North, round hills, grey-green and yellowish brown, rising as you look still further north to the highlands of upper Galilee—Sephphoris, and sundry other mud villages peeping out here and there. North-east, Hermon. East the dark green rounded hill of Tabor, and south the great plains. Such roughly was our view as we clattered along to the straggling village in its hollow depression in the edge of the cliff-like ranges of hills, which bears one of the most world famous names.

A first view of Nazareth is most disappointing. Hideous modern churches and an excessively vulgar renaissance residence or school, brand new, are the objects which strike you

as you breast the rise in the road, and ride down through the suburbs. We pass the well, the *only* spring, where, no doubt, young Mary came with the other village girls to gossip and perhaps get impatient for her turn as the girls do now. They were laughing and chatting, and I am afraid pushing and squabbling, as no doubt in days of yore, as we rode past. A gay motley crew in their loose, baggy, many coloured trousers and sashes. Our tents were barely ready for us, we had ridden so fast, and before they were up we had had a lively introduction to Nazarene society. Somehow or other, I don't know how, a man and his wife, living near the camping ground, started to abuse our cook in good round Arabic. The hubbub grew momentarily—outsiders joined and took parts—all our camp followers rushed out and began hurling back Arabic equally vigorous at the offenders. Harma not liking the look of things, sent for the soldiers, and soon he was entertaining the officer at coffee and giving *his* account of the affair. Two soldiers arrested the man, but we were entirely averse to any proceedings being taken, and said we did not wish him to be sent to jail; let him apologise and promise "never to do so any more." This he did, whether at the bayonet's point or how I do not know, and the affair passed away just as it was about to make an unpleasantly large stir in the village, a considerable crowd having collected in due course. We were able to appreciate Baedeker's statement that "the Nazarenes are of a turbulent disposition," after this without any difficulty.

After dinner we climbed up to a sort of pass in the Tiberias road (*sic*) where Hermon came into view, and were rewarded by a lovely sunset. We made up our minds we would keep to the hills, do no sightseeing, visit the well once or twice and stop two days. This we did, and as a consequence Nazareth grew upon us. We have not had our memory marred by monkish superstition, candles, incense and false relics and sites. We carry away with us chiefly the memory of breezy hills with an extensive prospect, of a grey-green hollow

dotted with white houses and a few cypresses, and perhaps above all the gay bustling scenes around the village spring. And I don't feel that I have missed anything in "doing" Nazareth so lazily. One can only stand Jerusalem once, and does not crave to have it repeated.

Sunday, May 12th.—A very heavy dew in the night—the tent wringing wet, and the dew dripping off the eaves into the ground like rain.

It was Sunday, and we simply lazed all day, reading, strolling about on the hills, and writing. Our tents were on the slope of the hill which you climb on the ride to Tiberias—high up, and overlooking the hollow with the scattered village. A very nice site it was for a camping ground if only the Nazarene dogs had sought some other trysting ground at night, and howled and barked their serenades elsewhere. So lazy were we, that our chief expedition was to a hill commanding a fine view that rises behind the village. We had the same view as I have already described, only complete and a little more extensive, including land across Jordan. Our old travelling companion, Hermon—seen every day since Bethel,—reminded us of Pilatus, having just about as much snow as Pilatus in early summer, and appreciably less than when we first saw him, so fast was the snow disappearing.

I wish, as over and over again I have wished while in Syria, that I could number botany as an "accomplishment";—I can only say of the Nazarene flowers that the ground seemed mainly covered by a sort of scrub—not prepossessing,—which is enlivened by pinks, purple asters, and the same hollyhock-like plant I noticed in Carmel. The dogs we found troublesome, as they rush out and bark at you quite unprovoked. Of course you find the mixture of religion here again as at Jerusalem. We met a long string of girls in prim uniform under the charge of nuns, and continually came across a monk in brown gown, or a shovel-hatted Latin priest.

The girls, many with a distinct beauty foreign to the prevailing types we had seen, and suggesting French or Italian blood, are the most interesting, quarrelling round the well, and striding through the streets with their great black jars on their heads. Even little tinies, three or four years old, go to the spring carrying little wooden dummy jars upon their heads to make believe they are carrying water. They do not seem to mind being sketched or photographed—we found we were able to do both with impunity.

Monday, May 13th.—(Night temperature 58° F.). I consider I was very diligent in the morning—painting in Edward Worsdell's outline pencil sketch of the view from behind Nazareth, especially as a cold, dry wind dried up the washes before you were prepared for it, and rendered painting difficult.

In the afternoon we witnessed the arrival of the Pasha of the district coming over from Tiberias to visit Tyre, where the Christians and Mohammedans had been fighting and killing each other. He was an old man, enormously fat. Apparently all Nazareth, *i.e.*, *male* Nazareth, went out to meet him in procession. Mohammedans first, and Christians afterwards. Poor old Pasha, he must have suffered on the rough Tiberias path. He was an *enormous* old Turk,—one feared to see the horse break in two as he rode down past the tents, gingerly and slow.

Tuesday, May 14th.—Throughout we found Nazareth very pleasant and cool. At no time did the tent exceed 80° F. which we have got to find very endurable.

THE LAKE OF GALILEE.

The ride down was not eventful, nor was it at all a striking one. We went by way of Kefr Kenna (*possibly* Cana of Galilee), down bare valleys clothed with scrub at times, occasionally between remarkable hedges of cactus, and

pushing our way through thorny brakes and across cornfields when we made short cuts.

At Kefr Kenna the horses were stopped to drink at the village trough, which proved to be a Roman Sarcophagus, with battered stone wreathing still visible upon it. We lunched, as we always do when we can, in an olive orchard, and rode over bare uplands, rolling and featureless except for the somewhat striking top of Kurn Hattîn, marking Saladin's great victory over the Crusaders—the death blow of all the Crusades. Here an eagle, perched on a telegraph pole, allowed us to get a near view of him, and then rose and sailed away into space. Great herds of black cattle, driven by Bedouin with formidable clubs and staves, passed us from time to time. We purchased specimens from the astonished natives to illustrate the rod and staff that comforted free-booting David, who must have been far more like the fierce dark-looking cattle drovers in their black and yellow cloaks, than the idealistic pictures one is accustomed to.

At last the Lake of Galilee comes into sight. The long level wall of the opposite shores—unrelieved and unbroken—the one relieving feature, Old Hermon presiding over the scene at the northern end. Nothing has more surprised me than Galilee. I suppose one unconsciously idealises historic scenes such as crowd the shores of this lake, and it is somewhat disturbing to preconceived ideas to find these stirring scenes set in such commonplace surroundings. But the dreariness of Galilee is not its worst feature—the dull black basalt shores are at least more tolerable than the awful oppressiveness of the climate.

Our descent was steep, and our first view of the one town, Tiberias, striking and picturesque. Anyone who has been to Tiberias will smile when he is told that it is a health resort for the natives. Of course, the attraction is the sulphur hot spring, it is certainly not fever-stricken Tiberias itself.

We rode through its close, stuffy streets—hung across with rags to keep off the sun; we looked into its slummy

courts, smelt its many and fearful smells, and were not surprised to see the washed-out pale faces of the inhabitants—(mainly Jews who had been paid their passage from Europe by wealthy brethren who still maintain them). And yet Tiberias is named as one of the four sacred towns by the Jews, the others being Hebron, Jerusalem and Safed. Baedeker says that the King of the Fleas lived at Tiberias. If there is such a functionary, I think the locality must be correct, but how human beings can come here by choice I do not know. I have not heard it suggested before, but is it not possible that the climate, along with the invasions from beyond Jordan and other causes, has had its share in depopulating the district? The once populous lake of Galilee was 600 feet below the sea 1,800 years ago as now—and then as now, the sea breezes would pass over to the Hauran and send no healing breath down to those feverish shores, while the sun would beat down just as fiercely and mercilessly.*

Our tents were near the springs and faced the lake—a decidedly pleasant situation and well away from the town, whose black basalt castle dates from Herod's time, and whose ruined walls and white houses were more picturesque at a distance.

May 17th.—The temperature at night fell to 70° F.—cool for Galilee—but owing to the moist density of the atmosphere, much more trying than 80° F. at Nazareth. We simply streamed with perspiration all night. The dragoon had told me at Nazareth that the camp followers were always glad to get out of the Galilee and Huleh district as soon as possible. I could understand him even then—much more so two days later—and if the natives feel this, is not it rather in support of my argument as to the climate being a depopulating agent?

We had a morning bathe, though the Galilee water is not pleasant—a disagreeable taste and smell, and green scum

*May it not well be that the land, no less than the people, has "developed by way of deterioration" under Moslem rule.—ED.

on the surface, and shortly after seven, having had our breakfast, rode south along the shore to see the exit of the Jordan. A party of natives had pitched their tents outside the Baths, coming all the way from Jaffa for the purpose—and such baths—the stained, damp, filthy exterior of the buildings ought surely have been sufficient to keep all customers at a distance, not to mention the frightful smell.

The Jordan makes a modest exit—through a plain, I suppose, of its own making—an agreeable green patch among the arid hills. What a place of ruins it is! We rode past great blocks of black basalt masonry, ruinous and grass grown, nearly all the length of the ride. We bathed from a ruined wall and the bottom was bad because of the blocks with which the shores are lined. If only Galilee were under English government and proper excavations could be made!

At 9.30 a.m. we were back at our camp, already limp with the heat—not the direct heat of the sun, for the sky was grey, but the close heat of an unventilated greenhouse. We took ship and sailed to Capernaum,—at least to Tell Hum, which may very possibly not be Capernaum at all—so great is the doubt and obscurity in which the ancient sites are buried. We only had to pay twenty francs for the trip—very modest. We should have declined to go, but were too limp to sit in our saddles. We wanted to sail out into the middle of the lake, but that would be five francs more—in fact, any deviation was five francs, so we had to just put up with it and be sailed and rowed, we did not care what, to Tell Hum. I never want such another experience. There was no relief. I can understand people going crazy with the heat. The heat of Egypt though probably greater, was far more endurable as it was dry and crisp. Now and then we had a pretty bit—oleanders giving the banks a blaze of crimson colour.

At Tell Hum we met three English ladies with their dragoman, and explored the black basalt ruins with them. But there was nothing to see—the monks (there is a monastery

there) had hidden everything under a pile of rubbish for fear of the Turkish government, so there was nothing left to do but to sketch and lunch, and row back to Khan Minyeh, our camping ground. Here we bathed again and gathered the curious shells that looked as if they ought to be on a seashore.

There is a beautiful spring here welling out under a crag, and bubbling among basalt ruins, numerous tortoises basking in its shallow, clear water—and great brakes of tall papyrus. The place was not healthy—camping practically in a marsh—but the three ladies had their camp there, too, and what three ladies were not afraid of, we were not going to be. Late in the evening the ladies' dragoman passed our tents, his hands full of birds. He had been shooting, and had got a number of blue kingfishers, magnificent colour—but I begged a specimen in vain.

At night the temperature fell to 75° F. It was not possible to sleep much—the dense swarms of mosquitoes defied evasion and got inside the curtains. The poor camp followers had a fearful time of it—John being bitten all over his portly self and very doleful thereat in the morning. In addition one of the grooms caught a fever, small wonder—and we were glad when, on May 16th, we set off over the hills to Huleh, a doleful and washed out crew.

THE GALILEAN HILLS.

But we were not destined that day to get much fresher air—occasionally a puff came from the west, but that was all. We rode over country similar in character to that which separates Nazareth from Galilee. A large Khan (Khan Jubb Josef) surrounded by cattle was the first object of any note unless one were to mention the ants busy all day dragging grains of bearded wheat to their little colonies. They were very busy harvesting indeed. Before we descended into the Huleh valley, we passed a colony floated and financed by Rothschilds. Barbed wire fencing—well cultivated ground, red-roofed houses, white, neat and clean. How this

land would blossom out again if it could be rescued from the dilapidating influence of the Turk. Huleh is merely a mountain tarn. It looked rather dreary, hung over by a heavy heat haze which made the mountains opposite indistinct. As with Galilee, Hermon dominated everything, and gave the only character to the scene that the view possessed.

At a spring and beside running water we lunched. An old mill stood near, and here evidently the cattle from far and near were wont to take their noonday siesta. It was not long before we were surrounded by a lowing herd, and finally we found our operations with the sardines and soda water followed in breathless suspense, awestruck and admiring, by thirteen Bedouin shepherds. One of these was playing a lute made from a reed, and carved rudely during his leisure hours. Being again reminded of David, I managed with some diplomacy on John's part to purchase this treasure for the vast sum of threepence, which seemed mightily to please.

A tiring ride in oppressive heat brought us about 5.30 to our tents, pitched on a patch of dry ground at a spring called Ain Masas, not far from the great marsh which lies north of Huleh. Beyond us was a large Bedouin camp—dozens of the low black tents being scattered over the plain. We were allowed to stroll up close to them without let or hindrance, and to watch the evening meal from the common pot, which served for all the family. We were a little anxious as to malaria. We could see the ominous white mist rise over the marsh, but providentially the wind blew from our side throughout the night. When we went to bed there rose on every side, not a murmur, but a roar of frogs—even I could hear it. Again the temperature fell only to 75° F. and again the close, damp air made us suffer considerably. I had just dozed off when a crash woke me. The Philosopher was lighting the candle, and the tent was every now and then lit up by vivid flashes of lightning. The rain was coming down in torrents, and the wind blowing a hurricane, had

almost carried off the tent. Found Strabo and the Philosopher sitting up in bed, luggage scattering over the marsh, and the tent no one knows where. However, we were spared that. John was out before we had time to call, and we heard him and his men rush out into the rain and hold on to the straining ropes, hammering down the pegs and making all square again. It was a near shave, but soon the storm rolled away down to Galilee, muttering and rumbling among the hills, and we were able to turn over and sleep with our confidence in our dragoman considerably increased. The work had been promptly and smartly done.

Friday, May 17th.—Still oppressive. The thunder had not cleared the air. Hermon was hid in heavy cloud.

Starting before eight, we rode weary and unrefreshed by our sleep over the steaming plain—all the streams swollen with muddy torrents from the rain,—and the ground soft and muddy. It was squelch, squelch through the bog, and splash, splash through a running stream, or stumble, stumble over rough, rocky paths—and all the while you were steaming in a Turkish bath. At seven o'clock breakfast, the thermometer had risen to over 80° F. and was rising then—and a damp heat like that is as exhausting as anything I know. We were scarcely in the mood to enjoy the glorious banks of oleander, or wonder at the great masses of papyrus. But at length the change came. We had crossed the plain to the east and breasted the first low spurs of Hermon,—we had crossed the Hasbana—one of the sources of Jordan, a cold mountain stream roaring down over its rocks like a Swiss torrent, a most welcome sight and carrying with it a whiff of the pure mountain air. We had lunched under fig trees within earshot of the roar of Jordan's main stream issuing from its cave—and were close under the fine castled hill of Bâniâs—the ancient Cæsarea Philippi—when lo! behold the clouds vanished and from the west, chasing them before him, came the cool sea breeze. It was wonderful

the effect on one's spirits, and how the colour of everything changed under the old cloudless blue we had learned to associate with the East. Behind, like a nightmare, lay Galilee and Huleh, before us the heights of Hermon and the charm of Damascus. If you want to see Galilee, look down on it from the heights, but do not go down to the lake itself.* After lunch we strolled up and examined the actual source of the river that over two weeks before we had seen flowing into the Dead Sea. It was issuing from a number of shallow caves at the foot of a limestone crag in a lovely wooded glen. Above on the rock face were two niches, Greek—dedicated to the god Pan. This spot, and no wonder, had impressed the ancients. The water was icy cold. The Philosopher bathed in it and came out gasping in half-a-minute. Less venturesome I only dipped my head in it, and withdrew it dizzy and aching. It was a refreshing contrast to the warm, slimy water of Galilee. And so we passed out of Palestine zig-zagging up, up, in magnificent air, and with widening views over the Galilean hills—up, up, till the valleys became rocky and bare, and the snow on Hermon seemed close too. Half-an-hour's climb above, and finally breasting a ridge of rock we came on a mountain valley under Hermon's very crown, and there were our tents pitched by the village of Mejdesh Shems, between 3,000 and 4,000 feet *above* the sea. The air was magnificent, and we noticed at once the difference in the people. Down in Galilee and Huleh they were a poor, fever-stricken set of people with no go about them—here the children were romping about the green—the men were fine and sturdy, and the women good-looking and with plenty of colour in their cheeks. We went to bed with all our available rugs, etc., pressed into the service, and a hot water bottle was actually a comfort. Temperature at night 47° F.

* The account of the Lake of Galilee is a warning against Europeans visiting it so late as May. In the earlier spring it may give very different impressions, and leave memories of great and attractive beauty. Sails on the lake have been a crowning enjoyment to some of J.W. R.'s kinsfolk.—ED.

Saturday, May 18th.—We woke immensely refreshed by a really good night, to hear a rather queer tale from John. Mejdesh Shems is a Druse village, and four days previously a Druse had murdered the son of a Kurdish village sheikh, at Artuz, on our way to Damascus. The Druses had been behaving badly, driving off cattle, etc., and the Kurds would have no more of it, and were out on the war-trail, sworn to kill every Druse they could get. Moreover, an American had been robbed on this very route a little while ago. The awkwardness of it all lay in the constitution of our party. Two of our muleteers happened to be Druses from this very village. However, we decided to travel with the baggage and to disguise the Druses—and accordingly set out, a large and imposing party. As a matter of fact, all we saw of the disturbed state of things was an armed Druse sentry silent on the hill-slope as we descended the pass, and a troop of Turkish cavalry sent out to restore order. Nevertheless, the incident was very suggestive. The state of things in Old Testament times was after all very similar to this.

[The travellers visited Damascus and Baalbec, and returned by way of the Friends' Mission at Brumana.]

PHOTOGRAPHING POMPEII.

You must understand that at Naples I had with me a companion both charming and witty. He had only one fault. He was an amateur photographer. Perhaps I must not blame him. In these days of Weissmann and Romanes we trace everything to heredity. We don't blame, we never get angry, we only murmur "poor fellow," and sincerely pity. Perhaps some primeval protozoa had indefinable yearnings somewhere in his body to perpetuate for posterity the dear lineaments of his brother jelly fishes, and it may well be that through aeons of days this yearning crystallised into the concrete photographic brain. This, of course, is a process for which my friend was not responsible. It was lovely weather. We had knocked off Rome in the early morning. Not built in a day, they say, but it had revealed its charms to us in an hour, and in the afternoon we were on the threshold of the City of the Dead.

Still in the narrow, untenanted streets, as narrow as our Shambles, York, or at best as broad as High Petergate, you may trace the ruts of the chariot wheels, and picture to yourself what grand old rows there must have been between the Pompeian cabbies as to right of way, richer perhaps in gesture, but surely not in fertility of speech than their contemporaries in London town.

But the quaint little wine and oil shops, with their marble slabs pierced with round holes for the cool stone jars, the mosaic shop signs, the shocking depravity of brick fluted columns covered with cement—shams even in ancient Pompeii—the real lead pipes in the baths proving how ancient and respectable is the plumber (heredity again)—the perfectly

preserved baths—all these wonders fished out of the lava deeps were only so much stock in trade for my friend the amateur.

Think how much fine writing I might indulge in. Here you have all the material for effective rhodomontade. The roofless houses, the blue Italian sky, the everlasting hills, the shortness of human life, the swiftness of Nemesis, the threatening curl of volcanic smoke, like the growl of a watch-dog only half asleep (though I am not sure of the likeness between a curl of smoke and a watch-dog's growl !)

The sleep of ages in the grey enveloping dust—the deserted barracks of the gladiators—the arena where they fought and died—the dumb testimony to a gay, luxurious life, petrified now in the remains which still seem to writhe under their glass lids in the museum.

It is a splendid opportunity ; but I shall have to forego it. That is the curse of photography ! when you would be poetic, the camera with its hard matter of fact nature, single-eyed to photographic effect, dispels the fairy vision, and with its sharp click, frightens the fluttering Nine back to their Olympian home.

For the whole of a long hot afternoon our amateur toiled on. He was very diligent. He climbed up impossible ways, up dangerous, crumbling walls, and fixed his little instrument with skill, first for this, and then that panorama.

He was very careful. How he calculated the time exposure in all the difficult circumstances, how he watched the direction of the sunlight, how he sought for fine effects of light and shade.

He was after all a master, this amateur, and the proud consciousness that comes with the mastery of art lit up his face, as he threw himself into the work with his whole soul.

Particularly do I remember the elaborate operations in a certain Pompeian garden. But recently discovered, and only half excavated, emerging from the dust and scoriæ, which had so long covered the bright mosaic like a pall, the

wall decorations—the marble carvings in their freshness were strikingly suggestive of the bygone days.

The picture was worth securing ; the classic foreground, the heaps of grey ash still concealing half the mosaic designs, the loud-voiced Yankee's impious inquiries from a world which knows not yet the mellowing influences and sobriety of age.

This was to be the amateur's masterpiece, and when at last we found ourselves in the train, coasting the bay, and nearing the twinkling lights of Naples, it was not to be wondered at that I was treated to a retrospect of the labours by which an amateur becomes a master. Solemnly was I warned of the pitfalls besetting the unwary footsteps of the tyro. I was properly humbled, both at the magnitude of the enterprise if I aspired thereto, and the height of the pinnacle from which my friend looked down.

It was somewhat unfortunate, indeed *very* unfortunate, that on arriving at the hotel, our friend, the amateur, found he had made a little omission.

He had in fact, forgotten to put any films into his camera, and I am given to understand that without films photographs are apt to be obscure.

MEXICO AND THE WEST.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

A delightful diary remains of a journey in 1898 to the West Indies and Mexico, and back by the United States. John Wilhelm Rowntree (who was greatly in need of a holiday) was accompanied by his wife, and friend, Lawrence Richardson. The tour was evidently a time of great refreshment. Some extracts from the journal referring to Mexico, and the crossing over to the United States will give a fair idea of its descriptive power.

MEXICO AND THE WEST.

The travellers, after visiting Trinidad, the Barbadoes and Jamaica, "of all the islands the most delightful," sailed for Mexico. They arrived at the City of Mexico on the 13th March, 1898.

The journal proceeds :—

Our chief delight this first day was an extensive indulgence at the barber's shop. After the heat and dust of two days' travel, a haircut and shampoo are bliss unspeakable. The only fly in the ointment was the publicity of the whole proceeding, the barber's shop opening on to the street direct, and the chairs being only just inside the arch. A man feels an ignominious reptile when lathered up to the nose, and left thus by the barber for the sport of the passers-by !

From the barber's we passed to the Bank. Were there letters ? Yes ! After that Mexico City was a matter of indifference to us, and we retired to the hotel with our spoil, spending the afternoon writing, reading letters, and unpacking, and doing all those hundred little things which people call "settling in."

Mexico City is in some ways disappointing. Evidently every year will lessen its picturesqueness. American influence is everywhere apparent, and is bringing Mexico down to the dead level of what we call "civilisation." This leveling process is really very serious. The world won't be nearly as interesting to our children and children's children as it is now. Here, in the far west, the same destruction of individuality which I have seen going on at Damascus and Cairo is visibly at work. The sombrero is yielding place to the bowler and tall hat, the serape to the overcoat, and already

the well-to-do Mexican ladies, with the rare exception of an ancient Conservative dame, are yielding to the seductions of Paris, and abandoning the becoming mantilla. We heard Carracas called the Paris of South America. Judging by the buildings newly erected and in course of construction, the Mexicans seem anxious to win for their city the title of the Paris of Central America. The same debased—debauched is really more expressive—Renaissance mars every street. The Rue de Rivoli seems destined to be repeated from Damascus to the farthest west. Won't it be a dull world when all this is accomplished? However, there are some lovely bits which will take a good deal of spoiling. The Jockey Club in the Calle San Francisco, of which for the nonce L. R. and myself have been appointed honorary members, with full opportunity of gambling away our substance in baccarat,—is a glorious old building in blue and white tiles, over a hundred years old, and with a grand central court. This, with its tiled basin and plashing fountain, we have secured in a couple of photos, which will describe better than pen and ink. Not far off in the same street is the Hotel Iturbide, an old palace with a wonderful array of elaborate waterspouts, and a façade the style of which it would be difficult to locate.

* * * * *

March 17th.—I only wish I could give you some clear idea of all we have seen, and especially of the wonderful brilliance of the colouring. Please remember, when you are wading through my dreary descriptions of tramcar rides and Cathedrals, that the reality was infinitely interesting. First of all, there is the brilliant and incessant sunshine. I have been able to dispense with my sunshade because I have become acclimatised, but I have not yet dared to discard my double Terai hat in the fierce blaze of the Mexican sun. And sunshine in Mexico is something altogether different from sunshine in York. Strong colour in the tiles which glitter on the Church domes, or which adorn the façades of the houses, is not out of

place ; on the contrary, very effective, in the sharp, clear light. You get colour effects quite foreign (I do not say superior) to those in England—effects which, while they lack the soft greys and atmospheric haziness of an English landscape, have a charm and interest of their own.

Every day when you awake, and draw aside your window curtain, there is the same cloudless blue—the same brilliant colour, the same glare of the white houses, and the same sharpness of the black shadows, the same emphasised distinctness, even of distant architectural details. There is a sense of perpetual summer, which is certainly an unwonted experience ; and I want you to remember that all I have described, except where I particularise to the contrary, must be understood as taking place or being seen under such cloudless skies and brilliant sun. But, even more than the sunshine, there is the ever present human interest. I tell you that we take cars to San Angel, and come back by Coyoacan and Tlalpam, but that is simply a skeleton truth, and it is, alas, impossible to clothe it in flesh and blood. The people in the car, on the road, in the villages, are an interest and a sight in themselves. Any car ride will do, any objective may be selected ; the scenes by the wayside are sure to make the excursion interesting. Here goes a waggon, drawn, not by two oxen, but by two bulls, helpless under their heavy yoke. By their side runs a little copper-coloured fellow in a shirt that barely reaches below his armpits, his frowsy head decorated by two sombreros, one on top of t'other. He carries an ox-goad, with which he pricks up the team with zest, turning his black, bead-like eyes on you as you pass, and flashing a smile with his white teeth. In the waggon with its solid wood wheels, more square than round—roofed with rushes, squats the mother, dressed in a low-cut white chemise and blue gown—a tiny little baby at her breast. Sprawling by her is the baby next in age, deep black eyes, trowsled hair, scanty little smock, bare, fat brown legs, and a grave philosophical look on its little face. By their side sits the father, a big, burly Indian,

with a short, thick, black beard, tall sombrero ; wrapped in his scarlet serape, beneath which peeps his white trousers, and bare dusty feet. Or again, here are two Spaniards—pasty-faced, smartly dressed, with black sombreros and tight trousers. See them meet, how they fall on each other's necks literally, and clasp each other round the waist. See them sway to and fro ! Are they wrestling ? No ! only embracing each other. Now they slap each other on the back, and then, they are separating, but not without a kiss on either cheek. And what is this ? A funeral procession of tramcars ? Even so. In Mexico, the heaviest merchandise is conveyed in tram rulleys, and the deceased rides to the cemetery in a funeral tramcar, which he enjoys all to himself,—the ordinary plumed, glazed affair, only on rails. And he is followed by his sorrowing friends, in other private tramcars. Truly, it is a City of tramcars, this ! And here along the pavement, see these women and girls squatting before their wares. Look at that basket of greenhouse flowers—at those piles of fruit—golden oranges, red bananas (Mexican bananas are red when ripe), dark brown sapotes, golden melons, great dark green water-melons, piles of red tomatoes—such a size ! and a hundred other fruits besides ; what splashes of rich colour beside the dusty footpath. See the candle-seller in his serape and sombrero, with a great stick balanced over his shoulders, and dozens and dozens of candles thereon for sale. If they are as good as Mexican matches, they are very good indeed. Mexican vestas are long, and strike at both ends—a great economy.

You really "*borrow*" a match here, for in Mexico, the unused end is returned with a bow to the owner. And there is a water carrier. Watch him with his load ; see the band across his forehead, attached to the barrel on his back. They must have strong necks, these Mexicans, for this is their favourite way of carrying things. I have seen the *cargadores* (porters) carry my heaviest trunk, containing books, just this way, and it is a trunk that takes two of us to lift. And so I

might go on, first with this, then that, street scene. They leave a vivid impression of picturesque colour and costume, of movement and life. The variety of types, from the pure Castillian, with his steely blue eyes and light hair, to the dark peon—there is every shade of difference, every degree of blood. And now and then across the stage, one sees a group of noisy Americans, people who chip bark off the Noche Triste tree, and guess they are going to whop Spain, and less often the silent and dignified Englishman, with his solid air of business. Yes! my journal may be uninteresting, but Mexico, with its sunshine and its people, its many races and its teeming life, is just the reverse.

CROSSING THE FRONTIER.

The difference between the left and right bank of the Rio Grande is real and profound. The first evidence of change came while we were yet in the train passing over. Instead of the gentle, smiling, accommodating "devil-may-care,-for-I-don't," official of Mexico, a brisk peremptory gentleman bustles into the car. Where are you from? Guadalajara! Before that? Mexico! Before that? Puebla! Been in Vera Cruz? Yes, last month! Will you swear to that? Sign your names here, and, with an abrupt movement, this official leaves us to interrogate someone else. They, alas, prove to be a family of Cuban refugees. A lady, who looked very ill, a tired pathetic looking figure, her husband, a lady friend, and two children. They had come direct from Vera Cruz. Then you must go into quarantine till April 23rd! Poor things! they were in a great way, but there was no help for it. Uncle Sam had decreed, and they must obey. We were indeed fortunate that our visit to Vera Cruz had been in March; otherwise we should have been compelled to join the Cuban refugees.

Then came the examination—polite, but severe, with a heavy duty on the curios of over a sovereign. Uniforms

are at a discount in the U.S.A. The only means by which it was possible to detect a Customs' Officer was by the peremptory fashion in which certain well-dressed gentlemen demanded to see the inside of our trunks.

Strolling about outside our train, I found that the Pullman had been hitched on to a train of the Southern Pacific Company, which has a legend "The Sunset Route" emblazoned on all its freight cars. I noticed, with sorrow, what I am proud to say you do not see in the British West Indies, that some of the cars had painted metal notices "FOR NEGROES," and others "FOR WHITES." The nigger is not allowed to travel with the white. The waiting-rooms are even more offensively marked "LADIES," "GENTLEMEN," "COLOURED PEOPLE." I suppose coloured people are never ladies or gentlemen. It is strange that I, an Englishman, from a benighted country, which still supports such a mediæval institution as a monarchy, should find my first sentiment on the Republican and free soil of the States to be one of indignation at the insulting inequality and injustice to a coloured race, who are yet, on paper, free and equal citizens with the whites. On the platform, everyone was discussing the War. News had arrived that the United States troops were ordered to concentrate in Florida, and the Eagle Pass garrison was preparing to leave. There seemed considerable interest, but, on the whole, sentiment seemed opposed to war. This we found to be the case till we got to Chicago; but, of course, casual conversations are apt to lead to incorrect deductions when taken as applying wholesale. On leaving Eagle Pass, the country for the first hour or two was in no way different to that over the border. Flat, overgrown with scrub, occasional cactus, and little cultivation—but, by degrees, changes crept in, and when we reached San Antonio, about 7 p.m. (Central time and one hour later than Mexican time) the evidences of cultivation were frequent. Here, we had two hours and a half for dinner, and oh! what a difference!! Stepping outside the station, we found our-

selves in a long street of irregular wooden houses, mostly shops ; no style about them, and no continuity in design or arrangement, but attractive and clean looking, at any rate. An American street, side by side with, say, a street in Berlin, is a revelation of the national character. Hasty, loose-jointed, ephemeral, utilitarian, individualistic, each house built by itself in a style of its own, without regard for its neighbour—the individualism of American Republicanism stamped upon it. In Berlin, the heavy solid stone and dull ponderous Renaissance of an entire street in line, and in complete suppression of individualism—there you have the solid, military, dragooned state of the Old World, in contrast with the free, untrammelled licence of the New.

We took an electric car to the Menger Hotel, going at a rate which would make sleepy York citizens sit up in amazement, and set them all writing to the *Herald* in shocked protest. There is a reckless go and energy about these Americans, that is highly exhilarating, especially when you have been lulled into a sweet sleep for weeks, in mañana land. They drive their cars through crowded streets at ten, fifteen, twenty miles an hour ; though they do put a cow-catcher on to prevent you getting run over.

Our road lay between pleasant wooden, two storied villas—all lit with electric light, judging from what we could see—and all standing in their gardens, open to the street. On the inevitable Piazza were rockers—the inevitable rockers, a luxury we have only to experience to adopt also. Thin-wheeled buggies, with fast trotting horses, kept passing us—everything fast. It was like a tonic to be back in a country where time seemed to have money value.

NEW ORLEANS.

April 18th.—To tell the truth, we were glad to get out, as our cheeks had had occasion to change colour at breakfast. On our arrival the night before, two reporters had attacked us. To the first we were brief—to the second even briefer. Our

horror on seeing the morning papers, however, was considerable. My wife, who never said a word, was reported to have been very pleased with New Orleans ; though she had been in the City only twenty minutes, and had arrived after dark ! I was reported to have made some swashbuckling statement to the effect that if America wanted us in the War, we were there and ready, the ground for which statement being the following. Is English sentiment with us ? To which I replied that I had been from England some months, but I had no doubt the English *people* were with the United States of America, even if certain newspapers were not. L. R. and myself had also been made to deliver our souls through a quarter of a column in a manner we did not recognise as our own, and for the substance of which not the slightest material was afforded in the brief conversation. So much for American journalism. A question put to L. R. as to where we came from, drew from him the answer "Mexico," a further question the explanation that we had come *via* the West Indies—no, not on business—mental deduction of the reporter, whom we had tried to suppress, took unpleasant shape in the following statement : " Two wealthy Englishmen are visiting this City." It was some time before we could see the humour of the thing. All hotel arrivals are chronicled in this fashion, so we were not conspicuous, fortunately.

PART II.

ADULT SCHOOL NOTES, ADDRESSES, &c.

ADULT SCHOOL NOTES, ADDRESSES, &c.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

An attempt was made to get some of the notes of these addresses amplified by those who had listened to them, but it was found that it would be impossible to do this with justice to the speaker. When he got into touch with his audience, he would often leave his notes altogether ; his stories, flashes of humour, personal experiences, and most earnest appeals would become fused as it were into one whole, and no one now could hope to bring them to life again as they then poured from his lips.

Several skeleton notes of such addresses are given, as prepared by his hand. Some of the fuller discourses were given to evening audiences, and not as Adult School lessons.

THE WILDERNESS AND GLORY.

THIRTY-FIFTH CHAPTER OF ISAIAH.

(REVISED VERSION.)

In two verses we have mentioned,

Wilderness,

Glory of Lebanon,

Excellency of Carmel and Sharon.

This brings to mind the fact that great extremes of climate and scenery exist side by side within a very small area. Only at most two days ride from Jerusalem rises Mount Ebal, just over 3,000 feet.

View :—Lebanon.

Carmel.

Golden strip of sand to south of Jaffa.

Hill tops beyond Hebron.

Hills overlooking Damascus.

Wall of Moab.

“*Glory of Lebanon*” an apt phrase. Jebel Libnan culminates near Damascus in Jebel Makmal, 10,016 feet high.

“Thy nose is like the tower of Lebanon that looketh towards Damascus.”

Snows, deep-cut gorges, steep sides, as seen from humid Beirut.

Orontes and Litany.

Excellency of Carmel.

Contrast to plain of Esdraelon.

Sirocco. “A dry wind by the high places in the wilderness towards the daughter of my people, neither to fan nor to cleanse.”

Temperature in tent. Bare unsheltered plain.

Salt smell so grateful. Sea breezes and vegetation.

"Thine head upon thee is like Carmel."

Carmel 1,800 feet above Esdraelon, 400 feet at the sea.

In Tacitus' time, an altar to the God of Carmel.

Pear, pine, wild almond, oak and vines, wild olive, arbutus, carob, box, myrtle, juniper and thorn.

Leopards and deer in the undergrowth.

A green spot in summer when all else is arid and burnt up.

But variety best shown in journey across Sharon, *via* Jerusalem to Jericho and Moabite range. Total distance, seventy miles.

1. Sharon, orange groves, wheat fields, palms, shadoofs (Egyptian delta).
2. Shephelah. Scenery of Southern Europe.
3. Judean uplands; like Central Germany. Shepherds in sheepskins, stone roofs, snow deep in winter.
4. Yet from Mount of Olives you see into Jordan valley, and Dead Sea lies in shimmering veil of intense heat.
5. Lift eyes to Belka. Moab, "where cold is always at home."

(Table-land of Arabia not hot. Strong frosts in November. Ice has been met with as late as March in Gilead and temperature in air 38° F. Arab poets fond of applying epithet "cool-blowing." Romans called land beyond Jordan "Palestina Salutaris.")

Own experience in April. Fires at Jerusalem, rugs in bed and bed-warmers; at Jericho over 90° F.

Picture the desert—Marsaba and Judean Jungle.

Interesting to note how climate and lie and shape of land influenced history and moulded the character of the people.

Philistia—gave the name to the country, yet where are the Philistines—they occupied the plain luxuriant and fertile, but they did not place their stamp on the world.

Armies of Egypt and Assyria passing over from time to time.

Samaria more open and fertile than Judea, but not there that we must seek the people who gave character to the history of Palestine. Open valleys too easy to attack.

It is to Judea that we must look. Here was the great city of the Jews. An unlikely place. Difficulty of water. Height above sea, 2,500 feet, 3,700 above Dead Sea. Impression on riding from Jericho. Here, on a desert plateau so unsuited for the purpose, "She arose, who more than Athens and more than Rome taught the nations civic justice, and gave her name to the ideal city men are ever striving to build on earth, to the City of God that shall one day descend from Heaven—the New Jerusalem."

Contrast degraded Bedanese of Jericho with Judean Shepherd.

"In such a landscape as Judea where a day's pasture is scattered thinly over an unfenced tract of country, covered with delusive paths still frequented by wild beasts, and rolling off into the desert, the man and his character are indispensable. On some high moor across which at night the hyenas howl, when you meet him, sleepless, far-sighted, weather-beaten, armed, leaning on his staff, and looking over his scattered sheep, every one of them in his heart, you understand why the Shepherd of Judea sprang to the front in his peoples' history; why they gave his name to their king and made him the symbol of Providence; why Christ took him as the type of self-sacrifice."

Many of us have to live on barren uplands and look with longing on the luxuriant plains of Sharon, the easy tillage of Jordan, but it may be that the very limitations and deprivations we complain of are our salvation, and the very means of our progress.

Clever boy at school versus dull boy.

Man with a library and all opportunities of leisure.

Life is not so much a question of means as of men.

Without the Spirit of God expressing itself in us as a solemn determination to win our spurs in the battle of life, the best means are worth little and poorest become mighty. "You may see thousands with every opportunity of improvement which wealth can gather, with teachers, libraries and apparatus, bringing nothing to pass, and others with few helps doing wonders, and simply because the latter are in earnest and the former not. A man in earnest finds means, or if he cannot find, creates them. A vigorous purpose makes much out of little, breathes power into weak instruments, disarms difficulties and even turns them into assistances." Every condition has means of progress if we have spirit enough to use them.

Judea barren now. First portrait, but read Gen. xlix.

"Binding to the vine his foal,
 And to the choice vine his ass's colt,
 He has washed in wine his raiment,
 And in the blood of the grape his vesture,
 Heavy in the eyes from wine,
 And white of teeth from milk."

Evidence of return. Perseverance wins this vegetation from barren soil.

And so to those on the barren moorland of a limited life, if they realise it is a sacred burden, the life they bear, we shall find their "desert rejoice and blossom as the rose."

"Glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it—the excellency of Carmel and Sharon.

The eyes of the blind man shall be opened,

The lame one leap as an hart,

The glowing sand shall become a pool, and a way of holiness made, in which even fools shall not err, and we shall come "with singing unto Zion, everlasting joy upon our heads, and we shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

A LAST CENTURY LESSON.

[*January 6th, 1901. Leeman Road and Acomb.*]

Mark vi. 25-46.

Discuss verses. (Introductory).

Withdrawal, not of sympathy, but of self.

Need, amid thronging events, for retirement.

Mount Hermon, uplands, Hauran, the lake, the twinkling lights of cities by the sea.

Panorama—spiritual panorama.

In the stillness and hush of the solemn mountains, the commune with God, the clear vision of His will and purpose.

Such opportunities are needful to all men.

The beginning of a new century is an opportunity for retirement to the mountain for prayer.

It does not necessarily close or open an epoch. Eighteenth century lived on to the thirties, next epoch closed in the eighties.

But seeing there are such occasions, may as well use them, even if artificial.

Draw first two brief contrasts—*religious* and *social*.

I.—SOCIAL.

Gradual deterioration since Elizabeth.

Improvement in middle of eighteenth century.

Two important changes.

WAR.

INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION.

Chronic scarcity and growing pauperism.

Wheat, 108s. per quarter, 1795.

Enclosure system—evictions.

Act of Elizabeth. One cottage—four acres of land, repealed.

Succession of Poor Law Acts.

Resulted in half wage being paid by landowner, and half by State.

Cottages pulled down, threw inmates on poor-rate, and so reduced wages.

Labourers were often discharged to reduce them to paupers and then hired back on above terms.

Weekly sale of labour. Ten men for 5s. This from 1795 to 1834.

1800. Combination Act. Absolutely forbid any combination for higher wages or fewer hours. The working class was unrepresented.

Even the Reform Bill merely gave more power to the upper and middle classes.

The golden age of the capitalist.

Napoleonic wars cost £800,000,000.

Everything was taxed, even bricks, stones, glass, hats, etc.

Food was dear. In these terrible circumstances of war, heavy taxation and pauperism, modern industry had birth.

England had the monopoly. English spinners clothed Napoleon's Moscow army.

Factories sprang up like mushrooms. No restraint.

Riots to destroy machinery in 1812-16-26.

Punished by hangings.

Spinning by machinery in 1800. Not till 1840 that weaving machines seriously threatened handlooms.

Use of workhouse children. Nominally apprenticed. *One idiot in twenty.* Worked sixteen hours a day. On Sundays cleaned machinery. Kept to work under the lash. Slept in relays in beds never cool. Chained to prevent escape. Buried at night in waste ground to avoid comment when they died. *This lasted till 1840.*

Children sold by starving parents. 1815, Bankrupt's effects included gang of children who were put up to sale as his effects.

September 29th, 1830, Oastler's letter to *Leeds Mercury*, challenging statement that no slave could breathe on English soil.

Development of agitation and legislation.

Franchise, education, material improvements of travel, three days versus three hours to London, telegraph, gas, electricity.

Cheapening and freedom of press. (Once a tax of 4d. on each paper). Sydney Webb has drawn impressive picture of the change.

1851, amalgamation of engineering societies gave great impetus. Now 1,800,000 members of trade unions and $3\frac{1}{4}$ millions of money.

In 1844, industrial co-operation, founded by Robert Owen earlier in century, took proper root among Rochdale weavers.

Now Balloon Street does 75 millions of annual trade. Manufactures 12 millions annually in its factories, has its own ships importing direct from America, Australia, Asia and Europe. Along with this a remarkable series, however imperfect, of factory acts, employers' liability acts, etc. Still Sir Robert Giffen tells us that 8 millions live in England under 20s. per week per family standard.

Turn briefly to religion.

Calvinism—almost universal in influence.

Election and rejection. God as a Grand Turk. Hell fires.

Rousseau and French Revolution.

Robert Burns' "A man's a man for a' that."

Calvinism—a religion of privilege.

Is God's action independent of morality?

Darwin and Evolution.

Ideas in melting-pot. Escape from a gloomy creed had not yet led us to accept positive faith.

Calvinist firmness and purpose needed now amid seductions of the world. 3,328,000 sermons a week but little effect. Town life and break down of Sunday. Effect on character serious. Mafficking, etc., not solely caused by the war, but signs of a growing frivolity.

Uncertainty of outlook.

Rule over 400,000,000 persons. Football, Sport, Comic papers. Imperialism,—*i.e.* bigness. Bishop of Hereford on *little nations*. *Greece*. Athens smaller than the County of Glamorgan.

“ Her citizens; imperial spirits,
Rule the present from the past;
On all this world of men inherits
Their seal is set.”

Florence smaller than Bolton; Venice smaller than Salford. Impossible to say what is to be the line of progress. Some say democracy—some say not. One thing clear.

Decline of British supremacy in Trade,—greatness shall not rest on bigness. America produces double iron and steel of England. Last year her coal output exceeded ours. Other nations making their own, and improving quality.

On what shall our national greatness rest? On character.

Personal thoughts.

Whatever factory legislation, etc., may do—it can do nothing unless character is ennobled.

Individual part—clean life.

Kindness to wife and bairns, etc.

In this sense take the opportunity, now that the evening of the old century has come, and go up alone into the mountain and *pray*.

RIGHT AND WRONG WAYS OF SEPARATION.

Matthew vi. 5-18 (especially 16, 17, 18); Mark ii. 15-28.

Contrast between John the Baptist and Christ. Tendency shown to forget contrast.

Hermits, Monks, Nuns.

A right and a wrong way of separating ourselves from the world. Quite possible to make the mistake of the monastic orders in principle, with different practice.

One can quite understand that, by almost unconscious degrees, those who see clearly the sin and sorrow of the world in sharp contrast to its heartlessness and gaiety, may grow morbid and take exaggerated and gloomy views.

Asceticism—denying art, literature, etc., reading *only* the Bible, suspecting any harmless pleasure because we like it.

Otherworldliness. Danger of its being unpractical.

Howling wilderness theory wrong.

Hot-house growth not the desirable thing.

Such a thing as artificially forcing the spiritual growth.

Ideal :—the oak deep rooted in the soil of God, and weathering the storm of the world, not the forced bloom under glass.

Open-air faith what is best, both from its greater *practical value* and *influence*, and its *greater force in the world of thought*.

A faith afraid to examine its own basis, afraid of criticism, that refuses to understand that which it opposes, is not a faith destined to conquer the world.

Very necessary to hit the right line of separation—the right line of contact with the world.

Reaction (undoubtedly).

We have seen the same thing in history.

Puritanism and the *Restoration*. Contrast early Puritanism and later (Col. Hutchinson).

Calvin played bowls on Sunday.

We are not going to check the reaction by morbid asceticism or reverting to the narrower view of life.

As the world grows older the vision of God grows clearer and wider.

If the Church has in the past failed to satisfy the whole complex nature of man, and to inspire every department of life as she should do, it is not because Christianity is one-sided, but because the vision has not been broad enough.

The old way the easiest.

To advance will require not merely broader views of life, but deeper faith in God. The difficulty is that many so-called *broad people* who are ready to *denounce* any *strong views* as narrow and fanatical (and that is the fashion now-a-days), only cloak their own want of principle in this way.

Invertebrates. Terribly easy to excuse selfishness this way.

What then is demanded of us? Not the wild honey and locusts or camel's hair of the stern ascetic of the desert, but the robe of healing; the mingling in the crowd with sympathy and love.

Before all let us be sure of our principle—of a firm hold on God, of a fixed purpose in life; then let us, while yielding nothing of this, join oft in the work of the world and its play too. And not in a censorious spirit—not pitying those we come into contact with. If people say of us "Oh, don't ask him, he will be a wet blanket," there is probably something wrong. Christ wouldn't have been invited if he had been a wet blanket.

There is need particularly for two things :—Sympathy (delicate sense of touch), and a sane, healthy cheerfulness.

By all means let us look evil bravely in the face. We have no right to blink facts and shut our eyes to sin and sorrow, but let us set over against these a firm faith in God's everlasting love, and fatherhood, and let this faith show itself in ourselves, by unwearied, cheerful service.

Do not let us be of those who, full of big concerns, leave the little attentions of life as *infra dig*. "It is but the littleness of man that seeth no greatness in a trifle."

Let it be said of us that we make the social air the sweeter for our coming.

And God's love is wide. Let us beware lest

" We make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own,
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own."

If we will face the world—with a strong hold on the realities of God, with a deep and intense sympathy for man, we shall yet give to the present time those whom Dr. Maclaren said at Manchester we need—"the still, strong man in a blatant land."

And that will be a quietness of spirit which will be more fruitful than much fussy agitation (note the calm strength of Jesus).

Read "Quiet from God."

" To sojourn in the world and yet apart,
To dwell with God, and yet with man to feel,
To bear about for ever in the heart
The gladness that His spirit doth reveal.

Not to deem evil good
From every earthly scene,
To see the storm come on,
But feel His shield between."

PAUL'S CONVERSION.

References :—

Tennyson's "Ancient Sage," p. 550.

"The shell must break before the bird can fly," and closing stanzas.

Paul's Conversion.

1 Cor. xv. 8 ; Acts ix. 1-9 ; xxii. 6-11 ; xxvi. 12-18 ; Romans vii. 9 ; Gal. i. 13-15.

Bruce's "Paul's Conception of Christianity."

Chap. II. Paul's Religious History, especially pp. 28 and 31-35. Weisächer, Vol. I., pp. 79-82.

George Fox. "Journal," Vol. I., p. 11.

Fiske.

"Through Nature to God." The chapter on "The everlasting Reality of Religion," especially pp. 189-191.

Dr. Hort.

"The Way, the Truth, the Life," pp. 34-36.

Quote *Tennyson* :—

"The shell must break before the bird can fly ;

. . . but night enough is there ;
In yon dark city ; get thee back, and since
The key to that weird casket, which, for thee
But holds a skull, is neither thine nor mine,
But in the hand of what is more than man,
Let be thy wail, and help thy fellow men,
And make thy gold thy vassal, not thy king,
And fling free alms into the beggar's bowl,
And send the day into the darken'd heart ;
Nor list for guerdon in the voice of men,
A dying echo from a falling wall ;
Nor care—for hunger hath the Evil eye—
To vex the noon with fiery gems, or fold
Thy presence in the silk of sumptuous looms ;
Nor roll thy viands on a luscious tongue,
Nor drown thy self with flies in honeyed wine ;

Nor thou be rageful, like a handled bee,
 And lose thy life by usage of thy sting ;
 Nor harm an adder through the lust for harm,
 Nor make a snail's horn shrink for wantonness ;
 And more—think well ! Do well will follow thought,
 And in the fatal sequence of this world,
 An evil thought may soil thy children's blood ;
 But, curb the beast would cast thee in the mire,
 And leave the hot swamp of voluptuousness
 A cloud between the Nameless and thyself,
 And lay thine uphill shoulder to the wheel,
 And climb the Mount of Blessing whence, if thou
 Look higher, then—perchance—thou mayest—beyond
 A hundred ever-rising mountain lines,
 And past the range of light and shadow—see
 The high-heaven dawn of more than mortal day
 Strike on the Mount of Vision !
 So, farewell ! ”

The words occur as an interruption by the Ancient Sage of verses read by youthful disciple who has spoken of death as that time when

“ the senses break away
 To mix with ancient Night.”

The immediate context gives to the words a sense of contradiction by the sage to the thought of extinction at death.

The whole poem, however, gives the words a deeper meaning. Let us discover what that meaning is.

A party of riders. Barren scene. Across low, sandy hills, a band of green. One rider pre-occupied. Strong face, earnest eyes. Let us guess that rider's thoughts. Thinking of past history. A long struggle—fruitless—after righteousness.

He had sought righteousness in the formalities of the Pharisaic law, but he had discovered that real goodness was independent of such external observance—even while sincere. He had been alive apart from the law once, but when he discovered the significance of the command, “ Thou shalt not covet,” then his hope died in him, for he saw that the law might be faithfully observed, and yet covetousness

prevail within. Yet he had advanced in the Jew's religion, beyond many of his own age. Among his countrymen, he was accounted exceedingly zealous for the tradition of the fathers. Yes, his faith in religion was not yet dead. Brought up a virtuoso in Pharisaism, a man of strong will and intense nature, he was not going to abandon the faith lightly. Nay, his anger rose, the more because of his doubts, against the people who troubled the land, the followers of a Nazarene pretender. Beyond measure, he had persecuted them, and as he caught a glimpse of the white houses of Damascus—mere white dots in the distant green—a fierce look comes into his face; he breathes threatening and slaughter, flashing eyes and clenched hands speak of his passion.

The orthodox Mohammedan of to-day, intent with the fanatic fury of his race upon the slaughter of Armenian Christians, was not more terrible than Paul at that moment.

“Who lights the faggot ?

Not the full faith ; no, but the lurking doubt.”

Such teaching as that of these followers of Jesus meant the death of the law ; there was no room for Pharisaism if it should prevail. And yet—and yet—had the law given him what he sought ? Was there not even then the dull heartache of unsatisfied longing, for what ?

Suddenly, there is a light from heaven—it is above the brightness of the midday sun, pouring its relentless rays upon the little party—dazzling the eyes as they looked over the barren, quivering landscape. “Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me ? It is hard for thee to kick against the goad. It is hard to struggle against thy thoughts.”

The moment for which Saul had been unconsciously preparing had come. Christ, so long an object of earnest thought, was now revealed in him as an object of faith. The fruit had ripened. Men of heroic will and resolute purpose do not easily abandon cherished ideals ; they never seem less like surrendering than just before surrender comes.

The surrender had come. The riddle was solved. The Kingdom was within. Not the external law, but the inward Christ. Jesus *was* the Messiah,—He lived, and Pharisaism was dead. The shell was broken, and the wings stretched for flight.

But this, you say, is a Bible illustration, it belongs to Bible times—to the days of miracles and wonder-working. It is like a Greek telling of Apollo and Venus and Pallas—mortal men cannot enter into the experience of the Gods.

Then let us turn to English history. Picture to yourselves a young man, whose face bears the marks of sadness and struggle, for like Paul, this young man has known the terror of the Lord. Like Paul, he seeks righteousness, not from the Jewish but from English Pharisees, and he does not find it. He wanders from town to town, is moody and often recluse ; he questions the ministers of religion and he questions in vain. He seeks light among the Dissenters, but at last he abandons the separate preachers, and those called the most experienced people, for there was none among them who could speak to his condition. When all his hope had gone, then, oh then, he heard a voice which said, "There is one, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition," and, "when I heard it my heart did leap for joy."

George Fox, in the wilderness of despair, encounters a bright light, which shines into his soul, and reveals to him in a flash the truth which his spiritual agony had prepared him to receive.

The shell was broken, and the wings were outstretched for flight.

First Thought.—Both Fox and Paul seeking righteousness. In neither case did the revelation of Christ come as something independent of their attitude of soul. The revelation was prepared for in both cases by the spiritual struggles of Paul and Fox. In both cases the revelation of Christ in the soul had visible results. Saul, the persecutor, became Paul the Apostle to the Gentiles. Fox, the brooding inquirer, became

the strenuous evangelist, who cheerfully suffered imprisonment and persecution.

The fact that the light that lit up their souls seemed to come suddenly as from outside, and the change which followed, has led us sometimes to forget this preparation, which placed Fox and Paul in such an attitude of soul that the revelation was possible. Are any living in expectation that the light will come suddenly to them, that a new power will come with it, and forgetting meantime the spiritual preparation which is first needful ?

I think the spiritual and mental indolence which seeks to evade effort, while desiring the fruits of effort, is one of the gravest symptoms of this age of pleasure. We need to remember that, without spiritual exercise, there can be no spiritual life. This applies to our worship in meeting, and it applies to our whole individual life.

Dr. Hort:—"Belief worth calling belief must be purchased with the sweat of the brow." The easy conclusions which are accepted on borrowed grounds, in evasion of labour and responsibility, may or may not be coincident with truth, in either case they have little share in its power. Such people are Christians, if Christians at all, in the shell. Sheer laziness and indifference are the chief difficulty, but there are other difficulties as well.

(1) The first difficulty is doubt as to the reality, or at least the possibility, for oneself, of such an experience of Christ as was the privilege of Fox and Paul.

(2) Due to limited conception of what is meant by conversion. To doubt the reality of spiritual revelation of Christ is to believe that Fox and Paul owed their power and inspiration to an hallucination. And to deny the possibility of such experience for yourself is to deny the solidarity of the human race.

But did Paul and Fox owe their inspiration to an hallucination—does Christian civilisation rest its hope and faith in a dream that has no substance ?

Fiske :—" To suppose that the physical evolution of man progressed through adjustment to external realities, and that the spiritual evolution progressed through adjustment to external non-realities, is to do sheer violence to logic and commonsense."

Again, what ground have we for believing that the experience of Paul and Fox marked them off as separate from the rest of the human species? Why not interpret their experience as proof that humanity as a whole is capable, under certain conditions, of which these two give illustration—of the *same* experience?

I come now to the difficulty of conversion. It has been too narrowly defined as a sudden change—it may be sudden, but it is not always so. Moreover, it is no more an external something which suddenly visits us, independent of our own attitude, than the millennium, which some people confidently expect will appear suddenly, independent of the condition of the world.

The world will not learn peace, or come under the rule of the millennial kingdom, until with much labour and travail, it has placed itself in the right attitude.

Finally, *indifference*.

Momentousness of conversion, if we rightly interpret it. *Shell must break*. Passage from the animal to the spiritual. From the finite to the infinite, the temporal to the eternal. Wages of sin is death. Animalism has no future. Conventional morality is not righteousness.

Let us seek the experience of Paul and Fox. Is it difficult to know an invisible God?

Marion Crawford in "A Rose of Yesterday."—"We are a cowardly generation, and men shrink from suffering now, as their fathers shrank from dishonour in rougher times. The Lotus hangs within the reach of all, and in the lives of many 'it is always afternoon,' as for the Lotus Eaters. The fruit takes many shapes and names; it is called morphia, it is called compromise, it is designated in a thousand ways

and justified by ten thousand specious arguments, but it means only one thing—escape from Pain.”

Heaven and Hell, now and here. Hell real—hell of selfishness.

“ Oh, doom beyond the saddest guess;
As the long years of God unroll,
To make our dreary selfishness
The prison of a soul.”

Conversion from our selfishness still called for.

WINGS LIKE A DOVE.

“ I am restless in my complaint and make a noise,
Because of the voice of the enemy, because of the oppression of the
wicked ;
And the terrors of death are fallen upon me.
Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me,
And horror hath overwhelmed me.
And I said, Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I
fly away and be at rest.”—*Psalm lv.* 4, 5, 6.

Generally supposed to be David, and treachery of Ahitophel. Improbable. “ Unknown writer, living among foes in a city ; whose walls they occupy with their patrols ; from the violence which they exercise within, he would gladly escape to the desert ; one who had been his associate had treacherously abandoned him, for which he is bitterly reproached by the poet.” (Driver.)

I mourn—I am restless. A word used of a roving life, and Jer ii. 30, of impatience of restraint.

“ Weary of life in the cruel city, he wishes he could be like the dove which he watches winging its flight swiftly to its nest in the clefts of some inaccessible precipice, far from the haunts of men.” (Kirkpatrick.) Cant. ii. 14.—“ Oh my dove, thou art in the clefts of the rocks ; in the covert of the steep place.”

Idea that time will bring relief. But time is no agent, no living power. Must not leave to time, to outward change and providence, simply to convey us to what our own energies should produce. God will not be mocked. Holy Spirit not a minister of weakness. God a partner in our spiritual endeavours, but not in our luxurious dreams.

Happiness does not belong to the future, if it does not belong to the present. Heaven too often a matter of indolent anticipation. We think of it as a happy place, to which we are to go, rather than as a blessed frame of spirit.

No external arrangements can make blessedness.

Function of heaven is not to take the spiritually unqualified into the enjoyment of God, but to open to the spiritually qualified their real life.

We may make the future as blessed as our dreams, each day an instalment of the future, as the fruit of daily spiritual faithfulness and care.

Goethe. That which we are not doing to-day is not done to-morrow. The hymn is false that says:—

“ This world is all a fleeting show
For man’s illusion given.”

A libel uttered against the world, by men whose simple defect is that they have too little of conscience, and too little of spiritual will. Men who live all their days under the rebuke of conscience, who are kept in a state of perpetual punishment, who seek peace in externals, and finding it not, blame these externals for refusing what they cannot give.

Escape from effort. Oh, that I had the wings of a dove. I cannot conquer my enemies. Shut up in the citadel of my selfish sins, guarded by the sleepless sentinels of my selfish will, I see without, the haven of God’s peace, the refuge in the covert of the steep place where the purified souls, strong in self-oblation, come to nestle like homing doves, and without effort I would escape and join them.

And, accepting the bad teaching of Grimm’s story of Rumpelstiltskin, and desiring, like his miller’s daughter, to be queen, I expect my straw to be spun into gold for me during the night while I sleep.

Or, like the wanderer, I follow the Jack o’ Lantern of my dreams, imagining that the light I see shines upon the gate of paradise, and blind in the darkness to the terrible

truth, that my feet are straying ever further into the wilderness of sin.

I would escape from my memory, and have it, in spite of my conscience, that all is peace. It may not be so !

The Kingdom is within. But there is a hunger and thirst that is legitimate, there is a dream of the future that is true. They that hunger and thirst after *righteousness* shall be filled.

They who accept as their own the high calling of the spiritual athlete, the strong runner trained in self-sacrifice, shall press toward the mark without stumbling, and shall win the prize.

That prize is the victory over circumstance, the triumph of the soul weaned from dependence upon the external, of the man who has turned inward with William Penn, and there in his heart has met the Christ, and heard the healing music of the words : " Come unto me, all ye that labour, and I will give you rest."

Not as the world gives, not as the President of the Steel Trust building his two million dollar house seeks it, but as He gives, and as His true disciple seeks.

Then, indeed, may we soar with the wings of the dove, the uplifting power of His holy peace, and with the royalty of inward happiness, share His kingship with Him in His own happy paradise of love.

THE PLACE OF RELIGION IN MODERN LIFE.

"I know how to be abased and I know also how to abound ; in everything and in all things I have learned the secret, both to be filled and to be hungry, both to abound and to be in want.

"I can do all things in him that strengtheneth me."

—*Phil. iv.* 12-13.

Last time we dealt with the social aspect of the question. Men like Canon Moor Ede, Dr. Fairbairn, Dr. Hort, the Bishop of Durham ; all lay stress on *social functions* of the church, and emphasise the fact that these have been neglected.

Instance : quote Sherwell's "West London."

Tailors :—Overcrowding, pp. 88-89 ; pp. 93-94. Wages, p. 98 ; and overwork, pp. 101, 101-103.

If the West-End Churches would rouse their congregations, the work would be done.

N—— at Westminster Meeting House, drawing classes, bent-iron work, modelling in clay, girls' classes, Sunday class. Not true that Church has nothing to do with social work. Christianity belies its name if it isn't practical. Church service, creeds, etc., *means* only, to an *end*.

Dr. Moffat's nephew and fellow officers on a survey in Uganda. Anecdote, village, wheat, the "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," buried in the wheat. It was their religion.

But another side to the question. Bunyan wouldn't have described religion in this way. Many people lay stress on what you believe, rather than what you do.

Bunyan's "Progress" has almost a note of selfishness in it. The escape of a man from City of Destruction, with his eyes set on the reward in heaven.

Story of Jim and his Pal.

One age views one aspect, and one another, of truth.

In an age of superstition and ignorance, there was more *fear* of God and less *love* of Him. Hell loomed large to men like Bunyan, and escape from its terrors at all costs seemed the main business of life.

We are now in the transition stage, and religion as represented in the churches is re-adjusting herself to the new view of truth, which presents most strongly to the present age. Stewardship. Which carries with it war on all selfishness. Ardency of sympathy and of interests.

But what is the bearing of all this on that which was so strong an element in Early Christianity, John Bunyan's life, early Wesleyanism—*i.e.*, the personal devotion to Jesus Christ. We do not now so often hear the phrases, "A saving knowledge of Jesus Christ," "Believe on Him and thou shalt be saved."

Jesus Christ is not real to ninety-nine men in a hundred. Christianity—old maids distributing tracts.

Seldom meet a man like James Montgomery of Sheffield, to whom his lines "Forever with the Lord," were true.

Is it all wrong ?

Is religion summed up in practical social work ?

As well talk of a factory as complete which has no boilers.

Was Bunyan wrong ? Was John Wesley wrong ? We mayn't agree with the theology—I hope we don't—but the root principle of their lives is just as vital for us as it was for them.

The personal element is a real part of religion, and I go further, an essential part. Subtract Christ from Christianity, subtract Luther from the Reformation, subtract Hamlet from the play, and where are you ?

Paul and his exclamation. Intense personality. Latimer and his sermon on Christ.

But still what does it mean ? Believe in Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.

Believe that He represents the character of God, that in Christ you see God ; that God is such an one whom you have to deal with. Loving purity, hating sin, not the sinner.

To be unselfish, and free from pride. That to be Christ-like is to be Godlike. Then, further, that the spirit of Christ —*i.e.* of God—is working in the world to-day ; working for social progress, equality of opportunity, removing the slums, eliminating the sweater, combating disease, and put yourself in line with that force which is working in humanity.

Remember Christ has now no human body upon earth but yours ; no hands but yours, no feet but yours. Yours are the eyes through which His compassion is to look upon the world, yours are the lips through which His love is to speak, yours are the hands with which He is to bless, and yours the feet with which He is to go about doing good—through the church which is His body.

WHAT AN ADULT SCHOOL SHOULD BE.

[Given at Layerthorpe, one of the new extension Adult Schools, York, October 30, 1904.]

Know ye not that your body is a temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have from God?—1 Cor. vi. 19.

My body a Temple. What on earth does this mean?

You might as well call a fishing trawler a *torpedo* boat.

Must not *judge by appearance.*

Lady visitor at asylum.

A man can be a *street sweeper*, no collar, or even a *duke*, and yet a temple.

Question asked by the *first Adult School President (Paul).*

“ Know ye not ” ; and it is addressed to us—no matter who we are.

A temple of the HOLY GHOST.

Now what does that mean?

Ghosts drag *cannon balls* through country houses and scratch behind panellings—and in the daytime they are *rats*.

Most sensible men when sober, refuse to believe in ghosts.

Morbid fears to be discouraged. Morbid dwelling on unseen world or future life.

Chalmers and the man who believed he was damned.

Holy Ghost—Holy Spirit.

But what is that?

My wife been in all day. Asks me to *take the baby* so that she can get an airing. *I don't want to.* Something tells me *I ought to.* That is *Holy Spirit.*

Some one angers me. I want to *answer back.* I don't—Holy Spirit.

JAMES PARNELL *in a dungeon at Colchester* had the Holy Spirit.

WILLIAM DEWSBURY, 9½ years in gaol, reared *his temple*.

Its bolts were jewels, prisons to him were palaces for the Holy Spirit.

A temple of the Holy Ghost.

Layerthorpe Adult School ought to be this.

ST. PHILIPS MARSH—Bristol—*carpenter's shop*—yet a temple. Holy Spirit—*spirit of the carpenter*.

Now, how are we going to get at this, because it is a matter of moment.

A fine building won't do it.

All through the life of Jesus the *temple was building*, 20 B.C.-60 A.D.

A great business.

1,000 waggons for stone.

10,000 expert master builders.

1,000 priests as masons and carpenters.

18,000 workmen.

Walls 73ft. high.

Eight lofty gates, folding, gilded and silvered.

Massive gold plates on walls inside.

Yet Jesus called the people who did this a "generation of vipers," and they crucified Him.

The Temple didn't save the Jews, and the New School buildings won't save Layerthorpe.

What *will* save Layerthorpe ?

What in fact will save York—England—humanity ?

Oh, but perhaps you say they don't need saving.

Don't they ?

Wapping. "Whopping sinners" true of all, and especially in this sense that the great curse of social life is SELFISHNESS.

It is the curse of the *rich* and of the *poor*, of the Mount and of Hungate.

Empty lives of fashionable people—bridge—any excitement to pass the time. Don't care about the slums. £1,000 for a snuff box.

Quarterly magazine at £20 a number.

Misery of it all. *Lord Anglesey's sales.*

Empty Lives of the Layerthorpers :—pigeon shooting, rabbit coursing, drinking, gambling, the last wonder in ½d. evening, in and out of work, good health and bad, up and down, and so on through life. *Nothing in it that won't get stale.*

In both : *how can I please myself?*

No brotherhood in it.

Petropavlovsk—Slaughter of 700 Thibetans, fine copy.

Football, final at Crystal Palace, also fine copy. Crowd bigger than population of York. Spirit of Roman arena.

Bringing home the Umpire in a sack.

Leads to *waste and suffering.*

Gambling, fifty millions a year.

Drink, £180,000,000. Say £300,000 per annum in York.

If York would go teetotal, put drink money by ; should have a million in three years.

Parks, playgrounds, slums rebuilt, trams, public amusements, what not ?

Militarism—£2 10s. a year, £12 10s. per family.

£200,000 for York per annum.

Drink and Army—£500,000 per annum.

What it costs us to forget that we are temples of the Holy Ghost.

What it costs us to maintain a *sham religion* and deny the Sermon on the Mount.

Churches to blame.

Locomotive—Steam up.

Layerthorpe to bring this locomotive out of its shed, and lead the way to a cleaner, better life, brighter homes, etc.

“Know you not that you are temples of the Holy Ghost?”

Don't get like temple folk, Pharisees.

Let in the Gentiles, with or without collars.

Back 'em in.

Let each seek that spirit “which ye have from God.”

ON LAY MINISTRY.

First, I would place *Vision*.

We must ride with Paul to Damascus. We must see and know God in Christ, and life as He interprets it for us. We may have been of the strictest sect of the Pharisees and yet have kicked for years against the goad. The vision will reveal this secret of heart, and teach us our need of a renewal, that all creation must have a new smell, and the harmony of love overcome the dissonance of self-hood.

Second, *Consecration*.

The heavenly vision calls for obedience. We have encountered a great light which has interpreted to us at once our true self, and the love and passion of the Cross. This is our summons, and our answer must be service. But many mistake the meaning of consecration. They think that as consecration is the offering of our faculties to God, so all the responsibility for using them is His. This is the fallacy which has so often lurked in the teaching of the Inner Light. Consecration means the concentration of the energies of the mind and soul upon their improvement for service. It is a frank recognition that God's work of redemption is a co-operative work, demanding the agency of man for its completion. To be spiritual is not to be slipshod.

Consecration therefore includes the disciplined teaching of the mind, the right apportionment of time, the careful selection of our reading towards a definite end. It means the combined potency of prayer and thought.

Third, *Sympathy*.

We must "sit where the people sit." Here I am afraid we often fail. We are most of us bundles of prejudice, theological, social and political. And yet sympathy, spiritual and intellectual, is all important. We must try fairly to understand the social conditions and the intellectual atmosphere of the person we would help. We must know something of the current thoughts of the day, not polemically but sympathetically. The man who tilts his theological lance tipped with the venom of controversy, at modern thought or the higher critic or the revival preacher, is not helping but retarding the coming of God's Kingdom. And perhaps the best training school in which sympathy may be learned as a lesson is the pastoral. One great weakness of Quaker ministry is its frequent dissociation from pastoral work and care.

Remember that the magnetism of a messenger lies in his sympathy, and sympathy is born of knowledge.

Fourth, *Humility*.

Pride in a gift is its destruction. The office of minister is one, not of supremacy, but of service. No thought of self should deflect the inward eye from the end and purpose of God—the redemption of man.

"Did I speak well?" "What did the people say of me?" "Were people pleased?" These may be the thoughts of personal vanity, and go not seldom with that resentment of criticism which is the testimony to spiritual unfitness. The most victorious quality of the minister of God is his humility.

Fifth, *Courage*.

These days of invertebrate thinking and luxurious pleasures demand courageous speaking. It is a long time since Sydney Smith startled his congregation of judges and lawyers in York Minster, by declaiming, "Woe unto you lawyers."

The frank condemnation of social sins and intellectual errors, uttered in scorn of opinion but in the spirit of love, is too rare in the Christian ministry.

There is no more frequent taunt flung at the preacher than the taunt of cowardice and evasion, and in measure, I fear it is just. We are too frightened of uttering our true thoughts.

In chapel and meeting-house a mischievous tradition of religious phraseology has grown up, which destroys the freshness and directness of the preaching, and which it requires some courage to disregard. As Sir Edward Fry, in his essay on Sermons has remarked, "the ordinary preacher is afraid to call a spade a spade, he would rather describe it as 'that instrument of agriculture with which our first father laboured when, by the providence of God, he was called on to till the garden of Eden.'"

We need, I think, to imitate John Woolman, who combined the sweetness of true humility with an unconquerable courage.

Sixth, *Variety*.

It is a bad symptom when, after the first few words of a sermon, the congregation remarks to itself, mentally, "Oh, I know what's coming now." And yet how often is this true. The prepared or unprepared sermon falls alike under this condemnation. Indeed, the prepared sermon, when it is machine-made, is often the most at fault.

We want the imagination which springs from sympathy, and the freshness which springs from thought. We must bring all things into the treasury. It is often said, "Oh, the simple Gospel is all we need," but that depends upon what is meant. To deal in the obvious because thinking is too much trouble is to offer unconsecrated ministry. We want rather that variety of presentation which does not obscure or replace the Gospel, but which saves us from the dead monotony of repetition.

I know a minister who keeps a pocket-book. If a thought strikes him, whether reading or in reverie, if he notices a telling sentence, passage or illustration, he makes a note or copy of it. When the pocket-book is full, the contents are transferred to a commonplace book, properly indexed according to subjects, and is constantly available for reference. This is surely an excellent example of that proper discipline which should govern the life of the preacher, and a wise recognition of the efficacy of human forethought which nowise destroys the liberty of the Spirit.

Seventh, *Patience*.

Patience, in the face of apparent unresponsiveness, and in labour that seems fruitless; patience that means sustained interest, even if utterance be infrequent.

We cannot serve any cause haphazard. It is apparently the belief of some that because the Spirit bloweth where it listeth, a succession of evanescent "concerns" for a meeting or a Society must be more spiritual than a continuous exercise of heart and mind. But God does not work spasmodically, He works continuously. There are indeed times when the Divine Power is more richly manifest than at others; but there is no real pause in the work of God. We need more consecrated, sustained and penetrating thought, directed not only to the vocal ministry, but to all Christian service, and it will be out of such patience that the most enduring work will grow.

Lastly, *Sacrifice*.

Our considerations,—and there are many we have not time to consider,—must receive the endorsement of sacrifice. Without this none are valid. No scheme can evade the necessity, none offer a substitute for this vital quality of all true labour.

Let us make clear the purport of this discussion. In the past Quakerism has leaned upon an inadequate conception of the Inner Light. It has unduly depressed the exercise

and diminished the place of the reasoning faculties. It has forgotten that the direct revelation of God's will is not apart from the fitness of the instrument to receive or act upon it ; or, rather it has regarded such fitness in too narrow a sense, and shunned, whether from mistaken interpretation or fleshly weakness, that needful discipline of the mind which supports, directs and renders more efficacious the no less needful labour of the soul.

All is *not* well with the world. The belief in force, the love of ease, the lust for sensations, the superficiality of emotional or formal religion, the parasitism even of the religious, these are with us in their modern dress even as they were with Fox in the garb of the seventeenth century thought and practice.

The question of the ministry is in part a question of equipment, but it is still more a question of spiritual temper. What is our attitude towards life ? Do we see things as they really are, or as our contemporaries would have us believe ? Do we pierce to the inward motive, the inward fact ? Do we refuse to be swayed by prejudice, by the social environment in which we have been reared ; do we dare to cut ourselves loose from convention and tell the unpalatable truth ?

Without vision we shall perish ; without sacrifice the vision will glow and fade, an unavailing dream.

There is indeed one aspect of the question before us upon which I have not touched.

It has been asked, Can laymen, especially those faithful to the manifold duties of citizenship, and under the necessity of working for their living, meet in any adequate measure the exacting demands of the ministry of the Word ?

Let it be acknowledged that the problem of the Free Ministry is not only a spiritual, but also a practical problem. We have it yet to solve. There are needs of the human heart which are not met by prophecy and exhortation, but by teaching, and the ministry of teaching demands a trained and ordered

mind. We must tackle this difficulty, honestly and bravely, and so long as we compromise nothing of our message and testimony, we must not shrink from properly safe-guarded measures, which will grant to those who feel the call the means of fulfilling their service. Nor must we in any case hesitate to recognise the diversity of gifts and the place and functions of the vocal ministry in the economy of the Church.

But again, nothing can avail without sacrifice, neither silence nor ministry, organisation nor equipment.

[From a paper entitled "*The Vocal Ministry in the Society of Friends*," 1904.]

THE GREATEST COMMANDMENT.

“ Master, which is the greatest commandment in the law ? ”

“ Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy *mind*. This is the first and great commandment.”—*Matthew xxii. 37.*

Jesus was evidently referring to the famous passage in Deut. vi. 1-5, which the Jews, with a true instinct, selected under the name of the “ Shema,” to be recited twice a day.

Notice the prominence given to those words in Deuteronomy: “Thou shalt bind them upon thy hand and as frontlets, between thy eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the door posts of thy house and upon thy gates.” This last probably to accommodate an Egyptian custom, which, no doubt, the Hebrews had borrowed. Egyptians used to carve the cartouches of their kings on the door-posts of their private houses, and often a “ lucky ” sentence. Just as now you see passages of the Koran inscribed in the same way.

Perhaps there was something of the feeling of patriotic loyalty to their own tribal God, as opposed to the tribal gods of the Semites, about them, but still—with a conception of God wider and higher than was possible to the men of the twilight days of revelation, we can take the words just as they stand. We can love the Lord our God—not the tribal Jehovah, God of Battles, but the God whose eternal heart of love we have seen tabernacled in the flesh,—with all our heart and all our soul and all our mind.

And Jesus, turning to the lawyer, was quoting a well-known passage. “ Why do you ask me which is the great commandment ? Do you not repeat this twice a day, is it not inscribed on your lintels ? You seek some new idea

from me, and yet I must spend my strength and life against a formalism which is throttling all religious life and all love in the land, just because you will not open your eyes and see the full significance of these hackneyed verses of yours."

Turn from the letter to the spirit. Those lines were familiar; and unreal too, perhaps, just because they were familiar, to the lawyer of old, and yet when we glibly recite the words do we realise how exacting, how comprehensive, and how urgent is the command? "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God"—not with the fag-ends of thy heart—with that part which thou hast to spare from business and other concerns, but with *all*. Not with a morbid intensity that leads to mysticism and the life of a recluse. Christ, as by anticipation, checks that thought by his rapid addition, "and the second is like, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." It is rather with that practical and natural application of all the powers we have had given us, to the highest ends for which they were meant.

And yet, hackneyed as the text is, how very, very far we are from acting up to its standard.

No sin is to-day so much to be guarded against as that of being too easily satisfied with ourselves.

After all, we need what, to use an old phrase, is called conviction of sin. We are horrified if any assume that we are capable of deliberate untruthfulness or dishonesty, we are thankful that the criminal code does not concern us. We never steal or lie, we commit no sins of the flesh, we live the life of respectable Christians.

Yes, but just here is a great and real risk of self-deception. How far, for instance, is our fancied virtue the result of public opinion? There is a temptation in the fact that to be connected with a religious body is to have the favour and respect of society; indeed, more than this, it is business capital. If we seek a business situation, and quite rightly, we mention that we attend such and such a place of worship. How far is our love of God merely the love with all our heart and mind

and soul of our own social comfort, of our position in society, our reputation and our character ?

Complacently to consider all that we have not done—all the crimes we have never committed, is a very passive virtue indeed. We shall hardly grow, spiritually speaking, until we learn to look upon ourselves and our past in the light of what we might have been and done. The sins of omission are invisible, but very large.

How many men and women are there who are going through life with their spiritual faculties atrophied by persistent self-satisfaction ? How often does it occur to us whether, with all our passive virtue, we have really developed the latent power of service and stewardship which God has planted in us. How much power of loving, of sympathy, of thoughtfulness for others, is lying unused at this moment in the chambers of our heart.

Can we really truthfully say that we love our neighbour as ourself ? I for one have not attained unto it. But it is one thing to confess that we have not attained, but it would be a want of faith in God's power to help us, to say, it is too high, I cannot attain.

Whether from despair of being what we know in our best moments we ought to be, or whether from sheer blindness of self-satisfaction, there is far too much in the world of satisfaction in a kind of medium goodness, which is without character, without force, and which can do little or nothing to make or mould the world. There is a little animal with a long name, found, I believe, in the Mediterranean, the *Balana-glossus*, which may be classed either as the lowest of the vertebrates or the highest of the invertebrates. It neither possesses a backbone, nor is it entirely without. It has what is called a notochord—a backbone so to speak of gristle, and on this account it is popularly classed as a "missing link."

We are told in the Bible that those who are not for Christ are against him, and in the sense that was intended, those words are true, but there is a sadly large proportion

of Christian Balanaglossi who are really links between the two extremes, and in the sense of the text, the Balanaglossi must go into the scale with those who are against, for, in weighing forces, there are only two alternatives.

On the Balanaglossi lies the burden of responsibility for hindrance in spiritual progress. What we want is vertebrate Christianity.

Badbie, the tailor, is an illustration of backbone. Some of us need the spirit of Badbie the tailor to be breathed into us.

There is need of conviction, whole-heartedness, whole-souledness, whole-mindedness. The latter is to be borne in mind as well as the first two.

“The easy belief, the easy disbelief, the easy acquiescence in suspense between belief and disbelief, ought to cause Christians more disquiet than the growing force of well-weighed hostility.” (Dr. Hort.)

The surest way to wake the power of truth is to encourage the strenuous confronting of it with personal life and knowledge.

NOT PEACE BUT A SWORD.

MATTHEW X. 32-39.

A CHRISTMAS ADDRESS, 1903.

It was my misfortune upon one occasion to hear a country clergyman argue upon the basis of the text "Think not that I came to send peace on the earth; I came not to send peace but a sword," that the crushing military armament of modern Europe was in accord with the teaching of the Gospel.

George Fox's "pure opening," as he calls it, in the memorable year of 1649 when he saw "in the Light and Spirit which was before the Scriptures were given forth, that all must come to that Spirit if they would know God, or Christ or the Scriptures aright; which they that gave them forth were led by," has surely a pointed application in this instance.

It is all the answer necessary to such an obvious travesty of the meaning of Christ. Not only the sense of the whole passage from which the text is extracted, but the whole weight of New Testament teaching are as much against our worthy clergyman, as the last was against the eighteenth century slave-holders, who drew their defensive texts from the armoury of Scripture.

This week is Christmas week, when a Child was born, hailed with the angel song of "Peace on earth," and all who preach in church or chapel are invited to make "Peace," the subject of sermons or addresses.

We therefore make "Peace" our subject to-night, but with a distinction.

I need not repeat that our quoted text does not justify the military spirit, or that we cannot build upon it a conscript Europe.

Nor is it necessary in this company to assert that the teaching of the New Testament, accepted faithfully, makes war impossible, and that, as popularly understood, war has no place in the kingdom of God.

There is an interesting passage in a letter by John Bright, written in 1883, the cautious conclusion of which, were we even to judge war by the average contemporary standard, would I imagine claim our unanimous assent. It runs as follows :—

“ I have not done much to promote arbitration rather than war ; *it is advisable*, but many cases do not admit of arbitration ; they arise from delusion on the part of a people, or ambition of rulers ; what we want is more of a moral sense, and of a knowledge that war is rarely, perhaps never, worth what it costs.”

To this we may add the following extract from the same letter :—

“ Arbitration could do nothing in the American war or in the French and German war, or in our wicked Crimean war. What we want is *more knowledge* among the people, *a higher morality*, and a just sense of the enormous guilt of the slaughter of men.”

I might, this evening, devote myself to expounding the advantages of arbitration. I refrain, not because I doubt the advantages, or the great future that lies before the Hague tribunal, but because the weakness of this advocacy lies just in this, that it too often ignores the spiritual states of the people concerned.

This is evidently John Bright's view. We should make a great mistake in supposing that he did not support arbitration, but he evidently feels in the letter I have quoted that as George Fox saw 250 years ago, the root of the problem goes deep. It is this : How to live as individuals and there-

fore as nations "in the virtue of that Life and Power that took away *the occasion* of all wars."

Arbitration, in short, must be the fruit of national morality—it cannot be its substitute.

If, as I believe, we are agreed as to the wasteful inutility, and the moral evil, not only of war, but of militarism, we may feel free to regard the question of Peace in this light, and if so, we shall find that it is at once widened in scope.

More than this, it becomes at once a *personal* and a *religious question*.

Let us treat it as such, and return to our text. "Think not that I came to send peace on the earth: I came not to send peace but a sword."

Here is an initial difficulty. Surely Christ came to find a larger home for the Divine love in the hearts of men. What then does this mean? We talk of peace, but our extract is from a sermon of the *sword*, and it is followed by a sermon of the *cross*. Strife and suffering, bitterness and shame, are these peace? But the explanation of the passage is simple enough.

It occurs in the commission to the twelve. "Behold," says Jesus, "I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves." He is speaking to men of Eastern thought and habit, men of the climate and akin to those for whom Mohammed drew in vivid colours the allurements of a sensuous paradise, men for whom peace meant a long siesta under the shade of a fig-tree or on the cool divan; the sparkling sherbet and the seductive movements of the dancing girls. He is nerving them for a stern enterprise, an enterprise that will lead some to torture and to violent death.

And in sounding the sterner note, Jesus is passing on a genuine Jewish watchword. Through death to life, through sacrifice to glory. The condemners of Herod's Golden Eagle, the Zealot of the last war, the martyrs of the Book of Maccabees—these knew the meaning of the words, they had died with

the same heroism and the same faith as the poor Dervishes who perished in heaps at Omdurman.

But this was a different battle, fought with different weapons.

“Get you no silver, nor gold, nor brass in your purses, nor wallet for your journey. It was said, ‘An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,’ but I say unto you, resist not him that is evil, but whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. Love your enemies, pray for them that persecute you.

“They will deliver you up to the councils and in their synagogues they will scourge you, yea and before governors and kings shall ye be brought for my sake for a testimony to them and to the Gentiles.

“And ye shall be hated of all men for my name’s sake, but he that endureth to the end the same shall be saved.

“Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.”

No, Jesus came bringing not peace but a sword, but he does not deny peace as the ultimate issue of the strife. Only there must be no illusion, and so we have this strong, emphatic speech. The journey he is taking his followers cannot be easy, for the road to travel is the road to Calvary.

Jesus does not speak much to his disciples of his death, but with unwearying patience he prepares them for the truth, and seeks by building their faith upon the deepest foundation to strengthen them against the shock of the crucifixion, and against the scorn of a triumphant world.

But why must it be so, why not from the beginning a reign of peace?

“Every fruitful thing,” says Renan, enigmatically, “is rich in wars.”

The love of Jesus was pure, it was true, it was gentle. There rises against it the whole force of the world’s impurity and deceit, violent hatred and stubborn selfishness. These struggle fiercely as against an alien invasion. They nail

Jesus upon the cross. In the strictest sense it is not Jesus that brings the sword—rather it is the sword that is turned against him. He is the occasion. Purity must expel impurity, love must drive out selfishness and hate, the heaven-spirit must slay the world-spirit.

And so as with a sword, Jesus must divide households. "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." Nothing goes so deep into the human heart as the love or hate of Christ and God. The Divine love must pierce to the centre. It may radiate through human love, the love of man for wife, of mother for child, but it cannot give way to them. It must dominate and purify all the loves of earth, and make them one in itself, or there is no Kingdom of God.

But as we saw, there is not only a sword-sermon, but a cross-sermon.

"And he that doth not take his cross and follow after me is not worthy of me."

"Christ's Cross," says William Penn, "is Christ's way to Christ's crown."

Think what that means. To be one with Christ is to be one in spirit with him, to see sin as he sees it, to feel love and pain as he feels them for the same objects.

It is this thought that leads us into the secret of the Cross. Jesus, it is said, has by one sacrifice perfected for ever them that are being sanctified—and perfection is peace. Nor is this an external process, a single event in history, accomplished outside our own volition once and for all time. It is no magic cloak of imputed righteousness flung over us to hide our sins. It is a continual process, an inward and psychological process, something to which we consent by self-surrender, something we feel in the growth of a will and character freed and purified from the bondage and taint of self-love. The sacrifice of Christ has this efficacy, that if we make it ours in spirit, if we take up the Cross and follow him through the street thronged with scorners, to the place of the skull

where stand the enemies of our soul, we shall know what it is to be with him in Paradise, we shall learn that the power of the cross is a power that redeems us from all the great or petty thraldoms of life, and brings us into the possession of all spiritual truth and the enjoyment of an enduring peace.

Have you not observed how again and again Jesus demands allegiance to *himself*, how he identifies himself with the Father. He is teaching throughout in parable and direct exhortation, the doctrine of the Kingdom. But it is a Kingdom of spiritual identity, of the soul's affinity with God. "And the glory which thou hast given me I have given unto them, that they may be one, even as we are one; I in them and thou in me, that they may be perfected into one."

"For ye died," says Paul, "and your life is hid with Christ in God."

That is the meaning of the Gospel, that is the death of the Cross; that is the Way, that is the Truth, that is the Life, that is the place and the purpose of Jesus Christ in the world's history and in man's experience, that is the teaching which destroys war and exalts brotherhood, which puts to shame the puny strutting of racial pride, and the vain glory of broad acres or much gold.

And that is the teaching which Christianity has yet failed to accept, for faith is still half-hearted, the world is too real and its transient glories too precious to the earth-tainted soul.

Sin, hate, impurity, ugliness in the characters of men and in the conditions of their life, the inward poverty of the wealthy and the outward brutishness of the poor,—do we see these things as Christ sees them? Do we feel the pain that his love endures for them?

No; and yet that is the suffering of the Cross. It is the sharp sword of the world in the heart of him Who so loved it that he gave his life for it.

"And he that doth not take up his cross and follow after me is not worthy of me." He shall never know God's peace

because he will not learn God's way of peace. "My peace I give unto you : not as the world giveth give I unto you." No, not as the world giveth. Not the peace of riches, worldly honour, fame, not the peace of sloth, that of Belial who

"with words clothed in Reason's garb
Counselled ignoble ease and peaceful sloth,
Not peace,"

but,—strange paradox!—the peace of the sword and of the cross, the peace of strenuous service, and of suffering.

Is there indeed ever such peace ?

Let history tell us. Let us take out of a multitude the single witness of James Parnell.

He was born at Retford in 1636 or 1637. In 1653 he visited George Fox in Carlisle Jail, and Fox records in his Journal that "J. Parnell, a little lad of about sixteen years of age, came to see me and was convinced. The Lord quickly made him a powerful minister of the word of life and many were turned to Christ by him."

He was early drawn to Cambridge, and being deeply impressed with the corruption of justice and the hypocrisy and emptiness of the pulpit, he published two papers, one to ministers and one to magistrates. He was a lad of sweet, loving spirit, but faithful in dealing with hypocrisy and cant. Unreal profession "struck at his life" to use Fox's eloquent phrase, and while his papers abound in expressions of Christian love, there is no evasion or indirectness in dealing with the matter in hand.

"And all you self-righteous professors who live in the fashions and customs of the world, delighting in the pleasures and vanities of the world, and having fellowship with it, whose conversation is with the children of the world ; all in one generation, cleansing only the outside of the cup, whilst the inside is full of lust and filthiness, pride, covetousness and all uncleanness, whited walls and painted sepulchres are ye who deceive the carnal eye and ears—but the Lord searcheth the heart."

This utterance, which I quote as an example of Parnell's fearless denunciation, is almost reminiscent of the Hebrew prophets. Did not the occasion warrant strong speech, and were it not for the warm love behind the words we could not justify them, but we cannot in any case wonder that the "self-righteous professors" raged exceedingly. Parnell was haled before a jury, but the jury would not condemn, and disappointed malice sent Parnell out of Cambridge under an armed escort, and with a "pass under the name of a rogue."

The spirit of this young prophet was, however, far from vindictive. On one occasion, coming out of what the Friends then called "a steeple house," a man struck him on the head with a bludgeon, exclaiming, "There, take that for Jesus Christ's sake." The little lad, for Parnell was small of stature, as he staggered in pain under the cruel blow, returned this answer: "Friend, I do receive it for Jesus Christ's sake."

At last his enemies were able to seize him. Parnell was taken to Chelmsford, twenty-two miles from Colchester, on foot, hooked with six felons to a chain. His trial was marked by gross injustice to the prisoner, and the mittimus being false, Parnell wrote a paper pointing out its errors. The Jury were loath to convict, but the Judge extracted a verdict, and imposed a fine of £40 for this criticism, which he styled "contempt of the magistracy." Being innocent, the lad refused to pay, and he was flung into Colchester gaol, from which he writes, "So then they brought me back to prison again, where I still remain in the peace and freedom of my spirit, which none can take away, though my body be in the hands of my enemies."

"The peace and freedom of my spirit which none can take away." They did not take it away, but this they did. They subjected him, meek and unresisting, to all the torture that a bitter spirit under the restraint of the law could invent. The jailer's wife often swore "she would have his blood, or he should have hers." "Woman, I will have not thine," replied Parnell. He was placed in a vaulted hole, in the wall,

twelve feet from the ground, so small that he could hardly lie down in it. The ladder by which he had to get up was six feet short of the needful height, and he had to climb into his cell by a knotted rope. He had to ascend and descend for everything he wanted. The gaoler refused him a basket by which to haul up his food. The exposed cell had no fire, it was wet and cold. Through a long, severe winter, Parnell had no protection, and became so stiff that he could scarcely crawl. One day, missing his hold, he fell twelve feet from the rope and lay as dead. He was dragged into a lower and smaller hole, forbidden exercise and fresh air, except on one cold night, when the gaoler compelled him to sleep in an open courtyard. This proved too much for the wasted body. At barely nineteen years of age, Parnell died, peaceful and loving to the last.

While thus enduring hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, he wrote to those to whom he had ministered:—
 “ I charge you all, in the name of the God of truth, be faithful, valiant and bold for the Truth received, and as you have received it so walk in it, that you may profess no more in *word* than in *life* your zeal. . . and be willing that self shall suffer for the Truth and not the Truth for self (for the Truth was ever sealed with persecution since Cain’s generation had a being upon earth) and so own the cross and despise the shame . . . all you who would follow the Lamb to the land of rest . . . for God is not known what a God He is till the time of trial.”

“ And so in the unchangeable Truth I rest, in unity with all the faithful, in the glorious liberty of the sons of God, though in outward bonds for your sake.”

This brief sketch effectively illustrates the two sermons I have quoted from Matthew.

Love in its conflict brings out hate, the way of peace is the way of the Cross.

What was new in the teaching of the Quakers among whom Parnell is numbered, is not so much its doctrine as the fidelity

of its application, and it was more than anything else the appeal, variously expressed, for sincerity in religion and in life, that provoked the fiercest persecution.

Here is the individual question that lies at the root of the national. Peace between nations means peace between individuals, peace at home, peace in the heart ; it means the testimony to the Divine love, " not in words," but in the life by which you " seal them."

Of course, it would be absurd to slacken public effort on behalf of arbitration, on behalf, that is, of an appeal to reason rather than to blind force. Just in so far as we apprehend the true nature of the kingdom of God we are bound to make such effort, and I believe that civilisation is ripe for a much nearer approach to disarmament than is generally imagined. But the foundation of all international peace, it must be repeated, is in character.

How far are we, *as individuals*, really living " in the virtue of that life and power that took away the occasion of all wars " ?

Take up a book like William Law's " Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life," and if there be in us any overweening self-satisfaction, we shall there learn what hidden imperfection lurks behind our fair outward showing. I cannot quote as I would from this book, which deserves to be much more widely read than it is. It is full of searching criticism and covers a variety of experience. I extract two passages before drawing to a conclusion.

He is satirising a type only too common in our day, " Negotius is a temperate, honest man. He served his time under a master of great trade, but has, by his own management, made it a more considerable business than ever it was before. For thirty years past he has wrote fifty or sixty letters in a week and is busy in corresponding with all parts of Europe. The general good of trade seems to Negotius to be the general good of life ; whomsoever he admires, whatever he commends or condemns, either in church or state, is

admired, commended or condemned with some regard to trade. As money is continually pouring in upon him, so he often lets it go in various kinds of expense and generosity, and sometimes in ways of charity. Negotius is always ready to join in any public contribution. If a *purse* is making at any place where he happens to be, whether it be to buy a plate for a horse-race, or to redeem a prisoner out of gaol, you are always sure of having something from him.

“ He has given a fine ring of bells to a church in the country ; and there is much expectation that he will sometime or other make a more beautiful front to the market house than has yet been seen in any place.

“ If you ask what it is that has secured Negotius from all scandalous vices, it is the same thing that has kept him from all strictness of devotion, his great business. He has always had too many important things in his head to suffer him to fall, either into any courses of rakery, or to feel the necessity of an inward, solid piety. If Negotius was asked, What is it which he drives at in life ? he would be as much at a loss for an answer as if he were asked what any other person is thinking of. For though he always seems to himself to know what he is doing and has many things in his head which are the motives of his actions, yet he cannot tell you of any one general end of life that he has chosen with deliberation as being truly worthy of all his labour and pains. He has several confused notions in his head, such as this : That it is something great to have more business than other people. A thing that seems to give Negotius the greatest life and spirit is an expectation that he shall die richer than any of his business ever did. The generality of people when they think of happiness think upon Negotius, in whose life every instance of happiness is supposed to meet ; sober, prudent, rich, prosperous, generous and charitable.”

Here we have him, the patron of church or chapel, the ideal Parliamentary candidate, the honoured public man. How quietly William Law disrobes him ! But how terrible

is his nakedness. Yet we feel, as we read, an uneasy consciousness that it is not some one else we may be thinking of, but our very self that Law is seeking to uncover. Has the spirit of *Negotius* a lodgment, even ever so little, in our own heart? Perhaps not, but be sure that international brotherhood will be no fruit of his labour, and that to meet him we have travelled far in spirit from the prisoner of Colchester Castle.

In another chapter Law emphasises the inevitable conflict between the spirit of Christianity and of the world, and he adds, "Christians had nothing to fear from the heathen world but the loss of their lives; but the world become a friend makes it difficult for them to save their religion."

This is really the peculiar peril of our modern life. It is so easy to pose as religious in the garb and attitude of *Negotius*. But the cross of *Negotius* is not the cross of Christ. It has no weight, it is hollow, if you tap it it gives out an empty sound like a cask. It is meant for *show*, not for *salvation*.

Taine, in his history of English Literature, says of the religious disputants of the seventeenth century:—

"They differed because they believed." Though much of their jargon was barren this is true. To-day we agree because we have not faith sufficient to differ.

But "I came not to bring peace but a sword." The way of the cross is the way of separation. There will be no international peace without individual faithfulness; no progress without suffering bravely borne. We love to be thought broad, because we have no courage to be narrow, and we call sloth peace because we are afraid of conflict. If this be true, then we have this lesson to learn, namely, that the deepest love is the most faithful, and the challenge that springs not from a vindictive temper or a spirit of bickering and discord, but from a heart charged with the Passion of God, this and this only, can shake the world. It is for want of this challenge that the churches sleep, for want of this faithfulness that the world grows old in sin. "And he that does not take his cross and follow me is not worthy of me."

GAMBLING.

Isaiah lxx. 11-15; Mark viii. 34-38.

THE PLACE OF ENGLAND AMONG THE NATIONS.

Isaiah lxx. 11. "Ye that forsake the Lord, that forget my holy mountain, that prepare a table for fortune and fill up mingled wine unto destiny, I will destine you to the sword."

It is necessary to get the right meaning to a word. (The Bishop and the Cords.) This is an obscure verse, which has puzzled the ablest expositors. Most of them have agreed in general principle. The prominent words are "Fortune" and "Destiny." The Hebrew terms for these were Gad and Meni, two heathen deities. "Those who forsake Jehovah and prepare a table for Gad and mingled wine for Meni are destined to the sword."

Jerome says that in all cities (4th century), especially in Alexandria and Egypt generally, it was the custom to set tables and prepare mingled wine for the gods on the last day of the month.

These gods were Fortune and Fate, and Isaiah makes Jehovah speak to the Jews reproving them for following this heathen practice. Gambling was nothing but worship of *Good* and *Bad Luck*.

Hogmanay (a feast still kept up in Scotland on the last day of the year) can be traced to a Chaldean word meaning "destiny." Good fare and strong drink are provided, and the guests are wished "good luck for the coming year." This

is applicable to-day. There are plenty who desert Jehovah and spread tables to the gods of Good and Bad Luck—Gad and Meni.

Once a certain working-man, a joiner by trade, was being put to death for being too original a thinker and for "agitating," and while he was in his death-agonies, the military present tore off his clothes and tossed up for them.

A good many years ago, not so many as the joiner's death,—the Prince of Wales lay dangerously ill at Sandringham,—heavy stakes were laid on the issue. When President Garfield was given up by doctors large sums were betted, even pools being sold in Chicago on the event.

It is wonderfully persistent, this worship of Gad and Meni. The Chinese gambled before Europe was civilised, Ancient Hindoo laws denounce the practice. Aristotle the Greek, classes the gambler with the thief. The Emperor Justinian forbade it.

But now the foremost country of civilisation is covered with worshippers of God and Meni—they have larger and more devoted congregations than Christ.

To put it mildly, more than half the Stock Exchange business is pure gambling. Burmah Ruby, Baring, Hansard Union, Murietta failure, Liberator Building are a few graphic results and instances.

Gambling shows itself in many forms, but in none so plainly as horse-racing. Newspapers of all kinds, not only the fifty odd sporting papers; many tobacconists' and barbers' shops, etc., are all agencies for the propagation of the dogma of Gad and Meni worship. Belgravia, Whitechapel, the mining village and the agricultural farm, all alike.

Where shall we seek results: York Castle. Leeds Police Superintendent says that gambling is the chief cause of crime in Leeds. He knew women who kept books for children (i.e. bets) and made a living out of them.

The Chaplain of Stafford Gaol says: "We are able to fill one of the spacious corridors in Stafford Prison with young

men of the clerk and accountant class, sixteen to twenty-three years of age, with salaries from £40 to £70, and who, according to their own statements are victims of betting and gambling. Here is a list of a few cases in one jail alone :—

1. Age 32, commercial clerk ; forgery through betting debts.
2. Age 25, railway clerk, robbed the Company through a money difficulty brought on by meeting book-maker in pub.
3. Educated business man ; fraud ; penal servitude ; betting the cause.
4. Butcher, age 28, embezzlement, betting.
5. Civil engineer, first class education, age 24, having lost employment through betting, took to street thieving.
6. Age 25, debts (betting) and attempted suicide.
7. Age 18, stole money from companion's pocket in public bath to pay betting debts. (Latter papers discovered in bedroom by his father.)
8. Age 17, clerk, stole £1 10s. to pay betting debts.
9. Age 24, embezzlement, betting debts.
10. Age 28, embezzlement of £500.
11. Age 28, baker, embezzlement, master's customers.
12. Age 27, clerk in furniture warehouse, stole carpets and practised fraud,—betting debts.
13. Butler 38, good position and wage ; embezzlement again ; debt.
14. Age 20, pupil teacher, Board School, ditto (to debts added by degrees from *little* bets).
15. Mason, theft for betting-debt payment, five children found nude ; clothes pawned to pay.

Colonel Howard Vincent says : “ Betting, after drink, is the most prolific source of crime, and the inspirer of countless embezzlements.”

The *Times* says : “ Horse-racing is an amusement to which is directly traceable more misery, more ruin, more

demoralisation than to any other pastime. It is unnecessary to insist on the manifold evils, the ruined homes, the broken hearts, the blackened characters, for which it is responsible. The curse of gambling, as Burns has said, is 'that it hardens all within and petrifies the feelings.' It is absolutely certain there has been an appalling increase in the facilities for betting and similar forms of speculation among the middle classes and working classes. A cheap press has brought the knowledge of sporting events to the homes of the humblest. Betting is no longer the exclusive appanage of aristocratic dissipation, it is the delight of shopmen and servants, it roars daily along Fleet Street with its unsavoury following of touts and roughs. It forms the favourite reading, morning and evening, of the clerks, on their way to and from the banks and counting houses of London and other great cities. It lies in wait for the schoolboy, almost as soon as he begins to feel an interest in athletic competitions; it entraps, we are assured, even women and children. It is a main element in the miserable stories of an immense number of embezzlements and frauds."

Here is a picture of modern England from its leading newspaper! How does all this affect the place of England among the nations? Let us see. A book much talked about is "Made in Germany." Its purport, broadly speaking, is twofold. After alleging the waning of British commerce the writer preaches two morals:—

(1) The necessity for practically recognising the superiority of the average German over the average Englishman.

(2) The necessity for protection. The second point is a stupid fallacy illustrated by the case of sugar. Describe the working of this. 9s. bounty; Sugar at 11s. 4d. Collapse of English colonies and most of English refineries. Apparently detrimental to England. In reality the reverse. Only Germans who benefit, the manufacturers. People pay 5d., 6d. and 7d. per lb. for sugar. We pay 1d., 1½d. and 2d.

But we are not concerned to discuss Protection on this occasion, the point I wish to give a moment's consideration to is English commerce—one aspect of her position among the nations. We frequently hear of England being driven out by German competition. Take a few instances. Needles to China in white and yellow packets : Hatchets for Peru with special hafts. Cotton goods and locomotives for Egypt. Baking apparatus for Argentine, etc. Cotton goods on East African Coast. Technical Education. Huddersfield Dye Works, and the forty chemists on research work at Elberfeld. Wolverhampton Iron-masters and men in Germany.

Not lower wages and cheaper railways, but better machinery and more intelligent work. Chemists employed, etc. German method of teaching cotton spinning. Five years in a model up-to-date factory with proper degrees and exams. Factory subsidised by Government. All this in spite of heavy military burden and forced conscription.

Reasons :—

(1) Drink in Germany unknown as we know it. Am a teetotaller here, but no need in Germany.

(2) Horse-racing, etc., unknown on the scale that we know it. People more sober, industrious.

(3) Better education, both primary, secondary and mechanical. Young Germans, instead of giving themselves up to the study of Turf and *Sunday Chronicle*, master two or three foreign languages and foreign methods of business.

(4) Deficiencies of recent Education Bill.

Now, in what way is horse-racing connected with the place of England among the nations ?

Have endeavoured to show that it is enormously increasing in its influence through means of press, telegraph, tape, post office, and betting conveniences too numerous to name.

Lord Beaconsfield called the Turf a vast engine of demoralisation, and this shows itself physically, mentally, and morally.

(1) The ignorance of betting men, their one idea is the turf—all else is of no interest. Men of one idea. The Bishop, the Sporting man, and Nebuchadnezzar.

(2) The selfishness of betting men, due to root of passion being the craving to get money without working for it, and the fact that it can only be got at the expense of another who gets nothing in return ; a home for the passions. Anything for a gamble. The story of the Huddersfield gambling gang, and the rd. down the grate. Religion may go to the devil, and it has been said of Paris, “ If God died to-morrow he wouldn't be missed there.” This is true of the betting world.

(3) Self-indulgence in one thing leads to self-indulgence all round. Drink and vice and wretched conditions go hand in hand with this vice of gambling. How are we going to compete with the world if our men are reared in such a school ?

Decadence of Rome.—The same passions roused to-day. Danger, unless we take care of a terrible *débauché*. Great nations have fallen before, and the facts are inexorably against gambling. “ Ye that forsake the Lord, etc., I will destine you to the sword.”

Our callousness *re* Armenia, our selfishness in South Africa, are not disconnected with this evil. Is gold to be our ideal ? “ For what shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and forfeit his life ? ”

“And all the gold that is beneath the moon,
Or ever was, of all these wearied souls
For even *one* could never buy repose.”—DANTE.

What we want is not a betting England, but a better England. Oliver Cromwell's England and the Piedmontese. The terror of England's name, standing for righteousness.

Again : We look to a rising democracy—a Merrie England of real social equality—where the only title to respect will be not the possession of wealth for which no toil has to be given, or a name which is the mere accident of birth, but the intrinsic merit of the man himself.

Is it to the democracy that meet in the betting ring of Knavesmire next week—that ignoble, selfish crew, whose only worship is the worship of gold, Meni and Gad, that we are to hand the reins of power ?

England is made up of individuals. Individual faithfulness must be the root of all reform.

The weeds of the coal measures.

[NOTE.—The Huddersfield story (p. 137) was as follows. A member of the Adult School in his “wild days” was out of work. He set off on tramp, and eventually reached Wakefield with only 1d. in his pocket.

He was very hungry, and very thirsty, and could not decide whether to buy a teacake or a half pint of beer. He concluded to toss up,—heads for the bread, tails for the beer. The penny came down heads, and he was greatly disappointed. He then decided he would be guided by the result of two tosses out of three.

Result of toss 2 = tails for the beer.

Result of toss 3 = the penny rolled down a grate in the street. So “he’d now’t.”]

LOSING AND FINDING.

¹ John ii. 14 (second half) to 17; Joel ii. 28; Isaiah ix. 17; Matthew x. 36-39.

Wicksteed. Characteristic of age—*materialism*. Two-thirds private telegrams *gambling*. Due, first, to growth of wealth and means of pleasure. Secondly, to a temporary absence of sound and adequate social and political ideals. Thirdly, and most important, for it embraces the second, the temporary failure of the Christian Church to make an effective appeal, especially to young men.

I. *Growth of wealth and means of pleasure.*—Unique, no century like it. Do not yet see the end of the movement. Dangers of empire. Wealth without idealism a terrible curse. Does not fall only on rich. Pressure of great wealth, especially of irresponsible wealth, affects the whole social atmosphere, and taints the lives of those even with limited means. The bald fact is, that the Christian Church makes but the feeblest impress on our national life, and our youth are exposed to the temptations of a materialism, never more seductive, never more universal, than they are to-day.

Doubtless, apart from the direct counter-influence of religion, materialism must in the end breed its own reaction. Matthew Arnold has finely suggested the depth of that reaction in ancient Rome :—

“ On that hard Pagan world, disgust
And secret loathing fell,
Deep weariness and sated lust
Made human life a hell.

In his cool hall, with haggard eyes,
 The Roman noble lay ;
 He drove abroad in furious guise
 Along the Appian way.

He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,
 And crowned his hair with flowers ;
 No easier, nor no quicker, passed
 The impracticable hours."

In that fact, if not in the present attitude of the Christian churches, lies hope, and in that fact lies our opportunity.

If we have been swept off our feet, it may be that the water is already shallowing, and when we find bottom we must rescue others from the flood.

But who are they who in the 1900's are called to bring men to a soberer view of life, a sense of its solemn responsibilities, and the deeper meaning of things ?

To Israel, gone astray, Isaiah says, that the Lord shall have no joy in their young men. There was to be no future for her.

And so for us, if the Lord is to have no joy in our young men, there can be no future for our people, for naturally it is upon the young that the burden of future responsibility must inevitably fall.

But if we have recognised the strength and seductiveness of the temptations of modern life, we must also recognise that without social and political ideals vividly conceived, we shall lack the practical stimulus which is needed, if we are to counteract the false and delusive teaching which so often passes current for philosophy. Here at once we put our finger upon a great weakness. Our young men do not think. They borrow their thoughts from the newspapers, their life is lived in such a hurry that there is no time for the precious art of meditation.

The question the young man needs to stop and consider, is not " How did I get here ? " but " What am I here for ? "

That was the question Tolstoi asked himself. It soon led him deep into the practical problems of life, and though

we may not agree with all his teaching, whether ethical or economical, we all owe to him a debt, for he shook the hypocrisy of churches which lived on compromise.

We want men of the spirit of Tolstoi, for we want prophets, young men who see visions, and who do not live merely for the things of sense.

In this connection the importance of sound intelligent reading ; history, literature, political economy, philosophy. Neither great means nor great libraries necessary. "In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give, to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am. No matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my dwelling. If the sacred writers will enter, and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the 'best society' in the place where I live." (Channing).

But underlying this need, there is a greater—a need which serves to mark the failure of the church, and should stir it to greater effort—the need of spiritual life, of a spiritual ideal, which shall embrace the social, and which shall answer the question put to Tolstoi. It takes a soul to move a body. It takes the ideal to blow an inch aside the dust of the actual.

Three great conditions face us : direct opposition to religious life, sheer indifference, and the negation of doubt.

In all these facts we have come to the individual question which needs to be dealt with individually. Whatever be the

social conditions of modern life, here the individual is concerned, and must decide. In both cases there is want of vision. In the first two the question is that of the attitude of the soul. In the third, it is primarily a question of defective spiritual vision.

In the first two there is nothing exceptional to any age, the third was specially prevalent during the latter decades of the late century.

Take the third last. Two kinds of doubt : (1) Sincere doubt. (2) "Fashionable" doubt.

Fashionable doubt is widely prevalent, and draws its strength from two sources :—(1) Mental arrogance ("Christianity played out," etc). (2) Spiritual indolence. (Desire to shirk responsibility). But sincere doubt, while it may be taken as a hopeful symptom of budding faith, has its perils. It is prevalent to-day because of transition—ideas are in the melting pot, but we must not leave them there.

If there has been over-definition, there is on the contrary no power in nebulous hypothesis. If there were, then the New Testament need not have been written.

There is undoubtedly an antipathy to definition, sincere, not indolent. It has in it a ground of excuse, but is generally carried much too far. One thing the age needs is the living consciousness of God through Jesus Christ.

The incarnation of God in Christ must again take shape as a living idea, and must be experienced as a vital, indwelling power. The reassertion and the renewed expression of the incarnation must be the great work of the coming decades, if we are to stem the tide of materialism.

Tennyson is often quoted where he says :—

"Cling ever to the sunnier side of doubt,
 And cling to faith beyond the forms of faith ;
 She sees the Best that glimmers through the Worst,
 She spies the summer through the winter bud,
 She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls,
 She hears the lark within the songless egg,
 She finds the fountain where they wailed ' mirage.' "

But do not let us lay all the emphasis upon the first line, for that surely is not the fulness of our message to the age.

We have I hope forever abandoned the belief that all doubt is sin, but so much has been said in praise of doubt that now it almost takes rank as a virtue. No, we need faith "that finds the fountain where they wailed 'mirage.'" Faith in God, faith in His power to reveal His character and will, faith in His purpose for the human race, and faith in the sons of men.

(Danger of thinking that broad thought is all that is necessary).

We have still to deal with indifference and antagonism to religious life.

Here is the old problem of life—the war between flesh and spirit. No feature of this strife is new. Still men dread the blame or seek the praise of their fellows. Still they indulge their selfishness and their appetites, in petty meanness or in secret sin.

Like Augustine, we need to yield to the divine will. We know better than we do. (Young man with riches. The application by no means only to wealth).

"He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

Self-sacrifice. Lammenais, Mazzini.

SELFISHNESS.

I had thought that we might this morning have selected our passages in the Bible with a special view to the consideration of Selfishness.

If you will turn to the 22nd chapter of Numbers, you will there find an illustration which may serve for the keynote of our lesson. The story given here is the story of Balaam and his ass—a story well known, I imagine, to everyone. We will not read it through, but will confine ourselves to the more important passages of the narrative.

The 22nd chapter opens with the account of the Israelite encampment under Moses on the plains of Moab, and tells us how Balak the Moabite king, taking fright at this event, sends for Balaam the prophet, that he may curse these enemies of his, who have come up in such numbers out of Egypt.

Now, in reading this narrative, I want you to bear in mind that the two besetting sins that afflicted Balaam were ambition and avarice—ambition, making his gifts subservient to admiration of himself, and avarice, transforming his gifts into mere instruments for accumulating wealth. We shall see how his conscience is gradually perverted by insincerity, till his mind becomes the place of hideous contradictions, and even God Himself becomes a lie to him, and with his heart disordered, he finds himself so entangled in a false course that to go back is impossible.

(Read Numbers xxii. 1-12).

It is in the second appeal to God that Balaam reveals his hollowness of heart. He wanted to go to Balak, and yet not

to offend God ; he wanted to get his duty altered, not to learn what his duty was. To quote from F. W. Robertson :

“ In worldly matters, ‘ think twice,’ but in duty, it has been well said, ‘ first thoughts are best ’ ; they are more fresh, more pure, have more of God in them. There is nothing like the first glance we get at duty, before there has been any special pleading of our affections or inclinations. Duty is never uncertain at first. It is only after we have got involved in the mazes and sophistries of wishing that things were otherwise than they are, that it seems indistinct. Considering a duty is often only explaining it away. Deliberation is often only dishonesty. God’s guidance is plain, when we are true.”

(Read verses 22 and 23).

We all know the remainder of this story—how the ass refused to move in the narrow way which was hemmed in on both sides by walls, and how Balaam’s anger rose against the ass so that he struck it three times, and how the cause of the ass’s obstinacy was revealed to him in the end.

Whether we treat this story as a narrative of fact, or whether we treat it as a parable or vision, matters nothing,—the lesson is the same. The anger Balaam felt was but the outward expression of the loss of equanimity within ; he knew he was angry, and he did what men so entangled always do. “ The real fault is in themselves. They have committed themselves to a false position, and when obstacles stand in their way they lay the blame on circumstances. They smite the dumb, innocent occasion of their perplexity, as if it were the cause. And the passionateness, the ‘ madness ’ of the act is but an indication that all is going wrong within.”

In the 22nd verse we read that God’s anger was kindled because he went, though in the 20th verse permission had been given to go, and in the 34th and 35th verses we read as follows :—“ And Balaam said unto the angel of the Lord, I have sinned ; for I knew not that thou stoodest in the way against me : now therefore, if it displease thee, I will get me back again.

“ And the angel of the Lord said unto Balaam, Go with the men ; but only the word that I shall speak unto thee, that thou shalt speak. So Balaam went with the princes of Balak.”

These verses, though apparently contradictory, are not difficult to understand. Balaam was struggling against what he knew to be the will of God. He wanted to go to Balak and permission is given—yet the acceptance of that permission kindles God’s anger. It was the selfishness of the act of acceptance that is the explanation of this seeming want of coherency. God said “ Go,” and then was angry. He was sending Balaam to reap the fruit of his own wilfulness.

In the 34th and 35th verses Balaam offers to go back, the angel says “ Go on.” It was too late.

“ In the ardour of youth you have made perhaps a wrong choice, or chosen an unfit profession, or suffered yourself weakly and passively to be drifted into a false course of action, and now, in spite of yourself, you feel there is no going back. To many minds such a lot comes as with the mysterious force of a destiny. They see themselves driven, and forget that they put themselves in the way of the stream that drives them. They excuse their own acts as if they were coerced. They struggle now and then faintly, as Balaam did—try to go back, cannot—and at last sink passively in the mighty current that floats them on to wrong.

“ And thenceforth to them all God’s intimations will come *unnaturally*. His voice will sound as that of an angel against them in the way. Spectral lights will gleam, only to show a quagmire from which there is no path of extrication. The heavenliest things and the meanest will forbid the madness of the prophet ; and yet, at the same time, seem to say to the weak and vacillating self-seeker, ‘ You have done wrong, and you must do more wrong.’ Then deepens down a hideous, unnatural, spectral state—the incubus as of a dream of hell, mixed with bitter reminiscences of heaven.”

(Read Numbers xxii., vv. 36-41 ; chap. xxiii. 1-9).

In the 11th verse we have Balak's expostulation, and then Balak makes the suggestion that Balaam should go to another eminence from whence he should only see a *part* of Israel, and asks him to curse them from thence, but the result is the same.

On Balaam's return, we have the following reply (read verses 18-24). Finally one more effort is made. In the 27th verse we read that "Balak said unto Balaam, Come, I pray thee, I will bring thee unto another place; peradventure it will please God that thou mayest curse me them from thence."

The altars are built once more, and once more the sacrifices are made, but Balaam cannot bribe his God to consent to a curse, and roused Balak's anger so, that he smote his hands together, and in the 10th verse of the 24th chapter we read that Balak said unto Balaam, "I called thee to curse mine enemies, and behold thou hast altogether blest them these three times."

Balaam has tried his enchantments—his sacrifices—to change the immutable will of God. He did not want to deceive Balak by pretending to curse Israel, he wanted his God to consent to his curse, but wherever he went he felt that Israel was blessed. He goes, as we read in the 13th verse, to a place where he shall not see all of Israel, and in the first verse of the 24th chapter we read how that as in spite of that it pleased God to bless Israel, he went not as at other times to seek for enchantments, but set his face towards the wilderness.

It was no good. He was trying to deceive himself that he might honestly deceive Balak; he will only speak the thing he feels, but is not careful to feel all that is true, going from hill to hill for the chance of getting to a place where the truth may disappear. There stands the fact—Israel is blessed; and he will look at the fact in every way to see if he cannot get in into a position where it shall be seen no longer.

"Such a character is not so uncommon as, perhaps, we think. There is many a lucrative business which involves misery and wrong to those who are employed in it. The

man would be too benevolent to put the gold in his purse if he knew of the misery. But he takes care not to know. There is many a dishonourable thing done at an election, and the principal takes care not to inquire. Many an oppression is exercised on a tenantry, and the landlord receives his rent, and asks no questions. Or there is some situation which depends upon the holding of certain religious opinions, and the candidate has a suspicion that if he were to examine, he could not conscientiously profess these opinions, and perchance he takes care not to examine."

Balaam cannot reverse God's will. He feels that God has not beheld iniquity in Jacob nor perverseness in Israel, and will not therefore curse. He tries one more move. God will not curse the good, therefore he tries to make the good wicked. That is the lowest depth that his selfishness drags him to. In the 15th and 16th verses of the 31st of Numbers, we find that he recommended Balak to use the fascination of the Moabite women to entice the Israelites into idolatry. Here was a man of delicate conscientiousness and unconquerable scruples, straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel.

"There are men who would not play false, and yet would willingly win. There are men who would not lie, and yet who would bribe a poor man to support a cause which he believes in his soul to be false. There are men who would resent at the sword's point the charge of dishonour, who would yet for selfish gratification entice the weak into sin, and damn body and soul in hell. There are men who would be shocked at being called traitors, who, in time of war, will yet make a fortune by selling arms to their country's foes. There are men, respectable and respected, who give liberally and support religious societies, and go to church, and would not take God's name in vain, who have made wealth, in some trade of opium or spirits, out of the wreck of innumerable human lives."

What is the sequel to this career, blighted by selfish

love of fame and wealth, may be read in the 6th, 7th and 8th verses of the 31st chapter. One thing to be noticed in the conduct of Balaam are these repeated attempts to change the Eternal Mind. Balaam has yet to learn—and every man who allows selfishness to lead him into difficulties has also to learn—that God *cannot* change. What Balaam thought was that God would not change, but there is a difference between *will* not and *cannot*. There are many who say this is right because God wills it. But that is not the right way to put it. It is *because* it is *right* that God wills it. Unless you say that, you make it possible for God to reverse evil and good. If right is right because God wills it, then if God chose to He could make injustice and lying and cruelty to be right.

To quote from Robertson again :—

“ It is a common thought that Might makes Right, but for us there is no rest, no rock, no sure footing, so long as we feel right and wrong are matters of will and decree. There is no safety then, from these hankering feelings and wishes to alter God’s decree. You are unsafe until you feel, ‘ Heaven and earth may pass away, but God’s word cannot pass away.’ ”

Will you please read verses 1-5 of 2 Timothy, chap. iii., and then Philipians ii. 4-21.

In the 21st verse we have a very good definition of selfishness. “ For all seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ’s.”

Selfishness is self-love, and to a large extent takes the form of satisfying our natural appetites.

Baxter has said, and I think truly, “ That though selfishness hath defiled the whole man, yet sensual pleasure is the chief part of its interest, and therefore, by the sense it commonly works ; and these are the doors and the windows by which iniquity entereth into the soul.”

There are two natures in us—the one spiritual, the other animal—and the satisfaction of our animal instincts, for the mere sake of satisfaction, is selfishness—while the fostering of our spiritual nature is the reverse.

Selfishness, therefore is a term synonymous with spiritual death,—it is a disease the germs of which exist in every one of us, and which, if allowed to grow, will choke out the life, and leave us spiritually dead. It was no doubt with a dread of this spiritual death that Paul wrote the 12th verse :—
“ Wherefore, my beloved, as he have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.”

There is a book by Henry Drummond, which no doubt some of you have read, entitled “ Natural Law in the Spiritual World.” It is a book written with a freshness that renders it anything but heavy or dull reading, and not at all open to the complaint so often made of theological works that they are so cut and dried.

Drummond tries to show throughout his work that the laws of nature are the laws which govern also in the spiritual world, and that as physical sins—sins of the flesh—meet with unfailing punishment, so also moral sins meet with unfailing punishment in the spiritual world.

He deals with sins of omission as well as commission, and points out that those who have spiritual faculties given them, and who neglect them through selfishness, lose these very faculties in not using them, and degenerate, even as animals with physical faculties lose them from long disuse, and degenerate in the scale of physical life.

He points out how the world is divided into three kingdoms—the mineral, the vegetable and the animal,—the animal being at the top of the scale. He shows that as you descend in the scale you find the range of correspondence, as he calls it (in other words the power of seeing, touching, moving, among the things around you) contracts. In a mineral you have for instance, no power of growth—no power of movement,—no life. A step higher you have, in the vegetable kingdom, life, growth, and in a very limited area, the power of movement. In the animal kingdom again, you have fuller powers, and the higher you ascend the scale in the animal kingdom

the wider the range of correspondence, the greater the power of corresponding with the environment and surroundings becomes. Thus man can move at will from England to Australia, whereas the pebble on the footpath must remain where it is, and the creeping buttercup can at most crawl along its particular patch of grass.

He goes on to point out how what is natural for a man is supernatural for a plant, and what is natural for a plant is supernatural for a mineral, but that there is nevertheless a connection between the kingdoms. That plants draw their life from the mineral world, sucking up mineral nourishment in their stems and making the mineral form part of themselves, and that the same connection exists between the animal and plant world,—the higher life seizing upon the lower and drawing it up into itself. Having brought you to this point, Drummond shows you that a mineral must remain a mineral unless it is drawn up into the vegetable kingdom above it,—and that a plant must live and die a plant unless it in turn is absorbed in the animal kingdom above it,—and a man must live and die an animal unless he in his turn is absorbed into the spiritual kingdom which is above him,—that he must in short work out his own salvation with fear and trembling. That is the whole question of the battle of life. The plant can no more understand the environment of the animal—can have no more knowledge of the world which the animal sees with its own eyes or feels with his organs of touch—or of the sounds that it hears—than if it never existed. To the plant the music of the waves on the sea-shore is nothing—the grandeur of Alpine snows is nothing. It can neither see or hear. It has to be absorbed into the kingdom above it, before it can share the wider correspondence of the animal kingdom. So with man. He knows nothing of the spiritual kingdom, unless he allows himself to be caught up by the higher life and absorbed into itself. His natural kingdom is the animal kingdom—his natural instincts cling to his animal surroundings—he knows nothing of the higher kingdom

with its eternal life, its wider range of correspondence,—of correspondence with the kingdom of God, until God reaches down to him and lifts him up.

But there is a great power vested in man. Unlike the mineral, he has the choice as to whether he will remain where he is or allow himself to be drawn into the higher life. He has in short the power of the choice of good and evil. It rests with him as to whether he will rise or no. There are faculties given him by which he can cling to the divine influence and help himself up. He cannot do it alone. It is the higher power that will draw him up—it will not be his own strength, but that higher power will not draw him up unless there is effort on his part—the effort of clinging to the hand that is stretched out to him—the effort required to hold that hand fast enough while it is tugging at the roots of his animal nature that cling to the soil of earth. That effort is an essential factor in the process of evolution to a higher stage in the great kingdom of God. That effort is called self-denial—the roots which hold man down are called self-love.

If that effort is not made—if time is allowed to go by and no effort put forth—the very power of making that effort passes away, and the man becomes spiritually dead. He has sought his own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's, he has preferred the animal kingdom to the spiritual kingdom of God.

If we neglect our spiritual faculties, the law of nature is sure to apply with us in our spiritual life. I cannot do better than quote Drummond here :—

“ The true problem of the spiritual life may be said to be, do the opposite of Neglect. Whatever this is, do it, and you shall escape. It will just mean that you are so to cultivate the soul, that all its powers will open out to God, and in beholding God be drawn away from sin. The idea really is to develop among the ruins of the old, a new ‘ creature ’—a new creature which, while the old is suffering Degeneration from Neglect, is gradually to unfold, to escape

away and develop on spiritual lines to spiritual beauty and strength. And as our conception of spiritual being must be taken simply from natural being, our ideas of the lines along which the new religious nature is to run must be borrowed from the known lines of the old.

“There is, for example, a Sense of Sight in the religious nature. Neglect this, leave it undeveloped, and you never miss it. You simply see nothing. But develop it and you see God. And the line along which to develop it is known to us. Become pure in heart. The pure in heart shall see God. Here, then, is one opening for soul-culture—the avenue through purity of heart, to the spiritual seeing of God.

“Then there is the Sense of Sound. Neglect this, leave it undeveloped, and you never miss it. You simply hear nothing. Develop it, and you hear God. And the line along which to develop it is known to us. Obey Christ. Become one of Christ’s flock. ‘The sheep hear His voice, and He calleth them by name.’ Here, then, is another opportunity for the culture of the soul—a gateway through the Shepherd’s fold to hear the Shepherd’s voice.

“And there is a Sense of Touch to be acquired—such a sense as the woman had who touched the hem of Christ’s garment, that wonderful electric touch called faith, which moves the very heart of God.

“And there is a Sense of Taste—a spiritual hunger after God; a something within which tastes and sees that He is good. And there is the Talent for Inspiration. Neglect that, and all the scenery of the spiritual world is flat and frozen. But cultivate it, and it penetrates the whole soul with sacred fire, and illuminates creation with God. And, last of all, there is the great capacity for Love, even the love of God—the expanding capacity for feeling more and more its height and depth, its length and breadth. Till that is felt no man can really understand that word, ‘so great salvation,’ for what is its measure but the other ‘so’ of Christ. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son? Verily, how shall we escape if we neglect that?”

The great battle of our lives is to escape from self—to conquer self-love—selfishness,—and it is a hard battle for the best of us, be he high or low. It is a battle that has

constantly to be fought—which requires watchfulness in public as well as in private life. Many are the lives selfishness has blighted and embittered. Hardly a more melancholy example exists than the career that came to so tragical a close with the death of Charles Stuart Parnell. Those of you who have read that powerful memoir written by T. P. O'Connor cannot have failed to be impressed with the change that came over him in his latter years. It is not for me to enter into any political discussion, but be our views what they may, it will be granted by all that he was the leader of a popular movement, and if he believed in this movement which he controlled, there is no doubt that nothing but self-love could allow him to withdraw himself night after night from the House of Commons while his colleagues were in agonies of doubt and despair—ignorant of his address, not daring to give expression to their suspicions,—in order that he, their leader, might indulge in his selfish passion. Self-love blighted what might have been one of the greatest names in modern history and ruined a brilliant career. The analogy with the story we have read in the Old Testament will be plain to all, and it is only too true that if you feed your selfishness, your selfishness will grow upon you and warp your whole nature. And the more you feed it the harder it will be to retrace your steps. The further you go the further you *will* go—if you sin, the natural consequence is that you will sin more.

I have mentioned one case in public life, but there are countless instances on a lesser scale where, in one form or other, selfishness has been a curse. Drink is an attribute of selfishness. To drink your money away in a public-house, is to indulge all that is low and animal in you, to encourage what is furthest removed from the god-like in you, and that is selfishness. To gamble away what should be brought home to the wife is selfishness; to be thoughtless of others' wants and wishes is selfishness; to do nothing for anyone because that something has to be done at some personal inconvenience is selfishness. Wherever duty is shirked that self may be

gratified instead, we have made self stronger and driven God further away. And it is a strange thing, that as selfishness grows in a man, happiness decreases. He who lives for self, even if he has all the wealth the world can give, is never satisfied—the peace that floweth as a river is never his. He becomes weary and *blasé*, all the world can offer him he has tasted to satiety, and his heart grows sick within him. The old age of such a man, looking back on a selfish, fruitless life of pleasure must be bitterness and gall. I am reminded in contrast to this, of a lady I know very well, who has for years been so ill with consumption that her voice is too weak for me to hear even the sound of it, and her limbs are so frail that they will barely carry her across the room. Yet she is full of sympathy for others ; enters into the affairs of those she knows with kindly interest, and actually works for different missions and societies with which she is connected. One would have thought that she at least, would be justified in being selfish—who hardly ever knew a night free from harassing cough, and yet her face wears an expression of unchanging happiness—such happiness that I feel ashamed of myself whenever I am in her presence—it is the happiness of an absolutely unselfish nature.

Heart of Christ, O cup most golden,
 Brimming with salvation's wine,
 Million souls have been beholden
 Unto thee for life divine :
 Thou art full of blood the purest ;
 Love the tenderest and surest ;
 Blood is life, and life is love ;
 Oh, what wine is there like love ?

Heart of Christ, O cup most golden,
 Out of thee the martyrs drank,
 Who for truth in cities olden
 Spake nor from the torture shrank ;
 Saved they were from traitor's meanness,
 Filled with joys of holy keenness ;
 Strong are those that drink of love ;
 Oh, what wine is there like love ?

Heart of Christ, O cup most golden,
To remotest place and time,
Thou for labours wilt embolden
Unpresuming but sublime ;
Hearts are firm, though nerves be shaken,
When from thee new life is taken ;
Truth recruits itself by love ;
Oh, what wine is there like love ?

Heart of Christ, O cup most golden,
Liberty from thee we win ;
We who drink, no more are holden
By the shameful cords of sin ;
Pledge of mercy's sure forgiving,
Powers for a holy living,
These, thou cup of love, are thine ;
Love, thou art the mightiest wine.

From " The Rivulet," T.T.Lynch..

TEMPERANCE.

[The following is a portion of an address given first at Leeds.]

“Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee: he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved. But thou, O God, shalt bring them down into the pit of destruction; bloodthirsty and deceitful men shall not live out half their days; but I will trust in thee.”

—*Psalm lv.* 22-23.

I have been asked this evening to devote the time at my disposal to the subject of “Temperance.” I propose to do so, but I accept the title in its wider application.

If it is fanatical to be a total abstainer, there was never a fanaticism more justified. No one can observe the withering curse of “the drink” even as it blights the life of a single individual, without feeling with Paul that anything which makes it easier for the tempted to fall is, for those who can influence the victim, unlawful. Who has not seen the terrible consequences to the home where “drink” has made an entrance, the deepening shadow of a hopeless misery that settles upon the family life, the degradation, moral and physical, the loss of self-respect, the actual distortion of character which follow one upon another like the strokes of a pitiless fate.

Those who refuse the easy platitudes of the arm-chair optimist, and witness for themselves the effect of the traffic, or examine critically the national statistics as they relate to expenditure and health, recognise in alcoholism a national curse, a direct and serious menace to the morale and physique of the race.

No opposition can be too strenuous to an evil which corrupts our politics, breaks up the home-life, and creates and fosters crime. In this view all present are probably agreed, and it is on that account that I feel free to dwell upon

a wider application of that virtue which, under the name of Temperance, has perhaps been too exclusively associated with one particular failing.

Our modern life, calls, indeed, for a Temperance gospel more comprehensive in its scope, and more positive in its teaching.

The evil to be cured goes deep. Excessive drinking is not so much a thing by itself, as one bad and striking symptom of a prevailing temper. It is an outward indulgence marking a moral relaxation, one form only of a widespread paganism.

The virtue of Temperance, the ordered control of life's activities, cannot be regarded by itself. It stands intimately related to the secret spring of life's motive, it is the expression of a settled purpose, the action of one who "has kept watch o'er man's mortality," whose faith passes the bounds of death, who reads in the changing shows of life the ways and will of God.

It is not only because gambling is economically unsound, or drunkenness physically injurious, that we condemn them both. It is because intemperance implies a purposeless life.

"Bloodthirsty and deceitful men shall not live out half their days." No, for theirs is at the best a half-life. They control nothing, rather are they controlled. Their passions, their lusts drive them like the strong wind of the "Inferno" in a pitiless circle. They arrive nowhere; they are the sport of the tempest. They can will nothing, they can find no rest. Self-realisation—that is a thing impossible, for, dominated by their lusts, their higher nature is thwarted, crushed, extinguished. The fierceness of their craving for selfish satisfaction, be it money, gambling, drink, or worse, absorbs them. The fulness of a life conscious of its meaning, ennobled and quickened by a sense of the Divine purpose, this they cannot know.

There is a pathos in it, for it *is* fulness that they crave, and the satisfaction of a passion seems to cover, if it be for the moment, the haunting unreality and the emptiness that

assails their souls. The drunkard in his cups forgets the misery of his aimlessness; the *dilettante* in his study, the gambler with his dice, each seeks escape from the fatuity of selfishness, the hopelessness of the life that is not linked with God.

“ Sweet cup of life no power shall fill again;
 Thy juice goes singing through each gladdened vein,
 Drink, drink my love, two mouths upon the brim,
 Ah, drink, drink, drink each little drop and drain,
 For have ye thought how short a time is ours,
 Only a little longer than the flowers,
 Here in the meadow just a summer’s day,
 Only to-day; to-morrow—other flowers.”

There is nothing in life more terrible than this. True indeed are the words of the Psalmist, “Bloodthirsty and deceitful men shall not live out half their days.”

To live out *all* our days, to live them fully, intensely, to feel in them the throb of an ever-present reality, a significance deep and lasting, to look unflinching on death, because we can look beyond

“ And see the children sport upon the shore;
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore,”

is to know, not the fitful fever of the self-indulgent, or the sad anæmic pleasures of the ascetic, but the quiet and sustaining joy of the temperate life.

“I will trust in thee,” says the Psalmist, turning from the fever and lust of headstrong men to that which alone gives hope amid the shocks of life’s circumstance. It is just the life of quiet strength, controlled force, definite aim, steady trust, which in the haste and turmoil of an age over-stimulated, surfeited with the things of sense, we need to live.

It seems so hard to learn the secret of life,—not escape, not indulgence, but possession and control.

The old monks shut themselves in cells or hid themselves in the deserts, though even there the devils pursued them, and by counting their beads tried to win Paradise.

That way is not permitted to us. It too was only a half-life, for it was only half a victory.

Our problem is different. It is to live with the world, fighting through its daily struggles, tasting its daily alternation of bitter and sweet, and there, in the market, the street, the home, the office, to conquer and grow strong. More! It is to accept its pleasures, to love its beauty, to love life itself, even as the Greek loved it for the very joy of living, and yet so to accept and to love, that all may minister to the highest that we know. This is the hardest as it is the greatest victory.

Let us, in short, be willing to live the simple life, simple in its trust and faith, simple in its tastes, sincere and deep in its purpose.

And we shall find that the true life though the simplest is yet the richest, for to him who seeks the Kingdom, all things are added. Nor is it bare, for asceticism is no true simplicity, and the Kingdom of God is full of beautiful things.

Let us only be sure that we possess our goods and that our goods do not possess us.

Our dress, our style of living, our reading, our thoughts, our relaxations, our theatres, concerts, novels; to what end are they means? Are they tyrannical or do they minister to eternal life? Have we purpose or are we aimless? Is our waggon hitched to a star?

For Temperance is nothing negative. It is a positive virtue, and its root is trust in God, which is hope in man and the faith that conquers the world.

“WHEN WAR SHALL BE NO MORE.”

A PLEA FOR COMMON SENSE.

Cavendish, a good Christian according to the prevailing standard of his times, writes to Lord Hunsdon, in 1588 :—
“ It hath pleased Almighty God to suffer me to circumpass the whole globe of the world, entering in at the Strait of Magellan, and returning by the Cape of Buena Esperança ; in which voyage I have either discovered or brought certain intelligence of all the rich places of the world which were ever discovered by any Christian. I navigated along the coast of Chili, Peru, and New Spain, *where I made great spoils. I burnt and sunk nineteen sail of ships, small and great. All the villages and towns that ever I landed at, I burned and spoiled.*”

We cannot read this now without a smile. It may have seemed natural to the bold buccaneer to preface such an account with the words “ It hath pleased Almighty God ” ; but I fancy that had Lord Brassey’s voyage in the celebrated “ Sunbeam ” been of like character, some doubt as to the sanction of the Almighty would have found expression among his countrymen.

Since those roving and boisterous times we have seen a development in our social ideals ; international relationships are such as to prohibit the launching of new “ Alabamas ” with impunity, and the privateer is no longer permitted to infest the highways of commerce.

The walls of York speak eloquently to the truth caught by Sir Bedivere from the lips of the dying King, that “ the old order changeth, yielding place to new.”

The Scotch expresses, with their luxurious dining-cars, would surprise our ancestors, not more because of their speed and the mystery of their motive power, than because of their sublime contempt for border-raiders and savages of the Grampians. On rare occasions blows may be struck in the House of Commons, to the grief and shame of a nation ; but we do not expect, with all their zeal for Disestablishment, to see the Welsh sweep down on Hereford and Gloucester ; nor will the citizens of York ever again see the smoke of Scotch cattle-raiders on the Hambleton Hills.

Private wars and border-raids are things of the past !

A Salisbury does not call out the vassals of Hatfield that he may count the number of his faithful, and seek fresh courage from the glitter of their arms, before he faces the kilted warriors of Dalmeny ; nor need he fear a claymore behind each tuft of heather, should he visit the grouse-moors of the north.

Judicial combats, when Justice kept her sword but threw away her scales, have given place to our law courts, with judge and jury. The wearying delays and the frequent fees are at least more tolerable than the barbarous bludgeonings and mutilations they supersede.

Common sense taught our forefathers the injustice and folly of a system where might alone was right, and if our present legal machinery be cumbrous and costly we can alter all that too in time.

In 1849, Victor Hugo, speaking in Paris, said :—" A day will come when war shall appear as absurd and be as impossible between Paris and London, between St. Petersburg and Berlin, as it would be now between Rouen and Amiens, between Edinburgh and London, between Boston and Philadelphia. A day will come when the only battle-field will be the market open to commerce, and the mind opening to new ideas. A day will come when bullets and bombshells will be replaced by votes, by the universal suffrage of nations, by the venerable arbitration of a great Sovereign Senate, which will be to Europe what the Parliament is to England, what the

Diet is to Germany, what the Legislative Assembly is to France.”

There is a minority to whom, for good reasons, the prospect of a time “when Universal Peace shall lie like a shaft of light across the land” does not appeal; but, on the other hand, if the advocate of Peace be only careful to insert a saving clause, placing the realisation of his hopes in some immeasurably distant future, he wins almost universal consent.

It would be amazing, did one not realise the deadening effect of custom, to see the apathy with which the churches regard the glaring inconsistency, so fatal to the spread of their influence, which permits them on the one hand to train millions of fighting men, and on the other to preach the Gospel of Peace, forsooth, to all the world!

What can be more pitiable than the spectacle of ministers of the Prince of Peace sheltering themselves behind the Old Testament, and justifying their indifference on the grounds of an obsolete ideal expressly set aside by the very Christ they seek to serve! Under pressure, however, this inconsistency is generally admitted, and the war system is euphemistically described as a “necessary evil.”

The huge military establishments which are crushing out the life of Europe, swallowing in equivalent an hour a day of every working-man’s labour, and handicapping us in the race with America, are spoken of as the greatest securities against war; though at certain periods when an increase in armament is contemplated it is more convenient to speak of “the huge powder magazines which a spark may explode!”

The idea that large standing armies are the custodians of peace is perversely fallacious. You cannot have millions of men confined to barrack life, and their officers an influential class, denied that opportunity of distinction and promotion afforded by active service, which they quite naturally desire, without creating and maintaining in society a dangerous and disturbing element. But why need this inconsistency

continue ? Why need we have lynch law at all between nation and nation ?

We have established the reign of law between man and man within the State, we have done away with petty baronial wars and internecine strife,—the next step in social evolution is to extend the reign of law to international relations.

Are we, in short, to call ourselves Christian States and continue to permit our international affairs to be conducted in the fashion of savages ? The past development clearly marks out for us the direction in which to work. *We must aim at introducing the reign of law, as opposed to brute force, into international politics.*

This mad rivalry between the nations for a first place in the military race cannot go on. We must bring the moral weight of intelligent communities to bear in the decision of international questions. We must stimulate in the minds of the people a consciousness of the present folly. The increasing pressure of armaments will make the work of education easy if vigorously undertaken, and when the people become possessed of the thought that the reign of law is applicable to international affairs, and that a way of deliverance from the present intolerable tyranny lies open before them, that thought will soon clothe itself in practical form.

Great ideals create great peoples.

A military nation may have for its ideal such a state of things as we see in Germany, where within a week a million men may be hurled over the frontiers of an enemy.

I think there is a higher ideal.

Emerson says :—“ If you have a nation of men who have risen to that height of moral cultivation that they will not declare war and carry arms, for they have not so much madness left in their brains, you have a nation of lovers, of benefactors, of true great and able men. Let me know more of that nation ; I shall not find them defenceless, with idle hands hanging at their sides. I shall find them men of love, honour, and truth ; men of an immense industry ; men whose in-

fluence is felt to the end of the earth ; men whose very look and voice carry the sentence of honour and shame ; and all forces yield to their energy and persuasion.

“Whenever we see the doctrine of peace embraced by a nation, we may be assured it will not be one that invites injury ; but one, on the contrary, which has a friend in the bottom of the heart of every man, even of the violent and the base ; one against which no weapon can prosper ; one which is looked upon as the asylum of the human race and has the tears and the blessings of mankind.”

People are fond of referring the realisation of such ideals to the millennium, as if the millennium were a ripening plum that will drop, independent of human agency, at the appointed hour !

No great reform has ever been carried without a period of education and hard work ; no legislation of moment has been effected that has not had the pressure of the popular will behind it.

The work of educating the nations to peace rests primarily with the Churches. It is they who must insist on self-restraint, suppress the spirit of revenge, and realise the universal brotherhood of man.

Let us no longer mock the Cross on the altar by holding military services in our cathedrals and stimulating the passions of a false and ignoble patriotism, but let us have services devoted to peace.

Let the Churches cease to coquet with militarism, to deck with attractive colours a pagan survival of a barbarous age, and regardless of fashion and opinion, stand true to the principles they represent, and the battle will be won.

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THE GUEST HOUSE, SCALBY.

PART III.
ART AND HISTORY.

ART AND HISTORY.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

“The Art of Engraving in Relation to the Religious Thought of the Renaissance,” was the title of a course of six lectures given in June and July, 1904. While including much of the material of previous lectures on Dürer, Holbein, and Early German and Italian Engraving, this particular series was specially prepared for Woodbrooke, and was the final embodiment of years of Art Study. Unremitting care and minute research were devoted to the compilation and revision of notes on the origin of the Woodcut, Block books, Early Book Engravings, Chronological Tables relative to early engravings, and memoranda relating to the lives and work of Dürer and Holbein. These notes, printed as syllabuses, were distributed to the audiences, and formed valuable guides to the lectures. The amount of labour involved in their preparation (as well in that of the slides as of the lectures themselves), was very great, and was carried out with the thoroughness which characterised all John Wilhelm Rowntree's work.

In the first lecture, “The Childhood of Faith,” he led his hearers back into the fifteenth century, and made them “sit where the people sat,” for whom the first engravings on paper published in Europe, opened the golden gates of imagination.

The second lecture, “The Revolt of Faith,” was a summary of the earlier life and work of Albrecht Dürer. A

striking analysis of his illustrations to the Apocalypse showed the effect upon the artist of the Renaissance, and its recoil from the corruption of the Roman Church.

The third lecture, "The Recovery of Faith," dealt with the work of Dürer under different aspects, and described in much detail his "Melancholia," and "The Knight, Sin, and Death," as illustrating the spirit of the time.

The fourth lecture, "The Emancipation of Faith," was a Study of "Art emancipated from the limitations of the Gothic, and Faith emancipated from the spiritual frost of ecclesiastical dominion."

The fifth lecture, "The Failure of Paganism," dealt exhaustively with "The Dance of Death," and had as the keynote, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ we are of all men most miserable." The thought was further emphasised by the symbolism of Holbein's "Ambassadors."

In the sixth lecture his own mental attitude towards "The Place of Art in Religion and Life" was summarised.

ART, AND RELIGIOUS THOUGHT OF THE RENAISSANCE.

(I.) EARLY ENGRAVINGS AND SIMPLE FAITH.

It was not till the opening of the fifteenth century that paper, known in Europe two centuries earlier, became plentiful, and it is at the beginning of the fifteenth century that we discover our first prints. These are known as Helgen, saints' images,—and were exceedingly numerous. Huss was burnt in 1415, Luther's hammer was heard in 1517, and between those dates an extraordinary production of religious pictures took place. No doubt the Church was seeking to promote piety by the multiplication of sacred emblems, and thus to stay an evergrowing scepticism. But though, as we shall find, this scepticism found early expression, we are compelled to see in these Helgen something more than the machinations of the priest. They speak the language of the soul—the soul of the common people. And it is the simple, trustful, nay, sometimes fearful language of little children. The Helgen represent in art, as do the pictures of Wilhelm of Cologne and Stefan Lochner, the childhood of faith. The storm is soon to break, and in the Apocalypse of Dürer we shall hear the howling of the vengeful tempest. Touched by the reforming spirit of his age, the engraver is to stand forth, if we may adopt the language of Ruskin, as "the sign-painter of God." But this is the calm before the storm—the childhood of unquestioning faith, call it credulity if you will. Purchased at the shrine of a saint or given as the memento of some pilgrimage, the Helgen were cherished as precious things, and pinned up like a penny almanack on the cottage walls of the poorest. They have a touching interest on this

account, which grows no less when we remember that they were the unconscious preparation for change. As Dr. Lippman has said in his charming book upon Italian wood-engraving, "the coloured woodcuts so dear to the people of the North, became, in the end, one of the most potent agencies of the movement for Reform, and were, even in the second half of the sixteenth century, recognised as such by the leaders of the Protestant cause."

"In their relation to contemporary thought, the quaint, crude cuts are as windows through which we may study the inner life of a bygone age. The antiquarian, no less than the artist, and the student interested in the evolution of human thought no less than either, may well give more than a passing glance to these records of the engraver's knife."

(II.) THE ST. CHRISTOPHER OF 1423.

Take for instance the St. Christopher of 1423. The story is simply and earnestly told. Earnestly enough. The legend at the foot may be translated thus :—

"Each day that thou the likeness of St. Christopher shalt see,
That day no frightful form of death shall make an end of thee."

Did not the Squire in the wonderful tale of Canterbury, wear "A *Christofre on his brest of silver shene?*"

Ah, dreaded powers of death! ah, simple age of credulous faith! This is no idle tale that is told. There is a magic in it. Art that is earnest, "*und mit gefühl,*" be it never so faulty in its technique, strikes deeper than ever it does in the service of Sir Midas and his age of gold.

And yet we have not done. On one bank, earthly toil, the secular life. The miller and his ass, the grinding mill, the peasant staggering under his burden to his little hut,—no perspective—no perhaps not, but a truth simply told.

And on the other bank, the religious life. The hermit holding aloft the lamp of faith, the rabbit in the tall grass, undismayed, for it fears no man in a land of holy peace!

Was it nothing that a people for whom the glorious illuminated missals with their rich and endless emblazonment were things unattainable,—was it nothing that these pictures should adorn their bare walls and carry into the monotony of their life,—a life, remember, without the solace of books—such challenge to the slumbering imagination and the sluggish soul ?

(III.) ST. BRIDGET AND THE VIRGIN OF BERLIN.

Of the same period is the St. Bridget in the Althorp collection. St. Bridget of Sweden was born in 1302 and died in 1373. This simple cut tells the devout all that they need to know. She went upon a pilgrimage to Jerusalem,—do you not see her pilgrim's hat, staff and scrip ? She was favoured with visions and revelations of the Blessed Virgin. Is she not there before you with the holy Child embosomed in clouds ? She was a princess of the blood-royal of Sweden,—behold the lion of Sweden and the crown. She died in Rome ; upon a shield the letters S P Q R tell this forth. The Virgin was tender towards her, and this central fact of the saint's life is enshrined in the letters M I CHRS carved upon the desk,—Mutter Iesus Christus.

And last, but not least, the purport of the artist, the cry of some burdened soul for whom were vouchsafed no white presences upon the hills, no ecstasy of saintly rapture, the cry of the plain wayfaring man, struggling through a hard and perhaps loveless life, "O Brigita bit Got für uns !"

This is a German picture ; let us take a Flemish example. It is known as the Virgin of Berlin. Standing against a flamboyant aureole, the Madonna, not ungracefully drawn, and with not a little of the sweetness and grace proper to her, makes a picture which, with its evidence of the influence of the Van Eycks, is full of interest to the art student, despite its primitive style.

But another interest attaches to the scrolls with their old Flemish legend. We may read them thus :—

“ Who is this Queen that standeth here ?
 'Tis she who saves the world from fear.
 How shall her name be named to us ?
 Mary, mother, maiden glorious.
 How came she to that height above ?
 Humbly by charity and love.
 Who then shall be lifted next to her ?
 Whoso is most her follower.”

So we may take leave of the Helgen, simple, crude pictures, cut by tyros with an ordinary knife on planks of pear or other fair-fibred wood, of small artistic merit and yet a precious record of a struggling art and of a spiritual temper that was shortly to be tried in the furnace of fiery doubt. Perhaps the monks designed them, though at times even town corporations, like those of Ulm, Nüremberg and Augsburg, ordered their production for the public good. Perhaps, and this is very likely, they were the work of the “brothers of the common life,” who, wiser than the Quakers, make it part of their labour to teach the illiterate by means of pictures.

* * * *

Who will cry “O Brigita bit für uns!” in these days? We have grown out of our childhood now, and as the sea yields up its mystery, the grey enveloping Atlantic proves but a highway and the world grows smaller, eternity fades. Through trailing clouds of glory do we come. Yes, but the clouds that were rosy are grey. The childhood of faith. Has it nothing that is precious, something that realism, and science and the self-assurance of knowledge cannot give?

Look at the outside of the Ghent altar-piece, the famous work of the brothers Van Eyck, finished in 1432. The theme of the two panels we are to inspect is the Annunciation—in the one the angel Gabriel, in the other the Virgin. The spirit of the happy child-soul breathes with a rare fragrance in the kneeling angel, pure and sweet as the lily he holds. The world lies beyond the Gothic window, or rather all the world of the artist is a church, and the church is all the world—

a world that is intimate with God, that finds His love most fitly expressed in the holy Mother, so tender so gentle, so calm.

Well may the angels in the upper wing panels join in a song of gladness and praise. These happy children of a heavenly Father cannot help but sing, for their lives and their love are one with His and with the world.

Why were such pictures painted then? Why are they never painted now?

(IV.) THE MASS OF ST. GREGORY.

Let us take up a wood-cut of Dürer's and seek our answer there. We are back again in the childhood of faith, in a world full of dark superstition, in the twilight of the middle ages. And here surely is some Romish fiction. St. Gregory, Gregory the Great, is kneeling before the altar in prayer. To him, and to him alone, in a golden mist of vision, the Christ appears with all the symbols of His passion.

In the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries this Mass of St. Gregory was a popular theme, and several stories are told to illustrate it. In Caxton's *Golden Legend* we read:

"It happened that a widow that was wont every Sunday to bring hostes to sing mass wyth, should on a time be houslyd and communed, and whan St. Gregory should give to her the holy sacrament in saying Corpus Domini Christi, etc., that is to say, The body of our Lord Jesus Christ kepe thee into everlasting life, anon this woman began to smile to fore St. Gregory, and anon he withdrew his hand and remysed the sacrament upon the aulter. And he demanded her to fore the people why she smiled and she sayed, Because that the bread that I have made wyth my proper hands, thou namest it the body of our Lord Jesu Christ. Anon St. Gregory put himself to prayer with the people for to pray to God that hereupon he would show his grace for to confirme our belief, and when they were risen fro prayer Saint Gregory saw the holy sacrament in figure of a piece of flesh as great as the little finger

of an hinde, and anon after, by the prayers of St. Gregory the flesshe of the sacrament turned into semblance of bread as it had be to fore and therewith he communed and housled the woman, which after was more religious, and the people were more ferme in the faith."

The doctrine of transubstantiation, in its crude materialistic form is an impossible one, but there is a sense in which the strictest Quaker may accept it, a sense in which it is true. The spirit of prayer is a transforming, a transubstantiating spirit. The man who prays is transformed, and the world about him is transubstantiated. The far meadows behind the setting sun are his, the singing angels make music for him, and the clouds of his glory are radiant with the light of heaven.

(V.) THE "PRAYING HANDS."

The faith that finds its voice in prayer is the faith in which alone the greatest art is born. It is the faith of him whose life and work we are next to consider. Dürer has left us a wonderful study of the hands of a praying apostle, a study for his Heller altarpiece. They are marvellous in their fidelity of execution, but their technical interest has always been their least interest for me. They epitomise the man and all that is best in the age of the childhood of faith. He who can pray like that will not smile with the widow, for the common bread of life will be divine, and with Paul the mystic, his homespun will be a heavenly raiment, for he is "hid with Christ in God."

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(VI.) ALBRECHT DÜRER AND HIS AGE.

The position of German art at this period is of interest. In 1486, Albrecht Dürer was apprenticed to Michael Wolgemut, a painter of a contemporary school, of which he was almost the last noteworthy representative. In this apprenticeship, we have the meeting of the old and the new. Between Wolgemut and Dürer, a definite line can be drawn. In the time of

Wilhelm Meister painting was bound exclusively to the service of the church—the cloister-like piety of the pictures which represent the Cologne school express the serene content of minds not yet touched by the spirit of inquiry. The conditions of development had hardly existed before Dürer, for it was only in his lifetime that the great change came, (foreshadowed in the Van Eycks) from mediævalism to realism, from clerical mythology to poetry and *genre*. It is only when the cities of Germany grew rich with trading and the burgher's ambitions had been fired by the jingling of his ducats, that we find in the advent of the private purchaser the needed outlet and scope for the latent artistic feeling of the North. South of the Alps, the dawn of the Renaissance had broken into a blaze of glory. Its influence through scholars, books, and rumour, travelled over the mountains by the highroads of commerce, and added yet another element to the increasing ferment in the North.

A glance at the list of contemporary artists is enough to show what its stimulus must have been in the world of German art. To exchange drawings with Raphael, to have communication with Mantegna, to hob-a-nob with Bellini, to watch the rise of Titian and Giorgione, to have a law-suit with Marc Antonio, to be criticised by Vasari, to catch gossip from time to time of Botticelli, to hear of Holbein's departure for England, to mourn the death of Lorenzo de Medici, to be favourably thought of by Leonardo da Vinci, and to have one's prints admired by Michael Angelo is not the lot of every man, but it was the lot of Albrecht Dürer.

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(VII.) THE REFORMATION PICTURED IN DÜRER'S APOCALYPSE.

In 1498, Dürer published the Revelations of St. John the Divine with Latin and with German text, and fifteen woodcuts $15\frac{1}{2}$ by $11\frac{1}{4}$ inches in size.

A Revelation of St. John, these pictures are also a revelation of art. They mark an epoch in the history of wood engraving, an epoch in the life of Dürer himself. That they are unique in the fearlessness of their realism, pre-eminent in their tempestuous power cannot be gainsaid. That they are original in the quality of their message is neither true nor necessary for their commanding greatness.

They are first an interpretation, reverent, and extraordinarily exact, of the weird imagery of the Apocalypse. Never before have the dreams of Patmos had such a portrayal. Never again will they find in black and white an interpretation so instinct with the magic of genius.

But they are more than this. We hear in them not only the menace of a far-off judgment upon all the world, but rather the muttering of a storm imminent and local. The cuts we are to examine expressed in language that the contemporaries of Dürer perfectly understood, the gathering unrest of the age. Men were not happy. Licentious revels, reckless living, extravagant display, the poverty and the massacre of peasants, the dark mystery of the recurring plague with its swift smiting, so pitiless, unsparing and cruel, the lawlessness, the roving of robber bands, and above all and even yet more terrible, the mockery of a religion professed by unclean lips and battenning on the pardoner's gold. The harlotry of the convents, the open scoffing of the priests, smote the pious with heavy dismay, and fed fiercely the devouring flame of doubt.

Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die. No man hath seen God at any time. Religion is a mockery, Rome a fraud, Death a curse, and life a gamble.

To men who thought these things, sold in the markets, on the church door steps, here, there, north and south, these winged words of an artist's soul sounded the note of defiance for which they had long waited. The pulse beat quieter as the pictures were conned and their meaning read. It was something at least for a great voice to say the world was wrong—

it tuned men's ears for the hammer-strokes at Wittenberg. "Whenever," says Professor Thausing, "the public mind has been at a loss to understand the existing state of things in religious matters, it has always turned eagerly to that mysterious book which also owed its origin to a similar feeling of discontentment—the Revelation of St. John, which God gave unto him to show His servants things which must shortly come to pass."

Let us turn to the pictures and examine them.

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The storm is in full blast. We can hear the howling of Dürer's tempest. The four horsemen of the sixth chapter (1-8) are let loose. "And I saw when the Lamb opened one of the seven seals, and I heard one of the four living creatures saying as with a voice of thunder, Come. And I saw and behold a white horse and he that sat thereon had a bow; and there was given unto him a crown; and he came forth conquering and to conquer. And when he opened the second seal I heard the second living creature saying, Come. And another horse came forth, a red horse; and to him that sat thereon it was given to take peace from the earth and that they should slay one another; and there was given unto him a great sword. And when he opened the third seal I heard the third living creature saying, Come. And I saw and behold a black horse; and he that sat thereon had a balance in his hand. And I heard as it were a voice in the midst of the four living creatures saying, A measure of wheat for a penny, and the oil and the wine hurt thou not. And when he opened the fourth seal I heard the voice of the fourth living creature saying, Come. And I saw and behold a pale horse, and he that sat upon him, his name was Death, and Hades followed with him. And there was given unto them authority over the fourth part of the earth to kill with sword and with famine and with death and by the wild beasts of the earth."

To the writer of Revelations the first horseman represents conquest (the Roman general in a triumph rode on a white horse)—the evil force of Roman dominion. The rider on the red horse represents war in its aspect of slaughter. The rider on the black horse is famine, it is a time of scarcity when food is sold by weight. And on the pale horse, as we are told, the rider is death—the personification of the destructive forces and the wild beasts of the earth.

“ And so there grew great tracts of wilderness,
Wherein the beast was ever more and more
But man was less and less.”

This is the threatening of the Apocalypse. And think how terribly true it was. Think of the Peasants' War, the burning and slaughter of the Inquisition, the depopulation of Germany in the long and fearsome death-grip of the Thirty Years War. Men did not see these things when they saw the four riders of Dürer, but there was that in the air which pointed the menace of the words. And it was all to come so soon. The horsemen are swift—their sweep, their onrush is so impetuous. And see how the artist helps you to feel what he feels. The margin cuts off the head of the foremost horse and the tail of the last one, and you are allowed only to see the forepart of the horses. They are coming at *you*—are to trample upon *you*. It is an overwhelming avalanche of wrath and it spares none, for wickedness is everywhere, A Nuremberg housewife, a fat merchant, a shrieking peasant, a frightened burgher, *and* a tonsured head. But the worst is not told. The breaking of the fifth and sixth seals is included in one design—the fifth cut of the series. Above the clouds white robes are being distributed to the martyrs for the faith. Remember that though the design was finished earlier, the year of publication was the year of Savonarola's martyrdom. The fame of this bruited abroad would add additional interest to this cut, and that I do not make an idle suggestion, a reference in a letter of Dürer's of 1521 will show. When quoting

from this passage in Rev. vi. (9-17) he speaks of the innocent blood shed by the Pope, the priests and the monks ; " these are the slain that cry aloud for vengeance at the foot of the altar of God." Below the cloud the significance of the tonsured head in the previous cut is brought home. Amongst " those who hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains, and said to the mountains and rocks Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne and from the wrath of the Lamb," we see not only Emperor and Empress, but a wailing pope, a dismayed cardinal, a bishop and a monk, and, most significant of all, opposite, by the little child, a woman rails with fierce, wide open mouth against the representatives of religion.

The seventh cut gives us the substance of Rev. viii. and ix. 1-12, the distribution of the trumpets to the seven angels, and the plagues caused by the first five of them, and then we pass to what is, I think, the most ruthless, the most terrible picture of all, the unloosing of the four angels. We have seen them in repose. Here they are in action. From under the golden altar sweeps the army of warriors on lion-headed horses that vomit flames. On the earth below are the four destroying angels at their appointed task. No longer calm sentinels, furies rather, fierce with the infinite wrath of a divine vengeance. One seizes a woman by her hair, another overthrows horse and rider, one seizes the Pope by the shoulder having already killed the bishop who lies behind.

Here Germany, the pent-up spirit of the people, speaks. This is the Reformation.

There are times, times like the present, when an apocalypse has its place, times when alas ! more is thought of the man in the street than of the Man on the Cross. Our petty cares and petty interests need to be swallowed up in the larger thoughts of God, thoughts full of destiny and purpose, thoughts of labour and of service, thoughts of that new Jerusalem which comes down from heaven here upon this earth and in this present life. The easy optimism of ignorance, no less

than the pessimism of a nerveless will, the selfishness of the luxurious spirit and the thoughtless levity of the superficial, these create an atmosphere in which no soul can live. The tempest of the spirit that smites them down may be terrible, but there is healing power in its devastation. We must clear the site before Jerusalem can be builded.

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(VIII.) THE MELANCHOLIA—THE ZEITGEIST OF
THE RENAISSANCE.

Let us stop for a moment and think what was happening when Dürer bent over the copperplate with contracted brow and firm hand grasping the obedient tools.

Few men had seen greater changes in the world of religion, in social life, or in art than he—the picture-poet of Germany. Only twenty years before his birth, Constantinople had fallen to the Turk, and a corrupt and dwindling Christendom had stood appalled at the prospect of its own extinction. The terrible emblem of the crescent planted thus arrogantly on European soil had heralded not annihilation but revival. Yet hitherto it had proved a revival of the arts rather than of religion. Humanism, not faith, letters not love, culture not discipline, luxury not service, pleasure not holiness,—these were the current symptoms. The joy of the Renaissance was licentious, sybaritic. True, there was the Academy of Plato in Florence, but visit the Venice of the Renaissance and what can you say? The old land-marks had gone, submerged in a rising tide of knowledge. Yes, but Aphrodite had risen again from the foam, and the gods of ancient Greece ruled once more upon the heights of Olympus. No one thought to roll away the stone from the tomb of the Man of Galilee. Knowledge, erudition, this was all in all. And to the pageantry of the Renaissance what a background! The scarlet woman of the Apocalypse with her cup of abominations. The mocking free-thinker, the horrified peasant, the people

ashamed and dismayed. "God," said Pope Leo, "has given us the Papacy, let us enjoy it"; and in Rome the cardinals and the courtezans profane the temple daily, while knowledge increases, religion is dying, and the mind of Europe is stretched mercilessly upon the rack. The explorer is winning new worlds across the seas. Miracles are receding on every hand. The world contracts and becomes commonplace. Round not flat, it is no longer the centre of a subordinate universe. A whole mass of ideas and superstitions, cherished for ages, is suddenly engulfed in the quicksands of Time. Printing has arrived to give wings to thought, new ideas have a currency altogether more rapid and extensive than was possible before. The intellectual panorama is swiftly changing. Men have no sooner grasped a new thought and lo! it is old, and the world has moved past them. Dazed, bewildered, they grope, wanting a guide. True, this revival of learning is rich in results, but whither do they tend? What boots it all? The peasants are sullen or in fierce revolt; Europe is a tangle of interests, conflicting, worrying, scheming: and again and again, remorseless, inexorable, resistless, the Plague strikes its blind, unmeaning blows, leaving maimed cities, shattered homes, terrible heaps of the dead. Oh! this dark mystery of life and death, of joy and pain, of this travailing world, groaning for the coming of the sons of God. Will light ever break? Is there any meaning at all in this ceaseless play of character and circumstance? Is there indeed a God?

To men who feel the pressure of these conditions, who ask these questions, Dürer sends his engraving of Melancholia.

There she sits—the *Zeitgeist*—the spirit of the striving, troubled age. With strong pinions of imagination, crowned with the bays of thought, brooding with chin on hand, with the compass held listless on her lap, she gazes darkly into the future. The divining crystal is black and uninforming, the greyhound of the fleeting house lies curled at her feet, the tools of labour and science are scattered about her, the hammer,

the plane, the saw, the crucible. A cherub—the human soul—sits upon the grindstone of necessity, above the scales by which men weigh evidence, the ladder leading from the known to the unknown, the hour glass and the passing-bell which tell of the short day of man and the long night of the grave. A crowded city upon the shore of an endless sea—the limit of human knowledge and achievement and the untravelled mystery of the future, are lit by the flare of a comet, portent of evil, and by a rainbow of hope. A bat fitting across the lurid sky bears upon a scroll the legend “Melancholia.”

It only remains to speak of the figures upon the wall. Add them whichever way you will they yield the same result. The tablet may be said to represent the baffled philosophy of man, but there is another significance. In 1514, on May 16th or 17th, Dürer's mother died. Dürer has left an account of the event. “She feared death much,” he writes, “but she said that to come before God she feared not. Also she died hard and I marked that she saw something dreadful for she asked for the holy water, though, for a long time, she had not spoken. Immediately after her eyes closed over. I saw also how Death smote her two great strokes to the heart, and how she closed mouth and eyes and departed with pain. I repeated to her the prayers. I felt so grieved for her that I cannot express it. God be merciful to her.”

Lionel Cust asserts that the tablet has reference to this. Whether we accept this or not, the pathetic story of the mother's death and Dürer's evident grief lend a peculiar interest to the engraving which made its appearance in the year of bereavement. Vanity, vanity, all is vanity. Without a living knowledge of God what avail alchemy, philosophy and mathematics?

(IX.) ST. JEROME,—THE RETURN TO FAITH.

But there was a rainbow. Let us follow where it leads. We turn to the second picture, the picture that is intended to

be set in antithesis to the first. We pass at once from darkness to light, from toiling thought to peaceful contemplation, from anguish of mind to gladness of heart. Here sits St. Jerome in the Temple of Peace. The dog sleeps soundly in the warm sunshine, the lion keeps one eye open and listens in the silence to the scratching of the saintly pen. Outside doubtless the bees are humming among the flowers. The books, the slippers, the cushions, the scissors in the rack, bespeak the recluse, a settled and orderly routine, a life of quiet contemplation. Jerome, good man, is at work on the Vulgate. The soft light that streams radiantly upon him through the round panes is the divine approval shed upon his labour. The cross, the rosary, the skull, betoken the piety of warm and assured faith.

Have we here a reflection of the struggle earlier in the life of the artist, when he turned from the classic to Christian art? Certain it is that in Jerome we see the true opposed to the false path; knowledge and scholarship allied with faith and piety. There can be no issue from all this darkness, the artist is saying, apart from a knowledge of God. The Melancholia with its detailed witness to the machinery of the intellect is gloomy in tone, the Jerome is flooded with sunshine.

(X.) THE KNIGHT, SIN, AND DEATH.

We move a step forward. Among Dürer's drawings is a sketch for an armed knight. We need to see the picture as a whole. The Christian knight of German mysticism, associated perhaps in our minds with Fouqué's Sintram, is before us. Fully armed, calmly confident, he rides the narrow defile. Behind him the Fiend, beside him Death, before him a slippery rock ascent, above him the castle of God. "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott!" Observe the details. The Fiend has one whole, one broken horn, to mark his imperfection, the ears of an ass to mark his obstinacy, a snout to mark his vileness, a goat's hoof to mark his bestiality. Death on a dying horse holds up an hour glass in solemn

warning, vipers crown him and the passing bell tolls at the horse's neck. But there is yet one significant detail. The oak of victory crowns the head of the knight's horse. He will yet win his way to the city that is set upon a hill.

No one can examine these pictures without feeling something more than the pleasure afforded by their great technical perfection. They appeal directly and powerfully to the mind and heart. We are separated by many centuries from the dreaming philosopher of Nuremberg, whose magic of black and white so fascinates us to-day. But we are nearer to him than our years. Many parallels between our own age and that of the Renaissance unite us in a common experience. There have been changes and conditions in the last hundred years which have provoked the same fear, the same pessimism, the same dismay, the same idle and shameless revels. Again the world has grown smaller and miracles have receded. Not Gutenberg but Watts, not Martin Behaim but Speke and Livingstone, not Copernicus but Darwin, not Erasmus but the German critics. The landmarks we steered by have been submerged and we may no longer sail by old familiar headlands. More than this, Europe to-day professing Christianity, maintains armed millions trained to war, holding them in leash, but ready to let them loose. She desires not the Cross, but wealth, not humility but rank, not service but pleasure. God has given us civilisation, let us enjoy it, and the free-thinker stands and scoffs as he stood and scoffed in Dürer's Apocalypse. The peasant is no longer cut down by the long bright sword of the Swabian Leaguer, but in a thousand cities he is murdered by the selfishness and indifference of Society, that permits the slum if only it be spared the luxuries.

And we, we as individuals, have we no affinity with the artist and his pictures? I think we have. The darkness and fatuity of the life lived apart from God, has its bitter melancholy, its comet of threatening doom. We probe with the tools of science and philosophy but our energy is

vain, until such time when the surrendered will shall perform the Divine work with gladness, and the sun streams in through the windows of the soul.

Then come temptation, come death—we ride invulnerable. The heart that has surrendered is the heart that knows and conquers. Selfishness is broken, and pride thrown down. With the oak of victory as a nodding plume, and the morning light upon the fair towers of the Holy City, we ride through the night into the dawn, from strife and sorrow to everlasting peace and joy.

THE ARTIST, THE APOSTLE, AND THE MYSTIC.

It is possible, though open to dispute, that in 1494 Albrecht Dürer wandered through the ways of Venice, an obscure youth, in search of ideas and experience. If the supposition, not wholly groundless, should ever find support in convincing evidence, an additional interest will attach to those tempestuous pictures expounding *Die Heimlich Offenbarung Johannes* which engrossed Dürer's pencil on his return to Nüremberg.

John Addington Symonds, speaking of the "Bride of the Adriatic," describes the serenity of her undisturbed security, the luxury of her wealth, and the "physiognomy of ease and proud self-confidence" exhibited in "all her edifices."

Such symptoms scarcely suggest an apocalypse, but when the gifted writer turns to the religion of Venice, he tells us that it "was the faith, not of humble men or of mystics, not of profound thinkers or of visionaries, so much as of courtiers and statesmen, of senators and merchants, *for whom religion was a function among other functions, not a thing apart, not a source of separate and supreme vitality.*"

Venice, alas! was a second Corinth, and gloried in the infamy of every vice. The splendour of artistic environment, and the security of a free and peaceful government were not then, as they never can be, the sure guarantee of a spiritual Utopia. Take off her painted mask, and Venice stands as an epitome of the age, and an expression of that spirit which called forth the scathing satire of Dürer's picture apocalypse

There is one wood-cut of the series, which illustrates the seventeenth chapter of the book of Revelation. The orthodox religion of the day is held up to scorn as the scarlet woman on the seven-headed beast. In the impudent glitter of her hoyden finery, she offers her dubious charms to an astonished peasant, and a straddling, sarcastic, free-thinking artizan. Only a thin-lipped monk, low-browed and fervent, kneels in adoring prayer.

This appearance of an apocalypse is the appearance of lightning in a threatening sky. There are definitely marked and recurrent periods when the apocalypse of John supplies the material for the thought and imagery of the prophet struggling against some access of iniquity.

Such a period was that of George Fox, When we think of the seventeenth century we think first of the Puritans, and then we remember "Hudibras," and the plays of Wycherley. But we must not forget that the people "in scorn called Quakers," gathered together in protest against both, against the solemnly conducted worship of God, no less than against the flagrant vice of the theatres and the court. They pierced the deception of outward appearance, and spoke of that which satisfied their contemporaries as "Mystery—Babylon."

One of Penington's tracts, "Babylon the Great Described" (I waive the rest of the title), appeared in 1681, and is strangely sympathetic in teaching to the engraved apocalypse of 1498. After dealing slightly with the obvious sins of the flesh, Penington devotes himself to the more subtle wiles of his symbolic city. The "great Masterpiece of Babylon is to set up a false Church, which, by reason of its paint and likeness to that which once was true, should pass up and down the world, and be taken for the true, and here lies her Beauty, her Glory, her Majesty, her Life, her Heart, even in the deceivableness of this appearance. . . . She often reneweth and changeth her paint nearer and nearer to the Image and former likeness of Truth, that she might make it pass instead of the Truth, and so keep that which is indeed the

Truth down still under reproach. . . Therefore she hath her sorts of paint by her, her varieties of sorcery, of witchery, of Inchantments (*sic*), whereof her cup is full, and wherewith her wine is made strong to make the inhabitants of the earth drunk thereby . . . She speaks fair words ; she calls to have the worship of God set up, a Godly Ministry, and the ordinances of God in a nation ; but the thing is not so in the sight of God."

He is not satisfied with the solemnly conducted worship, which Charles II. could attend, only to return with renewed zest to the base frivolities of his mocking *entourage*.

How is it to-day ?

Recently, in the *Hibbert Journal*, appeared four articles on the "Alleged Indifference of Laymen to Religion." Here again the external evidences of wealth, security, and "proud self-confidence" do not satisfy, but the editor prints in capital letters the startling question, "Where is Christianity?" He asserts, that what men want is a "more valid proof than has yet been offered that the world is *serious*, when it professes the Christianity which is a life and not a creed."

It appears that we are still in the streets of Babylon ! Shall, we, I wonder, imitate the young artist in Venice, and go home to issue an apocalypse !

Quakerism, like the primitive Christianity it professed to revive, was apocalyptic in its temper. It saw visions, it spoke an inward truth, its life was pure. Is it possible that we have fallen at last to the deception of a painted image ? Do we, in the simplicity of a creedless faith, live in that reality and power which transcends all creeds ? Do we, in the trials of life, and bearing the penalties of the flesh, dare to say with Fox, that we dwell "in Paradise ?"

Perhaps the "plain man" is satisfied ; he is thankful that he is what he is, and impatient of all this nonsense about a spiritual life. And, knowing the plain man, we are often inclined to be satisfied too. He may be unspiritual, but then he is such a good fellow ! We enjoy his dinners, his coffee

and cigars, and his stories make us laugh. But there are moments when we are conscious that something is wrong. The painted mask slips a little, and we catch a hint of the truth. The fact is that the "plain man's" house is in Babylon. It may be in a good quarter. There may be no vice, and the slums may be shut off by intervening property, but it is the spirit of Babylon that broods over it; Isaac Penington would never have lived there. "He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth!" The greater number of us sedulously forget that Scripture, and bask contentedly in the meadows which are, as we verily believe, in the land of Beulah, and in sight of the heavenly city. Too late we discover that the meadows border not upon Paradise but upon the city of Vanity Fair.

Assuredly all "plain men" are not of this stamp. Many are earnest and seek reality in social service. They are strenuous to redeem the world from its ugliness. And it is good so far, for Christianity is not an abstraction, nor is it even a creed. To quote the *Hibbert Journal* again: "It is a state of the will in the first place, and of the intellect only in the second." But the question arises: What is the motive of such effort? Is it consciousness of any spiritual ground-work? Do our activities spring from our spiritual experience, or are they a substitute for it?

Have we in the mystical language of the Gospel been "born again"; has all creation a "new smell," or are we simply struggling in the toils of self, discontented with Babylon perhaps, but still within its walls? This is the recurring question under a hundred forms asked by Fox and his fellows. They called men from the "outward," whether the "outward" of solemn worship in some beautiful Church, or the "outward" of the daily life in home or market, on the magistrates' bench, or behind some ploughing team. "Turn in, turn in," cried William Penn, "I beseech you! There you want Christ, and there, blessed be God, you may find Him!" No ministry of the Word, however cultured or equipped, no social service,

however scientific or informed, can have either power or permanence, without the acknowledged indwelling of the Divine Love. This it is that liberates, saves, redeems; that purifies and fits for the loftiest enterprises of the soul. We must abandon self-love, to seek victory in self-surrender, and peace in the selfless ambition to honour a living God.

“O Lord,” said Albrecht Dürer, “give us then the new and beautiful Jerusalem, which comes down from heaven, and of which the apocalypse speaks!” But to win the franchise of Jerusalem we cannot continue citizens of Babylon. “Come forth my people out of her, that ye have no fellowship with her sins.” Let us cherish the faith of “humble men and of mystics,” and join our prayer with Penington’s who was of these :

“Awake! arise! Stand up from the dead! Come out of the thick, dark land, where the pure God of Life is not to be found. Come out of Babylon and touch not the unclean, that the pure life may receive you into unity with itself!”

[Published in *British Friend*, February, 1904.]

AUGUSTINE.

[This formed part of a series of lectures on the Doctrine of the Atonement ; most of them were never written out at length.]

LECTURE I.

We have come now to what George Matheson has called the close of the child-life of Christianity.

One commanding figure stands out in this period of transition at the threshold to the age of scholasticism (the school-life of Christianity), viz., St. Augustine.

So greatly has he dominated Christian thought, so clearly can his influence be traced in the teaching of Anselm upon the Atonement, that we are bound even in a hasty and superficial survey like this, to devote more particular attention to him. Not only so ; we are endeavouring to form some idea of the life which struggled to find expression in the creeds, to clothe with flesh the dry bones of theology, to discover what was the need men sought to satisfy when they formulated the doctrine of the Atonement.

It may be a more direct path to the attainment of our object if we deviate from the general historical survey on this occasion, and inquire somewhat into the nature of the spiritual struggle by which Augustine passed from darkness to light. The record of the passion of a single soul may cast a wide illumination upon the problems of life, and give reality and force to Christian truth, which we may miss in the cold and clear-cut formula.

If this be true we are singularly fortunate in our choice of St. Augustine, for in the story of his conversion we have that which is typical of his generation. In him we read as in a mirror the inward mood of the saddest and darkest

age in human history. All the sinister tendencies which had been gathering strength met in his mind. And more than this, though it is fifteen centuries since the Bishop of Hippo wrote his Confessions, they come to us with the force and with the freshness of a contemporary document. It is impossible to read them without emotion. Their naked and transparent sincerity, their terrible and ruthless exposure of the most hidden thought, their story of fierce temptation and human passion, of mental conflict, of anguish of soul and of heart-hunger, not only call out our sympathy, but touch us to the quick and compel us by their searching truthfulness to read our own heart without self-deception.

We will then postpone to the next occasion the consideration of Augustine's influence upon the theology and polity of the Latin Church, and devote ourselves this evening to that part of the "Confessions" which lead us up to and include Augustine's conversion.

Augustine was born in Africa, in 354; to be more precise, at Tagaste, in Numidia.

The political atmosphere of the Roman Empire was already heavy with the menace of the coming storm. Decline had become so evident that men of intellectual force no longer looked to Rome as the mistress in whose service the highest ambitions for usefulness might be gratified.

In 361, amid waning hopes, declining intellectual activity and growing scepticism, Julian, the last of Constantine's house, ascends the throne of the Cæsars.

It may serve both as a rebuke and an encouragement for those who despair of the vitality of the Christian faith, to recollect that in the year 361 A.D. a Roman Cæsar, concerned for the moral elevation of his people, regarded the influence of official Christianity as barren, and proclaimed the restoration of paganism in the belief that he was promoting a moral reformation.

It was a dark hour, but the little African boy, who was meantime playing with nuts and sparrows in the streets of

Tagaste, was the destined saviour of the church in this crisis of her life. Not that the boy as yet gave promise of the man he was to be. Ardent, affectionate, excitable he was always, but the Bishop of Hippo was to be slow in the making.

The Confessions are complete, they begin at the beginning. There are some quaint touches which throw a side-light even upon his baby days.

“ I grew indignant with my elders for not submitting to me, and took my vengeance on them with tears.” “ Such,” Augustine sagely remarks, after years had brought experience, “ have I learned infants to be from observing them.”

Later he writes, “ As a boy I began to pray to Thee, and I used to ask Thee, though small yet with no small earnestness, that I might not be flogged at school.”

Alas ! Augustine did not so comport himself as to escape flogging. He was fond of play. “ Why did I so much hate the Greek which, as a little boy, I used to study ? Not even yet is it quite clear to me. For the Latin I loved, . . . at least what the so-called grammarians taught me.”

He hated reading, writing and arithmetic. “ One and one, two, two and two, four,—this was to me a hateful sing-song. The wooden horse filled with armed men, and the burning of Troy and Cæsar’s shade, were the vain spectacles most charming to me.”

“ Thefts also I committed from my parents’ cellar and table, either because tempted by gluttony, or that I might have to give to boys who sold me their play.”

“ In this play I often sought to win by cheating . . . and what could I so ill put up with, or when I found out did I denounce so fiercely as that very thing which I was doing to others, and for which found out, I was denounced, but yet chose rather to quarrel than yield.”

“ And is this the innocence of boyhood ? Not so, oh Lord, not so. I cry Thy mercy, oh my God. For those very sins, as riper years succeed are transferred from tutor and master, from nuts and balls and sparrows, to magistrates and

kings, to gold and mansions, and slaves, just as severer punishments displace the cane."

As a young man, he sins to the flesh "with a proud dejectedness and a restless weariness."

And he complains that when in the full course of his vices, his friends only care "that I should learn to make a good speech and be an impressive orator." So he is sent to Carthage. The expenses were found "rather by the resolution than by the means of my father, who was but a poor man of Tagaste." "But yet this same father had no concern how I grew towards Thee or how chaste I were, so that I were but a cultured speaker, however barren I were to Thy culture, oh God."

At Carthage, "I made myself out more vicious than I was to avoid being blamed, and when there was nothing which I could plead guilty of, to be like the most abandoned, I would pretend that I had done what I had not done, that I might not seem more contemptible because I was more innocent, or be held the cheaper because more chaste."

This spirit comes out in a specific incident, recorded with some detail. "I wanted to thieve and I did it, though compelled by no want or poverty, but through a loathing of righteousness and a surfeit of iniquity. Nor did I want to enjoy what I sought by my theft, but the theft and sin itself."

The desire of good esteem lay at the root of his conduct. "When it is said 'let's go, let's do it,' we are ashamed not to be shameless."

He was the chief in the Carthage School of rhetoric. In his nineteenth year he reads Cicero's "Hortensius."

"How I did burn then my God, how I did burn to soar again from earthly things to Thee." He notes the omission of the name of Christ in it. "This only gave me pause, that the name of Christ was not in it. For this name, according to Thy mercy, oh Lord, this name of my Saviour Thy Son had my tender heart, even with my mother's milk, drunk in, and deeply treasured; and, whatsoever was without that name,

though never so learned, polished or truthful, took not entire hold of me."

So he turns to Scripture. "I began to turn my mind to the Holy Scriptures that I might see what they were. But, behold, I see a thing not understood by the proud, nor laid open to children in mien lowly, in issue lofty and veiled with mysteries; and I was not such as could enter into it, or stoop my neck to follow its steps. For, not as I now speak did I feel when I turned to those Scriptures, but they seemed to me undignified in comparison with Ciceronian dignity, for my swelling pride shrunk from their humble method, nor could my sharp wit penetrate their depths. Yet were they such as would grow up in a little one. But I disdained to be a little one; and swoln with arrogance took myself to be a great one."

At this point Augustine joins the Manichæans.*

"I fell in with men raving with pride, very carnal and worldly. . . Oh, Truth, Truth, how inwardly did even then the marrow of my soul pant after Thee, when they often and diversely, and in many and huge books, clamoured to me of Thee in empty words. . . Yet because I thought them to be Thee, I fed thereon; not greedily, because Thou didst not in them savour to me as Thou art; . . . nor was I nourished by them, but rather exhausted. Food in dreams shows very like the food of waking men; yet are not those asleep nourished by it, for they are asleep."

For nine years (20-29), Augustine remained with the Manichæans, to the great sorrow of the saintly Monica, his mother.

"Almost nine years passed in which I wallowed in the mire of that deep pit . . . the while, however, that chaste widow, devout and sober, though something brighter

* Manichæism is not a Christian system of thought except in name. The predominance of evil was explained by the supposed existence of an evil deity, who, from all eternity resisted the good deity, and furnished the larger part of the material out of which the world had been made.

for the hope, yet no whit relaxing in her weeping and mourning, ceased not at all hours of her devotions to lay before Thee her sorrow on my behalf."

Having returned home, the death of a dear friend greatly troubled him. "I had poured out my soul upon the sand, in loving one that must die, as if he would not die." Unable to bear Tagaste any more, he returns to Carthage, "distraught without rest, without counsel, for I bore about a torn and bleeding soul."

Recovering somewhat in the whirl of a great city, he writes "Fair and Fit," dedicated to "one Hierius, an orator of the city of Rome."

In this treatise he defined "fair" as that which is so in itself, and "fit" that which is beautiful as it corresponds to some other thing. "For I had not known or learned that no substance was evil, and that our mind was not the supreme and unchallengeable good." "I preferred to argue that Thy unchangeable substance had been compelled to err, rather than confess that my changeable substance had chosen of its own will to turn aside from the way, and now for a punishment lay in error."

At twenty-nine years of age, many questions had arisen in his mind, which he had sought to answer, and which he asked his Manichæan friends to answer. They referred him to a certain Faustus, a brilliant orator of that sect. Faustus visits Carthage. Augustine, disappointed, finds him pleasant, eloquent, but shallow. "What availed the most courteous butler to assuage my thirst for a rarer vintage?"

Shaken in his Manichæism, he determines upon Rome. Deceiving his mother, who desires to keep him, he escapes in a vessel, and sets foot in Italy.

Having left Manichæans, he still clings to the belief that it is not men who sin. "I still thought that it is not we ourselves that sin, but that some other nature (what I know not) sins in us." Disappointed in his teacher, he is naturally

attracted to Academius, who taught that men should doubt everything.

What he *did* believe in those days is best put in his own words:—"I believed Evil . . . to be some . . . kind of substance, and to have its own foul and hideous bulk. . . . And because some sort of piety constrained me to believe that the good God had created no evil nature, I conceived two masses, mutually antagonistic, both infinite, but the evil narrower, the good greater. . . . When my mind sought to revert to the Catholic faith, I was repelled, since that was not the Catholic Faith which I thought to be so. And I thought it was more reverent in me, my God, to believe Thee infinite on all sides, except upon that one where the mass of evil opposed itself against Thee."

"Yea and our Saviour Himself, Thy only Begotten, I believed to have been reached forth (as it were) for our salvation, out of the mass of Thy most lucid substance, so as to believe nothing of Him but what I could imagine in my vanity. His nature then being such, I thought could not be born of the Virgin Mary. . . . I feared therefore to believe Him born in the flesh, lest I should be forced to believe Him defiled by the flesh."

We now approach the crisis of his life. He goes to Milan to teach rhetoric. He hears Ambrose "whose eloquent discourses did then plentifully dispense unto Thy people the fatness of Thy wheat, the gladness of Thy oil, and the sober inebriation of Thy wine."

He is almost persuaded by Ambrose and "after the manner of the Academics (sceptical of everything and wavering between all) I settled so far that the Manichæans must be abandoned."

At this point he is joined by his mother. Augustine tells the story of her voyage in a paragraph which must be repeated both for its beauty and for its quaint touch of humour: "Strong in her piety, following me over sea and land, and amid all perils safe in Thy protection. For through

the dangers of the sea she comforted the very mariners, by whom passengers unacquainted with the deep are generally comforted when troubled."

Augustine tells her he is not yet a Christian. She replies, "I believe in Christ that before I depart out of this life I shall see thee a faithful Catholic."

He continues to be impressed by Ambrose. "I began to condemn my own despair for having believed that no answer at all could be given to such as hated and scoffed at the Law and the Prophets."

He is still troubled to conceive of a "spiritual substance." "Could I once have conceived a spiritual substance all their (the Manichæans) devices would be cast down immediately and thrown off from my mind, but I could not."

He is helped by hearing Ambrose "most diligently recommend to the people as a rule, this saying, 'The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.'" He still withholds from Christianity. "I withheld my heart from all assent, dreading a downfall, and came nearer being killed by the suspense. For I wished to be as assured of the things I saw not, as I was that seven and three are ten."

Throughout all the changes of his opinion, his belief in the immortality of the soul has remained. "In disputes with my friends of the nature of good and evil, I used to hold that Epicurus would to my judgment have won the palm, had I not believed that after death there remained a life of the soul, and durations of requitals."

Now in his thirty-first year he advances a step. He sets behind him his vicious living and conceives of God as incorruptible. "And I a man, and such a man, sought to conceive of Thee the Sovereign and only and true God, and I did in my inmost soul believe that Thou wert incorruptible and inviolable and unchangeable, though not knowing whence or how." "My heart passionately cried out against all my phantasms, and with this one blow I sought to beat away from the eye of my mind all that unclean troop which

buzzed around it." . . . "yet I did not hold that the cause of evil was explained and disentangled."

"I strained to perceive what I now heard, that freewill was the cause of our doing ill, and Thy just judgment of our suffering ill, but I was not able."

"But it lifted me a little toward Thy light to know that I had a will. . . . But again I said, Who made me? Did not my God, who is not only good but goodness itself?"

"Whence then, comes it, that I choose the evil rather than the good? Who set this in me? If the devil were the author, whence is that same devil? And if he also by his own perverse will, of a good angel, became a devil, whence again, came in him that evil will, whereby he became a devil?"

"I sought anxiously 'Whence was evil?' . . . Thou knewest what I suffered, and no man. For what was there of it which I could convey by my tongue into the ear of my most familiar friend?"

He reads a Latin translation of Plato's works. He finds a striking parallel to the opening passages of John's Gospel, "but that the word was made flesh and dwelt among us, I read not there" (*i.e.* in Plato).

"And being admonished to return to myself, I entered with Thy guidance into my inmost self, and I was enabled to do so, for Thou wert my helper. And I entered and beheld with the eye of my soul, above my mind, the Light unchangeable; not this common light which shines for all flesh . . . not such was this light, but other, yea far other from all these. Nor was it above my soul as oil is above water, nor yet as heaven is above earth; but higher than I because it made me; and I below it because I was made by it. He that knoweth the Truth, knoweth what that Light is; and he that knoweth it, knoweth Eternity." . . . "And Thou didst beat back the weakness of my sight, streaming forth Thy beams of light upon me most strongly and I trembled with love and awe, and I perceived myself to be far off from Thee, . . . as if I heard Thy voice from on high, 'I

am the food of them that be full grown ; grow, and thou shalt feed upon Me ; nor shalt thou transmute Me into thee, as thou dost the food of thy flesh, but thou shalt be transmuted into Me.' ”

“ And I said ‘ Is Truth therefore nothing because it is not diffused through space, finite or infinite ? ’ And Thou criedst to me from afar, ‘ Yea verily, I am that I am. ’ ”

“ And I heard as the heart heareth, nor had I room to doubt, and I should sooner doubt that I live, than that Truth is not. ”

Then it came to him that creatures not God are subject to change, and that God made all things good. “ Therefore if all things be deprived of all good they will entirely cease to be. . . . The Evil then which I sought, whence it is, is not any substance ; for, were it a substance it should be good. For either it should be an incorruptible substance, and so a chief good, or a corruptible substance, which, unless it were good could not be corrupted. ”

“ And I inquired what iniquity was, and found it to be no substance but the perversion of the will, turned aside from Thee, oh God. ”

But he does not yet understand how “ the Word was made Flesh. ”

He now comes under the influence and teaching of one Simplicianus, with whom he has much converse. He endures a great conflict of wills : “ My two wills, one old, and the other new, one carnal, the other spiritual, warred against each other, and by their discord squandered my soul. ”

“ Then upon a day, there came to see me and Alypius one Pontitianus our country-man, in so much as he was an African, holding a high command in the Palace. I do not know what his business was with us, and we sat down to converse, and it happened that upon a table, for some game before us, he observed a book, took, opened it, and greatly to his surprise found it the Apostle Paul. Whereat smiling and looking upon me he expressed his joy, for he was a Christian. ” He

is led on in converse. In course of this, Pontitianus tells the the story of St. Anthony. Augustine is greatly affected.

“ I was gnawed within and exceedingly confounded with an horrible shame while Pontitianus was so speaking. With what stripes of condemnation scourged not I my soul that it might follow me in striving to go after Thee. But it still withstood, refused though not excused itself. Then, in this powerful struggle of my inmost dwelling-place, I fell upon Alypius and cried out ‘ What ails us ? What heardest thou ? The unlearned start up and take heaven by force, and we with our learning and without heart, lo ! where we wallow in flesh and blood. Are we ashamed to follow, because others are gone before ?—and not ashamed not even to follow ? ’ I rushed out then into the garden and Alypius hurried after me. I was groaning in spirit, indignant with most relentless indignation that I could not journey towards Thy will and covenant, oh my God. If I tore my hair, beat my forehead, if locking my fingers I clasped my knee because I willed, I did it. But I might have willed and not done it. . . . But I did not then do that which I, with an incomparably greater longing, wished to do. ”

“ More easily did my body obey the weakest willing of my soul, in moving its limbs at its nod, than the soul obeyed itself to accomplish in the will alone this its momentary will. Whence is this strange anomaly ? . . . The mind commands the body and it obeys instantly ; the mind commands itself and is resisted. . . . Whence this strange anomaly ? It willeth not entirely, therefore doth it not command entirely. . . . It is therefore no anomaly, but a disease of the mind, that it doth not wholly rise, for it is uplifted by truth but pressed down by habit. ”

“ Thus soul-sick was I and tormented, accusing myself much more severely than my wont, rolling and turning me in my chair, till that were wholly broken, whereby I now was but slightly held. . . . For I said within myself, ‘ Be it done now, be it done now, ’ and as I spake I came near to

resolution, now I nearly did it yet I did it not, but fell not back into my old place, but stood hard by and drew my breath. . . And Alypius sitting close by my side in silence, watched the issue of my unwonted emotion. . . When deep reflection had from the secret store of memory drawn and heaped together all my misery in the sight of my heart, there arose a mighty tempest bringing a heavy downpour of tears."

Augustine desires solitude, and flings himself under a fig-tree. "And not indeed in these words, yet to this purpose spake I much with Thee, 'And Thou O Lord, how long? how long, Lord, wilt Thou be angry for ever? O, remember not against us former iniquities,' for I felt that I was holden by them. Why not now? why not this hour make an end of my uncleanness?"

"And lo! from a neighbouring house I hear a voice as of a boy or girl, singing, and oft repeating, 'Take read, take read.'"

Augustine takes the words as a divine command, and remembering that Anthony had changed his life through entering a church as the words "Go sell all that thou hast and give to the poor" were being read, he goes to the seat where he left Alypius, and takes up the volume of the Apostle, which had attracted the notice of Pontitianus. "I seized, opened, and in silence read the passage upon which my eyes first fell, 'Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof.' No further would I read, nor was there need, for, instantly, at the end of this sentence, as though my heart were flooded with a light of peace, all the shadows of doubt melted away."

"Then, putting my finger between, or some other mark, I shut the volume, and with a calm countenance made it known to Alypius. . . Thence we go in to my mother, we tell her; she exulteth and triumpheth, and blessed Thee,

'Who art able to do above that which we ask or think,' for she perceived that Thou hadst given her more for me, than she was wont to ask in her sorrowful and tearful groanings. For Thou didst so convert me unto Thyself that I sought neither wife, nor any hope of this world, standing in that rule of faith, where Thou hadst in a vision revealed me to her so many years before. And Thou didst turn her mourning into joy, fuller by far than she had desired."

AUGUSTINE.

LECTURE II.

Last time we dealt with Augustine's conversion as described in the "Confessions," and are concerned this evening with his philosophy and theology.

Augustine, the "doctor of grace," was born in 354 at Tagaste, in Numidia. His conversion took place thirty-three years later, 387. It is 150 years since Tertullian turned Montanist and Irenæus died, a hundred years since the Decian persecution. Since those dark days of terror, Constantine has come and gone—Jerome has given the world his translation of the Scriptures, and passed to the church triumphant; it still wants twenty years before Ambrose steps into the pulpit at Milan, to enthral with his eloquence the impressionable Numidian youth. He was born into stirring times. As the aged Bishop of Hippo, he was to witness the crash of the Roman world, to hear as he lay dying the thunder of the Vandals at his city gates.

Augustine stands indeed between two epochs with his back to the age of the Fathers and his face to the long darkness of the mediæval age. The old world is dying around him, the new has not yet taken shape. But in him the hour had found the man.

We have already marked the main facts of his life—his vicious youth in Carthage, his search for truth, never really abandoned even in the midst of evil pleasures, his Manichæism, his reaction to Agnosticism, his flight to Milan, his encounter with Ambrose, his study of Plato, and finally, after a terrible struggle, his conversion to Christianity.

We have noticed his familiarity with different phases of thought, his deep sense of sin, his profound dissatisfaction with the world.

To a man of weak will and strong passions, whose main strength lay in the emotions, who had no canon for the recognition of truth, whose intellectual stability had been shaken by his many changes of belief—it was an immense relief when the crisis had passed.

Light came to him in the recognition that the seat of evil lay, not as the Manichæans taught, in matter, but in the human will. Conversion was for Augustine, both the recognition of this fact, and the surrender of his will to an authority he had learned to recognise. What was that authority? Christ? God? The Higher Law? The Divine will?

Yes and no.

In the burning pages of the "Confessions," there is passionate testimony to the dominance of Christ. But men see Christ at best through the medium of their thoughts, and the atmosphere of Augustine's age was but murky at the best.

There was an element of mysticism in Augustine, but mysticism is not incompatible with dependence upon external authority. And the conditions both in Augustine's character and his environment, made it inevitable that he should fall back upon such external authority as he could find.

That external authority was the Roman Church, glorified by the eloquence of Ambrose, and sanctified by the illumination of a conversion which sealed the complete surrender of the ardent African.

Ambrose had defied the Roman empress, and humiliated the emperor Theodosius. The fact would not be without its significance to Augustine.

The Roman Church, which was already becoming the state, was shaping in the Latin mind "as a vast, mysterious entity, a personification, as it were, of the hierarchy or epis-

copate, a living corporate existence, endowed from without with all the powers, the supernatural gifts and grace for the salvation of men. In one sense, it is true, all men who were in communion with the Catholic episcopate, were spoken of as the church. But in the most important sense, the church as teaching and ruling the world was not the people but the hierarchy; the grace that saved was deposited primarily, not in the congregations, but in the bishops by whom it was administered to the people. Thus the church had taken the place of Christ as the way of redemption, and had become the mediator between God and man."

This change in the church has its effect upon the new convert. Despite the expression of personal devotion to Christ in the "Confessions," it has been remarked that the theology of Augustine would stand almost unshaken if Christ were eliminated.

But before we come to the theology we must give a brief space to the philosophy of Augustine.

For Augustine, before his conversion, had studied Plato and imbibed not a little of the Greek influence in the study of that great philosopher's translated works.

Indeed to Plato, Augustine, in the words of Dr. Fairbairn, "owed his lofty idealism which gave to his system all its dignity and all its power."

Not that his philosophy can lay much claim to order or system. Augustine was not a clear, ordered thinker;—to quote Fairbairn again,—“His works are almost all occasional—torn from him by the necessities of the moment, exhibiting all the one-sidedness and exaggeration of a singularly rich and restless mind, that throws itself successively on single aspects of the truth and deals with each aspect as if it were the whole. He had the excellencies proper to one who is, in the field of controversy, perhaps the supremest master, but his system has all the defects proper to his pre-eminence in this field—*i.e.*, it is in no respect a system, but only a succession of positions polemically maintained.”

This fault was however a virtue. As Canon Mozley says : " In argument he was not too deep ; to have been so would have very much obstructed his access to the mind of the mass, and prevented him from getting the ear of the church at large."

Bearing this in mind, and remembering that this characteristic of Augustine was to lead him into no little contradiction in his theology, let us briefly examine his philosophy.

Augustine as philosopher.—"For him as for Plato science means a purer, cleaner, more exalted life, the life of a thinker."

Reason is a gift of God. He has given it to us that we may know all things. Reason is the eye of the soul, by which we perceive the highest wisdom, and that is God Himself.

There should be no antagonism between reason and faith ; faith, which some oppose to reason, is only possible to reasonable beings.

Nevertheless, chronologically faith precedes intelligence. "*Credo ut intelligam.*" Augustine makes faith a condition of knowledge. Nevertheless, he regards it as a provisional state, inferior to reasoned knowledge and which ultimately resolves itself into knowledge.

Augustine's theodicy is Platonic. Beyond, outside, without God, there is nothing. Everything has reality below, in and through Him.

God is the beginning, middle and end. Nor are goodness, justice and wisdom accidental attributes, but are of the universal essence of God.

Omnipotence, presence, and eternity, these too are of the Divine essence. Nevertheless Augustine is careful to distinguish between God and the world. His speculations about God are necessarily involved in a series of antinomies.

God is substantially omnipresent, without, however, being everything ; everything is in Him though He is not the all. He is the Creator of intelligence, and yet is superior to it. He is present everywhere, without being bound to any place.

He thus escapes pantheism by his doctrine of creation *ex nihilo*.

If the universe had *emanated* from God, then it would be itself of divine essence and identical with God. So to Augustine it is not an *emanation*, but a *creation*, by an act of *free-will*. The Stoics held that God was the soul of the world and that the world was the body of God. Not so Augustine.

Augustine, with his deep sense of sin, cannot bear the thought of God as immanent in the world; the thought was to him an outrage upon the divine majesty of God.

Upon the doctrine of the Trinity Augustine is interesting. The three hypostases of the Trinity, although distinct, constitute but one God, just as reason, will, and the emotions, form but one and the same human being. Augustine is acute in his criticism of Arianism.

“What do you mean,” he says, “by assuming that the Son created the world at the command of the Father? Do you not thereby assert that God the Father did not create the world, but simply ordered a demiurge to create it? What is the Son if not the Word of God, and what is a command if not an act of speech? Hence God commanded the Son, through the Son, to create the world. What a strange and absurd conclusion. Arianism should have seen that the command by means of which God created the world out of nothing simply means the creative word itself. God is a spirit and we should not and cannot form an image of the immaterial.”

As for the creation, we have seen that Augustine regarded the world as created by an act of free-will. Therefore the world had a beginning. Origen, and the Neo-Platonists would accept, on the contrary, the idea of emanation. They believed in eternal creation ever in process.

Augustine therefore is face to face with the difficulty of conceiving God without the universe. He meets the difficulty with an inconsistency; Augustine the philosopher and Augustine the theologian being here in antagonism.

He maintained that God created the universe by an act of free-will, and yet creation was not the result of caprice, but of eternal decree. He then realises that it is indifferent whether the will of God compels Him to create the world at a given time, or whether it compels Him to perform the act of creation eternally. In either case we have absolute determination.

Therefore Augustine declares that the principle and supreme norm of things is the divine freedom, and therefore again it is futile to inquire into the cause of creation.

Turning to the soul, we find Augustine anticipating the familiar argument of Descartes, *Cogito ergo sumi*, in seeking for a proof of its existence. He lays stress upon thought, consciousness, and memory, and herein shows philosophic common sense.

But what about the origin of the soul? Some say it emanates from God. But that is too much honour.

No, for Augustine, sharing the heavy sense of sin and evil which weighed upon his generation, it was impossible to accept the thought. The soul must be a creation of God. If so it had a beginning. When? Some say the soul was created in Adam, and all other souls produced *per traducem*.

This idea would powerfully have supported Augustine's doctrine of sin transmitted from Adam. But he rejects it as too materialistic. Others say that souls were created before bodies, and existed in another state, but were not introduced till after the Fall, the object of their captivity in human bodies being in expiation of sins committed in a previous life. This was a view that was borrowed largely from Plato.

But Augustine considers the complete absence of any recollection of a previous life forbids the acceptance of this theory, and falls back on the belief that body and soul are created together.

But he regards the soul as distinct from the body, and as immortal. To him the reason is an evidence of immortality. The reason brings the soul into touch with eternal

truth. As the soul yields to the truth, they become in effect, one.

Physical death is a mere incident, but the death of the soul would mean separation from truth. But who can of himself wholly separate himself from truth? God alone can separate them, but what conceivable ground can he have for this?

The Greek fathers had struggled against the tendency present, for instance, in Neo-Platonism, to separate man and the world from God.

Augustine, on the contrary, feels the gulf so keenly, that he aims at elevating God and debasing man. Man must owe nothing to himself, all to God.

The soul is a passive instrument. It *receives* all its impressions and ideas of sensible things through the senses; moral and religious, through the spirit. Augustine conceives of a heavenly light within the soul but not identical—the Inner Light of the early Friends—which interprets and reveals truth to the soul.

But the more Augustine becomes convinced of the fall and radical corruption of human nature, the dimmer this light appears to him.

After the Fall, reason is obscured by sin, and the inner light changes to darkness. Had it remained pure, God would not have had to incarnate Himself in Jesus in order to reveal himself to humanity.

Turning to morals:—We find Augustine lifted by the influence of Plato above the level of patristic ethics. Virtue, not happiness, is the highest good. He maintains against Tertullian that morality is absolute and does not depend upon a person. He claims that the Divine Will does not make goodness, beauty and truth, but they themselves constitute the very will of God.

He says: "Is the moral law good because God is the highest Law-giver? No. We regard Him Who has given us the moral law as the highest law-giver because it is good."

A thing is not bad because God forbids it, God forbids it because it is bad.

The Latin fathers, Jerome and Chrysostom, condoned and authorised, as do the Jesuits, official falsehood. Permit falsehood and you permit sin, answers Augustine.

Augustine acknowledges the insoluble problems of human freedom in relation to divine prescience. If God foresees our actions and permits them, they become necessary. Then how explain free-will, responsibility, and sin?

We shall see in his theological system where these difficulties led him.

Augustine's theology.—It is not as a philosopher that we can dismiss Augustine. "It was to the Church as it had grown up in Latin Christendom that Augustine had been converted, and great as were the innovations which he sanctioned upon the theories of his predecessors, it was still to the Latin Church as an institution that he consecrated the labours of his life. As he came in contact with sects or heresies which denied its authority or rejected its essential principle, his conception of it became more clear and dogmatic, and it may be said of his life work as Bishop of Hippo, that its predominant aim was to adjust social institutions and even humanity itself, to the claims of a hierarchy divinely appointed to teach and rule the world."

The first of these controversies was with the *Manichæans*, and he uses the arguments of Tertullian.

Truth is a deposit in care of the episcopate, it is found only in the Church, and to the Church even Scripture owes its authority. There is here no appeal to the divine light in the soul bringing it in contact with eternal truth.

The second controversy was with the Donatists. Here the idea of the *Church* fixes itself more clearly in Augustine's mind and affects of course his conception of God.

The Donatists were a North African sect, who protested against the laxity which re-admitted the apostates of the Diocletian persecution into the communion of the Catholic

Church. They encountered persecution from the Emperor, and under its pressure developed the further contention that it was sinful for the Church to depend upon the State.

In answer to the first point, Augustine claims that the Church must include in its nature the tares with the wheat. But he was driven further. With his conversion he had accepted Cyprian's dictum, that outside the Church is no salvation. *All* men must therefore obey the Church. Augustine did not accept Cyprian's idea of the Church as merely offering a probation to men. No, it was here by divine appointment, and if so all men must come into it—by force if no other way. Therefore the Church might call upon the sword of the state in her need.

The *Manichæans* denied that the Church was the sole depository of truth, the *Donatists* denied its right to rule the conscience, and now Augustine is face to face with the *Pelagians*.

They denied that the Church was necessary for salvation. But to Augustine the Church had taken the place of Christ as the way of salvation, and he now seeks a dogmatic basis by which to justify the claim of the Church to be mediator between God and man. In doing this he lays the corner stone of Latin theology.

The foundation of that theology is *Augustine's doctrine of original sin*. The dogma is unknown in Greek theology, and is an innovation in Latin thought, though vaguely suggested by Tertullian and Cyprian.

According to this dogma, humanity is solely separated from God by Adam's fall. The guilt of one man dooms the whole race to everlasting woe. The redemption of the world by Christ assumes an insubordinate place and is practically denied. Adam not Christ becomes the normal man, the type of the race.

There is a solidarity in sin not in redemption. How is the sundered relationship to be restored ?

Christ is no longer the bond which unites God with humanity. The incarnation has become a mystery.

He was oppressed by the sense of sin in himself and others ; the appalling depth of human wickedness. To the mind of a practical Roman it was meaningless to think or act as if humanity were redeemed to God.

He abandons universal redemption and seizes upon the principle of individual election. Some only are saved.

The union with God is the divine will—it is free—not grounded in righteousness or love (note the decadence and contradiction of his earlier thought)—and it is vain to inquire into its working.

Thus we come to this, that out of the freedom of God's creative will has sprung the arbitrary determination constituting right.

It is a capricious predestination which acts without reference to human efforts or attainments.

The Catholic Church is the one appointed channel through which the predestined elect are to be saved. All who come into the Church will not be saved, but all must be drawn in that all the elect may have the means of grace.

As Augustine saw in his conversion, sin has its seat in the will ; but original sin has corrupted the will, and example and exhortation are powerless to re-create it.

Baptism is the means of re-creation and now comes to have a dogmatic meaning not before possessed. For the heathen there is no hope, nor for the unbaptised.

Augustine was not without opposition. *Theodore of Mopsuestia* reflected upon Augustine's lack of reverence and of true fear in asserting things about God which human justice would condemn, and in the West, Vincent of Lerins, protesting against Augustine's innovations, set forth the famous doctrine "That should be held for Catholic truth, which has been believed everywhere, always and by all." That has since remained the standard exposition of what is called the great Catholic principle, by the very Church which accepted the innovations against which the doctrine was raised.

The Greek Fathers had set forth Christ as the teacher

of the world, whose presence in the world was the power by which men were delivered from sin.

In Augustine's system, Christ becomes an impersonal theological expression; grace, which is in one aspect the will of God choosing the elect, in another a deposit vested in the Church and to be dealt out to the faithful in the sacraments. Augustine did not definitely initiate it, but nevertheless upon this teaching, the sacramentarian theology came to be based.

The doctrine of *endless punishment* is now taught with a rigidity previously unknown, and the belief in a bodily resurrection stimulates the idea of *purgatory*. Augustine speaks of a purifying fire for the elect.

Prayers for the dead under Augustine become prayers for the alleviation of purgatory.

We have noted the inconsistencies of Augustine's teaching; the curious dualism which shows itself in the contradiction given in later years to his earlier philosophy.

We have seen how the influence of church authority on the one hand, and of his deep sense of sin upon the other, worked upon him.

Augustine however, with all his limitations, was great in that he made possible the survival of the Latin Church, when the waves of barbarism, like an advancing tide, were drowning the sand castle of the Roman Empire.

The ages to come were ages when men needed authority, and when the Greek appeal to reason would have fallen upon ears too ignorant to comprehend. The influence of Augustine upon subsequent thought was far-reaching. Geneva and Wittenberg testify to his power. John Wycliff and John Huss built upon his teaching.

"For a thousand years," says Allen, "those who came after him did little more than re-affirm his teaching, and so deep is the hold which his long supremacy has left upon the church, that his opinions have become identified with the divine revelation, and are all that the majority of the Christian world yet know of the religion of Christ."

THE FRIENDS OF GOD.

2 Cor. iii. 18.

In the thirteenth century, St. Francis of Assisi had given expression to the reaction against the Christianity of Hildebrand and Innocent III. In the fourteenth century the "Friends of God" gave expression to the ever recurring revolt against externalism in religion.

Scattered along the banks of the Rhine from Cologne to Basle, which was their headquarters, these "Friends" witnessed, amid the discords of political and ecclesiastical strife, to the eternal peace of God in the soul.

They were the contemporaries of Wycliff, of Dante, Chaucer, and Giotto. They saw the Jubilee of 1300, that famous year which marks not only the close of the mediæval papacy, whose glories lie buried in the grave of Boniface, but the supreme unfolding of Dante's life, the "Divina Commedia."

They viewed with the distress of all good Catholics the Babylonish captivity of Avignon, and heard, as who did not, of the nameless vices of the Papal court. They saw the horror of the Black Death, and its physical terrors deepened the gloom of the political and ecclesiastical world.

Theirs, then, was a time of intellectual activity, and of social and religious unrest. If in Italy we have Dante and Giotto, we have too the strife of Ghibelline and Guelph, and the scandal of the absent Pope. If in Germany we have an Emperor who defies the Pope, and stands for comparative

freedom of thought, we have also the anarchy following upon interdict, the unsettlement and uncertainty of the long strife, and the curse of civil war.

Two brief extracts from the Chronicle of Adolf Arnstein, armourer of Strasburg, the fictitious document in which Robert Vaughan, in his "Hours with the Mystics," has thrown together the real historical details of the period, may serve to complete our background, and leave us free to consider our subject.

"1324, *St. Kylian's Day*.—What a day this has been! Strasburg and all the states which adhere to Louis are placed under the bann. The bells were ringing merrily at early morning; now, the Interdict is proclaimed, and every tongue of them is silent. As the news flew round, every workman quitted his work. The busy stalls set out on either side of the streets were left empty. The tools and the wares lay unlooked at and untouched. The bishop and the clergy of his party, and most of the Dominicans, kept out of sight. My men are furious. I have been all day from house to house, and group to group, telling the people to keep a good heart. We shall have a sad time of it, I see. It is so hard for the poor creatures to shake off a fear in which they have been cradled.

"The clergy and the monks will pour out of Strasburg as out of a Sodom, in shoals. A mere handful will stay behind,—not nearly enough to christen those who will be born and shrive those who will die in this populous city. They may name their price; the greedy of gain may make their fortunes. The miserable poor will die, numbers of them in horror, unable to purchase absolution. And then, out of the few priests who do remain, scarcely any will have the courage to disobey the pope, and, despite the Interdict, say mass."

"1326, *March. St. Gregory's Day*.—A long conversation with Henry of Nördlingen. He has journeyed hither, cast

down and needy, to ask counsel of Tauler. Verily he needs counsel, but hath not strength of mind to take it when given. Tauler says Henry has many friends among the excellent of the earth ; all love him, and he is full of love, but sure a pitiful sight to see. His heart is with us. He mourns over us the trouble of the time. He weeps for the poor folk living and dying without the sacraments. But the Interdict crushes his soul."

A.D. 1339, *Jan.* "Bitter wind and sleet this morning. Saw three Dominicans creeping back into the town, who had left it a month ago refusing to say mass. Poor wretches, how starved and woe-begone they looked, after miserable wanderings about the country in the snow, winter showing them scant courtesy, and, sure I am, the boors less ; and now coming back to a deserted convent and to a city where men's faces are towards them as a flint. Straight, as I saw them, there came into my mind that goodly exhortation of Dr. Tauler's, that we should show mercy, as doth God, unto all, enemies and friends alike, for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen ? Ran after them, called them in, thawed them, fed them, comforted them with kind words and good ale by the great fire—then argued with them. They thought it a cruel thing that they must starve because pope and emperor are at feud. 'And is it not,' urged I, 'a crueller that thousands of innocent, poor folk should live without the sacrament, never hear mass, perhaps die unshriven, for the very same reason ? Is not God's law higher than the pope's—do to others as ye would they should do unto you ? Could you look for other treatment at the hands of our magistrates, and expect to be countenanced and sustained by them in administering the malediction of their enemies ?' Thought it most courteous, however, to ply them more pressingly with food than with arguments.

"While they were there, in comes my little Otto, opens his eyes wide with wonder to see them, and presently breaks

out with the words, now on the tongue of every Strasburgher a rhyming version of the decree :

‘They shall still their masses sing,
Or out of the city we’ll make them spring.’

Told him he should not sing that just then, and when he was out of the room, bade them mark by that straw which way the wind blew.”

Adolf Arnstein is represented by Vaughan as one of the “Friends of God,” but he had never any existence in fact. Who then really were these people? Let us quote once more from our chronicle :—

“Through all Rhineland hath he moved godly men, both clerks and laity, to draw nearer the one to the other, forming together what we call the association of the *Friends of God* for the better tending of the inward life in these troublous times, for wrestling with the Almighty on behalf of His suffering Christendom, and for the succour of the poor people, by preaching and counsel and sacrament, that are now as sheep without a shepherd, and perishing for lack of spiritual bread. Tauler is of the foremost among them, and with his brethren, Egenolph of Ehenheim and Dietrich of Colmar, labours without ceasing, having now the wider field and heavier toil, as so few are left in Strasburg who will perform any church service for love or money. Ah! well might the Abbess Christina say of him that the Spirit of God dwelt within him as a sweet harping. He has travelled much of late, and wherever he goes spreads blessing and consolation; the people flock to hear him; the hands of the Friends of God are strengthened; and a savour of heavenly love and wisdom is left behind. His good name hath journeyed, they say, even beyond the Alps, and into the Low Countries. Neither are there wanting many like-minded, though none equal to him. He found at Cologne Henry of Löwen, Henry, and Franke, and John of Sterngasse, brother Dominicans all of them, preaching constantly, with much of his own fer-

your, if with a doctrine more like that of Eckhart. In Switzerland there is Suso, and I hear much of one Ruysbroek, in the Netherlands, a man younger than Tauler, and a notable master in the divine art of contemplation.

“ Among the Friends of God are numbers both of men and women of every rank, abbots and framers, knights and nuns, monks and artizans. There is Conrad, Abbot of Kaisersheim; there are the nuns of Unterlinden and Klingenthal, at Colmar and Basle, as well as the holy sisters of Engelthal; the knights of Rheinfeld, Pfaffenheim and Landsberg; our rich merchant here, Rulman Merswin, and one, unworthy of so good a name, that holds this pen. Our law is that universal love commanded by Christ, and not to be gainsaid by his vicar. Some have joined themselves to us for awhile, and gone out from us because they were not of us; for we teach no easy road to heaven for the pleasing of the flesh. Many call us sectaries, Beghards, brethren of the Free Spirit, or of the New Spirit, and what not. They might call us by worse names, but we are none of these. The prophecies of some among us, concerning judgments to be looked for at the hands of God, and the faithful warnings of others, have made many angry. Yet are not such things needed, when, as Dr. Tauler saith, the princes and prelates are, too many of them, worse than Jews and infidels, and mere horses for the devil’s riding. So far from wishing evil, we mourn as no others over the present woe, and the Friends of God are, saith Dr. Tauler again, pillars of Christendom, and holders off for awhile of the gathered cloud of wrath. Beyond all question, if all would be active as they are active in works of love to their fellows, the face of the time would brighten presently, and the world come into sunshine.

“ It was but yesterday that in his sermon Tauler repeated the saying of one—an eminent Friend of God—‘ I cannot pass my neighbour by without wishing for him in my heart more of the blessedness of heaven than for myself; ’ ‘ and that, ’ said the good Doctor, ‘ I call true love. ’ Sure I am that such men stand between the living and the dead.”

The name of Dr. Tauler, familiar to us through Whittier's poem, has been frequently mentioned in this record, but we must go back a generation to discover the immediate origin of the society. It is now commonly recognised, Inge acknowledges in his Bampton Lectures, that the fourteenth century mystics were directly indebted to Meister Eckhart.

He was a Dominican monk, prior of Erfurt, and Vicar of Thüringen, born about the middle of the thirteenth century, the date (probably before 1260) is not known. He became the vicar-general for Bohemia, and about 1325 preached a great deal in Cologne. Semipantheistic in his teaching, he was at heart an Evangelical Christian. Professor Inge says of him, "his transparent intellectual honesty, and his great powers of thought, combined with deep devoutness and childlike purity of soul, make him one of the most interesting figures in the history of Christian philosophy."

But, though a philosopher, his style was popular and epigrammatic. He desired to reach the people, and spoke in German. He did not qualify himself when speaking after the manner of philosophers who weigh each word, and whose knowledge of the subtlest variations of meaning prohibits the use of simple sentences.

Consequently, he has been much misunderstood, and somewhat unfairly handled.

Nevertheless there is something of the Asiatic in his mysticism, *e.g.*, "Thou shalt love God as He is, a non-God, a non-Spirit, a non-person, a non-form, He is absolute, bare unity." And again, of the true believer: "Is he sick? He is fain to be sick as well. If a friend should die—in the name of God. If an eye should be knocked out—in the name of God." The fatalism of the Hindoo peasant in time of famine is of a piece with this teaching.

Philosophically, Eckhart's doctrine may be summed up thus:—"The ground of your being lies in God. Reduce yourself to that simplicity, that root, and you are in God. There is then no longer a distinction between your spirit and the

divine—you have escaped personality and finite limitation. Your particular self, as a something separate from God, is gone. Henceforth what seems an inclination of yours is in fact the divine good pleasure. You are free from law."

It is well to erect prominent danger-boards along this path, and history has not a few melancholy lessons which may serve. But let us be just. Remember how the church had hidden away the Christ, so that man knew not where He had been laid. There was a great thought wrapped up in this dangerous language—the consciousness that men were potentially the sons of God, a recognition of the divine spark in the soul, the only and eternal warrant of the Royal Priesthood. Eckhart's life, austere, practical, full of evangelical and strenuous labours, went far to limit the danger of his pantheism, and we owe him a great debt for the reaction which he set up against the externalism of Rome.

One illustration of the real beauty of his teaching shall suffice to show us his positive side.

A crowd outside the church are disputing over a sermon which Eckhart has just preached, "When," says our chronicler, "I saw advancing towards us the stately form of Master Eckhart himself. He looked with a calm gravity about upon us, as he paused in the midst—seemed to understand at once of what sort our talk had been, and appeared about to speak. There was a cry for silence: 'Hear the Doctor! hear him!' Whereon he spoke as follows:—

"There was once a learned man who longed and prayed full eight years that God would show him some one to teach him the way of truth. And on a time, as he was in a great longing, there came unto him a voice from heaven and said, 'Go to the front of the church, there wilt thou find a man that shall show thee the way to blessedness.'"

"So thither he went, and found there a poor man whose feet were torn and covered with dust and dirt, and all his apparel scarce three hellers worth. He greeted him, saying, 'God give thee good morrow.' Thereat made he answer, 'I

never had an ill morrow." Again said he, "God prosper thee." The other answered, "Never had I aught but prosperity."

" " " Heaven save thee," said the scholar, "how answerest thou me so ? "

" " " I was never other than saved."

" " " Explain to me this, for I understand not."

" " " Willingly," quoth the poor man. "Thou wishest me good morrow. I never had an ill morrow, for, am I an hungered, I praise God ; am I freezing, doth it hail, snow, rain, is it fair weather or foul, I praise God ; and therefore had I never ill morrow. Thou didst say, God prosper thee. I have been never unprospered, for I know how to live with God ; I know that what He doth is best, and what God giveth or ordaineth for me, be it pain or pleasure, that I take cheerfully from Him as the best of all, and so I had never adversity. Thou wishest God to bless me. I was never unblessed, for I desire to be only in the will of God, and I have so given up my will to the will of God, that what God willeth I will."

" " " But if God were to cast thee into Hell," said the scholar, "what wouldst thou do then ? "

" " " Cast me into hell ? His goodness holds Him back therefrom. Yet if He did, I should have two arms to embrace Him withal. One arm is true Humility, and therewith am I one with His holy humanity. And with the right arm of Love, that joineth his holy Godhead, I would embrace Him, so He must come with me into hell likewise. And even so, I would sooner be in hell, and have God, than in heaven, and not have Him." " " "

This story is found in an appendix to Tauler's "Medulla Animae," and in Whittier's poem is attributed to Tauler. There is, however, every reason to believe that it is Eckhart's.

So much then, of the origin of the Society, but who were the members ? There is the unknown author of the "Theologia Germanica," a book written about 1350, and of which Luther writes : "And I will say, though it be boasting of myself and I speak as a fool, that next to the Bible and St. Augustine,

no book has ever come into my hands, whence I have learnt or would wish to learn, more of what God and Christ and man and all things are."

There is Ruysbroeck, from whom selections have recently been translated and published in the Devotional Library series by Hodder and Stoughton, with a long but interesting preface by Maurice Maeterlinck. He was born in 1293, and died in 1381, and wrote most of his treatises in the convent of Grünthal, in the forest of Soignies. He was the object of great veneration, but was neither learned nor a clear thinker. He was emotional rather than speculative, a stern rebuker of the sins of the clergy, and of the spiritual indolence which hid itself in the cloak of contemplation.

Like him in emotionalism, but widely different in his experience, was Henry Suso. He was born in 1295, and died 1365. He called himself "the servitor of the Eternal Wisdom." He was a disciple of Eckhart, whom he understood better than did Ruysbroeck. He was a man of remarkable literary gifts, and published a striking history of his life. To mortify his flesh he undertook cruel asceticisms, though, with Tauler he did not enjoin this upon others. He would unite with Tauler where he says, "We are to kill our passions—not our flesh and blood."

So intense was the fire of the divine fervour within him, that upon one occasion he cut deep in his breast the name of Jesus, so that the marks of the letters remained all his life as he says, "the length of a finger point."

But, undoubtedly the greatest among the Friends of God is John Tauler. He was born about 1300, and entered a Dominican convent in 1315. He studied at Cologne and Paris. As a Dominican he was allowed to preach in Strasburg, in spite of the great Interdict, and laboured incessantly among the people. During the Black Death he stuck to his post, and ministered devotedly to his flock.

He was a thinker as well as a preacher. He was in many points in harmony with Eckhart, but his doctrine of

the ground of the soul was not as in Eckhart, pantheistic. "God is all," says Tauler, "but all is not God. He far transcends the universe in which He is immanent."

His emphasis, as is natural in a reaction from externalism, lies on the indwelling of God in the soul as the real centre of life.

What Eckhart calls the spark—meaning that latent element of the Divine which is in human nature, and which John designates as "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," Tauler calls the Image. In the *Theologia Germanica* the thought is differently expressed. There we read that "the soul has two eyes, one of which, the right eye, sees into eternity, the other sees time and creatures." The writer significantly adds that we cannot see with both eyes together, the left eye must be closed before we can see with the right. "Scripture has its analogy, I think, with this thought, in the words, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

Tauler had a deep sense of sin, but he expressed his thoughts in language of his own. With him Heaven and Hell were neither place nor time, but states of the soul. Sin,—nay, Hell itself, was selfishness. "The more of self and me the more of sin and wickedness." For him there are three stages in progress:—

1st. The lower power must be governed by the higher. "Jesus cannot speak in the temple of thy soul till those that sold and bought therein are cast out of it."

2nd. The Contemplation of Christ. "Wilt thou," he says, "with St. John, rest in the loving breast of the Lord Jesus Christ, thou must be transformed into His beauteous image by a constant earnest contemplation thereof."

3rd. The union with God. "Let go all forms, and suffer Him to work with thee as His instrument."

But Tauler's contemplation is not mere indolent and self-centred passivity. Like all the Friends of God he lays stress on the active will.

He sets forth contemplation in this wise :—" Spiritual enjoyments are the food of the soul, and are only to help us in our active work. Sloth often makes men fain to be excused from their work, and set to contemplation. Never trust in a virtue that has not been put to practice," and elsewhere he says, " Works of love are more acceptable to God than lofty contemplation," and in a sentence which modern Friends may take to heart, " All kinds of skill are gifts of the Holy Ghost."

Tauler was a great preacher, his burning sincerity pierced the mask of the world's hypocrisy, and insisted on the kingdom finding its capital in the heart.

" Christ in thy soul, and not the truth about Him in thy brain is thy life's life ; and the agony of His love must pierce thee somewhat deeper than the pathos of a tragedy. There are those who live complacently in the facilities and enjoyments they have in certain practices of devotion, when all the while it is they themselves, as thus devout, and not their Lord whom they love."

Tauler, unlike Eckhart, recognised the place of the historic Christ, even when he emphasised His universal and eternal presence. To him the Son was the way to the Truth.

There is much in the writings of these fourteenth century mystics which is peculiarly helpful. They warn us again and again of empty emotion and vague speculation, but they call us from the feverish dependence upon temporal things to the eternal verities of innermost life.

We must not decry mysticism. In all living religion, whatever be its outer doctrinal expression, the element of mysticism will be found. Nor are we in any danger of being too mystical. At the present moment the danger lies all the other way. Life is so crowded with jostling interests, that it is hard to find time for those silences in which the soul can expand and grow.

Even in the so-called return to Christ there is an element of danger. Biblical criticism has its value, and has rendered

a positive service not yet properly acknowledged by the Christian Church, but what if we stop short at the scientific and literary? The Bible is something more than a literature. We cannot merely analyse and discuss Christ, as we would Shakespeare or Homer.

In seeking the true historic Christ, our research must be something other than the digging of antiquarians in the sand-heaps of Babylon. Read the story of Tauler's two years of voluntary retirement, in the midst of his popularity as a great preacher, and learn what that struggle meant to him. To discover Christ is to wrestle in spirit with powers that no mere historic knowledge will overcome, that no mere emotion or sudden rapture can sweep away.

There are, as St. Bernard has said, three kinds of love, the sweet, the wise, and the strong. The first is as a gilded image of wood, the second as a gilded image of silver, the third an image of pure gold. We must desire and cherish the strong love which is pure gold, which will not be denied, though no ecstatic thrill possess us, which will not rest content with history or literature, or with sensuous imagery, but strives in active service and in prayerful contemplation to realise the glory of the living Christ within.

WESLEY.

A LECTURE GIVEN IN WESTBORO' CHAPEL, SCARBOROUGH,
IN 1903, AND AFTERWARDS REVISED.

In 1717, what is known as the Bangorian Controversy raged between the High and Low Church on a vast scale, and with intense heat. It has been said that the controversy had no definite issue, but it formed the pretext for the suppression of the Convocation of the Established Church, an institution which was not destined to be revived until in 1850 it reappeared in its present form.

For our purpose the date and the suppression, when, as Hallam says, "A little dust was scattered on the angry insects," are important.

The Established Church in 1717 was definitely stamped as a department of the State; this union gave a disastrous emphasis to the popular opinions upon religion, for they were thus intimately connected with prevailing political notions.

Lecky, in his history of the eighteenth century, remarks that "The theological conception which looked upon religion as a kind of adjunct to the police force, which dwelt almost exclusively on the prudence of embracing it, and on the advantages it could confer, and which regarded all spirituality and all strong emotions as fanaticism, corresponded very faithfully to that political system under which corruption was regarded as the natural instrument, and the maintenance of material interests as the supreme end of government; while the higher motives of political action were systematically ridiculed and discouraged."

Walpole's motto of " Let rest " cannot truthfully be said to fit a century which, beginning with Marlborough, ended with Lord North, the loss of America, the upheaval of the French Revolution, and the costly campaigns of the younger Pitt.

It was, however, the unconfessed motto of an Erastian Church which forbid Wesley the freedom of its pulpit, and ultimately drove the Methodists into open schism. But before we discuss John Wesley, let us briefly review the main religious and social characteristics of the times in which he lived, for we shall need to keep these vividly before us if we are properly to estimate and appreciate the extent and the fruit of his labours.

In 1847, a writer in the *North British Review*, speaking of the eighteenth century, delivers himself as follows :—
 " Never has century risen on Christian England so void of soul and faith as that which opened with Queen Anne. . . . There was no freshness in the past, and no promise in the future. The Puritans were buried and the Methodists were not born. The philosopher of the age was Bolingbroke, the moralist was Addison, the minstrel was Pope, and the preacher was Atterbury. The world had the idle, discontented look of the morning after some mad holiday, and, like rocket sticks and the singed paper from last night's squibs, the spent jokes of Charles and Rochester lay all about, and the people yawned to look at them. The reign of buffoonery was past, but the reign of faith and earnestness had not commenced."

Carlyle expresses himself with more savage force :—" It was the age of prose," he says, " of lying, of sham, the *fraudulent bankrupt century*, the reign of Beelzebub, the peculiar era of cant . . ."

We cannot of course, brush aside this remarkable century with a mere damnatory phrase. Indeed, Mr. Balfour, though deprecating the arbitrary division of human progress into fixed periods of hundreds of years, has expressed his preference

for the *eighteenth* century over the nineteenth. While I cannot profess to unite in his choice, I admit there is something—not much perhaps—to be said for it.

But much can be said to justify the wrath of Carlyle. It matters not what sphere of life or activity we consider, the story is the same: Do we take politics? The corruption of Parliament throws a lurid light on the political morality of the upper classes. Listen to Dr. King as he speaks of Walpole:—

“ He (Walpole) wanted to carry a question in the House of Commons, to which he knew there would be great opposition. . . . As he passed through the Court of Requests, he met a member of the contrary party, whose avarice he imagined would not reject a large bribe. He took him aside and said, ‘Such a question comes on this day, give me your vote, and here is a bank bill of £2,000.’ The member made him this answer—‘Sir Robert, you have lately served some of my particular friends; and when my wife was last at Court, the King was very gracious to her, which must have happened at your instance. I should therefore think myself very ungrateful (putting the bank bill into his pocket) if I were to refuse the favour you are now pleased to ask me.’ ”

This is an individual instance, but a typical one. Marlborough, one of the basest rogues in history, was no better than this. Parliament was a Fagin’s den, with titled thieves, thieves who were Hooligans to boot. The young sparks of aristocracy, under the name of Mohawks, tyrannised at night over the London streets. They stopped people and made them dance by pricking their legs with their swords; sometimes they would put a woman in a tub and set her rolling down a hill; others would place her on her head with her feet in the air; some would flatten the nose of the unoffending wretch they caught, and press his eyes out of their sockets. No wonder that Montesquieu was able to say of these people “If anyone speaks of religion, everybody begins to laugh.”

Rawson Gardiner's picture may be taken as accurate. He says :—" Life was not beautiful. The streets of London were as Hogarth painted them. In such a world the rich man took his pleasure swearing and cursing, and drinking himself into the gout as he went." If we turn to the common people we find them no better than savages. Education was but a flickering and feeble flame in a night of heathen darkness. Sports were brutal, and insensitiveness to suffering bred indifference to death. Indeed, fatal accidents were a fit subject for mirth. During the severe winter of 1739, when the Thames was frozen over and booths erected upon it, an exciseman fell into one of the holes in the ice, and the brutal jest made on the drowned man ' that if the owner of the booth had any run goods he was lost, as an exciseman was gone into his cellar '—is given merely as the good saying of a merry fellow." Among the popular diversions was " cock-throwing " ; battering to death a cock tied to a stake, and of course the more serious entertainment of bull and bear baiting.

Thousands attended the frequent public executions, or lined the streets to see a half-naked wretch, not infrequently a woman, flogged through the town at the cart-tail. Criminals were exhibited in their cells at 1s. a head, and rows of skulls were still allowed to moulder on Temple Bar. The penal code was cruel—no fewer than 160 offences were punishable by death.

Sanitation, both prison and domestic, was much as it is to-day in the Ottoman Empire, and devastating fevers and smallpox swept whole towns like a scourge.

The homes and condition of the labouring classes were terrible. Without intellectual life or political freedom, and with barely the form of religion, they seemed to justify the saying that you " cannot make a man a saint in mind if you keep him a brute in body."

But among the upper classes the case of religion was little better, and indifference showed itself in the decay of

Sunday observance. "People of fashion," wrote Archbishop Secker " (especially of that sex which ascribes to itself most knowledge), have nearly thrown off all observation of the Lord's day . . . and if to avoid scandal they sometimes vouchsafe their attendance on Divine worship in the country, they never do so in town."

Gambling was universal, and in the middle of the century reached its climax. Government lotteries flourished, and their proceeds built Westminster Bridge and founded the British Museum. Wrote Walpole to a friend:—"The ladies game too deep for me. The last time I was in town Lady Hertford wanted to play, and I lost fifty-six guineas before I could say an Ave Maria. I do not know a teaspoonful of news; I could tell you what was trumps, but that was all I heard."

The mania tainted commerce. Bogus companies bred like flies. The British public bought shares in a company for fishing up wrecks on the Irish coast, for making salt water fresh, and for importing jackasses from Spain.

Heavy drinking was fashionable. Addison, Steele, Harley, Bolingbroke, Cartmel, Pulteney, Walpole and William Pitt the younger, were drunkards. Vice received the sanction of the Court; men blushed to be thought chaste, and the theatres were so licentious that even Georgian ladies went to their boxes masked. Literature was often foul, and the most popular history was the "Chronique Scandaleuse."

In one of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters occurs the following (1725):—"I am told that there is at this moment a bill cooking up at a hunting seat in Norfolk, to have 'not' taken out of the commandments and inserted in the Creed at the ensuing Session. It certainly might be carried with great ease . . . honour, virtue, and reputation, which we used to hear of in our nursery, are as much laid aside as crumpled ribbons."

This no doubt referred to doings at Walpole's country seat, for Walpole, like Bolingbroke, was of vicious life, indeed

his revels there were of such a character that decent men left the neighbourhood when he arrived.

It is not indeed necessary to exclude the upper classes in accepting Southey's statement that "Though the temporal advantages of Christianity extended to all classes, the great majority of the populace knew nothing more of religion than its forms. They had been Papists and now they were Protestants, but they had never been Christians." It may seem strange in the light of Mr. Balfour's choice that we have been compelled to draw such a picture, for, with Mr. Balfour, we not unnaturally think of the 18th century as a century of brilliant men. Goldwin Smith reminds us that the reign of Anne has been called the Augustan age of England. "There is a likeness," he says, "Both were ages of calm, self-complacency, and jubilant literature after civil storms. Besides its literature, in the persons of Pope, Addison, Swift, Steele, Defoe, the reign had its science in the person of Newton, its philosophy in that of Locke, its scholarship in that of Bentley. It had its architect in the builder of Blenheim, a palace in majesty, whatever may be said of the style. Its statesmen were literary and patronised letters. It was an age, stately, refined, picturesque, in a *formal* way so far as the higher class was concerned. But beneath the rather artificial brilliancy of the surface lay much that was far from brilliant . . ." as we have already seen.

This formality extended to the Church.

The English idol was the golden mean. Mr. Bickerstaff in one of the "Tatlers," describes an invention of his which he calls the Ecclesiastical Thermometer:—

"The reader will observe," says Mr. Bickerstaff, ironically, "that the Church is placed in the middle part of the glass between zeal and moderation, the situation in which she always flourishes, and in which every Englishman wishes to see her who is a friend to the constitution and to his country. However, when it mounts to zeal 'tis not amiss, and when it sinks to moderation 'tis still in a most admirable temper,—

the worst of it is that when it once begins to rise it has still an inclination to ascend, insomuch that it is apt to climb from zeal to wrath. The point of doctrine which I would propagatè by this invention is the very same which was long ago advanced by that able teacher, Horace. We should take care never to overshoot ourselves in the pursuit even of virtue ; whether zeal or moderation be the point we aim at, let us keep fire out of the one and frost out of the other." Excellent advice ! if the first injunction is easy to observe, what shall we say of the second ? But let us be just. In spite of the moral frost which bound up the religious life of England under the sway of the golden mean, the Established Church was not without its virtue. Perhaps the sunshine was cold and watery, but still it was there. Lecky says :— " The selfishness, the corruption, the worship of expediency, the scepticism as to all higher motives that characterised the politicians of the school of Walpole, the heartless cynicism reigning in fashionable life, which is so clearly reflected in the letters of Horace Walpole and Chesterfield, the spirit of a brilliant, varied and contemporary literature, eminently distinguished for its measured sobriety of judgment, and for its fastidious purity and elegance of expression, but for the most part deficient in depth, in passion and in imagination, may all be traced in the popular theology."

So much Mr. Lecky admits, but elsewhere he puts the other side :—" It was a period," he says, " when among the higher divines there were many who followed the lead of Hoadly and warmly, steadily, and ably fought the battle of liberation and toleration in every field. It was a period when theological teaching was at least eminently practical, was characterised by a rare moderation and good sense, and was singularly free from everything that was fanatical, feverish or mystical. The Church made it her peculiar mission to cultivate the decencies of life, to inculcate that ordered, practical and measured virtue which is most conducive to the welfare of nations."

Outside the limits of the Church we note also the existence of the "Society for the Reformation of Manners"—an intensely unpopular and perhaps not always wisely conducted body, which attempted to sweep the Augean stables of public morals. It closed many disorderly houses, prosecuted no fewer than seventy to eighty persons a week for swearing, and effected the suppression of Sunday markets. In its Annual Report in 1735 it was stated that the number of prosecutions for debauchery and profaneness in London and Westminster alone since the foundation of the Societies, had been 99,380. These are suggestive details. No age is ever wholly bad, but when all is acknowledged we have to confess at this period a substantial failure of organised Christianity. A Moses was still wanting to strike the rock of popular indifference with the rod of spiritual passion, and without that rod the life-giving stream refused to flow.

The Church preached decency and the respectable virtues, the Essayists in prose, Pope in verse, and Hogarth on canvas attacked vice with the weapons of satire and ridicule—but the world sinned on!

Taste was on the side of virtue, if fashion was on the side of vice. But the world was to learn again the old truth that literary qualities and æsthetic culture are not in themselves moral dynamics. The real reformation was to be the work of a people who, if they outraged the proprieties, possessed that priceless quality defined in the Scriptures as baptism with the Holy Ghost and with FIRE.

I do not think that I can better sum up the situation than by quoting two eighteenth century poets. Listen to this august soliloquy on "Man":—

Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A being, darkly wise and rudely great;
 With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
 With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
 He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
 In doubt to deem himself a God, or beast;

In doubt his mind or body to prefer ;
 Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err.
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little or too much ;
 Chaos of thought and passion, all confused ;
 Still by himself abused or disabused.
 Created half to rise, and half to fall ;
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
 Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled,
 The glory, jest and riddle of the world.

And then listen to this cry from the deeps :—

I was a stricken deer that left the herd
 Long since—with many an arrow deep infix'd
 My panting side was charg'd, when I withdrew
 To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
 There was I found by One, who had Himself
 Been hurt by the archers. In His side He bore,
 And in His hands and feet, the cruel scars ;
 With gentle force soliciting the darts
 He drew them forth and healed, and bade me live.

The one is Pope—the other Cowper. Between them stands John Wesley and the Methodist Revival !

In the charming lectures by Stopford Brooke on "The Theology of the English Poets," the contrast is effectively drawn between the exquisite steelwork of the essay on "Man" (wherein are preserved the speculations of Leibnitz and Bolingbroke) and the intense passion of Cowper. "We step," says Stopford Brooke, "from the one to the other as from a frozen to a tropic isle. Pope, impersonal, apart, touched with scorn, thinking of God as Creator alone ; Cowper, personal, self-compassionate, intense in his realisation of Christ, thrilling with devotion."

What is the reason for this contrast ? I have already foreshadowed it, but I will quote once more from our author, and let him state the reason in his own words :—

"It was the great religious movement, led by the Wesleys, joined afterwards by the fiery force of Whitefield, which descended through Newton to the hymns and poetry of Cowper. It was a preaching, which, beginning in the year

1739, seven years after the first books of the *Essay on Man* appeared, woke up, and into fierce extremes, the religious heart of England. The vast crowds which on moor or hill-side, in the deserted quarries of Devon and Cornwall, listened to Wesley, excited by their own numbers, almost maddened by his passionate preaching and prayer, lifted into Heaven, and shaken over Hell, in turns, as the sermon went on, crying aloud, writhing on the ground, tears streaming down their cheeks, could not find in the hymns of Watts or the metrical Psalms, any expression of their wild experience: and the inexpressible emotion of their hearts demanded voice for itself in poetry and in music, the two languages of emotion."

While we are busy with Stopford Brooke, and still in the field of literature, let us further strengthen our impression of the meaning and environment of Methodism by a brief glance at Watts.

Watts lived an easy retired life in a great country house from 1712 to 1748, and, as Stopford Brooke remarks, there is in his hymns "that pleasant devotion to God which arises from piety and comfort, from placid enjoyment of the beauty of the world, from a distant contemplation of the poor beyond the gates of the park, and from the gratitude to God which both these enjoyments are likely to create."

The distant contemplation of the poor beyond the gates of the park! We should not dare to level such a shaft at the Wesleys, men who won their Ramillies and Oudenardes among the very poor. The spirit that bore unflinchingly the reproaches of the fashionable and the buffetings of the mob was of a different order. Charles Wesley's hymns breathe the passion which drove the brothers to preach, not in the pulpit but in the streets and fields, not to indifferent, well-bred audiences, but to colliers and roughs. The hymnology of Methodism is impassioned, personal and doctrinal: it was impassioned, for its subject was the history of the heart in its long struggle with sin, in its wrestling with God, in the horror of its absence from Him, in the unspeakable

joy of its presence with Him, in its degradation, its redemption and its glory—above all, in its personal relation to Christ and the world of feelings which arose from that relation : nor was there a single chord of religious feeling left unsounded, nor any that was not strung to tension.

It was also especially personal. The first person was continually used, so that each who sung or read the hymns spoke of himself and felt Christ in contact with himself. And it was doctrinal, for whether it sprang from the party of Wesley or that of Whitefield, it was built on clear lines of theological thought : and the opposition between the parties who knew well the power of verse as a teacher and fixer of doctrine, caused the lines to be drawn with studious clearness. Watts could

Sing the Almighty Power of God
That made the mountains rise ;
That spread abroad the flowing seas
And built the lofty skies,

but it was Cowper, stirred by the appeal of direct personal religion, whose swift rush of feeling can find expression in the lines :—

Hark ! my soul, it is the Lord ;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me ?

Hear John Wesley speak of faith, and you detect at once the personal note in his teaching.

“ A string of opinions,” he says, “ is no more Christian faith than a string of beads is Christian holiness. It is not an assent to any opinion or any number of opinions.” “ This justifying faith implies not only the personal revelation, the inward evidence of Christianity, but likewise a sure and firm confidence in the individual believer that Christ died for *his* sin, loved *him*, and gave his life for *him*.”

“ By a Christian,” he says elsewhere, “ I mean one who so believes in Christ as that sin hath no more dominion over him.”

Moses has struck the rock—the stream is flowing—the people are thirsty—but what is it that has put the rod into Moses' hand? It was unquestionably Wesley's conversion. There was a time when he *saw*, as he thought the truth, but did not feel it. He was a cedar of Lebanon whom the Lord had not broken, and in the knowledge of this he suffered deep depression. We may remember that for him Hell was no mere relic of devil worship, but as with Dante, a terrible and vivid reality, but yet we shall be mistaken if we treat the experience of Wesley as springing from mere blind terror. Conversion is not now in fashion! But strip away the intellectual wrappings, reduce the theology to its primary elements, and we discover that Wesley's experience is just that without which none can enter the inner court of the Temple, conviction for sin, or to put it in the eloquent language of the Apostle Paul "the terror of the Lord." The mode of conversion may vary infinitely with the variety of human character and conditions, but essentially it is the passage from the animal to the spiritual—and that is the passage from death to life. It cannot be a matter of indifference to any human soul to make that passage.

"Out of great martyrdom came I to this peace," says Dante. Yea! and the soul that struggles for the loftiest self-realisation must needs know that martyrdom.

"Conversion," I say, is in disrepute. The phrase has been twisted to false meanings, it has been discredited by mistaken claims, but in its truest and deepest sense, conversion remains the supreme end of life. To Dante it came out of great martyrdom, and slowly, with the passage of the years; to Wesley it came swiftly.

On Wednesday, May 24th, 1738—we will be precise, for the event recorded was momentous in English history,—Wesley went unwillingly to a Society in Aldersgate Street. But I will quote from the Journal. "In the evening I went very unwillingly to a Society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's Preface to the Romans. About a

quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed ; I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for Salvation : and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins, even *mine*, and saved *me* from the law of sin and death. I began to pray with all my might for those who had in a more especial manner despitefully used me and persecuted me. I then testified to all there what I then first felt in my heart." But it was not long before the enemy suggested " This cannot be faith, for where is thy joy ? " He returned home, and was buffeted with temptations ; he cried out and they fled away ; they returned again and again. " I, as often lifted up my eyes," he says, " and He sent me help from His holy place, and herein I found the difference between this and my former state chiefly consisted. I was striving, yea, fighting, with all my might under the law, as well as under grace : but then I was sometimes, if not often conquered. Now I was always conqueror ! "

And what did this conversion make of him, what was its practical fruit ? It drove him to help the poor !

Wesley as we all know, was an Oxford scholar. He was pre-eminently a gentleman in bearing, and like George Fox, neat in dress, noble in carriage and features. To judge him at first sight one would mark him off as born to preach to cultured congregations. But his heart was with the people, the savage brutal labourers, abandoned by the fastidious to their passions and their ignorance.

" 'Tis well," he says, " a few of the rich and noble are called. Oh ! that God would increase their number. But I should rejoice were it the will of God, if it were done by the ministry of others. If I might choose, I should still as I have done hitherto, preach the gospel to the poor."

Indeed, Wesley has a wholesome and not unmerited contempt for some forms of so-called culture. Writing to an Earl, he says, " To speak rough truth, I do not desire

any intercourse with people of quality in England. I mean for my own sake. In most genteel religious people there is so strange a mixture that I have seldom much confidence in them. But I love the poor; in many of them I find pure, genuine grace unmixed with paint, folly, and affectation."

Once Wesley was preaching in Monkton Church, Pembroke, and he thus records his experience, "I suppose it has scarcely had such a congregation in it during this century. Many of them were gay, genteel people; so I spoke on the first elements of the Gospel: but I was still out of their depth. Oh! how hard it is to be *shallow* enough for a polite audience." He loved the people, even when they turned upon him like wild beasts. More than once he was in danger of his life. A single instance must stand as illustration. Wesley was visiting an invalid lady at Falmouth. Suddenly the house was beset by the mob, who roared out "Bring out the Canorum," "where is the Canorum," a Cornish nickname for the Methodists. The crews of some privateers headed the rabble, and presently broke open the outer door and filled the passage. By this time the people of the house had all made their escape, except Wesley and a poor servant girl, who, for it was now too late to retire, would have had him conceal himself in a cupboard. He himself, from the imprecations of the rabble, saw his life to be in the most imminent danger, but any attempt at concealment would have made the case more desperate, and it was his maxim always to look a mob in the face. As soon therefore, as the partition was broken down, he stepped forward into the midst of them: "Here I am, which of you has anything to say to me? To which of you have I done any wrong? To you? or you? or you?" Thus he made his way bare-headed into the street, and continued speaking until the captain swore that not a man should touch him: a clergyman and some of the better inhabitants came up and interfered, led him into a house and sent him safely by water to Penryn.

It is difficult for us to appreciate what all this means ; difficult to realise the terrible degradation which in those days had settled upon the men whose hearts John Wesley touched.

In 1684, an evil date, gin was discovered. Fifty years later England consumed 7,000,000 gallons. The tavern keepers painted on their sign-boards the invitation " to come and get drunk for a penny, dead drunk for ' tuppence,' and no charge for straw to lie on." When the gin had done its work, the landlord dragged the victims into a cellar to sleep off the carouse.

You could not walk London streets without meeting wretches lying drunk in the gutters, smothered in mud, and in peril of the carriage wheels. Do you want a vivid picture of these gin-sodden people ? You may find it in " Barnaby Rudge."

In 1780, when the Lord George Gordon riots held London in a reign of terror for three days, barrels of gin were staved in, and children and women, knelt, in the light of burning buildings, at the running rivulets of fire-water, to drink themselves to death, their last hymn, the shouts and shrieks of pillage.

Swift, in his " Travels of Gulliver," satirised his countrymen as " Yahoos." But remember that it was to the Yahoos that John Wesley went, the love of the Gospel unquenchable in his heart.

He distributed thirty thousand pounds ; he rode a hundred thousand miles ; and he preached forty thousand sermons, because he loved the Yahoos, and because he believed that even the brutal colliers of Kingswood had souls. Lecky says :—" That in such a society a movement like that of Methodism should have exercised a great power, is not surprising. The secret of its success was merely that it satisfied some of the strongest and most enduring wants of our nature, which found no gratification in the popular theology, that it revived a large class of religious doctrines which had been almost wholly neglected.

“The utter depravity of human nature, the lost condition of every man who is born into the world, the vicarious atonement of Christ, the necessity to salvation of the new birth, of faith, of the constant and sustaining action of the Divine Spirit upon the believer’s soul, are doctrines, which, in the eyes of the Modern Evangelical, constitute at once the most vital and the most influential portions of Christianity, but they are doctrines, which, during the greater part of the eighteenth century, were seldom heard from a Church of England pulpit.

“The moral essays, which were the prevailing fashion, however well suited they might be to cultivate the moral taste, or to supply rational motives to virtue, rarely awoke any strong emotions of hope, fear, or love, and were utterly incapable of transforming the character and arresting and reclaiming the thoroughly ‘depraved.’”

All this is true, but surely it was not in a modification or development of the popular theology, important as this might be, that the deepest wants of the age were met, or that the ultimate secret of Methodist power was revealed. The ultimate secret lay in the passion of redeeming love which consumed John Wesley and his preachers. They felt the power of sin, they saw it in society, they knew it in their hearts. They felt and knew the love and power of God. To them, sin was the great enemy to be overcome. They saw that God hated and condemned it, and they met it, not by satires, nor by moral maxims, but by active warfare.

They saw that Christ was the witness to Love’s redeeming power, and they preached this love, as if the fate of the universe hung upon the salvation of a single soul.

“For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

With what thrilling power did these words come home to the unlettered masons, shoemakers, labourers, who in

the open street, or in rude tabernacles, preached, amid prayers and tears, the greatness of salvation.

Fanned by this Gospel, the wind of the Spirit smote the people and they responded, with a great movement, even as the ocean heaves under the gale.

Crudities? Oddities? Mistaken Biblical interpretation? False theology? Limitations? Yes! these were all there. The Methodists were not omniscient. John Wesley, like every other man, had his faults. His experiment in education was a blunder. He believed in witches. He failed to condemn the violent paroxysms which attended his preaching. He took a one-sided view of life, and his asceticism was unwholesome. He did not always read events or men aright. He took the wrong side in the American war, and he married a termagant.

But if he had limitations, who among us can cast a stone? Let us recognise the faults of the Methodist movement as we may, but it was a great day for England when John Wesley stood up bareheaded in the open air, to speak to the colliers of Kingswood. Augustine Birrell, in his appreciation of Wesley, printed as a preface to the recently published abridgement of the *Journal*, says of him, and I think the language is just:—

“No man ever lived nearer the centre than John Wesley. . . . You cannot cut him out of our national life. No single figure influenced so many minds, no single voice touched so many hearts. No other man did such a life's work for England.”

“John Wesley and his helpers,” says Hugh Price Hughes, in his introduction to the same edition, “were the first preachers, since the days of the Franciscan friars in the middle ages, who ever reached the working classes.”

It was, in short, John Wesley, who in the eighteenth century, if I may borrow once more from Birrell, first broke, by the earnest penetration of his message, “the heavy slumber of humanity.”

But to what deep issues Wesley woke the people Wesley himself never knew.

I have said nothing of another movement which found a picturesque representative in Thomas Paine. While Wesley rode his horse with tireless energy into the remotest corners of the kingdom, Free Thought was gathering a strength that no Berkeley, Butler, Lardner or Warburton could overcome, and which seemed to progress on a different plane from that of Wesley.

The greatest legacy of the eighteenth century, greater even than the Methodist Society, was undoubtedly that bequeathed by John Wesley, namely the Evangelical revival which has in measure affected every denomination.

But there is another legacy that was not bequeathed by Wesley—I mean that revival of intellectual criticism which we know to-day as modern thought. What is to be the outcome of this modern thought ?

I must confess to no little surprise that Hugh Price Hughes, in arraying what he regards as the battle of the future should set George Fox and Wesley on one side, and only John Henry Newman on the other. Even as an array of the intellectual forces at issue this seems to me a mistake. The spirit of Fox and of Wesley is still alive, but, *pace* the Education Act, I believe that the vital force of Newman's teaching is already spent. Time is against him. Reason can never again be fettered as in the middle ages. You may revive *ex cathedra* authority for a space, but you will never maintain it against the liberty of untrammelled thought.

No, in truth the issue is graver than that presented by Hugh Price Hughes.

It is not between the different denominations of the Christian Church—not between the principle of immediate dependence, and of free grace, as opposed to a sacerdotal restriction of the action and power of the Divine Love, that the ultimate battle will lie, but between a faith illumined by

Christ, and a doubt, critical and profound. The great army in array against us is the army of Free Thought.

I do not use the term in its narrower sense as one of reproach, nor do I desire merely to provoke hostility towards those whose doubts are earnest and sincere. We shall serve no end of truth if we fight in the spirit of sectaries.

But here, nevertheless, is the vital struggle that must determine the character and also the future of human civilisation.

There is a great peril in it which looms the larger as we perceive behind the glittering phalanx of intellectual interrogators the army of the indifferent, immobile and phlegmatic to religious feeling.

There is a "slumber of humanity" in the nineteenth century, but there is no voice to break its leaden power.

Mr. Lecky, speaking of the Evangelical revival, has passed upon it the following criticism :—

"Regarding all doubt on religious matters as criminal, discouraging every form of study that could possibly produce it, deifying strong internal persuasions and shutting its eyes on principle against every discovery that could impugn its tenets, it has been essentially the school of those who form their opinions rather by their emotions than by reasoning, and who deliberately refuse to face the intellectual difficulties of the question."

"In the face of physical science, of modern Biblical criticism and of all the light which history and comparative mythology have of late years thrown on the genesis of religion, the old theory of verbal inspiration, the old methods of Biblical interpretation, the old pre-scientific conceptions of a world governed by perpetual acts of supernatural interference, still hold their ground in the evangelical pulpit. The incursions of natural science have been met by a barrier of invincible prejudice, by the belief that what are called orthodox opinions are essential to salvation, and that doubt should be avoided as a crime."

This was written some time ago, and describes a position that few would now defend. But the criticism reminds us that not in timidity nor by the weapons of traditional orthodoxy will the battle of faith be won,—and it reminds us of something more. Lecky has described that which is not necessarily inherent in an evangelical faith, nay, rather is it that which has checked its growth and weakened its power. Evangelicalism can neither be disproved nor dispensed with—for it expresses that which is of the essence of the spiritual life. The personal hold on God, the personal sense of His love and power, the personal call to His service and the personal sense of sin,—this is Evangelicalism.

And this personal religion is precisely what we need in our modern life. In spite of all the progress of a hundred years there are sad parallels between the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. There is still material in England for a satirist, and there is still room for a John Wesley, for [an apostle converted to the life of the spirit, and charged with the personal message of salvation.

Just because of the questions raised by science and of the growing perplexity of life's problems, just because of the social injustice of poverty, of the selfishness and jealousy of men, do we need, as never before, to realise in our own hearts the passion and redeeming love of God as it is revealed to us in history and experience in the cross of Jesus Christ.

May we still be enabled to repeat with Cowper his beautiful lines :—

“ . . . I was found by One who had Himself
Been hurt by the archers. In His side He bore,
And in His hands and feet the cruel scars ;
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth and healed, and bade me live.”

WILLIAM LAW.

“The Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life” was printed in 1729, when William Law, the author, was forty-three years of age, and while John Wesley was acting as curate for his father at Wroote.

Law was therefore in his fifth year when George Fox died.

“He would,” says Overton, his admirable biographer, “have been a remarkable man in any age, but he was doubly remarkable when we think of him as belonging to an age which took its philosophy from Locke, its theology from Tillotson, and its politics from Walpole, an age which had hardly any sympathy with any of the phases of his character. For he stood singularly apart from his contemporaries, though he influenced them so deeply.”

Born in 1686 in the Northamptonshire village of King’s Cliffe, William Law witnessed the subsidence of religious fervour which followed the Toleration Act, and surviving the advent of 1761, spanned in his lifetime the frozen interval between the Puritan reformation and the fervours of early Methodism. It was in 1738 that John Wesley believed himself converted and appointed his first lay preacher, in 1739 that he began field-preaching and opened a Methodist chapel in Bristol. Law therefore was able to see the full flood of that revival which was to change the aspect of English religious life. These facts are by no means irrelevant to our title. The “Serious Call” had its definite influence upon John Wesley, although it was the occasion of a somewhat pathetic difference between the great popular leader and the learned recluse. For Law, one of the greatest English

mystics, withal robust and practical and a controversialist of extraordinary logical force, was never in any sense a popular leader. His life was a quiet one. In 1705, he entered Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and in 1711 was ordained and elected a fellow, receiving his M.A. in 1712. But he was a non-juror, or in other words, accepting the divine right of the Stuart succession (one pictures, by the way, the wry grimace with which Charles II. would have listened to the reading of the "Serious Call") he declined the oath of allegiance to George I. This fact barred the way to ecclesiastical preferment. Jacobite, non-juring High Churchman, Law was driven, as were many in his position, to accept the somewhat dangerous post of private chaplain. I say dangerous because the life was one of pampered dependence upon the favour of a private patron, and beset with temptations to which many succumbed. Law with his ascetic temper was, however, proof against these, and when he entered the house of Edward Gibbon, at Putney, a patron of Jacobite sympathies, and grandfather of the celebrated historian of Rome's Decline and Fall, he resided with the family rather as an honoured guest than as a spiritual jackal. His tutorship of Edward Gibbon's son, afterwards the father of the one and only Gibbon acknowledged by Fame, was not however successful—a fact, I think, due as much to the weak and vacillating character of the pupil as to the tutor's inability to handle with sympathy a mind so unlike his own.

Shortly after the death of Edward Gibbon the ease and comfort of a great house and the luxury of a library which Law controlled, and for which he chose with freedom the books that he added, were withdrawn, and Byrom, Law's gentle but somewhat odd disciple, who played Boswell to Law's Johnson, or if you like, Pope to Law's Bolingbroke, hints that the more restricted circumstances of Law's life encroached not a little upon that resignation which is enjoined in the "Serious Call," and which perhaps in the circumstances of Putney and Cambridge, where the "Call" was written,

could be practised with comparative complacency. In Somerset Gardens at the back of the Strand, where Law now resided, he displayed a little unwonted petulance, and provoked the remark of a friend that he was "strangely altered, grown sour." Certain it is that with all his tenderness and real love, Law had a stern side to his nature. Byrom, who, in spite of persistent snubbing, remained ever at Law's feet, tells us: "I went home with Mr. Law, and in his room he told me that his thought and mine had great sympathy; but that I was more easily wrought upon, and that his *strings were more hard.*" Perhaps, at times, they were also a little frayed. At the close of 1740 Law "quietly retired" to his native village of King's Cliffe, where he owned a house, and where his brother George was still living. Here for three years Ruysbroeck, Bertot and Behmen were, through their books, his intellectual and spiritual comrades.

In 1740 Mr. Archibald Hutcheson died, and desired his widow, who was rich in this world's goods, to lead a retired and religious life under the spiritual guidance of the author of the "Serious Call." A house was taken at Thrapstone, ten miles from King's Cliffe, for this purpose, and at this place the widow was joined by Miss Hester Gibbon, who desired with Mrs. Hutcheson to live out in actual practice the teaching of the book which occupies us this evening.

The ten miles which separated them from their spiritual director proved, however, in what we fondly call "the good old days" of bad roads, stage coaches and footpads, almost as serious a matter as the "Call" itself, and in May, 1743, a house was fitted up for the reception of the ladies at King's Cliffe. Here in 1744, in Hall Yard, the two devout ladies and the mystic philosopher and redoubtable controversialist tried without delay their "holy experiment."

Seventeen years before William Law had founded a school in King's Cliffe to educate and clothe fourteen poor girls. In 1745 Mrs. Hutcheson founded a similar school for eighteen boys; the number being later increased to twenty.

At the close of school life, if good behaviour stood to their credit, the lads were to be put to some trade. A school-house for the master was bought, a school built, and four tenements for four ancient poor widows. Law added himself another school-house and school, and tenements for two ancient maidens—who were to have 2s. 6d. every Saturday and 10s. every Lady Day.

Of the elaborate regulation which, like a hedge of prickly cactus, grew up round these charities time forbids a catalogue. One quotation must be sufficient to show their spirit, and to illustrate the hopelessness and the fatal ignorance of human nature which marked the development of schemes pure and lofty enough in their motive.

“Rule II. Every girl that gives the lie to any other girl, or to any person, or that calls another fool, or uses any rude or unmannerly word, shall, the morning afterwards, as soon as they are all there, be obliged to kneel down before her mistress and, in the presence of them all, say in a plain and distinct manner, these words :—‘Our blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ, hath said that “Whosoever shall say, thou fool, shall be in danger of hell-fire.” I *therefore* am heartily sorry for the wicked words that I have spoken to my fellow Christian ; I humbly beg pardon of God, and of all you that are here present, hoping and promising by the help of God, never to offend again in the like manner.’ Then shall the girl she had abused come and take her from her knees and kiss her, and both turning to their mistress, they shall make a curtsy and return to their seats.”

These respectable charities, with their elaborate and woefully mistaken regulations were, however, not the whole expression of that determination to live out the principle of the “Serious Call” which was supreme at Hall Yard.

In the “Serious Call” Law insists upon early rising as a condition, not only of physical but of spiritual health ; accordingly he rose at five every day, and spent the first hours

in devotion. At nine, the whole family met for devotion, and the collects and psalm for the day were said. "Then," and here I quote from Overton's account, "Mr. Law retired to his study, but not to a sanctum where he was liable to no interruption. His window overlooked a courtyard, and every mendicant knew that if he appeared before that window, and preferred his claim for relief, that claim would secure Mr. Law's instant and careful attention, no matter how busily he might be engaged. As there was no doubt the same freemasonry among beggars in the eighteenth century, we can readily believe that Mr. Law rarely spent a 'quiet morning' without holding a sort of ragged *levée*; and as he always made a point of enquiring into every applicant's peculiar wants, and seeing them supplied with his own eyes, no small amount of his time must have been taken up."

At noon in summer, at one in winter, the household gathered for their chief meal, followed again and at once by devotions. The afternoon Law spent in his study, joined the ladies at tea, though he would not partake in this meal except to eat a few raisins, and again the household gathered for devotions. On this occasion the servants read a chapter of the Bible in turn, the spiritual director explaining it. A brisk constitutional and a frugal meal led up to the fourth and final meeting for devotion, and after one pipe, and a glass of water, William Law went to bed at nine o'clock. If time permitted, one might be tempted to elaborate this picture, which is not without its tender as well as its odd touches, but one word must conclude the sketch. This ill considered living out of the Sermon on the Mount led to evil consequences. King's Cliffe became the tramp's Mecca, the happy home of the idle and thriftless. The benefactors of Hall Yard were mercilessly fleeced and shamefully imposed upon. At last, the patience of the townsfolk broke down, and open protest was entered against this systematic pauperisation. A painful dispute arose, which was only healed by an offer to remove the charities elsewhere.

Enough has now perhaps been said to indicate the practical weakness even of the trained logician and earnest Christian, where "sanctified common-sense" and knowledge of human nature are unassociated with dialectical gifts or spiritual zeal.

It has been necessary, as it is only just in any appreciation of the "Serious Call," to remind you of the practical break-down of Law's "Holy Experiment," but we shall entirely misrepresent the value both of William Law's teaching and the testimony of his life and in particular of the book under discussion, if we fail to carry the examination further.

Law's was a powerful voice calling men from the sterility of religious disputation to the moral realities of the inward life of the spirit. The English interpreter of Jacob Behmen, he may yet be said to stand in a line of apostolic succession with the Cambridge Platonists on the one hand, and Thomas Erskine, of Linlithgow, on the other, the latter a name, by the way, that should be better known and more widely honoured than I fear it is. In Law's "Spirit of Prayer" and "Spirit of Love," there is much prophetic of modern lines of thought upon the great unsolved problem of the Atonement. As the late Leslie Stephen has justly said in an appreciative analysis of the writings of Law, he "was a man of remarkable power and originality," and, speaking of his relations with John Wesley "very superior as a thinker to his more active disciple."

The influence of Law over Wesley, despite the difference and coolness which later sprung up between them, should not be forgotten. Leslie Stephen writes: "Wesley himself appears to have been influenced at the most critical period of his life by three great writers: Thomas à Kempis, Jeremy Taylor and Law. If the two former were the greatest men, Law had the indefinite advantage of still being alive." . . . "It was Law who alone of living writers materially influenced Wesley's mind and gave to universal principles that special form which rendered them suitable at the moment." "All

positive religion," says Vaughan in his "Hours with the Mystics" "accomplishes its purpose only as it leads to a filial subjection of the soul to God—as it conducts men beyond itself, to immediate intercourse with the Deity. William Law had this idea, it constitutes with him the natural basis of all revealed religion."

It was this element of positive religion, this tendency and bent of Law's teaching, which, doubtless attracted Wesley and which ought, one would suppose, to have attracted the Quakers. Law has however but a poor opinion of the contemporary descendants of the primitive giants of the seventeenth century. Byrom records in his Journal that Law described the Quakers as "a subtle, worldly-minded people; that they began with the contempt of learning, riches, etc., but now were a politic worldly society and a strange people." I am afraid that a perusal of, for example, John Griffith's Journal, and still more of the eighteenth century minute-books and records of the Society, will lead to the conclusion that the want of sympathy felt by Law had a considerable explanation in the low spiritual state of our fellowship. There were, of course, real and outward differences. Law as a high-churchman exalted the two sacraments which the Quaker dispensed with, he insisted upon ordination, the Quaker upon a common priesthood, free without rite or human intervention.

On the other hand, Law's great doctrine was the Quaker doctrine of the Inner Light, he held the unlawfulness of war, the inexpediency of going to law, and stood to the literal interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount, and finally, like the true Quaker, Law was a mystic; that is, he regarded religion more as a matter of inward illumination than as a matter of outward form, although, like the great Roman Catholic mystics, the ritual of the church appealed strongly to him as divinely appointed means of grace.

But much as we might be tempted to pursue this general estimate of Law's influence and character, we must be satisfied

to place him in his relation to historical events and the development of religious thought, and turn in conclusion to the "Serious Call" itself. In doing so, we must deliberately forego all consideration of his share in the Bangorian controversy, his argument with the Deists, his unfortunate attack upon all stage-plays, his many interesting letters and powerful treatises, and restrict ourselves narrowly in the brief space remaining, to the literary production which will ever be associated with his name, even as the "Confessions" are associated with the name of Augustine. Law will in fact be remembered by most Englishmen as the author of the "Serious Call." To give it its full title, we must describe the work as "A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life. Adapted to the state and condition of all orders of Christians." It is really a more complete development of a theme already handled in an earlier work, "The Christian Perfection." Its power is unmistakable—whether we altogether agree with its argument or view of life is another matter. Sparkling wit, biting satire, pungent sarcasm, tender admonition, merciless analysis, lofty and moving appeals, affectionate persuasion, style, dignity and passion—all are here. It is intimate and personal to a degree. In these pages an earnest man lays bare his heart in his eagerness to draw the reader from externals of sense, of time, to the living realities of eternal life. In his vehemence to speak and reach the truth, he crashes with his axe of logic through the subtle defence of self-deception, and compels the shrinking conscience to endure the naked light of an absolute self-revelation. There is no make-believe, no compromise. The shams of the world are exposed with pitiless, nay scornful veracity. There are no shadows in which to hide, the fierce rays beat everywhere. The inconsistency of practice with profession, the contrast between the England of Walpole with its fox-hunting parsons, its sensual squires, its shameless vice flaunting in high places, the hypocrisy of the so-called virtuous, the hollowness of conventional church-going, are thrown into startling contrast

with the blameless purity and sweet simplicity of Jesus. Not Savonarola thundering in the Duomo to awe-stricken multitudes was more direct, though never was Savonarola more convincing. Let us analyse the argument. In the first chapter Law roundly asserts that the majority of churchgoers pray as Christians but live as heathens. You may see them, he says, different from other people so far as to times and places of prayer, but generally like the rest of the world in all other parts of their lives. In the second chapter he shows that the fault lies in the want of any sincere intention to seek the higher life, and passes at once to three typical examples—a clergyman, a tradesman and a private gentleman. There must be an intention to please God in all things, as much in the expenditure of money as in the pattering of prayers. Chapter III. sets forth the folly of spasmodic or partial intention towards good which Law illustrates by the parable of the dying tradesman, who, to outward seeming had lived a prosperous and honourable life, but for want of this real intention had failed to find peace of soul. "For God," says Law, "has made no promises of mercy to the slothful and negligent. His mercy is only offered to our frail and imperfect, but best endeavours to practise all manner of righteousness." In successive chapters he develops this thought. All earthly things must be done with a heavenly mind, the intention to the higher life must run out, as it were, into the remotest nooks and crannies of conduct, pervading everything. Nothing private or public, lay or clerical, can be excluded from the obligation of the one necessity for entire consecration of heart and mind. He has no objection to wealth, but his advice is like that of Woolman, All things must be made to flow into the channel of universal love. If we waste it, he says, *i.e.*, wealth, we do not waste a trifle that signifies little, but we waste that which might be made as eyes to the blind, as a husband to the widow, as a father to the orphan. If you do not spend your money in doing good to others, you must spend it to the hurt of

yourself. You will act like a man that should refuse to give that as a cordial to a sick friend, though he could not drink it himself without inflaming his blood.

He continually illustrates his points by typical characters, drawn with rare skill and perfection, and with a satirical humour that gives a keen relish. Take for example the two maiden sisters, Flavia and Miranda :—

“ Flavia is very orthodox ” (I am quoting Law), “ she talks warmly against heretics and schismatics, is generally at church and often at the sacrament. If any one asks Flavia to do something in charity, if she likes the person who makes the proposal, or happens to be in a right temper, she will toss him half a crown or a crown, and tell him if he knew what a long milliner’s bill she had just received he would think it a great deal for her to give. . . . She would be a miracle of piety if she was half as careful of her soul as she is of her body.

. . . She has so great a regard for the holiness of the Sunday that she has turned a poor old widow out of her house as a profane wretch for having been found once mending her clothes on the Sunday night. . . . I shall not take upon me to say that it is impossible for Flavia to be saved, but her whole life is in direct opposition to all those tempers and practices which the Gospel has made necessary to salvation. She may as well say that she has lived with her Saviour when He was upon earth as that she has lived in imitation of Him.”

But I must not quote further. Those who have read it have no need of quotation, those who have not read it should do so as surely as they would read Bunyan’s “ Progress ” or Shakespeare’s Plays. It is not a book to accept implicitly. We have seen that Law made his mistakes, and in his “ Holy Experiment,” a woeful and grievous error. It may fairly be argued that the “ Serious Call ” takes too narrow, if not too negative a view of life, is too insistent on rules of devotion, too liable to provoke morbid fears and introspection. And yet withal it is a book singularly appropriate to our modern

needs. It smites with mighty blows at the cheap complacency and easy superficiality which pass too often for religion. It is so terribly in earnest that it drives us to our knees. It is the essence of the true religious spirit, the emotion of the heart, linked firmly to the ethics of right conduct, a cry for reality. No language more fitly expresses its deepest purpose than that of the Psalmist, so urgent, so longing, so full of the hunger of the soul : " Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

PART IV.
MISCELLANEOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[The following Extracts are culled from other writings not republished.]

Without the inward knowledge of God, as revealed through Christ in nature and in present experience, we shall struggle in vain against the hard material facts of life, shall seek in vain to turn them to our purpose, and to make them serve our highest ends.

This age wants depth, wants faith, the sense of the Divine Presence in the individual soul. The old evangelicalism held perhaps too narrow a view of salvation, but we look with hope and longing for a social striving penetrated with the lofty fervours of spiritual passion, and compelled by a redeeming love.

Editorial: "A Plea for the Individual," *P.D.P.*, Mar., 1902.

Prayer, to be fruitful of blessing, must seek its keynote in the prayer of Jesus. It must be the expressed hunger of the soul, neither the hunger of pride nor the hunger of self-will; it must be not of the flesh, but of the spirit. Such prayer uncovers the hidden communion subsisting between man and God, which is shut from our sight by the travail of the world; it strikes deep root into the Divine Life, and even in the bitterness of death brings down upon us the sweetness of a healing peace.

The past may be charged with sad memories of wayward steps and an erring will, but the prayer that seeks the will of the Father seeks and wins forgiveness. In the conscious-

ness of restored union it is as though the glow of the Redeeming Love dried up for ever the springs of remorse and despair.

To the hungry soul, that is to the soul that prays, the bitter past, yea, *all* bitter things are sweet, and by the witness of the saints of God the words are true. Such hunger is potential peace, for Augustine expressed an experience wider than his own when he exclaimed "O God, Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our souls are restless till they rest in Thee."

* * * *

Life is beset with riddles, but experience is a great interpreter. Her lessons may be hard, but they will be learnt at last. Hunger is the witness of life, bitterness the promise of sweetness. To know neither hunger nor bitterness is to suffer spiritual death in the sad satiety of selfishness. "The full soul loatheth an honeycomb." We cannot envy the futile little lives of those who sleep with the "wings of aspiration furled." Kingsley has finely satirised them in his "*Water Babies*." The brown insect that sat upon little Tom's knee, shed his coat and his domestic responsibilities, and danced for three days. . . singing to drive dull care away, until he fell into the stream and was lost, as has many a human counterpart. Such men, indeed, are as the grass that withereth, they are "carried away as with a flood," the beauty of the Lord their God is not upon them, nor can the work of their hands be established.

* * * *

To pray "Not my will but Thine," is to open the doors of the soul and admit the unseen life of God. A new potency stirs within us. The soul expands, and as by magic the mean hovel is a palace, fit habitation for the King of Glory who has entered in. To return to our symbol of the river; it is as though a freshet of heavenly rain upon the hills swept through the channel of our life. Our waters are carried forward in the strong sweep of the flood, until at last we come

“ To the golden sands and the leaping bar
And the taintless tide that awaits us afar,”

to the purity and the freedom of that perfect communion, wherein every bitter thing is sweet.

Editorial: *P.D.P.*, June, 1902.

“ Religion,” says a recent writer, “ is not a creed, long or short, nor a ceremonial, complex or simple, nor a life, more or less perfectly conformed to an external law ; it is the life of God in the soul of man.” And wherein does this writer differ from Fox ? It is not calling ‘ Lord, Lord,’—it is being and doing. What are meetings for worship, dogmas, theologies and creeds, if there is no being and doing the things He said ?

What is our message to the world, if it be not the dependence on the inward guidance of the Spirit of Christ—the Spirit of God as He showed it to us,—a dependence that is independent, a dependence that is no mere mystic fancy, but an actual realisation in ourselves of the spiritual verities of God ?

An age deeply imbued with the scientific spirit—when artificial props to religion are being knocked away,—when creeds are being sifted and dogmas questioned,—asks and seeks for reality, for a faith deeper than the deepest doubt, for a real communion with the Spirit of God. Not this or that doctrine or creed, not argument, not definition, but that which underlies them all, that of which the creed is but the outward intellectual formula—it is for that we seek and ask.

A habit of soul, a hunger after righteousness, a turning to the light, a guiding principle of life.

And it is here that it seems to me we could speak with such force—here that we could lay the foundation of a truly universal church,—here that we may point out the way to simple Christ-likeness,—to direct, immediate communion with the Spirit of God as shown us in Jesus.

The mild eyes, so often dimmed with sympathetic tears, could not smile down on a field of Sedan ; the voice that preached self-abnegation, that pleaded for the sick and for the fallen, that commanded His disciples to love their enemies, to bless them that cursed, and do good to them that hated, could never utter a command to fire. And the hand so often laid on the burning brow of a fevered sufferer, or the palsied shoulders of a leper, and in blessing on the heads of little children, could never give the death-wrench with a bayonet.

Why do the churches remain silent ? Why on this great question will they utter no word ?

Address on " Militarism," Glasgow, 1893.

When we pass from indifference to the mental atmosphere of our day we meet with conditions which, save for the striking period of the Renaissance, find no parallel in history. Great was then the expansion of human knowledge, but to us it has been given to apply the invisible forces of nature, and almost to annihilate time and space. And as the Middle Ages learnt the place of the earth in the universe, so we are learning the truth about man, his slow development, his physical affinities with other forms of life.

God's secrets are often swiftly unveiled. But though the revelation may be sudden, our re-adjustment is slow. Confusion, nevertheless, is not for ever. One moment the Bible seems taken from us, the next it is restored more living than before, and with a new light upon its page.

The clouds of controversy gather at each great discovery of science, and seem to hide the Christ ; but lo ! the clouds disperse, and the Divine figure stands out in renewed splendour.

Even as now, so at the Renaissance came perplexity and scepticism. But it was of the new learning, with its larger views of God and the universe, that the reformation was born. So do I unfalteringly believe will there spring out

of the present seeming chaos a renewed and more powerful faith, deeper in its basis, clearer in its vision, broader in its charity than ever was the old ; and as warm in its love.

Christianity is before all things practical. A presentment of truth merely theological is also inadequate. We shall give more force to the preaching of Christ if we illustrate our theology by our practice, and work with a deep sense of our social responsibility. Let working men feel our sympathy as something more than kind patronage, let them feel that we believe in brotherhood, not as a mere catch-word, but as an essential teaching of Christ. Let them see that irresponsible and selfish wealth, blind to its potentialities for good, has our scornful and pitying denunciation, and we shall do something to dispel their justifiable distrust.

The message of Salvation hereafter is cold comfort to men who are starving here, and it is our place as soldiers of the Cross to bring hope and gladness into barren places, and to carry the glad presence of the living Christ into dark slums and lonely garrets.

A religion merely intellectual will never warm the heart with the fire of self-sacrificing love. Let us in our message offer that which is beyond all creeds—the evidence in our lives of communion with the spirit of God.

The Church exists to create for each succeeding generation the ideal of the Christ in the thought form of the age, and in the adaptability of Christ's teaching lies one secret of its power.

MANCHESTER CONFERENCE, 1895.

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To the Christian, pessimism is impossible, for his faith is a belief in the presence of God in the world, and in the coming of His kingdom. And, to earnest faith, complacent optimism is as foreign as pessimism. For faith in God means faith in man's capacity to serve Him. He speaks through human lips and hands. He, for man's own sake, requires man's service. Present dangers may be cheerfully faced in

the confidence of co-operation with His will, but they cannot and must not be ignored.

* * * *

The price of great things is sacrifice.

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We are too apt to look to Paradise as a *future* state—to project into the future both our *ideal*, and the realisation of the ideal. The future has its roots in the present, and the present its foundation in the past. No future can be fruitful without effort.

We must *wear ourselves* of dependence on the outward things of this life. Heaven is more within us here and now—more an inward peace and rest than a state of future blessedness.

The kingdom of God is within you. It is in the heart that the battle of life must be fought and won.

Heaven is less a place of golden streets than a heart purified from selfishness, and a life radiant with the love of God.

* * * *

Christianity is so strong that it will bear many encumbrances on its back. But we need to remember that encumbrances are things to be got rid of, and that we cannot afford to waste any energy, however little, in our combat with evil. We can never hope to overcome Agnosticism if we do not squarely face realities, and do not manfully accept the established facts of science and of criticism. Yet how often those who do accept the revelations of science are disheartened by the want of progressiveness and robust faith in the Church at large, where, seeking inspiration, they find only too often ignorance and fear!

* * * *

Why should it be thought unscientific to accept with thankfulness the 14th chapter of John? Is it then incredible that God should reveal Himself to men in the Christ? How else are we to know God except on His human side? We being finite, cannot know Him in his infinity. But neither

do we see Him in His infinity in Christ. For "My Father is greater than I." But if God should pour so much of Himself into a human vessel as it can contain, we shall know of the Father through this revelation of Him, just as a vessel filled with its water would enable us to know something of the ocean. We should not know of its vastness, but we should know that it would all resemble the little we had in our possession.

Surely it is not the believers in Christ's divinity who are unscientific, rather it is they who lightly condemn Christianity for being "Anthropomorphic." For, being human, we have to reach God through human character, and in the boundless love of Christ, His self-sacrifice, His gentleness, His humility, His hatred, not of the Sinner but of sin, we read the lineaments of the great All-Father's face. No otherwise could we read it. We need a personal hold on God—it is a scientific because it is a human necessity, and this need God has supplied.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

“BEHOLD I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK.”

Charles Booth has lately bought the painting of the “Light of the World,” by Holman Hunt, copied by the artist, or largely copied, from his earlier rendering of the same subject.

The earlier picture has been for some time the property of Keble College, Oxford, and though inaccessible to the multitude, it has grown familiar through the published engraving. Both copy and original share this interest, that they interpret, in the language of the painter’s heart, a message that, conceived in the ardour of youth, has been confirmed in the ripeness of years.

Now, through the generous provision of the social reformer, responding to the painter’s wish, thousands in England, Africa, Australia, New Zealand and America will see the real picture instead of its counterfeit.

The Crowned Figure still knocks and waits at the obdurate, weed-encumbered door. The soft shining of the harvest moon glimmers on grass and autumn leaves, adorned with the rare jewellery of the frost; but to all the well-remembered details there is given that touch of power which flows only from the wizardry of a master’s brush.

The painted picture speaks with an intensity that an engraving cannot reach. The thousands who look upon the glowing canvas will hear in the awe of an inward stillness, not the message of the artist, but the vibrating speech of the Lover of their souls:—“Behold I stand at the door and knock.” Indeed the quality of the picture lies not in its technical achievement, great or limited as that may be,

but rather in its fidelity to a deep and universal truth. It touches a common chord. It throws into relief the pitiful failure, the sourness, nay, the aching loneliness of sin, and all the unquenched longing of the human heart.

Think of those who will see it !

The City man, turning aside for a moment to look at something that has been talked about, is arrested as it were in mid-career. His days given to stocks and shares, his evenings to billiards and the newspaper, his odds and ends of leisure to his family or his garden, his Sundays to the “ river,” a motor-car, or a novel and a pipe ; he literally has no time for eternity ! Bent upon the things that matter from minute to minute, he postpones and yet again postpones the things that matter for ever. The City has case-hardened him.

But here is an appeal that pierces the self-deception of habit and convention, that searches forgotten recesses of the heart, that rankles in the Conscience. “ Behold I stand at the door and knock.” And suddenly the scales fall. His successful career, his prosperity, shrivel to something very mean and little. Their substance is gone. He realises that in spite of his name in the city, and his villa in the suburbs, he has nothing of which death cannot rob him. *He has in fact nothing real.* He has dropped the bone for the shadow. He knows that if disease, old-age, failure, sorrow, come upon him, he is helpless, because he knows that the Love of God is not in his heart. He has been burning his incense at an unworthy shrine and before an impotent god.

“ . . . If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.”

But how sup in an empty heart, how open the door upon its unswept poverty ? And even now, as the minutes pass before this picture, the affairs of the market are pressing.

“ He that overcometh, I will give to him to sit down with Me in My throne, as I also overcame.” As *I* also !

The vision of the tempter from the mountain peak! the scourging pillar and the cross deliberately chosen with their suffering and shame. Must I too give up the world? "Behold I, who suffered, stand at the door of thy heart and knock."

We bring another to the picture.

He is young, but he has sinned—sinned to the flesh. The first purity is tarnished, the blight of sin—satiety—has fallen upon him. Life is all awry, its path encumbered with abandoned hopes, disappointed ambitions. It is not worth while to begin any thing new, for there is no getting back behind the ugly memories of the past, no starting afresh without them. It is all a mockery, this life that tempts and then taunts and taunts for ever with savage cruelty. "Behold I stand at the door and knock." Is it true? Is there a love like that? Yes! like that. Do you not see—you are young, but the ruined hut in the picture is the heart of an old man. The harvest moon is in the sky, the frost on the grass tells of winter, yet the Crowned Figure is knocking still. Must your life be like that life, a ruin in old age, with selfishness strong-rooted in the soil of habit, binding fast the heart's one door? Or shall He enter and sup with you, sweeten with the wonder of His passion the bitterness of the irredeemable years, and plant roses at your doorstep, which shall bloom at His second Coming—bloom when, as Death, He comes to take you home?

But there is another who approaches unbidden to the picture. She is the sufferer in a pathetic tragedy, a widow long before her time. She has little ones to cherish, but the years roll out before her with the undeviating monotony of a dusty road.

Her heart is heavy, the sunshine chills her, the home with its silence and its memories terrifies her; it is an impulse, scarcely an interest, that draws her here. "Behold I stand at the door and knock—let me come into thy aching heart, into thy lonely life, and sup with thee. Thou hast suffered? See My chaplet of thorns, the wounds in My hands, and side.

Thou art lonely ? I was in Gethsemane. God has forsaken thee ? I was upon the Cross. Daughter, I love thee and my love is eternal. I and the Father are one. Cling close and trust thy human heart to Me.”

Hackneyed illustrations, say you ? That may be, but indifference, sin and sorrow make up, in no small measure, the travail of souls.

I incline to believe that Charles Booth has put the crown upon his many services in exhibiting this picture by Holman Hunt. He has reminded us, and we needed the reminder, that environment is not everything. Selfishness can grow even in a Garden City, and though the gospel should teach us to build beautiful streets instead of slums, its real work is deeper. It was once pointed out to the artist that the door of the ruined hut has no handle. “ No ! ” said Holman Hunt, “ that door has no handle *on the outside.* ” Something must break within us, something hard and restrictive. Self-will must yield to Love, and the door must be opened from within ; our strength must become weakness, and our earthly pride divine humility, before He who knocks can bless our inward life with the sanctity of His holy presence.

[Published in *British Friend*, May, 1904.]

CHRONOLOGICAL MEMORANDA.

John Wilhelm Rowntree born at York	-	-	Sept. 4th, 1868
(Parents : Joseph Rowntree and E. Antoinette Rowntree, <i>née</i> Seebohm).			
Went to the Friends' School, Bootham, York	-		Aug., 1880
Went to Oliver's Mount School, Scarborough	-		Aug., 1883
Returned to Bootham School	-	-	Jan., 1885
Left Bootham	-	-	June, 1886
Entered business life at the Cocoa Works, York	-	-	1886
Warned of coming blindness	-	-	1891
Marriage with Constance M. Naish, of Bristol	-		July 28th, 1892
Founded Acomb Adult School	-	-	June, 1893
Pamphlet to Young Friends	-	-	1893
" History of Adult School Movement "	-	-	1893
Publishes " Present Day Papers "	-	-	1894-1902
Journey to Egypt, Syria, etc.	-	-	1895
Takes part in Manchester Conference	-	-	1895
Opening of Acomb Adult School Buildings and Institute	-		1896
Scarborough Summer School	-	-	1897
First journey to the West Indies, Mexico and the West	-		1898
Consultation with Oculist at Chicago	-	-	1899
Went to live at Scalby, on being ordered to give up town life and daily business	-	-	1899
Birmingham Summer School	-	-	1899
Windermere Summer School	-	-	1900
Scarborough Settlement for Biblical Study	-	-	1901

Appeal to the Yearly Meeting of Friends, resulting in issue of " Plea for a Peaceable Spirit "	-	-	-	1901
Presentation of Woodbrooke for permanent Settlement by George Cadbury	-	-	-	1902
Visits to Oculist at Chicago	-	-	1900, 1901,	1903
Opening of Summer School at Woodbrooke	-	-		1903
Plans a History of Quakerism	-	-	-	1903
Plans a new home at Scalby	-	-	-	1904
Plans a Guest House, to be under a Committee of the Yorkshire Adult Schools, in grounds adjoining his new home	-	-	-	1904
Six lectures on Art and Religion delivered at Woodbrooke				1904
Kirbymoorside Week-end Summer School	-	-	-	1904
Arrangements for Friends' Yearly Meeting to be held in Leeds after two and a quarter centuries in London	-			1904
Death of Ernest Grace of Bristol (his brother-in-law)	-			1904
Preparation of lectures on Religion and Modern Life delivered at Scarborough	-	-	-	1904
Consultation with Oculist at Chicago found needful	-			1905
Arrangements for Conference on the Ministry at Scarboro'				1905
Lays Foundation Stone of Burton Lane Adult School, followed by last Sunday at York	-	-	Feb. 19th,	1905
Sailed for United States with his wife	-	-	Feb. 25th,	1905
Seized with pneumonia on the voyage; met at New York by Rufus M. Jones	-	-	March 5th,	1905
Died in New York Hospital	-	-	March 9th,	1905

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