



CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY.



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STUDIES

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IN

CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY:

Read at D. S. Oct 17 1851

HOURS

WITH

Theologians and Reformers.

BY

SAMUEL OSGOOD,

MINISTER OF THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH IN NEW YORK.

Διαίρέσεις δὲ χαρισμάτων εἰσὶ, τὸ δὲ αὐτὸ πνεῦμα

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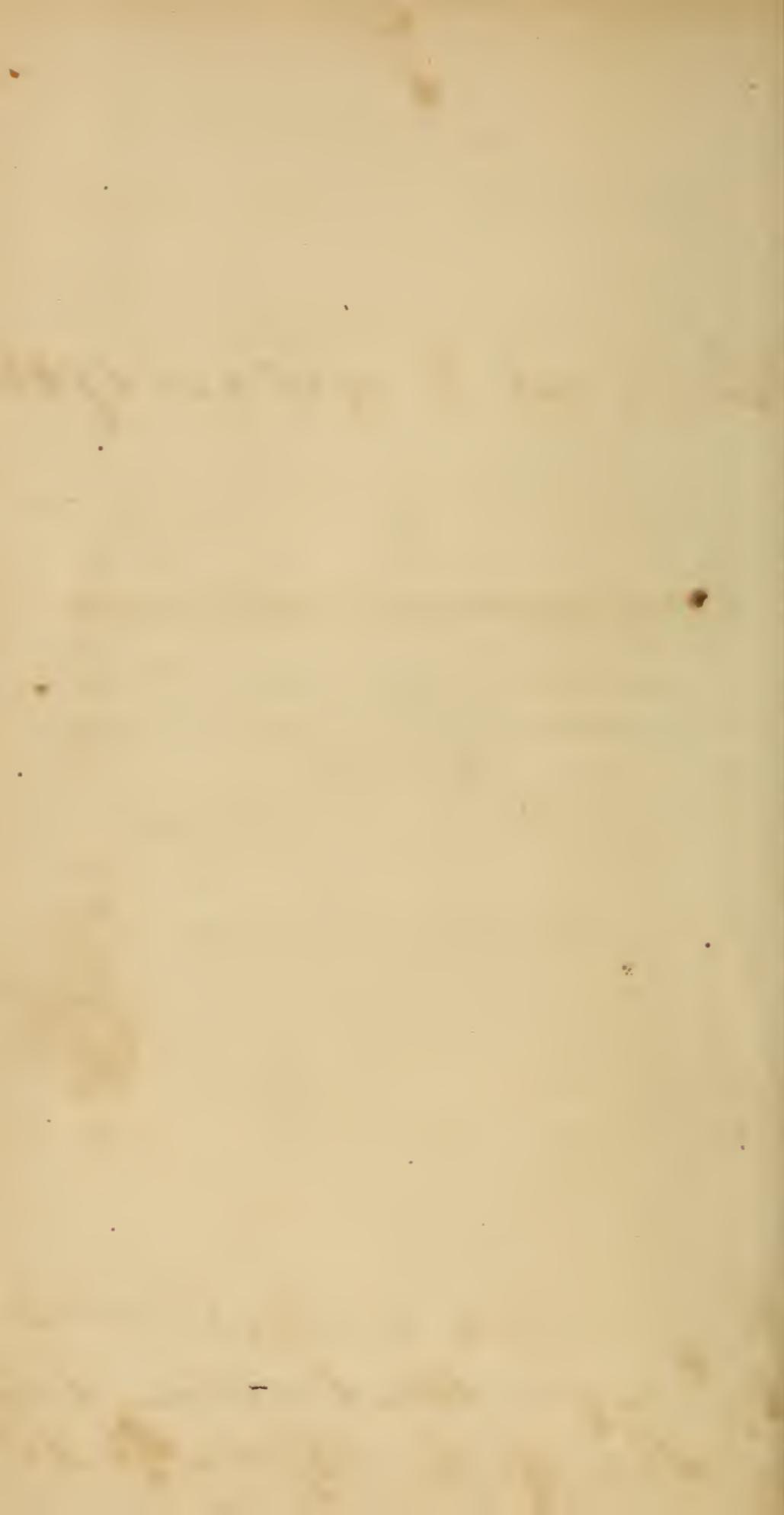
TO

THREE CHRISTIAN CONGREGATIONS.

A Tribute

OF

REMEMBRANCE AND GRATITUDE.



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P R E F A C E .

THE purpose of this volume is very little ambitious, and its story is soon told.

Some years since, the author had reason to believe that the study of Christian history was much neglected, and that he might be of service, especially to the young people of his parish, by calling attention to the lives and labors of the leaders of Christian thought and action. He was thus led to accumulate a considerable amount of biographical material, which was used from time to time for various occasions, and presented now in fire-side conversations and familiar addresses, and now in more elaborate lectures and reviews. What meets a want in one quarter may do the same elsewhere, and at the suggestion of several friends this volume is now published.

It consists chiefly of such studies as have been revised for previous publication and have appeared in

Reviews. It seemed best to let the articles stand mainly as they were published without undertaking to break down their peculiarities into the uniformity of style or illustration that would be desirable in a more closely connected work. The reader will please remember that some of these papers were prepared for a popular Magazine, and others for Literary and Theological Reviews, whilst a few are little more than revisals of lectures addressed to a miscellaneous audience. Several of the articles have not been published before.

In substance, the third article appeared in the *North American Review*—the fourth and fifth in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*—the first, second, seventh, ninth, twelfth, and thirteenth, in the *Christian Examiner*—and the remainder, excepting those never before published, in the *Monthly Religious Magazine*.

The author would like to have given to all the topics here treated the same amount of study and care as has been bestowed upon the more elaborate papers in the volume. But this would have changed the character of the work and interfered with desirable variety and popular interest, as well as due brevity. He has tried to seek the truth and speak it candidly. To suppose that he has fallen into no error in his estimate of men too friendly or too hostile

to his own views to make impartiality easy, might be arrogance.

In conclusion, he would only say, that these and the like studies are connected in his mind with many of the best friends and happiest associations of his life. Personal references are, of course, out of place here, and pastoral experiences had better be kept for those most nearly concerned in them. Yet it may be of use to state, that whilst pursuing those branches of study that require the more ample and costly resources, the writer was much assisted by the success of an enterprise which all considerable communities would do well to imitate. A fund was raised by the contribution of various churches in the city of Providence, for purchasing the rare and expensive books serviceable to clergymen, and the admirable collection of the Christian Fathers, in Brown University, remains among the many monuments of public spirit that are giving the capital of Rhode Island a conspicuous place in the nation.

NEW YORK, *March*, 1850.

I.

AUGUSTINE AND HIS TIMES.*

BUSTLING and utilitarian as our age is generally called, it cannot reasonably be accused of slighting the lessons of the past or despising the names of the good and great of former times. Indeed, the very ardor with which we are urged to join in the bold enterprises and sanguine movements of the day has led many to take an opposite turn, and seek in the study of antiquity a quiet and a wisdom which they find not in the restless tumult around them. They meet with more to soothe and edify them in the Greek and Roman classics or the Christian Fathers, the wisdom of Indian sages or Egyptian priests, than in the pages

* 1. *Histoire de Saint Augustine Sa Vie, Ses Œuvres, Son Siècle, Influence de Son Génie.* Par M. POUJOLAT. Paris, 1845. (History of Saint Augustine, his Life, his Works, his Age, the Influence of his Genius. By M. Poujoulat.) Three vols. 8vo.

2. *A Library of Fathers of the Holy Catholic Church, Anterior to the Division of the East and West.* Translated by Members of the English Church. Oxford. 1840-45. Vols. I—XX. 8vo.

3. *Ancient Christianity and the Doctrines of the Oxford Tracts for the Times.* By the Author of "Spiritual Despotism." Fourth edition, with Supplement, Index, and Tables. London. 1844. Two vols. 8vo.

of political newspapers or reform magazines, the visions of financial schemers or the disputes of sectarian divines.

While we are receiving from the principal nations of Europe every school of new philosophy and every project of social innovation, we are assured from the same quarters by other voices, that all philosophy is a sin against faith and all innovation is a rebellion against authority. France gives us Fourier with his promised millennium of industrial association and De Maistre with his eulogies of the dark ages and his predictions of the return of Papal dominion. From Germany the reverent voices of Adam Moehler and Frederick Schlegel have entreated us not to listen to the war-notes of Frederick Strauss and Henry Heine, nor prefer to the ancient Church with its literature of faith, modern rationalism with its literature of the senses and understanding. England, too, our own England, sends forth antagonist influences quite as various. Robert Owen comes to teach us his plans of Socialism, and Dr. Wiseman writes to win us back to the Roman Church. Carlyle calls the Pope a miserable chimera, and Kenelm Digby lauds the Papal ages, as the "ages of faith." With one hand our mother country gives us railroads, and bids us by her example traverse the ends of the earth; with the other she holds out to us the Oxford Tracts, and insists upon quietude, fasting and prayer as the path of peace and the way of life. As a people we are ready to welcome every form of foreign influence, and, whether moved by imitation or our own dispositions, are beginning to exhibit on a large scale the antago-

nist tendencies of which we have spoken. We are carrying out democratic theories, and giving full scope to priestly domination ; we are establishing Fourierite communities, and building stately cathedrals ; we are engaged in earnest enterprises of business and reform, that agitate the soul, and encouraging music, painting, sculpture, gardening, and the arts, that soothe the soul. We are erecting fine houses as if we were to live forever, and laying out beautiful cemeteries as if it were no great ill to die. From some traits of our character it would seem as if David Crockett with his noted adage embodied our national genius, while in other traits we show some kindred with Old Mortality and his love of wandering among the graves.

Forward as our march is, we tend now strongly to the study of the past. We love to stop in our course, visit the tombs of our fathers and build monuments to the saints of our own and former ages. Not to speak of the number of historical works printed and read among us, it is surprising that so many treatises upon sacred antiquity have been sent from our presses, and that the Christian Fathers are winning so much attention at our hands. Whatever may be the cause of this,—whether intellectual curiosity or sectarian strife, we cannot say,—it is evident that great questions now before our people must lead us to study anew the history of the Church, and come to a satisfactory conclusion concerning the men and the doctrines of the primitive ages.

Taking Christendom at large, it is obvious that within the last ten or fifteen years the study of the

Christian Fathers has been revived in a remarkable manner. Without quite accepting the pseudo-prophet Miller's doctrine of a speedy end of the world, to be accompanied by a bodily resurrection of the saints, we may say that in one sense in our time the saints have already been raised; "the souls of them that suffered for the witness of Jesus and the word of God" have been seen and appreciated anew. Their spirit has been studied, while their works have been faithfully exhibited. No longer in their original voluminous manuscripts, nor in their former cumbrous folios, their thoughts now appear with all the aids of modern art, the more attractive garb of modern print and editing. Chrysostom and Augustine, subdued as was their pride, could not but have rejoiced, had they foreseen the honors paid them in this nineteenth century; and in view of the elegant octavos in which Paris and Oxford have enshrined their works, they would have bestowed no small benediction upon the memory of Dr. Faustus, and have broken the spell that has coupled his name with the prince of darkness.

Of course we are far from thinking that the mass of readers among us will soon care much for patristic lore. Its results, however, are interesting all persons of Christian faith and common intellectual curiosity, whilst an earnest band of thinkers and scholars, both in the Old World and the New, are turning to the pages of the Fathers for oracles of wisdom that can, as it seems to them, cure the chief of prevalent follies. One reason of the revival of the study is, doubtless, to be found in that love for all historical in-

vestigation which so strongly marks recent literature. Somewhat suspicious of mere theories of society and philosophies of religion, we wish to know what has actually been done in the former times to carry men forward, and are more disposed to value ideas and institutions that have worked well than ambitious schemes that only promise well. The historic schools of Germany, England, and even France show a strong conservative tendency, and prove that our nineteenth century with all its bustling progress is far more reverently retrospective than the eighteenth, far more disposed to unite memory with hope as guides of the world. As a result of this historical movement, of course the Christian Fathers must come in for their share of attention; and merely philosophical fidelity, to say nothing of Christian faith, has moved writers of the stamp of Guizot and Michelet to try to appreciate fairly the men, whose works best illustrate that great period in which the world passed from Paganism to Christianity, and the foundations of our Christendom were laid upon the ruins of ancient empires.

Moreover, the religious aspect of our age favors the study of the Fathers. There is in some quarters a strong suspicion, that Protestantism has gone too far in encouraging freedom of thought and disparaging the authority of creeds, traditions and priesthods. Considerable numbers of thinking persons, who are reluctant to cast themselves at the feet of the Pope and surrender their freedom to the council of Trent, are seeking or advocating some middle ground between Papal despotism and what they call Protestant self-will. The Christian Fathers are held up as

standing on such middle ground, and we are asked to read them, if we would be saved from both the perilous extremes in the theology of our day, and learn to harmonize just liberty of thought with due recognition of the Church and its traditions. There is not a little of this tendency among the Protestants of Germany, although it has been exhibited to us more directly in the Oxford Tractarians and various works which they have written and edited. At the time when liberal principles in religion and government were at their height in England, these men conceived the plan and undertook the work of leading their country back to ancient authority both in Church and State. In the midst of the enthusiasm of the Reform Bill and the emancipation of Dissenters and Romanists, these scholars looked with sadness upon the innovation, sought some remedy in the lessons of the past, and not stopping with the principles of the Reformation, in Germany or England, nor willing to countenance the usurpations of Rome, they appealed boldly to the Christian Fathers, and thus brought on a reaction against modern liberalism, that has produced already great effect in their own country, and has gained not a few followers among us, some among mature and cautious minds, many among the young and the romantic. It is evident that the chief part of the recent theological literature of England is strongly tinged with the Oxford doctrines. The result has been very bitter to the Evangelical party in the English Church, as we may surely infer, when so wise and good a man as Isaac Taylor, the author of the work on Ancient Christianity, the title of which

is given at the head of this article, interrupts his previous course of authorship, gives himself so entirely to this one topic, and seems sometimes in danger of losing his temper at the asperity with which he, and all kindred champions of what he calls Evangelical Christianity, are treated by those who give tradition so important a place by the side of the Bible. His work, in connection with the Oxford Library of the Fathers, the title of which we have also given, will enable our readers, who are not ambitious of a more laborious study of the Greek and Latin originals, to form a good idea of the questions at issue between the two parties in the English Church. As Mr. Taylor is an earnest member of the Establishment, we are not, by referring to him with favor, quoting any writer hostile to that Church.

His book is probably the ablest treatise on Ancient Christianity, or rather the Christianity of the Nicene age, that has appeared in our time. Indeed, so far as it deals with the Nicene Fathers in the claims set up for them as Catholic authority, the work is unsurpassed by any that can be named. It is superior to the famous work of Daillé, by concentrating its light upon the most important point of the subject and breaking the authority of the Fathers by assaulting the centre of their position. It differs from the more celebrated treatise of Chillingworth, on the religion of Protestants, which was suggested by the work of Daillé, in dealing more with facts than abstractions, by exhibiting tradition as it was in the age of its boasted purity, and showing conclusively what was the actual doctrine of the Nicene Fathers, and

what folly and absurdity must follow from leaving the sure rule of Scripture and accepting their authority. Mr. Taylor deals almost solely with the doctrine of celibacy as held by the Fathers and with the development of its consequences. He regards this doctrine as the parent of all superstition and fanaticism, morbid feeling, false doctrine and pernicious formalism. He finds such fruits of its influence in the third and fourth centuries of the Christian era, as lead him to regard the mighty hierarchy which was subsequently built up by Gregory I., and completed by Gregory VII., as a great reform, a salutary check upon the error and wickedness already brought into being. He makes ample quotations from the Nicene Fathers to prove his position, that they generally held the doctrine of celibacy as the highest virtue, and that their works show that the state of religion around them was very low. To us his work is conclusive upon one point, that if the Christian Fathers are to be taken as authoritative guides, we must at once quit our common Protestant principles, believe in the sanctity of celibacy, the worth of relics, the magical power of the sacraments, and all of Popery except the doctrine of a supremacy of the Pope otherwise than as the primacy of honor. Mr. Taylor's book is interesting from its unity of purpose. He allows the champions of tradition to take their strongest ground among their strongest authorities, and then bears down upon the centre of their position with the force of a Nelson's attack or a Napoleon's charge. Undoubtedly by dwelling so much upon one point and with a purpose so hostile to the opposite

party, he is in great danger of overlooking the true worth of the Fathers.

It is therefore well for those who read his somewhat disheartening pages, to take a glance at the brighter side of the subject, and learn from the series of Translations before us, the Library of the Fathers, how much wisdom and piety they contain. Whatever may be thought of the Nicene theology, we must find much to respect in all these volumes. Of the authors here given, Augustine, Cyril of Jerusalem, Cyprian, Chrysostom, Athanasius, Tertullian, Gregory, Pacian, four or five stand out prominently as writers. No reader can deny that Tertullian is full of fire, or that Athanasius is mighty in argument, or that Chrysostom is eloquent, or Augustine profound. We could have wished that Clement and Origen had been included in these volumes, and have hope that their noble spirit and deep wisdom will give them a place ere long in the series. Yet we must remember that the chief favorites of the translators have not yet been represented; that of the choice three, Ambrose, Basil and Chrysostom, only the last has appeared in these volumes. Perhaps it is not wholly wrong, to desire that with specimens of the best works of the Nicene Fathers some of the worst had been also given, that we might judge of the age in its folly as well as its wisdom, and see what idle legends and degrading superstitions the wisest of them cherished, what monkish fanaticism Athanasius could eulogize and what priestly miracles Augustine could credit.

We propose to speak especially of one among the Christian Fathers in connection with his times, the

one who has exercised a more permanent influence than any of them. Aurelius Augustinus, commonly called St. Augustine, is of course the man. We will try to give some idea of the age, the man, and his works.

He was born in the middle of the fourth century, a century more momentous to Christendom than any other except that in which Jesus lived, and that in which Luther wrote. During this century Christianity had become the established religion of the Roman Empire. Constantine had laid his sceptre upon the Christian altar; Julian had striven in vain to supplant the faith of the cross by his splendid eclecticism of philosophical deism, natural symbolism and vulgar Paganism; and by the labors of a brilliant company of orators, prelates, scholars and theologians, the Christian doctrines were settled for ages, and ecclesiastical institutions were consolidated. We shall be better able to estimate the leading men of this period by a glance at the previous history of the Church. The first writers after the death of the Apostles are the Apostolical Fathers, whose writings are chiefly pastoral and practical, such as the Epistles of Polycarp and Ignatius. Next come the defenders of Christianity against Heathen assaults, the Apologists, such as Justin Martyr and Tatian. Their works are valuable chiefly as showing the common objections to Christianity and the prevalent mode of meeting them. Gradually as the religion gained progress, and won for itself strongholds in various countries and allied itself with intellectual culture, it began to show itself

under various forms with the most marked characteristics. Before Constantine took the Gospel under his patronage, the Church had shown itself to be the most stable power in the Empire, and had combined great unity of action with considerable freedom of thought. The different communities of Christians had their favorite tendencies. Look at the various seats of Christianity around the shores of the Mediterranean at the beginning of the third century, and we see at once a broad diversity of character and tendency. In the East and among those who spoke the Greek language we find, that at Alexandria, the city where Greece and Judea had blended their civilization, Christians were disposed to connect philosophy with religion; at Antioch in Syria, so long the centre of Apostolic missions, they were more disposed to the critical study of the Bible; at Ephesus and in the whole of Asia Minor, where St. John had labored so long, they were more disposed to urge the practical principles of Christianity. Come westward, where Rome ruled and the Latin language was spoken, we find the idea of an authoritative priesthood more strongly enforced and see the germs of the hierarchy that Hildebrand finally consolidated. One portion of the Western Church, the Christians of North Africa, first of whom was Tertullian and chief of whom was Augustine, were occupied most with those doctrines and duties that bear upon conversion and exhibit a moral strictness which has commended them especially to historians of the Evangelical school. But alike in Rome and Carthage the Church of the West was the champion of spiritual power, whether in church organ-

ization acting on numbers, or by direct appeal subduing the individual soul. The spirit of Peter and Paul seemed to rule the West, that of James and John the East.

We thus see that Augustine was surrounded by peculiar influences. He came upon his illustrious mission in a peculiar country at a peculiar time. A citizen of North Africa, he was surrounded by zealous whose fervor had been kindled by the revivalist principles of Tertullian, and blended either with the strong hierarchical dogmas of his disciple Cyprian, or else with the fierce fanaticism of the schismatic Donatists. He lived in the palmy age of the Imperial Church, and in near relations with the most conspicuous personages of his day. He was the convert of Ambrose, the correspondent of Jerome, the contemporary of Chrysostom, the opponent of Pelagius. He was brought into contact with the chief literary, political and ecclesiastical movements of his time, and his life more than that of any other man illustrates the influences that were brought to bear upon a thinking mind in the fourth and fifth centuries. We have reason to rejoice that so much has been permitted to reach us concerning his history, especially concerning his trials of faith.

Augustine was born in the year 354 at Tagaste, an obscure Numidian village near Carthage, in North Africa. The place of his birth might lead us to expect some characteristics akin to those he exhibited. He probably bore in his veins the warm blood of a Nomad race of Africa, tempered by the influence of the Phenician colonists and Roman conquerors. How

far each element predominated in his ancestry, we have no means of ascertaining. Certain it is that he had much of the African fire, the Oriental sentiment, the Roman fortitude and prudence. His education was not happy, although probably its trials and temptations contributed much to the depth of his experience, and the subsequent power of his efforts. His father was a Pagan until near the close of life, and a man of little elevation of character. His mother was a Christian of eminent piety. She evidently had much trouble in saving her son from the corrupting opinions and manners around him, and in striving to educate him in Christian principles. He describes the troubles and vices of his boyhood with great minuteness. His graphic pictures of his mischievous pranks, as, for example, his robbing the pear-tree when he knew the pears were not fit to eat, shows how much all bad boys are alike, and that notwithstanding the progress of civilization there are not a few truants even in our grave New England to remind us of the young rogue of Numidia. He does not give a very flattering account of his boyish scholarship, and appears to have had little love for his severer studies, such as Greek and Mathematics, whilst he had a great fondness for the Latin and especially its poetic literature. He speaks with as much emphasis of his trials in learning the multiplication table as could any of our modern dunces or idlers. Yet such was his evident vivacity, and especially his fondness for poetry and declamation, that his parents thought best to give him the advantage of a city school in the neighborhood, at Madaura, where he learned gram-

mar and rhetoric. He made no great progress there either in character or learning, and returned home at the age of sixteen, and sank into habits of idleness and dissipation. His mother, good Christian as she was, constantly expostulated with him, but in vain. He treated her not ungently, but paid no regard to what seemed to him her womanish talk. At the age of seventeen he was sent from home again, and about this time he lost his father. At the school in Carthage he soon took the lead alike in the studies and the dissipations of the scholars. While here, his son Adeodatus was born, of an illicit connection. Yet his conscience was not wholly dormant, and he had occasional pangs of remorse. He was not under good influences, although he seems to have yearned for them. The views of Christianity that were presented to him do not appear to have won his assent, much less his affections. In his nineteenth year he was much impressed by reading a work of Cicero, which contained an exhortation to philosophy, and bore the name of Hortensius. This kindled within him a burning thirst for wisdom, and gave him a disgust for the riotous companions with whom he had been so intimate, a set of dashing bullies, who were called "subverters," and who seem to have had something of the character of the "renowners" of the German Universities. He resolved to abandon vice, not so much in the spirit of the Gospel as of the Academy, not so much because vice is sinful as because it is degrading to the dignity of an intellectual being. Such considerations have little power in redeeming men of Augustine's mind and temperament. Philoso-

phy has its place, and is good in its place. But it is not religion, nor has it by itself ever done much to make men turn from their sins. The best of the Greek sages could do little to bring men up to the noble ideal which they set forth. What Socrates, Plato and Zeno could not do, was not likely to be accomplished by the elegant Roman who repeated in his own way their ideas. Cicero, and such as he, may give some light, may set forth high aims, but can afford no vital warmth, no moving power, no divine sanctions, to lead men to follow the light and seek the high aims. Augustine soon found this out, for he was not lacking in shrewdness. His soul craved more substantial food than Cicero's beautiful speculations on the world and man, God and immortality. What Rousseau said of the inadequacy of philosophy, Augustine felt. The Numidian and the Frenchman were much alike in temperament, both having strong passions with deep sentiment, and both recording their lives in the most candid Confessions that have come to us. But the religion which the one dreamed of, the other found, although not without years of weary wandering and bitter disappointment. Without supernatural facts to rest upon in faith, philosophy is very vague and delusive, and they who accept the same nominal principles find practically little firm ground to rest upon in common. The soul of Augustine was like the wind-sown seed, borne about from place to place on its air-tossed pinions. Not until it rested upon the soil of the Christian vineyard did it take root and blossom.

Augustine had always cherished a great reverence

for the name of Christ, and had been so much impressed by his mother's instructions that, unbelieving as he was, he declares that "whatsoever was without that name, though never so learned, polished or true, took not entire hold of me." In Cicero's pages he missed this name, and felt desirous of learning more of Christ from the Scriptures, which he had never read,—a fact which gives us no very high idea of the state of Christian knowledge in the see of Carthage. He set himself to reading the Scriptures, but was very much disappointed in them. They seemed far beneath the stateliness of Cicero. From his rhetorical education he had a passion for fine writing, and could not as yet appreciate the sublime simplicity of the sacred books. This he afterwards confessed, and lamented that he did not bring the spirit of humility that can interpret the divine word and like a little child enter the kingdom of heaven. He was not satisfied with the Christianity of the Bible, but sought something more complex and philosophical. He was just in a state of mind to become the dupe of the Manicheans, a sect who endeavored to incorporate a system of Oriental philosophy with the doctrines of Jesus and the rites of the Church. Most thoughtful young men of nineteen or twenty are ambitious of finding some philosophical system that shall explain all things and give them a theory of the universe. The vagaries of the theological students in the Old World and the New at present might teach us to be charitable to the young Numidian, and find among present follies fair parallels for his Manichean extravagances. This sect declaimed against all authority,

and glorified human reason, while they forced upon it the wildest dogmas. It undoubtedly numbered many profound and earnest minds among its votaries, as all bold theories will. It had enough of philosophy to attract the inquiring, and enough of assertion to awe the simple. It was a strange mingling of Oriental pantheism and Christian forms and phraseology. It showed a sentimentalism ready to weep at the plucking of a radish as if at the extinction of a spark of the divine life, and at the same time a hardness of heart indifferent to human suffering because of the eternal necessity of evil, and scrupling to relieve the hunger of the uninitiated on the ground that to give food to the unspiritual was imprisoning God's gifts in sinful matter, and preventing the spirit that pervades nature from disengaging itself from its heavy clogs. The men that held this doctrine pleased Augustine more than Paul and John. While they gratified his speculative curiosity, they probably tended to palliate his vices as only a necessary emanation from the eternal evil. For nine years he is associated with them, much to the mortification of his mother, who could with difficulty tolerate his doctrines in her house, and would have closed her doors against him, but for her fervent hope of his conversion. Yet he was an earnest seeker for truth, and while teaching rhetoric, first at Tagaste and then at Carthage, his mind was constantly active. "O truth, truth," cries he, in speaking of himself, the young enthusiast of twenty, "how inwardly did even then the marrow of my soul pant after thee, when they often and diversely and in many and huge books echoed of thee to me, though it

were but an echo! And these were the dishes wherein to me, hungering after thee, they, instead of thee, served up the sun and moon, beautiful works of thine, but yet thy works, not thyself, no, nor thy first works." At twenty-nine his faith in Manicheism is considerably shaken, as he discovers the ignorance and assumption of many of its disciples, and the insufficiency of the doctrine for his needs, and before this he had misgivings of the correctness of the morals of the Manicheans. He is haunted by skeptical doubts, although he cannot yield to them.

He was restless and unhappy. Disgusted with the licentiousness of his scholars at Carthage, and craving greater light and a broader sphere, he sailed for Rome. Falling sick at the house of a Manichean and still fettered by his connection with the sect, he teaches awhile in Rome after his recovery, and relieves his continued discontent by going to Milan, then the most brilliant diocesan city of Italy. Here the main crisis of his life came, and the Numidian rhetorician was transformed into the great theologian and renowned saint. That voyage across the Mediterranean was more important in its results than the passage of his famous countryman, Hannibal, more than five centuries before. The teacher of rhetoric and the great captain of his age both went to yield to a Roman conqueror. Hannibal was overcome by Scipio with fatal loss. Augustine to his vast gain was subdued by a Roman with a will strong as Scipio's, but with weapons mightier than sword and shield.

At Milan Augustine went to church not with any devout intentions, but led by his rhetorical tastes and

by the curiosity so natural in a stranger to hear a preacher of unrivalled fame throughout Italy. He listened to a man who soon awakened far other feelings than the luxurious sense of literary beauty or oratorical eloquence. The preacher was no other than Ambrose, the great prelate of the West, who had been forced to become bishop because he had shown such wisdom and energy as civil governor; who bore the crosier as heroically as he had borne the sword; who had made the sceptre of the haughty Theodosius bow at his feet, and rendered his own anathema mightier than the imperial decree. Augustine was much struck with the manner of Ambrose, alike by his earnest address and his mode of setting forth the Christian doctrines. He became acquainted with him, was kindly received, and although by no means converted, he is evidently within the attraction of that mighty will before which all opposition was wont to yield. He finds some of his difficulties regarding the Scriptures, especially the Old Testament, cleared up by the preaching of Ambrose, who evidently interpreted many things figuratively that offend the reason when taken literally, and who in spite of his stern high-church notions held many of the free, spiritual views of the Greek Father, Origen, concerning the Bible. There was a vein of poetry too in Ambrose that must have won upon the sentiment and imagination of Augustine, for this great prelate was author of celebrated Catholic hymns and an earnest patron of sacred music, which his protege so enthusiastically loved.

Monica, Augustine's mother, heard with no small

joy of her son's present tendencies, and joining him at Milan, confirmed his good resolves, and rejoiced vastly on her own account in the ministrations of Ambrose. She hoped to see her son ere long fully embrace Christianity, now that he had given up his Manichean notions. The change in his mind went on. He now learned to ascribe evil, that awful reality that had so tormented his intellect as well as perverted his heart, to an original perversion of the free-will of man, and not to an eternal and necessary existence. One step more and he might embrace the Catholic faith. He must accept the Church doctrine as to the nature of Christ and his relation to the Father. This step he must take, not by yielding to authority, but in a way congenial with his mind. He fell in with the writings of some of those later Platonists, perhaps Plotinus or Porphyry, who believed in a philosophical Trinity of the Divine nature without believing in Christ, and who thus prepared him, as they have prepared many thoughtful minds, in ancient and modern times, for accepting the Orthodox doctrine upon the subject. A champion of the Church like Horsely glories in this fact, as proving the identity between the teachings of the best philosophy and the Divine word. So far as mere opinions were concerned, Augustine might have entered the Catholic Church, as Ambrose seems to have desired him to do. Still he lingered, and thirty, the age at which a man surely ought to fix upon his plan of life and receive his initiation, found him halting between the world with its pleasures and honors, and religion with its duties and renunciations. At the age of thirty-two, his chosen hour came. He had long

struggled with good success against intellectual doubts, now he was to triumph over the passions that had held him in such thralldom.

The story of his conversion to the Christian life is perhaps too familiar to be dwelt upon. He had been for some time a diligent student of the Scriptures, especially St. Paul's Epistles, those writings which have ever been so powerful in meeting the wants of persons dissatisfied with themselves, and seeking peace. In a retired garden, he was struggling with his agitated thoughts, when he overheard a voice, which seemed to him miraculous and which probably was from the spirit within his own soul, but which some suppose came from a child in a neighboring house, saying, "Take and read." These words struck him as singularly applicable to his own case, and he opened a manuscript of Paul's Epistles which he had with him, and his eye fell upon this passage from the Romans:—"Not in chambering and wantonness, not in rioting and drunkenness, 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." This appeal brought him to the practical point. It was the true crisis of his life, the key to his thoughts and his subsequent labors and influence. In that moment, all his past trials, sins, meditations, struggles, aspirations, concentrated their force, and as he turned away from the evil and gave his heart to God, the divine spark fell upon him. The fire-baptism came, and thenceforth the purification went on, the wood, hay and stubble were consumed, the gold,

silver and precious stones of the inner temple remained.

Who will wonder at his subsequent course? Not appealing to the angry strifes of controversial folios, nor resting in the dogmas of doctors of divinity, who will marvel that this young Numidian should now consecrate his vast powers so earnestly to illustrating the free grace of God in converting the soul, and be prone to dwell constantly on the wickedness of mankind and the glory of the divine mercy, and finally incur the danger of merging the freedom of the human will in the all-absorbing power of God? The system of the theologian was an obvious development of the experience of the man. Compare his Confessions with his later theological treatises, and we see in the first the lava of the burning mount, and in the last that lava hardened into stone, or if you prefer the figure, into substantial soil.

In his thirty-third year he received baptism at the hands of Ambrose, together with his son, Adeodatus, a youth of rare promise, although a child of shame. His mother's cup was now full of joy, and she was ready to go in peace to the world so long in her contemplations. His account of her death is the most beautiful passage in his celebrated Confessions. She was to die on her way home to Africa, the year of her son's baptism. His bearing towards her, always tender, was now full of pathos and beauty. He describes an earnest conversation with her a few days before her death; God and heaven were the theme, and mother and son felt that there was between them a spiritual communion that the grave could not sever.

He closed her eyes, and committed her body to the earth in a land of strangers. He felt desolate indeed, but not in despair. The good angel of his whole life was not with him in the world any more, but her blessing remained. On the morning after her burial, he awoke with the words of one of the hymns of Ambrose, sounding through his mind like a chant of heavenly choirs. It is the hymn beginning thus:

Maker of all, the Lord,
And Ruler of the height,
Who robing day in light, hast poured
Soft slumbers o'er the night;
That to our limbs the power
Of toil may be renewed,
And hearts be raised that sink and cower,
And sorrows be subdued.

He closes the part of his Confessions that relates to his years of wandering and trial, with a touching tribute to his mother's memory. He returned to Africa, soon became a priest of the Church, and in seven years from his baptism is raised to the Episcopal chair of Hippo, the royal city of Numidia, where he passed his whole subsequent life, an influential prelate, and a thinker of power unequalled in his time, and perhaps unsurpassed by any of the great theologians of any age, either in the force or the effect of his works. His life, subsequent to his return, is more to be learned from his works than from any remarkable events. All he wrote bore the coloring of his early experience, therefore have we been so minute in detailing its various stages.

As to the time of composition, Augustine divides

his works into four classes. First, those which were written between his conversion and baptism; the chief of which were some philosophical essays, composed in the pleasant retirement of the villa of his friend, Verecundus, and which, as Schleiermacher has justly remarked, seem to be the *Tusculan Questions* of the philosophic convert, a treatment of familiar academic topics with reference to his new convictions. Next come the works written after his baptism and before his taking orders in the Church; a period of about three years, spent, as probably by St. Paul under similar circumstances, in retirement, meditation and study, saddened however by the death of his son. The principal productions of this period were his books upon the morals of the Manicheans and upon those of the Catholic Church, part of his treatise on free-will, and the work upon true religion. Reluctantly on his part, he was made presbyter by the bishop of Hippo, Valerius, and seems to have passed the four next years in labors mainly of a practical character, such as expositions of Scripture, pastoral addresses, and short ethical essays, although he was by no means so absorbed in parish cares as to forget paying his respects occasionally to his old friends, the Manicheans, for whose benefit he completed his work on the will. Towards the end of the year 395, being at the age of forty-one, he was ordained assistant bishop to Valerius, and in a year was left to the sole charge of the diocese by the death of his principal. From that time to his own decease in the year 430, his most celebrated works were written and his greatest influence was exerted. In

brilliant succession came forth his Confessions, his "De Trinitate," his treatises against the Pelagians, and his master-piece, the City of God. In this period, besides attending to vast official duties, he recorded the story of his own experience, wrote at great length upon all the principal controversies of the day, opposing now the Donatists, now the Arians, now the Pelagians, vindicated the kingdom of Christ against the kingdoms of this world, and before sinking into the grave calmly reviewed all his writings and published his corrections in the two books of *Retractiones*.

There was a singular connection between the topic that inspired our author's last great work, the "City of God," and his own fate. He died in the midst of a barbaric invasion which brought a second Alaric to the gates of Hippo, so long the city of his residence. After having revised his most important works as if aware of approaching death, he was destined to breathe his last in a scene of tumult and carnage little in keeping with his many years of quiet life. Hordes of half-Christianized barbarians, under Genseric, the Vandal, were ravaging the land. Three months after the commencement of the siege of Hippo, Augustine died, inexpressibly grieved at the evil prospects of the church and the people; happy in seeking the better land, in being spared the horrors of beholding his altar desecrated and his flock scattered. Yet dark as we are assured by his disciple Possidius his forebodings were, his hopes for his religion and his race could not fail.

"One cannot think, without sadness," says the

French biographer Poujoulat, "of the images which must have embittered the last days of the bishop of Hippo, if the contemplation of the world invisible and imperishable had not softened them. *The City of the earth*, whose origin and vicissitudes Augustine had traced, appeared to him under very dismal aspects, and it is towards the City of God, of which he was also the Catholic Homer, that all his hopes were lifted. We, however, believe that a blessed light flashed across the night of his tribulation at his closing hour; we believe that Augustine, by the power of his genius, and above all by a ray from on high, hailed the new world that was to spring from the old and doomed world, saw future ages receiving all their glory from the inspirations of Christianity, the East becoming young again and vivacious under the footsteps of barbarians, as nature is more brilliant and the air more pure after a storm, and finally the whole universe advancing to moral unity beneath the banner of the cross. This vision of the future was like a golden veil thrown over the earth then so deeply distracted." —Vol. iii. p. 305–306.

He who wrote the City of God must, upon his death-bed, have believed in a power that would subdue the barbaric lion into obedience to the Lamb of God. History has by no means altogether defeated the sublime anticipations of this great prophet of the Cross.

Thus passed away at the age of seventy-six, the renowned Augustine, the illustrious thinker of his age, and next to Athanasius the chief dictator of the creed of the Church.

It would be in place now to take a survey of the

works, characteristics and influence of our saint, did time and the reader's patience allow. We must defer such a survey to another occasion, and pause from our task with a few words relating to the age of Augustine and the changes which have since passed over the world.

The work of M. Poujoulat recalls that age with remarkable vividness, and places it in striking connection with our own. He has not apparently added anything of value to the critical labors of Tillemont and the Benedictines, or of Neander and the German historians, although he has, he declares, faithfully perused the saint's entire works in the original,—no small task for an enthusiastic Frenchman, such as he shows himself to be. But he has done what no previous historian has done. He has visited the scenes of Augustine's life and labors, wrought them with great beauty into his narrative, and thus by a happy combination of the tourist and the antiquarian he has probably given far greater charm to his subject than mere scholarship, however vast, or philosophy, however profound, could possibly do. He is evidently very familiar with Augustine's various works, and gives an analysis of them in a very pleasing, popular style. His Roman orthodoxy does not permit him however to see the decided predestinarian notions of his author, nor to allow to Jansenius and Calvin any ground for laying claim to Augustine as an advocate of their views of human inability and divine election. He is obviously a warm devotee of the Roman Catholic Church, although not in priestly orders. He calls himself a man of the world, yet he must be a pretty

strict confessor of the faith to be the favored protégé of the Archbishop of Paris, as his book denotes. There is considerably more of the Popish stamp upon the beginning and close, than on the main body of the work. Opposite the title-page is a poor lithograph of Murillo's picture of Saint Augustine and the angel, which represents a child-angel, with a shell in his hand, telling him that it is as vain to try to solve the mystery of the Trinity as to try to empty the ocean with that shell. Then follows a patronizing letter from the Archbishop of Paris, and at the close of the third volume a long correspondence is appended, describing the pompous restoration to Africa of part of the remains of St. Augustine—the bones of the right arm, which by order of the Pope, and by an escort of bishops and priests, were taken from the Cathedral of Pavia in Italy, borne across the Mediterranean in the steamer Gassendi, and with solemn masses and processions deposited October 30, 1842, in the chapel of Bona, not far from the site of the saint's original tomb. The sacred relic was first carried to Augustine's monument, where imposing ceremonies were exhibited before a large and various crowd of Christians and Mahometans, soldiers and ecclesiastics. The monument, which has been recently erected is an altar of white marble, and bears a bronze statue which looks towards the sea and that France "which now shows herself so worthy," say Poujoulat, "to reckon Augustine henceforth among her own children." The French nationality indicated in this last clause pervades M. Poujoulat's whole work. Yet he enters very fully into the spirit of Augustine, and by no

means allows the patriotism of the Frenchman to hide the faith and charity of the Christian. His love for his author appears somewhat eloquently in a closing passage of his work :

“In completing this work, something of sadness moves my heart. I am about to take leave of a good and excellent friend, with whom I have long held converse ; my days and often my nights have been passed in listening to Saint Augustine, in interrogating his genius, in following him in the diversity of his thoughts and his cares ; I have made myself his contemporary, his disciple, the witness of his labors and of his virtues, the companion of his footsteps through the world ; and lo ! now from year to year, from labor to labor, from conflicts to conflicts, I have seen this great man sink into the tomb, or rather ascend towards God ! and these last pages are like perfumes borne to his tomb ; and what I loved has vanished, and like the men of Galilee after the ascension of the divine Master, I stand still upon the mountain, and seek Saint Augustine in heaven ! Of all the masters of religious science, the Bishop of Hippo is the one who has given me the best comprehension of Christianity, who has introduced me farthest into the invisible world. Gratitude has sometimes erected monuments sacred to memory ; my hands are too feeble to build pyramids ; all that I have been able to do, is to engrave upon a stone fragile as my days the great name of Saint Augustine, in remembrance of the benefit I have received.”—Vol. iii. pp. 327–8.

We translate but two short passages more, which afford a good idea of the peculiar value of what he

has done to give freshness to the biography of his hero. They contain a sketch of the present appearance of ancient Hippo.

“The fig-tree, the olive, and the apricot, meadows and harvests cover the pleasant declivities of Hippo and the whole space once occupied with habitations; nature has stretched its richest mantle over the sepulchre of the ancient city; vegetation has taken the place of a whole people, and when, pilgrim of history, I have trodden this illustrious soil, I have not heard the thousand sounds of a great city, but only the murmur of the Seybous, the song of birds hidden in the flowery thicket, and the prolonged lowing of cows guarded by a Moorish herdsman. This place in which Providence had placed a torch which was seen from the four corners of the world, I loved to behold thus decked with all the treasures of creation; I heard with joy the melodies of the nightingale at the place from which Augustine taught men harmonies divine and eternal.”

“Seen from the rising ground of the Seybous, the high land of Hippo which we call the hill of Saint Augustine’s monument, presents outlines of infinite grace; it detaches itself from the plain by harmonious and gentle lines, whose expression is beyond description. This hill seems as if it had fallen from the hand of God to serve as a pedestal to the most profound thinker of Christian antiquity. It offers to the imagination something of the gracefulness that marks the proportions of Saint Augustine’s genius. This man, who saw in creation as in the arts steps by which to ascend to God, was fitly placed upon the banks of the Sey-

bous, in the midst of a charming country, in face of the sea, the Edough and the Atlas, and nature was undoubtedly one of his motives for loving his dear Hippo so fondly."—Vol. i. pp. 197–8: 202–3.

As we close our sketch with this vivid picture before us, we cannot but glance at the changes that have come over Christendom since Augustine's time. Could the legend, preserved by Gibbon, and told of seven young men in that age, who were said to have come forth alive from a cave at Ephesus, where they had been immured for death by the Pagan Emperor Decius, and whence they were said to have emerged, awakened from nearly two centuries of slumber, to revisit the scenes of their youth and to behold with astonishment the cross displayed triumphant, where once the Ephesian Diana reigned supreme;—could this legend be virtually fulfilled in Augustine, dating the slumber from the period of his decease; could the great Latin Father have been saved from dissolution and have sunk into a deep sleep in the tomb where Possidius and his clerical companions laid him with solemn hymns and eucharistic sacrifice, while Genseric and his Vandals were storming the city gates; and could he but come forth in our day, and look upon our Christendom, would he not be more startled than were the seven sleepers of Ephesus? There indeed roll the waves of the same great sea; there gleam the waters of the river on which so many times he had gazed, musing upon its varied path from the Atlas mountains to the Mediterranean, full of lessons in human life; there stretches the landscape in its beauty, rich with the olive and the fig-tree, the citron and

the jujube. But how changed all else. The ancient Numidia is ruled by the French, the countrymen of Martin and Hilary ; it is the modern Algiers. Hippo is only a ruin, and near its site is the bustling manufacturing town of Bona. At Constantine, near by, still lingers a solitary church of the age of Constantine, and the only building to remind Augustine of the churches of his own day. In other places, as at Bona, the mosque has been converted into the Christian temple, and its mingled emblems might tell the astounded saint how the Cross had struggled with the Crescent, and how it had conquered. Go to whatever church he would on the 28th of August, he would hear a mass in commemoration of his death, and might learn that similar services were offered in every country under the sun and in the imperial language which he so loved to speak. Let him go westward to the sea coast, and he finds the new city, Algiers, and if he arrived at a favorable time he might hear the cannon announcing the approach of the Marseilles steamer, see the people throng to the shore for the last French news, and thus contemplate at once the mighty agencies of the modern world, powder, print, and steam. Although full of amazement, it would not be all admiration. He would find little in the motley population of Jews, Berbers, Moors, and French to console him for the absence of the loved people of his charge, whose graves not a stone would appear to mark.

Should he desire to know how modern men philosophized in reference to the topics that once distracted his Manichean period, he would find enough to interest

and astonish him in the pages of Spinoza and Leibnitz Swedenborg and Schelling; and would be no indifferent student of the metaphysical creeds of Descartes and Locke and Kant. Much of novelty would undoubtedly appear to him united with much familiar and ancient. Should he inquire into the state of theology through Christendom, in order to trace the influence of his favorite doctrines of original sin and elective grace, he would learn that they had never in their decided form been favorites with the Catholic Church, that the imperial mother had canonized his name and proscribed his peculiar creed, and that the principles that fell with the walls of the hallowed Port Royal have found their warmest advocates in Switzerland, in Scotland, and far America, beyond the Roman communion. He would recognize his mantle on the shoulders of Calvin of Geneva and his followers, Knox of Scotland, and those mighty Puritans who trusting in God and his decreeing will, colonized our own New England, and brought with them a faith and virtue that have continued, while their stern dogmas have been considerably mitigated in the creed of their children. The Institutes of Calvin would assure him that the modern age possessed thinkers clear and strong as he, and the work of Edwards on the Will would probably move him to bow his head as before a dialectician of a logic more adamantine than his own, and make him yearn to visit the land of a divine who united an intellect so mighty with a spirit so humble and devoted. Should he come among us, he would find multitudes to respect his name and to accept his essential principles, though few, if any,

to agree with him in his views of the doom of infants or of the limited offer of redemption. He would think much of our orthodoxy quite Pelagian, even when tested by the opinion of present champions of the ancient faith. In the pages of Channing he would think his old antagonist, Pelagius, revived, with renewed vigor, enlarged philosophy, and added eloquence. He might call this perhaps too fond champion of the dignity of man by the name, Pelagius,—like him in doctrine, like him, as the name denotes, a dweller by the sea. Who shall say how much the influences of position helped to form the two champions of human nature, the ancient Briton and the modern New Englander, both in part at least of the same British race, both nursed by the sea-side, the one by the shores of Wales or Brittany, the other by the beach of Rhode Island. “No spot on earth,” says Channing, “has helped to form me so much as that beach. There I lifted up my voice in praise amidst the tempest. There, softened by beauty, I poured out my thanksgiving and contrite confessions. There, in reverential sympathy with the mighty power around me, I became conscious of power within.”

How long before the human soul shall reach so full a development, that faith and works, reason and authority, human ability and divine grace shall be deemed harmonious, and men cease to be divided by an Augustine and Pelagius, or an Edwards and Channing? Although this consummation may not soon, if ever, be, and opinions may still differ, charity has gained somewhat in the lapse of centuries. Those who are usually considered the followers of Pelagius

have been first to print a complete work of Augustine in America—his Confessions. The Roman Church, backed by imperial power and not checked by Augustine, drove the intrepid Briton into exile and an unknown grave. He who more than any other man wore his mantle of moral freedom in our age died, honored throughout Christendom, and the bell of a Romish cathedral joined in the requiem as his remains were borne through the thronged streets of the city of his home.

1846.

II.

AUGUSTINE AND HIS WORKS.*

THE beautiful edition of the works of Augustine, whose title is placed below, leaves nothing to be desired by the student who would acquaint himself with the genius and character of this great thinker of the Ancient Church. It would exhaust our pages even to mention the names of his various productions. We can speak only of a few, and of those which stand at the head of their respective classes.

As a man, Augustine reveals himself most fully in his Confessions. For an excellent English edition of them, with important notes and illustrations, we are indebted to the Oxford Library of the Fathers to which we have already referred. All who are acquainted with this book will allow it to be as remarkable as any that was ever written. It unveils without the least reserve a life of singular experience. The

* *Opera S. Aurelii Augustini. Post Lovaniensium Theologorum Recensionem castigata, etc. Opera et Studio MONACHORUM S. BENEDICTI.* Paris. 1836—39.

Works of Saint Augustine. Revised and corrected from the edition of the Theologians of Louvain. By the BENEDICTINE FATHERS. Eleven Vols. in 22 Parts.

substance of its narrative we have already given. Notwithstanding its details of early vices, it is worthy the perusal of every thoughtful mind. In deep and impassioned devotion, and in boldness and range of thought, it blends the piety of the Psalms of David with something of the daring meditation of the Platonic Dialogues. It cannot be appreciated at all without careful attention to the progress of the author's mind. Let one only get hold of the main thread of the narrative, and there is no fear of receiving any harm from its pages.

Yet we cannot but wonder, certainly at first thought, that a grave prelate at the sober age of forty-three should write such confessions. However, on reflection, the fact is by no means unaccountable. Upon reaching any important period in life, men of thought are very apt to review the past, and form plans for the future; to look back from the present eminence along the road they have travelled, and forward along the way they are to advance. The bishop of Hippo, when he found himself at the head of an important see, might very naturally retrace his singular path, consider his former trials and present failings, and rally his powers anew for the future. If we feel disposed to accuse him of want of delicacy in speaking so freely of his youthful licentiousness, we must remember that much that we call delicacy is but a fashion of the time, and has failed to bear that name with many of the wisest and holiest of our race; and besides, that his views of his conversion and of baptismal regeneration would lead him to regard all that took place previously, as having little, if any connec-

tion with his present spiritual state ; so that he wrote as if recording the passions and sins virtually of another person. We have been offended at much in these confessions, but the offence has passed away after reading them in connection with the progress of his views and life. It surely must have been no ordinary piety that could pass in review such a life, and make every past sin so glowing a lesson of faith and devotion. In fact, the high tone of fervor that pervades the whole book surprises us more than anything. It seems unnatural that so large a volume should be written in the strain of prayer or of direct communion with God. There is nothing like it that we remember in the sacred literature of our age. There are enough of records of signal religious experience, enough of pious volumes of meditation. But we look in vain for a work in which the whole life, with all its temptations and sins, all its studies in philosophy, all its struggles, failures and successes, has the attitude and breathes the language of devotion, and when it is not a prayer, is a conversation with God. Yet we see enough of the workings of religion in many writers to understand the kind of feeling that animated Augustine, and to lead us to ascribe its remarkable degree in his case to his singular experience and peculiar temperament.

We were never but once in society reminded of Augustine's fervent tone, and that was in conversation with a very humble person, who inherited the blood which the African sun warms into such fervor, and who, in the simplicity of Christian faith and gratitude, delighted to speak of a life extended to a century, in

something of the same impassioned devotion that marks the confessions of the renowned Bishop of Hippo. It is undoubtedly the burning piety of this book, that has given Augustine so strong a hold upon Christian hearts in all ages, and made his name precious to many who have little sympathy with his peculiar doctrines. He must be a man of cold heart and narrow mind, who will not rejoice at the progress of the writer's faith, bless his passage from the Manichean's deifying of evil and veiling of the true God in darkness, into the faith that regards evil as the perversion of created good, and looks to a benignant Deity made manifest through a divine man, and calling the soul to relations of personal affection with himself. The eleventh book of Confessions, which describes the writer's remaining temptations, and the two closing books, which give his meditations on the creation, may serve to explain the aim of his work. The record of his mind is thus brought up to the time of writing, and closes with a revelation of the thoughts that were then struggling within him. These thoughts on creation, time, eternity, the soul, God, are not wholly clear, but are intelligible enough to show what process was going on in a mind so reverent and so daring. The dimness comes not from a passing cloud, but rather from the *nebula* of a forming world.

We must now speak of Augustine as a controversialist, and as we cannot touch upon all his controversies, we select his principal one, his opposition to Pelagius. The man is always to be pitied, who is called to take part in a controversy that arrays against him the force of his own previous labors, although the

inconsistency may be more apparent than real. The orthodox Protestant, after having battled against Papal pretensions to infallibility, is always somewhat puzzled when a Christian of the liberal school turns against him his own weapons, and in the name of reason, Scripture and liberty challenges the authority of his dogmas. So too the liberal Christian, after arguing with the Orthodox, is troubled when the free-thinker takes the same attitude against all authority in religion, and denies the right of any man to judge for another as to what is Scripture, or whether Scripture is infallible. He must be an able controversialist, who can maintain his ground well against a double assault, and whilst he charges the enemy in front, does not leave the rear defenceless. Augustine was placed in a similar position between two antagonists. As a convert from the Manicheans, he of course felt himself called upon to deny the necessity and eternity of evil and advocate the free-will of man. In the zeal of his new faith he began his work on the free-will before he left Rome, and completed it after becoming a presbyter in Africa. His conversation, letters, and sermons exhibited the same tone. His efforts were concentrated upon one chief point, the Manichean heresy and its antidote. He produced great effect by his labors in this direction. His conversion had created as much sensation among his former associates, as would the conversion of a Paulus or Strauss among the German neologists of our own day. Crowds thronged to hear the famous neophyte, and among them not a few of his old companions in

error. He won signal laurels, and many hardened heretics acknowledged the power of his appeal.

This was well, and Augustine blessed God for having made him the instrument of so glorious a work. But when, some years after, the monks Pelagius and Cœlestius began to speak and write of the dignity of man, the power of the will, the value of self-reliance, and to make human effort more conspicuous than supernatural grace, Augustine evidently felt not a little troubled. In fact, so late in life as the time of composing his *Retractations*, a man of nearly four-score years, on the verge of the grave, he recurs to the charge of inconsistency brought against him by the Pelagians, and labors not a little to reconcile the statements in his earlier work on the free-will with those of the treatise on nature and grace. We do not see that there is good ground for accusing him of any shuffling arts or truckling expediency. His change of position was the natural result of the progress of his mind under its peculiar experiences and circumstances. He had been led to reject the monstrous error of the Manicheans, that evil is an eternal necessity, in fact, a God; and very honestly he attacked this doctrine, and asserted the origin of evil in human will. He had also been converted from his errors and sins by an agency not his own, by human ministrations and direct divine grace; thus in his conversion he had the fundamental principle of the doctrines of original sin, election, and free grace, which he afterwards urged with such power. This principle would, in the nature of things act with an increasing force, as he felt the fearful power of evil around him, the

obstacles to the diffusion of Christianity, and the need of trusting in the Divine grace. What at first he vaguely hints, he at last boldly urges,—that human freedom and existing evil are to be reconciled by the doctrine that man was created free, but lost his free-will in the first transgression, was then cut off from Divine communion, the whole race virtually acting in the first man, and that nothing but the overpowering grace of God can restore man to his freedom, remove original sin, and renew the communion with Heaven. Thus we have the great elements of his system, the doctrines of original sin and irresistible grace. Pelagius maintained opposite ground, maintained that all men were born as pure as Adam, and might keep so by a proper use of their faculties, and of the Divine aid offered to all. Thus the greatest controversy in Christendom, next to that between Athanasius and Arius, sprung up; a controversy that has been renewed in every age, and probably will be renewed until the end of time, for its origin lies in the various constitution and experience of men.

Wrong is done to Augustine, and to the true bearing of this controversy, by ascribing the formation of his opinions and the change from his previous ground, to his hostility to Pelagius and his doctrines. This charge has become a common-place thing, and is found in quarters as various as our English historian Priestley and the German Gieseler. Schleiermacher impeached its truth, and Neander has demonstrated its falsity. The latter has shown conclusively, that Augustine declared opinions substantially the same as those he advocated against Pelagius, long before the

controversy sprung up, and appeals in proof to a letter to Simplician, bishop of Milan, as long before as the year 397. The two tendencies now at issue had long existed in the Christian Church, and only wanted the right men to bring them to a crisis. Augustine and Pelagius were the men to do this, marked out for it probably by native disposition and temperament, surely by education and experience. In the one we see the enthusiastic apostle of faith and grace, in the other the mild champion of conscientious duty and moral freedom, in fact the Paul and the James of the Church in its imperial age. Like Paul, Augustine had been converted, as it seemed to him, by a direct sign from heaven after a life of fierce passion; like James, Pelagius had been apparently a disciple from the beginning, and had no violent nature to subdue. These same opposing characteristics appear in the third century in the fiery Tertullian, a convert from heathen errors, and the mild and philosophic Origen, who had been educated in the bosom of the Church; nay, they characterize the general tone of the theology of the Greek and of the Roman Churches as distinguished from each other.

Pelagius received Christianity more directly from the East. He was intimate with Rufinus, a pupil of the liberal, perhaps the latitudinarian, Origen. He was a Briton, and of course educated in a church that derived its principles from the East, through missionaries from Gaul, as was the case with all the Celtic Christians. Michelet will have it that Pelagius was a native of Brittany, that province of France, so distinguished for personal freedom and individuality, the

land of Abelard, the great liberalist of the middle ages, and of Descartes, the father of modern metaphysics. We will not try to spoil the eloquent Frenchman's brilliant analogies, especially as his view does not essentially militate with the common opinion as to the country of Pelagius. Whether born in England, Wales or France, he of course was of Celtic blood, and subject to the same tendencies of religion and temperament, and in either case deserves his name, *Pelagios*, the dweller by the sea. His doctrines show traces of themselves in the remains of the Celtic Church, whether we consider the monks of Iona in the Hebrides, or of Lerins in France, or whether we look to the Culdees of Scotland and Ireland.

As a monk, Pelagius must have been saved from Augustine's temptations and conflicts, and both from position and temperament he must have viewed the Divine Being, human nature, and Christian salvation differently from the flaming Numidian doomed to such struggles with error and vice, and saved at last through a baptism of fire. We aim not to enter into the particulars of their controversy. Their lives interpret its origin, and their mode of conducting it reflects honor upon their temper. This controversy has been continued virtually in all ages, yet to the end of time the names of the Numidian bishop and the British monk will be used to designate the rival opinions concerning the nature of man and the way of salvation. Neither the ghostly and imperious St. Bernard contesting the claims of reason and will with the elegant and rationalizing Abelard, nor the dogmatic Italian, Aquinas, battling with the subtle Briton,

Scotus, nor the Jesuits struggling with the Jansenists, nor the Calvinists with the Arminians, nor the Evangelical with the Liberal sects, have been able to eclipse the original controversy or hide the names of the original combatants. They were first in the open field, and fought the battle well. Viewed in the broad vision and calm light of subsequent centuries, their experience and position so interpret and justify their opinions as to teach us charity, if not to silence debate, and to make us wish that modern controversialists would always make allowance for diversity of gifts, and strive, as did Augustine and Pelagius, to show that under that diversity there may be the same spirit. Augustine spoke of his antagonist respectfully and even affectionately. We cannot praise him for acquiescing in the imperial decree for the heretic's final banishment; but while we condemn his course, we must not forget how wide a range of good men even in modern times the condemnation of intolerance comprises. Only he who advocates the broad toleration first asserted in modern times by the founder of the State of Rhode Island, can presume to assail the great name of Augustine for his treatment of Pelagius. If we wish to see the difference between intolerance of heart and intolerance merely as a result of custom, we must compare Jerome, the monk of Bethlehem, with Augustine, the theologian of Hippo. The conduct of Jerome is open to universal censure, except by those who are as cynical as he,—watch-dog of the Church, as he was proud of being called, and making it his especial business to bark at all heretics, being, as Jortin facetiously remarks, the founder of the great

and growing sect of *barkers*. The tone in which he abuses Pelagius, and also the less questionable reformers, Jovinian and Vigilantius, reminds us of the language with which that noted divine of his time in Massachusetts, Cotton Mather, heaped his epithets of odium upon Roger Williams and Samuel Gorton of Rhode Island.

Although we cannot ascribe Augustine's doctrines of sin and grace to his controversy, we may ascribe to this something of the rigor and exclusiveness with which he held them. Theological controversy is always dangerous, and each party is far more apt to hurt himself than his opponent, to warp his own mind than to work his opponent's conversion. The two looked at different sides of Christian salvation, the one most upon the human, the other most upon the Divine side, until by too exclusive contemplation they became one-sided in their views, and Pelagius was in danger of a self-reliance that leaned towards self-righteousness, and Augustine verged towards the borders of fatalism. Now that very few, if any, adopt the whole extent of Augustine's creed, we stand in no fear of contradiction in ascribing something of this evil to his strifes. He was made too much a man of one idea, and might have been narrowed down into a mere dogmatist, had not his position soon called him to treat a topic as broad as Christendom.

Before passing to his treatise on that topic, the City of God, let us observe, that the emphasis, with which Augustine urged the power of original sin and the need of divine grace, must have tended strongly to guard the Christian Church against some peculiar

dangers, especially that of arrogant formalism and self-righteousness, and was needed, moreover, in an age of singular tumult and wickedness, to save the faithful from despair and lead them to trust in a power whose grace is beyond human force or understanding. His system is liable to run into Antinomianism or the disparagement of good works, as Augustine saw that in some cases it did, although he denied that this was a just consequence, and rebuked the authors of the Antinomian movement, the monks of Adrumetum. It is but fair to say, that however differently we might infer from the nature of the case, those denominations of Christians who have inclined to the Augustinian school have been peculiarly strict in morals and zealous of good works, as has been the fact with the Jansenists and Calvinists of modern times. The sense of sin thus inculcated works mightily upon the soul, and when thus wrought upon, its energies always seem to move earnestly, and the very instincts of our nature act of themselves, little mindful of the dogma that denies free agency. It is chiefly when the Augustinian doctrines are held loosely and in the decline of devout fervor, that their mischief appears and practical fatalism begins and Antinomianism rages; as the grape torn from its stem, ferments and becomes the intoxicating wine. The Pelagian doctrines, when held earnestly, tend to invigorate the powers and to enforce Christian faith with something of stoical energy. But when held without much earnestness, they tend to great laxity, not indeed to fierce fanaticism, but to merely worldly decency, a morality without faith and a religion without prayer. It is

some cause of congratulation, that neither class of doctrines has prevailed exclusively in the world, in the Catholic or Protestant churches, nor is likely so to prevail in time to come.

We leave speaking of the controversy between the African bishop and the British monk by quoting some anonymous lines, which presented themselves to us whilst writing upon this topic.

“To some hath God his word addressed
 ’Mid symbols of his ire ;
 And made his presence manifest
 In whirlwind, storm, and fire ;
 Tracing with burning lines of flame
 On trembling hearts his holy name.

To some, the solemn voice has spoken
 In life’s serene retreat ;
 Where on the still heart sounds have broken,
 As from the mercy seat,
 Swelling in the soft harmonies,
 That float on evening’s tranquil breeze.”

In such diversity the word of God came to the two champions now passing before us. Let those throw at their monuments the first stone, who have had a deeper sense of Christian duty, or illustrated their faith by a purer or more devoted life.

It was happy for Augustine’s fame that he undertook to write the *City of God*, sad as was the event that first inspired the work. It is unquestionably the noblest monument of thought and learning that Christian antiquity affords. It was written upon a subject which might have kindled the inspiration of the Hebrew prophets, while it demanded all the knowledge

that philosophy, literature and divinity could afford. The position of Augustine and the ruling minds of his church bore great resemblance to that of the Hebrew prophets, who flourished in the declining days of the national glory. As then the Assyrians were pouring their barbaric hordes in torrents upon Judah and the civilized nations of the world, so now the Goths of the North were sending down their swarming hosts against the Christian empire, had already stormed the walls of Rome, and threatened the ruin of all that was fairest and holiest on earth. When Augustine embraced Christianity, the great Theodosius was upon the throne, soon united both empires under his sceptre, and had already made Orthodoxy the established faith of the realm. Now what a change! Rome in ruins, and none to avenge her destruction! The spirit of Paganism, so long crushed under imperial power, rose from the dust, and spoke of the days of Rome's primeval glory, before her energies had been broken by the tame creed and craven worship of the crucified Nazarene. The old philosophy allied itself with the old superstition, and both croaked like birds of ill omen in the fearful storm. The Pagan gods seemed to be avenging the desecration of their altars, and to threaten general ruin, unless their temples were rebuilt. At this time, immediately after the siege of Rome by Alaric, Augustine conceived the plan of his great work of vindicating the kingdom of Christ against the kingdoms of the world, Christian civilization against Pagan domination. Gibbon began his history when seated among the ruins of the capital, and "amused and exercised"

nearly twenty years of his life by a history unsurpassed for its brilliant genius and for its perverse spirit. The bishop of Hippo in his beautiful see upon the shore of the Mediterranean, surrounded by monuments of Roman greatness, as he heard of the first shock of the power that was to make of the Roman empire a ruin, conceived a sublimer work, and devoted nearly as many years to its completion, with a learning more vast, (considering his age,) with a mind more lofty, a spirit far more pure. He wrote not in the elegant ease of a Lausanne retirement, but in the midst of pressing cares. Viewed even from this present age, there is good reason to regard the work of the great Christian theologian of the fifth century as proving him a better student of mankind, a truer prophet of the future, than the great skeptical historian of the eighteenth century. His work was not on the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, but the Rise and Fall of Paganism and the rise and triumph of the City of God. It has justly been called "the funeral oration of the ancient society, the gratulatory panegyric on the birth of the new." The best historians of the nineteenth century honor the spirit and the views of Augustine more than those of Gibbon. Even in France, the land which Gibbon so admired, and which at his death he left so rife with infidelity, the leading historians rebuke the folly that would dismiss Christianity with a sneer; Michelet and Guizot, with a genius as brilliant and with a learning quite as extended as his, with a creed, too, quite as little tolerant of Jesuitical cunning and priestly arrogance, write of former ages with a reve-

rence for religion that some have deemed too superstitious, and in their views of the stability of society and the foundations of human welfare, and the course of Divine Providence, agree far more with the author of the City of God than with the writer of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

In the second book of his *Retractations* Augustine thus speaks of the plan he had in view in writing his chief work, after having alluded to the circumstances which moved him to undertake the task.

“This great work upon the City of God is at last finished, in twenty-two books. The first five of which refute those who maintain that the worship of many gods, as held by the Pagans, is essential to the prosperity of human affairs, and who contend that calamities arise and abound when this worship is prohibited. The five following books are directed against those who grant that these calamities never have failed and never will fail to happen to mortal men, and will vary in magnitude according to times, places and persons; but who still assert that the worship of many gods by sacrificial rites is of use in respect to the life beyond the grave. Thus in ten books these two idle opinions, so hostile to the Christian religion, are refuted. But lest we may be accused of attacking other persons while we advance nothing positive on our own part, the remaining twelve books are devoted to this purpose. Although wherever there is need, we assert our own views in the first ten, and refute our opponents in the last twelve books. Of these twelve books, the first four contain the origin of the two kingdoms, one of which is of God, the other of this world; the second

four contain the course or progress of the two; the third and last four, the true issue of both. Thus although the twenty-two books are written upon both cities, yet they have taken their title from the better one, so that they are called, 'De Civitate Dei.'

We follow the usual rendering of the name and call it City of God, although State or Kingdom of God would be a more appropriate title.

Such was the stupendous work to which Augustine gave the maturity of his years and the whole force of his talents and attainments. It is an attempt at a philosophy of history upon Christian principles. Some have compared it to Plato's Republic, and Schlegel has thought its plan to have been suggested by Plato's work. If so, the Christian shows no little advantage over the Greek. Both start from the highest principles of right in the abstract, but Plato utterly nullifies them by his absurd ideas of the community of women, equality of conditions, military education of women, death of unruly children, prohibition of private property, false distinctions of merit. Augustine, besides enforcing his lofty principles by divine sanctions, connects them with the Christian scheme of civilization, and, in spite of his gloomy dogmas and vain superstitions, advocates those great measures of civilized society, which prove indeed that "between the ancient and the modern world, the Gospel intervenes." Plato may have erred in the plan of his Republic* from lack of constructive power in

* The writer is well aware that some commentators upon Plato have denied that the "Republic" of this philosopher was intended to be a political work, or to give an ideal of social organization.

carrying out his transcendental ideas, but however this may be, he more lacked the great Christian facts, and his scheme hence falls far below that of the much less original genius now before us. But we must not continue this parallel, nor say more in detail of the City of God. In a word, the writer compares the Pagan with the Christian civilization, both in reference to this world and the world to come; he describes the moral abominations and deadly superstitions of Heathenism; strips off the mask from military glory; reveals the hollowness of heathen philosophy; shows the power of Christianity in softening the very barbarians whose inroads were so alarming; and closes with a glowing description of the kingdom of God, or the true Church of the faithful, from its rise in Eden to its glorious consummation in the resurrection of the saints. The treatise is a noble one, not indeed without its defects, but far in advance of his age, and so far as true catholicity is concerned, far in advance of much of the theology of our own day. It seems to anticipate some of the results of modern science, as for example, in the hints concerning the days of the creation. It seems to us altogether in advance of that formalism of our time, which limits the power of Christianity so entirely to an official priesthood and their rites. It shows no trace of Popery as a hierarchical despotism. Its author evidently little dreamed that, following out the policy of his master Ambrose, Leo and the two Gregories would make such a despotism of the City of God, and Hildebrand, Gregory

Neither Rousseau, nor Professor Tayler Lewis has been able to substantiate this theory.

VII., would lord it over God's people with more than a Cæsar's pride. Even comparing Augustine's work with that recent production that almost adopts its name, Maurice's "Kingdom of Christ," we must say, that much as we admire the ability and many of the ideas and sentiments of the latter, the tone of the English presbyter is altogether more hierarchical than that of the African bishop.

We can say no more of Augustine's works. We have chosen to speak of the three that best represent the different phases of his mind, and show him as the man, the theologian, the philosopher. We have not spoken of his sermons or his letters, both of which have been preserved in considerable numbers, because they are not essential to a knowledge of the writer's genius. His sermons are not remarkable for thought or eloquence, although those of them that are occupied with expositions of Scripture, such as the Homilies on the Gospels, which fill a volume of the Oxford Library, shed much light on the common method of interpreting Scripture, and have considerable intrinsic value in spite of their allegorizing character. His letters deal more frequently with subjects than persons, and have not much of the epistolary charm, although there are exceptions.

The editions that we have consulted are probably the most important of the many that have appeared, and their very dates and editors are interesting and suggestive, whether we consider the edition of Erasmus, (1528-29,) the earliest that aimed to be complete, that of the Louvaine theologians, among whom Jansenius received his education and undoubtedly took

his direction (1577,) or that of the Benedictines (1679-1700,) which now re-appears in such beauty more than a century and a half after its first publication (1836-9.)

What shall we say of Augustine on the whole? Shall we dismiss his mighty name with common-place reflections on his superstitions, or vulgar sneers at his dogmas, or fulsome eulogies of his saintly holiness and infallible judgment? Not so. Let us try to view him fairly. He is not one of the men whom we have been in the habit of admiring. The more reason then for estimating him justly.

As to intellect, he evidently had great acuteness and great breadth. Had not his mind been so absorbed by his favorite doctrines of the total depravity and moral inability of man and the overwhelming power of God, and so inflamed, alike by personal experience and controversial opposition, with zeal for his peculiar creed, he might perhaps have ranked among the sages of philosophy, and the Church would have lost a theologian she could not well have spared. Bold systems of philosophy might have been constructed from some of his favorite ideas. The doctrine which Leroux, the "last word" of French philosophy, has set forth so vauntingly concerning the *solidarity* of the human race, and which a metaphysical neophyte of the Romish Church among us has declared to be the cause of his conversion and the basis of true divinity, is all implied in Augustine's dogma of the union of all men in Adam as the federal head. We are not sorry that he did not rest in philosophic abstractions, prone to them though he was. Had he done thus, he would

not have wielded the power needed in his age, for philosophical theories are very pliant, and starting from the same ideal theory, one man worships God in his own soul with dreamy reverie, whilst another adores the Eternal Spirit in rites and temples, thrones and priesthoods; and the most radical Democracy and uncompromising Popery wear the same transcendental hues, according as the mist clouds rest upon the valley or wreath the mountain-top.

Yet we are glad that Augustine's faith was accompanied by such strong tendencies to philosophical views. Even under his devotional musings, we sometimes observe a tendency towards universal ideas and broad analogies, that remind us now of a Butler with his sober wisdom, and now of a Swedenborg with his spiritual correspondencies. His intellect was eminently deductive more than inductive, more prone to trace principles to their conclusions than to observe facts with the view of bringing them within the range of principles. He was ready to carry out an idea wherever it would lead him, without due regard to collateral truths, and thus, as in his views of the doom of unbaptized children, his logic drove him to conclusions from which his heart revolted. As a theologian of deductive intellect, he reminds us of his great disciple, Jonathan Edwards, whilst as uniting intellectual subtlety with devotional fervor, he resembles Richard Baxter, that most voluminous of writers and most disinterested of men. Yet Augustine shows much inductive power, especially in his survey of sacred science in his work on Christian doctrine, and in his view of civilization in the City

of God. Reading these, one is at least reminded of the "Novum Organum" and the "Advancement of Learning," and may perhaps hesitate to call him the Bacon of an age rude in science and wanting in true method.

He was not destitute of imagination, but he rarely shows this in its common forms, because he dwelt so much in the region of general truths, that his imagination deals almost exclusively with them, and not with objects in the world of nature or of art, whether scenes, characters, or persons. Yet when reading his Confessions, as when reading Edwards' Diary, we almost say, here is a man who would have been a great poet had he not been a great theologian.

Practically, he was a man of strong sense. As a bishop he ruled with great moderation, not stretching his prerogative far, but consulting the will of the majority in his official acts and careful to follow the customs of the church. He gave judicious advice to those who consulted him. His clergy asked him to advise them what to do upon the approach of the barbarians. Remain at your posts if your people remain, even if it be to die with them; leave your posts if your people leave, and do not vainly brave the pains of martyrdom;—was the spirit of his reply. Advocate as he was of celibacy and the retired life, he dissuaded the Roman General, Boniface, from renouncing the world and entering the monastery. Augustine advised him to serve God in his present vocation, and consecrate his military skill to the defence of Christendom against the barbarians. Perhaps this advice showed Augustine's knowledge of human

nature, as well as his idea of duty. The Roman who was so agonized by the loss of his wife as to forswear the world, soon forgot his grief in another connection, and needed still sterner counsel from his adviser to keep him within the limits of morality, and afterwards to reclaim him from treason.

It is hard to estimate soberly a mind so entirely pervaded by enthusiastic feeling, a head of iron with a heart of flame. He was a man of great affections, engrossed by a prostrate reverence, tempered not a little sweetly by gentle charity. The crabbed Jerome did not provoke his anger, nor did his controversies with the Manicheans and Pelagians move him to forget the distinction between opinions and character, and to malign the men in opposing their doctrines. He was a strict moralist, and in advance of the common Jesuitism of his age, which permitted the use of falsehood for promoting the good of the Church and the glory of God.

As to force of will, he does not rank among the greatest of his order, except in reference to concentration of thought. In executive energy he falls below Ambrose, his spiritual father, and Luther and Knox, his spiritual children. He does not seem to have had great power in personal address, or great daring in professional enterprise. Thought rather than action was his domain. Hence perhaps the relative quiet of his latter years. He wrote a Treatise upon Preaching,—the last book of his work on the Christian Doctrine,—and gives some anecdotes of the success of his own appeals. But his sermons, though carefully worded, are generally very short, and, as

before hinted, common place, and prove either his little gift for the pulpit, or else his low sense of the capacities of his audience. Even when treating such themes as his favorite Paul, he does not enter into the depths of his subject, nor speak as from the affluence of so profound an experience. Yet he was evidently an attentive pastor, earnest in his labors, very discreet, generally mild and charitable, and equally free from tame plodding and fanatical excess. Many deep thinkers have been indifferent preachers.

His writings give us many glimpses of his personal character, and he has made a full statement of his personal failings, which he classes under the three heads of the "lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life." Under the first head, he confesses a leaning towards the pleasures of music and especially of the table, although we learn from Possidius, that he was quite abstemious and more generous to his guests than to himself; under the second, he allows that he has an over-curiosity in explaining things his own way, a tendency which few will dispute; under the third head, he accuses himself of some intellectual pride alike in his own labors and his view of God's works.

As to his way of life, the biography by Possidius is the best light, execrable as the Latinity is. The sketch there given would not be much out of the way, if transferred to our latitude and incorporated into the biography of some of our grave old Puritan divines, so far as manners and habits are concerned. One fact recorded, is quite amusing. Augustine was not fond of scandal, and declared his opposition to it in two

Latin verses written upon his table; a circumstance which, with the alleged difficulty of enforcing his desires upon his clerical guests, proves that ministers were then mortal, and that a little gossip was not deemed unseasonable at every bishop's table. He insisted upon leaving the room if his wishes in this respect were violated, and sometimes did so and retired to his chamber. The lines alluded to were these:—

“ Quisquis amat dictis absentum rodere vitam,
Hanc mensam indignam noverit esse sibi.”

In plain English, “Whoever takes pleasure in abusing the absent, should know that this table is no place for him.” His style of living was moderate, free from both extremes. He used wine sparingly, and did not, like many ascetics, renounce animal food. In dress he observed the same moderation.

In regard to Augustine's scholarship, Erasmus seems to us to give the best idea of it, in his preface to the edition of Basle, and in occasional letters. Augustine was evidently not so remarkable for finished scholarship as for extensive information and bold thought. He was little familiar with Greek, and not at all with Hebrew, and although well versed in Latin literature, he was far below Jerome as a master of Latin composition; as well he might be, born and educated as he was in a rude province, whilst Jerome received his culture in the bosom of Roman refinement. Erasmus says, that one page of Origen will tell him more of Greek philosophy than ten of Augustine. Yet Augustine was evidently acquainted with the leading productions of the Greek mind. He pro-

bably gained most of his knowledge from translations. He speaks much of Plato and with favor, less of Aristotle and with qualified praise; whilst of the great Alexandrian divines, Clement and Origen, he says, we believe, nothing of the former, and of the latter nothing that is laudatory. Still through his master, Ambrose, he felt more of the force of the great Origen's Platonizing theology than he was aware of or willing to confess. When we say that he was ready at extempore speaking, and many of his published writings were taken down from *viva voce* addresses, we ascribe to him an important talent, and give a reason for judging charitably the harshness of some of his pages as to style.

In reference to the question at issue between the Oxford party and the Evangelicals in the present controversy regarding the Fathers, the position of Augustine is somewhat equivocal. Both claim him in the main, and both are afraid of something in his ways. The Churchman is afraid of his Puritan doctrines of sin and conversion; the Evangelical is afraid of his superstitious formalism: whilst the one praises his faithful Churchmanship, and the other his strict Evangelism. The works referred to in our former article show this mingled feeling. Taylor lauds Augustine's essential doctrines, and condemns his superstitious forms. Unlike Joseph Milner, who thinks Augustine the true light of a dark age, Taylor regards him as having given his influence to the worst practises of priestcraft, such as celibacy, saint-worship, purgatory, relics, and the whole train of similar abominations. We are perfectly ready to agree with Mr. Taylor as to

the effect of the Nicene ideas of woman and celibacy in promoting a morbid creed, temper and ritual. Augustine himself, as Possidius and his own writings declare, held very extreme views regarding married life, and was very reluctant to mingle at all in female society. Had he associated more with women and children, or known the discipline of a true home, some features of his theology might have been spared the world. But Mr. Taylor probably refers to other points than ourselves in his censures.

These are strange words for a champion of modern Calvinism to apply to the great progenitor of his creed:

“Augustine, the hope, the *last* hope of his times, joined hands with the besotted bigots around him, who would listen to no reproofs; he raised his voice among the most intemperate to drown remonstrance. Superstition and spiritual despotism, illusion, knavery, and abject formalism, received a new warrant from the high seat of influence which he occupied; the church drove its chariot with mad haste down the steep, and thenceforward nothing marks its history but blasphemy, idolatry and blood! The popery which even now is gathering over our heavens in all quarters, is little else than the digested superstition which the good Augustine set forward in his day.”

These words are undoubtedly true so far as they refer to errors and superstitions embedded in Augustine's works, and which might be made to palliate results like those specified, but the passage cited is not fair as an exposition of Augustine's own spirit and tendency. He was surrounded by formal superstitions, and approved not a few evil customs, but these had not

mastered his own soul. Unconsciously perhaps to Augustine, the great conflict was going on in his mind, which was afterwards to be waged so fiercely and with such various results—the controversy still going on between faith and formalism—“an eagle and a serpent wreathed in fight.” In his soul, the eagle had not lost the mastery.

“A shaft of light upon its wings descended,
 And every golden feather gleamed therein—
 Feather and scale inextricably blended.
 The serpent’s mail’d and many colored skin
 Shone through the plumes its coils were twined within
 By many a swoln and knotted fold, and high
 And far, the neck, receding lithe and thin,
 Sustained a crested head, which warily
 Shifted and glanced before the eagle’s steadfast eye.”

Whether eagle or serpent shall finally conquer, Mr. Taylor of course believes, will be decided by the issue of the present controversy.

The Oxford scholars are careful, evidently, not to select Augustine’s more decided predestinarian works for the press. They show their estimate of him by printing his Confessions and Homilies. We prefer to give their judgment of his worth in these lines from Williams’s “Cathedral,” to extracting any passages from their prefaces or notes. The sonnet is no bad summary of the life portrayed.

“As when the sun hath climbed a cloudy mass,
 And looks at noon on some cathedral dim,
 Each limb, each fold in the translucent glass
 Breaks into hues of radiant seraphim ;

So, sainted Bishop! in the lettered store
 Which still enfolds thy spirit, fled from sight,

Comment, Prayer, Homily, or learned lore,
 Christ bathes each part with his transforming light.

Late risen in thee. Thence all is eloquent
 With flowing sweetness ; o'er each rising pause
 Thou buildst in untired strength ; through all is sent
 The word, pleading for his most righteous laws.

For thy sick soul, by baptism's seal relieved,
 Deep in her brackish founts the healing Cross received."

We must deal more gently than otherwise with the last two lines, since Augustine himself was an advocate of baptismal regeneration. Evidently neither Evangelicals nor High-churchmen can make the ancient saint wholly subservient to their minds.

Not a few of our readers will not regret the inability of either party to make sectarian capital of so great a name, and will be more eager to learn the lessons taught by his life. They will require little aid to lead them to appreciate the double lesson conveyed;—the danger of allowing one favorite notion to master the mind, and of suffering the pride of logical consistency to enslave the intuitions of the reason, the undefinable instincts of our moral nature, to any abstract formula, whether of philosophy or theology: on the other hand, the power of a strong faith in the revealed God, the peace of a soul assured of forgiveness, resting in the Divine will, and giving all its energies to the good of man and the advancement of the Divine kingdom. Herein was thy chief glory, Augustine, heart of flame! an absorbing faith and love, born of a deep personal experience, and never quenched or eclipsed by strifes, dogmas or forms. Burn and shine forever in that golden candle-stick in

which not one church, but all Christians have exalted thy memory !

Divide the strong minds of Chistendom into four chief classes, according to their affinity with the leading Apostles, and the principal tendencies of religion,—with Peter in his ecclesiastical zeal, John in his devout contemplation, James with his ethical exactness, and Paul, the late convert, with his dialectical force and systematic divinity ; Augustine deserves a rank next to Paul among the dialecticians of the Church. Next to the Apostle of the Gentiles, he is leader of the illustrious band, who have meditated on sin and its remedy with the power of great intellect and the riches of deep experience, until their very logic has burned with eloquence and they have become the chief apostles of the doctrines most mighty in conversion. He is not of the stamp of Cyprian and Ambrose and Hildebrand, nor of Origen and Chrysostom and Fenelon, nor of Pelagius and Butler and Paley ; it is enough to say, that as a thinker he leads in the path where Calvin, Pascal, Leighton, Edwards, Chalmers have followed, whilst in respect to Christian experience he stands foremost among the Luthers and Bunyans of the Church.

III.

CHRYSOSTOM AND THE ANCIENT PULPIT.

IN some quarters, the passion for Patristic lore has been carried so far as to become an infirmity, and more than once of late, Milton's strong rebuke has been quoted by the zealous antagonists of tradition: "Whatever time or the heedless hand of blind chance hath drawn from old to this present, in her huge drag-net, whether fish or sea-weed, shell or shrubs, unpicked, unchosen, these are the Fathers." Allow that the drag-net has brought up much worthless trash, we will not complain so long as it "hath drawn from old to this present" one prize laden with such precious matter as the works of the golden-mouthed John of Antioch and Constantinople. He was the most brilliant preacher of the ancient church in its palmy days, a man whose life will always have the

* ART. II. 1. *Sancti Patris nostri Joannis Chrysostomi Opera Omnia*. Operâ et Studio D. BERNARDI DE MONTFAUCON. Editio altera, emendata et aucta. Parisiis. 1839.

2. *Homilies of St. Chrysostom*. Translated by Members of the English Church. Oxford. 1839-44. 9 vols. 8vo.

interest of a romance, and whose eloquence, at once so characteristic in its tone and so universal in its spirit, must have a charm and power for every age.

In looking over the many books that have been written upon Chrysostom, the reader is struck with the almost constant strain of eulogium, and is fearful that the just limits of history have been overstepped, and that the brilliant aureola of the saint has blinded the eye to the features of the man. By popes and saints he has been called "Interpreter of the secrets of God,"—"The sun of the whole universe,"—"The lamp of virtue,"—"Brightest star of the earth." The polished and learned Erasmus, too judicious to use such fulsome phrases, gives Chrysostom far more honorable praise; after lauding his boldness, charity and wisdom, he speaks of the eloquence that could impart "sweetness to things naturally bitter, and make one love even his rebukes, whilst the flatteries of other men are intolerable." Since the Protestant Reformation, Papists and Reformers have vied with each other in doing honor to this saint. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, Sir Henry Savile devoted a princely fortune to a splendid edition of the original Greek from the press of Eton, and the Jesuit Fronte Ducæus at Paris, followed with an edition accompanied by a Latin version. In the early part of the last century, the Benedictine Montfaucon put forth the edition which has ever since been recognized by scholars as a classic, and which has recently been reprinted at Paris in a more convenient form, and with many valuable corrections. Availing ourselves of this reprint, with its rich notes and illustrations, and of the

learned work of the independent Neander,* we have ample materials for forming an opinion of the great preacher and his age. The beauty of the Paris edition cannot well be surpassed; and the publishers of it deserve the more credit for their enterprise, as the first eleven parts were destroyed by fire in 1835, and the completion of the work was necessarily deferred two years beyond 1837, the time originally contemplated. We owe not a little to the scholars of Oxford for the assistance derived from their translation of the most important of Chrysostom's homilies. The work which the English antiquarian, Bingham, projected more than a century ago, and which Dr. Porter of Andover, began a few years since, is now going on under the auspices of a party then unknown. By such a labor, Puseyism may atone for not a few of its sins.

We have said that Chrysostom lived in the palmy age of the ancient church. It was surely so, although not the purest. His ministry began in the reign of the Spaniard, Theodosius, to whom the church owed far more than to the wavering Constantine. By him the Roman empire was reunited, and, at the second general council, held in Constantinople, A. D. 381, one emperor and one creed seemed to rule the world. The church had come off triumphant in the struggle with the apostate Julian, who denied all her claims to authority, and with the fierce heretics who opposed her leading doctrines. Enjoying the patronage of the

* *Der Heilige Johannes Chrysostomus, und die Kirche besonders des Orients, in dessen Zeitalter.* Von A. Neander, Dr. Berlin, 1821—22.

state, with creed, ritual, and government matured, in full possession of the riches of the Greek and Latin literature, little dreaming of the barbaric darkness that was impending, the church showed her greatest brilliancy just as her sun was going down. Four men were prominent above all others in that splendid age. The heroes of the great Athanasian struggle, Athanasius, Basil, and Hilary had gone to their graves. Who was to take their place as defenders of the faith? In Italy, the spirit that was afterwards to animate a Gregory the First, and a Hildebrand guided the measures of Ambrose, the Bishop of Milan, who wielded a crosier stronger than the sceptre of Theodosius. Across the Mediterranean, at Carthage, the young Augustine was teaching rhetoric to refractory pupils, whom in disgust he was soon to leave for Italy, where in Ambrose he found a teacher who led him as an humble convert to the foot of the cross. Turning to the East, we find that at Constantinople, the Roman monk Jerome, was pursuing his Greek studies under the direction of the venerable Gregory, and preparing himself for the solitude of Bethlehem, where he became the great scholar of his time. John of Antioch had just left his hermitage in the mountains, and entered upon the ministry in the city of his birth. These four men were the chief lights of their time, shining severally as the prelate, the theologian, the scholar, and the preacher of their age. Each of them will repay a careful study of his life and labors. Our task is now with the most attractive of them all.

John of Antioch, surnamed two centuries after his death, *Chrysostom*, or "Mouth of Gold," was placed

by circumstances at an early period of his life in a school most favorable to the development of his oratorical powers. He passed the first twenty-seven years of his life at Antioch, where a picture of the whole world was before him in its heterogeneous collection of men, manners, and creeds. The Roman capital of Asia, with its two hundred thousand inhabitants, was at once Greek, Roman, and Oriental, Pagan, Jewish, and Christian. It exhibited all the phases of culture and condition, the greatest luxury and the most squalid poverty, the highest refinement and the grossest brutality, the most ascetic devotion and the most complete worldliness. For centuries after the apostles established a church there, and believers were there first called Christians, the Gospel had been struggling for mastery over the worship of Baal and Astarte, Apollo and Venus. Now Antioch was nominally Christian. Still the church and the theatre were rivals, whilst pleasure and ambition bore such sway, that religion had little place in the hearts of the leading men, and found its best votaries among devoted women, and the fervent recluses sheltered in the monasteries and hermitages of the neighboring mountains.

Chrysostom saw every aspect of life, manners, and belief at Antioch. It was his school, and he learned all its lessons faithfully. His mother, who was left a widow at twenty years of age, devoted herself to his education, and although an earnest Christian, and desiring nothing for her son so much as a place in the church, procured for him the most liberal means of instruction, and conscientiously left him to the

choice of his own profession. His teacher of rhetoric was the famous Libanius, whom Julian admired, and Gibbon has lauded as the last glory of expiring paganism. His teacher of philosophy was Androgathias, probably a Platonist. Under these men, he was taught to see the ancient forms of religion and morals under their most favorable aspects, and thus to understand the systems which he afterwards labored so eloquently to refute. His oratorical powers were so conspicuous that he was led to prepare for the bar, and Libanius had no small expectations of his pupil's renown in the courts of law, as well as in the schools of pagan philosophy. But his mother's Bible, with her devoted spirit, had more power than the sophist's enticements. The youth was evidently disgusted with the practice of the law at Antioch, as others have been in cities more decidedly Christian. He quitted this profession, and turned to the study of theology, first under the direction of the bishop Meletius, and afterwards by himself, in his mother's house. Still, his course of life was not at first very pure, not so much so even as that of some of his associates; but he soon abandoned his youthful follies, and his devotion to the church became so marked as to draw upon him the attention of the clergy, and to lead them to press upon him the office of bishop. But he was oppressed with a sense of his own unworthiness, and panted for retirement; and at last the death of his mother, combined with his indignation at the tyranny of the government, and the course of his religious convictions, led him to go out into the neighboring

mountains, and there to commune with God and his own soul.

This was no inappropriate education for a preacher. Six years of retirement and study, after twenty-seven years of life in a tumultuous city! Of these six years, four were spent under capable instructors in a monastery, and two in the solitude of a cave. Whether driven by the ill health induced by his ascetic practices, or by convictions of duty drawn from the Bible, which he never allowed to be laid aside for monkish legends, he returned to the city in the year 380, and was welcomed as a messenger from God to the church. Still he preferred privacy of life, and declined the honors which were offered him. For six years more he shrunk back from the position which his powers of eloquence entitled him to hold, and was content with fulfilling devotedly the lowest offices of the Christian ministry. He did not preach until his fortieth year. There is little reason to regret that the abilities of Chrysostom were so long in ripening; the fact explains his inexhaustible resources. He could preach every day, for weeks, without flagging in spirit or wanting material. He drew from a full fountain, unlike the many who are sorely tried by attempting to draw from cisterns that hold little or no water.

For twelve years he was the glory of the pulpit of Antioch. Here he produced his most valuable works, having sufficient leisure for study and sufficient excitement for his oratory. No productions of Christian antiquity have so much practical value now as his expository homilies. No one among his contempo-

aries held a position so enviable as his during this period. He preached in the church which the apostles had founded, and from which they sent forth their missionary expeditions that had converted the world. The Holy Land was near enough to give vividness to the pictures of its hallowed scenes and characters, yet distant enough to awaken the imagination, and lend the enchantment that distance gives. Christians formed the principal part of the population of the city; yet there was enough of pagan superstition and skeptical philosophy to give topics for the preacher's varied eloquence, to inflame his own zeal, and to win the attention of his hearers. Even the excitable and pleasure-loving multitude presented no unfavorable materials for his glowing eloquence to work upon. Antioch turned from its pleasures and strifes, its banquets and theatres, to listen to this vehement denouncer of popular sins, and the fascinating advocate of piety and charity. And when, in the year 387, ruin threatened her palaces and people, when Theodosius, outraged by resistance to his assessments and by indignity offered to the statues of himself and his queen, vowed vengeance against the city, the genius of the orator appeared more brilliant than ever. Chrysostom preached incessantly during the season of panic. He worked into his discourses all the imagery that the terrified city presented. Every thing was made to preach, and to testify of the evil of sin and the terrors of the judgment. The flight of the pagan teachers and the philosophical lecturers, the brave constancy of the Christians, and the ready aid of the monks, who thronged to the city from the neighbor-

ing mountains to warn the sinful and cheer the faithful,—all joined to swell the praises of the Gospel, and to appeal to the consciences of the indifferent. And when, finally, the anger of Theodosius, after it had brought heavy inflictions upon Antioch, was appeased by a special delegation headed by the bishop Flavian, the preacher bade the people look above the will of the emperor to that august power which had won the monarch to the faith, and subdued him to a humanity that befitted its doctrines of forgiveness and love.

It had been better for the orator's peace, if he had remained at Antioch, devoting himself to the pulpit, and leaving the cares of episcopal rule to heads constituted differently from his own. But the gain to his temporal welfare would have involved the loss of a martyr's crown. The see of Constantinople—next to that of Rome, the proudest office in the church—was vacant. Ambitious aspirants without number clamored for the place. One who had never aspired to the honor was called to receive it. The fame of the preacher of Antioch had reached Constantinople, and the son of Theodosius, who was now on the throne, was induced by his prime minister, Eutropius, to call Chrysostom to the episcopal chair. Refusal was impossible, and, in the year 398, the reluctant preacher was removed to his splendid charge, vainly hoping to cause the pure principles to which his life had been devoted to flourish in a city ruled by the intrigues of courtiers, priests, and women. Here every thing went wrong, except the bishop's own purpose and its necessary effect upon the true-hearted. He tried to reform the clergy, but they turned upon him with reproaches

for his dictatorial spirit and his meagre style of living. They ridiculed him for eating his scanty meals alone in a palace where banquets had been so common. He found the monks as little disposed as the regular clergy to relish the austerity of his principles and conduct. They grasped at once at the honors of self-denial and the comforts of self-indulgence. South himself could not have been more earnest and pithy than Chrysostom was in his rebuke of monkish pretensions. The homily aimed at the dainty manners and assiduous gallantry of some who affected to be weary of the world will do very well as a picture of clerical or pietistic dandyism in any age. Such shafts, however, were not received as pleasantry, or submitted to as the wounds of a friend. The hypocritical monks hated the real ascetic.

The women of the city, with Eudoxia at their head, who at first had been most desirous to hear the renowned preacher, and ready to deify him, changed their tone at once, when they found that he was as pointed in his rebukes as he was eloquent in his appeals, that he could talk "of hell to ears polite," and was fond of directing his denunciations against female vanities and sins. The empress, beautiful and vicious, enthusiastic in his praise at first, and glad to supply him with the means of establishing choirs and furnishing them with silver crucifixes, began to persecute him with deadly hate, when she found that he was bent upon reforming the prevalent manners, and that some of his discourses were regarded as coming home to her own royal conscience. Many of the bishops turned against him. Perhaps, in his zeal, he might have ex-

ceeded the proper limits of his jurisdiction; but others had done so before, and the evils against which he strove were of crying magnitude. A regular opposition was organized against him, headed by that cold-blooded schemer, the despotic and avaricious Theophilus of Alexandria, a Bonner in temper, and a Bossuet in energy. By an informal synod Chrysostom was doomed to exile, and, though he protested against the irregularity of the proceedings, the love of peace induced him to leave the city, and take refuge on the opposite shore.

The triumph of the empress and the Egyptian was short. Strange sounds were heard on the next night, and an earthquake shook the city. The superstitious people declared that it was the voice of God uttered in vengeance for his injured servant. Theophilus was confounded, and Eudoxia sank on her knees in terror and remorse. The exile was recalled with more than an imperial triumph. The whole city went out to meet him; the Bosphorus was bridged with boats, and illuminated with torches. Immediately upon his arrival, the preacher was hurried by the multitude to the church of the apostles, and found no rest until he had given the crowd his blessing and counsel in a short harangue. Soon afterwards he preached a more elaborate discourse upon glorying in tribulation. In both cases he speaks in a spirit of the most fervent gratitude and confident faith.

But he had only two months' respite from persecution. An alliance between him and the court governed by Eudoxia could not continue long. His last remarkable sermon in Constantinople showed his

fearless devotion, and though perhaps impolitic, it did not probably much accelerate his doom. A silver statue of the empress was set up before the senate-house, so near the church of St. Sophia, where he was officiating, that the tumultuous festivities, the songs, dances, and shouts of the multitude, interrupted the services of the worshippers in the church. The sermon of Chrysostom was very severe against such revelry; and every word of it was regarded by the empress as an attack upon herself. Again he was driven into exile, after a nominal trial before a synod of bishops.

Neander gives an affecting account of his farewell to his people, on this occasion. When he found that the soldiers of the fickle Arcadius were upon his track, and that to remain with his people was to endanger their lives as well as his own, he consented to go away.

“He called his bishops around him, for the last time in the church, knelt with them and prayed, saying, at the close, ‘Farewell to the angel of this church.’ Then he went into the sacristy, embraced some of the bishops with tears, and bade them a touching adieu. He then proceeded to the chapel or baptistery, and here met the devoted women, deaconesses, who by their wealth had so often sustained him in his expensive charities and ecclesiastical enterprises, and said to them: ‘Come, my daughters, and hear me. The end is at hand, I see clearly; I have finished my course, and perhaps you will never see me more. My advice to you is this; let none of you remit in the least your labor of love for the church, and whoever without

self-seeking or ambition is unanimously chosen bishop after me, follow him as you have followed John, as the church cannot remain without a bishop. God, in his mercy, bless you; remember me in your prayers.' Without returning to take leave of the bishops, he went to the east side of the church, having caused his mule to be brought up to the west door, so as to draw the attention of the multitude thither, and took his departure. Thus he went out unobserved, and quietly surrendered himself to the guard, who conducted him to the harbor, where he embarked in a small vessel for Bithynia. This was on the 9th of June, 404."

Still his influence did not cease, but by his letters and preaching he produced such an effect upon the churches, that he was as much honored and feared as when on the patriarchal throne. This influence seemed dangerous to the government, and the empress was resolved that he should be crushed. He was driven from place to place, under great exposure, and at last died in Pontus, in the year 407, while on a forced journey towards the remotest wilds of Colchis, the extreme limits of the Roman empire. When it appeared that he could go no farther, he begged the soldiers to carry him to a neighboring chapel, where, calling for white robes, he put them on, and, after he had partaken of the sacrament, and offered prayer ending with his usual doxology. "Glory to God for all things," he breathed his last. The light of the Christian pulpit vanished from the world.

The defects in Chrysostom's character were obvious, but not of great importance. He may have been, as the historian Socrates implies, rather choleric by na-

ture, somewhat hasty and dictatorial in temper, and too severe in his ascetic habits and his frequent demands for fasting and self-crucifixion. His monkish habits had given a little irritableness and acidity to an unquestionable evangelical zeal. But the chief sources of his troubles lay more deeply in his character. He was not fitted for a prelate's position in troublous times. He was great in his principles, but somewhat feeble in his measures. The former he derived from the Bible and his own soul; for the latter he trusted too much to his deacon, Serapion, who was a rash and unprincipled adviser. But even if he had possessed the requisite talents for a post of command, his views of Christianity would have been much in the way of his success. Though a lover of the church and its ritual, and free from reproach as to the main principles of his creed, he preached boldly and spiritually, and the whole genius of his ministration was directly opposed to the prevalent priestcraft and formalism. Isaac Taylor has, indeed, collected numerous passages of his works to show his exaggerated views of the importance of rites and relics, and prayers to saints and martyrs. But a man like Chrysostom must be judged by his leading purpose, not by his incidental extravagances either of rhetoric or of opinion. He could not be a very benighted formalist, so long as he believed and so eloquently preached, that the strength of the church is in the purity of its members, and that loss of the love of God is the bitterest infliction in hell.

In our hasty glance at Chrysostom's life, we have not forgotten that we are writing for a work devoted

to literature rather than theology, and we have therefore been very chary in the use of the rich materials furnished by the volumes before us. We must keep this thought still more in mind as we turn to speak of the orator's genius and works.

Chrysostom was evidently a man of quick perceptions, strong common sense, remarkable power of comparison, strict conscientiousness, fervent affections, exuberant fancy, and a powerful imagination. He was not a great analytic thinker, and although well informed on philosophical subjects, he had little taste for abstractions. His great power lies in the number and richness of his illustrations. Every truth is covered, sometimes burdened, with imagery. Every duty is brought home to particular cases and consciences. He does not disdain the simplest comparisons that will help him in his work, and sometimes uses a redundancy of gorgeous figures, as if nature were taking her revenge on the ascetic for his contempt of her riches, and kindling in his literary taste a passion for splendor that was so sternly denied in his way of life. More frequently, however, he presents common truths in plain language, with the most obvious illustrations. He had evidently been a constant observer of nature, as well as a close student of the Bible. He was alike familiar with the beauties and the adaptations of creation, and, fond as he is of discoursing floridly of roses and lilies, the sea, mountains, and stars, he sometimes enters into minute statements of natural laws and of the wonderful anatomy of the human frame, that almost make us believe that we are reading an Oriental version of Paley, in

spite of the occasional mistakes in the principles of science. The force and frequency with which he introduces passages of Scripture, or alludes to the personages of the Bible, their circumstances and characters, are enough to astound the most gifted of the old Scotch Covenanters. His quick perception of resemblances and rich fancy made him the unconscious master of a science of correspondences between things spiritual and natural, that throws the theoretic system of Swedenborg far into the shade. If he speaks of an irritable and of a peaceful spirit, he compares the one to a noisy street, and the other to a rural solitude, and gives a graphic picture of the two scenes. When he distinguishes the prayer of importunate selfishness from that of the Gospel meekness, the one, he says, is like a brawling scold, against whom, the gate of heaven is shut; the other is an angel form that seraphs welcome to the throne of God. To care for riches and to neglect the soul is to be like children who laugh when the thief comes in and steals the real valuables of the house, and yet cry if he touches the least of their jingling trinkets. To neglect the soul and pamper the body is to clothe the mistress in sackcloth, and array the servant-maid in gold and jewels.

The drift of his discourses was eminently practical. He was not fond either of metaphysics or of dogmatic theology. He enforced the cardinal Christian virtues, especially charity, and denounced the cardinal sins, especially covetousness. Profane swearing he could not tolerate, and even advises his hearers to strike the blasphemer, if words were of no avail. This

advice, however, was given during the panic at Antioch, and may not be a fair instance of his preaching. The superiority of the Gospel over every other system, especially the Platonic, is a favorite theme with him. His views of the divine nature were very broad and exalted, and are constantly brought forward in his discourses. He also insists much upon the freedom of the human will, and says, again and again, that no man can be hurt but by himself. He was very free in his censures, and declaimed eloquently against slavery, priestcraft, and formalism. Neander's learning and love for free thought have enabled him to collect passages from Chrysostom that would not shame the least shackled of our Protestant divines.

He has frequently been compared to Jeremy Taylor, but unjustly. They are alike only in an exuberant fancy and a liberal creed. Chrysostom is not pedantic or scholastic like Taylor, whose sermons, although decked with incomparable beauties, are tedious as a whole, and to a popular assembly would be uninteresting. Chrysostom is direct, pointed, glowing, preaching less on a given subject than with reference to the particular wants of the audience before him. He has much of Latimer's boldness and simplicity, and something of his humor. Take some ingredients from Latimer and some from Taylor, and we might form a compound not unlike Chrysostom. In his extemporaneous style he is much like the former. As he seems generally to have spoken extemporaneously, even his more elaborate discourses have an air of being prompted by the occasion. He was as

heartly and outright as honest Hugh, and as little disposed to be mealy-mouthed in dealing with sin in high places. He was quite as bold in facing Eudoxia as Latimer was in braving Henry the Eighth. Both were men of free spirit; both drew their freedom from the Bible; and what his Saxon manhood did for the one, his study of the generous literature of Greece did for the other.

The homilies and sermons of Chrysostom are rich in historical interest, showing, as they do, the form and color of his times. In reading them, we are carried back to another age. We find no dry discussion of theological doctrines, no dull parade of formalisms, but a fresh, free, colloquial address, which brings the audience at once before us by its constant reference to them. The customs of the ancient church favored such a mode of address, and are singularly at variance with our modern notions of propriety. Preacher and people felt at liberty to express themselves just as they felt in church. The doctors at Oxford would be astounded at the difference between the ways of a congregation in that supposed golden age of church dignity, and their own dainty notions of cathedral quietude. The ancient audiences applauded freely whatever they liked in the preacher, and of course felt at liberty to show their disapprobation of what they disliked. Clapping, stamping, shouting, leaping, and the waving of light garments were no unusual signs of applause; whilst tears, groans, and smiting the breast indicated the compunction of the hearers. When Cyril was happy in an appeal, they cried, "O orthodox Cyril! Gift of

God!" When Chrysostom was unusually eloquent, waving their garments and plumes, and laying hands upon their swords, the people shouted, "Worthy the priesthood! Thirteenth Apostle! Christ hath sent thee!" The preachers seem to have liked these plaudits, as showing the interested attention of the audience. In one case, a grave bishop speaks of being applauded as a matter of course, and invites his friend, with whom he is arguing, to come and hear him, while receiving the honor, and be convinced of the truth of his doctrine. Chrysostom evidently had so many of these favors as to be at times weary of them, and often tells his hearers that he should much prefer their penitence to their plaudits, and that they must take good care lest they violate the principles which they receive with such acclamation.

The preachers, who in the cities were generally bishops, and less frequently presbyters, appear commonly to have spoken without notes, and to have trusted to reporters for the preservation of their discourses. This fact, and the peculiar relation in which they stood to the audience, tended to make their addresses very colloquial, and quite different from modern sermons. They spoke either from the steps of the altar, or from the *ambo*, a platform with a reading-desk in the middle of the church, and sitting or standing, as they chose. Frequently the preacher sat, and the people stood, throughout the sermon. The church had not then learned to box its orators up, and raise them high in mid air, with a position as far from the countenance of the hearer as the sermon is apt to be from his sympathies. The speaker

had no fear of being rebuked for flippancy, or of hearing rebellious imitations of his freedom on the part of the audience, so established was the distinction between clergy and laity, and so fixed were the authority and dignity of the clerical office. Often several addresses were made during the same meeting, but always by the clergy, the bishop closing and summing up what his presbyters had said. Chrysostom sometimes ends his discourse by stating, that he now leaves it to his superior to do better justice to the topic.

Of course, the ancient pulpit was in every respect different from the modern. Chrysostom was, indeed, a great reformer, yet he changed the moral character, rather than the external manner, of preaching. He avoided the frequent dogmatic invectives against heretics, and the as frequent vapid allegorical interpretations of Scripture. His preaching was practical, aimed at the life; it was rational, avoiding both the materialistic views of Tertullian's followers and the transcendental sublimations of the school of Origen. He was eminently a common sense interpreter of the Bible, and duly appreciated the letter and the spirit too.

After all, though free from many of the errors prevalent among his contemporaries, Chrysostom shows the peculiarities of the taste of his age; and there is not one of his thousand discourses, so far as we can judge, which would be considered as a regular sermon according to our modern standard,—not one that reminds us of Massillon or South, Edwards or Buckminster. He never adopts a logical arrangement,

although his elaborate work on the priesthood shows that he was perfectly competent to write a consecutive treatise, or sustain a continued argument, whenever he chose. In his homilies, or expository discourses, he closes not so frequently with a lesson taught by the general sense of the passage he has been expounding, as with one suggested by some of the wants of his people, no matter how incongruous the suggestion might be with what had gone before. Among his sermons,—his master-pieces on the Statues for instance, so well translated by Mr. Budge, in the Oxford Library,—there is not one that is from beginning to end devoted to the consecutive treatment of a single topic. Each has its strict unity, undoubtedly; but the unity is in the object, not in the subject; for he thinks less of the systematic exposition of a text or topic than of meeting with a single purpose the state of mind of his hearers. He preached these sermons whilst Antioch was in an agony of anxiety, those of her citizens who had as yet escaped the emperor's vengeance fearing the dungeon, the scourge, or the axe. The preacher shows great skill in suiting his discourse to them, and it is hypercriticism to blame him for sudden transitions, although he may so far violate ordinary rules as to break off an enraptured description of the benignity of God in creation as shown in the book of nature, and end abruptly with a strong rebuke to the people for their habit of profane swearing. At another time, while preaching on the apostle's advice to Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake, he dwells first upon the apostle's kindness, and the folly of interpreting his advice as a

plea for wine-bibbing, and then glances off to another topic, and closes with stating ten reasons why good men like Timothy are allowed to suffer sickness and affliction, and why the afflicted should not despair, and commit or tolerate blasphemy. Yet he always came to the point. He never ended a sermon without saying at the close what the moral state of the audience most needed.

Rhetorician as he was by education under the sophist Libanius, he was never so careful of his literary reputation as to disdain to be useful. He was willing to dwell continually upon one topic, so long as the one besetting sin continued. He ends more than half of his sermons on the Statues by denouncing the sin of profanity. We cannot say how often he preaches against theatre-going and money-loving. All his sermons were occasional, and in all of them he seems as much at liberty as in conversation to say just what circumstances required or the people needed.* Sometimes he is ludicrously familiar. He speaks to the people about coming to church after dinner, complaining of long sermons, talking and laughing in church, and in one instance calls attention to a pickpocket who was busy at his work among the congregation. Yet various as was the character of his discourses, Philip Mayer says truly, that through them all there runs, like a shining thread, a practical religious spirit,

* For an excellent *critique* upon Chrysostom's method of preaching, and statement of the difference between the ancient homily and the modern sermon, see the work of Dr. Philip Mayer upon Chrysostom, especially the introduction. The volume is dated Nuremberg, 1830.

and a true oratorical talent, so that it is easy to value at their true worth all the doubtful or spurious works that have come to us with his name attached to them.

Certainly, it would be folly to hold up the great orator of the ancient church as a perfect model for our age, or for our country. Boston is not an Antioch, nor is the nineteenth century much like the fourth. We live in an age of the general diffusion of knowledge and the inductive exercise of intellect. The Reformation, together with the discussions consequent upon it, has given great predominance to the critical understanding, and made systematic doctrines and polished writing more acceptable than authoritative statements or glowing appeals; yet there is much that the modern pulpit may learn from the pages of Chrysostom, and not only learn, but apply. Many a modern audience might be refreshed by listening to a racy homily formed on his principles, and would regard its free expositions of Scripture and fervent appeals to the heart as a pleasant relief from doctrinal dissertations, moral lectures, or æsthetic essays. We dislike flippancy in the pulpit, and have no relish for off-hand crudities anywhere. As little friendly are we to the too common dulness and feeling of constraint that would have afflicted the gravest of the old fathers, could they have become acquainted with the pulpit habits of our time.

We may learn, too, of Chrysostom how to be independent, and, whether as hearers or preachers, that we are bound to keep the pulpit independent. As Americans, especially as the offspring of New Eng-

land, we must regard the Christian pulpit as a conservative institution second to no other. Our homes, our schools, and our laws rest in no small degree upon its support. Its history has been and will be intimately connected with our national history. Let it keep its high place, and neither become the minion of the few nor the sport of the many; let it mildly, yet fearlessly, speak the truth as given by the Scriptures, rebuking evil in the few and the many, and throwing a mantle of charity over repentance and faith, whether in the rich and powerful, or the poor and enslaved; and, above all, let it never confound the oracles of heaven with the dictates of men, nor cry out, at the voice of a single Herod, or of multitudes with a Herod's spirit, "It is the voice of a God, and not of a man." Subserviency may profit for a season, but truthfulness conquers in the end. Better fall for a time with Chrysostom, than triumph for a time with Theophilus.

Thirty years after his death, the remains of John of Antioch were borne in triumph from the tomb in his place of exile to a splendid mausoleum in Constantinople. Two centuries ago, his bones were carried as relics to Rome, where they now rest in the chapel that bears his name within the walls of St. Peter's. To few of the hallowed spots within that majestic cathedral would one more eagerly hasten than to that chapel. Thoughts would there be inspired that might sometimes force the attention to wander from the seraphic music of the Sistine choir, and compel one to listen to voices from another age and land. The church of Rome is still in the ascendant; her power

is still majestic, whilst her Oriental sister is cast down and in humiliation. The Roman patriarch Innocent, fourteen centuries ago, interceded, though in vain, for his brother of Constantinople, when the latter was driven into exile; and now Rome protects the ashes of him whom when living she vainly sought to defend. The treatment which Chrysostom received at the hands of the ruling powers in the Greek empire was a turning point in history, and in its consequences has done much to make the fate of the Eastern church differ so widely from the long continued prosperity of the church of Rome.

When his spirit shall come to be again duly honored among the nations where his name was first canonized, and the East shall return to his principles, something of the glory of the former age may come back. If, either by the awakening of the Russian clergy and nation, by the decline of the Turkish power, or by the revival of moral life among the churches of the East, Constantinople shall again become Christian, and the cross supplant the crescent on the dome of St. Sophia, next to that of our great Master and his apostles, no name would deserve to be proclaimed with greater honor on the day of triumph than that of John Chrysostom.

IV.

JEROME AND HIS TIMES.*

RICH as was the church of the fourth century in illustrious men who adorned imposing office with brilliant abilities; in princes like the imperial convert Constantine who begun, and the more consistent Theodosius, who completed the union of the church and State; in prelates indomitable as Athanasius, profound as Augustine, eloquent as Gregory and Chrysostom, and commanding as Ambrose and Basil; it is not to any of these titled dignitaries that Christendom in ages since has paid her most frequent honors. The Roman church, at least, has passed over

* 1. *Sancti Eusebii Hieronymi Stridonensis, Presbyteri Opera.* Studio ac Labore Domini Johannis Martianay, Presbyteri et Monachi Ordinis S. Benedicti à Congregatione S. Mauri, Parisiis, MDCXCIII—MDCCVI.

Works of St. Eusebius Jerome of Stridon, Presbyter. Edited by John Martianay, Presbyter, and Monk of the Benedictine Order of the Congregation of St. Maur. In five volumes, folio.

2. *Histoire de Saint Jerome, Perè de L'Eglise, au IV Siecle; Sa Vie, Ses Ecrits et Ses Doctrines.* Par F. Z. Collombet. Paris, 1844.

History of St. Jerome. Father of the Church in the Fourth Century; his Life; his Writings and his Doctrines. In two volumes, 8vo. By F. Z. Collombet.

this majestic array of princes and prelates with comparative indifference, and reserved her brightest aureola for an untitled scholar, who shrank alike from courts and councils, who refused the proffered mitre, and forbore to exercise even the office of priest. Whom can we mean but Jerome, the monk of Bethlehem? As a devotee he has perhaps been more honored by Catholics than any saint upon the calendar who has lived since the apostolic times, whilst as a scholar he has been ranked by all parties as chief in the ancient church. His spirit has haunted the visions of monks and nuns, and the imaginations of painters and sculptors. His kneeling form meets us in the gorgeous windows of the middle age cathedrals, and in the rich miniatures of illuminated manuscripts. Who has not heard of the picture, in the Vatican, of the Last Communion of St. Jerome, and who would undertake to complete the catalogue of similar works or name the artists among whom Domenichino and the Caracci have taken the lead?

It is not merely from the prostrate devotee of the papal ages, that the monk of Bethlehem has received such honors. His letters and tracts were among the first to receive the stamp of the printing-press,* and in their Gothic type are now among the most precious specimens in antiquarian collections. No fewer than eight editions of his entire works have been published, the first of which appeared at Basle (1516—1520)

* In the library of Harvard University, we find an edition of his epistles which, although without date, according to Brunet's Manual, must have been printed as early as 1469, and an edition of his tract against Jovinian that bears the date of 1474.

under the charge of the celebrated Erasmus, and the last of which is from the Paris press with ink as yet scarcely dry. As an interpreter and translator of Scripture, his name stands chief of the fathers in the preface of the translators of our approved English Bible. As great proof of his literary importance may be found in the ponderous volume that Le Clerc wrote in question of his scholarship, as in the petulant and tiresome folios that Martianay and his fellows sent forth in his defence. The lighter literature of a later day has not forgotten the saint. He appears conspicuous in the meditations of Zimmermann and the fancies of Chateaubriand, whilst in the gayest city in the world several selections from his works have been recently published in a popular form, and L. Aimé-Martin* ranks with Collombett† among his eulogists.

We too are much interested in Jerome. For his monkish superstition we of course have little love, nor can we find much that is Christ-like in the temper with which he met the adversaries of his creed. We are interested in him as the best scholar of the ancient church. We like to read him because his works are the best index of the state of learning in his time, and moreover the most faithful mirror of the opinions, manners and morals of his age. - Recluse as he generally was, he kept up a minute acquaintance with contemporary events and characters. His nervous and irascible nature never failed to expose every trouble that annoyed him. His peculiar temperament reveals

* Œuvres Mystiques. 1 vol. grand in 8vo.

† Œuvres Choisies. 10 vols. in 8vo.

the presence of every current literary and religious influence, as faithfully as the torsion balance measures the minute electric forces. If any new opinion were started he could never be easy until he lifted his pen in the agitation. Much as we may value the homilies of Chrysostom for shedding light upon the manners and morals of the time, we may prize more the letters of Jerome, since these instead of being busied chiefly with the affairs of single cities like Antioch or Constantinople, deal with all Christendom, and reflect every shade of the prevalent faith and practice. This indefatigable letter writer kept a kind of central post-office at Bethlehem, and he was of such a nature that of everything that interested him whether in his own studies or in current events he must straightway write to some of his correspondents. Every literary undertaking, however grave, gave occasion for his epistolary gift. His elaborate criticisms were written in the form of letters, and in the prefaces to his commentaries whether upon prophet or evangelist, he is sure to have a fling at some crying evil of the day.

In the cursory sketch which we propose to give of the life and labors of this most learned of the Christian fathers, although we do not of course presume to add anything to the knowledge of those who are acquainted with the recent foreign contributions to ecclesiastical history, we are safe in saying, that with the aids that are at hand, nothing but incorrigible stupidity, can prevent a review from giving a more satisfactory survey of the subject than any that is offered by our current church histories. In reference to Jerome, our English historians are wretchedly meagre. The most

raoy of his German biographers ends his narrative with the declaration that the best that has been done in this field serves rather to excite than to satisfy the desire for a more comprehensive portraiture of the Saint and his times. This want of course we may not hope to fill. It is enough to try to make out our sketch from the best authorities at hand, with such study of the works of Jerome himself as we have been able to make.

By universal consent the richest materials are furnished from the saint's own pages. The chief office of the editor and biographer indeed consists in correcting the text and in determining the dates of events and the connection of passages, so as to derive from the author himself a consistent portrait and harmonious story. Of the three editions which separately or collectively have been the basis of all the others, the chief two, those of Erasmus and Martianay are before us, whilst we are reconciled to the absence of that of Vallarsi (Verona, 1734—1742) from the fact that Schroeckh so fully defines its characteristic, and Collobet has based upon its principles his entire work. Of the almost score of Lives of Jerome that are extant, we need not give even the names. Tillemont and Martianay deserve the chief place on the list, the former from the careful criticism which he applies to the works and life of the saint, an application not always ungrateful to his Jansenist scruples—the latter from his indefatigable labor and devoted partizanship. If Vallarsi has in some respects surpassed them both, especially in a more accurate chronological arrangement of Jerome's letters, it is to be remembered how

much he depended upon the labors of his predecessors, and that he has builded upon their foundation. Of the work of Dolci (Ancona, 1750) and that of Engelstoft (Copenh. 1797), we may say with Collombet, that they have not reached us. As to the volumes of Collombet himself, they cannot be read without pleasure, and profit, much as the constant tone of eulogy may offend us, and distasteful as the ornate style and sometimes bombastic rhetoric may occasionally be. The work has evidently been prepared with considerable study and great ambition, and comes to us with the sanction of a brief from the late pope, and a dedication to a cardinal as noted as De Bonald. It is of considerable service in enabling us to judge of the Saint in connection with his times, although the protestant reader is often repelled by the papal hue in which the enthusiastic Frenchman invests the Christendom of the fourth century. The whole of the two volumes, however, fails to give so good or at least so definite an idea of the general subject as the half volume of Schroeckh* in his history, and the twenty quarto pages by Von Cölln in the Encyclopædia of Ersch and Gruber (Leipsic, 1831),—an article admirable for its learning, compactness and point, tainted though it may be with a little of Gibbon's sarcasm. Of Neander's labors in this department, we need not speak at length. Although far from being full enough to meet our wants, his observations are distinguished by his usual learning, freedom and good sense. It is enough to say of the biography by the Jesuit, John

* *Christliche Kirchengeschichte*, T. XI. Leipzig, 1794, pp. 1—239.

Stilting,* which although by no means of recent date came latest to hand, that it is an unqualified and extravagant eulogium, and shows its character very well from the fact that about thirty of its folio pages are devoted to the investigation of the relics of the Saint, and other like matters connected with his posthumous marvels. Although far better tempered than Martianay, and remarkably laborious in historical details, Stilting shares something of the Benedictine editor's disposition, and adds one to the many instances in which the irascible monk has inoculated his champions with the virus of his own temper. But we must not linger any longer upon these preliminaries.

In the middle of the fourth century, a young Illyrian, who had already exhausted the literary privileges of his provincial home, in company with a schoolmate of like age, turned towards Rome. He came to enjoy the instructions of the celebrated teachers who held their schools in the imperial city. Judging from his own allusions, we cannot form a very favorable idea of his native place. The people of Stridon were gluttonous and avaricious, whilst the bishop Lupicinus was a pastor not unlike his flock. The student's childhood had been under the tuition of a pedagogue who drilled him in the rudiments so severely that, using an epithet from Horace, he spoke of him in after years as the savage Orbilius. He was born of Christian parents, probably in affluent circumstances, and left home with favorable dispositions

* Acta Sanctorum, Septemb. Tom. VIII, pp. 418—6888. Antwerp, 1762. Fol. copy in Library of Harvard University.

towards Christianity, although without any very decided personal convictions. Such was the young Illyrian, who came to Rome to enjoy the learning of her noted schools. He thought quite as little as his teacher Donatus how soon the tables would be turned, and Rome would look to this pilgrim to her literary shrine as her own most learned teacher, and that after ages would regard Eusebius Jerome as the most illustrious scholar of the Latin church.

The year of his arrival at Rome is not ascertained. It is very clear, however, that he was there in A. D. 363, at the time of the death of the emperor Julian. What was then his age is a much controverted question, since his birth has been placed at dates as widely apart as 329 and 346. He has been supposed by most of his earlier biographers, who have followed the ancient chronicle of Prosper, to have been born in 331, although this date is not consistent with the same writer's subsequent statement that Jerome died in 420 at the age of 91.* The saint, moreover, speaks of his being a mere boy at the time of Julian's death, and from this and other equivalent expressions, Baronius was led to fix the date at 342, and has had the approbation of Dupin, Tillemont, Dolci and Lardner. Vallarsi goes still further, and fixes upon the year 346, and is followed in this opinion by Collombet. As our own patience has been well nigh exhausted in following Silting through his elaborate vindication of the earlier date in reply to the six or seven argu-

* This incongruity is regarded by Silting as coming from an error of the pen, which led the transcribers to write Undenona gesimo, XCI.

ments of Baronius and his followers, we will not test the temper of our readers by rehearsing the controversy. The Jesuit certainly makes out a very good case, and proves that Jerome at least might call himself a boy at any period without implying anything more, than that he was then a pupil of his masters or a mere tyro in learning. Schroeckh, who has gone into the particulars of the controversy, is quite satisfied with Stiling's argument, and thinks it a sufficient refutation of the latter date, that about the year 403, Jerome addressed Augustine as his son, an epithet that would not be appropriate if the former was but in his sixtieth year, since the latter was certainly almost fifty. This point, however, is by no means satisfactory, since ten years of seniority might give great venerableness to one, who like Jerome, had hastened old age by his austerities, and who from his ghostly sanctity might, as has sometimes been the habit of spiritual directors, address even his seniors as his children.

But, however this controversy as to the saint's birth may be decided, it is beyond question that in 363 he was in Rome. At that time the condition of the empire was peculiar, and the church on the eve of her most brilliant period. Julian had died, and with him died the enterprise of supplanting the doctrines of Christ by the ethics of Antoninus, and substituting for Christianity a splendid but visionary eclecticism of philosophical deism, nature worship and vulgar paganism. The apostate died; under the auspices of Jovian the Labarum of Constantine again glittered at the head of the imperial legions, and in the hearing

of the young Illyrian the pagans expressed their dismay at the summary vengeance taken by the Christian God upon the restorer of the ancient altars, and their wonder that he could be called patient and long suffering. But yet for many years the old religion retained its temples and pageants. Pontiffs, augurs, vestals, flamens, with all their ancient retinue, still exercised their offices, and by their regular succession connected the Rome of Constantine and Jovian with the Rome of Numa. But it could not escape a mind so sagacious as Jerome's and one so tremulously sensitive to every popular movement, that a power was at work in the empire, that must overthrow the pagan idols, and set up the cross on the very altar of victory. More than four hundred temples or chapels still remained to satisfy the superstition of the people; yet there were a few far less conspicuous edifices which were resorted to with a kind of reverence unknown to the votaries of Jupiter or Mars. The Basilica of the Lateran, and that of St. Peter with others of like stamp were frequented by the followers of the cross, and already the Christian bishops began to rival the pagan pontiffs in the splendor of their array. The great prelates of the East and the West, who were to make the close of the century so brilliant in the Christian annals, had not yet appeared. The veteran Athanasius occupied the most conspicuous place among the churches, and under the patronage of Jovian, had promise of passing the remainder of his troubled life in dignity and peace.

How Jerome passed his student years at Rome, he

has pretty fully disclosed. He was a close student, somewhat of a man of pleasure, and occasionally he was seized with the impulses of a devotee. He learned grammar of Donatus the commentator upon Terence, and rhetoric probably of Victorinus who was celebrated for the brilliancy of his school and for the notoriety of his conversion. Jerome was ambitious of literary name—made himself very familiar with the Roman and probably somewhat with the Greek literature, and not content with the instructions of the lecture-room, frequented the courts of law to take practical lessons in logic and oratory. So strong was the impression left upon him by the studies of this period, that in old age they haunted his dreams, and the ghostly monk seemed to himself to be listening to the rival pleaders, or to be declaiming before his master. He made a point of gathering a library at Rome, and thus unconsciously to himself was providing for his solitary years the companionship of the choice spirits of the classic world.

Although far from being strict in his habits, he loved to frequent the places in Rome that had been hallowed by the events of the martyr-age. He visited the sepulchres of the apostles and martyrs. It was a favorite habit with him to take a few companions, and on Sundays go down in the crypts of the catacombs, and wander into the subterranean gloom among the monuments of that solemn cemetery. There rambling, now spelling out the inscriptions on the tombs, and now quoting some line of Virgil as the darkness reminded him of the poet's Avernus, this Sunday loiterer had then within him the elements of

character that were to give him such a name as the monk and scholar among the Christian fathers. Yet he had no such sympathy with those dark retreats as to destroy his zest for the gaities of the capital. He lived very freely, and with all his subsequent reverence for chastity, and contempt even for lawful marriage, he lays no claim to the credit of having never left the path of virtue. He allows that he could not well resist temptation, and that in youth he was as emulous in taking the lead in pleasure as afterwards in devotion. He laid claim by a singular figure of speech to the crown of virginity because in his soul he honored the virtue the more from not possessing it himself.*

At Rome Jerome received baptism. But whether this took place before or after his journey to Gaul, it is very certain that during that journey his strongest convictions were felt, and the purpose was formed that shaped his whole subsequent life. It was in the city of Treves, that he first resolved to devote himself to Christ, and formed with his companion and countryman Bonosus, the plan of an ascetic life. He evidently carried with him in his journey at the outset a decided taste for Christian studies, as he busied himself with the Christian literature of Gaul, and copied for his friend Rufinus the work of Hilary of Poitiers upon Synods, and also his Exposition of the Psalms. It is not strange, that on the banks of the Rhine among a semi-barbarous people, he should view life and the world far otherwise than in the gay metropolis,

* Epist. XXX. p. 242. T. IV. Martianay.

look upon his past history in a far graver spirit, and be led, moreover, to a better understanding of the genius of that church which was to restore the falling majesty of Rome, and bring into prostrate reverence the pride of those fierce nations who were preparing to overthrow the eternal city. It is a coincidence worthy of being mentioned, that the see of Arnoldi, bishop of Treves, the champion of the holy coat that has so lately convulsed Germany, should be in the city in which Jerome, the father of Romish monasticism and relic worship, met with the impressions that made him what he became. Truly the nineteenth century is not wholly different from the fourth. Nay, we have serious doubts whether Jerome, in his most erratic moods, would have dared to undertake the enterprise of the holy coat.

The exact extent of his travels in Gaul, a country with whose people he had much subsequent intercourse and great sympathy, we do not know. He probably went as far as the western coast and looked towards Britian and that far distant continent, that was not for ages to see the light of Christianity. After his return he spent some time in the famous city of Aquileia, not far distant from his own native place, and lived upon terms of intimate friendship with a circle of Christian friends, among whom were the priests Rufinus, afterwards his enemy, and Chromatius afterwards bishop of the city, and other clergy, and monks. From this place he wrote probably the first letter that has reached us, and related to a friend the particulars of a strange occurrence at Vercella, in the neighborhood, where an innocent woman was

kept alive by a miracle after having received seven blows from the sword of the executioner. This letter may have been the cause of his flight which soon followed, since his version of the affair must have reflected severely upon the conduct of the civil tribunal. But whatever the cause, whether political troubles, family embarrassments, or, as the less believing suspect, the heat of his own passions, "a storm" came over him, and he was obliged to flee. In company with his friends Evagrius and Innocentius, and not forgetting his precious library, he turned his face towards the East to visit the regions for which his heart had many a time yearned. It was about the year 372, that he undertook this adventurous journey, and traversing Thrace, Pontus, Bithynia, Galatia, Cappadocia, Cilicia, he arrived at last at Antioch and ere long sought a solitude in the Syrian desert. While at Antioch, he was seized with a severe sickness and in addition to his personal sufferings was grieved to the heart by the death of his friend Innocentius. It was probably at this time that he had that vision of judgment against the heathen classics which he describes in one of his letters to Eustochium, and in which he heard himself condemned by the judge as a mere Ciceronian and no Christian, and sought to escape the sentence by promising to abjure heathen literature forever. A dream like this was very likely to haunt the fevered hours of an invalid such as he was, and indicated very plainly the state of mind that led him to seek for a retreat among the monks of Chalcis.

But if the recluse had indulged in roseate fancies of solitary life, he was destined to be grievously dis-

appointed. He had frequent occasion to remember the remark of Horace, that they who cross seas are far from changing their dispositions with their abode. He found, that the retirement of the desert gave him no safeguard from temptation. In the midst of his vigils and fastings, his imagination would steal away and revel in visions of Rome, its beauties and refinements. He suffered sadly alike in health and spirits. But in study he soon found the solace that could alleviate if not remove his desolation. As the world in which he had moved was hid from his sight, the realm of literature opened upon him with new brightness. While at Antioch he had informed himself of the system of Apollinarius of Laodicea, so celebrated for his skill in interpreting Scripture and for his peculiar view of the nature of Christ; and had thus acquired important aids in the science of biblical interpretation. Even before retiring to the desert, he had attempted a commentary upon the book of Obadiah, a work whose loss is not much to be deplored, since in the preface to his subsequent commentary upon the same book, he speaks of it contemptuously as a token of his youthful ignorance and specimen of vain allegorizing.

His desire to interpret the sacred books led him to feel the want of knowledge of the Hebrew tongue. To meet this want, and at the same time aid him in subduing his fiery nature, he put himself under the instruction of a converted Jew and studied the Hebrew and probably Chaldee. He evidently thought it no little mortification for one so familiar with Cicero and Quintilian and Pliny to occupy his mind with a

language so harsh and inflated.* But what was first a sacrifice became in time his delight, and the recluse soon grew more proud of his Hebrew than of any branch of learning, glorying as much on mortifying his classic tastes by this new study as in mortifying his flesh by fastings and vigils. His letters are rich in pictures of his hermit life. He appears to have gained a subsistence by the labor of his own hands, and to have passed his days in toil, study and devotion. At this time he probably wrote his eloquent, although extravagant history of Paulus, the first hermit. But fond as he was of study and determined as he had been to shut out the world and its agitations, he gave constant proof that he was still like other men, and could not be indifferent to the current of events. At first declaring that he had lost all knowledge of the affairs of his own country, and did not even know that it was in existence, he soon engaged in a close correspondence with his former friends in the West; now requesting that his sister, who had recovered from a sad fall from virtue, might be encouraged in the path of rectitude; now asking for theological books and again offering to spare manuscript copies, versions and explanations of the Scriptures from his own collection.

But the solitary had not yet so schooled his mind as to be long content to hold intercourse through the medium of letters. He was drawn into controversy that drew him from his retreat. Four rival bishops laid claim to the possession of the see of Antioch. Of

*“ Stridentia anhelantiaque verba.” Epistl. XCV. Ad Rusticum, p. 774. Martianay, T. IV.

course Jerome had no thought of favoring the claims of the Arian Euzoius or the latitudinarian Vitalis. His choice must lie between the two Catholics, Meletius and Paulinus. Meletius was obviously the legitimate bishop, and had such defenders as Basil and Chrysostom. But Paulinus had the countenance of Athanasius and pope Damasus, and his cause triumphed alike by the posture of the rival factions and the connection of the controversy with a dispute as to the words most fit to be employed in defining the Trinity,—a dispute that soon exceeded in violence and extent the original controversy. Jerome was at first evidently at a loss what side to take in the conflict, and various causes increased his perplexity. He was no metaphysician and was almost crazed by the questions that were put to him by the monks who came to his cell to learn his mind as to the use of the word “hypostases.” It was at once following his own inclinations and relieving himself of personal responsibility to appeal to Damasus of Rome, which he did in a letter not to be surpassed in ambitious rhetoric and servile adulation. What answer Damasus returned to this and a second similar letter, we do not know. But we soon find Jerome at Antioch upon intimate terms with Paulinus, and receiving ordination as presbyter at his hands. This was in the year 378 or 379. Instead of being weary of controversy and demanding as he had threatened to do the right of utter solitude in the desert, he engaged still more in the affairs of the church, and soon sent forth a treatise upon the Luciferian controversy in which he speaks in a tone of unusual

mildness, and repudiates the doctrine that the bishops of the Arians, after renouncing their heretical connection, should not be recognized as bishops, and that the converts from Arianism should be re-baptized. The saint showed some humor in styling Hilary, the deacon who advocated the re-baptism of all converted heretics, the 'Deucalion of the world.'

But the controversialist was not so absorbed in these disputes as to forget the claims of a scholar, and Jerome sought the privileges of the brilliant schools of Constantinople and the countenance of Gregory its eloquent and learned bishop. Here he studied closely the Greek language with which before he seems to have been but partially acquainted, although we can by no means favor the idea sanctioned by Rufinus that he knew nothing of Greek while pursuing his studies at Rome. It was well for him to acquaint himself with the Byzantine literature, especially its method of interpretation, and thus enlarge even if by the too rhetorical and *Origenizing* method of Gregory, the rules which he had learned in the more literal and practical school of Antioch. Yet he was too good a critic to be blinded by the glitter even of Gregory's eloquence into acquiescence with his ideas, and somewhat silyly remarks that an ignorant audience, such as listened to the prelate's expositions, was not by any means the best test or school of biblical criticism. From Gregory however he acknowledged that he received important aids. How could a mind so susceptible as his be otherwise than quickened and enlarged by the society of perhaps the most accomplished bishop of his day, at once poet, orator and theologian,

imbued with classic knowledge gained at Athens in company with the noted Julian, and surpassed in eloquence only by his successor Chrysostom?

Although so long an inhabitant of the East, Jerome was at heart, a Roman, and labored for the literature of the Latin church by enriching it with translations of the most approved works from the Greek. He translated and enlarged the Chronicles of Eusebius; and showed how fully he began to appreciate the services of the great scholar, whom he alone was to surpass, by his translation of the homilies of Origen upon Jeremiah and Ezekiel. Yet then, so long before his conflict with the Origenists, he showed that he was no blind follower of the method of him whom he pronounced as second only to the Apostles, by openly departing from some of his criticisms. At the same time we are not disposed to regard the instance of his independence so frequently alleged, his criticism upon the vision of Seraphim in Isaiah, as an improvement upon the allegorical fancies of the great Alexandrian.

Once more the scholar was called away from his books to mingle in the agitations of the times. In 381, Meletius died at Antioch, and his partisans instead of recognizing the legitimacy of Paulinus appointed Flavianus his successor. The old dispute was renewed, appeal was made to a Roman synod, to which Paulinus went, followed by his friends Epiphanius and Jerome. The decision of this synod had little effect in settling the controversy in question, but its session resulted in no small advantage to Jerome. From his acquaintance with affairs at Antioch, he was appointed secretary and adviser of Damasus, and

in this capacity displayed such learning and ability as to be employed in far more ambitious literary labors. He was often consulted upon questions of exegesis, and at the request of Damasus, began to translate the work of the Alexandrian catechist Didymus upon the Holy Spirit. We cannot much admire the manner in which he solved some of the Roman father's critical problems. Take for example the parable of the prodigal son. Something more than Greek and Hebrew was wanting to save him from the folly of regarding the two sons as the two nations, the Jews and the Heathen, and finding minute historical parallels for every feature of our Saviour's touching narrative. He still cherished his taste for Origen, and at Rome translated two of his homilies upon the Canticles. In a more arduous labor however he was now to be engaged.

The Western Church possessed no authorized version of the New Testament, but was obliged to depend upon divers anonymous translations which varied as much in sense as in phraseology. In public worship and in every controverted question, these varieties were very troublesome, and Damasus was desirous of having an approved version made from the original Greek. Jerome was called to the task and executed it most faithfully by a careful comparison of the current versions with one another and the original. He first translated the four Gospels, and sent them forth with a preface to Damasus, and tables and marginal notes for the better understanding of the parallel passages. He went on with his undertaking, and labored upon the remaining books of the New Testament.

He also corrected the old Latin version of the Psalter by the Septuagint, and busied himself with comparing the Greek version of Aquila with the Hebrew text. This first revision of the Bible was subsequently completed in the East. The only portions of it now extant are the Psalms, Job, and the New Testament.*

But the scholar was still at heart the monk, and Rome was to feel the influence of his asceticism as well as of his learning. The strictness of his life made him very conspicuous in a capital whose clergy already began to revel in all the luxuries of the world, and it was soon seen that the ascetic student was as little disposed to keep his austerity as his learning to himself in such a way as to provoke the worldly, astonish the moderate, and awe the devout. The views which Athanasius had brought with him from the East in his journey to Rome, found far more followers when advocated by the eloquent scholar than by the stern dogmatist. He scandalized a large party of the clergy by his denunciation of their laxity, and drew upon him the attention of society at large by the sensation which he created among the Roman ladies. Strange it is, yet by no means unaccountable, that among the rich and privileged there have always been found those who are most earnest in condemning the vanities of the world, and most ready to listen to the praises of solitude and renunciation. From the more favored classes asceticism has derived its most devoted champions, its Basil, Benedict, Bernard, Dominic, Francis, Catherine of Genoa, Theresa, and a multitude of the same high mark. The reason is

* Martianay, T. I. p. 1185.

obvious; they who have tasted the pleasures of the world are more likely to feel their unsatisfactory character, than they who have seen them only in the enchantments of distance; and, moreover, the refinement of cultivated society is apt to bring with it sensibilities that subject their possessors to disappointment, life-weariness or yearning for retirement. It was among the courtly circles of Rome, that the accomplished monk of Syria found most willing and enthusiastic listeners. Several of the most distinguished widows and maidens resigned themselves wholly to his direction. Thus the monastic spirit took its strongest hold in Rome at a time when, under the auspices of Theodosius, the Christian church was about to wear its most brilliant secular honors, and to open even to worldly ambition the path of ecclesiastical preferment. By his pen, as shown in his reply to Helvidius on the perpetual Virginity of the Blessed Mary, and by his conversation as many a Roman household proved, Jerome contended for the sanctity of celibacy and the worth of the ascetic life. Marcella, a rich and gifted widow, who had previously led a very devout life, was first to ask the monk's counsel in the study of the Scriptures, and offered the use of her stately palace on the Aventine for the re-unions of the pious circle that gathered around her. But it was not with Marcella and her mother Albina, devoted though they were that his destiny was to be most intimately connected. The names of Paula and her daughter Eustochium are identified with the history of their austere director, and the letters addressed to them by him have been in all ages among the

manuals of nuns and devotees. Under the influence of their friendship a fresh zeal for biblical study seized him, for now he was sure of readers eager and able to enjoy the results of his labors. Jerome was always very dependent upon feminine society, and when most eloquent in praise of retirement or in denouncing the vanity of the sex, he proved his dependence by the assiduity with which he courted their regard, and addressed to them his ghostly epistles. He had not a little of that bachelor temperament which leads so many men to rail against the vanity of woman and at the same time never be happy without her society. His letters to Paula and Marcella contain some of his most valuable biblical interpretations. When we look over his letters to his female friends upon the worth of celibacy, we cannot but wish that for his own credit he had always confined himself to scriptural exegesis. How he could have written as he did upon virginity to a young girl like Eustochium* we cannot understand. That epistle is in shocking taste, and detestably gross in its allusions. The monk either sinned against the prevalent standard of propriety in such statements and illustrations, or Roman society had sadly degenerated since the days of Cicero and Tullia, or delicacy of speech had been placed among the dainty refinements of the world and with them been put off by the ascetic party. With some reason, a prejudice arose against the instigator of the ascetic movement. The relatives of the wealthy ladies whom he had converted looked upon him as the robber of

* Martianay, T. IV. Ep. XVIII. p. 27.

their inheritance. The clergy winced beneath his rebukes, and were not slow in retaliating. It was looked upon as an intolerable grievance that young women were prohibited from associating with men, and that wine should be forbidden. It was thought that Blesilla, the second daughter of Paula, whose second marriage Jerome had prevented, was brought to her premature death by excessive austerities, and such was the excitement upon the subject, that the populace at the funeral were provoked almost to violence against the author of the wrong. Jerome's popularity so far waned that he who was regarded as the most available candidate to succeed to the chair of Damasus found his position in Rome far from comfortable.

But he was not of a temper to be put down by his enemies. Their very attack upon him he made the occasion of gaining a yet more commanding position. He looked towards the East, for some calm retreat, where from the heights of monastic sanctity, he might still dictate to the church, and act upon its opinions and manners as never before. To the maiden Asella* he wrote a parting letter, giving his view of Rome, and his three years' stay there, leaving to her and her friends the task of vindicating his memory from the charges brought against him in the Babel to which he now pronounced his farewell. Attended by his younger brother Paulinianus, by the presbyter Vincentius and several monks, he embarked in August 385 for Palestine. Paula and Eustochium soon

* Martianay, Ep. XXVIII. p. 65.

joined him at Antioch. It was no small triumph to the monk and his cause, that this noted woman, whose family boasted the blood of Æneas and the Julian race, should leave the city of the Cæsars, for the land of the Nazarene and a life of self-denial. From Antioch, the coming winter, the company of devotees began their tour of Palestine. At Jerusalem, the Roman pro-consul prepared for Paula a stately abode, but she chose to lodge in a humble cell. Visiting Bethlehem, Paula was overwhelmed with emotion as she looked upon the place of the Saviour's birth, and resolved to make that her abiding place. First, however, she must see Egypt. In Egypt, as elsewhere, Jerome did not allow his devotional raptures to blind him to his favorite pursuits. The sites hallowed by ancient miracles, by saintly men, or memorable deeds, he investigated with critical eye, and notwithstanding his gray hairs he was not ashamed to sit as a learner in the catechetical school where the blind Didymus now discharged the office of the great Origen.

Returning to Bethlehem, the devotees gave themselves in good earnest to the contemplative life. A few years saw Jerome transferred from his little cell at the gate of the town, to the charge of a monastery erected by the charity of Paula, who herself was at the head of a similar establishment for nuns. Here Jerome passed the remainder of his days, living in the simplest manner, never relaxing his austerities, and finding his only diversion in biblical study, letter-writing and theological controversy. He applied himself with new zeal to the Hebrew language, under

the guidance of the Jew, Baranina, who came to him by night from fear of violence from his own nation. In the inquiring minds of Paula and her daughter, in the enthusiasm of nuns, monks and the vast crowds of pilgrims who sought the shrine of Christ's birth, the devoted scholar found motive and appreciation sufficient to encourage him in his work. His vision of judgment did not prevent him from reviving his classic studies, and for the instruction of children confided to his care if not for his own entertainment, he opened once more the forbidden pages of the great heathen masters. Yet the Bible was his absorbing study, and at the request of Paula, in spite of his professions of inability, he was led step by step to give a kind of commentary upon nearly the whole of the Scriptures, for the instruction of herself and daughter. Next to those of Paula, stood the claims of the Roman widow Marcella, who upon the death of her mother Albina, sought consolation anew in the sacred books. His first labors were his comments upon the epistles to Philemon and to the Galatians, the Ephesians and to Titus. Then he turned to the Old Testament, and gave an explanation of the book so cherished by the monks, Ecclesiastes. Then (about 390) appeared his tracts on Hebrew proper names—on the names and position of places mentioned in the Bible,—and his Hebrew Questions upon the book of Genesis. In rapid succession came his completion of his translation of Didymus on the Holy Spirit, his seven tracts on Psalm x—xvi, his lives of Malchus and Hilarion, his prosecution of his enterprise of revising the old Latin version of the Scriptures from the Alexandrian,

He now began his great task of translating the Old Testament from the original Hebrew, and by the year 393 completed the books of Samuel, Kings, Job and the Prophets, and meanwhile composed commentaries upon five of the lesser prophets, besides writing at the suggestion of the Roman prefect, his catalogue of distinguished church writers.

From the calm retirement of his cell, the monkish student was now startled by the rise of a powerful adversary of the monastic doctrines. Jovinian had asserted at Rome the worthlessness of celibacy in securing salvation, and maintained that all baptized Christians stood equally accepted in the kingdom of heaven. The ascetic school at Rome was scandalized at this attack upon their darling doctrine, and Jerome as with a scream of horror at the outrage, sprang to the rescue first with two books against the heretic, and then (394 or 395) with an apology for the previous work, whose ultraism was met with scorn from his enemies and fears from his friends. The fierce champion of monasticism, however, must have been gratified at this time with the notice of the renowned Augustine, who first wrote to him in 393, to introduce a young clergyman to his regard, and who afterwards renewed the correspondence. Yet the testy recluse ill brooked the advice even of Augustine, and a jealousy sprung up between two men who of all others ought to have been friends, from their peculiar fitness to benefit each other. Jerome was the scholar and Augustine the theologian. The learning of the one would have been a great aid to the profound thought of the other by furnishing exact

information, whilst the logic of the thinker would have been of invaluable service to the scholar in chastening his rhetoric and invigorating his mind. But these two veterans of the Latin church were upon ill terms one with the other, until at last common hostility to Pelagius brought them into agreement.

The other controversies which in turn engaged the mind of Jerome we can merely mention, as they are so fully treated in church histories. Sad is it when friends fall out with one another, especially friends from youth upwards. Such was the lot of Jerome and Rufinus in the famous *Origenistic* controversy. It was natural enough that Jerome should be troubled at being identified, even in a friendly spirit, at Rome through Rufinus with the school of Origen, for much as he prized the Alexandrian scholarship, he was by his position and nature, little inclined to his Platonizing theology. He erred sadly in going to such extremes, and so reviling the illustrious man whom he had once ranked next to the apostles. Ten years the controversy lasted (394—404), and did not end until it rent Christendom into hostile factions, and brought discord to Jerusalem and Bethlehem. Posterity has very amicably united the two names placed in such opposition by this controversy, for Jerome has been called the Origen of the Latin church. But whilst the Latin father is the superior in broad and exact scholarship, the great Alexandrian bears the palm for philosophical acuteness, penetrating judgment, calm faith and uniform charity.

But it was upon the head of the follower of Jovin-

ian and the oppugner of the rising passion for relics, pilgrimages, celibacy and asceticism, that the fiercest anathemas of the saint were to fall. Nothing in the whole compass of theological controversy has ever come before us, that has seemed more fierce than his second letter against Vigilantius.* He writes as if his dearest convictions of Christianity had been assailed, and as if he saw in his alarm his whole stock of ascetic riches snatched away at one fell swoop by this wretch whom by a play upon his name he calls Dormitantius or sleepy-head.

But even during these years of controversy his studies and correspondence went on. His translation† of the Bible was completed by the year 404, a year marked by the death of Paula. His commentaries were continued during the remaining sixteen years of his life. His prefaces to them are very rich in illustrations of the history of the times. The conquest of Rome by Alaric is brought nearer to us by the pathetic allusions to it in the commentary upon Ezekiel; and the unfinished pages upon Jeremiah, from which death in the year 420 snatched the aged student, are in mournful unison with that age of declension, and that life so solitary and desolate in its close. Yet with all the loneliness of his position, and in the midst of great revolutions that shook the empire, and endangered his own retreat, the soul of the monk could not be utterly desolate. He had something to hope from his labors for the church. With his visions of

* Martianay, Tom. IV. Classis III. p. 279.

† Given by Martianay, T. I. under the name Bibliotheca Divina, not in the edition of Erasmus.

heaven, no mean prospect of influence upon future ages must have been mingled. We are willing to view him as an earnest devotee, and deem the sonnet of the Oxford bard* no exaggeration :

The peaceful star of Bethlehem
 Came o'er thy solitude,
 The radiance of that heavenly gem
 Lit up thy sterner mood ;
 Yea, like a star in murky wells,
 Cheering the bed where darkness dwells,
 The images of earth its happier light imbued.

The thought of the Eternal child
 Upon thy cloistral cell
 Must sure have cast an influence mild
 And like a holy spell,
 Have peopled that fair Eastern night
 With dreams meet for an Eremite, :
 Beside that cradle poor, bidding the world farewell.

Yet other thoughts may have crossed the mind of that old man and blended with his anticipation of bliss. There he rests upon his miserable pallet about to breathe his last. He has lived through a most interesting period—not far, probably, from a century of eventful history. He has known the leading men and taken part in the leading movements of his time. The prominent actors in church and State had passed away. Augustine alone of the renowned fathers survived. The daughter of his cherished Paula, Eustochium, had died the previous year, and with her the brightest thread in his life was rent. He almost alone remains. Yet many signs appeared to indicate that

* The Cathedral. Oxford: 1841. p. 297.

the labor of his life was not to pass away. His eye before it closes forever, perhaps looks upon his books, those friends that were never unkind or variable—upon his own manuscripts, the fruit of years of toil, his commentaries, his translation of the Scriptures, that darling child of his studies. In these thoughts the dying man might well feel happy. As he thought of his years of seclusion, he might deem himself nearer God by withdrawal from the world. But could he have seen gathering around him the images that history must associate with him, what would have been the feeling of the expiring monk? Could his eye have been gifted with aught of the prophetic power that death is sometimes believed to impart, how it would have glowed with pride, as he looked upon that mighty order of men who followed him in the monastic life, who formed communities in all lands, and bore civilization to barbaric wilds, and kept learning in sacred trust during the ages of darkness, who forced their doctrine of celibacy upon the church, made its ministers adopt their discipline, who rose in signal instances above the imperial throne, and wielded power such as was never granted to the sword of Alexander or the sceptre of the Cæsars. Shall we not believe, too, that his eye would have darkened with something of horror, could he have seen the blacker forms in that monkish band who have mortified human appetites only to indulge preternatural passions, and who are to be blamed more than any others for stirring up religious wars, wielding the rack and kindling the fagot? Surely he would have had

little toleration for the degenerated age of monasticism, when retirement from secular observation was too often the shelter of gluttony and licentiousness. Surely, too, he would have gloried in the thought of the innumerable students of sacred learning who were to follow in his steps and call him master. He who could refuse a mitre for the retirement of his cell, could not refuse the wreath placed upon his head by the Council of Trent in the precedence given to his Vulgate Bible. Could he have looked into the cell of the monk of Wittenberg and seen the form of Luther bending with rapture over a copy of that same Vulgate Bible, and drawing from it principles that cast down so much of priestly despotism, and created a new civilization, perhaps the dying man would have found in his pride as a scholar something to console him for the wreck of many superstitions which he cherished as a monk.

But we have a more serious task to pursue than to deal in such imaginations. We are called to give some opinion of the character of Jerome's labors, and of his worth as a scholar, theologian and Christian man.

V.

JEROME AND HIS WORKS.

As a man of letters, Jerome had no equal surely in the Latin church. He stands more than any other man as a connecting link between the literature of the classic and the middle ages. Augustine understood better than he the philosophy and ethics of the old Greek and Roman civilization, and dealt far more than Jerome with fundamental ideas. But with the classic literature in its own form and dress he had small acquaintance. He was not skilful in the use of the Latin tongue, provincial as he was, alike in birth and education; of Greek he knew little, and of Hebrew nothing. Of these three languages Jerome was sufficiently master to enable him to enjoy and interpret their master pieces, whilst in the use of the Latin, he was so accomplished as to win, not without reason, from Erasmus, the unsurpassed Latinist of modern times, the name of the "Christian Cicero." Whether his family was of Roman origin or not, we are not able to say, nor whether from the nursery he learned to prattle in the Latin or Illyrian tongue, but it is certain that from his early childhood he was

taught by a Roman teacher, and thoroughly drilled in the Latin language. If his family was of Illyrian origin, as is probable, it by no means follows that they had not adopted the language of the people who had for centuries governed them, and to whom Illyria had furnished many distinguished men, and more than once, as in the case of the Dalmatian Diocletian, given a monarch in one of her sons. What the original stock of the Illyrian tribes was, is somewhat uncertain. Some deem it to have been Sclavonic, others, like Mannert, and with greater plausibility, trace it to the Thracian family, and consequently to the Pelasgic races. If the Thracian family was in great part of Celtic blood, as we are told on good authority, it would not be difficult to trace that blood in the peculiar temperament of the saint, so sensitive and excitable, so keenly alive to praise and blame, in style and spirit so often reminding us of Irish enthusiasm and French volatility.

His education was such as to bring him into close communion with the best literature extant. In Rome, Constantinople and the East, he had diligently studied, and upon its own genial soil he had devoted himself to the languages and letters of each great nation, who had held the empire of thought. It was a happy circumstance that he flourished when he did—at a time when the classic literature was still taught in the schools, in its original purity, and before the barbaric invasions had done their destructive work with those literary monuments that had already lost their hold upon the ideas and affections of the people. Literature always rests upon religion as its ultimate founda-

tion, and as the leading minds and the popular feelings went over to the Christian church, the literary idols of the classic ages must fall. It was well that Jerome caught so much of their spirit, and breathed it through his translations and letters into the church of the middle ages. Rail as much as he would against the old poets, philosophers, orators and historians, he was always careful to treasure up their riches, and perhaps never showed his obligation to them more than in the very periods in which he set forth their worthlessness, and sent them all to the realm of darkness. The Latin Vulgate has undoubtedly had more influence upon the mind of Europe than any other book previous to the Reformation, and has had no small effect upon the translation and interpretation of the Bible since the Reformation. From Jerome the Vulgate has its chief characteristics. Of this there can be but little doubt, even if we accept the largest estimate that has been made in regard to alterations of that version since Jerome's day. To attempt a critique of the Vulgate is beyond our purpose, to say nothing of our ability. To defend it from all censure would be folly. In some respects, it must be regarded as having done great harm to evangelical religion, as in translating the Greek *μετανοησατε*, agite poenitentiam, rendered in the Douay version so speciously "do penance," and the Greek "*επιουσιον*," super-substantialem, a rendering of the Lord's Prayer so favorable to Romish notions of the Eucharist. But surely none can deny to its style the praise of great richness and majesty, and to its renderings the credit of general fidelity and correctness. We must allow

the translator the honor of singular independence in his mode of dealing with the apocryphal books, and of being unwilling to defer to the prejudices of the age and escape the denunciations of antagonists like Rufinus, by placing them among the canonical Scriptures. His study of the Hebrew language was of itself no small proof of his fidelity to the cause of sacred scholarship. The Hebrew was almost a proscribed tongue. For his devotedness to it, he was accused of an outrage upon the good name of the Seventy, of following a course unexampled by apostles and saints, and of preferring Barabbas to Jesus by becoming the pupil of the Jew Baranina. Augustine too dissuaded him from Hebrew studies, and besought him to be content with revising the old version by the Septuagint, and not alarm the churches by any dangerous novelties. The praise of a faithful scholarship far in advance of his age therefore belongs to the monk of Bethlehem. The earnest pursuit of knowledge under difficulties is always noble. And to judge of Jerome's merit as a Hebraist, we must not estimate his difficulties by the standards of our own day of philological appliances. The grammar of the Hebrew had not begun to be written, the Masoretic text had not been settled, and the Chaldee Targums with the poor interpretations given in the Mishna, constituted the monk's philological apparatus. How far deficiencies could be supplied by the living voice of the teacher, we cannot definitely say. But surely Baranina could not well teach more than he knew, and his knowledge could not have been great when measured by the standard of a Schultens or Gesenius.

It would be very strange if with a temper like his, Jerome did not claim full enough consideration for his own Hebrew renderings. He is unquestionably sometimes unjust to the authors of the Septuagint, and prefers in some instances a poorer translation to that given by them. Yet the position which he occupied, and the qualifications which he possessed, could not but give many advantages over the Alexandrian interpreters, and enabled him certainly to aid Christians in their controversies with Jews by affording a more correct understanding of the Old Testament in its relations to the New. Such men as Stilling claim almost supernatural infallibility for Jerome's Hebrew. It is enough for us to turn to Father Simon's* more candid pages, and learn from this Catholic scholar's admission that the translator of the Vulgate is by no means free from error. We are perhaps safe in saying with Le Clerc and Von Cölln that Jerome learned as he was, never attained to a scientific knowledge of the principles either of the Greek or the Hebrew Grammar.

As a commentator, Jerome deserves less honor than as a translator, so hasty his comments generally are, and so frequently consisting of fragments gathered from previous writers. His merit however is, and this was by no means a common one in his day, that he generally aims to give the literal sense of the passages in question. He read apparently all that had been written by the leading interpreters before him,

* R. Simon, *Histoire, Critique du Vieux Testament*, T. I. pp. 244—249, 257—259, 393—397. Rotterdam, 1685.

and then wrote his own commentaries in great haste without stopping to distinguish his own views from those of the authorities consulted. He dashed through a thousand lines of the text in a single day, and went through the Gospel of Matthew in a fortnight. He sometimes yielded to the allegorical methods of interpretation and showed frequent traces of the influence of his study of Origen. Yet he seems not to have inclined to this method so much from his own taste as from the habit of his time. And if of the four doctors of the church particularized by some writers, to Gregory belongs excellence in *tropology*, to Ambrose in *allegory*, to Augustine in *anagoge*, to Jerome is given the palm in the literal and grammatical sense. We cannot however exonerate him from frequent extravagances as a rhetorician and allegorist. Whilst few will with Erasmus dispute the verdict that assigns to Augustine the dialectic palm, few will deny that the grammatical doctor often rivals Gregory in his tropes and Ambrose in his allegories. Whether writing a letter of acknowledgment to Eustochium for a basket of cherries and a dove, or to Marcella for cups and chairs, or elucidating a prophetic vision or Gospel parable, he could exhibit a proficiency in finding double senses and mystic meanings, as far fetched as anything in Origen, and an ingenuity more suitable for a desperate rhymester than a grave theologian.

Rich and eloquent as his style frequently is, he does not appear to have had very good taste as a critic. He had not that delicate appreciation of an author's meaning, that enables one to seize hold of the main

idea or sentiment, and through this interpret the language and illustrations. He was not a master of reproductive criticism. He could not reproduce the thoughts of the prophets and poets of the Old Testament, in his own mind, and throw himself into their position. Their poetic figures he sometimes treats as logical propositions, and finds grave dogmas in casual illustrations. His want of good taste in the *morale* of many of his allusions, we judge the more clemently from remembering the unnaturalness of his way of life and the effect of his habits of seclusion and mortification upon his notions of social propriety.

As a theologian he cannot be placed among the foremost of his age, unsurpassed as was his influence upon biblical study and ecclesiastical life. As Neander has justly observed, his mind did not so much tend to unity as to details. He was never haunted like Augustine with the passion for ideal truth. Student of the Scriptures as he was, he puzzles us to learn what was his specific belief. He is content to deal with the common places of established doctrine, and although he sometimes startles us as in his assertion that the clergy were originally equal, and that faith in Christ is the rock of Peter, the foundation of the church, with an almost Protestant freedom, he rarely departs from the general belief except to incline the more to monastic superstition. He* obviously had a

* Vide, T. IV. Com. in Matt. Cap. XVI. p. 74, 75. In Ep. ad Galat. Cap. IV. p. 273. Epist. LXXXII. ad Oceanum, p. 648. In Epist. ad Titum, p. 407. Epist. ad Evangelum, CI. p. 802, 803. It will be remembered that all our quotations are from the edition of Martianay.

monk's jealousy of the secular clergy, and makes frequent allusion to their pride. In a spirit not unlike Luther's, he denounces their disposition to arrogate to their own official virtue the power that belongs only to God and his word. They who, like the German Rösler,* have endeavored to drag out a system of doctrine from his works have had but sorry success. As a scholar, he was bold and frequently original. As a theologian, he was little better than a parasite, who lived at other men's tables. His views seem to have differed much at various times, and one, as Simon judiciously observes, must study his relation to his times and their strifes to account for the inconsistencies of his assertions. He leaned upon the prevalent power in most things, and when he felt the growing influence of Rome, he seems not so much from prudence as from the necessity of his nature, to have attached himself to her hierarchy. Hence, as well as for his monastic notions, the honor in which he has been held by Rome. Papacy has no benedictions to bestow upon independent thought, and has given to Jerome the aureola denied to Origen and Tertullian. The monk of Bethlehem clung to Rome like the mistletoe to the oak, and about him monks and priests have gathered in awe and admiration like Druids about their mystic tree.

As a theologian, he affirmed the doctrines of the worth of celibacy, the ascetic life and the use of relics and pilgrimages more than any others, and thus as a positive dogmatist he can meet with little honor from

* Bibliothekder Kirchenvater, T. IX. S. 92—233. Quoted by Schroeckh, T. XI. p. 219.

Protestants. As an antagonist of heretics he was far more prominent, than as a systematic theologian. He was willing to rest upon the symbols of the councils of Nice and Constantinople like the other Catholics of his age. He was not so conspicuous for his defence of their fundamental doctrines as for the assertion of his monastic principles. Although it is not easy to draw out his opinions into a definite system, it is beyond question that most of the views that were afterwards embodied in the papal creed lurk potentially among his pages, and that he did much to prepare the way for prayers to saints and honors to relics, and the whole array of priestcraft. His controversies drew from him his most elegant works; but even in these his rhetoric goes far before his logic, his learning is more conspicuous than his discrimination. Schroeckh asserts no libel in classing him with those men who have read more than they have reflected. Philosopher, orator, philologist, dialectician, Hebraist, Graecist, Latinist; adept in three languages, though he might designate himself, without insincerity, the versatility of his endowments is small compensation in the view of a Protestant mind for his want of independent thought, and for the servility with which he surrendered all his gifts to the service of monkish fanaticism. When as in his dialogues against the Pelagians, he enters the theological lists, we see at once his strength and his weakness. His work shows something of the grace whilst it borrows the form of the Tusculan Questions, yet when compared with Augustine's tract on the same subject, betrays the vast difference between the discursive scholar and the close

logician. In fact his doctrinal system had none of the definiteness of Augustine's, and stickler as he was for the merit of works of austerity, he was not in a position to assail the fundamental doctrine of the precursor of Arminius in the defence of human ability. How little of a champion of free elective grace he was, on the whole, Luther's estimate of him shows. Luther should have spoken with more respect of the scholar to whom he owed so much in his scriptural labors, yet he had no slight grounds for the judgment recorded in his Table Talk: "Jerome should not be named nor counted among the teachers of the church; though he was a heretic, yet I believe that he is saved through faith in Christ. He says nothing of Christ, since he takes only his name upon his lips. I know none of the fathers to whom I am so hostile as to Jerome; for he treats only of fastings, diet, virginity, etc. If he would even make the works of faith prominent and urge them, this would be something; but he teaches nothing, neither of faith, nor hope, nor love, nor of the works of faith."

It is no easy task to portray a character so mingled as Jerome's. We may at once dismiss the fulsome eulogists, who like Martianay and Stilting almost deify him. We cannot go with the extravagant praises which Erasmus heaps upon him in a spirit and style so much like that of the saint himself. As little satisfied are we with those who go to the opposite extreme, and call him like Isaac Taylor a mere intellectualist, or, like Von Cölln, regard sensuality and vanity combined with superstition as the most prominent elements of his character.

An intellectualist he surely was, if "gazing upon books and parchments with fond and greedy satisfaction," could make him so. Yet he was more than a book worm. He was a man of intense feeling, and his chief works are full of the marks alike of his social sensibilities, his irascible passions and his devotional zeal. His intellect always worked with most efficiency when busied in writing to gratify a devout friend's desire of knowledge or to denounce an enemy of the church. Although not prone to ascend from facts to ideas, nor to soar into the realm of the higher imaginations, he breathes into his learned pages a singular fervor, and relieves what else would be wearisome pedantry by a most exuberant and often eccentric fancy.

In the moral elements of his character, he was far from being one of those whom a benignant nature as well as privileged education places among the saints. We wonder that so judicious and well read a writer as the historian Milner, should say of him that he appears never to have known the extreme conflicts with indwelling sin which to later converts have given so much pain. He had most unruly passions. His irascibility yielded not a jot beneath the austerities of his retirement, and the lusts which stained his early days never ceased to affect his imaginations after his habits were beyond the breath of suspicion. We need little wonder that with his peculiar temperament, he chose the ascetic life. His ardent religious sensibility would not allow him to lead a life of pleasure, and he felt no security from the allurements of the world unless removed from its vanities. At once eager to

join in every theological strife, and keenly sensitive to every attack upon himself, he loved a position in which he could act freely upon public opinion from a covert which none could invade. He was as one of those creatures who live in a shell and are alike fierce in their attack and secure in their retreat. His very love of power would combine with his religious zeal and imitative tendency to lead him to the monastic life. Ill fitted to struggle with men of sterner mould in the shock of affairs, he readily yielded to the influence of the ascetic party, and, engrossed by their ideas, he gave more than he secured, and from being at first a follower, he became the leader of the oriental movement in the Western church. His love of study was of course gratified by the course which he took. In his books, in the vicinity of admiring monks and nuns, in a retirement which at once inspired his visions and enabled him to dictate to the universal church, he found an enjoyment not to be found at Rome or Constantinople. From the most distant regions cases of conscience and questions of scholarship were submitted to him. Hedibia of Gaul besought him to clear up her difficulties in biblical study in a series of questions not a little puzzling even in our day, and a young French ecclesiastic came to him with tears, and entreated him to write to his mother and sister to live in the same house and not incur scandal by separate residences and clerical boarders.

That he was fanatical, we must with Isaac Taylor certainly maintain, if fanaticism be the combination of malign feeling with religious enthusiasm. He was a fanatic at once of the scourge and the symbol, and

under different circumstances might have become a fanatic of the banner and the brand. But he declares that he had no enmity to men, only to their errors, and that he neglected his own quarrels to take up those of God—a declaration made undoubtedly by all bigots and made perhaps sincerely whether by a Mohammed or Dominic—a Galerius or Bonner. That he would have wreaked his vengeance upon the persons of his adversaries had they fallen into his power, is not however probable, ferocious as is his invective. He calls himself the watch-dog of the church, and says that his duty was to bay at all her foes. But like all noisy quadrupeds of his class, his bark was worse than his bite. We like less than anything his mode of speaking of the dead who had crossed his path. He declares that Jovinian, the Luther of that time, in swinish indulgence rather belched out his spirit than expired when he died, “non tam emisit spiritum quam eructavit.” He was not gifted with that nice moral sense that is so necessary an element in the religious character and so powerful a check upon fanatical tendencies. In his controversy with Augustine upon the allowableness of falsehood as in the case at issue between Peter and Paul, we cannot but recognize in Jerome the germ of that erroneous principle that bore its ultimate fruits in Jesuit expediency.

That he was the Christian Cicero, may be said with some justice, if the saying means only that he was the most eloquent of the Latin fathers. We may recognize in him too something of the morbid sensitiveness of the Roman orator, and may draw a parallel

between the revolution produced in the Roman mind by Cicero's importation of the Greek philosophy with that produced by Jerome in the Western church by his translation of the oriental theology. We may see too in both great beauty of expression combined with great force of invective, and find in the flatterer of Pompey and the denouncer of Antony, features not unlike those of the sycophant of Damasus and the defamer of Jovinian. But Cicero had a mind of far the larger mould, and however imperfectly he may have attained his wishes, he aspired to see truth in its glorious unity, and had intimations of an immutable morality based upon the eternal law of God, such as never seems to have inspired the soul of the monk of Bethlehem. The fancy is an interesting one that conjectures what course a man like Cicero would have taken had he lived under the Christian dispensation. He surely would have found something in the pages of St. John and St. Paul to save him from the superstitions of the man who has been praised so much as the heir of his eloquence.

To us, Jerome seems to combine certain elements of character that may be found singly in various noted men. He had the patient scholarship and brilliant rhetoric of Erasmus, without his good sense and taste, and the fiery zeal and copious invective of Luther, without his tender humanity and noble clemency. In his eulogium upon the ascetic life and the graces of virginity, he indulged in sentimental raptures, in a style not unworthy of Hervey, the flowery moralist of the tombs, whilst upon topics of merely philological learning, he often exhibits a dry-

ness of detail that tried the patience of good Father Simon, and led the critics of the seventeenth century to turn from his pages in despair. His wayward and petulant temper, his biting jest and shrewd insight, to say nothing of his bearing towards the sex to him so essential and so proscribed, reminds us often of Dean Swift, whilst in visions of angels and raptures of prayer and contemplation, his devotion must place him among those saints, who like Bernard and Francis have thought heaven the nearer as earth and humanity were most despised. Collombet finds in him as the eulogist of Fabiola and Paula the precursor of that master of funeral eloquence, Bossuet, and couples his name with Gerson, as the condescending teacher of children. In his letter to Laeta upon the education of her daughter, the younger Paula, we cannot but take occasion for rejoicing that Fenelon in following his path of celibacy, did not adopt his views upon the education of girls; whilst in his mode of treating of married life and clerical follies, as in his letters against Helvidius, and to Eustochium and Rusticus and Nepotianus, we may frequently imagine to ourselves resemblances, that connect the name of the most ghostly of the ancient fathers with that recent magazine of satire and caricature, whose title is rarely mentioned in theological journals, and whose influence is anything but ascetic.

We cannot leave the subject before us without suggesting a few thoughts that are prompted by this survey of Jerome's life, labors and character. He stands before us as the type of a class of men who have had and still have vast influence upon the church

and world. That he was a monk in the modern sense of that term we are far from saying, for he lived upon principles very different from the rules of Benedict and Bernard. He was not in his mature years the advocate of solitary life, but of life in community, and of this too not under very rigid restrictions. Yet his whole soul was engrossed by the monastic doctrine, and he resented nothing so much as an attack upon the superhuman sanctity of chastity. More than any other man, he has tended to give the Roman church its monastic elements. He virtually laid the foundations upon which Leo and the two Gregories builded, and Paul IV. and Sextus V. labored to restore the papal hierarchy. What would the hierarchy have been without the celibacy of the clergy, and what would the clergy have been without the monastic orders? Behind the magnificent array of bishops, cardinals and popes, we look back to the recluse of Bethlehem as the most efficient advocate of the principles that consolidated their power.

What need of caution in considering the whole system of polity and theology thus based upon a false foundation. The whole papal creed shows the traces of those spectral, unearthly beings, whom Jerome has done so much to form and exalt. Placed in the most unnatural position, exiled from the mild charities, salutary discipline, and common sense education of social life, they were not in a condition to judge of man's true relations to God and his neighbor, much less to be the dictators of religious opinion. It behoves us to think very carefully whether the system of ritual and polity advocated not without considerable

learning and piety in conspicuous quarters of the protestant world, and finding favor from not a few minds in this land of the Puritans, does not owe its peculiar characteristics to men who looked upon marriage as a desecration, and celibacy as the royal road to heaven. Let the divines of Oxford in their admiration of the fathers of the fourth century show up their notions of domestic life as well as of sacramental rites. With the homilies of Chrysostom and Augustine let them translate the letters of Jerome, and give their readers opportunity to see what monkish notions were rising into the ascendant in those days. It is here that Isaac Taylor has found his impregnable position in his controversy with the Oxford Tractarians. He shows beyond question, that if Christendom is to follow the lead of the fathers of the fourth century, we must bow down in reverence before the preternatural glory of the celibate life. We join with him alike in his estimate of the morbid feeling of monastic system, and its tendency to distort the mind, and pervert its sense of Christian truth. Jerome's pictures of himself lead us not at all to covet his state of emotion, and if it be the heart that is the ultimate source of rectitude in moral judgments, we cannot look to him for our faith or morals. Far different the Messiah of the New Testament, far different the apostolic company. We should be sorry even to believe that any worthy husband and father living among those social relations which Jerome deemed so secular and distracting, were liable to be haunted by such visions of lust as tormented the monk's seclusion.

Yet, the life of Jerome ought to make us realize the vast power of self-denial. He was not indeed self-

denying in all things, for even to the last year of his life he railed at heretics in a temper singularly petulant, and even in his closing commentary upon Jeremiah he showed the ruling passion strong in death, alike by the copiousness of his classic allusions and the vehemence of his invective against the Pelagians. Yet he subdued many desires that in him were very strong, and in his devotedness to sacred learning, he merits the gratitude of all earnest scholars. The class of men whom he represents, at last put the world under their feet by being independent of its luxuries, and beyond most of its indulgencies. Their thirst for power, we may not indeed covet. But, surely, as we read of their self-control, and their achievements, we may justly ask ourselves, whether we do not make ourselves too dependent upon fortune, and if it would not be much better for us to have a far harder culture, so that we might more readily live in the plainest manner, and in case of emergency surrender the usual comforts of life rather than bend the knee in sycophancy or stoop to any sin or shame. We have no respect for the doctrine that claims exalted merit for celibacy as such. We have respect for the man who is willing for the cause of science or religion to surrender the charms of a privileged home, and devote himself to the vigils of the student or the exile of the missionary, under circumstances which must compel him to forsake his purpose, or engage in it without wife or child either to share his anxieties or his rewards. One sentiment comes before us with peculiar force after reading the ancient eulogiums upon celibacy—a sentiment of respect for those who forego marriage for the

sake of true piety or charity, whether in the broad walks of philanthropy or at the quiet fireside—a sentiment of contempt for the vulgar notion that stigmatizes the unmarried because they are so, forgetting how often love for parents or brothers and sisters has kept a noble woman from leaving her father's home, and devotion to letters or religion has moved the scholar or missionary to forsake all else for science or for the gospel.

One thought more, and we take leave of the monk of Bethlehem and all his brethern of the wilderness and the cell. They were men, and were driven into retirement by a feeling more or less active in all ages—not a little active now in some of its forms;—that sense of the insufficiency of the world for the soul's needs, that craving for a joy and peace that the world cannot give. Who does not sometimes sigh for retirement—for that “lodge in some vast wilderness,” of which the Christian poet so pathetically sings? This feeling seems now to be reviving among Roman Catholic Christians, and shows itself, moreover, in various forms of thought and association among Protestants, and even free-thinkers. In the mother country a movement has actually been made towards having monasteries under a form “suited to the genius, character and exigencies of the church of England.” In our New England we might marvel at an Antony in his solitary cave, or a Simeon on his lofty pillar of rock. Yet modes of living akin to those of Antony are advocated by some ascetics in diet, and a school of thinkers have arisen who in their zeal for individuality of character and their jealousy of all that comes be-

tween the individual soul and God, place every man upon a peak of such lofty isolation and sublime egotism, that men seem but shadows, the world a phantom, and dispensing even with the mediation of Christ and the Gospel, the transcendental hermit goes beyond even the Stylite, and creates a solitude that even to him would have been intolerable. It is not strange that they who have lived within the atmosphere of such notions, should have a yearning for the ancient church, that meets their craving by ministrations far more congenial with human sensibilities. There is nothing unaccountable in the obvious affinity between Romanism and ultra-spiritualism.

What turn, the dislike of existing things and the desire to come out from them, that shows itself in every age, will take in our day, we cannot predict, nor will we venture to say that there must be ere long a réaction against the prevalent dynasty of gold and the industrial arts. That the movement of Newman will be followed to any great extent we are far from believing, nor do we believe that the great protest against the golden idol is to come from the school of Fourier, and that the coenobites of the Phalanstery are to displace those of the convent and monastery. We must be content with simple Christian principle, and at the feet of the Master be saved alike from subjection to the ascetic of the wilderness who was but his precursor, and to the epicurean who can never be his follower. Among men and in full sympathy with their joy and sadness, we may have our hours of communion with nature and the God of nature. We may deem it one of the best blessings of our improved

civilization, with its stable laws and guardian force, that we may have hours sacred to heaven and the soul without quitting the haunts of men ; that without seeking the wilderness we may have an energy and self-control, that shall prove us like the Baptist, neither the reed shaken by the wind nor the slave of soft raiment, and more than the Baptist, sharers in the full gospel of the divine kingdom, drinking of a living fountain, and sheltered by a tree of life which he foresaw but never found in the Judean wilds. Not to the wilderness, but to God in nature, the Word, the Spirit, we may go and there find fresh zeal for action and new tranquillity after trials.

Even in respect to privileged solitude we would not exchange our own home in this bustling century for the cave of Bethlehem or the cells of Iona.

VI.

JOHN CALVIN AND THE REFORMED SYSTEM.*

WE are all aware how nobly Martin Luther wrestled with the Papal despotism, and won spiritual liberty for himself and people in spite of the Pope's anathemas and the Emperor's legions. We have usually named him the great Reformer, given him a place with Columbus, and Faust, or Gutenberg, the three leaders of modern mind, as the champion of man's liberty to think and speak for himself. In him we see the Reformation in its early enthusiasm, spiritual liberty in the ardor of its first love. Who was to come after him, carry on his work with cool calculation and unwearied patience, and place his name second to that of Luther's among the Fathers of modern Christendom. We can tell very readily

* 1. *Das Leben Johann Calvin's*. Ein Zeugniß für die Wahrheit, von Paul Henry, Dr. der Theologie, Prediger, und Seminar-Inspektor zu Berlin. Hamburg und Gotha, 1846.

2. *Histoire de la Vie, des Œuvres, et des Doctrines de Calvin*. Par M. Audin, auteur de l'Histoire de Luther. Paris, 1841.

who was the man, although Luther himself would have looked without doubt to a far different quarter.

If, at the crisis of the Reformation, after he had burned the Papal Bull, braved the Imperial Council, and by the friendly violence of Frederick, his prince, was shut up in the pleasant castle of Wartburg: if from this mountain eyrie, which he called his Patmos, he had been dreaming like the seer of the ancient Patmos, upon the future prospects of the Church, conjecturing what would be its fortunes, and what strong man would rise up after him to carry out his work, he could not possibly have named the man. Erasmus, the scholar, and Melancthon, the theologian, he knew well; the eloquent Bucer, the intrepid Zwingle, the violent Carlostadt had already given promise of their future name. But not among these nor their pupils was Luther to find a second to himself. Recluse of the mountain, you must look beyond these, beyond Germany for him. While you are enjoying a short breathing time from your labors, a mind is in training for a work, equal in extent if not in nobleness with yours. Of him, afterwards to be head of the church of Geneva, a prophet might well say all that the seer of Patmos heard the spirit speak to the angel guardian of the Church of Ephesus, alike of praise for devoted labor, and blame for forsaking the soul's first love.

Turn from the monk of Wittenberg, at his musings and studies in the castle of Wartburg, and look toward Picardy, in France, a province remarkable for the feudal independence of its nobles and the sturdy manhood of its people, a province not sterile

in strong characters, having produced men as various as Peter the Hermit, preacher of the Crusades, Charlevoix, the Jesuit Missionary of America, Camille Desmoulins and Gracchus Babœuf, the Revolutionists, Condorcet, the free-thinking philosopher, and Beranger, the poet of liberty. We are looking now for a mind superior to either of these, and suppose ourselves in the year 1521. In the noble household of the Mommors, in the town of Noyon, a poor boy, the son of a clerk with a large family and stinted salary, has found a kind home. The boy is twelve years old slender, pale, with prominent eyes, large forehead, and a temperament both bilious and nervous, indicating remarkable quickness and perseverance. His name is John Calvin. He is already destined for the Roman Catholic priesthood, and at this early age he has shown so much promise, that the family who have befriended him have used their influence in his favor, so as to secure for him the income of a small benefice. He will not become a priest. The future has in store for him a far different course. It is our task to trace that course,—to speak of his preparation, his work and its worth.

We will not aim to review the works which we have placed at the head of this article. We suppose that between the two, the friends and enemies of Calvin will be satisfied. Audin is brilliant, but we fear very unscrupulous. Henry is somewhat of a partizan, but more reliable, and disposed to shun the errors of exaggeration which he so condemns in the French defamer of his paragon.

The preparation—of this we will first speak. Calvin

had not, like Luther, to contend with poverty, nor like him to wrestle with fearful passions and sensibilities. His temperament was far more even, and his fortune far more smooth.

His childhood was passed under the protection of a noble family, and before he was twenty years old he had received the income of two or three ecclesiastical offices, without being obliged to fulfil the regular priestly duties of either. When past the age of twelve, he was sent to continue his education at the academies of Paris. He did not go to his new school like the son of the Saxon Miner, on foot, with staff and knapsack, with a companion as poor as himself, to sing songs for his bread. He had for his companions two sons of his noble patron, and at Paris he found a comfortable, although a frugal home in the house of his uncle Richard, a locksmith. Here he carried on his studies in quiet, and when weary with study, he could go in peace to his little chamber, which overlooked a church, whose chants he knew would be sure to wake him in time for his morning lessons. He continued his studies at Paris until the age of twenty, giving particular attention to Latin, in which he became an accomplished writer, and to philosophy, in which he proved his characteristic preference for the logical acuteness of Aristotle, over the glowing intuitions of Plato. He was preparing to complete his theological studies at the University, and enter the priesthood in regular course. During his preparation he had received the tonsure, as preliminary to taking priestly orders.

But from reasons not fully known, whether from

the ambition of his father, the growing trouble in the Catholic church, or the secret antipathy of Calvin for the Papacy, or from all these reasons combined, he changed his course, and studied law, first at the University of Orleans and then at Bourges, where he continued until the year 1532, when his age was twenty-three. That which seemed an interruption of his theological career, proved to be its effectual continuance. The study of the law was a necessary step in the culture of the man who was destined to become not only the creed-maker, but the law-giver of millions. While pursuing his law studies, moreover, he fell under the influences that led him to join the Reformers. Wolmar, who taught him Greek, was a German, imbued with the principles of Luther. He saw the true genius of Calvin, and found in his previous thoughts and experience, not a little to favor the plea in behalf of the Reformation. Calvin returned to theology. His illustrious teacher, the jurist Alciati, lost the most devoted of his pupils, the jurisprudence of France was deprived of one of its most promising lights; the Protestant Reformation gained its chief dogmatist and lawgiver. What inward struggles or spiritual conflicts he went through, we cannot say. He only tells us, that whereas he had before felt sharper stings pierce his conscience, the more closely he looked into himself, solace and comfort came. "God, by a sudden conversion, subdued his heart and made it docile; for, age considered, it had hitherto been somewhat too hardened in such things."

Before he began to study law, he had at times preached. He now appears to take every opportunity to diffuse his sentiments, first at Bourges, then at

Paris. He evidently hoped that the doctrines of the Reformation would prevail in France as in Germany, and that he should find in Francis I. a friend, such as Frederick of Saxony had been to Luther. But Francis had far other aims than the pursuit of truth, and persecuted the cause which his own sister zealously favored. Calvin protested against the persecution. He who afterwards was to be one of the chief of persecutors, proved his first love for toleration by an edition of Seneca on Clemency, a treatise which, with his own classic commentary, combined with the wisdom of the Roman sage, he trusted would soften the royal heart. It was all in vain. He, too, must suffer persecution. In the year 1533, at the age of twenty-four, he left Paris, and never returned but for a few months. The next year he left his native country forever. Unknown to him, his hour was drawing near—the time for his great labor, in a place where he was to be priest and lawgiver, Aaron and Moses at once. Two years were spent in study, intermingled with travel, during which he met Erasmus at Basle, and visited the Duchess of Ferrara, in Italy. Returning in the hope of finding a quiet retreat at Basle, in a canton of Switzerland, then and now the asylum of the oppressed, he seems to have stumbled upon his high destiny. The journey that brought him to Geneva is as memorable in the history of modern Christendom, as was the Hegira of Mahomet to Medina in the annals of the Crescent.

His work now begins. All his studies as lawyer and theologian, all his previous experience as author and controversialist had prepared him to perform it.

In the month of August, 1536, a traveller from the quarter of Savoy, entered the streets of Geneva; a young man of about twenty-seven, with a simple costume, pale countenance and dark and brilliant eye, took lodgings for the night at a hotel. The next morning he intended to pursue his journey. But he had been seen, and was not to be allowed to go. The city was in the midst of commotion civil and religious. As early as the age of Julius Cesar it had enjoyed republican freedom and had lately passed through a severe struggle to recover its liberties from the usurpation of a Roman bishop and an Italian duke. For three years the citizens had cast off the yoke of despotism, and for about one year had openly avowed the reformed doctrines under the preaching of Farel and Viret, two refugees from France. These men, the one as remarkable for the violence as the other for the sweetness of his character, found it very difficult to retain the city in the position to which they had brought it. They were troubled on the one hand by the attempt of the Catholics to regain power, and the reluctance of the innovators on the other hand to submit to salutary order. In common with a large portion of the citizens, they felt the need of a man who could defend the city at once against ducal and papal tyranny and popular turbulence. The moment Viret cast his eye upon that pale young traveller, he felt that a good Providence had sent the needed man. In spite of his earnest entreaties to the contrary and solemn assertions of incompetence, Calvin was forced to remain. Farel so worked upon him by a solemn adjuration, that the traveller gave up his journey, and henceforth Geneva is his home. A

city amid scenery of unrivalled beauty and sublimity becomes the abode of him whose name more than that of any other man has been usually connected with all that is austere in theology and stern in morals. With Mont Blanc and the peaks of Jura before him, with Lake Lemman at his feet, Calvin addressed himself to the great task of his life.

Invited to be at once preacher and theological professor, he wisely chose the latter office; for nature had not given him eloquence, and in the pulpit Fare and Viret were much his superiors in popular address. He saw at once the state of things in the city and the canton, and adopted measures in accordance. Years before his stern principles were embodied in a written code, he showed the spirit that animated him, by his unwavering hostility against the superstitions of papacy and the laxities of liberalism. He was as determined against all free-thinkers and free-livers as against popes and bishops. Measures little in accordance with our ideas of freedom were adopted. We read on the authority of a historian friendly to Calvin, that rules of most burdensome minuteness were enacted by the civil power under clerical influences; as, for instance, a bride who went to church with her hair too much decorated was kept under arrest for three days, as also were two ladies who attended her, and she likewise who had dressed the offending head. Calvin claimed for himself and associates, as representatives of Divine truth, the right to keep watch over the conduct of all the citizens and to exclude from the communion all persons deemed unworthy the privilege either from their opinions or practices. He went too

far for his quiet, if not for the interest of his church. He tried to exclude from their habitual privilege some of the most patriotic citizens, the old champions of civil liberty whose chief sin was their jovial manners and waggish speech. Strife rose, and grew until the ministers were ordered by the civil councils to change their course and dispense the communion as usual. Calvin was inflexible and refused to administer the sacrament at all to so perverse a people. He persisted in his course, until the people were called together by the syndics and the exile of the factious ministers was voted. "Very well," says Calvin, "it is better to obey God than man."

An exile of three years followed—three years spent mainly at Strasburg in constant study and composition, conference with Melancthon and other leading reformers, plans for the progress of the cause, obdurate Geneva herself not being forgotten. His recall then came. He could not be spared from the city that had banished him. He yielded to the entreaty, and in the year 1541, at the age of thirty-two, he returned to spend the remainder of his life. The particulars of those twenty-three remaining years I cannot trace. A few prominent points only can I touch.

Calvin's first work after his return was to dictate a creed and code for the faith and discipline of the Genevan church. By these, combined and confirmed by the concurrence of the civil council, he became virtually, although by no means nominally, master of the city and canton. How strict his creed was, I need not say. As to his mode of church govern-

ment, it was equally strict. Based upon Presbyterian principles, the power of discipline was lodged in a consistory of eighteen members, six to be pastors, and twelve to be lay elders, chosen from the civil councils, upon the nomination of the pastors. The whole plan shows great ability on the part of the framer. It is not easy to see how, under the circumstances, he could have contrived a system better calculated to save the church from the attacks of Catholicism, and the inroads of anarchy. It took the most radical ground against pope, bishops, and all distinctions between ministers, and at the same time was very conservative in its provisions for guarding against the usurpations of the civil power, and the commotions of the populace. The church had republican features, and yet was independent of the state. The state could not administer religious discipline, except when appealed to by the consistory, to punish the obdurate, who had slighted remonstrance and excommunication. It was rather in the details of this system than in its general plan that evil existed. The plan itself indeed established too close a relation between church and state, but it was the minute supervision over conduct, and the austere standard of morals that made of it a galling tyranny to all not of the strictest sect in Geneva.

The system of doctrine and discipline once established, was to be defended. Now Calvin was to show what power was in him, and how far in his study and in the council he deserved to be ranked with an Ambrose, a Hildebrand, a Luther.

The Catholic Church, so far as doctrines are con-

cerned, was his chief foe. He was her most bitter and clear-sighted opposer. In her eye he was a child of Belial, a rank blasphemer, an unconsecrated polluter of the altar. In his eye she was the mother of abominations, as false in doctrine as corrupt in discipline. He saw no beauty in her gorgeous worship, recognized no majesty in her priesthood, made sport of the doctrine of apostolic succession, whether in pope or bishops, and showed no grief that he, unlike Luther and the other reformers, had never taken the order of priest, under the auspices of a Romish bishop. After his return to Geneva, the great reaction in the Catholic church to recover its lost power appeared. The Council of Trent held its first seven sessions. Calvin was all eye and ear to what was going on. The whole matter controverted at the council, and afterwards settled and put forth as divine truth, was as familiar to him as the alphabet. In his "Antidote against the Seven Sessions of the Council of Trent," he struck a bold blow at the returning strength of Rome, and entered upon a warfare which has been waged by his followers ever since. Nature exhibits no enmities more bitter and persevering than that which has always existed between Calvinists and Catholics.

This controversy Calvin waged with the pen. He was soon called upon to use or to direct far other weapons. He might be the foe of Rome, and yet remain a mere radical, leaving Geneva to laxities of opinion and practice more fatal than the Roman yoke. What shall he do in the crisis at hand? The Canton of Geneva, about one sixth larger in territory

than the State of Massachusetts, is virtually entrusted to him. What course shall he take to control the free-thinking, and check the loose-living of the citizens, and bring them up to his notions of Christian order. Let the consistory examine, rebuke, and, if necessary, excommunicate all offenders against doctrine or discipline, and let them who will not heed the church be handed over to the mercies of the civil law, a law breathing the very spirit of the Jewish Theocracy, and coupling infidelity with murder, both in sin and doom. Shall Calvin succeed? Is there no manhood in Geneva that will not be put in leading-strings—no free thought, whose wings will not consent to be clipped? Is there none of the liberty that Paul preached, and which asked for no arm of flesh to enforce its faith? Yes, there is both manhood and free thought, however mingled with passion and error. A contest must come. Who will be victor in the fight? The exile from France, or the old patriot citizen—the despot of the dogma, or the champion of free thought? One or two sketches of scenes must illustrate the parties, and tell the result.

The first scene shall show Calvin's mode of dealing with those whom he considered free-thinkers. He regarded all persons as dangerous infidels who differed from his views of the Gospel in any important respects, and no infidels were to be tolerated. The scholar Castalio was exiled for asserting the freedom of the human will; the theologian Bolsec was banished for insisting upon the merit of good works. One instance yet more signal was to arise and be connected with Calvin's name forever. When a young man of twenty-

five, he had fallen in with a Spanish physician named Servetus, and had engaged to meet him in debate upon the doctrine of the Trinity. Servetus failed to meet him at the time appointed, from fear of being conquered, say his enemies, but from fear of being betrayed to the civil power, he declared himself. About twenty years pass, and while Calvin has been doing his work at Geneva, Servetus has been a wanderer over Europe, erratic and impulsive, but not immoral in his habits, yet in all his roving, we believe, true to his doctrine of the simple unity of God. On the 15th of July, 1553, he enters Geneva a weary and haggard traveller, and seeks a passage to Zurich. He is a fugitive from papal persecution, a refugee from the prisons of Vienna, where he had been put for his opinions, and was awaiting trial. Aware of the opposition to him, he is imprudent enough to go to church. Calvin saw him, remembered him, and gave information against him in the Consistory. He claimed no power for the church over him, but left the case in the hands of the law, merely stating the extent of the Spaniard's heresy. The law was specific. In denying Christ to be eternal God, which he did in language of exceeding violence, Servetus had blasphemed in doctrine, and in assailing Calvin and his system he had shown a spirit of anarchy. Servetus was condemned to die. Where was Calvin now? Author of a tract on Clemency in the day of his own persecution, where is his clemency now that a fellow-creature's life is in great measure in his hands? Commentator on St. Paul, where is his memory for that passage, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him, if he thirst, give him to

drink? Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." He does not stop the awful outrage. True that it is the civil law which passed the sentence; but whose mind framed that law? whose influence sanctioned it? What man was there of such commanding station that he could have modified the terrors of the law by interposing a plea for mercy in behalf of a fugitive stranger, who came to Geneva an exile from Romish persecution? What man was there who threatened to leave the city rather than have the prerogative of the clergy in regard to excommunication invaded, and whose decided purpose to stop an act of bloodshed might have been as effectual as that threat? But no, Servetus must die, and Calvin consents, and allows his sentence to be just. But, cry his defenders, Calvin declares that he was in favor of commuting the sentence; yes, I have read that letter, yes, he is for commuting the sentence, oh, miracle of mercy! for commuting the sentence from death by fire to death in some easier form. Let him have all the credit of that! Let him have all the credit, too, of being willing to save Servetus, if he would only recant. Let Servetus, a lonely stranger among a thousand foes, let him have all the obloquy of being burned at the stake rather than deny his honest opinions, whatever those opinions may have been. His form of faith he confirmed whilst the flames were curling around him, by this prayer: "Jesus, thou Son of the Eternal God, have mercy on me!" He might have been saved could he have changed the order of the words, and called on the Eternal Son of God to save him. Let Calvin's own words explain the deed:

“After the sentence of death was pronounced on him, at one time he stood like a person astonished, at another he gave deep sighs, and at others he shrieked like one affrighted by apparitions; and this increased upon him until he continually cried out, ‘Mercy, mercy!’” At the stake, “Farel with difficulty extorted from him his consent that the assembly should unite with him in prayer. In the meantime, although he gave no sign of repentance, he did not even attempt a word in defence of his opinions.” Not a word in defence there? Alas! the stake is a poor place for argument when every other plea has failed, and death gleams not merely from the faggot but from the faces of a fanatical crowd. This deed was done at Geneva under the auspices of John Calvin, second of the Reformers in name. Emancipated Christendom! where was that liberty that was your first love? Exile from France, how could you think of your own past sufferings after that? How could you see in benignant nature the face of a merciful God?—how look upon Luke Leman’s placid face, image of heaven’s own rest?—how lift your eye to Jura and Mont Blanc, everlasting altars to him the Almighty and all-loving!

With the death of Servetus the power of heresy was broken, for few dared risk his fate. An important enemy still remained in the leaders of the old patriotic party, called by Calvin Libertines, on account of their liberal ideas and their free living. They had fought the battles of liberty, and had small anticipation that Geneva would be freed from Duke and Bishop to fall under the yoke of a French refugee.

Some of these men led loose lives, some haunted taverns, and indulged in coarse jests about the long-faced, saffron-hued theocrat, and gave his name to their dogs. Calvin saw his foes, measured their strength, and prepared for the conflict as for the crisis of his cause. It is an important issue—and one often to be renewed in other countries—it is no longer Hildebrand against the emperor, or Luther against the pope, but a more modern scene: the austere minister against the populace and their favorite leaders. Who will win? The conflict comes to a point between Calvin and Perrin, a brave cavalier of the old school, far more versed in battles and story-telling than in metaphysics or theology. Calvin called him the mock Cæsar, and he called Calvin the hypocrite. The struggle between them continued thirteen or fourteen years; Perrin's aim was to deprive Calvin and the consistory of the power over discipline, and to transfer the power of excommunication to the civil council. Already, in the early stage of the struggle, Perrin had been once imprisoned for his rebellious course, and Calvin showed that he had physical as well as moral courage, by going boldly in the midst of a mob, and awing down the populace, who were infuriated at the outrage upon their favorite. Perrin recanted, but only to wait a better time. Years afterwards the time came. One of the patriot party who had been excommunicated by the consistory appealed to the council for redress, and with Perrin's aid the appeal was successful, and by a vote the council took to itself the power of excommunication. The whole fabric of the Genevan Church is thus in danger! Where is Calvin? He does not

shrink from his post ; he stands his ground bravely ; and here he, in principle, is right. The power of spiritual discipline belongs to the Church, and not to the State. He openly declared in the pulpit, "for my own part, I will suffer myself to be slain, rather than allow this hand to stretch forth the sacred things of the Lord to those who are lawfully condemned as despisers of God." Yet, in the afternoon, he declared himself not disposed to resist the civil power, and that he must leave the city if the council persevered. This stand alarmed his friends, and discomfited his enemies ; the order in council was reversed ; Perrin with his friends was banished. Henceforth Calvin reigned in Geneva, victor over papist and heretic, free-thinker and patriot.

Seven years afterwards he died, aged fifty-five, having continued to preach until two months before his decease, and showing to his last breath the same zeal for the doctrines and discipline of the Church. The week before his death he invited his brother ministers to a supper at his house, as was usual previous to the communion. He was carried from his bed to the adjoining room, when he said, "I come to see you, my brethren, for the last time, never more to sit down with you at table." He offered prayer, ate sparingly, and, then, was borne away to his bed never to rise again, saying with a smiling countenance, "this intervening wall will not prevent me from being present with you in spirit, though absent in body." Tranquilly he died, the attendants hardly discerning the passage from life to death.

By his own request no monumental stone was

erected in honor of his name. In the words of his friend and biographer Beza, charity may perhaps say:

'Twas modesty, his constant friend on earth,
That laid the stone unsculptured with a name;
Oh! happy turf enriched with Calvin's worth,
More lasting far than marble is thy fame!

He died and his work remained. What is its worth? I regret that so few words must suffice to answer this question. His worth is measured by his character and the principle he set in motion.

What was his character? In intellect clear and logical, not beguiled by fancy, nor exalted by imagination, he stands in the front rank of deductive thinkers, a prince among those system-makers who starting from certain principles carry them out to their strict conclusions. He was a remorseless logician, not modifying by collateral instincts or sympathies the deductions of his understanding. He was not deterred from his sober purpose even by superstitious feelings or wayward fancies. He never saw devils as Luther thought he did, and never brought the allegorical conceits of his time to the interpretation of Scripture. His intellect was as cool as an experienced lawyer's, as patient, as persevering in establishing principles and applying them to cases. He had much trouble in his sometimes irritable temper and was not unwilling to confess the failing. Yet his difficulty in this point came more from irritable nerves than from a deeply impassioned nature. He had none of Luther's glowing fancy, little of his love of natural scenery, his passion for music, his delight in the arts that adorn

the home and the altar. He had an intellect by nature Puritanical, and it cost him little effort to exchange an imposing cathedral for an ungarnished and uncouth conventicle. Luther was much more of a Catholic churchman, and in his view of the Lord's Supper he showed the mystical element in his nature, by recognizing a real presence of Christ in the elements which Calvin regarded merely as emblems divinely blessed. The two never met, yet this was the point at issue between them.

In heart he was conscientious, faithful to what he deemed his duty, not ardent in his affections, more prone to pride than vanity, tending to substitute for the law of love the law of fear. His piety was more the prostration of a subject before a sovereign than the communion of a Son with the divine Father. His charity to men was shown more in what to his mind was the greatest beneficence in efforts to impress doctrines and urge duties than in free sympathy or generous brotherhood. In his personal friendships he was unlike Luther, a much cooler friend and more deliberate opponent. He could not weep like the Saxon in agony over a child. His letters after the death of his father, his wife and his only child show, little of a breaking heart. His pen turns easily from the mournful theme to write of other things. If his idea of woman is to be taken from his own description of the qualities needed in his wife, a good nurse is the ideal of the sex. The fact that his constitution was nervous and sickly may excuse such an opinion.

In active power, he was more the student and the adviser than a man of executive will. He was nerv-

ous and timid and naturally retiring, with little disposition or gifts to move him to be forward even in a sphere so quiet as the pulpit. In his study, he could be the theologian, the lawyer and the statesman. He did not love the market-place, the council or the social hall. Necessity seemed to make him what he was, the theocrat of a new Israel. Yet no necessity could change his nature, or give him the warm blood and heroic will of Luther. Luther's weapon was the broad-sword fiercely wielded; Calvin's the well-tempered rapier adroitly handled; or perhaps the battle-axe of Richard and the Damascus blade of Saladin might better indicate the militant qualities of the two. Luther charged the enemy like Murat with a bravery that wins shouts of admiration even from their ranks. Calvin is the cold, planning tactician overlooking the contest and making deep plans to lead the whole to the issue needed for his aims. By the Catholics Luther is called a madman and Calvin a fiend. We are content with calling the one the heroic champion, the other the creedmaker and disciplinarian of the Reformation.

Was Calvin a bigot and persecutor? Much more so than his defenders allow, but not more than the ideas of his age warranted. He was not more cruel than most of his compeers, but he had the power and disposition to translate into deeds the principles, which they—even Melancthon himself among them asserted in words. In toleration and humanity he falls below Luther, below the ancient fathers; below Augustine, his model, whose heart was inflamed with charity as well as zeal; below Ambrose, whose mighty crosier

was lifted against the destroyers of the Spaniard Priscillian, as against the arrogant Emperor Theodosius; far below Paul his favorite apostle, defender of love as of faith; far, far below the standard of Him who had angels at his command, but preferred rather to suffer than to inflict pain, allowed his majestic brow to be torn with thorns, and his spotless hand to be outstretched upon the cross and pierced with nails. There was blood on the Saviour's hands it is well said, but it was his own. There was blood on Calvin's hands, but alas, it was his brother's. Let us beware of condemning his bigotry in a spirit baser even than bigotry. If we mistake indifference for charity, if we care more for a silver dollar than for a Christian doctrine, we are unworthy to censure a man who like Calvin was willing in attestation of his faith to bear the same pains that he would have inflicted upon others. But if we are worthy of our privileges, worthy of this soil that has never been wet with the blood of religious persecution, worthy of our liberal faith whose chief defender interposed between an atheist and the civil law, unwilling that a hoary infidel should be punished for his blasphemous sayings, if we feel mercy and still love truth, then may we speak, though more in sorrow than in anger, of the bigot spirit of John Calvin.

We may speak of this, and none the less remember his earnest fidelity and self-denying toil—his good services and salutary influences. His great doctrine was, the sovereignty of God. This was the centre from which his five points sprang, even as the peculiarities of Luther sprang from his views of faith.

God is sovereign—man is rebellious; God's will is law—he elects at pleasure those who are to be saved, redeems them by his partial favor from their doom, regenerates them by irresistible grace, and secures their final perseverance. This doctrine created a mighty race. The elect, or those deeming themselves such, felt a divine arm under them. They formed a kingdom of saints above the world—a republic of brethren equal with one another. Without some such system to work upon the minds of the believer, it is difficult to see how the liberties of the middling classes could have been won and sustained. The doctrine, however discouraging to the sinful, strengthened the faith of the Christian with something of the force of fatalism, and made men confessors in peace and heroes in war. The republic of saints was the idea that struggled bravely against the laxity of the world and the tyranny of the priesthood—made the plebeian Roundhead victor over the lordly Cavalier—sent forth the pilgrim band to cross the ocean, like a new Israel over another Red Sea, and has laid the foundations of modern freedom. Happy will it be, if the idea of the republic of saints is not, too, entirely done away—if we learn its lesson of truth, without its arrogance and contempt—happy if its borders are so extended and so limited as always to exclude from power men benighted by ignorance or darkened by crime.

Yet this doctrine of election and total depravity has led to many evils as well as blessings, in respect to personal religion, church and state government, literature and general life. If its statement of man's imbecility and God's predestinating will has checked

human pride and exalted the divine sovereignty, it has sometimes led the alleged non-elect to despair, and the alleged elect to substitute for the pride of self-reliance, the arrogance of favorites of heaven, and to disparage good works to honor faith the more. In government, both in church and state, if it has taken power both from despot and demagogue, to give it to the republic of saints, it has sometimes made the yoke of brethren as galling as that of lords. If in literature and art it has invigorated the understanding and practical energies, it has stripped life of much of its poetry, sacrificed the usual helps of faith in its estimate of divine decrees, damaged music and poetry, slain architecture, robbed nature and life of much beauty, enclosed the fountain of salvation with a five-barred fence, and pruned the tree of life of its lovely foliage, in order to trim its exuberant branches into the form of the theological pentagon. But none who see the influence of Calvin's system of government upon modern society, now that his excesses are done away, will revile his name. His name is perhaps too little honored. Catholics, Episcopalians, Methodists all disclaim him. Few of the Presbyterians, the sect most faithful to him, adopt all his dogmas. His own Geneva is now in Unitarian hands, and the Geneva of New England, Boston, is no longer Calvinistic.

Yet, of late, an attempt is made to revive his influence. Great names at Geneva, and in Scotland especially, aided here, are combining in the work. A society has been organized wholly for the republication of his works, whilst his name has been brought n to new prominence, by the remarkable biographies

from the pen of his learned eulogist, Henry, and his brilliant and unscrupulous defamer, Audin. Nothing now in the religious world is more marked than the alliance of all who bear Calvin's name in the new crusade against the pope. Where is our place in the conflict? With neither; we bow down neither to the mitre, nor the dogma, whoever may wear the one, or proclaim the other. Our stand is upon the free Gospel of Christ. We commend Calvin's effort to unite Church-order with Gospel-liberty, but mourn that in his search for order he fell into tyranny, and left his first love.

VII.

TERESA AND THE DEVOTEES OF SPAIN.*

IN point of romantic incidents, striking characters, and significant movements, the sixteenth century yields to no other age since the Apostles. To present even a faint outline of its prominent events or persons

* 1. *Obras de la Gloriosa Madre Santa Teresa de Jesus, Fundadora de la Reforma de la Orden de Nuestra Señora del Cármen, de la Primitiva Observancia.* En Madrid. 1793. 2 vols. 4to.

Works of the Glorious Mother St. Teresa de Jesus, Founder of the Reformed Order of Our Lady of Carmel of the Primitive Rule.

2. *Cartas de Santa Teresa de Jesus. Con Notas del Exc.^{mo} y R.^{mo} Sr. D. JUAN DE PALAFOX Y MENDOZA, Obispo de Osma, del Consejo de su Magestad.* En Madrid. 1793. 4 vols. 4to.

Letters of St. Teresa de Jesus, with Notes by Palafox.

3. *Œuvres tresè-complètes de Sainte Thérèse; Des Œuvres complètes de S. Pierre d'Alcantara, de S. Jean de la Croix, et du Bienheureux Jean d'Avila, formant ainsi un tout bien complet de la plus célèbre Ecole ascétique d'Espagne.* Paris. 1840-1845. 4vols. 4to.

Complete Works of St. Teresa, St. Peter of Alcantara, St. John of the Cross, and the Blessed John of Avila; forming thus a very complete Whole of the most noted Ascetic Schools of Spain. Translated by various hands and Edited by Migne.

4. *Vie de Sainte Terèse.* Par F. Z. COLLOMBET. Lyonet, Paris. 1844. 12mo.

Life of St. Teresa. By Collombet.

would exhaust the limits of our article, instead of furnishing a brief introduction. It is enough, after thinking of that imposing array of princes, prelates, theologians, saints, martyrs, discoverers, heroes, to close our eyes to the historic page, and allow the various forms to arrange themselves in order as they will, and march in grand procession before the imagination. Far in the van, the precursors of the mighty host, appear Gutenberg and Columbus, leading on the future as with magical power,—the one, by the mechanism that gives wings to thought, the other, by the discovery that startled the Old World from its complacent slumber, and opened a new hemisphere to its bold adventurers and in time to its independent thinkers. Preceded by such heralds, the host draws near, at first seeming a confused mass, but soon presenting three nearly distinct divisions. At the head of one walks the monk Luther, with all the stout Teutonic heart beating beneath his cassock, the modern Hermann against the modern Rome; at the head of another marches, with military step, the soldier-saint, Loyola, with the blood of Spain boiling in his veins, the new Cid of a new crusade. In the rear, and in the interval between, stands another company, led by the man of middle courses, the wavering Cranmer, backed by the bluff Henry, and guiding on England and her mighty future. Thus Germany heads the movement, Spain the reaction, whilst England aims for the middle ground. The end is not yet. Which of the three tendencies will finally prevail the historian must leave it to the prophet to decide.

We turn now to Spain as it was in the sixteenth

century. She alone of the great powers of Europe shared but little in the spirit of the Reformation. Our common ecclesiastical historians have scarcely a word to say of her Protestant Reformers, whilst the voluminous Schroeckh dismisses the subject in a few passing paragraphs,* narrating the murder of Diaz, the martyrdoms of Pontius, Gonsalve, Cazalla and his followers, and the imprisonment of the Canon of Seville, Foncius, and the Archbishop of Toledo, Carranza, two distinguished theologians whose association with Charles V. in his retirement led to the strange report that the monk-king himself inclined to the Lutheran doctrines in his last days. Yet the little of the reform spirit that appeared was soon suppressed by the Inquisition, and, in the opinion of Schroeckh, would hardly have appeared at all but for the connection established with Lutheran Germany by the imperial court.

Thus Spain, after the eventful interval of a thousand years, was faithful to the *prestige* with which she first appeared in the annals of Christendom. In the death of Priscillian, the Spanish soil was stained with the first blood shed by Christians for opinion's sake, and thus in the fourth century the bigot Idacius and the tyrant Evodius displayed traits which found fit imitators ages after in the Dominics and Torquemadas of the Inquisition. The Spaniard Theodosius carried to the imperial throne a spirit not unlike that of Charles V., and the great Council of Constantino-ple, held in his reign, may be named as a forerunner

* Seit der Reformation, II. 791 - 800.

of that of Trent. Spain, too, furnished the prince who gave the fatal blow to Arianism, and the Goth Recared was a man of the reaction, like his terrible successor, Philip II., who reigned a thousand years after.

In some respects it seems unaccountable that Spain should be so far (by three centuries surely) behind the other nations of Europe. In the Middle Ages, her people were remarkably independent, and led a life as free as Scottish Highlanders. Yet the pressure of the Moors upon them for so many centuries tended to neutralize all religious differences, to unite them in a burning fanaticism against the Moslem, and thus prepare them to enter with all the unity of a single militant church upon the century in which Germany, France, England, and even Italy, were rent by hostile factions. With a strong sense of personal dignity in civil matters, the Spaniard became in respect to religion the slave of utter absolutism. Catholicism has wrought this paradox. "In the Middle Age an element of liberty, and since the sixteenth century an element of reaction, it has," says Quinet, "imprinted this double character upon the mind of Spain."

The leading characters of the Romish movement in Spain are not in danger of being neglected by modern historians. Ferdinand, Isabella, Ximenes, and Charles V. have been portrayed by more than one master-hand, whilst students of history now wait anxiously for the publication of a work on Philip II. from one whose name stands for ever identified with the annals of Spain.* It is our purpose now to deal with a lead-

* We are glad to possess the work on Spanish Literature, so much needed and so long expected. The old pupils of Professor

ing spirit in the reaction, whose claims have been generally overlooked by Protestants,—one who brought to the Roman see, not the aid of sword or dungeon, axe or fagot, but the fervor of a flaming piety and the sacrifice of a devoted life. We speak of her not unworthily named with Isabella, as wearing her mantle of zeal and power. To whom can we refer but to Teresa of Avila, honored by popes with the title of Doctor of the Church, and revered by devotees as the illumined teacher and the elect exemplar of the life of prayer?

We pursue this subject with more than a general historic interest, not only on account of the genuine zeal and power of her life, but because she reflects so fully in her various works the spirit of the Catholicism of her time, and enables us to see clearly the good and the evil that are the legitimate fruits of the system which absorbed her whole soul. We cannot say that she was as wax beneath the seal of Rome, for she had too much intrinsic vitality to be compared to any thing so passive. She was rather like the vine that climbs around the marble column, and in its growth takes its form from the stone to which it clings. We have never appreciated so fully the genius of Romanism as from the study given from time to time, for a year or two, to the pages of this saint of the flaming heart.

We have been guided chiefly by the work named

Ticknor can never forget his course of lectures. The mere outline or syllabus which we have preserved is a better guide to the student than Bouterwek or Sismondi.

third upon our list,—Migne's four volumes upon Teresa and the ascetics of her school. We cannot say much in favor of the French Abbé's editorial fidelity, except so far as good proof-reading is concerned. Without any explanatory notes, without even naming the translators to whom he is indebted for the several versions, without giving us the literary history of the various editions before published, he has collected in one huge mass all that most nearly concerns the Saint and her associates. We had supposed that the Life by Villefore inserted here was a new production, until we learned from another source that it was first printed in 1712. However, such omissions as we have noticed are easily supplied, and we are greatly indebted to Migne for bringing together so much valuable matter in so cheap and available a form, and with such correct printing. By comparing, as far as we are able, the French versions given by him with the Spanish originals named first and second on our list, we find, that, although the meaning is in general faithfully given, the style is much altered, often completely *Frenchified*, and the homely, unaffected, and often awkward sentences of the saint have been drilled into the dancing step of the French rhetoricians of the age of Louis XIV. The letters, in themselves more smooth and colloquial, are better rendered than the treatises. We will not try to name the various editions of her works since the first, which appeared in 1588, six years after her death. The most desirable is that of Madrid, 1793, of which the only copy in the country, as we are led to believe, is in Harvard College Library, and of this copy we have

been able to avail ourselves. As to translations, they are numberless, especially in the French language; yet Collombet and his coadjutors think there is room for a still better version than any extant, and have devoted themselves to the labor. The English version by Abraham Woodhead (2 vols. 4to., 1669) we know only by name and by scattered quotations.

Of the nine or ten biographies of the Saint that have any name, that by herself is of course the most valuable, notwithstanding its abrupt and unskilful method. Its very faults reveal her character, and relieve us of the suspicion that she is writing for effect, or under the dictation of ghostly inquisitors. Adding to her autobiography the *Life* by Villefore, patient and faithful, yet rather heavy, and the sketchy but very instructive *Memoir* by Collombet, and we are able, with such hints as her own works afford, to form a pretty good idea of Teresa and her times.

Turn we now to Old Castile, that central province of Spain, so long the disputed territory between Christian and Moor, and taking its name from the strongholds that were built upon its domain to keep off the invader. We select as our starting-point the year 1522, a date strongly marked in the annals of Christendom. There was a momentary lull in the great tempest that had been rising over Europe. Then Luther was in his mountain fastness, his Patmos, busy with the Scriptures and meditating a return to Wittenberg with new weapons from their invincible armory. Then, too, Loyola, laid up for a season by his wound, was passing, in his sick room at his father's castle, through a conflict sterner than that of the fight

of Pampeluna, and, exiled by lameness from battle-fields, was inflamed by mystical visions to organize and lead forth a militia of the cross. Of Luther and Loyola the family of Alphonso and Beatrix da Cepeda, in Avila, then knew nothing, yet were not strangers to the spirit that was brooding over the waters which bore the Christian ark in that eventful period. In the year spoken of, this goodly household, which in the course of time rejoiced in as many children as Jacob had sons, even the patriarchal twelve, was alarmed at the sudden disappearance of two of the younger children, a girl of seven years and a boy of about the same age. One of their uncles was put, among others, upon the track of the little runaways, and at last overtook them at some distance from the city. He demanded of them the reason of their strange conduct, in thus running from home with their odd collection of provisions. They told him, with great simplicity, that they were going to find the country of the Moors, to preach to them the cross and win the crown of martyrdom, and thus escape the eternal torments of which they had heard so much. The uncle unceremoniously bade them have done with their nonsense, and go home to their mother. She, good woman, although a great zealot in her way, scolded them soundly, and dried her tears. The brother, like another Adam, threw the blame upon his sister, and said that she had urged him to take the journey. The little girl could not deny the charge. Unconsciously she was preparing for herself an illustrious career. This was the first step towards saintly honors ever taken by Teresa, the most noted woman

of the Catholic Church in the country, beyond all other, zealous for the faith,—the country called the very land of fealty, "*terra obedientiæ.*"

The decided rebuke thus received did not wholly daunt the little devotee. With her brother she piled up stones in the garden, and called them hermitages, while she amused the little girls who came to see her with making monasteries and playing the nun. She caught this spirit from both parents, who were very devout. Her mother's death, which occurred when Teresa was about twelve years old, made a great impression upon her, and moved her to pray the Blessed Virgin to be to her a mother.

But not even the tears of bereavement, nor all her Ave Marias could save her from temptations incident to her sex and country. Her good mother with all her love of such books, as the Golden Legend, Spiritual Garden, and Lives of Saints, had quite a passion for romances, and this was not without influence upon the susceptible daughter. She became a devourer of stories of love and adventure, and her young heart doubtless beat fast as she read of the prowess and amours of Amadis and Florisando. A companion of like age added to this disposition, and led her into a passion for dress and all the vanities of the world. The grave father saw with sadness the change, and, too chivalrous to prohibit the worldly friend from visiting the house, sent his daughter at fifteen to the Augustinian convent in Avila, at once to pursue her education and renounce her follies. At first she was ill at ease among the nuns, but soon their tenderness and zeal won upon her affections, and recalled all the

piety of her childhood. One of the sisters did much to cheer her spirits and stimulate her faith, during the year and a half of her residence there. This tender ministry was succeeded by the sharp discipline of disease. Brought on partly by the influence of seclusion upon a delicate constitution, and partly by the violence of her mental conflicts, she fell into severe illness, and was obliged to quit the convent first for her father's house, and afterwards for the country-seat of her elder sister, Maria. Here, apparently, her career as a recluse was at an end. Her health could not endure seclusion, and her father was determined never to part with her. But life is always full of surprises, and the trials that promised to end virtually began her monastic career.

Her youth may be regarded as passed, and she now enters upon the course that has given her a name in history. The decisive step was taken in part from the impression left upon her mind by a visit to her uncle Pierre, a man noted for his devout life and studies, but in greater part from the writings of that singular being who has won such fame alike for his learning and his superstition, and has exercised over the female heart for centuries the same influence that turned the heads of the Roman ladies of the fourth century,—the Monk of Bethlehem. Over the story of nearly twenty years of her life, strangely mingled with devotion and doubt, rapture and despair, but devoid of true peace, we might well write as a fitting title the name of him who never taught and never found true peace,—Jerome.

She, who at the age of seven stole away from home with one of her brothers to convert the Moors, at eighteen left her father's house with the same secrecy, and early one morning, attended by her brother, presented herself at the gate of the Carmelite Convent of the Incarnation in Avila, bent on a sterner sacrifice than that of martyrdom.

"Sed te manet suavior
 Mors, pœna poscit dulcior,
 Divini Amoris cuspidè
 In vulnus icta concides."*

By this step she decided her destiny. Henceforth, the life of this impassioned girl was to be identified with that monastic Order, which, professing to derive its sanction from Elijah of old, who made Carmel his favorite haunt in the tenth century before Christ, was founded by Berthold of Calabria on that loveliest of sacred mountains, in the twelfth century after Christ. From the *sierras* of Spain the ascetics on the hills of Palestine were to meet with the most fervent response, and the revolutionary sixteenth century was to repeat the monastic enthusiasm of that noontide of Popery, the twelfth century. Teresa chose this convent on account of her friendship for one of the sisters, and the regularity of life within its walls. Her father no longer withheld his consent, and, yielding to her perseverance, resigned her, as he deemed, to her Saviour. The gay *senorita* is now the demure novice, given up to the labors and devotions of the convent, and, as she pleasantly says of herself, employing sometimes

* Breviary, Pars Autumnalis, Oct. xv.

at the broom the very hours given of old to amusement and vanity. But in spite of her zeal, so great as to lead her to surpass her associates in the rigor of her observances, and her charity, so tender as to move her to nurse a poor ulcerous nun from whom the others shrank in disgust, she suffered painful doubts and passed through fearful conflicts. Yet she never utterly despaired, and the light that flashed as from heaven upon her soul was hailed as a miraculous message to cheer her on in her course. On the 3d of November, 1534, she pronounced her vows.

Still she was not at peace, either in body or mind. Wretched health combined with miserable misgivings to torment her. She was evidently sinking under the pressure, although the sweetness of her temper was unharmed by all she underwent. The relaxed rules of the Carmelites had not continued in force the primitive method of entire isolation, and, at the instance of her friends, Teresa withdrew from the cloister, and, under the medical attendance of an old woman, who seems to have been a sorry quack, she passed several months, chiefly with her sister Maria, in the country. She evidently thought little of the medical aid afforded her, and sought eagerly good books and good advice for her soul. She quite won the heart of the priest, her confessor, although the chief spiritual advantage seems to have been received by him. He told the young devotee of his amours with a woman whose arts had completely entrapped him, and rebuked by counsel from such a quarter, he renounced the connexion, and within a year died, as was thought, in the odor of sanctity. Her illness

found no relief. For several days she was thought to be actually dead, and her grave was prepared in the grounds of the convent. She regarded this terrible crisis as the result of her father's unwillingness that she should endure the fatigue of confessing. She was in such a sad condition, that she could be moved only in a large cloth held by two persons, each at one end. As soon as she thought herself slightly relieved, she begged to return to the convent. There for three sad yet not desolate years, she lived in prayer and suffering, an utter cripple. Then she began to enjoy new strength, and, in general, felt tolerably well.

Now the demon of whose cunning and pertinacity she has so much to say laid in wait for her, and as she thought, turned the happiness of convalescence into a fearful danger to her soul. Friends of course came to congratulate her upon her recovery, and the interviews at the grated window proved sometimes more attractive than the devotions of the cell. Who the companions were whose society was so fascinating the saint does not tell us; although the manner in which she speaks of one person, without specifying the name, leads us to suppose that this bride of heaven was not wholly free from human sensibilities. A vision of the Saviour with an expression of severity on his countenance concurred with the illness of her father to rebuke her distraction and win her back to prayer. Yet even her father's death, which took place in 1550, was not sufficient to establish all her affections upon heavenly things. She lived over virtually the life of the monk of Bethlehem, and scenes

of social enjoyment and visions of saints struggled for the mastery of her imagination.

After twenty years of conflict, her heart appears to have come under a new influence, and to have risen into a higher peace. The ghostly Jerome, whose epistles had driven her into her early novitiate, now retires into the background, and she comes within the influence of that noted father of the ancient Church so celebrated for ministering to troubled minds out of his own perplexed experience. Somewhere about the year 1553 she took up the Confessions of Augustine. Reading these burning pages with prayer for the saintly writer's intercession, she melted into tears as she came to his account of the walk in the garden, and of the voice that called him to renounce the world and live for God. She heard the same voice, and the heart of the poor nun, moved as never before, appears to have been led by the great Numidian to stand for the first time upon cheerful Evangelical ground.

The name of Augustine, then, might be deservedly written over the second portion of her career, as that of Jerome over the first. For twenty years' wandering, as with John the Baptist, in the wilderness of ascetic penitence, she now found herself at her Saviour's feet, and rivalling the Magdalen herself in the fervor of her penitence and the flame of her piety. Her new religious experience, so peaceful and so rapturous, puzzled her own mind as much as it did the sage doctors whom she consulted. Her first two advisers thought the whole a device of the devil, but recommended her to consult a priest of the

famous Company of Jesus, which had just founded a college at Avila. The Jesuit Padranos understood her case better, and prescribed for it with remarkable wisdom. "Oh!" writes the Saint, "what a wonderful thing it is to understand a soul!" He counselled her to reflect daily upon the humanity of Christ, and meditate upon the divine fulness of his tender charity: Soon after,—this was in 1557,—a greater than Padranos gave her the same important advice; none other than the noted Francis Borgia, who had just returned from a visit to the imperial solitary, Charles V., afforded her the benefit of his counsel and the light of his peculiar experience in the spiritual life. Her next confessor, Ferdinand Alvarez, carried out the spirit of these counsels, and advised her especially to implore directly the influence of the Spirit to remove the remains of the carnal mind. He urged her to use often that noble hymn.

"Veni, Creator Spiritus,"

a hymn which none can fervently repeat without good, and which led the heart of Teresa to new fervor and assurance. It now flames up in the raptures of prayer, and her autobiography becomes a glowing treatise upon the four steps in the devout life.

Now came troubles from a new quarter. Relieved from the worst part of her mental distractions, the poor nun was sorely tried by external vexations. The story of her experience was noised about among all the pious gossips of the town, and soon made her painfully conspicuous. Her director was advised to put a check to her illusions, and was induced to re-

strict her attendance at that hallowed table which was the source of so much of her inspiration. There is something very touching in the language in which she appeals to her Saviour for consolation at this trying time. Left to herself, without friendly solace, and taught even to distrust her own soul and Divine influences, she turned to him who came to be the Comforter. "O my Lord! indeed you are the only true friend! and how powerful, since you can do what you will! and you never cease to will, if you are entreated! Although all the learned rise up against me, all created things persecute me, demons torment me, may you not desert me, Lord, since I have experience of the gain which you have in store for all who put their trust in you!"* At these words, peace returned to her, and a voice seemed to come from heaven:—"Have no fear, my daughter, since it is I, and I will not leave you; fear not."

She needed now a wise and experienced adviser, and thought herself happy in the aid of Balthazar Alvarez, a Jesuit, who was her confessor for a long time. But her singular experience, her visions now of angels and now of hell, left her in some perplexities which even his art could not remove. It was well that Pierre of Alcantara, one of the chiefs of the Franciscan Order, noted alike for his charity and devotion, brought to her relief the aids of his veteran experience in spiritual conflicts. The old man comforted the Saint greatly, and from specimens of his mind given in the third volume of Migne's collection,

* Obras, I., pp. 204, 205. Vida, C. XXV.

we cannot but own that the counsel of so benevolent, self-denying, and wise a man must have been valuable to any one in trouble. Without doubt, the influence of this good Franciscan led Teresa to attach more value to a life of practical usefulness, and tended to cure her of a part of that morbid self-consciousness which habits of secluded introversion create. The mind is like the body, and the director of consciences may learn a useful lesson from the blunt physician, who, when drugs failed to cure the dyspeptic, prescribed the oil that exudes from an axe-handle when in full play at wood-chopping, and the patient was cured. St. Francis has done service to the Catholic Church by his practical, benevolent spirit, and for this we prefer him to Dominic, whom Dante ranks with him as ordained in chief to escort the heavenly bride, the Church :—

“ One, seraphic all
In fervency ; for wisdom upon earth
The other, splendor of cherubic light.”*

The seraph burning with love we prefer to the cherub radiant with light, especially when the light, as in Dominic, is polarized into dogmatic lines and borrows infernal heat from inquisitorial flames. Yet we must confess, that, in the two specimens given by Migne severally of the Franciscan and Dominican Orders, there is much to verify the words of Dante. The Franciscan Peter of Alcantara† writes from a heart of love, whilst the venerable John of Avilla‡ exhibits a calm and sober wisdom, which shows that the Domini

* Paradiso, Canto XI. † A. D. 1499-1562. ‡ Died, 1569.

can schools may sometimes sharpen the understanding without blunting the sensibilities. John of Avila, whom Teresa sometimes consulted, and whose works here fill a quarto of over six hundred pages, appears much more like a modern man than his associates, and reminds us often of the more scholastic of our fervent English divines.

But the shades of Dominic and St. Francis were both to conspire in the great enterprise that marked the remaining years of Teresa's life. Leading minds of both these Orders sustained her in her plan for the reform of the Carmelites according to that primitive rule which had been, as she thought, so sadly relaxed since the Bull of Eugenius, A. D. 1431. Convinced that prayer, silence, close retirement, and penance are the four pillars of the spiritual life, she long meditated the reform, and at last, in 1560, with the coöperation of a young nun, pupil at the convent of Avila, and a religious widow much prized as a friend, she undertook to procure a house to which the three might retire from the world, give themselves to prayer, and by their devout example begin the work of reform. A great hue and cry was at once raised against these women who seemed to be setting themselves up as so much better than their companions. Every possible obstacle was cast in their way. At last, however, the house was purchased, and the requisite repairs and alterations were commenced. After many delays and perplexing interruptions, during an interval in which the Saint visited Toledo, and, at the order of the Dominican Ibañez, awhile her confessor, wrote her own Life, the work was completed, and on the 24th

of August, 1562, with permission from Pius IV, the Convent of St. Joseph was consecrated, and the host placed upon the altar of the chapel for the first time. A single monastery with a nun and four novices was all that as yet existed to represent the great reform. Their garb was as unassuming as their number. Their dress was of black serge, the head was covered with coarse linen, and they wore sandals instead of shoes. But a beginning was made, and the uproar that was raised throughout the vicinity proved that the deed had not been done in a corner, and would not require to be trumpeted by its authors, so busy were preachers, monks, and prelates in denouncing its audacity. For six months the storm lasted, and at one time it seemed that the new convent with its four praying women would be destroyed by the mob. Teresa herself was ordered by her Superior to return to the old convent of the Incarnation, but in December, 1563, was permitted to go back to that of St. Joseph, the seat of the reform. Now came an interval of calm, and in July, 1565, Pius IV. gave his sanction to the code of rules prepared by the Saint for her monastery. Let it be remembered, however, in passing, that her most noted treatise, the Way of Perfection, was written during the period of her troubles, at the end of 1563, or the beginning of 1564.

We cannot follow her in all her efforts to carry out her projects of reform, nor describe her various trials and triumphs. She leaves us in very little doubt as to the main object of her enterprise. In the work just quoted, she speaks very plainly of the inroads made by Protestants upon the peace of the Church, and

takes her stand boldly with the party of re-action. Conversant as she had been with the leading men of the great religious orders, she was well advised of the state of Christendom, and resolved by asceticism and prayer to bring to the defence of the Church a power which the fagots of Philip and the daggers of Charles IX. vainly sought to wield. Prayer was to her mind the great weapon of the Church militant, and by it she hoped to bring discomfiture upon its foes, and open new springs of consolation and energy to its defenders. Yet her heart yearned also for the conversion of the heathen, and a visit from Father Maldonado, just returned from the East Indies, gave her such views of the wretchedness of the idolaters there as moved her to new devotion in her cell and fresh zeal for reform.

She seems, indeed, to have no objection to harsher modes of dealing with heretics, and speaks of the dungeons of the Inquisition as matters of course, in about the same way as we speak of a jail or prison for criminals. She, however, employed ministrations of no such ungentle character, and no harsh deed is ascribed to her instigation. Against her will appointed Superior of St. Joseph's, she made it her mission to establish similar institutions wherever she could. All the great cities of Spain soon bore monuments of her zeal. The monks of the Order of Carmel caught something of her enthusiasm, and, led by the famous John of the Cross,* whom she met in 1567, when he was a restless zealot but twenty-five years

* 1542-1591.

old, they began, like her nuns, to return to the primitive rule. This personage is one of the most singular characters that we have ever met with in church history. His works, which Migne inserts so largely in his third volume, answer fully to the account given of his life. He was the very Sybarite of asceticism, and took an Epicurean delight in penance. He seemed to rejoice in living among graves, and his spirit is a peculiar blending of the erotic and elegiac,—at once a mystical Anacreon and Simonides, or a Tom Moore and James Hervey, singing of the beatific marriage in the damps and gloom of sepulchral cells. He was as exquisite in his apparatus of mortification as ever was a Lucullus in his gardens and banquets. He filled his rooms with crosses and death's-heads as eagerly as ever any Catullus painted his walls with roses and Cupids; and spoke of apartments too low to permit the occupant to stand, with as much pleasure as a Pericles or Trajan would describe the loftiest of his halls. His treatises, such as his "Dark Night" and "Ascent of Carmel," are a strange mixture of love and logic, tears and tropes. They are theological dissertations and devout ejaculations strung upon a mystical love-song as a connecting string. He comments with especial delight upon the Canticles, and with an ingenuity that might well drive such allegorical interpreters as Dr. Gill to despair. Yet there is much to respect in his works,—much tender piety and spiritual insight. Teresa helped him greatly, and probably made an efficient reformer of a sensitive creature who might else have wept his life away in tears of contrition and homesickness. This mystic

recluse, also, was of some service to the Saint in sustaining her spiritual elevation throughout her pressing external cares, and his influence undoubtedly appears in the work written by her after his imprisonment, the "Castle of the Soul," in which her mystical flights rival those of Madame Guyon, and have utterly baffled the skill of some of her translators.

She lived five years after composing this work, and then died, in 1572, at the age of sixty-seven, in the midst of her labors, during one of her expeditions for carrying out the Carmelite reform. Notwithstanding her miserable health, her heart was never more at peace nor her spirit more elastic than during this journey. The three previous months she had passed at her loved home, St. Joseph's of Avila, once more Superior of that convent after a long removal to a less congenial sphere. The strifes between the two orders of Carmelites, of the milder and the more rigid rule, had been harmonized. Seventeen religious houses of the reformed rule had been established by her energy, not including the fifteen founded by John of the Cross. Her journey was now almost a triumphal march, as in her old age and amid snow and ice she turned her face towards Burgos, where she founded her last monastery. In some places her carriage was beset by such multitudes as to block up the way, and the nuns in Palencia sang the *Te Deum* as she approached. It needed all her humility to receive such honors meekly. How lowly and cheerful her temper was is proved by her reply to a companion in the expedition, who spoke to her of the saintly reputation she had acquired:—"Three things have been told me,—that I

was good looking, that I had talent, and that I was saintly; for some time I was disposed to believe the two first and I have made confession of such pitiful vanity; but as to the third, I have never been foolish enough to believe it for a moment."

Eager to return home from Burgos, she was persuaded to visit the town of Alva, at the urgent request of the Duchess, and there was seized with fatal illness, and soon died. Her death was in the spirit of her life. Receiving the communion and extreme unction, she gave clear responses to all the prayers, repeating constantly the words,—“At the last, Lord, I am a daughter of the Church.” Resting her head upon the arms of her favorite nun, and clasping in her hands a crucifix, she sank peacefully to rest, with her eyes fixed upon this image of her Saviour. This was on the 4th of October, 1572, or by the New Style, which dates from that day, October 15th. No wonder that the scene so acted upon the imaginations of the devotees present at the death-bed. Some saw a luminous globe ascend from the body, and others beheld a dove fly from the cell and mount to heaven, whilst a celestial fragrance filled the place.

Who can help associating the place of her death with that proud Duke from whose title the town took its name, and who died within the same year? Teresa and the Duke of Alva,—leaders in the great reaction against Protestant Reformation,—in history thus associated,—in character how different, the man of blood and the woman of prayer! The traveller who looks upon their monuments, as he visits Alva,

can need little help to connect them with thrilling associations.

We pass now to a brief survey of Teresa's works. These are voluminous,—filling six quartos in the Spanish, and nearly three closely printed quartos of the French edition. They may be regarded as forming three classes:—those of a personal nature, such as her memoirs and correspondence,—treatises, among which the “Path of Perfection” and the “Castle of the Soul” are the chief,—and lastly, official papers, consisting of the “Book of Foundations,” instructions to her nuns, and a portion of her letters. It is out of the question to try to give a review, or even an outline, of them all. Nor is this necessary, as the same spirit pervades all her writings, whether theological, religious, or ethical. She had little of the pride of authorship or the fear of criticism, and wrote always either in obedience to a director or to meet some especial occasion. Hence there is nothing of the elaborate structure and methodical division in her productions which make the reviewer's task easy. The best idea of her writings will be given by sketching their chief traits.

Her theology, although never presented with logical definiteness or analytic fulness, is very obvious. She is a thorough-going Roman Catholic, and trusts implicitly in the doctrines, priesthood, and rites of the Church. Hence her impunity after her severe examinations. Had she been less obedient to Rome, her pietism would have drawn down upon her far worse terrors than priestly counsel or a few months' seclusion. Like Madame Guyon, she awakened the sus-

pitions of the priesthood, and had she insisted as little as the French Quietist upon the power of the sacraments, she would probably have figured in an *auto da fe*, or have pined away in the dungeons of the Inquisition. As a theologian, she belongs to the mystical, not the logical order, and received the Catholic doctrines with her affections and will, without apparently subjecting them to any searching analysis. With her whole soul, she trusted in that one rite which gives the Papal Church its power, and without which Rome sinks at once to the level of Canterbury and Geneva. The sacrament of the mass, the real presence in the communion, was to her the essential of worship, and her most enraptured hours were connected with this mystical sacrifice.

Hence, obviously, the character of her religion may be inferred. She was from an infant a child of the Church, and her religious experience had been wholly under its guidance. All the poetry of her soul was associated with its ritual and history, its sacred seasons and holy persons. Implicit obedience, entire faith, fervent prayer, were to her the essentials of the religious life. But prayer was the great essential. She seems more at ease in using the language of prayer than that of conversation or letter-writing. Thus, like a bird of the air, she soars more easily than she walks, and it seems a relief to her when she can take to her wings. Her writings constantly rise into prayer, and the style has generally new majesty and purity as she pours out her soul in penitence or adoration. Generally, her style has disappointed us; yet frequently, as in her devotional passages, we have

proof that she spoke the language of Cervantes, and did not dishonor the country that gave birth to Quintilian, and which once in the purity even of its Latin surpassed the successors of Cicero, and in the eighth and ninth centuries sent Latin teachers to Italy. When treating of prayer, she speaks also with more analytical discrimination, as well as more eloquence, than when treating any other topic. Invariably in her works the same view of the progressive stages of the devout life is presented or implied. In her autobiography she makes her idea of the four modes of prayer more clear by one of those simple comparisons which she was so fond of using. She compares the soul to a desolate tract of land that needs to be weeded, planted, and watered, so as to be a pleasant garden to the Lord. It is by prayer that the dry land is watered and made pleasant and fragrant to the senses. The water may be conveyed in four ways,—either by drawing it laboriously from the well, or by raising it by a wheel and distributing it through conduits, or by turning the waters of a brook or river, or, lastly, by an abundant shower, which at once supersedes all anxious effort on our part. The first method corresponds to *mental* prayer, which consists in a labored effort to collect the thoughts. This is the most trying season of the Christian, and needs much patience and perseverance. Thus devotion begins its course. Then comes the prayer of *quietude*, which is a profound recollection of the three powers of the soul,—memory, understanding, and will. The will acts, but not by painful effort, for it is led by Divine love in that subjection which is perfect freedom. The third

kind of prayer is that of *union*, in which the Divine life flows into the soul and the will rests in peace in the arms of God. She describes this as a dying almost entirely to created things and living only for heaven,—as a state in which the soul gives up every thing, and knows not whether she speaks or is silent, laughs or weeps. The last mode of prayer is that of *rapture* or *ecstasy*. This climax of the devout life the Saint is never weary of describing, and the impassioned language in which she speaks of the favored hours in which the Divine Spirit floods the soul with its grace, and makes the dry and thirsty land a blooming paradise, would be offensive for its presumption, were it not for the humility with which it is always apparently accompanied, as when she beseeches the Creator not to forget her frailties in the plenitude of his mercy, or trust an essence so precious to so fragile a vessel.

Prayer being the essence of religion in her view, of course her ethical system must aim directly at the nurture of devotion. What her system was is far better shown by a glance at the plan of her two chief treatises, than by any attempt to gather an ethical code from her various writings. Her "Path of Perfection" was probably intended by her to serve as a practical guide for those who would lead a spiritual life, although prepared especially for the religious sisterhood of her first charge. She insists, first, upon the need of despising the wealth and vanities of the world, and of bringing the outward lot into harmony with a truly humble mind. The highest office of a religious charity consists in strengthening the zeal of

the servants of that Church from which all blessings flow. To pray with efficacy, the religious must observe faithfully the rule of their order, cherish for one another a truly Christian love, and shun all the favoritisms and partialities so prevalent especially among females. They must watch closely the character of the confessor and the nature of their interest in his visits, and shun as deadly poison the least appeal to their vanity. Her chapter on the method of changing a confessor presents a curious case of struggle between the spirit of independence and the sense of duty. She desires her sisters to seek ever a learned and pious director, and to use all urgency in the proper quarter to procure such a guide. The only love which she sanctions is love towards God and towards those who seek our salvation. She deems Evangelical charity as far beyond friendship as above that other passion which she hardly deigns to name, except in her mystical emblems. She deals very severely with the petty sensitiveness and love of preference so common in religious houses, and exhorts the faithful to trample them under foot. She is jealous even of family ties, and urges the religious to think far more of brothers and sisters who are such in spirit than of those who are such by natural affinity. So elevated a spirit cannot be won without humility and self-mortification; hence the need of penances,—not those that are conspicuous for their extravagance, but those that most effectually humble the soul before God. Not even the plea of delicate health is to excuse remissness in self-mortification. While treating this point, the Saint shows that the disease known among college students

as the Sunday headache has some parallel in convent life; some of the sisters excusing themselves from their duty at prayers, now because they are afraid of being sick, now because they have a slight headache, and again because they have been ill, whereas only decided illness is a valid excuse. She urges the duty of carrying self-mortification so far as to refrain from making excuses, even when blame is unjustly cast. In all things the soul should present itself humbly before God, and crave his grace,—humility being, as she says, like the queen in the game of chess, the most powerful agency in the holy war, and able to bring even the king to terms. Then the Saint approaches the great subject of contemplation in connection with obedience and prayer. She urges the glory of the marriage of the soul with God by true contemplation, and ends the treatise with directions for the use of the Lord's Prayer so as to win the highest peace. This prayer she deems sufficient, if used mentally as well as vocally, and duly meditated upon, clause by clause. When thus used, whole hours may be profitably occupied with saying it only once. Her chapters on the *Pater Noster* are interspersed with thoughts on the eucharist as the great centre of the religious life, and are followed by exhortations to a true humility, patience, and poverty, that shall guard the soul against all counterfeits, and lift the Christian above all base anxieties and annoying scruples into the holy liberty of the children of God.

We have read this treatise with great interest and not a little admiration of its searching self-scrutiny and its uncompromising standard of spirituality. Yet

we miss much of what the New Testament deems essential in the true life. The flaming pietism of the Spaniard soars far away from (we will not say above) that common humanity which He exemplified who fed the hungry, healed the sick, and identified himself with the lot of the poor and lonely. The "Path of Perfection" is not the rule of life for those whose prayer is, not that they may be "taken out of the world," but that they may be "kept from the evil." There is nothing of the Good Samaritan in its pages, unless the wounds to be healed in our neighbor are such as contemplation and prayer can reach. Yet let us remember that the author's sympathy for others was that which she prized most fondly herself. She who despised the body and its comforts, cared little for friendship, and scorned human love, may surely be pardoned for being so engrossed with the spiritual destitution of mankind as to slight all things temporal, even the claims of kindred and home, in her impassioned devotion to things deemed by her the only eternal goods. Add to her chapters a few from the work of the good Franciscan who first led her to peace, and who wrote on prayer less for the guidance of a secluded sisterhood than for our common humanity, so tried and tempted, and the want is in a great measure supplied, and charity stands side by side with piety.

Her "Castle of the Soul or the Abodes" (Las Moradas) rises even above the "Path of Perfection" in mystical devotion. It is the Pilgrim's Progress of the devout seeker, from the first entrance into the outer gate through successive stages to the seventh and

last abode, where the soul dwells in heavenly peace, its life "hid with Christ in God," in the bliss of perfect union and the rapture of perfect love. This treatise, although very deficient in method and occasionally very incoherent, is on the whole a very edifying book, and contains passages that no Protestant could scorn, unless he is prepared also to call Fénelon a dotard and George Fox a fool. Some of its imagery is really beautiful. She compares the soul to a poor worm that must give up its own will, die to itself, hide itself in its shell, bury itself in the earth, that, transformed and glorious, it may rise to the upper air. Renouncing itself, and buried, as it were, in the Divine grandeur, the soul through humility and self-renunciation is gifted with new wings and soars into the realm of heavenly peace. It is hard to believe that the woman who, for years of her religious life, could not pray without the guidance of a book, could be so free and impassioned in the language of devotion as she appears in this treatise. It is as if the nature, before a mass of heavy ore without any resonance under the stroke of the hammer, had been so tempered in the furnace and drawn out into elastic chords, as to form the harp-strings that thrill with every breath of air. She who deems salvation impossible out of the Church, and binds her faith to the priesthood and ritual so implicitly, speaks of God and her soul in language that would startle the boldest Transcendentalist alike for its freedom and its rapture. Yet it was no wild-fire that flamed in her devotions; although it might seem as little limited as the fire of a burning forest, it was enclosed within

an iron grating. She ends her most rapturous flights by placing herself humbly at the feet of the Church, as the young eagle returns from its adventurous play in the sunbeam and with folded wing rests in the tranquil nest.

How shall we delineate a character so singularly mingled, and so little congenial with our Protestant modes of thought, as Teresa? We will make the attempt, however feeble it may be.

Her intellect was keen in its perceptions, and in many respects remarkable also for its intuitive power. She was evidently a close observer of life and character, and showed peculiar shrewdness in judging of dispositions, and quickness in borrowing illustrations from ordinary things. One might collect from her treatises, letters, and official papers, ideas of the Spanish character, especially of the peculiarities of Spanish women of her day, that in point, and sometimes in sarcasm, would rival the "Doblado" of Blanco White. The nun she understood very well, and, if enthusiastic for the virtues, was no stranger to the troubles of convents. Her education was very limited in literary privileges, and to learning and philosophy she made no claim. What, in fact, could we expect of a Spanish woman in the sixteenth century, who died when Lope de Vega was a scape-grace boy, before Cervantes had written; or Calderon was born; and whose walk was so secluded as seemingly to shut from her the fact, that Ercilla had celebrated the triumphs of the Christian arms in America by an epic poem, and that Garcilasso had become the Pe-

trarch of Spain? As to philosophical training, what have the Spanish schools ever done to discipline the intellectual faculties? Blanco White declared, that, even in this present century, the Spanish language had never been moulded to express philosophical distinctions.

Raymund Lulle* and Luis Vivest† were the brightest names that Spain gave to philosophy before Teresa's public career began, and Molina‡ and Suarez§ are apparently the best minds in morals and metaphysics that have flourished in her country since her day. But Teresa did not attempt to be philosophical, bold as was her treatment of the highest topics of thought, topics that even Kant and Schelling might shrink from touching. In the close of her "Abodes," she shows her peculiar power, by illustrating, rather than defining the transcendental truths of religion. Hers is the intuitive, not the inductive or deductive method. And surely among the ideas which she claims to have verified by the testimony of her own consciousness in favored hours of contemplation, there are some truths which this devotee, so little trained in the schools, expresses with a fervor that Luther would have loved, and a distinctness that Cudworth would have honored. She is always happy in illustration, although often very homely. The images furnished by her observation of ordinary life seem to have stood ever ready at her bidding to illustrate her religious views. The garden and the home, the elements of nature and the features of society, were all made to aid her in her ghostly teachings. It is

* A. D. 1235—1315.

† 1492—1540.

‡ 1535—1601.

§ 1548—1617.

worthy of note, that this bride of Heaven furnishes no small portion of her illustrations from the transports and troubles of lovers, the cares of married life, and even the experience of the nursery. Her fancies clothed themselves in imagery as readily as her ideas, and in the visions with which her autobiography is so much occupied we can see the same representative imagination at work in the chambers of her soul that stamps itself so decidedly upon her pages. The beauty or vividness of her fancy was the more remarkable from the fact, that sacred art was comparatively imperfect in her day in Spain, and her visions could have had no aid from the portraits of Velasquez or the Madonnas and saints of Murillo, as neither of these artists saw the light until she had long been numbered with the dead. Let not our practical age wholly scorn the visions of the Saint, for we, too, in this financial age, are dreamers, although we may be haunted more frequently with an aureola of golden ingots than of golden light. Doves, saints, seraphs, demons, crowns, frequent her devotional hours, and in her way she was as much a dweller in the land of fantasy as the seer of Sweden. Yet there is little in her own writings of the enormous credulity with which many have interpreted her life. Her autobiography is reason itself, when compared with the miraculous legends incorporated into the Bull of Gregory XV., canonizing her name, and the accounts of biographers who have celebrated the virtues not merely of her prayers, but of her bones.

Need we speak of moral traits, after what has been said? She was humble towards God and her neighbor, yet in her piety singularly daring and in her

conversation uncompromising. She could hear the severest reproaches without reply, and assert the most unpopular opinions without fear. She was stanch enough in the faith to sanction the acts of the inquisition, yet so bland and courteous as to conciliate a convent of lax nuns, whom, against her will and theirs, she was sent to discipline, and who received her with murmurs and parted from her with tears. Her ascetic habits never seem to have led her to forget the lady in the devotee. She could send a present of a *cilice* or hair-shirt (such a ghostly garment, we suppose, has no sex in its name) to a young lady, and accompany it with a graceful note, or could congratulate a grave bishop upon the marriage of his niece in such a way as to save at once her good manners and her belief in celibacy.* Her chief joy in the marriage seemed to be that the worthy ecclesiastic was free from the guardianship of so troublesome a charge, and she deems it no misfortune that the bridegroom is much the lady's senior. Her kind nature led her to look benignly, however, on the home pleasures which she had for ever renounced. There is some feminine tenderness beneath her robe of mortification. Yet she contributed, probably, as much as any one to the severity of Spanish art, and combined with the spirit of the Inquisition to chastise painting and sculpture into an extreme of prudishness that is without parallel. She gave the chief model for the holy woman of the canvass, and it was by influence such as hers that Magdalens were robed as gravely as abbesses, and the nation whose

* Migne, II. 382. Cartas, I. 43.

earliest literature was as lax as Boccaccio formed a school of painting austere enough to bear the scrutiny of Calvin.

We do not know of any better description of the mingled humility and aspiration of her religious character than is given in a passage from one of the best of the letters included in that published correspondence, which is generally more taken up with official details and personal matters than with interesting thoughts. The passage is from her letter to Velasquez, Bishop of Osma :—“ Whenever God consoles you, you should deem yourself unworthy of it, and on the other hand praise his goodness which is thus disposed to manifest itself to men, and make them sharers of its power and goodness. And greater offence is done to God by doubting of his bounty in conferring favors, since he glories more in manifesting his omnipotence than in showing the force of his justice. Dust and ashes as we are, we ought to preserve the conditions of dust and ashes, which of their own nature tend to lie low upon the earth. But when the wind blows upon the dust, it would be acting against its nature if it were not lifted up ; and being lifted up it rises, whilst the wind sustains it, and returns to its place when the wind goes down. Thus the soul, whose emblem it is, should keep the conditions of dust and ashes. And thus should it be in prayer, when resting merely on its own knowledge ; and when the gentle breath of the Holy Spirit raises it, and places it in the heart of God, and sustains it there, revealing his kindness, manifesting his power, it should know how to enjoy this grace with thanksgiving, since God takes it unto him-

self, pressing it to his bosom as a cherished wife in the embrace of her husband."

Thus at once humble and aspiring, the heart of Teresa was as the dust of the earth, resigned to that mystical breath that bloweth where it listeth, and man knoweth not its path.

In respect to practical usefulness, it was her aim to be at once, as she says, Mary and Martha, and unite the life of contemplation with that of action. Although the Mary predominated in her character, yet the Martha was not wanting. Her executive talents were of a high order, as shown in her official papers and her marked success in her work of reform. If she did not aspire to create a new Order, she did what requires quite as much force; she reformed an old Order, and triumphed over the laxity of some opposers and the bigotry of others, in calling the sisters and brothers of Carmel to the strictness of the ancient rule. She feared no labor, and shrank from addressing no august authority, even royalty itself, for the triumph of her cause. With great energy, tact, and perseverance, she devoted herself to her work, and blended with her almost Oriental quietism a large share of the indefatigable will that distinguishes the sons and daughters of Europe above the Asiatic family. The Bull of Gregory styles her the new Deborah, triumphing over the enemy within and animating a mighty host of militants in defence of the beleaguered Church. This is a better saying than the greater part of that ghostly document contains. Under the palm-trees of Mount Ephraim, the prophetess of Israel judged the tribes and went with

them to the battle against the invader. So Teresa ruled in the church militant from her cell, and went forth upon her expeditions to strengthen the hearts of the champions who would repel the new Sisera that had invaded her Israel. As she saw the Protestant Reformation defeated in Spain, she felt all the triumph which the more lyrical nature of the daughter of Judah so powerfully uttered:—

“Awake, awake, Deborah!
 Awake, awake, utter a song!
 The kings came and fought,
 They fought the kings of Canaan.
 They fought from heaven;
 The stars in their courses fought against Sisera.”

Yet Teresa was no stranger to poetry, and composed verses respectable in literary ability and unsurpassed for their devotional fervor. But her Muse yearns for heaven rather than minds earthly things. Her noted stanzas, whose burden is, “I die, because I cannot die,”—*Muero porque no muero*,—well express the tone of her poetry, and the spirit of her life. Her love of Christ was a sacred passion, and she longed to depart and be with him.

She stands at the head, it seems to us, of the female mystics who have acted so powerfully on the modern ages, if we consider her priority in time and extent of influence. Her religious order spread itself in all lands, and her quietism, unmodified by her caution, re-appeared in the “Spiritual Guide” of Molinos, and convulsed the Church in the days of Fénelon and Bossuet. Catharine of Sienna acted upon a wider

and more conspicuous stage in the world, Catharine Adorna trod a path of broader philanthropy, Madame Chantal had more fully developed affections and more humane graces, whilst Madame Guyon had a more rational faith and drew nearer to our Protestant freedom. But Teresa, it seems to us, went beyond them all in the rapture of her devotion, and was more completely absorbed in the contemplative life, and more fully on fire with mystical love. Her very narrowness, doubtless, added to her enthusiasm. Her electric fervor was concentrated upon a point, the waters of her life flowed in a narrow channel; hence the fire of her zeal, and the rushing torrent of her devotion.

As Madame Guyon is rising into notice and favor among Protestants now, it may be well to think of her in comparison with the Spanish Saint. Resembling each other in their love of the prayer of quietude and their joy in the mystical marriage with the Saviour, they differed widely in history, experience, and fortunes. Madame Guyon had a wider culture, she knew the mother's heart in her own parental affection, and enjoyed the privileges of education which the age of Descartes and Fénelon afforded. She was, indeed, a Catholic, but insisted comparatively little on priesthoods and rituals, and without great violence to her nature could have poured out her soul at a meeting of the followers of her English contemporary Fox, as well as at the feet of her confessor La Combe or in the society of her illustrious friend of Cambray. She was no partisan, and was hated for her very liberality. She founded no order or sect, and her name owes most of its fragrance and per-

manence to Protestant admirers. How different Teresa!—in Catholic doctrine so firm, looking upon all heretics as utterly lost, and regarding the adorable wafer as the seal of salvation and the food of angels, and esteeming all prayer without its sanction a mockery. How different in ecclesiastical honors! Her name is brilliant in the saintly calendar. Two hymns—a very unusual thing—expressly celebrate her piety in the Roman Breviary, and are chanted yearly throughout the world.* Even now the sisters of her Order renew her ghostly austerities, adding to them not a little of humanity more considerate of our common nature than was hers. In our own Baltimore, the visitor so privileged may now see the linen hood and serge robe and sandalled feet of the sisters of Carmel, and learn from the maidens who attend their convent for instruction, that the zeal of the Spanish virgin still lives in her spiritual daughters, and unites itself with the graces of the affections and the accomplishments of the intellect.

More and more we are led to believe that no true heart ever loses its power, and that the prominent characters of history are permanent treasures of our

* We have no space to write of the recent changes in the monastic institutions of Spain and the developments of liberalism in religious affairs. Singularly has the Spain of Espartero differed from that of Alva. Poorly will Isabella the Second and Narvaez imitate the conservative policy of Isabella the Catholic and Ximenes. They that would judge of the remaining strength of Catholicism in Spain, must not be content with the lively story-teller, Borrow. Let them read the able paper—almost a volume—in the Dublin Review, No. XXXVI., which came probably from Archbishop Wiseman.

race. That we need the influence of all good men and good women to keep us in the true path, who will deny? Standing as we do in one of the extreme ranks of Protestant reformers, we are not willing to spare from our list of friends the name of this stanch champion of Rome. Her life means more than it expresses, and has many a lesson which our age can read better than hers, and exhibits many a virtue which her own consciousness feebly interpreted or her own prejudice sadly narrowed. Strip off all adventitious appliances, the bonds of dogmatism and the bandages of ceremonial, and present her life in its own essential spirit, and we have a heart glowing with love of God and her neighbor, and ready to suffer and die for the good of souls and the kingdom of Christ.

Her love of Christ was a sacred passion. In one of her visions she thought that he bade her cease to mourn that the books she desired were denied her, and to regard him as the living book,—the truth made life. Thus the obedient daughter of Rome cherished affections which have a parallel in the experience of those of her sex whose names are most honored among Protestants. The three types of religion, the ritual, the dogmatic, the spiritual, agree thus in one. Catholic and Calvinist unite with the Liberal sects in love for Him who came to reveal the Father and lead man to God. Take an example from each class. Teresa of Jesus, Sarah Edwards, Elizabeth Fry,—how different, yet how like! Compare the expressions of their inmost experience, and it is not always easy to distinguish them from one another. For man and

for woman we believe in the need of this Evangelical love, and hold in little respect the creed that shuts Christ out from our affections by regarding him merely as a teacher who once lived and taught precious truth, but who stands now in no relations of personal tenderness to us. We need to love Christ with an engrossing affection. Sadly do the daughters of Christendom lose native dignity and power, when they look coldly upon Him who has given them their exalted rank and noblest graces. The common annals of our religion record every year the deeds of nobler women than Chaucer ever celebrated in his heathenish Legend of the Good, or Tennyson in his dainty Dream of the Fair, of that sex whose eulogists are seldom their true friends. Poor of itself is the heart even of woman, unstable its impulses, uncertain its charity, without the hold on heavenly things which is given by communion with God through Christ. With this hold, the nature that seems little gifted with genial affections blooms out in the loveliest temper and the most benign energies. We have lately stood by the grave of a woman who had become a household name in our community for benevolence to the orphan. Of a severe, unromantic nature, not abounding in tenderness nor prone to enthusiasm, she learned at once to look upon Christ as the manifestation of God, and to love him in the persons of the poor, and her whole life was changed by the power of her Evangelical faith. She was tender, devoted, enthusiastic, persevering, and went "from strength to strength." Hundreds of children redeemed from misery by her zeal call her blessed. The children of our Sunday

schools have reared a monument to her as the Children's Friend. What is there in any system of formal ethics or abstract philosophy that can take the place of the Gospel and of Him in whom the Gospel became life?

Nearly three centuries have passed since Teresa died, and the conflict in which she took so conspicuous a part is not yet finished. The parties of the movement, of the re-action, and of the middle course are still at work. The spirit of Luther is not dead; Loyola lives in far more societies and persons than are willing to own his name; and the mantle of Cranmer is worn by many more prelates than rule the British Church. The women of Christendom are entering more into the great arena, and taking sides with the antagonists. Many a devotee nourishes in contemplation and prayer the life which Teresa deemed divine, and not a few converts to Romanism are made from her susceptible sex. A woman occupies the British throne, and the name of Victoria represents a vast multitude who laud the calm conversatism of the Episcopal Church, and in their love of moderation sometimes glorify mediocrity. All over the world, too, there are earnest and gifted women who are pressing on to the better time, careful observers of existing evils and friends of every worthy reform. A blessing rest upon them all, whatever their church, creed, or country! We will not make invidious distinctions. Honor to all the Marys and Marthas, who, in thought or action, devotion or benevolence, are seeking the good of their race! Yet our sympathies are most with those who look beyond the ceremonial and the dogma

to the spirit and the truth. May they retain all their freedom and humanity, and yet never allow themselves to fall from that Christian faith without which freedom is license and humanity sentimentalism. Far more to our taste is that Christian Sybil, Elizabeth Barrett, than that Socialist Pythoness called George Sand, although even her we deem not wholly evil. We know of nothing more touching in modern literature than Elizabeth Barrett's ode, the "Cry of the Children," and see not how its pleadings are to be effectual, unless the mothers and daughters of Christendom have more thoughtfulness for society and more faith in God. The fate of childhood in poverty,—the wrongs of woman, whether in the perils of want or in those of luxury,—the defects of female education,—the narrowness of female occupations,—these and the like are topics that are yet to be studied as never before by feminine sagacity, and treated with feminine fidelity. One of the dreamy theorists of our age has maintained the doctrine, that the course of Divine revelation is to be completed by the advent of a new Messiah in the form of woman. Far from holding the visions of St. Simon in any respect, we are ready to believe that Divine Providence will insure new triumphs of the Messiah through the truer life and influence of the sex which he has so exalted. She who would serve her race faithfully, and win honor to the true standard of Christian womanhood, must be proof against the world's false homage, as against its open hostility. Small praise do we give to monastic seclusion, vigils, and mortifications. But a crown of honor surely belongs to her who is ready to make sacrifice of

her own vanity or ease for the good of her sex or the triumph of the Divine kingdom. Such sacrifices the women of the luxurious nineteenth century are called upon to make ; and in making them, they can learn some worthy lessons even from their Spanish sisters of the sixteenth century,—surely from Isabella of the queenly will, and Teresa of the flaming heart.

1849.

VIII.

FAUSTUS SOCINUS,

AND THE REVIVAL OF UNITARIAN PRINCIPLES.

MODERN UNITARIANISM dates from the time, when all present denominations began—the rise of the Protestant Reformation, and can claim as great antiquity as any Protestant sects. How prominent its doctrine of the Godhead stood in the primitive ages of Christianity, it is not our present purpose to show. The first prominent Unitarian since the Reformation was a friend of Luther and Melancthon—Cellarius, a learned and devoted German, who after suffering imprisonment in his own country for his opinions escaped to Switzerland, and in the free atmosphere of Basle died there the year of Calvin's death, 1564. Time would fail me to describe the lives, labors, sufferings and achievements of the various early Unitarian confessors. We must pass by Hetzer, Denkius, Campanus, Gentilis, Pastor, Claudius and others; and be content to treat principally of one man whose name is usually identified with modern Unitarianism. Before we enter upon the subject, let us bear in mind that he did not begin the movement which he guided, nor are

those who agree with him in his leading doctrine of the strict unity of God, by any means accountable for all his opinions, or disposed to call themselves by his name.

The year 1546 shall be our starting point for the sake of distinctness—the very year of Luther's death. We turn from his death bed in his native village, and look towards Italy, then fully awakened to the threatening power of the Reformation. Rome is aroused from her torpor—Loyola is at his post in the van of his invincibles—Caraffa too was at his post at the head of the new inquisitors, whose office it was to hunt out heretics. It had long been whispered about that the deadly heresy which denies that there is a trinity of persons in the Godhead, had appeared within the very states of the Pope, and soon the whisper grew into open assertion. The heretics were found to have their head-quarters at Vicenza, a city within the territory of Venice, and to comprise some of the most distinguished and gifted men of Italy. The anathema went forth—the innovators were proscribed—three were arrested, of whom one died in prison and two were put to death at Venice, whilst the remainder succeeded in effecting their escape. Among the fugitives the most noted was Lælius Socinus, a native of Sienna, Tuscany, of a noble Italian family. He who had in his veins the blood of popes and princes, proved the strength of his principles by quitting his native country and preferring the bracing air of free Switzerland to the gentler skies of priest-ridden Italy. He devoted himself thenceforth to the study of divinity and the promulgation of Unitarian opinions, and after going upon missions to

France, Holland, Germany and Poland, he died, aged only thirty-seven at Zurich, Switzerland, in 1562. The inheritance of his good name and the great labors fell to one destined to use them with far greater effect than he. At the time of the exile of Lælius Socinus, his nephew Faustus was a boy of eight years, living at Sienna, that city of Tuscany so remarkable for historical associations, and so rich in mountainous scenery. The boy had rambled among the hills, surveying many a time the landscape so fair with the vineyard, the olive-grove and the grainfield, and had undoubtedly heard from his father who was a distinguished scholar and afterwards professor of law, the history of the old Italian republics, and learned to desire a larger measure of liberty than papal Rome now afforded. How far he was acted upon by the event of his uncle's exile and the opinions which caused it, we do not know. Yet it is very obvious that ere long he was much under his uncle's influence, looked to him for the counsel which the early death of his own parents forbade his receiving at home. Until the age of twenty, his education was directed chiefly to the study of the law, and was by no means of a very exalted character. After a voluntary absence of three years at Lyons, France—a visit closed by his uncle's decease, Faustus returned to Italy and passed the twelve subsequent years at the court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany in high favor and the most honorable employments. But obviously influences were at work within him that gave him little relish for the honors and pleasures so freely within his reach. His whole family had for a long while inclined to

serious thought and earnest convictions. His uncle's memory never left him. The image of that modest, prudent, high-minded, learned and devoted benefactor haunted him. His own soul yearned for a life more rational and spiritual than the court allowed or the church prescribed. He felt that the best part of his life was wasting away without yielding him any progress in the knowledge and virtue which he most dearly prized. He felt that far more should be expected of him than to be the gay cavalier of the ducal palace, or the listless attendant upon papal ceremonies. What effect his knowledge of the Romish movements against the Reformation, the measures in progress to arrest the advance of liberal views, had upon him, we are not told, but may readily conjecture. His oldest biographer, in a work of which the English translation is dated in 1653, thus describes the grounds of Socinus' determination to leave Italy for a freer soil at the age of thirty-five: "About the close of that time, his heart was touched with a serious deliberation, concerning the choice of good things; which he performed with such greatness of mind, that he determined for the hope of heavenly things to trample under foot all the commodities of earthly wishes; wherefore without delay, despairing to obtain from the extremely unwilling princes leave to depart, he of his own accord forsook his country, friends, hopes and riches, that he might the more freely employ himself about his own and other men's salvation." He turned his back upon the splendors of Florence, and passed the following three years at Basle, Switzerland, that city which is still the asylum

of the oppressed, and which in our own day has given a home to Follen and De Wette, as it did of old to the freer spirits among the early reformers. Here he devoted himself earnestly to the study of theology, was confirmed in his Unitarian opinions, and asserted them without reserve and without fear. With his student life at Basle we may consider his preparation as ended and his active work as ensuing.

He had already won such reputation by a book on the Saviour, that he was sent for by the leading Unitarians of Transylvania to help them in several controversial difficulties which had arisen among them. He used his influence to check the disposition of a portion of the Unitarian body to give up invoking the name of Christ, and earnestly claimed for the Saviour the honors of solemn invocation. His stay was short, and he had no part in the persecutions of the offending heretics, which are sometimes ascribed to him. The odium of imprisoning Francis David belongs to the prince of Transylvania and an influential physician, Blandrata, who afterwards fell into general contempt. Socinus passed into Poland, then the stronghold of Unitarianism, and from the year 1579 devoted himself wholly to its defence. The Polish government had been for some time distinguished for its toleration, and consequently attracted towards itself fugitives of every order who had been driven from their own land on account of their opinions. Among them were several prominent Unitarians, by whose influence large numbers especially of the more intelligent classes had been converted to the Unitarian faith. At first all Protestant Christians worship-

ped freely together, and for about twenty years Unitarians and Trinitarians had entire fellowship. But about fourteen years before Faustus Socinus visited Poland, the division had taken place and Unitarians were a distinct denomination and quite a numerous one.

Upon his arrival, he declared his opinions and presented himself for admission to the fellowship of the churches. As soon as it was found that in some points he differed from the prevailing Unitarian views, and went somewhat farther than they did, he was received very coldly and looked upon with suspicion. He proved how much more he cared for the interests of truth than the irritations of self-love by remaining among those who had so roughly repulsed him and devoting himself to the correction of their errors. He battled manfully against ancient superstitions and new-light radicalism, and of course met with opposition on each hand. Complaint being lodged against him before the civil power for publishing certain views of magistracy, he withdrew from the capital city of Cracovia, and established himself at a place a few miles distant in the country, preferring to avail himself of a friendly man's hospitality and defend himself with his pen under the protection of a noble name, than to declare his grievances within the unsympathizing walls of a prison. His quiet life there devoted to study and composition and solaced by a happy marriage with his patron's daughter, was a bright interval in the exile's history and promised to put a new aspect upon his career. But this promise soon proved baseless; his wife died; his Italian estates

that had thus far given him a considerable income were confiscated by his popish foes upon the death of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Widowed, sick, impoverished, Socinus must now show whether he has been dallying with Christianity in the dainty spirit of a scholar's curiosity or has within him a deep faith that can move him to heroic labors.

Misfortune does not daunt him. The Italian exile, with his daughter Agnes at his side, returned to the Polish capital to contend yet more strenuously for his faith. A spirit like his could not be resisted. He made many important conversions, and not a few of whom he could not win over to his doctrines, he won to mutual charity and forbearance. His cause grew rapidly, and in the course of ten years he had proof of his success in the desperate persecution which he experienced. Upon the publication of his book concerning the Saviour, his enemies stirred up the mob to, make an assault upon his person. On the verge of his sixtieth year, after a life of singular gentleness and purity, he was dragged from his chamber, where he had been resting a few days for the renovation of his health, was carried in a shameful manner through the principal streets amid furious clamors for his execution. But he was not to perish thus, although papers—the work of years, and which he declared were dear to him as life, were destroyed. He was rescued by friendly hands, sought shelter in a quiet village nine miles distant, and there with his pen exercised a commanding influence over the churches. The remaining six years of his life appear to have passed in peaceful thought and composition. The cause dear-

est to him prospered as never before, and the evening of his troubled day was unclouded. He died at the age of sixty-five. At the opening of spring he breathed his last in that northern climate so little congenial with his Italian temperament, evincing on his death bed a spirit at peace with God and his neighbor, not forgetful indeed of past trials, but looking upon them all in the light of a cheerful hope. His last words were these:—"No less full of envy and trouble than of days, I do with a joyful and undaunted hope, incline to the period of my appointed time, which is both a discharge of sorrow and a reward of labor."

He died in the year 1604, sixteen years before the Pilgrim fathers landed on Pilgrim rock. Upon his tomb, a Latin epitaph was written to this effect:

"Luther destroyed the roofs of Babylon,
Calvin the walls, but Socinus the foundations."

How far can we agree with the language of this epitaph? What judgment shall we pass upon this Unitarian Reformer, his character, his doctrines, and his influence?

His character is very easily portrayed, for in respect to this, there is no wide difference between his friends and his foes. All candid persons are ready to allow that he was a conscientious, benevolent and devoted man. In regard to religious disposition, it is equally obvious that he was a man of great piety, living in a constant sense of responsibility to God and an earnest faith in Christ as the Messiah from God and bringer of peace and salvation. Yet his religious character

was more distinguished for conscientious fidelity and sober thought than rapturous emotion or mystical sentiment. His habitual spirit was such as would give him small honor in a Catholic retreat or a Protestant revival meeting. Men, like the impassioned Luther, the mystical Swedenborg, the ecstatic Wesley, would find much fault with a character so acute, careful and inquiring as his. In some traits that give the heart power and enlargement he was unquestionably deficient. His Christian character was far more after the standard of the ethical James than the contemplative John. But in an age of great fanaticism, let it be remembered to his immortal honor, that he ever earnestly insisted upon the practical principles of Christianity, and if he did not soar so high as some of his contemporaries into the mysteries of the divine life, he never, like too many of them, forgot plain duty in enraptured trances, or despised good works in the ecstasies of impassioned feeling.

In respect to intellect, Socinus may be placed without doubt among the gifted men of our race. Yet we by no means claim for him so high a place as belongs to some of his successors. He was more a man of elaborate argument than of ready insight. He belongs to the Aristotelian rather than to the Platonic class of minds. He was the careful commentator and logical theologian rather than the profound philosopher or the intuitive seer. In mind though not in heart, he had far more affinity with the acute Calvin than with the impassioned Luther. He differed much from his Unitarian brethren of the present day in his estimate of the province of reason and imagination in

the sphere of religion, whilst he rejected, as they do, the dogma of the unqualified depravity of human nature. He distrusted ceremonial worship and heated enthusiasm so far as sometimes to carry him into an opposite extreme. Yet who will wonder that a man who had passed so many years among Christians apt to forget in the pageantry of the altar the first principles of goodness, and who had afterwards in his exile seen such sad instances of the shipwreck of conscience under the pretended fervors of faith,—who will wonder, we ask, that such a man should insist so much upon practical obedience to the law of Christ as the only ground of safety, and be sometimes in danger of slighting too much the claims of devotional feeling? Yet his creed was not, as is so often said, a code of mere morality. Christ was its corner-stone, and to him Christ was the name before which every knee should bow.

As a practical man, Socinus was laborious, discreet, persevering, efficient, and in the end successful. Two folios of commentaries and treatises attest the industry of his pen, and a large community of Christians who had been instructed and harmonized by him, proved at his death that his labor had not been in vain.

In personal appearance he was, according to his Polish biographer, “of a form answering to his disposition, being of such a stature as exceeded not the just size, yet was nearer to tallness. The habit of his body was somewhat slender yet within measure; in his countenance the dignity of his high forehead and masculine beauty of his eyes did cast a

glance. Nor did the comeliness and grace of his look diminish the vigor and majesty thereof. There was a marvellous simplicity in his manners which was so tempered with gravity, that he was free from all superciliousness. Whence it came to pass that you would sooner reverence than fear him. Nevertheless he did so break and tame his choleric temper, that the mildness which did afterwards shine forth in him seemed to very many to be the praise of nature not of industry."

We are willing to close our estimate of his character by a passage from an author who has written in opposition to his doctrines. "Such and so considerable a man," says Ashwell, "was the author and patron of this sect. All those qualities that excite the admiration and attract the regards of men met in him : that, as it were with a charm, he bewitched all who conversed with him and left on their minds strong impressions of wonder and affection towards him. He so excelled in fine parts and in lofty genius, such were the strength of his reasonings and the power of his eloquence, he displayed in the sight of all so many distinguished virtues, which he either professed or counterfeited in an extraordinary degree, that he appeared formed to engage the attention of all mankind ; and it is not in the least surprising that he deceived great numbers and drew them over to his party. So what Augustine said of Faustus Manichæus may not be improperly applied to Faustus Socinus, 'Magnum Diaboli Laqueum, the Devil's great Decoy.'" When an opponent speaks thus of our early Unitarian brother, we are content to make no reply, for such

blame is the best praise. No greater eulogy can be bestowed upon a man by his antagonist than to declare that his gifts and virtues were so great, that the only way of accounting for them is to ascribe them to the instigation of the devil—to grant the attributes of goodness and yet call them only the shining garments in which Satan enrobes his minions. Would that such garments were more common, and the radiance of them so great that only theological asperity could fail to see in them the brightness of heaven's own raiment.

Such was Socinus in life and character. We will now speak of his doctrines and their influence.

All men of candid minds must respect the character of Socinus. As to his doctrines, of course, there will be as many different opinions as there are creeds. No denomination of Christians will be found ready to endorse all his doctrines, although in some points of doctrine he deserves the sympathy of all enlightened thinkers. As for us, we must give him the credit of being the most earnest defender among the early Protestants of three cardinal truths of religion—the strict unity of God, the divine authority of Christ as the messenger of God, and the free offer of salvation to those who believe in Christ and follow his principles. We must honor him for vindicating these truths in a manner so reverent towards the Scriptures and so considerate towards reason and humanity. We must honor him for vindicating the parental character of God from the distortions of theologians who saw in the Most High only a terrible Jehovah rather than the Heavenly Father. We must honor him for giving

Christ so exalted a place in the reverence of Christians without claiming for the Son any divine glory except what is bestowed on him by the Father. We must honor him for recognizing so distinctly the moral elements in human nature and calling man to use his gifts in the light of the Gospel not doubting that God will receive him with favor, if he is faithful to his powers and trusts.

The emphasis with which Socinus rejected the doctrine that God's wrath against man demanded some victim and was willing to punish Christ in man's stead, must win the respect of large classes of Christians not within the Unitarian ranks; whilst we may freely ask all considerate Christians to revere the earnestness with which he asserted the worth of practical religion in opposition to worldly vices and formal pageants, and thus made himself in moral strictness second to none of the Reformers. In an age when Calvin and Cranmer and even Melancthon were willing that the heretic's blood should be shed because of his heresy, we must admire the man who opposed the shedding of human blood, whether upon the scaffold or the battlefield—who on the one hand protested against the radicalism that would destroy all human government, and on the other against the tyranny that would bind both soul and body, enforce opinions by the sword, and punish error as murder. We speak no slight praise when we call Socinus a great practical reformer, at once cautious and uncompromising. How differently the history of the last three centuries would have been written, had his principles been generally adopted, instead of those of Calvin and Cranmer,

let the records of the myriads tortured on account of their opinions and the myriads slain in war indicate better than any labored argument. Would that the prelates and divines who have so often stirred men up to butchery had possessed more of the spirit of him whose name has risen so frequently to their lips when they declaim against damnable heresy. What heresy is so damnable as the cruelty that imbrues its hands in blood ;—what heresy is like hatred ?

Socinus regarded Jesus Christ as a man divinely born and endowed, not pre-existent except in the decree of the Father and that Eternal Word which was implanted within him. Nothing could exceed the emphasis with which he urged the claims of the Saviour to divine honor as the representative of God and the only mediator between God and man. He insisted much upon the perpetual ministry of Christ and the duty of Christians to live in relations of personal love and reverence towards him.

In reference to future punishment, he taught the doctrine of a future and righteous retribution, generally contenting himself with the language of Scripture upon the subject, but indicating sometimes the opinion that the incorrigible would be at last annihilated, and God be all in all.

Yet proscribed as the name of Socinus has been, his influence has never ceased. In Poland, the country in which he spent the laborious portion of his life, it was long very powerful. A numerous denomination with a large college and printing establishment did honor to his efforts and enjoyed the same toleration as other Christians. But the hatred of the Catholics and

Calvinists against these Unitarians was rather latent than extinct, and ere long after his death it burst forth. The first prominent victim was an opulent merchant who was attacked by a malicious prosecution as to some business transactions. He was called upon to verify his statement by an oath, and he was ready to take the oath in the name of Almighty God. But it was insisted upon that he should swear by the triune God or by the cross of Christ, and a crucifix was placed in his hands for the purpose. Indignant, the merchant dropped the crucifix upon the ground, and a clamor was at once raised against him as at blasphemer. He was sentenced to suffer death in the most excruciating form—his tongue to be pierced, his hands and feet to be cut off, his body to be beheaded, and then burned at the stake. This horrible sentence was executed at Warsaw, in the year 1611. To the Jesuits a prominent part in this abominable transaction has been ascribed. The Unitarian cause, however, was not thus to be put down. Its enemies waited another occasion to vent their bigotry. In the year 1638,—two years after Roger Williams brought the doctrine of toleration to the state which he founded,—another outbreak of cruelty took place in Poland. A mad prank of some boyish students of the Unitarian college of Racow, was the occasion of letting loose against the inoffensive sect, the whole force of priest-craft and superstition. The boys had thrown stones at a cross by the wayside, and beaten it down. In vain was it that the college government punished the offenders, and the parents and chief men asserted their condemnation of the deed. The college which

at times contained a thousand students was broken up, the printing house was demolished, and the ministers and professors were exiled. Still the denomination continued in the exercise of most its former privileges. One blow more and they are all taken away. Twenty years afterwards—in 1658—the Unitarians were accused of plotting against the State, and a decree of banishment was issued against them, and of death in case of their renewing and propagating their opinions. The merely nominal Unitarians conformed; the sincere confessors quitted the country, the chief part establishing themselves in Transylvania, and others seeking an asylum in Switzerland, Holland, England, and all the freer states of Europe. The 50,000 Unitarians of Transylvania with their three colleges and civil rights, are a monument to this day of the early persecutions and labors of their fathers. The eight folios now found in all our large libraries, labelled, “*Bibliotheca of the Polish Brothers who are called Unitarians,*” afford abundant proof of the zeal, learning and candor, of Socinus and his coadjutors.

Alas for Poland that she thus drove from her protection so many of her best citizens. A terrible retribution came in little less than a century. The coalition between Catholics, Calvinists and politicians, to put down the Unitarians, may well remind us of that foul coalition in the next century between Austria, Prussia and Russia, against the liberty and very existence of the nation, when the heroic Kosciusko fell, and the butcher Suwarrow conquered, and Poland was stricken from the list of nations. Empire once able to defy the autocrat of Russia, to look down upon

the throne of the Czars, and to despise the puny power of Prussia; alas that she should persecute her own children, and thus give an omen of the day when her walls should be desolate, and the noblest of her sons exiles.

Of the style of composition and the reasoning powers of the Socinian school of Unitarians, Archbishop Tillotson says:—"To do right to the writers on that side, I must own that generally they are a pattern of the fair way of disputing and debating matters of religion, without heat and unseemly reflections upon their adversaries. They generally argue matters with that temper and gravity, and that freedom from passion and transport, which become a serious and weighty argument; and for the most part, they reason closely and clearly with extraordinary guard and caution; with great dexterity and decency, and yet with smartness and subtilty enough; with a very gentle heart and few hard words: virtues to be praised wherever they are to be found, yea, even in an enemy, and very worthy of our imitation." He goes on to say, that compared with them, other controversial writers are mere bunglers, and that their chief defect is not reason, wit or temper, but only a good cause. When men like the illustrious Tillotson speak of the Unitarian writers thus, it is needless for us to recite their praises. If we could collect all the passages from the writings of their opponents, which allow their social and moral worth, and blame them for attaching such importance to good works, the eulogium from the lips of antagonists would be complete.

Such was Faustus Socinus,—such were his charac-

ter, his doctrines, his associates. We are of course glad to speak well of him as of a distinguished member of the Unitarian brotherhood. Yet we cannot call him master, nor take upon ourselves his name. In religion, Jesus Christ is our master, and we read nature, the soul and the Bible, for ourselves. We go beyond him in liberality and toleration; for whilst he opposed the infliction of death for opinions, he advocated the use of lighter penalties against deadly heresies; and whilst he cherished fellowship with other Christian Churches, of the Protestant orders, he regarded the Roman Catholics as too idolatrous to have fellowship with Christians here, or a place among the redeemed hereafter. While some Unitarians agree with him in his views of Christ, as a man divinely born and not pre-existent, others regard the Saviour as a pre-existent being, who assumed our nature, and others still regard him as having simply a human nature, with divine influences added after his birth. All Socinians are of course Unitarians; yet few existing Unitarians, if any, are Socinians. Yet Unitarians of every class are not ashamed of the memory of Faustus Socinus. Whether called Sabellians, Arians, Socinians, or Humanitarians, they are ready to defend his leading principles against his bitterest adversaries, and to merge lesser differences in asserting that to us there is one God the Father, and one Lord Jesus Christ.

It is a cheering and reasonable faith, that no honest word ever dies, and no true life ever comes to nought. Baffled as Socinus repeatedly was, and persecuted as were his followers, his influence has ever

been on the increase, and his leading doctrines were never so powerful as now. In all countries where thought has been left free, Unitarian opinions have won the assent of numbers of the best minds, and three chief republics of modern history—Geneva, Holland and America—have given strong proofs of the connection between free thought and Unitarian Christianity. Perhaps it is not too much to say, that wherever Unitarians have been found, however much they may be sometimes lacking in the raptures of emotion and the ceremonials of the ritual, they have always given their influence to education and humanity, and insisted earnestly upon a sense of accountableness to God, and of dependence on his love, as the great sentiment of religion, the test of faith, and the pledge of fidelity. They have their sins, and are quite prone to confess them to each other. Let those denominations that are without spot, cast the first stone.

We leave this topic not without a lesson—a lesson of fidelity, a lesson of liberality. First of fidelity; a noble host is with us in our dissent from leading doctrines of the Churches. Multitudes who lived before Rome rose to Empire, and other multitudes who have come upon the stage since the sceptre of Rome was broken by Reformation, have been with us in their essential principles; and their lives, so conspicuous for purity, call on us trumpet-tongued to be faithful to our God, our Saviour, and our fellow-men.

A lesson of liberality; we would not count ourselves to have apprehended, but would still press on—onward, upward, higher, higher. By their birth-right or adoption into the realm of Unitarian believers, men

should deem it their duty, as well as privilege, to bless every good work and cheer every earnest thought—meet every fraternal token in fellow Christians, and be willing to salute them who are not ready to salute us. Blessed be He who watches the issues of time, that the enlarged spirit, so craved by our fathers, is now extending itself so widely among those who once shrunk from their society with loathing. Catholics and Calvinists combined to drive Unitarians from Poland. Now Unitarians have liberty of worship in almost every country of Christendom, and each year rings the knell of some stronghold of spiritual despotism. Day dawns; Heaven speed its brightening. Our souls hasten the time when we may all merge disputed opinions in vital faith—dogmatism in active humanity, and we may all say from our experience, deeper than from the letter of creeds:—To us there is one God, the Father, and one Lord Jesus Christ.

1849.

IX.

HUGO GROTIUS AND THE ARMINIANS.*

HE who loves truth more than party, who by his candid spirit and moderate policy seeks rather to rebuke extravagances and reconcile strifes than to be the trumpeter of a sect or the pander to a faction; may hope to live in peace with his own soul and with his God, and may not despair of winning the respect of just men in his own and after ages; but he cannot anticipate that his name will be made the rallying-cry in the conflicts of opinion. He must be content to have many feebler and baser minds preferred before him; content with the censures of the many who mistake his moderation for cowardice, and the praises of the few whose word, however honorable to his

* 1. *History of Holland from the Beginning of the Tenth to the End of the Eighteenth Century.* By C. M. DAVIES. London. 1841-44. Three vols. 8vo.

2. *Hugo Grotius nach seinen Schicksalen und Schriften dargestellt.* Von HEINRICH LUDEN. Berlin. 1806. Hugo Grotius exhibited in his Fortunes and Writings. By HENRY LUDEN.

3. *Hugonis Grotii Epistolæ.* Amsterdam. 1687. folio. Letters of Hugo Grotius.

worth, can give him little favor with the multitude. Such a man in some respects was Erasmus, the brilliant scholar of the Reformation. Such a man, beyond question, was Melancthon, the theologian of the Reformation, the superior of Erasmus in the devotedness of his life, the master even of Luther in theological wisdom. Such a man unquestionably was Hugo Grotius, the Christian statesman, who in sacred scholarship caught the mantle of his illustrious countryman Erasmus, and, by his sufferings and labors in behalf of the peace of Christendom, merits from the friends of Christian union a higher name than he.

Identified with no party, Grotius has found few partisans. They who have most praised his virtues have most endangered his memory. Bossuet, Burigny, and Butler, in exhibiting the strong leaning of his later days towards the Roman Church, have won for him ambiguous honors from Catholics, much to the prejudice of his reputation with Protestants. Until the publication of Mr. Davies's excellent volumes, no ample history of Holland has existed in the English tongue, and it has been a task far from easy to form a satisfactory opinion of that country in the age of Grotius, and of his relation to his times. Even now, we have no adequate life of this great man in our own language. With the aid of the German biographers Schroeckh and Luden, we need not, however, complain of the scantiness of materials; especially not, if we can verify their statements by that best and most interesting illustration of the man and his times, the ample collection of the letters of Grotius.*

* We regret that one important source of information has been a

We now turn toward Holland; we go back two centuries to seek a Christian scholar, statesman, moralist, and theologian, whose history has important relations to our own times, and especially to our own country. We will start from a point of view familiar to us all. The year before the Pilgrim fathers embarked from Holland for their new home on this continent shall be the time. For eleven years, they had found a home among the Dutch, and for ten years had lived at Leyden, which Bradford, the second Pilgrim governor, has described as "a fair and beautiful city, and of a sweet situation, but made more famous by the University wherewith it is adorned, in which of late it had been by so many learned men." The year 1619 was the time at which the famous controversy between the Calvinists and Arminians was at its height, and the notorious Synod of Dort closed its protracted sessions. The events of this period have for us a double interest, from the fact that the Pilgrims were so near the field of controversy, and were very much concerned as to the issue. To give point to our description, we can without any stretch of imagination suppose Robinson, the Puritan minister, who felt an intense interest in the leading theological questions, who had already sided warmly with the Calvinists, (little care though they showed for his comfort while living or for his memory sealed book to us. We have not seen the *Life of Grotius* by Brandt and Cattenburg, nor have we heard of a copy being in any public or private library in this country. The fact, however, that it is written in Dutch, and has been freely consulted by Mr. Davies, reconciles us to the deficiency.

after death,) and held debates with Episcopus, the chief champion of the Arminians,—we can suppose Robinson to have been in the capital of the Dutch republic, the Hague, in the month of May, 1619. He could easily walk thither from Leyden, for the distance is, we believe, but about ten miles. On the thirteenth of that month, he would have witnessed an act of sectarian bigotry mingled with political hatred, that might in some measure have moderated his dogmatic rigidity, and have had something to do with that mild and liberal counsel addressed by him to the Pilgrim voyagers, as he gave them his blessing on the sea-shore, and committed them and their frail vessel to the God of the deep. The most venerable citizen of the republic was on that day led out to die. More than threescore years and ten, older than the republic over whose liberties he had watched in their feeble beginnings and their matured strength, the aged Barneveldt, leaning on his staff with one hand, and supported on the other side by his servant, walked composedly to the place of execution. “O God! what, then, is man!” he exclaimed, as he ascended the scaffold. He knelt down upon the rough boards, and said, with a firm voice,—“My friends, believe not that I am a traitor. I have lived a good patriot, and such I die.” He drew the cap over his eyes, and, bidding the executioner “be quick,” bowed his venerable head to the stroke. The people, some from love, some perhaps from hatred, dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood. So perished Barneveldt. His crime, however otherwise stated, consisted in his opposition to the war-party in politics, the Calvinistic sect

in religion, and his determined attachment to republican principles in spite of the ambitious attempts of Prince Maurice and the house of Orange to gain unwarranted power. Among the laity, he held the chief place in the liberal party of that day, the Remonstrants or Arminians. A few days before his death, the Synod of Dort closed its hundred and eightieth or last session, and Calvinism became virtually the law of the land.

The mantle of this venerable patriot and liberal Christain did not fall to the ground. It rested upon the shoulders of one stronger than himself,—a younger man, who had been arrested at the same time, and who had reason to expect a like fate upon the bloody scaffold that had been left standing fifteen days to overawe him into a confession of guilt. It was Hugo Grotius. His life was spared, and sentence of death exchanged for that of perpetual imprisonment. Comparing those times with our own, it was, in political respects, as if the venerable Franklin had been put to death in the party strifes subsequent to the Revolution, and his friend Adams had been doomed to imprisonment for life.

When the Pilgrims sailed from Delft Haven, Grotius was within the walls of the castle of Louvenstein. Little thought Elder Brewster and his companions how signally the theological contest which they left behind them in Holland would be renewed in the States to be founded by them in the Western wilds. Little thought they how soon another Leyden would spring up in the savage realm to which they were going, and the college founded by the Puritans would

have in Mather and Leverett its Arminius and Gomarus, and that their successors in the old controversy, Mayhew, Chauncy, and Ware, the Edwardses, Morse, and Woods, would prolong the debate to so late a day, and with so various a result. We can dwell no longer upon the Pilgrims. We must return to the land which they left, and busy ourselves with Grotius and his fortunes. Merely observing that the time before us is a very interesting one,—that at the date of his imprisonment the old Reformers were all gone, both those who with Luther had shared in the first enthusiasm of the Reformation, and those who with Calvin had figured in establishing the more rigid dogmatism and conservative discipline of its second stage,—that the age had now come for testing the character and influence of the Reformed system, and comparing it soberly with the system which it had supplanted; we pass on to our work, and will try to give some satisfactory idea of the previous life and subsequent fortunes of the illustrious prisoner.

Hugo Grotius, or, as he is called in his own country, Huig de Groot, was born at Delft, in 1583, four years after the seven Provinces of the Netherlands declared their independence of Spain, and the famed Dutch republic was formed. His family was of high distinction, and to ancestral honors his father added conspicuous reputation in literature and law. The De Groot race was of ancient lineage, and in its very name, which signifies “the Great,” bore the proof of its distinction. Its pure Teutonic blood had been mingled by the grandfather of Grotius, Cornelius Cornets, a Burgundian, with some of that more viva-

cious pulse which marks the French and other Celtic races. Cornets took the name of his wife to save it from extinction.*

From boyhood, the young Grotius seemed to be a prodigy of talent. At the age of eight he composed Latin verses, and at eleven entered the University of Leyden with great distinction. While at the University, he composed Greek and Latin poems, maintained theses in mathematics, philosophy, and law, and won the confidence of such veterans in literature as Joseph Scaliger. At fifteen, his fame had gone beyond the borders of his own country, and he was selected by Barneveldt to accompany him upon an important embassy to France. The object of the mission was to induce Henry the Fourth to continue the war with Spain, and not leave his Dutch allies to contend alone against the tyranny of Philip the Second. A youth of fifteen, so engrossed as Grotius had been with clas-

* We may remark, that the Batavi, who peopled Holland or the Northern Netherlands, were a Teutonic race closely allied to the German races, and by this fact distinguished from the Belgians, who peopled the South Netherlands, and who, being in great part of the Celtic race, have had little sympathy with the spirit of Northern Europe, either in religion or government, as is evident from the history of Belgium. Why the Dutch have differed so much from their German neighbors, and have been so little disposed to philosophical speculation and theological laxity, may be explained in part from their maritime position, so much more favorable to practical thrift than to intellectual reverie,—in part from their government, which, giving the people some share in public affairs, does not drive them into theorizing as the only field of free thought,—and in part from the fact that the Dutch accepted the system of Calvin, so rigid and literal,—not the system of Luther, so much more free and spiritual.

sical studies, would probably be little able to understand the diplomacy of courts. Yet it is worthy of note, that he was thus early brought into contact with great political interests, and that his sympathies were warmly enlisted on behalf of his country's independence and prosperity. He thought more of the scholars than the diplomatists of France, and his chief grief at the close of his year of absence was, that he had not become acquainted with the renowned historian De Thou, or Thuanus, to whom he wrote immediately, after his return to Holland. He had no reason to complain of neglect in France. Henry the Fourth placed upon his neck a gold chain attached to a portrait of himself, and exclaimed, as he did it, —“Behold the miracle of Holland!” A dangerous mark of distinction to such a stripling! They who accuse him in subsequent years of trying to curry favor with the Roman hierarchy might say, that this gold chain was of ominous portent, and was a badge of servitude to that time-serving policy which had led the Huguenot Henry of Navarre to surrender his faith for a Catholic throne. But for ourselves, we can say no such thing. The stanch little Protestant, who at the age of twelve converted his mother from the Roman faith, after the father had despaired of her conversion, was not of a nature to be won by flattery to any course of treachery.

Grotius returned home from France with the degree of Doctor of Laws, and entered immediately upon a brilliant literary career. During his residence at the Hague after his return, he was under the guidance of Uytendbogard, a distinguished Arminian

preacher. In 1599, he published a learned edition of Martianus Capella, a Latin writer of the sixth century, and the following year he increased the wonder of his countrymen by his edition of the Greek Aratus on the Astronomy of the ancients, in which he undertook to complete the translation left unfinished by Cicero. He dedicated this book to the States of Holland and West Friesland, and in the dedication proved the interest of his own mind in political topics by asserting the superiority of a free aristocratic government over both monarchy and democracy. He had previously given proof of the practical turn of his mind by translating a treatise on Navigation from the Dutch into the Latin, then the common language of literature, and also by his success in the law. Yet poetry and history seem to have always been the delight of his leisure hours, and many historical and poetical fragments illustrate the nature of his youthful studies. The practice of the law was evidently far from congenial with his tastes, and he was glad to be rid of its routine by being appointed, at the age of twenty-four, Advocate-General of Holland and two other of the Dutch States, and also by being chosen by the States General, or Dutch congress, to prepare a history of the great struggle between the republic and the Spanish empire. This history was one of the sacred labors of his life; and, although offered to the States in 1612, was withheld from the press, revised, and was not completed until near his death. His being chosen for this task proves the general estimation in which he was held for his patriotism, and the tendency of his

mind, after the appointment, was such as to confirm the opinion. The treatise, published in 1609, on the Antiquity of the Batavian Republic, was an earnest defence of the national freedom from the charge of presumptuous innovation; and his previous work on the Freedom of the Sea evinced how well he understood the sources of his country's prosperity, and with what prophetic wisdom he sought to stigmatize the spirit that would make a national monopoly of the ocean,—that free highway given by God. Portugal claimed as her own the path to India discovered by the enterprise of her De Gama, whilst Grotius triumphantly vindicated the rights of Dutch commerce in the East, and the entire freedom of the seas. The principles which he asserted in opposition to Spanish tyranny he was ere long called to assert against English rapacity, and in 1613 he was sent upon a mission to England to negotiate in regard to the difficulties that had sprung up between the two nations in respect to maritime rights.

Grotius in England, in the prime of manhood, at the age of thirty, with a reputation and achievements far beyond the average lot of distinguished men at the close of a long life, brings England before us in an interesting aspect. Into what select society this great scholar must at once be ushered, and with what delight he revels in the companionship of the illustrious Englishmen of that day! we are ready to exclaim. His letters, generally so numerous and copious, how rich must they be in illustrations of the men and manners of England! At Stratford, he might find Shakspeare enjoying a pleasant retirement, rare enough for an actor and poet not yet an old man,

In the high courts, he could have heard Sir Francis Bacon pronounce his profound charges, and in society have enjoyed the conversation of the man who had already written the *Essays* and the *Advancement of Learning*, and who was rising to brilliant political and philosophical honors, his official dignity not yet stained by fraud, and his intellectual greatness not yet consummated by the *Novum Organum*. Other men of note then flourished in England, and still greater were coming upon the stage. A little boy of five years, named John Milton, lived with his father, the scrivener, in Bread Street, London; and in the fields of Huntingdon roamed the stout lad Oliver Cromwell, too wayward to submit to the discipline of school and to the proper preparation for college. But we are sadly disappointed in what Grotius says of England. He was well received by James, and succeeded in one part of his mission; but he tells us very little that we care to know. He complains somewhat of the predominance of the theologians, and yet does not appear to have been much in the society of men of letters and statesmen. He seems to have been most intimate with his old correspondent Isaac Casaubon, the Swiss scholar and theologian, who, after being librarian of Henry the Fourth, had left France for England, and, in the enjoyment of a good benefice, was now meditating plans for the union of the Christian Church. Grotius listened with great interest to his views, and undoubtedly found in them much to confirm his own previous thoughts. Both men had taken strong disgust at the intolerance of the Reformed sects; both had considerable admiration for the

unity and grandeur of the old church; both were far from being admirers of Calvinism.*

It is evident that the mind of Grotius was becoming deeply interested in theological questions, and that while in England he thought more of the point at issue between the Calvinists and Arminians than of anything else. King James was at that time upon the fence in regard to this subject, and told Grotius that both doctrines deserved toleration. He had not yet fully seen the hostility between the doctrine of arbitrary election and high church doctrines, nor realized how uncomfortable to kings and bishops are the men who ask nothing but the Divine decree to place them among the elect. Bishop Abbot had recently been called to the primacy of Canterbury, and always gave his influence in favor of the more Calvinistic principles; while at Oxford, one of the heads of College, William Laud, was maturing those views which were to drive Calvinism from the English Church, substitute the rites of the Church for the decrees of arbitrary election, and make English theology so far Arminian. Abbot took a great dislike to Grotius, undoubtedly on account of his Arminian sentiments.

* It is worthy of note that Grotius states it as a significant fact, in illustration of the scanty patronage of literature in England, that a scholar like Casaubon was obliged to put on the theologian, and trust to a benefice for support. "I am just from England," he writes; "small is the patronage of letters. Theologians rule; pettifoggers have affairs in their own hands. Casaubon is almost the only one who has a sufficiently favorable fortune, although in his own judgment it is far from secure. Nor for him as a man of letters is there any place in England; he was obliged to put on the theologian."—*Epistolæ*, p. 756.

Grotius, in some respects, had much sympathy with the rising party of Laud, although by no means the friend of its subsequent intolerance.*

Upon his return, he became deeply involved in the theological strifes that had been long agitating Holland. His views had been decided for several years, but he had not been prominent in religious controversy. The increasing bitterness of sectarian rancor seems to have led him to receive gladly the office of Pensionary or Syndic of Rotterdam, upon such terms as exempted him from removal, and entitled him to a seat in the assembly of the States General. This office was the more pleasing to Grotius, as it brought him into relations of intimacy with his old friend, the illustrious Barneveldt, who for nine years had performed its duties, and had now become Grand Pensionary of Holland. How intimately the fate of both men was to be connected we have seen. A few words we may be allowed upon the cause of the catastrophe.

The cause of the separation of the States of Holland from Spain was religion. Philip the Second, that worst of bigots, undertook to destroy the Reformation in the Low Countries by fire and sword. How atrocious were his measures, how infamous the conduct of

* It must be granted, that, while Arminian principles favor human freedom by ascribing free agency to man, those who hold them have been often tempted to substitute for the principle of elective sovereignty and predestination the principle of sovereignty in the priesthood and ritual. Calvinism has always claimed freedom, civil and religious, for the elect, and favored republican government. It should be remembered, however, that its republic has consisted only of the elect, and has granted little privilege or mercy to those deemed non-elect.

his minion, the Duke of Alva, we need not describe. Their designs were signally baffled, and the rise of the republic of Holland was the result in 1579. In the Dutch Netherlands the Reformed or Calvinistic doctrines prevailed, probably on account of the proximity and influence of France, where the Protestants were generally Calvinists, not Lutherans. This fact, as we have hinted, has had a very great influence upon the destiny of Holland. In the early contest with the Spaniards, there was something in the doctrine of predestined election that tended to animate the courage of the revolutionists in their desperate warfare. If they had lost the Pope's blessing, the soldiers were glad to feel that they were God's elect, and the more they magnified the Divine decree, the greater their reliance upon the success of their arms. It was the war of the Puritans against king and prelate, only under another form. It is obvious, however, that Calvinistic doctrines can never maintain for a long time an unquestioned hold upon a community, and in Holland their day of supremacy was to cease. We can but glance at the main points in the course of the controversy.

The leader of the more liberal party was James Herrmann, or Arminius, who was born at Oudenwater, in Holland, in 1560, four years before Calvin's death, received his theological education at Geneva, the hot-bed of Calvinism, was led to reject the doctrine of arbitrary election, while engaged in preparing a work in its defence, and who, notwithstanding a bitter opposition that reminds us of a recent controversy near by, was called to the theological chair of the

University at Leyden in 1602. He died not many years after, in 1609, a year before the arrival of the Pilgrims at Leyden. Ill-starred man ! a second Hamlet, whose mother, the Reformed Church, had been faithless, and brought upon him evil times that he vainly strove to correct. His position was little in unison with his mild temper and more generous creed. Graceful, eloquent, amiable, devout, conscientious, he adopted for his motto the sentence, whose truth, according to his biographer, Brandt, his whole life confirmed,—“A good conscience is Paradise.” He died at forty-nine, apparently a victim to constant excitement, and to the calumnies of those who too often think that a certain creed is the true paradise. We speak of his merits the more decidedly, as we have now the warranty of fair-minded Calvinists, and the great denomination of Methodists have become his champions. Few Orthodox men of New England will speak of Arminius as his old adversaries and some modern Presbyterians have done. The language on his death-bed, which is quoted by his adversaries in proof of his want of spiritual peace, points, obviously, rather to the unkindness of his foes than to any lack of religious confidence on his part :—“Woe is me, my mother, that thou hast borne me, a man of strife and a man of contention to the whole earth ! I have lent to no man on usury, nor have men lent to me on usury ; yet every man doth curse me.” As to the personal character of Arminius, we are content to leave it where Professor Stuart has placed it in his instructive article in the first number of the Biblical Repository.

The amiable and perhaps somewhat timid Armi-

nius, though defeated and prematurely cut off, was not, however, to be forgotten. The best men in Holland took up his cause, and in Uytenbogard and Episcopius, Barneveldt and Grotius, his place was more than filled. As to Grotius himself, he had long admired the learning and virtues of Arminius, and had celebrated them in an elaborate elegiac poem. He had always inclined towards his views. But only after the death of Arminius does he appear to have realized the importance of the points at issue. Calvinism became more and more extravagant in its doctrines, and more disposed to domineer over literature, church, and state. By nature gifted with a very comprehensive mind, he could not submit to its dogmatism; of vast learning, and wont to admire the wisdom and virtues of the ancients, he could not believe that men like Socrates, Plato, Cicero, and Aurelius were so powerless in will and so hopeless in doom as Calvin and Beza taught, and Gomarus and Cocceius echoed. He was outraged by the exclusiveness of the Predestinarian party; he was perfectly willing that they should hold their opinions, but indignant that they should try to exclude from the church those who differed from them. He had accordingly taken a prominent part in the remonstrance to the States General, in 1610, which gave the Arminians the name of Remonstrants. The leading men of the republic were with him, and there was some prospect of the success of their effort in opposition to the exclusive system. We cannot, indeed, admire all their measures. They would be tolerant of varieties of opinion, but not of intolerance; and while the Cal-

vinists sought to divide the church by intolerant measures, the Arminians sought to keep it united by measures equally severe. The error of striving to stop division by appeal to the civil force began with the Arminians, although they demanded of their adversaries no sacrifice of essential doctrines, but only mutual forbearance. They were able in most of the States to enact a decree in favor of forbearance and union between the parties. This decree, adopted in 1614, and renewed in 1616, forbade the exclusion of believers from the church on account of non-essential points of opinion, and ordered the clergy to preach Christianity as the Scriptures do, and not intrude their own speculations. Grotius had taken a conspicuous part in establishing this decree, and used his great knowledge of the Scriptures and the ancient fathers to confirm its main position. Yet he could not succeed in keeping the church at peace. The Contra-remonstrants would have no alliance with the Remonstrants, and sometimes interrupted their assemblies by violence, as in the mobs at Amsterdam in 1617. In one instance, the women of the congregation defended the preacher, an Arminian, from the assault of his adversaries, and brandished the stools and benches with Amazonian energy about the heads of the Calvinistic assailants. In some cases, the Remonstrants, continuing in their early error, retaliated by appealing to the government, and troops were ordered out to keep their adversaries at peace.

Grotius was now in the midst of theological warfare, yet he did not allow his literary tastes to languish. History and poetry disputed the claims of divinity, and

several important works were the fruit of this stormy period of six years, from 1613 to 1619. His friend De Thou besought him to abandon sectarian strife, and devote himself to less dangerous interests; but he replied in a noble letter, and asserted his determination to be faithful to the freedom of the country and the peace of the church. A man who, like De Thou, had passed through the horrors of the night of St. Bartholomew, might well give this advice, and in some points Grotius might well have taken it. Yet it soon became obvious how much the freedom of the state was identified with that of the church. Prince Maurice, the Stadtholder, sided warmly with the Calvinistic party, and enforced their interests by the vast weight of his political influence. He had long disliked Grotius and Barneveldt for the part they had taken in the peace with Spain. Maurice was a great soldier, and loved war as the theatre of his greatness. He could not bear the check of these distinguished civilians, who kept his prerogative within such careful limits. He was glad to favor the Calvinistic party, and thus at once win popularity with the mass of religious enthusiasts, and increase his official power at the expense of the authorities of the separate States. His influence was soon apparent in the election of delegates in the several States, and in the general congress of the States General. A central Synod of the Reformed churches was agreed upon, in 1617, by the States General, to be held at Dort, the first of May, the following year. The meeting of the Synod was afterwards postponed, on account of the severe opposition, until November 1, 1618. The Remonstrant

party looked upon the calling of this assembly as a great outrage on national, and especially on State, rights;—on national rights, because foreign churches were to be invited to send delegates,—on State rights, because the jurisdiction of the several States in matters of religion was to be destroyed by subjection to the general tribunal. How far the Remonstrants were justified in regarding the transaction as an act of tyranny appeared in the sequel.

Grotius was arrested on the twenty-ninth of August, together with Hoogerbeets and Barneveldt. They denied the jurisdiction of the tribunal before which they were arraigned, and claimed the protection of the laws of their own State. The claim availed them little. Maurice triumphed, to the great harm of the liberties of Holland. The Anti-Remonstrants were willing to allow a very dangerous power to the Stadtholder, for the sake of a signal triumph over the Remonstrants. The ablest men of the liberal party being thus under arrest, the Synod of Dort ere long held its session.

The Synod of Dort! What volumes have been written upon its deliberations, what lessons may be derived from its results! We can say but little of it at present. Its aim was to unite the strength of the Reformed or Calvinistic churches throughout Christendom, and it had among its members delegates from England, Germany, and Switzerland, and members were expected from France. It held its meetings, very fitly, in a building called the Doel, which had been used as an armory or place for drilling troops, had a hundred and eighty sessions, and cost the gov-

ernment a million guilders, or about half a million dollars.*

The Arminians seem to have been very unfairly treated, both in the mode of calling delegates to the Synod and in the conduct of its deliberations, although their opponents tried to maintain that all had been done justly. Though virtually arraigned for sentence, they were not allowed to state or defend their opinions in their own way, and were at last told by the coarse president,—“You are dismissed; go out!” Severe sentence was passed against them, and they were deprived of their offices, both ecclesiastical and academical. Subsequently, these decrees were confirmed by the States General, and severe penalties attached to teaching the liberal theology.† When the sentence was read to them by the political commissioners, Episcopius, the accomplished leader of the Arminian party, exclaimed,—“God will require of you an account of your conduct at the great day of judgment. There you and the whole synod will appear. May you never meet with a judge such as the synod has been to us.”

They who would view the Synod of Dort without prejudice may turn to the letters of an eyewitness, the “ever memorable” John Hales of Eton, who attended as the chaplain of the English ambassador, Carleton. Hales was a very good Calvinist, when he went.

* It was composed as follows:—ecclesiastical delegates from the Provinces, 38 ministers and 20 elders; 18 political commissioners; 28 foreign divines; 5 professors of theology from the Universities.

† A portion of the States, however, long refused to sanction the decrees or accept the decisions of the Synod.

From his experience there, or some other cause, he considerably modified his views. After reading his account of his proceedings, we are at a loss to understand the exclamation attributed to the famous Bishop Hall,—“O, if there were ever a heaven on earth, it was at the Synod of Dort!”—unless the full liberty of speech allowed to the Bishop, then Dean of Worcester, and considerably employed by him, made the place seem heavenly.*

Arbitrary and violent as the proceedings of the Synod were, the high predestinarian party triumphed in their measures rather than their doctrines, for the Acts of the Synod did not indorse the complete fatalism of Gomarus, or assert the reprobation of the non-elect by an eternal decree of God, without qualification. The Supra-lapsarian doctrine, that God previously to creation decreed to create a portion of mankind for sin and everlasting misery, is not set forth, nor is the origin of evil ascribed to the Creator's decree. Yet the doctrines asserted are predestinarian altogether beyond the modern standard of orthodoxy, as they declare that election proceeds not in any way from the foresight of faith or obedience, but solely from the gratuitous pleasure of God, and that Christ died only for the elect, and not for all. The ground

* The presence of English churchmen at this Synod seems remarkable, when we consider how soon the English Church was to adopt the Arminian doctrines. What a contrast between that age and our own! How many dignitaries of England, such as the Bishop of Llandaff, and the Dean of Worcester, were disposed to appear in the Evangelical Convention of London, in 1846, as their predecessors did at the Synod of Dort, in 1618?

taken by Arminius, which was much more rigid than that occupied by his followers, especially his later followers, was not far from the present standard of Andover orthodoxy. Arminius held a great principle, whose consequences he by no means carried out. There is, as regards doctrine some truth in what Professor Stuart says of him, that Arminius was not an Arminian. The earnestness, however, with which he contended for the agency of man and the value of obedience place him fitly at the head of the Anti-Calvinistic party. In some portions of his writings he speaks with more latitude than in others, and gives us reason to believe that he was somewhat checked by the bigotry of the times in the development of his views.

The Synod of Dort closed its tedious and tyrannical sessions. We turn gladly from its deliberations to speak of the illustrious prisoners who were in confinement awaiting trial during this period. How soon after the close of the Synod Barneveldt was beheaded we have already seen. The month after, June 5, 1619, Grotius and Hoogerbeets, were carried to the castle of Louvenstein, and their goods were confiscated. Such was the issue of the patriotic efforts of Grotius to preserve the peace of the Church and the freedom of the States. Having sketched the features of his life while in the service of his country, we turn to its second division.

Grotius now comes before us as the captive and exile. What to an inferior mind is defeat to a noble mind is triumph; and Christendom was to feel the power of his labors within the walls of Louvenstein.

His noble wife, who, with Roman heroism, had refused to speak a single word of petition for his pardon, deeming such a request equivalent to a confession of her husband's guilt, with the true spirit of a Christian woman, asked to share his captivity. She obtained leave to visit him twice a week, and also permission to supply him with books for his favorite studies. Refusing to accept the small pittance voted for his support, she used every effort to add to his happiness without derogating from his dignity. With his books around him, he was hardly a prisoner; for the castle-walls were thus expanded as by enchantment, and Greece, Rome, Palestine, were the domain of the illustrious scholar. Classic poets and sages, Christian evangelists and fathers, were his familiar companions. He busied himself with revising the dramas of Euripides and the ethics of Seneca; he wrote the first draught of his famous work on the Truth of the Christian Religion, in Dutch verse, for the use of Dutch sailors in their voyages and in their intercourse with heathen countries; he also labored upon his Commentary on the Scriptures, and planned a work in defence of his friends and of himself in their relation to state and church. Yet liberty was dear to him, as his letters during this period show. No thanks to his enemies, it came to him within less than two years after his imprisonment. By a deception, whose enormity we must leave to a jury of Christian wives to decide, his wife, in March, 1621, prepared for him the means of escape. He concealed himself in a chest that had been used to carry books to and from the prison. She intrusted the secret to a faithful maid-servant, who promised in spite

of the danger to take charge of the conveyance. On a day when the governor of the castle was absent, Grotius having entered his hiding-place, his wife drew the curtains close around the bed, as if he were there sick, and, placing his garments in the chair, called in the soldiers to carry away the chest. Feeling the unusual weight of the chest, one of them exclaimed, in lifting it,—“How comes it so heavy? is there an Arminian in it?” “No,” exclaimed his wife without embarrassment, “only Arminian books.” The chest was carried away, and, after a variety of curious incidents, reached a safe place at the house of a friend, when Grotius emerged from his narrow hiding-place, and soon made his way to Paris. The wife was detained at the castle a fortnight, but, notwithstanding the bluster of a few churlish magistrates, a better policy prevailed. All parties petitioned for the release of the noble woman who had preferred that her husband should be imprisoned rather than ask a pardon that implied his guilt, and who had shared his captivity; and so resolutely procured him liberty.*

In France, Grotius once more breathed freely. The French government had always been friendly to his party, and disposed to moderate the tyranny of his an-

* It would seem from an assertion made by Davies, on the authority of the Dutch biographer, Brandt, that Grotius had less pride than his wife, and was willing after condemnation to ask of Maurice some employment in his personal affairs. We can hardly reconcile this with the assurance so strongly given in his letters, that he scorned to ask for pardon where no crime had been committed. In his scrupulous conscience he may have made a distinction between asking pardon and soliciting employment from a tyrant.

tagonists. He had received much personal kindness from Frenchmen, and now the courtesy shown him when a boy by Henry the Fourth was continued by his son, Louis the Thirteenth. A pension was settled upon the distinguished exile, and protection was afforded him against the clamor of the Dutch government, which had been anew provoked by his Defence of the Remonstrant party,—a treatise which he completed during his stay at Paris. His life in France was in many respects full of privileges, and in others full of annoyance. He had much leisure for study, as his various productions at this period show, especially his great work on the Rights of Peace and War, which was published in 1625. His position, however, was painfully dependent upon precarious bounty. When, in 1625, Richelieu rose to the height of power, the independent spirit of the Hollander refused to yield to his dictation, and become the minion of his tyrannical schemes. He, moreover, pined for his own country, and cherished the hope of returning thither, now that Prince Maurice was dead, and his more friendly brother, Prince Frederic Henry, had become Stadtholder, and the Remonstrants were more favorably treated. He remained in France until 1631, busied with various classical, legal, and theological studies. In that year he started on his way to Holland. He went to Rotterdam, the city of Erasmus, which had so long befriended him. But vain were all his hopes of a peaceful residence there. His theology could be forgiven, but not his political course in reference to the power of the Stadtholder and the States General. A price was set upon his head, and the un-

happy man went once more into exile. In the autumn of 1632 he retired to Hamburg, and was received with the greatest distinction. Here he had leisure for study, but few books to aid his researches and to beguile his sufferings. He was troubled at the prospects of his country, sick at heart in view of the horrors of the general war that was now filling Europe with misery and death, the famous Thirty Years' war. At this time he composed a dramatic poem, based upon the history of the Hebrew Joseph, evidently as a means of lessening the tedium of his position. But his great abilities were not to languish here. The courts of Denmark, Sweden, and Poland, and it is said that even Spain and Wallenstein, sought to procure his services. Sweden succeeded. Grotius met Chancellor Oxenstiern, in May, 1634, and at the beginning of the next year went, as the ambassador of Sweden, to the court of France. He fitly represented the country of Gustavus Adolphus. That great prince and hero had been a fervent admirer of the treatise on War and Peace, and although then he had fallen upon the field of Lützen, in death the victorious champion of Protestant liberty against the attacks of Spain and Austria, his spirit had not passed away. His daughter, and her minister, Oxenstiern, honored his memory in calling Grotius to represent Sweden at a court so important to the Protestant league as was France.

Now the third and last period of his life opens upon us. First, servant of his country, then captive and exile, he is now legate of Sweden. For ten years he remained at his post at the French court, faithful to his duties in the most perplexing relations, watching

over the interests of Sweden with the most scrupulous care, not forgetting that every measure in aid of the Protestant league was in favor of his own country too, and would tend to save Holland from falling under the imperial yoke. Yet he was evidently little satisfied with the administration of Richelieu and Mazarin, little charmed with the intrigues of the prevailing diplomatists. They who wish to trace the history of his perplexities will find them described in Burigny to their heart's content. None can help being amused at his ideas of official precedence, especially at the claim set up by him for Sweden, of precedency over Leicester, the English ambassador, on account of the greater antiquity of the Swedish nation, which he undertook to prove by alarming displays of learning. How well qualified he was to argue such a point is obvious from his work upon the history of the Goths, and other ancestors of the nations of Northern Europe. Yet during the years of his embassy he often sighed for a life of retirement, where he might devote himself to study unimpeded by vexatious cares. Perhaps his literary labors already had caused at the court of Sweden some misgivings as to his diplomatic zeal, although there was no good ground to doubt his fidelity. He was evidently pained by the presence of a special agent of Sweden at Paris, and in 1645 he desired to be relieved from his heavy responsibilities. With difficulty he obtained leave from Sweden. He was treated with distinction upon his passage through Holland, and honorably received at the court of Christina. Yet his position there did not please him. He was a foreigner, and as such was regarded with

jealousy by the Swedish aspirants to office. It was not easy to find a suitable place for him. The queen was very generous to him, and apparently reluctant to lose his services. But he had decided to leave Sweden, and accordingly embarked for Lubeck, Germany. Whither he was intending thence to go, and spend the remainder of his days, is very uncertain. It is maintained by some that he wished to return to France, as legate from Poland. We should judge, however, that he designed to return to Holland, whose condition had now considerably changed since his last attempt. We cannot but fancy the honors of his reception and the peaceful decline of a life already extended to more than three-score years. But his ungrateful country was not to have the office of smoothing his path to the grave. Nor can we think that a return thither would have brought him all the happiness he imagined, so dangerous is it ever to test by experience the fond dreams which fancy always connects with a distant and long-lost home. A violent storm drove his vessel to the shores of Pomerania, August 17th, 1645, and Grotius, weary and sick, endeavored to go to Lubeck in an open wagon. He was compelled to stop at Rostock, and there, on the 28th of August, two days afterwards, he died. His age was sixty-three. A Lutheran minister attended him in his last hours, and received his dying confession of faith. His remains were carried to Holland, and now rest near those of William of Orange, the Washington of the Dutch republic. A monument to his memory in his native place was erected more than a century after his decease. The inscription, from

his own dictation, tells the chief events of his history:—

“Grotius hic Hugo est, Batavus, Captivus et Exul,
Legatus Regni, Suecia Magna, tui.”

“Here rests Hugo Grotius, Batavian, Captive, and Exile, Ambassador of thy realm, Great Sweden.”

Two medals have been struck in commemoration of his services. One of them is emblematic of his eventful life, and bears a curious engraving of the chest in which he escaped from prison, surmounted by the crowns of Sweden and of France, whilst on the left hand the castle of Louvenstein is seen in the distance, and on the right the rising sun appears; the motto is,—“Melior post aspera fata resurgo.” “I rise the better after misfortunes.” The other medal bears the bust of Grotius, with the inscription, in French,—“The Phœnix of his country, the oracle of Delft, the great genius, the light which illumines the earth.”

Grotius died at a time eventful for his own country, for the great Teutonic race from which he sprang, and for the nations with whose interests he had become identified. The crisis of the conflict between the Protestant League, who were aided by France, and their adversaries, the Imperialists, was at hand, and in three years that peace of Westphalia was to be signed, by which the tyranny of the Imperial Catholics was to be stayed, and that balance of power between the European nations to be established, which remains in its essential features to the present day. England was entering upon her revolutionary

era, and that very year Archbishop Laud had been brought to the block, and Charles the First had been defeated by Cromwell at Naseby. By a man of a cosmopolitan mind like Grotius, vast interest must have been attached to the great drama then enacting in Europe; and as he felt the shadows of death gathering around him, with his sighs of yearning for his wife and family, grave and earnest thoughts must have been mingled for the issue of the great contest, and the success of his cherished principles. But why speak of his case as peculiar? The world is always passing through a crisis, and to all dying men the curtain that is shutting earthly scenes from their view throws an impenetrable veil over affairs whose result the mind craves almost with agony to know.

We turn now from our survey of the life of Hugo Grotius, to speak more particularly of his works and character. His works we cannot mention even by name, so numerous are they. We shall speak of them by classes, and cannot dwell at any length except upon two of these classes.

We have not been at pains to examine his labors in classical philology. We only know enough of them to move us to wonder at the extent of the learning, and the force of the perseverance, that enabled him to shed so much light upon Capella, Aratus, and Stobæus, Lucan, Euripides, and Tacitus. The reader of any of his works, upon whatever subject, must be convinced that the whole world of Greek and Roman thought and expression was as familiar to him as the affairs of his own day.

Nor have we anything to say of his various political publications, whether relating to the laws of Holland, the freedom of the seas, the jurisprudence of Rome, or the rights of the magistracy in matters of religion. These made him famous in his day, but have little interest for our own time.

Of his historical treatises we have met only with his most mature and favorite work, the *Belgic Annals*. Its impartiality in treating of the author's personal enemies is remarkable. Its style evinces in every line his admiration of Tacitus, although it by no means persuades us to say with Schroeckh, that he has surpassed the illustrious Roman whom he strove to imitate.

As to the poems of Grotius, we have seen little to admire in them, except the elaborate structure of the Latin verse, and the copiousness and general pertinence of the classical allusions. The flowers of fancy seem rather to be taken from an ancient herbarium than from a living garden. It is very strange to us, that, in the age of Spenser and Shakspeare and Milton, men could be found, like Scaliger and Casaubon, to rank such artificial efforts among the master-pieces of poetical composition. Yet we must be sparing of our censure, and remember how much the scholars of that period lived in the classical past. We may fitly ask, Where would Milton have stood as a poet, if he had confined himself to the ancient language which he and Grotius so adroitly used? Who would have spoken his name in our time, if he had left only his Latin poems, with no *Comus* or *Paradise Lost* to commend him to English hearts? Perhaps, if begun

in Latin, his great poem might have justified the comparison of Johnson, and the Adam of Milton spoken somewhat like the Adamus Exul of Grotius.*

It is as a theologian and moralist that Grotius has chief interest in our eyes, and principal importance in this age. His position in both of these characters connects his name with the most momentous questions at present agitated. Christendom has gone through one of its great cycles of thought since his day, and in theology, especially, many leading minds, stand nearly where he stood; and there is much, alike in the forward and the backward movements of the Church, to draw attention to his name and give consequence to his principles.

We presume that his position in the theological controversies of his age was more the result of circumstances than of choice. He was not a theologian by profession. Always devotedly attached to the Christian religion, he found himself moved gradually, by the state of the church and the claims of his country,

* As we mention these two names, both so eminent in scholarship, both defamed by the same calumniator, Salmasius, we can hardly refrain from turning aside a moment to compare their eventful fortunes. Grotius and Milton met at Paris, in 1638. Milton, an enthusiastic young man of thirty, starting upon his travels, from which he was to be recalled to take part in the revolutionary struggles of England, and immortalize himself as a champion of liberty and a poet of the human race; Grotius, an exile from his country, ambassador of a foreign power, his heart chilled by the isolation of his position, and his ardor paralyzed by being compelled to utter his thoughts in a dead language, without the response of the national soul, which Milton's genius so felt and so inspired? Both, however, had their mission, both have done their work. We cannot linger upon the theme.

to take sides with the Arminian party. His attachment to the principles of this party undoubtedly made him a more careful student of the Scriptures and the Fathers, although we should do him great injustice to ascribe to him chiefly a sectarian interest in sacred studies. In fact, his whole life was a protest against sectarianism, and he joined the Arminians because they favored moderate measures, and were opposed to the dogmatism that made faith depend upon opinion, and based communion upon doctrine, rather than because he was an enthusiast for the Arminian views, congenial as they were with his nature and education. His first strictly theological treatise was an effort to reconcile the rising strife regarding predestination and grace, and his latest desire was to heal the discords of Christendom, and bring together the scattered fragments of the Church into one fair temple of faith and devotion. If any bitter feeling interfered with the calmness of his mind and the impartiality of his judgment, it was his dislike of Calvinism. Who can wonder at this, when we consider how vilely he had been treated by the Calvinistic party, and how opposed, moreover, the sharp, schismatic, intolerant system of Geneva was to his comprehensive mind, enlarged learning, and pacific disposition?

His theological writings reveal the working of two elements in his mind, which are usually regarded as incompatible. The wary rationalist and the believing churchman seemed in him to be contending for the mastery. The contest was not decided during his life, although it would appear that victory leaned to the side of the mother church, and believing Peter was

getting the better of doubting Thomas. We would not, however, apply to him the term rationalist in an offensive sense, or insinuate that he ever had any tendency to question the miraculous claims of Christianity. He was inclined, by his profound knowledge and practical sense, to adopt the simplest views of religion; and in his laborious Commentary upon the Scriptures he shows no disposition to multiply marvels, either to enforce a doctrine or to deepen a mystery. We must place him at the head of the *rational*, we do not say of the *rationalist*, interpreters of modern times. Socinus was before him in the field, indeed, but his labors as a commentator are vitiated by his strong sectarian position, his passion for squaring the Scriptures, to his sharply defined system, his tendency to bring the habits of the lawyer (so strong in the family of the Italian jurists to which he belonged) into the studies of theology, and treat writings so varied and peculiar as the Scriptures like legal documents, upon which a special case must be made out.*

It was not so with Grotius. He tried to read the Scriptures as they are,—to give their meaning, and not his own theory. He was willing to interpret some passages in a way to offend his friends, and to leave those passages to their obvious sense which dogmatism had sought to enlist upon his side. He has been repeatedly charged with maintaining Socinian views,

* The Socinian school, originating among lawyers, has all the Aristotelian acuteness of the Calvinistic, and errs by too great passion for dialectic completeness. Both schools make too little account of faith in the Christian sense, in distinction from belief; both give to dogma more emphasis than to life.

because in some points he agreed with the interpretation of the Socinian School. But unjustly so. He could not but see, with Socinus, that many passages in the Prophets that are usually applied to Christ referred to the events and characters contemporary with the writers. He could not find proofs of the preëxistence of Christ in his prayer for the glory that he had with God before the world was, deeming a sufficient explanation to be found in the fact that all things preëxist in the Divine mind, and that there Christ had been glorified, even as the Apostle declared that he had been slain before the foundation of the world. Yet Grotius was not a Socinian. He wrote a very elaborate treatise against the Socinian view of the atonement, and in favor of the doctrine of vicarious satisfaction. He, moreover, applies language to Christ not by any means consistent with Socinian views. But notwithstanding this, he needs the largest charity of the more liberal portion of modern Trinitarians to grant him a place in the Orthodox ranks. His Trinity is more according to the standard of Sabellius than of Athanasius. His doctrine of vicarious satisfaction would not much scandalize any man who can believe—as who of us do not?—that the sufferings and death of Christ were a necessary part of the plan of mediation, and essential to the work of reconciliation between God and man. His theory that Christ suffered, not as a literal substitute for man, but in order to satisfy the Divine justice, and make the exercise of mercy consistent with the Divine government, cannot but seem to us, however, as testing the Divine counsels by the standard of State policy. We leave the de-

fence of Grotius on this point to the many of our Orthodox brethren who now repeat his view.

Opinions so liberal as Grotius avowed in his Commentary could not but bring him into odium. He was looked upon as a dangerous innovator, and every opprobrious epithet was heaped upon him. Bossuet and Baxter were two of his most able censors, and their criticisms show how much his influence had survived him. Bossuet carefully traced out the alleged evil of his method of criticism in some censures upon the French commentary of Simon, and Baxter pointed out the dangers of his method in a treatise upon the Grotian religion.

And yet this man, whose freedom of mind was thought to have carried him at least to the borders of unbelief, is claimed by the Roman Catholics as at heart a convert to their church. The Jesuit Petavius, who had frequent conferences with him at Paris, caused masses to be said for his soul when he heard of his death, and the work of Burigny was written chiefly for the purpose of showing his conversion to Rome. The reader of Hallam's Introduction to the History of Literature may be surprised, after the opinion expressed by this Protestant scholar, that any one can doubt the reality of the conversion. But we have been at pains to look over those letters of Grotius which smack the most strongly of Romanism, and in common with Schroeckh and Luden can see no ground to regard him as a Roman Catholic except so far as is implied in his recognizing elements of truth in the leading Catholic rites and doctrines, and in his earnest desire for the peace and union of Christendom.

Mr. Hallam is wrong in saying that Grotius proved himself an apostate from the Protestant Church by refusing to accept the invitation to commune with the Calvinists of Charenton, during his embassy at Paris. The divines of Charenton had refused to receive him when first at Paris, and when he returned as ambassador of Sweden, they were unwilling to admit him as the legate of a Lutheran power. Grotius shrank from receiving as a badge of division a rite which should be a bond of union, and had Lutheran worship in his own house. It is true that he wrote an ode to the Virgin Mary, true that he regarded the doctrines of transubstantiation and purgatory as having some foundation in ancient authority. But we know of no proof that he ever entertained the idea of accepting the infallible authority of the Pope, or his right to subject the nations of Christendom to his dictation. He did not even believe in the Divine origin of the Episcopal power. In this point, as well as in his views of Church and State, the worth of ancient learning, the grounds of Christian toleration, and the essentials of Christian faith, he reminds us frequently of the late Dr. Arnold, although far more disposed to favor or excuse the pretensions of Prelacy than he. That Grotius looked upon Rome with more fondness than upon Geneva cannot be denied,—a tendency in which he by no means stands alone among generous minds. That he had many of the tendencies which appear in modern Puseyism, we must grant. How could he but feel otherwise than kindly towards a church whose members had treated him much better than the dominant Protestants of his own country? How could he

identify Papacy with servitude, while at the court of a Catholic nation that had joined the Protestant League in opposition to Imperialist tyranny? Excommunicated, expatriated, how can he be blamed for thinking that Antichrist was by no means to be found solely in the Papal Church, and for indulging in visions of a church too broad for sectarian strife and too deeply seated to be shaken by party agitators? He dared not hope for the catholicity that tolerates differences of opinion. There was no truly liberal party in Christendom, as now. He knew how Laud and his party had persecuted the English Puritans, and been persecuted by them; he remembered the bloody scenes of his own country; nor had he forgotten St. Bartholomew's. His golden age was in the past. He yearned for the return of the time when Christendom was one,—when the Church and State were in mutual balance—an age like that when Theodosius ruled, and Chrysostom and Augustine, Ambrose and Jerome, flourished. He delighted to turn from the dogmatism of Gomarus and Rivetus and take shelter in the shrine of John of Constantinople, and dwell upon a charity without narrowness and a Divine grace without fatalism. If what we regard as liberal Christianity be a delusion, as so many say, Hugo Grotius was not far from right.

As a moralist, he presents himself most conspicuously to us in his work on the Rights of Peace and War. He stands, beyond question, at the head of those men who in modern times have sought to apply the moral law to the perplexed relations of states and nations. To treat fitly of this great work would require an

article by itself. They who read it in the expectation of finding remarkable metaphysical depth, insight into first principles, or deduction from first truths, will be disappointed. Although prodigal in its stores of learning, it aims rather to be a practical than a speculative book. It piles precedent upon precedent, ranges through classic historians and poets, ancient customs and modern instances, in order to prove what mankind have regarded as the laws of peace and war. Roman jurisprudence and Christian antiquity are equally consulted. Without any very bold attempt to apply Christian morality to the removal of war, as in itself utterly wrong, the author gathers all available evidence in favor of the more humane international policy, striving to subject the ambition of princes and the passions of the people to rules of justice, and to bring on the day when all disputes shall be adjusted by peaceful tribunals.

Unsatisfactory as the work of Grotius may be to us in our present stage of civilization, it was a great advance upon any thing extant in his own time. It was another proof of the catholicity of his soul,—his yearning for that universal unity which was his heart's desire in reference to politics as to religion. Let not our ardent philanthropists overlook or dishonor him. He desired to reconstruct European society, that had been so shattered in the previous century,—to unite the nations in a generous community, as well as the sects in a comprehensive church. Let not the speculative reformer, who meditates upon the sins of mankind, and points out their remedy in the abstractions of a purely spiritual code, despise the practical reform-

er, who has confronted wrong in real life, and by his moderate measures won to peace minds whom extreme measures might have driven into disgust, or theoretic systems might have withdrawn from action. We will honor Grotius as a peacemaker, quite as much as the speculative Kant, and more than the sentimentalist Rousseau. He stands at the head of the practical school of international moralists. His direction has been followed by Puffendorf, Bynkershoek, and Wheaton. Leibnitz, Wolf, and Vattel have trodden in a more ambitious path of speculation. Kant, St. Pierre, and Bentham have set forth far more dazzling schemes of pacification. When shall the man appear who shall combine the excellences of them all,—the scholar, moralist, philosopher, and Christian,—who shall concentrate all the light of truth and force of influence now available for the subject, and show the sin of war alike against the laws of God and the good of the nations?

We must leave Grotius now to our readers, with only a few words upon his character,—words, perhaps, which might as well be left to be inferred from our previous remarks as be explicitly stated.

His mind was strong and comprehensive, wonderful in its power of gathering and retaining particulars, yet not deficient in the faculty of deducing from them general ideas. If his intellect, however, disappoints us at all, it is in point of philosophical depth. He was a scholar and statesman, rather than a philosopher, and cannot by any means be ranked with the two commanding thinkers of his century, Bacon and Descartes. He did not discern the law of

inductive reasoning, like the former, nor recognize the value of the human soul, like the latter. His mind was eminently practical,—so much so, that he valued science more for its available powers than for its wonderful truths. He was not by any means insensible to the dawn of that new age of science which Galileo, his contemporary and correspondent, was bringing on; but, in a letter to Galileo, he shows the direction of his thoughts by a passing allusion to his discoveries in physics, and dwells chiefly upon his new method of calculating longitude, which, he thinks, will be of especial importance to the commerce of Holland.

He was remarkable for practical sense in all things. In his interpretation of Scripture he exhibited it eminently. His sober judgment saved him from the usual vagaries of interpreters, and his course in commenting upon that book so perilous to sanity, the Apocalypse, is such as will meet with little rebuke from the readers of Eichhorn or Stuart.

If we are to class him with one of the two chief divisions of intellects, we must rank him rather with Aristotelian than Platonic minds,—rather with those who go from particular instances to general truths, than with those who deduce particular instances from general principles. Poet though he was, he lacked inspiration,—the inspiration of kindling thoughts and overpowering emotions. As a theologian, he trusted not much in the soul, opposed as he was to the dogma that would make of it a passive clod. He regarded the soul not as immortal by nature, but by especial endowment, and sought more in the authority

of Scripture and the enactments of Councils for intimations of eternal life, than in the instincts of his own heart, or the witness of the Divine Spirit. But a heart just and humane as his was could not have refused him assurances of peace. He was habitually devout.

He was a man of large affections. He had many friends, and never abandoned them. He clung fondly to the companions of his youth. He could not bear to give up any scene or object that had been familiar to him. For years a sad exile, he never ceased to care for and love his country. The minuteness of his references to Holland, in his letters, is remarkable. It is almost amusing to see how often he alludes to the chest in which he escaped from imprisonment, and urges his brother to try to find it.*

His life was undoubtedly a broken one, and his plans were much interrupted in consequence. To do justice to the force of his will, and to screen him from the charge of desultory effort, we must remember the influence of national position, the strength of his patriotic feelings, and the bitter loss of motive and aim which his exile must have caused him. To his honor, not to his shame, be it said, that, while he did not cease to feel like a son of Holland, he accepted cheerfully the lot which had been put upon him so cruelly, and labored for Christendom as a citizen of the world.

* The year before his death, he thus writes to his brother William:—"About the chest, nothing? I should be sorry to have such a monument of the Divine goodness towards me lost." Such remarks reveal character.

Estimated from our point of view, the career of Grotius is full of important lessons. We might dwell upon its bearing on the principles now asserted by liberal Christians, and show how near his great scholarship and candid judgment brought him toward our own conclusions. We might trace the progress of the Arminian controversy, show the triumph of the doctrines for which he contended throughout the chief part of Protestant Christendom, and portray the vast changes between the times of the Synod of Dort and the recent Evangelical Union at London. We might set forth in what manner his mantle of patriotism and misfortune fell upon his illustrious countryman, De Witt, and his spirit of universality, with a far deeper philosophy, entered into Leibnitz, who was born the year after his decease, and who prepared the way for the Kants, Schellings, and Hegels who have swayed the empire of philosophic catholicity in recent times. We might vindicate the wisdom of his moderate political course, and prove how sadly Holland suffered from the neglect of his counsels, how long and painfully she oscillated, first towards the undue ascendancy and regal prerogative of the house of Orange, then towards democratic licentiousness, then to military despotism, to settle at last in the somewhat equivocal repose of the present monarchical constitution. We might exhibit the course of Dutch theology, and show the issue of the Calvinistic triumph, first in a lifeless and merely nominal orthodoxy, then in the attempt to revive the Genevan strictness, and, as a counter-movement, the recent rise of a more living, free, and spiritual Christianity in the school of Gröningen.

We might compare the religious history of Holland with that of other Protestant republics, especially with Geneva and New England, who likewise began with Calvinism,—and end not there. But we must forbear.

We must pause from our review of the life and services of a man who deserves a place among the leading minds since the Reformation, with a single word of honor to his name for the universality of his thought, the catholicity of his spirit. Other men have cherished grander visions of the future prospects of our race. Few men of so large schemes have enforced their purposes by a life so practical and laborious. Some may assign to him almost a prophetic power in his dreams of Christian union under a Catholic Church. We deem him no such seer, however some events of this century may favor the thought. The catholicity of the age of Theodosius, and still more of Hildebrand, cannot return. The giant race of Teutons have set their faces against it, and God calls mankind to new and unexplored scenes. What developments, what new powers and harmonies, are in store for the world, we will not predict. It is safe to say, that, whatever form the better spirit of our race may take, however much society may succeed in combining its new knowledge and resources with Christian love, if justice, humanity, and piety are still honored, the men of the new age will not forget the memory of Hugo Grotius.

GEORGE FOX AND THE ENGLISH SPIRITUALISTS.

WHEN Cranmer perished at the stake, Popery achieved its greatest triumph in England, and was soon to fall, and leave the English Church to contend with quite a new combatant. That combatant was the spirit of Puritanism which had virtually existed from the time of Wicklif, and now, after the fall of Popery at the accession of Elizabeth, began to speak with a bold voice, and sometimes to show traces of itself in the Parliament of England. As time went on the Puritan spirit increased in extent and fervor, until the party abandoning the hope, so long cherished, of remaining in the established church without losing liberty of conscience, gradually came out, and stood by themselves. The contest, the fiercest ever waged between people of English blood, then began. I need not describe its horrors. We all know that, at its commencement, the fathers of our New England were glad to fly to a savage land to escape the outrages of the High Church party at home, and to deem that a

better home, where, rude as it might be, they could worship God in peace. Our purpose at present is not to speak of the parties who fought out the great battle of arms and opinions in England—the Churchman and the Puritan, the Cavalier and the Roundhead. Our task is with that singular third party which rose up between the combatants, alike opposed to all warfare, and protesting against both systems of opinion; alike striving to keep both parties from harming one another, and destined to be cruelly harmed by both. I need not say that I refer to the Society of Friends, usually called Quakers.

Sixty-eight years after the death of Cranmer, sixty years after the death of Calvin, four years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, the founder of this society was born. When Williams, an exile from Massachusetts, brought to Rhode Island the great principle of religious liberty, he seemed in the view of the Puritan church to have carried the doctrine of the freedom of each individual soul to an extreme never to be surpassed in extravagance, nor sufficiently to be condemned for enormity. Yet, at that time in the mother country which Williams had so lately left, a thoughtful boy of twelve was beginning to cherish impulses that were in the end to make of him so earnest a champion of spiritual freedom as to strike the founder of Rhode Island with horror, and move him, in some respects, to forget alike the courtesy of the gentleman and the charity of the Christian. At the time mentioned, this boy was living in the humble cottage of his father, who was a respectable weaver of Drayton, Leicestershire, England. He enjoyed few privileges

of education, and was taught little if any more than to read and write. He tells us in his journal that he was an unusually grave child, and when he saw old people carrying themselves lightly he would say to himself, "If ever I come to be a man, surely I should not do so, nor be so wanton." He writes also, that at eleven years of age he knew pureness and righteousness, for, while he was a child, he was "taught so as to be kept pure." As is generally the case with a sober boy, his relatives wished him to be a minister, but others advised the contrary, and their counsel probably coinciding better with the father's limited means, he was put with a man who was a shoemaker by trade, and who dealt in wool and cattle. Whilst in this business the youth proved his honesty in all his dealings, and took every occasion to give himself to serious thought. His master employed him frequently to tend his flocks. Many a day undoubtedly, as he was alone with his flocks in the field, he felt the first movings of that spirit that made him what he afterwards became. Of George Fox, the young shepherd of Drayton, as well as of Amos, the shepherd of Tekoah, it could be said :—"I was no prophet, nor was I a prophet's son, but I was an herdsman, and the Lord took me as I followed the flock."

Fox's mind which had long been heaving with religious emotion and struggling for peace appears to have reached its first crisis at the age of nineteen. He had in childhood been in the habit of attending the Episcopal church, and although his own severe conscience and his parents' somewhat puritanical turn must have led him to question some of the doctrines

and practises that had begun to show themselves in that church, for it was then the time of Archbishop Laud, the patron Saint of modern Puseyism, yet thus far he does not appear to have thought of taking a stand by himself out of the established church. At the age of nineteen, he was sadly scandalized by seeing two professing Christians who were in company with him, drink to excess and insist that he should pay the whole account who would not drink with them. This circumstance shocked him so from the want of sobriety and justice shown, that he left the place, went home, and unable to sleep he passed the whole night walking to and fro, lamenting the wickedness of the church, and crying out to God for salvation. He soon afterwards felt such strong impressions upon his mind, that he thought himself commanded of God to leave home and friends and travel through the country in search of light. We may call this journey the second stage in his preparation, as his previous life had been the first.

It is very easy to throw ridicule upon these events and his whole subsequent career. But he was in earnest—an earnest seeker for truth; and if there is any condition in which the mind of man deserves to be studied with seriousness and interest, it is in its endeavors after spiritual peace. In this condition, all earnest men should be regarded with respect, as being clothed with something of the dignity of that divine truth which they would find and serve. Who of us who can watch with anxious solicitude the agonizing struggles of Luther in his convent or Loyola in his

princely castle will scorn or despise the yearnings of George Fox for the true light.

For upwards of a year, he continued to travel, a restless pilgrim he knew not whither. In the course of this journey, he visited London, and there formed darker views than ever of the state of the church and the world. He every where found kind people who were desirous of putting him upon what seemed to them the true path. These persons were generally of the Puritan stamp, and George whilst he appreciated their kindness felt as little satisfaction from their doctrines as he had felt in the doctrines of the Episcopal church.

Returning home to his relatives his friends received him kindly, notwithstanding their misgivings at his peculiar state of mind. Some advised him to marry, others urged him to become a soldier, hoping either by the cares of a family or the excitement of war to cure him of his distraction. But George was not to find peace from such counsels. He was moved onward by a power which he could neither comprehend nor disobey. He continued to live at home or in the vicinity about a year, still seeking light, and often passing nights without sleep, and walking by himself absorbed in thought, and distracted with anxiety. The minister of his native town, the priest Stevens, frequently called to see him, but instead of affording any light, seemed to George sadly ignorant of Christianity, and to have allowed, that the poor weaver's son had taught him some wholly new truths. Fox saw his emptiness, and was disgusted with his mode of

making use of private conversations in his pulpit discourses.

The young seeker is not at rest, but a voice within assures him that peace is to be found, and once more he leaves home and friends, a pilgrim not to Jerusalem or some tomb of the saints, but towards truth wherever it might shine. This second journey closes his spiritual apprenticeship, of which it may be considered as constituting the third stage. At its beginning he was a trembling learner, at its end he was a confident teacher. On his way he tried every available means of learning the truth. He called on those of the "priests," as he called the established clergy, who were conspicuous for their knowledge or gifts, to see if they could help him. But bred up as they had been in the church of Archbishop Laud, and still narrowed and crushed by a bigotry and formalism that survived its great fosterer, who that very year perished upon the block, they could do little for a living and yearning soul like Fox. He wanted something more than their church machinery, their formal worship, their written prayers and their spiritless sermons. The first one whom he consulted advised him to take tobacco and sing psalms. But the drug was loathsome to him, and the psalms he was too sad to sing. This priest, moreover, scandalized George by telling his confessions of sin and want, so that the story got out even among the milk-maids. He travelled seven miles further to another priest, who was called an experienced man, but found him "an empty hollow cask." He then went to Dr. Cradock, a noted Doctor of Divinity, and asked him as to the ground and cure

of spiritual troubles. The Dr. gave him some common-place answer out of the catechism, and during the walk in the garden seeing his absorbed guest tread upon one of the beds, he broke out into a violent passion which convinced George that a man might be styled D.D. and yet without the true light. He tried one more priest, a man of high account, who advised him to take physic and be bled. Poor George felt that they were all miserable comforters; and sick at heart he passed through the crowds of Christmas revellers, turned from the feast and dance to seek out the poor and divide with them the earnings which his frugal life enabled him to hoard. It now became with him a settled conviction, that it was not an education at Oxford or Cambridge that made a man minister of the Gospel, and that God did not wait for a showy temple to be built before he would dwell with men. Great light appeared to dawn upon him, not however, without conflicting with great darkness. New meaning flashed upon him from the pages of Scripture. Still he was not wholly at peace, nor did he find any congenial minds to walk with. He had become satisfied of the emptiness of the Common-Prayer-men, as he called the Episcopalians, and turning to the dissenters he found them, notwithstanding their frequent tender interest in him, wholly unable to meet his wants. Unable to rely upon such outward aids, he turned the more devoutly to God and his own soul, and was not left desolate. The crisis of his life came. He saw clearly the contest that had so long been going on within his soul—the contest between the flesh and the Spirit, the world and Christ. Voices and visions

assured him that the Spirit had won the mastery, and that Christ by the true and saving light had triumphed within his soul. His apprenticeship was ended. The son of the weaver, the shepherd of Leicestershire went forth upon his mission. From the depth of his soul he could now say of himself, "I was no prophet, nor the son of a prophet. I was an herdsman, and the Lord took me and bade me go and prophesy." His whole subsequent career was but the development of his own personal experience, the application of its lesson to the souls of other men. It was not at once indeed that all the consequences of his first principle appeared to him. Gradually his system was matured by him, but it was all contained in the one truth that it is not the priest nor the book that can save the soul but only the Spirit, that Divine Word within, which is the true light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world.

George Fox is now twenty-three years old, and begins to preach and exhort as opportunity offers, now going into some conference of professing Christians, and now plunging into the haunts of vice; now rebuking some noted transgressor and now haranguing the noisy crowd on a holiday; now bidding the schoolmaster be faithful to his pupils and now warning the trader to be honest in his dealings. He produced considerable impression upon many minds in his favor, but provoked a far more bitter opposition, not so much from the spirituality of his doctrine which comparatively few could appreciate, as from the peculiarity of manners which scandalized all common etiquette. His free speech and undoffed hat were a constant

offence to the many to whom his doctrine of the inner light was all an enigma.

A scattered band of converts sprang up here and there as he travelled, but it was not until the year 1649, two years after the beginning of his mission, that the events took place from what the Friends usually date the foundation of their Society. The year when the blood of Charles Stuart, the High Churchman's martyr-king was shed upon the scaffold, saw the establishment of a powerful fraternity opposed to Churchman and Puritan, and equally persecuted by both.

The event which called so great attention to George Fox at this time and won for him such foes and friends was his public declaration of doctrine in the church of Nottingham. As he heard the tolling of the bell, it sounded to him like the ringing on a market-day to call people to the sales; and when he took his seat in a pew, and looked up to the preacher, it appeared to him as if there were a great lump of earth in the pulpit. The sermon, which was apparently in the Puritanic strain, aimed to set forth the Scriptures not only as authority, but as the only authority in matters of religion. Taught by his own experience, as well as moved, as he thought, by a divine influence, George rose up and exclaimed, "Oh no! it is not the Scriptures, but the Holy Spirit which moved men to write the Scriptures—it is the spirit that is the great authority, for it led into all truth and so gave new knowledge of the truth." As may be supposed this unexpected voice was soon silenced and the offending speaker found himself forthwith

transferred with blows and bruises from the astonished assembly in the great steeple house to the loneliness of a filthy prison. But these few words were not without effect, enforced as they were by the young enthusiast's mildness under suffering, and his indomitable zeal in appealing to every man within his reach, converting even John Reckless, the sheriff who had arrested him. After his release from prison, the work went on with increased power. In spite of blows and dungeons, the disciples of the spirit, the friends of the inner light, grew in numbers and in zeal, until in the year 1658, nine years after their leader's first imprisonment, the first general yearly meeting was held in Bedfordshire and attended by thousands. The meeting continued in session three days. As Fox stood up to address the assembly upon the worth and power of that seed of God which is the same in every human heart, he must have read in the sea of eager upturned faces no faint assurance of the reality of his own experience and the force of the truth which had come to him in his solitude, with no voice to confirm it but a still whisper in his own soul.

We cannot follow him through the particulars of his subsequent career. His history, if fully and fairly written as it never has been, would illustrate the history of the whole English race during its most chaotic and creative period. His life reaches through the reign of Charles I., the time of Cromwell and the Commonwealth, the reigns of Charles II., and James II., and into the reign of William and Mary, that jubilee of civil and religious liberty, when Churchman, Puritan and Quaker were allowed to worship God in peace.

Until that time of jubilee came, with the exception of a short period under the papist James, who advocated toleration merely to help the persecuted Catholics, the Friends were oppressed by both the leading parties in politics and religion.

At the rise of the denomination, the Puritans were in power. Why should these austere men persecute the new sect, the Friends? What could be more rigid in morals, more simple in manners, than the disciples of the inner light. Alas, rigid virtue and simple manners were of themselves of little value among the early Puritans, whether Presbyterians or Independents. The Puritans, without retaining the Jewish ritual, retained much of the Jewish spirit and doctrine; they revelled in the Old Testament narratives of wars between the Israelites and idolaters, and deeming themselves the warriors of a new Israel, they were indignant at the doctrine that would take the sword from their hands, bid them spare both papist and heathen, and rely for the defence of God's people upon the spirit of love, acting outward from within the soul. The Puritans, too, were worshippers of the letter of the Scripture, fond of applying the minute code of the old law to their own time and people, and, of course, they would be scandalized by a doctrine that declared the supremacy of the inner light, and looked upon the old covenant as wholly passed away. The Quaker view of the inner light as appearing to every man, either to be followed or rejected, conflicted with the Puritan view of the death of Christ, the outward fact as the only ground of escape from hell, and seemed therefore to be the very essence of infidelity. The Puritans,

moreover, were great sticklers for constituted authority and exact deferencé to superiors, and had little patience with these men of the spirit, who would not doff their hats to any magistrate, nor acknowledge any divine virtue in ecclesiastical ordinations. In the old world and the new, the Quakers were cruelly treated by the Puritans. Cromwell would have protected them, for he had too much religious experience himself not to feel the power and respect the depth of George Fox's character, but state cares and the tyranny of his position busied him with other matters, or made him indifferent to their stripes and imprisonments. Yet bad as was the treatment of the Quakers in the mother country, it was reserved for the Puritans of Massachusetts to win the palm of cruelty by the execution of Mary Dyer and her three associates. It is no easy thing now, as we pass by Boston Common, to conceive of the enormity that once was presented there, or to conjure up the gibbet upon which that harmless but pertinacious woman was put to death. The Quaker historian, Sewall, says, that, since that transaction, he has good reason to believe, that no wheat has grown within twenty miles of Boston. 'This is an idle fable; it is not true that God has in vengeance withheld that nutritious grain, but it is true that, since that time, a certain plant, called by many a theological nettle with a five-pointed leaf, has begun to decline, until now it is disowned by the nominal disciples of its former cultivators.

When the crown was restored in England, and the High Church doctrine gained the ascendancy, the Quaker escaped from the hands of one enemy into those of another. The tables were now turned against the

Puritan without at all favoring the Quaker, and both were not infrequently the tenants of the same gaol. No wonder that the High Churchman should retaliate upon the fierce foe who had dashed down mitre and sceptre at once by the mailed hand of Cromwell and his hosts. But why molest the inoffensive sect who looked upon war with horror and quietly bore whatever burdens the government chose to inflict? The answer is obvious. The Quaker was the very opposite of the High Churchman. He looked upon church buildings and dignitaries with no reverence; to him York Minster and Lincoln Cathedral were but pompous steeple-houses, no more sacred than the humblest barn or poorest cottage where true spirits meet to pray; to him too, bishop and archbishop had less of the sanctity of consecration than the lowliest person whom the spirit had moved. Lawyers and judges despised and persecuted him for his opposition to oaths; the military class, for his condemnation of war; and the whole caste of gentry and nobility, maddened by the recent democracy, that had brought them down to the common level, were enraged at the enthusiasts who regarded the inner light as brighter than crowns or coronet, and who refused to bow the knee or bare the head in reverence or sense of inferiority before any man. Charles himself, easy-tempered profligate as he was, wished the Quakers no harm, and yielded to several appeals in their favor, but he was equally yielding to their foes, and under his government the most cruel atrocities were perpetrated.

George Fox was not daunted. Indefatigable while in England, he employed occasional intervals between

his labors and sufferings to visit the Continent of Europe, to cross the Atlantic, and to preach in our own country with great success. It was during this visit that Roger Williams challenged him to a public argument and at the age of seventy-eight rowed himself to Newport in a small boat and finding himself too late for the Quaker leader, was obliged to content himself in an argument with three of his disciples.

Fox returned to England, and found her the same cruel mother still. His years now becoming venerable did not protect him from insult and imprisonment. But cheered by the sympathy of thousands, and especially by the devoted friendship of Robert Barclay and William Penn, he went on in his work without bating a jot of heart or hope, until better days dawned, and under William and Mary, he found himself the head of a great and powerful sect with liberty to worship as the Spirit moved or the Light directed. He died in peace in the year 1691, aged sixty-seven. The Sunday before his death, he preached in London with great power and clearness. He died as with his armor on, and with the banner that he had borne through so many perils clasped firmly to his heart. "All is well," he said, "the seed of God reigns over all and over death itself. And though I am weak in the body, yet the power of God is over all, and the seed reigns over all disorderly spirits." He then sunk gently to his rest. Robert Barclay had gone but a few months before. The impassioned Reformer and the mild Theologian, the Luther and the Melancthon of the new reformation went to the spirit-land almost in company.

Now what shall we say of George Fox, and what of his principles? Let his own works and life answer, and save us from being beguiled by too fond friends or too vehement opponents. William Penn shall not by his great name prevent our judging for ourselves, nor shall the historian Bancroft by his brilliant philosophizing dazzle our eyes or sway our mind. Much less shall Puritan dogmatism like Cotton Mather's, or High Church exclusiveness like Doctor South's, or critical sarcasm like Lord Jeffrey's sit in the dictator's seat. Fox shows himself fully in his works. Let them speak for him. His journal, treatises and letters should save us from essential mistake.

In intellect, he holds a low place among logical reasoners or eloquent writers. His mind was not dialectic, not remarkable for connected chains of argument, either inductive or deductive. Yet he was a man of strong reason. Its action seemed to be intuitive. Great truths came to him he knew not how, and he could only appeal to inward voices and visions in explanation of the results of his rare spiritual insight. His reason was better than his reasoning, and he evidently had in his mind far more than he could say or write. His writings, especially those on general subjects, are prolix, dull, and full of repetitions. Yet now and then a sentence of singular richness and suggestiveness will appear, and raise the suspicion that much of a philosopher was hid within the leather dress of the Quaker, and that if science and utterance had been granted him, the scientific depth and spiritual alphabet of the Swedish seer might have been anticipated by a century. In his documents that treat not of

general topics but of person and emergencies, as in his letters to suffering friends or persecuting foes, he shows great fire and sometime rises into prophet-like eloquence ; whilst in his business papers, in dealing with men to win them to his ends, in his plans and efforts to consolidate the Society of Friends, he evinced a practical judgment that needed opportunity only to rival the executive greatness of Wesley. In rebuking the evil-doer, the infidel or tyrant, in declaiming against darkness and sin in high places whether in Sultan, Pope, Bishop or King, for he had a word for them all, he sometimes shows a power of sarcasm which, if untempered by a faith so earnest and devout, would have appeared in pleasant wit instead of scathing irony, and reminded us more of the satire of a Swift than the severity of an Elijah. He had but a rude taste, little sense for beauty in the arts, although more for beauty in nature. It cost him little struggle to call a cathedral a steeple-house and shut his eyes against pageants, poems or pictures, however brilliant. Yet he was not without imagination. His imagination revelled rather in visions of the wild and wonderful than in the minute and beautiful. No man has made more use of the writings of the Hebrew prophets and reproduced their sublime imagery more powerfully than he.

He was no eulogist of learning, either by doctrine or education, yet he was always desirous of gaining all possible light ; and we find him in later works instead of praising ignorance, anxious to treat every topic fairly and quoting now a passage from the Koran and

now a criticism upon the original Greek of the Gospels.

In disposition he was somewhat stern, yet no man had more friends. Like the pomegranate, he bore an interior sweetness within a rough rind. Unsparring radical as he was, no saint has exceeded the rapture and prostration of his devotion. In prayer, his manner was so wonderful as to move Penn to say, "that the most awful living reverent frame I ever felt or beheld, I must say was his in prayer." If he lacked due consideration for other men's opinions, or fair appreciation of their piety, if he underrated the worth of established institutions, it was rather from the prejudices of his position, and the pertinacity of his will, than from the unkindness or irreverence of his heart. He loved humanity wherever he could recognize it, and was prostrate before God wherever he could acknowledge his presence.

To appreciate his power of will, one must read his life, and follow his sufferings and labors. No man since the Reformation has done or suffered more for the Gospel. To something of the mystic piety of Thomas à Kempis he united all the fearless daring of Francis Xavier. Nothing could put him down. He could face a drawn dagger without a trembling nerve, and turn towards the ruffian-assailant the other cheek. He could stand before kings, and not feel himself beneath them, nor yield the interests of the Gospel to their promises or threats. Whatever may be said of other traits of his character, certainly so far as unwearied devotion to his cause was concerned, he has never been surpassed, and William Penn has not ex-

aggerated the truth when he wrote the epitaph, "Many sons have done virtuously in this day, but, dear George, thou excellest them all."

Was George Fox a fanatic, or a bigot? Not surely a fanatic, if fanaticism be rightly defined as the union of enthusiasm with malice. There was no malice in him, for he shrank from harming any living creature. In some respects he was bigoted, too set in his own notions to estimate fairly the various classes of Christians, and so engrossed with his own system as to believe himself right and all other theologians wrong, and to claim the whole world for himself and his fraternity. He was an enthusiast too, not merely in the fervor of his zeal, but the extravagance of some of his ways. While he condemned some of the grosser excesses of his followers, he sanctioned many unwarrantable excitements. He could blame James Naylor for thinking himself to be Christ, but spoke without comment of those who felt moved to perform the strangest actions in representation of the sins and nakedness of the land. Even the mild and reasoning Barclay deemed himself commanded to run through the streets of Aberdeen, covered with sackcloth and ashes, and signs far more foolish and objectionable were exhibited by less discreet brethren. Every sect has its errors. Honored is that sect whose errors have been follies and not crimes. Let none but the champions of sects unstained by crimes throw the first stone at the monument of George Fox and his associates. Keep quiet, champions of Calvinism. The Quakers had their follies, but what is folly compared with the spirit that defaced churches, and proscribed priests, burned Mi-

chael Servetus, beheaded Archbishop Laud, and hung Mary Dyer. Keep quiet, champions of Episcopacy. George Fox was indeed so uncivil as to speak unbidden in Episcopal churches, but what is incivility compared with cruelty, what was the shepherd-prophet's rudeness compared with the tyranny of the Churchmen who beat and imprisoned his followers, left hundreds of unresisting friends to languish and die in prison—nay more, what is the incivility of speaking unbidden in an Episcopal church, to the barbarity that could hunt out the Covenanters in their mountain retreats, break up assemblies, and bayonet venerable elders in the very presence of their families. If the early Quakers are to be blamed, it is not by their early antagonists, the Churchman or the Calvinist. Enthusiastic, nay, bigoted as the followers of the inner light were, subject as they were to mistake their own capricious impulses for the dictates of the Spirit, their errors do them honor, by showing their exemption from the general cruelty of Christians in their time.

Space fails me to speak of their doctrines and discipline, and to illustrate the gradual transition of the Society of Friends from their early enthusiasm into fixed system, the substitution of formal precedent for primitive freedom, and the rise of dogmatic disputes in place of brotherly communion. Yet whatever mistakes may have been committed, and whatever qualifications are to be made, we must give this denomination a praise such as cannot justly be bestowed upon any other since the primitive ages. Our sympathies are with them as champions of spiritual religion and humane morality. With Fox for their apos-

tle, Barclay their theologian, Penn their legislator, Dymond their moralist, they need not be ashamed of their history. Spirituality and humanity, how much these owe to the Friends. In George Fox and his apostles, the noble principles that before too often were hid in the cells of mystic recluses or the studies of ideal philosophers, were carried into the college and the market-place, and made the creed of the peasant. The great doctrine of the inner light was not new, for it has been held by the noblest minds of all ages, and in the time of Fox too, by men strangers to him. Before Fox was upon his death-bed, Ralph Cudworth and Henry More, in their principles of immutable morals and divine ideas had embodied in philosophy the essential creed which he preached in the streets. While he was upon his death-bed, multitudes throughout Christendom, ignorant of his name, had felt the spirit that inspired his dying words. If all Christendom had been searched to find one man who would sympathize most deeply with the dying enthusiast, one little thought of among Quaker zealots might have been the accepted one. In the palace of the great French King dwelt a priest as tutor to the dauphin, who had gone quite as far as any one living in convictions of the power of the Divine Spirit, and the worth of disinterested love. He who was soon to become Archbishop of Cambray, the gifted and pious Fénelon, in the garb of a church denounced by the Quaker, would have well comprehended the spirit of that scene and said, Amen to the parting exclamation "the seed of God reigns." We will all say Amen. The seed of God shall triumph. Spirituality and

humanity, piety and charity, springing from the good seed, shall not die, nor be walled up within any narrow enclosures. May God give them goodly increase. Under their shade and refreshed by their fruits, may man labor and rest. Spiritual and humane, Christian people while on earth may make of heaven more than a dream. Following in their path our race may work out their emancipation, and find peaceful civilization far mightier in assuring them liberty than violence or war. Already the new crusade, the crusade not to the tomb of the dead but the kingdom of the living Christ is begun, and its bloodless victories thicken. Among the names worthy of being heard as rallying cries in its conflicts, the conflicts of humanity against oppression, faith against despair, few names deserve more honorable mention than that of George Fox, the shepherd prophet. The light of God in the soul—that was his creed. The love of God and man in the life that was his morality.

XI.

SWEDENBORG AND THE MYSTI- CISM OF SCIENCE.

OF the many noted men who flourished in the eighteenth century, Sweden may claim the credit of having produced the two most singular. In their own spheres—the one among kings, the other among philosophers—they stand almost entirely by themselves. To some it is still an open question, whether the one was a demigod or madman; and the other, the chief of prophets or the strangest of monomaniacs.

In the year 1718, these two comets were accidentally brought into conjunction. Charles, bent on finishing the war which he had been waging with the powers of Northern Europe, was laying siege to Fredrickshall, a fortified city in Norway. Himself possessed of mathematical powers of no common order, he needed one of the ablest engineers of his kingdom to aid him in his plans. Swedberg, the son of a Swedish bishop, had already attracted the king's notice by his scientific attainments, and was called to the work. By machines of his own invention, this

engineer contrived to transport over the mountains a small fleet of galleys and boats, which enabled the king to carry his artillery near the walls of the besieged city. Charles was killed in the attack. The engineer soon to be known by the name Swedenborg lived more than a half century afterwards. Already he was a marked man, and probably regarded by his countrymen as destined to make a figure among the scientific men of the age. He had gained some reputation by his mathematical and philosophical publications of recent date, and it had not probably been quite forgotten, that nearly ten years before, he had put forth a little work on the Ancient Moralists, and a collection of Latin verses. As yet, however, there was nothing in this man to give any just idea of his subsequent course. Thirty years of his life had passed without affording any indication of those elements of character that were to make him, in the view of all, the most celebrated mystic, and in the faith of some, the illuminated seer of his age. He probably had as little thought as his friends, of his singular career.

It has become a frequent and interesting question, what we shall think of his claims as a teacher of morals and religion. Was he a profound philosopher, veiling his abstractions under mystical imagery? Was he, as his followers maintain, both a profound philosopher and inspired prophet? Or was he a monomaniac?

Without presuming to treat in detail the many topics started by the controversy in question, we would take a rapid glance at the career of Swedenborg, with the hope of finding the clue to his system

in his own history, and of accounting in some measure for the nature of his influence.

We said, that he reached the age of thirty without giving any indication of his final course. Yet, two or three circumstances in his early history are worthy of note as bearing upon his future development.

The son of a Lutheran minister, he was of necessity led to think of religious subjects from his childhood. He appears in his early years to have exhibited decided religious sensibilities and convictions. His remarks frequently surprised his parents and made them sometimes say that angels spoke through his mouth. Little folks have large ears, and we have his own authority for believing that the boy remembered very well, that he had been thought worthy of being visited by angels. Such facts have great influence in forming the character.

Before he was twelve years old, he showed a turn for theological argument, and was fond of conversing with the clergy who visited his father's house, upon the value of faith and charity, always stoutly contending that love is the very soul of religion, the vital principle of faith as of virtue. It is not difficult to see why it was that his mind turned in this direction, when we consider how dry and dogmatical the Lutheran religion had become at that time, and that having lost the fervor of the great reformer's spirit, it dealt too exclusively in barren formulas and scholastic creeds. Few persons of any considerable acquaintance with theological disputations and homiletics will be found who cannot sympathize with this bright boy in the emphasis with which he urged the worth of a

true spirit, and the nothingness of a creed without a heart of love.

When just of age, Swedenborg started on his travels through Europe, and passed four years thus, visiting the chief cities of England and the Continent. There was not much in the religious or theological world to stir or instruct him. It was a cold and dark time in the Christian Church, and the traveller found nothing so interesting as Mathematics and the Natural Sciences. In these he won such honor as to be offered the choice between a professorship in the University of Upsala, and the office of Assessor on the Board of Mines. The science of nature was his delight, and he chose the pursuit which would make it his business to study the mineral kingdom.

Put all these facts together—his religious sensibility—charitable spirit—his position among dogmatists—his ardor for science; and we may see some connection between his early and later years. At least we shall not deem it impossible that the Swedish engineer, who, the year after his exploit at Frederickshall, was ennobled by Queen Ulrica, and under the name of Swedenborg took his seat with the Equestrian Order of Nobles, should afterwards astonish his age by a system of theology which combined scientific form with mystical revelation.

Unknown to himself his education went on. First mathematician and mechanic, he pressed on in his studies into the nature of things, until he dared to venture upon topics which most men regarded as beyond the scope of human reason or forbidden to human curiosity. He appears to have exhausted the

scientific knowledge of his time respecting the kingdoms of nature, to have made discoveries in the economy of organic beings, and then to have passed on towards the science of the soul and of the spiritual world. Yet what he called his chosen hour, the time of his divine illumination as he styled it, did not come for years. The man introduced to us at thirty as the scientific engineer, must continue the man of science yet twenty-four years more and until past fifty, that sober age when most men fold their pinions and keep pretty close to the earth.

During these twenty-four years, he published at intervals of about ten years, his two great works, that on the Mineral and that on the Animal kingdom. From these, especially the latter, we may learn very plainly the tendency of his pursuits. His mind becomes more and more reverent as he advances in the study of the Universe. He feels himself as within a vast temple of the Godhead, and approaching from its outward walls nearer and nearer the inner shrine and sovereign glory. The study of Anatomy in which he was a proficient and even a discoverer, had for him peculiar sacredness. He searched through the mazes of the nerves and brain as through a mystical labyrinth, hoping to find the clue to guide him towards the invisible soul and that hallowed chamber where God reveals his spirit.

In his scientific works, we find the essential principles which afterwards formed the basis of his theological system—certainly his prominent doctrine of the analogy between things natural and spiritual—the correspondence between the soul and body, and his theory

of order or degrees. We do not know of any words that can describe what he was aiming at better than the passage from Bacon's *Essay on the Advancement of Learning*, which speaks of the summit of human science and the way to gain it, by uniting the notions and conceptions of sciences. "For knowledges are as pyramids whereof history is the basis. So of Natural Philosophy, the basis is Natural History; the stage next the basis is physic; the stage next the vertical point is metaphysic. As for the vertical point, 'Opus quod operatur Deus a principio usque ad finem,' the summary law of nature, we know not whether man's inquiry can attain unto it. But these three be the true stages of knowledge, and are to them that are depraved no better than giants' hills :

'Ter sunt conati Pelio Ossam.

Scilicet, atque Ossæ frondosum involvere Olympium.'

"But to those which refer all things to the glory of God, they are as the three acclamations, 'Sancte, Sancte, Sancte;' holy in the description or dilatation of his works; holy in the connexion or concatenation of them; and holy in the union of them, in a perpetual and uniform law."

To the vertical point of this pyramid, the Swede strove to climb, and thought to do it by going over the whole realm of nature and exploring the animal kingdom to ascend at last to the pinnacle of the soul. "Thus," wrote he, "it is my hope, if I bend my course continually inwards, that I shall be enabled through the divine power, to open all the doors which lead to her presence, and at length to be admitted to a full

contemplation of herself." From this pinnacle in presence of the soul and with the guidance of her divine laws and oracles, he hoped to stand on the very summit of creation and chant his thrice "Sancte" to the Creator.

But the effort was too much for him; too much for sanity, say his opponents—too much for his reason without special illumination, say his disciples. Before his great work on the Animal Kingdom had gone through the press, the author appeared in a wholly different character. The man of science retires into the background, and lo—the illuminated seer appears claiming to hold communion with God and angels; to have authority to interpret Scripture and tell the secrets of heaven and hell. Here is truly a most interesting problem for us. Here cautious reason looks upon the seer with great misgiving, whilst the faith of his disciples from this time forward hails him as the revealer of a New Dispensation of Christianity, in comparison with which all that men had recognized as Christianity is but darkness.

It would be very easy to gather ludicrous particulars and make a jest of Swedenborg's illumination. But such a course would be neither wise nor fair. However erroneous his claims to supernatural revelation may be, there is no good ground for questioning his sincerity, or denying the worth of many of his views of man and Providence. The best course will be to consider his own estimate of his mission and the nature and extent of his labors in his new calling, and thus let his career speak for itself.

He considered himself chosen to his office, "to the

end," as he says, "that the spiritual knowledge which is revealed at this day might be rationally learned and rationally understood; because spiritual truths answer unto natural ones, inasmuch as these originate and flow from them and serve as a foundation for the former. I was on this account first introduced into the natural sciences and thus prepared from the year 1700 to 1745, when heaven was opened unto me."

To trace his mental history through the subsequent period of his life, nearly thirty years until his death in 1772, would be an interesting study to one curious of searching into the singular developments of the human mind. We are not aware that it has ever been attempted, although the publication of his spiritual Diary must facilitate the work. For us to attempt it here is wholly out of the question alike, from want of time and from the intrinsic difficulty of the subject. We must be content with a glance at his principal works and his mode of life.

There seem to be three principal stages in his mental life during the period before us. The first fruits of his illumination were given to the world in his *Celestial Arcana*, a work in twelve volumes, on the internal sense of the Pentateuch, the first volume of which was printed in 1749. Soon after the completion of this huge work, he gave his views more the form of a theological system; in his treatise on the *New Jerusalem*, in 1758, he announced the passing away of the Old Church and the advent of the New; and in the volume on "*Heaven and Hell*," professed to unfold the nature of the spiritual world, even to the very geography of its three domains. As we read of

the Swede's prophecy of the fall of the prevalent Christianity, and especially of the old Calvinistic system of justifying faith and original sin, we cannot help thinking of a very different man in our New England who was at that time engrossed with a very different work. On the banks of the Connecticut, the mighty Puritan Edwards was contemplating the rise of a new age of Calvinistic strictness, and hoping to hasten the good day by his treatise on Original Sin. The year 1757, which Swedenborg declared to be the date of the ending of the world or passing away of the Old Church was the date of the work of Edwards.

Five years after his treatise on the New Jerusalem, Swedenborg published his deepest metaphysical work,—the *Wisdom of Angels concerning the Divine Love and Wisdom*—a work, which, in the opinion of Prof. Bush, contains more true science in respect to the constitution of the universe, than all the learned tomes of all the libraries of Christendom. This production virtually completed the development of his system and gave a philosophic symmetry to views that had before appeared in an exegetical and doctrinal form. He added little that was new by his subsequent publications. The most valuable of his works was indeed composed afterwards. But its value lies in the fact that it is a compendious statement of his previous communications. For the "*True Christian Religion*" aims to combine in a single volume the results of his former studies and illuminations. He wished to live to finish and publish this. The wish was granted; and the year after the publication was made he died.

Of the amount of his composition we dare not risk

an estimate. It is enough to say that in amount nearly thirty octavo volumes of five-hundred pages each have been published, and the end is not yet.

Would we form some idea of the man and his way of life, just take the aid of the few sketches of him that have reached us, and look upon him in his singular retreat. Let the time be the summer of 1766 or 1767. He lives in the southern suburbs of Stockholm. His house is pleasantly situated, and has an attractive garden with a handsome summer-house with two wings. We may judge of the kindness of his nature by his plans for entertaining his visitors. Of children he is especially fond, and he has constructed a curious labyrinth in a corner of his garden for their amusement. His mode of living is very simple, and the gardener and his wife are all his retinue. Much of his time he spends in his little study and often labors there all night. His most frequent book is the Bible. He has copies of it in various tongues before him. His Library is kept in one of the wings of his summer-house, a room which seems to be a kind of temple whose peculiar structure and dim light made it suitable for retirement and contemplation. Visit him and he is affable, perfectly ready to converse upon the loftiest topics, and to speak freely, now of his intercourse with angels, and now upon the most subtle of metaphysical questions. His age is not far from seventy. His face is bland and cheerful, although pensive in expression. He is thin and pale, but not without traces of beauty, and with a manner that at once engages the attention. He is somewhat above the average stature, and quite dignified in bearing. He speaks in

a slow, deliberate tone that serves to stimulate curiosity in the listeners. Sometimes, when interrupted, he is found with a peculiar expression on his countenance; his eyes open and elevated as in a trance, and shining with a singular light. In dress he is careless, and in manners often eccentric.

Thus the Swedish seer passed some of his seasons of illumination. After the completion of any important work, he went to some country more promising in literary facilities, generally to England to give it publication.

There he died in 1772. A fortnight before his death he received the sacrament from the hand of Mr. Ferelius, a Swedish minister in London, and in a conversation with him insisted upon the truth of all his previous statements.

Swedenborg died at a time when the world was on the eve of a crisis, a conflict between faith and scepticism such as had never before appeared. The work that has been the very Bible of infidels, D'Holbach's "System of Nature," had just appeared, and thousands were glorying in the doctrine that removed all mystery from creation, rejected spiritual existences, and resolved the universe into matter and motion as ultimate powers. The Swede might well yearn to complete his own great work in vindication of spiritual realities upon the basis of nature.

Considerable attention was excited during his life by his alleged revelations; and in Sweden, at one time, efforts were made to suppress the publication of his doctrines. Yet the number of his avowed followers was quite small—not more than fifty, according to his

estimate as given in reply to a question addressed to him, although the date of this reply is not stated. Various causes have tended to give more interest to his system within a few years than has ever been felt before. Among the thinking men, and obviously not a few such have adopted the New Church doctrines, the principal attraction has been found in the fact that Swedenborg promises to reconcile the truths of revelation with the laws of nature, the supernatural with the natural, and give a comprehensive view of the universe that ranges through the earths, heavens and hells, and traces the same divine laws in every sphere of existence, from the inorganic clay up to the essence of the Godhead. The majority of his followers may be attracted by the strangeness of his memorable relations, and love of the marvellous may combine with the natural yearning for minute knowledge of the invisible world and the state of the dead, to give charm to his revelations of futurity. Yet the scientific claims of the system are the chief reliance of its most accredited apologists. A class of persons moreover who do not receive the more dogmatic articles of the Swedenborgian creed, profess great respect for its philosophical basis, and there is obviously a disposition among the followers of Mesmer, Fourier, and sometimes even of Hahnemann to confirm their theories by the speculations of the Swede.

The ground of his claim to philosophic depth is sufficiently obvious, whatever may be thought of its validity. Swedenborg was evidently a scientific mystic—a man into whose whole mind the study of nature and man had wrought such an influence as to affect every fa-

culty of his being, whether reason, imagination, social affections or religious sentiment. His theological system is a vast, and in some respects, a not unworthy effort to construct a theory of the universe upon the basis of Christianity. He recognized a soul in all things, and if in this he is a dreamer, his dream is wiser than the materialist who recognizes a soul nowhere. His system of nature underlies all his theological doctrines and memorable relations. His theology is his science of nature in a transfigured form. He regarded the sun with its heat and light, as the mighty agency through which God created the earths of the universe. The visible luminary was the emblem and external manifestation of a spiritual sun, whose light and heat are the divine love and wisdom from which the spiritual worlds were formed. Upon the correspondencies or analogies connected with the sun and with man the chief principles of his creed rest. He regarded man as the crown of creation, a universe in miniature. Man is made to be the mystical hieroglyphic of God. To decipher him is to have the key to celestial wisdom, for all things above and below, in heaven and earth, stand in strict correspondence with the constitution of man.

The theological doctrines of Swedenborg are all based upon the same principles. God is as the sun, existing in a trinity, not of persons but of attributes, Love, Wisdom, Power, like Heat, Light, and Activity. Man has faculties of freedom and rationality from God, and although full of evil tendencies on account of the corrupting influences inherited from his fathers, he does not necessarily sin, but by the use of his powers

and opportunities may overcome the evil within him. To aid man in this work, the Christian religion was sent. Man had become so corrupt as to open the gates of hell itself, and allow the fiends themselves to wander at will through the spheres of life and the chambers of the mind. In Christ, God himself took human form to rebuke the powers of darkness, and restore order. To God thus condescending, man may draw near with new confidence, and by faith and love may be brought into harmony with himself, his neighbor and his Maker. What true living here begins, death consummates. As the soul is within the body, so is the spiritual world within the natural, and after death, the soul with its spiritual faculties, by its own nature, enters the spiritual, and joins either the infernal or the celestial state according to its sphere of life or ruling affections, whether good or evil, of the world and self or of God and the neighbor.

Such is the merest general statement of the Swedenborgian theology. It is obvious that its leading principles are by no means new. Its doctrine of the Godhead differs little from that of the ancient Sabellius. His view of the value of charity, as none of his followers deny, is but the simple truth of the Gospel and the constant theme of holy men. The relation of the soul to the spiritual world as set forth by him is as familiar as the analogy of insect transformations.

The novelty as well as the distinctive character of his theology, consists not so much in the spirit of his general doctrines, as in their systematic combination, and in the claim set up by the founder to special authority as an interpreter of Scripture and a seer

into the invisible world. If all that is claimed is to be yielded, the consequence is obvious. He becomes the only authentic teacher of divinity. We are to look upon Christianity only through his eyes; and dissent from his declarations implies either inability to verify his truths by our own reason, or wilful rejection of their obligation over us when they are thus verified.

His followers, although urging his claims upon scientific grounds, appeal strongly to his authority as an interpreter of Scripture. Indeed they look upon his knowledge of Scripture as the summit of science, exhibiting the true meaning or inner sense within the letter, as natural philosophy exhibits the laws of nature within the visible and sometimes contradictory phenomena of the senses. Obviously in order to substantiate his claim to be the authoritative interpreter of Scripture, he must do one of the two things: either give interpretations that commend themselves to the reason of his readers, or he must work miracles in order to establish his claims to divine commission that shall hold reason in allegiance and call for implicit faith. To working miracles he laid no claim. As to the self-evident character of his interpretations, few recognize it. To most intelligent readers, his method of interpreting Scripture, though often ingenious, and sometimes not without depth, is frequently very arbitrary, and apparently without any foundation in the nature of things. There is something in every page of the *Arcana Celestia* and *Apocalypse Revealed*, that appears to reflect the expositor's idiosyncrasy rather than the sacred writer's meaning.

But the great stumbling-block lies before us in the

visions of the spiritual world. The sincerity of his statements we cannot for a moment question. Nor can we regard him, as the author of the tract upon "Swedenborg and Spinoza" does, as conveying abstract truths in mystical language, and speaking of principles and affections as spiritual beings, and thus giving a false impression to the casual reader. No. He evidently thought his mind so opened that he was permitted to see and converse with angels, and even with God himself. How then explain this singular phenomenon? Believe that all things are as he describes them—that heaven and hell correspond to his statements—and that the departed angels appear and speak as he says? His spiritual world is too much like himself to allow us to think so. There is a certain monotonous mannerism about all his revelations. His characters talk in his own peculiar style. As has been truly said, both ancients and moderns *Swedenborgianize*, and are little more than images through which the seer himself unconsciously speaks. He seems to us sometimes to make mistakes in his statement of historical facts and views of historical characters. He shows in his visions of Heaven and Hell something of the bias of his peculiar prejudices, as Dante does in his visions of the same realms. He treats Luther and Calvin in pretty much the same manner as the Tuscan poet treats his political and theological adversaries. In more respects than one, the "Heaven and Hell" of the Swedish seer may be called the *Divina Commedia* not of a poet, whose fancies look like facts, but of a philosophical mystic, whose reveries stand for realities.

The nature of his visions does not puzzle us nearly as much as their constancy and extent. In these latter respects they are without parallel. In the degree, and not in the kind, the wonder consists. Other mystic devotees have had their marvellous revelations to boast of. The ascetic saints from St. Anthony to St. Francis have passed their lives as among angels and devils. Luther had his vision of Satan, Loyola saw Christ and the Blessed Virgin, and even the logical Edwards had a beatific view of the Trinity. All men who dwell intensely upon any class of objects are more or less haunted as with their visible presence. Generally, the visions bear the mark of the seer's own peculiarities. It was so with the Swede. As Herder has said: "Swedenborg's celestial mystery was in this, that he saw and believed honestly the phantasies which sprang from his own inmost being. His convictions made him realize the appearances within himself, and brought them before his senses. Heaven and Hell were from him and within him; a magic lantern of his own thoughts."

Very evidently to us his whole system of the spiritual world is a sublimation of his theory of nature. Let any one read the work that marks his transition from the philosopher to the seer, and perceive at once the tendency of the author's mind. The book on the "Worship and Love of God," seems to pretend to be no more than a philosophical romance, a philosopher's reverie of Creation, such a prose-poem as the author of the *Vestiges of Creation* might be supposed to write in some dreamy haze, or under the influence of some opiate draught. Its descriptions of the creation of man

and the first experience of the infant soul claim no more validity as absolute truths than Buffon's story of the first man, or the speculations of Davy in his "Consolations of Travel." This book has evidently puzzled the followers of Swedenborg. Although printed after his professed illumination, they always and probably with justice state that it was written previously. Is this book connected at all with the ambiguity attached to the date of his illumination, which is sometimes fixed in 1743, when the work was composed, and sometimes at 1745, when it was published? The author's followers often quote its statements with favor, especially his declaration that seven planets were originally created from the sun; and at that time Herschell had not discovered the seventh. When the planet of Leverrier and the five asteroids were created, we are not informed in that or any subsequent revelation of the seer.

We might select some of his alleged discoveries in science for criticism, but we do not deem it necessary for our present purpose. That he did make important discoveries we do not question. It is only of his claim to supernatural insight that we are now speaking.

In treating of the man who aimed to reduce the analogies of the universe to a complete Science of Correspondencies, we may be allowed to borrow an illustration from natural philosophy. The phenomena of the mirage are well known. An object out of sight is reflected upon the mists or clouds. Thus in 1822, Captain Scoresby saw in the heavens the image of his father's ship, the *Fame*, at a distance of thirty miles. Sometimes the image is double—the one vertical—the

other reverse. To us Swedenborg appears to have seen the world of nature which he had so intently studied, as it were in mirage. The natural kingdoms rose before him in his visions as if transfigured, glorified. Everything, that he had recognized in man and nature had its correspondence in heaven or hell. Heaven was nature in its true order, exalted into the vertical mirage. Hell was that same nature perverted as in the reverse image. The theologian was but the philosopher in mystical reverie—the seer but the man of science in beatific rapture. Illustrate this comparison by the not uncommon facts of magnetic trance, and the marvel lessens, although it does not disappear.

As to the *morale* of Swedenborg's system, it is generally pure and high. There are some drawbacks to this statement, we are aware, and in some of his views of "Conjugal Relations," he needs quite as much as the largest charity can grant to explain his apparent laxities into spiritual imagery. Some passages of his own early history may perhaps illustrate what many are disposed to call the erotic character of his heaven. Disappointed love, with his celibate life, may have led him to look upon the union that is to be hereafter, too much in the light of earthly affections. This tendency his followers disclaim, however, and maintain the paramount purity of the very statements that have been so severely animadverted upon.

However this may be, the general tendency of the system seems favorable to practical goodness. Unlike most of the visionaries who claim to make divine communications, he is pretty sure to commend an every

day virtue when dealing with the strangest marvels. From all that he has written, the central doctrine of "Life" shines out. To this he always comes back, whether in his theological speculations or mystical visions. If he talks of heaven and angels, he never fails to urge a spirit of faith and charity as the path to heaven's gate and angelic communion. Whatever we may think of his revelations of the spiritual world, we cannot but feel ourselves more impressed with its reality by the tone of his teachings, and in spite of his unadorned and frequently dull style, we always find something in his pages that makes a mark upon our minds. We can never leave him without thinking that the lost and loved are brought nearer to us by the interview.

He has tried to do for our time what Zoroaster and Manes seem to have attempted in their age. The theosophist of Sweden strove to blend all sciences into one, and with the light of the eighteenth century, as well as the aid of a divine illumination, he sought to exhibit the created universe as a vast Pantheon, in which every anomaly may be reconciled, and every dark feature may be justified to all willing to receive the truth. He distances every rival theosophist of whatever age in the range of his thought and the magnitude of his structure.

Over some of his pages we are made to think of the comprehensiveness of Bacon or Leibnitz, and the consecutiveness of Spinoza or Kant. Again we read and we are reminded of the visible darkness of Jacob Boehme, and at times need large charity to keep out of our thoughts the fancied prophets and kings who

utter their oracles and wield their sceptres under the eye of attendants little prone to respect their ravings or obey their decrees.

To analyze the mind of Swedenborg is no easy task. That he was charitable, conscientious, reverent, single-hearted, there can be little doubt. That he labored indefatigably for what he considered the highest good of his race we are not disposed to question. It is his intellectual character that presents the puzzling problem. Whatever may be our view of his gifts, his wisdom or his hallucination, the facts of his history remain the same. Living at an age when nature was opening such wonders, and gifted with a singular power of tracing analogies, he was so inebriated by knowledge as to defy all the limitations of human infirmity, and hoped to see by science what the patriarch saw by faith, the ladder that unites earth with heaven, and on which angels come and go. His passion was for omniscience. Whilst this may commend him to the class of persons who deify human reason and who talk of a science of the universe as no very difficult thing, it will have a very different effect upon those who believe it to be a mark of true wisdom to pretend to know but in part. To these our modern Prometheus in his attempt to scale the heavens will seem at least quite as likely to have lost himself in the clouds as to have reached the empyreal blaze.

XII.

JOHN WESLEY AND METHODISM.*

THE eighteenth century, rife as it was in doubters and deniers, had its hearts of faith and tongues of fire. The assailants of Christianity were, indeed, more than met by its intellectual champions. In point of scholarship, science and philosophy, faith bore the palm in the desperate struggle. Gibbon

* 1. *The Life of Wesley; and Rise and Progress of Methodism.* By ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. LL. D. Third Edition. *With Notes by the late SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, Esq., and Remarks on the Life and Character of John Wesley, by the late ALEXANDER KNOX, Esq. Edited by the REV. CHARLES CUTHBERT SOUTHEY, A. M.* London. 1846. 2 vols. 8vo.

2. *The Life of the Rev. John Wesley, M. A., sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. Collected from his private papers and printed Works; and written at the Request of his Executors. To which is prefixed some Account of his Ancestors and Relations; with the Life of the Rev. Charles Wesley, M. A., collected from his Private Journal, and never before published. The whole forming a History of Methodism, in which the Principles and Economy of the Methodists are unfolded.* By JOHN WHITEHEAD, M. D. Boston: J. M'Leish. 1844. 2 vols. 8vo.

3. *The Life of the Rev. John Wesley, A. M., sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, and Founder of the Methodist Societies.* By RICHARD WATSON. New York. 1831.

wrought no harm to Lardner, nor Volney to Priestley. Butler, and Kant, and Reid tower above Hume, and Diderot, and Condillac. If we speak of theorists of nature, how small and contemptible seems the system of D'Holbach by the side of that of Swedenborg! Who compares Helvetius with Cuvier?

But there is one thing more rare, as well as more powerful, in a period of doubt and disputation, than scholarship, or science, or philosophy. Apologetic literature so characteristic of the theologians of the last century, is at best barren in vital force or quickening energy. Earnest faith is the thing needed,—faith whose words burn as well as enlighten. Such the eighteenth century had. The age of Rousseau and Voltaire was the age of Whitefield and Wesley.

Providence appears to keep up a pontificate of its own, very different from that in the gift of the Romish cardinals. Its holy unction dwells ever upon some consecrated head. If Fénelon bore it in his time, it is not difficult to point out his successor. From the death-bed of the Archbishop of Cambray, we look towards England for a person worthy of being named in connection with him. The date is 1715. Remembering that Europe was then entering upon that transition period of doubt and infidelity that has so marked the whole century,—not forgetting, that at that time in Geneva, in Switzerland, there was a child of three years named John James Rousseau, and in Champagne, in France, another of two years named Denis Diderot, and that the young Arouet, afterwards called Voltaire, at the age of twenty-one was already astonishing the saloons of Paris, and

alarming the court of Versailles, by his genius and satire,—we pass on, and crossing the Straits of Dover, approach the cliffs of England, and look upon the land of our fathers at that interesting period. The revolutionary struggles of the nation had subsided. The belligerent parties and their descendants, both Puritan and Churchman, enjoyed the privileges of civil and religious liberty with comparatively small restriction. But with quiet times worldliness came. No longer provoked by persecution, nor startled by danger, the Established Church and the Dissenting sects had settled down into a comfortable indifference. Honorable exceptions, indeed, there were,—exceptions among high names in literature, such as Bishop Wilson, Doddridge and Watts;—exceptions, too, in quarters then indeed little noted, but since well known by their fruits, as in the case of the family in Epworth, Lincolnshire, which furnishes us with our present subject.

In that place, a market-town of some two thousand inhabitants, dwelt at the time of which we are speaking a good Christian minister, who had little sympathy with the general indifference. He had been for more than twenty years pastor of the village, and united with the Episcopal principles which he had adopted much of the Puritan zeal in which he had been educated. His wife was of the same mind and religious lineage. She had so far departed from the usual etiquette of the Establishment as to conduct religious conferences in her parlor during her husband's absence, much to the horror of Mr. Inman, the starched-up curate. Such had been the good pastor's

opposition to prevalent vices, that in 1709, when his house was burned to the ground, and his son John, then six years old, was saved from the flames almost by a miracle, the incendiaries were supposed to be persons who had been goaded to revenge by the closeness of the preaching.

At the time selected for the commencement of our sketch, the family appears to have consisted of eight members,—the parents and six children. The eldest son, Samuel, a High-Churchman in orders, aged twenty-three, was a graduate of Oxford, and then connected with the charge of Westminster school. The second son, John, had been absent about a year at the Charter-House school London, and was twelve years old. The youngest surviving son, Charles, aged seven, was at home, preparing to go to Westminster under the protection of his eldest brother. Of three sisters, although interesting and gifted persons, we cannot speak.

The people of England little thought that from the family of this humble minister of Epworth the greatest religious movement of the age was to originate. If, at the time spoken of, any remarkable attention was directed towards Epworth parsonage, it was not on account of any anticipation of the renown of the family, but from the strange sounds and shocks which towards the end of the year began to alarm the household, and which have never been satisfactorily accounted for. They were believed to be supernatural; but soon the servants gave up their fright, and from the frequency of his visitations learned to joke about the ghost, whom they called "Old Jeffrey."

If the career of the sons had been matter of interest sufficient to engage attention, it would have seemed no very difficult matter to predict their destiny. The eldest had already found his sphere, and the younger sons, John and Charles, intended, as they were, for that stronghold of priestly conservatism, Oxford, might have been expected to walk in the same path as their brother,—passing their lives in some quiet academic office, or comfortable parsonage. A measure of distinction might perhaps have been anticipated from talents such as theirs, but not the distinction of great innovators or reformers. If of the two younger boys peculiar hope was entertained at home, it was probably of the elder of them, John, rather than of the more restless Charles. John had been saved from the fire as by especial providence, and on earth, as among the angels, there is joy over the lost lamb that is found. Mothers are sometimes very shrewd as well as affectionate, and from passages in Mrs. Wesley's diary we infer that she had made him the object of peculiar mention in her prayers, speaking before God "of the soul of this child, whom thou hast so mercifully provided for." How her prayers were granted we shall soon see.

Leave Epworth in the year 1715. Return to it twenty-seven years afterwards. The first week in June, 1742, a traveller covered with dust entered the town, and, "not knowing whether there were any left in it now who would not be ashamed of his acquaintance," went to an inn in the middle of the place. Every feature of the village is familiar to him, yet he is among strangers. Only an old servant of his fa-

ther, and two or three poor women, recognize him, for he had been absent many years. Yet his name needed only to be mentioned to set the people in commotion. It was John Wesley, son of the former and now deceased minister of the village. It was the famous man who had for about three years been putting vast assemblies into a blaze of enthusiasm by his itinerant preaching. Himself a minister of the Church of England, he called on the curate of the parish, Mr. Romley, and offered to assist him either by preaching or reading prayers. Romley was one of those strong Churchmen of the period, whose respect for orthodoxy in its old routine was only equalled by their relish for a good dinner with abundant potations. The curate's wine-bibbing propensity Mr. Southey is willing to affirm. Romley rejected the traveller's offer with scorn. In the afternoon, although the people crowded to church to hear their old minister's son, the curate conducted the services himself, and preached against religious enthusiasm, in that peculiar style of eloquence which is most congenial with the after-dinner hours of men of his stamp. After sermon, John Taylor, a companion of Wesley, stood in the church-yard, and gave notice, that "Mr. Wesley, not being permitted to preach in the church, designs to preach here at six o'clock."

"Accordingly," says our traveller in his Journal, "at six I came, and found such a congregation as Epworth never saw before. I stood near the east end of the church, upon my father's tomb-stone, and cried, 'The kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.'" During

the week, and on the next Sunday, he preached from that singular pulpit, which he undoubtedly selected from true filial feeling, however well fitted for dramatic effect. Southey well compares him to the Greek tragedian, who, when he performed *Electra*, brought into the theatre the urn containing the ashes of his own child.

Who can wonder at the effect of such an appeal? "Lamentation," he says, "and great groanings were heard, God bowing down their hearts, so as with one accord they lifted up their voices and wept aloud." Some dropped down as if dead, and others, having passed through the crisis, broke out into thanksgiving.

We feel, of course, interested in knowing what impression the preacher left upon the intelligent portion of his hearers. A gentleman present, of a somewhat skeptical turn of mind, Mr. Whitelamb, a clergyman of the English Church, thus describes the scene in a letter to Wesley himself, whose brother-in-law he was:—

"Dear brother, I saw you at Epworth on Tuesday evening. Fain would I have spoken to you, but that I am quite at a loss how to address you or behave. Your way of thinking is so extraordinary that your presence creates an awe, as if you were an inhabitant of another world. God grant that you and your followers may have entire liberty of conscience; will you not allow others the same? I cannot refrain from tears when I think that this is the man who at Oxford was more than a father to me! This is he whom I have heard expound and dispute publicly or preach at St. Mary's with such applause!"

John Wesley is now fully before us. We are in a good condition to judge of his character and history, aided by so many advisers. To say nothing of the obsolete works of Colet and Hampson, we have before us biographies by Henry Moore, who sides with the regular Methodist organization; Whitehead,* who is rather severe upon the Wesleyan hierarchy; Southey, who looks through the spectacles of the English Church; and Watson, who appears to aim at a medium which shall unite brevity with comprehensiveness, and honor Methodism with least disparagement to other parties. The notes of Coleridge are of essential service in modifying the one-sidedness of Southey, and doing justice to the enthusiasm which the High-Churchman could little appreciate. Using these aids, let us now look upon Wesley as presented to us at this interesting period of his life. He is now in the meridian of his years, although little beyond the entrance of his famous career. In him, the fervid field-preacher, and in Mr. Romley, the tippling, easy curate, who declared him unfit to receive Christian communion, we see specimens of the two extremes of the Christianity of the times. We ask, What were the causes of Wesley's singular course? How came he by his peculiar views and marvellous power?

The son of the Epworth minister, after completing his preparatory studies at the Charter-House, at sixteen,

* The work of Whitehead came near dying out, we might infer, from the statement of the American editor, that he knew of only two copies—his own and one other. There is one in the library of Brown University, however. From catalogues of foreign collections, we judge the work to be no great rarity in England.

went to Oxford. In six years he received deacon's orders, at the age of twenty-two. He now added to the former Christian sobriety of his life a careful and systematic attention to sacred studies and devout meditations. His favorite books were Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*, Thomas á Kempis' *Imitation of Christ*, and Law's *Serious Call*. He divided his hours by a most rigid method, and soon made himself obnoxious by his excessive strictness. From the time that he found companions in his ascetic course, Methodism dates its nominal rise. This was in the year 1729, his twenty-sixth year, when he, with his brother Charles and two others, united at Oxford in a society for mutual edification and Christian action. They lived, studied, visited, preached, and gave alms by a rigid rule or method. Hence the name Methodists, although it was not until years afterwards that the denomination with its distinctive principles arose. Before he appears as the founder of a great religious order, the ascetic priest of Oxford must pass through a second and third crisis. He must spend three years in absence from his country, and on his return meet with the change which he regarded as his conversion.

Omen of events afterwards to transpire, he turned his face towards our Western hemisphere. At the age of thirty-two he sailed for Georgia as an Episcopal missionary, and high hopes were entertained of his labors in that new settlement. Those hopes were miserably disappointed, for he made as complete a failure, as any green divinity student could possibly do, by sheer folly. Devoted and conscientious as he

was, he so overstepped the due bounds in his requirements, and held on so stoutly to every letter of his ascetic code, that he provoked the worldly, and sometimes scandalized the really religious. Among other foolish entanglements, he got into a vexing controversy with the friends of Mrs. Williamson, to whom before her marriage he had been thought engaged. He made himself the town-talk, by his pertinacity in refusing her the communion. His success was pretty much the same as would attend one of the Oxford Tractarians, who should leave his academic halls and venerable cloisters for a mission to some new settlement in Missouri or Iowa, and attempt to bring the motley population of the place into conformity to his numberless fasts and saints' days. Wesley, indeed, came very near anticipating Puseyism by a century. In many things he reminds us of Newman and his party.* His experience at Savannah probably did much to cure him of his formalism, and after a three years' absence he returned to England, a wiser but no less devoted man.

Now the great crisis, as he deemed it to be, came. During his passage to America, and his residence there, he had become acquainted with many Moravians, spent much time in their company, and been much impressed with the deep and serene faith which they exhibited alike in their words and deeds,—a faith that seemed to give them a strange peace in their daily lives, and to lift them above fear in the most terrific dan-

* It is worthy of note, that Rev. Charles Wesley, grandson of the noted Charles, is now chaplain to the queen, and one of the prominent friends of the Oxford school.

gers. No melody ever moved him like the hymn chanted by them during the storm at sea. He was led to think much of their favorite doctrine of the witness of the Spirit, or of that interior assurance which convinces the Christian that he is forgiven and accepted, and which of course substitutes peaceful reliance for anxious waiting. He was to be indebted for a still more decided influence to these good Moravians. A few months after his return to England, he fell in with Peter Boehler, and had earnest conversations with him as to the ground of peace with God. After talking with Wesley, Boehler exclaimed, "My brother, my brother! this philosophy of yours must be purged away." Boehler advised him to rely upon Christ with more simplicity and confidence, and insisted upon the efficacy of implicit faith in giving pardon and peace. May 24, 1738, was the day which Wesley regarded as the time of his first being brought to stand on true Gospel ground, and of his exchanging legal formalism for spiritual faith. The morning had been spent in the study of the Bible, and "in the evening," he says, "I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, whilst he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt that I did trust in Christ,—in 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."

After a short visit to the Moravians of Germany, to avail himself of their counsels, Wesley returned to

England, and commenced the career in which he continued for upwards of fifty years.

Now he had a constant and engrossing theme,—present salvation through faith with the witness of the Spirit. Speaking from an experience so full and dearly bought, he preached with a power that seemed as surprising to himself as to his hearers. Whitefield was in advance of him in the work; but even that noted revivalist,—afterwards leader of the Calvinistic branch of the Methodists, as Wesley was of the Arminian branch,—Whitefield, gifted perhaps in voice and manner as no preacher ever was before, soon found himself second in influence to one by no means conspicuous for personal graces, or noted for native eloquence. Induced at first by Whitefield's urgency, to break through the decorum deemed binding upon a minister of the English Church, Wesley preached first in the open air at Bristol, in 1739, and soon found himself obliged to continue the practice from necessity, since the pulpits of his Episcopal brethren were generally closed against him, and moreover no edifice would have been sufficient to hold the vast assemblies which he frequently addressed.

We thus see the train of influences that made him what he was when he appeared in the village of his birth, and preached with such power, standing upon his father's tomb. Yet it was not until two years after his alleged conversion, that Methodism appeared in the form of a distinct organization. In 1740, Wesley separated from the Moravians, and to that date Methodists ascribe the rise of their great denomination. In 1744, four years afterwards, the first conference of

Methodist preachers was held, and in 1784, the articles were drawn up which provided for the discipline of the order after the founder's death, and the decisive steps were taken which gave to the American branch of the fraternity distinct superintendents, or bishops, as they were afterwards called.

The period of Wesley's noted public ministry is before us,—a subject of intense interest. Yet we can but glance over its eventful scenes. Think as we may of the wisdom of his system or the truth of his doctrines, we must all allow that he was a true soldier of the cross, and shrank from no opportunity of serving his Master's cause. Nothing in history is more remarkable than his conduct in the midst of mobs that sought his life; and no scenes in the progress of Christianity are more touching than some that may be chosen from his career of itinerancy. He never quailed before the most infuriated mob, and almost always lulled the storm to rest. Upon these transactions Southey is more eloquent in the preacher's praise than even Moore or Watson.

In one case when the house was beset by a great crowd, who cried out for him, and declared that they would have him,—“Bring out the minister, we will have the minister!”—he simply desired one of his friends to invite the captain of the mob into the house. The fellow came, and was so worked upon—whether soothed or awed—as to seem an entirely different person; and by the charm of Wesley's address, two or three of the man's companions went through the same change. Wesley afterwards went out, and, standing upon a chair, addressed the mob. The cry was now

very unlike the former one: "The gentleman is an honest gentleman, and they that seek for his blood must spill ours first." In another instance, he had been seized and bruised by a mob. He appealed to them to give him a hearing, and, obtaining at length a moment's silence, immediately in that clear and moving voice of his began to pray. The man who had headed the rabble, and who had been prize-fighter at a bear-garden, was so wrought upon as to turn and say:—"Sir, I will spend my life for you! Follow me, and not one here shall touch a hair of your head."

Why should the populace have been so enraged at a movement so pacific as that of Methodism? In part, probably, on account of the rebuke applied to prevalent sins, and in part from the novelty and strangeness of the meetings. There was undoubtedly some offence against good taste in the exciting method of the preachers; but an English mob has never shown any great horror of bad rhetoric or of overmuch vehemence. It was the conversion of their friends and neighbors that stirred up the wrath of the crowd. Once in a while, moreover, some strait-laced Tory was found conniving at the outrages of the rabble. Wesley tells a curious story of the arrest of a score of Methodists, who were immediately put into a wagon, and dragged to the justice's. Their accusers were asked to state the ground of the complaint, and seemed at this to be struck dumb. At last, one of them cried out,—“Why, they pretend to be better than other people; and besides, they pray from morning till night.” The magistrate asked if they had done nothing else. “Yes, sir,” said an old man, “they

have *converted* my wife, an't please your worship. Till she went among them, she had such a tongue! And now she is quiet as a lamb." "Carry them back, carry them back," said the magistrate, "and let them convert all the scolds in town."

Wesley's Journal describes with graphic simplicity the scenes of his itinerant preaching. "At Gwenap, in the county of Cornwall," he says, "I stood upon the wall in the calm, still evening, with the setting sun behind me, and almost an innumerable multitude before, behind, and on either hand. Many likewise sat on the little hills, at some distance from the bulk of the congregation. But they could all distinctly hear, while I read, 'The disciple is not above his master,' and the rest of those comfortable words, which are day by day fulfilled in our ears." To this spot he frequently came, and in his old age he says of it:—"I think this is one of the most magnificent spectacles to be seen this side of heaven. And no music is to be heard on earth comparable to the sound of many thousand voices, when they are all harmoniously joined together, singing praises to God and the Lamb."

At another time he speaks of preaching so near the sea in a high wind, as to make him fear that he could not be heard, yet "God gave me so clear and strong a voice," says he, "that I believe scarce one word was lost." Again he preached in a church-yard by the ruins of a cathedral, and a great congregation from the lead-mines knelt down in the grass among the tomb-stones. This scene might well have shaken the ashes beneath the sod, and brought out the ghosts of the old monks and devotees who had once worship-

ped at that decayed altar, and carried blessings to the neighboring poor. Again, at Gawksham he preached on the side of an enormous mountain, and "the congregation," he says, "stood and sat row above row in the sylvan theatre." Once he had the ground measured, and found that he had been distinctly heard at the distance of a hundred and forty yards. At the age of seventy, he preached in the open air to thirty thousand persons.

His labors were incredible alike in their amount and their character. Preacher, theologian, ruler, he was constantly at work. Every year he travelled many thousand miles, and even in his travels never slackened his studies. On horseback he was at his book, and at the stopping-places was ready with pen and voice. Twenty years before his death, an edition of his works in thirty-two volumes was published, embracing treatises upon a great variety of subjects. Religion was of course the absorbing theme, but history, natural philosophy, grammar, and even medicine, came in for their share of his time and pen. He was the father of the system of cheap books for the people. He was willing alike to compose and to compile whatever would instruct and elevate the many. Thus he exerted vast influence. From the sale of his books he derived the chief means for his great charities. To his honor be it spoken, the amount ascertained to have been given away by him exceeds a hundred thousand dollars. Consistently enough he might preach that close and judicious sermon on "Money as a Talent," under the three heads,—Gain all you can; Save all you can; Give all you can." Many go with the preacher in the

first two heads, who would be much staggered by the third.

There is no sight more refreshing and instructive than a cheerful, active old man. Let us look in upon Wesley in his hale old age.

The excellent Alexander Knox, met him a few years before his death, and declared that every hour spent in his company afforded him fresh reason for esteem and veneration. "So fine an old man I never saw. The happiness of his mind beamed forth in his countenance; every look showed how fully he enjoyed

‘The gay remembrance of a life well spent.’

In him old age appeared delightful, like an evening without a cloud."

It would not have been difficult to identify that old man anywhere, whether in London or any of the cities of his sojourn, or in his travels. Few, however, would have judged him to be what he was, from his external appearance merely. Little of the daring innovator was there in his mien. In some distant part of England, you might have seen a man pursuing his journey resolutely on horseback, and showing by the book in his hand that he grudged to lose a single moment of time. You might see the same man walking with firm step through some town or village, giving proof in every motion that he had a work to do. His stature was under middle size, his habit of body thin, but compact. A clear, smooth forehead, an aquiline nose, an eye of piercing brightness, a complexion of perfect healthfulness, distinguished him among all others.

Even his dress was characteristic,—the perfection of neatness and simplicity, perhaps with a little touch of primness ; a narrow, plaited stock, a coat with a small upright collar,—his clothes without any of the usual ornaments of silk or velvet,—combined with a head white as snow to give the idea of a man of peculiar primitive character.

One book he always carries with him in his journeys besides the Bible. It is his Diary. Would we learn what view of life the old man takes, we can seem to look over his shoulder on his eighty-sixth birthday, and read what he has written. June 28, 1788, he writes :—

“I this day enter on my eighty-sixth year. And what cause have I to praise God, as for a thousand spiritual blessings, so for a thousand bodily blessings also ! How little have I suffered yet from the rush of numerous years.”

After mentioning a few marks of the infirmity of age, he declares that he feels no such thing as weariness either in travelling or preaching.

“And I am not conscious of any decay in writing sermons, which I do as readily, and I believe as correctly, as ever.

“To what cause can I impute this, that I am as I am ? First, doubtless, to the power of God fitting me for the work to which I am called, as long as he pleases to continue me therein ; and next, subordinately to this, to the prayers of his children.

“May we not impute it, as inferior means,—1. To my constant exercise and change of air ? 2. To my never having lost a night’s sleep, sick or well, at land

or at sea, since I was born? 3. To my having sleep at command, so that, whenever I feel myself almost worn out, I call it, and it comes, day or night? 4. To my having constantly, for about sixty years, risen at four in the morning? 5. To my constant preaching at five in the morning for above fifty years? 6. To my having had so little pain in my life, and so little sorrow or anxious care?

“Even now, though I find pain daily in my eye, or temple, or arm, yet it is never violent, and seldom lasts many minutes at a time. Whether or not, this is sent to give me warning that I am shortly to quit this tabernacle, I do not know; but be it one way or the other, I have only to say,—

‘ My remnant of days
I spend to his praise,
Who died the whole world to redeem;
Be they many or few,
My days are his due,
And they all are devoted to him? ’ ”

So it proved three years afterwards. In 1791, March 2d, at the age of eighty-eight, he breathed his last, with a hymn of praise on his lips. With the little strength remaining, he cried out to the friends watching his departure,—“The best of all is, God is with us;” and could only whisper the first two words of a favorite psalm,—“I’ll praise, I’ll praise.” His friends were left to finish the lines, for Wesley’s voice was to be heard no more.

He died, but a work remained such as no other man of his century left behind him. At the time of

his death, more than a hundred thousand persons looked to him as their guide to heaven, and now the hundred thousand has become a million.

Whence this vast power? We reply, from the age, the man, and the method.

The age was cold and skeptical. The common people were neglected by those who should have been their teachers. A tongue of fire was needed none the less for the philosophy and scholarship that distinguished the eighteenth century. The metaphysics and ethics of sages like Berkeley and Butler, the learning of scholars like Lardner and Warburton, were little successful in awakening faith; nor were the well written and sensible sermons of Secker and Sherlock, Paley and Blair, very powerful in rebuking sin, even in the select class of their admirers. Fire was wanted, and it came.

It came in a peculiar man, and a peculiar method. The man was a combination of elements usually deemed incompatible. We cannot accord to him any remarkable depth of intellect. To philosophical insight or metaphysical faculty he laid small claim. Neither was poetic genius one of his gifts; nor any remarkable power of fancy or imagination. George Fox, his forerunner in practical reform, notwithstanding his narrower compass of gifts and attainments, strikes us as having a deeper mind; and original thoughts once in a while shine out from his rhapsodic medleys, that startle the reader more than anything in the great Methodist's pages. But as uniting practical judgment and efficiency with burning enthusiasm, Wesley is unequalled, certainly on this side of the age

of St. Ignatius. His head was as clear and utilitarian as Franklin's,—without the least particle of mysticism or extravagance; whilst his heart flamed with a zeal like Loyola's, and glowed with a charity like Fénelon's. At once an acute reasoner and an enthusiastic devotee, he carried out his thoughts and emotions with a determination of purpose worthy of being mentioned with the mightiest,—even with that mighty will already preparing, at the close of Wesley's life, to show itself in France in the young officer from Corsica.

It cost him little to say that least and hardest of words,—that countersign to the gate of virtue,—“No.” He could readily resist the entreaties of father and brother. He was proof against the irritations of the fireside, and swerved not a jot from his course to propitiate the peculiar companion, who, it was more than whispered, enabled him to sympathize with Job the patriarch, and Socrates the sage. He carried out his plans without regard to opposition on the part of others, or to the sacrifice of his own time or ease. As an instance of disposition, he coolly ascertained, by experiment, how much sleep would do for him, and the result became the rule of his subsequent life. Not a few of our readers, doubtless, from remembrance of many vain attempts to form the habit of early rising, will be ready to say that the man who could do this need not fear difficulty in any quarter.

Wesley's sharp mind and determined will remind us often of old Wickliffe, although that father of the Reformation distanced him far as an independent Protestant and Scripturalist. Wesley was a rigid disciplinarian, and came near being a sad formalist.

That he was tyrannical, we see no proof. His great power came to him from the necessity of his position. We cannot say that the sectarian sceptre was as disagreeable to him as it would have been to many of his contemporaries, although we can name none who would have borne it with greater mildness and self-denial. Benevolent, just, persevering, courageous, indomitable, he stands, beyond question, first in achievement among the Christian men of his century.

Such was the man. From the man came the method. It was part and parcel of himself,—the method of doctrine and of discipline. The doctrine came from his clear head and religious experience, in connection with his study of the Bible in itself and its interpreters. His creed pointed to immediate effect. The Christian life, according to him, begins at once in repentance and faith. Thus the need of immediate salvation must be urged, and men exhorted to lay hold of acceptance at once. Thus begun, the Christian life continues in peaceful assurance progressively to perfect love. Religion being thus progressive, and man being gifted with ability to advance or retreat, hence the need of a system of instruction and discipline that shall have constant watch over the converts. Accordingly, if the readiness with which present salvation through faith was offered to the listening thousands savored too much of enthusiasm, the fear of their abuse of the doctrine ceased the moment the ably adjusted mode of discipline appeared, by which the convert was led on, by patient steps, from his new raptures to maturer knowledge and more sober piety.

The force with which Wesley insisted upon the doctrine of free-agency, in opposition to Calvinism,—his statement, that every man can lay hold of salvation for himself, and afterwards lose his hold by negligence,—gave him great power in appealing to men to repent and believe, and strive to continue in well-doing when once upon the right ground. The cheerful, affectionate temper of his faith, the hope and love expressed in the hymns and general devotions of the Methodist worship, gave the cause of which he was the leader great popularity in an age of heavy formalism. He owed much to his brother Charles, his constant helper,—less resolute than himself, indeed, in action, and sometimes weary of innovation, but far his superior in poetical gifts. To Charles Wesley Christendom owes a lasting monument, as one of her most gifted psalmists, uniting, as he does, the great excellences of a writer of hymns,—fervor, point, simplicity, and dignity.

Measured by the classic standards, Wesley was by no means a great preacher. His sermons show little genius, but great coherence, good sense, practical knowledge and force. Some of them are very remarkable for worldly wisdom in connection with Christian aim. All of them show the same single purpose,—to win men to Christ, and keep them there. They are, by universal consent, greatly superior to Whitefield's; yet they do not, in the printed form, exhibit sufficient power to enable us to understand their singular effect. The power was in the man. The spirit that was in him struck fire from the simplest words.

As a theologian, he was learned, lucid, and forcible, although by no means the first in this department in his denomination. The superiority of Fletcher, in point of depth, is, we believe, generally admitted. If—as he himself would have deemed it no slander to call him—he were the Montanus of the movement, determined and fervent, like that bold Phrygian, Fletcher was the Tertullian, mightier with the pen, and the master in theological wisdom.

As a disciplinarian, he was very strict; yet he imposed upon others fewer burdens, by far, than he assumed himself. A stickler for due subordination, he abhorred slavery, and cried out against it at a time when it was an heroic thing so to do. Partial to Episcopacy, he detested its too frequent formalism, regarded bishops, not as a distinct order by themselves, but simply as superintending presbyters, and had no faith in the doctrine of the Apostolic succession as held by Churchmen. His method of discipline, reaching, as it did, from the small bands of a few persons up to the General Conference, was characteristic of himself. He was a paragon of systematic order. When, a boy at school, he ran every morning thrice round the garden for exercise, he showed a trait that marked his whole life. His day was divided with a precision that is amazing. He would not yield a jot from his plans, even to keep friendship with Whitefield, or to enjoy the society of Dr. Johnson. He thus, by his rigid method, accomplished a vast amount of work, and lived ten lives in one. As he ruled himself, so he legislated for others. The Methodist system illustrates the man, and an

acquaintance with its workings is the best key to his character. Many of its features we must regard as too dictatorial for our Protestant freedom, and far from being an improvement even upon the hierarchy which it displaced. But under his administration it appears to have been admirably adjusted and balanced. We cannot but say,—Honor to the man who in himself exalted so rigid a method with so earnest a soul, and combined in his policy such elements of order and freedom, control and aspiration!

Faults he doubtless had. Who has them not? He may have been too set and notional, a little imperious, somewhat credulous and superstitious. Some of his opinions were whimsical. He believed in ghosts and evil possession. He recognized the future existence of brute beasts. He trusted important actions to lot, and ascribed peculiar authority to the passages of the Bible upon which he might chance to open. But he should be judged by the rule of his life, not by the exception. Surely, what he calls true religion or catholic love was the inspiration of his life. Of the convulsions, shrieks, trances, groans, and shouts of his converts we make small account, as he comparatively did at last. The deepest groanings of the spirit are those "that cannot be uttered." It is for the warmth of his Christian love, and the hearts without number inflamed by him with the like sentiment, that we honor him. To us his name is fragrant among the saints and fathers of modern Christendom. With some of our readers, at least, his name will be greeted more cordially from the fact, that he did not regard the gate of heaven as closed against the pious believer

in a creed not Trinitarian, and recognized a Unitarian, like Firmin, as a genuine Christian.

What is to be the destiny of the religious order formed by him we do not undertake to predict. The symptoms of return to the Establishment among some of the more wealthy and cultivated Methodists of England, and the dissensions upon reform topics in the denomination in this country, present omens not very encouraging to the champions of the Wesleyan hierarchy. We apprehend, moreover, that the progress of Christian liberty, in its best sense, will not be favorable to the permanence of the rigid discipline and despotic polity with which the successors of Wesley have continued to burden their churches, under circumstances so different from those existing in the days of their founder. Time is a severe commentator upon every religious reform. Enthusiasm is apt to end in license or tyranny. To which issue Methodism is more likely to tend, grave history must ere long record. That record, whatever it may be, will leave no stain upon the memory of Wesley. If Whitehead gives the true view of the rise of Methodism, Wesley's better genius would be as much honored by the prevalence of a more independent spirit, as by the continued or increasing consolidation of the order.

Wesley's death took place, as we have seen, March 2d, 1791. England little appreciated the man whom she had lost. The Established Church, of which he continued a minister to the last, and in the bosom of which until shortly before his decease he had desired his people to remain simply as a religious society, gave him little benediction, shutting against him the

pulpits that were open to clerical Nimrods and Bacchanals.

Look from Wesley's death-bed towards France; and on the morrow the streets of Paris exhibited a scene that should have proved to the conservatives of England the worth of him who could impress upon the neglected masses the sentiment of religion. The sacred vessels of the Parisian churches were carried to the mint to be coined into that which is called the "sinew of war." England followed not France in the desecration. A sentiment of reverence guarded, and still guards, her altars. The tombs of her saints and sages were not to be violated as were those of France, nor their ashes to be scattered to the winds, that the lead of their coffins might be moulded into bullets. Hearts, by thousands, once rude and violent, were now at peace with God, living in recognition of a heavenly kingdom, and chanting holy hymns instead of shouting fiendish curses. Myriads once crushed beneath poverty and toil had been rescued, and, with the faith and love of the Gospel, every good gift had been given. America, too, had shared the blessing; her remote borders had been visited by the missionaries of Methodism, and her forests had rung with their thrilling hymns.

The founder of the great society rested not in St. Paul's nor Westminster Abbey. The ruling powers did not desire it, although they did not deny such consecrated ground to a profligate man of genius, or a blasphemous soldier. Nor did Wesley desire to be buried away from his people. His remains were laid beneath the chapel in which he had so often preached.

Rest in peace, soul of John Wesley! we are all ready to say. May the English race, in all its branches, bless that name. As for us, we take leave of his memory now by applying to him his own tribute to Whitefield in the sermon upon his death, in 1770:—

“Who is a man of a catholic spirit? One who loves as friends, as brethren in the Lord, as joint partakers of the present kingdom of heaven and fellow-heirs of his eternal kingdom, all, of whatever opinion, mode of worship, or congregation, who believe in the Lord Jesus; who love God and man; who, rejoicing to please and fearing to offend God, are careful to abstain from evil and zealous of good works. He is a man of a truly catholic spirit who bears all these continually upon his heart; who, having an unspeakable tenderness for their persons, and an earnest desire for their welfare, does not cease to commend them to God in prayer, as well as to plead their cause before men; who speaks comfortably to them, and labors by all his words to strengthen their hands in God. He assists them to the uttermost of his power in things temporal and spiritual. He is ready to spend and be spent for them; yea, to lay down his life for them. How amiable a character is this! How desirable to every child of God!”

This portrait came from the painter's own soul. It might have been extravagant praise to bestow on George Whitefield. It is no more than truth, when applied to John Wesley.

Thoughts many and important are suggested by the survey that we have hastened through. This thought is most obvious, and is all that can be added:—

What an idea the history of Wesley and his work gives of the capacity of an individual, and of the productiveness of a single life! It is a great question, in our day, How may the largest crop be derived from an acre of ground? Far greater the question, How much efficient power can a life produce? Wesley's story is a stern homily on persevering, devoted, cheerful labor. "Work! work!" it cries, trumpet-tongued. "Work on, work ever, in faith and love!"

His method we know; what is ours? Let every conscience answer.

1847.

XIII.

JONATHAN EDWARDS AND THE NEW CALVINISM.*

WE took occasion in our last article to treat as fully as we could of the father of Methodism, and of the revolution wrought by him in the religion of England. We now turn homeward, to speak of a contemporary of Wesley, of equal influence in his own sphere, and of far higher rank in the kingdom of ideas. It was, as we have seen, in the month of roses, 1703, that the rectory of Epworth heard a new voice, and John Wesley first saw the light. That same year, and, as more fitting, in the month of the sere and yellow leaf, the more grave and pensive October, the Puritan parsonage of East Windsor, Connecticut, that already—frequent blessing of the cleri-

* 1. *The Works of Jonathan Edwards, A.M.* With an Essay on his Genius and Writings, by Henry Rogers; and a Memoir, by Sereno E. Dwight. London. 1839. 2 vols.

2. *Seasonable Thoughts on the State of Religion in New England.* A Treatise, in Five Parts. With a Preface. By Charles Chauncy, D.D., Pastor of the First Church of Christ in Boston. Boston. 1743.

cal home—heard the prattle of four little girls, rejoiced for the first time in a son. This son became the most noted theologian of his country. [The metaphysician of Calvinism, he has been as much the father of a method of thought, as the Arminian disciplinarian has been of a method of action.

To understand the career of the great Calvinist and his associates and antagonists, we must glance at the condition of New England at the opening of the last century. The state of religion here then resembled much its state in the mother country when Wesley came upon the stage. The fire of the old contest between Puritan and Churchman had been dying out. By the Revolution of 1688 new principles of toleration were incorporated into the British policy, which showed themselves in the old country by softening the former animosity between the Dissenters and the Establishment, and which changed the face of things here, by taking from the Puritan Church its control over the State, and bringing forward a somewhat liberal party in the ranks of Congregationalism. The weight of the liberal party was proved by the foundation of Brattle Street church, in Boston, in 1698, and, nine years afterward, by the election of one of its founders, John Leverett, to the presidency of Harvard College, in spite of the violent opposition of the Mathers. In this movement, a spirit came to light which had long covertly existed, and which without doubt had some representatives in the cabins of the *Mayflower* and *Arbella*. Thus, at the very beginning of the last century, Harvard College showed something of the liberal tendency that has since stamped its history ;

and the rise of Yale College at that time, under the auspices of the more rigid class, and with some feeling of opposition to Harvard, gave intimation of those conflicts of opinion that have agitated New England to the present day. We do not say that there was any thing of the doctrinal antagonism that has since been so conspicuous. The Liberalism of that day was rather a spirit than a doctrine,—a spirit of resistance to ecclesiastical despotism, and of regard for the right of private judgment and congregational independence.

It was obviously an important crisis in affairs,—a season of decay as well as renovation. Much indifference prevailed among Christian people. Men were not very willing to accept theology, as before, upon the basis of Puritan authority. The claims of religion must be examined, its doctrines proved, and, while the leading divines of Europe were striving to defend Christianity from assault, and legitimate its claims by reason and scholarship, the mind of New England in a measure felt the same want, and demanded strong thinkers to meet the craving for more light. When thus called for, men always come. Strong thinkers appeared. Verily, there were giants in those days.

Harvard and Yale sent each its strong man, each man to be captain of a host.

In the year 1720, the order of performance at the New Haven Commencement bore upon its list of graduates the name of Jonathan Edwards. Few, if any, of the goodly company at that ancient Commencement, as they listened to the oration of that

youth of seventeen, had any very clear intimation of his destiny. The fathers and mothers, the youths and maidens, looked upon him, doubtless, with interest, as the first scholar in his class; the elders of the church hoped well of him, as they noted his serious spirit, and remembered the stanch faith of his father, the venerable minister of East Windsor. His classmates might have thought him a little stiff and reserved, even for those days, but could not help respecting the youth who had distanced them all in scholaship, and who at fourteen, had read Locke with more pleasure than "the miser finds in handfuls of silver and gold from some newly-discovered treasure."

One year afterwards, the town of Boston and its vicinity sent forth its wisdom and beauty and strength to the village of Cambridge, and among the class of thirty-seven members at that Commencement, none was regarded with more honor than Charles Chauncy, a youth not yet seventeen, who bore a distinguished part in the services of the day.

These youths became the religious leaders of their time. Edwards and Chauncy are the representative men of New England theology in the eighteenth century. Of them we are to treat,—of Edwards principally, and Chauncy incidentally. They represent tendencies that have always existed in Christendom. In their own time, and under the New England garb, they illustrate diversities of creed and temper, that have ever shown themselves in the world, from the days of Tertullian and Origen, Augustine and Pelagius, to those of Calvin and Arminius, Chalmers and Channing.

Did our limits permit, we might find instruction in portraying the chief scenes in Edward's course of preparation for this great work. We might dwell upon his infancy and boyhood in the parsonage of East Windsor,—trace his career through College, and describe the years during which he was fitting himself for the ministry, which were passed partly in theological studies and partly in the duties of a tutorship at New Haven. But, having to deal with a man who lived and ruled in the region of ideas, we may well spare sketches of scenes and events, and speak of the chief elements which during his preparatory period combined to make him what he became.

The first element which determined his destiny undoubtedly was the creed in which he was educated, especially the characteristic feature of that creed,—the sovereignty of God, and his acknowledged right, purely of his own will and without respect to human desert, to elect to heaven or doom to hell the souls of men. This doctrine he heard preached by his father even from his boyhood. As a boy he thought it a horrible belief, and struggled against it earnestly, as he himself declares. But afterwards he found himself convinced of its truth, and, as he says, without ever being able to give any satisfactory account of the means or manner of the conviction.

The second element consisted in his strong religious sensibility, which showed itself from early childhood, alike in the fervor and frequency of private prayer, and in the little meetings which he with a few other boys conducted, in a rude booth built by them in a retired spot, which to this day is pointed out as hallow-

ed ground. Thus his expanding heart opened to the religious influences around him, and he stands, with Pascal and Leighton, amongst those who have accepted the dogma of elective sovereignty without that desperate struggle with early lusts that led Augustine, Luther, and Bunyan to disparage human will.

The third element which we notice was his singular, perhaps unsurpassed, power of abstraction, his passion for meditating upon the causes of things, and his faculty of tracing causes to consequences by deductive processes of adamant strength. We shall speak of this tendency more at large when we come to treat of his works.

These elements had all exhibited themselves as early, at least, as his nineteenth year. When at this age he went to preach at New York, and delighted to roam along the beautiful banks of the Hudson, as he assures us he often did, for contemplation on Divine things, and for secret converse with God, he undoubtedly employed in the "sweet hours" there all the resources of his nature, education, and experience. He had learned to see the sovereign God in all things; in his views of nature and religion, he had manifested the sensibility of the poet, as well as the fervor of the devotee. His searching mind had already investigated the foundations of faith and knowledge, and struggled at once for a science of matter and spirit, creation and the Creator. He says that for some time previously his mind had been almost perpetually in the contemplation of Divine things. "I spent most of my time in thinking of Divine things from year to year, often walking alone in the woods and solitary

places for meditation, soliloquy, and prayer, and converse with God; and it was always my manner to sing forth my contemplation. I was almost constantly in ejaculatory prayer, wherever I was."

Again, speaking of his stay at New York, he says, that holiness "made the soul like a field or garden of God, with all manner of pleasant flowers; enjoying a sweet calm, and the gently vivifying beams of the sun. The soul of a true Christian, as I then wrote my meditations, appeared like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year; low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the beams of the sun's glory, rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragranc; standing peacefully and lovingly in the midst of other flowers round about, all in like manner opening their beams to the sun."

What is to become of this enraptured wanderer on the banks of the Hudson, so absorbed in visions of God and contemplations of creation? Is he to be poet, dreamer, theorist, recluse,—what? In this world of stern reality is there any work for him to do, or is he to go through life by himself, more wondered at than admired, and giving friends and observers cause for querying whether he had not been sent to the wrong planet, or stumbled upon the wrong age? The fact must be our reply.

Go to the beautiful town of Northampton, Massachusetts, and the question is at once solved. Let the date be any year between 1727 and 1750. We select the winter of 1735. The Connecticut is bridged over with ice; Holyoke and its twin mount are covered

with snow. The Sabbath bell rings out solemnly, yet cheerfully, upon the clear air of the winter morning. The village church, cold, and no marvel of architectural proportion, soon becomes the centre of concourse. In Puritan decorum, in sleighs, on horseback, on foot, the villagers wend their way through the snow, and take their seats in the square, high-backed pews. The minister, a man of thirty-two, attended by a lady seven years younger than himself, in whose face rare beauty is blended with a singularly spiritual expression, walks up the aisle, and, after opening for his companion the door of the pastor's pew, ascends the pulpit. After prayer and hymn, he stands up to preach. His appearance does not at first promise much. He is tall and thin, without any grace of manner, attraction of person, compass or music of voice. He holds his manuscript in his hand, and reads it through without a single gesture or movement of the head. But mark the power which he exercises as he goes on. There is no startling change in his address, but as thought after thought is presented with such iron strength and such piercing point, every breath is hushed; tears and every mark of contrition pervade the assembly. The text is from Romans iii. 19:—"That every mouth may be stopped." The subject is "The Justice of God in the Damnation of Sinners."—The sermon is terrific. After its two points of introduction, and five of doctrine, comes the application, with its more than twenty points, down upon the devoted heads of the hearers, like forked lightnings from a single cloud. All classes feel its force. The hard man of business begins to think of his ways, to loathe his own worldliness, and apprehend

with horror his destiny. The gayest daughter in the parish, flaunting in all the allowable pride of that austere time, repents of her vanity, sees little to admire in her attire, and yearns for the pearl that is of too great price to be bought. A great awakening follows, and the year 1735 makes a date in the theological calendar of New England.

Edwards, for he is the preacher, had then been in Northampton eight years, having been settled there the year of Chauncy's settlement in Boston, 1727. The fame of his labors went out into all the churches in the land, and the fire kindled by him reached many neighboring places, and similar scenes appeared. Northampton soon became a classic spot,—a very Mecca or Jerusalem to the pilgrims of Puritanism. Still, its fame was not yet complete.

In the autumn of 1740, the noted Whitefield, the early friend and helper of Wesley, first came to New England. Landing at Newport, he visited Boston, and preached in the principal churches of the town. Soon after, in the month of October, he started for the scene of the revival of 1735. When he and Edwards went into that Puritan pulpit together, it required no great depth of perception to recognize a singular contrast in the two men. They were as different in mind and manner as in looks. The thought-worn theologian, and the brilliant, imposing declaimer,—the one dealing in chains of argument that no logician could break asunder, the other abounding in pathetic exhortations, high wrought figures, melting cadences, which no logician could resist, and which, whilst they had made a Garrick marvel, moved Edwards to weep. No

wonder that he wept, and the whole congregation were refreshed by Whitefield's visit. It must have been a great relief to them to listen to his eloquent appeals to the heart, after having their minds so constantly on the stretch in attempting to follow the profound deductions of their own minister, penetrating the deeps of the soul and the Godhead from Sabbath to Sabbath. Edwards, however, much as he felt the pathos of Whitefield's preaching, saw his dangers, and advised him to beware of trusting so much to mere emotion, and of presuming to judge so unhesitatingly of the piety of other persons,—advice which Whitefield took more in word than deed, else he might have shunned the rock on which he split, escaped the name of an uncharitable censor, and the suspicion of confounding the pulpit with the stage. After this friendly lecture, he never seems to have liked Edwards very well; at least, was never very studious of his company.

Rekindled by Whitefield's visits, the awakening in New England, which had for some years subsided, re-appeared, and 1740 makes the date of centennial commemoration among our Orthodox Congregationalists, as it does also among the followers of Wesley. Arminianism in England and Calvinism here had their Pentecost at the same time. We are ready to believe that not a little of the true fire came down from heaven in both cases.

But Edwards, however superior to Wesley as a metaphysician, was far inferior to him as a pastoral guide, and knew not, like the great Methodist, how to tend the fire already kindled. As his opinions were consolidated into a system, he wielded them

with increased force, and seemed to speak to men as an ambassador from the other world. His famous Sermon on "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God" is a good specimen of his peculiar power. No one who reads it can wonder at its singular effect. He delivered it at Enfield, Conn., in 1741, at a time when the congregation there were expecting to hear a foreign preacher. They were disappointed in this expectation, and not at all propitiated by seeing the unpromising substitute for the stranger, as he entered the pulpit and began the service in his usual monotonous way. But soon the feeling changed, and the eyes that had been lowered in displeasure or shut in indifference began to gaze upon the preacher with intense interest. Ere long, some of the audience rose to their feet, and in the end the whole congregation stood up, as if drawn toward the orator by some terrible fascination. The house of worship became a scene of fearful commotion,—such being the distress and weeping, that he was obliged to desire silence, that he might be heard. The sermon is enough to make a man of our milder creed shudder. No wonder that it so affected that audience of so austere doctrine. After a close and pointed statement of doctrine in ten points, he urges its application in a manner of which this is a fair specimen:—

"There is nothing between you and hell but the air; it is only the power and mere pleasure of God that holds you up. Your wickedness makes you heavy as lead, and to tend downwards with great weight and pressure towards hell; and if God should let you go, you would immediately sink and descend

into the bottomless gulf; and your healthy constitution, and your own care and prudence and best contrivance, and all your righteousness, would have no more influence to uphold you and keep you out of hell, than a spider's web would have to stop a falling rock. The bow of God's wrath is bent, and the arrow made ready on the string, and justice bends the arrow at your heart, and strains the bow, and it is nothing but the mere pleasure of God, and that of an angry God, without any promise or obligation at all, that keeps the arrow one moment from being drunk with your blood. The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider or some loathsome insect over the fire, abhors you, and is dreadfully provoked; his wrath towards you burns like fire; he looks upon you as worthy of nothing else but to be cast into the fire; he is of purer eyes than to bear to have you in his sight; you are ten thousand times more abominable in his eyes than the most hateful, venomous serpent is in ours."—*Works*, Vol. II., pp. 7 *et seq.*

On another occasion, as he was preaching in the pulpit of a brother minister, this brother is said to have forgotten himself so far, as to pull the preacher by the coat, and to stop the terrific sermon by the question,—“Mr. Edwards, Mr. Edwards! Is not God a merciful being? is he not merciful?”

To keep the state of feeling at the pitch to which such a style of preaching carried it was hardly in man's power, nor could it be safely moderated into its permanent level without the most judicious superintendence. Here Edwards failed. He had, indeed,

too deep a mind to regard nervous excitement or vehement emotion as proof of religion. His chief danger came from want of sympathy with the common feelings of men, and knowledge of the means of permanent influence over them. In 1744, he sorely offended the young people of his parish, and, through them, many of their parents, by well-meant but unwise attempts to suppress some objectionable practices; and five years afterwards he lost the good graces of most of the parish by that measure, so noted and so consistent, the proposition to reëstablish the old Puritan rule, for a long time abandoned under the ministry of Stoddard, of requiring from each candidate for the communion, not merely a profession of faith and evidence of good personal character, but also such testimonials of religious experience as should satisfy the committee of the church that conversion had taken place, and evidence been given of a regenerate heart. He would thus, of course, regard the Lord's Supper, not, as it has been regarded by the great mass of Christians, as a means of grace, so much as a seal of salvation. Trouble was the consequence, and separation the final result. Customs that are connected with hallowed associations, and founded in feelings so justifiable as those which moved Stoddard to enlarge the door of communion, could not easily be set aside by argument, however close and weighty. We are not to suppose that the cruel obstacle was by any means on the side of the worldly, who sought the Lord's table without due seriousness. There is a sentiment of delicacy and dignity in a large number of truly spiritually-minded persons that leads them to

shrink from exposing their secret thoughts, much more from submitting their spiritual experience to the judgment of a church committee.

Now is the time for Edwards to prove his true character. In great affliction, feeble health, and stunted fortune, he chose to state an unpopular doctrine, but one connected with his whole system. Is he willing to abide the consequences? He is willing. He left his cherished home in the loveliest town of New England, and accepted a call to perform missionary duty among the Indians of the vicinity. What a position was his at Stockbridge for the strongest reasoner, if not the deepest thinker, in the land! A theologian great as Calvin, a logician not inferior to Spinoza, thus become the minister to savages, whose comprehension of sacred truth hardly equalled that of children! He turned trial into triumph. His genius towered up as never before among the mountains of Berkshire. In this his comparative seclusion, he devoted himself to study and meditation. Works such as those on "The Freedom of the Will," "The End of Creation," "The Nature of Virtue," "Original Sin,"—works that have given him his name as the third of a trio of which Augustine and Calvin form the first and second,—were there composed,—there, amid that grand scenery, where, in a spirit alike pure, but with a creed so different, for the last time Channing lifted up his voice for human freedom.

Seven years thus spent brought him to a new era in his life. Called to the presidency of the College at Princeton, he was regarded as on the eve of new achievements in a more auspicious career. But no.

That mighty intellect, which had long encroached upon the feeble body, was to encroach upon it no more. A few weeks after his entrance upon his academic duties, he died. After he had been given up as senseless and speechless, he surprised his mourning attendants by saying distinctly,—“Trust in God, and ye need not fear,”—thus true in death to that sentiment which had marked his whole life. A few months afterwards his wife followed him, and was interred by his side. Fit woman was this Sarah Pierrepont to be his companion in life and death. Her piety was as lofty as his, and far more beautiful,—the vine clinging, indeed, confidently to the rock, yet so much more lovely, and sometimes stretching its branches and rich clusters above the highest crag. She blended the most painstaking prudence with the most devoted and even rapturous piety. Her heart was sometimes so wrought upon by contemplation of Divine grace, that her very frame felt the movement, and, to use a comparison which we have met in some old author, in Leighton, we believe, her whole being seemed drawn tremulously towards the Saviour, as the magnet points with trembling yearning towards the polar star. Not Teresa nor Madame Guyon, in the rapture of their mystical marriage with Christ, ever flamed with a more sacred or absorbing passion. She had confessed to her husband that a “glow of Divine love seemed to come down from the heart of Christ in heaven into her heart like a stream or pencil of sweet light.” In death they were not divided. As we think of them, it seems as if Numidia had sent hither the soul of her august bishop, and Spain the spirit of her sainted devotee, his

spiritual child, though the interval was a thousand years; and Augustine and Teresa had re-appeared, not, indeed, under a tropical sun, nor in monastic seclusion or ascetic enthusiasm, but in the stern clime of our North, and with the subdued temperament and under the hallowed union of a true New England home.

When Edwards died, his fame was by no means at its height. The theological world was in commotion, and it was not clear what estimate would be set upon his principles and writings. Chauncy, Mayhew, and a host of able men, virtually, if not at first nominally, Arminians, were in the field. He little knew what strong intellects, such as Bellamy and Hopkins, had been raised up under his own instructions, nor could he have anticipated that his own son and namesake, then a lad of thirteen, would be his equal in logical force, and his superior in range of learning. Nor had he the second-sight to see that among his grandsons were to be men as noted as President Dwight, and as notorious as Aaron Burr. The great events then at hand may have been vaguely anticipated. The shadows, however, which they cast before them, could but poorly reveal their form and significance. A revolution in theology, as well as in government, was at hand in New England.

Now that the revolution has come, we look back to study the influence of this great Calvinist upon religion and theology. His position may be stated in few words. The Calvinistic creed had begun to lose ground among the people of New England, when he came to its rescue, and sought to defend and enlarge

its leading dogmas by the mingled aid of Scripture and mental analysis. In his conclusions he differs not widely from Calvin, but very widely in his method of explaining and defending those conclusions. Calvin, the French refugee of Geneva, had the acute mind appropriate to the legal profession in which he was trained. Edwards possessed the higher power of the metaphysician, and, by subtle distinction and elaborate deductions, sought to justify to human reason doctrines which Calvin thinks to deduce from Scriptural precedent, and is not unwilling to state in all their intrinsic repulsiveness. We can but glance at the main points of Edward's system, and of the antagonist system of the Arminians.

His starting principle was, that God is sovereign, and acts according to his own supreme will and arbitrary pleasure, without being bound by any obligation or any foresight of faith or merit. Whom he will, he elects to heaven. Whom he will, he dooms to hell. His great motive, and the end of creation, is to declare his own glory by the emanation of his own infinite fulness, "including the manifestation of his internal glory to created understandings, the communication of the infinite fulness of God to the creature, the creature's high esteem of God, love to him, and complacency and joy in him; and the proper exercises and expressions of these." The school in which Chauncy and Mayhew flourished, the one more as the learned theologian, the other more as the philosophical moralist, without denying or disparaging the sovereignty of God, attached most emphasis to his benevolence, and urged the benignity of his attributes

rather than the supremacy of his power as the key to his government, and the ground of his dealing with men.

Edwards regarded men as by nature totally depraved, or fatally tainted with original sin,—not, indeed, under condemnation merely on account of Adam's sin, but as sharing in his fallen nature, heirs of his wickedness and of its consequences, even as the branches of a tree derive their character and lot from the parent stock. He asserted the freedom of the soul in one respect, and denied it in another. Man, according to him, is free to act as he pleases, but by no means free to please to act, except according to the nature of his depraved will or affections. He has natural ability, but not moral ability. No external power prevents his doing right. He cannot, simply because he will not, and cannot will; just as a drunkard in extreme sottishness is said to be unable to reform, not because any outward force is brought to bear upon him, but because his appetite is so strong that he will not give up the cursed thing. Chauncy and his companions were also willing to assert the depravity of man, but denied that it went so far as to destroy his moral power, or prevent his laying hold of the means of recovery. He, with the Arminian divines, contended for freedom of will in the sense of power over its volition,—power to modify the volitions, not merely to act them out.

One more branch of doctrine needs to be mentioned. From the views of Edwards regarding God and man, it is obvious what his doctrine of salvation must be. God being sovereign, and man being totally corrupt, and doomed by nature to eternal woe, only sovereign

elective grace can save him. He can be saved only by the Divine decree, which accepts the sacrifice of Christ as virtually in place of the sinner's penalty, and communicates to him such spiritual power as awakens or creates a new principle of love in his soul, and thus places him among the redeemed. The strong mind of Edwards was saved from the absurdity of maintaining that Christ's sufferings are a vicarious payment of man's debts to the Divine justice, and of thus nullifying mercy by representing justice as fully satisfied, and the whole account between man and his Maker as squared. He deemed the sacrifice of Christ necessary, in order that man might be forgiven without disparagement to the Divine government. Chauncy and his school attributed far more power to man in the work, and described the influence of Christ's mission and sacrifice as brought near enough to every man by the Gospel to redeem all souls who will strive to lay hold of the proffered blessings. They preferred, however, to forego theorizing upon the nature of the atonement, and rest in the simple facts and statements of Scripture.

There are several minuter shades of doctrine by which Mr. Edwards explained his views, and modified the prevailing dogmatic Calvinism; but upon these we cannot dwell. Nor can we enlarge upon the principles already stated as at issue between him and his antagonists. The feelings and convictions of most persons for whom we write are so decided, as to make the statement of these points equivalent to a determination of their merits. Our criticism of Edwards's system must be confined to a few leading

traits, which at once illustrate the man and his principles.

First, we observe that he, like all prominent Calvinists, was more of a deductive than an inductive thinker; more able and apt to deduce remote consequences from given principles, than to arrive at principles by a broad induction of facts. It is generally presumptuous to deny the correctness of his reasoning from his premises or starting-points. But consider well his premises, and at once grave misgivings arise, if not of their individual correctness, at least of their collective completeness. This faculty of intellect makes him almost invincible as an antagonist, especially in the attack; for when his opponents state their own premises or definitions, since, upon all moral topics, definitions are generally insufficient or incomplete, they are entirely at his mercy. With his unsurpassed power of deduction, he traces each statement to its consequences, and each little rivulet of inadvertence or error swells into an Atlantic of folly or absurdity. As we read his assault upon the Arminian position, and see how ably he reduces some of its statements to absurdity, we cannot but imagine how his own position would appear, if assaulted with the like force,—what Pantheism might be deduced from his doctrine of Divine sovereignty, what Fatalism lurks in his views of free-will, and to what utter Universalism his theory of God's elective grace and the supreme excellence of love must lead. Let him turn his own powerful magnifier against himself, as he turned it against Taylor, Turnbull, and Williams, and motes enough would appear magnified into moun-

tains. We cannot regard Edwards as by any means the master-mind in the broad survey of man, nature, and religion, that he was in tracing out favorite principles to ultimate results. In his way, and exalted as his aim was, he had, after all, much of the character of a special pleader.

A sad deficiency, surely, this was in one who undertook to describe and analyze the various and subtile parts of human consciousness, and to solve the enigmas that involve the relation of man to God. This is a second point of criticism upon Edwards and his school. How vastly different was the method of Him whom God sent to be our Teacher as well as Saviour! What profound yet tender recognition of all the facts of our nature, what simple yet sublime statements of the providence and attributes of God! We read the treatises on the Freedom of the Will, and on the Affections, with wonder, and not a little of admiration. But what relief we feel in turning to the words of Christ, listening to the story of the Prodigal Son, to learn by beautiful similitude what the sinner can do to find peace, and what the Father will do to grant pardon,—then to the parable of the Good Samaritan, to know what the affections are that please God and open heaven. Read what the austere Puritan says of God's hatred to the impenitent,—that he holds them over the pit of hell as one holds a loathsome insect, and that they are more abominable in his sight than the most loathsome serpent is in ours,—then turn to the Sermon on the Mount, and the contrast is striking enough. In these impressions we are not left to the limits of Liberal

Christians for sympathy. We might quote, from the able pens of New Haven or Andover, animadversions quite as strong as are uttered among ourselves upon the great Puritan's severity.

We go on to say, that, mighty as this logician was in his deductions of consequences, he was in his premises often under the control of his emotions, and thus left to carry out logically trains of reasoning that started not in reason. His fundamental doctrine of election, that vexed topic that seems to have originated in Paul's account of God's dealing with the Jews and Gentiles as nations, he imbibed, without being able to say how, whether from devout feeling or early association; and his theory of original sin rests on an assumption in reference to the first chapters of Genesis, and, to take the view most favorable to him, was at least quite as much the result of his prostrate humility as the conclusion of his commanding intellect. Under the metaphysician and theologian lay the master elements of the poet and devotee. He mingled in himself qualities not often in such union. In his composition he seems to have had the heart of Bunyan, with the head of Spinoza. His mind was like the granite peak of a great volcano, its solid mass resting upon hidden fires that forced it up to its dizzy height, and still through its hard and adamant walls poured its flames heavenward, lending glory to the skies, and casting blackness and ashes upon the earth. There was much of the poetical element in his nature, and, as has been said, if we remember rightly, the world lost a poet in gaining a metaphysician. But his poetic sense, instead of dealing in playful fancies or

building gorgeous castles, instead of a tendency towards such spiritual creations as the Faery Queen or Paradise Lost, revealed itself in the graphic illustrations, the intense objectivity, in which his ideas are presented. His fancies and feelings were engrossed by his vast doctrinal system, and were taken up by these abstract formulas, even as the electric fluid darts from its cloud and runs upon iron bars. His system aimed to bridge over the interval between heaven and earth, God and man. To his imagination, if we may change the figure, along its adamantine steps came down the seven-fold lightnings of the judgment-seat, and again benignant angels ascended and descended upon their ministries of love.

His emotions were all religious. Shrinking from society, he lived chiefly as before God. Theocrat in heart, his system was, after all, the creature of his intellect, working at the bidding of his emotions. It is not difficult to imagine him, under the influence of other associations, giving his mind to the defence of far other doctrines. Educated in Italy, and in the noontide of the Papal despotism, with priestly influences flowing down upon him from gorgeous churches and learned schools, he might have rivalled Aquinas, become the Seraphic Doctor of Romish scholasticism, and have done for the creed of Hildebrand what he did for that of Calvin. Or, placed in the circumstances of Richard Hooker, we can fancy him inflamed with something of that gifted man's inspiration, and defending the polity of the Elizabethan prelacy, as he did that of the Puritan theocracy.

In head and heart Edwards was a thorough-going

metaphysical theocrat, using the iron sceptre of his logic in connection with the pages of revelation, as the Papal theocrat wields the iron sceptre of authority through the decrees of councils and the pageantry of rituals. He had the air of a vicegerent of God. His children always rose when he entered the room. So much a matter of course was his superiority over the other members of the family, that the silver bowl before him did not appear in any invidious contrast with the baser ware of the remainder of the table. How unlike the rough and benevolent Chauncy, whose children were frequently locked with him into the study to keep them out of the way, whilst he, good man, undisturbed by their noise, plunged into the folios of the Fathers to find arguments against Episcopacy, or was meditating upon the love of God in creation and redemption, bent upon proving the ultimate triumph of Divine mercy. Yet, with all his spectral majesty, Edwards was a most humble soul, and deemed himself the lowly instrument of Divine Providence. Unlike such men as Cotton Mather, he identified the cause of God with his own interests, not his own interests with the cause of God, and was saved from the scandal of always regarding his own opponents as of necessity the opponents of heaven.

Edwards was a theocrat of the dogmas, as the Catholic priest is a theocrat of the ritual. Compare him with Bossuet. As the Archbishop of Meaux sought to revive the waning power of the priestly hierarchy, so Edwards would do with the declining authority of the theocracy of doctrine. Bossuet stood forth, in all the magnificence of his pontifical robes

and the splendor of the Papal ritual, to defend, by his rare learning, logic, and eloquence, the power of the priestly succession to grant or refuse the sacraments of salvation. This is ritual theocracy. In Puritan simplicity, with the Bible in hand, and no aids but his own commanding intellect and the spirit of God, the minister of Northampton stood up to plead for the Divine authority of his system of doctrine, made salvation accessible only through the medium of dogmatic truth, and, by right of the truth he professed to wield, dealt out joy and woe as under the commission of high Heaven itself. Such is the theocracy of the dogma. Who that knows any thing of Puritan greatness can doubt the force of such an appeal? Basing succession upon truth, not truth upon succession, it speaks in God's name, and alike on battle-fields, on the stormy seas, and amid the famines, pestilences, and earthquakes of early times, its cry has been,—“If God be for us, who can be against us?” With philosophy to back it, and without philosophy, this doctrine has acted with tremendous power upon men. Edwards surveyed the whole field of history from his dogmatic point of view. He wrote his *History of Redemption* as Bossuet wrote his *Essay upon Universal History*. Where one sees the traces of the imperishable hierarchy, the other sees the traces of the imperishable doctrine. It is no small privilege to look upon the broad chart of history through the eyes of these two master spirits, these eagles of Meaux and Northampton. If the Frenchman has the more polished style, artistic arrangement, and statesmanlike grasp, the New-Englander is not less acute, comprehensive,

and forcible. We should be sorry, however, to read history through no other eyes than theirs. Yet neither was the slave of system. The independent spirit that moved the one to be the champion of the liberties of the Gallican Church against Ultramontane usurpations is worthy of being named with the intrepidity with which the other took his stand in defence of Congregational freedom.

We must hasten now towards the conclusion, although it be at the sacrifice of a most interesting branch of the subject,—the relation of Edwards to the leading philosophers, especially the Christian philosophers, of his age. The eighteenth century was peculiarly a philosophical age. While the exile from Northampton was pursuing his exalted studies in the wilds of Stockbridge, other minds of similar tendencies, in quarters little familiar to him, were engaged in the same noble work, and striving to confirm Christian faith by the light of reason and philosophy. What an august conclave could have been assembled of sages living at the same time ! For a moment suppose them brought together. From the see of Cloyne, in Ireland, let Berkeley come, honored, indeed, with the mitre, yet as humble-minded as when in his Rhode Island seclusion, more experienced in the world, but not the less a spiritualist from the knowledge of its grossness ; from the Episcopal palace in Durham, let Butler, master of the science of analogy, sage in the knowledge of man's moral nature, wisest of English moralists, come ; from his home in Bath, let Hartley come, pattern of a Christian physician, and precursor of the host of men who have sought to illustrate the mind by the body and to

confirm Christianity by arguments drawn from both ; from his retired nook at Königsburg, Prussia, let Kant come, investigator of the laws of pure reason ; and with him at respectful distance, the skeptic Hume, whose system he sought to demolish, and for his dreary doubt to substitute a deep philosophic faith ; let Sweden, too, send her sage, her mystic seer, for there is room for Emanuel Swedenborg in that assembly. When all have met together, let the Puritan divine and metaphysician enter. We will not discuss the true order of precedence, nor say what place belongs to him. Little honor will we claim for him as a master of style, if good style consists in the choice of the most classic words, and the framing of the most harmonious periods. In style he falls as far below Berkeley as he rises above Butler. But surely this august assembly would present no spirit purer, no intellect stronger, than his. To Edwards belongs a chief place among metaphysicians of the eighteenth century, a high place among the intellects of our race. As we have been wont to believe, the highest honor among the teachers of our race belongs to those who have taught men to acknowledge spiritual realities, and moved them to live as subjects of a Divine kingdom. The view which Edwards took of the natural depravity of the human heart, and its innate incapacity for spiritual life, shall not prevent our regarding him as one of the great spiritualists of the Church. Devoutly he believed in the Divine light, and was the means of its shining in many souls. It is the baser, and more frequent error to doubt or deny its existence,

than to mourn as he did over the original sin that had extinguished its flame.

Let us look now upon our New England, and consider the changes that have taken place since his day. He still lives in his works, and his opinions, however much modified in the creed of his avowed followers, are still consulted with reverence, and by not a few regarded as authoritative. Princeton and East Windsor may be alone ready to bind themselves to his authority, yet Andover and New Haven rejoice to honor his name and laud his theological services, whilst Cambridge has no word of disparagement for his character. New England owes him gratitude, if not for the details of his system, surely for the elevation of his aims, and the school of intellectual discipline in which so many strong minds have been trained. Chauncy survived him twenty years, and saw changes which his sterner compeer was not permitted to witness. Chauncy lived to pronounce the funeral sermon of the noble Mayhew, and to see the consummation of the result for which Mayhew had so fondly hoped,—our country independent of the sceptre and crosier of England. He lived to see innovations considerably in advance of his own avowed position. In his day, the Trinitarian clauses were stricken from the liturgy of King's Chapel, which he once feared would combine or exhibit the sway of the crown and the mitre. He lived to see his warnings against fanaticism heeded, and the sober men of the straitest sect adopting his views respecting the marks of true religion and church prosperity. As he grew old, devotion more and more absorbed him, and subdued a heart more prone by nature to strength than

to tenderness of feeling. With doctrines hopeful and benevolent, that despaired of no man's final salvation, he rivalled in the fervor of his piety the austere man whose name he had rarely mentioned in controversy but whose tendencies he had been called upon to oppose, content with exhibiting the excesses of Whitefield, Tennent, and Davenport, without presuming to say how much of their extravagance had its countenance in the revivalist of Northampton. Both these fathers of our churches trusted in the living God, and owned with prostrate devotion his glory in Christ.

They have been the spiritual fathers of a mighty host, and by affinity with one or the other the tendencies of subsequent times may be designated. Their names stand fitly at the head of the Christian Independents, the Congregationalists of New England, and, in fact, of our whole country. We are not amongst those who are ashamed of the history of Congregationalism. The Congregationalists of New England, both Orthodox and Liberal, have given to our country its noblest intellectual, moral, and religious treasures. They have taken the lead in all laudable enterprise. The useful arts, literature, theology, missions, education, moral reform, practical religion, have found their chief champions among them.

It is a solemn thing to review the lives of our illustrious fathers. In all their diversities of doctrine and temperament, how they trusted in God, the living God! How steadfastly they looked to the great First Cause through all second causes! How is it now, in this age of the apotheosis of nature, the adoration,

almost, of science, the industrial arts, and the gold to which they are made so mightily to minister?

We are men of the third century of New England. Let us not forget the lesson of the first and second centuries. Think of the first age. Call up the image of the Pilgrim band. We may almost hear the Atlantic waves beating against the rock-bound coast, and see the weary ship appear with its Heaven-guided company, and catch the sound of their mighty anthem, 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake.' The worthies of the second age appear, and, with their more advanced civilization, thought, and liberality, speak the same sentiment through men as diverse as the rigid Edwards and the more hopeful Chauncy. Let the men of the third age give the response. Let not the cares of the world, nor the delusions of partial science, nor the worship of second causes, nor the decencies of external morality, nor even the excitements of social reform, lead us to forget to worship the God of our fathers, and crave the grace proffered through his Son. Whilst so many causes give the mind a horizontal turn, and in this line so many of our interests lead, let us not slight the beacon fingers that point upward to God and eternity. Edwards may help to teach us this lesson the more, if we can look upward through a more cheering creed than was his.

XIV.

JOHN HOWARD AND PRISON REFORM.

THIS world of ours presents great varieties of scenery, but far greater varieties in human life. The icy north differs not more from the torrid tropics, the mountain from the mine, the meadow from the ravine, the lake from the cataract, night from day, than the lot of man differs from that of man, the palace from the hovel, the votaries of pleasure and the victims of want, the fortunate and the unfortunate, the bond and the free. The sun, as daily he casts his mighty glance over the world, sees many things which even his own blessed rays cannot make bright. If he paints pictures for himself as of late he has done for us, he must have a gallery of portraits that reveal strangely the dark scenes and deeds of human history. His rays have, since society began, fallen upon few sights more dismal than the abode of the captive, the prisoner, whether of war or persecution, whether the convicted felon, the wretched slave or the oppressed patriot and martyr.

The criminal has generally been treated as if he had no claim upon humanity. The unfortunate for whom compassion could not but have some tenderness, if his misery were seen, has too often been forgotten, whilst large numbers of captives for whom the question of guilt or innocence has not been decided, have been suffered to languish in dungeons, as if suspicion must needs imply guilt. If all the truth were told, what a history would that of the dungeon be! What other inscription would fitly belong to it than that written by the poet over the entrance to his imagined Hell?—"Hope that cometh to all, cometh not here."

But he who said, 'I am the light of the world,' came to shed brightness even upon this dark place. We now consider the man who, more than any other, labored to carry out the Master's benignant spirit in this direction, a man who in the depths of his soul looked to God through Christ, and proved his faith by his works. This man, whose name is a proverb, let us strive to understand in his life and spirit, labors and successes.

In what quarter are we to look for the great philanthropist of the eighteenth century? Go back a hundred years and suppose the question to be asked, who of the young men of that time was to win a statue in St. Paul's cathedral as a tribute to his philanthropic services. None would have sought for him in a grocer's shop, or looked for him in that pale-faced boy behind Mr. Newnham's counter in London. Yet such was John Howard in his youth. The son of a wealthy upholsterer, he was apprenticed to a wholesale grocer.

at the usual age. Although the business was not to his taste, and on his father's death he purchased what remained of his time, he undoubtedly derived much advantage from the rigid discipline of his apprenticeship, especially much of the accuracy in details which enabled him to give such clear statements of the condition of the suffering and point out the efficient remedy. It was years before his hour came and he found his true mission. We can but glance at two or three points in his life previous to his celebrated career.

In the year 1752 or 1753 visit the village of Newington near London, and you find that the pale apprentice has become a man of fortune, and though still in feeble health, he devotes himself to scientific pursuits and charitable deeds. He is now twenty-five years of age and married. The neighbors think him a little peculiar, not only from his unfailing benevolence to the poor, but from the pertinacity with which he insisted upon making the excellent person who had attended him in sickness, his wife, notwithstanding great disparity of years. He takes decided ground as a religious man, and without being at all dogmatic, is an interested member of the Dissenting Church in the place. He himself started and headed a subscription for purchasing a house for the minister of the congregation, a measure which of course we commend to general adoption. Such was Howard at Newington, a kind hearted man of wealth and leisure, of whom few persons out of the little village much knew or cared.

Glance at him once more a few years after. Look

into a filthy dungeon in Brest, the naval port of France. There upon the damp floor of the prison, with only a little straw to protect them, lie a considerable company of Englishmen, sailors and passengers of a merchant vessel bound to Lisbon and captured by a French privateer. For forty hours they are left without food, and then but a miserable piece of mutton is thrown to them without plate or knife to hold or divide it. Among them there is a somewhat feeble looking man of twenty-nine years. It is Howard. He is tasting the lot of the captive in all its bitterness and unconsciously preparing himself for his holy mission. Left a widower, with health impaired and mind given somewhat to melancholy, he looked to travel for relief, and was led by his interest in the suffering to visit the scene of the recent fearful earthquake at Lisbon. His imprisonment was not of long duration, though long enough to give him much knowledge and impulse.

Pass on and take one more view of him at a more advanced period. Glance at his position in 1770 at the sober age of forty-three. His home is at his favorite place Cardington upon the farm bequeathed him by his father. Fourteen years of various experience have passed, years in part of happiness with a congenial companion, years in part of sad bereavement. He had travelled frequently in England and on the European continent, and during the year of which we speak had made a continental tour. His mind was of the most serious frame, and the beautiful bay of Naples to his soul rather reflected the glory of God than the effeminate beauty of Italian life. In Naples he made a solemn dedication of himself to God, and

without asking the priest to witness or the church to consecrate the act, put his name to a covenant between himself and the most High. In this spirit he returned to Cardington. His mode of life for three years from our date, was retired, yet earnest and active. He was a good neighbor, a kind landlord, a faithful Christian. He visited the poor, advised them for their best welfare, and when needful relieved their wants. In one point he anticipated an excellent movement which has of late made great progress in England and begun to show itself in this country. The owner of a large property, he considered the poor not as offering him plunder but as claiming his protection. He did not, as many have done, put up miserable hovels fertile in rheumatism and fever, and rent them at enormous prices, but erected on his grounds neat and healthy cottages, and leased them on very moderate terms to persons who would use them well. He walked three miles to church both forenoon and afternoon, unwilling to keep his servants from equal privilege on that day. When the congregation was divided on account of the minister turning Baptist, and Howard and others separated and formed a new congregation, he lived on the most friendly terms with the old parish, and instead of trying to make trouble urged peace, and continued his subscription towards the support of his former minister and the charities of the Baptist church. With his own minister Thomas Smith he lived in the most intimate friendship. Yet notwithstanding all these things the world knew little of John Howard. His hour had not

come. Even at the sober age of forty-six his great and immortal work was before him.

The immediate occasion of directing his attention to the cause so identified with his name was his appointment to the post of high-sheriff for the county of Bedford. This office, although honorable and responsible, was one usually undertaken by some affluent and prominent man who took to himself all the dignity of the station, and left its labors to some subordinate. Howard was not the man to content himself with grand pageants and banquets to which the high-sheriff was usually called. Scrupulously faithful to his duties, he took an early opportunity to inspect the gaol of his county. He saw at once that a state of things existed there that called out his warmest indignation and protest. He was struck first of all by the outrageous custom of retaining men in prison after their acquittal, for the payment of fees charged them for the time spent in confinement previous to their trial. Anxious to abate this abuse, he investigated the condition of other gaols in the hope of finding more humane precedents, and thus his career as the prisoner's friend begun. This was in the year 1773.

The revelations of oppression and misery that constantly presented themselves to him in his tour through England astonished himself as they did the whole English public. The disease, vice and injustice that were connected with the prevalent system, he carefully investigated and boldly exposed. The attention of the English Parliament was at once drawn to the subject, Howard was examined before the House of Commons, and a bill was passed abolishing the obnoxious gaol

fees and providing for the better health of the prisoners.

What to some men would have been hailed as a triumph sufficient to crown a life with honor was to him but the beginning of his work. He aimed as it were to take the whole census of human misery, and after two tours of observation through England and Wales, and two visits of examination to the continent, he published his first grand treatise on prisons in the year 1777. We may regard the publication of this work as closing the first period of his philanthropic career. I cannot review or even classify the forms of misery that he met with in the prisons of Europe. In Holland he found some ray of light, but almost everywhere else the darkness was unbroken, and punishment seemed to have no reference to the reformation of the offender. One incident is worthy of mention in his first visit to France for its high historic interest. At Paris he tried to obtain admittance into the Bastille, and actually passed within the outer gate. But an officer came out of the guard-house with such a look of astonishment and threatening that the philanthropist made his way back as quickly as possible. What thoughts are suggested by this fact—Howard and the Bastille!—the spirit of humanity endeavoring to enter the dungeon of feudal despotism! Humanity is repulsed, and despotism triumphs within its moats and battlements; the captives in the iron cages were not then to hear the voice of a friend. How different the meeting some ten years afterwards at those gates. Not gentle humanity but terrific revenge stands face to face with feudal despotism, and the Parisian mob

razed the stronghold of tyranny to the ground. May humanity not plead thus in vain with the remnants of feudal oppression that still curse the earth. May the gentle dews of mercy avert another baptism of blood.

With an industry as devoted as his philanthropy Howard superintended the publication of his researches. Exact in particulars, but by no means ready at composition, with vast pains he arranged for the press the results of his three years' investigations and more than ten thousand miles' travel. He took lodgings close to the printing office, and rose at three or four during a severe winter that he might faithfully correct the proof sheets. It was a quarto volume of over five hundred pages that he now dedicated to the House of Commons, and put at a price so low that charity was as much stamped upon its sale as upon its contents. There is no important idea in the great subject of prison discipline that is not to be found expressed or implied in this book.

This task over, a new period of labor opened upon him. In this second stage of his public career, beginning with the year 1778 and ending 1785, he twice made the tour of Great Britain and thrice visited the continent for the inspection of prisons, acted as commissioner of the English Parliament for the erection of a penitentiary, published the result of his researches in an Appendix to his great work, and sent forth a revised edition of the whole. New abominations were constantly brought to light. The secrets of the torture-chamber were revealed, and it was discovered that the eighteenth century with all its boasted light and humanity tolerated atrocities of which the darkest age

of the world might well be ashamed. At the close of seven years of renewed labor, we find Howard once more at Cardington, and might well presume that after such exposures and sacrifices, being as he was, upon the verge of sixty years of age, he would now spend the remainder of his days in a dignified yet benevolent retirement. But his absorbing love would not let him rest. Where suffering called, he could not but follow. A new stage of his career opened.

He had plunged into the dark cell of the prisoner, he had exposed the great evils of prison discipline, and had urged upon Christendom the duty of mingling reformation with punishment in the treatment of the criminal. Another great evil of humanity now rises before him. He had for years confronted the gaol-fever in the prisons of England. He now resolved to face the most terrific of human ills, the plague. Forth he goes on his heroic expedition, to the lazarettos or plague hospitals of Europe. He insisted on going entirely alone, unwilling that his accustomed and devoted attendant should share the perils of the terrible excursion. His examination of the lazarettos extended beyond the limits of Christendom, and the Mohammedans of Smyrna and Constantinople were astonished at this Christian, who blended such daring and tenderness in his visits of mercy to the scenes of infection. Through all he kept his faith and courage. A cheerful heart was of great power, alike in giving strength and withstanding disease. In a letter to a friend at this time, he deprecates the idea of having undertaken a wild or chimerical enterprise, although fully aware of the extent of his exposure. . .

“But I persevere,” he says, “through good report and evil report. I know I run the greatest risk of my life. Permit me to declare the sense of my mind in the expressive words of Dr. Doddridge,—‘I have no hope in what I have been or done.’ Yet there is a hope set before me. In him, the Lord Jesus Christ I trust. In him I have strong consolation.”

Returning home in 1787, he was sincerely troubled to find an effort in progress to erect a statue in token of his services, and stopping this enterprise by his earnest entreaties, he gave himself now to the task of embodying his new researches in a quarto volume on Lazarettos.

Surely now his labors are at a close, we cannot but say. Over sixty years of age, with infirm health, and with a son a constant source of solicitude to him, he certainly must give himself to repose, and pass his few remaining years in comparative leisure. But his book on Lazarettos gave indications of another journey like the last. Look over his journal kept at this time, and we may understand his state of mind. We find passages like these bearing the date of Sunday evening, March 15, 1789.

“An approving conscience adds pleasure to every act of piety, benevolence and self-denial. It inspires serenity and brightens every gloomy hour, disarming adversity, disease and death. It is my ambition to put on the Lord Jesus Christ and have the same mind that was also in him.

“Health, time, powers of mind and worldly possessions are from God. Do I consecrate them all to him, so help me, O, my God.

“Our superfluities should be given up for the convenience of others—our convenience should give place to the necessities of others—and even our necessities give way to the extremities of the poor.”

Such were this man's Sunday evening thoughts at his home in Cardington the last year of his life. These thoughts were forthwith translated into actions. Once more and with a presentiment of approaching death, he went forth to study the nature of the plague in its most fearful haunts in Russia, Turkey, and the East. It is sad to say farewell even for a few months to anything that we love. There was great beauty and pathos in Howard's farewell to England, his home and friends—a farewell for ever. He made his will and all necessary arrangements as to his property; he even gave directions for his tomb-stone, and forbade any epitaph except the simple inscription of his name, age, death and the words “My hope is in Christ.” He visited the poor in his neighborhood, passed the evening before his departure in the grove planted by himself and the deceased friend most dear to him, and on the morrow he was on his way in search of the pestilence that walketh in darkness.

Visiting all the chief prisons and hospitals on the way, he went through Germany to St. Petersburg and thence to the borders of the Black Sea to Cherson, where war and disease had accumulated their horrors. Whilst the Russian army were revelling in festivity for their victory over the Turks, the philanthropist was pursuing his holy vocation at the bedsides of the sick and dying. His hour came as it must come to all. Called to visit a young woman sick of malignant fever,

and thus obliged to ride a long distance in the cold and wet on horseback, he was no longer proof against infection, thus enforced by fatigue and storm. Calmly, even cheerfully he watched death as it came stealing over him. He gave directions for his funeral to the friend who attended him, and forbade that any monument or inscription should mark the spot of his burial; "but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten."

Forgotten he could not be. War and winter did not prevent Russia from honoring his obsequies with the pageantry that he had deprecated. And when England heard the news of his death, it was commemorated as a public calamity, and ere long the statue of Howard stood in St. Paul's cathedral.

So passed from the world the man by eminence called the philanthropist. In this age, which has so far accepted and carried out his ideas, we owe him the tribute of faithful appreciation—especially the kind of appreciation he most earnestly sought, a due sense of the greatness of the cause to which he devoted himself. Yet although he shrank from eulogy, we may not properly pass over his personal character.

Of a mind so single and earnest, it demands little time or philosophy to treat sufficiently. His faith was in Christ, and his faith worked by love. Religious humanity was the centre of his life, the source of his power. His intellectual gifts were far from being brilliant, his education was far from being highly privileged. Strong common sense and accurate observation and statement were his chief talents. But in respect to force of will he yields to few if any of his

race. Rarely indeed has such humanity been united with such firmness, such gentleness with such resolution, such deference with such independence. He was a great moral hero, afraid of nothing but doing wrong. He rejoiced to comfort the miserable captive, and yet would never yield to the undue claims of the great. He refused to kneel to any power but God, and Emperor and Pope were willing to dispense with their common etiquette, and admit the plain spoken Englishman to their presence. He was not afraid of battle, and once with his own hand pointed a gun against a Barbary pirate that gave chase to the ship in which he had taken passage, on his visit to the lazarettos of the East. But to face the plague was more than to face the pirate, and the heroism of humanity far transcends that of warfare.

Visit St. Paul's cathedral, London. Two statues stand conspicuous there—one connected with emblems of peace—the other with emblems of war. One commemorates the man who gave his life for humanity in works of healing mercy—the other the man who devoted himself to his country in deeds of destruction. Neither of them was a stranger to prayer. One prayed for England's glory—the other for mankind's welfare. The one with a presentiment of death in his heart went to die at 'Trafalgar in the midst of bloody victory, the other with the like presentiment went forth to breathe his last among strangers whom he had blessed, defying no foe save that plague which was the foe of his race. There they stand, the Jewish Nelson and the Christian Howard. When will mankind rightly judge between the two, when justly

honor beyond the martial courage that conquered on the Nile and at Trafalgar, the moral heroism that enabled a man unarmed to walk calmly among two hundred prisoners in the madness of rebellion and soothe them to peace; that moved him to exchange a pleasant home for the cells of lazarettos and to brave the plague under the worst of its terrible forms? When will the spirit of Christianity hold a place even in Christendom above the spirit of Judaism?

This grave question is one in which we are closely concerned—we who in our national relations have lavished millions upon an unjustifiable war with a people entitled rather to our pity—we who are so apt to stand passively by and allow the plainest principles of Christianity to be trampled upon. It is not the time now to carry out the contrast between the Christian and the Jewish spirit and policy in international affairs, inviting as the topic is. Nor can we expatiate upon the various collateral subjects connected with Howard's great mission. Every philanthropic movement fitly belongs to the consideration of him who visited the sick and the poor, as well as the captive, and consecrated himself to the cause of the suffering. But one leading idea marked his career for all time. Under God and Christ, he has been the great reformer in the treatment of criminals—the teacher and exemplar of the Christian law binding upon society in reference to the transgressors who have been looked upon as utter outcasts and enemies.

How shall the criminal be treated, is the question that he agitated with such power in his life and which has been agitated still more widely in our own day.

His own doctrine was distinct. The aim of punishment in his view was the reformation of the offender as well as the protection of society. As to the punishment of death, he opposed it except for wilful murder and such incendiarism and burglary as endangered life. He would have the criminal treated as a human being still, in spite of his degradation. He would guard his health with all the aids of pure air, diet and clothing, and his morals by due solicitude and instruction. I need not say that he would scrupulously distinguish between the various kinds of crime, and urged the superiority of prevention over remedy as he dwelt upon the evils of intemperance, ignorance and irreligion.

As we sum up the result of Howard's life, our duty is first of all to appreciate and accept the great principle to which he consecrated it. He was not merely a man of feeling, much less a weak sentimentalist, but a practical and intelligent reformer. In his labors for the prisoner, he acted upon a fundamental idea—the idea that punishment should not be vindictive, but reformatory and protective. His social code was but his religious faith applied to social morals. For to him God was the Heavenly Father, and society is bound to model its policy in accordance with the parental government of Heaven. He reminded those persons who discouraged his merciful efforts on the ground of the danger of lessening the terror of punishment, that we are to “imitate our gracious Heavenly Parent, who is kind to the unthankful and the evil;” and to commiserate those who fall, for “Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.”

This principle of substituting for vindictive codes a parental system of corrective and protective punishment, has wrought great changes in society and is destined to work still greater. It has abolished the rack, the faggot, the wheel, the torture chamber, and has shaken the foundation of the whipping-post and the gibbet. The measures that have been taken to reform the criminal by due separation, labor and instruction, instead of encouraging crime by leniency, have tended more effectually to protect society and its essential laws. The old vindictive system cherished in society at large the very principle upon which crime is nourished, and the prison itself was a great school of sensuality and revenge. Mercy and justice have been found to be friendly, not antagonist powers. Let the claims of both these heavenly agencies be considered duly, and the rights of society can be duly protected without in the least infringing upon the claim of humanity. Let punishment be sure to follow transgression, and its power will be far greater than if it fail of sureness by sanguinary severity. We have as little respect as Howard for the doctrine that would sacrifice justice to pity and deem guilt but misfortune. Like him, or like the Master whom he followed, we would blend justice with mercy. If it be said that a man's view of society is generally modelled upon his view of religion, and that the liberal school of Christians tends too much to lessen the afflictive character of legal penalties, we are not disposed to deem the accusation as severe as its opposite. If more merciful views of theology have abolished the torture and the faggot—the damp dungeon and the bloody inquisition,

what was the theology from which these things sprang? Were the men of a darker age consistent or inconsistent when, copying what they deemed the method of God, they tore men in pieces with red-hot pincers or broke them limb by limb upon the wheel? The error of mercy is the more pardonable error in frail man. We would not however follow the impulse of mercy at the expense of justice, but rather seek for that method which thinks of the protection of the innocent as well as the reformation of the guilty, and brings down to earth the just and tender law of the Heavenly Father and the Eternal King.

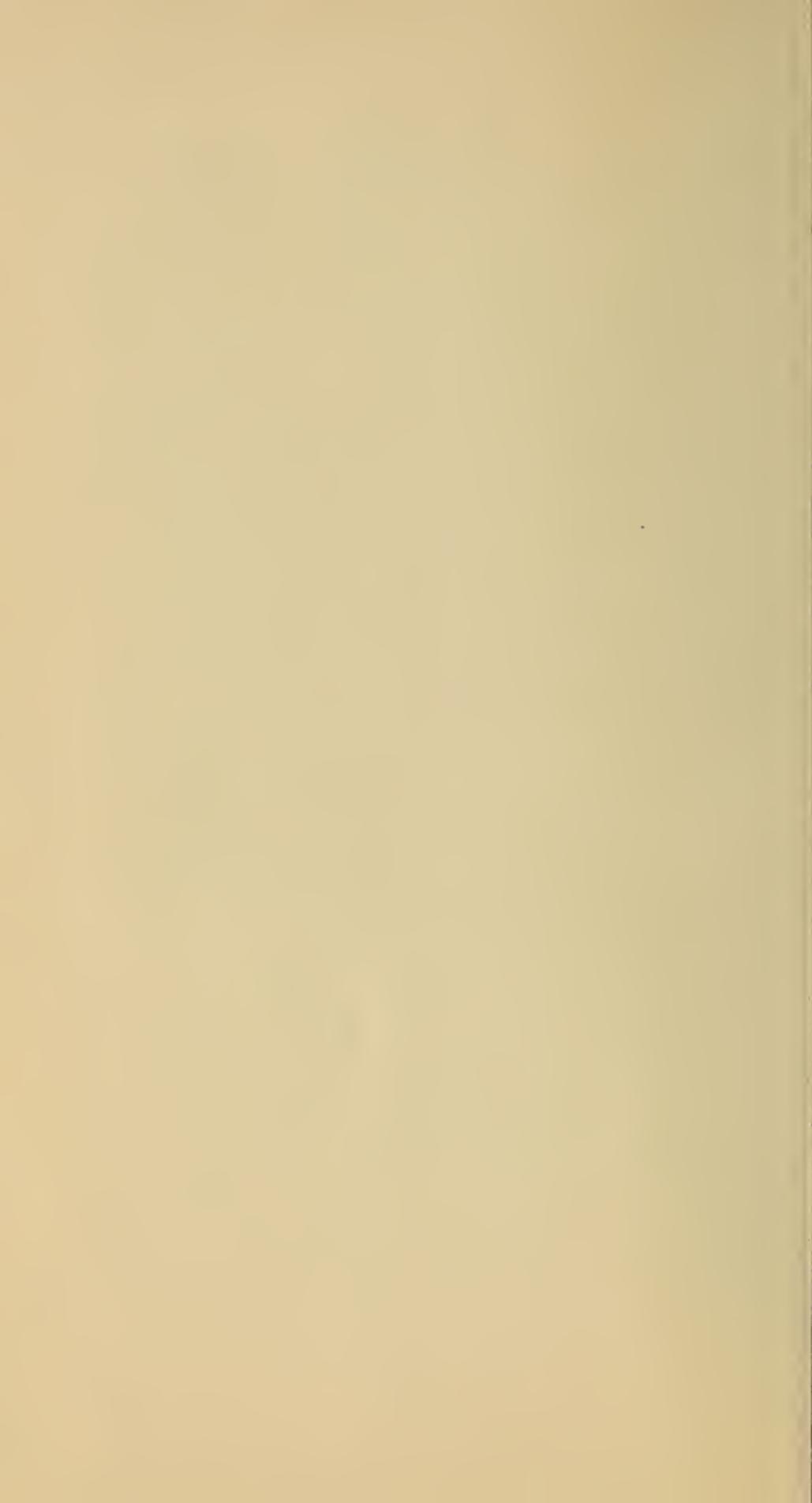
This was Howard's great principle of prison discipline—a mode of punishment, not vindictive, but protective and reformatory. The nations have signally answered to his appeal, and his principle has been at least nominally accepted by the leading people of Christendom. It has been accepted, and its results have been embodied in a whole department of literature and in many magnificent monuments of architecture. A large library might be formed by works written upon the subject, and more time and money have been expended in many nations within the last century upon the erection of suitable prisons than upon palaces. New England has not been behind hand in this good enterprise.

Leaving now the sacred name that has been our theme, we are sadly obdurate, if we are not touched anew with a sense of our own duty. Are we the friends of humanity—do we strive to comfort the afflicted, to visit the sick, to cheer the down-hearted, or do we live barely for ourselves? What is our

course in regard to the evils that so curse mankind? Do we oppose them in their root as well as their branches—their causes as well as their consequences? Have we pity for the prisoner and an enmity to the vices that make him so? When we hear of villany in its petty larcenies or its great crimes, are we as much inclined to set our faces against the temptation as to denounce the offence? We may not rival Howard in energy or name. We follow his example worthily when looking to God through Christ we stand up in word and deed for the truths and virtues which bring down to the earth the light and love of heaven.

“I was in prison and ye came unto me; I was sick and ye visited me.” Humanity is sick—ay, in prison all around us, hungry, thirsty, naked. It is the representative body of Christ that thus suffers, and all that we can do in blessing is done as to him. To us as to the soul of John Howard the identity of faith and love may appear, and Christ is ready to manifest himself in the persons of the afflicted. Christ has ever been near when mercy has remembered the stranger and the captive.

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