

EDITOR'S NOTE

(28th August 2000)

[J. A. Froude was a 19th century historian and a friend of Protestantism against the pretensions of Rome, but he was, in my view, wrong in his criticism of some Protestant views as stated in Section V on the "Weakness of Certain Positions Adopted by Protestant Theologians". In that Section he acknowledges the central doctrines of "justification by faith, predestination and reprobation," as being incontrovertibly true, and then, paradoxically, calls them as "worse than dangerous" when they are "formularised deliberately into propositions, and catechisms, and theological articles" to be "thrust...on the conscience as something which it is necessary to believe."

He could not see the incompatibility of holding these contradictory views because he then goes on to describe as "mischievous" the Protestant doctrine of the Inerrancy of the Holy Scriptures. He declares the Infallibility of the Bible to be an error, and he does so in accordance with the 19th century speculative Liberal views of the Bible that none of their own schools of Higher Criticism ever agreed on, and nor will they. I thank God that by His grace we do not have to depend on an unbelieving biblical scholar to tell us whether the Holy Bible is the Word of God or not, or what parts of it are genuine or not. The words of our Lord Jesus Christ is our rule here and can be found on my "Other Tracts" web page if you care to download the file "Jesus' sayings on OT as God's Word."

If Froude, by divine grace, had studied the Holy Bible in as much detail as he did the facts of secular and religious history, I believe he would have come to see that the infallible Word of God, and the theological truths of the catechisms and creeds that are faithfully drawn from the essential teachings of that Word, are not only necessary for the faithful to believe in, but in actual fact are a distinguishing mark between true Christians and non-Christians. For if "justification by faith, predestination and reprobation" are true, as Froude believed, then his "fallible" Bible that taught such doctrines could not be the ground of his certainty as to their truth. Then on what did his belief in the truth of those doctrines depend? It must ultimately have depended on his own rational judgement in the face of historical facts. But the true Christian will say that the Holy Bible is revealed directly to him to be the sacred oracles of God by grace, not by his own unaided judgement, and that as doctrines like "justification by faith" are clearly and categorically taught there, then those doctrines are to be believed as true and necessary because God has declared them to be so. It is of faith, not works, and faith comes by the grace of God.

Nevertheless, given my fundamental disagreement with Froude on what I believe to be of the most vital importance for Christian teaching today, his writings against the errors and dangers of Roman Catholicism are unassailable. Some of his other historical writings are well worth reading too. The following article is here printed on the internet for the first time.

On a personal note it must also be mentioned that Froude's writings against Rome put him on bad terms with his family. This was especially so with his overbearing, older brother, Hurrell, who was a prime mover of the Oxford Movement. That Movement and its "Tracts for the Times", sought to return the Church of England to its pre-Protestant days of Ritualism and semi-papalism. In fact Froude's older brother was instrumental (with John Keble) in bringing John Henry Newman to his High Church views. This was the same Newman who famously left the Church of England, with others, to become a Roman Catholic and a cardinal.]

Introductory Biographical Preface

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, (1818-1894), English historian and biographer whose 12 volumes on *The History of England From the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada*, which appeared between 1856 and 1870, fundamentally altered the whole direction of Tudor studies. If he had written nothing else, he would be remembered for this. But in fact he was immensely prolific, ranging from some novels in his youth on through numerous essays on the 16th century and other periods, including a study of the Council of Trent, as well as works on later imperial developments, and also some notable biographies and historical essays.

He was born on April 23, 1818, at Dartington rectory, in Devon, the youngest of the eight children of Robert Hurrell Froude, archdeacon of Totnes. His mother and five of her children died of tuberculosis while he was young and he was, both at home and at Oxford university, which he entered in 1835, dominated by his elder brother Hurrell, famous himself as one of the founders of the Oxford Movement. Froude was influenced also by John Henry Newman, the future cardinal, one of his fellow students at Oriel college. But after graduating in 1842 various influences led him to take a more favourable view of Protestantism, and he broke with the movement. In 1842 he was elected a fellow of Exeter college and in 1845 took deacon's orders, but this he regretted; and, with the appearance of *The Nemesis of Faith* in 1849, the third of his novels, which was in effect an attack on the established church, he had to resign his fellowship. He thereafter made his living by his pen (including the editorship of *Fraser's Magazine*, 1860-74) until in 1892 he returned to Oxford as regius professor of modern history. He died on Oct. 20, 1894, at Kingsbridge in Devon. He married a second time after his first wife died, leaving a daughter by his first marriage and a son and daughter by his second.

[TAKEN FROM]

SHORT STUDIES

ON

GREAT SUBJECTS.

BY

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A.

REGIUS PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,

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REVIVAL OF ROMANISM.

SECTION I.

REVIVAL OF ROMANISM.

THE proverb which says that nothing is certain but the unforeseen was never better verified than in the resurrection, as it were out of the grave, during the last forty years, of the Roman Catholic religion. In my own boyhood it hung about some few ancient English families like a ghost of the past. They preserved their creed as an heirloom which tradition rather than conviction made sacred to them. A convert from Protestantism to Popery would have been as great a monster as a convert to Buddhism or Odin worship. 'Believe in the Pope!' said Dr. Arnold, 'I should as soon believe in Jupiter.' The singular change which we have witnessed and are still witnessing is not due to freshly-discovered evidence the truth of what had been abandoned as superstition. The intellect which saw the falsehood of the papal pretensions in the sixteenth century, sees it only more clearly in the nineteenth. More than ever the assumptions of the Holy See are perceived to rest on error or on fraud. The doctrines of the Catholic Church have gained only increased improbability from the advance of knowledge. Her history in the light of critical science is a tissue of legend woven by the devout imagination. Liberty, spiritual and political, has thriven in spite of her most desperate opposition, till it has invaded every government in the world, and has penetrated at last even the territories of the Popes themselves. In his own dominions, at least, the Holy Father flattered himself he could maintain an administration based on Catholic principles as an example to the unbelieving world. His rule became so abhorred that it could be upheld only by the bayonets of the stranger. When the stranger withdrew, his power fell from him by its inherent worthlessness, and he has been driven by his subjects in irreverent impotence within the walls of his own Vatican.

The tide of knowledge and the tide of outward events have set with equal force in the direction opposite to Romanism; yet in spite of it, perhaps by means of it, as a kite rises against the wind, the Roman Church has once more shot up into visible and practical consequence. While she loses ground in Spain and Italy, which had been so long exclusively her own, she is gaining in the modern energetic races, which had been the stronghold of Protestantism. Her numbers increase, her organization gathers vigour. Her clergy are energetic, bold, and aggressive. Sees, long prostrate, are re-established; cathedrals rise, and churches, with schools, and colleges, and convents, and monasteries. She has taken into her service her old enemy the press, and has established a popular literature. Her hierarchy in England and America have already compelled the State to consult their opinions and respect their pleasure; while each step that is gained is used as a vantage-ground from which to present fresh demands. Hildebrand, in the plenitude of his power, was not more arrogant in his claim of universal sovereignty than the present wearer of the tiara.

What is the meaning of so strange a phenomenon? Is the progress of which we hear so much less real than we thought? Does knowledge grow more shallow as the surface widens? Is it that science is creeping like the snake upon the ground, eating dust and bringing forth materialism? that the Catholic Church, in spite of her errors, keeps alive the consciousness of our spiritual being, and the hope and expectation of immortality? The Protestant Churches are no less witnesses to the immortal nature of the soul, and the awful future which lies before it, than the Catholic Church. Why is Protestantism standing still while Rome is advancing?

Why does Rome count her converts from among the evangelicals by tens, while she loses to them, but here and there, an exceptional and unimportant unit

Many causes have united to bring about such a state of things. Many and even contradictory tendencies can be seen to have combined in the result. When the Oxford theologians began, in 1832, their attempt to unprotestantise the Church of England, they were roused to activity chiefly by the Latitudinarianism of the then popular Whig philosophy. The Whigs believed that Catholics had changed their nature and had grown liberal, and had insisted on emancipating them. The Tractarians looked on emancipation as the fruit of a spirit which was destroying Christianity, and would terminate at last in atheism. They imagined that by reasserting the authority of the Anglican Church, they could at once stem the encroachments of Popery and arrest the progress of infidelity. Both Whigs and Tractarians were deceiving themselves. The Catholic Church is unchanging as the Ethiopian's skin, and remains, for good or evil, the same to-day as yesterday. The Tractarians' principles led the ablest of them into that very fold against which they had imagined themselves the most efficient of barriers. From the day in which they established their party in the Anglican communion, a steady stream of converts has passed through it into the Catholic ranks; while the Whigs, in carrying emancipation, gave the Catholics political power, and with power the respect and weight in the outer world, which in free countries always attends it. No principles could have seemed more opposite than those which in 1832 divided the Oxford divines from the Radical philosophers. Yet they have combined in the same effect. They are even combined in the single person of the late Prime Minister of England, who wished to force the great liberal party there, the inheritors and custodians of the free traditions of the nation, to unite with him in handing over the national education of Ireland to the Catholic prelates.

The phenomenon is not confined to England. An attempt of the same kind to get possession of the education funds has been made and will be repeated in New York. In America, in Holland, in Switzerland, in France, wherever there is most political freedom, the power of the Catholics is increasing.

The battle of Sadowa overthrew the Jesuits in Austria, where they had so long reigned over soul and body. The re-establishment of the German Empire under Protestant Prussia is virtually the crowning victory of the struggle which began in the Thirty Years' War. The papal party there is, at last, finally broken, and when the Jesuits begin their old intrigues again they are made to know, by the most abrupt and decisive measures, that there is a master over them who now means to be obeyed. In free countries, on the other hand, where the right of every one to his own opinion is a cardinal proposition, where the executive authority is purposely kept weak, and parties of all kinds are encouraged to combine to advance their own theories, there Jesuitism finds itself at home. There, by the possession of those peculiar qualities which States constitutionally governed are least able to develop, it works at special advantage in a soil ready prepared for the seed. Partly from the desire of change and from the weariness with what is familiar; partly from the superiority of organisation in countries where power is proportioned to numbers, and where the peasant of Tipperary or the tide-waiter of New York has the same value as a voter as the more cultivated English or American citizen;

partly from intellectual causes which require more careful examination; it is a fact not to be denied that in countries where, at the beginning of the century, a Catholic was as rare as frost in July, and the idea of a return of Popery would have been ridiculed as madness, there, nevertheless, Popery is returning with a rapidity and a force so remarkable as to challenge attention and explanation. The reaction is strongest where the movement in the opposite direction was most violent. France, the France of the Revolution and the Goddess of Reason, the France of Science and the Academy, the France which, however dark her outward fortunes, held with easy pre-eminence the intellectual sovereignty of Europe—France has seen, during these last years, her most accomplished sons and daughters flocking as pilgrims to the scenes of a pretended miracle; and a woman who deserved rather a year's hard labour in a jail is erected into a saint.

Pio Nono, in the midst of his calamities, declares himself infallible. Italy answers with contempt. Germany replies with telling the bishops that whether their master be exempt from the failings of other mortals or not, they shall obey the law of their country. In America, and England, and France, many millions of pious people bend before the decrees of the late Council as if they were indeed pronounced by the Holy Spirit. As the reality of his power passes from him, the Pope's pretensions shine larger than ever. In spite of reason, in spite of history, each day he finds his dominion extending. Each day he has a firmer grasp upon the public press, the education, and the government of the countries which had revolted against him with greatest fierceness. Whither all this is tending, and what are the causes of so unexpected a phenomenon, I propose to consider briefly in a succession of short essays

SECTION II.

ATTRACTION OF ROMANISM FOR UNEASY PROTESTANTS.

RELIGION differs from moral science in the authority with which it speaks. Moral science addresses the reason, and is contented with probabilities. It indicates what, on the whole, after examination of the evidence, appear to be the ethical conditions under which human beings exist in this planet. Religion, on the other hand, speaks with command, and corresponds to the laws of the State. The law lays down a set of rules, and says to every man, 'Conform to these, or you will be punished.' Religion lays down a set of doctrines, and says, 'Believe these at your soul's peril.' A certain peremptoriness being thus of the essence of the thing, those religious teachers will always command most confidence who dare most to speak in positive tones. Assertions hesitatingly expressed, or qualified with modest reserve, may suit the lecture-room or the study; but they are out of place in the pulpit. An eager, heavy-laden soul crying out from his heart, 'What must I do to be saved?' will listen only to a preacher who shows that he believes himself with all his energy in the answer which he gives. It is no secret that of late years Protestant divines have spoken with less boldness, with less clearness and confidence, than their predecessors of the last generation. They are not to be blamed for it. Their intellectual position has grown in many ways perplexed.

Science and historical criticism have shaken positions which used to be thought unassailable. Doctrines once thought to carry their own evidence with them in their inherent fitness for man's needs, have become, for some reason or other, less conclusively obvious. The state of mind to which they were addressed has been altered—altered in some way either for the worse or the better. And where the evangelical theology retains its hold, it is rather as something which it is unbecoming to doubt, than as a body of living truth which penetrates and vitalises the heart.

Thus where truth was once flashed out like lightning, and attended with oratorical thunders, it is now uttered with comparative feebleness. The most honest, perhaps, are the most uncomfortable and most hesitating, while those who speak most boldly are often affecting a confidence which in their hearts they do not feel. At the time of the revolt from Rome, and for a century after it, the characteristic of a Protestant was his hatred of falsehood. The ingenious sophistry which would make a proposition at once false and true, false in one aspect and true in another, was a snare of Satan to be trampled on and detested. Truth was truth, to be loved beyond all earthly or unearthly things. Lies were lies, and all the philosophy in the world could not make them cease to be lies, or make an honest mind put up with them. Had Protestant preachers the ancient courage, they might still display this, the noblest aspect of their characters. But from some cause, it seems they dare not speak, they dare not think like their fathers. Too many of them condescend to borrow the weapons of their adversaries. They are not looking for what is true; they are looking for arguments to defend positions which they know to be indefensible. Their sermons are sometimes sophistical, sometimes cold and mechanical, sometimes honestly diffident. Any way, they are without warmth, and cannot give what they do not possess.

The Romanist has availed himself of the opportunity. Every difficulty which troubles his rival ought to trouble him still more, but he has long since confounded truth with the affirmations of what he calls the Church. The Protestant finding three centuries ago that the institution called the Church was teaching falsehood, refused to pin his faith upon the Church's sleeve thenceforward. He has relied upon his own judgment, and times come when he is perplexed. The Romanist, in fancied triumph over him, points to his infallible authority. 'See,' he says, 'what comes of schism. The Church is the appointed guide. The Church alone guarantees to us the existence of God or of the soul. Believe with us or be atheists; there is no alternative.' In the Hindoo legend, the world stands on the back of an elephant, the elephant on a tortoise. We ask where the tortoise stands, and we get no answer. Similarly we ask the Romanist where his Church stands. 'It stands,' he says, 'on Peter, and Peter stands upon Christ.' That is, stripped of verbiage, it stands precisely on the same foundation on which the Protestant religion stands—on the truth of the Gospel history. Before we can believe the Gospel history, we must appeal to the consciousness of God's existence, which is written on the hearts of us all. We are not really competent to choose between the Catholic Church and atheism, for the Catholic has no evidence of the being of God which is not common to every other Christian—nor any of the truths of the Gospel narrative but such as the Protestant shares with him. But his Church stands as

a visible thing, which appeals to the imagination as well as the reason. The vexed soul, weary of its doubts, and too impatient to wait till it pleases God to clear away the clouds, demands a certainty on which it can repose—never to ask a question more. By an effort of will, which, while claiming the name of faith, is in reality a want of faith, it seizes the Catholic system as a whole. Foregoing the use of the natural reason for evermore, it accepts the words of a spiritual director as an answer to every difficulty, and finds, as it supposes, the peace for which it longed, as the body which is drugged with opium ceases to feel pain.

The convert, if he has been brought up a Protestant, asks for an interpretation of this or that doctrine which he had heard condemned as idolatrous, of this or that historical event where the Church had seemed to have acted as if inspired, not by God, but by the devil. The director meets him with a confident assertion that Protestant tradition is based on lying; that the Church was always tolerant and loving; that the tyranny and ferocity were with the sects which had broken from her communion. Prepared by his emotional sympathies to welcome the explanation, the convert listens willingly, satisfies his remaining scruples with books put into his hands, the truth of which he greedily assumes, and his dissatisfaction with the creed from which he has separated deepens into resentment and, hatred.

To no purpose afterwards is evidence laid before such a man—evidence which would pass for conclusive in a court of justice—that the Protestant traditions were, after all, true; that history remains where it was; that the lying is on the side of the new teachers. He chooses to think otherwise. He no longer reasons, but feels. Opinions adopted through the emotions are thenceforward inaccessible to argument. Excited by his new position, he throws himself ardently into the devotional exercises which the Church prescribes, and the zeal of which he is conscious becomes a fresh proof to him that he has really found the truth.

A Protestant, from the nature of things, comes in contact with the Catholic system in its most seductive form. Where it has been in power, the Church of Rome has shown its real colours. It has been lazy, sensual, and tyrannical. It has alienated every honest mind in Spain and Italy, just as three centuries ago it alienated the forefathers of those who are now returning to its bosom. In Protestant countries where it is in opposition, it wears the similitude of an angel. It is energetic and devoted; it avoids scandal; it appeals to toleration, and, therefore, pretends to be itself tolerant. Elsewhere it has killed the very spirit of religion, and those who break from it believe nothing. Evangelicalism has kept alive a spirit of piety and hunger for the knowledge of God. The Catholic missionaries make their market out of feelings which but for the Protestantism which they denounce would have ceased to exist, and find easy victims in those whose emotional temperament is stronger than their intellect or their faith.

Trials there have always been, and always will be, intellectual as well as moral. Our business, when they overtake us, is to bear them. We may not immediately see our way out of a difficulty; but we may still keep our conviction unshaken that there are explanations which we do not see ourselves. To go over to an alien Church, because for a moment some evidence on which we had relied in our own seems less strong than we had supposed, is, when rightly looked at, mere cowardice and treason against our own souls.

How far these conversions may go it is impossible to say. So much only can be foretold with certainty, that if by this or any other cause the Catholic Church anywhere recovers her ascendancy, she will again exhibit the detestable features which have invariably attended her supremacy. Her rule will be once more found incompatible either with justice or with intellectual growth, and our children will be forced to recover by some fresh struggle the ground which our forefathers conquered for us, and which we by our pusillanimity surrendered.

SECTION III.

POLITICAL STRENGTH OF ROMANISM IN FREE COUNTRIES.

THE peculiarity of the Roman Church as a system of discipline and government lies in the universal character asserted for it by the mediæval Pontiffs. The sovereign authority is external to the different nationalities, the individuals of which belong to the Roman communion. It knows nothing of national institutions, and cares nothing for national interests except so far as it can employ them for its own purposes. Complete in itself, acknowledging no equal upon earth, and listening to no remonstrance, the Holy See remains unchanged, and incapable of change. Often baffled, often driven back and defeated, it recoils only to readvance on the same lines. It relinquishes no privilege. It abandons no province over which it has once asserted its right to rule. It treats the world alternately as an enemy to be encountered, or as an instrument to be bent to its own designs, and caring nothing for any institution but itself, free from all prejudices in favour of any nation or any political form of government, it allies itself with all the principles which sway successively in the various organisations of society. Monarchies, aristocracies, democracies, it accepts them all, and utilises them indifferently; regarding none of them as having a right to exist save by the will and pleasure of the wearer of the tiara; but treating them as phenomena of the world, which it is the business of the Church to control, and lending the Church's authority to whatever party promises to be most useful to it.

Never was the Church better disciplined, never more completely denationalised and unpatriotic than at the present moment. When her creed was really and universally received and believed, her bishops and archbishops were engaged in the local government of their several countries. They were English, they were French, they were Spanish. They shared in national aspirations, they were swayed by national prejudices. The Popes themselves were often rather Italian princes than vicegerents over the mystic organism which was co-extensive with mankind. As temporal governments have become secularised, the influences have ceased which so long interfered with the centralising tendencies of the system. As division of opinion grows among the masses, those who remain or who become members of the Catholic Church find a closer bond of union in their creed than in their temporal allegiance. The Church of Rome is now herself and nothing else. From the Pontiff to the humblest parish priest, her ecclesiastics acknowledge no

object save the assertion of the Catholic cause. Her bishops and clergy all over the world are as completely obedient to orders from Rome, they work together as harmoniously and enthusiastically, as the officers of a perfectly organised army. Whether in their own minds they approve or disapprove the orders which they receive—it is no matter—they obey them. The Immaculate Conception is proclaimed; there is a murmur of surprise, but it dies away; the miracle in the womb of St. Anne becomes thenceforth a matter of faith. Papal infallibility claims to be acknowledged; clamour follows, and even active resistance, but when the decree is past, submission is absolute. The hierarchy regard themselves as soldiers of a cause to which all minor interests, all personal opinions must yield. Unanimity and co-operation are essential to success; and with a heartiness, an enthusiasm, a singleness of purpose which is never forgotten, and to which every enjoyment and occupation of life is deliberately postponed, the entire ecclesiastical order devotes itself, body and soul, to the propagation of the principles of the Roman Church. Rarely, or never, do we hear now of personal scandals, rarely of rash experiments which expose the cause to discredit. If a mistake is made, as with the vision of the virgin in the south of France, there is no confession or retraction. The united power of the priesthood is brought to bear to carry the imposture through; opposition is faced down, and courage and resolution turn the shame into a fresh triumph.

An organisation of this kind acts obviously with extraordinary advantage in countries which have free institutions. Where there is a vigorous executive, where the secular government has an existence of its own, and the representative body is simply consultative or legislative, the growth of an *imperium in imperio*, an authority, distinct from the State, and moved by impulses exterior to the realm, is always jealously watched, and when it becomes aggressive, is encountered and restrained. So it was in the old German empire. So it was in England under the Plantagenet and Tudor princes. Even in Spain, the most Catholic country in the world, the Church's aspirations were often uncomfortably checked. The State in France supported the Gallican liberties. Joseph II in Austria beats down priestly encroachment and ties its hands. Germany is no sooner united again under the imperial crown than the same problem returns. The Church is encountered by principles which intend to assert themselves. She has declared war against those principles. She opposes them with her old arts. She is at once seized by the throat, and driven back within her own lines.

In countries governed by authority, intelligence rules. In free countries, numbers rule. The supremacy of the Church is incompatible with any kind of liberty—liberty of conscience or of reason, liberty for man to expand in any direction save what the Church marks out for him. Obviously and confessedly, it is the enemy of everything which we now call civilisation and improvement. Yet it is an enemy against which self-governed peoples, who are most proud of their supposed advancement, contend at greatest disadvantage. Power follows the majority of votes. The Church marshals its forces in an unbroken phalanx. The theory of a free government supposes every citizen to be influenced by patriotism, to exert his own intelligence, to take a personal and individual share in the business of the State. The Roman Catholics have no country but their Church. They are al-

lowed no independence. They are private soldiers in an army which is commanded by the priests, and united and organised action is as superior at the polling-booth as an army is superior to a mob in the field. They claim their right to the free assertion of their opinions in the name of republican principles, and it cannot be denied them. But no such republican liberty is permitted within their own communion. They obey their commanders, and their commanders care nothing for the nation in the management of which they are challenging a share. They are members of a spiritual empire which aims only at submitting all other powers under its feet. They are Catholics first, and Americans or English afterward. Yet as English or American citizens, they possess the privileges of freemen, and the wire-pullers at political elections, whose horizon is bounded by the result of some immediate struggle, know too well the value of such allies to be unwilling to bid high for their support. Thus it is that in the English Parliament, though England does not herself return a single Catholic representative, the Catholics, through the Irish members, often hold the balance of power, and governments exist but by their sufferance. Thus lately the Catholic vote controlled the city of New York, and but for the disgrace in which they were involved by the scandalous corruption of the party which they had borne into power, the Catholics would have probably controlled it at this moment.

Those who believe, as I do, that the Catholic doctrines are false, that the Catholic pretensions to universal sovereignty are absurd, and that, in the long run, truth and good sense are certain to prevail, see in this apparent recovery of strength but an eddy in the great stream of tendency. They will be provoked at the folly which may throw back for a generation individual nations, delay the general improvement, generate, perhaps, once more political complications; but they will rest confident of the general result. In the sixteenth century the Catholic Church courted the alliance of the despotic sovereigns. The despotic sovereigns seemed towers of strength to it; but when they fell, it was buried in their ruins. It avails itself now of the weak side of party government in constitutional monarchies and republics, and it achieves an apparent success; but the success can only last till patriotism and intelligence are awake to its advances. The minds of a whole people are less easily penetrated than the mind of a minister like Prince Bismarck, but when the conviction reaches them, they will assert themselves with the same emphasis and the same effect.

SECTION IV.

CAUSES OF WEAKNESS IN MODERN PROTESTANT CHURCHES.

ALWAYS when men are in earnest about religion, it will appear as a visibly controlling influence in their daily habits. Men who have a real, genuine belief in God, men to whom God is not a name, but an awful, ever-present reality, think naturally before all other things how they best can please Him; how they can make His law the law of their own existence. This is the meaning of saving faith.

A faith that is alive, a faith that is a faith in deed and in fact, issues necessarily in a life of holiness.

The Reformation of the sixteenth century was the waking up, after a long slumber, of a living conviction of this kind; and the Reformers were not more distinguished from the Catholics by the simplicity of their doctrines than by the austerity and purity of their lives. The veil of imposture which had so long shut out the light of the sky had suddenly been rent away. The ritualistic paraphernalia which had usurped the functions of piety appeared as the tawdry furniture of a theatre when surprised by daylight. Masses, penances, absolutions, pilgrimages to the shrines of saints—mechanical substitutes, all of them, for a life of righteousness—were recognised in their infinite contemptibility as but the idle mummery of a spiritual puppet-play. The true nature of human existence, the tremendous responsibilities of it, the majesty and purity of God, and the assurance of his judgment, came home as they had never come before to the hearts of those whose eyes were opened. Thus, while in their consciousness of sin and infirmity, the Reformers repudiated with passionate earnestness every notion of human merit; while they denied that by the fullest obedience men could either deserve God's favour, or escape his wrath, they endeavoured, nevertheless, with all their souls, to learn and to do his will. They loved what they knew to be good; they hated what they knew to be evil. They lived soberly, purely, modestly, honestly, and industriously. They modelled themselves after the highest conceptions of duty which they were able to form. Wealth would have been showered on Luther had he cared to receive it: his scale of expenditure was that of a modern artisan. Calvin might have commanded any income that he liked to name from the revenues at Geneva: he was contented with the average wages of a clerk. The example of the apostles of the Reformation was the rule to their followers, and when the congregations were in a position to give to their convictions the effect of law, they framed their institutions on the principles of the strictest morality. In Geneva, in Scotland, in England—as long as the Calvinistic party retained power—the civil magistrate was the guardian of the morals of the people. A sin against the Almighty was treated as a crime against the State; and adultery, and drunkenness, and impurity, foul language, disobedience to parents, and all the various forms of dishonesty which the law now lets alone, were brought within the cognisance of the secular authority.

A discipline so severe could only have extended into the public administration when it had been introduced spontaneously by the mass of the citizens into their private families; and a religion which could display its power in characters so legible had no need of the support of arguments. When we see a tree in vigorous health, we do not ask it to prove to us that it is alive. The fact carries its own evidence with it, and we demand no more. A religion which holds possession of our lives, which directs us at each step which we take, becomes part of our own souls. Unless, in some shape or other, it prescribes a rule of conduct, it inevitably loses its hold. The Catholic system scarce leaves an hour without its stated duties; such and such forms to be gone through, such and such prayers to be repeated. Night and day, morning and evening, at meals and in the intervals between meals, the Catholic is reminded of his creed by a set form. Calvinism superseded these for-

mal observances by yet more noble practical observances. It was ever present with its behests in fixing the scale of permitted expenditure, in regulating the dress, the food, the enjoyments, the hours of sleep and labour; sternly cutting short all idle pleasure and luxury; sternly insisting on the right performance of all practical work, the trade, the handicraft, or whatever it might be, as something for every thread and fibre of which a man would one day be called to account.

There is no mystery in the influence which Calvinism was thus able to exercise as long as the spirit of it lasted; neither is there any mystery in the decline of that influence when the fruits of faith became less and less conspicuous. Ideas are more powerful when they are fresh. Enthusiasm cools, emotions die away, when the cause which evoked them grows familiar. Our hearts are like metal, malleable at high temperature, but hardening as the heat evaporates, and selfishness begins to reassert itself. After the middle of the seventeenth century Protestantism ceased to be aggressive. It no longer produced men conspicuously noble and better than Romanism, and, therefore, it no longer made converts. As it became established, it adapted itself to the world, laid aside its harshness, confined itself more and more to the enforcement of particular doctrines, and abandoned, at first tacitly and afterward deliberately, the pretence to interfere with private life or practical business.

Thus Protestant countries are no longer able to boast of any special or remarkable moral standard; and the effect of the creed on the imagination is analogously impaired. Protestant nations show more energy than Catholic nations, because the mind is left more free, and the intellect is undistorted by the authoritative instilment of false principles. But Protestant nations have been guilty, as nations, of enormous crimes. Protestant individuals, who profess the soundest of creeds, seem, in their conduct, to have no creed at all, beyond a conviction that pleasure is pleasant, and that money will purchase it. Political corruption grows up; sharp practice in trade grows up—dishonest speculations, short weight and measures, and adulteration of food. The commercial and political Protestant world, on both sides of the Atlantic, has accepted a code of action from which morality has been banished; and the clergy have for the most part sat silent, and occupy themselves in carving and polishing into completeness their schemes of doctrinal salvation. They shrink from offending the wealthy members of their congregations. They withdraw into the affairs of the other world, and leave the present world to the men of business and the devil. For the working purposes of life, they have allowed the Gospel to be superseded by the new formulas of political economy. This so-called science is the most barefaced attempt that has ever yet been openly made on this earth to regulate human society without God or recognition of the moral law. The clergy have allowed it to grow up, to take possession of the air, to penetrate schools and colleges, to control the action of legislatures, without even so much as opening their lips in remonstrance.

Imagine Knox, or Calvin, or Latimer coming back to us again. To what would they address themselves? To the settling doctrinal differences between Ritualist and Evangelical; Broad Church man and Socinian; Episcopalian and Independent? Or to the cynical complacency with which the very existence of a God is discussed as a problem of speculation; with which the principle of Cain is enunci-

ated as the elementary axiom of life, that man is his own keeper and not his brother's; that his first duty is to himself; that the supreme object of his existence is to make his fortune, and enjoy himself in this life—*Quam minime credulus futurae?*

I once ventured to say to a leading Evangelical preacher in London that I thought the clergy were much to blame in these matters. If the diseases of society were unapproachable by human law, the clergy might at least keep their congregations from forgetting that there was a law of another kind, which in some shape or other would enforce itself. He told me very plainly that he did not look on it as part of his duty. He could not save the world, nor would he try. The world lay in wickedness, and would lie in wickedness to the end. His business was to save out of it individual souls by working on their spiritual emotions, and bringing them to what he called the truth. As to what men should do or not do, how they should occupy themselves, how and how far they might enjoy themselves, on what principles they should carry on their daily work—on these and similar subjects he had nothing to say.

I needed no more to explain to me why Evangelical preachers were losing their hold on the more robust intellects: or why Catholics, who at least offered something which at intervals might remind men that they had souls, should have power to win away into their fold many a tender conscience which needed detailed support and guidance.

SECTION V.

WEAKNESS OF CERTAIN POSITIONS ADOPTED BY PROTESTANT THEOLOGIANS.

THE Reformers of the sixteenth century were contending against definite falsehoods, which had been taken up into the system of the Church of Rome, and were offered by it to the world as sacred realities. Purgatory, penance, pilgrimages, masses, the worship of the saints—supported by and in turn supporting the monastic orders, which had become themselves unendurably corrupt, these and their kindred superstitions the Reformers denounced as frauds and impostures. They declared the established service of the Church to be the practice and worship of a lie. They appealed to the Bible as an authority which Catholics themselves acknowledged. With the Bible in their hands they pointed from the idolatrous ceremonial to the spiritual truths contained in the Gospels and Epistles, and the service which man owed to his Maker they affirmed to be integrity of heart and purity of life and conduct.

They insisted on faith as the ground of acceptance, because faith was the spirit out of which acceptable obedience rose as the plant rises from the seed, because mechanical obedience rising from selfish hope or selfish fear was not obedience at all. But it is dangerous to take passionate language, and in cool blood construct out of it a positive article of a new theology. Even in the lifetime of St. Paul, justification by faith only was construed into a sanction of Antinomianism. It has

been the excuse and the apology of modern preachers, who have allowed religion to decline from a rule of conduct into a thing of emotion and opinions.

Again, intense piety, when it reflects on the Divine nature, perceives and feels that it is all-pervading, all-controlling, absolute and incapable of change, existing in its immutable essence from eternity to eternity. To that which is all-powerful there can be no rival or enemy; hence the conviction that all things are and must be predetermined by the Divine will. The will which appears to us free in man is but apparent only. A will which is really free can exist only in the Being which is self originated.

Nevertheless, it is no less plain that there is in the constitution of things something good that is to be infinitely loved; something also that is evil to be infinitely hated—a spirit opposed to God, however it comes into being—eternally cut off from Him, and the subject, therefore, of eternal reprobation. God, it may be said, has made all things for himself, even the wicked for the day of wrath—but how or why is impossible to say.

All these positions are severally true—justification by faith, predestination, and reprobation—yet they are fitting objects of meditation only to the profound intensity of devotion in which alone they can be harmonised. It is dangerous, it is worse than dangerous, to take these high mysteries which require us to be lifted out of ourselves before they can be even faintly comprehended, to formularise them deliberately into propositions, and in catechisms and theological articles thrust them on the conscience as something which it is necessary to believe. To represent man as an automaton, sinning by the necessity of his nature, and yet as guilty of his sins—to represent God as having ordained all things, yet as angry with the actions of the puppets whom He has Himself created as they are—is to insist on the acceptance of contradictory assertions from which the reason recoils—to make Christianity itself incredible by a travesty of Christian truth.

An error yet more mischievous has been the Protestant treatment of the Bible. The Canon of Scripture was at the Reformation received by the Church as universally true. No serious question had been raised about it since the Canon was fixed. No internal difficulties had been discovered in any of its parts. Historical criticism had not yet come into existence. But, again, the superstitious and magical theory of the Bible had not come into existence either. The sacred books contained the records of the faith; they were the lively oracles of God, and as such were regarded with a special, if undefined, reverence.

The Reformers, appealing from the Church to the Bible, finding in the Bible the true nature of religion which the Church had obscured; finding there utterances so profound and awful as to pierce their very hearts, spoke naturally of it as the one source of truth. The Bible was to be the religion of Protestants. From an Infallible Church they appealed to the Infallible Book. Yet, as before, it proved dangerous to erect words, which were more the expressions of emotion than of intellectual conviction, into dogmatic statements of fact. Just as with the sacraments—symbolic rites were turned to idols, so the inspiration of the Bible was interpreted into the mechanical dictation by the Holy Spirit of every word and letter. Pretensions were advanced for it, which only once, if ever, it appears to advance for itself, and that in a single ambiguous text. The Bible contains the literature of a

nation who, more clearly than any other nation, were allowed to perceive their dependence on their Maker and Master in Heaven. But like Him of whom it is said that he increased in wisdom and stature, it is evident that the Jews were not exempt from the conditions under which all people have grown from childhood to maturity. They were carried through the usual stages of infancy, youth, manhood, and decline. Childhood, with its innocent piety; youth, with its impetuosity; manhood, with its regal vigour; and afterwards, worldliness and luxury. Accompanying all these stages is a literature, corresponding precisely to what we have experienced in nations growing under the common conditions, not excluding even the scepticism to be found in Ecclesiastes and certain of the Psalms, where it would seem even to a sovereign of the chosen people, that there was one event alike to all, to the good and the bad, the wise and the foolish; and so far as was visible in the common current of human things, the hand of God was not apparent in them at all. In the whole series of the books which form the Old Testament—historical, legislative, lyrical, or prophetic—there is manifest, throughout, the peculiarly human element which so fits them to be the instructors of humanity. Every age, every mood of mind, is represented there with its distinguishing features; God, as the apostle says, making Himself known to his people, ‘at divers times and in divers manners.’

It is to rob the Bible of its instructiveness, it is to leave us bewildered before a phenomenon too intricate either for our reason or our imagination, to assume that in these ‘divers manners’ the Holy Spirit was using historians and evangelists, prophets and apostles, as mere machines. It is to leave us confronted with contradictions of which, on this hypothesis, we can find no tolerable explanation, with opposing statements which no skill can reconcile; with the repudiation in one book of the temper and spirit of another. Yet this is what Protestants have done, and are doing still. They insist on the verbal correctness of every word and sentence. They have committed the truths of Christianity to a theory of their own creation, and when they find themselves in difficulties they fall back on sophistry. The six days of the creation are defined precisely by the writer of the Book of Genesis. The period between evening and morning could have been meant only for a day in the ordinary sense of the word. Science proves unanswerably that the globe has grown to its present condition through an infinite series of ages; and Protestant theologians, entangled with their own fancies, have imagined that ‘day’ may signify a million, billion, or quintillion of years. Construing literally the vehement expression of St. Paul, they have insisted that death originated in Adam’s sin. They are confronted with evidence that death has reigned through all creation from the earliest period, of which the stratified rocks preserve the record. They hesitate, they equivocate, they struggle against the light, they do anything save make a frank confession of their own error.

Critics again demonstrate that more than one book of the Old Testament is of later date than tradition has assigned to it; that glosses have crept into the text; that no miracle has been wrought to preserve the sacred literature from the same accidents to which other ancient records have been exposed. There was a time when faith was stronger than it is now, and good Protestants were not afraid of truth. Why can they not still recognise that this name of Protestant implies that

they are soldiers of truth, set to fight against falsehood wherever and whenever falsehood is detected? Why can they not see that they have themselves caused the unbelief which is disturbing them, by having repeated the sin which they denounced in the Catholics three hundred years ago, and having overlaid the reality of the Gospel by gratuitous assumptions of their own?

We have erected dogmas, and made idols of them. The idol falls down broken. The man of the world concludes that God Himself has been ejected from his throne, that religion is folly, and that atheism is the only reality. The conscientious and devout, perplexed by doubts and thirsting for certainty, take refuge in the communion which claims to speak with an authority from which there is no appeal. Weary of the hesitating utterances of Evangelical theologians, they fail to see that the Church of Rome is unchanging, not because it is in possession of the truth, but because it is impervious to it. The overbearing attitude of that Church, the insolent assumptions of it, overawe their imagination. They take it at its own estimate of itself, and make themselves over body, soul, and intellect, to be its slaves for evermore.

These are the two directions in which the minds of men are now drifting; and in these directions they will continue to drift more and more till Protestant theologians assume a nobler attitude, till they prove by their fearlessness of truth that they have a real belief, that they detest equivocation with as much heartiness as Latimer or Calvin detested it; and are not afraid, because a passing cloud intercepts the rays, that the sun has therefore dropped out of the sky.

SECTION VI.

THE ANGLICAN EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

NOTWITHSTANDING some difficulties which embarrass them, chiefly of their own creating, the Evangelical Churches furnish, after all, but an insignificant number of converts to Romanism compared to another reformed communion which aspires to a double character, and to be both Evangelical and Catholic.

It pleased Queen Elizabeth to arrest the spiritual revolution in England when it had run but half its course. She would not, perhaps she could not, permit what we now mean by religious liberty. She instituted a system, and intended it to be co-extensive with the empire, which would comprehend as well Catholics as Protestants, those who believed in the magical efficacy of the sacraments and those who regarded the sacraments as forms which had a flavour of the idolatrous.

She established a hierarchy, which yet should not be a hierarchy; bishops who might be called successors of the apostles, yet at the same time should be creations of her own, deriving their authority and their very breath and being from the Crown. She instituted a liturgy and articles of an analogous double composition—to Catholics assuming the complexion of the ante-Nicene Church, to Protestants embracing the most vital doctrines of the Calvinistic theology.

Neither the queen nor those who acted with her were themselves under any illusion as to the real nature of their work. The queen, in her impatient moods, re-

fused her prelates a higher name than Doctors; suspended, imprisoned, and threatened to unfrock them. On the other hand, she punished dissent as a crime. She insisted on conformity with an institution which she had made deliberately insincere. She fixed her eyes on the complications which lay immediately before her. She constructed her Church for a present purpose, with a conscious understanding of its hollowness. The next generation might solve its own difficulties, Elizabeth was contented if she could make her way undethroned through her own. With the artifice which was engrained in her disposition, she admitted what she knew to be false into the organisation which was to control the education of the English race; and the deadly thing has remained where she placed it, bearing its poison-laden blossoms century after century. Never has history pronounced a sterner condemnation on the experiment of tampering with truth. The bishops, as they settled into their places, assumed the airs and repeated the crimes of the prelates whom they succeeded. They constructed a theology to suit their position, and when the genuine part of the people saw through it and refused to accept it, they persecuted them till they provoked a revolt which cost a king and an archbishop their lives, and for a time overthrew the whole constitution of their country. The Commonwealth was followed by a reaction in which the same chain was again imposed. Spiritual institutions can be remodelled only at high temperature. When the metal is cold they can be broken, but they cannot be altered. Charles II. believed in the Anglican bishops no more than Elizabeth believed in them; but he and his friends hated the Puritans, and to be revenged on them they braced together again the dislocated pieces of Anglicanism. The reaction went so far as to encourage James to attempt the restoration of genuine Popery. The Revolution followed. The Kirk established itself in Scotland. Popery was proscribed in England and Ireland; but the same shadowy Episcopal Church maintained its form, in these two countries, unimpaired and unmodified. It was supposed to have learned its lesson; to have been made to understand, at last, that, spite of its Episcopal consecrations and its pretended priesthood, it was a Protestant institution and not a Catholic one. The body and appearance might be Catholic. The voice, when it opened its lips to teach, must be Protestant.

The Revolution had really and truly produced some temporary effect of this kind. For a century and a half no more Romanising tendencies were beard of in England; and such life as the Church possessed was Calvinist. But the free action of the spirit was paralysed by the dead body to which it was attached. The emotions of genuine piety were choked in the utterance. Religious paralysis still prevailed over England, and more fatally over Ireland. Nepotism, Erastianism, and self-indulgence became the characteristics of the Anglican clergy; the best of them taking refuge in a stoical morality which was powerless except over the educated. It could not last. First Wesley and Whitefield rose, blowing into flame the ashes of the Reformers' theology which *Paradise Lost* and the *Pilgrim's Progress* had prevented from growing entirely cold. Afterwards followed the great Evangelical revival which spread into intellectual society, and, aided by the terrors produced by the French Revolution, checked for a time the advancing tide of materialism.

But Evangelicalism was morally timid and intellectually weak. It did not grapple boldly with the vices of society, still less with the greed of money making, which was saturating politics with ungodliness. The reviving earnestness of the nineteenth century demanded something which it described as deeper and truer than had satisfied the preceding generation. The insincerity of Elizabeth and her advisers had yet to bear its last and deadliest fruits.

Forty years ago a knot of Oxford students, looking into the Constitution of the Church of England, discovered principles which, as they imagined, had only to be acted on to restore religion to the throne of the empire. With no historical insight into the causes which had left these peculiar forms in the stratification of the Church like fossils of an earlier age, they conceived that the secret of the Church's strength lay in the priesthood and the sacraments; and that the neglect of them was the explanation of its weakness. The Church of England so renovated would rise, they thought, like Achilles from his tent: clad in celestial armour, it would put to flight the armies of infidelity, and bring back in a modern shape, adapted to modern needs, the era of Hildebrand and Becket. They and only they stood on ground from which they could successfully encounter atheism. They and they only, as tracing their lineage through imposition of hands to the apostles, could meet and vanquish the pretensions of Rome.

Singular imagination! The battle which ensued is not yet over, but the issue of it has long ceased to be uncertain. Of the conflict with materialism, these gentlemen made less than the Evangelicals had made. Materialism is sweeping over the intellect of the age like a spring tide, continually on the rise. They did not conquer Rome. The ablest of them, after all their passionate denials, were the first to see that if their principles were sound, the Reformation had been a crime; and that they must sue for admission into the bosom of their true mother. They submitted; they were received; they and the many who have followed them have been the most energetic knights of the holy war; they have been the most accomplished libellers of the institution in which they were born. The Anglican regiment, which pretended to be the most effective against the enemy in the whole Protestant army, is precisely the one which has furnished and still furnishes to that enemy the most venomous foes of the English Church and the largest supply of deserters.

What these gentlemen have really accomplished is the destruction of the Evangelical party in the Established Church. While the most vigorous of the Anglo-Catholics have gone over to the Papacy, the rest have infected almost the entire body of the Episcopal clergy with principles which seem to add to their personal consequence. The youngest curate affects the airs of a priest. He revives a counterfeit of the sacramental system in which he pretends to have a passionate belief. He decorates his altar after the Roman pattern; he invites the ladies of his congregation to confess to him and whispers his absolutions; and having led them away from their old moorings, and filled them with aspirations which he is unable to gratify, he passes them on in ever-gathering numbers to the hands of the genuine Roman, who waits to receive them.

The Episcopal Church of England, with its collateral branches in this and other countries, no longer lends strength to the cause of Protestantism. It is the enemy's

chief depot and recruiting-ground. The ascendancy which it enjoys through its connection with the State; the exclusive possession of the old cathedrals and parish churches; the tradition that hangs about it that dissent is vulgar, and that to be an Anglican, if not a Papist, is essential to being a gentleman, are weapons in its hands which it uses with fatal ingenuity. The Dissenters themselves are not proof against the baneful influence which is extending even into their own borders. To those who have eyes to see, there is no more instructive symptom of the age than the tendency of Presbyterian, Independent, and even Unitarian clergy to assume a sacerdotal dress and appearance. Their fathers insisted that between laymen and ministers there was no difference but in name, and they carried their protest into the outward costume. The modern ministers form themselves into a caste. They display their profession in the collars of their coats; whether they are Roman or Genevan can be learned only on particular inquiry. Their fathers ejected from their chapels the meretricious ornaments so dear to sentimental devotionism. The bare walls seemed to say, in their stern simplicity, that no lies should be spoken or acted within them. Now each chapel must have its delicately-moulded arches, its painted windows, its elaborate music. The exterior of an Independent meeting-house is no longer a symbol of the doctrine which is still preached from its pulpits. We enter, and we are still uncertain where we are, till we study the construction of the East End—and even the still blank East End suggests in its form the idea of the not distant altar and sacrificing priest.

SECTION VII.

FRANCE.—LOUIS NAPOLEON.

OF all countries in both hemispheres, France is the peculiar boast of the Roman Catholic reactionaries. France, the eldest child of the Church, has returned, after her revolutionary orgies, to the feet of her true mother. France is once more the chosen Knight of the Cross. The unbeliever and the heretic are invited to bend with awe and admiration before the majestic and confounding spectacle. The overwhelming disasters which have overtaken her are really but the most decisive indications of the favour with which she is regarded by Providence. She is suffering, but she suffers in mercy to expiate the sins of her fathers. She suffers as a discipline to purify and reinvigorate her for the magnificent work which she is yet to achieve.

Let us look a little closer at this phenomenon. In the sixteenth century, France, like other countries, was stirred to its heart by the Reformation. The noblest part of her made a splendid effort; but the baser elements proved too strong to be overthrown. The Huguenots were destroyed by war and massacre, the offer of salvation having been once rejected was not repeated, and light, when it came again, came in the form of lightning, the guillotine, and the Reign of Terror. The fatal work was not accomplished at once. Henry of Navarre, when he conformed to the Church of Rome, confessed in doing so that he had no religion at all. Yet he re-

tained so much of his early training that he continued tolerant, and neither practised nor permitted persecution.

Even under Richelieu, France supported Protestant Germany against Rome and Austria, and the Gallican liberties remained an evidence that she was not yet wholly enslaved. But the Gallican liberties died away. France became in the last century as submissively orthodox, and as debased in becoming so, as the most devoted Romanist could desire. The debauchery of her prelates was an astonishment even in the most profligate of European courts. The nobles sank into the most barbarous tyrants that ever preyed on the industry of the poor, and when conscience awoke at last and found a voice in Voltaire, it confounded religion with the counterfeit, which had usurped its name and place, and declared Christianity itself to be a worn-out fable. The nation whose weakness and superstition had consented to and caused these degradations caught the cry and echoed it. The Revolution came. Kings, nobles, priests, churches, all were overwhelmed; and the altar of reason, with Bishop Talleyrand for a hierophant, was a fitting sequel of the recall of the Edict of Nantes.

The Revolution cleared the air. With the spiritual poison flung violently out, with lies at last gibbeted as lies, if there was little positive truth, the French people recovered energy and courage. The splendid successes of the revolutionary generals showed how strong men may become, however uncelestial the light which is burning in them, when they have the spirit to rise in revolt against palpable imposture. Napoleon came, compounded of the hero and the quack. He turned France into an empire. He considered himself a second Charlemagne. He was to be liege lord of Europe, and other princes were to reign as his vassals. The Church was willing to become the handmaid of his ambition; and, too ignoble to understand that the strength of nations lies in their representing some kind of truth, Napoleon made his concordat with the Pope. He re-established the Catholic religion in a humiliated form. An army of priests in the churches was to supplement his army in the field, and equally to look to him for its orders. 'Is it not splendid?' he said to one of his marshals when the first High Mass was again celebrated in Notre Dame. 'Very splendid!' growled the marshal turning away in scorn. 'It needs only the half million men to be here who have lost their lives to get rid of all that to make it perfect.'

Imposture and vanity ran their course hand in hand till the great image with its feet of clay was at last prostrated. The Bourbons came back, and the Church, on the fall of Napoleon, recovered still more of its lost power. Again a revolution. Louis Philippe followed, and the Liberals regained their feet; but no sign appeared in them of reviving piety after a Puritan or Huguenot type. A literature rose, on the contrary, of which Balzac, Eugene Sue, and Madame Sand were the chief priests and priestesses—a literature so debasing, so vile, so detestable, so completely saturated with intellectual and spiritual unmanliness, that 'Candide' and 'La Pucelle' are wholesome reading in comparison.

The soul-poisoning was accompanied remarkably with material progress, and the result shows how much this much-vaunted material progress is worth when it means only that great employers of labour are to pile up fortunes and live in splendour on the appropriation of the wages of the artisan. After eighteen years

there was a revolution once more; and this time there was to be no mistake. The millennium was to come in earnest. Labour was to have its rights; all men were to have their fair share in the profits of their toil, each according to his desert. The timing only was wanting—an indispensable thing, yet the absence of which occurred to no one—that before a millennium could come there must be a renewal of what used to be called a fear of God.

A year ensued of murderous battles in the streets, and the hero of the new period then came forward upon the stage. Another Napoleon—nephew, so called, of the great uncle, but with no better title than his mother's word to the name which he bore—a man who had twice attempted to make a civil war in France in his own interest, had twice escaped the scaffold to which a healthier age would have assigned him with the general approbation of mankind, crawled into the Presidency of the Republic under the shelter of his name. By perjury twice repeated, and the murder of some thousands of innocent people, he opened himself a way to the Imperial throne. He imposed on the peasantry. He debauched the army. He took to his heart on one side the commercial swindlers of the Bourse to manage his finances for him. He flung himself, on the other, upon the Pope and the Catholic Church; and the Pope and the Catholic Church received their new champion with characteristic benedictions. The Tuileries and the Elysée became the scenes of the most boundless self indulgence, tinctured with the rose-pink of sentimental piety. Elegant abbés hung about the cabinet of the empress or the boudoirs of the ladies-in-waiting, like fashionable doctors round the couches of the *malades imaginaires*. And thus set in under the patronage of the Empress Eugenie the wonderful Catholic reaction which we are to recognise as so manifestly divine.

French society, after its course of Balzac and Madame Sand, sighed for a less dangerous diet. Too enervated for wholesome food, the Parisians found what they needed in the emotional pseudo-piety in which they could indulge in the intervals of their vices. A religious literature sprung up in the same key as the literature of adultery. The modern Catholic Sentimental Novel is the growth of the same hot-bed which produced 'Indiana' and the 'Scènes de la Vie Privée,' being, perhaps, however, one degree more detestable from the sacred names and associations which are made to show themselves in that poison-loaded atmosphere. The emperor corrupted the honour of the army. The fathers' confessors corrupted the souls of the educated classes. The people, being kept in order, as it was called, by despotism, throve and made money, raising a harvest, however, to be gathered by others. Truth, honour, patriotism, manliness, every virtue which ennobles humanity, withered at the root; while the Church prospered upon a system of wholesale lying which revived the worst impostures of the Middle Ages. The disorders of France appeared specially to require the interposition of the Virgin Mary. The Virgin, therefore, as a *Dea ex machinâ*, has been ready any moment for the last twenty years to put her hand to the work. Eleven years ago, in a tour in the South, I saw a party of Sisters passing through the street. I inquired who they were. I was told that shortly before the Virgin had appeared to a neighbouring curé, and had directed him to announce as her pleasure that money must be subscribed, and a convent built on a spot which she named. The curé delivered his message in his

chapel. The money came in, the ground was given, the house was built and filled. Again, Our Lady came, expressed herself pleased, but required now another and a larger house. This, too, was erected by the same means, and was thriving vigorously when I last heard of it.

The story of Our Lady of Salette is notorious to all the world. Two children declared that the Virgin had shown herself to them on the mountain-side. Their tale was examined into by competent persons, and declared to be idle nonsense. The Pope and bishops thought differently, and the pious mind of France listened to the Church. A magnificent shrine rose on the scene of the marvellous vision, and devout countesses and effeminate counts stream from all quarters thither, to contribute their offerings and pay their humble adorations.

And what was the result of all this? The Catholic Church was agitated at the reconstruction of the German Empire under a Protestant dynasty; and the emperor was tempted to strike a blow at it before it had consolidated itself. Never has the world seen a retribution so instant and so tremendous. The 'Man of December' was hurled from his throne, after covering himself with infamy. Had one glimmer of manhood survived in him, he would have ridden among the grapeshot at Sedan, and have died, though he could not live with honour. He preferred inglorious decrepitude in the luxury of an English country-house. The Imperial generals behaved like fools or traitors, and, clouded the glory of their country by undergoing the most shameful defeat which ever befell a European army. The Pope, the chief offender, forfeited his temporal sovereignty. The dreaded Italian kingdom became a complete and an established fact. His Holiness was enclosed in the Vatican, and Protestant Germany was made the central stone of the arch in the new organization of the Continent.

Such is the fruit of the Catholic revival of France. This is what we are called on to admire. 'Who,' to use the words of John Knox, 'who that has a spunk of godliness in his heart,' can fail rather to see in this great overthrow the Divine retribution upon unverity? God is neither dead nor sleeping. Now as ever the Avenger is on the watch.

SECTION VIII.

GERMANY.

As the present state of France is the measure of the value of the Catholic revival, so Northern Germany, spiritually, socially, and politically, is the measure of the power of consistent Protestantism. Germany was the cradle of the Reformation. In Germany it moves forward to its manhood; and there, and not elsewhere, will be found the intellectual solution of the speculative perplexities which are now dividing and bewildering us. The truthfulness, the manliness, and simplicity which characterise so specially the German race, were incarnated in their highest form in the miner's son who headed the original revolt. Luther, like all very great men, was essentially single-minded. He did not attempt, like Calvin, to form religion into an institute, and shape the system of it into dogmatic perfection.

Where he was ignorant, he acknowledged his ignorance. What he saw clearly to be false, he denounced as false and flung away. But he did not far outstrip the insight of the generation to which he belonged; and he was its guide because he was its representative. The mechanical theory of the mass was hateful to him, for it was inconsistent with the honour due to the Almighty. The mystic virtue of the priesthood was incredible to him. He saw priests to be liars, impostors, and sensualists, and he refused to believe that such men as those could be spiritual rulers whom God had appointed for mankind.

But in an age when magic was universally held to be a real power, he saw no reason for denying that the desire of the believer to unite himself with his Saviour might work a change in the eucharistic elements. He took the words of Christ literally. He would not venture to assume a metaphor without positive ground.

He translated the Bible; and in translating it he created the modern German language as an instrument of literature. He impregnated the minds of the German people with light, and life, and piety, and reverence. He was a man of genius in the noblest sense, and looked into nature with the eyes of a man who was at once a believer in God, and a poet, and a philosopher. Luther was the root in which the intellect of the modern Germans took its rise. In the spirit of Luther their mental development has gone forward ever since. The seed changes its form when it develops leaves and flowers. But the leaves and flowers are in the seed, and the thoughts of the Germany of to-day lay in germs in the great reformer. Thus Luther has remained through later history the idol of the nation whom he saved. The disputes between religion and science, so baneful in their effects elsewhere, have risen into differences there, but never into quarrels. There has been no passionate repudiation of Luther, as Cranmer and Latimer have been repudiated by English Liberals and High Churchmen. Luther's memory is enshrined in the German heart, and his hymn is the battle-song with which the German legions still advance to victory.

Luther believed in truth with all his soul. He understood, as few others have understood, that truth will make us free—truth and nothing else. There was no patching up in Luther's workmanship of institutions and doctrines which were felt to be false for personal convenience; no politic handling of exploded lies to make the functions of the State work easily. Therefore, being true to himself, he has been held in honour by all who have loved truth as he loved it, though they may have travelled far beyond the boundaries which, in Luther's day, were held to circumscribe the scope of human vision or speculation. As Luther studied always how to sift the false from the true, so those who have come after him have imitated the noble example. Other Protestant bodies have clung to the letter of the Bible; have made it into an idol; have considered that they discharged a religious duty when each day they spelt mechanically through a chapter of it. The Germans have set themselves, with all their might, to *understand* the Bible, and to learn all that can be known about it. They have laboured, as no other scholars have done, to obtain the exact text. They have sifted the evidence for the date and origin of each book. They have searched, with microscopic minuteness, through the huge folios of the Greek and Latin fathers. They have studied the corresponding literature of the East as a key to the Biblical language; from the stone and picture writ-

ing of Egypt and Assyria, to the philosophy born of the intermarriage of Asiatic and Grecian thought. The criticisms and essays of Ewald alone threw more light on the obscure passages of the Jewish Scriptures than all the dissertations of the scholastic divines, all the unnumbered Commentaries which have been produced by the industry of English and American Protestants from the seventeenth century to the present hour. Others have looked into the sacred texts for types of, or allusions to, their own peculiar doctrines; the Germans have looked rather for the meaning that was in the mind of the writer; and in the boldest innovations on popularly received opinions, they have shown a more real appreciation of the nature and value of the Bible than those who have only studied it for confirmation of theories which they were already determined to believe; who, being unfurnished with the rudiments of exact or real knowledge, have endeavoured to force conclusions by clamour which they have been unable to justify with argument.

There is something touchingly beautiful in the passion with which English and American Protestant divines cling to the letter of the Bible. It is an unconscious perception that in this Book, in some form or other, lies the solution of the enigma of existence. Their fault has been that they have assumed without reason that, while the truth is there, any one who can read will find it there; that it is as intelligible to the unlearned as the learned. They have seen in the Bible the meaning which their eyes brought with them. They have, I repeat, made the Bible into an idol. Their theories, being the work of their own minds, mortal like themselves, though dignified by the name of eternal verities, recoil on them, as superstitions always recoil, through the natural expansion of knowledge. The ground slips under their feet; religion loses its grasp. Materialism takes hold of philosophy; corruption takes hold of politics; speculative money-making and vulgar ambition, of the individual souls of the millions. They look on bewildered and helpless, while the Popery, which had been lying so long prostrate under the blows of the Reformation, lifts its unsightly limbs out of the grave, walks erect, and flings its shadow over the world once more.

Protestant Germany stands almost alone, with hands and head alike clear. Her theology is undergoing change. Her piety remains unshaken. Protestant she is; Protestant she means to be. She has no philosophic radicals to hold out their hands to Jesuitism. Consistent in practice and in theory, she has gone on from strength to strength. The first to do justice to the peasantry, and to solve the problem of the division of the land without dissolving the national organisation, Prussia has found an answer to the hardest political riddles; while nations who fancied themselves far ahead of her in the freedom of their institutions are looking at her now with dismay and perplexity. By the mere weight of superior worth, the Protestant States have established their ascendancy over Catholic Austria and Bavaria, and compel them, whether they will or not, to turn their faces from darkness to light. North German literature has penetrated wherever the language is spoken. The educated Austrian feels the spell of Goethe and Schiller; Kant and Herder, Schleiermacher and Ewald, are too strong for Jesuit casuistry. German religion may be summed up in the word which is at once the foundation and the superstructure of all religion—Duty! No people anywhere, or at any time, have understood better the meaning of duty; and to say that is to say all. Duty means justice,

fidelity, manliness, loyalty, patriotism ; truth in the heart and truth in the tongue. The faith which Luther himself would have described as the faith that saved, is faith that beyond all things and always truth is the most precious of possessions, and truthfulness the most precious of qualities; that where truth calls, whatever the consequence, a brave man is bound to follow.

This is real Protestantism. Knowledge grows; belief expands; the facts of one age are seen by the next to have been no facts, but creatures of imagination. The sincere Protestant accepts the new revelation; he piously abandons what God has taught him to recognise as error, and he gathers strength by his fidelity. The insincere Protestant, forgetting the meaning of the names under which he was enlisted in the war against falsehood, closes his eyes, and clings to his formulas. Therefore, like St. Peter failing through want of faith, he finds the ground turn to water under his feet. His mortal eye grows dull. His tongue learns to equivocate. From his pulpit, week by week, he delivers mechanically the husk of his message. The seed falls out on ground which each day is strewn more thick with stones; while the world on one side, and Popery on the other, are dividing the practical control over life and conduct.

North Germany, manful in word and deed, sustains the fight against both the enemies, and carries the old flag to victory. A few years ago another thirty years' war was feared for Germany. A single campaign sufficed to bring Austria on her knees. Protestantism, as expressed in the leadership of Prussia, assumed the direction of the German Confederation; and, while occupied with her internal organisation, Prussia found herself assailed with the most vindictive determination by France. Furious at the defeat of Austria, hating and dreading the supremacy of a Protestant power, the Jesuits had driven France into the field to destroy it. Instead of breaking down Germany, France was herself shattered as a wave shatters itself against a rock; and the greatest of modern crimes was punished with the most tremendous retribution. The sword failing them, the Roman ecclesiastics betake themselves to other weapons. They intrigue; they refuse obedience to the law. They cover disaffection behind pleas of conscience, and appeal for sympathy to mankind in the name of religious liberty. The German Government, as little moved by clamour as by force, replies steadily that every German subject, Catholic or Protestant, shall submit to the law; while free England and free America, divided into parties which covet alike the support of the Catholic vote, and having lost the power of distinguishing between realities and formulas, affect to think that the Jesuits are an innocent and an injured body, and clamour against Prince Bismarck's tyranny. Surely we are an enlightened generation.

SECTION IX.

FORMS OF MORAL DISORDER GENERATED IN MODERN SOCIETY.

IN the absence of the more spiritual interests which in other ages have occupied the intellect of liberal commonwealths, the pursuit of wealth has in our modern world for many years become more and more absorbing. We still hear at school of the *Auri sacra fames*, the *scelerata insania*, or the fable of Midas. We listen in

church with formal assent when the love of money is denounced as the root of all evil. But we hold practically that this language has ceased to be applicable to the conditions of modern society. Energetic men are ambitious and desire to excel. The only road by which they can now rise to pre-eminence lies in the accumulation of riches. Success is measured even in literature and art by the money which can be made out of them.

Social and political complications lie visibly ahead, though yet perhaps at some distance, resulting from this tendency, which may bring home to us the truth of an experience which, we have flattered ourselves, cannot be ours. The principles are understood on which money can be gathered together. The principles are yet to be found on which money can be justly distributed. Wealth of all kinds represents labour. It is produced by the labour of somebody. If one man secures too large a share of it, another has to be content with too small a share; and when the large shares fall to men who do not work and the small shares to those who do, there arise discontent, clamour, and mutiny.

Hereafter, possibly or certainly, the dissatisfaction will assume a practical form. For the present, the moral restraints are still felt which are inherited from other times. In America the unoccupied lands form a safety-valve. In the old world, emigration answers an analogous end. And unless some 'idea' arises in the masses which may become the article of a creed, generations may pass before the problem will become dangerous. Meanwhile, the actual conditions, as they now exist, and will probably long continue to exist, are producing an evil of another kind which attracts less attention than it deserves.

The natural and healthy condition of man is one in which he works for what he receives. Those who contribute nothing to the general stock ought to take nothing from it. The accumulation of capital in private hands is creating, in continually enlarging numbers, a class of persons who have abundant means to spend on themselves, while they have nothing to do in return. A man makes a fortune, as it is called; he leaves it to his children, who find themselves to have inherited the services of an army of genii, potent as those of Aladdin's lamp, to minister to their pleasures. Fools spend their share on indulgence. Indulgence is usually synonymous with vice; and as long as their purses hold out they do mischief to every one who comes near them. This kind of thing happily does not often last long. The money is soon gone, and there is an end of it. But the majority have sense enough to avoid ruining themselves by extravagance. They live on their incomes, ladies especially, and, having their time to themselves, and being spared the necessity of exertion, are considered as exceptionally happy—yet happy they cannot be. Satisfaction of mind is allotted by Providence only to industry; and not being obliged to be industrious, they lose the capacity for it. Enjoyments pall on them. Having allowed the period of life to pass unused when occupations can be successfully learnt, they are unable to take their places afterward on the beaten roads of life. They stray into fancy employments; they become dabblers in politics, dabblers in art, dabblers in literature and science. Nothing succeeds with them sufficiently to put them on good terms with themselves; and then men and women alike, and particularly the better sort of them, being without wholesome work, and craving for something which will satisfy the demands which their

minds are making on them, they fly to the opiates and anodynes of the quack doctors of the spiritual world.

I know not how it may be in America, but in England and France there are multitudes of half-educated persons, possessing, to their misfortune, sufficient means to subsist on without working, who thus lapse into the condition which I describe. They form a class which tends to exist of necessity as long as the present relation between capital and labour survives; and among them, as from a compost, arise the poisonous spiritual exhalations of which so many round us are sickening. These are the persons who, having nothing better to which to put their hands, take to mesmerism and consulting the dead through rapping tables. When mesmerism pails on them, they turn to Romanism, which is its intellectual counterpart, but veiled with a show of piety and a semblance of decency.

In the past generation there was an attempt to make Evangelicalism serve the purpose. The resolution of religion into emotion, the negation of the value of work, the contemplation of the scheme of salvation, with a certain quantity of devotional reading, partially supplied the craving of the empty and hungry soul. But the Evangelical creed is too near the truth to serve as an anodyne for mental disease. In its robust forms, it is the spur of energy and the companion of industry. The effort to transmute Protestantism into feeling and sentiment has happily been a decisive failure, and the spoilt and indolent children of the unwholesome side of civilisation find an element infinitely more agreeable to them in the incense-laden atmosphere and the languid litanies of the Catholic chapels. In England certainly, perhaps elsewhere, thousands of ardent souls without the resource of employment, and feeding upon themselves, have turned from the unsatisfying pietism of Hannah More and Wilberforce to the system which is so happily organised to meet their own necessities.

They want occupation. It is thrust into their hand. The priest presents them with a round of duties which will keep every segment of the day employed. Attendance at mass and vespers, reading the hours at the fitting intervals, special acts of penance or special somethings on which the mind can dwell. The confessor attends like a physician to the spirit's disorders, listens with consoling sympathy to the tale of disquiet, and is ready with his hemlock juice when the pain becomes intense. Is there a complaint that God will not let Himself be seen? He is present eternally on the Catholic altars, amidst the enchanted light which steals through painted windows and the celestial music which imitates the choirs of the archangels. In the bedroom or closet at home, the Virgin gazes lovingly from the walls; a crucifix stands concealed behind folding-doors, to be looked on only in the most elevated or exquisite moments. Nature, the sovereign physician, bids us let our wounds alone, live healthily, do right, and leave the rest to her. The confessor understands the value of the open sore. He knows that a soul when cured of its pain will no longer need his aid, and insists on a continued repetition of a torturing self-examination which will make recovery impossible.

Thus the life is filled up. The victims of delusion lavish the money which they ought never to have possessed on the system in which they are absorbed; and chapels rise and cathedrals, and they dream that they are doing service to God.

The money at least is a reality, and rebuilds the fallen shrines of the old impos-

ture. The labour of some poor industrious man, in some far part of the world, stolen from him by a cunning capitalist, is applied to a purpose which the true owner would have probably despised and abhorred; but, rightly or wrongly, the purpose of the hierarchy is served, and the proud structures rise, which, in turn, enchant the imaginations of the stupid multitude.

So long as the existing organisation of human society continues, so long the class out of which recruits are furnished to the various armies of folly and falsehood will multiply. Nature will provide a remedy in time; but nature, when she interferes, more often destroys the patient than cures the evil from which he suffers. Natural remedies, if we wait for them, come in the shape of socialism, communism, and revolutionary outbreaks.

Let the Protestant ministers look to it. They are at present the sole surviving representatives of true religion in the world, and they have allowed their lights to burn terribly dimly. Religion is the wholesome ordering of human life; the guide to furnish us with our daily duties in the round of common occupation; the lamp to light us along our road and to show us where to place our steps. If instead of using the light to see our way with in the darkness, we gaze into the light itself, the eye turned inward will see at most only the structure of its own spiritual retina; while the owner of the eye will plunge headlong into the nearest ditch, or wander off the path into the wilderness.

SECTION X.

MODERN LITERATURE AND MODERN EDUCATION.

To expressions of alarm at the progress of Romanism is generally answered that society is sufficiently secured by the modern system of education. I am unable to agree in that opinion. I do not believe that what we at present mean by education is a guarantee against the Roman or any other superstition. From the criticisms which have appeared in the English and American periodical press any time these twenty years, one would infer that during this period there have been at least a dozen novelists more humorous than Sterne and more pathetic than Richardson; as many historians and philosophers who were eclipsing Gibbon and Hume; as many dramatists who, if not yet equal to Shakespeare, were easily second to him. The writings of these gentlemen flourish for the season, and are in the mouths of all men. A year or two pass, and, as David says of the ungodly, 'I went by, and lo, they were gone; I sought them, but they could not be found.' Some other idol has started up as brilliant and equally ephemeral, and the fickle world has left the old favourites for the new. The nineteenth century (or that second half of it in which our lot is at present cast) is possessed with an idea that it eclipses all the ages which have preceded it. Every goose that it produces must be a swan, relatively if not absolutely. Nevertheless fact and nature are inexorable. The goose is a goose, and not a swan. Even if the illusion lasts for his life, and conducts him to a grave in Westminster Abbey, his emptiness finds him out, and the pages which were read with admiration by one generation, the next turns from with wonder at

the taste that endured them. The phenomenon is partly explained by the character of modern criticism. In criticism there is a singular inversion of the rule which holds with ordinary employments. Usually the practical part of things comes first; the judicial afterward. In literature, the aspirant to fame begins upon the Bench, and when he has served his time in passing judgment on others he descends to the Bar to practise on his own account. The world follows the critic, and the critic is still an apprentice in his trade.

To any one acquainted with really great works in our own or any other language, it has long been obvious that modern books are adapted simply to modern taste, and that probably at no time has the amount of intellect or knowledge requisite for literary success been so small as at the present hour. Year after year the material becomes thinner and weaker. English popular books are not vicious like the French—at least not generally so; but, if possible, they are more utterly empty. They are constructed on the principles of homeopathy, the smallest globule of wit being diluted with unlimited water. Yet they are such as the age requires; the public stomach is unequal to stronger diet. The mass of educated men are worked hard at business which exhausts their energy, while it makes no demand on the higher faculties of thought. Something is needed as a relaxation, something which will distract the attention, and can be read without effort; something, therefore, which will require no exertion, either of intellect or imagination.

To the general habits of men in these days, the scale of popular education is adapted. If we are proud of anything, it is our school system. We look back on the education of preceding centuries with mingled pride and shame: pride that we have left those wretched ways so far behind us; shame that we descend from ancestors so blind and negligent as to have been contented with so miserable a makeshift.

In those centuries it is true that boys and girls learnt but little; and they learnt in a fashion very unlike ours. Those of them who were intended for manual work were as early as possible apprenticed to their business. They learnt in their religion that their duty was to do their work well; they learnt by practice how to do the particular thing which they were set to do. What they were taught, they were taught thoroughly—taught till they were become masters of their craft. Similarly in the higher schools and colleges, the intellectual student travelled over an area limited in extent. He mastered completely two languages, the most perfectly organised that have been produced by human intelligence, and in learning the languages he became so intimately acquainted, with the most perfect of all literary works, that they were wrought into the texture of his mind. I go to a school in New England, where the modern system is developed in its highest completeness. I see the most admirable mechanical arrangements. I find class-rooms and classes where boys and girls of all ages, from five to twenty, are ascending step by step through all varieties of knowledge. Ancient languages and modern, science and art, history and philosophy, poetry and mathematics, music and drawing—nothing is omitted, nothing is unattempted, and progress is made in all. The senior pupils are lifted through political economy into the higher problems of statesmanship; a race in a competitive examination between a student of the old school and a student of the new is a race between a tortoise and Achilles.

Yet the experiment has now continued for a generation or two, and the fruits are less apparent than they ought to be. A better education should have produced more vigorous original thinkers, a more elevated standard of taste, information more exact as well as more diffused, and nobler principles of action. We find instead an increased readiness to turn to any one of a hundred employments by which money can be made: a sharpness of faculty, a belief in mechanism as the ruling genius of all things, a remarkable adaptability to mechanical pursuits; but along with it not only an absence of real knowledge on nine-tenths of the subjects with which their memories have been loaded, but an absence of genuine interest in anything not convertible into dollars, an impoverishment of literary taste, while at the same time there is a conceit of knowledge on all subjects, rising from a smattering acquaintance with the surface of them, perhaps more mentally injurious than complete and conscious ignorance. People so trained read, and form and express their own opinions about everything. They are the patrons of art, and their taste is the standard of excellence. The education acts upon the literature; the literature reacts on the education; and instead of the sinewy thoughts of the classic writers, which were strung into the minds of the older students, instead of the exact knowledge of a few excellent things which made them understand what knowledge was, and enabled them to distinguish at a glance the charlatan from the true master, we have an infinitely extended sciolism which has no accurate acquaintance with anything, and is ready at any moment to be the dupe of confident imposture.

All ranks and all sorts are educated together. It is the boast of the United States that all her children are started fairly in the race of life, that every boy in a common school knows that he may become President of the Republic. So it was said a few years ago that every French drummer-boy knew that he carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack. Yet the knowledge does not seem to have produced a very elevating effect in the French army.

We may look down as much as we please on our grandfathers' ideas; but their notions on this subject were more rational than ours. We ought not to set before a boy the chance of becoming President of the Republic, or president of anything; we should teach him first to be a good man, and next to do his work, whatever it be, as well as it can possibly be done. It is better that a boy should learn to make a shoe excellently than to write bad exercises in half a dozen languages. The wider we make the area of superficial cultivation, the more we destroy the power of perceiving what good cultivation means; the more we are condemning the generations which are to succeed to creative barrenness and intellectual incapacity. Our philosophy and our practice seek unconsciously the same level. Our creed about ourselves and our destiny takes the colour of the objects which we pursue with the most serious earnestness. Our men of science are fast satisfying themselves, at last, that mankind are highly developed apes. The theory has been suggested many times already. It could find no hearing while religion and intellectual culture retained their old dominion. The Gospel of St. John, the 'Antigone,' or 'Hamlet,' lie external altogether to the sphere of the ape's activity. The achievements of the nineteenth century, of which it boasts as the final efflorescence of the human soul, lie a great deal nearer to our newly-recognised kindred.

The steam-ship and the railway, the electric telegraph and the infinite multitude of kindred machineries, may easily enough be evolutions of qualities, of which we perceive the germs in many creatures beside the apes. If these are indeed our last and sublimest triumphs; if it is in the direction of these that the progress of the race is to continue, then indeed I can be content to look back with proper tenderness on my hairy ancestry. Instead of 'a little lower than the angels,' I can bear to look on myself as 'a little higher than the apes;' and 'Pickwick' shall be as beautiful as the 'Tempest,' and Herbert Spencer more profound than Aristotle, and the electric cable of greater value to mankind than the prophecies of Isaiah or the Republic of Plato.