

LITERATURE.

SWISS SKETCHES.

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BY ROBERT LOWE.

SUNRISE FROM THE FAULHORN.

There is a cloud on Faulhorn's brow,
And they within its mantle furled,
As little may see of the scene below
As though they were still in the nether world,
Or, seated round their aged fire,
Told idle tales by the winter fire.

The cloud is rolled back from the mountain's brow,
Now, Traveller! tell me what see'st thou now?

Oh God! I see a glorious sight—
The morning Sunburst heavenly bright—
The peaks, that with their granite-shore
Are ploughing the depths of the purple air—
The long long ridges that backward go,
Like the skeleton of some mighty shark,
That hath diet in the depths of the ocean dark,
Ten thousand thousand years ago—
The Peak of Darkness,* that looks on the Sun
As a thing he hath rarely gazed upon—
The breathless gulfs that are cleft between,
And the crawling glaciers, chill and green—
The flood-gates of that dreary coast—
The icy surge of the sea of frost.

Beneath my seat ten thousand feed,
The tinkling cattle graze,
And the maid through the vale,
With her morning pail,
Trips to the song of her early days.
Stern contrast!—life and joy beneath,
Above them, solitude and death.

The creeping mist has ta'en its birth
From the steaming pores of the dewy earth,
It has spanned the gulf that before us lies
With an arch of a thousand airy dyes,
Hath mantled o'er the chasm's brim,
And all is cold and blank and dim.

Yet have we briefly held converse
With the spirit of the universe—
Have seen in the glow of that wondrous dawn
The veil of Nature half-undrawn;
And have caught a glimpse of her fairy throne,
And the things of the world that are yet unknown.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D.D., late Head Master of Rugby School, and Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of University College, Oxford. In two vols. London: Fellowes, Ludgate-street. 1844.

THESE delightful volumes bring back all the freshness and energy of youth. They are replete with the best and tenderest memories of the past; they speak of green lanes in tranquil England—of wholesome pursuits wholesomely followed; they vividly depict to us the spectacle of many young and springing minds, imbibing much knowledge, not unaccompanied with pure religion and domestic peace; they recal to our view college remembrances, the streams and copses, the solitary rock by Bagley Wood, the heights of Shotover, the distant towers and spires of Oxford. Nay, more: they tell us of home images—the voices of our infancy, the haunts of our childhood, the Sabbath-bells, the “fragrance of our old paternal fields,” the ideal fountains, whence so many sweet and bitter waters have thereafter flowed; the records of other hopes, other prospects, other joys, other sorrows, and other years. Nor need any young Australian reader wonder at this saying. As we have known, so, in his turn, will he come to know, that the bonds of love to place and country and kind, are things set deep in the soil of the human heart; nor can the sigh of melancholy pleasure be restrained when we are called upon to remember with kindness the friends of earlier days—the individuals of a generation fast passing away.

The limits of this notice must prevent a particular review of the many interesting topics connected with the life of Dr. Arnold (*nomen quam dilectum*). Before, however, we proceed to examine his character in the several lights in which it may be most usefully surveyed, it is necessary to say a few words upon a topic, without the just appreciation of which the tone of his mind cannot be adequately understood by those who knew him not. We mean the eminently practical nature of his intellect. Many of our readers will remind themselves that, of late years, there has been put forth by both of the English Universities a strong protest against what is known as the Utilitarianism of the present age. It has been felt that the spirit of elevated philosophy which, in former days, largely counteracted any excessive attachment to personal objects, by pre-occupying the intellect with permanent and eternal truths, is, in these our times, departed, to give way to the spirit of accumulation. It is complained that scholarship of the higher class scarcely exists, that pure literature is neglected, and that the grand object of pursuit is the knowledge of experimental physics, as tending most directly to add to the conveniences of life, and to collect wealth, through commercial ministrations. “While mechanic arts, manufactures, agriculture, and commerce,” says William Wordsworth, “have, with the aid of experiment, been every day putting on more brilliant colours, the splendour of the imagination has been fading; sensibility, formerly a generous nursing of rude nature, has been chased from its ancient range by a shadow calling itself Good Sense; and calculations of presumptuous expediency groping their way amidst partial and temporary consequences, have been substituted for the dictates of paramount conscience, itself the supreme embracer of consequences; lifeless and circumspect deficiencies have banished the graceful negligence and unsuspecting dignity of virtue.” It is, probably, both unwise and untruthful to deny altogether the force of these complaints. Beyond all question the national character, in so far as respects our educated classes, is vulgarized by a mode of training which unfortunately has been pushed to an extreme. That, nevertheless, in moderation, the real is superior to the ideal, is effectively, admitted by Whewell, and directly asserted by Dr. Arnold, whose earliest and most constant custom it was to

* The Finsteraarhorn.

prefer “things to words,” as he termed it. Thus, in the volumes before us, we have the testimony of his valued friend, Mr. Justice Coleridge, that he gave a decided preference to the historians of antiquity over the poets; that his “leaning was too direct for the practical and useful;” that he had a passion for Aristotle and Thucydides, while his admiration for the Greek tragedians was comparatively sparing.

The early life of Dr. Arnold presents much that is interesting, but which we must very briefly pass over. He was educated at Winchester, and subsequently became a Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, having taken a first-class degree, and obtained the Chancellor's prizes for Latin and English. The following extract from a letter of Mr. Justice Coleridge to the Editor, may confer some notion of the estimation in which he was at that time held by all who were brought into contact with him:—

“I believe I have exhausted my recollections; and if I have accomplished as I ought, what I proposed to myself, it will be hardly necessary for me to sum up formally his character as an Oxford under-graduate. At the commencement a boy—and at the close retaining, not ungracefully, much of boyish spirits, frolic, and simplicity; in mind vigorous, active, clear-sighted, industrious, and daily accumulating and assimilating treasures of knowledge; not averse to poetry, but delighting rather in dialectics, philosophy, and history, with less of imaginative than reasoning power; in argument bold almost to presumption, and vehement; in temper easily roused to indignation, yet more easily appeased and entirely free from bitterness; fired indeed, by what he deemed ungenerous or unjust to others, rather than by any sense of personal wrong; somewhat too little deferential to authority, yet without any real inconsistency loving what was good and great in antiquity the more ardently and reverently because it was ancient; a casual or unkind observer might have pronounced him somewhat too pugnacious in conversation and too positive. I have given, I believe the true explanation; scarcely anything would have pained him more than to be convinced that he had been guilty of want of modesty, or of deference where it was justly due; no one thought these virtues of more sacred obligation. In heart, if I can speak with confidence of any of the friends of my youth, I can of his, and it was devout and pure, simple, sincere, affectionate, and faithful.”

In 1819 he settled at Laleham, near Staines, in Middlesex, and married in the following year. Here he remained for the next nine years, taking a few private pupils, and exercising but rarely his clerical profession. Upon this “period of repose” he was afterwards wont to look back with fondness, as having guaranteed to him a permanent interval of tranquil usefulness never enjoyed by him again, unless occasionally, towards the latest years of his life, at his secluded estate of Fox How, in Westmoreland. We may take this opportunity of adverting to the soundness of his private principles, remembering that it was mainly owing to these characteristics enumerated by his biographer, that he acquired such an extraordinary influence over the minds of his future pupils at Rugby:—

“From this time forward no careful observer can fail to trace that deep consciousness of the invisible world, and that power of bringing it before him in the midst and through the means of his most active engagements, which constituted the peculiarity of his religious life, and the moving spring of his whole life. It was not that he frequently introduced sacred names in writing or in conversation, or that he often dwelt on divine interpositions; where many would have done so without scruple, he would shrink from it, and in speaking of his own religious feelings, or in appealing to the religious feelings of others, he was, except to those most intimate with him, exceedingly reserved. But what was true generally of the thorough interpretation of the several parts of his character, was peculiarly true of it in its religious aspect; his natural faculties were not unclothed, but clothed upon; they were at once coloured by, and gave a colour to, the belief which they received. It was his common acts of life, whether public or private, that most exhibited the depth of his religious convictions; it was in his manner of dwelling on religious subjects, that the characteristic tendencies of his mind chiefly displayed themselves.”

“Accordingly, whilst it is impossible, for this reason, to understand his religious belief except through the knowledge of his life and writings, it is impossible, on the other hand, to understand his life and writings without bearing in mind how vivid was his realization of those truths of the Christian Revelation on which he most habitually dwelt. It was this which enabled him to undertake labours which without such a power must have crushed or enfeebled the spiritual growth which in him they seemed only to foster. It was the keen sense of thankfulness consciously awakened by every distinct instance of his many blessings, which more than anything else explained his close union of joyousness with seriousness. In his even tenor of life it was difficult for any one who knew him not to imagine ‘the golden chain of heavenward thoughts and humble prayers by which, whether standing or sitting in the intervals of work or amusement,’ he ‘linked together’ his ‘more special and solemn devotions,’ (Serm. vol. iii, 277,) or not to trace something of the consciousness of an invisible presence in the collectedness with which, at the call of his common duties, he rose at once from his various occupations; or in the calm repose which, in the midst of his most active labours, took all the disturbing accidents of life as a matter of course, and made toil so real a pleasure, and relaxation so real a refreshment to him. And in his solemn and emphatic expressions on subjects expressly religious; in his manner of awful reverence when speaking of God or of the Scriptures; in his power of realizing the operation of something more than human, whether in his abhorrence of evil or in his admiration of goodness;—the impression on those who heard him was often as though he knew what others only believed, as though he had seen what others only talked about. ‘No one could know him even a little,’ says one who was himself not amongst his most intimate friends, ‘and not be struck by his absolute wrestling with evil, so that like St. Paul he seemed to be battling with the wicked one, and yet with the feeling of God’s help on his side, scorning as well as hating him.’”

It is difficult to pass over the estimate of Dr. Arnold’s mental character, without quoting the language used by one of his oldest pupils, which so eloquently describes life at Laleham, while it shows us the practical character of the man:—

“The most remarkable thing which struck me at once on joining the Laleham circle was, the wonderful healthiness of tone and feeling which prevailed in it. Everything about me I immediately found to be most real; it was a place where a new corner at once felt that a great and earnest work was going forward. Dr. Arnold’s great power as a private tutor resided in this, that he gave such an intense earnestness to life. Every pupil was made to feel that there was work for him to do—that his happiness as well as his duty lay in doing that work well. Hence an indescribable zest was communicated to a young man’s feeling about life; a strange

joy came over him on discovering that he had the means of being useful, and thus of being happy; and a deep respect and ardent attachment sprang up towards him who had taught him thus to value life and his owner, and his work and mission in this world. All this was founded on the breadth and comprehensiveness of Arnold’s character, as well as its striking truth and reality; on the unfeigned regard he had for work of all kinds, and the sense he had of its value both for the complex aggregate of society and the growth and perfection of the individual. Thus pupils of the most different natures were keenly stimulated; none felt that he was left out, or that because he was not endowed with large powers of mind, there was no sphere open to him in the honorable pursuit of usefulness. This wonderful power of making all his pupils respect themselves, and of awakening in them a consciousness of the duties that God had assigned to them personally, and of the consequent reward each should have of his labours, was one of Arnold’s most characteristic features as a trainer of youth; he possessed it eminently at Rugby; but if I may trust my own vivid recollections, he had it quite as remarkably at Laleham. His hold over all his pupils I know perfectly astonished me. It was not so much an enthusiastic admiration for his genius, or learning, or eloquence which stirred within them; it was a sympathetic thrill caught from a spirit that was earnestly at work in the world—whose work was healthy, sustained, and constantly carried forward in the fear of God—a work that was founded on a deep sense of its duty and its value; and was coupled with such true humility, such an unaffected simplicity, that others could not help being invigorated by the same feeling, and with the belief that they too in their measure could go and do likewise.”

“Poor dear old Oxford! if I live till I am eighty, and were to enjoy all the happiness that the warmest wish could desire, I should never forget, or cease to look back with something of a painful feeling on the years we were together there, and on all the delights that we have lost; and I look forward with extreme delight to my intended journey down to the audit in October. When I shall take a long and last farewell of my old haunts, and will, if I possibly can, yet take one more look at Bagley Wood, and the pretty field, and the wild stream that flows down between Bullington and Cowley Marsh, not forgetting even your old friend, the Lower London Road. Well, I must endeavour to get some such associations to combine with Laleham and its neighbourhood; but at present all is harsh and ruffled, like woods in a high wind, only I am beginning to love my own little study, where I have a sofa full of books, as of old, and the two verse books lying about on it, and a volume of Herodotus; and where I sit up and read or write till twelve or one o’clock.”

With the year 1827 commences the most active and useful period of the Doctor’s life. It was at this time that he commenced his important career of Head Master of Rugby. During the fourteen years in which he continued to occupy this post, he exercised the largest influence over the public mind, not only as a first-rate teacher of youth, but as an historian and an exegetical divine. Here, in the intervals from scholastic toil, were for the most part composed those volumes of Roman history, in which, following the lights of Niebuhr, and the deductions of his own extensive and curious reading, the earlier annals of the greatest nation which the world ever saw were for the first time truthfully presented to the English reader. Here again those vivid and logical remonstrances against the dangerous and unscriptural heresies of the Oxford Tractarians first saw the light.

His reputation as a trainer of youth has already borne too abundant fruits—in the number of his scholars who have attained, and are attaining, high eminence in the various walks of life, and who are attached to his memory with a veneration which is altogether unparalleled—to be the subject of eulogy here. A few extracts from his own writings, and those of his biographer, may throw some light upon this interesting portion of his career:—

“Firmly as he believed that a time of trial was inevitable, he believed no less firmly that it might be passed at public schools sooner than under other circumstances; and, in proportion as he disliked the assumption of a false manliness in boys, was his desire to cultivate in them true manliness, as the only step to something higher, and to dwell on earnest principle and moral thoughtfulness, as the great and distinguishing mark between good and evil. Hence his wish that as much as possible should be done *by* the boys, and nothing *for* them; hence arose his practice, in which his own delicacy of feeling and uprightness of purpose powerfully assisted him, of treating the boys as gentlemen and reasonable beings, of making them respect themselves by the mere respect he showed to them; of showing that he appealed and trusted to their own common sense and conscience. Lying, for example, to the masters, he made a great moral offence; placing implicit confidence in a boy’s assertion, and then, if a falsehood was discovered, punishing it severely,—in the upper part of the school, when persisted in, with expulsion. Even with the lower forms he never seemed to be on the watch for boys; and in the higher forms any attempt at further proof of an assertion was immediately checked: ‘If you say so, that is quite enough—of course I believe your word;’ and there grew up in consequence a general feeling that ‘It was a shame to tell Arnold a lie—he always believes one.’”

“And this above all was the characteristic feature of the public addresses which he used to make on especial occasions to the boys, when assembled in the great school, where the boys used to meet when the whole school was assembled collectively, and not in its different forms or classes. There he spoke to them as members together with himself of the same great institution, whose character and reputation they had to sustain as well as he. He would dwell on the satisfaction he had in being head of a society, where noble and honorable feelings were encouraged, or on the disgrace, which he felt in hearing of acts of disorder or violence, such as in the humbler ranks of life would render them amenable to the laws of their country, or again, on the trust which he placed in their honor as gentlemen, and the baseness of any instance in which it was abused. ‘Is this a Christian school?’ he indignantly asked at the end of one of those addresses, in which he had spoken of an extensive display of bad feeling amongst the boys, and then added,—‘I cannot remain here if all is to be carried on by constraint and force. If I am to be here as a gaoler I will resign my office at once.’ And few scenes can be recorded more characteristic of him than on one of these occasions, when, in consequence of a disturbance, he had been obliged to send away several boys, and when, in the midst of the general spirit of discontent which this excited, he stood in his place before the assembled school, and said, ‘It is not necessary that this should be a school of three hundred, or of one hundred, or fifty boys; but it is necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen.’”

“In many points he took the institution as he found it, and as he remembered it at Winchester. The responsibility of checking bad practices without the intervention of the masters, the occasional settlement of difficult cases of school-government, the triumph of

order over brute force involved in the maintenance of such an authority, had been more or less produced under the old system both at Rugby and elsewhere. But his zeal in its defence, and his constant reliance upon it as the keystone of his whole government, were eminently characteristic of himself, and were brought out the more forcibly from the fact that it was a point on which the spirit of the age set strongly and increasingly against him, on which there was a general tendency to yield to the popular outcry, and on which the clamour, that at one time assailed him, was ready to fasten as a subject where all parties could concur in their condemnation. But he was immovable; and though on his first coming, he had felt himself called upon rather to restrain the authority of the Sixth Form from abuses, than to guard it from encroachments, yet now that the whole system was denounced as cruel and absurd, he delighted to stand forth as its champion; the power, which was most strongly condemned, of personal chastisement vested in the Præceptors over those who resisted their authority, he firmly maintained as essential to the general support of the good order of the place; and there was no obloquy, which he would not undergo in the protection of a boy, who had by due exercise of this discipline made himself obnoxious to the school, the parents, or the public.

"But the importance, which he attached to it, arose from his regarding it not only as an efficient engine of discipline, but as the chief means of creating a respect for moral and intellectual excellence throughout the place, and of communicating his own influence to the mass of the school. Whilst he made the Præceptors rely upon his support in all just use of their authority, as well as on his severe judgment of all abuse of it, he endeavoured also to make them feel that they were actually fellow-workers with him for the highest good of the school, upon the highest principles and motives—that they had, with him, a moral responsibility and a deep interest in the real welfare of the place. Occasionally during his whole stay, and regularly at the beginning or end of every half-year during his later years, he used to make short addresses to them on their own duties, or on the general state of the school.

"Nothing, accordingly, so shook his hopes of doing good, as weakness or misconduct in the Sixth. 'You should feel,' he said, 'like officers in the army or navy, whose want of moral courage would indeed be thought cowardice.' 'When I have confidence in the Sixth,' was the end of one of his farewell addresses, 'there is no post in England which I would exchange for this; but if they do not support me, I must go.'

"It may well be imagined how important this was as an instrument of education, independently of the weight of his own personal qualities. Exactly at the age when boys begin to acquire some degree of self-respect, and some desire for the respect of others, they were treated with confidence by one, whose confidence they could not but regard as worth having; and found themselves in a station, where their own dignity could not be maintained, except by consistent good conduct. And exactly at a time when many aspirations begin to expand, they found themselves invested with functions of government, great beyond their age, yet naturally growing out of their position; whilst the ground of solemn responsibility, on which they were constantly taught that their authority rested, had a general, though of course not universal, tendency to counteract any notions of mere personal self-importance.

"But what was true of his union of new with old elements in the moral government of the school, applies no less to its intellectual management also. In the classical system itself he was the first Englishman who introduced into public schools the more historical and philosophical interest of philology and of the ancient writers, as distinguished from the mere verbal criticism and elegant scholarship of the last century. And besides the general impulse, which he gave to miscellaneous reading, both in the regular examinations and by the encouragement of the tastes of particular boys for geology or other such pursuits, his attempt to incorporate into the school-work the study of Modern History, Modern Languages and Mathematics, as it was the first of its kind, so it was at one time the chief topic of blame and praise in his system of instruction. The reading of a considerable portion of modern history was effected without difficulty; but the endeavour to teach mathematics and modern languages, especially the latter, not as an optional appendage, but as a regular part of the school business, was beset with obstacles, which rendered his plan less successful than he had anticipated; though his wishes, especially for boys who were unable to reap the full advantage of classical studies were, to a great extent, answered.

"His whole method was founded on his principle of awakening the intellect of every individual boy. Hence arose his practice of teaching by questioning. As a general rule, he never gave information, except as a kind of reward for an answer, and often withheld it altogether, or checked himself even in the very act of uttering it, from a sense that those to whom he addressed it had not sufficient interest or sympathy with it, to entitle them to receive it. His explanations were as short as possible—as much as would dispose of the difficulty and no more; and his questions were of a kind at once to call the attention of the boys to the real point of every subject, to disclose to them the exact boundaries of their knowledge and their ignorance, and to cultivate in them a habit not only of collecting facts, but of expressing themselves with facility, and of understanding the principles on which their facts rested. 'You come here,' he said, 'not to read, but to learn how to read;' and thus the greater part of his instructions was interwoven with the process of their own minds; there was a continual reference to their thoughts, an acknowledgment that, so far as their information and power of reasoning could take, they ought to have an opinion of their own; a working not for, but with the form, as if they were equally interested with himself in making out the meaning of the passage before them; a constant endeavour to set them right either by gradually helping them on to a true answer, or by making the answers of the more advanced part of the form serve as a medium, through which his instructions might be communicated to the less advanced part.

"Hence, also, he not only laid great stress on original compositions, but endeavoured so to choose the subjects of exercises as to oblige them to read, and lead them to think for themselves. He dealt at once the death-blow to themes (as he expressed it) on 'Virtus est bona res,' and gave instead, historical or geographical descriptions, imaginary speeches or letters, etymological accounts of words or criticisms of books, or put religious and moral subjects in such a form as awakened a new and real interest in them; as, for example, not simply, 'carpe diem,' or, 'procrastination is the thief of time;' but 'carpere diem jubent Epicurei, jubet hoc idem Christus.' So again, in selecting passages for translation from English into Greek or Latin, instead of taking them at random from the Spectator or other such works, he made a point of giving extracts, remarks in themselves, from such English and foreign authors as he most admired, so as indelibly to impress on the minds of his pupils some of the most striking names and passages in modern literature. An original remark, or a remark suggested by something in the course of their common reading, was what most pleased him, and the only part of his work, which ever

seemed wearisome to him, was the correction of tame and faulty exercises. Style, knowledge, correctness of statement or expression, he always disregarded in comparison with indication or promise of real thought. 'I call that the best theme,' he said, 'which shows that the boy has read and thought for himself; that, the next best, which shows that he has read several books, and digested what he has read; and that the worst, which shows that he has followed but one book, and followed that without reflection.'

The above extracts, though copious, are scarcely sufficient to give our readers an idea of the persuasive tact with which he imparted knowledge, and attached his pupils to him by the most powerful and delightful tie which can exist between master and scholar—the tie of unaffected love and admiration.

It is trite to remind many of our readers of the universal complaint which has been continually echoed by scholars, even down to our own day, of the scantiness of materials, the geographical inconsistencies, and the unqualified bombast, with which the works of the Roman historians are characterized, and of the consequent difficulty of depicting with any truthfulness the earlier events in the history of Rome. It is, however, necessary to advert to this fact slightly, in order that the peculiar, and in many respects unique, excellence of Dr. Arnold's Roman History may be duly had in remembrance. It is a book which we unhesitatingly affirm to be the best of its class, and which may, with the greatest advantage, be put into the hands of youth at that period in their mental training when they are as yet unable to digest the larger and more philosophical, but invaluable work of Niebuhr. Nor would it be other than a useful exercise, if some of our young friends in the more advanced forms of our Australian schools would set themselves—in the assurance of acquiring knowledge which they would not easily forget—to the establishing of a parallel between the partial, conceited, and obscure narration of Livy or Polybius, and the modest, just, and unaffected statement of Thucydides and Xenophon:—

"Meanwhile my history has been flourishing; I have been turning to account all my Roman law reading, in a chapter on the Twelve Tables, and I have carried on the story to the year of Rome 350. I am inclined to publish one volume, when I have got to the end of the year 365, the Gaulish invasion; and I shall have plenty of matter for a volume; but whether I am not yielding to a movement of impatience I can hardly say. The natural divisions of the subject appear to me to be the Gaulish Invasion; the Conquest of Italy, after the repulse of Pyrrhus; the Conquest of the World, or of all that could offer any effectual resistance, in the Punic and Macedonian wars; the Civil wars from the Gracchi to Actium; the Maturity of the Empire from Augustus to M. Aurelius; the Decline of the Empire and of Paganism from Commodus to Honorius; the chaos out of which the new creation of modern society has come, from Alaric to Charlemagne. How grand a subject, if it could be written worthily! And how vast a variety of knowledge is required to do it worthily! I constantly feel how overpowering the labour is, and how many advantages I want; yet I feel, too, that I have the love of history so strong in me, and that it has been working in me so many years, that I can write something which will be read, and which I trust will encourage the love of all things noble and just, and wise and holy."

But it is time that we looked at Dr. Arnold in the most important point of view in which his character can be estimated; namely, as an exegetical divine, and an able opponent of the priestcraft school of Newman and Pusey. In his purely theological works, and particularly in his Sermons on Prophecy, he has, as his pupil, Mr. Price, well said of him, "established principles and rules for interpreting Scripture, which promise to produce fruit of inestimable value." His qualifications for such a task were, "piety, learning, judgment, tact, temper, and sagacity. He seems to have had a remarkable aptitude for the clear discrimination of the divine and human elements of Scripture, to have carefully separated the two, and to have subjected each to its own laws. But his exegesis extended more deeply even than this. It is much to perceive what Christianity was, as felt by the hearers of the Apostles; it is more to possess an insight into the meaning and substance of God's moral government generally; not only to see the eternal principles by which it is guided, but so profoundly to apply the same, as that His manifold wisdom, as manifested under the most diverse circumstances, should be set forth. The spirit of Dr. Arnold's *χαρισματα* was to make the Word of God an ever-living oracle, furnishing to every age and nation its own principles and laws of moral and religious conduct.

This is neither a time nor a place to express at large our own sentiments with reference to the Tractarian writers, and the influence which their theological heresies are likely to exercise upon England, and therefore upon the Protestant world. We cannot, however, omit to express ourselves most fully persuaded that the adoption of the Newmanite views in the clerical training of the ministry, will be assuredly attended, in a single generation, with a most striking and lamentable retrocession in purely scriptural thought and character. To do a small good, that is to say, to amend some matters of discipline, which have doubtless fallen into neglect, many men (it may be weak "brethren") have suffered a larger evil, in the shape of an exaggerated claim for priestcraft prerogative, to be set up; and in this lapse into the confines of Romanism may even now be discerned that ordeal which, unless Divine Providence shall avert the mischief, is being prepared for all those who, in Christian simplicity, would hold fast the doctrines of the cross in meekness and in fear.

The views of Dr. Arnold upon this momentous topic—views of which his advance in life in no degree diminished the intensity—may be gathered from one of his letters (115):—

"Now with regard to the Newmanites. I do not call them bad men, nor would I deny their many good qualities; . . . I judge of them as I do commonly of mixed characters, where the noble and the base, the good and the bad, are strangely mixed up together. There is an ascending scale from the grossest personal selfishness, such as that of Caesar or Napoleon, to party selfishness, such as that of Sylla, or fanatical selfishness, that is the idolatry of an idea or a principle, such as that of Robespierre* and Domi-

* Robespierre, he used to distinguish from Danton, and others of the revolutionary leaders, as being a sincere fanatic in the cause of Republicanism. "The life and character of Robespierre has to me a most important lesson," he said once to a former pupil, with the emphasis of one who had studied it for his own profit; "it shows the frightful consequences of making every thing give way to a favourite notion. The man was a just man, and was humane naturally, but he would narrow every thing to meet his own views,

and some of the Covenanters. In all these, except perhaps the first, we feel a sympathy more or less, because there is something of personal self-devotion and sincerity; but Fanaticism is idolatry, and it has the moral evil of idolatry in it; that is, a fanatic worships something which is the creature of his own devices, and thus even his self-devotion in support of it is only an apparent self-sacrifice, for it is in fact making the parts of his nature or his mind, which he least values, offer sacrifice to that which he most values. The moral fault, as it appears to me, is in the idolatry,—the setting up some idea which is most kindred to our own minds, and then putting it in the place of Christ, who alone cannot be made an idol, and cannot inspire fanaticism, because He combines all ideas of perfection, and exhibits them in their just harmony and combination. Now to my own mind, by its natural tendency,—that is, taking my mind at its best,—truth and justice would be the idols that I should follow; and they would be idols, for they would not supply all the food that the mind wants, and, whilst worshipping them, reverence and humility and tenderness might very likely be forgotten. But Christ Himself includes at once truth and justice, and all these other qualities too. In other men I cannot trace exactly the origin of the idolatry, except by accident in some particular cases. But it is clear to me that Newman and his party are idolaters; they put Christ's Church and Christ's Sacraments, and Christ's Ministers, in the place of Christ himself; and, these being only imperfect ideas, the unreserved worship of them unavoidably tends to the neglect of other ideas no less important; and thence some passion or other loses its moral and intended check, and moral evil follows. Thus it is that narrow-mindedness tends to wickedness, because it does not extend its watchfulness to every part of our moral nature, for then it would not be narrow-mindedness; and this neglect fosters the growth of evil in the parts that are so neglected. Thus a man may give all his goods to feed the poor, and yet be nothing; where I do not understand it of giving out of mere ostentation, or with a view to gain influence, but that a man may have one or more virtues, such as are, according to his favorite ideas, in very great perfection, and still be nothing; because these ideas are his idols, and, worshipping them with all his heart, there is a portion of his heart, more or less considerable, left without its proper object, guide and nourishment, and so this portion is left to the dominion of evil. Other men, and these the mass of mankind, go wrong either from having no favourite ideas at all, and living wholly at random, or else from having ideas but indistinctly, and paying them but little worship, so that here too the common world about them gives the impression to their minds, and thus they are evil. But the best men, I think, are those who, worshipping Christ and no idol, and thus having got hold of the true idea, yet from want of faith cannot always realize it, and so have parts of their lives more or less out of that influence which should keep them right,—and thus they also fall into evil;—but they are the best, because they have set before them Christ and no idol, and thus have nothing to cast away, but need only to impress themselves with their ideas more constantly; "they need not save to wash the feet, and are then clean every whit." . . . I have been looking through the Tracts,† which are to me a memorable proof of their idolatry; some of the idols are better than others, some being indeed as very a "Truncus ficulness," as ever the most degraded superstition worshipped; but, as to Christianity, there is more of it in any one of Mrs. Sherwood's or Mrs. Cameron's, or indeed of any of the Tract Society's, than in all the two Oxford octavos. And these men would exclude John Bunyan and Mrs. Fry, and John Howard, from Christ's Church, while they exalt the Non-jurors into confessors, and Laud into a martyr!"

We have now only left ourselves room warmly, in conclusion, to recommend these volumes to general perusal. They are a valuable and sound addition to a library, as calculated to make their readers both wiser and better. Fortunate, indeed, would it be for this community, if we had a few men like Arnold amongst us—men who would perform the office of a Christian overlooker with something beyond that measured and deliberate decency, which disheartens those who would approach the altar;—men who, like Selwyn and Heber, shew by their bearing and actions that they have truly within them the fire of Christian love;—men who, when their bodies shall have been buried in peace, and they shall have accomplished the task which it was given them to do, will live hereafter in the sympathies of a grateful posterity.

The National Bankruptcy, and other Poems. By T. B. Browne. Pickering: 1844.

UNDER this ominous title, Mr. Browne has produced a work of surpassing pathos and power: his pictures are throughout grouped with artistical skill, and display a grace of fancy and truth of coloring which rank among the first of their class. The present is a continuation in some degree, of the author's previous work, "Thoughts on the Times," which treats of the condition of man in his social as well as political state.

As one portion of society adopts the notion that virtue is essentially ascetic, ideal, and imaginative: so does another part conceive that the matter of fact relations of business life are unfitting subjects for poetical embodiment, and incapable of raising emotions above the rank lees of earthly dross. But, both these positions are false; for virtue is really existent in the sober and true; whilst the art of the poet can exalt the humblest subject, and, in discussing material interests may exhibit a tone of mind glowing and fanciful, yet dignified and ennobling, as if his theme were of the most abstract, theoretical, and imaginative nature: even as the genius of Chantrey, in his sculptured illustrations of the tomb, shed a spirituality appropriate to the place, and its touching suggestions over the positive records of form and feature, which, under other influences, might have created a mythology, or given immortality to an abstraction.

Imagination also, is not infrequently mistaken for creativeness; whereas, it is rather a copyist and recorder of things which exist in reality, and its truth may be tried by every man's experience. It is the power of conjuring up to the

and nothing could check him at last. It is a most solemn warning to us, of what fanaticism may lead to in God's world." To Dominic, in allusion to his supposed share in the Albigensian crusade, and the foundation of the Inquisition, he used to apply St. Paul's words, 1 Cor. iv. 15.

† From a Letter to Dr. Hawkins.—"I have been reading the Pusey and Newman tracts, with no small astonishment; they surpass all my expectations in point of extravagance, and in their complete opposition to the Christianity of the New Testament. But there are some beautiful things in Pusey's Tracts on Baptism, much that is holy, and pure, and truly Christian, till, like Don Quixote's good sense in ordinary matters, it all gets upset by some outbreak of his particular superstition."