THE EVANGELICAL SUCCESSION

A Course of Lectures

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PREFATORY NOTE.

THE special object of these Lectures is, as the title indicates, to exhibit the genius of the Evangelical Principle, to trace its manifestation, development, and vicissitudes in various ages of the Church and human history; and to illustrate its ruling and moulding power over diverse types of national, intellectual, and spiritual character. A Second Series of the same Course will be delivered next winter.

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CONTENTS.

PAUL THE APOSTLE.

THE Course, which this Lecture introduces, has for its general subject the Evangelical Succession. If there is a type of Christian life and work which can be legitimately distinguished by this name, then no doubt that type of life and work looks back to the Apostle Paul as, among the apostolic circle, a very special forerunner. It finds in his writings, and in his spirit, some of its most significant warrants and guides. Some may judge that it has misinterpreted or misused what it found. We will not now decide that question, nor debate it. Enough that the connection is real, whether or not it be accepted beforehand as legitimate.

But another question arises. Most of what we know of Paul, we know from his writings, which we own to be part of Holy Scripture. His activity also, as a Christian, is the activity of a man inspired, guided by revelations and divine impulses, upheld by exceptional grace. Are we entitled to treat what we find here as private and individual? Are we entitled to comment on it as on a mere human variety of the Christian character? Are we able to treat Paul as one in a succession with Augustine, and Bernard, and Luther, and the rest? It may seem not. We

are stopped, it may be said, by this, that at every turn, on every point, when we are about to exhibit Paul, we must say to ourselves: This was not so much Paul as Paul's Master; not Paul's spirit, but God's.

But the answer is, that if there was in Paul, as there certainly was, a special type of Christian thought and Christian work, that came to pass by the concurrence of common Christianity with the special man; who, no doubt, thereafter received an extraordinary power for his peculiar work. God availed himself of the man providentially prepared, and consciously yielding himself to this service. Out of a living union of Christian truth and grace with the man Saul, with his heart and life and work, there came to light under God's hand those aspects of Christian truth, those phases of Christian privilege and attainment, which the history and the writings of the Apostle set before us. There is therefore no great difficulty. We may well believe that Paul in his writings was carried beyond himself, and raised above many an error and infirmity by the Spirit through whom he spake. And yet we may be assured that Paul the man, and Paul the Christian—the twining of Paul's providential life, the evolution of Paul's spiritual experience—were the preparation for the way of labouring for Christ which fell to him as an Apostle.

He comes before us first at Tarsus, a child in a Jewish family. Tarsus was a great Gentile city, a scene of active mercantile life, a place that claimed distinction for culture and learning: of course it

also was a seat of that various idolatry, and that moral indifference, which abounded in all large cities of the Gentile world. But though the family lot was cast there, this household was not minded to modify its Judaism to suit outward circumstances. They kept true to the type of Jewish feeling and life. Paul could claim to be a Hebrew of the Hebrews, and the son of a Pharisee. His family could trace their genealogy, and laid stress upon it. They retained such a connection at Jerusalem, also, as rendered it natural for them to send their son thither for education. All this indicates that the pulse of Jewish feeling beat high in the house.

Here, then, as the years of boyhood went by, Saul became conscious of the elements of majesty, purity, and holy fervour which distinguished the religion of Israel. Here he was gradually moulded into the Jewish ceremonial; he learned to feel its importance as the expression of his faith, the tribute of his obedience, the assertion of his interest in the inheritance and the hopes of Israel. He was trained to wear that ceremonial as the dignified insignia of the Jews' separation from all the nations of the earth. Here, too, he awoke to the consciousness, after the orthodox Jewish fashion, of the privileges and high calling of his race; he began to mark the significance of their varying fortunes, and to claim his part in the hopes which they were called to cherish;—for the Messiah was to come, the righteous and holy people were to be supreme, the world was to hear the Law from Zion, and to own, willingly or unwillingly, that Israel was first-born of God. There

can never have been a time when Saul was not susceptible and enthusiastic. We cannot doubt the intensity with which all this took possession of the awakening mind, of the quick sensitive feelings.

In this connection we must mark, and make account of, the influence of the Gentile community in the midst of which he dwelt. For that must have lent to his habit of mind all the peculiarity which arises from felt contrast and antagonism. It has been assumed that Paul acquired at Tarsus some intellectual familiarity with the world of Greek thought, through its literature. This has been disputed, and is, besides, of little moment. Much more important for our purpose is the impression, transmitted to the mind of childhood through a thousand channels, of the prevailing tone of the community, its way of judging, and feeling, and acting. He would become conscious of its secularity and its superstition; he would become conscious of those modes of thought flowing strong and confident in the general mind, to which the pretensions and claims of Judaism seemed utterly idle and vain. He would be aware of the dislike and scorn with which it had become a habit to regard the Jew, and which the Jew, silently but resolutely, repaid with bitterer scorn. An impression would reach him too, of the political sentiment of the time, which was, in one word, the persuasion of the strength of Rome, the great empire, imposing itself, like a fate, on the minds of men, and excluding—as it were deriding—all dreams of national independence. All this would be understood by him; for the wise heart of

childhood, and its open eye, easily interpret such things as these, not into words or propositions indeed, but into impressions. And yet it would be after the child's manner, who, well aware of this strange outer world and its forces, maintains yet his own inner world, free and strong, unsubordinated and untainted. When men grow older, they faint, they lose heart before the strength and might of the great world, they seek a *modus vivendi*, they begin to transact and negotiate with it—or they capitulate altogether. But the child is strong: his own enthusiasms, his convictions, and his loyalties, he can uphold secure and steadfast; infinite possibilities float before him that shall enable him to live out his ideal in the days to come. In which respect also the believer in Christ is able to maintain his childhood to the end. You can imagine then how the boy Saul nursed in his fashion the sacred flame of Judaism, all the more resolutely that every day taught him what a power of contempt there was around him to trample it down. The main result of all was that, from his boyhood, he knew how the Gentile mind in large communities worked. That grew into him early.

Sometime in his boyhood, or in his youth, Saul was transferred to Jerusalem, where he was to study the law and the traditions of the fathers. No doubt this step betokens early promise both of character and of intellect, both zeal and power. His friends hoped he might become a master in the wisdom of his people, and might exert influence among their guides. So he was sent to Jerusalem; and he was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, the greatest

name of his day in Rabbinical lore. Some traits preserved of this man have led to his being described almost as if he had been opposed to traditional Judaism, had been alien to it in spirit and in tendency. This is quite a mistake. What is true is, that a certain circumspect thoughtfulness gave tone to his teaching. He was one of those men who know how to harmonise with the system they defend, as much recognition of other—in this case, broader—human elements as will add strength, and avoid objection. But that does not prove Gamaliel inwardly false to his system; rather it may indicate that, as he took up his ground more considerately, so he took it up more tenaciously, than more ardent and headlong men.

Many years of study in the schools must here be supposed; followed by years in which more public life began to exercise the student in the responsible applications of his lore. Those years have left almost no record: till we meet him at Stephen's death we hear nothing of Saul. But some leading features of the life he led can be set down with certainty.

I have spoken of Judaism. Judaism was a great memory and a great hope. Between that past and that future was the present, not so great; and here the one thing needful was to uphold the national peculiarity. This was to be done mainly by fidelity to the law, in which God was still walking with His people. Jerusalem was the place where Judaism was most intense; it gathered round the temple and the Rabbinical schools. Yet there was in Jerusalem

no lack of Gentile life and tendency. The house of Herod was half pagan in practice, had attracted too much of congenial thought and feeling, and had diffused its frivolous and unprincipled tone as far as its influence extended. The iron might of Rome was more plainly seen in the city, and more severely felt, with each decade that passed; rigid and relentless; certain of its own strength; not yet at war with the religion of the people, but pressing heavily on their welfare, through unscrupulous governors, and sometimes waking the fiercest anxiety and indignation by acts supposed to indicate contempt of Jewish sanctities. The priestly aristocracy, Sadducean in its leading families, was profoundly distrusted, because it was grasping and selfish, and believed to be willing to smother all national aspiration in the interest of an ignoble private policy. The sacred fire of Judaism was kept burning elsewhere—among the Pharisees, recruited and inspired from the Rabbinical schools, and among the more fervid and patriotic of the people. Of these the Pharisees were understood to favour a purely passive attitude. They would await the divine signal for national deliverance, which they expected to be granted in the line of strenuous and minute keeping of the law: if the law could but be perfectly kept for one day, they said, Messiah would come. They deprecated as misleading, and as destined to disappointment, the tendency to burst out prematurely in indignant defiance and insurrection. On the other part, more fervent and impatient spirits were disposed to count them to be

too passive guides, and were getting beyond their control.

But with whatever minuter shades of difference, this is certain, that the sentiment cherished at Jerusalem—pervading the large community of the place, and concentrated in many circles into special strength—was of great intensity and passion. It was national and religious, it was patriotism and piety, both in one. It had its narrowness; and in the case of far the greater number of its representatives, there were fatal perversions at the root of it. But at least it had the grandeur of a sentiment that gathered round something larger and worthier than the mere individual life. While with some it ministered only to selfish pride and selfish eagerness, for others it was an ideal to which any personal sacrifice could be made without a moment's faltering. Wild gallant fellows were ever and again rising up, —many of them in Galilee, but heard of in Jerusalem with a thrill of sympathy—who asked no better thing than to buy the deliverance of Israel at the cost to themselves, of life, and all things earthly.

Saul the Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee, coming into the heart of all this, must have felt all the fervour of the times; and doubtless he threw himself on the Law. That was the heaven and earth of the schools in which he studied. That was the one thing, meanwhile, in which a man like him could assert an absolute loyalty. He must know the law, he must keep the law, he must teach the law. Zeal for God was zeal for the traditions of the fathers. The divineness of the law, of the text, of the inferences

which multiplied about it, laid this duty on Saul, that in mind, heart, and life, he should represent it fully and well.

We may be very sure that Saul brought a will to the work. Very certainly his fine sensitive sympathetic nature would respond to influences such as surrounded him here. Zeal could not be wanting to animate him to the task, and to carry him through. And you must not fail to consider that elevating and animating thoughts were always present to give glow and elasticity to the effort. Rabbinical ceremonial and ritual may seem to us hopelessly depressing, in their endless detail and distinction. But they started at all events from that great Law of Sinai, which, as every Jew correctly felt, set a standard for his nation of religion and morals, that was unrivalled and unapproached among all the nations. Hence, in all that detail, there was the persuasion of walking in the commandments and ordinances of the Lord; it was a way of life which (however minute and painful) was certainly divine. Here too, men felt, lay the secret of the separateness of Israel. Without the law, the peculiar national life, with all the interests it bore in its bosom, must break down and vanish. And so, lastly, there were the great hopes of the future. The memories of the past were to be excelled by the glories of that future; but this law, in which God was dealing with the nation still, was the pathway by which alone that future could be reached.

Therefore Saul of Tarsus was in earnest. He gave his heart and his soul to it. The remembrance

of that sincerity was in his eye, when he looked so steadily at the Council and said: "Men and brethren, I have lived in all good conscience." As Luther said, there never was a more strict and earnest young monk than he—never one more resolved to earn the prize of life eternal—so also might Saul have boasted in his own case.

What he thought of it all at the time is not recorded. Looking back afterwards, he could not see it had ever been a success. It had been a failure—even a conscious failure. He had a good conscience certainly; the enterprise was *bonâ fide;* but in the heart of all there continued to be the unconquered strength of sin and ungodliness asserting its power —and, where the truly divine and spiritual law touched it, reacting with all the more force.

One thing you must remember, Paul was at all times a thinker. Whether at this time he was a thinker who went back to fundamental principles I will not say. But he never could be a man to go through an intense life of effort, without in his own mind translating the system into principles and maxims, which should give the meaning of it, should indicate the drift of it, its reason and its worth. As contrasted with those who were mere men of detail, men of legal points, Saul must be thought of as a man conscious to himself, in some degree, of the spirit and theory of his life. He could not but have views as to the principles on which the whole system turned, and which were necessary to its defence and maintenance. He was a man to recognise when the life of it was touched or threatened.

Now we do not know where he was, nor are we told how he was affected, when the ministry of our Lord was going on, or when it ended in betrayal and crucifixion. But what we do know assures us that he must have been keenly exercised by the progressive development of the Christian Society after our Lord's departure from the earth. At first he may have shared the feeling that it was wisest to temporise and to let things cool down. But that feeling changed.

You must remember, that at first it was not obvious to superficial observers that the Christians—say in Jerusalem—must necessarily be dealt with as enemies and opponents. They were all Jews, and zealous of the Law; they were living in full observance of it; and they were agreed apparently with the Jewish theology in the main, though they gave it an inadmissible application in their notions about the Messiah. Our Lord, indeed, while He lived, had taken a line that gave great umbrage to Sadducees and Pharisees alike. More especially, He had taken a tone about Scribes and Pharisees, and about publicans and sinners, that seemed quite subversive of respect for the objects to which the labours of Pharisees, and indeed the religious strength of the whole nation, were devoted. And His teaching, that wonderful teaching, seemed to do worse than controvert—it superseded and supplanted. It came to be intolerable. But then, death had swallowed Him up; He had disappeared; His voice was heard no more. Whatever uneasy stories there might be of resurrection, whatever

fond imaginations the Christians might cherish in regard to Him, still it might be wise to let the lapse of time cool their zeal. They showed unexpected vitality indeed; one event after another challenged the public mind, as though supernatural influences were circulating around the company. Still that only proved that they must be taken as earnest and eager; but their Messiah was gone; what could they do? Meanwhile, they claimed to be Jews, to be the truest Jews, to be lovers of their nation, and to be sharers of all its hopes. There were many parties among the Jews; might not this become one of them—even adding strength in its own way to the common fervour and the common faith?

But probably Saul of Tarsus might early begin to be otherwise persuaded. For I have said he was one qualified to mark the essential basis on which his own system reposed; he could discern the way in which it *held* the mind of his people and his own mind; therefore he could early feel the stress of forces that were likely to assail the vital points.

In creating this conviction in his mind, and in other minds like his, something might be due, as is often said, just to one outstanding fact. The Christians persistently and rejoicingly asserted that the man judicially murdered by the Jewish authorities was the Messiah of God. That alone might soon be felt to be intolerable. But there was more than this. There was the assertion of the Resurrection, and the intense faith in it—implying a Messiah in heaven, in whose strength the Christians were able

to defy all that was great and dignified in Israel. There was the assertion of the gift of the Holy Spirit—communicating both an authority and a force perfectly uncontrollable. The Christ in heaven, and the Spirit from heaven, if only believed, left the authority and the forces of the opposing Judaism pale, bleached, fading—mere busy-talk of men. Again, there was the strange coherence of the Christian Society—holding together by a bond which threatened to prove stronger than all the ties that held the Jew to his brethren in the flesh. Yet more, there was the amazing challenge, that only by the name of Jesus, only in the fellowship of Jesus, could men be saved. "Save yourselves from this untoward generation;" "Repent or be destroyed." That is to say, here is a society that must swallow up and supersede all else; outside of it Saul—Gamaliel—all the strength and glory of the nation of Israel are left among the sinners! Gamaliel smiled at this. Perhaps, as far as his own person went, Saul could have smiled too. But in its bearing on the nation and the future, he augured that here was an enemy of strange force. It was clear this sect had wonderful power to grow; and clearly it represented a principle that, if it grew, would supersede and supplant all that constituted the strength of Judaism. The Christians themselves could not see this; years afterwards they refused to see it; Saul of Tarsus may have already felt sure of it through every fibre of his faith.

And then came Stephen, and the discussions in the Synagogue of the Cilicians, and the broader

views of God's purposes in His dealings of old and of late, and what were held to be blasphemous words against Moses and the Law, and hints that Jesus of Nazareth should destroy this place, and change the customs. Was not this proof of the real character of the forces at work? Was it not proof, that in this company Jesus of Nazareth occupied a place which not the law, and not the customs, and not anything that was dear to a Jew was allowed to hold, and that the one must in the end—ere long—be pitched against the other? This Nazarene faith was a rationalism or a fanaticism, or both in one, that had broken loose at bottom from the authentic ties and sanctions of Judaism; and it was certain eventually to turn upon Judaism as a hostile and dissolving force.

So then when Stephen's martyrdom took place, Saul was forward for striking hard, and striking home. This is the *ultima ratio* that suggests itself when differences are fundamental, when the very method and system of your argument is renounced, and you face convictions rising out of sources which you cannot fathom. This foe was to be struck down. It would prove more energetically hostile to the nation and the law than the paganism of any heathen unbeliever. Saul girt himself to the work. Shall we say that the loving and gentle nature of the man made it a torture and a pain to him? I do not know that. Intense conviction working in such circumstances may harden men wonderfully to a certain awful superiority to human pain. Yet never without producing a certain moral effect within.

This dark energy, taking the whole man into its service, reveals much that otherwise would slumber unseen. The darker side of the inner man makes itself felt.

It has been supposed, by those who speculate on Paul's conversion, that before his journey to Damascus he had been inwardly shaken in his convictions, and, in a manner, was half converted already. I see no proof of it, and not the smallest reason to believe it. What I do believe is, that his mind was awake to the conditions of the argument, and still more to the practical forces of the situation. More vividly, it is likely, than many of his comrades, he apprehended a strength in this Christianity, which rendered it no despicable foe. It was, as he felt, a dangerous treachery. It appealed so successfully to religious faith and fervour, that it threatened to sap the strength of Judaism. But there was courage yet, and strength of purpose in Israel, to suppress it and to sweep it away. The Law, and the traditions, and the Holy Place, and the land—the very nature and calling of the Jew, and his glorious future,—were not to be sacrificed as yet to any Nazarene Apostasy.

Then, on the way to Damascus, the great blow fell, and all became new.

Those who reject the supernatural, try, of course, to account for the events of that memorable noon on purely natural principles. Saul's nervous temperament was peculiar, for he saw visions afterwards. His mind had been strung to a high pitch of tension by controversy, and by the work of persecution. The heat of a Syrian sun was beating on his head.

The idea of the exalted Lord, asserted with strange force by Christian sufferers, as it was by Stephen in his dying hours, had often confronted him and irritated him. Now that idea suddenly took visionary shape before his mind, and Paul, already shaken, was converted. Others, who have no wish to expel the supernatural, still proceed so far on the same view of the case; but they do so on another principle. They remark that the supernatural, wherever it works in this world, must lay hold of the natural, and take it up into itself. Both must be present. For example, on any view of this occurrence, you must take with you Paul's body as naturally constituted, and his mind as naturally constituted, and the results of the common experience of life and of Paul's special training: all these were there. Therefore, they hold it right to ask how far natural causes, that are known or probable, could go as co-operating towards the result which God intended. On some such line, they think, we can reach some useful insight into this conversion of Paul, can understand better the plan and working of it, as a part of Paul's history. On these grounds they make much of possible nervous conditions, and possible mental conflicts, without, however, as far as I can see, reaching any great certainty, or throwing any special light upon the matter.

In truth, it seems vain for us to speculate on the mechanism of this great experience, useless to inquire into the method and the means by which the form of Christ and the words of Christ reached the consciousness of Paul. Paul experienced this; he

saw the Lord, he heard the Lord, as he also spoke to the Lord. All his life after, he retained the clearest assurance that this came not of himself; it was something that befel him. It came to him, real and objective, no mere dreaming produce of his own inner man. How this clear assurance took being—how he was so certified, no one can explain; neither can any one explain how you are so sure at this moment, that I am standing before you and uttering the words of this sentence. Any one can say, if he chooses, I feel sure of my own experience: but Paul's assurance about his is no sufficient evidence for me; in spite of it, I regard Paul as having been deceived. What I am saying is, that Paul—and for him much lay on it that he should not be deceived—Paul had, and always retained, the clearest assurance that this was something that befel him, trustworthy as the commonest intimations of the senses, and, however extraordinary, just as little capable of being disbelieved.

At the same time this experience, decisive as it was, would never have produced the after results in Paul's history had it stood alone. There was the undeniable meeting with the Lord, the astounding certainty of actual converse with Him. When that great light streamed round him, Saul was confronted by the risen Jesus. He saw the Lord, he heard His voice, he had to answer to an arraignment that broke on him from heaven, and cast him to the earth. But another influence was present. Another light began to diffuse itself within him, setting old and new before the eye of the inner man with

a force and evidence all its own. It is the light that comes when man and God come inwardly together. It may not be for us to say by what degrees, with what successive aspects and elements, what order of steps and lessons this took shape. For hours, for days, it is likely Saul could not tell how it was with him. But looking back from the results, we can say this in general, that with a dark and dreadful consciousness of sin and disaster, there came to him (through the message of the Lord in the way, combined with the words and deeds of the believers in Damascus) a perception of Divine goodness; of a Saviour's grace; of God in Christ reconciling and saving. He began to see high thoughts and deeds of Divine wisdom and compassion stretching away from the particular experience in which he himself encountered mercy and judgment joined so strangely. If any one in after days had said to him, "That appearance of the Lord, however certain you may be that it was real and objective, might yet be the work of some evil and deceiving agent," Paul would have had no difficulty in giving him his answer. Through Christ, by the Spirit of Christ, there comes to men an inner witness; it is a manifestation of truth and goodness joined in Christ, of which we are assured that it cannot but satisfy, and that it never can deceive. Paul speaks of it often. It is God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, that shines in our heart, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. This combination of outward and inward is the manner of God in His

dealings with men. No other method could so fit our conditions. God moves to meet us outwardly, on the plane of transactions and events. Into ordinary history he inserts the record of the mighty works of the Lord. The external life of the world and of the race becomes the pathway on which He is seen drawing near, and passing forward. But, at the same time, by a more inward and spiritual operation, He makes His children participant of His presence. This last is an influence which allies itself with prayer and penitence, with seeking of God, and doing of His will. By this we see and taste the kingdom of God. The great facts of the moral and spiritual order become clear and evident, in the measure necessary for us, and they are seen illustrated in the outward revelation, so that each lends witness to the other. Men have often shown a tendency to prize the one of those counterpart elements in our religious training, and to depreciate the other. But the combination of them both is the manner of God. Hereby He produces the kind of assurance and confidence suited to our state, holding as we do of both worlds; called, in both at once, in both in one, to walk with God. And so with Paul: when God revealed His Son to him, at the same time, no doubt by proportioned steps and with increasing light, He revealed His Son in him.

Only, at first, there could be no thought of this in Paul. That it was so grew upon him as the days went by. What fixed him, and filled his whole soul at first, was the revelation breaking on him from without. If the inner work was also there, it was

so only as it rendered the outward revelation conclusive and irresistible.

What broke on him was this. He had denied and defied the Holy One of Israel. He had given heart and strength to the cause of those who rejected and slew the Messiah, witnessed to by all prophets, bearing the fulfilment of all promises. He had been raging against those who confessed that Great One. Well, this was terrible;—but perhaps, terrible as it was, it was one of those mistakes which come into life, as it were, incidentally, apart from its main bent and constant purpose; it was some sad accident falling into his career. Alas! he could not think so—neither of him, nor of his people was it true. The situation in which he found himself he had worked for all his life; and he was at this moment right in the line of the spirit that had always ruled him, of the principles that had always guided him. So it was also with his people, the priests, the rulers, the accepted guides—their theology, their traditions, their religious life, had landed in this which burst on Saul. For Saul that was clear. He knew well the genius of his own system; he had been forced to know how it must maintain itself against Christianity, how the two rose into mutual conflict and opposition. So then all that had wrought in him for years, his religion, his traditions, his faith and loyalty, came in one dire shock against the Messiah. The murder of the Messiah, the murder of His followers, was the practical exponent of it all. Everything went to ruin at a blow. His life, in its

main purpose, had been one long mistake and sin, crowned and revealed by the greatest sin of all. It had been sincere indeed: most sincerely and with all his heart, he had gone against the mind of God, against the Christ of God. As one for whom all was swept away in an appalling overthrow, the astounded man addressed to the so strangely discovered Messiah the faltering words, What wouldst thou have me to do, Lord?

I do not think it is reasonable for us to expect that we shall be able to follow out the psychology of Paul's conversion, or show how his experience then prepared the way for that special type of preaching and life which we recognise in Paul's ministry. Who can sound the depths of that tremendous self-discovery? who can identify and follow out the lessons which rose one after another under the teaching of the Spirit of God upon the soul of Paul?

But yet at least we can point to some links which should not be overlooked.

I have said that Paul knew well what it was to give himself to law-keeping as the secret of righteousness. As much as a man can who stands on that ground, and has never known another, Paul knew his ground. He was, we have said, a man who thought things out; he interpreted practice into theory; the continual drift of his life, proceeding according to rules and maxims, must for him be reflected in an intellectual meaning and authorisation. Now, no doubt, his life of law-keeping for righteousness included different elements. There was in it the

great law of God appealing to natural conscience: there was in it the ceremonial Judaism of Moses: there was in it the manifold tradition of the fathers. And you may say, as many in effect have said, Perhaps it was only the human, the unauthorised element in this, or it was that in it which has no permanent divine sanction—only this was the occasion of Paul's failure and catastrophe. But the distinction thus made is quite irrelevant here. Paul, looking back, never lays the least stress on it. His whole law-keeping had gone on one consistent principle. In truth, the ceremonial law came from the Author of the moral law, and was meant to make that law do its office more effectively among the Jews. And the traditions, whatever mistakes they embodied, expressed the mind of men who only hoped in this way more adequately to express the genius of the Law itself. That had been the meaning, in Paul's own case, of the traditions, and the life that followed them. For him they simply embodied the spirit in which, and the principles on which, he strove to do justice to the whole law. The whole method of his life had been a moral and spiritual unity. I repeat it, then: For Paul, along with the leaders of his countrymen—but for Paul with an intenser realisation of the drift and meaning of the enterprise—law-keeping for righteousness was a principle of life, apprehended as reasonable and authoritative, and carried through the whole range of duty. Moreover, this Judaism had become, in him, more intense and resolute, as he felt the rush of Christian enthusiasm sweeping round the position, and threatening to un-

settle it. He felt that if this prevailed, Judaism was lost. Therefore he had struck his heels deeper into the soil on which he stood; he had tightened his grasp on every principle he held; he had braced himself for a death-grapple with the enemy. Moreover, in all this he knew he had been sincere. His heart had been in it: he had meant what he said when he claimed for his religion the authority of God. Very well. What had his religion done for him? How had it rewarded him? What had come of the efforts, the enthusiasms, the hopes, the conflicts of youth and manhood? Had this religion of law-keeping secured him against mistake? Had it brightened into clearer light? Had it brought him nearer and nearer to God? Had it set him more assuredly in God's counsel? How far from this! It had brought him to stand bankrupt before a defied, insulted, murdered Lord. It had led him all astray from the very central meaning and purpose of God. It had been all a failure. Holy and good the law might be—it must be—being from God. No change could press on its majesty, no imputation rest on its purity and perfection; but the law-keeping of his race, and of himself, had culminated in this. Holy and good the law might be; but how it seemed, from that serene height, to disdain its votary! If it stood strong and bright as ever, none the less it had only cursed him, not blessed him at all.

And then the lessons that followed fitted themselves on to this foundation. Goodness came, and grace, revealing themselves to the stricken man and

raising him up: the Lord he had hated welcomed him to life eternal. The faithful and acceptable saying came warm to his heart, that Jesus came not to reward the righteous, but to save sinners, even the chief: the blood of Christ proved to be a propitiation for sins, even of those who shed it: forgiveness of sins was sealed to him in baptism; he found himself adopted into the family he had persecuted; he was promoted to honour by the Lord, and destined to special trust and service: he was told indeed that he must suffer, but suffer for his Master's sake, and in his Master's likeness. What a new world was this! Not the world, known long and well, of righteousness by law-keeping. Far other; a world in which forgiveness comes down from heaven, in which the bankrupt is surprised with sudden and boundless wealth. This new life begins, where the old life of law-keeping, if it had succeeded, would have ended. It begins with acceptance, and declared peace with the Lawgiver, and assurance of God's love; that is the strong foundation, already under our feet, on which to stand and serve Him that bought us. And why, or how, is all this so? Because this Jesus, who was persecuted and hated, having died for our offences, and risen for our justification, has made redemption a reality to faith. He has raised Saul into His own life of acceptance and of power, even while he is still called to dwell and suffer here.

We need not wonder that the great grace of Justification burned in the forefront of the gospel of Paul. And we need not wonder that he so

vividly represents its eternal contrast to the whole spirit and principle of Life and Righteousness by Law.

For the man who had all along striven by his best strength to single himself out in the religious career, to insure his own welfare, and to succeed, finds himself, in the depth of his self-wrought disaster, taken in hand and compassed about by an all-sufficing mercy. *Salvation is by grace.* Also, what opens to him here, and fills his eye, is this: that whereas heretofore the Law was the instrument, divinely provided, by the due aid whereof he should attain to life eternal, now there opens to him the unspeakable friendship of the persecuted Christ, as the fountain of good and the security for it. When the man who had persecuted the Christ and hated Him, came to His feet for salvation, it was not difficult for that man, in that hour, to understand that the whole resource for him was in Christ. God was in Christ reconciling. That is the second thing—*Redemption is in Christ.* Saul had failed. But the man whom Saul hated and hunted, *He* had not failed. Still further; Saul's method heretofore had been works; not altogether merely external works; works, indeed, with as much of heart and of meaning as he could put into them. By these he had held on to promise and inheritance. But now, what linked him to this new world of good? What was it in him that held on to it? Not his birth; not his works; what then? A heart bowing down in the presence of truth and grace; an inward man recognising God in Christ because it was impossible any more to do anything else; a wonder-

ing eye looking to the grace of the risen Lord, and counting it very real, and very welcome; an opening of the soul to be pleased and glad that Christ should be Christ to him. How otherwise could this Christ be dealt with? No otherwise. That is the third thing—*Righteousness is by faith.*

But at this point I feel I have before me the whole field of Pauline thought. That is far too large a subject to grapple with. And even from the topics I have just been touching on, I must come back to that which indeed is the key to them also, and at the same time the key to all that this man became by his conversion. That was, Christ. The enthusiasm of Paul in regard of Christ is a still returning study. Christ is the life and Lord of all Christians, but this Christian rose high and went far. He tells us in his writings what he thought and felt of it; but most of us learn slowly how much this meant for him. We sit down beside him that we may learn his lesson, but we feel that he is seeing what we do not descry: he is sensitive to Christ through many spiritual senses which in us are torpid and undeveloped. Christ holds him all through: intellect, feelings, will. Every element of his inner man is, as it were, polarised by Christ; each receives from Him a new bent and a new capacity.

And it is so with his acquirements as truly as with his faculties. He knew the Old Testament well in his Pharisaic days. But all the old knowledge, all the old Bible—with the consciousness of Christ thrilling through it—receives a new set;

everywhere he discerns a new speaker, a new and dearer voice, a new message, a new use for men.

How shall we express it? It is faith, and love, and gratitude; it is self-devotion, and obedience, and wonder, and worship; and through all, the conviction that Christ is his, that in Christ all things have changed for him. "In Christ I have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins. He hath made me accepted in the Beloved. I live, yet not I, but Christ. In Christ old things have passed away, all things are new; Christ is made of God to us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" But one cannot quote for ever. If you will watch his thought and feeling in his writings, you will see that this consciousness of Christ burns in him like a fire. It comes over him like the wind through a tree, till every leaf is quivering. Nor is this mere weak, empty feeling. It is all alive with thought, and it is informed with the finest moral aspiration, sure of itself, certain of its glorious destiny and reward.

There is a sense in which we may say that it is not exactly the Christ of the Gospels who comes before us in the writings of Paul. No doubt he lets us see that the vision which the Gospels set before us was also before his mind: and words of our Lord delivered in his earthly ministry, and preserved by those who heard him, were precious to Paul, and were reverently reproduced to guide the Churches as need required. Still, the Christ of Paul is the Lord who met him by the way. It is Christ dead, risen, and

ascended; it is Christ with the reason and the result of his finished work made plain; it is Christ with no veil now on the deep and wonderful relation He sustains to men that live by Him; Christ, with the significance for believers of all His wonderful history shining out from Him; Christ, *vestitus Evangelio*. In the Gospels we see Christ in the flesh of His humiliation, under the limits to which He submitted, that He might share our state and bear our burdens; we see Him in the pathways of a Jewish life revealing a perfect goodness and a perfect dignity: also we see Him full of a wonderful purpose of goodwill to men, which He bears to them from His Father; it overflows in His words and works, and in the prosecution of it He moves on to die. But now He has gone up above all worlds. No longer is He hedged about by the necessities of mortal life; no longer tied by earthly bonds to some places and some men, and one nation. He is glorified; all fulness dwells in Him; in Him all the purposes of God are seen to centre. And then, as to His people, by His death and resurrection, the tie between Him and them is unveiled to faith as, until then, it could not be. They are one with Him,—in Him redeemed, endowed, triumphant, glorified. Every Christian privilege and attainment, every grace, every virtue and good gift takes on a nobler character, expands and brightens into something celestial, as it is seen to be both a fact and an element in our fellowship with Christ. The state of Christians is seen reflected in that Head in whom they live: and in turn, Christ is seen as it were

through them, through the medium of the relation He sustains to all of them, and of the wealth of endless good for ever arising to them by it.

It is Christ as He is to His people, as He radiates good to them all, whom Paul wonders at and worships. Now, according to Paul, all this is rooted in the death on the cross. Christ's death for sins was the crisis of the whole redemption. All the after relations in which the Christian rejoices take character from that atonement. Hence, therefore, Paul's thoughts of Christ most often take wing. "It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again. He loved me and gave himself for me."

Now, if the wisdom given to Paul included a special insight into all this, it is easy to see how fitly it lay to him to be foremost in proclaiming the equal relation of the preached Christ to men as men. What could human distinctions signify here? Well had Paul been forced to know that "Judaising" (as he calls it) might be far enough from placing a man in a happy relation to the Messiah. Hardly could any Gentile be worse related to Him than Saul the blasphemer and the persecutor. On the other side, it was this Christ—first indeed descending into the lower parts, and taking connection with men through the seed of Abraham, but now gone up above all heavens,—in whom Paul lived, and who lived in Paul. Was it difficult for Paul to understand and feel that this Christ, as He is needed by every man, is adapted to every man, is for every man—any man, to believe in and follow? That thought is to us familiar; but it never fails to send

a glow of triumph through the heart of Paul. It was a great mystery revealed, now that it was made clear that the Gentiles everywhere should be made fellow-heirs, and partakers of the promise of Christ. It was a mystery hid from ages and generations, but now made manifest. Having made peace by the blood of His cross, all things could now be reconciled. Paul was not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it was the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

But then,—and here comes the life of his own activity,—just because Christ pertained to men indiscriminately, therefore so also did Paul himself, who lived in Christ, and in whom Christ lived; for Paul was Jesus Christ's man. There was no kind of man for whom Christ grudged to spend Himself: therefore, also, there was no kind of man for whom Paul should fail to spend himself. He was debtor to Greeks and Barbarians, to wise and unwise. To whom Christ was not spoken of, they saw, and they that had not heard understood. And therefore this Paul, that had gloried in his Jewish separateness and in his Jewish superiority, now, being in Christ, suited himself to all sorts of persons. He became all things to all men, that he might save some. "I am a man that am a Jew," we hear him saying, "brought up at the feet of Gamaliel." "Is it lawful for you to beat a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned?" And according to a reading not without fair support, "for certain also of *our* poets have said, For we are also his offspring." All this was not difficult to him. Love taught it to him, and made it

easy. The love passing knowledge, that had showed him mercy, and that gladdened his heart from day to day, that love taught his heart to yearn over all kinds of men, that they also might be saved.

Thus furnished, God sent him forth with this grace, that he should be the minister of Christ to the Gentiles.

In this work of his, then, there is one thing to be noticed which is the more to our purpose here, because in various forms it is so persistent with all who deserve to be named in the Evangelical Succession.

Paul went forth to win men for Christ. Note how he conceived his work; you may see it by the way in which he went about it. He goes forth with a certain conception of things which men are to embrace. It is propounded to their understanding, though at the same time it bears on conscience and heart, and awakens response in both. Still, it is expected to be held for true, as well as welcomed as beautiful and good. It is a set of facts and relations —a view of man's position, actual and possible—and in that connection a practical offer, all to be embraced, or, as he sometimes says, obeyed by faith. Involving principles which are most profound, it is yet capable of being very simply stated. But in its simplest statement, it is truly *a way of it, a way of salvation*, a conception of sin and grace, or of sinners and Christ, which men are to receive; and receiving it they are to verify it in an experimental life, built upon it, proceeding on the faith that these things are so. Paul calls it "his gospel," "the gospel which I preach." It is the glowing affirmation of

Christ's place and worth, the need of Him, and what He is ordained to be to men; with a call to men to own this, to have loving and obedient regard to it, to let it have effect and sway in all their heart and life; and with an assertion that the power of God's Spirit is in action to bring such things to pass. I repeat, this is what Paul works with—in this line he presses to success, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom. Whether all the Apostles proceeded exactly in the same line and degree I will not here discuss. Certainly this was Paul's way. He was not content merely to season and sweeten men's minds with impressions of the Divine goodness and purity, or with representations of possible fellowship with God in growing habits and attainments; nor yet was he content to place men under the influence of institutions which, gradually moulding them from without, should bring them by degrees into conformity with purer and higher types of living. Everything of that kind he kept subordinate: Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel. Paul preached a Name by which, and which alone, men could be saved. He declared a gospel, in receiving which men realised mentally, and of course spiritually, certain wonderful relations to Christ, and to God by Him.

As it was thus he began, so it was also that he went on. Evermore as his converts needed direction, correction, training, needed to have their aims elevated, their courage fired, their motives purified, Paul finds the spring of all his exhortations, and all his sanative admonition, in his never-failing wealth of conception. 'Think how it is,' he says, 'feel,

own, recognise the objects and relations of the world to which you belong. Think what it is to be in Christ, to have Christ in you, to be sitting with Him in heavenly places, to be called to eternal life. O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you, before whose eyes Christ was set forth crucified, before you?'

Everywhere Paul is the preacher of a doctrine, a faith, a gospel, which is for him the way of salvation, needful to be embraced.

True, he is no common preacher of doctrine. He is no dry dogmatist, for the love of God in Christ is the living heart of his doctrine. His truths are truths in the sense of being spiritual facts, facts and relations, with the glory of God thrilling through them. Also, he knows well that the needful truth may be virtually held, yes, fruitfully and firmly, amid great ignorance and many mistakes in detail. He never puts doctrine for practice, for with him doctrine is the highway into practice, and the motive force for practice. He has no doctrines—not one—that is only for the intellect. Every one of them echoes in conscience, or heart, or both. Yet beyond all doubt, under whatever explanations and limitations, this was Paul's way. It is a modern question, current everywhere, Was Paul right? Must we not organise Christianity on the footing of the doctrines—the ways of salvation—being left disputable? Shall it not be enough if only men own the claims of a certain ideal of moral life? Many think so—and many doubt. But Paul had no doubt. "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every man that believeth.

For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith."

Coming with this Gospel—and ready on all occasions to expand in all directions the range and significance of principles—Paul, by the wisdom given unto him, certainly stands in a very special relation to the doctrinal theology of the Christian system. But a world of things opens here for consideration, against which it may be wiser for me to shut the door. The manner of Paul's theologising is a very great and wide-spreading theme.

If I were to take it up at all, one thing to be observed in him, as in all the Scripture writers, would be the ease and power with which he combines things that men are prone to set against each other. One instance rises to every one's memory. Without wishing to give offence to any one here who is otherwise persuaded, I hold it to be out of the question to deny that Paul held and taught the Divine sovereignty in a manner that corresponds to the main and central thought (for we need not go into details) of Augustine's teaching on that subject. This was for Paul the last and highest source of each man's salvation—a Divine will of mercy that would have it so. And this was his comfort and last rest, in the face of the dark problem which to him also the world presented—not only that God knew all, but that God ruled all; dealing not merely with gifts and grace, which are His own, but with sin, which is man's, He appoints the bounds and the ends. But then this never hinders his recognition—I do not say merely of man's responsi-

bility, which here is not so relevant—but of the kindness of God as He goes after men, and orders His ways for their recovery; it never damps the ardour or sincerity with which he feels himself entitled to say, "As though God did beseech you, in Christ's stead we pray you, Be reconciled unto God."

I might find a more interesting and perhaps a more profitable illustration of the manner of Paul's teaching by adverting to the Atonement, and pointing out the wonderful union of subjective and objective in his handling of that topic. In this he sets a model which, from either side, we might strive to emulate, and must, if contending opinions on that doctrine are to be harmonised. But this is a point which cannot be further followed now. To try to handle it as it deserves would cause me to go far beyond the bounds of my Lecture.

I will not follow the course of the Apostle's labours. I will not speak of the various themes of his Epistles: nor of the touching incidental notices of the declining strength of Paul the aged. The character of the man, brought out in his varying activities, his trials, his anxieties, his patience, his sorrow, his holy indignation, I pass by. The theme has been minutely and lovingly studied by many biographers, and would be wronged by being touched in the end of a Lecture. They say he died at Rome. Out in the Campagna there is a convent thickly surrounded by Eucalyptus trees, planted to exorcise the fever which used to waste the health of the inmates. In a chapel they show where Paul's head was struck off,

and where fountains sprang forth to mark the holy place. There is nothing unlikely in the locality—nor yet, however, any special reason to believe in it. We may take it on the authority of Clement of Rome, that somewhere and somehow he suffered by authority of the governors.

After he passed away there never was a time in which his writings were not influential, in which his name was not revered. And yet nothing can be clearer than that, one might almost say at once, men failed to understand him. Almost immediately we see that his words are not carrying their sense to the minds of his readers; it is a blurred, enfeebled, distorted conception of his teaching that even those attain who specially honour his name, and seek to follow his phrases. The conception of a Christian law (which men dealt with, or tried to deal with, much as the Jews had done with the Mosaic) poisoned the springs of Paulinism, and perverted the interpretation of his writings. And yet that large proportion of the New Testament, which by God's appointment we owe to him, was ever doing its work, though sometimes indirectly and obscurely. And whenever the Evangelical Succession was to rise again into power and fruitfulness, then always the voice of Paul has been again heard, and some aspect, at least, of his teaching has been propelled with power into the minds of men.

Meanwhile let us go back to Paul himself, as he went to and fro, ere yet his work was done. What impression did this man make in the world, as he moved about in it in his Master's service? What

did Greeks and Romans, philosophers and tradesmen, pro-consuls, city-rulers, centurions, ship-captains, and all the rest think of him? It was something unlike what had ever been seen before. Jews indeed there were who compassed sea and land to make one proselyte—earning, meanwhile, no good reputation for themselves. Others, more worthy Jews, exerted an influence which sometimes drew Gentiles to honour their faith. But all that is hardly worth comparing. One rather goes back to Paul's Master, to our blessed Lord. He indeed lived and wrought almost wholly amid Jews, men who believed the Scriptures, and professed to wait for the promises; while Paul went far off among the Gentiles. Yet though the Jews were in a sense our Lord's own, they received Him not; and so in both cases, the Lord's and the Apostle's, it is a gainsaying generation amid which the central figure moves. We can easily mark the tie between the two; we also easily feel the difference. In both there is goodwill to men below, in both a constant reference to One above. But in the true manhood of our Lord we own something serener, more self-contained and sovereign. The love to His Father moves in great tides of even, perpetual flow. The love to men is a pure compassion, whose perfect goodness delights in bringing its sympathy and its help to the neediest and the worst, does so with a perfect understanding, and an unreserved self-communication. When He speaks, He speaks in the language of His time and land and circumstances, but He speaks like one who addresses human nature itself, finding the way to the common mind and

common heart of every land, and every age, and every condition. When He reasons, it is not like one who is clearing His own thought, but like one who turns away the perversity of the caviller; or who, for the perplexed inquirer, brings into view the elements of the spiritual world he was overlooking or forgetting. And with what resource—not the less His that He rejoiced to think of it as His Father's—does He confront whatever came to Him in life! As we watch Him, there grows upon us the strongest sense of a perfect inner harmony with Himself and with His Father, that lives through all changes. Finally, standing in this world, He declares the order of another and a higher world: He does it as one who knew it, who spake what He had seen.

We turn to Paul, and we perceive him also to be great; great thoughts, great affections, great efforts, great fruits are his; but he is not great in the manner of his Master. He goes through the world full of a noble self-censure that bows him willingly to the earth, and of a passionate gratitude that cannot speak its thanks, but offers up its life. Like his Master, while he reverences the order of this world, and of society, as God has framed it, he is at the time full of the relations of a world unseen. To that world unseen he already belongs; it determines for him, and for all who will listen to him, the whole manner of thought and life and feeling in this world. It holds him, it inspires him; but it is in the manner of faith rather than of knowledge; of earnest rather than of possession. Especially, the

influence that has mastered him, and is the secret of his power and nobleness, has not brought him to the final harmony of all his powers. It has, on the contrary, committed him to an inward conflict, a fight of faith, which he will never cease to wage till the final victory crowns him. This man knows the inward weakness and the inward disgrace of sin; he knows forgiveness, and repentance, and good hope through grace. The Lord received sinners, and sat and ate with them, and girt himself and washed their feet; but this man was himself a sinner, who was forgiven much and loved much. That was the Saviour. This, a pattern of them that should believe on Him to life everlasting.

As he went about looking wistfully for the men and women who should believe and be saved, what a problem he must have been to all sorts of people! Nay, how much was he misread by the dim eyes and dull hearts of many, whom, after all, he owned as brethren in the faith! He felt that. But he felt also that there was One eye that never misread him, which eye followed him still. With sincerity, as no man-pleaser, he lived before Christ as he lived by Christ, making the Gentiles obedient by word and deed.

AUGUSTINE.

By the Rev. MARCUS DODS, D.D.

AUGUSTINE.

IT is not without reason that the name of Augustine is placed next to that of Paul in the Evangelical Succession. Between the two men there stands indeed an interval of time almost as long as that which separates ourselves from the Reformation. During that interval an abundance of important events had transpired, and there had arisen many of those critical turns in political and religious history which we naturally expect to produce great men, and which at all events imply their existence. Born in 354, Augustine might faintly remember the anxiety of the Christians when they heard of the Emperor Julian's attempts to rehabilitate Paganism: and he certainly watched with interest the answer which the Senate of Rome would give to the question of Theodosius, whether the religion of Jupiter or of Christ was to be the religion of Rome; for that question was put just two years after his own conversion, and when he was thirty-four years of age. Dying in his seventy-sixth year, while his intimate but ill-fated friend Count Boniface —styled with some justice *Ultimus Romanorum*— was boldly maintaining their town of Hippo against the besieging Vandals, he had lived through the

period which had convinced even the most ardent patriots that Rome was not to outlive her predestined and predicted 1200 years. So strongly indeed had the sack of Rome by Alaric and his Goths, in the year 410, impressed the imagination of the whole world, that the dullest mind began to conceive an idea of the philosophy of history; and the foremost writer of the day—I mean Augustine—at once set himself to that which was in some respects the greatest work of his life, the elaborate exhibition of the contrast between the city which had ruled the world and the city of God. For not only the uneducated but the enlightened, not only those attached to Rome but her enemies, not only the devotees of Paganism but as well the adherents of Christianity, had conceived of the world as the Roman world, and looked upon the fall of Rome as the first note of the trump of doom. The imperial city and government had been accepted as one of the ordinances of nature. It had been Rome's stability which made all things stable; the government of Rome which alone gave men the only security and the only unity they knew. When Rome fell, Augustine saw his opportunity, and proclaimed with the perfervid eloquence of his African birth, and the learning, varied if not exact or profound, of his Roman education, that there was another city still more worthy of men's regard.

The history of the first four centuries is in great part the history of the fortunes of the Christian Church as she slowly fought her way to recognition, to toleration, to possession. In the days of Augus-

tine her conquest was outwardly won. A series of legislative acts, extending from the Edict of Milan in 313 A.D. to the close of the century, resulted in the abolition of sacrifice throughout the Empire, and the prohibition of meetings for Pagan worship. This legislation was followed by two instructive results. *First*, wherever the imperial edict prohibiting public worship was obeyed—and that means in *all large cities*, where the people lived under the eye of imperial officials—the old religion was practically abolished. In the religion of Rome, if not in all religion, the abolition of public worship left private devotion without its natural support. There was no active persecution of Pagans; there was neither the material nor the disposition to make martyrs; the prohibition of worship was accompanied by no civil disabilities; Pagans were still as eligible as Christians to high office in the state, but the old religion never rallied from this death-wound. *Second*, Christianity itself has never fairly recovered the injury it received by admitting into the Church those who were converted by imperial edict and not by the grace of Christ. These Pagans, debarred from their old rites, and recognising that their ancient religion was a thing of the past, knocked at the door of the Christian Church, and, when admitted, brought in with them their inveterate love of ceremonial, their association of pomp and pageantry with religious festivals, and all their unsifted notions of God and God's requirements. The natural and proper simplicity of the Christian religion was permanently

effaced, and from that day to this, the Church has never been able to disentangle herself from Pagan associations, and ascertain, with cleansed and unbiassed mind, what is the worship God requires. Never was there a clearer verification of the words, "*victi victoribus leges dederunt.*"

Amidst the fruits of this doubtful conquest, Augustine spent his life—or perhaps it is more correct to say that he appeared, like the Prussians at Waterloo, to give the final and deciding blow. Great as he was, he inherited the weaknesses as well as the advantages which attached to the outward success of the Christian Church: his greatness only serves to draw attention to these weaknesses, and render them more surprising. Already in his day there had been sown in men's minds that gravest of all errors which confounds the knowledge of certain truths with saving faith. Already it was demanded that the Church should be founded on the confession of dogmas which few theologians could give a sufficient account of, and not on that true confession of Christian divinity which is uttered by a man's accepting His spirit, and thereby acknowledging Him to be the Highest he knows. Already had the Church begun to break up into parties so hostile, that the old observation, "See how these Christians love one another," would have seemed satirical. If the Donatists gained possession of a Church which had belonged to their Catholic adversaries, they purified it with as scrupulous a care as they would have shown in the case of an idolatrous temple. "They washed the pavement, scraped the walls,

burnt the altar, melted the consecrated plate, and cast the Holy Eucharist to the dogs, with every circumstance of ignominy which could provoke and perpetuate the animosity of religious factions." Already had the Church shown the tendency of dissent to split up into minute branches, until the taunt of the Emperor Constantine to the Novatian bishop was deserved, "Get a ladder, Acesius, and climb up to heaven by yourself," and until Gibbon, with no more irony than the facts themselves furnish, can say, "Even the *imperceptible* sect of the Rogatians could affirm, without a blush, that when Christ should descend to judge the earth, He would find His true religion preserved only in a few nameless villages of the Caesarean Mauritania." Neither was there in the time of Augustine the same marked difference in conduct which had distinguished the primitive Christians from the surrounding heathen. Even the bishops and Christian emperors were not at all times models of virtue, and the Christian poet's memorable characterisation of Julian, "*Perfidus ille Deo sed non et perfidus orbi*," was no doubt suggested, not by Julian's career alone, but by the circumstance that many of the best emperors had been adherents of the old religion.

Between the ages of Paul and Augustine, then, there was not only that great gulf which every three hundred years of human history forms, but that wider and deeper separation which three centuries of intense activity and conflict and upheaval necessarily produced. But stirring and momentous as these

centuries were, the outcome of their activity was not in literature. From that period dates no book of commanding influence in literature, no *Pilgrim's Progress* or *Paradise Lost*, no *Divina Commedia*, no *Imitatio Christi*. The earliest Christian book which can take rank with these is the *Confessions* of Augustine. Before him there are indeed many names familiar to the reader of Church history, and many dear to the lover of Christian heroism. There are men so outstanding, as Justin Martyr, the two Clements, Cyprian, Irenaeus, Tertullian, Origen, Chrysostom, Lactantius, Eusebius. In some respects Origen was a profounder theologian, as undoubtedly he was a much better scholar and a bolder speculator than Augustine, but he was not in the same sympathy with the popular mind. Tertullian rivalled Augustine not only in the heat of his temperament, but in his felicitous compression of the results of a world of thought into a brief phrase, which, like a barbed seed, remained fixed and germinating wherever it found entrance. But one man only of those who lived before Augustine has left his mark permanently on Christian doctrine, and that is the much-enduring, indomitable, eagle-eyed Athanasius.

The services rendered by Athanasius to the Church will no doubt seem to many of greater value than those rendered by Augustine; and as a man, though his *spiritual* history does not so keenly attract our sympathy, his adventures, his courage, and his integrity, combine to throw an exceptional interest round his person. But Augustine and not Athanasius is chosen as the first uninspired representative

of evangelical doctrine, because, while the entire life of Athanasius was in a very remarkable and perhaps unique degree gathered round the one doctrine of Christ's divinity, the life of Augustine and his theological activity were very largely spent in fixing the Church's evangelical doctrine. The doctrines of our Lord's divinity, of His Incarnation, of the union of the two natures in His one Person, are not reckoned among the doctrines of grace, although without these fundamental facts there can be no doctrines of grace. Without the clear recognition of the divinity of Christ, there can be no sufficient theory of the Atonement; nor can we hold, that which it is of the very essence of evangelical doctrine to hold, that our Lord has power to bestow the Holy Spirit, that is, to save us. In fact, that which has chiefly distinguished Evangelicals from Moderates in our own country is their divergence regarding the person of Christ, so that "Moderate" and "Socinian" have come to be terms of very similar import. The Socinian may have as earnest a thirst for holiness as the Evangelical—indeed he has often actually been observed to have a stricter regard to integrity, honour, and good feeling than the Evangelical—but the tendency of Socinian doctrine undoubtedly is to confine the influence of Christ to the natural influence of example and increased knowledge of God, and to exclude the supernatural grace bestowed by a living and divine Saviour. In so far as you maintain and emphasise the true divinity of Christ, in so far do you deepen the contents and broaden the basis of the Gospel.

Yet the claim of Augustine is also valid. His spiritual experience is a striking exemplification of the vitality and efficacy of evangelical belief; and his writings have done more than those of any other theologian to give currency to what are known as the Doctrines of Grace. We shall first consider his experience; because in his case, as in every other, he could effectively know and teach only what he had first of all experienced.

It is impossible, in this Lecture, to do more than allude to one or two of the specially significant points in the career of Augustine; and it is unnecessary, for no career is more widely known. His experience was very various, and presents an image of the times in which he lived. It has been said, and only with slight rhetorical exaggeration, that "at different periods of his career he is a Pagan philosopher and a Christian bishop; a thoroughgoing sceptic and an ardent believer; a debauchee and a rigorous ascetic; a leader among Freethinkers and the most despotic of dogmatists; a friend of heretics and their most ruthless adversary. All the main currents of thought and feeling which are found intermingled in an age of great mental upheaval and social commotion are found reflected in his life."[1] To call Augustine a debauchee certainly conveys a wrong impression of the man. In his sixteenth year he was learning grammar and rhetoric at Madaura, a considerable town not far from his native Tagaste. It then became clear to his parents that he was a boy on whom the best education would be well spent.

[1] Owen, *Evenings with the Skeptics*, vol. ii. p. 151.

But Augustine's father was a poor man, so the schoolboy, like many a Scotch student, had to stay at home for a year until his father could save as much money as would carry the student to Carthage and maintain him there. It was in this year of enforced idleness that Augustine, to use his own words, gave himself up to unlawful pleasures. At Carthage he continued the same kind of conduct, with the greater opportunities afforded by the provincial capital. He assures us indeed that he never became one of the wilder set of students who had formed a kind of Mohawk club, and made themselves the annoyance and the terror of respectable citizens. He also succeeded in taking the highest place in the schools, and as early as his nineteenth year he formed a connection which, though not matrimonial in the strict sense, was faithfully respected by both parties for more than a dozen years, and by one of them to the end of life. But shortly before his conversion this connection was sundered, and was succeeded by a passage in his life which forms its darkest blot, and is by no means pleasant to contemplate. To his associates he may not have seemed to be doing anything either unusual or profligate, but his conduct reveals both an obtuseness of perception and a want of self-control, which it is very difficult to reconcile with other manifestations of his character. That he was easily moved, that he needed human friendship, that he was full of quick and intense susceptibilities, goes without saying, but it seems as if we must reluctantly add that he belonged to the large class of persons whose ardour is partly sensual, and whose

feelings, though easily stirred, are neither deep nor stable.

Throughout his life, and especially in the earlier part of it, you find him surrounded by friends, and associated in study with men he esteems. He left Tagaste, where he began life as a teacher, because the place had become intolerable to him owing to the death of a friend. He naturally repaired to Carthage, his *alma mater*, but found that the manners of the students had not improved, and that it was worse to be a teacher than a pupil among so rude a company. Gravitating to Rome, as our literary men to London, he was soon convinced that, if not so rude and coarse as those of Carthage, the students of the metropolis were even worse to deal with, for they came and went with the utmost irregularity, and never remembered to pay their fees. He therefore applied for a vacant chair at Milan, and succeeded in being appointed as Professor of Rhetoric in the city where Ambrose was bishop. And it was here, and through the impression made upon him by the personality and conversation even more than by the preaching of Ambrose, that he finally and decidedly threw in his lot with the Christians. He was at the time of his conversion thirty-two years old, and, after spending two years as a catechumen, he was baptized on Easter Sunday, 24th April 387.

During these ten years of wandering he had been seeking not only a livelihood and the fame he so dearly loved, but also truth and rest. In Cicero, in Plato, among the Manichaeans, he had sought in vain for a resting-place, though from each of them,

and especially from Plato, he carried treasure which remained with him to the end of life. He scarcely went so far as to anticipate Lessing's paradox that the search for truth was more valuable than truth itself; but he does explicitly declare that the twelve years' search for truth, which dated from his perusal of Cicero's *Hortensius* in his nineteenth year, was of more value to him than all that the world could give.

The reason he assigns for his ultimate adhesion to Christianity is not altogether satisfactory. During his years of inquiry he had been most strongly attracted by the teaching of the Manichaeans. And it is surprising that one who had tasted the limpid spring of Platonic philosophy, who had at least opened the door of Aristotle's school, and viewed the athletic and manly training of that great 'master of them that know;' and who had himself so penetrating a philosophic insight, that he anticipated the profoundest maxim of Descartes, should ever have been deluded by the windy obscurities of a philosophy which had no foot on *terra firma*. But our surprise is lessened when we learn that the name of Christ, the mysterious sweetness and hope of which he had drunk in with his mother's milk, exercised a kind of spell upon him, so that nothing held him, no matter how learned, eloquent, or true it was, which did not contain this name. A Christian heresy was more attractive than a sound heathen philosophy. But though thus natively biassed in favour of Christianity, he was repelled by the Scriptures. He was disappointed by their plainness of style, and by their lack of philosophy; for he had not acquired the modern

Hegelian tact of reading a philosophy into the Apostolic statements. Consequently he lived under a misapprehension of what the Church really believed, and at the age of thirty was astonished to learn that the ascription of a human form to God was no part of the Catholic creed.

He had, however, by this time seen the shallowness of Manichaean teaching, and contemporaneously with his renunciation of that heresy, he for the first time came into close contact with attractive orthodox Christian teaching in the person of Ambrose. He was ashamed to find he had so thoroughly mistaken the Catholic creed; and his sense of the injustice he had thus been doing to the Church made him all the readier to listen to her teaching. He was greatly struck too by the Church's candid acknowledgment that some truths must be believed without demonstration. It gradually dawned upon him that much of the information required for the conduct of human affairs was accepted on the authority of trustworthy persons, and was not susceptible of demonstration. He also knew that the promise of certain knowledge, which Manichaeism had made to him, had been shamefully broken. And so he concluded that the Church's frank avowal of her incompetency to demonstrate the truth she taught might possibly, after all, be more in accordance with the nature of the human mind and the necessary limits of human knowledge.

But in his reaction from a mistaken disesteem of Scripture, and in the weariness that resulted from his fruitless search for truth by the light of the un-

aided human reason, he swung too far and too easily to the other extreme of submitting to authority as his teacher. He would not inquire, even where inquiry was legitimate and requisite. He refused to base upon grounds of reason, or verify by historical research, even such points as might fairly be considered susceptible of such a species of proof. Persons were not to be listened to, he said, if they asked, "How knowest thou those Scriptures to have been imparted to mankind by the Spirit of the one true and most true God?"

Accordingly, his mental attitude towards Christianity was slightly tame, inconsequent, and disappointing. Here it is in his own words: "Since we were too weak by abstract reasonings to find out truth, and for this very cause needed the authority of Holy Writ, I now began to believe that Thou, O God, wouldest never have given such dominant authority to that Writ in all lands hadst thou not willed thereby to be believed in, thereby to be sought." In fact, his scepticism had never been radical, and so his apologetic was not radical. He never lost faith in God. He always believed in a Deity, to whom prayer could be made, and who watched over men. It was, with Augustine, but a question of finding what attributes might be ascribed to God, and how we are to be led back to Him. And he accepted the authority of the Scriptures on these points, partly, no doubt, on the very good ground that their teaching satisfied his mind, but partly also on the very insufficient ground that they were very widely diffused.

Here, then, we find the key to Augustine's mental constitution. It was *not* the search for truth, but only truth itself, which could satisfy him. Nay, he was not even among those who, by slow and patient bargaining, are content if at last they can buy the truth: he could not abide the slow process of legitimate trading, but impatiently made booty of the truth. Not the hesitating and cautious approaches of an ordinary wooer, but rather the assault of a Sabine bridegroom, represents his attainment of truth. His was not a mind that could wait, that could live in suspense. To live without those truths which give us the fundamentals of faith and hope was as impossible to him as to live in an exhausted receiver. He feared doubt, knowing instinctively that for him to live in doubt was to live in misery, in uselessness, in unrest. As Newman took refuge from the restlessness of an intensely sceptical and feverishly active intellect in the broad and assured calm of Rome's authority; so Augustine, wearied with fruitless inquiry, and convinced of the imbecility of reason, adopted authority as the test of truth. To that Church, which through his mother's care and fondness embraced his life as a whole, and which through the dignified impressiveness of Ambrose presented itself as the vehicle and embodiment of God's truth, he submitted himself. "Had not the authority of the Church compelled me," he says, "I would not have believed the gospel." Both men felt themselves on the brink of scepticism, and both knew that to them scepticism was spiritual death. Both belong to that class of mind

that is at once intensely critical and profoundly in need of spiritual emotion, and therefore of faith. In fact, Augustine mistook his vocation when he filled the *rôle* of a searcher after truth: his true vocation was to expound and systematise truth. He could not test the gems he loved, but no one could surpass his skill in cutting, polishing, and setting them.

The surprising ease with which, at last, Augustine dismissed his mental difficulties, offers a most striking contrast to the violence of the struggle which preceded the decisive hour when he once for all devoted himself to a holy and consecrated life. The deep mark which this protracted conflict made upon his spirit is reflected on the pages in which, long years after, he depicted it. These pages are among the most memorable, as they are among the most frequently perused, in all literature. It is the fidelity with which he has there reproduced the rapid alternations of his experience, it is the unaffected and unlaboured candour with which he has laid bare all the subtle movements of his agitated spirit, not less than the normal character and happy issue of that experience in an indubitable conversion from conscious sin to almost unblemished holiness, which gives him a place in the Evangelical Succession. With a graphic power which quite rivals, and an analytic skill which surpasses, that of Bunyan in *Grace Abounding*, he has set for ever before the eye of Christendom the picture of a sinner writhing in the loathsome grip of sin, and yet fearing to be free; burning with shame at his weakness, filled with self-loathing, panting and crying out for purity,

and yet the same hour, yea, the same moment, shrinking from the absolute purity he longs for, and clinging to the sins he would renounce.

He found, as he tells us, that he was held bound not by anything external but by his own iron will. "For of a froward will was a lust made; and a lust served, became custom; and custom not resisted, became necessity. By which links, as it were, joined together, a hard bondage held me enthralled." His difficulty arose very much from the clearness with which he recognised the issue, and perceived that what was required of him was a final and absolute renunciation of sin. This he felt to be impossible without God's help. Again and again, he says, he approached the moment when he was to be other than he had been, and seemed on the very point of breaking with the past; but he says, "the very toys of toys and vanities of vanities, my ancient mistresses, still held me; they plucked my fleshly garment, and whispered softly, 'Dost thou cast us off? and from the moment of thy decision shall we no more for ever be with thee? and shall not this or that be lawful to thee for ever?' And what was it, O my God, they suggested by 'this or that'? Let thy mercy turn it away from the soul of thy servant. What defilements, what shame they suggested! But now I scarcely heard them, for they did not openly show themselves and confront me, but, as it were, muttered behind my back and privily plucked me, as I was leaving them, and prayed me to look back. Yet they did retard me, so that I hesitated to burst and shake myself free from them,

and to spring whither I was called, a binding habit yet saying to me, 'Thinkest thou, thou canst live without these?'"

The vast influence which has been exerted by this whole narrative in propagating and regulating evangelical sentiment among sinful and anxious souls in every age since it was written, is derived from its impressive exhibition of the reality of a sense of sin; from its recognition of the gulf between a sinful and a holy life, and of the prodigious difficulty and yet absolute easiness of passing from the one to the other; that is, from the clearness with which it exhibits that it is in the will the battle is lost or won, and that by sin the will is bound; and from its constant ascription to God of that watchful, loving aid which makes the soul victorious.

On the African shore of the Mediterranean, close to the point where the territory of Algeria touches the neighbouring state of Tunis, stands a thriving seaport of some 12,000 inhabitants. From the higher parts of the town a view of great interest is afforded, whether one looks seaward over the busy quay, or landwards, where a district of much fertility and beauty stretches to the mountains which form the horizon. Slightly behind this busy and beautifully-situated town of *Bona* lie the few half-buried ruins which serve to identify the site of the ancient Hippo, so favourite a residence of the Numidian kings that it was known as Hippo Regius, or Royal, but which is better known to Christendom as the see in which the great Latin Bishop spent the last forty years of his life. To this day the inhabitants

of the district, Mohammedans though they are, with that happy adoption of all denominations of saints into their own calendar which prevails in some parts of the East, pray to *Roumi Kebir*, the great Christian,—a significant and melancholy relic of the times when the religion of Christ was paramount in North Africa, and could boast such names as Cyprian, Tertullian, and Augustine.

In this town of Hippo Regius Augustine one day arrived from the monastic house at Tagaste, where he had been spending in good works and in the study of Scripture the three years which had elapsed since his baptism. The purpose of his visit was to converse with a government official who had expressed a desire for the monastic life, but who needed some little coaxing to bring him to the point of actually resigning his place in the imperial service and its emoluments. On entering the church in Hippo Augustine found the Bishop, Valerius, in the act of intimating to his people that it had become necessary they should add to the number of their clergy a presbyter who might more efficiently preach and expound than he himself, with his small command of Latin, could. The appearance of Augustine at this juncture seemed an indication of Providence. Without further deliberation the congregation there and then, by common consent, laid hands on Augustine, layman as he was, and declared to their Bishop that this and no other was the man of their choice. He was accordingly ordained priest—which, as you know, is only presbyter writ small—being now thirty-seven years of age. As he himself puts it in a letter

he wrote to Valerius pleading for a little delay, "I was constrained to accept the second place at the helm, when as yet I knew not how to handle an oar" (*Letters*, i. p. 47). The results fully justified the discernment of the people. And the good Bishop Valerius, so far from being jealous of his presbyter's success, actually condescended to be present while his ecclesiastical inferior occupied the pulpit, an innovation in the African Church which excited much indignation among neighbouring bishops. Nay, so alive was he to the service Augustine was doing, that, fearing some other church might carry him off, he secured him as his own colleague in the Episcopate of Hippo, where accordingly he remained till his death.

In the Episcopal churches of our day the energies of the bishops are diverted from theological and spiritual ends, and are frittered away in a variety of ecclesiastical and ceremonial business for which no great spiritual excellence or mental endowment might seem necessary. In the time of Augustine the diocese of each bishop was small, and while the duties were multifarious they were more concentrated. In many important respects he much more resembled the pastor of a single congregation than the bishop of a diocese. But the eminence and reputation of Augustine brought to him an exceptional amount of work. From the huge mass of his correspondence which is still extant, one can form some idea of the calls upon his time. From it we see the variety of subjects on which appeal was made to him, and the deference with which his

judgment was received. No controversy of his age was settled without his voice. Inquiring philosophers, puzzled statesmen, angry heretics, pious ladies, all found their way to the Bishop of Hippo. And while he continually complains of want of leisure, he carefully answers all. Sometimes he writes with the courier who is to carry his letter impatiently chafing at the door; sometimes a promptly-written reply is carried round the whole known world by some faithless messenger, and he has to write again explaining the delay; but amidst difficulties unthought-of under our postal system he succeeds in diffusing intelligence and counsel to the most distant inquirers.

His manner of life was the simplest possible. The Episcopal palace of Hippo was a monastic house for the accommodation of the clergy. No woman lived in it, and such women as had occasion to consult him were received in presence of some of his clergy. He visited only the sick, and the widows and orphans among his people, and never dined out. His own table had no silver on it save the spoons; the dishes were of wood or common ware. Meat was provided when guests were present; on ordinary occasions the diet, in accordance with common usage, was vegetarian. On the table were engraved the words: "There is no place at this table for any one who loves scandal." And one who lived forty years with Augustine tells us he has seen him ask bishops who were transgressing this rule whether these words were to be deleted, and has heard him threaten to retire to his own room rather than hear such con-

versation. To put a stop to the invincible oriental custom of interlarding the talk with the name of God, he also made a rule that whoever used an oath should forfeit one glass of wine of the regular number allotted to each. His dress was the plain monk's frock he had always worn, and when some of his people presented him with some more ornate vestments he declined to wear them, and intimated from the pulpit that as he and his brethren of the clergy had all things common, he could wear only what they also could wear, and that if costly robes were again sent to him, he would sell them for behoof of the poor.

The expectation that he would prove an impressive preacher was not disappointed. He has left 398 sermons; short, because as a bishop he preached sitting while the audience stood; very simple in style, because he truly said that a simple style was the one to which people can longest listen; never abstruse, for his audience was composed of sailors, fishermen, boat-builders, quay-porters, peasants, tradesmen, with a small sprinkling of educated persons. He adopted a colloquial style, not only because the congregation interrupted him with applause, and even with questions, but on principle —"I would rather," he says, "that the grammarians found fault with me than that the people should misunderstand me." "For as a father delights in becoming childish with his child, and stammering out with it its first words—not that there is an intrinsic attraction in thus murmuring confused utterances, though it is a happiness to all young fathers—so it

must be a pleasure to us, as fathers of souls, to make ourselves little with the little ones, to murmur with them the first words of truth, and to imitate the bird in the Gospel which gathered her young under her wings, and is only happy when she is warmed by their warmth, and can warm them by her own." He did not content himself with preaching doctrine, but having originality enough to detect what was hurtful in the traditional customs of Christians, he had also boldness to expose and firmness to alter them. Thus in the festival called "Laetitia," which like the English Christmas tried to combine worship and feasting, the people were guilty of great excesses, and yet persuaded themselves that on that day there was a kind of licence. This, though with much difficulty, Augustine abolished. Another custom as dear to the people, that of annually meeting for party fights, in which blood was shed, he also put an end to—though to the African temper fighting seemed as dear as feasting. The influence of his pulpit work is traceable in his theological writings, some of which indeed were first of all spoken to his people. In all these writings there are flashes of genius which illuminate the whole subject, and constant appeals to experience, which relieve the tediousness of prolix argumentation. His writings, indeed, may be compared to his country, which is characterised by wide tracts of thin and sterile ground, interspersed with spots so fruitful as to be capable of sustaining the whole population, and so lovely that they invite the weary to linger and refresh his spirit.

Not only, then, by his gallantry and success in defending the orthodox faith did the Bishop of Hippo win the admiration of the Church, but by his sympathy with the actual wants of men, by his personal care of the poor, by the readiness with which he broke up and sold the church-plate to redeem citizens that had been taken captive, by his building a *hospice* for strangers, by the unquestioned purity of discipline maintained in his household, by the character and high tone he imparted to the Church of Hippo, did he give proof that the grace he preached was powerfully efficacious. He was a man born for great affairs, and born to lead in great affairs: he shrank from responsibilities, because he had both a high ideal, and also much native modesty of disposition; his "*nolo episcopari*" was sincere, but once he accepted office he put on dignity like a robe, and girt himself with sleepless and fearless energy. You feel, no doubt, the lack of humour in the man; he is always in full tension, eager and earnest, too absorbed to laugh. Indeed, with all his tenderness, he is wanting in equable geniality. But this want, if it was not common to his countrymen, was at any rate the price one has to pay for a character formed on the *grand* scale. His perfect devotedness to his work; his superiority to worldly considerations,—for no gift could tempt him, and he died with nothing he could call his own; his self-control, his fearlessness,—for he refused to abandon his people when a savage foe was approaching; his unbounded personal influence, give his character an aspect of grandeur. There was nothing little about

him; no personal spite or envy or vindictiveness; no jealous guarding of his rights. The love of God, which is supposed to be the animating principle in all Christians, was in him actually the strongest feeling; his affections were truly fixed on things unseen, and he poured out his fervent love for the Invisible as sincerely and freely as a man speaks to his friend. His capacity for fellowship with God, for soaring in that presence and expressing himself suitably there, has never been surpassed. And so he has become the father of all Christian mystics. Allied to this is his power of devoting himself; he had no personal ends. He lived in an age when the unity of the Church Catholic, though broken, was not yet hopelessly broken, or at any rate was not shivered into fragments. Its majesty was felt, it had a commanding influence, and men gloried in it somewhat as they might glory in the manifested presence of God, and felt drawn to dedicate themselves to it as the greatest cause. With all the blessings it has brought, Protestantism has brought this great drawback, that to us this majestic and commanding unity is lost, and dedication, entire devotedness with no thought of personal advantage, though possibly of a purer and higher kind when it does occur, is sadly less frequent.

We pass now to the consideration of the second ground on which a place may be claimed for Augustine in the Evangelical Succession, namely, that he developed and formulated the doctrines of grace, those doctrines which are almost indiscriminately known as Paulinism, Augustinianism, or Calvinism;

the doctrines of original sin, human inability, predestination, irresistible grace, and final perseverance; the doctrines, in short, which not remotely, but directly, exhibit the need and the actual existence of a gospel. It was during the Pelagian controversy that it was first accurately ascertained what Scripture taught regarding these matters.

Pelagius was an honest and serious-minded man, with a disposition to look at the ethical side of things, and consequently to make much of man's responsibility. And as previous to his time the Church had not defined its doctrine of the will or of grace, or of our implication in the fall, Pelagius, without knowing himself to be heretical, urged upon men their freedom to choose good as well as evil, and declared that every man was as free as Adam had been at the first. "We have," he says, "a power of taking either side. This power is implanted in us by God, as a fruitful and productive root to bring forth according to men's different wills." This freedom of the will he declared to be natural, common to all men by their birth as men. He did not, however, exclude grace. On the contrary, he affirmed that divine grace is necessary for the performance of a good work. Neither did he, as is sometimes supposed, limit this grace to what is external; he did not maintain that the only grace we need or receive is God's revelation of Himself, the teaching therein given to the race, and the moral inducements and incentives resulting from it. He admitted that inward impulses and spiritual aids are required, and when he speaks of grace he means

what is inward as well as what is outward. But he affirmed that an unassisted act of the human will was requisite in order that the proffered divine grace might be accepted and used. It is here that Pelagianism and Augustinianism part company. Both admit that divine grace is needed; but while Pelagius says that the acceptance and use of this divine grace depends wholly on the human will, Augustine maintains that, in order to accept and use grace, grace is needed. In his own words, "*humana voluntas non libertate gratiam, sed gratia consequatur libertatem.*" [It is not the human will that by its liberty secures grace, but it is grace that secures (bestows) liberty.] It is just the question whether the human or the divine will takes the initiative in the matter of the individual's salvation. Pelagianism says it is the human will that makes the difference. Augustinianism maintains it is the divine will that makes the difference.

On this hinge turns the whole theological system of each of the two men respectively. Ascribing to man a radical independence and capacity of turning himself towards good, Pelagius logically minimises the results of the Fall, and limits predestination to foreknowledge. Augustine, believing that his will was sinful and unable to free itself, consistently accounted for this by supposing it was the result and the punishment of Adam's sin. And believing that nothing but the supernatural grace of God could deliver him, he was driven to hold that God of his own free grace elected some to life everlasting. Salvation was God's work: He determined to save

some, not on account of any good in them, but for some inscrutable but wise and just reasons, and in consequence of this determination of His own, He gave to them all that was involved in salvation, renewal of will, union to Christ, holiness of life, the indwelling Spirit.

Into whatever intricacies of argument this great debate periodically runs, and with whatever confusing subtlety the front is changed and the issue obscured, the question really comes ultimately to be: Can God afford me that inward grace which determines my salvation; can He impart to my will grace to choose and accept the grace I need; can He not merely exhibit inducements, but impart by a spiritual contact ability to choose? There are persons who feel that without this there is no salvation; that just this is salvation; that if a man can change his own will, can thus heal himself at the very root of his being, and take a new and right direction, there is nothing he cannot do, and indeed nothing else that greatly needs to be done. To some it seems that to deny this initiating grace is to deny that there is salvation, that there is supernatural grace, that there is a Holy Spirit. It was so with Augustine: the one reality on which he could proceed, and from which he could argue, was his own sinfulness: this was the one datum of consciousness which was steadfast, and which nothing could make uncertain. He knew he was evil: he was quite sure that the root of him was evil, and that it was as vain for him to try in his own strength to become good as it is for a man to try

and lift himself by his own waistband. The gospel is the authoritative proclamation of salvation: it is the Divine declaration that forgiveness and the Holy Spirit are ours if we will have them—that God is our God, for, and not against us. And all the doctrines enumerated as characteristic of Augustine, and which certainly he was the first to formulate, exhibit salvation as God's work, and the gospel as a Divine purpose and announcement. By Augustinianism man's hope is directed to a will which is divinely stable, to a righteousness which is secured not only by human aspiration but by God's purpose.

But it is not for me to argue at length in favour of Augustinian doctrine, nor to show that it is a sure foundation for evangelical religion. For to argue in favour of that doctrine would be to admit that Augustine himself has not sufficiently made good his points; and the proof that Augustinianism is the theology which underlies evangelical religion has already been given by the previous Lecturer, for all that Augustine did was to make effective the doctrine of Paul. He is the lens into which the rays of Pauline doctrine are gathered, and through which they have been shed on the subsequent generations. Augustinianism is neither more nor less than the systematic construction of the principles enounced by Paul. The inconsistency of those who separate Calvin, Augustine, and Paul, is deliciously exposed in one of those explosive notes, in which the indifference of Gibbon enables him to deal out even-handed justice to all: "The Church of Rome," he says, "has canonised Augustine and reprobated Calvin.

Yet as the *real* difference between them is invisible even to a theological microscope, the Molinists are oppressed with the authority of the saint, and the Jansenists are disgraced by their resemblance to the heretic. In the meanwhile the Protestant Arminians stand aloof, and deride the mutual perplexity of the disputants. Perhaps a reasoner still more independent may smile in his turn, when he peruses an Arminian Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans" (chapter xxxiii.).

No doubt some may feel themselves free to question whether the anthropology of Paul is not one-sided, whether he was not biassed in common with the Semitic, if not all Oriental races, in favour of predestination, and the whole system of doctrine which prominently exhibits the sovereignty of God.[1] As in politics democracy does not thrive in the East, so the view of the connection between God and the world which finds favour among Semitic peoples, is that the world is a dominion absolutely ruled by a Sovereign who ordains every action of every member—a view which leans to, and undoubtedly has often accompanied, a Pantheistic conception of the universe, for only by bringing God into so close a connection with the world that He becomes identified with it, can He be supposed to exercise so intimate and continuous a control. The Jewish conception of God's connection with the world was, however, anything but Pantheistic. Indeed it lay at the opposite extreme. It was because the Jew

[1] On the question of Predestination or Fate between Pharisees and Sadducees, see Hausrath, *N. T. Times*, i. 148.

conceived of God as separated from the world by so high an exaltation, that he ascribed to Him an absolute dominion. And it is of course on this idea of God's absolute power that Predestinarians have always proceeded. Very instructive, *e.g.*, is the following from Toplady: "He alone is entitled to the name of true God who governs all things, and without whose will (either efficient or permissive) nothing is or can be done. And such is the God of the Scriptures, against whose will not a sparrow can die, nor a hair fall from our heads. Now what is Predestination but the determining will of God? I defy the subtlest semi-Pelagian in the world to form or convey a just and worthy notion of the Supreme Being without admitting Him to be the great cause of all causes; also Himself dependent on none; who willed from eternity how He should act in time, and settled a regular, determinate scheme of what He would do, and permit to be done, from the beginning to the consummation of the world. A contrary view of the Deity is as inconsistent with reason itself, and with the very religion of nature, as it is with the decisions of revelation. . . . Without Predestination to plan, and without Providence to put that plan in execution, what becomes of God's omnipotence? It vanishes into air; it becomes a mere nonentity. For what sort of omnipotence is that which is baffled or defeated by the very creatures it has made?"[1]

These are very confident words: and yet they seem to me to leave the question very much where

[1] Toplady, vol. v. p. 293, quoted in Mozley's *Augustinianism*, p. 343.

it was. The reasoning is sound and good; if God is omnipotent *in Toplady's sense*, his conclusion is as irrefragable as he thinks it. But the whole question lies in the definition of omnipotence, to which Toplady contributes nothing. Quite consistently with the confession of God's omnipotence, it may be held that there are necessarily certain limitations of it: it may be most reasonably maintained that, though God is the Supreme Ruler, He does not rule by constraining every act of every individual, but that, while allowing the freest exercise to the human will, He yet governs and orders results as a father governs his family. Toplady founds upon a generally accepted theological proposition, and without sifting its terms to see how far they form a sound basis for the immense structure he raises on them, he at once proceeds to build. Much of Augustine's reasoning is similarly vitiated. Indeed it is a vice very common in theology, and characteristic of a large class of most logical thinkers. They are content to reason from a statement of Scripture or a theological proposition precisely as they would handle mathematical problems, and without at each stage confronting their conclusions with reality and the facts of life. This was the heritage Augustine had received from his training as a rhetorician, in which he learned to have an undue regard to words and logical rules as compared with truth and wide reason.

The fact is, no reasoning, however skilful and persistent, has ever been able to shed a ray of light beyond the line Paul himself drew as the limit of

legitimate human inquiry. How the freedom of the human will, that is, man's responsibility, is preserved if we give to the Divine will that range and comprehensiveness and determining efficacy which seem to be required by the doctrines of grace, we cannot say. In things spiritual, as in things physical, the beginning of life is involved in obscurity. Science assures us that this only is certain, that nothing is spontaneously generated, that only life can produce life. Theology says the same: no one can give spiritual life to himself; it is that which is born of the Spirit which alone is spirit. But then life's first manifestation is in the will, in the assertion of self; it is thus the creature proclaims its life and individuality, its separateness from all else. You cannot say that God wills until man wills; the two are coincident and contemporaneous; as you cannot say whether it is the life or the restored breathing in the half-drowned man that takes precedence, and are unable to determine whether the life enables him to breathe, or the breathing restores life.

But Calvinism and Augustinianism need not be ashamed of failing at a point where every philosophy from Thales to Hegel has also failed. After all that philosophy has said, we simply do not know how God is connected with the world, nor how the finite and the infinite work together. And it is just at this point of junction, out of this necessary limitation of the human mind, that the greatest theological heresies and controversies have arisen. How the human nature and the divine meet and work together in Christ; how the human will and the divine work

together in regeneration; how the human and the divine mind combine to produce an inspired Word; these are the standing difficulties of theology, and these must necessarily remain in part unsolved, because the human mind cannot perceive and cannot comprehend the mode of union between what is finite and what is infinite. One thing was competent to Augustine, and this he did; he made the teaching of Scripture on these points unmistakeably clear. The teaching of Paul regarding free grace cannot be more fairly exhibited or more feelingly and convincingly defended than by Augustine.

If, then, Paul seized the very central truth of evangelical religion when he declared that salvation is of grace and not of works; if he brought hope to the heart of countless sinners who were very sure that for them there could be no salvation if it depended on their own will and work; if Paul made salvation possible to all men by making it impossible to any but God; if he gave men hope by showing them that they were loved by God not on account of anything good in themselves, but because God is good; if he taught the man who knew himself to be dead in trespasses and sins to hope, by assuring him that it is God who worketh in us both *to will* and to do, God that quickeneth *whom He will, i.e.* be he never so hardened and helpless and dead a sinner; then unquestionably it is to Augustine we owe it that the teaching of Paul has been rescued from all ambiguity and obscurity and from all misleading interpretations. It is to Augustine we owe it that the cardinal principles of evangelical religion

have been accepted as an essential part of the Catholic creed of Christendom.

That the teaching of Augustine should have great and permanent results might be expected from the nature of the man and from the nature of the case. The source of his extraordinary influence has been admirably analysed by one of the greatest of modern English theologians in the following words:—

"The teaching of St. Augustine had that result which naturally follows from the keen perception and mastery of a particular truth by a vigorous, powerful, and fertile mind; endowed with an inexhaustible command and perfect management of language, which seconded and acted as the simple instrument of the highest religious ardour and enthusiasm. Copious and exuberant, and concise and pointed at the same time; bold, ingenious, and brilliant, yet always earnest and natural, he did not write so much in vain. As the production of a single mind, the quantity of the writing had a unity, force, and wholeness which told with surprising effect upon the Church. The large aggregate of thought and statement came in one effective mass and body. One such writer is in himself a whole age, and more than an age, of authorship; a complete school, and more than a school, of divinity. He had, moreover, the advantage of an undoubted and solid ground of Scripture; an advantage which his deep and full knowledge of the sacred text, and wonderful skill and readiness in the application of it, enable him to use with the greatest effect. He erected on this ground, indeed, more than it could legitimately bear,

and was a one-sided interpreter. Still he brought out a side of Scripture which had as yet been much in the shade, and called attention to deep truths which had comparatively escaped notice in the Church. He brought to light the full meaning of St. Paul, and did that which the true interpreter does for his teacher and master—fastened the great doctrine of the Apostle, in its full and complete sense, upon the Church."[1]

To trace the influence of Augustine through succeeding centuries would require a book, not a paragraph. Every one of the great mediæval theologians was necessarily indebted to him. Scotus Erigena, Bernard, Richard of St. Victor, Bonaventura, Gerson, each found in him stimulus and material for his own mental aptitude, whether metaphysical, mystical, devotional, biblical, or doctrinal. Anselm was so manifestly his scholar, even in style, that he has been called the mediæval Augustine. Abelard and Peter Lombard, though differing widely from one another, agree in acknowledging the authority of Augustine. Of Thomas Aquinas, in some respects the greatest of them all, Bossuet says: "St. Thomas is at bottom, and especially on the subjects of predestination and grace, nothing else than St. Augustine reduced to the method of the schools." But the most striking evidence of his influence is furnished by his enemies. In 1588 the Jesuit professor, Molina, published a book in which he maintained that God gave grace where it was merited; and not only did the Jesuit fathers adopt this teaching, but

[1] Mozley, *Augustinianism*, p. 250.

they issued from the Society a kind of Bull denouncing Augustine in twenty-two propositions. Some of these propositions disclose the surprising weight attached to the authority of Augustine. Here are one or two of them: "The Church would be miserable if she remained bound by the opinions of Augustine." "The Church must be emancipated from the tutelage of Augustine." "The authority of St. Augustine is valid only in so far as the reasons he gives are valid." "The theology of Augustine regarding original sin is rustic [boorish, provincial]." "It is no great matter if St. Augustine is of one opinion, we of another." Nothing, I think, could more convincingly show how the Church of the Middle Ages had been taken captive by this towering genius, and had fallen under his spell.

It has of course often been doubted whether this was an advantage to the Church or the reverse. There are two points in regard to which a good deal of misconception seems to exist—Augustinianism, in the form in which we have it (Calvinism), is supposed to tend to, if not to produce, despair and immorality.

1. I have already indicated that, so far from being a religion of despair, it is, on the contrary, the only form of religion which can inspire hope in a sinner convinced of his sin. Augustinianism does not tell a man he is weaker and more sinful than he feels; but it comes to the man who is already convinced that no words are strong enough to express his weakness and sinfulness, and it says to him: *God* is your Saviour, He can quicken you, let Him work in you,

trust in Him. In point of fact, Calvinistic preachers, believing in man's inability and dependence on God's decree and grace, have been most successful in kindling the hope of salvation within men. Bunyan, Spurgeon, Jonathan Edwards, Moody, Augustine himself, have been as arousing and winning as Wesley. And as has frequently been noticed, awakened souls and our true spiritual instincts express themselves in the terms of Augustinianism. Take, *e.g.*, the sonnet of Michael Angelo, which Wordsworth's rendering has made familiar :—

> "The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
> If Thou the spirit give by which I pray :
> My unassisted heart is barren clay,
> Which of its native self can nothing feed :
> Of good and pious works Thou art the seed
> Which quickens only where Thou say'st it may."

2. And regarding the alleged tendency of Augustinianism to produce immorality by disposing men to rest on the predestination of God irrespective of their own efforts—this, it is needless to say, is a misconception of the doctrine, which affirms that the means as well as the end are predestined, and if any man is predestined to salvation, he is also and thereby predestined to holiness of life, and to all the care and striving which tend to holiness. Here again the appeal to facts is final. No one would hesitate to place the Augustinian Jansenists on a higher level of character than their opponents, the Jesuits who followed Molina. The testimony of John Newton in the preface to his hymns is remarkable : "The views," he says, "I have received of the doctrines

of grace are essential to my peace: I could not live comfortably a day or an hour without them. I likewise believe,—yea, as far as my poor attainments warrant me to speak,—I *know* them to be friendly to holiness, and to have a direct influence in producing and maintaining a gospel conversation, and therefore I must not be ashamed of them."

Feeling, as I do, the inadequacy of these remarks to represent to you the character and work of Augustine, it is some satisfaction to know that, whether you see him clearly or not, you breathe an atmosphere that is charged with his teaching. Whether he is the greatest of theologians may be a perpetual question, but of his unrivalled influence there is no question. As a writer he will always command readers. He had true literary genius—the power of giving to ideas their final verbal form. No writer is more quotable; no theological writer has been so much quoted. Just as the reader begins to weary and say, "This is intolerable," he wipes out the memory of pages of sterile argument by a brilliant incisive saying that makes all discussion superfluous. And he is never dull; never uninterested himself. He has the eloquence which expands language to ampler ranges of meaning, and compels it to a flexibility which fits in to every turn of feeling and cranny of thought. He has that rare eloquence which stands the test of the cooling and disenchanting printed page, and of the lapse of centuries. It is still a living voice you hear when you open his pages. He has something for every one: philosophy for the philosophical; practical

wisdom for those concerned about conduct; history, observations on life and character, poetry, linguistic investigation—nothing comes amiss to him. His was "eminently a progressive and expansive intellect, full of curiosity on all subject-matters of learning, and of ardour in their pursuit." But through all his inquiries and speculations and discussions, there runs the colour of life which is communicated by his regard for all human interests. It is the combination of this interest in men with his high reach of spiritual contemplation that helps to make his figure unique. He stands like some great Alp whose lower slopes are enlivened with homely dwellings and the voices of children, but whose summit pierces the clouds, and strikes the sky in the solitary calm where few can climb or breathe the rarer air. It is largely the elevation of his devotional utterances which has given men confidence in his theology. It is the justice and insight of his spiritual analysis, the responsive thrill which his words stir in the tried heart, which induce men to love him and to listen to him—which make us forgive him all his laborious irrelevancies, his antiquated methods, his rhetorical conceits, his futile allegorising, his life-consuming prolixity. His teaching was one great protest against a secular spirit, against the spirit which now finds suitable clothing in naturalistic views of the world and of life; it was a sincere and consistent advocacy of God and His grace. And his life was in perfect harmony with his creed; a monk, he used the monastic life only as the opportunity of thoroughly mastering his own passions, of

undisturbed study of Scripture, of undivided communion with God, and of serving rather than separating himself from the world; a bishop, he lived devoted to his people, watching over them with the tenderest affection, void of arrogance, accessible to all, most careful of the fatherless, the suffering, and those whom most he could serve; the Doctor of Grace, he died with the penitential psalms hung round his bed, and, doubtless, with these words in his heart:—

> "Cast me not away from thy presence,
> And take not thy Holy Spirit from me;
> Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation,
> And uphold me by thy free Spirit."

COLUMBA.

By the Rev. JAMES C. MACPHAIL.

COLUMBA.

IN a Course of Lectures on "The Evangelical Succession" the first place was certainly due to the Apostle Paul, the great inspired teacher of the doctrines of grace. The second place was given with equal propriety to Augustine, whom God raised up to be the able and eloquent defender of those doctrines when, for the first time, they were formally assailed. And now the third place is given to Columba, as an illustrious instance of a man constrained, by a sense of his obligation to the grace of God, to devote his life to the carrying out of Christ's great commission to His church:—"Go and make disciples of all nations." Unfortunately there are no such materials for an account of Columba as exist for the other members of the Evangelical Succession in this Course. We do not know of any theological treatise that he wrote. There is no record of any theological discussions in which he took part. Not even so much as a single letter to a friend has come down to us from his pen. Some short poems indeed exist which are ascribed to him;

but it is not certain, to say the least, that he is the author of any one of them. If we go to his own island of Iona for information, and question the hoary ruins which are crumbling there about him, we find that the men who laid the foundation of the very oldest of those ecclesiastical buildings were about as far removed from the days of Columba as we are now from the time of Robert the Bruce. There is, however, a life of Columba by Adamnan, who is said to have been "the most accomplished and influential of St. Columba's successors." He was born within thirty years of Columba's death. His work includes a still earlier biography, written by one Cummene the Fair, who was abbot of Iona some twenty years before Adamnan. But when we open Adamnan's work, instead of a biography, we find a panegyric. It is in three books. The first book contains the prophecies which Columba is said to have uttered; the second, the miracles which he wrought; and the third, to use Adamnan's own words, "the apparitions of angels, and some of the manifestations of the brightness of heaven upon the man of God." This is not encouraging to any whose chief desire may be to know Columba specially as a theologian—either as an expounder or as a defender of the doctrines of grace. But we have good reason to believe that he held those doctrines, and felt their power on his heart. We know that he did a great work under the influence of the truth he believed, and much light of a thoroughly reliable

and most interesting kind is shed on his character as a missionary by Adamnan's book, in spite of the mass of mere legend contained in it. Then there are writings by St. Patrick, the great apostle of Ireland, and also by Columbanus of Bobbio, a contemporary of Columba's, and who is sometimes called Columba the younger. From those writings we may learn a great deal regarding the church in which Columba was reared, and regarding the particular theological school in that church to which he belonged. Still later, the writings of the Venerable Bede, who died in 735, give reliable information regarding Iona and its missions for more than a hundred years after Columba's death. These are the main original sources of information regarding Columba, and they may almost be said to be contemporaneous with himself. The value of some of them has been greatly increased by the patient and learned research and the critical acumen which has been brought to bear in our own day upon their elucidation by such men as Reeves, Todd, and our own Dr. Skene.

Relying then mainly on those sources of information, we learn that Columba was a Gaelic-speaking Celt, and a native of the north of Ireland. His *life* may be divided into three distinct and well marked periods:—

First, from his birth until he finished his education at the age of twenty-five.

Second, from the time when his education was

finished until he left Ireland at the age of forty-two; and

Third, from the time when he left Ireland until he died in Iona at the age of seventy-six.

I.—Birth and Education.

A.D. 521-546.

Columba was born at Gartan, in the county of Donegal, and the most probable date of his birth is the 7th of December A.D. 521. Unlike Augustine, who was a poor man's son, Columba was by birth an Irish prince. His father, whose name was Fedhlimidh, was a member of the reigning family of Ireland. His mother, Eithne, was descended from an illustrious provincial king. The nobility of two races was thus united in Columba. Had the gratification of worldly ambition been his aim, he might perhaps, without much difficulty, have made his way to a throne. But Eithne, like Monica, was a godly mother. She seems to have had an early presentiment of the future greatness of her son, and her chief desire for him was that he should obtain a crown of glory. Accordingly, when he was yet but a little boy, she confided him for his education to the care of a holy presbyter called Cruithnechan, by whom he had been baptized in infancy. And thus, as we learn from Adamnan, "from his boyhood Columba had been brought up in Christian training, in the study of wisdom, and *by the grace of*

God [mark that] had so preserved the integrity of his body and the purity of soul, that, though dwelling on earth, he appeared to live like the saints in heaven." The self-mastery that was needed to maintain purity of body and soul in youth, must have been a powerful factor in the formation of that strong and lofty character for which he was afterwards so distinguished.

Columba's early piety made a deep impression on the mind of his tutor, under whom he was brought into close contact with the teaching of the Irish Church. At this point, therefore, it is proper to glance at what that teaching was, in order that we may have some idea of how it was likely to affect this religious youth. The great instrument employed by the Head of the Church for planting Christianity in Ireland was St. Patrick. This remarkable man was probably a native of Britain. He died about A.D. 493, less than thirty years before Columba was born. Not long before his death St. Patrick wrote a short treatise, which is known as his *Confession*. This is in reality an *autobiography*, in which he gives an account of the Lord's dealings with him, and of the work which God had enabled him to do in Ireland. Is it unreasonable to suppose that, after the Holy Scriptures themselves, there was probably no writing which the Christian people of Ireland, and especially the clergy, would prize more highly than St. Patrick's *Confession*? And when we look into that work, what do we find? I cannot go into particulars; but this I will say, that

if the history of their own conversion was fitted to give both to Paul and to Augustine the deep and lasting conviction which they had of the freeness and sovereignty of saving grace, God's remarkable dealings with St. Patrick, in connection with his conversion, were not less fitted to penetrate his mind with a similar conviction. Then after his conversion I know not anything that more resembles the vision of the man of Macedonia, in obedience to whose call the great Apostle of the Gentiles began his labours in Europe, than that thrice-repeated vision in which St. Patrick heard the Irish people calling him to labour among them. And as he looked back, at the close of life, on the great and blessed work that God had enabled him to do, he gives expression to his feelings, over and over again, in language that may be most appropriately summed up in these words of Paul, "By the grace of God I am what I am: and his grace which was bestowed on me was not in vain; but I laboured more abundantly than they all: yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me." It is further clear, from St. Patrick's *Confession*, that while he offered himself as a living sacrifice to God from a sense of his obligation to redeeming love, he saw in the success of his own labours only a partial fulfilment of the promises of Scripture regarding the extension of the kingdom of Christ, and viewing it in that light, he regarded it as a strong encouragement to more earnest efforts to carry out the Lord's great commission to His Church.

The government of the Irish Church, as it was founded by St. Patrick, requires to be noticed, for it was somewhat peculiar. Within the Roman Empire the organisation of the Church was cast to a large extent in the same mould with the civil government. Hence the early development of diocesan Episcopacy. Under that system the bishops received an oversight and a jurisdiction over the spiritual affairs of a wide district or province, just as the Roman prefect had jurisdiction over the temporal affairs of a province, which was also called his *diocese*. But the Roman Empire never extended to Ireland. The form of government in that country was therefore altogether different from that of the Empire. It rested on the Celtic system of tribes and clans, and St. Patrick organised the Church in harmony with this tribal government. He had bishops, indeed, who seem to have been something different from Presbyters, but his bishops were congregational rather than diocesan. It is not improbable that he ordained a bishop wherever he planted a church, for there were hundreds of those congregational bishops in Ireland. But congregational bishops were not the only ones. Dr. Todd states that "every man of eminence for piety or learning was advanced to the order of a bishop as a sort of degree or mark of distinction. Many of these lived as solitaries or in monasteries. Many of them established schools for the practice of the religious life, and the cultivation of sacred learning, having no diocese or fixed episcopal duties."

But the most curious thing about the Irish bishops was this, that many of them lived in groups of seven —the seven frequently being seven brothers. No fewer than 153 of such groups are said by Skene (Todd says 141) to be invoked in the Irish Litany of Angus the Culdee, a work composed probably in the ninth century.

This strange system of Episcopacy soon fell into decay, and became effete. Most of the religious life of the Irish people gathered itself into monastic institutions, which were also schools of learning. Piety was nourished in those retreats by the earnest Christian men who were at the head of them. And from them there went forth as missionaries a wonderful array of men of God, who offered themselves as a living sacrifice, that they might make known to the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ.

It is not to be supposed that the religious opinions of those devoted men were materially different from such as were common in the Christian Church. Even at that early time many views began to prevail which contained the germs of errors, that came afterwards to be identified with the corruptions of Popery. But the Papal system was not yet developed. Already, indeed, the Church of Rome had begun to put forward claims, which were utterly disregarded by many. There is abundant evidence that the Irish ecclesiastics of that early time had no sympathy with the pretensions of Rome in later ages. And whatever crude or erroneous opinions may have been held by

the Irish clergy in common with others, the Church of St. Patrick was both evangelical and evangelistic in a very remarkable degree.

As the result of the religious influences which were brought to bear upon Columba, he early resolved to devote himself to the service of Christ. Following up this resolution he studied at different institutions, in order to qualify himself for his life-work. He is found accordingly at the great monasteries of Moville, Clonard, and Glasnevin, which were presided over by some of the most distinguished ecclesiastics of Ireland. But his education was not confined to the mere pursuit of theological knowledge. After leaving Moville, he placed himself for a time under the instruction of an aged Christian bard of the name of Gemman. The Irish bards of that time devoted themselves to the study of poetry and music. Columba had a taste for such studies, and his intercourse with Gemman was fitted to give breadth both to his sympathies and to his general culture. There is reason to believe that Columba was himself a poet, and he was certainly a great singer. In after years he had an opportunity of proving himself a good friend to the order of bards when they had got into trouble.

Of all his theological teachers, the master who seems to have made the deepest impression upon Columba was Finnian, the Presbyter-abbot of Clonard. It was while studying under this master that Columba was ordained a priest. One circumstance is

mentioned regarding Finnian, which is of peculiar interest in connection with the Evangelical Succession. It is recorded of him that "he was in his habits and life like unto the apostle Paul." May we infer from this, that the writings of the great Apostle of the Gentiles had peculiar attractions for him, and that Paul, beyond all other men, was his ideal? If that were so, he would naturally direct the thoughts of his pupils very specially to the teaching and the character of Paul; and one can easily understand with what admiration such an ardent nature as that of Columba would sit as a learner at the feet of the great Apostle. This may account for some references to Paul that are found in Adamnan. Thus he says in one place that "Paul, that vessel of election, was the model followed by our Columba;" and in another passage he connects Columba's success in fighting the battles of the Lord, to his "having received the armour of the apostle Paul." To say the least, these are curious and interesting references by which Columba is connected with the great inspired teacher of the doctrines of grace. There are no such references connecting him specially with any of the other apostles. Is it going too far to conclude that there is some significance in these facts that Columba's principal theological instructor was a man who was in his habits and life like unto Paul the Apostle—the great inspired teacher of the doctrines of grace—that Paul, that "vessel of election," "was our Columba's model" in after life, and that it was in

Paul's armour he fought the battles of the Lord? If Augustine represented the theology of Paul, Columba took him for his model as a missionary.

Columba was in no hurry to finish his education. He went on with his studies at college (as we would say) until he was five-and-twenty. For some time, and especially at Clonard, he had for fellow-students three men who afterwards attained great celebrity as fathers of the Irish Church. These were Comgall, Cainnech, and Ciaran. Each of those men drank in the spirit of Finnian their master, and through him the spirit of St. Paul. Comgall became the head of the great monastery of Bangor, and under him the famous Columbanus was educated, who afterwards preached the gospel first in Gaul and then in the North of Italy, where he founded the monastery of Bobbio. Among his associates Columba soon acquired great influence; and while that influence must have been mainly due to his own character and abilities, it was not unnatural that it should be strengthened by his high social position as a prince. It is said that another Ciaran, a carpenter's son, became jealous of the high estimation in which Columba was held. The way in which that spirit is said to have been checked is both amusing and instructive. An augur, a plane, and an axe were placed before Ciaran, and then it was said to him, "Look at these tools, and recollect that these are all that thou hast sacrificed for God, since thy father was only a carpenter; but Columba has sacrificed

the sceptre of Ireland, which might have come to him by right of his birth and the grandeur of his race." Now, whatever truth may be in this story, it points to what was certainly one great source of Columba's influence in after years. When his royal birth was associated with the splendid talents which he possessed, and with those virtues which adorned his character, it was fitted (as has been justly observed) to give him an irresistible ascendency among a people who, more perhaps than any other, acknowledged the influence of blood, and were proud of a lofty genealogy. Nor can we doubt that Columba himself felt its influence. The very consciousness that he was socially on a level with the highest must have been a great strength to him in dealing with all classes of men.

II.—Work in Ireland.

A.D. 546-563.

While Columba was still prosecuting his studies he was ordained first a deacon and afterwards a presbyter. He had also in the most unreserved manner given himself up as a living sacrifice to God. And he did so with the firm resolution to be not only a good soldier of Jesus Christ, but a leader of men into the kingdom of heaven. That was his ideal. He was to be more than a mere living sacrifice, more even than a Christian soldier; he was to be a Christian chieftain. And in order to realise

that ideal he began by founding the monastery of Derry in the year 546. He was now five-and-twenty years of age. He had been for some time a presbyter, and as the head of his monastery he became also an abbot. He was thus a presbyter-abbot. Every man who joined his monastery took a vow of obedience to him, and by taking that vow he professed his willingness to engage in the Christian warfare as a living sacrifice unto God, and under Columba as his leader. In 553 he founded another monastery at Durrow, and this is specially mentioned by Bede as being his chief institution in Ireland. Several institutions of a similar kind were founded by him between the years 546 and 562, and all of them no doubt were just such as were then common in the Irish Church. It was a prominent feature of the Irish monastic system that the founder of any number of monasteries stood in the relation of abbot or father to all the members of all the institutions founded by him. He was in fact a spiritual chieftain, whose clansmen were his monks. His jurisdiction over them was as complete as that of any chieftain over the members of his clan. As Columba's monasteries increased, so did his influence. The position had its dangers. The head of those institutions was the natural guardian of their privileges; and among a people who were but partially civilised, Columba's relations with the outside world could not fail to be complicated. His close connection with royalty, also, tended to make his position

still more difficult. How far he may have got mixed up with the politics of Ireland and its tribal feuds is not clear. Tradition, however, connects him with a famous battle which was fought at a place called Cooldrevny in 561. And it was "probably at the instance of the sovereign who was worsted in that battle" that soon thereafter a synod of Irish clergy assembled at Feltown to excommunicate St. Columba. Unfortunately there is no record of the charge tha was made against him. Adamnan says it was "pardonable and very trifling," "and indeed unjust." St. Brendan of Birr resisted the purpose of the synod, and it was not carried into effect. But it is not improbable that the complications arising out of it may have led Columba to much searching of heart and to serious questionings as to whether his native land, where there were now so many to preach the gospel, was the only field on which he was called to fight the battles of his Lord. However he may have got mixed up at any time with political matters, it should never be forgotten that deep down in his heart of hearts Columba was a man of God, a man who had deliberately renounced the world, and had given himself a living sacrifice to Christ, and that the supremely determining element in his life was the answer he could get from the great Captain of his salvation to the question sincerely and earnestly asked by him when alone with God, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

III.—Work in Britain.

A.D. 563-597.

It was natural that Columba's thoughts, in the circumstances in which he was now placed, should go out, or rather that his Lord and Master should direct them toward that great island which lay in sight of Ireland. A colony of his countrymen, who were Christians at least in name, and who are known as the Dalriad Scots, were settled upon its north-western shores. Their young ruler was a near kinsman of his own. In the year 560 they had suffered a great defeat from the Picts, a powerful heathen nation, who had driven them back from much of the territory formerly occupied by them; had shut them up, in fact, to Kintyre, and were threatening to crush them altogether. Columba was not ignorant of their position. But whatever may have been his sympathy for those who were his kinsmen according to the flesh, his deepest pity and his strongest yearnings were for those who had never heard of Christ. At the same time he no doubt believed that to bring the Picts into subjection to Christ was also the most likely way to bring them into friendly relations with his kinsmen, the Dalriad Scots. But apart from all political considerations, Columba, in the spirit of his great model, may have been anxious to preach the gospel in the regions beyond where he should not have to build on another man's foundation. Adamnan accordingly states that in the second

year after the battle of Cooldrevny Columba resolved to seek a foreign country *for the love of Christ.* And the *Old Irish Life* gives this as the explanation of his pilgrimage that "he had determined to go across the sea to preach the Word of God to the men of Alba." Indeed there are indications that he had some thoughts even in early life of such a mission as this. But now his resolution is taken. He will go forth and conquer for Christ those brave Caledonians who had withstood the disciplined armies of Rome, and had almost driven his own countrymen, the Dalriad Scots of Britain, into the sea. Who were to accompany him? We do not know the precise form the question took: whether, Who would volunteer to go? or, who from among the crowd of eager volunteers should be allowed to go? At any rate, there was no difficulty in finding a band of twelve who were ready to leave for ever their homes and their native land that they might go forth with him to preach the gospel to the great heathen nation of the Picts.

It is a military expedition, and, in the highest sense of all, it is the most important expedition for Caledonia that ever landed on our shores. Let us look at it ere it starts from near Columba's monastery at Derry, at the head of Loch Foyle. It is a bright morning, early in the month of May in the year 563. Is it too much to suppose that the members of the expedition, and their comrades in the monastery whom they were leaving behind, who were soldiers

of the cross like themselves, had spent most of the short summer night in prayer? Their war-galley was a currach constructed of a frame of wicker-work, covered with hides, the hairy side turned inwards. It was a vessel of considerable size, if we may rely on the tradition which represents it as sixty feet long. What were the materials which they put on board? There were none of the ordinary instruments of war; no swords, or shields, or spears. Instead of these there were a few blacksmith's and carpenter's tools, and some implements of husbandry, a small fishing-net, a sack or two of barley or oats for seed, as much more for meal, and a quern or hand-mill to grind it with—a couple of leathern bottles, one full of water, the other of milk—and in a wallet of skin, carefully laid in a place of safety, there were some manuscript copies of parts of Holy Scripture, and probably a hymn-book, and beside these some writing materials, in the shape, not of paper but of parchments, with pens and ink, and some wax tablets and styles for taking notes and jottings. Such were the only materials put on board for this expedition. Clearly the weapons of their warfare were not carnal. Then as to the crew: they consisted of thirteen men who were not sailors by profession, but any one of whom could take his place alone in a small boat, or take command of a large one. They were all of them men of education. They had all somewhat of a family likeness, for they were all kinsmen of their chief. Their outward

appearance was striking. The hair was shaven from the front part of their head to a line passing over the top of the head from ear to ear, but it was allowed to grow and hang down freely at the back. Their dress consisted of a white tunic which they wore next to their skin, and over that a long garment made of undyed wool, with a large hood, which could hang over the shoulders or be made to cover the head at their pleasure. They wore shoes of hide when they did not prefer to be barefooted. The leader of this little band was a man now past middle life. His exact age was forty-two. He was of great stature, and of almost superhuman strength. He had a magnificent voice, and he had that grey eye of the Irish which could be soft as the dew of the morning, or flash like the lightning from a thunder-cloud. His countenance shone habitually with a holy joy. There was a majesty in his bearing that betokened his birth, and marked him out as a leader of men. And he had that mysterious influence about him, a sort of spiritual mesmerism, which won the hearts of those with whom he came in contact, and bound them to him as with clasps of steel. I need not tell you that this was St. Columba. The wind was fair, and as soon as he took his seat in the stern of the currach the sail was hoisted, and he steered away for Alba. They left the land they loved at the call of duty, but they keenly felt the pain of expatriation.

The tradition is that they could settle in no place

from which they could see their native land. The love of country is strong in the breast of a Celt, and there is something singularly pathetic in the strains in which Columba himself is said to have given vent to his yearning after Erin :—

"How rapid the speed of my corracle
And its stern turned upon Derry;
I grieve at my errand o'er the noble sea
Travelling to Alba of the ravens.
There is a grey eye
That looks back upon Erin.
. . . .
Large is the tear of my soft grey eye
When I look back upon Erin."

Erin *must* be out of sight, and therefore they dare not settle at Kintyre, for there Erin can not only be seen, but it is within easy distance. Onward then to the north. They touch at Isle Oronsay. It seems as if that might do. But on ascending a neighbouring hill they see on the far horizon some faint trace of the land they love. A small cairn marks the spot on which they stood. It is called Carn cul-ri-Erin. They embark again, and sail still farther to the north. They reach another island, and steering their way cautiously through a labyrinth of rocks they land in a creek on its southern shore. They mount the hill on their left. From the highest point of it they look in the direction of their native land. It is Whitsun eve. The sun is going down in a sea of glory. The atmosphere is wonderfully transparent; but here not a trace of Erin is visible

to the naked eye. Even that piercing grey eye of Columba cannot reach so far. And if not in such a light as this, then never. Another cairn marks this spot. It too is called Carn cul-ri-Erin, in memory that for some great purpose they had turned their back for ever on Erin as their home. This island will do. Columba and his twelve companions take possession of Hy or Iona in the name of Christ; and from that little island, as their base of operations, they are to wage war against the strongholds of Satan among the Northern Picts.

The position was wisely chosen by Columba. Hy lay in the debateable territory between his kinsman Conall, king of the Dalriad Scots, who was then reigning in Kintyre, and Brude, king of the Picts, who had his capital on the banks of the Ness. It was near on the one side to districts where the inhabitants were exclusively Scottish and nominally Christian, and on the other to regions where they were exclusively Pictish and entirely heathen. It was also in the very heart of the only district in which the population was mixed, including both Picts and Scots. Conall must have heard of this mission and felt an interest in it, and from him Columba would readily receive whatever title he could give him either to Iona or to any similar island within his dominions. With such a title Columba proceeded to make preparations for settling.

There is some reason to think that the island con-

tained one of those effete institutions in which a batch of bishops lived together. It is stated in the *Old Irish Life* that when he landed in Hy, two bishops that were in the place came to receive his submission. But God manifested to Columcille that they were not in truth bishops; wherefore it was that they left the island to him when he "told on them" (*i.e.* exposed) their real history and career. The exposure of the bishops drove them from the island. It is an interesting tradition regarding the first great Scottish Presbyter. It is difficult to account for it if it had not some foundation in fact. And if the incident be historical, was it also prophetic?

When the ground was thus far cleared, Columba had to make arrangements for providing the expedition with dwellings and with food against the approaching winter. The first thing was to choose a site for their monastery. A spot was selected near the north end of the island, a spot lying between its eastern shore and an inland lakelet that skirted the base of what is now called Dunii, the highest hill in Iona. And we can imagine how, as soon as the site was finally fixed upon, Columba and his companions knelt down together, and there consecrated themselves anew as living sacrifices to God, and invoked His blessing on the monastery they were about to build to His glory.

The new monastery must be just like one of those with which they were familiar in Ireland. And a

Celtic monastery of that period was a very different thing from one of those grand piles of stone building which were erected by the monks of the middle ages. It more resembled a small village. It consisted of a cluster of rude little huts. Most of these were made of wicker-work, and every member of the monastery had one of them for his cell. Columba's own hut was made of planks, and stood apart on a little eminence overlooking the rest. There was a church built of oaken logs and thatched with rushes. One of the huts was a refectory, in which they took their meals at a common table, and another a guest-house for receiving strangers. Then there was a smithy and a carpenter's shop;—and the whole of this cluster of huts was surrounded with a rampart constructed of earth and stone. Beyond the rampart there were a barn and a kiln, and a byre and a stable, and such other outhouses as were needed by men who depended for sustenance mainly upon the produce of a little farm. The island itself might supply some of the building materials, but all the larger timber was carried from Mull or Lorne.

Such was the monastery which Columba was to build. That was for shelter. But they would need food also. And there was time enough yet to sow some barley; and on the west side of the island, at no great distance from the site which they had selected, there was a beautiful *machar*, or plain, of virgin soil, from which they might look for a good

return in harvest without great expenditure of labour.

It must have been a busy time with them all for many months as they reared their monastery and tilled their little farm. Columba himself was foremost in all the work. He could put his hand to anything—take an oar, or a spade, or an axe, carry a burden on his back, or grind meal with his quern. Nothing was beneath him, for it was all for Christ; and in the service of Christ nothing could be mean. Columba had learned what Herbert prayed to be taught when he wrote :—

> "Teach me, my God and King,
> In all things Thee to see,
> And what I do in any thing,
> To do it as for Thee:
> Not rudely as a beast,
> To run into an action;
> But still to make Thee prepossest,
> And give it his perfection."

Columba had been taught to have Christ thus prepossest in everything he did, and he sought to impress the same great lesson on all his disciples. This was perhaps the real meaning of his very frequent, and one would almost say superstitious, use of the sign of the cross. It was a consecrating to Christ of everything in connection with which the sign was made. The devil went into the very milk-pail and destroyed the milk unless the milker thus acknowledged Christ before he began his work. And for the same reason the tradesman's tools and the im-

plements of husbandry were signed with the cross in token that they were all consecrated to the Lord, and were to be employed only in accordance with His will.

For the first two years after his settlement on Iona Columba devoted himself mainly to the strengthening of his position there. He made no aggressive movement against the great nation which he sought to convert. At this stage, therefore, we may glance at the inner life and arrangements of the institution in which all his future workers were to be reared.

When men were to be admitted as members into the monastery they were required to "enter the chapel with Columba, and, on bended knees, devoutly take the monastic vow." This vow certainly included obedience to the abbot as unto the Lord. Whether it included celibacy and poverty also I am not prepared either to affirm or to deny. But this is certain: so far as appears, Columba and his monks had all things common, and he and they were all unmarried. The great thing was this: those men were already Christian disciples, and, from a sense of their obligation to redeeming love, they presented themselves as a living sacrifice to God that they might be employed as soldiers in the great spiritual warfare in which Christ is engaged against the powers of evil in the world. To be, each of them, in the most literal and unqualified sense, a living sacrifice as a Christian soldier—to be a human being all whose powers and capacities of thinking, feeling,

willing, doing, bearing, should be absolutely at the disposal of Christ—that was their ideal. And in order to realise this ideal, the first and chiefest thing was to know the will of Christ. And as the only authoritative revelation of Christ's will is contained in the Holy Scriptures, the Word of God must be accessible to all, and must be studied by all.

Hence one of the most distinguishing characteristics of Columba and his followers was their devotion to Scripture. In Iona they did the work both of a Bible Society and a Theological Hall.

Printing was not invented for more than 800 years after Columba. Think what this implied. Every copy of the Bible, or of any book of it which existed in his day, had been written out separately with the pen. A great deal of the time of the older inmates was therefore given to making new copies of portions of the Word of God. Columba himself is said to have been a beautiful penman. He was certainly a great transcriber, and some manuscripts still extant are ascribed by tradition to his hand.

But to multiply copies of the Bible is one thing, to study the Bible is another. Iona was a seminary of learning devoted specially to the study of the Word of God. Whatever else may have been taught in it, this was the subject of subjects. The Columbans were even more remarkable for the earnestness with which they studied the Bible than for the care and diligence with which they transcribed it. Nor did they confine their study of it to translations. There

is evidence that some of those Irish Celts knew both Hebrew and Greek. They became marvellously acquainted with the letter of Scripture. Their memories were stored and their understandings were saturated with the Word. Moreover, they believed that the things of the Spirit are spiritually discerned. A very outstanding feature of their character was the earnestness with which they prayed for spiritual illumination. Adamnan narrates an incident regarding Columba himself which gives a striking proof of his earnestness. The saint frequently retired for a time to the island of Hinba, that he might there enjoy a season of special and private communion with God. On one occasion when he was living there, the grace of the Holy Ghost, we are told, was communicated to him abundantly and unspeakably, and dwelt with him in a wonderful manner, so that for three whole days and as many nights, without either eating or drinking, he allowed no one to approach him. And then Adamnan adds that Columba afterwards allowed that at that time certain very obscure and difficult parts of sacred Scripture were made quite plain and clearer than the light to the eye of his heart. I emphasise this as showing the spirit in which Columba himself studied the Word of God, and the source to which he and his disciples looked for that spiritual discernment of the holy oracles which would help them to know the mind of Christ. They prayed for the Holy Spirit to guide them into all saving truth.

It is important to notice further that the Columbans held the supreme authority of Scripture as the only divine rule of faith and duty. So long as no attempts were made to bind on the Christian conscience anything unsanctioned by the Word of God, this principle was rather assumed than affirmed. Constant appeals were made to that Word, and there is an absence of appeals to other authority. This is the form in which we have it in the writings of St. Patrick and the life of Columba. But when we examine the writings of Columbanus, we find him expressly asserting and insisting on this doctrine in words so plain that they could not have been surpassed even by Luther himself.

Men who were lovingly and unreservedly devoted to Christ as those Columbans were might, however, misunderstand His will, and in many things they did misunderstand it. But so long as the supremacy of the Word of God was maintained by them, they possessed that by means of which, as they got more light, error would be detected, and when once detected, it must be given up.

There were three directions in which the Columbans, as living sacrifices, sought to carry out the will of Christ, viz. :—In the direction of (1.) Consecrating common life to Him; (2.) Cultivating personal holiness; and (3.) Extending his kingdom in the world. Nothing could be finer than their ideal, but I am not prepared to say that the means which they took to realise it were those most in accordance with

the mind of Christ. Take for example the cultivating of personal holiness, which must in a very important sense be the foundation of the other two. As means to that end there was, among other things, the monastic vow, which certainly required obedience to the abbot even unto death, whatever more it may have required: there was the formal and severe discipline of daily life, and there were various things in their worship, as *e.g.* the rigid observance of Lent and other seasons of fasting, and having recourse to the intercession of departed saints. These things, and such as these, have no Scriptural authority. In those things the Columbans misunderstood the mind of Christ. Such things are to be resisted as dangerous even before they become mischievous. But in spite of all that, the love to Christ, and the self-denial, and the intense spiritual earnestness which made those men enter on the ascetic life they led, could not fail to carry them nearer to their high and noble aim. Nor must we forget that it was quite possible to lead such a life in a spirit of the most entire dependence upon the grace of God. Coarse-minded, unspiritual men might make those observances their religion, and rest in them as such. But Columba could find rest in nothing apart from Christ, and he valued anything else only as it helped him to get nearer to the Lord and Master whom he loved and served. Fasting was no better than working in the field, except in so far as it helped one to make spiritual progress, and become more conformed to the image of Christ. If

they fasted almost every Wednesday and Friday the whole year round; if their food at the best was of the plainest kind; if their bed was a simple straw pallet, and Columba slept on the ground with only a skin under him, and had a stone for his pillow, the reason of it all was that they regarded such self-denial as the training by means of which they would be best fitted to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and make most progress in the divine life.

Passing now from all this, let us see how Columba proceeded against the great Pictish people whom his heart so yearned to bring into subjection to Christ. His first formal step toward this end was to seek a personal interview with their king. It was a far journey from Iona to Brude's capital on the banks of the Ness, and Columba was not the man to attempt such an expedition without doing everything in his power to secure its success. He therefore got the celebrated Comgall of Bangor and Cainnech of Aghaboe, both of them of the race of Irish Picts, to accompany him on the journey. With a few attendants these three men started from Iona. Brude had no doubt heard of Columba's settlement in Iona, and may have distrusted him because he was a kinsman of Conall, the king of the Dalriad Scots. It is likely that reports had also reached him of the approach of the expedition, and that the priests of the old faith did all in their power to stir up the king against the Christian missionaries before they

arrived. Accordingly, the gates of the fortress were ordered to be shut against them. But they knew Him who had the heart of the king in His hand. They had faith in the power of prayer, and they poured out their heart unto the Lord. As they got near the fortress, it was the time for evening service, and they began to chant their psalms. Some Druids interfered to prevent the praises of God being sung in a Pagan nation, whereupon Columba, with that wonderful voice of his, began to sing the 45th Psalm in notes that pealed like thunder, to the utter amazement both of the people and of the king, who had been an observer of what was going on. When the psalm was sung, Columba and his companions went forward to the gate. He made the sign of the cross and knocked. The gates were opened. Brude received the missionaries. They gave him a full and frank account of the object of their visit. He was much impressed with what he saw and heard. It is said that he even then embraced the Christian faith and was baptized. Adamnan does not assert that. But it is certain that a lifelong friendship was then begun between Columba and Brude, the powerful king of the Picts. A great step was thus made toward the conversion of the nation. Columba's title to Iona was now made doubly sure. His missionaries received the king's protection in all their labours throughout the whole of the wide Pictish territory to the north and to the east. And such of them as made their way to still remoter

regions, as *e.g.* the Orkneys, got the benefit of Brude's influence with the princes who ruled in those isles of the sea.

Adamnan unfortunately tells us little of the methods adopted by Columba for bringing the truth to bear upon the Picts. He has filled his book with marvels. And I have been surprised to see the way in which some modern writers have expressed themselves regarding those marvels, as if there were no other way than by them of accounting for the extraordinary change that took place. I do not wonder at Father Innes, a Roman Catholic, but I do wonder at the strain adopted by some living authors who are not Roman Catholics. I would point those men to the great island of Madagascar. I would venture to say that quite as great a change has taken place in that island in our own day as took place in Scotland in the days of Columba. And that change has been effected through God's blessing on the labours of the simple presbyters of the London Missionary Society, men of prayer, who make no pretension to the power of working miracles.

But setting aside the merely marvellous in Adamnan's work, we can gather from it materials enough to enable us to form some idea of Columba, both as an evangelist or preacher, and as a church organiser.

(1.) As an evangelist he had several qualifications that were conducive to success: a princely presence, a joyous countenance, a magnificent voice, a graceful

utterance, extraordinary familiarity with Scripture, intense sympathy with men, strong faith, and a prayerfulness of spirit without which everything else were vain. With these qualifications, for more than thirty years he braved the dangers of the sea in his frail currachs, that he might visit the islands north, south, east, and west of Iona. He wandered on foot through the rugged wilds of Ardnamurchan, crossed and re-crossed the heights of Drum Alban again and again. He pierced every strath and glen where he could find a group of heathen families. And wherever he went he had the same simple story to tell. The Druids had peopled the world, the trees, the wells, the rocks—everything with demons, of whom the people lived in continual terror. Columba told them of the great and good Spirit, the Creator of heaven and earth, and how He so loved the world, a world of creatures like them, that He gave His only begotten Son, etc. It is difficult for us to understand what glad tidings these were to the poor heathen, and how readily this gospel was welcomed by some of them. Adamnan, however, condescends only on three cases of conversion, and he mentions these only because of some marvels connected with them. The first case was that of an aged chieftain in Skye. The second that of a family somewhere in the country of the Picts, and the third that of a dying man in Glen Urquhart on the shores of Loch Ness. Now, setting the merely marvellous aside, we find that Columba, when he first began to preach the Word of

God to the Picts, was obliged to employ an interpreter, but that later in life he could do without such aid. It is clear also that the gospel which he preached must have been a very simple story, in fact, little more than an explanation of the formula of baptism. He told them of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; of how the Father loved the world—of how the Son died for sinners, and of how the Holy Ghost regenerates and sanctifies men. And when men professed to believe that simple gospel, and to be willing to take their place among the disciples of Christ, Columba was very ready to baptize them. Admission to the other Christian sacrament seems, however, to have been a very different matter, if we may judge from one case in which a man who had been guilty of some aggravated sin, and professed penitence, was ordered to undergo a period of seven years' probation, and then come and seek to partake of the Lord's Supper. Five hundred years later, in the time of Queen Margaret, the members of the Celtic Church had almost ceased to communicate for fear of eating and drinking unworthily. The feeling on the part of many Celts of the present day on this subject is well known. It would be curious if it could be traced back to the teaching of Columba from a misunderstanding of the words of his great model "Paul, that vessel of election."

(2.) But let us now look at Columba as an organiser of the Church, or, in modern phrase, as an ecclesiastic. His own personal efforts as an evan-

gelist among the Picts were but a mere fraction of the agency which he employed for their conversion. However great he may have been as an evangelist, as an organiser he was still greater. It was to his work as the head of the monastic institution of Iona that, under God, his great success and his great fame are due, far more than to all the preaching tours he could possibly have made either by sea or land. On that little island he gathered round him, and educated and trained in a variety of ways, and for different kinds of work, a succession of men who drank in largely of his own spirit. The very example of Columba was itself a great means of education—a prince who had renounced his possible title to a throne, that he might present himself a living sacrifice unto God, and who showed how deeply he felt his obligation to redeeming love not only by the saintliness of his life but also by the impressive ceaselessness of his industry. Adamnan says of him that "he could never spend the space of even one hour without study or prayer, or writing, or some other holy occupation."

As his fame spread crowds of earnest religious men sought admission to his monastery. He had a clear insight into character, and was very careful as to whom he admitted. Of those whom he received some became clerics, others remained mere laymen all their life. But whether cleric or layman, every one took Columba's monastic vow on bended knees, and so became Columba's monk. He offered himself

a living sacrifice to God. He became a soldier of Jesus Christ, and under Christ he looked to Columba as his leader. Besides these monks, Columba gathered round him numbers of the more promising youth from the regions round about for their education. The highest in the land were glad to send their children to his school. The monks and the scholars were, so to speak, the permanent residents on Iona. But ere long streams of visitors began to frequent the isle. They went to consult Columba as a soul-friend, or to ask his advice about some affair of church or state. No one could be there even for a short visit without being struck with what he saw. But the deepest impressions were made upon his monks and scholars. How deeply their spirits must have been stirred many a time as he gathered them round him at stated conferences and discoursed to them, with his burning eloquence and melting pathos, of their obligations to redeeming love, and expounded to them his ideal of a living sacrifice and of the Christian warfare, and pointed them to the great heathen nation whom he yearned to see brought into subjection to Christ.

Iona thus became a great nursery for missionaries, taught by Columba to look upon themselves as living sacrifices and Christian soldiers. That was his own ideal, and it was theirs, of what a missionary of the Cross should be. And from among his disciples fired with this spirit he sent forth men to occupy every point of advantage that might pre-

sent itself either on the mainland or in the isles. By the men whom he thus sent forth new institutions were founded on the model of Iona, and these in turn became new centres of operation against the paganism of the Picts.

Now this was one of several features of the Columban system as an evangelistic or missionary agency which should be always borne in mind. So far as I can find, Columba did not gather Christian congregations together and settle ministers over them as we do now, but planted out what might be called Christian colonies in the heart of the heathen. Those colonies consisted of monks, who were partly clerics and partly laymen. They were supported mainly by the produce of their own little farms which they tilled, and partly by the freewill-offerings of those who loved them. From these little centres earnest men pierced into the regions round about to tell the heathen of the love of God in Christ. At the same time, such of the Picts as were settled near the monasteries got an impressive view in the lives of the Columbans of the peace and good-will that would prevail among men if the law of Christ were established on the earth. By what they were and by what they did, as well as by the gospel which they preached, those men, in their own time, were the salt of the earth and the light of the world.

It is impossible to enumerate all the institutions of this kind that were set up by Columba and his

disciples in the whole of that vast region which lies to the north of the Firths of the Clyde and the Forth. Dr. Reeves, in his edition of Adamnan, gives a catalogue of Columban foundations, which, he says, admits of considerable enlargement. In that catalogue there are no fewer than thirty-two foundations in the part of the country which was subject to the Scots, while there are twenty-one in the territory of the Picts. You are not to suppose, however, that all the monastic institutions in Scotland at that early time were Columban institutions. I do not remember, for example, that the great institute which was founded by Maelrubha at Applecross was ever subject to St. Columba's successors.

But I must now emphasise, though I have already mentioned it, another prominent feature of the Columban system. It was this:—Columba's jurisdiction as abbot of Iona was not confined to his own great monastery on that island, but extended to every similar institution founded either by himself or by his disciples. The men who were at the head of those institutions were put there by him. They were his representatives. Their conduct was always subject to his review, and he could remove them at his pleasure. Columba was, in short, a very powerful prelate, with a very wide jurisdiction. And he was this, although in respect of orders he was but a simple presbyter.

There was one peculiarity about this wide jurisdiction possessed by Columba and his successors

which has been the occasion of a great deal of writing. That peculiarity is remarked upon in a famous passage in Bede's History, which is in the following words :—"That Island [viz. Iona] has for its ruler an abbot, who is a priest, to whose direction all the province, and even the bishops, contrary to the usual method, are subject according to the example of their first teacher, who was not a bishop, but a priest and monk." Episcopalians are shocked at the position of the Columban bishops as subject, not some one of them, but all of them in the province, to the jurisdiction of a mere presbyter. If there is anything at all that we can be sure of about Bible bishops, it is that they were overseers. Why, the very meaning of the word Bishop is just overseer. But then the Columban bishops were in the ridiculous position that they had nothing and nobody to oversee. They had neither see nor jurisdiction. Worse than that, they had an overseer over them, and that overseer was a presbyter. It is claimed for them that they alone had the right to ordain. Well, they could not even do this without the presbyter's permission, and when he required them to do it they did it whether they liked it or not. All this is very shocking to Episcopalians.

Then on the other hand some Presbyterians are shocked to find any bishops at all who appear to have had some right to ordain, which *every* presbyter at least did not possess, whether authority in this matter may have belonged to a college of presbyters,

or, in other words, to a Presbytery. But really those of us who are Presbyterians need care little about the matter. Our faith in Presbytery does not rest upon tradition. We reject Episcopacy because we can find no authority for it in the Word of God. And for my part I can find as little warrant in that Word for the prelacy of Columba as for the exclusive right to ordain which Episcopalians claim for his bishops.

One other feature of the Columban system I must mention. I refer to the influence which belonged to the founder's family in connection with the appointment of his successors. The founder was in fact a spiritual chieftain, and proceeding on the tribal system, so long as his kindred could supply a man fit to succeed him, the successor must be chosen from among them. This led in some cases to a lineal succession, and to very serious evils arising out of that.

So much, then, for Columba as an ecclesiastic, and for the system of missions which he set on foot. Through the success of his labours he found himself in a few years at the head of the Christian Church both among the Picts and among the Dalriad Scots. His connection with the Houses he had founded in his youth had never been severed, and through them he possessed also great influence in his native land. His position as head of those Houses made it necessary for him to pay several visits to Ireland. But I must pass over these. I can only refer to one of them—a memorable visit which he made in the year 575.

In the previous year he had formally and solemnly consecrated Aidan in Iona as successor to Conall, king of the Dalriad Scots. And now he and Aidan crossed over together to Ireland to attend a famous convention of the Irish princes, chieftains, and principal clergy, who met at Drumceatt, a mound on the river Roe, not far from his first foundation of Derry. His name is indissolubly associated with two important transactions which took place there. He was instrumental in getting Aidan acknowledged as an independent sovereign, who should thenceforth be free from the payment of all tribute to the supreme king of Ireland; and he was the means of saving the order of Irish bards from the execution of a sentence which the king had pronounced against them. These two transactions certainly tended to increase Columba's fame.

In 584 Columba lost his steady friend and supporter king Brude. This opened up for him a new field of labour. Brude was succeeded by "Gartnaidh, son of Domelch, who belonged to the nation of the Southern Picts, and appears to have had his royal seat at Abernethy, on the southern bank of the Tay, near its junction with the river Earn." During this reign Columba appears to have made special efforts for the evangelisation of the districts bordering on the banks of the Tay. And so his great work went on, he himself entering in or sending others to enter wherever God in His providence seemed to open a door.

At length, in 593, after he had been exactly thirty years in Iona, something occurred which left with him the conviction that his work was nearly finished. And although other four years were added to his life, we may here take a brief survey of his thirty years' labour. When he landed in Iona with his twelve companions in the year 563 it was practically a desert island, and if it contained any Christians at all they were exerting no influence upon the surrounding paganism. His countrymen, the Dalriad Scots of Britain, were a mere Irish colony, hemmed in to the promontory of Kintyre by Brude, the powerful king of the Picts, who threatened to crush them utterly. Those Scots were indeed Christians at least in name, but we know of no provision which they had made for keeping the lamp of truth alive among themselves. Then the great Pictish nation was altogether pagan. To the northern Picts the gospel had never been preached, and the southern Picts appear to have lost much of any knowledge of it which their fathers possessed. That was the state of things in the great territory north of the Firths of Forth and Clyde when Columba landed upon our shores.

But what was the state of things in 593? Iona had become one of the most remarkable spots in Christendom. It contained a monastery that was crowded with men, lay and clerical, each of whom had offered himself as a living sacrifice to God, and, as a Christian soldier, was ever ready at Columba's order,

while under supreme law to Christ, to go anywhere or do anything to advance the kingdom of heaven in the world. It also contained a most flourishing school for the instruction of youth. From this great missionary institute Columba and his disciples had gone forth to preach the gospel to both Scots and Picts. The Pictish monarch had embraced the Christian faith. The Scottish king had received Christian consecration from Columba, and his kingdom was no longer tributary to Ireland. Within the territories, both of the Scots and Picts, several institutions had been planted out as Christian colonies on the model of Iona, and were themselves new centres of light to the regions round about. Columba had stamped the impress of his own spirit in an unusual degree on the men by whom he was surrounded. They loved him as a father, and this feeling was intensified by the admiration with which they regarded him on account of his great ability, his consummate prudence, and the lofty example which he set before them of self-renunciation and entire consecration to God. Whether Columba's work would endure or not, his name was sure to be blessed.

But would his work abide the test of time and change? Columba himself no doubt believed it would. As he looked out from his monastery in Iona over the whole of Scotland, north and south and east and west of him, and thought of the several points at which the leaven of Christian truth had been already deposited by himself and his disciples,

and of the new points to which it would yet be carried by others who were ready to go forth to preach the gospel, he may well have felt the utmost confidence, as a man of faith, that the day must come when the whole land should be leavened with Christianity. When that day should come, Iona would be regarded by believing men with the profoundest interest, if not indeed with a feeling akin even to veneration. But to what would the ultimate triumph of Christianity be specially due? Let us not mistake the real secret of permanent success. It lay only in the power of that Word of God which liveth and abideth for ever. When that Word was preached, and was accompanied with the demonstration and power of the Holy Ghost, the peoples were brought into subjection to Christ. But the methods of man's devising, by which the truth was made known, had no such elements of permanence. Neither had any views of that truth which were in reality but a misunderstanding of the mind of Christ. Columba's work in its most important sense will remain and extend so long as Christianity continues to flourish in the land of his adoption. But that peculiar ecclesiastical system which we associate specially with his name has long since passed away. So far as I know, there is nothing in Christendom now that corresponds with the monastic church of Columba.

The church which Columba had thus planted was honoured to do a great and blessed work, not only during his own lifetime, but for generations after he

was dead. He was succeeded in Iona for many a day by men somewhat like-minded with himself. Even those who differed from them bore witness to the saintliness of their character, and the purity and loftiness of their aims. Columba's disciples continued for ages to carry the torch of Divine truth wherever the darkness of Paganism still brooded thickest over the people. They planted a mission colony on Lindisfarne under Aidan to bring the Angles of Bernicia, those most ferocious of heathen, into subjection to Christ. In their frail currachs, as we would think them, they braved the dangers of the Northern sea to carry the glad tidings of salvation to the remote inhabitants of Iceland. And there is some reason to think that they penetrated even as far as into North America to tell the story of the Cross long ages before the New World was discovered by Christopher Columbus.

But notwithstanding all these splendid results, which may well excite our admiration and put the best of us to shame, it appears to me that the Columban system, from its very beginning, carried within itself the seeds of its necessary dissolution. There were several elements of weakness in that system. I would specify the monastic vow; the claims of the founder's family in connection with the appointment of Abbots; the Columban theory of Bishops; the place given in worship to usages which were utterly destitute of all warrant from the Word of God, and had only the authority of tradition

to rest upon; and the high esteem in which those were held who led a hermit's life. A slight glance at each of these points will show what sources of weakness they contained.

(1.) The Monastic Vow. The family of Iona, much though there was about it to dazzle the imagination, was not the kind of family in which the solitary are set by God. The monastic vow by which it was constituted was at variance with the constitution which man has received from his Creator. If that vow involved an obligation to celibacy, the history of the Church affords too painful evidence that such a vow is both weak and mischievous. So too, if it involved an obligation to poverty. But on the lowest view of it, as it bound Columba's children to absolute obedience, whatever else it may have involved, it was unscriptural and ensnaring. One Christian man has no right to place himself in such a relation to another that he shall be bound to regard the voice of that other as the voice of Christ. A man is not entitled to make any fellow-creature the lord of his conscience. He cannot thus get quit of his personal responsibility, or lawfully divest himself of the liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free. In Iona itself we find a regular schism within a hundred years of Columba's death, one-half of the monks being in open rebellion against their abbot Adamnan, and resolutely resisting certain changes which he proposed to introduce. In the great monastery of Applecross there came to be married men, and the

institution descended from father to son by lineal inheritance. And coming down still later, if we may regard the Culdees of St. Andrews as in any sense representatives of the Columban Church, it is well known that they were married, and that while they possessed some few things of little importance in common, what was of most value they held as their private property. Thus the monastic vow on which the family of Iona was founded broke down in every part of it.

(2.) Another element of weakness in the Columban system lay in the theory according to which the abbots were appointed. In one sense indeed they were appointed by election, but the choice must be made from the founder's family or near kindred, so long as one could be discovered among them who was at all fit to hold the office. It was inevitable that this should lead to great abuse. In course of time men were appointed who prized the revenues of their office, but felt no interest in its spiritual duties. They became great lay lords. Under them the Columban monasteries were secularised, and from that time there was no good reason why they should continue to exist.

(3.) The position of the bishops in the Columban system was such as could not continue. The men who were called bishops were regarded as being something more than ordinary presbyters in the matter of giving ordination; but then they had no diocese and no jurisdiction. They were subject, as

we have seen, to the jurisdiction of the abbot of Iona, who was only a presbyter. There was no Scripture warrant for recognising in any class of men a power to ordain which does not belong to ordinary presbyters. That theory rests exclusively on tradition. But having once admitted it, men were obliged to go further and to provide sees and jurisdiction for those who had obtained a place in the system. The bishop, with at first only his special power to ordain, harmless though he looked while under the abbot's jurisdiction, was like the cuckoo's egg in the Columban nest. He had no right at all to be there. But being there and being nourished, it was of the nature of the creature to grow and turn the other birds out of the nest that was properly theirs. After a time the bishops accordingly came to the front. They got dioceses. They claimed jurisdiction over all who lived within their bounds, and the abbots and their monasteries sank into quite a subordinate position.

(4.) The introduction into their worship of usages which had no scriptural warrant was another element of weakness. In particular they observed Easter and Lent, and their way of doing so became the occasion of much controversy with those who followed the Roman usage. Both usages were alike unscriptural. They rested merely on tradition, and that which rested on the weaker tradition was overborne. The Columban observance of Easter resulted in the separation of some of the monasteries from others, and even in the division of Iona against itself. It

led to the ruin of their flourishing mission in Northumbria. It was the cause of their expulsion by Nectan from the east of Scotland, and still later it afforded Queen Margaret one of the handles which she seized for the suppression of the old Celtic church.

(5.) The high esteem in which men were held who led a hermit's life was yet another element of weakness. Such complete and continued seclusion from the world as was practised by those men receives no countenance from the life of the Great Exemplar, who went about continually doing good. A false standard of excellence was presented to the minds of men. But it impressed the imagination. Many of the most earnestly religious men were attracted by it. The monastic institutions were so much the weaker for the withdrawing of those men from them. And the hermits became the rivals of the monasteries, and drew to themselves the veneration and praise of the laity.

But the Columban system was not Columba. That system did good service in the circumstances in which he was placed. But it was no more Columba, nor the secret of the glorious work he did, than were those wattled huts in which his monks were housed, or the currachs in which they sailed from shore to shore. Who can doubt that he would have been ready to modify that system to any extent, could he have seen a better way of planting the Gospel among the heathen of his time? It did

well then, it would be foolish and mischievous now. To ask men to go back to it would be like asking them to go round the west coast in currachs instead of those stately steamers to which Columba and Iona have given their names.

As the venerable saint reviewed the past, he would think little of the mere ecclesiastical system he had set up in Scotland; but he might well look back with deep and humble thankfulness to God for the spirit in which himself and his companions had striven as living sacrifices to do the will of Christ. God had been pleased to use them, and the spirit of unreserved consecration which of His free and sovereign grace He had bestowed upon them, was, from the human side, the great secret of their success. They had little of earthly store or comfort. Who among us would submit to live as Columba lived? who of us would be content to occupy his hut, to share his table? Yet from these he went forth over the length and breadth of Scotland for four-and-thirty years a mighty conqueror for Christ, and ceased not from his labours until the very last day of his life.

On Saturday, the 9th of June 597, he had a strong presentiment that at the close of the day he would be permitted to enter into rest. He mentioned this to his faithful friend and servant Diormit, who was always in attendance upon him. In the course of the day the two went together as far as the barn, which was at a little distance from the monastery.

On their way back Columba was weary, and sat down to rest himself. Adamnan tells us that as he was resting, the old white pack-horse which was employed about the place came up to Columba, and with an expression of unspeakable sadness, as if it really knew it was about to lose its master, laid its head upon Columba's breast. The saint caressed the poor creature for the last time, and it moved sorrowfully away. He then rose, and leaning on Diormit, he walked slowly on toward the monastery. Before entering his cell, he ascended a little hillock which stood behind the monastery, and on which he had often stood. From this spot he once more took a long and lingering look of the dear and familiar scene that was spread around him, and then, lifting up both his hands to heaven, he blessed his monastery in the memorable and prophetic words: "Unto this place, albeit so small and poor, great homage shall yet be paid, not only by the kings and people of the Scots, but by the rulers of barbarous and distant nations with their people also. In great veneration too shall it be held by the holy men of other churches."

After these words he descended the hill, entered his hut, and sat there transcribing the Psalter at the 34th Psalm. When he had written the words, "They that seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good," he laid down his pen and said, "Here at the end of the page I must stop; and what follows let Baithene write." In the evening he attended service in the church, and immediately

thereafter returned to his chamber, and, to quote the words of Adamnan, spent the remainder of the night on his bed, where he had a bare flag for his couch, and for his pillow a stone. When reclining there, he gave his last instructions to the brethren, saying, "These, O my children, are the last words I address to you, that ye be at peace and have unfeigned charity among yourselves." After this he became silent, and Diormit alone was in attendance. At midnight the bell tolled, and he rose hastily and went to the church. He made his way to the altar, and there knelt down and prayed. The effort was too much. Diormit followed and found him lying beside the altar unable to speak. He then sat down beside him, and supported his head on his bosom. The other monks came rushing in with lights, and burst forth into great lamentation. A sweet smile was all he could give now to comfort them. He tried to lift his hand as if in order to bless them. And it came to pass that as he blessed them he was parted from them. Columba had gone to be with Christ, which is far better; and the joy of his spirit at the prospect of meeting the Lord seemed to stamp itself upon the body it had left behind. "For three days and as many nights his obsequies were celebrated with all due honour and reverence." At the end of that time, in the words of Adamnan, "the body was wrapped in a clean shroud of fine linen, and, being placed in the coffin prepared for it, was buried with all due veneration, to rise again with lustrous and eternal brightness." And so Columba

after he had served his own generation by the will of God fell on sleep. But though Columba thus passed away, the work he had achieved in the conversion of the Picts remained in its essence steadfast and enduring. How true to the letter his prophecy about Iona came to be, those can testify who have gazed on the long rows of kingly tombs that betoken the reverence felt for his lone isle by the mighty of the earth. And when Iona itself shall have ceased to be, and the elements shall have dissolved in fervent heat, the greatness of his work shall only become more clear. His guiding principle through life we have in the words of his great model St. Paul: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable and perfect will of God." That was Columba's guiding principle through life, and to all who will resolve through grace to make that their guiding principle, Columba's dying testimony is given in the last words he ever wrote: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them. O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him. O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him. The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good."

ANSELM OF CANTERBURY.

By the Rev. Professor THOMAS SMITH, D.D.

ANSELM OF CANTERBURY.

I CANNOT but feel that in undertaking to bring before you a sketch of the life and work of Anselm, and to estimate the position which he occupies in the "Evangelic Succession," I lie under considerable disadvantages as compared with most of my brethren who have taken, or are yet to take, part in this course of Lectures. Most of those have to do with men whose names are familiar in our mouths as household words, with men whose position as theologians or evangelists is pretty well ascertained and generally acknowledged, men whose writings have secured for themselves a prominent place in our libraries, some having become classics in our theological schools, and others having attained the higher and more honourable position of portions of our popular Christian literature. Of Anselm, on the contrary, few of us have any knowledge. His life was mainly occupied with works with which we can have but imperfect sympathy; and the value of his writings rather consists in this, that they gave a direction to the current of theological thought, than that they are of any special value now in elucidating or vindicating that course of thought which they had a very material influence in originating. The

difficulties of my position suggest what may probably be necessary in order that I may bring my subject before you in a way that may possibly be effective. I must occupy with historical and biographical details a larger portion of the time at our disposal than most of my brethren will probably consider necessary, when they treat of men whose histories and whose works are more generally known. At the outset let me just say that, while I was at first somewhat surprised to see the name of Anselm in the catalogue of the evangelic succession, and while I frankly acknowledge that it would not have occurred to myself to place it there, yet since the treatment of the subject was assigned to me, the study which I have had occasion to bestow on his character and writings has issued in a strong conviction, in my own mind, that his name is well entitled to occupy the place which has been assigned to it, and that they—or rather I suppose he—who arranged the plan of this course of Lectures acted judiciously in this particular.

Living at a most critical period in the history of the Church, the last of the fathers and the first of the schoolmen, or rather occupying an intermediate position betwixt the patristic and the scholastic theologies; endowed with mental powers of a very high order, and called to take part both in theological controversies and in ecclesiastical conflicts, on which the most important interests of mankind were staked; Anselm wielded an influence which cannot be overlooked in estimating even the present aspect of theological and ecclesiastical questions.

Let me just say that we Protestants ought to

claim, more than we are generally disposed to do, our interest in the inheritance left by the pre-reformation theologians and missionaries and preachers. Our American friends claim a common interest with us in the language, the history, and the men of England down to the Declaration of Independence; and although at first it may seem strange to us to hear Shakespeare and Milton spoken of as American poets, and the Black Prince and Marlborough as American generals, yet a little reflection shows us that the claim is not unreasonable. So we ought to claim our share in the history and the men of the pre-reformation Church, in respect of all against which we have not protested in the Reformation. We have thus no controversial interest in undervaluing the thought and action of the mediæval Church.

Anselm was a native of Lombardy, having been born at Aosta in the year 1033 or 1034. His father, Gondulf, was a rich nobleman, a man of the world in its most worldly form, who, seized with remorse in his old age, after his wife was dead, retired into a monastery, to make amends by an old age of ascetic mortification for a life of dissipation and immorality. His wife, Ermenberg, was also of noble birth, but was of a different spirit. Intelligent and pious, an exemplary woman, a faithful wife, and a devoted mother, she exercised a powerful and permanent influence in forming the character of her son, and that of his sister Richera. Although we have not the same amount of information respecting this lady that we have concerning the mother of Augustine,

yet we have enough to make it evident that her love, and her prayers, and her counsels, and her example, went far to make Anselm what he became. A small, but pleasing, incident of his boyish days we have on his own authority. He used to tell that, having heard from his mother that God was high up in heaven, he had imagined that heaven rested on the tops of the hills which bounded his horizon, and that by climbing them he could ascend to the court of the King of the worlds. As this thought was incessantly revolved in his mind, it came to pass that one night he believed that he had realised it. He saw some women, who were servants of the King, harvesting in a plain, but with extreme idleness and carelessness. He addressed them reproachfully, and threatened to report their conduct to their Lord. He then climbed the mountain, and found himself in the palace of the King, who was alone with the chief officer of his court, for it was the vintage-season, and all hands were afield. On entering, he heard his name called, and sat down at the King's feet. To kindly questions regarding his age, who he was, whence he came, and why he had come, he gave fitting answers. Then the chief steward, having received orders, brought him a piece of perfectly white bread, which he took and ate. In the morning he believed that the dream was a reality, and told to all about him that he had been in heaven, and had been fed with the bread of the Lord. We are in little danger of mistaking, when, from this childish dream, we draw an inference as to the character of the maternal teaching. The lazy and

careless reapers, who are to be denounced to the King, are the creations of a mind that had been plied with loving exhortations to diligence and faithfulness. The mysterious bread of perfect whiteness is the result of many tearful entreaties to labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that which endureth unto eternal life. The vivid impression left by the dream is perhaps indicative of the beginnings of that gentle and thoughtful character which is more frequently formed under the influence of a meek and intelligent mother, than under that of an energetic and vigorous, however loving, father.

Before he had attained the age of fifteen, Anselm became disgusted with the riot and revelry of his father's castle, and resolved to devote himself to a religious life, that is, to a monastic life, for in those days the two terms were interchangeable. He made application to an abbot whom he knew; but was told that one so young could not be received into a monastery without his father's consent. This consent his father would not give. Then the boy, thinking that his father's heart would be softened towards him if he should be very sick, prayed earnestly to God to visit him with sickness. In point of fact, he soon fell into a weak and declining state of health, which he believed to be an answer to his prayer. The abbot was sent for, but he still refused to receive him into the monastery without his father's consent, and his father still refused to give his consent. Thus repulsed, he thought it of no use to strive, and so for a time he neglected the studies of which he had been

so fond, and gave himself up to pleasure and frivolity. His mother's influence still continued to act upon him; but ere long she died, and it seemed that all was lost. His father, as I have said, retired into a convent, but he seems still to have exercised control over his son, and to have treated with great severity those irregularities which were far less flagrant than those of which he had himself set the example. Anselm could not bear the reproaches to which he was subjected; he therefore resolved to leave his father's castle and his native land, without a thought of the portion of goods that should have fallen to him, or the prospect of a life of usefulness as a nobleman among his people, or a life of glory as soldier or statesman. So far as I can make out, he had no particular end in view when he set out. It was neither the love of adventure, nor the desire of entering a monastery that attracted him, only his father's severity repelled him. He was not incited by youthful enthusiasm, or by any dreams of fame or fortune, but only fled from his unreasonable father, deeming that nothing that could befal him could be worse than his perpetual frown. With a faithful servant he set out to cross the Alps. On the pass of Mont Cenis he was exhausted with fatigue and hunger. Moistening his lips with snow could not do much to sustain his life. Then his servant bethought him to search whether, among the baggage, there might not be some fragments of the food which they had brought from home. He found a crust of bread, which reminded Anselm of the white bread of his dream, and recalled to his re-

membrance his mother's instructions and prayers and tears. The travellers now pushed on, and in due time arrived in France. Here three years of Anselm's life were passed; I have not been able to discover how. Perhaps his father may have so far relented as to send him remittances from time to time, so as to allow him to devote himself to study; or perhaps he may have found employment in teaching his native language. At all events, it does not appear that he engaged in any secular employment. Three years after his first arrival in France, we find that he was at Avranches in Normandy, but are still uncertain as to the way in which he was occupied. By this time he was twenty-five years old, and he seems to have kept up the habits of a student, and to have had renewed in him his old desire for a life of contemplation and retirement. With the view of carrying out this desire, he resorted, in the year 1059, to the Monastery of Bec, which had attained immense renown, both as a monastery and a school, an abode of piety and of learning, under the superintendence of Lanfranc.

In order to make my narrative intelligible, I must go back a little way, and give a very brief account of the foundation and character of this institution, to which, as we shall see, Anselm owed so much, and which owed so much to him. There was a certain Norman nobleman named Herluin, a brave soldier and an honourable man with his master, the Duke of Normandy. In the heat of a great battle a strange thought came into his mind as to the unprofitableness of that war which had hitherto been his delight. He

vowed that as soon as the battle was over he should sheathe his sword, never to draw it again; but should spend the remainder of his days in the service of God. He kept his vow. He set about building a church in the neighbourhood of his castle, and wrought at the building as a common labourer, and at the same time spent his evenings in learning to read. He then went about from one convent to another, but in some the monks were dissatisfied with him, suspecting him of a design of theft; in others he was dissatisfied with the monks, when he saw their frivolity, and the indifference which they manifested while going through the most solemn exercises. Then he resolved to set up a convent of his own. He received the tonsure at the hands of the Bishop of Lisieux, and was consecrated as abbot of a community of black friars under the Benedictine rule. His mother devoted herself to the performance of the household duties of the establishment, which was on a humble scale. He spent his days in superintending the studies of his monks, and his nights in prosecuting his own. But he found himself ill qualified for the task which he had undertaken; and earnestly prayed to God to send him help. It seemed to be in answer to these prayers that Lanfranc was sent to him in a remarkable way. He, like Anselm, was a Lombard, a native of Pavia, where he was born in 1005. He had studied law, and attained some fame as a pleader, and as a writer. Then he bethought himself of going to France, and after various adventures, he opened a school at Avranches. Having occasion to go to Rouen, he was attacked by

robbers, who took from him all his money. Then he remembered to have heard a tale of a Christian who fell among thieves who took from him his horse; he told them that the horse would not be of much use to them without the whip, and so he asked their acceptance of it; whereupon they, not to be outdone by him in urbanity, gave him back both horse and whip. Lanfranc thought he would make trial of a similar experiment, and so he suggested that his spoilers might have his clothes as well as his money. The experiment was unsuccessful. He was plundered and stripped, and left tied to a tree. He tried to pray, but eloquent as he was, and well instructed in dialectic theology, he found that he could not pray. Abashed by this thought, he resolved to devote himself thenceforth to religion. Early in the morning, some travellers approached, who unbound him and furnished him with some clothes. He asked them whether there were any monasteries in the neighbourhood, and being told that there were several, he asked which was the humblest and the poorest. He was directed to Bec, and there he presented himself to Herluin, who was engaged in building an oven. "God preserve you!" said Lanfranc. "God bless you!" said Herluin. "You are a Lombard?" "I am." "What do you wish?" "To become a monk." Thus Lanfranc became an inmate of Bec, and after a three years' noviciate, he was received as a monk, and proposed to contribute to the support of the monastery by opening a school; and soon he became prior of the convent. The school was a great success. "From that

time," says a French historian, "the school of Bec was celebrated. A piety which was earnest, but uncultivated and somewhat coarse, was replaced by intelligent faith and refinement of manners. All the sciences of the time were taught with *éclat*. Lanfranc is regarded as having restored the Latin language. He is even supposed to have known Greek. Thanks to that flexibility of mind which is the distinguishing characteristic of the superior men of his country, he was soon acknowledged to be eminent at once in theology, in dialectics, in erudition, in the affairs of the Church and of the world."

Under the simple piety of Herluin as abbot, and the cultured ability of Lanfranc as prior and teacher, the Monastery of Bec had attained a high reputation all over France, and beyond France, when Anselm came to it in 1059, when Lanfranc had already been sixteen years there. It is very likely that the fame of Lanfranc had a good deal to do with the resolution of Anselm to betake himself to Bec. He had been providentially and unintentionally led to follow the footsteps of his countryman thus far. He had come, like him, from Lombardy into France, into Normandy, to Avranches. It was probably by design that he resolved to follow him to Bec. Thither he proceeded, and soon became the favourite pupil of his master, making great progress in his studies, and gaining golden opinions among the monks and his fellow-students by the amiability and simplicity of his manners. It does not appear that, when he entered as a student under Lanfranc, he had any idea of undertaking

monastic vows. But soon his old boyish desires returned to him. He saw the monastic life under its most attractive form, and ere long he determined to offer himself as a novice. But long after he confessed that ambition was still strong within him. He would not enter the Monastery of Clugni, because it had no fame; and he would not enter that of Bec, because there he would be lost in the fame of the prior. At last, however, the love of Lanfranc prevailed. He made his profession in the Church of Bec in 1060, when he was in his twenty-seventh year. Three years later Lanfranc was promoted to the abbacy of a new monastery founded by the Duke of Normandy—whom we know as William the Conqueror—at Caen, and Anselm succeeded him as prior of Bec. Very naturally this appointment did not give universal satisfaction to the monastic fraternity. Anselm was put over the heads of many men who were his seniors, and some of these were men who might very reasonably aspire to the office and to the honour attached to it. Many of the monks, on entering the monastery, had endowed it with ample gifts of money and land, whereas Anselm had brought nothing to it. Naturally, therefore, there was an Anselmic and an anti-Anselmic party in the monastery; and it is not the least creditable fact in the history of Anselm's life, that he ere long lived down the opposition, and endeared himself to every member of the community. While he retained his place at the head of the educational department of the institution, and while the main part of his time must have been occupied in

teaching, it is manifest that he gradually came more and more to be recognised as the leading spirit in the community, the referee in all disputes, the counsellor in all difficulties, the spiritual director in all cases of casuistry, the comforter in all sorrows. The result was that when old Herluin died in 1078, there was but one dissentient voice against the otherwise unanimous nomination of Anselm as his successor in the abbacy. The dissentient was Anselm himself, and I can see no reason to believe that he was not perfectly sincere in the desire which he expressed, to remain in the second place, which he had occupied so long with comfort to himself and with satisfaction to all, rather than to be elevated to the first place, in which he would have to discharge duties for which he had no taste and no aptitude. I do not think he ever ceased to look back on the days of his priordom as at once the happiest and the most useful of his life. Abbot of Bec, however, he became, and conducted with irreproachable faithfulness and integrity the affairs of the monastery, which had now become rich and powerful, and which possessed richly endowed branches and offsets both in France and England. The proper duties of the monastery he discharged as assiduously as ever, but the new duties which now devolved on him as a virtual prince, brought into contact with feudal superiors on the one hand, and with numerous tenants and serfs on the other, were extremely distasteful to him.

A dozen years before Anselm became Abbot of Bec, William, Duke of Normandy, had become King of England, and not unnaturally adopted the policy of

Normanising his Saxon subjects. To this policy the Anglo-Saxon Church and clergy were as naturally opposed. I have no doubt, on the one hand, that there were great irregularities and abuses in the Church, and that a low standard of morality was general among the clergy. But just as little doubt have I, on the other hand, that William was pleased to have an opportunity of ejecting a Saxon Bishop and putting a Norman ecclesiastic in his place. Thus it was that Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, was deposed, —most worthily, I have no doubt,—in 1070, and the King was glad of the opportunity of raising Lanfranc to the see of Canterbury and the primacy of England. I have said that, by the time when Anselm became abbot, the Monastery of Bec had branches in England, and considerable territorial possessions. It was therefore necessary for the abbot frequently to visit England, and when he did so, he was received with enthusiasm by his old teacher and friend, by the King, and on their account by multitudes of the clergy and people. I may just say—parenthetically —that the constant friendship which subsisted uninterruptedly between Lanfranc and Anselm was very creditable to them both. In 1087, as we all know, William died in Normandy, of injuries received by a fall from his horse. On his death-bed he desired earnestly to enjoy the ministrations of Anselm, whom he highly esteemed, and caused himself to be conveyed to a house which he possessed in Anselm's neighbourhood. But the abbot was himself sick, and apparently dying, and it was impossible for him to minister by the death-bed

of his sovereign, who, choleric and overbearing as he was, yet had many good qualities which attracted to him even those whom his many faults repelled. We were all familiar, in school-boy days, with the unseemly feuds which ensued between his sons at and long after his death. With these we have fortunately nothing to do here. Enough for us to know that his second son, William Rufus, succeeded him on the English throne, a bad man, a bad king, with all his father's faults exaggerated, and with none of his redeeming virtues. Lanfranc died in 1089, and William refused to appoint any successor to him, but appropriated the revenues of the see. This went on for four years, to the great scandal of the nobles, the clergy, and the people. Matters at last reached a climax. All over the country, and in every estate of the realm, there was a determination that, by some means or other, the scandal must cease. The see of Canterbury must be occupied, and if the king would not make the appointment, means must be taken to compel him to do so. There was also a strong feeling that the fittest occupant of it was Anselm, the friend of the Conqueror, the bosom friend of Lanfranc who had been the special friend of the Conqueror, and who had managed to maintain, on the whole, good terms with Rufus—a man, moreover, of great renown for ability and for saintliness. The Earl of Chester undertook to bring Anselm into England in order to facilitate his appointment. He therefore invited him to come over and assist at the consecration of a church which he had founded. But Anselm had heard that he

was spoken of in England as possible primate, and he positively refused to take a step that might be construed into his putting himself in the way of the appointment. The old Earl then fell sick, in reality or in pretence. He entreated Anselm to come and perform towards a dying sinner the office of a Christian pastor. Even so he refused. The Earl sent a third time, telling him that if he refused to receive the shrift of a dying sinner, he would regret it to all eternity. Thus adjured, he could refuse no longer.

I cannot detail all the wiles and stratagems that were employed to keep him in England until a favourable time should come for bringing pressure to bear upon the King, nor the determination with which he refused to have art or part in these stratagems. Meantime the King was seized with sudden illness at Gloucester, and princes, bishops, abbots, lords, entreated him to prepare for his final account, to open the prisons, to deliver the captives, to remit debts, to restore freedom to the churches, and especially to the church of Canterbury, whose distress was regarded as a calamity by all Christian England. The alarmed King sent for Anselm, who dealt tenderly but faithfully with him. He promised to do all that was asked of him. But his courtiers, having little confidence of his abiding in the same mind if he should recover, hinted that it were well if he began at once by filling the vacant see. He declared that that was just what was occupying all his thoughts. But who was worthy of so high an honour? No one would take upon himself to

answer this question, and after a solemn pause the King pronounced the name "Anselm of Bec." Then ensued a scene which Dean Hook says that it is impossible for us to realise, and which we could not have believed, but that we have it on the authority of an eye-witness. The Archbishop-elect was brought to the King's bedside by force, the crosier was brought, but he would not touch it. His clenched hand was forcibly opened, and forcibly closed upon the crosier, and then a shout was raised, "Long live the Archbishop of Canterbury!" Even Hook, who has far less admiration of Anselm than any other of his many biographers, does not doubt his sincerity in so strenuously refusing the high office. Indeed, a far more ambitious man than he might well have shrunk from a position which could not be occupied without unspeakable discomfort, and even danger. In point of fact, his life as Archbishop of Canterbury was one of misery to himself, and of comparative unprofitableness to the Church, the opposite in all respects to the years which he had spent in comfort and usefulness at Bec. The fear of death was no sooner removed from William than he regretted that he had consented to fill up the vacant see, and doubly regretted that he had filled it with a man whose better and whose worse qualities combined to make him incapable of seduction by flattery or fear to relinquish any portion of the independence which he regarded as appertaining of right to his office. Matters were complicated by the position of affairs at Rome. In any circumstances the views of William and those of Anselm would have been

diametrically opposed as to the question of the relation in which the Archbishop of Canterbury should stand to the King of England and the Pope respectively. But over and above this, there was the additional difficulty of ascertaining who the Pope actually was. There were two rival Popes. Anselm, in Normandy, had acknowledged Urban II., but no decision had been come to in England. Suppose, then, William were worsted in his argument as to the relation in which he ought to stand in matters ecclesiastical toward the Pope, he could fall back upon the question, But what Pope? The constitution had certainly not provided for such a contingency as that which had actually occurred, and it certainly did seem hard that the King and realm of England should have no voice or choice in a matter which was of so vital moment to them. Twice Anselm went to Rome with the view of adjusting the differences. He was treated with great honour by the Pope and the papal court. Decisions were given in his favour; but it was felt to be in the highest degree undesirable to widen the breach with William, and so the strife continued. Without any formal act of suspension or banishment, he was then virtually suspended from his office and banished from England. At last William died—shot, as we know, in that forest which he had made a hunting-ground by depopulating a province. His brother Henry I., who succeeded him, was probably not a better man than he, but he was a wiser and a more politic one, and although the feud was not at an end, it was less violently conducted. Thus the last days of Anselm

were passed in comparative calm, and he was able to concern himself with the correction of abuses and the inculcation of a higher standard of moral and spiritual life among clergy and monks and laity. He had also great difficulties in regard to the relation of his see with that of York; but to these it were out of place to allude here and now. His troubles and his work came to an end in 1109. Two years before that he had a severe illness, and was confined to his bed for two months. From that time he was unable to mount his horse, but was carried in a litter when it was necessary for him to travel. But his mental faculties were unimpaired, and it was in that year that he wrote one of his profoundest theological treatises, that on the reconcilableness of God's prescience and predestination with man's free will. In the autumn of that year, 1108, he became unable to walk to the Cathedral, but was carried into it every day, and found comfort in the daily services. The closing scene of his earthly career was characteristic. On Palm Sunday it was said to him that he would probably celebrate Easter in heaven and not on earth. "It seems so," he said, "and I shall gladly obey His summons; yet I should also feel grateful if He would vouchsafe me a longer time with you, and permit me to solve a question in which I feel a lively interest, on the origin of the soul." On the Tuesday evening his words became unintelligible. The Bishop of Rochester asked him whether he were not able to bestow a parting blessing on the King and Queen, and the people of the land. He raised himself and made the sign of

the cross, and then sank back in his bed with his head on his breast. Early in the morning, at the time of the Cathedral service, one of the watchers by his bed-side opened the Bible, and read to him a portion of the Scripture appointed for the day. When he came to the words, "Ye are they which have continued with me in my temptations, and I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me, that ye may eat and drink with me in my kingdom," Anselm began to breathe heavily. The brethren were immediately assembled. They lifted him from his bed, laid him on the floor on sackcloth and ashes, and knelt round him and prayed in silence. As the day dawned on the 21st April 1109, in the seventy-sixth year of his life and the sixteenth of his pontificate, he fell asleep in Jesus.

It now remains to make some observations as to the place which Anselm occupies in the Evangelical Succession. I shall speak of him as a teacher, as a theologian, as an ecclesiastic, and as a man.

1. I have already intimated my conviction that teaching was his proper, as it was certainly his favourite, avocation. It is very difficult to ascertain what kind of scholars he had to do with, and what the kind of subjects that he taught them. Most likely his scholars were very various; and the subjects taught must have been elementary. We have seen that Herluin, the founder of Bec, was an old soldier and courtier when he relinquished the camp and the court for the monastery, beating his sword into the ploughshare and the mason's trowel, and

yet he could not read. Now many men of his class joined the monastery in Anselm's time, and we may fairly assume that they became his pupils. Then we have mention made of one and another young man sent to Bec for their education, and it would appear that boys also were in the community. Although we have no record of the subjects which he taught or his manner of teaching, we have a very interesting statement of his views regarding the conduct and discipline of a school. It is recorded by all his biographers; I shall give it in the words of Rémusat:—

"One day an abbot, renowned for his piety, was conversing with him on their work, and on the difficulty of maintaining discipline among the children who were being educated in his convent. 'They are perverse and incorrigible (said he), yet we are continually beating them day and night, yet they grow worse and worse!' 'You are always beating them,' said Anselm, 'and when they grow up, how do they turn out?' 'Blockheads and brutes,' replied the abbot. 'What would you say,' answered Anselm, 'if, having planted a tree in your garden, you straightway compressed it so as to prevent it from spreading its branches? Children are put under your care that they may grow and produce fruit, and you hold them under so rough constraint that their thoughts are pent up in their bosoms, and then take all vicious and distorted forms. Nowhere around them is there charity, nor piety, nor love. In their irritated souls grow hatred, revolt, envy. And yet are they not human beings? Is not their nature the same

with your own? And would you like to be treated as you treat them? You beat them! Is it only by beating that the artist turns gold or silver into a fair statue?'[1] Thus with warmth and unction he dwelt upon the potency of good example, of pious lessons, and the art of mingling knowledge with love, which penetrates the soul, and makes it better while it elevates it."

I know not that the most enlightened educationist of our day could state the matter better than it was stated and practised by the Prior of Bec 800 years ago.

But while he felt and acknowledged the importance of bringing good influences to bear upon children, he was specially concerned for "the welfare of the youth of the Church." It was, says his loving biographer Eadmar, upon the youths that he bestowed his chief care, and when he was asked the reason of this, he gave it by means of an illustration. He compared the youthful age to wax, fully tempered to receive the seal; for if wax, he would say, is either too hard or too soft, it does not fully take the impression. I need not translate further, as the application is already manifest. The mind of childhood is the soft wax, which is easily impressed, but does not retain the impression; the adult mind is the hard wax, which cannot be impressed at all; the adolescent mind is the well-tempered wax, soft enough

[1] I venture to call attention to the beauty of this illustration. It is as if it were said, Wood may be cut, stone may be chiselled, iron may be hammered, but gold and silver must be fused. Of these precious metals not graven but molten images are to be made.—T. S.

to take the impression, and hard enough to retain it. Eadmar gives us an instance of his dealing with such a youth, and all the biographers copy it. Dean Hook gives a lively version of the story, although he falls into a strange mistake regarding the youth who is the subject of it. "It was," he says, "in the same gentle and truly Christian spirit that he met the opposition which he had to encounter when first assuming the office of prior. His elders, indignant at his having been placed over their heads, encouraged the younger scholars of the house in their acts of insubordination. Anselm, like most hard students, had his peculiarities; and a young man, Osberne by name, an Englishman by birth, full of talent, wit, and fun, delighted himself and his companions by turning his preceptor into ridicule, and by playing upon him many practical jokes, while setting his authority at defiance. Anselm took care to let the young man know that he was aware of his being the ringleader in all the mischief of the convent; but instead of punishing him, he treated him with a forbearance and kindness which soon had the proper effect on a good heart; and Osberne, becoming a monk, had the honour of being admitted to the friendship of Anselm." This last expression of the Dean is altogether inadequate to describe the paternal and filial affection that subsisted betwixt Anselm and Osberne. Hook goes on to say that when Lanfranc became Archbishop of Canterbury, and wished to establish the Benedictine rule in his Cathedral, he demanded Osberne as his subject. Anselm says, in a letter to the Archbishop, "Osberne is so bound in

love to my heart, that I feel severely the prospect of being separated from him." But this is another Osberne altogether, a nephew of Lanfranc. The Osberne of the story had died, to the unspeakable grief of his friend, long ere this.

2. The place of Anselm as a theologian has been the subject of much discussion. There are two arguments of his which may be regarded as important original contributions to theological science, and to these I must ask your best attention. The first is in the department of natural theology, and is generally spoken of as his *à priori* or ontological argument for the being of God. It is contained in two treatises which he put forth under the titles of *Monologion* and *Proslogion* respectively. The argument is in substance this: We have in our minds a conception of goodness, greatness, excellence, apart from any good, great, or excellent person or thing. In these concrete things we recognise different qualities as good. The goodness of a man may consist in virtue, the goodness of a horse in fleetness, and although virtue and fleetness have no apparent and no real similarity to one another, yet we acknowledge each in its proper subject as possessing the quality of goodness. This quality of goodness must therefore be a real substantive thing, apart altogether from the subjects with which it may be associated, or by which it may be manifested. Now we can conceive of all perfections existing in perfect degree. But existence, and unity, and personality are perfections, and therefore without existence there cannot be perfection.

Hence a being, a personal being, one personal being, possessed of all perfections, must exist; and that being is God. This argument was assailed by a cotemporary on the ground that if our conception of an object necessitated its existence, it would follow that the imaginary island of perfect blessedness, of which so many poets have dreamed, must exist. To this Anselm answered that the argument is applicable only to what we conceive of an absolutely perfect being, which must have existence as one of its perfections; and that the fabled island, though conceived to be perfect in beauty and delights, were not, and could not be conceived to be, absolutely perfect. To me it appears that the defect of the argument consists mainly in this, that we can conceive the perfection of evil as well as the perfection of good, and so we should be brought to the dualism of Manicheanism or Zoroastrianism. If this objection had occurred to Anselm, or had been brought against his argument, he would certainly have answered that evil does not exist as an entity, but is merely the negation of good, as cold is the absence of heat, and darkness is the absence of light. I say he would certainly have given this answer, because he very frequently lays down that position in others of his treatises, though not with reference to this argument. It is interesting to know that the argument of Anselm was used substantially by Descartes, although he did not know that Anselm had used it six hundred years before. It were presumption in me to give any positive judgment as to the validity or invalidity of this famous argu-

ment. It was, as I have said, approved with the highest kind of approval by Descartes; it was rejected by Leibnitz; it is partly commended and partly disparaged, as I learn at second-hand, by Hegel and Kant. It is expounded and defended by Ampère, Rémusat, and Cousin, and regarded as important by our fellow-citizen Dr. Flint, who declines to pronounce as to its absolute validity.

The question of the being of God is confessedly within the domain of natural theology, and whether we regard Anselm's argument as absolutely conclusive or not, it is well that we should have a cumulation of arguments. But I think that Anselm errs when, in the same treatises to which I have referred, he attempts to bring the doctrine of the Trinity within the field of natural theology. He attempts to show that we cannot conceive of the perfect being as existing, save under the three aspects of memory or self-consciousness, intelligence, and love, and that these concepts of ours have their realisation in the Father, the Word, and the Holy Spirit. This would seem to me rather to point toward what theologians call Sabellianism than to the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity. With great ingenuity Anselm shows that the doctrine which he deduces by reason from his ontological argument is identical with the revealed doctrine of the Trinity; but I must say that this part of his work appears to me to be by no means satisfactory.

In various treatises on the freedom of the will, one of which I have referred to as written shortly before his death, he brings all his power to bear upon the

exposition and vindication of what we are accustomed to call the Augustinian or the Calvinistic system. These subjects he handles with great ingenuity and acuteness, but I do not know that he has contributed anything that can be considered as specially original to their elucidation or defence. He has also important treatises on original sin and on the fall of Satan, and on the procession of the Holy Spirit, which the professional theological student may read with advantage.

But his place as a theologian, his place in the Evangelical Succession, is specially determined by a small treatise which he wrote during one of his exiles, under the title *Cur Deus Homo?* While this contains, and indeed is founded on, a strange theory that the redemption of man was designed in order that they might occupy the places in heaven which had been rendered vacant by the expulsion of the fallen angels, and while it is regarded as probable that the number of saved men will be exactly the same with the number of lost angels, yet, as a vindication of the necessity of the incarnation of a Divine person in order to make atonement for sin, the treatise seems to me, as it has seemed to many others, to be perfect. It sets aside the idea which occurs in several of the fathers, and even in Augustine, that Christ, by giving his heel to the serpent to be bruised, made a kind of *quid pro quo* to Satan, a compensation for robbing him of those who had become his lawful captives; and shows that satisfaction was made to God for the dishonour done to His glory by sin, a satisfaction which God's perfection required Him to

demand, and which only a divine person could render. In fact his doctrine of the Atonement is substantially the doctrine of Protestantism. I could easily quote page after page from his writings, his sermons, his meditations, his prayers, and his letters, in which no one could detect an un-protestant thought. It is true, however, that I could as easily quote page after page of as distinctively a Romanist cast. With respect to the doctrine of the Atonement in its working out or impetration he is Protestant, with respect to the application of that atonement he is often Romanist. A thorough believer in transubstantiation, of which his friend Lanfranc was one of the most powerful advocates, a believer in the intercession of the virgin Mary and of saints and angels, a believer in purgatory, and in the efficacy of prayers for the dead, he cannot be to us a teacher of the Christian faith; but we may rejoice, and ought to rejoice, in the cordial earnestness with which he constantly dwells upon the awful verities of sin and redemption, and thank God that He has never permitted the teaching of these verities to cease. So strange are his doctrinal inconsistencies that some Protestants have suggested that his writings have been tampered with, and that Romanist branches have been engrafted on Protestant stocks. This is an accusation which ought not to be lightly made, and, having no access to the MSS. of his treatises, we have no means of judging as to whether it rests on a good foundation. There are instances in his works, indeed, in which a thoroughly Protestant treatise seems to be concluded, when a strongly Romanist supplement is added to it, and that certainly looks suspicious; but

even that is quite within the limits of the possible inconsistencies of fallible men.

In point of fact, he nowhere sets himself to a formal consideration of the mode of the application of the redemption accomplished by Christ. It was left to those who may be, more appropriately than Anselm, called the precursors of the Reformation, and to the Reformers themselves, to bring into due prominence the doctrine of justification by faith alone; but as to that atonement and that atoning Saviour on which and in whom faith is to be exercised, Anselm leaves nothing to be desired. This is substantially the view of Dr. Shedd in his *History of Christian Doctrine*. It does not differ materially from that of Hagenbach. Ritschl, indeed, labours hard to show that there are inconsistencies in the Anselmic view of Christ's satisfaction, and that the value of his treatise has been greatly over-estimated. I venture to think that he does not succeed; although I am quite willing to admit that the defect of Anselm's view of the application of the remedy materially vitiates his sound view of the provision of the remedy. The question which he really discusses I would state thus: What is it in the person, the work, and the sufferings of an incarnate divine person which makes it right for God to accept that work and these sufferings as a satisfaction for that dishonour which had been done to him by the sin of man? It is only incidentally that he introduces the other question as to the terms on which individual sinners are to be accepted on the ground of that satisfaction; and his treatment of that question is far from being satisfactory. Yet it should be thankfully acknow-

ledged that there are throughout his writings multitudes of passages in which human merit is disclaimed, and imputation of righteousness is vindicated with a directness and a power which Luther never excelled.

3. I have scarcely a word to say of Anselm's position as an ecclesiastic. None of us can have much sympathy with either of the combatants in the great duel which he fought, first with Rufus and then with Henry. We cannot sympathise with Anselm, because we are not Romanists; we cannot sympathise with William, because we all in Scotland repudiate Erastianism. One thing we may say, that it is perhaps to be regretted that Anselm did not gain a more decided victory over Henry than he did; for if England had been as completely enthralled to Rome as Anselm desired her to be, a single Reformation would have sufficed, whereas in point of fact, when the Reformation came, and the papal doctrine was abjured, the royal supremacy remained, and to this day awaits a second reformation. The idea of a Free Church in a Free State was non-existent in Anselm's days, and we cannot blame him for not originating it.

4. But whatever Anselm was as teacher, as theologian, and as ecclesiastic, he was, by the grace of God, much as a Christian man. True, his ideas of Christian life and of Christian holiness were moulded after the monastic pattern. To that model he strove most earnestly to conform himself; but his own asceticism, which custom had made a second nature to him, he sought not to make a model for others. His heart was filled with love to all. His meditations, his prayers, and his letters overflow

with love to God and love to man. His universal charity attracted to him men of all classes and all characters, and he was to all the faithful counsellor, the sympathising comforter, the loving friend. While he built upon the good foundation much popish and monkish wood and hay and stubble, which have doubtless been burnt up, he built also much of gold and silver and precious stones, which have stood, and shall stand, the test of fire. By the grace of God he was what he was—a sinner saved by grace, striving after perfection without always knowing in what direction it lay, but constrained by the love of Christ, and seeking to apprehend that for which he had been apprehended of Christ. His biography by Eadmar is a most attractive book, forming the ground-work of all subsequent *Lives* of him. His place in relation to the scholastic theology and philosophy is candidly discussed by Rémusat, as is his literary position by Ampère. Besides the account of him by Dean Hook in his *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*, there is a monogram by Dean Church, who takes a more favourable, and, as I venture to think, a juster view of his character and work than was taken by Hook, who could not forgive him for his resistance to the Royal supremacy. It will not be in vain that we have had our attention directed to his life and writings, if we be led to estimate more highly the power of that grace of God which caused even such a light as that of Anselm to relieve the prevalent darkness of the middle ages, and which conserved so much of His truth, that the earnest wayfarer might still find the way of life.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

By the Rev. Professor T. M. LINDSAY, D.D.

S. BERNARDI EPITAPHIUM.

Clarae sunt Valles, sed claris Vallibus Abbas
  Clarior, his clarum nomen in orbe dedit,
Clarus avis, clarus meritis, et clarus honore,
  Claruit eloquio, religione magis.
Mors est clara, cinis clarus, clarumque sepulchrum,
  Clarior exsultat spiritus ante Deum.
Martyrio Magni celebrato, magnus ad ipsum
  Colligitur martyr : par sine morte pari.

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

THE subject of this evening's Lecture is Bernard of Clairvaux, whom I am tempted to call Statesman and Revivalist. He lived in a far-off time, when Europe was very unlike the Europe of our own days: so unlike that it is difficult for us to understand how men could think, feel, and act as we know they did, and yet not so unlike but that we find the same human nature, with the same yearning, the same weariness, and the same havens of rest.

He lived in the first half of the twelfth century. He was born a few years after William the Conqueror died. David I. of Scotland was covering our own land with churches and monasteries during Bernard's manhood. Henry II. had not begun the conquest of Ireland when he died. It is difficult to describe such a time, so unlike was it to anything we can now see and are accustomed to, and yet to know Bernard we must know something about the times he lived in. He was bone of the bone, flesh of the flesh, spirit of the spirit of that twelfth century. His extraordinary power over his contemporaries lay in this, that he was in the fullest possible sense one of themselves. He felt what all men were feeling, he said what all men were saying,

or were thinking should be said. The prior of a monastery in an obscure part of France, men knew more about him, and thought more about him than they knew or thought about pope and emperor. If we have to speak about the first half of the twelfth century, we call it the time of Bernard, and that describes it.

Bernard was born in 1091, at the Castle of Fontaines, which, built on a lofty and steep rock, overlooked the Burgundian town of Dijon. His father, Tescelin de Fontaines, was a wealthy, sagacious, and pious baron, vassal and friend of that Duke of Burgundy who went on the First Crusade, and whose body was, according to his dying wish, brought back to be buried in the poor Monastery of Citeaux, near Dijon. His mother, Aalays[1] de Montbard, was one of those pious cultivated ladies so commonly met with in mediæval biography, who lived quiet family lives in those rude brawling times, with conscience whispering every now and then that the monastic life was better pleasing to God, and who yearned to see themselves living again the higher Christian life, which they fancied had been denied them, in the religious life of a favourite son. She had loved learning in her girlhood, and had wished to be a nun: but Tescelin came to Montbard, and carried her off to Fontaines a girl-bride of fifteen.[2] She had six sons and a

[1] Called also Alith, Aleth, and Elizabeth.

[2] "Litteris erudita ut in futura monacham faceret," p. 249. Quotations are from Abbé Gaume's reprint of Benedictine Editions; translations of Sermons generally from Morison's Life of Bernard.

daughter; Bernard, the third son, called after her father, was her favourite. He was a small, delicate, beautiful child, with very winning ways, but shy, and fond of being alone, quick at lessons, but without that strength of muscle needed for the life of the baron of the Middle Ages.[1]

Aalays died before her husband or any of her children. They were all gathered round her in her last moments. Her son describes the quiet happy death-bed scene in one of his letters. The monks of Dijon begged that her body might be laid in their church, and pious people came to visit her tomb long before her son made her famous.

It was this death-bed, and the thoughts awakened there, that gave Bernard his final resolve to devote himself to a monkish life. Perhaps the term conversion cannot be given to any one period of his history. He grew up a pious child in a pious family, and yet on two special occasions the unseen world came very near him—

> "And dimly through the silent space
> Was felt the stretching of a hand."

At school he had a vision of the Virgin—how many true mediæval conversions take this form—and at his mother's death-bed he felt the call again. He was nineteen when his mother died, and he resolved quickly to become a monk, and a monk of Citeaux, for there the world could be renounced and the flesh mortified most thoroughly. But he resolved not to go alone; and he did not rest until

[1] *Opera*, II. 2493.

his uncle, his five brothers, and a band of companions accompanied him. The shy, loveable boy had become a young man of winning ways and persuasive speech, with unbending resolution amounting to hardness. The old chronicles, with a few minute touches, make him stand lifelike before us. Rather under middle height, with golden yellow hair, darkening towards auburn in his beard, very thin, and his skin so pure that he flushed very easily, soft "dove-like" eyes, with a glance of quiet power in them for all their softness, an expression of grave cheerfulness, a clear musical voice. That is the picture of Bernard which has come down to us, when with thirty companions he appeared at the gate of Citeaux begging to be allowed to share in the hardest and most self-denying kind of religious life that Europe then offered.

The small Monastery of Citeaux was at that time ruled by an English Abbot, Stephen Harding. Its monks belonged to the Cistercian reformation, as it was called, of the great Benedictine order. Benedict of Nursia, in the beginning of the sixth century, had attempted to reform the monkish life in the west, and his house of Monte Cassino had furnished a model for many a monastic establishment in Italy, France, and Germany. But monasticism always carried within it seeds of rapid decay, and Benedictine monasteries soon abounded in all the irregularities of life and behaviour which the rule of their founder was meant to restrain and destroy. In every monastic order we find a uniform history: the rule of the founder after a series of years neglected, then

times of revival following in succession, when reformers seek to restore the strict rule and austere life of the founder by a "reformation," which in turn requires a new reformation some years later. The first attempt of the Benedictines to return to the maxims of their founder was made in the famous Abbey of Clugny, and the Clugniac reformation had done a great work of purification in its day, and passing beyond the cloister had set its stamp on the Church of the west. The great Hildebrand had been a Clugniac monk, and Clugniac maxims had ruled the life of that stern maker of popes and antagonist of emperors. It was Clugny that had made parish clergy monks by enacting the celibacy of the clergy, and that had denied the power of the State to meddle with the affairs of the Church in the great patronage controversy of the Middle Ages, the fight about Investiture. But by the end of the eleventh century Clugny had fallen sadly, and new reformers attempted a new return to the old Benedictine rule at Citeaux, near Dijon. They had almost failed, the life was so hard, the temptations of the world and the flesh were so many; and had Bernard and his companions not come at their greatest need, Citeaux would probably have ceased to exist. Their arrival gave new life to the little company, other recruits soon joined, and the Cistercian reformation grew and prospered.

Stephen Harding found his monastery too small, and began to send out colonies. An aged brother, Bertrand, led a company away northward to found the Abbey of La Ferté; Brother Hugh, with another

small band, established a Cistercian house of Pontigny; and in 1115, not more than three years after Bernard and his companions had come to the gates of Citeaux, Stephen resolved to send out a third band. This time he chose Bernard, just twenty-four years old, to be the leader of the third colony. The young monk, with the Abbot's cross in hand, twelve followers with him, a disciple company the chroniclers remark, took the straight road north, journeying on for full ninety miles, till they reached their brethren at La Ferté. About four miles north-west from La Ferté was a cave, once the abode of robbers, in a deep valley which divided two hills, and which, dark with woods, was watered by a clear, swift-flowing stream. There Bernard resolved to settle, to build his monastery, and while it was building to make the den of thieves a temple of God and a house of prayer.[1] The old name of the place, says one who went with him, was Vallis Absinthialis—Vale of Wormwood. The monks called it Clara-Vallis, and White Vale or Clairvaux it has remained to this day. The thirteen men worked hard to get a house over their heads, amidst hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness and sleeplessness. They made many a meal off the beech-nuts which the valley produced. Sometimes they had only beech leaves boiled in water, and might have starved to death had not a neighbouring farmer brought them secretly small stores of barley, millet, and pease. They finished their rude house in

[1] *Opera*, II. 2110, Spelunca latronum templum Dei et domum orationis.

September, and had a roof over their heads before the winter set in, and Clairvaux was begun. When we think of mediæval monasteries we imagine beautiful buildings with arched cloisters, many-coloured windows, great high-roofed chapels. At Clairvaux the first monastery was a log-house of one story, with an attic. Beneath were chapel and refectory; above, reached by a ladder, was the loft, which served for a dormitory. In the attic, the part nearest the ladder was partitioned off to make the Abbot's cell, where a framework of boards served as a bed, and two logs of wood for pillows; in the other part the monks slept in boxes, open on one side only, stuffed with straw or dry leaves. Below there was no paved floor; the monks knelt in the chapel and stood in the refectory on the damp earth. Would you know how they passed the day? At two o'clock in the morning the monks rose, left the sleeping-room, and met together in the chapel. After a short private prayer, they began matins, which lasted two hours. Lauds, the next service, began at dawn, and varied with the time of year. From matins to lauds the monks' time was their own. They went to the refectory to read or write, or meditate or pray. After lauds, they spent the time till nine o'clock in religious exercises, and then went to work in the field with spade or mattock. At two they met together again for their only meal of vegetables and water. Then came nones, vespers, and compline at six or eight, according to the time of year, and then to the dormitory.

Bernard himself was not content with these aus-

terities, but increased them. Part of the small time allotted to sleep he gave to prayer. After vespers he wandered out to the hill-sides to engage in silent prayer and meditation for his brethren and his work, and when at length Stephen Harding and a neighbouring bishop, William of Champeaux, interfered to prevent his death, he had so lost the taste of food that he mistook curdled blood for butter, and oil for water.[1] His monks threatened to rebel and go back to Citeaux. He himself had almost perished, but the hard beginnings were got over, converts were made in the neighbourhood, and Clairvaux began to prosper. For in that rude lustful age, men saw that these men in the log-house in the White Vale were not living for this world, and were impressed by the fact; and if we know that we can serve God in a more excellent way, let us see that our zeal be as strong, and our success in winning souls from sins of lust and brutality be as great as theirs, ere we cast our stones at Bernard and his brethren.

It was in these painful years of early rule that Bernard composed his first sermons. They were written to help his monks during the frequent fits of illness which then attacked their Abbot, and they are a wonderful commentary on the life of hard toil and seclusion in which he lived. These first years were an ideal life in the monkish sense, but they did not give birth to ideal sermons. His homilies,

[1] *Opera*, II. p. 2117, Nam et sanguinem crudem per errorem sibi oblatum multis diebus noscitur comedisse, oleum bibisse tanquam aquam, et multa talia contingebant ei.

written at this time, are hard, dry discourses, with no spiritual glow nor even moral fervour, the dull maxims relieved at almost stated intervals by pieces of tawdry rhetoric. It was only after Bernard was forced out of Clairvaux into the great living world of European life that he began to preach the warm evangelical sermons for which he is still famous. This early monkish enthusiasm steeled his heart. He had persuaded his two elder brothers to leave their poor wives to join him in his monkish life at Citeaux. He counted his pious father of the world worldly, prayed for and spoke of him as an unconverted man, until, in old age, he left his lonely castle at Fontaines and became a monk under his abbot son. When his only sister Humbelina came to visit him and her other brothers at Clairvaux, he refused to see her, because she was such a sinner that she would not leave her husband to enter a convent. Andrew, a younger brother, who was doorkeeper that day, flung filth on her fine clothes. And when the poor thing began to cry, and whimpered out, with perhaps a shade of sarcasm, that if she were so great a sinner it was all the more needful that such holy men should speak to her, and when Bernard at last strode forth, it was only to tell her that if she would be his sister indeed she must leave husband and home and become a nun. She did so in the end, and Bernard rejoiced in sundering two whom God had joined together. I must describe the man as he was, and the age as it was. He believed in the most literal rendering of the text that was always on his lips, that "every one that

hath forsaken . . . father or mother or *wife* or children for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life." He believed that true conversion led straight to the convent gate, and that the truest Christian life could only be lived inside convent walls and under convent rule. And his age believed that too.

The first ten years of his life at Clairvaux were spent by Bernard in comparative retirement. He was known to his old Abbot Stephen Harding, to William of Champeaux, once the famed lecturer in Paris, and in Bernard's time Bishop of Châlons, and through these two men to many of the more eminent ecclesiastics and theologians of the age. He had also become the spiritual director of many devout and pious men and women, who prized his letters, for he had become an indefatigable correspondent; but he had not stepped out of retirement to mingle in the public life of the times.

He made his first appearance as a revivalist preacher in Paris, speaking at first to deaf ears, and then with such power that many conversions took place, and the converts left all to follow the preacher to Clairvaux. From this time onwards —he was then thirty-four years of age—he got more and more involved in the public life of the time, and became known as the most powerful preacher, the most persuasive pleader, the most resolute opponent Western Europe contained, and withal, a man of devout and pious mind. In the earlier days, when he went about persuading brothers, cousins, and companions to go with him to

Citeaux, it is said that mothers hid their sons, wives their husbands, men their friends, lest Bernard's seductive pleading should draw them after him to the convent. That early power of persuasion came back to him, strengthened by his wonderful knowledge of Scripture, his insight and sympathy, and his tender pleasure in all the moods of nature. "Experto crede," he says, "you will find something more satisfying in the woods than in books. Stones and trees will teach you what no masters can. You may suck honey from the rock, and oil from the flinty rock; the mountains drop sweetness, the hills flow with milk and honey, the valleys stand thick with corn."[1] This intense sympathy with nature he had in common with Francis of Assisi and many a mediæval revivalist, and it gave sweetness to the spiritual power of his sermons, and tenderness to his correspondence.

At first Bernard's power appeared in his preaching, in his influence over his correspondents, in his vehement reproof of wrong-doing and oppression; but soon public life claimed him, and he became the ecclesiastical arbiter of his day. It is not every man who can be an ecclesiastical leader and keep himself free from the temptations which are peculiar to that position; certainly Bernard did not. His first public appearance in this capacity was his attack upon the Clugniac monks, and was inspired by the jealousy which every Cistercian felt for every Clugniac. It is a skilful, keenly sarcastic attack on an order of monks which in their time had done

[1] *Opera*, I. 287.

great good to the Church, and whom Bernard might have spared. The Clugniacs had fallen from their early simplicity of life, they had departed from the old hard Benedictine rule which Bernard and his fellow Cistercians were practising; but just when Bernard attacked them they had suffered a severe misfortune, which had lessened their power, and which made the attack safe. One cannot help wishing that Bernard had left it to some other satirist than himself to write barbed sentences against an order from which his own had come. "We all, it seems, as soon as we become monks, have weak stomachs, and we meritoriously remember the important advice of the Apostle to use *wine*, but somehow or other the *little* which he permitted is pretermitted,"[1] or "You say religion is in the heart and not in the garments, and you say well. But when you are going to buy a cowl you traverse the towns, you go round the markets, you visit the fairs, you search the shops, you turn over all their goods, you unroll their huge bales of cloths, you feel it with your fingers, bring it close to your eyes, hold it between you and the sun, and if you find it coarse or faded you reject it . . . I ask you, does this come from the heart or your simplicity?"[2] The Clugniacs could be attacked, and Bernard, the Cistercian champion, attacked them. I am not describing a perfect man, I am giving you the evil with the good, that you may see him as his writings have made me see him. I am afraid that I could give you worse instances of charity forgotten in partisanship,—than

[1] *Opera*, I. p. 1237. [2] *Opera*, I. p. 1240.

this attack of Bernard on the Clugniacs, and I fear that often the claims of his order were set above everything else, and that whenever Bernard saw the Cistercians attacked he felt bound to bring his great influence to bear on the side of his brethren, without too narrowly inquiring into the rights of the case. I must pass by these and many other things; the Council of Troyes, where Bernard first appeared as a great churchman; his exhortation to the Knights Templar, whose cause he had enthusiastically supported; and so on.

On February 14th, 1130, Pope Honorius II. died at Rome, and soon afterwards a horrified Europe heard that two Popes had been elected, that each had excommunicated the other, that one had actually laid siege to the Church of St. Peter, burst open the doors, carried off as spoil the treasures of the sanctuary, and that his rival, driven from Rome, was on his way northward to appeal to the Christian nations of Europe. We can never feel or know what pain this news brought to every pious heart in Europe. Two Popes meant then two Churches, and two Churches meant two Christs. Is Christ divided? all Europe cried with the Apostle. Innocent II. made his first appeal to France, to the king and bishops: Bernard was specially invited to the great Council held to make decision. He went in fear and trembling, he says, and when he arrived he found that he was to be arbiter. "The business which concerned God should be intrusted to the man of God." That was the solemn decision of the Council of the the whole French Church, that was the opinion of

France about Bernard. The most pious man of his time, therefore in this matter of overwhelming responsibility let piety judge. Bernard declared, after long prayerful deliberation, in favour of Innocent. Innocent was true Pope for France; Anacletus, his rival, Antichrist. Then Innocent, Bernard with him, went on to Normandy to appeal to Henry I. of England, who came from England to meet him. Let me quote the chronicler for the interview. Bernard could scarcely persuade Henry to recognise Innocent, for he had been almost dissuaded from doing so by the English bishops. He made all manner of difficulties, and expressed all manner of doubts, when Bernard flashed out, "Do you fear to incur sin if you yield obedience to Innocent? Think of your other sins, and how you will answer to God for them, and leave this sin to me: I shall bear the guilt." The priest spoke, and Henry yielded. Then Pope and Abbot went back through France to Liége to meet Lothaire the Emperor—Emperor of Germany really—but Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, and King of the Romans by title, the nominal head of secular Christendom, and he too was won to acknowledge Innocent by the persuasive Abbot. The old mediæval biographer recounts with pride that the Pope came to visit the monastery of this Abbot before whom kings bent so easily, and found to his astonishment the rude log-house I have already described, with its unpaved floors and bare walls. On the table he saw coarse bread instead of white, water flavoured with herbs instead of wine, vegetables instead of turbot, and

pease or beans for dessert: if by chance there was a fish, it was placed opposite the Pope, and no one else touched it.[1] I have not time to tell you of Bernard's energy to quell the schism: how he went to Italy with the Pope: how, when even Innocent despaired of driving out his rival, aided as he was by the Normans in Sicily and the Barons of Rome, Bernard's energy never flagged: how he wrote to the Pisans, and visited Milan, when the whole city came out as far as the seventh milestone to meet him: how at length Anacletus died; and how, through Bernard's influence, the new anti-Pope Victor resigned, and Christendom was again one. All that I must pass by. But it is interesting to note that, when Bernard is busiest with this great work of pacifying the Church, when his mind is full of the noble thought of a Christendom united in peace, when no paltry quarrels about privileges of his order, no jealousies of theological rivals distract him, it is then that he finds time to write his grandest sermons, and it is then too that most converts owe their first awakening to his preaching.

He got back to Clairvaux in 1135 for quiet and meditation and prayers, but found himself in the middle of new works. The monastery had become too small, and could not be enlarged on the site on which it stood. The prior had discovered another further down the valley, and had planned a new house. Bernard listened, approved, but was doubtful about the cost of it, and would not consent at first. At last Theobald, Count of Chartres, heard

[1] *Opera*, II. p. 2149.

of the scheme, and promised the money. We here in Scotland should know something about this Theobald. Who does not remember how Henry I. sailed from Normandy to England, the king with his attendants in one ship, and Henry's son William, with Matilda his young bride, in the other, the White Ship, which followed; how the White Ship never came to land; how Henry was never known to smile again. Theobald was in the first ship with Henry, and Matilda was Theobald's sister, and till his death the brother remembered the hour when the news came to him. Far off, on the borders of Zululand, stand the white buildings of the Gordon Mission, overlooking the distant slopes of Isandhula, built to commemorate the early death of a son of one of our noble Scottish families, and far away in the narrow White Vale of Bernard, Theobald built a house of prayer in memory of his sister and brother-in-law, who had perished both on the threshold of young married life fifteen years before.

It was in the chapel of this new abbey at Clairvaux that Bernard preached his wonderful series of sermons on the Song of Solomon—the sermons which best show us his power as a preacher. A strange audience gathered round his pulpit. Monks came from the fields stained with hard field labour, farmers from the neighbourhood, pious pilgrims who had come to sojourn for a week or two in the monastery, neighbouring bishops and barons, wandering knights. The conversions which followed were numberless, and the most of them real. On one occasion fifteen young German nobles, on their way

home from the schools of Paris, stayed a night at Clairvaux and heard the Abbot preach, and all remained to become monks in the monastery. Henry of France, son of Louis VI., came to consult the Abbot on secular matters, and joined in the devotion of the convent circle. Bernard spoke to him privately about the deep things of the life to come, and the prince remained a novice at Clairvaux.

Let me give you one or two extracts from these moving sermons: "God has at this moment taken my tongue to do His work: that is, to teach you: whereas He could doubtless have done it far more easily and sweetly Himself. This, therefore, is condescension, not indigence. In your progress He is seeking my merit, not assistance for Himself. It behoves every man to become convinced of this, lest he should glory in himself of the Lord's goods, and not in the Lord. . . . Christ, born of a woman, He who was invisible under the law, then made Immanuel [God with us], was seen on earth, and conversed with men. Of a truth He even now passes among us, relieving and healing those oppressed by the devil, but spiritually and invisibly. With the feet of mercy and of justice He walks through devout minds, incessantly purifying and searching the hearts and reins of the faithful. . . To me also, wretched one, it has sometimes been given to sit at the feet of the Lord Jesus, and with all devotion to embrace first one and then the other as far as His loving-kindness condescended to permit me. But if ever forgetful of mercy, through the stings of conscience, I have dwelt too long on the thought of

judgment, at once cast down with incredible fear and confusion. Enveloped in dark shadows of horror, breathless from out of the depths, I cried, 'Who knoweth the power of thy wrath, and through fear of thee, who can reckon thy displeasure?' if it has chanced that I have then clung too closely to the foot of mercy, after forsaking the other, such carelessness and indifference have come upon me, that my prayers have grown cold, my work has been neglected, my speech has become less cautious, my laughter more ready, and the whole state of my outer and inner man less firm. Learning, then, from experience, not judgment only, nor mercy alone, but mercy and judgment together, I will sing unto Thee, O Lord: I will never forget these pardons. They shall be my song in the house of my pilgrimage, until mercy being exalted above judgment, then misery shall cease, and my glory shall sing to Thee for ever, and not be silent. . . . I exhort you, my friends, to leave for a season the painful and anxious remembrance of your ways, to strike away into the softer paths of memory, to dwell on the loving-kindness of God, that you who are confounded in yourselves may recover by gazing on Him. I wish you to experience that which the holy prophet advised, saying, 'Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee thy heart's desire.' Now grief over sin is necessary, if it be not constant: it must be broken by the more joyful remembrance of the Divine goodness, lest the heart grow hardened through sadness and from despair perish more exceedingly. Let us mix honey with our wormwood, in order that the

wholesome bitter, tempered by the added sweetness, may be swallowed and give us health. Listen how God softens the bitterness of the contrite heart, how He recalls the faint-hearted from the pit of despair, how through the honey of pleasant and faithful promises He consoles the sorrowful and establishes the weak. . . The manner of our redemption is the emptying out or humbling of God, the fruit thereof is our being filled with Him. . . Who can measure the humility, gentleness, and condescension which moved the Lord of Majesty to put on flesh, to be punished with death, to be disgraced by the cross? But some one may say, Could not the Creator repair His work without that difficulty? He could; but He chose to do it with His own injury, rather than that the foulest and most odious vice of ingratitude should again find its place in man. He took upon Him much fatigue that He might hold man his debtor to much love, and that the difficulty of redemption might remind man of thanksgiving, whom an easier condition had made less devout."

These brief extracts may give you some idea of the sermons Bernard was preaching at Clairvaux, and I daresay he would have liked nothing better than to have remained there preaching in his loved valley: but since the day on which Louis of France and his bishops had made him arbiter in the most momentous case of doubt that a churchman of that period could be given to decide, quiet conventual rest could not long remain his portion. The man who had made Innocent Pope was higher than Innocent, was the head of the Church in Europe, the ecclesias-

tical leader and arbiter of his day. He was appealed to by bishops, archbishops, statesmen, and soon gave his decisions with a stern abruptness which would not admit of question. The sarcasm which had before found vent in exposing the abuses of Clugny was now directed with a force all the more terrible that there was no appeal from it, and that it was softened by no constitutional safeguards against whatever Bernard considered, or chose to consider, an abuse. Just look at his position. He was the simple Abbot of Clairvaux, but he had made Innocent Pope in spite of the College of Cardinals;[1] his own unaided eloquence had restored order to the Church: his persuasiveness had made the most powerful kings in Europe alter carefully-considered schemes of policy. He had overcome Henry's resolution to own Anacletus; he had prevented the Emperor pressing on a suppliant Pope the reopening of the Investiture Controversy; he had won by his eloquence the stubborn Roman barons, whom no other power had been known to restrain; and all this he had done in the interest of what we now should call Ultramontanism, for at the Lateran Council gathered at Rome to celebrate the restoration of unity to the Church, the superiority of the Pope over the bishops and abbots, and of the superior clergy over the inferior and over the laity, is stated in terms stronger than even Hildebrand had dared to use. One man only was exempt from this crushing ecclesiastical centralisation, and that was Bernard, the real author of the organisation; from this Lateran Council onwards he was the un-

[1] In the Conclave 16 cardinals voted for Innocent, 32 for Anacletus.

crowned Pope, his history was the history of western Christendom. He addressed the Emperor, kings, bishops, abbots, archbishops, the Pope himself, in words in which the haughtiest commands are veiled in the supplications of a suitor. To the Emperor he wrote, "Perhaps you have not hitherto known these things; now that you do know them, you ought to change in word and intention."[1] To the Archbishops of Sens he wrote, "You multiply your accusers, you diminish your defenders . . . your own self-will is your law. All you do is for your ambition, never from fear of God."[2] To the Pope he wrote, "There is but one voice among our faithful bishops, which declares that justice is vanishing from the Church, that the power of the keys is gone, that episcopal authority is dwindling away; that a bishop can no longer redress wrongs, nor chastise iniquity, however great, even in his own diocese; and the blame of all this they lay on you and on the Roman Court. What they ordain aright you annul, what they justly abolish, that you re-establish. All the worthless contentious fellows, whether from the people or the clergy, run off to you, and return boasting that they have found protection when they ought to have found retribution. . . . God's favour is not so won. For these and similar things the anger of the Lord is not turned away, but His arm is stretched out still."[3] And the Bernard who was thus threatening the Pope could at the same time exhort and comfort a young disciple: "Now abideth speech, example, prayer; but the greatest of these is prayer.

[1] Ep. 140. [2] Ep. 182. [3] Ep. 178.

For although, as it has been said, the strength of speech is work, yet prayer wins grace and efficacy for both work and speech:"[1] could enthusiastically describe the missionary work of Malachy among the half-savage Irish, wish that it had fallen to his lot to do such a work for Christ, and in all humility add, "To me also in this life was it given to see this man: in his look and word I was restored, and rejoiced as in all manner of riches. And sinner as I was, I found grace in his sight from that time forth even to his death."[2]

By his fervour, tenacity, and persuasive eloquence Bernard had consolidated the Papacy, and had done so in spite of keen sense of the evils which such centralisation of power might bring. The rest of his life was spent in defending this work of his hands against such enemies of ultramontanism as theological inquiry and religious democracy. He fought against Abelard and Arnold of Brescia; he thought he had overcome both of them, but in the end their principles triumphed over his. It is the old old story. The theologian who the heretic of his day is the cherished teacher of the next generation; the man who pleads the cause of the people, himself slain, but giving his life for the future triumph of his ideas.

Few things in mediæval history are more pathetic than the story of the sinning, but greatly sinned against Peter Abelard, the representative and the victim[3] of the struggle for theological freedom

[1] Ep. 201. [2] *Opera*, I. 1493.
[3] Milman's *Latin Christianity*, Bk. VII. ch. V.

against the ultramontane supremacy of the Church. Bernard scarcely understood Abelard; he instinctively disliked him. He saw in him the representative of inquiry which, if allowed, might overturn the ecclesiastical ultramontanism he had laboured to establish, and he put forth the whole strength of his influence against him. It is needless to say that the theologian was no match for the Church leader, on the ground on which the latter chose to risk the battle. Bernard met his antagonist in a Council full of his own dependants and admirers; counting of votes, not weighing of arguments, did the work, and when Abelard appealed from the Council to the Pope it was an appeal from Bernard at Sens to Bernard at Rome. But the triumphant Churchman little thought that the spirit of his vanquished opponent would in another generation rule the Church he was moulding, and be the soul of that body he was creating. Abelard's book *Sic et Non* was reproduced in Peter of Lombardy's *Sentences*, the future text-book of mediæval Christianity.

Arnold of Brescia[1] was an opponent deemed even more dangerous to the Church than the famous professor of Paris, and Bernard put forth all his strength to crush him and his principles of civil and religious liberty, and yet Arnold was in one sense a follower who could think out some of Bernard's ideas to their true conclusions. Bernard at Clairvaux had taught that poverty and hard labour brought men near God: he had made people see him a pious man

[1] Milman's *Latin Christianity*, Bk. VII. ch. vi.

because of the thorough way in which he lived his life of maceration and prayer and work; he had made the contrast between the rich pompous ecclesiastic and the poor suffering Christian so marked that some men, Arnold among the rest, said if the one be the Christian life the other cannot. Bernard, who was the uncrowned Pope, had become so because he had lived with fierce energy that poor squalid life at Clairvaux; he had challenged comparison with the Christianity he had lived and the Christianity he had fought for, when he went about winning Europe for Innocent. He had almost challenged men to say, which was the Christian life, his at Clairvaux among his poor self-sacrificing monks, or the life of the Pope and the Cardinals at Rome. Arnold and others saw this, and with wonderful eloquence stirred the people to ask if poverty be apostolic,—if the fasting, toiling, barely-clad, self-scourging monks are the real living likeness of the Apostles and of Christ, how far from Christ were princely bishops and abbots and popes! He preached the simple gospel of the imitation of Christ to the poor, and the poor heard him gladly. He was the forerunner of the noblest Franciscans, of William of Occam, of our own Wycliffe with his poor priests, and had great success. The clergy got alarmed, the Pope trembled; Arnold seemed to have more power in Rome than he had. Bernard interfered and Arnold was crushed, finally burnt at the stake, but his ideas lived on.

How Bernard went on ruling the western Church, how his friends and disciples were made popes, how he preached the Second Crusade, how its failure almost

killed him,—these things we must pass over. In the end he had outlived most of his friends, and felt himself a lonely man, waiting his end. He died at Clairvaux a peaceful happy death, desiring to depart, and was buried in the Church of the monastery in 1153.

I have tried to sketch for you, in hasty outline, Bernard as he appears in his letters, in his deeds, in the biographies of contemporaries, and the portrait seems far enough away from what we are accustomed to call evangelical. He appears a monk first, and then a Christian; a strenuous upholder of the Papacy even when he sees its corruptions; a determined opponent of new light in theology, or of simple pious living apart from the ecclesiastical organisation of his day. If we were to go a little deeper into the currents of the time, it could be shown with little difficulty that the influence of Bernard delayed the great Reformation by some centuries. He actually arrested a great evangelical movement begun in his day, and sent the revival force away along lines which were distinctly anti-evangelical. You heard about Anselm in last Lecture, and how that theologian, for the first time in the history of Christian dogma, set forth the great doctrine of the Atonement in formal definition. Anselm brought the Church face to face with the doctrine of the Atonement in distinct dogmatic shape, compelled men to look at it and study it, and see the evangel in it. Men coming after him were bound to take up the work where he left, and carry it out along the true biblical lines of exposition, for Anselm's work was

not done thoroughly. His scheme of the Atonement owed too much to metaphysic and too little to the gospel. The sublime theologian saw a metaphysical necessity and a metaphysical possibility in Christ's work for His people, and, besides, he treated the subject in such a hard way that the reader cannot help wondering if the theologian had ever in his mind the fact that souls were to be saved by the transaction between God and Christ, which he so sublimely expounded. It is only in the end of his treatise that Anselm condescended to see that Christ died to save men and women, and that the important fact for them is, how can they appropriate the benefits won by Christ in this great atoning work. He hinted that they can do so by imitation, and there he left the matter. Poor, passionate Peter Abelard, looking with his keen eyes into Anselm's scheme of doctrine, prompted, perhaps, by the sympathy which the experience of sorrow and of failure in life brings, saw what was lacking, and tried to supply it. He said that the necessity for the Atonement was not a metaphysical balance of the universe, but the love of God. God so loved the world: that was the compelling force. And he saw too what Anselm, perhaps without knowing it, was groping after in that saying of his, that men appropriate Christ's benefits by imitation; for he said that the reason why Christ could be our Saviour was because there was an inward sympathetic union between Christ and His people. Christ and His people are one—one in the counsels of eternity, one in mystical union which gathers His people round

their Saviour. That was the true evangelical development of the doctrine, and theologians can trace it from Anselm through Abelard and Thomas Aquinas on to Calvin and the theologians of the Reformation.

Bernard is not in this Succession. It is the man whom he denounced, whom he wrote against, whom he manœuvred to get condemned, and whom, in the end, he branded with the name of heretic, while the whole ecclesiastical world shouted applause. When Bernard came to Anselm's doctrine he just took it as it came to him, looking at it mostly from the outside. He, too, tried to develop it, and did do so in his own way. He took the word imitation—appropriation by imitation of Christ. He explained this imitation to mean monastic renunciation, and his power, and persuasive eloquence, and intense earnestness so burnt the thought into the hearts of the mediæval Church that it inspired wave after wave of revival movement down the middle ages. Bernard's Imitation of Christ became the watchword of every mediæval religious awakening, from Dominic and Francis of Assisi down to Wycliffe with his poor priests, and Thomas à Kempis with his famous little book. But this quest for pardon by imitation, on which Bernard sent the mediæval Church, was in the end no true evangelical movement, for we know that many a mediæval preacher put imitation of Christ where redemption by Christ should be. Indeed, I have little hesitation in saying that, just as the rationalist of the eighteenth century put the doctrine of providence where the doctrine of redemp-

tion should be, so the monk of the thirteenth put imitation by monastic renunciation.

Yet Bernard was evangelical, and in the Evangelical Succession if ever man was; for I call every one evangelical who, when face to face with God in prayer, praise, or solitary meditation, throws behind him all thoughts of his own worth or merit, or of what he can do for himself, and casts himself a sinner unreservedly on the pardoning grace of God, revealed in Christ Jesus our Lord. And Bernard did that. I do not mean to say that you will not find in his writings passages which seem to go against this, which speak of merits and good works and all the other familiar phrases under which mediæval and scholastic theology buried the doctrine of the free and sovereign grace of God; but I ask you to distinguish between the man and his theology, between his sermons, when he spoke, a dying man to dying men, and his theological treatises, and you will find what I mean. Take those sermons on the Song of Solomon, or others on some of the Psalms, and you will find them full of evangelical truth, and of the most lively sense that sinners must rest on Christ alone for salvation. He exhorted his hearers to disregard all their own good works, and to think only of God, the foundation of all our hopes of salvation. Here is what he says, a monk of Clairvaux preaching to monks: "I fear lest there be among you any one who, excelling in vigils, in fasts, in hard labour, or in anything else of that kind, may think that he has amassed rich store of merits, and so should lose his fear of God. . . . All our good works

are done not only for God, but by God, for it is He who works in us to will and to do."[1] It is above all things necessary to believe that you have no remission of sins unless through the mercy of God. He told his monks that the only merit which has any value is that humility which, in God's presence, renounces all merits, and that he is a fool and a madman who thinks otherwise. He exhorted them to think of the mercy of God, for that alone could be the ground of our trust. "Do not fear," he said, "if you are never able to attain to that perfection you long for. . . . It is God that justifies, who is he who shall condemn?" He said that FAITH appropriates the pardoning grace or mercy of God. Believing confidence, courageous faith, is what the sinner needed. Believe in God, trust yourself to him, cast on Him your anxious care, and He himself will cherish you, so that you can trustfully say, God is careful for me. I might multiply these quotations indefinitely, but enough has been given to show how Bernard the preacher, preaching to monks, gave them gospel sermons full of evangelical truth, and insisting on richly sovereign grace.

And now, in conclusion, let me ask you to consider why Bernard, feeling and believing what he did, could yet be a monk of monks and a papist of papists, at least in his public action. The world he lived in was very evil. All good people were feeling then what his namesake of Clugny expressed in his wonderful hymn—

> The world is very evil,
> The times are waxing late.

[1] Ps. xci.: Serm. I. 1.

Everywhere there was war and plunder and oppression. In England the Normans were hard at work, taking lands and life from the conquered Saxons. In France the king was but a great baron, with small power to be a terror to evil-doers and a praise to them that did well. In Germany an Emperor claimed to be lord over all Christendom, and could not protect his own peasants. In Italy the towns were fighting the barons. It took centuries ere the wild blood of the rude northern barbarians could be tamed to submit to the restraints of law and order. This middle age of the middle ages, in which Bernard lived, was a period of universal war and oppression. Europe was really divided into thousands of petty principalities, where, for the most part, rude barons mercilessly tyrannised over wretched, half-starved peasants. Famine came often, the plague never died out of the poorly-built, wretched towns. It was a wild, cruel, lawless world, and the future then was not hopeful. For a time it seemed as if the Holy Roman Empire might in the end bring the world peace, but that hope died with the Ottos. The state of things became so bad that men remembered the sayings of Augustine and Lactantius that the millennial kingdom of Christ would succeed the old Roman Empire. When the tenth century drew to a close, men confidently expected that the end of the world was at hand, and that the new heavens and the new earth of the millennial kingdom of Christ would appear. The eleventh century was passing, and still the Lord tarried in His coming, and there seemed to be no

escape from the misrule. Then it came into the hearts of some great and good men, like Odillo of Clugny and Hildebrand, that since good worldly life and good worldly government were impossible, men should go out of the world and seek for a government which was not of this world. They went back again to Augustine to learn how this was to be done. Augustine had rebelled in his day against society and government. He found social life and civil rule founded on conquest and perpetuated by fraud and oppression, and he set in imagination over-against this cruel city of man, founded by Nimrod the man-slayer, the *Civitas Dei*, the City of God, the Church of Christ, and so in these times "separation from the world" became the rallying cry for every devout and pious man and woman. As Lot fled from Sodom, as Israel fled from Egypt, as the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans, so the people of God were to have no dealings with the world in society or in government. It is easy to have ideas like these. Good people, people who delight to make the name Evangelical their own, and who grudge its use to others, have them still. I wish you to see how the people of Bernard's time, and the people who lived before him and after him, put them into practical shape. They did so in very thorough fashion. They saw with fatal clearness that social life in this world rests on the two pillars of marriage and property, and they said, Let all pious people have nothing to do with either; let us be poor and let us be unmarried, and then, though in the world, we shall not be of the world; and

monasticism became a power, and men and women rushed to convents to find the rest there which life in the world denied them. Of course other ideas blended with these. Augustine had a notion, coming down to him through old Buddhist, Gnostic, Manichean speculations, that the body was a seat of sin and had to be mortified, and that helped. The Bible taught Bernard that Christ Jesus had no property, had not where to lay His head, and was unmarried, and this imitation of Christ from the outside increased the monastic zeal. Separation from the world—won either by establishing the Church, a new kingdom on the ruins of all earthly empires, which was Hildebrand's idea, won by a life of poverty and helping poorer neighbours, which was the idea of Francis of Assisi—was the watchword of the time, and filled all men's minds then. It filled Bernard's, who was the child of his age. He was Hildebrand and Francis in one, and for long generations his individuality, stamped upon the mediæval Church, held together these two discordant ideas of separation from the world. And so he, an evangelical at heart, could be so unevangelical in life, and so anti-evangelical in influence.

All this teaches us, does it not, how near all God's children are to their Father in heaven and to their brethren on earth, when they kneel on their knees at prayer, or stand to sing God's praises, or speak the message of the Gospel to hearers hungering and thirsting for the bread of life. When we are able to see into the hearts of the real religious life of these mediæval times, what we ought to look

for, and what we find, is not anticipations of modern thoughts or of Reformation theology. We find rather the same salvation won by the same Saviour, only men somehow get at it, or rather think they get at it, in ways peculiar to their age. These hymns and prayers and sermons of Bernard are not "anticipations" of the Reformation doctrine of justification by faith, they are much more evidence that Bernard knew the fact which the Reformation doctrine teaches, that all who are saved are saved by Christ's work, and that His merits, and not their own, give them nearness to God and the hope of heaven. All God's saints have felt this, and have expressed their feeling. There has been the same fact of God's salvation won only in and through Christ, and all God's saints have felt it in the same way. The outward fact and the inward feeling, ay, and the expression of the feeling, have always remained the same. What differs at different times is the *nexus*, the way in which faith consciously lays hold on Christ and clings to Him. In Christ's lifetime His disciples knew Him, and that seemed to be enough. In the early Church there were for some the doctrines of the Person of Christ, and for others there was martyrdom. At a later time the sacraments seemed the *nexus*, and for many in the middle ages faith laid hold on Christ through the Church as a visible organisation. In Bernard's day, and during many mediæval revivals, the point of contact seemed to be imitation by asceticism of all kinds. Then came the Reformation, when faith leapt up to Christ to receive and rest on Him alone for salvation, and

since then the *nexus* has seemed to some good people "clear views of truth," and to others "conversion," in all its various forms. Men have come to Christ and clung to Him, and ventured their all in so clinging to Him, in every one of these ways; and men have misused all of them. For all these things, even faith itself, as Cromwell, with his power of seeing through things, saw, can be put between the soul and Christ, and so hinder that leaving all to Him which His people must have; and when this gets common a revival impulse, a reformation in religion, must crush it away. But all of them, and many more, may be, and have been, just ways of touching Christ, resting on Him, trusting to Him; and however they touch Him, the Christ is the same, and the touching is the same, and so what one person says about it is felt to be true by another whose point of contact is utterly different. The Lord's redeemed are a mighty multitude which no man can number, out of every nation, and kindred, and people, and tongue, who, in lands far separate from each other, in languages various, and in fashions strange, have worshipped the same Father in Heaven, trusted in the same Saviour, and been taught by the same Spirit.

We cannot understand Bernard's theology, or his Church policy, or his vindictive persecution of Abelard and Arnold; but we pray the same prayers he used, when after vespers he went out under the oaks in Clairvaux to entreat the Lord to be merciful to him a sinner. We sing the hymns he made in his cell in the monastery. His sermons

still go home to our hearts. For him, as for us, Christ died.

Jesu spes penitentibus,
Quam pius expetentibus,
Quam bonus te quaerentibus,
Sed quid invenientibus ?
Nec lingua valet dicere
Nec litera exprimere,
Expertus potest credere
Quod sit Jesum diligere.

WICLIF.

By the Rev. Principal BROWN, D.D.

WICLIF.

TRAVELLERS tell us that in Eastern countries there may sometimes be seen this strange phenomenon:—A while before day-break all the symptoms of approaching dawn appear, streaks of light pierce through the heavens, as if the sun were just about to emerge, and these gradually increase in brilliancy till you think the night is over and gone, and the long-expected morn has come. But soon you find it otherwise. The light fades away, and gives place to a darkness all the more intense to the feeling from its contrast with the splendour that went before it. This singular phenomenon they call "The False Dawn." Well, you will find that history too has its "False Dawns"—its delusive appearances. While sudden revolutions are seldom lasting, those which are most enduring take long to mature, and are preceded by abortive attempts to achieve them. Up to a certain stage they seem to succeed to a wish, when on a sudden they are overpowered. Still these efforts are hardly ever quite lost. They are only premature, because society is not ripe for the desired change. But when this does arrive, every preceding movement is seen to have been paving the way, and only by a succession

of such weakening blows does the fabric of evil at length give way. How, for example, was the Roman Empire broken up? Was it by one combined and supreme rush of the Eastern barbarians? Nay, it was by a long succession of irruptions, partially successful, but at times the reverse, that the huge Empire at length fell to pieces. Thus, and thus only, was the great Reformation of the sixteenth century brought about.

Most justly is John Wiclif styled "The Morning Star of the Reformation." But he was not the first harbinger of day. Other stars were to be seen twinkling faintly in the ecclesiastical heavens before his brilliant one outshone them all. In fact a full century before he was born "the stars in their courses" seemed to be "fighting against" the great Roman "Sisera." But among all the "Reformers before the Reformation," Wiclif stood absolutely alone in Europe. Others set their face against this corruption of the truth and that abuse of the Papacy —suffering too for their testimony, some of them even unto blood; but Wiclif saw through the whole rottenness of the system, doctrinal and ecclesiastical alike, lectured at Oxford against it, preached everywhere against it, and published to the world against all that constitutes the life and strength of Romanism.

In the year 1213 King John—at his wit's end for help against his foreign enemies—debased himself so far as to sell the feudal sovereignty of his kingdom to Pope Innocent III. as a fief of the Church, and promised that there should be paid into the Papal treasury a thousand merks each year,

or about £12,000 sterling. This seemed the deepest degradation to which England could be reduced. But strange to say, it turned out the happiest thing for the country that could have happened, for it roused the whole nation—nobility, gentry, and people alike—and welded them into one. Stung to the quick by the humiliation that had been inflicted upon them, they never rested till, in two years, they wrung from that ignoble monarch the *Magna Charta* of English liberty. Nor were the clergy a whit behind the rest. And no wonder. For the country was swarming with foreign ecclesiastics, who filled the highest dignities, though scarcely able to speak the language, while Englishmen were left out in the cold, and saw themselves looked proudly down upon by mere creatures of the Pope. In that Charter, while the nominal headship of the Pope was not meddled with—the time for that was not come—they boldly claimed, in all matters purely national, entire independence, ecclesiastical as well as civil. This national feeling was mightily helped, and along with it a healthy religious tone fostered, by the rising up from time to time of Englishmen distinguished for learning, character, and independence—such as Roger Bacon, the prodigy of his age, and Robert Grosstête (or Greathead), the eminent Bishop of Lincoln, and William of Ockham, the great schoolman, and the profound Thomas Bradwardine, who became Archbishop of Canterbury. But other influences were operating for good. The poem called "Piers Plowman," and the rich and racy poetry of Geoffrey Chaucer, were

silently doing for England what John Barbour and Sir David Lindsay of the Mount did for Scotland—loosening the hold which the worthless clergy had upon the people; and thus was the tone of English thought and feeling becoming gradually more and more natural, manly, wholesome; and men were found ready to second any wise attempts to redress the wrongs of the time. Nor is it too much to say, that but for such preparation of the public mind, Wiclif could hardly have so weathered the storms that thickened around him, as at length to die in peace in his own Rectory at Lutterworth.

John Wiclif seems to have been born about the year 1320—perhaps rather before that year; but the exact date has never been discovered.[1] He was a native of Yorkshire, and of good family. Being sent to Oxford in 1340, he appears to have begun his studies at Queen's College, then newly founded, but soon after to have gone to the renowned Merton College, where had studied those celebrities already mentioned, Roger Bacon, Ockham, and Bradwardine.[2] In 1561 we find him Master of Balliol College, and (as would appear) first Warden of Canterbury Hall, by express appointment of its founder, Archbishop Islip,[3]—a position, however, which, through some intrigues, he was not allowed long to hold. Having

[1] The year 1324 used to be considered the date of his birth, but recent researches seem to shew that it was several years earlier. See Lechler's "Wiclif" (Lorimer's Translation, vol. i. 127, 128).

[2] The late Dr. Shirley's inquiries threw doubt upon Wiclif's residence at Queen's, and even at Merton. But further investigation has confirmed the current opinion.

[3] This also has been questioned, but, as far as we can judge, without sufficient ground.

at length risen to be a Doctor of Theology, this gave him the right to lecture in Divinity; and in this capacity—while using the scholastic methods of his day to set forth and establish the truth—he speedily attracted a rare degree of attention, and acquired an influence beyond all other theologians of his time for thoroughness in his mastery of Biblical truth and power in setting it forth; insomuch that by the common consent of learned Europe, he got the honourable name of *Doctor Evangelicus*, "The Evangelic Doctor." One who was his contemporary, a determined enemy, and Canon of Leicester, Wiclif's own county—I mean Henry de Knyghton, thus wrote of him a few years after his death:—"In those days flourished Master John Wiclif, Rector of the Church of Lutterworth in Leicestershire, the most eminent Doctor of Theology in those days. In Philosophy he was deemed second to none; in scholastics, incomparable. By the subtlety of his learning and the depth of his genius he strove with all his might to outstrip others, and to deviate from their opinions. In disputation none could match him, and in argument it was believed that none could excel him."[1] But scholastic superiority and academic eminence, though they did much to compel the awe of his enemies and secure him favour where it was greatly needed, would never have made Wiclif what he became for his country and for religion. One charm he carried about with him

[1] *De Eventibus Angliæ usque ad ann.* 1395. (See Lewis's *Wiclif*, Oxford edition, 1820, p. xxiii., also Gieseler's *Church History*, iv. § 125, p. 243, note 4,—Clark's Translation.)

wherever he went. He could speak his mother-tongue as hardly any but himself could, and this faculty he wielded in the pulpit with a witching power. Oratory, in the modern sense of the word, he affected not; but as Rector of at least two parishes, he won his way to the hearts of plain English people in a way perfectly new. Latin being chiefly the language of theology and clerical disputation, the English of the pulpit was not cultivated. In fact, preaching was in most cases but a name. The *Sermon*—when there was one—was but a brief and vapid thing, based usually upon some stupid story. In this state of things, when Wiclif began in the pulpit to rouse the dormant anxieties of the people he preached to them about eternal things, and brought home to them the saving truths of the Bible, in racy, idiomatic, homely English, who can wonder at the rare attention which he everywhere attracted? In fact he became the idol of the people, and nowhere more than in London, when he preached there. Of course this roused the jealousy of the clerical drones, and the truths which he preached were too unpalatable to most of the clergy. Still, he kept close by the University, careful to keep up his influence for good at that great seat of learning.

But Wiclif's true greatness only came out when he was forced into public life. This revealed him in a new light, as a genuine Englishman and a religious patriot, as well as a Bible theologian and popular preacher.

In the year 1366, Pope Urban V. was imprudent enough not only to demand payment, in a threatening

letter to Edward III., of the thousand merks which King John had promised should be annually paid into the Papal treasury—a payment which had always been paid irregularly and most reluctantly—but, in default of payment, to summon our King to appear at the Court of Rome. Edward laid this insolent letter before his Parliament, a body which was already the great bulwark of English liberty. The lords took it up as became them; and even the spiritual peers, though hampered by their ecclesiastical subjection to Rome, quickly rallied around the temporal lords. The result was a unanimous decision not only that payment should be refused, but that no English sovereign was at liberty to surrender his country's independence without the consent of his Parliament and people.

But what had Wiclif to do with this? Let me tell you. Wiclif's known opposition to the Papal encroachments on his country's independence, which met one on every hand, and irritated every true Englishman, had already created hostility to him in the clerical ranks; and they thought that if he could be challenged to come forward now, as a loyal son of the Church, in defence of his holy father, the Pope, it would put him in a fix. Accordingly, one of the monastic order, and a Doctor of Theology, publicly challenged him to defend the Papal rights. But they little knew their man. For Wiclif not only had strong convictions, but—what many in our day want—he had the courage of his convictions. For he fearlessly accepted this challenge, and in the year 1366 issued a Tract, in which, taking up the

very grounds on which the Parliament would seem to have decided the question, he vindicated triumphantly the conclusion to which they had come. While owning all due subjection to Rome in things ecclesiastical—so that none could charge him with disloyalty to his Church—he claimed for his country the right to resist, even by force of arms, all interference, from whatever quarter, with its inherent liberty and independence.

This bold stand, on the part of an ecclesiastic, naturally excited general attention, so rare a thing was it. Among other effects, it brought him immediately under the notice of the King, who soon after appointed him an extra Chaplain, and gave him the Rectory of Lutterworth in Leicestershire, which he retained through life, and in which he breathed his last. But there was another who fixed his eye upon him, one of more consequence to him than all others. I mean the King's third son, the Duke of Lancaster, commonly known as John of Gaunt—the wealthiest subject of the Crown, and the most influential statesman in the kingdom. Perceiving the rare genius, learning, and independence of Wiclif, he at once became his patron and friend, and up to the last—when he thought Wiclif was going too far against the received faith, and finding him proof against all remonstrances, withdrew his support—till then, I say, the Duke proved a wall of fire around this faithful witness for the truth.

But it was not long before Wiclif had again to stand forth in his country's service, and, as before, in connection with religion. The finances of the

kingdom had been drained to support its foreign wars; and it did seem a hard thing that, when money enough could not be raised by ordinary taxation, the rich endowments of the clergy should be exempted from all claim upon them—others paying for that protection and security which they enjoyed for nothing. Accordingly, a cry arose against so manifest an evil, and the result was the imposition of a war-tax upon the Church, as upon all other bodies in the land. As might have been expected, this was stigmatised by the clergy as a laying sacrilegious hands upon property dedicated to pious uses. But it had to be paid—and not only so, but, on the back of this affront, there came another blow. It had come to be felt an evil that the highest offices in the State should be held by Churchmen. Thus, William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, was Lord High Chancellor; the Bishop of Exeter was the Lord Treasurer; and the Lord Privy Seal, he too was a bishop. The Master of the Rolls, the Master of Chancery, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, were all Churchmen. It was not the mal-administration of these men that was complained of, but that, whereas laymen could be made answerable to the secular courts for all their proceedings, the clergy could not. Deeply resenting this, a paper had been drawn up by the Parliament, praying the King to appoint laymen, and not churchmen, to fill the secular offices. This strong step—shewing how deep and extensive was the public feeling on the subject—induced the Bishop of Winchester to consult his own dignity by laying down his

office as Lord Chancellor; and his good example was followed by others. But in order to deepen the feeling on this subject, Wiclif—probably by request—issued a Tract upon the subject. "Neither bishops (he said) nor doctors, nor priests, nor deacons, should hold secular offices—such as those of Chancery, Treasury, Privy Seal, Stewards of lands, Stewards of the Halls, Clerks of the kitchen, and Clerks of accounts; nor ought they to occupy in Lord's courts any secular posts. [As matters stand] when vacancies occur in such offices, the influence of patrons goes in favour of shrewd collectors of Peter's Pence, or some kitchen Clerk, or one wise in building castles and transacting worldly business" (alluding here slyly to the Bishop of Winchester, who was known to be a master in such things). Tracts of this nature, by one in the high position which Wiclif now occupied, could hardly fail to mark him out as one who might do the State yet greater service; and the occasion was not long of arriving.

The grievances which England had to complain of at the hands of Papal Rome had become so intolerable, that in the year 1374 a Royal Commission was appointed to represent them at the Papal Court, and demand redress. This Commission consisted of seven members—the Duke of Lancaster, two bishops, Dr. John Wiclif, one monk, and two laymen. But the Popes were not then residing at Rome, nor had been there for many a year. From the year 1309 onwards, for nearly seventy years, the Popes were the mere creatures of the French King. This was so deeply resented in Italy as a

scandalous desecration of the sacred office, and an insult on the proper seat of supreme power in the Church, that these French Popes, not venturing to show face at Rome, set up their court at Avignon, at the south-east extremity of France, as it borders upon Italy. This long absence from the proper seat of Papal power was called the *seventy years' captivity* of the Church. And a pretty captivity it was! There they did the mere bidding of the French King, and, in return for this subservience, were allowed to live as they liked. They promoted to the office of Cardinal worthless creatures, mostly their own relatives; and such men, as might be expected, with none to overawe them, gave themselves up to every species of luxury, riot, and debauchery. Nor were the Popes themselves, some of them, a whit better—one of them at least, Clement V., the first of those who set up his court at Avignon, lived too shameless a life to be fit for mention here. To expose this state of things, however, to the rude gaze of the uninitiated, they saw would never do. So they took good care, when they had any negotiations to conduct with the European courts, not to fix on Avignon as the place of meeting, but to name some distant city where the Papal influence could be relied on, and instead of going there themselves, to transact all their business through their Legates. The city fixed on in this case was Bruges, in Flanders, and instructions were constantly sent to the Legates how they were to act, even in the smallest details.

But what, you may ask, were the ecclesiastical

evils which England had to complain of? For one thing, there was a law called the *Statute of Provisors of Benefices*, which had been enacted and re-enacted —that the right to collate to benefices which had been granted by the sovereigns of this realm to any of their own subjects shall, on no pretext, be taken from them, or usurped by the Bishop of Rome or any other foreign power; and that whosoever shall allow himself to be collated to any benefice, otherwise than by the lawful patron, shall be imprisoned during the king's pleasure, or, if abroad, shall be seized, and be compelled to make restitution to those who have been by them unlawfully deprived of their rights. Well, this law was scandalously disregarded, and had come to be treated as if it never existed. So galling had this been felt to be that in the twenty-fifth year of the present king's reign the statute was enacted afresh, and in stringent terms. I can but give the purport and strain of it in brief. "Whereas the Bishop of Rome, accroaching to him the seignories of possessions and benefices as were [otherwise] assigned by the kings of this realm, and doth give and grant the same to aliens who did never dwell in England, and to Cardinals who might not dwell here, as if he had been the patron of the said dignities and benefices, as he was not of right by the law of England; whereby, if they should be suffered, there shall scarcely be any benefice within a short time in the said realm, but that it should be in the hands of aliens and denizens by virtue of such provisions against the good-will and disposition of the founders of the same benefices. And now it is

showed our lord the king in this present Parliament that the grievances and mischiefs aforesaid *do daily abound, to the greater damage and destruction of all his realm of England, more than ever were before*, viz., that now of late the Bishop of Rome, by procurement of clerks and otherwise, hath reserved and doth daily reserve collation to all dignities and benefices of England, from the highest to the lowest, giving them as well to aliens as to denizens, and *taketh of all such benefices the first-fruits and many other profits, and so a great part of the treasure of the said realm is carried away and dispended out of the realm by the purchasers of such benefices and graces aforesaid:* Our lord the king, seeing the mischiefs and damage before mentioned, and having regard to the statute always in force, which he has sworn to see executed as the law of his realm, and having regard to the grievous complaints made to him by his people in divers his parliaments holden heretofore, hath ordered and stablished that in case *reservation, collation, or provision be made by the court of Rome to any dignity, in disturbance of the free election, collations or presentations aforenamed, such shall be null and void*, and whosoever shall accept and allow himself to be unlawfully collated to such benefice shall be imprisoned during the king's pleasure, and make restitution to the lawful presentee."

Well, you would think this was pretty stringent, especially being re-enacted because it had been notoriously disregarded. But was it any the more effectual? Not a bit. For it was now some twelve or thirteen years since it was passed, and lo! at the urgent desire

of his Parliament, the king had to appoint the commission I have named, with Wiclif as one of the number, to demand redress of the Pope for such conduct. But further, the law which prohibited the carrying to a foreign tribunal of any question touching property, or carrying appeals from a native judgment to a foreign tribunal, on pain of imprisonment and confiscation of goods—this had been constantly violated. And there was a worse grievance even than this. There was no more stringent law of England than that which was known as the law of *Præmunire*, forbidding the publication of any Brief, or Papal Bull, or any State paper, without royal sanction, on pain of immediate banishment from the kingdom and loss of all property and civil rights—even this had been scandalously disregarded. And here, as one recalls such noble statutes, such as no other country subject to Rome in things spiritual can boast of, may not one be proud of his country? for certainly these statutes, however disregarded, as they were the fruit of an indomitable love of liberty and independence, so they served to nurse that spirit, and at length came to full triumph. And there was one more grievance—the presumption of the reigning pontiff, Urban V., in summoning the sovereign of England, forsooth, to appear before a Papal tribunal!

Now, how did the Pope receive the communication enumerating these grievances? Why, he professed to have grievances of his own against England. And what were they? They were the glory of England, namely, that unlike other Christian king-

doms, England would not allow his Nuncios to enter the country, nor permit his Bulls to be published there.

The Commission met the legate at Bruges; but if they expected despatch and satisfaction, they knew not the men they had to deal with. As usual, they were worried and wearied with perpetual delays on frivolous pretexts, and after two long years they returned very much as they went. Apparent concessions were made, with a profusion of polite words, but only to be clogged with conditions which neutralised them, and in fact were meant to render them valueless. The English bishops on this Commission cringed to the Legates, having ends of their own to serve rather than their country's honour. And they had their reward, for they were immediately promoted by the Pope to more lucrative sees. As for Wiclif, he wanted none of their gifts, and of course got none. His reward was that of fidelity to his trust.

But, though this Commission failed of its immediate object, the indirect good which it did was well worth all the money and disappointment which it cost. For one thing, the Duke of Lancaster could not fail to admire the noble straightforwardness of Wiclif, impervious to Papal allurements, however wily, his true patriotism, and his great ability; and henceforth he would stand by him more firmly. To Wiclif himself that visit to Bruges was like Luther's first visit to Rome—which he said he would not have lost for 20,000 crowns; it opened his eyes more than ever to the chicanery and hypo-

crisy which, under the mask of pre-eminent sanctity, were the chosen policy and habitual practice of the court of Rome. Disgusted, no doubt, he returned home, but a wiser man, because better able to fight the tough battles that still lay before him.

And soon again he had to buckle on his armour. For in the year 1372—two years before the mission to Bruges was appointed—a papal agent had been sent to England by Pope Gregory XI. to receive the papal dues. Arriving with a pompous retinue of attendants, he set up an office in London with an establishment of clerks and separate chambers, as if he had been a minister of state. Besides looking after the Reservations in the case of vacant livings, the revenue of which he claimed for the Papal exchequer—contrary to express English law—he acted as agent for foreign expectants of English livings (for a valuable consideration of course). His business also it was to collect Peter's Pence; and it was no small part of his policy to get bishops transferred from one see to another, as in that way he secured the first-fruits of all such sees as they were filled up. Wiclif, like most true Englishmen, was indignant at this abuse, and finding his advantage he seized it, to have this man if possible put down. He had been admitted into the country only on condition of his taking an oath that he would not touch the rights or do aught against the interests of the English crown. Of course he took the oath, and took it solemnly, in presence of all the great officers of state assembled at Westminster. For men of his description never doubted that they could do their dark work all the

same. Wiclif, however, in a Tract which he published, accused this Papal agent of perjury by the very nature and necessity of his business. Moreover, since some of the cardinals, deans, and archdeacons, though English born, yet lived in Rome, enormous sums of money were thus drawn out of the country, instead of being spent where it should be, by men who cared for the fleece, not the flock. In this way, he said, the country was drained of its wealth, and they might as well almost take away the *Regalia* of the kingdom.

Of course this galled to the quick the cloud of ecclesiastics that fattened upon this state of things, as well as the greedy expectants who were hoping to fatten upon it; and soon their rage against him found pretext enough for proceeding against him. Meantime, Parliament assembled in 1376; and among other things the Report of the Bruges Commission was taken up. At once it was seen how fruitless it had proved, whereupon it was unanimously resolved that a Memorial should be presented to the king, setting forth once more, in a series of particulars, the intolerable assumptions of the Papal See. Among other startling things which the discussion of this Memorial brought out was the almost incredible fact, yet not contradicted, that more than five times the revenue of the whole kingdom went to Rome. The moment for presenting this Memorial would, in any other case, have been peculiarly auspicious, being the jubilee of the king's reign—Edward III. having come to the throne in the year 1326. But he was now worn out, and no longer his

former self. In fact, he was near his end; and knowing this, they probably intended it rather as *their* response to the treatment they had got from Rome, and their determination not to endure it, than in hope of immediate redress. But the courage which it displayed gave general satisfaction, and chiming in with their other proceedings, which were viewed with much satisfaction, it was called, by way of distinction, "The Good Parliament."

But scarcely had it been dissolved, when intrigues were set on foot against the Duke of Lancaster, who had presided in all the royal councils, and for a long time had virtually governed the kingdom. He was exerting himself, it was said, and spending his wealth, not for his country's good, but for his own advancement to the throne. For this there was no ground, as his enemies were afterwards obliged to own. But it suited the minority, whom he had defeated in Parliament, to make people believe it, and the clergy not only went heartily along with them, but fanned and fed it into a flame, having conceived a bitter dislike to him for his known patronage of Wiclif, to whom he was now a tower of strength. This hue and cry against the Duke was successful at first; but though removed for a time from his position in the royal councils, he soon regained it, to the chagrin of his enemies. And with the view of striking a blow at the Duke and Wiclif at once, a charge, consisting of nine articles, was drawn up against Wiclif of *unsound doctrine*, and he was cited to appear before the Convocation of Canterbury. Parliament having assembled in the end

of January 1377, according to its usual custom, met on the 3d of the February following, and Wiclif was summoned to present himself on the 15th in St. Paul's Cathedral. The Bishop of London, who presided, was William Courtenay, a man of very high blood, being not only the younger son of the Earl of Devonshire, but maternal great-grandson of Edward I. Other connections too he had with the highest nobility. And he carried about with him the airs of a man who knew his high position. Of a proud, imperious temper, and intensely hierarchical, the Duke of Lancaster was an object of keen dislike. In fact, he had compromised himself in the last Parliament by insinuations of selfish and disloyal designs on the Duke's part. But, regardless of this, at the hour appointed the Duke nobly appeared along with his accused friend at St. Paul's. Nor was he there alone; for the Grand Marshal of England, Lord Henry Percy, was there too, with a band of armed men; and not only so, but by the Duke's express desire, five Bachelors of Divinity, from the Mendicant Order (a favourite Order with the Duke) to stand by Wiclif, and, in case of need, in his defence.

To get through the crowd that had assembled, and reach the place appointed for him, was no easy thing for Wiclif; for standing-room there seemed to be none. But at length he managed it. Courtenay, however, seeing the Duke there with a powerful retinue, broke forth upon him, in indignant terms, as an intruder where he had no right to be. His only regret, he said, was that he had not taken steps

to prevent it. "I need no directions from you how to act," haughtily replied the Duke. As for Wiclif, he stood speechless—a tall, thin man, dressed in a long black robe, girdled around, with full, flowing beard, piercing eyes, and compressed lips, expressive of resolution—his whole bearing that of dignified earnestness. "Be seated," said Lord Percy to him. "*No*," exclaimed the proud bishop, "for the accused to sit before his judges is neither lawful nor decent—he must and shall *stand*." "He has need to rest himself," replied Lord Percy, "he 'll have many questions to answer." On this a violent altercation ensued, high words being uttered on both sides; and as the audience consisted largely of London citizens who had been poisoned and inflamed against the Duke of Lancaster, the scene became one of wild confusion. It was not against Wiclif at all that the people were roused. In fact, apart from the Duke, he was with very many a favourite. However, it was soon seen to be hopeless to proceed with the case, and an adjournment took place. The multitude rushed out, seeking for the Duke and the Earl; but not finding them, they hastened to the Savoy Palace, where the Duke resided—the most magnificent palace in the kingdom—and were with difficulty restrained from meddling with the building. But, as next best, they took his coat of arms and reversed it, in token of his being, in their view, a traitor.

By and by, however, the tide turned. Edward III.—worn out with old age and the tear and wear of an active life, the latter part of which was not worthy of his former greatness—died in this dis-

turbed year 1377, and was succeeded by a boy then scarcely twelve years old, Richard II., son of the Black Prince. Two months after his accession, a Parliament having been called in his name, the Duke of Lancaster so triumphantly vindicated his loyalty before the peers of the realm that they all rallied around him—the prelates as well as the secular lords—and he became as powerful as ever.

But though the public interest was thus for the moment withdrawn from Wiclif, it was not to be supposed that his enemies were idle. The Mendicant Order—whom at last Wiclif discovered to be enemies to the truth which he valued most, and accordingly denounced—busied themselves, along with some of the more hierarchical bishops, in ransacking Wiclif's theological works, which were now very numerous, for materials of charge against him. As the fruit of this search, a catalogue of nineteen doctrinal errors was laid before the Pope, with a demand that this arch-heretic should be dealt with as he deserved. And so effectually had they gained their object that, by the time the boy king had ascended the throne, no fewer than five Papal Bulls were put into his hand against Wiclif: one requiring the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, should these propositions be found in Wiclif's writings, to imprison him during the Pope's pleasure; and another, should Wiclif not be found, requiring them to cite him to appear before the Pope within three months; another, requiring them to bring these evil doctrines before Edward III. (who, when this was written, was within three months of his

death), the King's sons, the widow of the Black Prince, and all the high officials of the State; another, directed to the King himself, entreating him to aid the high dignitaries in every competent way for carrying out these instructions; and one more, addressed to the Chancellor of the University of Oxford, requiring them—on pain of losing all their privileges—not only to protect the University against the spread of such pestilent doctrines, but to exert themselves to get this John Wiclif imprisoned and delivered over to the aforesaid Archbishop and Bishop.

What those dreadful propositions were, we shall presently see. But meantime, how fared the Bulls? Well, the king's death of course made the one to him null and void; after this, public attention was otherwise engrossed; and by the time that Richard II.'s first parliament assembled, the public feeling against Rome was so strong, that no steps could be taken till after it rose. Even when the Commissioners met, they were fain to proceed with caution, the wily men perceiving how unpopular extreme measures would prove. At Oxford, the whole thing was so distasteful, that for some time the University was in doubt whether they should not peremptorily refuse to receive a Bull requiring them, like constables, to imprison their own members, and one too so renowned for learning and character. Accordingly, the plan was changed, and Wiclif was cited to appear within thirty days at St. Paul's. To appear at Rome he had already peremptorily refused; but to appear before a *national* council was a very

different thing, and this he at once agreed to do. The citation was afterwards changed from St. Paul's to the archbishop's own chapel at Lambeth, and there accordingly on the day appointed, Wiclif appeared. The chief direction of affairs being now in other hands than the Duke of Lancaster's, he was not there to stand by his friend, nor Lord Percy. But Wiclif was not afraid to stand alone. Indeed he had backing enough; for his doctrines had been making a powerful impression on the mind of England, and even on the court. The people, in fact, alarmed for Wiclif's safety, had forced their way into the Chapel. Fuller, after his lively manner, says, "Men expected he should be devoured when brought into the lion's den." But the audience exclaimed, "The Pope's Briefs should have no effect in England without the king's consent. Every man is master in his own house." (Oh, friends, is it not fine at this day, to hear the true English ring in such words, spoken half a millennium ago!) But this was not all, for scarcely had the proceedings been opened, when Sir Henry Clifford, an officer in the court of the Queen-mother, entering the Chapel, demanded in name of his mistress that they should pronounce no final judgment in this case. The citizens of London who were present loudly insisted on the same thing, boldly protesting that Wiclif was a true patriot, honoured and beloved. Alarmed at this double intimidation, the Archbishop felt himself paralysed; but for appearance sake—like the Jewish Sanhedrin after Gamaliel's speech counselling caution—"shaken (says a historian of their own)

like reeds by the wind," prohibited Wiclif both from preaching the doctrines charged against him, and from maintaining them in his Academic Lectures. On his person, however, they dared not to lay a hand; and so far were they from being able to carry out the Pope's injunctions, that Wiclif was allowed to go quietly home—although those haughty prelates had before vowed that at the risk of their lives they would have him crushed. As for Wiclif himself, instead of promising to do as he was ordered and keep silence, he left them more resolute than ever. Well might he now say, "Thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall" (Isaiah xxv. 4).

How did Wiclif now spend at home the few remaining years of his life? For posterity, they were perhaps more fruitful than ever before. One event tended marvellously to tranquillise and embolden him. A schism had taken place in the papacy. On the death of Gregory XI. in March 1378, the Romans were determined to have no more French Popes, the miserable tools of the French kings, and a cry rose from every quarter of the city, "A Roman Pope! a Roman Pope!" So the cardinals elected Urban VI., who under the mask of extreme self-mortification hid a heart as proud and a tongue as insolent as ever man possessed. And as he displayed these qualities immediately after his election, his enemies determined to question the validity of his election; and having met in full force, they

elected another Pope, Clement VII., and thus began a schism which lasted for eight-and-thirty years, during all which time there were two Popes, between whom the papal kingdoms were at issue among themselves which of them was the rightful Pope. A pretty state of things this was in the Church of Christ! But great strength it was to Wiclif's position; since no sensible and serious persons could think very ill of one, who lived for the purpose of showing up the hideous condition to which men who lived only for themselves had reduced the religion of Jesus Christ.

I have said that Wiclif's quiet occupations at Lutterworth during his last years were, for posterity, perhaps his most fruitful. They were of three kinds. First, like the apostle, he "ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ;" holding forth, in homely English which all could understand and relish, the great evangelical truths and practical lessons of the Word of God. Next, he worked day and night at his great work of translating the Scriptures into the mother tongue, as it was then spoken. Of this I will speak more presently. One more work in which Wiclif now engaged was one of the noblest, as it was certainly the most original, and, for the perpetuation of his teaching when he should be taken away, the most admirable, that could be conceived. It was no other than the establishment of *a training-school of preachers.*

Seeing the deplorable want of sound biblical, evangelical preaching, he formed those students at the University, who with the greatest avidity were

drinking in his teaching, into a select class, first, to instruct them more fully, and then to show them how to bring the truths which he taught them to the humblest people. Then, when the success of these preachers wherever they went, put it beyond doubt what an engine of usefulness this might become, young men, filled with a burning desire to follow their example, but not so thoroughly educated, solicited permission to go and do likewise. Wiclif, if he did not *encourage*, certainly did not *hinder* them. He calls them his "poor priests;" for they had no stipend, and probably lived on what they got from those who entertained them. "Now see" (says one to whom we owe much for his valuable researches into the facts of Wiclif's history—"See," says the late Dr. Robert Vaughan) "these poor priests—these sturdy, free-spoken and popular methodists of the 14th century, travelling from country to country, from town to town, from village to village, barefooted, staff in hand. In churches or churchyard, in markets or fairs, before gentle and simple, pious or profligate—wherever men or women are gathered together, or may be gathered—there the itinerant instructor of this school finds his preaching place, and discourses boldly on the difference between the Bible, with its appeals to every man's reason and consciousness, and the superstitions of the priests, which have nothing to sustain them save that hollow mockery called the authority of the Church. Prelates and abbots, mendicants and monks, rectors and curates become wrathful—but the people are not wrathful. Almost to a man they attest that

the stranger is in the right, and that harm shall not be done to him." Nor were the upper classes against them. Even "Knyghton," the canon of Leicester, their adversary, "mentions a number of such who openly favoured the new preachers, as Sir Thomas Latimer, Sir John Trussell, Sir Ludovic Clifford, Sir John Peche, Sir Richard Story, and Sir John Clifford," insomuch that "when any Wiclifite preacher came into their neighbourhood, they gave notice of time and place to all the neighbourhood, whereby a vast audience was gathered together. And not only so, but you might see them standing round the pulpit of the preacher, armed and prepared to defend him from assault with their good swords, if need were." The anathema of the Church is thundered against him, requiring him to appear before his ordinary; but the stranger is speedily elsewhere, and at his wonted labour, heeding not their thunders. For "the soul under that coarse garb, and which plays from beneath that weather-worn countenance, is an emancipated soul—not so much the image of its own age, as the prophecy of an age to come, after a long and dark and troubled interval should pass away."[1] At the same time it is right to say, as to these itinerant preachers, that it is in evidence that they never spoke against the ordained ministry and settled pastors, but ever the reverse.

Enraged at all this, the House of Lords passed a bill for the imprisonment of Wiclif and his itinerant

[1] *John de Wycliffe, D.D., A Monograph*, etc., by Robert Vaughan, D.D. (1853), pp. 277-279.

preachers. But having done this without submitting it to the Commons, that faithful body stormed at such arbitrary and unconstitutional procedure; and Courtenay, who was now Archbishop, afraid of the consequences to himself should he proceed to extremities (for his predecessor had been executed for exceeding his bounds), was fain to proceed cautiously. As for Wiclif, he rejoiced to find his itinerant work so wonderfully prospering, and that even Oxford was coming to its senses; and as for Courtenay, whom he denounced in his sermons as "the great bishop of England," together with his tools, those Pharisees and monks and mendicants, he compares his attempts to keep the truth buried to the seal and the stone by which the resurrection of the Church's Lord was vainly sought to be prevented.

I said, near the outset of this Lecture, that the Duke of Lancaster proved to Wiclif a tower of strength till, at the very last, thinking that Wiclif was going too far against the doctrines of the Church, he remonstrated with him, hoping by his influence to get him to submit to the censures of the bishop. The question on which the Duke's remonstrances turned was *Transubstantiation*. This point—even so late as when the movement of Luther and of Zwingli was in its first infancy—was felt to be of all others the most tender thing they could meddle with. Lancaster ventured even to *require* him to submit. It was a trying moment. But Wiclif was equal to the occasion. He had never leaned on an arm of flesh; and firm as a rock to the truth which to him

was as clear as light from the Word of God, his steadfastness, under this severe test, places him in the first rank of confessors and virtual martyrs.

An untoward event which had happened in the last year of Edward III.'s reign threatened for a time to compromise Wiclif's character as a loyal subject. I refer to the unhappy insurrection of Wat Tyler. The enemies of Wiclif tried to connect it with his teaching, as cause and effect. But on investigation, even his enemies were not able to make good their point, and the Commons set it down to its true cause—exasperating and intolerable taxation; for oppression will make even a wise man mad.

But I must hasten to the close of this great man's career. Care-worn, and enfeebled by incessant work and constant danger, he had required, and was fortunate in finding, a young and like-minded assistant, who, besides preaching for him, did him invaluable service in his great work of translation. In fact, when, after Wiclif's death, the work was seen greatly to need revision, he it was who gave it that improved form in which it was ever after known.

Wiclif had been summoned by Urban VI. to appear at Rome to answer to the charges brought against him; but by that time he was totally unable for any journey. In fact, he had been seized with an illness which brought him to the gates of death. On hearing of this, a crowd of clergy, of every order, hastened to call upon him and urge him to retract before his end came. But to their astonishment he lifted up his feeble voice, saying, "I shall not die,

but live to expose your evil deeds." And he did not die then, but in the year 1384, in the act of saying mass in his own church, he was struck with paralysis, affecting his tongue so that he never spoke more.

But though dead, Wiclif yet spake in his devoted followers, who came to be known by the name of *Lollards*. Every effort was made by the clergy to have them put down, and the king, for his own ends, was fain to humour them by severe enactments against the heretics. But it was no easy matter to extinguish them. At the Council of Constance, which in 1415 committed to the flames the sainted John Huss and Jerome of Prague—who may be called the spiritual children of Wiclif's writings—these writings of Wiclif were formally condemned, and his body and bones ordered to be exhumed (*corpus ejus et ossa exhumari*), and to be flung far away from ecclesiastical burial (*procul ab ecclesiastica sepultura*). But so far was this from being done at once, that it had to be repeatedly insisted on by the Pope to the Bishop of Lincoln; nor was it executed for twelve years after, in the year 1427—in such reverence and affection was the name of Wiclif held in England.

I have only two points more to refer to, and briefly—his gigantic work, the translation of the Scriptures, and the nature of the charges brought against him. In the work of translation he had noble pioneers, for England, since the days of Venerable Bede and the great king Alfred, had seldom been without efforts to put the Psalms,

the Gospels, and other portions of Scripture into the Anglo-Saxon and the gradually advancing English tongue. But Wiclif's glory was his never resting until he had done this for the whole Bible. Though obliged to translate from Jerome's Latin Vulgate translation—being unacquainted with Hebrew and Greek—he availed himself of all the MSS. of it which he could collect, and compared it with Jerome's own renderings of the text in his commentaries, and with the commentaries of Nicolas de Lyra, the learned converted Jew, putting in his margin alternate renderings. And in justification of his work he appealed to his royal predecessor and Bede, and similar works in France and Bohemia, adding, that to oppose this were to arraign the Holy Ghost for letting the apostles and first Christians proclaim the wonderful works of God in the tongues of all the nations assembled on the pentecostal day at Jerusalem. In the year 1408 a Synod was held at Oxford which ordered its suppression. But it was too late, for it was in full circulation for twenty years before that. About the year 1381 the New Testament had been completed, and the revision of the whole by John Purvey about the year 1388 to 1390. But Wiclif himself had by that time died in 1384—and with him, though the truth lived, died the intrepidity of the true Reformer in openly proclaiming it until the country was better prepared to receive it.

I cannot close this notice of Wiclif's Version without quoting what my lamented friend Dr. Eadie says of it in his noble History of the English Bible,

issued almost immediately before his death :—"One is surprised to see how, when Wiclif's work is modernised in spelling, it so closely resembles subsequent translations in the general aspect of the version, in the flow and position of the words, in the distinctive terms and connecting particles, in the rhythm of its clauses, and the mould of its sentences. Several of its phrases must have passed early into the language, especially those which from their currency had acquired a kind of proverbial power, such as 'strait gate' and 'narrow way' (Matt. vii. 14), 'beam and mote' (v. 13), and being adopted by Tyndale, they have kept their place 'unto this present.' Through these translations the rich and beautiful old English was sanctified for all time, and with many minor variations, not a few of them traceable to the Greek original, it reappears in its essential and characteristic features in the independent translation of Tyndale, which again is so largely retained and embodied in the A. V." (i. 72, 73.)

I said that Wiclif's Version could not be entirely suppressed. The itinerant Wiclifite priests carried it from place to place, and the copies of it still remaining are so well executed that they must have been executed for the dukes, and earls, and knights, and soldiers who were known to favour this Wiclifite movement. Even their hostile historian, Knyghton, says the preachers were like suckers growing out of the root of a tree, filling every place within the compass of the land, and bringing over to it the greater part of the people. Both men and women became too eloquent, and too much for other

people by word of mouth, and they all expressed profound respect for God's law—meaning the English Bible. The persecution, however, of all Lollards became increasingly severe; and in 1414 a law was passed that all who read the Scriptures in the mother tongue should "forfeit land, cattle, life, and goods from their heirs for ever." But this only increased the desire to listen to the book. It was circulated from hand to hand, and those who could not themselves read it heard it read by others. Poor people subscribed their pennies to purchase for themselves a copy amongst them. Eager companies assembled and had it read in a subdued voice in the dead of night. One copy cost five merks (about £40), and country people were known to give a load of hay for a leaf or two of it.

And now, what were the dreadful heresies which Wiclif was charged with? Well, the following are a few of the propositions which were picked out of his voluminous works as heretical:—"Rome is not the head of all the Churches. Peter was not superior to the rest of the Twelve. An unconditional power to bind and loose, not even God Himself, by virtue of His omnipotence, can bestow upon any man. The power of binding and loosing belongs no more to the Pope than to any other priest. Excommunication for a just cause only, and in accordance with the law of Christ, is binding in the sight of God; all other excommunications are null and void; and this being so, none whose conscience acquits them at the bar of God's word should trouble themselves on account of excommunication. No

political and temporal rule has been bestowed in perpetuity on the Pope and the prelates. The civil power may seize upon abused Church revenues. Every prelate, up even to the Pope, may be accused, judged, condemned, and imprisoned—the Pope by his own subjects, even laymen. Christ gave the apostles no power to excommunicate for secular things, but rather the contrary; and therefore the Pope has no claim to such power. The Gospel is all the rule of life that men need, and man-made rules, particularly monastic rules, can add nothing to God's law." One other proposition has been made a great handle of, not only by Romanists but by Romanising Anglicans: namely, that the perseveringly righteous have the right to possess and enjoy all earthly things. But it has been shewn by those who have examined all that Wiclif says upon this subject, that he has no reference to human arrangements when he so speaks, but purely to a religious right; and his loyalty as a subject of the crown was never questioned.

But the boldest position which Wiclif maintained, and that resolutely—one which, more than any other, shewed how far ahead he was, not only of all the reformers of his own age, but even of Luther and Zwingli themselves when first they meddled with the subject. I refer to his view of the doctrine of *Transubstantiation*—the most tender point, as I before remarked, in which he could at that time of day assail the dogmas of the Church. He maintained that Christ, in His body and blood, was in the bread and wine only symbolically, not naturally, yet vitally

and efficaciously; that just as John the Baptist, when he became Elias, was still the natural man John and no other, though fulfilling the office and character of Elias—the Elijah *idea* of it being superadded in our minds; so the bread and wine remain naturally just what they were, the representation which they give of Christ being simply superadded in our minds. Also just as in the statue or image of any great man, nobody thinks of the material it is made of (knowing it to be merely material), but only of him whom it represents, so in the Eucharist devout believers should and do think only of Christ crucified—not dwelling on the bread and wine. To us all this seems plain enough, but it was too much even for Wiclif's own friends at Oxford. Some did inwardly sympathise, but the majority, both at the University and elsewhere, were shocked, and some became hostile who till this came out were most favourable, such as the Duke of Lancaster.

In closing this imperfect sketch of the life and labours of this eminent man, would you know wherein Wiclif, in my judgment, stood head and shoulders above all "the Reformers before the Reformation?" I answer, in these following particulars:—

1. As a *scholastic theologian*, while Wiclif was admitted, even by his enemies, to be the greatest master of dialectics, excelling all his contemporaries in depth of thought and force of argument, he made use of this method of his day for the sole purpose of establishing the great saving truths of the Bible,

as the one infallible standard of faith, and so stamped this feature of his teaching upon the public mind, as to be known throughout Europe as the *Evangelic Doctor*.

2. While very few indeed that excel in subtle argumentation possess the art of reaching the masses, Wiclif in the *pulpit* was the idol of his day; opening up the truths and lessons of God's Word in a style of captivating simplicity and manly vigour, at the same time exposing, with unsparing fidelity, the reigning evils of the day, in the clergy as well as in the people.

3. As a *writer*, the best judges of early English pronounce Wiclif to have been superior to all the prose writers of his day in terse, idiomatic prose, and on a level with Chaucer in poetry.

4. As an *Englishman* and a *religious patriot*, Wiclif, from his first appearance in public to the last day of his life, stood forth incorruptible in principle, inaccessible alike to allurements and to threats, unflinching and fearless in the maintenance of Divine truth, and resistance to everything that touched the independence of his country. And considering the risks at which this was done and persevered in to the last, I regard him as the noblest Confessor of his day, and a virtual martyr for the truth and his country.

5. Two legacies Wiclif left to posterity, either of which would be enough to immortalise him. (1.) Those noble confessors, John Huss and Jerome of Prague, though far inferior to Wiclif in their mental calibre, and in the breadth of their Scriptural apprehension, owed all that was most dear to them

to Wiclif's writings, and being as true to their convictions as Wiclif himself was, may be said to have died for those truths which had come home to their souls out of Wiclif's works. (2.) How much all English-speaking Christians owe, and will continue to owe, to Wiclif for his translation of the Bible, may be gathered from the eloquent words of Dr. Eadie already quoted, and will be increasingly realised, in proportion as the historical progress of the English language and of Bible Revision is intelligently studied.

In this connection, I cannot but express the delight with which I have marked the steps which have begun to be taken for extending and deepening the knowledge of how much England owes to Wiclif. A solid foundation was laid by the issue in 1850, from the Oxford University Press, of the splendid edition of Wiclif's Bible, the work of two-and-twenty years, by two accomplished editors, the Rev. Josiah Forshall, F.R.S., etc., and Sir Frederick Madden, K.B., etc. But this work, in four volumes, quarto, being inaccessible save to a very few, a beautiful reprint of the New Testament part was issued from the same press in a portable form in 1879, with a valuable Introduction, chiefly on the language used in this Version, by one who is a master in this department, the Rev. Professor Walter M. Skeat. Other unpublished English writings of Wiclif are, I believe, in the hands of competent editors; while learned foreigners, such as Dr. Lechler of Leipzig—to whom we owe the most full and searching biography of Wiclif, translated into English by the late Professor Lorimer—and Dr. Buddensieg of Dresden—to whom

we owe the publication in 1880 of a Latin treatise of Wiclif from MSS. in the Library of the University of Vienna and Prague, "On Christ and His Adversary, Antichrist"—will, it is hoped, be encouraged to continue their labours by every assistance from this country. And further, the Quincentenary commemorations of Wiclif, which were held some years since in London, Dublin, and elsewhere, have borne fruit in the formation of a "Wiclif Society," and in the publication within the last few months of three Lectures on "Wiclif's Place in History," delivered last year before the University of Oxford by Professor Montagu Burrows, Chichele Professor of Modern History,[1] which may be recommended to those who would wish to see the main facts of Wiclif's life and labours briefly and vividly presented.

Before I close, let me ask two questions of those who now hear me:—(1.) Is the England of our day going back to those things against which Wiclif protested six centuries ago? Is that heart-hatred of Popery, for which England has ever been distinguished, to be supplanted by a craving for such sensuous ritualism, *whose central principle is the real corporeal presence of Christ in the Eucharist*, as is sure to lead on to whole and total Romanism? (2.) Have we ourselves—have you who now hear me, experienced the saving power of those truths for which Wiclif nobly suffered, and for which he was ready to die? This last question I leave to be answered by each one in his own conscience, as before the Searcher of all hearts, and soon to be the Judge of quick and dead.

[1] London (Isbister), 1882.

MARTIN LUTHER.

By the Rev. Professor SALMOND, D.D.

MARTIN LUTHER.

A FEW months ago a picture of Luther, previously unknown, was reported to have been discovered in an old church of Leipzig. This singular portrait, which is believed to have come from the house of Luther's eldest son, represents the Reformer as he was in the year 1532, at the age of forty-nine, when the real battle of his life had been fought, years after the tempest of Worms and the silence of the Wartburg. Its Latin inscription names him simply —*Doctor Martin Luther, Restorer of the Liberty of the Gospel.* Two flaming suns are also seen above, to which is attached the second title—*The Voice of God the True Light.* Than these two sentences nothing could better describe the genius of the man and the meaning of his mission. What makes Luther the grandest figure in the history of Christ's Church since apostolic times is this—that he did the work which the thought and suffering of centuries had failed to effect, the work of restoring the liberty of Christ's Evangel. And this task he accomplished by giving back into the hands of the German people the Word of God as their true light,—a light which

needed neither external authority to sustain its truth nor mediated methods of access to introduce it to the soul.

If the motto of this Leipzig portrait speaks true to fact, a position in the Evangelical Succession must be claimed for this man such as can be conceded to no other since Paul and John. With men like Anselm it may seem to be only at single points, and those comparatively external points, that a living grasp of Evangelical truth is caught. Even Augustine has a side which is hard to reconcile with the view usually taken of his relation to the same. But with Luther it is entirely different. He had a personal experience of the sweep and power of the Evangelical principle, and expounded it with a force and life and completeness, which leave him without a peer in forerunner or successor. Even the errors which may be charged against his construction of some sections of Christian doctrine will be found to be errors into which he was drawn by the imperious demand of his soul to bring all things, alike in spiritual truth and in the general interests of life, into patent connection with this principle. The place which belongs to him in the Evangelical line is the place of the man who saw with the clear vision of the seer things which others had seen through a glass darkly, who spoke with the certain tone of knowledge things which others had uttered with stammering lips, who gathered the late interest of the tears of a long procession of earlier prophets, and flung upon the

soil of Europe seeds of truth whose growth we yet but poorly forecast.

One may well shrink from describing this man when even Melanchthon could only say of him, "Luther is too great, too wonderful for me to depict in words." And indeed it is sometimes alleged that familiar as his figure seems, the real Luther is still something of a stranger to us. With his eye upon the immense preparations which he had made for his long-cherished Life of the Reformer, Sir William Hamilton declared that he had known a hundred portraitures of Luther the angel, and a hundred pendants of Luther the devil, but not a single true portrait of Luther the man. To an extent, too, that holds good of few others, the man and the work in this case must be read together. Luther and the Reformation are part and parcel of each other. And conversant as we are apt to think ourselves with that extraordinary upheaval which is associated with Luther's name, it may be that the significance of the movement, and the issues certain yet to flow from it, are but partially understood. The Reformation was so colossal an achievement that its position in the history of human progress still continues in dispute after the lapse of more than three centuries. It is affirmed, on the one hand, to have been a mere triumph of Reason, Luther's "old mother storm-brewer," over authority, a revolt of intellect against ecclesiasticism, a transitional event carrying the seeds of Rationalism in its bosom, and preparing the way

for a purer religion than historical Christianity. On the other hand, it is interpreted by thinkers like John Ruskin as essentially an ethical advance towards purity of practice, while a touch of the magician's wand of John Henry Newman's logic transforms it into a march towards a Church without a soul, or towards a dogmatic system as hard as any Romish servitude to law or Greek subjection to tradition. But, if it is often taken for less than it was, and lauded sometimes for the opposite of what we know it to have been, the magnitude of the work is unchallenged. There may be debate over the question whether it is the final presentation of Christianity and the ultimate expression of the spiritual life, or a stage from which God may lead us to still grander forms of conceiving the message and living the life of His grace. But there is little disposition to contest its title to rank as the greatest of the four great events of modern history, greater than the descent of the barbarians upon the decadent civilisation of Rome, greater than the shock given to the torpor of Europe by the Crusades, greater than the crash of the French Revolution, greater probably than any event since the introduction of Christianity, the greatest emancipation of mind, the greatest regeneration of religion. And as regards the man, there are many opinions as to the particular debt we owe him, and as to the completeness of his reading of Christian truth. But there is one opinion about his greatness. Homage to the grandeur which

looms through all weakness, extravagance, and error, is freely rendered by students of every school. Heine, Lessing, Carlyle, Döllinger, are in scant sympathy with Luther in many things. Yet to one of these he is the Titanic nature, that "represents in his own personality the wonderful German land;" to another he is the object of a reverence which makes him glad to discover "some small faults" in him, lest otherwise he should idolise him; to our Scottish hero-worshipper he is "one of the most loveable and precious men, great not as a hewn obelisk, but as an Alpine mountain;" and to the Old Catholic leader he is the man who has "stamped the imperishable seal of his own soul alike upon the German language and the German mind," so that "even those Germans who abhorred him as the powerful heretic and seducer of the nation cannot escape, they must discourse with his words, they must think with his thoughts."

What was the task that was waiting a hand trained to accomplish it in the beginning of the sixteenth century? It was to forget the burden of service which the Catholic Church of the Middle Ages had discharged to humanity, in educating the lawless youth of our forefathers. It was to break with the ancestral spells of custom and authority, and all the traditional ideas of what the Church was, and boldly stand up and judge the Church for what she had come to be. It was to give a new beginning to the world, a new life to Europe. And it was to do this

by simply taking the Word of God as the hammer which breaks the rock in pieces, as the fire which should burst into flame from beneath the ashes of centuries and kindle souls anew with the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. The task was none of the easiest. But there had been a lengthened preparation for it. When the movement at last set in, it was sudden only in the sense that the buried seed, which has been slowly fructifying unseen, suddenly bursts the soil to kiss the day, or in the sense that the wintry earth wakes suddenly up to the touch of spring when the voice of the turtle is heard in the land, or in the sense that the ice-bound river, long in secret thaw, suddenly breaks and frees the imprisoned waters. There had not been wanting warnings of the approach of a new era. There was the creation of a popular opinion, which had advanced at a wonderful pace since the days of Huss. There was the gradual displacement of the old culture which the Church had doled out, by a new culture which discovered unimagined worlds of thought. There was the revival of learning, and the dissemination of the works of the great Humanists, Reuchlin, Agricola, and the rest. There was the expansion of the scientific spirit, and the rise of maritime enterprise. There was the re-awakening of the religious sense, witnessed in futile efforts to have the Church reformed from within. There was the re-directing of the popular mind to the Bible through the labours and

sufferings of the Waldenses, the Wycliffites, the Hussites, the Brethren of the Common Life. There was the ministry of Mysticism, with its deep inwardness, its aspiration after a personal indwelling of God in man, its offer of the priceless boon of a real and immediate fellowship with God, and its failure to make the offer good through the fatal error of cutting itself loose from the objective means of grace and the historical Revelation. There was the growing secularisation of the Church, which had gone on unchecked through ages, recklessly widening the "breach of feeling and sympathy," as Coleridge expresses it, "so that all Germany, England, and Scotland, and other countries started like giants out of their sleep at the first blast of Luther's trumpet."

At length appeared the instrument which had been in view for ages in this Divine preparation. In the little Saxon town of Eisleben, in the year 1483, at the time when Rome was arbitress of every throne and mistress of every intellect, a child was born who had had his Eliases in men like Augustine and Bernard, Wessel and Occam, Wycliffe, and Tauler. Providence, it is said, well knows on whom to lay its burdens. What manner of man was this miner's son on whom God laid the burden of changing the old order, and giving voice to thoughts which had slumbered for generations in the breasts of His hidden ones? He was this at least, from first to last—a true German, of the race of workers, a

strong, unbending figure, like a pine of his native forests. We can form a distinct conception of his personal appearance. Among others, Mosellanus, the president of the Leipzig Conference at which Luther, Eck, and Carlstadt met, has left us a vivid picture of the man in his prime, of medium stature and meagre body, so worn by study that one might count his bones, with a melodious voice and a cheerful countenance, easy in his manners and lively in his talk. But it is difficult to convey in words any just impression of his intellectual make. It is something to be felt rather than described: his natural gifts were so rich and varied. Severe and simple in his tastes, he had at the same time the keenest relish for all that is beautiful in literature and art. He was the friend of Cranach and Dürer, of Reuchlin, Hütten, and Erasmus, a lover of painting and poetry, a lover above all of music, than which nothing but theology could so soothe his soul. The poetry in his nature comes out in most that he writes. Himself no mean singer, he drew from the Bible the inspiration of hymns which went more direct to the German heart than even the humorous songs of Hans Sachs. He was a lover of Nature, too, in all her moods. The glories of the sky were his admiration; the sweet notes of birds his delight; the garden his retreat from public cares. He held a bunch of flowers in his hand when he took his turn in the Disputation with Eck. Vehement and passionate almost beyond self-control, and bursting often

into volcanic fires in the stirring scenes of his life, he was tender and considerate with his friends, gentle as a nurse with his scholars, fond and familiar in his home. His affection for children formed a chord in his heart that responded to every touch. His book was often abandoned that he might join them in their play. When the plague carried off a lamb from his own little flock he wrote: "I am a mere woman, sick at heart, since my little daughter Elizabeth died. I could not believe that a man's soul could be filled with such tenderness toward a child." Born to poverty, too, and accustomed to it all his life, he had a hand so liberal as to bring him often to the verge of improvident benevolence. "I pray you," he writes Catherine, on parting with an old servant, "give John not less than five florins; if you have it not by you, you may pawn my silver cup; for he is a faithful man, and deserving all we can do for him."

Luther's character was a singular combination of opposites. With all the haste and impatience of his nature he had a genius for opportunity, which caught, as by instinct, the fit time for deeds. A vein of rare discretion and tact ran alongside that masterfulness of spirit which made him a leader of men. With his deep insight into truth, and his power of seeing through unrealities, there was in him a dash of something like superstition. Overborne by severe mental application in the solitude of the Elector's castle, he saw the devil snatch his writing from him.

A legion of demons seemed to dance, to his terror, in the nuts which the kindness of a friend had sent him. Contrast those diseased fears and fancies, which he shared in common with others of his age, with the serene faith in the providence of God which rebuked the timidity of Melanchthon, and drew the memorable picture of the skies sustained by no pillars, and yet not falling. Contrast, too, the playfulness of nature in his letters to Catherine, or in his descriptions of Coburg or the Wartburg as his "Sinai," his "Patmos," "the region of the air," "the place of birds," with the dark despondency, drifting to despair, which overtook him once and again at Wittenberg and Augsburg. Courteous, too, with the graciousness of a Paul when occasion required, there was a bluntness in him, the bluntness of the rugged Saxon peasant, which sharpened at times into an almost savage coarseness of expression. Emphatically a man of action, what stretches of the rapt retirement of the recluse was he nevertheless capable of, as when he shut himself up with the slender provision of a little bread and salt, and remained buried for three days and nights in the study of the 22d Psalm, the bursting of his door by the hands of anxious friends at last breaking the spell of his absorption. Above all, compare this man of immovable firmness, who stands like a rock in the convulsion which shook Europe to its centre, and hurls hot and passionate words against Emperor and Pope, with the same man hushed into agonies of

prayer, weak and dependent like a little child, as we often find him before God.

This rare association of antagonistic qualities, this union of the "mystical dreamer" with the restless man of affairs, this blending of the fierceness of the "storm which uproots the oak-tree" with the mildness of the "breeze that caresses the violet," makes it seem to Heine as if Luther had in him something primordial. It provokes him to speculate whether the boy's young heart may not have "unconsciously absorbed something of the mysterious forces of nature" in the days when he used to descend with his father into the mine at Mansfeld, and work with him there in "the laboratory of the giant metals, and where are the gurglings of the great fountains." It makes Luther's character at least one not to be understood by every one, not to be measured by ordinary standards. But even to those qualities much has to be added. We have to add his unrivalled gift of homely nervous eloquence, that vast forest of words, as Mosellanus termed it, that pierced like arrows. We have to look to his genius at once for preaching and for letter-writing, and to the patriotism which won him recognition as the champion of his country as well as of the truth. And, withal, what gifts of humour, irony, and scorn were his—a humour which threw its shafts of light into the darkest hours, an irony which "my worthy Hal," our own King Henry, had to bear with others, a scorn which made many of his letters scathing

philippics, and ruffled the polite *nonchalance* even of an Erasmus.

It is clear that in this man Providence had constructed an instrument worth working with. But if he came with a rich inheritance of the past, and with gifts of nature fitting him to become both the tongue and the sword of the Reformation, there was a long *curriculum* of discipline through which he had to pass. If the ages had been a preparation for the man, there was also a Divine preparation of the man for the task. This both he and his coadjutors knew. In its beginnings and in its career the work was so unmistakably a work of God that the man whose doing it seemed to be felt himself carried forward almost against his will, from the little to the great, gradually overmastered by the power of thoughts which God's Spirit bore in upon him, until his hesitation was turned into willingness, his timidity into boldness. We can trace the several stages in the slow and painful course of his training. We can mark the great turning-points, and recognise how each, although he himself at first saw it but dimly, told upon what he was designed by God to be. The peculiar interest of his life is that in his own bosom we discover the shaping of the whole movement with which his name is associated in history. The test of a true estimate of the Reformation may be said to lie in the ability to see its deepest and most intrinsic elements, and, indeed, the very order of its development, rehearsed in the workings of this man's soul in

the quiet of Erfurt and Wittenberg, before he had a thought of breaking with the Church, or had dreamed of inaugurating a spiritual revolution.

We see him the child of poverty, subjected to a discipline, both at home and in the school, stern enough to make the heart bleed for Martin the lad, albeit wells of future tenderness may have been opened thereby in Martin the man. We follow him the scholar in Eisenach, singing in the streets for his bread, cheered by the kindness of Ursula Cotta, studying grammar, rhetoric, and poesy under the good Trebonius. Here in Eisenach the great nature first began to show promise of what it was to be. Down the long avenue of later years he looks back on Eisenach as the scene of fondest memories. We find him again at Erfurt familiarising himself with Cicero and the Latins, but also learning to master his own German language, which was to prove so mighty an instrument in his hand ere long. From a point so early as this his mental history begins to foreshadow his future. Here those struggles between nature and grace commence in Luther's own soul, in which we must seek the birthplace of the Reformation. With Erfurt and its tranquil halls and cloisters events begin to enter which, though small enough some of them in themselves, were yet the pivots of his career. Here the sickness fell upon the overtasked student, which drove all his thoughts inwards. Here occurred the visit of the old priest, who came with his helpful words of courage and his

prophecy of a great future for the despondent lad. Here through months of study, weariness, and convalescence, the laughter-loving youth was changing into the grave man burdened with a load of thoughts of religious terror. Here came the sudden death of his comrade Alexis, and the lightning-stroke, which deepened the painful sentiment that agitated him. Here, too, on the evening of the 17th July 1505, he quitted the circle of his fellow-students to knock at the gates of the Augustinian monastery, and pass within its walls, to the bitter disappointment of his father, with his Virgil and his Plautus in his hand. In Erfurt he made his first acquaintance with the severe schooling of mortification. But he learned other things at the same time. He had to some extent a schooling in perception, which opened his eyes so far to the evils of the monastic life, and its identification of ignorance with godliness. He found the books, too, which were to influence him most profoundly, and set him further adrift from his old moorings. Some of these had arrested him during his University career. But their voices now reached further with him, and others were added to deepen the impression. From Occam he got some principles which were to bear fruit in due time: the principles of the superiority of the individual judgment and the rights of national government. From Augustine he received so much that he assumed his name when he became monk. But, above all, when a student here, he had made the discovery that the Bible

was more than he had been taught to suppose it. When he came one day upon a copy of the Vulgate, and, opening it at the story of Hannah and Samuel, read on, spell-bound, for hours, he found that there was more in it than the Church gave of it to her children. A new sense of the breadth and fulness of God's Word had risen upon him. Henceforth the Bible became the Book before which all other books seemed tame.

As yet, however, all was without form and void in his soul. Only the Spirit of God was brooding over the waters. His conception of the Gospel was still legal in the main. His *Table Talk* shows how he had been taught that he had to make satisfaction for his sins, and that Christ was a Law-giver only less severe than Moses. He strove, by rigorous obedience to monastic rules, to make this atonement for his guilt which Christ the Judge would enact. "If ever monk got to heaven by monkery," he says, "I might have done so. . . . Had I persevered much longer, I should have killed myself with watching, praying, reading, and other labours." He had such a sense of the awful holiness of God that his life became a burden to him. The terrors of God distracted him; the ordinances of the Church became his dismay; and nothing brought him peace. "Had I not been redeemed by the comforts of the Gospel," he tells us, "I could not have lived two years longer."

So light was long of dawning. At length it did

break, and we can observe its march as it shone more and more unto the perfect day. His studies in the Epistles and Prophets helped him. His readings in the mystics also gave him glimpses of evangelical truth. But the communion with God, which the mystic theology dealt with, seemed to Luther's awe-struck sense of the Divine Majesty a thing to shrink from. He was indebted at this stage to one man above all others, to Staupitz, the learned and devout vicar-general of the Augustinian order, one of those rare evangelists who are the salt which preserves some savour in the most corrupt Church. He was just the man to whom Luther could unburden himself. Luther spoke of his broken promises and defeated efforts, and of the sin that was ever too strong for him. Staupitz replied that he had himself broken a thousand vows to lead a holy life, and had at last learned to trust only in the mercy and grace of God in Christ. Luther spoke of his fears and of his guilt. Staupitz pointed him to the Cross. "Through Staupitz," he says, "the light of the Gospel first dawned out of the darkness in my heart." He owed something also to the monk who fixed his attention upon a statement of Bernard's on justification, and upon the sentence in the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins," and pressed him to take it to mean, "I believe in the forgiveness of *my* sin." So the cloud passed. The Bible was seen as he had never seen it before. Step by step he had painfully fought his way to the

conception of a free salvation. He felt as if Paradise were opened to him.

The conflict had issued in victory at the centre before he left Erfurt. Other influences, however, were needed to complete it. New events, too, had to enter which were to drive him onwards to deeds. In 1508 he was called to a professorship at Wittenberg. His lectures to his students brought him across the Pauline doctrine of justification. He taught with vast success. He began to preach, too, with a mighty eloquence that carried hearts by storm. A still stronger reaction, however, was required ere his training could be perfected. He must go to Rome for that. He went in the spirit of one to whom the New Jerusalem was about to come down out of heaven. In Rome he saw sights which he had not dreamed of, and he turned homewards disenchanted, with the voice "*The just shall live by faith*" piercing his soul.

The time had come when all was ready for decisive action. Only the signal was waited. The shameless shout of the indulgence-monger gave it speedily. Luther must beat a hole in Tetzel's drum. On All Saints' Day, 31st October 1517, he appeared in the crowd of relic-worshippers, and nailed his famous ninety-five Theses to the door of the Church in Wittenberg. He was at last in the attitude of Reformer. The stage was being overstepped at which his mind had been concentrated on the one question of his own salva-

tion. Not even yet, however, did he think of putting himself in conflict with the Church. He came forward simply as the opponent of what he believed his Church itself would disavow, and it was only his pastoral faithfulness, the deep sense of what he owed to his own flock, that led him into that position. But once engaged in this contest with a system of indulgences which he felt to be so full of peril for the souls under his charge, he soon came to see how inconsistent the magical view of the Church was with the real nature of grace. The statement of grace which is given in the Theses, indeed, is by no means complete. The priest is still God's vicegerent; the forgiveness of the Pope is the voice of God's forgiveness. But repentance is dissociated from penance, and salvation at least begins to be exhibited in the glory of evangelical directness and certainty. The effect of the publication of these Theses was beyond all calculation. "It was," says Dorner, "as if the angels ran as messengers to carry them through Europe."

There could be now neither seclusion nor retreat for Luther. He had spoken words to which burdened consciences everywhere leaped up. The Reformer grew within him as events bore him on. His appearance before Cajetan at Augsburg followed, where he met the demand for a retractation by affirming the superiority of the Scriptures to the Pope's authority. It was a short step from this to the assertion of the Pope's fallibility, and from that to

the rejection of all external authority, whether of Church or of Pope, in matters of faith. The publication of the three writings, which have been regarded as Classical treatises of the Reformation, in the summer and autumn of 1520, and the burning of the Bull on the 10th December of the same year, set the seal upon the emancipation of his soul. He had burst his shackles, indeed, at the Leipzig Disputation, when he protested the Church's need of reform in doctrine as well as in practice. Now he stepped forth consciously and finally into the glad light of evangelical freedom, and found all things changed to him. The next few years were years in which his greatness grew apace. We need not linger over the familiar events, the appeal to Charles, the scene at Worms, the seizure on his way from the Diet in Amsdorf's company, the year's concealment, with its glorious fruit of a translated Bible, the sudden appearance in Wittenberg, and prompt suppression of the disorders caused by Carlstadt. Luther was at his height now. He had completed his own subjective apprehension of evangelical truth. He had restored the liberty of the gospel. He had given "a new soul and an invincible energy to the half of Europe." Before the truths which he had discovered for himself and made over to others were formulated at Augsburg, his star had risen to its zenith.

From this point there is still surpassing interest in his life. But it is an interest of a different kind.

The Epos slowly recedes before the Tragedy. He is the confidant of princes, the counsellor of all Germany, the adviser of the lovers of liberty over the wide world. He is the arbiter too often called in to settle the disputes of friends of the common cause. With Melanchthon he is the constructor of the new Church's creed. All too frequently he is the passionate controversialist. Infirmities of temper assert themselves which had been kept in check by the imperial rule of larger qualities during the great conflict. It is painful to mark the growing restlessness, the strange dislike he conceived even of Wittenberg. There is a dash of querulousness in his old age, a tendency to magnify trifles, a propensity to estrange friends, an incapacity to understand his noble compeers. Perhaps we are apt to form an incorrect judgment of his later years, after he had passed the meridian of his fame. There was much, only too much, in those years to chafe the mighty spirit of the man—the miseries of the Peasant Wars, the troubles with the Anabaptists, the difficulties among the princes. It is easy to do him injustice if we look only at incidents like the pitiable Sacramentarian controversy, and the quarrel with Erasmus. Yet during those years, and the more as they neared their close, the old vein of tenderness and humility appeared. Nowhere perhaps does the intrinsic greatness of the man come out more lustrously than on occasions throughout those last spaces of his life. Nowhere is the master hand more con-

spicuous than in his dealing with the varied difficulties which arose then, in his defence of evangelical doctrine against its caricaturists, and in his securing the Reformation from excess. Harshness, coarseness of taste, shortness of sight, narrowness of nature, and a hundred faults are charged against him, and no doubt there are many things in his writings which offend our nicer ears. He made not a few grievous mistakes. He did so in the case of his address to the nobles, in the terms in which he more than once spoke of his great protector the Elector, in his treatment of Zwingle, Erasmus, and others, in the matter of the Landgrave's marriage. He lived to regret some of his errors, and to express the wish that he had the power of another Saturn to eat up his own children. But who shall judge the Titan by the measure of a man? "We who would travel along on the highroad or the common footpath," says Matthesius in his sermon-biography, "cannot and should not pursue after those who leave the beaten track and take their way across water, woods, mountain, and valley. Much less should we lightly pass sentence upon the earnestness, ardour, and zeal of great men; *they have their singing-master in their own hearts.*"

What has Luther done for the cause with which these Lectures are identified? It would be little to say that he did more than any of his predecessors from Augustine onwards. He did so much that we shall have to confess with Bengel that all the other

Reformers together will not make a Luther, and that since his death no real addition has been made to the Reformation. He did so much that, with Coleridge, we should regard him as still living—"an antagonist spirit to Rome, and a purifying and preserving spirit in Christendom at large." His contribution was to rescue the gospel from the strife of words which had darkened its counsel, and from the ingenuities of priests which had blunted its graciousness, and give it back to men in its primitive nearness and simplicity. His object was to restore the happy youth of Christianity, when men looked up direct to Christ, and saw God there, and were at peace. He preached no new religion. Standing on the historical platform of the revelation known to all, he sought to solve the question how to make salvation certain, immediate, and clear to the sinner's consciousness. He felt the necessity, therefore, of getting beyond a form of faith which offered only a salvation by deputy. He set the root of all religion in an immediate personal sight of truth and of God. He taught men to hear God speaking to themselves, to see God offering His own love to themselves, to recognise God's forgiveness with their own eyes. Wrung by the crave for an assured salvation, he saw that God and he must transact together, and that if anything came between him and God's forgiveness he remained the prey of an uncertain salvation. As the "spokesman of the Christian conscience," therefore, he asked—How is

certitude in religion to be attained? How can each man be sure that God's love is for him?

If certitude in religion was to be reached, it manifestly implied the existence of one clear way of personal approach to God. "There can be no certainty of forgiveness," said the Dominican Prierias, in defence of indulgences. And justly so on his principle of an approach to God through the Church, the Pope, the Priesthood. The certainty of reconciliation could not then be a personal certainty. It remained dependent on the due ordination of the priest, on his view of one's relation to the Church, on his act of absolution, nay, on his *intention* in that act. But what Luther cried out for was to find an open way to God for himself, to know himself to be forgiven, and that with a finality not inconstant as the battle in his own heart between sin and grace, or as the conflict between his obedience and the satisfaction painfully exacted by the Church. So there dawned upon his mind the great fact that all Christians are priests, with rights of immediate access to God, all sons of God, to whom His forgiveness is offered and on whom His love rests. This was seen when the full sense of Paul's words, "*the just shall live by faith*," which he pondered during his slow journey from Rome, flashed upon him, and the objective righteousness which is revealed in Christ became apparent to him. This made the Epistle to the Galatians so dear to him that he used to speak of it as his spouse,

his Catherine von Bora. This, too, he expounded with a more loving iteration than anything else, and with conspicuous power in his treatise on "Good Works," of which Melanchthon declared that "no writer ever came nearer to Paul than Luther did."

But with this a new view of faith entered. It was matter of course that faith should occupy a vital place. It could not, however, be what it had been. It ceased to be mere assent to opinion or submission to dogma. If faith was that, then salvation turned upon something which established a possibly interminable distance between the fearful, conscience-smitten sinner and the great love of God. Faith itself must be something more personal. It must be the act of the soul looking direct to Christ, seeing and embracing for itself God's grace in Him. If it were anything less than an immediate personal relation of the soul to God, the simple opening of the soul to the historical fact that God's love comes to us in Christ, the soul's surrender of itself direct to Christ, it might be burdened with the old barrenness of penance, cursed with the old uncertainties of an obedience to the Church. Luther had grasped a great principle in this conception of faith as the personal appropriation of God's grace, the soul's own act of closing with the love of God, as that love is seen objectively in Christ. It is sometimes alleged against the evangelical view, that it robs man of his freedom, and supersedes moral effort. This is to

reverse Luther's doctrine and to misread Luther's life. What faith implies is the birth of freedom, the spiritual quickening of freedom, not its abnegation or dissolution. It is Luther that pleads for the *bond will* as against Erasmus. It is Luther that seems to reduce man to a machine in the hand of grace, or to a vessel passively receiving. Yet the man with the strongest sense of responsibility, with the grandest power to choose and do good, was not the Humanist, who speculatively affirmed liberty of will and placed grace second; but the Reformer, who put grace first and denied to fallen man the liberty of determining his own salvation in order to give back liberty with intenser life in it to the new creature in Christ Jesus. However the balance of argumentative success may be adjusted between Luther and Erasmus in the passionate controversy on the question of the bond will or the free (into the intricacies of which we cannot enter), the metaphysical interest which moved the scholar was a poor thing for human nature as compared with the spiritual interest which inspired the preacher. The philosophical doctrine which started by apparently exalting man, ended by impoverishing him. "Erasmus," says Dorner, "makes man at first richer than Luther does, but yet how far is Luther's conception of freedom ultimately superior to that of Erasmus, who views the highest and best element of freedom as reached in freedom of choice, and who accordingly must

logically teach an everlasting possibility of falling, and makes perfection eternally insecure." Or can it be said that Luther's view of faith impairs moral effort? None knew better than he how easily even evangelical faith may be degraded into a dead work. But with Luther this faith was the very strength and pulse of the regenerate life, an energising moral power, to which good works stood not in the extrinsic relation of painfully-sought *addenda*, but in the intrinsic relation of fruits of righteousness thrown forth from within. Some thinkers, who have been anxious to construe the possibility of a resurrection-body, have speculated whether the soul may not possess the power of weaving for itself a body adapted to its environment, a grosser material body for the rude environment of the present, a more ethereal body for the heavenlier environment of the future. Faith has an analogous power. It is the soul which cannot but construct, and obedience or good works are the body which it necessarily weaves for itself.

But other things were at once recognised to be implied in this. There must be one supreme, divine source of knowledge. The admission of an external authority was seen to imperil both the prerogative of Scripture and the interests of faith. If Scripture derived its authority from the Church, or had to be understood according to the Church's interpretation, then again the individual could have no direct personal certitude of his forgiveness. That would be

dependent on the correctness of the Church's interpretation, on the purity of the Church's traditions, on the man's apprehension of the Church's teaching, and his submission to it. And there must be a new method of getting at the truth, as well as a more reliable source of it. That method must be the exercise of the individual judgment, the bearing of the individual responsibility. It was by no means all at once that Luther brought himself to question the authority of the Church. It was his wish to remain, if possible, the son of the Church, and to hear the voice of the Bridegroom in the voice of the Bride. But the question was forced upon him—If we are all priests, should we not all determine what is of faith, and what not? Must it not belong to us to judge everything anew for ourselves, and in the light of a believing understanding of the Bible to prove the dogmas of the Church? The soul, on its own responsibility, must draw truth from the Divine source and not from tradition, and receive that truth in the witness it bears to itself, and not on the ground of ecclesiastical *dicta*.

We have here, then, what came to be formulated as the three great principles of Protestantism—justification by faith alone, not by the sacraments; Scripture, not tradition, the source of truth and standard of faith; the right of private judgment, not dependence on the authority of the Church. Luther himself did not at first think of formulating

dogmatic statements. He does not seem at once to have recognised that faith has in it the impulse to a new theology as well as the spring of a new life. The task of giving exact doctrinal expression to the evangelical ideas which had come as heavenly discoveries to Luther through mental conflict, and by which he had stilled the tumult of other souls as well as his own, fell mainly to Philip Melanchthon, the man whom, it has been well said, "a splendid Providence called from a distance to be Luther's faithful and complementary fellow-worker." It is well that this service was done, and done by so delicate a hand. Otherwise the intellectual strength of the Reformation might have been in danger of dissipation. With Luther himself, however, the original interest of each of these principles or watch-words was a purely spiritual interest. When he asserted the right of the individual judgment over the dictates of the Church, he did so on the spiritual ground that only thus could a great responsibility be discharged. God had spoken to him in Christ, putting it upon himself to embrace or refuse His love. A responsibility had been laid upon him which it would be treason for him either to renounce himself or to suffer another to interfere with. It was not the power of thinking as he pleased, or of rejecting all authority, that he contended for, but liberty to discharge a solemn duty, the liberty of a conscience answerable to God and taught by God's Word. This was what he meant

when he gave the reply at Worms, which he called an answer that had *neither horns nor teeth*,—"Unless I am convicted by testimonies of the Scriptures or by clear reason, . . . I am conquered by the Scriptures that I myself have cited, *and my conscience is taken captive in the Words of God*, I can and will recant nothing; for it is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against one's conscience. Here I stand; I can do no otherwise. God help me! Amen!"

The Word of God, too, became a new thing to him. Revelation could not be merely the communication of so much truth not otherwise attainable, or the illumination of knowledge otherwise obscure. It must be something less abstract and remote, something more direct and personal. It was seen to be the manifestation of God Himself in deeds, institutions, and words of grace, the sight of God coming into personal action in history on our behalf, until in the Incarnation the whole riches of His nature were poured out, and His whole heart unveiled. The scholastic idea of the Bible as a scheme of truth or a code of laws fell away. The servile view of salvation had naturally induced this limited conception of Scripture, and the authority of the Word had been sought mainly outside itself. Hence, too, the poor and contorted methods of interpreting it which had been current for centuries. For if it was essentially a scheme of truth or a code of laws, its histories and much else in it lost their interest, and it became necessary, by artificial modes of interpretation, to

extort ethical teaching where it did not seem to be. But the free view of salvation taught Luther to see in the Bible the record of that historical process by which God in His grace had been training men and offering Himself to them. He found in it the Word of God that spoke to every sinner of God's love in Christ, and revealed Him personally. He discovered its authority, therefore, within itself, in its matter and message. To the question, How do I know it to be God's Word? he would reply—I know it to be so because there is that in it which makes me certain that God speaks in it, as certain as I am that I see the light of day. It was that by which the loving voice of a Father spoke to him, a voice which none of that Father's children could fail to recognise.

Luther's conception of the Word of God was exceeding broad. All that in which God makes Himself known and presents Himself to be apprehended by us, is to him that Word. Revelation is that Word. All God's deeds of grace are parts of it: Scripture is His Word: the Lord's Supper is to be regarded as a Word of God. Above all, Christ Himself is the Word of God, the supreme revelation wherein God has spoken finally, expressing Himself so completely that in Christ we lay hold of God. Luther's handling of the Bible has been judged free to the extreme of licence. His declarations on the Epistle of James and the Apocalypse have been an offence to many. The subjective test by which he tried the canonicity of various books, and the liberty

which he asserted in matters of Biblical criticism, have seemed to throw everything into flux, to be inconsistent with reverence, and prejudicial to the authority of the Word. We are not concerned to defend him at all points, or to deny that he ever allowed himself to be betrayed into extravagance. Whether the danger, however, is all on Luther's side will appear from a comparison between him and one of his contemporaries, also a man of marked ability, in sympathy with the Reformation, and an Augustinian, like Luther, on the question of the freedom of the will, but the exponent of a very different conception of Scripture. At one with Luther as to the perspicacity and sufficiency of Scripture, Carlstadt took a more legal and literalistic view of what the Word of God is. He spoke of the New Testament as the new law, and held in effect that what the Church defines to be canonical must be accepted as the Word of God, binding on all without further question. He had strong things to say against the subjectivity which presumed to touch the Canon. He made no difference between a criticism which starts from faith and one that does not. He declaimed against Luther for deciding on his own account, in the light of the faith that was in him, as to whether this or that book formed part of the true Word of God. He asserted a theory of inspiration which left little or no place for the human agency in the production of Scripture. And what was the issue? The Bible, lifted to an icy elevation which the hand of inquiry

dared not approach, ceased to be the voice of grace. It became on the one hand a distant code of duty, the law of God rather than the witness to His saving will, and on the other hand a mere external testimony sharply distinguishable from the testimony of the Spirit, if not antagonistic to it. Fellowship with God, if it was to be real and living, was to be got not through the medium of Scripture, but immediately. Conversion itself was not necessarily dependent either on Scripture or on historical Christianity. The testimony of the Word was nothing to Carlstadt in comparison with that of the inward man. Ultimately he looked elsewhere than to the Bible for the supreme standard by which religious novelties were to be judged.

The certainty of forgiveness with which Luther began and ended was a certainty to which the Bible was indispensable. For this certitude was something different from the mere sense or feeling of salvation. It was neither the arbitrary, subjective security which it is fancied to be by some, nor the palpable, sensible assurance which it is censured for being by Canon Mozley. It was a certitude based upon historical fact, upon deeds of grace by which God is known to be forgiving, and it could not be reached save as the Spirit of God witnessed in and with the objective Word of God. Luther did not overlook other helps to certainty. But this first and vital certainty was one which he held to be contained in faith itself, and to be dependent neither

on feeling nor on authority, but on the witness to God in Christ which the Bible conveys. The vicious subjectivity which relied on an intangible inward witness was connected, not with Luther's view of the Bible, but with Carlstadt's, with Schwenckfeldt's, and with that of the Sectaries and Mystics. It was Carlstadt that aimed at a certainty of salvation deeper than anything bound up with objective means, and denied that grace came by the medium of Scripture. It was Luther who looked for a fellowship, not with a vague divinity, but with a personal God historically revealed, and knew the Bible therefore to be precious above rubies. It was not Luther, but Schwenckfeldt, that disclaimed the dependence of faith upon Scripture, and gave a subjective idea or deceptive feeling of salvation where Luther could be content only with an objective certainty. It was the Mystics, not Luther, who aspired to a fellowship with God, to be enjoyed, not through the means of grace, but in a secret and immediate habitation of the soul by God. Much as Luther owed to Tauler and the *Theologia Germanica*, and deeply as he sympathised with the spirit of the Mystic movement, he saw its weakness keenly. To try to get behind the historical Revelation of God in Christ, as Mysticism strove to do, meant for Luther to resign the living God for an ideal divinity, and the certainties of faith for the illusions of feeling or the dreams of speculation.

It may be that the real Luther is still something of a stranger, and that we do not yet understand him

at all points. But there is an instinct in the popular heart which comes often more quickly and more correctly to conclusions than the microscopic inquiries of the scholar. That instinct has caught the real meaning of Luther's service. It is the service of re-instating men in the liberty wherewith Christ made them free. It is the service of restoring the gospel of a certain and immediate salvation, and an open approach for the soul to God. To this one point all converged in Luther's work. In not a few of his dogmatic statements he mistook what was necessary to do justice to his view of grace, and committed himself to doubtful positions. But they were shaped by his deep sense of the fact that, if salvation depended on man for its inception or retention, there could be no certitude, but only weary, depressing distance and variableness. It was the wish at all hazards to bring a forgiving God near, and to make His grace a reality, that fired him even in his Sacramentarian teaching. It was the same interest that impelled him to his high doctrine of predestination. The historical election, which is seen in the actual selection of some out of the world, must be rooted in an eternal election in God's mind. Otherwise there would be no certainty in their salvation.

It is a vast boon which Europe has received from Luther. The rupture of the Church's unity which it brought with it, and certain things which have come in its train, have been a stumbling-block to some. Answering the deepest question of the soul,

it necessarily forces us on to other problems, and compels us to look at all things anew. But we have little to fear from that. We have much to fear from a retreat from it, or a weak and partial use of it. If we are true to Luther's principle, and true to Luther himself, as he was when under God's strange and severe schooling he had it revealed to his own soul, our course shall be clear. We shall see that the more boldly we work out this evangelical principle, the more shall all that comes between God and us be taken out of our way, and peace and liberty enter. Only if we fall away timidly from it shall we be in danger of projecting ourselves into the cold light of Rationalism, or burying ourselves in the pit of superstition.

On the day that the body of Martin Luther was laid in the grave at Wittenberg, in the year 1546, after John Pomeranus had preached, Philip Melanchthon pronounced the funeral oration. And before its close he broke into this prayer—fittest testimony from the one who knew Luther best—in which he asked the vast assemblage to join him:—"We give thanks to Thee, Almighty God, Eternal Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Founder of Thy Church, together with Thy co-eternal Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit, wise, good, merciful, true Judge, powerful, and most free, because Thou dost gather for Thy Son a heritage from the human race, and dost maintain the ministry of the Gospel, and hast now also established it by means of Luther.

With ardent desires we pray that Thou mayest henceforth both preserve and rule the Church, and seal in us true doctrine, even as Isaiah prays with regard to his disciples; and that Thou mayest kindle our minds with Thy Holy Spirit, so that we may call upon Thee worthily, and direct our manners piously."

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