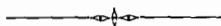


altogether apart from the hypothesis, for a proceeding so violent and so arbitrary. We do not go so far as to assert that no additions whatever were made to the Levitical Code subsequent to its original promulgation. It may or may not have been so. There are difficulties on some points which may make the hypothesis of later additions, in one or two particular instances, a probable solution of the difficulty. But that is the very utmost that can be said. Nothing, however, which can be fairly called evidence has been adduced to show that the main provisions of the Levitical Law were not promulgated in the time of Moses. To tamper with historical documents in the interests of a theory, and then to appeal to the documents so tampered with in support of that theory, is not argument; it is mere assertion. It is contrary to every sound principle of historical investigation. We therefore conclude that any Sunday-school teacher has quite sufficient ground for teaching his pupils that the Levitical Code was the work of Moses, at least, until more weighty considerations are brought forward than have as yet been advanced to prove that it was not.

J. J. LIAS.



ART. IV.—CAIRD'S ESSAYS.¹

Merito religioni philosophia donatur tanquam fidissima ancilla : cum altera voluntatem Dei, altera potestatem, manifestet.

BACON, "Novum Organum."

WIDELY as the exponents of modern thought differ in their answer to the deeper questions that beset this generation, we cannot doubt that all thoughtful men, whether scientists or theologians or philosophers, owe a lasting debt of gratitude to that *par nobile fratrum*,—Dr. John Caird, author of "An Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion," and Professor E. Caird, author of those two goodly volumes entitled "The Critical Philosophy of Immanuel Kant." The stimulus to thought which the example and teaching of these two lights of Glasgow have aroused, may be compared to the effect which the life and writings of the late T. H. Green had upon the best thinkers of Oxford, before he was, alas! cut off in his prime and in the fulness of his powers. Of the few earnest Hegelians which England can boast of to-day, Professor Caird is the recognised champion and leader. It is, therefore, with feelings of unusual interest that we approach the task of commenting

¹ "Essays on Literature and Philosophy," by Professor Edward Caird. Maclehose and Sons, 1892. (In two volumes.)

upon the two beautifully-printed volumes of essays now before us.

The function of the reviewer, when he is dealing with work of first-rate quality, is not to endeavour to air his small stock of knowledge by the detection of deficiencies and imaginary defects—a task futile enough in the present case; but rather his business is to enter sympathetically into the spirit of his author, and to perform the humble, but not therefore useless, task of explaining his position to readers. Rash criticism is constantly due to defective understanding. Whether successfully or not, I have at least tried to enter into the spirit of Caird's work, and to set forth some of the most striking of his views in a clear perspective.

The first volume opens with a penetrating study of the philosophy and ethics of Dante. After Dean Church's unrivalled essay on the literary aspects of Dante's poetry, it was perhaps a wise choice which Caird adopted in almost wholly confining himself to the intellectual and philosophic side of the poet's work. And he is right in regarding the poem as, although not didactic in the ordinary sense of the term, at least didactic in the higher sense.

The "Divina Commedia," though literally an account of the state of souls after death, is in a spiritual regard the interpretation of human life in its entirety. In it Dante gathered up the various scattered fragments of his teaching elsewhere, and welded them into one harmonious whole, whereon he cast the full light of his poetic genius. It was his heaven-called destiny to become, in Carlyle's words, "the spokesman of ten silent centuries." To exhibit the idealized truth of things, to present phenomenal existences from the standpoint of eternity,¹ to "justify the ways of God to men," as well as to set in its proper perspective the politico-theological ideal so fondly cherished by the Middle Ages—here was Dante's great aim. Dante was just midway between the ancient and the modern worlds, and in him were reflected the lights and shadows both of the already-fading past and the just-dawning future; the last of mediæval, he was also the first of modern writers. It is no idle criticism to say that Dante practically gave the deathblow to mediæval habits of thinking; nay, even to that noble ideal—for noble it was, let the historian deny it never so sturdily—which cherished the thought of one spiritual and one temporal head of united Christendom. True, this pathetic fallacy was with Dante a passionate ideal, as we know from his "De Monarchia"; but, as Caird notes, "the new wine of Dante's poetry *does* burst the old bottles of mediæval philosophy; or, in other words, he so states the mediæval ideal that

¹ *Sub specie æternitatis*, as Spinoza would say.

he makes us see it to be in hopeless antagonism with reality and with itself, *and at the same time to contain the germ of a new form of social life.*"¹

In the article on Goethe, the poet's attitude, both ethically and intellectually, is very clearly delineated. We are introduced first to the great German poet as he stands, irresolute, midway between the somewhat lifeless mechanality of the last century, with its narrow deisms and negative creeds, and the impetuous life and positive philosophies of this present century. Like Dante, Goethe stands on the threshold of a great movement in human history. There is no small degree of similarity between the close of the fourteenth century and the close of the eighteenth century. Both eras witnessed a marvellous stirring of intellectual life; both were followed by a subsequent period of zymosis or seething, as Dr. Stirling has styled it; both were the precursors of an unparalleled activity in the domains of human action; both saw the downfall of systems in which spiritual life was no longer to be discovered. A victim in early youth to the influences of an unbridled romanticism, into which he was drawn by his study of Rousseau, that prince of sentimentalists, with his attractive but impracticable doctrine of a "return to Nature," Goethe found deliverance from the self-contradiction into which he felt himself involved by a single, supreme effort. In writing his famous book of confessions, "The Sorrows of Werther," with its sceptical philosophy and "hypochondriacal crotchets,"² he actually accomplished the liberation of his truer self. "He cured himself," says Caird, "by painting his disease. He exorcised the spectre that barred his way to a higher life by forcing it to stand to be painted. 'Werther' was his demonstration to himself of the emptiness and unworthiness of a state of mind whose only legitimate end was suicide."

It is curious, among other things, to observe Goethe's lifelong hostility to philosophy, varying, it is true, in intensity, but consistent notwithstanding. Yet it is not less noticeable that, by his own confession, he professes to draw from the "Ethics" of Spinoza a fund of health and moral refreshment. One could scarcely imagine a writer whose every method would more directly clash with Goethe's than Spinoza himself.

¹ The italics are mine. There is nothing with which I am acquainted that more happily describes the spirit of this age of romance than the few pages in which Caird sums up his impressions of its failures, its ideals, its heroism, and its energy. Browning, from a dramatic standpoint, does much the same for the age of the Renaissance, in that pungent poem of his "The Bishop orders his Tomb at St. Praxed's."

² Cf. Scherer's "German Literature from 1740-1832," pp. 107-110, and Carlyle's admirable article in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1828, and the passage quoted there from Goethe's own autobiography.

Perhaps, however, it was this very antagonism that drew the poet so closely to the quiet, unobtrusive philosopher of Leyden.

His all-reconciling peace contrasted with my all-agitating endeavour ; his intellectual method was the exact counterpart of my poetic way of feeling and expressing myself ; and even the inflexible regularity of his logical procedure, which might be considered ill-adapted to moral subjects, made me his most passionate scholar and devoted adherent.

Goethe's return to Germany after his classical tour shows the hostility to philosophy at its highest. Full of the perfection of form, the harmony, the sublime repose of the masterpieces of Hellenic art and poetry, he continued till his death the foe of all discord in art, of chaos and struggle in life. To dwell securely in that spot of

endless peace
Existing at the heart of endless agitation

was to him almost a religion. Possibly it was this element in his nature that, in early years at least, bred in him so unflinching an opposition to Christianity. "He shrank 'from the earnestness, the pain, the patience, and the labour of the negative' through which the Christian spirit reaches a higher affirmative."

At the outset of his valuable essay on Goethe, Caird has some very suggestive reflections on the general relations subsisting between poetry and philosophy which we must not wholly pass over. Philosophy and poetry are two diverse and apparently irreconcilable ways of looking at the "sum of things." Poetry regards the living facts of the world *as a whole*, with a view to grasp it in its immediate unity and life ; while it is the business of philosophy to recognise that same unity by abstraction and division. Diverse, then, the methods must be ; but "*ultimately* poetry is one with philosophy," as Caird justly affirms, because, though in truth they may be said to start in opposite directions, yet they coincide in their final goal. Or, as I would put it in other words, the aim of poetry is to see the ideal in the real, of philosophy to see the real made manifest and explained in and through the real. And, above all, the poet must be a teacher in a very vital sense ; not, indeed, a cheap moralizer, but one who uses "the things of sense so as to indicate what is beyond, thus raising us through earth to heaven."¹ The poet, if he is to shake the world, must not regard the things of sense, of time, merely as such, but as resting upon a background of eternity.

This thought of the true vocation of the poet naturally leads us to Wordsworth, in whose life and work we may surely dis-

¹ Dr. Jowett, in his introduction to the "Gorgias," in that noble version of Plato which it is the honour of Oxford to have given to the English-speaking race (I quote from the *third*—last—edition ; vol. ii., p. 313).

cern much of the healthiest spiritual activity and purifying influences of this age reflected. Child of the Revolution as he was, he so far differed from most of the offspring born of that strange period of storm and stress in this—that he rather typifies its reconstructive activities, as against its purely negative and destructive antagonisms. His great theme, as the poet himself tells us, is the wedding of the intellect of man “to this goodly universe in love and holy passion.” So intense was his spiritual vision at times that he not seldom, says Caird, “dissipates the veil of sense, and brings us into unity with Nature.” That

Presence far more deeply interposed,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,

is to him no mere symbolic concept, but alive with a spiritual meaning. For Wordsworth, in his most inspired moments, this earthly tabernacle seems dissolved, and to pass away in the light of a Divine life. Hence, for him “there is no absolute division between man and the external world.” Hence, too, his insistence on the supreme worth of the essential passions and elementary feelings of the universal human heart; perhaps, also, that touch of “spiritual frugality” and that flavour of astringency which pervade his most characteristic work. And not without a goodly show of reason may we refer to this quiet conviction, that invincible optimism of his—and this, too, even when he is contemplating evil or sorrow. Finite man is essentially at one with an infinite Presence that indeed “disturbs,” but only with the “joy of elevated thought.” This note is struck unfalteringly in the two noblest of his poems—“Tintern Abbey” and the “Ode on the Intimations of Immortality.”

The essay on the genius of Carlyle, though somewhat slight, is a sympathetic piece of work enough, calculated to place the “sage” in a just point of view. Our debt to Carlyle, whatever people may say to the contrary, is very great indeed; he had a voice, and lifted it up unceasingly, at least against whatever he conceived to be falsehood and cant. True, there was oftentimes a harsh jangle in his words, and an element of stormy discord; but this never sprang from a consciousness of disloyalty to the highest convictions. And though our direct indebtedness to Carlyle is great, as, for example, in his revelation to us (for at that time it was none other) of the treasures of German literature, the indirect debt is even greater. His enthusiasm, his ideals, his splendid scorn of untruth, his passionate insistence on the binding necessity of regarding life and the things of life, not through the narrow medium of our individual prejudices and parochial biases, but *sub specie*

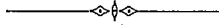
æternitatis—this is a legacy men will not soon forget. To see the finite from the standpoint of the infinite (that is, in its true light), therein reversing the impertinent dicta of certain latter-day prophets; to do the nearest duty; to follow hard after truth, and swerve not—all these are lessons which seem obvious enough, but which we need to keep in mind more than ever, *just because* they do seem so obvious. Caird's essay was written before the appearance of Professor Nichol's excellent monograph¹ on Carlyle; but the closing words of that monograph seem fitly to give the gist of Caird's own remarks:

The message of the modern preacher transcended all mere applications of the text *delenda est*. He (Carlyle) denounced, but at the same time nobly exhorted, his age. A storm-tossed spirit, "tempest-buffed," he was "citadel-crowned" in his unflinching purpose and the might of an invincible will.

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(To be continued.)



ART. V.—THE "SOCIETY OF BARUCH."

"And Baruch wrote from the mouth of Jeremiah all the words of the Lord."—Ps. xxxvi. 4.

AT this present crisis in the history of the Church of England the proposals unfolded in the following paper are of importance. It has been a matter of regret that our religious leaders have only just awoke to the fact that the *Press* is to some extent against them. Nay, our most eminent littérateurs are Agnostic, although deeply sympathetic with religious life. But still there is left a remnant, and I hope an ever-increasing remnant, of Christian pressmen. The Church needs these men to-day more than it is ever likely to do again. Hence it follows that any scheme for the organization of Church scribes should receive attention. The proposals may be roughly divided into the following sections:

I. It is proposed to form into a society, to be called the Society of Baruch, those of the laity who will combine for all or any of the following purposes:

- (a) To use every effort to secure better reports of the Church's work in the great dailies.
- (b) To consider it a mission to correct by letter to the editor, or otherwise, any mistakes as to the history,

¹ In the "English Men of Letters" series; it was published during the summer of 1892. On the whole, it is the best essay on Carlyle yet written, or, for the matter of that, now likely to be written.