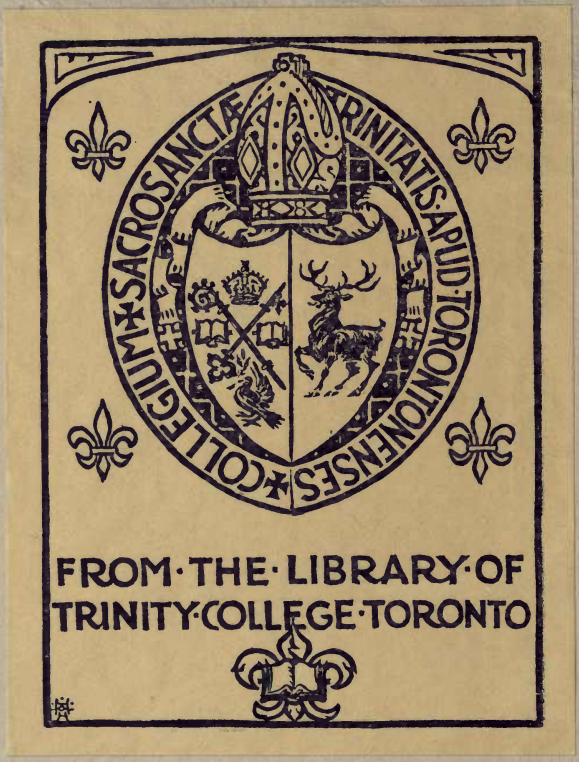
LEADERS of the CHURCH

1800 — 1900

F. D. MAURICE

C. F. G. MASTERMAN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LEADERS OF THE CHURCH

1800—1900

EDITED BY

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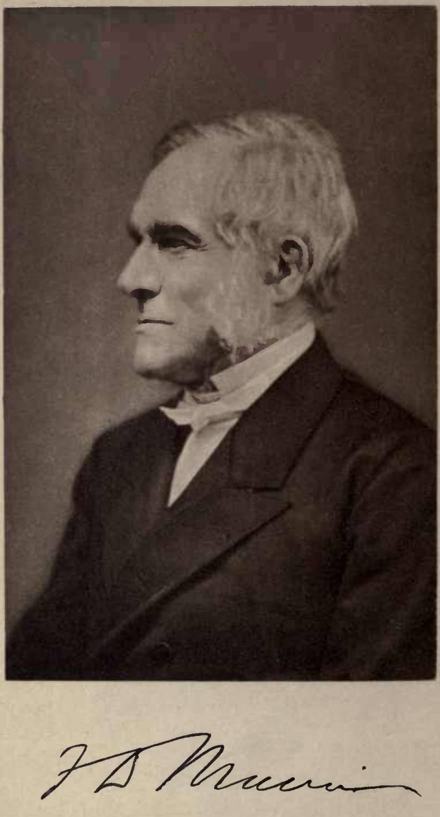

LEADERS OF THE CHURCH

1800–1900

EDITED BY GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE

BY

C. F. G. MASTERMAN

A. R. MOWBRAY & CO. LIMITED
LONDON : 34 Great Castle Street, Oxford Circus, W.
OXFORD : 106 S. Aldate's Street
1907

TO

J. ARMITAGE ROBINSON, D.D.

DEAN OF WESTMINSTER

IN REMEMBRANCE

MARCH, 1899—APRIL, 1900

GENERAL PREFACE

IT seems expedient that the origin and scope of this new Series of Biographies should be briefly explained.

Messrs. A. R. Mowbray and Co. had formed the opinion that Ecclesiastical Biography is apt to lose in attractiveness and interest, by reason of the technical and professional spirit in which it is generally handled. Acting on this opinion, they resolved to publish some short Lives of "Leaders of the Modern Church," written exclusively by laymen. They conceived that a certain freshness might thus be imparted to subjects already more or less familiar, and that a class of readers, who are repelled by the details of ecclesiasticism, might be attracted by a more human, and in some sense a more secular, treatment of religious lives.

This conception of Ecclesiastical Biography agreed entirely with my own prepossessions; and I gladly acceded to the publishers' request that I would undertake the general superintendence of the series. I am not without the hope that these handy and readable books may be of some service to the English clergy. They set forth the impressions produced on

the minds of devout and interested lay-people by the characters and careers of some great ecclesiastics. It seems possible that a knowledge of those impressions may stimulate and encourage that "interest in public affairs, in the politics and welfare of the country," and in "the civil life of the people," which Cardinal Manning noted as the peculiar virtue of the English Priesthood; and the lack of which he deplored as one of the chief defects of the Priesthood over which he himself presided.[1]

G. W. E. RUSSELL.

S. Mary Magdalene's Day,
1905.

[1] See "Hindrances to the Spread of the Catholic Church in England," at the end of Purcell's *Life of Cardinal Manning.*

PREFACE

THIS little Life of a great thinker and teacher has been written under circumstances of difficulty. I have been persuaded to continue it mainly by the knowledge that there is no other little Life of Maurice in existence, and that the large volumes of the biography published by his son are not at the present time being widely read. If this book will excite any interest for the further study of the man and his work, and especially for those treasures of wisdom and inspiration in the collected correspondence of a lifetime, I shall be more than satisfied with the result of its labour.

My obligations are, in the main, due to *The Life and Letters of Frederick Denison Maurice*, by Colonel Maurice (Macmillan and Co., 1882), and to the various works of Maurice issued by the same publishers. To these I gladly acknowledge my indebtedness. In personal assistance, I have to thank most cordially Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Maurice for placing many books and documents at my disposal, and for most kind help in answering questions and providing material for a biography. Dr. Llewelyn

Davies has also been generous of his time and sympathy, and in telling his own remembrances of a friend and colleague in the cause of reform. Mr. Ludlow has encouraged me to proceed. Mr. George Russell, the General Editor of the series, has been most helpful in advice and criticism. From all I have met who knew the man and something of his great qualities, I have been renewed in desire to contribute what little was possible towards making those qualities better known; among a generation less concerned with the things of the spirit than the age in which Maurice lived, and perplexed with the same spiritual and social embarrassments, for which Maurice sought and found a remedy.

CHARLES F. G. MASTERMAN.

Easter Day, 1907.

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Leaders of the Church

1800–1900

FREDERICK D. MAURICE

CHAPTER I

Beginnings

"THE greatest mind since Plato," was Archdeacon Hare's deliberate verdict upon his brother-in-law. "The greatest mind of them all," Tennyson called Maurice in that Metaphysical Society which gathered in union all the most distinguished thinkers of the nineteenth century. "No greater honour could be paid to any living man," wrote the author of *John Inglesant*, "than to ask him to write upon Mr. Maurice." Mill, in a doubtful compliment, asserted that "more intellectual power was wasted in Maurice than in any one else of my generation." "A man I always liked for his delicacy, his ingenuity and earnestness," said Carlyle in softer mood; but in scornfuller—"One of the most entirely

uninteresting men of genius that I can meet," he flared out, "is poor Maurice to me; all twisted, crude, wire-drawn, with such restless sensitiveness and the utmost inability to let Nature have fair play with him." Ruskin found him "by nature puzzle-headed and, indeed, wrong-headed"; and Froude, going one better, as always, than the master, wrote to Clough, "As thinkers, Maurice, and still more the Mauricians, appear to me the most hideously imbecile that any section of the world have been driven to believe in."

The contradictions of these contemporary impressions are characteristic of a life made up of contradictory elements. Maurice was a man of peace. He hated controversy, with its appeals to passion and prejudice. But his life was passed in almost continuous intellectual and theological combat; and in reading its record we emerge with scarcely a breathing-space from one campaign to plunge immediately into another. He was a man of humility, with a profound sense of his own unworthiness, and of the superior intelligence and devotion of his antagonists. Yet his polemic advances upon an astonishing stream of violence and seemingly personal bitterness; with such sweeping attacks upon the good faith and intelligence of his opponents, as give him often an appearance of prejudice and arrogance. No controversialist so invariably excited exasperation; so that in one dispute

Mansel was provoked into openly calling him a liar, and in another Pusey coldly closed a correspondence with the verdict that the two were worshippers of different gods.

He was a man of large charity, which burned with a constant clear flame and extended its warmth and radiance to all living things. But the invective and savage irony of his onslaught upon the religious newspapers of his day, the dominant Church parties, or the popular agnosticism which passed for enlightenment, are staggering to the readers of a less vigorous age. He would confess in private, and even in public letters, that the attacks were directed, not so much against these external opponents, as against the internal elements of his own personality which responded to their appeal, and urged him to actions and opinions similar to those he was repudiating. It is, perhaps, not unnatural that the subjects of his violence found little to console them in such an explanation. He was branded as a "Broad Churchman" by the crowd, which defines its boundaries in the clumsiest fashion, and demands a label for every thinker. Even the leaders themselves—Stanley, Jowett, Colenso and the rest—were often perplexed at his revolt against their critical conclusions, and could never understand why he did not more completely identify himself with their plea for liberty. But he differed so fundamentally from their first principles that the popular identification of

his theology with their lack of it is still hard to understand.

Perhaps the subject of Maurice's most notorious controversy is chiefly responsible for this misunderstanding. To the Man in the Street, in the long theological warfare of the nineteenth century, the question of the future life and the everlasting punishment of the wicked formed a convenient test and distinction. In none was he more interested; in none were the lines seemingly so sharply drawn. He could understand the meaning of endless torment. He could understand the meaning of a torment which comes to an end. He placed with the utmost certitude all the thinkers of the time into one or other of these two pigeon-holes. Maurice was thus docketed with the Liberals. In his refusal to interpret "eternal" as an interminable prolongation of the temporal, he was supposed to be pleading for a less harsh and rigorous creed than that of the accepted Protestant theology. His protest, which cost him his chair at King's College and made him for the first time generally famous, was, as a matter of fact, entirely unconnected with the protest of the Broad Churchmen of the day. While the one was in the main ethical and emotional, the other was intellectual and theological. In the larger discussions of a more general liberty he was against most of the "Liberal" theory. But he spoke for its advocates as he

spoke for any other parties when he thought he saw them being crushed by the force of large battalions, authority, and the ignorance and prejudice of a crowd.

His theological position led him into quite other ways. His first appearance in controversy was to justify the enforcement of subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles upon the Undergraduates of the older Universities. He repudiated any elementary education save that given by the Churches, demonstrating that the State could not even teach in satisfactory fashion scientific or secular subjects, and warning it off from a ground too sacred for its feet. He defended the Athanasian Creed in its entirety, and thought that the damnatory clauses were the profoundest expression of an absolute truth. He disliked and distrusted the new movement of Biblical Criticism ; and his exegesis remains to-day in part as a monument of the failure of a man, supreme in one field of knowledge, to enter into the inheritance of another.

His influence has been almost entirely in the strengthening of a movement in the Church whose leaders he fought unwearyingly for nearly half a century ; and, as Mark Pattison said of T. H. Green at Oxford, the bulk of his "honey" passed into the "Ritualistic hive."

His work remains ; passionate, disinterested, enormous in volume ; a tribute to the inde-

fatigable efforts of the nineteenth century in its thirst after knowledge of ultimate things. It is often obscure, not carefully studied, with no particular charm of style. It is filled with the elements of passing controversy as called out by the exigencies of an almost casual warfare. It is charged also with a lofty purpose and enduring insight which will give it a permanent position in the history of the thought of an age.

Maurice stands to-day as the greatest thinker of the English Church in the nineteenth century. Almost alone among its members, he possessed the wide metaphysical knowledge and training which enabled him to carry up the argument from the region of dogmatic theology into the philosophical debate. He challenges the position of Butler as the greatest convert that Church has received from outside its borders. No man gave himself more unreservedly to the service of its welfare. No man loved it with a more unfeigned affection. "He could still, after Hume and Voltaire had done their best and worst with him," wrote Carlyle of Coleridge, "profess himself an orthodox Christian, and say and point to the Church of England, with its singular old rubrics and surplices at All-hallowtide, *Esto perpetua*." And Maurice, amid the strong tides of the nineteenth century which were submerging all the trodden ways of the past, could still look out fearless over

the waste of waters with the cry of *Esto perpetua*, to a Church secure from the fretting of time and all the seasons' change.

John Frederick Denison Maurice was born at Normanstone, near Lowestoft, on August 29, 1805. Eight weeks later the cannons of Trafalgar decided that the Revolution should never come to England; that the change towards better things in the political and social order should be effected in a more prolonged and less drastic method of reform. He was the fifth child and only surviving son of Michael and Priscilla Maurice. His father was of Welsh descent from a long line of orthodox Nonconformists; a pupil of Hoxton Academy, and subsequently a Unitarian minister. He was an ardent Liberal, a friend of Priestley, rejoicing in the fall of the Bastille, respected by his friends and neighbours, a man of wide charity. The family, first established at Normanstone, subsequently removed to Frenchay, a little village near Bristol, where Michael Maurice received pupils and preached at a tiny Unitarian chapel. The boy grew up here in an atmosphere of keen thought accompanied by much disputation. He lamented in later life a dullness to country scenes and beauties. "I never knew the note of a single bird," he confessed, "nor watched the habits of any one."

Interest from the commencement was trans-

ferred away from the sensible universe. "Anything social or political took a hold of me such as no objects in nature, beautiful or useful, had." He was carefully guarded as a child from fiction of all kinds, modern and romantic. It was a bracing atmosphere of austere thought, with an air cold and thin, and its influence enduring to the end of his days. The concerns of the household were in religion and the development of the soul. On such a plane the growing child was witness of a tragedy none the less poignant because remote from the normal ways of mankind. The family unity was breaking up in theological strife, and the children drifting away from the father's faith. "Those years," Maurice asserted in after life, "were to me years of moral confusion and contradiction." His two elder sisters first repudiated the creed of the family, and wrote to their father, then in the same house, "We do not think it consistent with the duty we owe to GOD to attend a Unitarian place of worship." The father's written answer was one of agony and distress. Ten months later, the wife broke the news to her husband, also in an elaborate epistle, that she is passing to the side of the rebels. Soon afterwards, confronted by the prospect of death, she "became sufficiently convinced that she had before made to herself a most false god, and that she had never worshipped the GOD revealed in the Scriptures."

So this extraordinary household continued; outwardly in harmony around the breakfast table, but retiring afterwards to compose letters to each other, from the drawing-room to the study, concerning the most intricate problems of theological difference. The children believed themselves persecuted. Elizabeth, the eldest, embraced with ardour the doctrines of the Church of England. Anne, the younger, joined the chapel of Mr. Vernon, a Baptist; and a kind of lesser warfare broke out between the two on the respective merits of Establishment and Dissent. The mother drifted into the full, rigid creed of Calvinism, becoming convinced of the existence of the elect, and at the same time that she was not one of them. The father confronted the whole disturbance with a kind of helpless disgust; filled with foreboding lest his only boy should also be found to repudiate the belief which he cherished with all the confidence of a life's experience.

In such confused and cloudy atmosphere the child struggled towards manhood. He appeared as a boy "puzzled into silence by the conflicting elements around him"; much given to reading and solitude; his favourite companion his sister Emma; distinguished from the beginning by that shyness and humility which was to be manifested in all his days, as well as by that purity of action and intention which drew so many towards him in after years. He was interested by his

father in new schemes of social improvement. He was living already in a world of abstractions rather than of real things. "I never knew him to commit even an ordinary fault," was the testimony of his cousin: "he was the gentlest, most docile and affectionate of creatures." Before fifteen he had solemnly pledged himself, with another, "to endeavour to distinguish ourselves in after life, and to promote as far as lies in our power the good of mankind." If there is much admirable in this, there is also something a little forced and unnatural. Maurice, as a child, is not found playing games or collecting natural treasures, or enjoying that freedom—"to run, to ride, to swim"—in three elements, which was moulding Kingsley's sensitive and impetuous spirit. The system has something of the remoteness and oppression of the system of the youthful Mill. The consequences were equally manifest in after years. "It is better to let Nature have her way," the one might have agreed with the other, "I was never a child."

But one dominant desire entered into the very fibre of his being. The experience of a divided household, and of the miseries thereby entailed, awoke in him a longing for the Unity which seemed to him the ultimate goal of all human endeavour. "The desire for Unity has haunted me all my life through," is a later confession of an inheritance from the troubles of a child. "I have never been able to sub-

stitute any desire for that, or to accept any of the different schemes for satisfying it which men have devised."

By a kind of irony he came to find the satisfaction for this longing in the very Name of that Trinity in Unity which was the subject of those painful family quarrels. "I not only believe in the Trinity in Unity," is a later assertion, "but I find in it the centre of all my beliefs; the rest of my spirit when I contemplate myself or mankind. But, strange as it may seem, I owe the depth of this belief in a great measure to my training in my home. The very name that was used to describe the denial of this doctrine is the one which most expresses to me the end that I have been compelled, even in spite of myself, to seek."

Gloom, stimulated by the merciless doctrines of the now dominant family creed, took possession of his soul at the time of awakening manhood. In an individual experience which here but expressed a wide companionship of child-suffering, he became convinced that an Election beyond man's will had decided his eternal destiny, and that his lot would be numbered among the lost. He writes of himself as "a being destined to a few short years of misery here, as an earnest of, and preparation for, that more enduring state of wretchedness and woe."

He abandoned the idea of the ministry, Unitarian or Christian. And, although the

ultimate despair was lightened by the wise counsel of a friend, he was still in a condition of perplexity and confusion when he passed to the University, for a first experience of a world in which he had developed so aloof and solitary.

In 1823 Maurice entered Trinity College, Cambridge. The letters of the early days give an impression of a rather painful shyness and self-consciousness, an exaggerated humility; the awkwardness of one privately educated finding himself suddenly plunged into the jolly, noisy tradition of the English Public School and University system. Julius Hare, his tutor, was the first stimulating influence; the first to recognize also that in this stiff, shy, formal youth, he was dealing with a mind of unusual distinction. Gradually he crept from his shell; became a member of the Union Society, and mixed with those who were busy in its debates; gathered round him in friendship some of the more serious-minded of his contemporaries. The most famous of these, in part through the natural charm of his character, more by the fortune of an early death and the inspiration of a biography of genius, was John Sterling. Maurice became a kind of second father to the famous Apostles' Club, where, from then until to-day, men of originality and talent have discussed the universe and their own souls. Despite all his efforts towards retirement, he began

to be recognized as one of the remarkable men of his time. His letters home are still, stilted, and pedantic, the letters of one of those solemn young men who take themselves seriously from the beginning. But they show a throwing-off of the first depression and an enlargement from the cramped outlook of the earlier days.

Later, Maurice migrated to Trinity Hall, designing to study law with a view to a career in the legal profession. From here he issued, with a friend, the *Metropolitan Quarterly Magazine*, a vigorous and short-lived Undergraduate journal. The work is contemporary and alive, the interests mainly in literature. "We are aristocrats to the core," he declares in one article. He attacks Bentham and the Utilitarians, makes scathing onslaughts upon personal journalism and gossip, offers advice concerning the prevailing system of young ladies' education.

At the close of his University career he was faced with the dilemma then unhappily presented to all the young men owning allegiance to any but the State religion. To obtain his degree he would be compelled publicly to declare himself a member of the Church of England. To refuse a degree on these terms would be to publicly declare himself a repudiator of its principles. He was averse to either affirmation. A Fellowship, and probably a distinguished academic

career, awaited him if he were to make the declaration. The very fact that worldly advancement seemed bound up with such a pronouncement, made him distrust the arguments which would lead him to accept it. Moreover, like so many of the enquiring students of his day, he had grown to hate the University system as he found it working. It was the system before the Oxford Movement, on the one hand, and the scientific eagerness on the other, had awakened the dry bones of the eighteenth century tradition. Macaulay, Tennyson, and others had protested with violence against those who "profess to lead and teach us nothing, feeding not the heart." "The hungry young," was the contemporary complaint of a man of genius, "looked up to their spiritual nurses, and for food were bidden to eat the east wind."

So Maurice slipped quietly away from Cambridge without his degree. With his friend Sterling he descended into the great welter of London, plunging immediately and with zest into all the literary and social interests then fermenting in the capital. He wrote articles for the *Westminster Review*. With Sterling he joined the London Debating Society, distinguished already by the presence of John Stuart Mill and his allies. The friends formed there a third party of two, equally opposed to the Tory and Radical sections. His shyness and his exaggerated depreciation

of his own attraction and performances prevented his becoming conspicuous in the Society at the time. But, if his speech was halting, there was no uncertainty about the power of his pen. He wrote for Mr. Silk Buckingham's literary organ, *The Athenæum*, became editor of the *Lonaon Literary Chronicle*, and finally united with some half-dozen friends to purchase *The Athenæum* outright, of which he was installed as editor.

"So under free auspices, themselves their own captains," says Carlyle, "Maurice and Sterling set sail for the new voyage of adventure into all the world." The advocacy of this new organ, with the vehemence of youth in it, was in the direction of Reform. But from the first Maurice, like Carlyle, revealed his divergence from the awakening Radicalism of the age. There is an emphasis upon enthusiasm in it; a desire for heroic things; a profound contempt for contemporary society and human energy uncharged with the inspiration of high purposes; and an appeal to the individual greatness of the individual man.

Home troubles disturbed these activities. His father's fortune was lost in Constitutional Spanish Bonds. *The Athenæum* proved a failure. His sister Emma was dying. Maurice, writing on literature and current affairs, and collecting in a novel the embodiment of the criticism of his age, was still fretting at the deeper questions of man's being and destiny.

No clear record exists of the progress of his mind during these troublous times. Harassed and depressed, convinced that his life was a failure and his strength spent for naught, at last he consented to embark again upon University study with a view to preparation for ordination as a minister of the Church of England. He chose Oxford for his return, partly as a deliberate penance in self-chosen subjection to the humiliation of Undergraduate life after three years of fancied independence; partly in the hope of learning from that atmosphere, with "something of that freedom and courage for which the young men whom I knew at Cambridge were remarkable, something more of solidity and reverence for what is established."

Early in 1830 Maurice entered again as an Undergraduate, at Exeter College, Oxford. It was an Oxford still in the sleep of the eighteenth century, with Newman an obscure town Vicar, and three years to wait before Keble's Assize sermon at S. Mary's proclaimed the awakening. His Oxford period was less remarkable than his Cambridge days. Cambridge, indeed, had formed him, and he came to the other University as a visitor and alien. He was older than most of the men. He was very poor. He kept to himself, toiling at his books. But he impressed Gladstone and others with the sense of his honesty and intellectual powers, and became

a member of the Essay Society called (after its founder) the "W. E. G." The times were those associated with the struggle over the great Reform Bill; and the "Condition of the People" problem was forcing attention even in these remote and secluded places. He saw riot, midnight fires, the fierce passion of the people; a sudden revelation of the abyss which yawned in those days below comfortable English society.

In the midst of the work his sister died. He found himself in this great loss detached from the things of space and time; more and more carried into the region where the outward show of the world becomes a pageant in which man disquieteth himself in vain. He felt himself at another crisis in life. He was filled with remorse at the constant unrest and fever of the past, so much consumed in vanity. All the thought and determination commenced here to become conscious, which in the days to come he was to proclaim as truth to his generation. He fell back upon the Divine reality from all the weariness of passing things. The resolution of all the great souls of the past to attain to a knowledge of God came to proclaim to him the *Summum Bonum* of human action. "All the honesty and truth in the world," he wrote at this time, "has come from God, being manifested in the hearts of some men, and from thence affecting the general courses of society." He "cannot put

up with a dream in the place of GOD." The cry of human nature through every age is for this revelation—GOD manifest in the person of man, not as Lawgiver or as Sovereign, but as Friend. Such a universal longing can be satisfied by nothing less than the evidence that "the Life was manifest and we have seen it"; "*That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of Life.*"

And if this knowledge of GOD was to him the consummation of all human wisdom, the losing of self in GOD was the foundation of all human morality. "The death of CHRIST," he writes in rare, impassioned pleading, "is actually, literally the death of you and me." "To believe we have any self of our own is the Devil's lie: and when he has tempted us to believe it and to act as if we had a life out of CHRIST, he then mocks us and shows us that this life is a very death." "Let us believe that we have each a life, our only life, not of you nor me, but a universal life in Him."

Quem nosse est vivere: cui servire regnare—"whom to know is to live: whom to serve is to reign"—or in our old English version, "In knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life; whose service is perfect freedom." These two principles—knowledge of GOD as Eternal Life, the object of a passionate energy of all

the powers of the soul; and the surrender of the individual life into that universal Energy which is the very life of GOD—were to sustain his spirit through all the long effort of his days.

Maurice was ordained a Deacon in the Church of England in 1834, and immediately retired to a country curacy at Bubbenhall, five miles from Leamington. His desire at such a time was for "greater self-abasement," and "a more perfect and universal charity." He was nearly thirty; older than the general age for ordination. He had experienced the life of both Universities. As a layman he had realized something of the literary and social interests of London, the new desires for change which were fermenting among the younger and more ardent spirits of the time. He had appeared in that company to one acute observer as "one alive amongst a wide circle of a transitory, phantasmal character." His knowledge was encyclopædic, scarcely paralleled by any of his contemporaries. He belonged to no school or party in the Church, and was unknown to its leaders.

That Church was nearing a crisis in its history. England, in the successful struggle over the Reform Bill, and the enormous progressive triumph of the first Reformed Parliament, had pronounced almost violently for change. The Church of England, with

its archaic organization and its feudal ideals, was becoming dimly conscious of the necessity of putting its house in order. Below the aristocratic society of which it was a part, a population more forlorn and wretched than in any past history, was slowly forcing its misery before the attention of the governing power. In the world of thought and of action the time was full of the sound and promise of the dawn.

CHAPTER II

The Kingdom of Christ

MAURICE was two years in charge of a country parish. They were years of a devouring intellectual activity. *Eustace Conway* was published at the beginning, *Subscription no Bondage* in the middle; *The Kingdom of Christ* projected at the close.

Eustace Conway was never referred to by Maurice in after life, and one can gather he was not particularly proud of his one completed experiment in fiction. It is a curious mixture of intellectual discussion with the wildest melodrama, the kind of novel which, being read to-day, has stamped upon every line of it the life of a vanished age.

The title-page bears the challenge from Pascal:—

"*Il est dangereux de trop faire voir a l'homme combien il est égal aux bêtes, sans lui montrer sa grandeur. Il est encore dangereux de lui faire trop voir sa grandeur, sans sa bassesse. Il est encore plus dangereux de lui laisser ignorer l'un et l'autre. Mais il est très avantageux de lui représenter l'un et l'autre.*"

Each particular chapter has little introductory headlines from Byron, Cowper, Goldsmith, and similar writers. The conversations are stilted and artificial, and it is evident that the author has not attained complete command of his material. Yet even with these obvious deficiencies and a kind of elaboration of humour and style, the work is sharply distinguished from the normal production of the first essayist in fiction.

In the long conversations of the first volume, Maurice attempts to reproduce something of his own experience, in his passage from the shelter of the University to the intellectual and moral turmoil of the capital. Eustace Conway, the hero, was often supposed to be a picture of himself, but it is more than probable that, if it represented any living person, it was an attempt to depict John Sterling.

There are denunciations of the old Cambridge life, with the College producing "the most withering, benumbing influence ever exerted over a human spirit." "These dark shadows and solemn damps chilled the course of my blood. The whole of my existence among them was a vain and purposeless dream," cries Eustace Conway to his sister. "The men are not so blameable," he declared in another place, "though no doubt the vast majority are idiots, and ninety-nine out of one hundred of the remainder will be knaves. It is the system which is so utterly intolerable."

Eustace, in later talk, flames out against being called a Whig. "If there is an animal in the universe that I loathe," he states, "it is a Whig." And here also Maurice or Sterling is speaking.

He passes to irony when he deals with the Societies of Moral Philosophers, "who assemble twice a week," in Goldsmith's words, "in order to show the absurdity of the present mode of religion and to establish a new one in its stead." All this conversation and discussion of ultimate philosophies is set in the midst of London society, with around a most violent action; mysterious Spanish revolutionists, mysterious Spanish ladies, baffled and illtreated adventurers, violence, despair. Wanderers from other lands enter the tale to describe the heavy oppression of England. "That dense, commercial strength which one encounters even in your religion," says one of these, "is a more overpowering nightmare upon the soul than any bad influence I have felt elsewhere. There were times when I could scarcely bear up against it, when the myriads of eyes which I encountered, all riveted upon gain, seemed to be invested with a sort of Medusan enchantment."

Eustace, after enlarging his contempt for most creeds, to all creeds, in a kind of Byronic reaction against the whole of the sorry farce of human things, is drawn back by his dying sister into acceptance of the historic Faith. He

had acknowledged Society as God with the Utilitarians. He had acknowledged Self as God with the Spiritualists. He now confessed that He is GOD whose praise is in the Churches; and at each stage he seemed to have gained more arrogance. By the bedside of his dying sister he learned, as Maurice himself learned in similar circumstance, something of the possibilities of sacrifice of the individual desires in obedience to the Divine Will. Eustace is left at the end with the exhortation of his friend:—"True the strife must continue till your death, and that from first to last it is a strife against principalities and powers. Yet do not be discouraged. The worst of your toil is over, for henceforth you will know who are your enemies and upon whom you must depend for succour. You have learnt that we are not men unless we are free, and that we are not free unless we are living in subjection to the law which made us so."

Of very different weight and interests was the next of Maurice's publications. With his pamphlet on the *Subscription* controversy, the first of a long list of polemical publications, Maurice made his plunge into the troubled waters of theological strife. The leaders at Oxford in a rally against Liberalism, were fighting the demands of the reformers for the abolition of subscription to the Thirty-nine

Articles in the University, and the throwing open of its resources to men of all religious beliefs. It was with the encouragement of these men, therefore, welcoming a new and valuable recruit, that Maurice produced his paradoxical plea for subscription as a guarantee of liberty. He seemed to take Liberalism with a flank attack, to smite it in an undefended quarter, and his attitude here and henceforth caused amazement amongst those who were "fighting for liberty in the trammels of an historic creed."

From this time commenced a long series of gibes and sneers at a philosopher who could think that the heights and depths of the universe were comprehended within the boundaries of sixteenth century thought. "Deep respect for Maurice," says Leslie Stephen, "admiration of his subtlety and power of generalization, only increased Mill's wonder that he could find all truth in the Thirty-nine Articles." The sneer was unjust. Maurice neither at this time nor at any time professed that he could find "all truth in the Thirty-nine Articles." It was at least with some direct experience of the alternative position—the knowledge of the uncontrolled ravages of tyranny, promoted in a Church without some impersonal standard of belief—that he came to plead so passionately for the maintenance of ancient, time-worn formularies. The intellectuals were perplexed and disgusted.

The contemptuous guffaw of Carlyle, the thin sneers of Froude, were directed against a theologian who appeared as a philosopher, in his fight for the retaining of prison bonds and the paralysing influence of dead things. The offence was especially annoying in the work of one who combined so much intellectual power with such transparent sincerity of purpose. The majority of those who resisted Reform could be easily relegated by the clever men of the day to the two limbos which (in their vision) included most of the orthodox faith—those of the knave and of the fool. But here was one who could challenge all their knowledge of past systems, of undisputed intellectual power, combined with an honesty of purpose and unworldliness of temperament utterly indifferent to temporal advantage. The almost mystical inspiration of a prophet and seer who seemed at times to be caught into the seventh heaven, and to return with some memory of its glories, perplexed and confused the defenders of liberty as they saw the same energy and sincerity exalting these little chopped-up fragments of Tudor theology.

Afterwards Maurice came to recognize that his position was mistaken. Here, as in so many of his controversies, he was fighting on a different plane from his antagonists, and looking towards other horizons. He had been living in the region of philosophic issues.

He was repudiating here, from all the lessons of the past, the conception of progress as being encouraged by a thin and watery creed. The more vague a creed becomes—so Liberalism thought then, so Liberalism thinks to-day—the more true it is to reality and the more efficient as a guide of life. For Maurice, "every hope for human culture, for the reconciliation of opposing schools, for blessings to mankind," rested on a theology. Against the Liberal toleration which he prophesied would become a Liberal tyranny—the belief in "undenominational" religion—he set up defiantly the standard of a definite and deliberate affirmation concerning GOD and man, and the relationship of the One to the other.

But the practical question was on a different plane of argument—whether young Nonconformists should be debarred from academic success unless they deliberately confessed a theology which they did not believe. "Liberals were clearly right," he came to acknowledge thirty-six years afterwards, "in saying that the Articles did not mean to those who signed them at the University or on taking Orders, what I supposed them to mean, and I was wrong. They were right in saying that subscription did mean to most the renunciation of a right to think, and, since none could renounce that right, it involved dishonesty." Yet to the end also he refused that rejection of dogmatic formula, which was the impulse

behind the movement towards freedom. He would admit any one with a definite creed gladly. He would not acquiesce in the demand for the compounding of all the creeds together in a mortar and the finding of truth in the residuum. He refused to entertain any hospitality to that vague and diffused undogmatic religion which is so dear to the heart of the man of the world. "They have acquired a new name," he wrote many years later. "They are called Broad Churchmen now, and delight to be called so. But their breadth seems to me to be narrowness. They include all kinds of opinions. But what message have they for the people who do not live on opinions?"

Early in 1836 Maurice returned to London to become chaplain at Guy's Hospital. The work here was more congenial to him than that of a country parish, where his constitutional shyness was a check to free intercourse, and the whole feudal system of Church and society challenged the principles which he was elaborating in his own mind. With the sick and dying he was more at home. He could turn to realities amongst those who were being unwillingly forced into the facing of real things. He had "great pleasure" in collecting the patients in a ward round the bedside of one of the most sick, and reading and explaining the Bible to them. He tried

to influence, and to some extent succeeded in influencing, the medical students at the hospital, lecturing to a select few on moral philosophy. He received as a pupil Mr. Strachey (afterwards Sir Edward Strachey), who has left interesting records of his experience in Maurice's teaching.

Here he watched the courses of the times; especially, and, with foreboding, the later progress of the Oxford Movement. He found himself more and more drifting away from sympathy with the leaders who at first had hailed him as an ally. He allowed himself to be nominated for the Chair of Political Economy at Oxford in order definitely to assert the position that political economy is "not the foundation of morals and politics, but must have them for its foundation or be worth nothing"; a principle which the work of Ruskin was to make familiar to a younger generation, but which in those days appeared as but idle words.

And at this time he issued a series of tracts in the form of *Letters to a Quaker*, which were later to be collected and developed into his great work on *The Kingdom of Christ*. The second of these tracts, a reply to the famous tract of Dr. Pusey on Baptism, excited an open rupture with the Oxford leaders. From this moment commenced that long and chequered career of religious controversy in which all parties in turn at times welcomed Maurice as an ally

and at times repudiated him as a deserter. His position in his lifetime was never understood. He defended not merely his own opinion but liberty of opinion; and the plain man outside seemed to see him tacking wildly in advocacy of Evangelical or Catholic or extreme Liberal principles. He rushed in impetuously to defend the weakest side attacked, and the sight of authority or mob-power replacing reason and argument was sufficient to summon him like a trumpet-call to the battle. In the controversies themselves he was fighting on a different plane of thought to that of his opponents. Very few of the leaders of the various parties had any knowledge of modern philosophy. Newman, the greatest of all, only came to read Kant in his old age. While they were dealing with points of historical accuracy or the affirmations of a dogmatic system, he was concerned with movement in a region where these dogmatic assertions took upon themselves new values. The plain principles of the plain man were found to lead upward to a realm where familiar things lost their hard, sharp outlines. Amongst the audience, therefore, for the most part unacquainted with metaphysical discussion, and failing to translate the theological symbolism into terms of universal significance, the often startling changes of position which Maurice appeared to be making and his difficulty of expressing himself

in language which they could understand, led many in impatience to brand him as a "muddy mystic," exciting at once bewilderment and despair.

The Kingdom of Christ forms the first, and, in many respects, the most important of Maurice's works. All the "Maurician" theology is in these volumes. With the great History of Philosophy, the work remains today, of all his enormous output in the literature of the time, the one element which has attained some permanent value. The rest is, in the main, of historic interest. The letters make up the confession of a progress, the *apologia* of one who had passed "on a journey" to his present haven. The journey was the reverse of the normal pilgrimage. Thousands in those days had been brought up in orthodox belief in the orthodox formularies of the Church of England, and passed with widening knowledge into a Unitarian or rational position. Those who had experienced the reverse process were few and remarkable. And the most indifferent were challenged by the piquancy of the record of one who had experienced the freer air of a religion without tests or dogmas, passing back into worship of a "dead CHRIST" and "tangled Trinities."

"Hints to a Quaker" runs the sub-title, "concerning the principles, conception and ordinances of the Catholic Church." The problem in its ultimate challenge was that of

a spiritual kingdom and its membership. The Quakers had sought to establish a spiritual kingdom in the world. "Did not such a kingdom exist already?" asked Maurice, "and were not those ordinances rejected by the Quakers the expression of it?" The French Revolution had reverberated through the thought of Europe. Europe could never be quite the same again. All men had been summoned to the ultimate examination—What is the basis of society? What holds in reality man to man? Is there a universal society for man as man? Maurice refers back to the teaching of Coleridge, his master, especially concerning the ordinances of the Church; that "these are not empty memorials, or charms and fetishes, but signs to the race"; signs of the existence of that Universal Order which is the object of the enquiry, and which belongs in its essence to the world of real things outside the illusions of space and time. "They are the voice," he claims, "in which GOD speaks to His creatures; the very witness that their fellowship with each other rests on their fellowship with Him, and both upon the mystery of His being; the very means by which we are meant to rise to the enjoyment of the highest blessing which He has bestowed upon us." In this way "there rose up before me," says Maurice, "the idea of a Church universal, not built upon human inventions or human faith, but

on the very nature of GOD Himself and upon the union which He has formed with His creatures; a Church revealed to man as a fixed and eternal reality by means which Infinite Wisdom had itself devised."

The Church as a witness to the ideal fellowship which alone can make significant and intelligible the life of man; protesting always against that individual selfishness and egotism which is at all times tearing society asunder into its constituent and warring atoms; this was the reality which Maurice made it his business to proclaim. "The world would have been torn in pieces by its individual factions," he declares, "if there had not been this bond of peace and fellowship in the midst of it."

Much of the investigation is historic. With a wealth of knowledge and illustration Maurice takes his readers through the chaotic regions of post-Reformation theology. From Greek philosophy downward through the centuries he traces the consensus of testimony to this struggle in the life of man between two principles: "one tending downwards, one upward; one belonging to the earth, one claiming fellowship with something pure and Divine." From Luther and Calvin, through Fox and the early Quakers, in the Unitarian and Methodist movements of the eighteenth century, he finds this search for a Kingdom; a Kingdom not of this world; fixed upon

securer foundations than any to be found in the shifting sands of time. He discerns a Catholic tendency even in the theology which can be traced most directly to a Protestant origin. Man cannot live alone; cannot stand as an isolated individual; and all attempts to separate him from his fellows, or to show him fulfilling the purpose of his being in an ideal in which his fellows have no share, have always ended in bitterness and disaster. Even Protestant Germany "cannot be content with a purely Protestant system. Catholicism it must have, either in the form of Pantheism or of definite Christianity."

The same lesson is driven home again as he investigates the philosophical movements of the time, and those new ideals of society with which the Revolution had changed the surface of the world. He criticizes Positivism and "the social work of Mr. Owen (Robert Owen, the Socialist leader and head of the New Lanark experiment) in the manufacturing districts." "The problem how to deal with the population concentrated there," he says, "is the most awful one which presents itself to the modern politician. Any one who could offer but a suggestion on the subject, especially if it were the result of experience, were entitled to a hearing." Everywhere he found individualism, whether of the solitary life, or of a class, or of a nation, crumbling to pieces; as man called out for the realization

of that Kingdom which should unite him to his fellows, and find the realization of his life's purpose in the common welfare. Combination, not divested of religious sympathies, but with a piteous fury striving to seize and to appropriate them to its own ends, he found as the keynote of the age. Yet "any modern attempt to construct a universal society," he declares, "has been defeated by the determination of men to assert their wills." "The true universal society, mankind is convinced, must be one which does not overlook these wills nor regret them, but must assume them as the very principle and explanation of its existence." And it is "equally impossible for man to be content with a spiritual society which is not universal, and a universal society which is not spiritual."

Mankind, therefore, has everywhere looked to a comity of righteousness and everywhere demanded a King. That which we expect, say the Evangelists, is a Kingdom. This JESUS of Nazareth we believe and affirm to be the King for whom mankind has longed so earnestly. The critic has therefore to reject one of these propositions. He must either declare that men are not in need of a spiritual and universal society, or that this Person has not the credentials of the character which He assumes. Maurice attempts to demonstrate the falsity of both these propositions. The unity at the root of all union among men,

the deep foundations upon which rest the pillars of the universe, must be revealed, he asserts, in gradual discovery through the forces and relations of human society. On the one hand, he challenges the world to convince this King of anything in His nature and teaching contrary to the ideal of the Divine headship in a universal order. On the other, he interprets the outward signs and manifestations of the Kingdom which He has founded as being in their nature universal; standing for the affirmation of this unchallenged truth. The entrance into the Kingdom through Baptism into the Name connected with admission to it through all the centuries, he defends against the Quaker, the Baptist, the modern Protestant, the modern philosopher; as affirming men to be in a certain state of fellowship in a real Kingdom of Heaven upon earth, a Kingdom of which the principle must be ever the same, a Kingdom to which all kings are meant to be in subjection. "The operation of this spirit upon him is to draw him continually out of himself, to teach him to disclaim all independent virtue, to bring him into the knowledge and image of the FATHER and the SON." Against such a conception of Baptism he rejects those who make it appear "that the blessing of Baptism is not this—that it receives men into the holy communion of saints; but that it bestows upon them certain individual blessings, endows them with a certain individual holiness."

In similar fashion he examines all the signs of the Kingdom—Baptism, the Eucharist, the Ministry, the Scriptures—putting, it must be confessed forcibly and fairly, the discontent with each of these as they are criticized from various sources: the Quakers, who believe in the Kingdom without signs; the Protestant dissenters, who think the signs have been perverted; the philosophers and rationalists, who believe neither in the Kingdom nor the signs; and the Romanists, "who have perverted the signs." This is of the nature of controversy, and Maurice hits hard, apparently unconscious of the offence which such hitting must often give. No one who really studied *The Kingdom of Christ* could ever again make the mistake, so common in his generation, of identifying Maurice with the Broad Churchmen of his day. Not only does he hate the "Broad Church" as a system or a party as fiercely as he hates all systems and all parties. He is entirely antipathetic to the Liberal position. To him the Creeds are of vital significance; the Eucharist the guarantee of a Real Presence; the Ministry endowed with a real power of binding and loosing; the Prayer Book and the Thirty-nine Articles far nearer the truth of things than the thin and troubled speculations of the nineteenth century. The Liberals, in a word, are rationalists; Maurice is a mystic, seeking and finding immediately beneath and beyond the surface-show of things those spiritual

realities upon which the foundations of the Church are laid: the Kingdom, as he sees it, with its signs and its laws and its unity. Here is a fellowship not made with hands, unchallenged by the centuries, set up against the individual lusts of the world. It is no product of a kindly dream. Its existence forms the only key to the confused enigma of human life. Its triumph will herald the Consummation of all things.

Against a reference to the Bible alone he clings to an historic Creed. "The man," he says, "who seriously believes that the Bible is the only document which has been preserved to men by Divine care and providence, is separated by the very narrowest plank from absolute atheism; a plank," he adds with prophetic insight, "so narrow and fragile that in a very short time it will be broken down." Of the Eucharist, "it has been the most holy symbol to nations," he declares, "between which, race, political institutions, and acquired habits, had established the most seemingly impossible barriers." He would appear to agree with a modern essayist and statesman who finds the belief in the Mass the most enduring evidence of a real religion in Europe. "Now in this nineteenth century," he affirms, "there are not a few persons who have arrived at this deep and inward conviction, that the question whether Christianity shall be a practical principle and truth in the hearts of men, or shall be extinguished for

a set of intellectual notions or generalizations, depends mainly on the question, whether the Eucharist shall or shall not be acknowledged and received as the bond of a universal life and the means whereby men become partakers of it." "Go and tell men," he says in another passage, in a rare outbreak of irony, "that the Eucharist is not a real bond between CHRIST and His members, but a picture or likeness which by a violent act of our will we may turn into reality. Thus you will fulfil GOD'S commission ; thus you will reform a corrupt and sinful land."

He will have nothing to do with the limitation of its significance to that of a memorial, or with the belief that faith is not a receptive but a creative power—that it makes the thing which it believes. "The impression that this Sacrament is a reality in spite of all men's attempts to prove it and make it a fiction, has kept alive the belief that the Presence of GOD is a truth and not a dream."

Later he passes to the discussion of the relation of this Universal Church with national bodies ; to a passionate affirmation of the national character of a true Church ; and an attempt to discriminate the functions of civil law and the functions of ecclesiastical discipline. He finds the unity of the Church, under the distinctions and limitations of national bodies, in certain permanent ordinances in which the character and universality of the Church are expressed. He is impressed with the changes

which are coming upon mankind, especially in this re-moulding of the form of ecclesiastical society. Everywhere men are coming together towards unity. "Shall we not rejoice and give thanks," he cries, "that we are born in these latter days of the world when all things are hastening to their consummation, and when the unity of the Church shall be established, to be that ground upon which all unity in nations and in the heart of men is resting?"

At the end he comes down to the earth again, to deal with the practical exigencies of the situation. "Only a Church," he defiantly asserts, "can educate a nation." To confine its work to the mere teaching of dogma is destructive of the very idea of education. "The sects," as he somewhat unhappily terms the non-episcopal bodies, cannot do it, for "they cannot connect the institution of the family, as such, with their religion." For they look upon the religious body as something different in kind from the family. Nor can the State do it. It aims at making men citizens. It cannot teach them to be sons and brothers. The statesman must have his schools established upon the express principle that the parents are not competent to teach or to choose teachers themselves. "All wise statesmen of antiquity," says Maurice, "felt this difficulty, and rejoiced to avail themselves of such means as they had of escape from it." He warns modern statesmen that they will be found in similar perplexity if they pursue

similar courses. This applies even to purely scientific education. "The maxim of a State education must always be, how much nobler a thing it is to make shoes than to seek for principles." But "a National Church, strong in the conviction of its own distinct powers, paying respectful homage to those of the State, educating all classes to be citizens by making them men, is the only alternative to Jesuitry on the one hand and an arid empiricism on the other."

Finally, he appeals in impassioned language to the National Church to take up the burden of its high calling. Against ignorant parties, High, Low, Broad, he appeals to the Liturgy ; so far distinctively English, that it may be taken as expressive of the mind of the English Church. None of that Church's great sons were content with a system. "All affirmed a kingdom," he cries. He is filled with scorn against all Church parties and their newspapers and reviews, "generously striving that no other party shall have the stigma of being more unfair and libellous than their own." He urges special attention to "the awful manufacturing districts." "A Church which was looked upon, and almost looked upon itself, as a tool of the aristocracy, which compared its own orders with the ranks in civil society, and forgot that it existed to testify that man as man is the object of his Creator's sympathy ; such a Church had no voice which could

reach the hearts of these multitudes." Nor is the clamour of a revivalist religion to each individual to save his own soul proving more adequate. "Such words spoken with true earnestness are very mighty. But they are not enough ; men feel that they are not merely lost creatures ; they look up to heaven above them, and ask whether it can be true that this is the whole account of their condition ; that their sense of right and wrong, their cravings for fellowship, their consciousness of being creatures having powers which no other creatures possess, are all nothing." "If religion," they say, "will give us no explanation of these feelings, if it can only tell us about a fall for the whole race, and an escape for a few individuals of it, then our wants must be satisfied without religion. Then begin Chartism and Socialism and whatever schemes make rich men tremble."

He passes to the vision of the Church beyond the boundaries of England. He calls for activity in the new colonies, in missionary effort which can never succeed "except in the preaching of an organic society." He can even cherish hope for the Church of Ireland if it would abandon the English interest, become national, and assert : "We are come over as protectors of these Celts. We are to raise them out of barbarism !"

He concludes on a note of mingled exaltation and humility : "I have in this book," he confesses, "attacked no wrong tendency to which

I do not know myself to be liable." "I am not ignorant that the hints I have offered in opposition to systems may be turned by themselves or by others into a system." "I do pray earnestly that if any such schools should arise they may come to naught, and that if what I have written in this book should tend even in the least degree to favour the establishment of them, it may come to naught."

"'Let all Thine enemies perish, O LORD': all systems, schools, parties, which have hindered men from seeing the largeness and freedom and glory of Thy kingdom: but 'let them that love Thee,' in whatever earthly mists they may at present be involved, 'be as the sun when he goeth forth in his strength.'"

The Kingdom of Christ threw down a challenge defiantly to all of a particular class of newspapers. The "Religious Press" still flourishes mightily in Britain. It has no parallel elsewhere. In the early 'forties it formed a system of triumphant tyranny. With its dogmatism, its lack of charity, its willingness to crush all new movements and unpopular causes, it appealed always against the solitary thinker to the massed forces of a crowd. To Maurice it seemed to be brewed out of the fumes of the nether pit. His life was a long, fierce warfare against a collection of newspapers, notably *The Record*, which recognized that in fighting him they were fighting for their very

existence, and which gave and took no quarter. This *Record*, the official organ of the rich and prosperous Evangelical section of the Church, exercised at this time an unchallenged dominance over the minds of its readers, and weighed heavily upon the religious life of England. The daily newspapers were accustomed to refer to it for information upon matters ecclesiastical. The normal mind, distrustful of new things, found its heavy platitudes entirely congruous with the timidity which dreads the unknown. It was always prepared to stamp out any minority provided that minority were sufficiently small. Its combination of worldliness and intolerance, its proclamation of "comfortable things" to a society which seemed to Maurice to be needing a prophecy of warning and judgment, its influence upon preferment, and the universal fear it inspired among those who would fain have challanged its domination, drove him headlong into a warfare against it which daily deepened in bitterness. It must be confessed that he commenced the conflict ; and at any time if he had left the paper alone, its directors might have been content to abandon the attacks upon him. But to leave it alone was just what he would never consent to do. He considered that its enormous power represented one of the elements of that "devil-worship" which he found everywhere around him ; and he was determined never to cease fighting until he had broken its rule. "On his part," confesses

his son, "the war was one of aggression. None of them had attacked him the moment he denounced them. But once the issue was joined they were struggling for their very existence. If he could turn the religious world into recognizing the essential atheism of the religious Press, their occupation was gone. On both sides, therefore, it was a war in which no quarter could be given."

From the publication of *The Kingdom of Christ* to the violent effort towards a social upheaval which culminated in 1848, Maurice's life in London is the record of an immense activity.

Happiness had come to him from his marriage to Anne Barton, sister-in-law to Sterling, in 1837. This new link with Sterling made him all the more anxious concerning the physical decline and mental difficulties of his dearly-loved friend. The marriage itself, in his own words, "brought a change from cloud to perpetual sunshine." He was continuing his work at the great hospital in the service of the sick and dying. He was showering religious tracts upon the disturbed theological waters, in which the full flood-tide of the Oxford Movement was dashing itself against the rocks of religious prejudice and religious indifference. He was intensely absorbed in the new changes which politics were bringing upon the nation, in the disappointments which followed the failure of the high hopes associated with the

Reform Movement of 1832. And he was more and more compelled to turn his attention to that immense class of disenfranchised populace whose sufferings and demands the comfortable and leisured classes confronted with vague forebodings ; to challenge their intolerable condition with that vision of Unity, in a common family, under one Father, which he had proclaimed as the good news of the Kingdom of GOD.

His demands in connexion with national education were immediately confronted with the slow developments of the time. Gladstone in those remote days was advocating that a schoolmaster should not be allowed to teach in the elementary schools without a certificate from the Bishop of his religious soundness. Maurice was no more backward in insisting that the business of education belonged to the Church and not to the State. His lectures bearing the title, "Has the Church or the State power to educate the nation?", subsequently published in book-form, flung down the gage of battle to everything which was held sacred by the Radicalism of his time. The *Educational Magazine*, of which he became joint editor, continued the controversy. "The thing he most dreaded," says his son, "was the attempt to treat a human being as composed of two entities, one called religious, the other secular." The transference of the education of the people from the Church to the State he was prepared to oppose to the end. More logical than most, he saw here the

impossibility of permanence in any of those huddled compromises which have represented the successive steps in the building of a national educational system. He knew that there was no permanence in any kind of combination which would break up the child's mind between different sections of interest, and warn off religion from one and State subsidy from the other. And if the whole course of modern development has travelled steadily farther from his first principles, at least it may be recognized that he saw more clearly than most the logical alternatives then embodied in tiny beginnings, and that the verdict upon any system having the note of finality has not yet been declared.

In the practical encouragement of a larger educational system in England, Maurice threw himself heartily into the work of reform. From his Undergraduate days, when in his first publication he had criticized the education of girls, he had reached forward towards something better than that caricature of training which passed in those days for the education of women. In his more mature life he was the driving force in the making of Queen's College, of which foundation he was the life and inspiration. "Though many have watered and tended the plant," was the confession in after years of the Archbishop of Dublin (Trench), "the vital seed in which it was all wrapped up, and out of which every part was unfolded, was sown by him."

A fresh field of exploration was opened by the friendship of the Macmillans, two young Scotch publishers, who were full of desire for the satisfaction of the religious needs of the young business-men of the time. Mr. Daniel Macmillan in 1840 had written to Archdeacon Hare explaining to him something of the chaotic condition of the young city men with whom he daily came in contact. It was the story of a general ferment, with the new thought confronting in perplexity the sterile phrases of the orthodox theology. Hare forwarded the letter to Maurice, but no immediate action followed. Two years afterwards Mr. Macmillan wrote to Hare again on the same subject. He explained the thoughts and difficulties of the clerks, workmen, and shopmen in this new growing city civilization; their endeavours to find a working creed of life; their attendance at Chartist and Socialist meetings and their dissatisfaction with them; their profound dissociation from all the Churches. "There is no spiritual guidance in existence," was his forlorn summary, "at all equal to the wants of our time." Hare again appealed to Maurice, and Macmillan called and was welcomed as a friend. For many months there were frequent discussions concerning the most appropriate method of appeal, in the name of an historic theology, to the citizens of a kingdom which had lost the note of its origins. "We have been dosing our people with re-

ligion," was Maurice's complaint, "when what they want is not this but the living GOD; and we are threatened now, not with the loss of religious feeling, so-called, or of religious notions, or of religious observances, but with atheism." "The heart and the flesh of our countrymen is crying out for GOD. We give them a stone for bread, systems for realities; they despair of ever attaining what they need. The upper classes become, as may happen, sleekly devout, for the sake of good order, avowedly believing that one must make the best of the world without GOD; the middle classes try what may be done by keeping themselves warm in dissent and agitation, to kill the sense of hollowness; the poor, who must have realities of some kind, understanding from their betters that all but houses and lands are abstractions, must make a grasp at them or else destroy them." "And the specific for all this evil is some Evangelical discourse upon the Bible being the rule of faith, some High Church cry for tradition, some Liberal theory of education." All are dead things, he cried—it is the burden of all his message—except in so far as they are "pointing towards a Living Being, to know whom is life," and leading us to that knowledge, and so to fellowship one with another. These were the things which he felt "I must utter or burst."

In the midst of such a confusion he saw the Oxford Movement pursuing its hazardous

courses and staggering towards the final catastrophe. It was academic, concerned with theory and ancient controversies. It had not yet come down into the common ways of men in the tumult of the city, and there were no signs in those days that it would ever consent to such a progress. It seemed to Maurice destined to waste itself more and more over things remote and futile. And, although he was always prepared to rush in to defend its leaders against the tyranny of mob-domination, yet he was also finding himself more and more compelled to testify against its later developments. In the controversy concerning the Jerusalem bishopric—one of the three crushing blows which drove Newman out of the English Church—Maurice plunged eagerly into the struggle to advocate the German alliance. The year after, however, he is vehement in defence of Dr. Pusey against his inhibition from preaching in the University pulpit ; and publishes a letter to Lord Ashley on "Right and wrong ways of supporting Protestantism." Small wonder that men were perplexed at these alternate protests of one whose profoundest conviction was of the mischief of organized parties in the Church, and the wickedness of all persecution. In all such parties he found the principle of doing evil that good may come recognized, that it is lawful to lie to GOD, that no faith is to be kept with those whom they account heretics. It is a long, historic tradition.

The peacemaker also, as in the same historic tradition, was repudiated by all.

The end of the long conflict was near when W. G. Ward published in 1844 his *Ideal of a Christian Church.* Utterly repudiating the contempt for the Articles which that work everywhere expressed, and Ward's cheerful attack upon the whole system which these Articles embodied, Maurice nevertheless was active in opposition to that persecuting Protestantism which was consummating the final catastrophe. He busied himself in the issuing of a protest in the name of Liberalism and based upon general principles of Christian freedom. Two letters "To a Non-resident Member of Convocation" represent his contribution to the general turmoil. In these letters are to be found the seeds of a controversy destined in later years to become notorious, with Maurice as defender instead of critic. For here he chooses, to illustrate the impossibility of binding present interpretation to sixteenth century conceptions, the words of the seventh Article. To the reformers the "*Æterna Vita*" represented unending existence beyond the grave ; to Maurice, the knowledge of God. "It would be an outrage upon my conscience," he affirmed, "to express assent or consent to any Article which did put 'future state' in the Article for 'eternal life.'"

The flood of violence was far beyond the control of any voices of reason. Ward, in a

brilliant defence, in which Maurice's intervention was dragged into the field to testify to the insincerity of the attacks upon him, was condemned by the voice of Convocation. Only the veto of the two Proctors prevented his expulsion. A few days after he had married and passed over to the Roman Catholic Church.

Later came the greater loss. Newman, finding light at last after the period of waiting, left his "father's house" for the "far country" in a journey from which he had shrunk so long. The record of the final steps given in the *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine* revealed to Maurice how great was the divergence between them. "I rose up from the volume," he writes, "with a feeling of sadness and oppression, as if I were in the midst of a country under a visitation of locusts." But it was a blow from which, as Disraeli could testify a generation afterwards, the Church of England was still reeling; as if, in Gladstone's words, a great bell sounding on a cathedral tower had suddenly ceased tolling. It was the breaking of the energies of a decade. His followers were scattered and troubled; some passing with him in "the going out of '45"; some retiring altogether from the active conflict; some finding complete shipwreck of any spiritual belief in a world so full of irony and baffled purposes.

For many years the influence of the Oxford

Movement almost ceased to operate. Oxford itself was given over to a triumphant Liberalism. The social protest against the tyrannous conditions of the time began to replace the interest in these theological discussions; and there came to be heard in the stillness the echoes of the deep crying of the poor. The stage was clear for any company who could bring to such a terrific problem of social disorder any reading of the vision or message of its right interpretation.

Maurice in private trouble was being fashioned for the work to which he was to be called. Mrs. Sterling had died in 1843. Sterling died in September, 1844. He left behind in Maurice's memory a continual reproach for what he came to regard as harshness and impatience with his first and dearest friend; whose Life he could never afterwards bear to read, so full it was of irrevocable things. Then after but a brief period of married happiness, at the end of a long and painful illness, his wife died in 1845. "I feel much more oppressed with the sense of sin than of sorrow," was his mournful confession. "I cry to be forgiven for the eight years in which one of the truest and noblest of God's children was trusted to one who could not help or guide her aright, rather than to be comforted in the desolation which is appointed to me."

He took up bravely the burden of an existence from which the light had gone. He found

himself attaining an increasing reputation as a theologian, with some particular appeal to the more thoughtful men of his generation. He gave the "Boyle Lectures" on the Religions of the World and the "Warburton Lectures" on the Epistle to the Hebrews, in which he scathingly criticized Newman's theory of development. A Theological School in King's College was being established, and he was chosen first Theological Professor. Later he was appointed chaplain at Lincoln's Inn; and left Guy's Hospital after ten years of patient service there; in which he had learnt in familiar experience, the heights and depths of human life, and the tragedy which lives behind the smiling surface of the world.

CHAPTER III

The Shaking of the Earth

THE "hungry forties" were an evil time in England. The decade formed the concluding period of an age during which the dim thousands at the basis of society were passing through one of the most terrible experiences of all their long unhappy history. The industrial revolution, and the years of depression succeeding the great wars, had reduced the peasantry in the villages, and the disorganized masses who were creating the cities, into a condition of penury and despair. It was a hell deeper and wider than any to which the working classes of this country had before descended. And the last years, when, indeed, if the people had only known it, the worst of the time was over, were gathering up into articulate protest all the passion of the poor. "Every bad harvest," is the verdict of social history, "brought riots and outrages in its train. The midnight sky was often red with burning hay-ricks, corn-stacks, and farm buildings, set on fire by starving labourers." There were outbreaks born of a wide distress

and misery in all the first years of the young Queen's reign. In 1840 Lord John Russell could tell the House of Commons that the people of the British Isles were in a worse condition than the negroes in the West Indies. "The state of society in England," wrote Dr. Arnold to Carlyle, "was never yet paralleled in history." Cobden inflamed the first agitation of the Anti-Corn League with story after story of the tragedy of rural labourers: women pawning their wedding-rings to buy food, people living on boiled nettles or decayed carcases of dead cattle. The great Emigration was flinging numbers beyond the sea, inflamed with revolt and despair and bitterness against their own land. "In want, in terror, and with a sense of the crushing injustice of the times, they cursed the land in which they had been born." "There was a sullen, passive reign of distrust amongst the people," is the confession of the memories of these days. "The Reform Bill had disappointed them. All their trade conflicts had ended in failure. Even the resounding attacks against the Corn Laws, then beginning to fill the country, excited little interest among the working classes, and so they gave little response. Betrayal and failure had made them sad and hopeless."

Commission after Commission had set itself to examine the "Condition of England" problem, and had come to no satisfactory

conclusion. The only certain conviction among the governing classes was of the necessity of drastic action in the suppression of revolt and riot, and a profound condemnation of all the Chartist and Socialist agitations among the workers themselves. Lord Melbourne denounced in Parliament the criminal character of the Trades Unions, and counselled drastic measures against them. Dr. Arnold, a Liberal of humane and enlightened views, advanced to the boundaries of possible invective in the ferocity of his language concerning the new movement for the "People's Charter." These people themselves drifted hither and thither in a kind of vague unrest. The new Poor Law was a necessity if the whole nation was not to sink into a spongy mass of pauperism. But it was passed by a Parliament in whose election they had no voice; and it seemed to them merely the cruelty of a State indifference to their forlorn condition. The "Bastilles," as the workhouses were called, were the subject of universal popular denunciation. An enormous migration to the towns and beyond the sea appeared to give no relief to the pauper villages. "The country," as Canon Dixon says, "was going to hell apace." The awful revelations of the Commission on labour in the factories, and the martyrdom of children there contentedly tolerated—revelations which to-day cannot be read unmoved—had but stimulated the slow, timid beginnings of

Factory Legislation. The lust of greed—here as in San Domingo in the sixteenth century, or South Africa in the twentieth—had proved triumphant over all the weak affirmations of the moral law. Without organization, purpose, or plan, the people were gathering into lumps and blotches of population, as they were swept together by the demands of the new mechanical industry. Engels, in his *Condition of the Working Class in England* in 1844, could hold up to an astonished Europe the vision of the cellar-dwellers of Manchester and the intolerable life of the British artisan, as a kind of warning lest its peoples should come also into this place of torment. Unrest and disquietude—disquietude born of hunger and privation, and a bleak outlook for the future—tormented the sullen cities. Sometimes it took the form of mere blind and stupid outrage, an aimless striking at machinery, which they thought was taking the bread from their mouths. Sometimes it organized itself into riot and open revolt. All the hopes of the people gathered round the Charter, which came to be a symbol to society of the coming Revolution ; in which the scenes of Paris, fifty years before, might be repeated in the streets of London, before the coming of the day of better things.

The wisest men of the time were baffled by a problem to which they could find no solution. Carlyle, attending London dinner-parties and

hearing Sydney Smith "guffawing, other persons prating, jargoning," sees how that "through these thin cobwebs Death and Eternity sate glaring." "In no time since the beginnings of society," is his deliberate verdict, "was the lot of these same dumb millions of toilers so utterly unbearable as it is even in the days passing over us." He depicts England finding itself full of wealth and yet dying of inanition; "two millions in workhouses and poor-law prisons, or having outdoor relief flung over the wall to them"; the nation, like Midas, having demanded gold, and turning into gold whatever it touched, being given also the asses' ears and the asses' wisdom; the whole people profoundly unhappy, because they have "forgotten GOD." Small wonder that in tiny groups, in the under world, of Methodists and obscure preachers, men turned to prophecy and the visions of the terror of the latter days, for light upon the trouble of the time.

Upon all such sufferings, uncertainties, doubts, and agonies came the inspiration of the European uprising of 1848. The "song of the quick" was heard "in the ears of the dead." The long period of European sleep and silence suddenly flared into resonant action. Lamennais, back "amongst realities once again" after the experience of his fortress-prison, was called to represent the people in a republican assembly. "A great act of justice is being done," was his cry; "cannot you feel the

breath of GOD?" Mazzini, after years of obscure poverty in the back streets, "the hell of exile," in London, was soon to find himself raising the red banner of GOD and Humanity upon the walls of Rome. Every throne in Europe tottered, and most were thrown to the ground. The barricades were up in Berlin, in Milan, in Paris. The air was filled with the clamour and havoc of change. The revelation of the coming of terrors seemed at last realized in the ways of men; with the sun becoming black as sack-cloth of hair, and the moon blood-red, and the stars of heaven falling to earth, as a fig-tree when she is shaken by a mighty wind.

The young men whom Maurice gathered round him demanded study of the Apocalyptic vision as alone adequate to the time, and Kingsley was searching the prophet Amos for guidance in the stern work to which men would be called in the coming "Day of the LORD." In Italy the Pope was first a national hero, then a fugitive. The Republic was proclaimed in Paris. Louis Philippe had fled across the sea. In Prussia, in Hungary, in Lombardy, in Poland, as if moved by some unseen wind of the Spirit, the people had risen and were fighting in the streets. To Maurice, with his confident faith in the workings of the Divine energy in human affairs, the whole movement was a visible coming of the Son of Man. "If any preacher had tried to impress

you," he cried at the end of this wonderful year, "with the belief that some signs and wonders were near at hand, if he had tasked his imagination or his skill in interpreting the hard sayings in Scripture to tell you minutely what those signs and wonders would be, are you not sure that his anticipations would be poor and cold when compared with the things which you have heard of and almost seen?" "Do you really think," was his challenge, "that the invasion of Palestine by Sennacherib was a greater event than the overthrowing of nearly all the greatest powers, civil and ecclesiastical, in Christendom?"

Yet in such upheaval Maurice's sympathies were not entirely with the advocates of the newer ideals. He repudiated with a passionate rejection the principles of popular sovereignty and of democracy. The catastrophe, in his interpretation, had judged kings, not kingship. It was a warning to those who had proved unfaithful to the ideal; not the passing of the ideal itself before a stronger. "I do not start," he wrote in remonstrance to Mr. Ludlow, "from the Radical or popular ground. I begin, where I think you both end, in the acknowledgement of the Divine sovereignty. Thence I come to the Tory ideal of kings reigning by the grace of GOD." He held this truth not only as belonging to the time in which it was asserted and developed, but as bequeathed by that time to all subsequent ages. With the

tenacity of the Non-Jurors he clung to a position which, logically, would class him as one of their descendants. "The sovereignty of the people," he proclaimed, "in any sense or form, I not only repudiate as at once the silliest and most blasphemous of all contradictions, but I look upon it as the same contradiction, the same blasphemy in its fullest expression, of which the kings have been guilty."

Mankind, or the less adventurous of them, still despaired of the Republic. The first Revolution had burnt into their souls the vision of society falling into fragments through lack of an organized, central unity. They could find no binding power or cohesion in anything but the monarchical principle. To Maurice the only alternative to a constitutional monarchy appeared to be "an autocracy of sheer brutal force, reigning in arrogance and triumph."

The after-swell of the great European tide was washing even the remote shores of England. The demand for the Charter had been first formulated in 1838. After ten years of agitation it seemed possible that the forces of revolt might at last break forth into open explosion. Men wondered if London would exhibit the same scenes of violence as Paris or Berlin. The famous 10th of April was to see the monster petition escorted by a hundred thousand determined men from Kennington to Westminster; the evening might see barricades

and fighting in the streets. Maurice, utterly opposed to the appeal to force, had joined the side of order, and offered himself with the multitude of the middle classes which enrolled themselves as special constables. Kingsley had hurried to London from his country parish to be present at the day of decision, to see if anything could be done even at the last moment to prevent a collision between the Chartists and the troops. Maurice sent him to Mr. Ludlow, and on this day first arose the combination of that little band of reformers who were to become famous in the history of social progress under the title of the "Christian Socialists." "The poor fellows mean well however much misguided" were Kingsley's first words. It would be horrible if there were bloodshed. I am going to Kennington to see what man can do. Will you go with me?"

There was nothing to be done. The demonstration in a few hours had passed from tragedy to farce. The crowding of London with troops, the enrolling of 150,000 special constables to guarantee the preservation of property, the lack of leadership among the workmen, and their own weakness and irresolution, had rendered all prospect of violence negligible. The numbers who assembled proved ridiculously inadequate to the work which they proposed to accomplish. Rain fell steadily. The leaders fled. The crowd dispersed. The great petition crawled ingloriously to Westminster in a four-

wheeled cab. The day closed in mockery and rejoicing. Kingsley, in *Alton Locke*, has given his own vision of the tense atmosphere at the beginning, and the reaction of ridicule at the close. He knew too well the misery and hunger ravaging the masses of the poor to find any exultation in such an ending. If there were little cause for trembling, there was still less cause for laughter. He compares in passionate protest this laughter to the secret smiling of Tennyson's Epicurean gods; as, in their far remote paradise, looking over wasted lands and a desolation which is to them but a distant vision of change, they find the discord of lamentation sounding like faint music far away, and all the tragic terror of the time "like a tale of little meaning though the words are strong."

In such a spirit—with the atmosphere fey, enchanted—Maurice and the little company who had gathered round him in the later spring of 1848, were watching with profound anxiety the signs of the time. They were convinced of the need for action, of the burden of action laid upon them. Their first immediate step was to placard London with addresses to the workmen of England, telling them that they had more friends than they knew of "who love you because you are their brothers, and who fear GOD, and therefore dare not neglect you, His children." In plain terms these placards informed their readers that the Charter

would not make them "free from slavery to ten-pound bribes, to every spouter who flatters self-conceit, to beer and gin." The workmen of England, thus addressed on impersonal hoardings, were lying crushed and forlorn in the failure of their great endeavour, and the ridicule which was being outpoured on the bogus names in the great petition. Such a collapse may perhaps account for a lack of resentment at these strange, ill-chosen lectures, delivered to them through the quaint medium of advertisement in the streets of London, by men who had hitherto done nothing to guarantee their sincerity and their sympathy.

From such unpromising beginnings they passed to more continuous effort. On May 6, 1848, appeared the first number of *Politics for the People*. It consisted of a tiny newspaper of sixteen pages, published weekly at a penny. It appealed definitely to the working classes, and to all those in England who felt the reality of the grievances from which the working classes suffered, and who realized the necessity of reform. From the first, "physical force Chartism" was repudiated. The hope of the new time was to come from religion: and the appeal—sometimes passionate, sometimes bitter—was primarily to the Church and its ministers to take up the obligation of social improvement. "We have used the Bible," cried Kingsley in an early number, "as

if it were a mere special constable's handbook, an opium dose for keeping beasts of burden patient while they were being overloaded, a mere book to keep the poor in order." Against such blasphemy he appealed to the prophets and the teaching of the New Testament, for vindication of "justice from God to those whom men oppress; glory to God from those whom men despise."

Maurice's contributions were of a less violent type. He essayed the work of dialogue—"In the penny boats," "Liberty, a dialogue between a French Propagandist, an English Labourer and the Editor"; and so on. A remarkable body of men contributed to this short-lived journal. Letters were admitted from Chartists and workmen. Kingsley's contributions, written under the famous signature of "Parson Lot," were the most noteworthy. Kingsley and Mr. Ludlow had gone much further than Maurice in identifying themselves with the Chartist ideals. They attacked with vehemence a social system which tolerated unspeakable things. They refused toleration to those who found refuge from action in ignorance. They demanded that men of good-will should choose a side and cut sharp the dividing line between the friends of God and His enemies. "When once fairly let loose upon his prey," wrote W. R. Greg of Kingsley, "all the Red Indian within him comes to the surface, and he wields his tomahawk with an unbaptized

heartiness, slightly heathenish no doubt, but withal unspeakably refreshing."

"I am a Radical reformer," the "Red Indian" was writing, "I am not one of those who laugh at your petition. I have no patience with those who do. My only quarrel with the Charter is that it does not go far enough in reform." Obloquy, abuse, the foulest calumny gathered round him. His friends remonstrated. He held on his way undaunted. "I will not be a liar," he writes. "I will speak in season and out of season. My path is clear and I will follow it. GOD has made the word of the LORD like fire within my bones, giving me no peace till I have spoken out."

Mr. Ludlow, fresh from the vision of 1848 in Paris, with Socialism as a living faith, and the priests behind the barricades, was inspired with a similar fighting spirit. Maurice appears as charged with the ungrateful task of continually holding back these impetuous reformers; counselling caution, softening the asperities of denunciation, preaching loving-kindness and charity rather than the violence bred of revolt and despair.

One must confess that here his work is not entirely effective. He suffered from an incomplete apprehension of the nature of the world of shadows in which his lot was cast for a season. He was living in that world of principles which to him formed the only reality. The fight of Michael against the great dragon,

and the war continually waged by the armies of Heaven, were more real to him than the welter and chaos of political or sanitary reform in mid-century London. He appealed for unity always among the better men of all parties, to repudiate each and severally the ignobler elements with which they were united. The idea that the men of high purpose in various historic political parties should each abandon organizations which include among their adherents men of selfish and base ideals, and form a kind of united company of the good visibly warring against the evil, is an ideal which has haunted the minds of many philosophical reformers. But it is not an ideal applicable to the actual world of political and social change. Nothing is more certain than that, were such conditions attained, the good would be found as visibly and bitterly fighting against the good, as the evil against the evil.

Maurice would defend Kingsley and Mr. Ludlow to the respectable dignitaries who were patronizing the movement; archdeacons and academic persons who were shocked at their plainness of speech. At the same time he would urge them to resist the attractions of the strong piquant phrase. He expurgated many of their articles, and stopped altogether Kingsley's story of *The Nun's Pool.* He was often wearied because of the greatness of the way. Sometimes the ineffective interference, and "the consciousness of missing my aim continually," make him feel that "I must have

been a madman to embark upon such an enterprise." But then he is encouraged by the knowledge that "I did not choose it, but was brought into it by some purpose greater than I know of."

Seventeen numbers only were issued of *Politics for the People*. The circulation reached some two thousand a week; but there seemed no chance of it attaining an economic success. Advertisements were impossible, and the newspaper was boycotted by most respectable newsagents. It died before the end of that wonderful summer, while yet the European conflagration raged fiercely and the future of the nations was all unknown.

The general spirit of the little group was undaunted by such a failure. They remained quite heedless of the clamour of the respectable amongst the Churches against this newfangled Christianity. They were more moved by the distrust, not perhaps inexplicable, amongst the working-class leaders themselves, of this sudden incursion into their midst of a Church party. For the long, intolerable years the Chartists had received from that Church little but abuse or apathy. "The Bishops," was Lord Shaftesbury's bitter cry in 1844, "are timid, time-serving, and great worshippers of wealth and power. I can scarcely remember an instance in which a clergyman has been found to maintain the cause of the labourers in the face of the pew-holders." As they had acted,

so were they judged. "I would shed the last drop of my lifeblood," was Kingsley's hungry cry, "for the social and political emancipation of England, as GOD is my witness. And here are the very men for whom I would die fancying me an aristocrat!"

Yeast, issued in monthly parts in *Fraser's Magazine*, carried on the protest through the autumn. All the bewildered vision of the "two nations" of England, especially of the confusion and despair in the rural districts, still burns in its passionate pages. The weekly meetings at Maurice's house continued during the winter. Impatience for direct action found fruit in tiny schemes of social amelioration. A Night School was set up, for men first, afterwards for women and children, in Little Ormond Yard, Bloomsbury. The Monday Bible Classes drew to Maurice's house a strange mixture in creed and politics, to whom Maurice sought to interpret from the Book of Genesis the meaning of the troubles of the time.

In the spring of 1849 further efforts were undertaken. The great revolutionary movement had collapsed in Europe, and the old order had been re-established in fire and blood. The Reaction, with all the tragedy of high hopes disappointed, was in the hour of its triumph. In England and in Ireland so many who had hoped for the coming of the day of better things were leaving the country in despair of improvement. The spirit of the last pages of

Alton Locke, with the emigrants turning to a new world undefiled by the accumulated wrong of centuries, was the spirit in which so many were departing from the shores of their own land.

The Christian Socialists refused to abandon the vision of the "good time coming." Meetings were arranged with some of the Chartist leaders in London. "They seemed to think much of a clergyman being willing to hold conferences with them in a friendly spirit," was Maurice's sad discovery, "though they are quite used to meeting Members of Parliament." Kingsley had broken down in health under the strain in the winter, but with partial recovery returned again with eagerness to the arena, lamenting the delay in the coming of the spring and the slowness of all human change. He describes his visits to London, pilgrimages with Mr. Ludlow to Lincoln's Inn Chapel to see the "Master" preaching. "Maurice's head looked like some great, awful Giorgione portrait in the pulpit." In one of the working class meetings the effect was more profound. "Last night will never be forgotten by many, many men. Maurice was —I cannot describe him. Chartists told me this morning that many were affected even to tears. The man was inspired, gigantic. He stunned us."

The meeting had been called to consider some practical step to destroy sweating, especially in the slop-tailoring trade. Revelations

concerning this sweating had created one of the periodical sluggish movements of the public conscience, which from time to time excite disquietude and a demand for public action. Maurice went to the root-causes of the whole random disorganization of modern life, in a philosophy whose far-reaching application, had they but understood it, would have scared many of the patrons of the new reforms. He denounced almost savagely the gospel of free competition, and set forth the contrary ideal of association as the law of the Christian kingdom. "Competition is put forth as the law of the universe," he wrote a little later. "That is a lie. The time is coming for us to declare that it is a lie." "The payment of wages under this competitive system has ceased to be a righteous mode of expressing the true relation between employer and employed." The challenge, clear and definite and with no soft words of compromise, is flung down to the orthodox economy which was the child of the industrial revolution in early Victorian England. "We may restore the old state of things" cried this social prophet, "we may bring in a new one. GOD will decide that. His voice has gone forth clearly bidding us come forward to fight against the present state of things." "It is no old condition we are contending with, but an accursed new one, the product of a hateful, devilish theory which must be fought with to the death."

The challenge, here deliberate, was im-

mediately accepted. It was sufficiently outrageous that a clergyman should term himself a Chartist and ally himself with those who demanded votes for the lower orders. But when such a clergyman passed from political to economic questions, assailed the very fabric of society, openly advocated Socialism, and denounced as "devilish" the comfortable creed upon which were based the wealth and security of the leisured class, it was evident that he could expect little but a long and furious warfare against one who stirred up the people to unimaginable ends. Socialism came to Maurice, as it came a little later in Germany, in the form of encouragement of association or co-operation among the working classes themselves. It was not the formation of little secluded Utopias he desired, leading the communal life. Nor did he ever appeal to the State to come in to organize the industrial class. But he thought that, by uniting the workmen themselves into Co-operative Producing Associations, he could eliminate the profits of dead capital and abrogate the ferocity of the competitive struggle. Associations developing from tiny beginnings might become universal; and, when universal, would overthrow that tyranny of capital which was supposed at that time, through "the iron law of wages," to drive always the remuneration of the workers down to the bare limits of subsistence.

But Co-operation in those days wore a very different garb from that which clothes it to-day. This mild and beneficent business-organization of distribution and production, now so sleepy and conservative, patronized by Bishops, extolled by all that is respectable and secure, appeared sixty years ago as a programme of violent and revolutionary change. Workmen uniting with workmen, as their own masters, repudiating the leadership of the intellectual and the rich, were in such unity to shake the very fabric of society. Ultimately they might succeed in abolishing those profits of capital without which an upper and middle class could not decently endure. In the eyes of such a class it was revolutionary, anti-Christian, communistic, cutting at the root of the natural relationship of master and man, employer and employed. It signified a lawlessness and independence at the basis of society which could only consummate in some enormous collapse and upheaval. The orthodox in business and politics and religion turned in disgust from these reckless men; whose theology was misty and vague, whose political economy was contemptible, who were encouraging blasphemy by the proclamation, not in the name of a barren atheism, but as the demand of the Divine Ruler of the universe, that the competitive system must be overthrown.

Through all the gathering storms of opposi-

tion they continued on their way. From the conferences held with the working men during that troubled summer at the Cranbourne Tavern, came the impulses towards the creation of Workmen's Co-operative Associations. Maurice's Socialism, here and always, was of a strictly limited nature. The State, he held, never could be communist, and never ought to be communist. "It is by nature and law conservative of individual rights, individual possessions." But the Church on the other hand, he maintained, is communist in principle. And in the union of the two he finds a reconciliation of those divergent principles of collective and individual welfare whose disunion has troubled the minds of so many social philosophers. "The union of Church and State, of bodies existing for opposite ends, each necessary to the other, is precisely that which should accomplish the fusion of the principles of Communism and of property."

Mr. Ludlow returned from Paris full of enthusiasm for the then most promising movement of the *Associations Ouvrières*. In England reform came but slowly, and those who cared to listen were still troubled by the crying of the poor. Cholera was raging in the unspeakable slums of Bermondsey and Wapping, and Kingsley found almost intolerable the waste and misery of it all. He was impatient for that sanitary reform which he believed could save so many human lives. "Do not let them

wait for committee meetings and investigations." He pleaded, "While they will be maundering about vested interests and such like, the people are dying." The "Condition of the People" problem, seen with his own eyes, took upon itself a deepening aspect of tragedy; and the degradation and horror were torturing his sensitive spirit. "If I had not had the Communion at church to-day," he wrote to Mr. Ludlow, "to tell me that JESUS *does* reign, I should have blasphemed in my heart, I think, and said, 'the devil is king.'" "I have a wild longing to do something; what, GOD only knows."

Maurice, the leader to whom all turned in their trouble, seemed hesitating, unsatisfying. He was profoundly convinced of the futility of all leagues and organizations, and refused to undertake the formation of the "League of Health" which the younger men desired. "The dread of societies, clubs, leagues," he confesses, "has grown upon me. I have fought with it and often wished to overcome it. It has returned again and again upon me with evidence that I cannot doubt of being a Divine, not a diabolical inspiration." The National Society stood before him as an awful warning. "The meetings for party agitation, the lists of subscriptions intended to excite competition and appealing to the lowest feelings" filled him with an infinite repugnance. He deemed it destined to become "a mere dead log" or to be "inspired

with a false demoniacal life by a set of Church clubs"; which would "ten years hence have left the Jacobin Club and every other at an immeasurable distance behind them in the race of wickedness." Analogies drawn from the Anti-Corn Law League only produced from him a discomforting allusion to the verdict of the *Bhagavad Gita* :—"Those who worship the Devatas obtain speedy answers to their prayers." Against energy expended in such a League he advocated a humbler task; the calling upon the students of Lincoln's Inn to unite with the medical men of King's College Hospital, the clergy of the district, and some of the Chartist leaders, in an active campaign in their crowded neighbourhood, against overcrowding, insanitation, vice, ignorance. "I speak as a clergyman," he wrote to Mr. Ludlow, "to you as a lawyer. May we not by GOD's blessing help to secure both our professions from perishing?"

Yet this discouraging advice, given in seeming detachment and calmness, reflected but little the passionate feelings beneath the smooth surface. Time and again, the fires which burned always at his inner being would flare out into violent utterance, revealing something of the self-restraint which kept them generally controlled. Maurice had written of another's cold vision of the Bible as a religious book :—"He is a man who takes things comfortably; warming his hands by the fire, but it will never burn or scorch him in the least." Were it otherwise,

"the fire would be in his heart while he was arranging his knick-knacks and watering his flowers, and it would come out though it burnt up the pretty cottage and garden and Church, and all Borrowdale and Derwentwater." And with Maurice the fire was in the heart, and would "come out" at times, though it burnt up all the secure and established conventions, through which men constructed cushions and barriers to preserve them from the hardness of real things.

Never more flashing and blinding was this furnace revealed than amid that commonest and mournfullest of all the reformer's experience:—the divisions, the mistrusts, the recriminations of rival advocates of progress. "I could go mad too," he flared out in one sudden protest; "and these bewildering charges and counter-charges, and protests and objections, upset my head and heart more even than the evils which upon such terms can never be remedied. 'Ten grains of calomel?' 'No, bleed, bleed!' 'Fool, Mesmerism is the only thing!' 'How dare you say so?' 'There is Hydropathy, there is Homœopathy.' 'Thank you, doctors, one and all. You may draw the curtain. The patient is gone.' Poor England! its tongue is foul; its pulse fluttering; it is dying of inanition and repletion; and we are debating and protesting!"

The reformers yielded upon the question of the Health League and abandoned the project.

They could not yield in what appeared a more serious demand, for the abandonment of the promotion of Working Class Associations. Maurice wished them to preach the principles of Co-operation : they wished to launch Co-operative Societies ; and they would not be swept away from such work into district-visiting and the immediate effort at parochial improvement. To their surprise and delight, when the testing time came, Maurice, instead of retiring, threw himself whole-heartedly into the cause. It was to commence with a Tailors' Association. Kingsley's historic pamphlet upon *Cheap Clothes and Nasty* launched the little venture ; with an impeachment, in the name of Christian principles, of the accepted conditions of industry. After eighteen months of comparative silence, since the cessation of *Politics for the People*, it was agreed that the practical measure should be accompanied by another step forward. Chartism by this time had become a dead thing ; Socialism a living menace ; and the defiant flag of Christian Socialism was nailed to the mast. The name was apparently adopted with a desire to offend the maximum number of persons on both sides ; "to commit us at once," says Maurice, cheerfully, "to the conflict we must engage in sooner or later with the unsocial Christians and the un-Christian Socialists." The little dialogue upon Christian Socialism, which Maurice issued as the first of a new series of tracts, sums up in its affirmations and its

defiance the spirit of the whole movement. There can be discerned all through it the consciousness of a struggle ; and a struggle against forces almost overwhelming ; with an appeal always to a vindication beyond men's approval. It is introduced as a dialogue " between Somebody, a person of respectability ; and Nobody, the author." " I seriously believe," was the frank challenge, " that Christianity is the only foundation of Socialism, and that a true Socialism is the necessary result of a sound Christianity."

The author refuses to rejoice with the rejoicings of society at the triumph of the old system in Europe. " If the order of revolutions produced poor fruit," he asserts, " I cannot yet perceive that the order of reactions has produced any better. If the supporters of Co-operation made some strange plunges and some tremendous downfalls, I believe the progress to perdition under your competitive system is sufficiently steady and rapid to gratify the most fervent wishes of those who seek for the destruction of order, and above all of those who make England a by-word among the nations."

From the orthodox teaching of the narrow creed of a commercial economy, he appealed, as Ruskin was to appeal later, to some enduring definition of the wealth which made for human well-being. With Ruskin also he confronted the affirmations of a passing stage of free com-

petition with the organizations and ideals of older times. "I hold that there has been a sound Christianity in the world," he claimed, "and that it has been the power which has kept society from the dissolution with which the competitive principle has been perpetually threatening it." Christianity he finds "unsound just in proportion as it has become mine or yours, as men have ceased to connect it with the whole order of the world and of human life, and have made it a scheme or method for obtaining selfish prizes which men are to compete for, just as for the things of the earth." He proclaimed with a kind of exultation the older view of the Church, with which indeed was incorporated all his life's assertion of a Divine order and meaning in human affairs; of the Church as a fellowship constituted by GOD in a Divine and human Person, by whom it is upheld, by whom it is preserved from the dismemberment with which the selfish tendencies of our nature are always threatening it."

He turns with scorn from such visions as those of Montalembert in France and the "Young England" movement at home; in which salvation is to be effected by the romantic and kindly philanthropy of the wealthy, and the deferential gratitude of the poor. "He loves the poor as poor," Maurice says almost savagely, "as means, that is to say, of calling forth and exhibiting the virtues, the self-sacrifice, the saintship of the rich." "Though he knows

that the greatness of the period which he admires arose from co-operation, not from competition, he must denounce co-operation and practically glorify competition, because the one talks of emancipating the labourer and the other leaves him to the alms of the faithful. He must know, if he will reflect, that these alms, were they multiplied a thousandfold, could not save hundreds or thousands of his fellow-countrymen and countrywomen from abject misery of body and soul."

Against such an ideal he elevates the vision of the message he thinks he has been sent to proclaim. "Our Church must apply herself to the task of raising the poor into men. She cannot go on treating them merely as poor." And in a final outburst he announces that despite all the opposition of a world timid, interested and hostile, this cause must ultimately triumpth.

"If you accuse us of being idle, visionary dreamers who abhor statistics, we must plainly tell you that our object will be to deal with the commonplace details of human misery, to enquire not how the world may be cut into parallelograms, but how you and I can buy our coats without sinning against God and abetting the destruction of our fellow-creatures ; to show how our little acts of inconsideration may cause far more physical and moral evil than great crimes ; to point out a way in which habitual acts of deliberation and reflection upon our

relations to our brethren may avert or relieve wretchedness, which grand charities and magnificent subscription lists leave untouched or perhaps aggravate.

S. How do you propose to prove that you are the persons who are the fittest to undertake this mission ?

N. We do not propose to prove it.

S. How do you know that any one will listen to you ?

N. We do not know it.

S. Have you enlisted any powerful supporters ?

N. None at all.

S. You count upon some help from the periodical Press ?

N. We have no reason to expect the least.

S. Not even from the religious newspapers ?

N. From them one and all, utter contempt or violent denunciations.

S. A brilliant prospect certainly !

N. The old prospect. If this counsel, or this work, be of man, it will come to nought. If it be of GOD, slop-sellers, philosophers, economists, the whole trading world, the whole religious world cannot overthrow it, for they will be found fighting against GOD.

CHAPTER IV

"He stirreth up the People"

UNDER such auspices, early in the dividing year of the century, and with the determination that men should be stimulated to "buy their coats without sinning against God," the humble Association of Tailors was launched in Castle Street, near Oxford Street. It was followed by the Association of Needlewomen, for the remedying of the worst form of sweating among the women workers. Maurice exercised all his persuasive arts among his friends in London and Cambridge to obtain orders for the firm. Other similar associations have been launched since; to which also the philanthropic have been invited to give orders. Somehow the system, then as now, has failed to work. The demand for expansion, however, was not to be content with one tiny experiment among the slop-tailoring trades. In more ambitious scope a parent society, the Society for Promoting Working Men's Associations, was organized out of the original band of Christian Socialists and their friends, including some of the working men. The council

of this Society met weekly at Maurice's house to consider plans for propagandism. The object of the movement, as set forth in Tract V of the tracts on Christian Socialism, was definite and ambitious. "It is now our business," wrote the promoters, "to show by what machinery the objects of Christian Socialism can, as we believe, be compassed; how working men can release themselves, and can be helped by others to release themselves, from the thraldom of individual labour under the competitive system; or at least how far they can at present by honest fellowship mitigate its evils."

Maurice, an inspirer and a prophet, was difficult to those who were eager to push forward into practical affairs. His profound, almost morbid, distrust of organizations and systems, led him to oppose the creation of machinery which practical men thought essential to the working-out of the ideal. As the machinery became elaborated, he would attack it as substituting mechanical things for the ethical and moral forces without which it was useless. He feared lest the machinery itself should become an object of worship. "He desired," says his son, "to Christianize Socialism, not to Christian-Socialize the universe." Beyond all things he dreaded becoming the head of a party of Christian Socialists. This fastidious distrust and hatred of party drove him to oppose many of the deliberate efforts to place the movement

upon a workable business foundation. The leaders, bringing forward some seemingly innocent plan dealing with committees or consolidation, would find themselves suddenly confronted with a judgment and condemnation, in which the eternal laws of the universe were called in to brand as intolerable some entirely simple piece of practical adjustment. One such attempt designed to form a Central Board, uniting together individual Associations in various towns, checking them, controlling them, advising them. Mr. Ludlow, inviting Maurice to join such a company, received a shattering reply. In his refusal: "The line I have marked out for myself," Maurice asserts, "is the right one. Any other would involve me in a fatal desertion of the principles upon which I have for years striven to act, and above all, of that principle of fellowship and brotherhood in work which I have felt called to assert with greater loudness of late." He scorns the belief in the power of organization to make sets of men with an evil moral purpose, good and useful. "In His Name," he vehemently protests, "and in assertion of His rights I will, with GOD's help, continue to declare in your ears and in the ears of the half-dozen who are awake on Sunday afternoons, that no Privy Councils or Œcumenical Councils ever did lay, or ever can lay, a foundation for men's souls and GOD's Church to rest upon." The

Central Board was promptly abandoned. The managers of the several Associations and the promoters remained apart; and the latter engaged rather in the work of disseminating the ideals and principles of Co-operation than in the actual organization of Co-operative Societies.

The movement developed amid storms of obloquy and denunciation. The whole respectable and religious Press united in an endeavour to crush the men who were stirring up the people into discontent, and repudiation of the legitimate social order. The quarterlies contributed their heavy artillery. The *Tablet* for the Roman Catholics, the *Eclectic Review* of the extreme Dissenters, the *Daily News* representing Cobden and the Manchester School, joined the *Record* and other orthodox Church papers in the general hue and cry. The vindication by the Parliamentary Committee upon "Investments for the Savings of the Middle and Working Classes," and the strong support of John Stuart Mill, exercised no mitigating influence. *Alton Locke* was published in the spring of 1850, and concentrated upon Kingsley's devoted head all the fury of the time. The publisher of *Yeast* refused it, and it finally only struggled into print through the kind offices of Carlyle. The *Record* struck at it passionately and blindly.

I have before me a bound copy of the *Christian Socialist*; a "Journal of Association," as the sub-title runs, "conducted by several

of the promoters of the London Working Men's Associations." Yellow with age, sharply limited by the necessities of print and paper before the repeal of the paper-duties, it appears as a journal more eager for the preaching of a faith than for the production of a newspaper. It represents an interesting, if rather pathetic, relic of a time long gone. The weekly issues exhibit rather a series of spasmodic cries than any intelligible record of the movement, or of the world outside; the voice of one crying through the darkness: "Will the night soon pass?" The articles which call attention to the patient endurance of the poor, are full also of that indignation against acquiescence in accepted things, which is the heart of any movement towards reform.

There are letters from working men explaining their desolate condition. There is inflammatory poetry such as Kingsley's proclamation of "The Day of the LORD" in the first number. There are attempts to justify the Bible to the people as the book of redemption proclaimed to all; and attempts to justify Socialism and Co-operation to those among the wealthy and respectable classes who thought that these meant the destruction of the old Faith. There are fragments from foreign travel descriptive of nature and the world outside, curiously intertwined with the record of the slow advance of the Working Men's Associations, which occupies the bulk of the news.

The most important general articles are those which give the weekly record of the Government Committee on the Savings of the Middle and Working Classes, with the evidence of John Stuart Mill and others as to the desirability of securing the legal status of the Associations. The general tone is full of violence and of bitterness, and of prophecy of the evils to come. "The new idea," Mr. Ludlow leads off in the first article of the first number, "has gone abroad into the world that Socialism, the latest-born of the forces now at work in modern society, and Christianity, the eldest-born of these forces, are in their nature not hostile but akin to each other; or rather that the one is but the development, the outgrowth, the manifestation of the other; and that the strangest and most monstrous forms of Socialism are but Christian heresy." They call upon Christianity to come out from its present position, cramped in between the four walls of its churches or chapels, and forbidden to go forth into the wide world conquering and to conquer; "to assert GOD's rightful domination over every process, and trade, and industry, over every act of our common life"; and "to embody in due forms of organization every truth of that Faith committed to its charge." They see society drifting rudderless on the sea of competition. They call for a fight against all the armies of mammon. They reveal in

all these fiery pages the sense of an actual and visible combat against the forces of evil. They challenge the affirmations of John Stuart Mill with the proclamations of the Book of Deuteronomy. They find harvest labourers, hired at a penny a day, with their wages refused; and receiving instead a penny halfpenny for three weeks' labour. They confront such courses with the judgment in the Epistle of S. James against those who kept back the hire of the reapers by fraud. "People of England," they ask, "choose between these two gospels."

They comment freely on the ritual riots at S. Barnabas', Pimlico. "Since when has religious liberty been so little understood in England," they write, "that a clergyman must run the risk of having his church pulled down because he is dressed in white instead of in black, sits behind a gilt screen, lights a candle in broad daylight, and writes inscriptions so that they shall not be read?" And all the while "the palace of the slop-sellers in Oxford Street remains inviolate"!

Their attitude towards politics is revealed in the comments upon the ministerial crisis of 1851. "The people are sick of party cries and party leaders," writes Mr. Ludlow, "sick of Parliamentary interference altogether." They despise the Whigs. They thoroughly distrust the Manchester party as an embodiment of competitive selfishness. They find the Peelites

a clever coterie with no followers, and they will not hear of a return of the Protectionists. "The people were disposed to give the new men a fair trial, but a bread tax they would not submit to. Come what might they would not allow the food of England to be taxed for the raising of landlords' rents and the swelling of farmers' incomes."

And throughout all they are conscious of the perilous condition of the body politic. "I think of the four judgments of Ezekiel," runs one leading article, "again I repeat it, we have had famine, pestilence, we have noisome beasts; again I ask, does the sword alone remain?"

Kingsley, in a series of fiery articles, taking for text a murder in rural England, used the revelations of the trial as material for an impeachment of the whole organized system. The real accomplices of the murderers, he declares, are "the whole enlightened and civilized British public." "Sooner or later the LORD of Heaven and earth, He who lives and sees and bides His time till men fancy He is dead or an absentee landlord like themselves, He who is supposed by many to have no intention of interfering till the end of the world, He will require the murdered man's blood at your hands."

"The end of the world!" he bursts forth, in the warning of one who saw clearly the hazardous nature of the time, and the

forces which were surging and boiling just beneath the thin crust of society, "The end of the world! Well, gentlemen, and how do you know that the end of the world is not come, and the day of the LORD thereof at hand, and a new world already in its birth throes? That which decayeth and waxeth old, the system which has become impotent, effete, living on the traditions of its boyhood, confessing its inability either to grow and develop or to arise and play the man in the might of its long-past youth, that, said the wisest man except One who ever trod this earth, is ready to vanish away. Ye hypocrites! ye can discern the face of the sky, yet ye cannot discern the signs of this time."

The Experiences of Thomas Bradfoot, Schoolmaster, an uncompleted novel, represents Maurice's contribution to the *Christian Socialist*. It is written in a spirit more quiet and tranquil than those passionate outbursts of the younger reformers. It appeared in fragmentary contributions week by week, and the plot is not very far advanced before the end. In the form of a personal confession it professes to give the experience of a country schoolmaster, confused by the various issues which were fighting themselves out over National Education; as they are fighting themselves out to-day. There is the dominance of the Parson and of the Squire for evil and for good; the attack by the Nonconformists, in part justified, in part

exaggerated ; new Jacobin ideals brought into the southern English market town by a French officer. The interest of the fragment is not so much in the thought as in the style. Maurice, in his definite determination after simplicity in a story which he desires the working man to read, reveals himself here as a real master of simple English prose. It is an enormous advance on *Eustace Conway*, and with none of the confusion and involved purpose of the theological writings. The author whom this little effort most recalls is the author of *Mark Rutherford's Autobiography* ; and if a critic were reading it to-day as from an unknown hand, he would be exceedingly inclined to ascribe it to that writer. In the growing love of the hero for his little cousin, for example, there is an astonishing resemblance to certain scenes in *The Deliverance*. "I began to think that Elinor was worth a thousand times as much as that young woman, or any other that I had ever looked upon. I recollected her little rosy child's face, and then how it had altered, and what a new expression had come out in it, and how strange and sad the smile upon it was the last time she spoke to me ; till the vision began to meet me when I rose in the morning, and amidst the grinning faces of the school-boys, and in the trees and flowers when I went out to breathe of the evening air, and at night whether I was awake or asleep." Such

sentences as these might have walked straight out of the novels of Mr. Hale White.

The *Christian Socialist* contains the complete record of the founding of these various tiny productive Associations in London ; with their balance sheets from month to month. It was on the smallest scale. In December, 1850, we find advanced to the tailors £378, to the shoemakers £251, to the printers £254, to the bakers £57. The little capital is made up of donations of £513, and loans of £616. There are rather forlorn experiences of the inability of the workmen to respond to the Co-operative gospel, with remonstrances against such a class as the working builders in the Co-operative Society sweating their unskilled labourers. Most of the Societies ended in disaster with considerable financial failure. They had commenced, as in so many cases, with the least organizable class, those who had been working in the sweated trades. They had suffered from the difficulty which has oppressed so many Co-operative Productive Societies, of obtaining honest and competent directors. The *Christian Socialist* became the *Journal of Association*, carried on an uneasy life for a time, and finally also died away. It perished with the flag flying defiant still, and no repentance or repudiation of the cause which it had made its own. "So die, thou child of stormy dawn," wrote Kingsley, in one of the most passionate of his poems ; as he called on the forces of

teeming June and the great influence of the rain of God to bring the seed encompassed in that death to a fairer flower and fruit :—

"Fall warm, fall fast, thou mellow rain ;
Thou rain of God, make fat the land ;
That roots, which parch in burning sand
May bud to flower and fruit again.

To grace, perchance, a fairer morn
In mightier lands beyond the sea,
While honour falls to such as we
From hearts of heroes yet unborn,

Who in the light of fuller day,
Of purer science, holier laws,
Bless us, faint heralds of their cause,
Dim beacons of their glorious way.

Failure ? While tide-floods rise and boil
Round cape and isle, in port and cove,
Resistless, star-led from above :
What though our tiny wave recoil ?"

At the beginning of 1851 Maurice and Tom Hughes undertook together a tour in Lancashire to spread the gospel of Co-operation. Everywhere Associations were being formed, each looking for guidance to the little central company of promoters. Those who found Christianity a thing incredible and who quite honestly thought that the emancipation of the workers was impossible without the abandonment of this creed, felt alarmed at this new revival from such unexpected quarters. Mr. Holyoake, in the *Reasoner*, declared

open war from the side opposite to that of the religious Press, denouncing Maurice and Kingsley for attempting by philanthropic methods, to obtain converts amongst the working men to a faith which was dead and incredible. That charge he repeated at intervals in all his subsequent works. No course, it may be asserted, could be more remote from the whole aims and objects of the founders. Maurice, at the time he was endeavouring to spread Co-operation, was denouncing the National Society for making "a convulsive struggle for schoolrooms by pleading that they were meaning to put down Chartism." "What could be a more fatal sign of want of faith in education itself," he asks, "than this eagerness to draw arguments for it from the selfishness of the higher classes?"

The Socialism of Maurice, indeed, flowed forth from his Christianity. He had drunk his politics, as another has asserted, "from the breasts of the Gospel." The good news of the Fellowship and Kingdom meant for him the assertion of a unity to which the laws of competition were always opposed; and the announcement that competition was an inevitable condition of progress he had denounced as a devil's lie. But any vision of persuading workmen to become Christians by improving their material condition, or any hope that the Church could be aggrandized by concern in social philanthropy, was a vision and a hope so

repugnant to every word he had ever written that the charge left him amazed at its injustice.

But, while the Secularists were thus battering at one gate, the Christians were no less backward at the others. In September Mr. Croker opened fresh batteries in the *Quarterly Review* under the title "Revolutionary Literature." "Very beggarly Crokerism," was Carlyle's comment, "all of copperas and gall, and human baseness"; adding cheerily, "no viler mortal calls himself man than old Croker at this time." Maurice and Kingsley were denounced as "heads of a clique of educated and clever but wayward-minded men; who from, as it seems, a morbid craving for notoriety or a crazy straining after paradox, have taken up the unnatural and unhallowed task of preaching in the Press and from the pulpit, not, indeed, open, undisguised Jacobinism and Jacquerie, but under the name of Christian Socialism, the same doctrines in a form not less dangerous for being less honest." So, in the accepted methods of criticism, the engaging creature spilt his poison around and waited for results; calling the special attention of the authorities of the Church to the fact that Mr. Maurice, who, "we understand, is considered the founder and head of the school," and "the avowed author of other works, theological as well as political, of a still more heterodox character," is "occupying the chair of Divinity in King's College, London."

It was the year of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park. Crowds of strangers, including great companies of working men, were finding their way to London. Special efforts were made to reach these multitudes, and draw them into communion with the religious life of the nation.

One such effort—a series of sermons preached at S. John's, Fitzroy Square, on the Message of the Church to the rich and the poor—furnished the spark which produced the explosion. They were to be given by F. W. Robertson, Kingsley and Maurice. The first of these, on the message to the wealthy, led off with doctrine sufficiently novel and unexpected in the pulpit of an Established Church. "Rarely have we dared to demand of the powers that be, justice; of the wealthy men and the titled, duties. We have produced folios of slavish flattering upon the Divine Right of Power. Shame on us! We have not denounced the wrongs done to weakness. And yet for one text in the Bible which requires submission and patience from the poor, you will find a hundred which denounce the vices of the rich."

This was strong meat; next Sunday stronger was to follow when Kingsley, in the very words of the Revolutionary Hope, proclaimed the Christian message of Emancipation:—

"The business for which GOD sends a Christian priest in a Christian nation," was the defiant assertion, "is to preach and practise

Liberty, Equality, and Brotherhood, in the fullest, deepest, widest meaning of these three great words. In so far as he does he is a true priest, doing the LORD's work with the LORD's blessing upon him. In so far as he does not he is no priest at all, but a traitor to GOD and man."

The Incumbent's patience was exhausted, and at the conclusion of the sermon he came forward to the reading-desk and denounced the doctrines therein propounded. The excitement in the church was intense. A little girl who was with Maurice remembers asking indignantly, "Shall we throw our Prayer Books at him?" Maurice refused to preach the concluding sermon. The news of the scandal spread with rapidity. The Christian Socialists were universally condemned. Kingsley was forbidden by Bishop Blomfield to preach again in London. The inhibition was afterwards withdrawn; but the effect of its obloquy remained, and something of the unpopularity of the disciple was transferred to the master.

The authorities were not slow to respond to the challenge of the great organ of Conservatism and sober opinion. The Council of King's College were filled with forebodings at the eccentricities and rashness of their Theological Professor. Dr. Jelf, the Principal, was moved to increasing remonstrance. "I see nothing in your writings," he wrote to Maurice, "inconsistent *per se* with your position as a Professor

of Divinity in this College." But as to Kingsley, "I confess that I have rarely met with a more reckless and dangerous writer." Maurice's name, he pathetically protests, is placarded in conjunction with this revolutionary, "on large placards in inky characters in every street." "It will be said justly," he complains, "Mr. Maurice is identified with Mr. Kingsley, and Mr. Kingsley is identified with Mr. Holyoake, and Mr. Holyoake is identified with Tom Paine." "There are only three links between King's College and the author of the *Rights of Man*"! "Unless you are prepared to take steps to vindicate your character," he concluded, "the best advice your most sincere friend could give you would be to resign your office without delay."

Maurice replied softly to such amazing arguments. Beneath the gentleness, however, was a strength unshaken and resolved. "I cannot resign my office," he asserted, "while such insinuations are current respecting me." Dr. Jelf continued to wring his hands over the broken crockery. A Clerical Committee of Enquiry was appointed by the Council to consider "how to allay the just apprehensions of the Council." "I can do nothing whatever to allay them," was Maurice's blunt reply. "If I gave up the working Associations, which I believe would be a great sin, I should feel myself obliged to begin some similar undertaking the next day." "I shall

not disclaim any friend, or consent to give up the name 'Christian Socialism,' or pledge myself to avoid any acts in future which have given offence in time past."

The Clerical Committee behaved after their kind. They praised Maurice's work at the College. They commended Christian Socialism because "the scheme which has been set forth under that designation—a designation, in their opinion, not happily chosen—is believed by those who have devised it to be the most effectual antidote to Socialism commonly so called." And they expressed their regret at finding Maurice's name mixed up with publications on the same subject which they considered to be "of very questionable tendency." Maurice returned a humble and grateful reply, and for the moment the incident was closed. The Council expressed their relief from "much anxiety" by the assurance of the Committee that, "allowance being made for occasional obscurity or want of caution in certain modes of expression, there appears to them in Professor Maurice's own writings on the subject of Christian Socialism, nothing which does not admit of a favourable construction." "But they feel warranted in entertaining a confident hope that, by increased caution for the future on his part, any further measures of theirs will be rendered unnecessary."

The impotence, the timidity, and something

of the insolence of an Established Church is in these suave and wounding phrases. The Jelfs and Harrisons and Inglises, the Marquis of Bristol and the Earl of Harrowby, thus let off with a caution a great Christian teacher and social reformer; whose crime was that of having loved the Church beyond all worldly things. "He stirreth up the people" now, as in all the past, was the head and front of an offence which demanded apology and forgiveness. There is here the same heavy complacency, the same dullness, the same blindness to the signs of the time, which a few years before had broken Newman's spirit, and driven him, in despair of any improvement, into open revolt and departure. And the stern warnings of his farewell stand as judgment and condemnation of the history of three centuries: "Thine own offspring . . . who love thee and would fain toil for thee, thou dost gaze upon with fear as though a portent, or dost loathe as an offence." "Thou makest them to stand all the day idle as the very condition of serving thee; or thou biddest them begone where they will be more welcome; or thou sellest them for nought to the stranger that passeth by. And what will ye do in the end thereof?"

The inexorable progress of things outside this hothouse atmosphere, was to drive these defenders of the Faith and all the contented society of which they were representatives, into

the unwelcome facing of realities. Distress was but little mitigated. The great engineering and iron-trade strike in the winter of 1852 shook the foundations of England's industrial order. Many of those who believed in the Workmen's Associations urged the seizing of this opportunity for an attempt to organize the industry, or a portion of it, on the new co-operative basis. Others, less sanguine of immediate change, wished to devote their energies to the bringing about of a reconciliation between masters and men. Maurice was amongst the latter. He was reproached for urging the strikers to unconditional surrender. "I will not ask the men to starve," was his reply, "unless I can starve with them." In similar design he refused to discuss at conferences the relations which should exist between Capital and Labour. His work was to go deeper, to probe to the actual foundations of society, to find human relations beneath and beyond all relations of property. "To set trade and commerce right," was his formula, "we must find some ground, not for them, but for those who are concerned in them, for men to stand upon."

A great step forward marked this year in the passage of the Bill legalizing Associations under the title of "The Industrial and Provident Partnership Bill." Maurice's distrust of Democracy remained. Lord Goderich, afterwards 1st Marquis of Ripon, had prepared one of the

tracts for Christian Socialists on *The Duty of the Age*. He proclaimed Democracy as the great factor of the time; and asserted that the duty of all Christian men was to recognize this factor, and to attempt to reconcile it with the government of CHRIST. He announced himself as a Democrat; and urged the working men to strive for universal suffrage, and to prepare themselves for its responsibilities and obligations.

All this to Maurice was of the nature of heresy. The tracts had been printed and were ready for issue, but Maurice commanded their immediate suppression. Every man of the little company was against him, but they all yielded to his impetuous demand. "Monarchy with me is a starting-point," was his explanation, "and I look upon Socialism as historically developing out of it, not absorbing it into itself." "Reconstitute society upon the democratic basis," he affirmed, "treat the sovereign and the aristocrat as not intended to rule and guide the land, as only holding their commissions from us, and I anticipate nothing but a most accursed sacerdotal rule or a military despotism; with the great body of the population in either case morally, politically, physically serfs, more than they are at present or ever have been."

Maurice lived in pre-revolutionary days. His thought was static, not dynamic. It was the thought of a time before obscure discoveries in the life of earthworms and orchids had

changed the whole human outlook upon the universe. God to him was the foundation and sustainer of all things, the source from which all human life and human society were derived. But God appeared less as the underlying Energy, one of whose attributes is change, than as the unchanging presence of One who, watching over Israel and all the nations, slumbers not nor sleeps. Maurice refused to entertain the conception of a society passing through evolution into new states of being, in which the very affirmations of the older time became meaningless and outworn. "Society is not to be made anew by arrangements of ours" was his protest against the onslaughts of Democracy, "but is to be regenerated by finding the law and crown of its order and harmony, the only secret of its existence, in God." Why such order and harmony should be identified with a Sovereign and Aristocracy was never quite clear to his more advanced disciples. To these the old order was vanishing under the influence of a Divine inspiration which was consuming all the past, and declaring with a voice which none could challenge, *Ecce nova facio omnia.*

But the men who had seen the collapse of 1848, and were haunted by the memories of 1794, could not dream of any abiding system except through the ancient organization. No stable republic had survived in Europe. The old kings had returned. Order reigned—at

Warsaw and elsewhere. Maurice thought the obligation laid upon him was that of proclaiming society and humanity to be Divine realities as they stand, not as they may become. To-day Becoming, rather than Being, is interpreted as the note of the Divine; and the world-order is read as a process; passing towards a one far-off Divine event to which the whole creation moves. The energy of Almighty power thus appears most conspicuous in operation just in that hurrying of the old into a new which is the perfect flower and fruit of all the past's endeavour.

Meantime, in their own little effort, the company collected together for the advancement of these productive Associations found sufficient difficulty in practical affairs. Many of the Associations themselves declined to march. The advertisements of the *Christian Socialist* were refused by most respectable newspapers, and respectable booksellers declined to keep copies of it for sale. Maurice, still in part detached, but held in reverence by all, found himself continually in request, now to allay dissension, now to cheer the faint-hearted. Like some great pillar in the flood, he stood steadfast and unmoved, confident in the truth of his cause, and in its ultimate triumph.

His methods were frankly autocratic. When differences arose between Vansittart Neale and Hughes on the one hand, and Mr. Ludlow on

the other, he tore up the letter of the latter, and called upon him frankly to say that he did wrong. "I earnestly implore you to work with me," he pleaded, "that the dividing, warring, godless tendencies in each of our hearts, which are keeping us apart and making association impossible, may be kept down and extirpated. We cannot be Christian Socialists upon any other terms."

"For GOD's sake come down and see me," Kingsley was pleading, "if only for a day. I have more doubts, perplexities, hopes, and fears to pour out to you than I could utter in a week. And to the rest of our friends I cannot open. You comprehend me. You are bigger than I."

Heedless of the hubbub around him, with his eyes set towards far conquests, Maurice pressed forward in the work he had set himself to do. With the legal recognition of the Associations the worst was over. Henceforth the great storm fell into quietness, and presently died away. The distributive Societies came to flourish exceedingly; the productive Societies, more directly favoured by the promoters, had a more chequered history. With the coming of better times and the smoothing of the raw edges of discontent, the acute social crisis was passed. England in the 'fifties was entering upon its greatest period of commercial expansion, and an ever-growing commerce and an ever-widening Empire were

providing an opening for those pent-up energies which a decade before had seemed destined to turn towards revolution. Gradually the vessel righted itself and floated once more buoyantly in calm seas. It had been a near escape from shipwreck; how near no one in the future will ever be able clearly to estimate.

With this relief of the pressure the movement of the little band of Christian Socialists expanded and loosened. Some, like Hughes and Vansittart Neale, threw themselves into the practical direction of the new Co-operative Movement. Kingsley concentrated his attention more and more upon sanitary reform, and the direct methods of bringing the new scientific discoveries into the service of social welfare. Maurice passed through troubled waters of controversy in his own particular work as a theologian and philosopher. Prophet always rather than practical reformer, his concern was first with the things of the spirit; especially with that testing of the ancient creed and faith which was being provided by all the ferment of the new knowledge. Henceforth his work was to be, in the main, that of protest; proclaiming always in a society becoming more and more comfortable and indifferent, and to a Church blind to the changes of the time, the great elemental truths upon which the universe endures: that GOD is the foundation of all social order, that a real Kingdom exists with a King who proclaimed its coming and estab-

lished its laws upon this world so many years ago; that this order is steadily advancing towards a triumph in which the meaning of the whole will be revealed in the light of the end.

What to-day is the judgment of this "Christian Socialist Movement," as declared by the verdict of history? It bulks larger in the vision of posterity than amongst the men of its own time. The later distinction of some of its first founders, and the large changes which have followed from these small beginnings, have given it a reputation which at the moment it had no means of justifying. It was on the tiniest scale:—A few thousand tracts sold, a couple of unsuccessful weekly journals, a few hundreds of pounds subscribed; just a little eddy in the midst of the great turmoil of London and of England at the dividing time of the century. Its notoriety was largely created by its enemies. The religious Press, the journals of the wealthier classes, could never forgive theological professors and country clergymen for plunging into the world of affairs, designing themselves "Socialists" and consorting with "infidels." Abuse rained down upon them. The violence of the condemnation of their principles and their actions may be accepted as a measure of the changes which have flowed from these remote beginnings. Their "Christian Socialism,"

examined to-day critically as a constructive system, and removed from the setting of emotional indignation and pity which gave it distinction, seems to be but a mild method of reform. Except for its utility in exciting exasperation among the enemy, the term "Socialism" might have been dropped from its propaganda; for few of its members understood what Socialism meant, and of these still fewer accepted it. The leaders, Maurice and Kingsley, were aristocratic to the backbone. Maurice accepted kingship as fundamental, repudiated republicanism, and thought that the rule of democracy was the rule of the devil. Kingsley remained to the end convinced that society should be organized in classes, with the country gentleman and the University graduate recognizing the responsibilities of their position and leading the lower orders along the ways of peace and prosperity. So from the beginning the "Christian Socialists" repudiated everything in the nature of "Communism," and demanded little from the State; being on the whole more convinced of its tyrannies than its beneficence. They shared also much of the timidity of their time concerning intercourse with the atheist and the unbeliever. Maurice hastened to repudiate the suggestion that Kingsley had ever contributed to "infidel newspapers." And in all their letters, the friendly attitude of many social reformers to the Straussian propaganda and the efforts of free thought is contemplated

with horror and dismay. We are here far from the time when ecclesiastical dignitaries compete with each other for the privilege of contributing to the pages of the *Clarion* and similar anti-theistic publications, and vie with each other in exhibiting their charity by attending at banquets in honour of distinguished opponents of Christianity.

The ruins of a world occupy the intervening age. Only in examination of the stiff, queer ideals of the early Victorian period can we realize the immensity of the transformation which has created our own time. These men saw certain specific evils to which most of their class were blind; the degradation of that crowded life which festered unheeded at the basis of society; the ineffectiveness of the recognized clerical remedies—more churches, more schools, authority, obedience. They saw the poor perishing, and no man laying it to heart; society rocking to its foundations. They declared themselves on the side of that "hunger and cold" which could appeal for vindication to no human avenger. "What is the use," cried Kingsley, "of talking to a hungry pauper about Heaven? 'Sir,' as my clerk said to me yesterday, 'there is a weight upon their hearts, and they care for no hope and no change, for they know they can be no worse off than they are.' And so they have no spirit to arise and go to their FATHER."

They were as hot and eager as a Carlyle or a

Ruskin in denouncing a society that "thus could build." They set themselves to break through the heavy complacency which weighed like an oppression in high quarters of Church and State, and stifled the effort of reform. They found the Church but hardly waking from its long sleep of centuries, with the movement which had made the awakening still unrelated to the life of the poor. The Established religion, as a great critic has said, for so many generations, had been "simply a part of the ruling class, told off to perform Divine services, to maintain order and respectability in decent society."

From this moment, however, there were never lacking those inspired by some far different ideal. Within that Church's boundaries, from this little company as pioneers, there flowed down henceforth a continual tradition of social effort and concern. It came to mingle and unite with the revival in the Oxford Movement of the conception of the Church as an organism, with the renewed conceptions of discipline and sacrifice which had seemed for so long to be but idle dreams. It influenced with its enthusiasm the accepted courses of a Liberal theology. It even disturbed the old complacent outlook of the Evangelical section, with its comfort and security in a feudal tradition. It is still advancing in a clear, confident stream, and is destined to exercise no despicable influence in

the social reconstruction of the coming days. The ancient formal machinery, in its dustiness and decay, has been charged with a spirit more human, more compelling and alive; urging always a Christian responsibility to the dim, troubled populations of the poor, and the failure of any schemes of social philanthropy to effect anything like an establishment of social justice. We live in the midst of that current, and cannot adequately judge the extent of its working. It has to contend against the accumulated rubbish of centuries, in a society still in structure feudal. The overturn of the Revolution has brought here no acceptance of social equality; and the barriers of prejudice are more stolid in class tradition than in any society of the civilized world.

At times all the attempts to redeem the Church of the Establishment, essentially as it seems, the preserve of a wealthy and leisured class, recruited—when it draws recruits—almost exclusively from those prosperous persons who put on an Anglican belief with an increasing social prestige, seem vain and hopeless. "All the Churches are against me," was Lord Shaftesbury's bitter complaint in his effort for the redemption of child-life sixty years ago. And still in any similar large and striking advance against present discontents, it is for the most part outside the Churches that men must turn for the impulse to press forward towards an untried future. We have

not yet learnt to cut the world into parallelograms. It is doubtful if we have even succeeded in "buying our coats" without "visibly sinning against GOD." The squalor and hunger and starved empty energies of the Abyss still confront with an unanswered challenge the affirmation of a Common Fellowship. And the cry of baffled purposes rises with the old complaint, "Neither hast Thou saved Thy people at all." But in the heart of the City's squalor, and scattered over the forlorn country side, little knots and centres of revolt are to be found, where proclamation is made, in the name of a King, of a universal justice which will one day come to pass, and a fairer future awaiting the bewildered family of mankind. And all of these will acknowledge their gratitude to the pioneers; to this little company which sixty years ago, to the scandal of their contemporaries, elevated the banner of Liberty, Equality, and Brotherhood, as the ensign of the Armies of the LORD.

CHAPTER V

A Heretic

KING'S College had shown impatience with the social eccentricities of its Theological Professor. The breach was closed, but it left its mark. The Council had looked for some increased caution in the future on his part, which should render any further measures on their part unnecessary. Here evidently, to those who knew Maurice—his fearlessness, his utter indifference to worldly prospects, his determination to speak out—was a condition of unstable equilibrium. In a very short time trouble was once more impending, which could only have one end.

The disquietude of the time was always before him. He desired especially to help the young men facing a world of thought and speculation more disturbed than at any period since the upheaval of the Reformation. The great influx of the new knowledge had broken down the security of the older beliefs. Many who wished to affirm the ancient historic Creed turned in despair from the popular interpretation of doctrines which seemed incredible.

Maurice was being continually consulted by those to whom the question was one of life or death. Amongst all the branches of organized religion in England he always had an especially friendly feeling towards the Unitarians. He had left them deliberately; but he appreciated from the personal experience of his childhood their high level of intelligence and social interest. To these he now addressed his new *apologia* for the Christian Faith, the *Theological Essays*. "My mind has been more filled with the Essays," he wrote, "by day and sometimes by night, than has been quite good for me. They are in fact my letters which express the deepest thoughts that are in me, and have been in me working for a long time." He felt that the publication would mark a great crisis in his life. "But I believe I was to write this book," he declared, "and could not honestly have put it off. There is more solemnity to me about it than about anything else I have done."

The *Theological Essays* form the clearest and most connected summary of Maurice's theological position. "I have maintained," he states in the dedication to Alfred Tennyson, "that a theology which does not correspond to the deepest thoughts and feelings of human beings cannot be a true theology." The central thought of it all, as of all Maurice's pleading for half a century, is the appeal from man to God. The nature of God, and

not the emotions or sentiments of man concerning Him, was the sure foundation of religion. The Evangelical Revival, in the dead cinders of whose once great fires he was then residing, "made the sinful man, and not the GOD of all grace, the foundation of Christian theology." The Oxford Movement failed, as he thought, to bring back the life of the Creed; to say, "See how all begins from a FATHER, goes on to the SON, finds its completeness in the HOLY SPIRIT." He was writing for his age in face of the wants of his special time. He had heard the demand from the heart of material success and outward comfort, for some conception of life in which material and comfortable things would cease to trouble or allure. Everywhere he thought he could discover around him that great longing for the understanding and apprehension of the Eternal beneath and behind the shows of time, without which man's life ceases to take upon itself any intelligible meaning, and presently ends in nothing but a huge weariness. "The cry which I hear most loudly about me," he asserted, "which rings most clearly within me, is this: Has this age any connexion with the permanent and the Eternal? Is there any link between our present, our past, and our future; any One who unites the past, the present, and the future in Himself? Is there an Eternal GOD? Has He made Himself known to us? Has He

given us a right to trust Him now and for ever?"

It is a scheme of a theology, though of theology charged with white-hot emotion and illuminated with lightning flashes of prophecy. It passes from the beginning to the end; from the origin of man's life to its consummation, both in GOD. It presents a plan as vivid and complete as those schemes of human purpose and destiny which were carved on the porticoes of old Gothic cathedrals, with the panorama of the universe unfolded from the fire of its creation to the fire of its close. Charity, as in the theology of the Greek Fathers, is the ground and centre of existence; and GOD, as the Infinite Charity, is the starting-point of all. "Take away GOD," is the affirmation, "and you take away everything. Without this, Bible and Church alike are good for nothing."

Against this Infinite Charity there shadows the vision of sin—sin as an experience, disturbing, haunting, tearing to pieces the fabric of human well-being and the unity of the individual soul. It leads the observer in a close circle, narrow and dismal, without explanation and without escape; until he can rise to the confession, not merely "I have sinned against society" or "against my own true nature," but "giving the words their true and natural meaning, 'I have sinned against Thee.'" This consciousness, apprehended in dim, fantastic

fashion by all the generations of humanity, has excited those distortions of sacrifice, asceticism, and rites of expiation, which have tortured mankind since the dawn of history. "As long as men are dwelling in twilight, all ghosts of the past, all phantoms of the future, walk by them." But the preaching ordained for the Kingdom of Heaven, "is it not, as always, the great instrument of levelling hills and exalting valleys?"

Evil, for Maurice, is the work of evil spirit, the power of darkness against which are fighting in continual warfare all the armies of heaven. Yet with this universal consciousness of bondage he discovers also an universal longing for a Deliverer: "some one whom I did not create, some one who is not subject to my accidents and changes, some one in whom I may rest for life and death." The earnest expectation of the creature had been desirous through unremembered time for the manifestation of a Redeemer. Maurice finds great ideas floating in the vast ocean of traditions which the old world exhibits to him; vague conceptions of an absolute God, of a Son of God who shall come at last to deliver mankind from their captivity. "We ask," he claims, "not for a system, but a revelation," a revelation "which shall show us what they are, why we have had these hints and intimations of them, what the eternal substances are which correspond to them." This revelation he finds

at last in the Person of JESUS CHRIST—*Verbum caro factum est*—"the CHRIST whose Name I was taught to proclaim in my childhood, the source of the good acts of every man, the Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." The hearts of the people demanded incarnations. "We accept the fact of the Incarnation because we feel that it is impossible to know the Absolute and Invisible GOD as man needs to know Him and craves to know Him, without an Incarnation." "We receive the fact of an Incarnation, not perceiving how we can recognize a SON of GOD and Son of Man, such as man needs and craves for, unless He were in all points tempted like as we are." "We receive the fact of an Incarnation because we ask of GOD a redemption, not for a few persons, from certain evil tendencies, but for humanity, from all the plagues by which it is tormented."

Maurice sees the Atonement in the light of this Incarnation; not—with the popular theology—apprehending the Incarnation from the experience of an Atonement. In his attack upon the popular notions of Sacrifice he is at the heart of his divergence from the Protestant theology of his time. Against the accepted orthodox position he breaks out in fiercest protest. He denounces a scheme of things which makes a Divine justice different from a human justice, and interprets punishment as a Divine satisfaction, and declares that "an

innocent person can save the guilty from the consequences of his guilt by taking these upon himself." "Debates are going on in every corner of the land," he cries, "suggested by these difficulties. What misery, what alienation of hearts arises from them, no one can tell." He protests against any explanation of a CHRIST changing the Will of GOD, which He took flesh and died to fulfil. The Scripture says, "The Lamb of GOD taketh away the sin of the world." Have we a right to call ourselves Scriptural or orthodox if we change the word and put "penalty of sin" for "sin"?

From the Cross and its mystery he passes to the vision of immortal life. "The last enemy which shall be destroyed," Strauss had said, "is the belief of man in his own immortality." Maurice accepts the challenge. "No experiments for the purpose, no theory of the universe, no new arrangements, no increase in material comfort," he proclaims, "has succeeded in destroying this belief." "As long as everything about him preaches of permanence and restoration, as well as of fragility and decay, as long as he is obliged to speak of succession and continuance and order in the universe and in the societies of men, as long as he feels that he can investigate the one, and that he is a living portion of the other, so long the sense of immortality will be with him." Death is *the* enemy. There is a deep conviction in men's minds that death is "utterly monstrous,

anomalous; something to which they cannot and should not submit." Generations of moralists have done nothing whatever to enforce the experience of 6,000 years. "They go on denouncing the folly of men for thinking that death is not a necessity, for not yielding to the necessity. The heart of man does not heed discourses; their own hearts do not heed them."

From this "last enemy" he comes back to the vision unfolded in *The Kingdom of Christ*; of a Church built upon a sure foundation, alien from the courses of the world, the source and inspiration of all human fellowship. Here also is a reality, with power working in the ways of men; working none the less though all men denounced it or denied it; destined to an ultimate victory. "If I thought," is Maurice's passionate affirmation, "that the world which is to arise out of the wreck of that in which we are living, were one of which some other than JESUS CHRIST, the SON of GOD, was to be the King, I should have no more fervent wish, supposing I could then form a wish, I could conceive no better prayer, supposing there was then one to whom I could offer a prayer, than that I and my fellow-men and the whole universe might perish at once and for ever."

Baptism and the Eucharist are witnesses, not creators, of that eternal order. "For eighteen centuries Christendom has kept this

Feast. There has been no other like it in the world." He will acknowledge no visible Church, however tremendous and universal its claims, as adequate by itself to represent this Divine order. All visible Churches are but broken lights of a reality behind the illusions of time and change. The world contains the elements of which the Church is composed. In the Church these elements are transformed by a uniting, reconciling power. The Church is, therefore, "human society in its normal state." The world is that same society, irregular and abnormal. The world is the Church without GOD. "The Church is the world restored to its relation with GOD, taken back by Him into the state for which He created it."

Back he comes at the end to the Infinite Charity, which was the beginning; "not to be found with its root in this earth, or in the heart of any man who dwells on this earth." Its deepest mystery is expressed in the conception of the Eternal Communion of the Blessed Trinity. Here is the origin and guarantee of all fellowship; "showing how in fact, and not merely in imagination, the Charity of GOD may find its reflex and expression in the charity of man, and the charity of man, its substance as well as its fruition, in the Charity of GOD." And from this comes the fundamental mystery which is the very substance of Maurice's proclamation: the origin of Eternal Life in the knowledge of GOD. "The knowledge does

not procure the life, the knowledge constitutes the life."

Here, as always, he will cling to the historic distinction between temporal and eternal things; not, as in popular misconceptions, two time-states sharply divided by the boundary of death, but two different conditions of being apprehended by a creature who is a child of two worlds; the things which are seen, temporal; the things which are unseen, eternal. The spiritual universe is neither subject to temporal conditions, nor obedient to the law of temporal decay. "A child knows more of eternity than of time. The succession of years confounds it. It mixes the dates which it has been instructed in most strangely. But its intuition of something which is beyond all dates makes you marvel." "If I spoke of *defining* eternal life," says Maurice, "I should feel, and I think all would feel, that I was using an improper word. For how can we define that which has no definite limits of time? But instead of picturing to ourselves some future place, calling that eternal life, and determining the worth of it by a number of years or centuries or millenniums, we are bound to say once for all, 'This is the eternal life, that which CHRIST has brought with Him, that which we have in Him—the knowledge of GOD.'" In such a life "we can have fellowship with those who are nigh and those who are far off; with men of every habit, colour, opinion; with those whom the veil of

flesh divides from us; with Him who is the perfect Charity, with the FATHER and the SON, who dwelleth in the Unity of One Blessed and Eternal Spirit."

In the concluding essay he definitely attacks the popular notions of eternal life and eternal death. "Eternity," he could only reiterate in reference to life or to punishment, "has nothing to do with time or duration." He boldly challenges the announcement of a stern and limited gospel—the notion that "the message which CHRIST brought from Heaven to earth is, 'My FATHER has created multitudes whom He means to perish for ever and ever; by My Agony and bloody sweat, by My Cross and Passion, I have induced Him in the case of an inconceivable minority to forgo that design.'" "I dare not pronounce," he confesses, "what are the possibilities of resistance in a human will to the loving Will of GOD. There are times when they seem to me, thinking of myself more than others, almost infinite. But I know that there is something which must be infinite. I am obliged to believe in an abyss of love deeper than the abyss of death. I dare not lose faith in that love. I must feel that this love is compassing the universe. More about it I cannot know, but GOD knows. I leave myself and all to Him."

The last words are a solemn warning to the religious leaders of his time. The doctrine

of endless punishment was being avowedly defended as necessary for the reprobates of the world. Religious men, the people of refinement and intelligence, might dispense with it. But how were the poor to be kept moral without it, or the publicans and harlots persuaded to repent of their sins? Maurice shatters such a theory with the affirmations of the Gospel. "When CHRIST denounced a 'generation of vipers,' and asked, 'How shall ye escape the damnation of hell?' He was speaking to religious men, to doctors of the law. But when He went amongst publicans and sinners, it was to preach the Gospel of the Kingdom of GOD."

Never had the challenge been more deliberate, or the response more certain. Some, like Kingsley, hailed it with enthusiasm. "Maurice's Essays," he writes, "will constitute an epoch. If the Church of England rejects them she will rot and die as the Alexandrian died before her. If she accepts them, not as a code complete, but as a hint towards a new method of thought, she may save herself still." Maurice knew that whether the Church of England ultimately rejected them or no, at least the immediate effect would be repudiation and anger. Theological error, especially in the form of an awakening against the current Tartarean conception of hell, was even more serious than fantastic social theories. In fact,

in the minds of most men, the two hung together in a common revolutionary system. Maurice's social reform advocated the rising of the poor against their masters, while at the same time his theological eccentricities removed the only guarantee of the morality of the poor which is provided by the fear of the hereafter. "I would not be surprised," he writes, if the book "did reveal the thoughts of many hearts, if it were for the falling and rising again of many in Israel." But he had recognized also from the first that "when I wrote the sentences about eternal death, I was writing my own sentence at King's College."

The prophecy was soon verified. A hubbub of protest immediately demanded drastic action. The unfortunate Principal endeavoured to smooth matters over by urging Maurice to resign, as most convenient to him and to the College. Ever a fighter, with the military instinct strong in him, and a determination to carry his protest to the end, Maurice rejected so simple a course. He was living in an atmosphere mystic and exalted, in which the particular inconveniences of worldly persecution counted for nothing at all. "Hard fighting is in store for us," he writes to Kingsley, "but those that are with us are stronger than those who are against us ; though we ourselves may be often among the latter. Let us hope mightily for the future. There will be a gathering of CHRIST'S hosts as well as of the

devil's out of the ranks of Pharisees and Sadducees, of publicans and harlots."

So he resolutely refused to resign, and challenged the authorities to expel him. To have resigned would have been to give away his whole contention ; the demand for a liberty of prophesying within the Established Church, and the rejection of any limits narrower than the Articles and the Creed. "I plainly declare," he announced, "that I cannot preach the Gospel at all if I am tied to the popular notions on the subject."

An interminable correspondence resulted, becoming more and more impossible as each of the men realized that neither had any conception of a common denominator. Maurice protested vehemently against Dr. Jelf's cheerful phrases : "Unhappy publication," "fallen into error," "entangled into subtleties," and so on. What he had done he had done deliberately with his eyes open. "If the publication is unhappy," he writes, "all I have ever written was so, and all my teaching in the College has been so." He was willing, however, to go quietly if the Council would call on him to resign because he was at variance with a Principal in whom they had confidence. He would not resign because they held him to believe and teach that which a clergyman subscribing to the Articles and the Prayer Book has no right to believe and teach. Finally, the breach became open and unbridgable. Dr. Jelf fixed his complaint upon the necessity

for the establishment of a sound theology on the notion of reward and punishment, which, to Maurice, was merely a peculiarly offensive form of atheism. "I have drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard," he wrote, "telling Jelf plainly in a note to-day that I see the differences between us are wider and deeper than he supposes; that they affect the essence of the Gospel and the whole interpretation of the Bible."

The forces outside accelerated the catastrophe. Bishop Blomfield wrote to Dr. Jelf saying that while Professor Maurice held his chair, he should decline to receive the College certificate as a qualification for the Bishop's examination. The Oxford critics were scornful. "Maurice had been petted," wrote James Mozley to Dean Church, "and told he is a philosopher, till he naturally thinks he is one. And he has not a clear idea in his head. It is a reputation that, the instant it is touched, must go down like a card house."

All the efforts of peacemakers were in vain. Maurice thought himself to be fighting the battle of a whole generation, concentrated in this dispute upon one particular and vital issue. "The crisis, I am convinced, is at hand which will bring the question to an issue; whether we believe in what Dr. Jelf calls a 'religion of mercy' (proved to be such because phrases about salvation are to phrases about damnation as 57 to 8, the Bible being a great betting-book

where the odds on the favourite are marked as at Doncaster or Newmarket), or whether we believe in a gospel of deliverance from sin and perdition." "From the multitudes that are pretending to believe in God, while they mean the Devil," he protests in fierce phrases, "I saw that it must come, and that it was safer to meet it."

Friends exerted themselves to avert the scandal of a public dismissal. Hare warned those responsible with what a terrible shock an official condemnation of Maurice would come to that large portion of the intelligent mind in all classes which he had profoundly influenced by his teaching and his writings. "I do not believe," was his high tribute, "that there is any other living man who has done anything at all approaching to what Maurice has effected in reconciling the reason and the conscience of the thoughtful men of our age to the Faith of our Church." And Colenso, not yet branded as a heretic, dedicated to him in warm and friendly admiration a new volume of sermons. Wilberforce, seeking peace, and desirous above all things of averting a scandal, was filled with perplexity. He "exceedingly regrets" the publication of the *Theological Essays*. He "continues to be altogether at a loss to understand from them what Maurice does and what he does not hold." "If they stood alone," he confesses, "and if they were a fair sample of his theological teaching, I should think him so unsafe a teacher

of youth that I should acquiesce with great regret in his removal." But he dreaded the noisy triumph of the partizan, and the future of such a controversy. "It will be universally believed," he wrote to Dr. Jelf, "that Maurice is sacrificed to the *Record*, and this will inflict a blow upon your professorial body of which I cannot calculate the issue." He surmises that "there will be no small uproar about this business," and prophesies "the beginning of such strife is as when one letteth out water."

But the result, as Maurice had foreseen, was assured from the beginning. Dr. Jelf sent his impeachment, together with printed copies of the long correspondence with Maurice, to every member of the Council. Maurice returned his final reply. On Thursday, October 27, 1853, a special meeting of the Council was summoned to consider the matter. After long deliberation, it was resolved that the opinions set forth in the essay on Eternal Life, especially referring to "the future punishment of the wicked and the final issues of the Day of Judgment, are of dangerous tendency, and calculated to unsettle the minds of the theological students of King's College." It was therefore decided that, while acknowledging his zealous and able services, "the Council feel it to be their painful duty to declare that the continuance of Professor Maurice's connexion with the College, as one of its Professors, would be seriously detrimental to its usefulness."

An amendment, asking the Bishop of London to appoint competent theologians to examine the orthodoxy of the writings complained of, was moved by Gladstone, but rejected. He deplored the rapid and panic-driven judgment which was due to "a body of laymen, chiefly lords." "Even decency demanded of the Council," he wrote to Lord Lyttelton, "acting perforce in a judicial capacity, that they should let the accused person know in the most distinct terms for *what* he was dismissed, and should show that they had dismissed him, if at all, only after using much greater pains to ascertain that his opinions were in real contrariety to some Article of the Faith."

The decision, in fact, had been settled before discussion. Maurice was sacrificed to the popular clamour of the religious Press, especially the *Record*, which had for years been demanding his destruction. The Bishop of Lichfield (Lonsdale, formerly Principal of King's College) wrote to Maurice that on these grounds alone he would not have voted with the Council; thus exhibiting his opinion "on the question of the expediency of getting rid of you in deference to external clamour, and not my opinion of your theology." The Bishop of London (Blomfield) at the meeting stated his opinion that Mr. Maurice was preaching "dangerous doctrines, contrary to those of the Church of England." The reference of these opinions to any impartial

tribunal which might possibly have pronounced in Maurice's favour, was the last thing desired.

Maurice refused to resign. He was at once forbidden to continue lecturing, an insult which he felt deeply after the long years of devoted service he had given to the College. The Council resolved that they entirely approved of the Principal's conduct with reference to the suspension of Mr. Maurice's lectures. He made a last appeal, demanding the formulation of the exact nature of the charge against him, and the particular Articles of the Faith which condemned his teaching. "If I have violated any law of the Church," he insisted, "that law can be at once pointed out. The nature of the transaction can be defined without any reference to possible tendencies and results. It is this justice, and not any personal favour, which I now request at your hands."

On reading this letter the Council decided that they "did not think it necessary to enter further into the subject, and declared the two chairs held by Mr. Maurice in the College to be vacant."

CHAPTER VI

In time of Order

MAURICE appears thus, at the age of forty-eight, branded as a heretic in the sight of all the world; the centre of a fierce controversy in which he found himself almost as much in disagreement with his supporters as with his opponents. The orthodox, the opponents of change, and all the classes dominated by the *Record* newspaper, held that he had suffered no more than he deserved. Liberal opinion declared in his favour. His offer to resign the chaplaincy at Lincoln's Inn was refused by the Benchers. Addresses of sympathy poured in; from the co-operators of London to their President; from old pupils at King's and from Queen's College; and from members of the Nonconformist bodies. None were more welcome than those verses of invitation from Tennyson, which will always associate Maurice's name in literature with a great tribute to a life's devotion; lines which sound even to-day with something of the music of the waves, breaking on the Channel shore:—

"For being of that honest few,
Who give the Fiend himself his due,
Should eighty-thousand College Councils
Thunder 'Aanathema,' friend, at you,

Should all our Churchmen foam in spite
At you, so careful of the right,
Yet one lay hearth would give you welcome
(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight.

. . . . . .

Come, Maurice, come ; the lawn as yet
Is hoar with rime or spongy-wet ;
But when the wreath of March has blossom'd,
Crocus, anemone, violet,

Or later, pay one visit here,
For those are few we love as dear ;
Nor pay but one, but come for many,
Many and many a happy year."

The man himself was undismayed by all the tumult around him. "My appeal throughout," he claimed, "has been to the formularies of the Church. I am condemned by those especially who wish the religious newspapers to be the great court of Ecclesiastical Appeal." Content to lose all emoluments from that Church's resources, he yet defied all antagonists to expel him from its boundaries. "They cannot drive me out of the Church of England," he announced, "for it is not to drive any one out to make him incapable of receiving the revenues which are accidentally attached to it. These revenues may be turned to secular uses, wholly turned perhaps some day ; but the Church will remain."

The *Theological Essays*, aided by so splendid an advertisement, excited widespread discussion in the country. "I fear I cannot be always meek and gentle," Maurice confessed, "with the butchers of God's words and Church." But when he sees such a popular theology as that of the Atonement "turning, as I almost know, thousands into infidels and hundreds into Romanists," he cannot keep silence.

He was full of continuous plans for social betterment; for "Cambridge Tracts" (the first by himself) on the Oxford Movement; for "Tracts for Priests and People," which should appeal to the drifting and bewildered crowd who knew not what to believe; for conferences on the hazardous subject: "How is the chasm to be filled between the clergyman and the working man?" Above all, he appealed for light. "That cannot be true," he cried, "which shrinks from the light, tempting the cowardly and self-indulgent to a faint acquiescence; which involves, it seems to me, the most real and deadly atheism."

Forbidden to teach in the University College, which would no longer accept him, he turned to the work of educational enlightenment in a very different stratum of society, and under far more exacting conditions. *Ecce convertimur ad Gentes.* The promoters of the Working Men's Associations were filled with eagerness for the spreading of higher education among the working class. Inspired by the example

of the People's College which had been established at Sheffield twelve years before, they determined to establish a similar institution in London.

Early in 1854 Maurice drew up a printed scheme of organization, which became the basis of the Scheme for the Working Men's College. A house in Red Lion Square, rented from one of the Associations which had collapsed, was set apart as the home of the new venture. Maurice lectured to raise funds and to make the experiment known. In October of that year the College was launched into the world with an inaugural address by Maurice at S. Martin's Hall. More than 130 students were enrolled for the first year. Men of ability and renown were interested in its aims and persuaded to volunteer as teachers. Ruskin started a drawing class, Rossetti taught the use of colour, Westlake, Frederic Harrison, Lowes Dickinson, and others, generously gave their time and interest.

There were difficulties in all the early days concerning tests, and the religious influences of the place. The daily routine, and many circumstances connected with it, caused Maurice great distress and continual fits of depression. Sometimes he is lamenting the unpopularity of prayers at the College, and "our general failure to give it a heart." Sometimes he is troubled over the question of Sunday, and the organization of excursions and walks for

those who showed no desire to attend places of religious worship. He was continually endeavouring to resign, and was continually brought back again into the difficulties. "I have felt that a Working College," he wrote to Mr. Ludlow, "if it is to do anything must be in direct hostility to the secularists; that is to say, must assert that as its foundation principle which they are denying. But to do this effectually it must also be in direct hostility to the religionists; that is to say, it must assert the principle that GOD is to be sought and honoured in every pursuit, not merely in something technically called religion." But, although in many respects disappointing the fervent dreams of its founders, the College continued to live with various fortunes, and to-day, in a new home and with a new generation of supporters, cherishes in reverence and affection the memory of the pioneers.

From the controversy over King's College to the attack upon Mansel seven years later, Maurice was passing through a time of comparative quiet. The years passed, bringing their changes; losses, bereavement, the coming of middle age, the opportunities appearing and vanishing like little clouds on the sky-line. His mother died, and his sister Priscilla in 1854; his brother-in-law, Archdeacon Hare, the following year. The nation was being stirred by the re-appearance of the horrid sights of war, after the long peace; and the struggle

in the Crimea, with all its follies and heroisms, was challenging the interpreters of human history in the light of prophecy.

Maurice was less moved than Kingsley and Tennyson by the outward show of its pageant, the shock of battle, the "sword's high irresistible song." He sought, often painfully, to find the inner meaning of it all; to understand the working of GOD's providence on the large stage of human affairs. Kingsley felt the horrors of that long Russian winter breaking his spirit, and every soldier's suffering was laid upon him like a personal pain. "Statesmen, Bishops, and all that are false to our country in her hour of need," weighed heavily on his soul. "It is a burning fiery furnace," Maurice writes to him, "we are going through in this war. I see it, and in some degree I feel it, and the SON of GOD, I believe and trust, is with us in the midst of it." He had hoped for the war chiefly as "a sign of what GOD was doing." He believed the attack on Russia to be right and just. He thought "our business," which we have been "forced to do when we were most reasonably and remarkably reluctant, is to resist a power which set itself up to break down national boundaries, and establish a universal Empire." "GOD has sent us upon the errand" he declares boldly. And he finds the war "like the commencement of a battle between GOD in His absoluteness, and the Czar in his."

Later came the darker tragedies of the Indian Mutiny, "bringing back all the questions to this age which the Lisbon earthquake forced upon the last." "We shall have our letters on optimism and also our *Candides*. And if we do not take the Cross as the solution of the world's puzzles, I think the Voltaire doctrine will triumph over the Rousseau." "I think," he confessed, "that there should be no accusations except of ourselves; and that these should appear chiefly in acts of repentance." He laments the methods of "progress" in India which have finally resulted in this tragedy. "*Our* morality and *our* Christianity are of a very low order." We cannot impart more than we have. "We have imparted just what we have and what we were —some sense of law, justice, truth, with a considerable amount of atheism. It is clear that we have converted the people to *that*, and the atheistical period being impregnated with all the elements of the devil-worship which it has supplanted, is, as the first French Revolution proved, the time for ferocities."

In many of the questions of current controversy he was on the Conservative side. He was often distrustful of the demand for the breaking-up of old institutions, and of the thirst for independence and for pleasure which had come upon a world so occupied with its great possessions. The Sunday controversy was in full cry during these years. He hated the

method by which those who feared the future were endeavouring to stamp down the forces which were breaking up the old Puritan Sabbath. He protested against the petition of the LORD'S Day Society, with its glib quotations from Scripture, evoking the terrible suspicion that "there must be something in our religious condition which is very like that of the Jews when they made the Sabbath Day the main excuse for denying the Son of man, and the SON of GOD, and seeking to kill Him." But he still upheld "the Christian Sabbath" as "expressing that union of rest and work which is implied in the constitution of the universe," still "an ordinance connected with the nation and its holiness."

His sermons at Lincoln's Inn were regularly printed, and distributed by a little company of his followers and friends. He published his book on Sacrifice, and a collection of lectures; his sermons on S. John's Gospel, and on the Apocalypse; with the first part of his great History of Philosophy. He continued undaunted his warfare against the old enemies; "the foul stench sent forth by our anonymous periodical literature," and the religious world, "which I hope will hate me more and more," he wrote at this time, "and which I hope to hate more and more." He proclaimed as resolutely as ever the principles which guided all his energies in the service of GOD and man: that time and eternity

co-exist here, that "we cannot always act upon the strange lie that the things which we see are those which determine what we are"; that the knowledge of GOD is eternal life. He demonstrated from S. John's theology "not only that the knowledge of GOD is possible for men, but that it is the foundation of all knowledge of men and things; that science is impossible altogether if He is excluded from the sphere of it."

In that commonplace world of mid-century London, in a kind of Bloomsbury villa, with but little outward evidence of any motive-power animating the life around but the thirst for pleasure and for comfort, Maurice lived in those exalted regions where GOD and His enemies wrestled for the bodies and the souls of men. He saw the Churches, with their stiff, formal traditions, sharply divided from the life of the ever-passing crowd. He found their energies pent up into services one day in seven, and emphasizing only the more obvious sins of the flesh as being the essence of all evil. He demanded that they should come out into the streets and into the daylight, in a new crusade for the transfiguration of the whole of modern society, in the light of the great illumination of the end. "I am sure," he maintained, "that if the Gospel is not regarded as a message to all mankind of the redemption which GOD has effected in His SON; if the Bible is thought to be speaking only of a

world to come, and not of a Kingdom of Righteousness and Peace and Truth with which we may be in conformity or in enmity now; if the Church is not felt to be the hallower of all professions and occupations, the bond of all classes, the instrument of reforming abuses, the admonisher of the rich, the friend of the poor, the asserter of the glory of that humanity which CHRIST bears—*we* are to blame, and GOD will call us to account as unfaithful stewards of His treasure."

His vision of the world around him was apocalyptic; as full of sombre and bright colour as that flashing union of high things and base which Carlyle in similar times was unfolding to the world. Behind the grey bricks and crowded streets and bewildered, busy people, he discerned the pouring of the vials, and the loosening of the great winds of heaven, and the thunder of the trumpets of the night. More and more he came to believe in a tremendous crisis to which humanity was hurrying, and in the dark days which are awaiting the children of the years to come. "I foresee a terrible breaking down of notions, opinions, even of most precious beliefs; an overthrow of what we call our religion; a convulsion greater than that of the sixteenth century in our way to reformation and unity. Still I believe they will come, and that they will come through an unveiling to our hearts of the

old mystery of the Trinity in which our fathers believed, but which they made an excuse for exclusion and persecution, not a bond of fellowship, a message of peace and deliverance to mankind." This preaching of the Trinity in its fullness, he declares, will be "the everlasting Gospel to the nations, which will involve the overthrow of the Papal polity and the brutal tyrannies, as well as the foul superstitions of the earth."

Maurice believed that the Apocalypse would at last be found to remove most veils from this mystery, as well as "the meaning of the course of GOD's government of the world from the beginning to the end." His lectures on the Revelation of S. John exhibit his outlook upon life; his strange and often disturbing exegesis, his mystical vision, and the passionate eloquence of his appeal to Divine guidance and judgment and vindication in all the courses of human affairs. It is the book which could, perhaps, be most readily recommended as conveying some sense of the power of the man, and that fire within him which, as in the case of the legendary hero of old, seemed sufficient to burn up the sins of the whole world. He passes from queer, often fantastic, interpretations of the meaning of these obscure visions to the unfolding of a Divine philosophy of history; in which, suddenly and in a moment, there becomes revealed to him, in a form which words can scarcely utter, the conception of the

Divine purposes. Sometimes he will turn to denounce the exaltation of the greatness of London in terms of the old exaltation of the greatness of Babylon or Tyre or any other heathen polity. Sometimes he will remind his audience that the one may be no stabler than the other. "Now, as in the old time, there are idols, processions, and sacrifices offered to vain things that cannot help or deliver." "Call your world religious, political, commercial, fashionable, by what title you please, it is still a harlot world, a world of confusion and bondage." All his pleading is an expansion of the declaration which once the old English people delighted to inscribe on the doors and lintels of their houses, from which the world of his day had wandered so far away:—*Nisi domum Dominus ædificat, labor frustra est*; "Except the LORD build the house, their labour is but lost that build it. Except the LORD keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

Sometimes, again, London, England, all the little causes of to-day's fretting and noises, vanish in the scene of a great panorama advancing steadily from its remote beginnings to a sure end; the panorama of man's life and destiny, unrolled on the vast stage of human affairs. "Following the dictates of their separate, individual, Adam nature," he cries, "they have realized the full meaning of the curse; they have sunk into themselves; in the midst

of society, they have been solitary. Claiming their right as made in the image of GOD they have found a second Adam, who is not a living soul but a quickening spirit. They have left the garden with all its delights as a condition fit for babyhood, not for mature age. They have perceived that labour is better than enjoyment; conquest of the thorn and the thistle, than the eating of all things that are good for food and pleasant to the sight. They have learnt that the way to the tree of life is through death; that when it takes the form of the cross the flaming sword cannot keep any sinful mortal from approaching it. They see the river which watered the garden converted into a river of the water of life, proceeding out of the Throne of GOD and of the Lamb."

He refused to alter the writing of his past controversy. "Like Pilate, I am afraid of altering it, lest I should substitute, to please the Jews, 'He said, "I am King,"' for 'He is King.'" He was subject to depression always, and knew the terrors of the descent into the depths and waste places of the human soul. "The eternal torment," he once wrote, "which I not only believe but know that we must be saved from, because I have been in it." "I am a hard Puritan," he confessed in one place, "almost incapable of enjoyment, though on principle justifying enjoyment as GOD's gift to His creatures." The old humility

remained. "I have well deserved to alienate all whom I love," he mournfully declares, "and with many I have succeeded only too well." Proofs about GOD under such conditions were no use to him at all. A demiurge creating a universe which he had sent spinning uncontrolled down the courses of change, seemed to him no more consoling to the troubled family of mankind than a blind chance which had thrown together man's blind beginnings. He wanted GOD here and now. His cry was the cry of humanity out of the dust: a call for a Redeemer, a Deliverer; the "human cry" *de profundis*, in all ages. In extremity, in face of reality, the strongest spirit must thus throw itself back upon the Infinite, with the pleading of Columbus as he gazed over the conquering storm:—"I will cling fast to Thee, O GOD, though the waves buffet me: Thee, Thee at least I know." "I think with you," he writes to Kingsley, "of darker days to come. I speak of them sometimes to my children; but oftener of a brighter day that, I think, will rise out of the darkness, and which we, though we may have left the earth, may share with them." The great struggle of every time he affirmed, in words which interpret the whole upheaval of an age, is "to realize the union of the spiritual and the eternal with the manifestations of it in time." "We must have the eternal which our fathers nearly forgot; we are seizing it with a violence which makes

us throw aside what they knew and felt to be unspeakably precious. We shall find that we must take their bequest or give up our own purchase. But we must believe that, through whatever conflicts—and terrible they must be—we are to reach a fuller and brighter discovery of Him who was from the beginning, than the ages that were before us."

He refused to adopt the transcendental method, which despaired of the message being found within the boundaries of the historic religion, and wandered out into the ways of nature or turned inward to the examination of man's soul in order to find that which it desired. The English method, to which he clung, "must begin with the FATHER," he affirmed, "in order to know something of the SON and the SPIRIT." So he clung to the Bible, and the affirmations of the Church in Creed and Articles: and all the long evidence in eighteen disordered centuries of Power working towards unity in the world. The Old Testament he accepted as the message of deliverance—"I am the LORD thy GOD, which brought thee out of the house of bondage." The Articles, he asserted, were not unfriendly to progress, but favourable to it. He refused to accept the forlorn confession that the mind of men in all the travail of the ages had failed to attain any position which was stable and secure. "We are likely to revolve in endless circles, not to advance at all, if we assume that

nothing has been done or proved yet in the world concerning moral and spiritual principles."

Above all, in thus turning back from the outward show of social re-organization into examination of the kingdom of the spirit, Maurice was none the less passionately concerned with the welfare of those "common people" for whose salvation he had striven so bravely. "All doubts are sacred," he announces, "except those of the rich." "There come times to all of us when we wish the people at the devil, when we would like to forget all that we have ever said or thought about them." Yet there is the inevitable return; in which, through all art and nature, the man who revolts from this hard service will be taught to love the people again, "to feel that the best thing for any of us is to live and die for them."

The loss of a belief in a living GOD, chiefly through the sins of the priesthood, had resulted in the loss of freedom to Christendom. He thought it impossible that freedom should return without the Faith. The time of struggle and deliverance must be at hand. He announces himself as continually struggling against the "devil-worship," which all civilization and all Christianity has to fight as a common enemy. He sees the clergy bitterly estranged from all classes of the people, high and low, wise and unwise. "And yet the

heart and the flesh of the intellectual man, as much as of the clodhoppers, are crying out for the living GOD"; in a cry "we have not understood and have been unable to answer." "The god we have preached has not been the GOD who is manifested in His SON JESUS CHRIST; but another altogether different being, in whom we mingle strangely the Siva and the Vishnu—the first being the ground of the character, the other its ornamental and graceful vesture." "Groaning in spirit," he describes himself, as he has seen the priests in the churches, "who seemed as if they existed to bear witness that there is no fellowship between earth and heaven, and that GOD and man are not reconciled." "I have asked myself whither all things are tending, and what the movements of these sixty years have brought forth." And he can find an answer which can redeem him out of the despair of one gazing merely on the outward aspect of an apostate age. "Every one of these movements has been a step in the revelation to men that they are not animals plus a soul, but that they are spirits with an animal nature; that the bond of their union is not a commercial one, not submission to a common tyrant, not brutal rage against him, but that it does rest and has always rested on a spiritual ground; that the sin of the Church, the horrible apostasy of the Church, has consisted in denying its own function, which is to proclaim to men their spiritual

condition, the eternal foundation on which it rests, the manifestation which has been made of it by the birth, death, resurrection and ascension of the SON of GOD, and the gift of the Spirit."

CHAPTER VII

"Quem Nosse Vivere"

THE second of Maurice's two greatest controversies passed out from the region of ephemeral speculation into questions of profounder import. The Rev. H. L. Mansel, Reader in Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy in the University of Oxford, and afterwards Dean of S. Paul's, was a brilliant logician of the school of Sir William Hamilton. It had been rumoured for some time that he was the author of a new apologetic, which would make short work of all modern heresies, and restore the battered walls of the orthodox theology. By a kind of destructive criticism of human intelligence and human ethics, the troublesome German idealists and the irritating English moralists were alike to be rendered ridiculous. The impeachment of the ethics of the Old Testament, or of the philosophy of the accepted creeds, was to be rendered suddenly useless by demonstration of the worthlessness of all such attempts of the creature to interpret the mind of the Creator.

In 1858 this new Apologetic was proclaimed from the University pulpit in the famous

Bampton Lectures upon reason and revelation. The lectures were attended by crowded audiences at Oxford. When published, they rapidly ran through two editions. Everywhere they were approved by those who saw their usefulness in the immediate campaign against rationalism, and who failed to understand the enormous abysses to which the "New Agnosticism" was directly to lead.

Maurice, from the first, recognized the full implications of Mansel's logic. He immediately joined issue in a fierce attack. The controversy took upon itself elements of passing interest in the personal issues which became mingled with the larger discussion. But the subject of the divergence was as old as history, and will last as long as intelligence in the world endures. The contending positions have been dividing mankind since the same problem confused the praises of the Psalmists, and disquieted the author of the Book of Job. The challenge which had come in the form of that mighty drama to a simple pastoral people, wandering between the desert and the sea, is a challenge equally inevitable and perhaps equally unanswerable in a world where everything but the desert and the sea has changed. Complexity and ingenuity of invention have elaborated man's mind, and multiplied his outward possessions, in a fashion which would seem to those ancient, simple peoples to have made him almost a rival of the gods. But

the question, "Canst thou by searching find out God?" is still haunting the minds of all who are driven, by the unrest which abides in material triumphs, towards effort beyond the boundary of material things. Why has He brought bitterness on the earth? Why are moral elements so hard to disentangle in human affairs? Whence come these catastrophies which fall upon mankind, and bring sudden ruin alike on the guilty and the innocent? Is there ground for the hope that moral elements will be vindicated in any kind of ultimate judgment, in which the wicked will be cast down and the righteous exalted? The question when once opened, here as always, passes to the further and more disquieting problem: Can the finite in any degree apprehend the Infinite? Has mankind merely to bow before omnipotent force, from which nothing can be predicted in relation to that moral law which it has elaborated in its own cramped and limited life? Is humanity to worship an absolute Being, though His justice be not as human justice, nor His mercy as the mercy of men?

All these questions were involved in this struggle; between the one side, which emphasized the mysteries of the Infinite, and the failure of the human reason before the unknown; and the other, which clung defiantly to the tradition of a great past, and affirmed that the goodness and justice of men were of the same order as the goodness and justice of

God. It was a controversy which developed an extraordinary bitterness, in which the energy expended turned to heat rather than to light. Maurice undoubtedly commenced the onslaught. He fell upon Mansel's theology with a fierceness which surprised his own friends. His own view was that he was attacking an intellectual position. But reading the controversy to-day, with Maurice's taunts and ironies and ferocities, we may understand why the author of the Bampton Lectures found it difficult to distinguish the position from the personality. All Maurice's life had, in fact, been concentrated upon one ultimate affirmation. He saw this here denied. He saw it denied, as he thought (perhaps unjustly) not sadly and reluctantly, but with a kind of jaunty contentment. He saw the alternative as an assertion of a lounging agnosticism which for the young men of the time was saving the trouble of thought. Human life to Maurice only became significant in so far as it turned itself to the search after a knowledge of God. To that high quest had been dedicated the effort of the noblest minds of the centuries. His History of Philosophy was, as a matter of fact, a history of philosophers. He showed them wandering into many strange ways and coming to many different conclusions. But he showed them all consumed with this fierce desire, to know the meaning of the world, to know the Maker of the world. All separate systems and diverse theologies

bore witness in his interpretation to this one central fact, the insatiable longing of the creature towards the Creator; *quemadmodum desiderat cervus ad fontes aquarum.* And this thirst "as of the hart for the water-brooks," had evoked its satisfaction. Human experience could testify to a response. Life had become intelligible and radiant in the response of the Creator towards the creature, the coming of that "Eternal Life" which is the very life of GOD. "Thou hast fashioned us, O GOD, for Thee: and the human heart is restless, till it finds rest in Thee," was a statement, not only of struggle, but of attainment. "To feel through the actual finite for the Infinite, through the actual temporal for the Eternal" was no blind crying in the darkness, but an effort which advanced towards a goal.

If the possibility of such a purpose and end be denied, life becomes for Maurice a tale told by an idiot, signifying nothing. If the denial were made sorrowfully and reverently, with some sense of the tremendous issues involved, he would still resist, with every energy of his being, the vanishing over the horizon of all the hope of the world. He thought he found the denial made pleasantly, with dialectic ingenuity, designed in a kind of cleverness to turn the flank of the anti-Christian philosophy of the day. He repudiated the scorn thrown upon German thinkers for attempting to transcend the boundaries of

human knowledge. He knew these men to be very different from the vulgar opinion which regarded them as arrogant heretics and atheists. He would have nothing to do with the building of the Church upon a kind of universal ignorance. The preaching of such a doctrine from a University pulpit to the clergy and students of the future, seemed to him a thing intolerable. Like "Paul with beasts," he had "fought with death." If this were true, all the long fight had been a vain and empty thing. So he struck out in a kind of white heat of protest against the principle, here concentrated in tangible form, which he had felt as a kind of elusive power of evil diffused through all the society of his time.

And in these months of violent and often painful controversy was fought the battle of an age. Mansel had learnt philosophy from Hamilton. His successor was Herbert Spencer. He occupies an intermediate place in a continuous transition from the one to the other. His lectures are full of logical acuteness, and contain passages of striking eloquence and beauty. He could plead with some justice that he was following in the tradition of Butler. The great apologist of the eighteenth century had confronted the vague and benignant Deism of his day with facts of nature and human life which no man could challenge or deny. Against the fastidious repudiation of the hardness and strangeness of

revealed religion he had exhibited the hardness and strangeness of natural religion. He had proved to the optimism of his century that no god of rose-water and happiness could be constructed by reason contemplating the tangled chaos of the universe. Mansel was attempting to push the same principle to a further conclusion. "No difficulty emerges in theology," he quotes from Sir William Hamilton, "which has not previously emerged in philosophy." He examines the historic antinomies, the difficulties of succession in a timeless state, the irreconcilable contrast of unity and plurality, freedom and necessity, finite and infinite. But he passes beyond this comparatively trodden way into more daring speculations concerning a moral divergence between the limited and the Unconditioned. "He Who has ordained all things in measure, number and weight, has also given to the reason of man, as to his life, its boundaries which it cannot pass." He confesses that "our heavenly affections must in some measure take their source and their form from our earthly ones," and our love towards GOD, if it is to be love at all, must not be wholly unlike our love towards our neighbour. But what of GOD's love to us? "That there is an absolute morality," he affirmed, "based upon, or rather identical with, the eternal nature of GOD, is, indeed, a conviction forced upon us by the same evidence as that on which we believe that GOD exists at all. But what that absolute morality is

we are as unable to fix in any human conception as we are to divine the other attributes of the same Divine nature."

So he appeals against the popular impeachment, in the name of human conceptions of forgiveness, of an eternal punishment. We cannot know what is the relation of sin to infinite justice. To the affirmative that sin cannot for ever be triumphant against GOD, he opposes the mystery of the existence of sin at any time. Is not GOD infinitely wise and holy and powerful now, and does not sin exist along with that infinite holiness and wisdom and power? "It is no disparagement of the value and authority of the moral reason," he says in a central passage, "within its proper sphere of human action, if we refuse to exalt it to the measure and standard of the absolute and infinite goodness of GOD." "In His moral attributes" (is the summary) "no less than in the rest of His Infinite Being, GOD's judgments are unsearchable, and His ways past finding out."

These are the passages which draw from Mill the fiery retort: "I will call no being good who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow-creatures, and if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I will go." Mansel, in fact, was demanding Revelation because Reason unaided could make nothing of the world. Instead of falling back on an infallible Church he was appealing to

an infallible Bible. It was the same essential argument as that in which Newman, in one of the great passages of the *Apologia*, after describing the astonishing and bewildering panorama which the history of humanity opened to the thoughtful mind, declared the spectacle "a vision to dizzy and appal," inflicting upon the mind "the sense of a profound mystery, which is absolutely beyond human solution."

Mansel refused to criticize the ethical standards of the Old Testament; because he refused to acknowledge any ethical standards by which such a creature as man could weigh and measure the character of God. The little human limitations, in dividing between good and evil, and weighing nicely the balance in human action between the one and the other, were finite judgments of finite things. They had no place in the region of the infinite. Mansel garnished his philosophical argument with fervent and eloquent exhortations concerning human effort and humility and work in the service of man. But fundamentally his position varied very little from that expounded in the philosophy of Caliban upon Setebos. It is the abandonment by the moral reason of man, of the difficult task of asserting moral reason to be the foundation of the universe. It is but a short step from this scepticism to the assertion of a caprice or a malice in the play of natural things. So we are back on the Enchanted Island; contemplating a deity, spiteful, playful,

capricious, whose ways and manners we can never estimate or judge ; and thinking that, as he cannot heal his cold nor cure his ache, he plays with the fortunes of his creatures ; raising one to honour and happiness, condemning another to infinite torment ; and all just as Caliban himself lets the twenty lucky creatures pass and suddenly shatters the twenty-first, for no intelligible reason, "loving not, hating not, just choosing so."

"This seems to me," said Maurice, "the most important question in the world." "I cannot put up with a dream in the place of GOD," was his passionate assertion from the beginning of his labour to the end. Most men are content to accept some dim and misty conception of an Almighty Being, woven from the fading visions of childhood, in which the Almighty appears as a visible person, a venerable old man ; tempered by a later knowledge that heaven is not above the curtain of the sky, nor the Ruler and Maker of the world compounded of material things, in a Paradise beyond the fixed stars. They are busy with the doings of a day, and but vaguely conscious of a special Providence brooding over human affairs, to be invoked in moments of sorrow and despair. Maurice, like Hamlet, saw a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow or the breaking of a leaf. GOD still visibly walked in the garden in the cool of the day, and every bush was aflame with His Presence.

His laws directed the long process of history. His righteousness thundered in the judgments which fell upon men and nations who repudiated His service. In such an apprehension of the Divine, Mansel's agnosticism created a vast desolation. The human cry passed upward into starless spaces, to an Infinite Power remote from man's ideal goodness; where all moral and finite conceptions lost their intelligible meaning, and vanished in the vastness and the cold.

Maurice could hold no communion with a God whose goodness was not as man's goodness, and who revealed Himself in dogmatic commands which might be irrational but which must be obeyed. He was of the long tradition who had denied the acceptance of such an easy cutting of the tangled skein of life. He had confronted the strength of the agnostic demonstration of the inseparable difficulties which human reason discovers, when it beats against the boundaries which no human reason can pass. He had known something of the agony of those who found no guidance outside man's feeble impulse, and no goodness beyond his tiny random efforts towards the righting of all the old wrongs. He had "almost said even as they." But he had recalled the tenacity and courage of the long tradition of those who had refused to accept such a triumph of night and darkness. Had he failed where these had endured, "then," he must have confessed,

"I should have condemned the generation of Thy children."

So that in this particular point of time the campaign of centuries was fought in one of its stoutest battles. First in a series of sermons, and then in public "Letters to a Student of Theology preparing for Orders," Maurice challenged his opponent. It must be confessed that the method adopted would seem to have excited the maximum of irritation with the minimum of effect. He writes as to one who is actually sitting under the lectures of Mr. Mansel at Oxford, and accepting him as his teacher and guide. He writes with exclamatory sarcasms interspersed with compliments to the Bampton Lecturer. These compliments are quite honestly intended; but set in such a context they appear to be even more elaborate attacks upon their victim. There is little here of philosophic examination in the region of metaphysic, in which Maurice was as much at home as his opponent; but contemptuous references to the fact that Mansel had swept away Thomas à Kempis, Augustine, Bernard, all the work of the Schoolmen and all the work of the English Church divines. Maurice professed to rejoice in the publication of Mr. Mansel's book, nearly as much as its most vehement admirers can rejoice; "for the question must now be asked of each one of us: 'Do you take these words about knowing GOD which occur in books of devotion, in

old divines, in the Prayer Book, in the Bible, literally or figuratively in a less exact sense than you would use the word "know" as applied to some other subject?'" He sneers at Mansel's parade of authority and at the "learned principles in the text." He describes "how rude and poor my way of arriving at the force of a word is, in comparison with Mr. Mansel's." "But you and I are not Schoolmen; we are roughing it in the world. We have to look upon all questions as they bear upon the actual business of life." He accuses Mansel of a vagueness deliberately designed to appease the professedly Orthodox and Evangelical clergymen in London. "In virtue of that vagueness he is able to deal his blows right and left. He can at least frighten his readers with the belief that there is something which they ought to eschew." He raises as witness against Mansel, quotations from Milton's letter to Hartlib, in which the poet describes the "young unmatriculated novice" driven into intellectual chaos by the "abstractions of logic and metaphysics; so that those of a most delicious and airie spirit retire themselves, knowing no better, to the enjoyment of ease and luxury, living out their days in feast and jollity, which, indeed, is the wisest and safest course of all those unless they were with more integrity undertaken." He makes a vital point, indeed, when he states that Mansel's whole argument "turns not on

my consciousness of finite *things* and my incapacity for being conscious of infinite *things*" but "upon my consciousness of the *term* finite and the *term* infinite." Mansel's conception of prayer—"constant activity in besieging a being of whose will we know nothing"—he finds realized in practice, not in the New Testament, but in the experience of those who called on the name of Baal from morning even until noon, saying, "O Baal, hear us. But there was no voice, nor any that regarded."

Maurice's whole contention against Mansel's philosophy and the lessons of his teaching are summed up in his conviction that "all pain and restlessness is better than self-contentment." "I believe that among Mr. Mansel's auditors," he says, "there will have been not a few on whom his words will have acted as a most soothing lullaby, who will have wrapped themselves in comfortable thankfulness that they were not Rationalists, spiritualists, or even as that German; who will have rejoiced to think that they do not trouble themselves about eternal things which are out of man's reach, like Puritans and Methodists; who will proclaim that they accept Christianity in the lump, and so are not impeded by any of its little details from thinking and doing what they list." "Such men, I believe, do more to lower the moral tone and moral practice of England than all sceptics and infidels altogether."

Finally, when he comes to the moral

question, the test and summary of all that has gone before, Maurice prophesies against Mansel, with something of the dogmatism and more of the violence of the Hebrew prophet. "I was beginning to comment on these words. I was trying to tell you what impression they made on me. I cannot. I can only say if they are true, let us burn our Bibles, let us tell our countrymen that the agony and bloody sweat of CHRIST, His cross and passion, His death and burial, His resurrection and ascension, mean nothing." Without the belief in that restitution of all things which Mansel had scorned, "we shall not stop at Mr. Mansel's point," says Maurice savagely, "but we shall be certain that evil must run for ever and ever, must drive out all that is opposed to it. We shall praise thee, O devil, we shall acknowledge thee to be the lord." He accused Mansel of attempting to defend the Bible, "but the moment he approaches it, feeling that he is at war with it"; and of adopting a position which could only logically result in a blind abnegation of human reason; either in the acceptance of the claims of an infallible Church or the losing of human action in the sand and thorns of a universal ignorance and despair.

Such extracts sufficiently reveal the atmosphere in which Maurice confronted the new Christian agnosticism. Mansel, stung

to protest by this torrent of invective and sarcasm, not unnaturally, broke into a still fiercer reply; and the flames of controversy raged hotly for a time. Maurice at once was recalled to a more tranquil mood, and in his counter reply abandoned much of that cause of offence which had appeared like personal prejudice and violence. "If the religious Press had not declared, almost *en masse*, in favour of Mansel," he said, "I would not have written against him." All through the bitter struggle he felt that he was not crushing some unfortunate, friendless advocate of new doctrine, but protesting against a fashionable philosophy entrenched in high places, applauded by the religious world. Mansel had intervened in Maurice's former controversy upon Eternal Life with a clearer foresight of the issues involved, than the more ignorant of his opponents. He had shown that "the attempt to defend the then currently received view in regard to Elysium and Tartarus was hopeless, if GOD'S character was really shadowed forth in such sentences as: 'Can a mother forget her sucking child? Yea, she may forget, yet will I not forget thee.'" Maurice seemed to see this great thinker teaching men to laugh over the troubles of the age and of all ages which had rejected the limited material outlook, and had gone forth into the wilderness and solitary places in order to find out the real secret of man's being and destiny. He thought that in

the name of orthodoxy here was "a warning to men against feeling too strongly, thinking too deeply, lest they should find too much of the Almighty wisdom, lest they should be too conscious of the Almighty goodness." "He entered into the controversy," says his son rightly, "under disadvantages which he had encountered in no other cases. Mr. Mansel had treated his subject with the calmness and coolness of one who dissects an anatomical specimen. My father felt every cut of the lecturer's knife as if it had been employed upon his heart-strings. He did not realize and, indeed, he did not till long afterwards become fully aware, that the lecturer, bred up in the school of philosophy whose tenets he was expounding, and looking upon all outside it as mere folly, was pouring forth what were to him beliefs as genuine as my father's were to himself."

This controversy extended over two years. It was accompanied by, and it intensified, all that conviction of an approaching crisis which was haunting Maurice's mind at this time. This conviction produced even a sense of thankfulness at the passing away of those who may have been saved from the evils to come. "It seems as if there was a gathering in of many," he wrote upon the death of a friend, "whom we fancy we want grievously. But I have such a sense of an approaching crisis as near at hand, that I cannot but thank GOD for all who have

been permitted to pass out of the world before it comes; to help, I cannot doubt, in unknown ways, those who are passing through it." The whole affair gave him a "kind of staggering sensation as if everything was turned upside down." He had learnt from Augustine many years before, as he confessed to Mr. Ludlow, that the existence of evil was by its very nature an unintelligible thing; that to attempt to reduce it to a law or principle was to commit a contradiction. That was not the question at issue. It was "whether the unintelligibility of evil or the omnipotence of GOD is a reason for not regarding Him as carrying on a war against evil, and for not expecting that in that war, evil will be vanquished?" The Bible he interpreted as the book of "the wars of the LORD." "It does not define evil; but it assumes evil." It assumes a warfare against evil. It sets forth a process by which evil can be overcome; and it looks towards an end when evil will be altogether destroyed. "If I had taken advice," he asserts, "I should have let Mr. Mansel alone altogether. But there are monitors within which must be obeyed, whatever voices without contradict them."

The controversy was an incident in the long warfare of a lifetime. The end seemed by no means assured. It drew upon him something of the obloquy which he had received in earlier efforts to attack opinions which were

fashionable and established. He was to go forward almost alone. The Liberal thought of his day could rarely understand, and certainly never could follow, that combination of mystic apprehension and logical subtlety which gave Maurice his ultimate theology. More and more he came to appeal to the revelation of GOD, not as a destroyer, but as the righteous Judge of men: to recognize that there must be a great breaking-down of religious belief before His recognition and triumph could be assured: to apprehend, not without foreboding, something of the results of that breaking-down in human conduct, as belief in the spiritual world faded into belief in mere earthly satisfaction, and this again passed into a kind of cosmic weariness. But he looked towards a change beyond the change, when there would come to this tired company a revelation, born from the heart of its dispair, of the unity upon whose foundation is established the pillars of all human society; and a vision of the time, when, not in some far-off Paradise, but here upon the solid ground and under the wide sky, the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of GOD, as the waters cover the sea.

CHAPTER VIII

In time of Change

IN the early 'sixties a change was taking place in the thought of the time, as disturbing and revolutionary as the social upheavals of twenty years before. The New Knowledge associated with the advance of the natural sciences was dazzling men's minds with the security of its triumphs, and throwing down a challenge to all accepted things. In 1859 the *Origin of Species* was published, a work which bears the same high position in the world of speculation as the discovery of America by Columbus in the world of action. The year after, Huxley, in a memorable discourse, as an exponent of the new ideas, had shattered the fluent ignorance of Wilberforce at the British Association Meeting at Oxford. German criticism was gradually becoming familiar to English students. The old dominance of authority was crumbling before the demand for freedom. The scene resembled nothing so much as the breaking-up of the icefields in the early summer. The noise of the shattering and violence disquieted the

minds of men. There were panics, as upon the publication of the *Essays and Reviews*; when two Archbishops and twenty-five Bishops united to declare that the position advocated in the volume was incompatible with membership of the Church of England. There were appeals to the secular arm to enforce the assertion of authority. Alliances were hastily constructed between the old enemies who had fought so bitterly, High and Low Church, against the audacity of the invader. There were attempts, which the plain man outside regarded with astonishment, at actions which looked like personal persecution: in the ejection of Colenso from his bishopric, and the refusal to pay Jowett the salary which was due to him for his work as Greek Professor. There were combined onslaughts of the Liberals against subscription to the Articles, and the recitation in public worship of the Athanasian Creed. The whole period was one of unrest and upheaval, with a loosening of the old moorings. The recognition of the necessity for change was accompanied by a profound distrust of what this change might bring.

Maurice was committed to a difficult task amid the perplexities of the time. He had scarcely any sympathy with the Broad Church development. He was a dogmatist to the backbone, and repudiated all advocacy of vague and watery creeds. He was comparatively ignorant in the region of criticism, and

profoundly distrustful of the critical results in their more startling developments. He contemplated with the extremest repugnance theories which are accepted by all men to-day as entirely natural and credible. For long he fought both for the test of subscription to the Articles, and for the Athanasian Creed. At the same time he had been repudiated by both the historic parties in the Church, and it was the Broad Church leaders who had been most inclined to support him in the hour of his own rejection. Above all, he would ever plunge in to defend the weaker side, to repudiate persecution, to emphasize the dangers and iniquities of mob-law. He stood very much alone in a time less ardent, and for a cause less generous, than that which in the later 'forties had affirmed the duty of the Church towards all who are desolate and oppressed.

Early in 1860, in an article upon the revision of the Prayer Book and the Act of Uniformity, he repudiated the attempt "to broaden the formularies" of the Church in order to include all who professed and called themselves Christians. "Do not let us surrender the one great witness which we possess," he pleaded, "that a nation consists of redeemed men, sons of GOD: that mankind stands, not in Adam but in CHRIST." "Give up the Prayer Book to an Evangelical or semi-Evangelical Commission, and this witness

will be eliminated from it by a thousand little alterations which will be accounted insignificant, but which will, in fact, render the English Church another Church altogether." Yet he would rather trust the living book to the "lowest Churchman" than to "those accomplished and tolerant persons, the representatives of the Broad Church." "The Liturgy has been to me a great theological teacher, a perpetual testimony that the FATHER, the SON, and the SPIRIT, the one GOD, Blessed for ever, is the Author of all life, freedom, unity to men. Why do I hear nothing of this from those who profess to reform it? Why do they appear only to treat it as an old praying-machine which, in the course of centuries, gets out of order like other machines, and which should be altered according to the improved mechanical notions of our time?"

Maurice, here as always, was reproached by Liberal thinkers for accepting as a standard of perfection the English Prayer Book and the Thirty-nine Articles. The reproach was unfair and untrue. Maurice was confronting a time of chaotic thought, with the Church divided into contending parties. He was convinced that the sixteenth century had come to a more trustworthy theology, in the prayers and affirmations which it had based upon all the Church's past history and experience, than any which could be huddled together by Synod or Convocation in the

nineteenth. "I, and others who think with me, are far safer under the protection of an Act of Parliament," he asserted, "than we should be if left to the mercy of an ecclesiastical public opinion, dictated by the journals, executed by the episcopate.

In this year he was appointed by the Crown to the Chapel of S. Peter's, Vere Street. The actual presentation was in the gift of Mr. William Cowper, First Commissioner of Works in Lord Palmerston's Government; who later, as Mr. Cowper-Temple, was to attain unenviable immortality as the reputed inventor of a new religion. A hubbub of protest arose, led by the *Record*. An address was signed by a small number of clergymen, praying the Bishop of London not to institute him. A counter address, however, established conclusively the respect and devotion which Maurice had inspired. The signatures included Gladstone and Tennyson, men of almost every walk in life, three Bishops, as well as other lesser Church dignitaries. The terms of it recognized wide differences and some opposition to elements in his teaching. "But as we trust," it concluded, "we are all united in our several vocations in the one object of promoting glory to GOD in the highest, peace upon earth and goodwill towards men, we hail with satisfaction the honour done to a fellow-labourer in the great cause."

In his reply Maurice outlines an apology for all his life. "I took refuge in the Church of England, in which I had not been educated, because, as I thought, it offered me an altogether different bond of fraternity from that of similarity in opinions. A society merely united in opinion had, it seemed to me, no real cohesion." "The Church of England confesses a FATHER who has revealed Himself in a SON; a SON who took our nature, and became Man, and has redeemed men to be His children; a SPIRIT who raises men to be spirits. She invites all to stand on that ground. She tells all—so I read her formularies—that they have no less right to claim their places in her as members of CHRIST than they have to claim their places in the nation as subjects of the Queen, and in their families as children of an earthly father and mother. This was a rock upon which I felt that I could rest. It was a foundation for a universal human society. If no such society existed, history seemed to me a hopeless riddle, human life very intolerable. If it did exist, it could not crush national life or family life, but must cherish and sustain both. It could stifle no thought; it must thrive when it suffered persecution, grow weak whenever it inflicted persecution. It must be ready to embrace all persons. It could never seek to comprehend any sect. It must be the great instrument of healing the strife of classes within a nation.

It must proclaim CHRIST as the Deliverer and Head of all nations."

Preaching at Vere Street, visits to the Workmen's Colleges in the various towns, meditation and writing upon the new changes in thought, occupied the beginnings of these days. Everywhere Maurice repudiated the common opinion that he was seeking a modified and weakened theology. "I do not plead for a Christianity," he asserted, "any less strong and definite than that which is held by the extremest section of the *Recordite* school. I find fault with their Christianity only because it seems to me to have nothing to do with CHRIST, to be a mere religious system constructed by human hands, made up of crude, philosophical notions and popular superstitions, and fleeing from that revelation of the living and true GOD which I find set forth in Scripture."

The excitement of the *Essays and Reviews* debate filled him with foreboding. He confesses to Stanley that he cannot have much sympathy with the book generally, because "my only hope of resisting the devil-worship of the religious world lies in preaching the full revelation of GOD in CHRIST." But the efforts to suppress it, and the episcopal rally against it, appeared alike mischievous and futile. "The orthodoxy which covers our atheism must be broken through; and

whether it is done by the *Essays and Reviews*, or in any other way, seems to me a matter of indifference, though it is not a matter of indifference whether the Church shall be committed to a new persecution which must make the new reformation, when it comes, more complicated and terrible."

The more he studied the book, the less he liked it. He found the task hopeless to extract any theology or humanity from the *Essays and Reviews*. Yet he protested against the Memorial addressed to the Archbishop, demanding that definite action should be taken against its authors; for he discerned in history "a clear and direct sentence of GOD upon all attempts to restrain the expression of thought and belief." The unbelief of the time—and he knew something of it—he found "more deep and more widely spread than those who complain of the *Essays and Reviews* have any notion." And one of its roots is laid in the notion that "all that Churchmen and believers in the Bible can do is, if they have power, to silence each other." Their unbelief he found later to be "the unbelief of us all"; as manifest in the anonymous invectives of Wilberforce in the *Quarterly Review*, as in the bewildered protests of the men themselves; "discussing certain positions about GOD instead of believing in the GOD acting, speaking, and ruling whom the Scripture sets before us."

Instead of meeting negation with negation, Maurice attempted with others, in a series of *Tracts for Priests and People*, to preach some positive belief to the perplexed thought of the time. But in such a scheme he refused to join in the attack on the Athanasian Creed. "You think that to avoid the contradiction," he writes to Mr. Ludlow, "it must be surrendered to those religious people who like to curse their brethren a little, but not so strongly as this Creed, according to their use of it, curses these brethren. If GOD so orders it, let the Creed go. But my work is to protest against the current opinion, and to use the old Creed for the worrying and torment of those who hold it."

He deplored the "utter weariness and hopelessness about the Scriptures which we see everywhere." He looked with foreboding at the course of the impeachment, as it was carried through the various Courts of Appeal. He was kindled to indignation against the rabble of country clergymen who voted against the grant of adequate salary to Jowett for his work as Regius Professor of Greek. "The effect of all persecutions," he asserted, "is to endorse denials, to extinguish no heresy."

The great *Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy*, the work of a lifetime of labour, was published at the end of 1861; the *Tracts for Priests and People* six months later. In the first, he reveals his conception of a history of

philosophy as the history of the thought of the great men of all time; feeling after a knowledge of GOD, and refusing to be content with any lesser search. In the second, he reveals the search attained, in a faith and conviction which for him was the end of the journey. "The Name of the Trinity, the FATHER, the SON, and the HOLY GHOST, is, as the Fathers and Schoolmen said continually, the Name of the Infinite Charity, the Perfect Love, the full vision of which is that Beatific Vision for which saints and angels long, even while they dwell in it." "To lose this, to be separated from this, to be cut off from the Name in which we live and move and have our being, is everlasting death."

From such high visions he is compelled to come down to the solid earth again.

> "The *Essays and Reviews* debate
> Begins to tell on the public mind,
> And Colenso's words have weight."

So Browning wrote of these distant days. The passage from the one controversy to the other was without break. Colenso's words had very little weight with Maurice, who was utterly perplexed by the Bishop's mathematical mind, and by the queer kind of distorted humour which he drew from his speculations on the Pentateuch. But ten

years before, when all men were attacking Maurice, Colenso had plunged chivalrously into the conflict, and publicly dedicated his book to one who was being branded before the world as a heretic. Maurice found himself torn between repugnance to the opinions and loyalty to the friend. He could not see how the man could keep the bishopric with such confessed beliefs. On the other hand, he utterly condemned the machinations of Wilberforce to eject Colenso from the Church. He shared to the full the distrust of Wilberforce, entertained by those who thought they saw in that master of diplomacy the very incarnation of the spirit of the mob, and its tendency to persecute all unpopular causes.

The conversations between the philosopher and the critic are not without a certain pathetic humour. "I asked him," says Maurice, "whether he did not think Samuel must have been a horrid scoundrel if he forged a story about the 'I AM' speaking to Moses, and to my unspeakable surprise and terror he said, 'No. Many good men had done such things. He might not mean more than Milton meant.'" There was worse to come. "He even threw out the notion that the Pentateuch might be a poem; and when I said that to a person who had ever asked himself what a poem is, the notion was simply ridiculous, he showed that his idea of poetry is that it is something which

is not historical. And his idea of history is that it is a branch of arithmetic." Maurice thought the Bishop utterly wrong. These speculations opened abysses which he did not care to contemplate. Colenso approached the whole subject with a lack of reverence, and a kind of cheerful delight in propounding strange conundrums concerning the history of the Jews. But the statement that the conscience of most people would demand that a theologian with such opinions should resign, was met by the Bishop with some slight words suggesting that the conscience of most people was also surprised at Maurice's position as an incumbent of the Church. Such a suggestion determined Maurice to resign himself, and to start life anew at fifty-seven. "People will not hear me," he explained. "My words they call strange and mystical. If I can awaken them by an act, which they will also think strange and foolish, to give heed to men who can command their ears and hearts, I shall be too thankful."

He found the position intolerable, for he was supposed to be partly talking of the Old Testament as the guide to all moral and political wisdom, and partly holding with Colenso that it is a book of fictions and forgeries. He was even moved to contemplate the possibility of a negative Liberalism itself adopting persecution when it attained dominance. But the Bishop of London (Tait) refused

to let him go. Messages poured in urging him to reconsider his decision. And finally, on an appeal to personal honour in connexion with the Colenso case, he agreed to withdraw.

The fierceness of the main controversy refused to be abated. In 1863, Pusey and his friends were again attacking Jowett, and Maurice hastened to the defence. The controversy was interesting as provoking a letter from Newman, who had been so long silent, explaining the contention in the famous Tract XC. All Maurice's efforts were now directed towards preventing the Church from expelling beyond its borders the new Liberal school of theologians. The appeal, it must be confessed, was to the legal and secular protection. "I am sure," he wrote, "that you will find every sect narrower and more cruel than the Church." To that Church he had come out of such a sect—a sect which had considered itself, and rightly considered itself, more enlightened and liberal than most of its brethren. "We have been repeating phrases and formularies," he cried. "We have not entered into them, but only have accepted certain reasonings and proofs against them. Now they are starting up and looking at us as if they were alive, and we are frightened at the sight." "We do want," is a later message to a distressed correspondent, "one and all of us, to be brought down, to learn, as you say, not how we may define GOD (define GOD!

Repeat the words to yourself and think how terrible they are) but that He is, and that He knows us though we know Him ever so little, and that He has been and is guiding us by strange ways out of our darkness into His light."

Yet he would have nothing to do with any re-writing of the Bible; either of the Old Testament, as in Colenso's whimsical speculations, or of the Gospel stories, as in the work of Renan, which had come with such a fascination to so many men and women of the time. He contended that the Exodus was true history, and the Book of Genesis, in Pusey's expression, the "Divine Psalm of creation." He rejected such forensic arguments as those in Paley's *Evidences*, against which he had been fighting all his days. "I cannot help thinking," he writes to Kingsley, "that he has done much to demoralize Cambridge, and to raise up a set of divines who turned out a bag-infidel on Sundays to run him down, fixing exactly where he shall run, and being exceedingly provoked if he finds any holes and corners which they do not happen to know of."

Maurice was not in the least troubled by the advance of the new scientific speculation; perhaps because he had never accepted the argument for the existence of God, demonstrated from the work of nature. The natural world indeed stood somewhat outside his interests.

He could respond but imperfectly to its beauty, and discerned no Spiritual Presence in the wide ocean, and the living air, and the light of setting suns. And he was unperplexed by its evidence of law and order and the rigorous sequence of change, which were exciting in the minds of so many a doubt concerning any past disturbance of that order. He put aside, somewhat airily, the question of miracles, dissenting altogether from the ordinary definition of a miracle. "I don't confess so many miracles, not a hundredth part so many," he wrote to Mr. R. H. Hutton, "in the flight of the Israelites from Egypt as in the flight of the French from Moscow." The history of the Exodus he interpreted as miraculous in the sense that "it is referred directly to GOD and not to intermediate agents." "That is just what I want it for, as an explanation of the flight from Moscow, and of all other flight which I read of in *The Times* and elsewhere."

Renan's *Life of Jesus* he was reading with a deepening disgust. At first he had accepted it as a plausible and graceful falsehood; but afterwards he came to revolt against it as something unhealthy and pernicious. "Renan's Jesus," he writes, "is a charming Galilæan, with a certain sympathy for beautiful scenery, and an affectionate tenderness for the peasants who follow him. But he is provoked to violence, impatience, base trickery, as soon

as he finds his mission as a reformer unsuccessful. A Frenchman bred amid pious frauds calls him the most delightful and wonderful of men; who practises innocent artifices, resorts to thaumaturgy, but when he does resort to it is guilty of wilful imposture beside the grave of his friend. We in England should say he was a horrible liar and audacious blasphemer." He finds the book "detestable, morally as well as theologically." "Renan takes the supernatural out of the Gospels," he asserts. "He cannot take it out of his own life. I say of his Jesus: *Incredulus odi.*"

The famous Privy Council Judgment of 1864, in which "hell was dismissed with costs" by Lord Westbury in suave and ironical phrases, gave rise to the last and fiercest of Maurice's struggles. The refusal to expel from the Church those who declined to affirm the hopeless and unending torments of the wicked, excited something like a panic. Men were brought together who had fought each other for nearly half a century. High Church and Low Church united to draw up a Declaration of Faith, repudiating opinions which seemed to them to undermine the foundation of all the accepted morality. Everything that Maurice most hated was here united in one common cause: the domination of mob—and especially of clerical mob—law; the attempt to bully and persecute a minority; the panic of a crowd at seeing new things; the full

exercise of the party system, which he thought was openly inspired by the devil. And all were concentrated upon a defence of the teaching of future rewards and punishments, as being the only method through which the poor could be coerced into abandonment of the deadly sins. He flared out in correspondence in *The Times* with Pusey against the whole affair. The controversy became more and more heated, until his protagonist withdrew with the dry declaration that he and Maurice worshipped different Gods. In his reply, Maurice declined to repudiate the challenge. The new Declaration of Faith, he said, means to young clergymen, poor curates, poor incumbents: "Sign, or we will turn the whole force of religious public opinion against you. Sign, or we will starve you. Look at the Greek Professor. You see we CAN take that vengeance on those whom we do not like. You see that we are willing to take it, and that no considerations of faithful and devoted service will hinder us." "This is what is called signing for the love of GOD." "I accept," he deliberately affirmed, "Dr. Pusey's own statement, tremendous as it is. I say that the god whom we are adjured to love under these penalties is not the GOD of whom I have read 'in the Canonical Scriptures'; not the GOD who declares that He abhors robbery for burnt offering."

Of such strong stuff was controversy com-

posed, in the days when men felt that the triumph of the one side or the other was a triumph of life or of death.

Maurice still found difficulty in expounding his position to the unphilosophical, to all those who could make no kind of conception of the meaning of a timeless condition. The universal opinion made eternity a very, very long time; because, except for those who have challenged the foundation of the world and felt it move for a moment under their feet, there can be no meaning in the apprehension of a Being unconditioned by time. Time and Space, for the majority are real solid enduring things, and any attempt to prove them otherwise is moonshine. The ordinary Broad Churchman of Maurice's day thought that eternity meant a long condition of punishment for the wicked, at the conclusion of which their sins might be expiated, and their sufferings ended. The ordinary Evangelical Churchman thought that eternity meant a long condition of punishment for the wicked which would never terminate, but continue through days and years and centuries for ever and ever.

To the plain man Maurice must belong either to the one or the other. It is said that part of his popularity among the working classes was due to the belief that he wished to make things easier for them in the next world. This was an acceptance of an inter-

pretation of his doctrine which would have filled him with a kind of bewildered horror. "We have reduced the Gehenna of the Bible into a heathen Tartarus," he declares, in a protest in which he repudiates both these conceptions. "We have turned the Heaven of the Bible into something less real, less hopeful, than a heathen Elysium." If eternal life "means only a life, or rather happiness, prolonged through an indefinite series of future ages," he asked, "is it not utterly strange and monstrous language to talk of that life as manifested, and manifested by the Man of Sorrows?"

He fell back on the true historic antithesis between *temporal*—things which are subject to the incidents of change and of growth and of decay, and *eternal*—things which are subject to no such incidents. And the eternal he found here or nowhere; now, as in all the past and in all the future. "When eternity is merely a vast interminable future," he asserts, "it swallows up everything. Yet there is no joy in contemplating it. People shrink from our negative heaven only one degree less than from our hell. They seem different parts of the same vague abyss. Life in one sense is absent from both. Death they think rules in both."

He found himself more and more isolated, "seeming ridiculous to all disciples of Jowett, a heretic, and a wilful liar to all disciples of Pusey." The prayer that he might never form

a party of followers had been abundantly fulfilled.

He distrusted Ecclesiastical Courts. He hated the appeal to the spiritual arm. He was prepared to spend his last energies in resisting the separation between Church and State. He openly scorned "a thing called a Church, consisting of a Metropolitan and a Synod, a poor imitation of a Popedom, which is to set aside the glorious traditions of the English nation which were grounded upon the Old Testament, which are the deliverance from priestly tribunals and a king-bishop." He revoked his old appeal for Subscription, whose fate had been sealed, he thought, by Disraeli's scorn of the new knowledge amid the delirious approval of the clergy; in his famous speech at Oxford upon "Is man an ape or an angel?" But at the same time he was every day more convinced that "theology is what our age is crying for, even when it thinks that it is crying to be rid of theology." "Those who talk of leaving men to their religious instincts," he said in prophetic words, "or their perceptions of morality, are preparing a fresh succession of burdens for us and our children."

He was filled with foreboding as he contemplated many of the signs of the time, especially the growing rift between those who believed in the new freedom and those who clung to the old Faith. "The thought that the greatest effort of those who speak most for freedom," he

wrote to Mr. Ludlow, "is to throw off the witness for GOD as the Emancipator which was born in the times of old, and that those who cling most to the Bible regard Him as a tyrant, sometimes overwhelms me."

He is more and more appalled at the atheism of a religious world which thought that GOD has nothing to do with nations and politics, "which should be left to such men as Metternich and Louis Napoleon"; from which "nothing but a baptism of fire can deliver us." He refuses to accept Stanley's belief that the improved temper of the age promised a quiet and happy solution of all controversies. He is convinced that these and other indications foretold the approach of a great conflict and crisis in the Church. He looks back over the old days with a sense of a goodness and mercy that has followed him through all. The vision of the young men at Oxford "whose faces are so full of promises of good and possibilities of evil," sets him longing that he could tell them "a little of the mystery that is about them," and the heights and depths of human things.

Towards the end, as from the beginning, he will protest the conviction, which only deepened with the passing of the years;—"the Creed, the LORD'S Prayer, and the Ten Commandments—yes, the Ten Commandments, in spite of all modern theories to the contrary—seem to me the true witnesses of a universal fellow-

ship as well as of a national fellowship; the Sacraments the pledges of its reality through all ages past and to come."

It is autumn and calm weather, with something of the tranquillity which has been so long delayed, and light and autumn sunshine before the end. In 1866 the Professorship of Moral Philosophy was vacant at Cambridge. It was the one solitary piece of preferment which Maurice would have cared to accept. He was elected in a triumph which, as Kingsley wrote, "could not have been more complete. My heart is as full as a boy's." So in the evening of the day he was in part removed from the tumult of controversy, engaged in the work of teaching under fairer conditions than in the restless and confused society of London. He could turn the great powers of his mind more entirely to the ultimate things: to examination of the origin and nature of the Conscience, that mysterious inner voice of protest and appeal: to the meaning of a Social Morality: to the revelation of the life of the world. "More than in any former time we must begin everything from GOD," was the unchanging faith, "and see everything terminate in Him." He believed that "the most earnest unbelief of the day" was "a protest against the unbelief to which the Church has yielded." He was convinced that Englishmen were more likely to be led back into faith by the political road than by the German metaphysical road.

He wrote letters in the *Daily News* upon "Church and State," strongly repudiating any idea of work towards separation, asserting that a union of Church and State is implied in the existence of each, and is necessary for the protection of moral freedom. He called aloud at times for something of that old fire which alone could consume the sins of the world ; the fire which nearly thirty years before he had thought should burn up all Borrowdale and Derwentwater. "Unless we are baptized in a fire like that which burned in S. Louis or in Calvin, I don't think the Church or the State will ever shake off the trammels which hold fast the one or the other."

He took increasing interest in the actual work of reform : supporting female suffrage ; investigating in the painful work of the Royal Commission on Contagious Diseases ; refusing to give up the Catechism in controversy about National Education. "Under the name of progress," he prophesied, in an assertion which time has not disproved, "we seem to be drifting back into the old Bell and Lancaster notion of cramming a number of children into a schoolroom, and then cramming them with a number of fragments of information—part labelled religious, part secular—which, if they should be able to digest this hard morsel, was to be their education." He was never tired of quoting the spirit of Darwin's investigations as a lesson and model

for Churchmen. He was filled with anxiety at the splendid materialism of English life, as wealth poured like water into its streets. He thought sometimes that "the slow disease of money-getting and money-worship, by which we have been so long tormented, must end in death."

Abroad he saw the tremendous shock of war, in a vision full of pity and terror. He thinks France deserved all her losses. He believes that the growth of a lust for conquest will mean in the victorious a loss of moral tone. "My horror of Empire is so great and general," he wrote at this time.

There were memories of the old interest, as the ground-swell of the long theological struggle of the mid-century sank slowly downward into a kind of quiet. In a final word on the Athanasian Creed, he recognized that "it is pretty sure to be banished from our service now, and I wish that it should." But he wishes also to explain "what I have meant by reading it while I have read it." The Ritualist disturbances had replaced the old fight against Liberalism, and once more he was protesting against the attempts of fanatics to put down a minority by force, or to appeal to the power of the crowd in the work of persecution. He would sometimes wonder what would be the end of this day's business: though now, in the evening, it was coming to suffice him to know that the day would end, and that then the end would be known.

In lecturing at the University, later in work as Vicar of S. Edward's at Cambridge (a parish without a stipend, whose charge he gladly accepted), the time slipped peacefully by. He liked to talk to the classes of little children, and to gather visitors among the Undergraduates. He would speak of the long days past and the faith which had sustained him through them all. "I have laid a great many addled eggs in my time," he said one day in rather a sad tone, "but I think I see a connexion through the whole of my life that I have only lately begun to realize. The desire for unity, and the search after unity both in the nation and in the Church, has haunted me all my days."

"His hair was now of a silvery white," writes his son, "very ample in quantity, fine and soft as silk. The rush of his start for a walk had gone; his movements had, like his life, become quiet and measured. At no time had there been so much beauty about his face and figure. There was now—partly from manner, partly from face, partly from a character that seemed expressed in all—a beauty which seemed to shine round him, and was very commonly observed by those among whom he was."

Death came to him gradually at the last, in a slow failing of an over-worked mind and body. The early months of 1872 showed him in a continual growing weakness. At Easter

he was resigning S. Edward's, growing weaker day by day and having the experience of great suffering. "Though I have not S. Edward's," he said, "I hope I may give myself more to the work of the hospital." At another time he said, "If I may not preach here I may preach in other worlds." He delighted in the reading aloud to him of the Book of Revelation and of Job, "the books most loved by the poor." He was continually speaking with horror of the divisions of the Church. Nights of suffering he would spend in prayer. The reproach which had haunted him all his days increased with the periods of bodily weakness. The sense of unsatisfactory work, of sin so strong upon him, of purposes baffled and so often turned aside, impressed the mournful contrast between the ideal and the reality. The conviction of unprofitable service here at the end fell back upon the cry of Pascal, the universal human cry out of the deep: "I have fled from Thee: I have deserted Thee: I have crucified Thee: I have left Thee: O that Thou mayest not leave me for ever."

The gloom of the Valley of the Shadow deepened towards the close. But there was light at the last. "During the night of Easter Sunday he suffered greatly, and was in great anguish of mind, asking that those around him would pray that these nervous fears might be taken away." Later he said, "I have two voices, but I cannot silence the second voice as

Tennyson did." It was said to him, "The LORD is my light, and my salvation; whom then shall I fear: the LORD is the strength of my life; of whom then shall I be afraid?" He said, "That is what I wanted." Later he asked for the third Psalm, and towards morning for a part of the Litany. "I am not going to death," he said, "I am going into life."

Towards the close "he began talking very rapidly, very indistinctly . . . about the Communion being offered for all nations and peoples, about its being women's work to teach men its meaning."

"He went on speaking, but more and more indistinctly, till suddenly he seemed to make a great effort to gather himself up, and after a pause he said, slowly and distinctly, 'The knowledge of the love of GOD—the blessing of GOD Almighty, the FATHER, the SON, and the HOLY GHOST, be amongst *you*—amongst us—and remain with us for ever.'" He never spoke again.

They buried him at Highgate, where already rested father, sister, mother; in that hill cemetery which stands high above the city, and sees all its striving but as a little smoke, drifting across a quiet sky. He had lived in that whirlpool of tossing lives; he had laboured for it, and loved it, and worn out his frail body in its service, until the fire that was within him had burnt through the

tenement in which it could no longer be confined. There he lies, while the world changes, and mankind sweeps forward in its strange journey, through the courses of time. Many at his death recognized the withdrawal of a power from the earth, and mourned the loss of such strong service and devotion. But to those who had loved him, the end appeared like the going over of one who had helped to guard many weaker pilgrims from all the dangers of the way. "'*My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my Pilgrimage. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles, who now will be my Rewarder.*' . . . *So he passed over, and all the Trumpets sounded for him on the other side.*"

CHAPTER IX

The Man

MAURICE was below middle height, but with a dignity of bearing which removed all sense of smallness. His habits gave the impression of an abundance of nervous energy. He would start his walk with a little run, move violently about the room while dictating his books, attack the fire with a poker or clutch pillows in an unconscious embrace; all the while pouring forth a continuous stream of words. He habitually overworked, and suffered consequent nervous collapses, with those deadening fits of depression which are the marks of an overstrained nervous system. He took no exercise except the walking to and from his engagements, and few holidays unless ordered away by the doctor.

He was oppressed through life by shyness and an exaggerated humility. The first in time became mitigated by the affection of friends and admirers who would accept his invitations to "Prophetic Breakfasts" or attend his evening Bible classes; but it never quite

disappeared. The second persisted to the end. Only at intervals, and when strongly moved, all this reticence was thrown off, and he would suddenly appear as if transformed by the greatness of his emotion. "There were times," says his son, "when he could make his words sting like a lash and burn like a hot iron." "When his wrath was excited by something mean or cruel, he would begin in a most violent manner to rub together the palms of his hands. He appeared at such moments to be entirely absorbed in his own reflections, and utterly unconscious of the terrible effect which the fierce look of his face and the wild rubbing of his hands produced upon an innocent bystander. A lady who often saw him thus says that she always expected sparks to fly from his hands, and to see him bodily on fire."

He was a man possessing through life the vision of the unseen, and dwelling in intimate communion with the things of the spirit. GOD was always in his thought. "Whenever he woke in the night," says his wife, "he was always praying." And in the very early morning, "I often pretended to be asleep," is her testimony, "lest I should disturb him while he was praying out his heart to GOD." Often he would pass whole nights in prayer.

The household was of the simplest. Maurice, unconcerned with the things of the body, was entirely indifferent to physical comfort. He protested continually against indiscriminate

almsgiving; but no beggar went from his doors empty away. In practice he carried to an extreme point his own fasting on all the days prescribed by the Church. "Not infrequently on Good Friday and other days he palpably suffered from his almost entire abstinence from food, and at other times during the year he used to exercise the most curious ingenuity in trying to avoid taking food without allowing his doing so to be observed."

Dignity, kindliness, gentleness, distinguished all his doings. He had none of the noisy and genial manners which are the fashion in the new school of Christian Social reformers. He shrunk timidly away from the slightest rebuff. If anything went wrong, he took the blame on himself. "There was a continual tendency to take the heaviest load on his own shoulders and to assign the lightest to others, all the while pretending and really persuading himself that he was not doing his fair share." He exercised a quite remarkable influence upon all who were sensible to unselfish goodness, especially simple persons, servants, children, country villagers. There were, however, exceptions. Many found him difficult, and repudiated his lead after having worked with him for some time.

His cousin, who was brought up with him, gives a testimony to a friendship with one of no ordinary standard of purity and charity.

"I had great opportunities," he said, "of watching his early character and progress, and I rejoice to have an occasion of repeating now what I often said then, that during that time I never knew him to commit even an ordinary fault or apparently to entertain an immoral idea. He was the gentlest, most docile and affectionate of creatures. But he was equally earnest in what he believed to be right, and energetic in the pursuit of his views. It may be thought an extravagant assertion, a mere formal tribute to a deceased friend and companion, but after a long and intimate experience of the world I can say with all sincerity that he was the most saint-like individual I ever met—CHRIST-like, if I dare use the word." And long years afterwards "he was the only saint I ever knew," was the statement of a well-known figure in letters and society.

One who had learnt to reverence him from the earliest years has told me of the impression made on a child of twelve by his preaching, with the voice thrilling through the darkened chapel; conveying less by words, then but dimly understood, than by the impression of a personality, the revelation of a kind of intimate intercourse with the spiritual world. She recalls his kindness to little children, in walks with him through the London dawn to the early Communion service; with the eager child's cross-examination upon the insoluble problems of the world, and the

attempt of Maurice always to stimulate thought rather than to provide cut and dried answers ; to make people think for themselves. The enthusiasm of the girls at Queen's College for him was unbounded. It was the greatest honour of all to be chosen to sit by his side and help in the reports which he was writing. To one who had the measure of his unworldliness it seemed that if he would only hold the baby in his arms, the child would be better all its life afterwards. "He appeared to be looking straight up into Heaven," is the remembrance of another, "and to be seeing it open."

With all this intense seriousness and spiritual vision, there was a large capacity for quiet fun and laughter. I have seen humorous verses written when quite a boy on the tea-meetings and classes of his sisters at Frenchay, and later similar poems refusing invitations to children's tea-parties, written for his own boys. This humour is almost entirely absent from his published writings. It is there transmuted into a kind of satire, often fierce and wounding. Undoubtedly this change has given a wrong impression of the man. And, with this humour, was an intense capacity for kindliness and for affection. Nothing was too small for him to devote to it his time and thought. Any one in distress was assisted. There are stories of revealing interest ; as, once, when accosted by a woman in the street, Maurice turned away from her with

harsh words, but immediately afterwards was ashamed of his repugnance, returned to her and remonstrated with her in gentleness, imploring her to abandon the life she was leading. Or at another time, being anxious to assist a blind bedridden woman in an underground kitchen to whom he was accustomed to read the Bible, he purchased one of the large bed-pillows which she made for her livelihood, and bore it home triumphantly through the streets, to the astonishment of the passers-by. He dedicates his book on "Social Morality" to his two sons, "who have taught me," he confesses, "how poor, helpless and useless the life of a father on earth would be, if there were not a Father in Heaven."

Many of his contemporaries who refused to accept his philosophy, and thought his theology vague and misty, bore high tribute to the greatness of his character. "He is indeed a spiritual splendour," wrote Gladstone, "to borrow the phrase of Dante about S. Dominic." Yet "his intellectual constitution," is the statesman's confession, "has long been, and still is to me, something of an enigma." "I never understand," said Archdeacon Allen, "what Mr. Maurice says, but I am never with him without being the better for it." "I am very sorry about Maurice's death," wrote Jowett at the end. "He was misty and confused, and none of his writings appear to me worth reading. But he was a great man with a

disinterested nature, and he always stood by any one who appeared to be oppressed." And an incident is told me of the time when Maurice was announced to be resigning his chapel at Vere Street. Jowett, after pausing on a walk to hear a philosopher of a more successful and less scrupulous type, who was destined to high position in the Church of England, lamenting "poor Maurice's indiscretions," remarked tersely to Maurice's son when they had parted, "I would rather be your father than—that gentleman." "Shall I dwell in the house of cedar," Stanley wrote to Maurice at the same time, "while the ark of the LORD abides in tents?" And there is a mass of correspondence still existing which came to him from the most varied sources, urging him not to persist in his determination to resign.

In examining his published writings, it is important to remember the intense effort which Maurice always made to put himself at the point of view that he most disliked and rejected. Just as he believed that all honest doubts were sacred, so he believed that all honest convictions were to be respected. Thus he appears as an almost blind champion of Royalty and Aristocracy. Yet he always insisted on his humble origin as a thing of which he might almost be said to be proud. When he stood for a Professorship at Oxford and was beaten, he said, "They wanted a

scholar and a gentleman, and I am neither." He had nothing of the courtier in him, nor the anxiety for social advancement which so often manifests itself amongst those to whom such things should appear but as a little dust of praise. But, although he felt a substantial faith and satisfaction in distinctively plebeian virtues, he was yet convinced of the advantage of an aristocracy and a monarchy. He disliked John Bright, partly, no doubt, for his opposition to the Factory Acts, but also very largely for that sweeping and bitter denunciation of aristocracy which Maurice felt to be a sign of incapacity to enter into the feelings of others. He also undoubtedly possessed a strong sense of order, which he connected with the arrangements of classes, and a sense that each should realize its own duties. This accounts in part for the suspicion and repulsion, which he felt more powerfully in early manhood than in later life, towards any attempts of young noblemen to play the democrat. This was not exactly a suspicion of their sincerity, for the sternest protest against such utterances were addressed to a man whose sincerity he could never have doubted — Lord Goderich, now Marquis of Ripon.

This same desire to realize the opposite point of view to his own, and to criticize his own point of view, was shown in his apparent readiness to find fault with the clergy, and to

accept harsh words concerning them. It was this impulse, carried into the fiercest courses of polemic, when under the stress of excitement most men abandon such generosity to opponents, that often confused the issues, and made those controverting with him think that he was weakening in his main contention; or even, in certain cases, that he was praising things in their principles with a deliberate and insulting irony.

Maurice was, indeed, a remarkable combination of complexity and simplicity. Intellectual persons generally found him hard to understand. It was necessary to begin at the beginning, to appreciate the one or two fundamental ideas upon which he has based his conception of the world. When these were apprehended, the rest flowed forward naturally, and was largely an explanation of these ideas, and of their application to the particular disturbance of the day. In character, although entirely simple and truthful, he was complex in this sense, that you might know him for a long time without discovering the various sides to him. Many who were only familiar with his gentleness and quietness were bewildered at the sudden outbursts of the wrath and fire which would sometimes come upon him. Others who had only read of him as a violent and almost savage controversalist, were astonished when they discovered the sweetness and humility of the man himself.

He believed in growth and development, although he belonged essentially to the age before the conception of evolution had changed the whole vision of the world. "He taught history," writes one of his old students at Queen's College, "by leading us to see how GOD had been guiding the nations, and in spite of their faults and failures guiding them to nobler developments." When lecturing on the American War of Independence he would speak of the impossibility of "making" a constitution. Just as every human being is given a constitution which is the result of natural growth, so the nation must expand and develop along appointed ways. "He was quite ready to recognize that America could do very well without a king, though he believed that here the monarchy was helpful."

He was a thinker, a writer, and a preacher; perhaps greatest as the last. To Maurice preaching was of the nature of prophecy. "The word of the LORD came unto me, saying," seemed to be the initial and stimulating energy, which scattered all the shyness and humility, and drove him, with mind uplifted beyond all temporal and visible horizons, to proclaim the message of the everlasting Gospel. Many testimonies remain of those who, visiting Lincoln's Inn chapel or S. Peter's in Vere Street, were arrested by the consciousness here of some spiritual force and power different from that of the teachers and

preachers around him. There was none of Newman's particular, thrilling simplicity and charm, or of Liddon's high sustained rhetoric. The argument was often difficult to follow; and many afterwards retained a far more general impression of the man as a thing inspired, than of the nature of the inspiration. But all were impressed with a kind of atmosphere of strong energy and conviction, and a burden laid upon this man which straitened him till it were accomplished. "It is about forty years since my most intimate friend," (Walter Bagehot,) wrote Mr. R. H. Hutton, "took me to hear one of the afternoon sermons of the Chaplain of the Inn. I went, and it is hardly too much to say that the voice and manner of the preacher, his voice and manner in the reading-desk at least as much as in the pulpit, have lived in my memory ever since as no other voice and manner have ever lived in it. The half-stern, half-pathetic emphasis with which he gave the words of the confession: 'And there is *no* help in *us*,' throwing the weight of meaning on to the last word, and the rising of his voice into a higher plane of hope as he passed away from the confession of weakness to the invocation of GOD's help, struck the one note of his life, the passionate trust in eternal help, as it had never been struck in my hearing before."

And as the voice, so the man. "His eye

was full of sweetness but fixed, and, as it were, fascinated by some ideal point. His countenance expressed nervous, high-strung tension, as though all the various play of feelings in ordinary human nature converged in him towards a single focus—the declaration of the Divine purpose. Yet this tension, this peremptoriness, this convergence of his whole nature on a single point, never gave the effect of a dictatorial air for a moment. There was a quiver in his voice, a tremulousness in the strong deep lines of his face, a tenderness in his eye which assured you at once that there was nothing of the hard, crystallizing character of a dogmatic belief in the Absolute, in the faith which had conquered his heart. And most men recognized this, for the hardest voices took a tender and almost caressing tone in addressing him."

"The only fault, as most of his hearers would think, of his manner, was the perfect monotony of his sweet and solemn intonation. His voice was the most musical of voices, with the least variety and play. His mind was one of the simplest, deepest, humblest and most intense, with the least range of illustration. He had humour and irony, faculties of broad range, but with him they moved on a single line. His humour and irony were ever of one kind, the humour and irony which dwell perpetually on the inconsistencies and paradoxes involved in the contrasts between

human dreams and Divine purposes, and which derive only a kindly feeling for the former from the knowledge that they are apparently so eager to come into painful collision with the latter."

He prophesied in the nineteenth century, in its greatest and wealthiest city, as Isaiah prophesied to the little towns of Palestine and Syria. The "burden of London" was his theme, like ancient Tyrus, "situate at the entering of the sea," and like Tyrus, proclaiming, "I am a god. I sit in the seat of GOD, in the midst of the sea." He told its proud and busy people, eager for prosperity and comfort, and thinking that a nation could be established in Imperial domination, that all this was but dust and vanity without the strong springs of devotion and unselfish life, which alone could build a city upon sure foundations. He preached not so much to the individual as to the community; or rather to the individual as part of the community. He was less concerned with absorption in a personal salvation, than with that energy of sacrifice in which the personal desire became identified with the effort for the redemption of a whole race. He looked across the long vista of the centuries, seeing the rise and fall of nations, the valleys exalted and the mountains and the hills made low. He declared, from his estimate of the Divine Purpose in the world, the inner meaning of it all. "What measure,"

he asked, "is there between the intelligibility of Isaiah and that of Lord Mahon's *Life of Pitt* as political treatises?" "The language of one is all luminous, the other muddy beyond expression." "And yet we cannot make out Isaiah, and Lord Mahon appears to cause us no trouble."

And for him at times also the darkened skies become suddenly "all luminous," and the city encompassed with chariots and horses of fire. "Great angels, awful shapes and wings and eyes," occupied the background of the panorama of history. In that history's progress, amongst the tangled changes of contemporary politics, as in the building of populous cities and their falling into decay, he saw the movement of the spiritual energies which lay behind the pageant of the world. "We have been hearing of a vision," he proclaimed. Without such a vision, "what mere shows and mockeries would be the state and ceremonial of kings, the debates of legislators, the yearnings and struggles of peoples! The same painted scenery, the same shifting pageants, the same unreal words spoken through different masks by counterfeit voices, the same plots which seem never to be unravelled. What does it all mean? How do men endure the ceaseless change, the dull monotony?" But with the vision, the monotony becomes illuminated with a light which charges to-day with significance, and reveals

all the change as a progress towards an end. "In English temples," he cries, "thou mayest hear 'Holy, holy, holy, LORD GOD of Hosts' resounding from the lips of Seraphim. In them thou mayest know that thou art in the midst of a company of angels and archangels and just men made perfect; nay, that thou sittest in the Presence of JESUS, the Mediator of the new Covenant, and of GOD the Judge of All. And if the sense of that Presence awaken all the consciousness of thine own evil, and of the evil of the people among whom thou dwellest, the taste of that Sacrifice, which was once offered for thee and for all the world, will purge thine iniquity. When that Divine love has kindled thy flagging and perishing thoughts and hopes, thou mayest learn that GOD can use thee to bear the tidings of His love and righteousness to a sense-bound land that is bowing to silver and gold, to horses and chariots. And if there should come a convulsion in that land, such as neither thou nor thy fathers have known; be sure that it signifies the removal of such things as can be shaken, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain."

His prophecy was thus of the nature of an apocalypse. He spoke no comfortable words to the city. He was often filled with the darkest forebodings as to the future. With so many of the great men of his age, he saw England visibly changing, and changing, as

he thought, to the worship of heathen gods, heathen idols. Unrivalled commercial prosperity was persuading the nation to forget the LORD GOD, who had brought it out of past captivity, and led it through strange ways to so perilous a position amongst the peoples of the world. It was a battle-cry by one who was ever a soldier, fighting in the wars of the LORD; with the vision always before him of the Armies of Heaven, led by One upon a white horse whose Name was Faithful and True, and who treadeth the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty GOD.

"He had no ambition," was the verdict on Maurice of the late Duke of Argyll, "no social gifts, no brilliant eloquence. He had no attraction of manner or of conversation. Even his appearance was against him. He was a short man with broad shoulders and a short neck. He had a pale face, but deeply scored with lines of meditation and thought. His eyes alone were striking; large and fine, with a very earnest and somewhat perplexed expression. They seemed to be always saying, 'Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold the wondrous things contained in Thy law.'" "His sermons," he continues, "were always interesting, and some of them most impressive. I always listened to them with great attention, although on coming away I was generally conscious of a feeling of incompleteness, as of a want unsatisfied."

"The most beautiful human soul," was Charles Kingsley's description, "whom GOD has ever in His great mercy allowed me, most unworthy, to meet with upon this earth; the man who, of all men whom I have seen, approached nearest to my conception of S. John, the Apostle of Love. Well do I remember, when we were looking together at Leonardo da Vinci's fresco of the Last Supper, his complaining, almost with indignation, of the girlish and sentimental face which the painter, like too many Italians, had given to S. John. I asked, 'Why?' And he answered, 'Why? Was not S. John the Apostle of Love? Then in such a world of hate and misery as this, do you not think he had more furrows in his cheek than all the other Apostles?' And I looked upon the furrows in that most delicate and yet most noble face, and knew that he spoke true of S. John and of himself likewise, and understood better from that moment what was meant by 'bearing the sorrows and carrying the infirmities of men.'"

CHAPTER X

The Work

SUCH was the man: what of the work which he was set to accomplish? The prophet with his visions was confronted with a strange world of make believe, in which his lot was cast for a season. The people of the nineteenth century, as the people in the ancient allegory, lay bound as prisoners in the cave; seeing nothing but the shadows thrown upon the walls by the flickering firelight: and in their blindness mistaking these shadows for real things.

It is the prophetic function to sift and distinguish the reality from the illusion. Maurice was aided in his apprehension of the real things by his indifference to the shadows. From the beginning external Nature made but little appeal to him. He lamented his insensibility to the charm and beauty of the world. "My sole vocation," he wrote, "is metaphysical and theological grubbing. The treasures of earth and sky are not for me." And he classes himself amongst those "who delve in the dark flowerless caverns and coal

mines of their own souls." Half-wistfully, half-pathetically, he confessed this deficiency, which from childhood had turned his mind inward instead of outward, and deprived his writing as well as his life of so much of the serenity which comes from an apprehension of the lights and glories of the world. "I did not in any right mood," he said, with his characteristic humility, "impute my incapacity to God, but to my own sin." Nor did the larger satisfactions of human enjoyment in the work of art or the normal delights of man, come to soften and lessen the austerity of a life given to high effort in thought and conduct. "I am a hard Puritan," he wrote to Kingsley, "almost incapable of enjoyment, though on principle justifying enjoyment as God's gift to His creatures. I have well deserved to alienate all whom I love, and with many I have succeeded only too well." This insensibility to the material, indeed, helped him to regard with tranquillity those discoveries of his time which were modifying the conception of the process by which the natural world has been made. "We cannot find God in nature," was his conviction. The natural theology of Paley and the natural mysticism of the transcendentalists alike seemed to him unsatisfying. In consequence, the discovery of the mechanism of evolution, which seemed to destroy the final causes of the first, and the increasing apprehen-

sion of the cruelty and clumsiness of nature, which so weakened the appeal of the second, failed in any way to weaken or destroy Maurice's ultimate beliefs.

In the life itself, this sharp limitation of interest is undoubtedly a reason why to many the element of romance seems absent, the atmosphere rarified, and a little difficult to breathe. "The warmth of lesser life" is absent. Maurice, longing for the salvation of the people, and prepared to shed the last drop of his blood for their cause, appears detached from them, living in a world which to the ordinary mind is cold and bleak. In such a world the *schemata* of philosophy and the dogmas of the theologians seem to possess more reality, than the simple human interests of simple men and women.

There is little light and shade in his writing. There is no softening atmosphere. Above all, there is no relaxation from the high level of severe thought which carries the reader through the region of the mountains in the midst of ice and storm, remote from the rich sunlit plain beneath his feet. The outward life is of the same piece. The strong convictions rarely find adequate expression; and the resolute determination is not always successful, to come down from the world of ideas into the world of men. It is the life of a student, a philosopher, a prophet, living in the midst of

the city, but not a member of it; gazing perplexed upon the kind of things which men do, and the interests which dominate their lives.

This life is reflected in the writings. Here is little grace or beauty of style. Maurice will often give his readers the pregnant phrase, and at intervals his passionate eloquence will sweep forward with a kind of swing and fury of indignation or appeal. Sometimes he is almost terrible in his denunciation of meanness or cruelty. Sometimes he is filled with the vision of things present and to come in a kind of inspiration. Sometimes he is gazing over the great city in a kind of tenderness and longing: "If thou hadst known the things that belong unto thy peace—but now they are hid from thine eyes." But there is none of that solemn intensity and delicate charm of style which has made such a writer as Newman appeal to successive generations, nor of the clear light and simplicity of Church, nor of the pomp and marching music of Ruskin and the magic splendour of Carlyle.

Much of his work is dictated matter, and bears all the evidences of dictated matter. It is vast in quantity, thirty or forty volumes of an average of 400 or 500 pages apiece. It repeats itself. It sprawls over chapters and pages. It is often extraordinarily tangled and obscure. It belongs to the time, and the bulk of it has perished with the time. In the controversies which filled with the

noise of combat the ears of a generation now all dead and forgotten, once so passionately alive, he stands among the company as the only theologian of the nineteenth century in England with a metaphysical training and a claim to philosophic distinction. He was living as much in the world of severe thought, as amongst the lesser disputants of a lower plane, who were muttering and complaining concerning the Thirty-nine Articles or the Athanasian Creed.

Maurice, like Butler, found himself testifying in the midst of an age when "it is come, I know not how," (in historic words), "to be taken for granted, by many persons, that Christianity is not so much a subject for enquiry, but that it is, now at length, discovered to be fictitious. And accordingly they treat it, as if, in the present age, this was an agreed point among all people of discernment; and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were by way of reprisals, for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world." Maurice, a philosopher with unchallenged erudition, a thinker of high intellectual capacity, an honest man, came to challenge so pleasant a scheme of human action. He was classed as a Broad Churchman, just as Carlyle was classed as a Radical, because men are classified on account of their opponents, rather than through their own

affirmations. Carlyle was attacking a dead organic society. Maurice was attacking a theological dominance which was cumbered with dust and decay—the dust and decay of centuries. He lived in an age when the great Revolution had transformed the world, as completely as the Black Death had effected the passing of the mediæval time. Few recognized the lessons of the Great Change; many were turning again to attempt the endowment of dead things with some ghastly semblance of vitality.

He was never a Protestant. He passed almost directly from the Unitarian position to the assertion of a kind of Liberal Catholicism. And Catholic he remained to the end; basing his deepest conviction upon the unity of all life; consummating in that Unity in Trinity, which is the ultimate human conception of the Eternal Charity, beyond the basis of all being. It was the revolt against the selfishness and aggrandizement of each person or family, accepting its own self-centred solitariness, which drove him into warfare against the Political Economy of his age. Just as he would have nothing to say to the orthodox Protestant theology which insisted on a personal salvation, so he would have no tolerance for the orthodox competitive Economics which exalted a personal material prosperity. Hatred of the so-called "law of competition" made him a co-operator and a Socialist. He

thought this exaltation of competition to be the exaltation of a blind brutal god, the dominance of the worship of idols. Nature, "red in tooth and claw with ravin," might shriek against the creed of fellowship; showing nothing but the ferocity of a perpetual struggle in which the weakest are irrevocably destroyed. He had been led by other ways to other interpretations of human affairs; to see sympathy widening from the family to the nation, and from the nation to an enthusiasm for humanity which included all mankind.

He carried this repudiation into all his energies. He refused to allow competition in education, and substituted at Queen's College a system of reports for a system of prizes. He endeavoured to carry out the same idea in the Working Men's College, with an ideal not of emulation, but of co-operation. He always maintained that the duty of those reformers who associated themselves with him in the stormy days of the later 'forties was less to form Co-operative Societies than to preach Co-operation.

Experience in part justified his contention. The productive Associations one after the other collapsed. The workers gathered in them proved as rapacious for individual welfare, as blind to the communal good, as the workers outside. Maurice himself lost money in the Associations, and Vansittart Neale, having risked and ruined two fortunes, was reduced

to penury. Such misfortunes did not in the least daunt one who had learnt something of a large faith "in time, and that which shapes it to some perfect end," and could see the dullness of the common day always transfigured by something of the radiance of that ultimate vision.

His metaphysic is a history. He declared that he had no concern in the abstractions themselves, detached from the life of man; and that all his interest was in the struggle of men in successive ages to attain that knowledge of GOD which is the goal of all human effort. So his History of Philosophy is made up of little biographies of the men who, shunning delight and living laborious days, had turned themselves with a kind of heroic fury upon the quest of the ultimate Truth; who had piled mountain upon mountain, in the endeavour to climb to the very floors of Heaven. In such a world he felt at home. He never protested against divergent systems so long as this "hunger of the Infinite" was driving their framers forward in any kind of honest search for its attainment. Divinity, in Bacon's great phrase, was for him "the Sabbath and Port of all man's labours and peregrinations." Always, and amongst the most diverse thinkers, he will show this thread of common effort running through the successive centuries; building up, from the earliest speculators, in

a remote world in the grey dawn of history, down to the perplexed thinkers of a present extraordinarily complex and baffling, a tradition of laborious service bringing no earthly reward. His survey extended from Plato, who "dreamt GOD," to Hegel and the modern transcendentalists, "recognizing by the intellect that the intellect cannot conceive of a GOD who must make Himself known." Maurice reveals this company of the seekers for the Holy Grail as those who, abandoning the warmth of lesser life and the tranquil satisfactions of security and comfort, have been driven out into the wilderness and solitary places in insatiable desire for the goal of all their wanderings. They came to many different conclusions, seemingly hostile to each other. But they all stand as part of one order in the verdict of time, sharply opposed to those who are content to establish a comfortable life in the cities of the plain. So with Hobbes, "seeking first of all to know what that kind of motion might be which produces the phantoms of the senses and of the understanding, and the other properties of animals": in the assertion of Spinoza, that "all noble things are difficult, all noble things are rare," and his perplexity concerning personality and the distinction between GOD's Essence and His Intellect and His Will:—"though I am not ignorant of the word I am ignorant of its significa-

tion; nor can I form any clear conception of it, although I firmly believe that in the blessed vision of God which is promised to the faithful, God will reveal this to His own": with Malebranche, *Gutt-Tronken*, declaring "God is Himself actually in the midst of us, not as a mere observer of our good or evil actions, but as the principle of our society, the bond of our friendship, the soul—if I may say so—of the intercourse and fellowship that we have with each other": with Protestant and Catholic: in the great aspiration of the early Renaissance: with such thinkers as Pico, asserting the belief in God as everything—"all practical morality, all the ascent of man out of evil to good, out of darkness to light, rests upon the faith that Being, Truth, Goodness, Unity are *in* Him as their object, become through Him the inheritance of the creatures whom He has made":—with all this great and eager companionship Maurice finds himself in sympathy and communion. Here he discovers "a chain of tradition which cannot be neglected, that all nature, all legends, still more the forms of ecclesiastical society, have been supposed to be pledges and sacraments of a mysterious Presence."

Maurice's philosophy thus starts from the Divine. He makes no attempt to deduce the Presence of God from the visible world, or to pass from the creature to the Creator.

God is for him the only reality. Scripture is either the gradual unfolding of God or it is nothing. Human experience is an ever-deepening apprehension of His existence and working. Confused and partial notions about God have been the root of all the divisions, superstitions, plagues of the world. Right apprehension of His attributes and purposes has been the inspiration of all human progress and the foundation of all human welfare. He can give no clear dogmatic affirmations of a carefully-bounded and limited definition. "The reason cannot be satisfied without mysteries." The finite can never apprehend the Infinite. It is only in those elements of human effort in which the limitations of temporal and material conditions are transcended, that this human personality can obtain any conscious apprehension of the Divine. As God—in that old language of the Church—sheweth forth His Almighty power most chiefly in mercy and in pity; so man, in the losing of his own personal life for the salvation of humanity, is most clearly conscious of apprehending, in some quality more convincing than the cold affirmations of a logical satisfaction, the nature of the Infinite Charity.

From such a conception of the Divine purpose beneath the illusions of time, Maurice passed to the conviction of a fundamental Divine order working, in a world of con-

fusion, towards the attainment of a harmony which will consummate all its life and energies in one intelligible end. As in the vision of Augustine, he saw two polities—the city of man and the city of GOD; the first based on individual demands for individual satisfactions, full of the elements of competition and wild warfare; the second uniting this same bewildered company into a unity in which each will find his satisfaction in the satisfaction of all. "The pursuit of unity," he asserted in the later years, "is the end which GOD has set before me from my cradle upwards; the vision of unity as infinite, embracing, sustaining, the confession which I make in the Creed, that I have accepted in my mature years." The witness of this unity he found in the Church, with its visible Sacraments binding men together of all classes and nations, including rather than estranging, proclaiming as its ultimate object of worship a Trinity in Unity. "Will not our lips be some day opened," he wrote "to say that the Kingdom of Heaven is not for those who would shut it up, but for those who would open it, as the Apostles did, to all kindreds and tongues and tribes? All perplexities and contradictions of human opinion and practice seem to me to be preparing the way for this discovery, otherwise they would drive me to despair." The revelation of GOD in the living Word alone can emancipate the peoples.

"The Name into which we are baptized," he cried, "the Name which was to bind together all nations, comes to me more and more as that which must at last break the fetters of oppression. I can find none of my Liberal friends to whom that language does not sound utterly wild and incomprehensible; while the orthodox would give me for the eternal Name the dry dogma of the Trinity; an opinion which I may brag of as mine, given me by I know not what councils of noisy doctors, and to be retained in spite of the reason which it is said to contradict, lest I should be cast into hell for rejecting it. I am sure this Name is the Infinite All-embracing Charity, which I may proclaim to publicans and harlots as that in which they are living and moving and having their being; in which they may believe, and by which they may be raised to the freedom and righteousness and fellowship for which they were created."

So the Church, like the philosophers, becomes for Maurice a *witness* to the presence of this Divine order and unity; Sacraments the *organon* of a revelation, the necessary form of a revelation, because they discover the Divine nature in its union with the human, and do not make the human the standard and measure of the Divine. And all this witness and experience pass back to the memory of One who came as Light and Ruler of the Universe, out of the regions beyond space

and time, into the limitations of space and time, by a self-emptying; the CHRIST who is the King, and who will put all things into subjection under His feet, until death and hell itself shall be cast into the lake of fire and be consumed. In that life lay the possibilities of escape from the separate existence, hard and round like a ball of adamant, in which man ultimately found himself alone in the midst of a great nothingness and cold. "I come to give thanks," he wrote at the beginning, when the full meaning of this revelation dawned on him, "that in Him is the life of the world. I do not want a separate life either here or hereafter. I come to renounce that separate life, to disclaim it. I understand that the SON of GOD, by sacrificing Himself, has given me a share and property in another life, the common life which is in Him; and I have come to pray that He will deliver me and my brethren and the universe from that separate and selfish life, which is the cause of all our woes and miseries, spiritual and fleshly, inward and outward."

From such a theology came the inspiration of all his effort and the explanation of his attitude upon so many critical occasions: his abandonment of the religion of his fathers: his enthusiasm for social justice: his teaching in a time of religious disturbance.

He came from a "sect" into the Church

because he demanded a larger and freer air, because he repudiated boundaries and limitations built upon the affirmations of belief. Men (for him) were not made members of CHRIST because they believed that He was GOD, or because they entertained certain dogmas concerning certain ultimate propositions. They were citizens of that Kingdom because they had been bought by a great redemption. And the children, who knew nothing of their high calling, and the indifferent and the scornful, the publicans and harlots, as securely as the orthodox and devout, were all members of one Body, citizens of the Kingdom of GOD. "We cannot rise out of schism," he asserted, "unless some one proclaims CHRIST as the centre of unity to each man and to all men." This was the message which he found himself compelled to set forth; "voices of the living and of the dead ringing continually in my ears, with, I think, a diviner voice of One that liveth and was dead, telling me that I ought to do that, whether men hear or are deaf."

He plunged into the social controversy of an age "fast hurrying to destruction in its worship of Mammon." He found it directed by the doctrine of free competition, and the unsuccessful to the devil. The inspiring force in his effort was not primarily, as in the case of others, the revolt of pity against remediable human suffering, or of intelligence against remediable human disorder. It was with

Maurice a repudiation, with all the fire of a nature full of a consuming energy, of a social order and gospel which seemed to him a direct contradiction of the law and gospel of the Kingdom. An economy which declared that the welfare of the whole could only be maintained through each man feverishly and hungrily seeking his own individual aggrandizement, seemed to him a proclamation that the devil and not CHRIST was the king of the universe. "If there is lying at the root of society," he asserted, "the recognition of the unity of men in CHRIST, the natural intercourse of men in different countries will bring out that belief into clearness and fullness, and remove the limitation and narrowness which arise from the confusion between CHRIST Himself and our notions about Him. But that Commerce is in itself, apart from this principle, any bond of brotherhood whatever, that it does not lead to the denial of all brotherhood, to murderous conflicts between Labour and Capital, to slavery and slave-trade, I know not how, in the face of the most patent and received facts, it is possible to maintain."

Again, in passing from the social to the religious confusions of the age, he is found always judging present things in the clear light of this conception of the beginning and the end. He was accused, by those who had abandoned the old, stiff formulas, of an attempt "to methodize shams, to

idealize shovel-hattery, to build up, not earth only, but heaven also, upon a ground-plan of the Thirty-nine Articles." These men demanded a Church of living men. "You show us," he pictures them as saying, "no such thing, only some mysterious pictures of water and bread and wine, an absolute creed, an office which enables men to put 'Cantuar' and 'Ebor' after their names, a book worn to shreds with commentaries." To all this Maurice replied by confronting the vague and gusty affirmations of his contemporaries, with the magnificent, free, emancipating proclamations of an historic Christianity. It is a society which he sought, and a society which he found, binding men together here and now; binding together into one unity, the past, the present, and the future. Maurice refused to accept a unity of belief as a ground of combination. He demanded a unity of action, purpose and hope. He found this unity in a Church, not creating through its ordinances, but recognizing that which indeed existed beyond those ordinances, the Divine energy in the world, and the Divine response to the pleadings and the desires of humanity. Of the Prayer Book, "I am convinced," he cried, "it preaches a gospel to mankind which no dissenters and no infidels preach. I am convinced that GOD will take it from us if He sees it does not help us but harms us. Till

then I turn to it for protection against *Record*, *Guardian*, King's College Councils, his Grace the Archbishop, Mr. Morrison, the brothers Newman, Dr. Cummings, and Pius IX."

The free and full gospel there indicated gives him the power of resistance against the orthodoxy which covers the atheism of his surroundings. "My only hope of resisting the devil-worship of the religious world," he said, "lies in preaching the full revelation of GOD in CHRIST set forth in the Bible."

Underneath this temporal show, which wasted away and presently would altogether crumble into dust, he had seen the City whose foundations are secure. The courses in time of this phantom race of men, spirits in a world of spirits, imprisoned in strange unintelligible limitations against which the ardour of human resolution beats in vain, only became significant as interpreted in the light of this revelation : the vision of the end and the beginning — the end in the beginning. "So there will be discovered," is the summary of his "Social Morality," of all his life's travail, "beneath all the polities of the earth, sustaining the order of each country, upholding the charity of each household, a city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is GOD. It must be for all kindreds and races ; therefore with the Sectarianism which rends humanity asunder, with the Imperialism which would substitute for universal

fellowship a universal death, must it wage implacable war. Against these we pray as often as we ask that GOD's will may be done on earth as it is in heaven.

He clung to this faith amid all the splendour and the terror of passing things; proclaiming that the Gospel is a message to mankind of the redemption which GOD has effected in His SON; that the Bible is not only speaking of a world to come, but of a kingdom here of righteousness, peace, and truth; that we may be in conformity with this kingdom, or in enmity, now; that the Church is "the healer of all privations and diseases, the bond of all classes, the instrument for reforming abuses, the admonisher of the rich, the friend of the poor, the asserter of the glory of that humanity which CHRIST bears."

He saw warfare and confusion everywhere around him, the old breaking into fragments, men's hearts failing them for fear as the curtain of the horizon lifted upon a vision of ocean and storm. He saw the good at cross-purposes with the good, party attacking party, the Church bare and leafless in the frosty weather, with no promise of a second spring. Sometimes the sense of baffled purposes, and of the large outpouring of the forces of evil, filled him with the darkest forebodings for the days to come. In such moments he looked with anxiety on the future of his children, who were to be brought up in a world filled with little but dust and decay; and rejoiced

over the gathering of those who had passed away from the evil to come. At other times the conviction was strong within him that humanity will never be content permanently to inhabit ruins, that mankind will never acquiesce in a godless world.

His prophecy is too recent to have attained denial or fulfilment. We are still living in an age, beyond that of most generations perplexed and bewildered by the changes which have come upon human thought and human action; now exultant, with its soul uplifted, in the magnificence of its material triumph; now mournful in the experience of the failure of all material progress to satisfy the hungry heart of man. The immediate fate of the future is hidden from our eyes. The affirmation of some ultimate principle of Charity behind the outward show of things is still challenged by those who can see no vision but of a meaningless struggle, in which man disquieteth himself in vain. "I cannot see one shadow or tittle of evidence," is the assertion of one modern thinker, "that the great unknown underlying the phenomena of the universe stands to us in the relation of a father—loves us and cares for us, as Christianity declares." "I believe the time is coming," is the counter-assertion of another, "when those only who are able to say *ex animo*, I believe in GOD the FATHER Almighty, Creator of Heaven and

earth, will be found to be in the full possession of their common sense."

Maurice is in the tradition of those who "at least" were "very sure of GOD." He was a seer, a mystic, a prophet; charged with thoughts sometimes too great for human utterance, and occupied with a Vision beyond the boundaries of time.

Developments of newer knowledge and a civilization increasing in complexity, are sweeping modern Society into new interests, to which the age in which Maurice lived seems remote and far away. The nineteenth century, in its simplicities and ardours and austerities, already stands apart as something removed from the energies of its successor. Is the Vision also destined to vanish, in which these men thought was included all the hope of the world? Even in such a case their work will not be forgotten. If in the generations to come the quest has been abandoned, and mankind has learnt to abide in contentment in the plain, heedless of the challenge of the distant hills; there will still be honour for the memory of those who set forth so bravely, upon an adventure which thus proved in the end all hopeless and barren. But if the old tradition remains, and amid the noise of the busy streets some will always hear the calling of an adventure beyond temporal attainment; it is to the memory of such as this man that these will

turn, for the record of the travellers who once toiled up the hazardous way, towards the peaks which lose their summits in the cloud.

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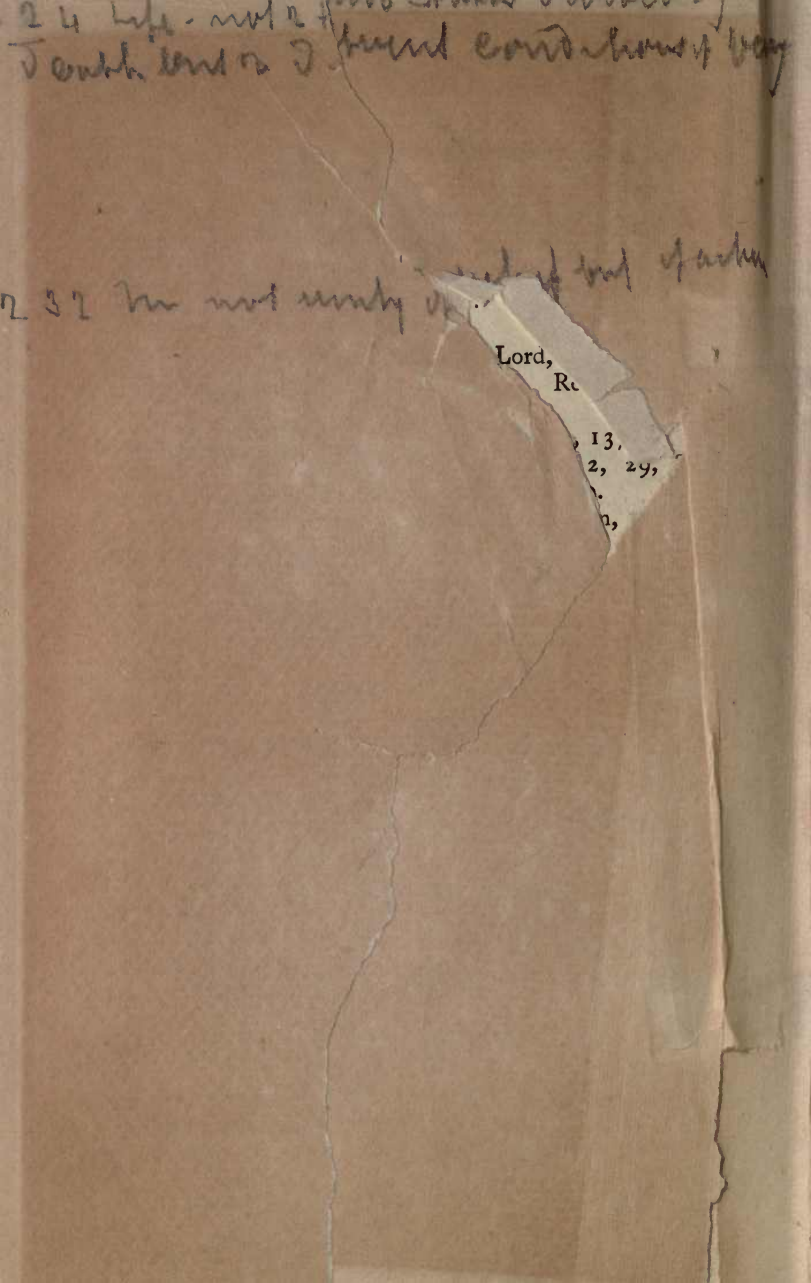

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