than the family. We see it all through the life of some men, though they never see it themselves. Has not George Eliot taken us aside in the *Mill on the Floss* and shown us what family pride can be, and the mischief it can work? And is not every family a family of Dodsons in its little way until Christ has made the members free? But we see it best at death. The newspaper makes the simple announcement that the estate was left to the members of the family, and we neither wonder nor lament.

Christ came to proclaim the opening of the prison to them that are bound. And they are as often bound within the family prison-house as anywhere. 'Who is My mother,' He said, 'and who are My brethren?' And He looked round upon the disciples. 'Behold, My mother and My

brethren! For whosoever doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven, the same is My brother and sister and mother.' It was not simply the formation of a new spiritual family. It was the stripping off from every earthly family all that made its members selfish and narrow. It was saying to James, wherever he is found in the family, that henceforth he is not to regard Judas or Simon with more affection than he gives to the members of the family on the other side of the street. And when the time came for Him to be taken up, He committed His mother Mary not to the keeping of James her own son according to the flesh, but into the keeping of John, her son and His according to the Spirit.

That is one of the answers to the question, 'Who then is this?'

Jeremy Taylor and Richard Baxter: A Comparison and a Contrast.

BY THE REV. MARTIN LEWIS, B.A., FELLOW OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

I.

THERE is a singular parallelism between the careers of these two great contemporaries. Born almost at the same time—the one at Cambridge in 1613, the other in Shropshire in 1615—their lives ran side by side like sister streams, divided indeed by the great political frontier of that era of contention, but both making steadily for the same great and wide sea in which all the rivers of God meet. The good Bishop's earthly course was the shorter of the two. He was carried off by fever in 1667 in his Irish diocese. The good Presbyterian lingered on until 1691, though harassed by incessant persecutions, privations, and infirmities. In social rank Baxter had the advantage, for he belonged to an old county family. His father squandered his property at the gaming table until a profound conversion turned him into a serious Puritan Christian a few years before Richard was born; but the boy was brought up under the roof of his maternal grandfather, Richard Adeney of

Rowton, a small landed proprietor. Jeremy Taylor's father was a barber at Cambridge, and the son entered the university with the free commons of a sizarship. In scholarship, however, the balance inclined in favour of the lad who had the good fortune to be born in a university city. He was sent to school at the early age of three, and entered Caius College at thirteen. A distinguished university course laid up the ample stores of classical learning which in after years enriched his writings with their marvellous opulence. Baxter received little help from any of his teachers. His education was utterly mismanaged. He was intrusted as a private pupil to ignorant and sottish curates, and through bad advice his parents refrained from sending him to Oxford. Sir James Stephen says he quitted school at nineteen 'destitute of all mathematical and physical science, ignorant of Hebrew, a mere smatterer in Greek, and possessed

of as much Latin as enabled him in after life to use it with reckless facility.' Yet, for all that, Baxter was not without a real and broad culture. He was an omnivorous reader. It has been remarked that he probably read more books than any other human being. He possessed the invaluable power of tearing out swiftly the very heart of a book, and drawing off its life-blood. His boyish imagination feasted on romances; his intellect, almost preternaturally alert and acute, found food for itself in many quarters; and he was equally at home among the early Fathers, the schoolmen, and the Protestant theologians of all nations.

Jeremy Taylor's mind was an estate cultivated by many skilful husbandmen, and enriched by an elaborate educational machinery. Baxter tilled his own land with his own sturdy arm. Deficiencies in accurate scholarship only served to bring out into bolder relief the virile force of his own originaive personality.

The two young men first appeared in public in London about the same time, though in very different scenes. Young Taylor was appointed a lecturer in St. Paul's Cathedral, where Dean Rust says 'he preached to the admiration and astonishment of his auditors, and by his florid and youthful beauty, and sweet and pleasant airs, and sublime and raised discourses, he made his hearers take him for some young angel newly descended from visions of glory.' Archbishop Laud was so struck with his rare pulpit gifts that, with unusual wisdom, he obtained a fellowship for him at All Souls, Oxford, advising him to read much and preach seldom, lest his tree should be spoiled by premature superabundance of fruitbearing. Thus Oxford joined with Cambridge in fostering the fine growth of the English Chrysostom within their 'enclosed gardens,' while bleak winds blew on Baxter all his days, at once shrivelling and strengthening his nature.

For while the young Anglican was captivating all hearers in the city of London, across the fields at Whitehall the young Puritan was making his first appearance on the scene in a strangely incongruous character. Influential friends obtained for him the post of a royal page under the Master of the Revels! This was supposed to be the highway to fortune, but Baxter's grave and stiff temperament was utterly alien to the gaieties of court life. Already his soul had been pierced and

searched by Bunney's *Resolutions*, and somewhat comforted by Sibbes' *Bruised Reed*. One can picture the delicate melancholy youth lounging about corridors and waiting-rooms, oppressed with self-consciousness and misery, and looking with the horror of a tortured conscience on a stage play instead of a sermon on the Lord's Day afternoon. When his mother's serious illness summoned him suddenly hence, and he left London in a snowstorm, the escape was the providential snatching of a pilgrim soul from Vanity Fair. Baxter's piety was deepened by witnessing his mother's faith in the midst of terrible sufferings, and beside her deathbed her son solemnly resolved to be a minister of Christ, and, in his own famous phrase, to preach 'as a dying man to dying men.'

He was ordained in 1638 by the Bishop of Worcester as headmaster of a school at Dudley, in the 'black country,' and he preached his first sermon in the upper church there. The rough nailers and miners hung upon his burning words, as the Kingswood colliers hung on Whitefield's; but pastoral work was more to his taste than teaching, and in 1640 he accepted a call as lecturer, or preaching curate, in the fine parish church of Kidderminster. Kidderminster was ever after the home of Baxter's heart. Here the grave preacher with the 'strangely-moving voice' addressed his tremendous appeals to the unconverted, 'to turn and live, and accept of mercy while mercy may be had, as ever they would find mercy in their extremity from the living God.' Here the Reformed pastor discharged those faithful ministrations which he has himself described. His spiritual influence was enormous. The power of his passionate pleadings and incessant labours changed the whole aspect of a godless town. Dr. Benjamin Jowett says: 'As the people of Nineveh repented at the preaching of Jonah; so did the people of Kidderminster repent at the preaching of Baxter.'

But in 1642 the Civil War began to divide the nation into hostile camps, and the 'lecturer' of Kidderminster soon found himself on the opposite side from Jeremy Taylor, now rector of Uppingham. To us the Puritan Revolution seems mainly a struggle between civil liberty and arbitrary tyranny, or between republicanism and monarchy. But these were not the issues that presented themselves to many minds of that day

—certainly not to Baxter. He told Cromwell to his face that he held the ancient throne a blessing to the kingdom; and as for liberty, Baxter cared little or nothing for it in any shape. 'Liberty of conscience' he opposed almost as resolutely as Laud himself. He embraced the cause of the Parliament, because to him it represented seriousness, discipline, temperance, sobriety, as against licence, ungodliness, the revellings of the gay cavaliers, and noisy sports on the Lord's Day. Baxter was a Presbyterian Churchman, hating utterly the confusion of jarring sects and ignorant sectarians, and never entirely in his element among the Parliamentarians.

Jeremy Taylor was soon to plead for freedom in his *Liberty of Prophesying* (1647), but he became a King's man at the parting of the ways, because loyalty to Charles meant to him loyalty to Monarchy and Episcopacy, to the Lord's Anointed and Apostolical Succession, to Church Authority and Unity, to the seemly order and reverence of liturgical worship 'in appointed places,' as opposed to disorderly services with long and rambling prayers. The wall of partition between the two men was religious rather than political, and it was lower than it looked.

The two young ministers both became army chaplains. When the Parliament gained the upper hand Taylor fled to Wales and turned schoolmaster, like Baxter at Dudley. He acted also as private chaplain to Lord and Lady Carberry of Golden Grove in Caermarthenshire, whence the title of his famous 'Golden Grove' sermons. And although Baxter's party was victorious, he, too, was driven from public life by violent illness, induced by the hardships of the campaign, and he was obliged to retire to the country house of Sir Thomas Rouse in Worcestershire.

Here is the next point of comparison between the two men, and it is surely a striking one. Each of them prepared a devotional work, which will last while the English tongue lasts, at the same time, under the same conditions, while living in retirement under the care of friends,—for both men had a genius for friendship,—and beneath that stress of severe affliction which has often crushed out of great souls their greatest utterances. In the very same year (1650) were published Baxter's *Saints' Rest* and Taylor's *Holy Living*, while *Holy Dying* followed the year after.

Setting side by side these two immortal 'companions of the devout life,' which saw the light in the same year, one observes that *the themes are at bottom the same*. The brevity of life; the vanity of earthly things; the value of the soul; the necessity of prayer; the joy of communion with the Highest; the duty of observing the ordinances of religion; the utter worthlessness of all observances and all creeds without faithful practice; the searching of conscience and the weighing of conduct by strict rules of devotion and duty,—these are the themes of both books. And *both books are saturated with the same heavenly temper*. Of Taylor it was said that 'he spent the greater part of his time in heaven, and the frequent aspiration and emigration of his soul to God made up the best part of his devotions.' And Baxter, too, was encompassed by the lambent glow of the spiritual mind, which is the true halo of sainthood. Even as a boy he began to think of heaven, dreaming holy dreams in the gloaming, and turning 'blind man's holiday' to the best account; while Part IV. of his great devotional manual is entitled 'A Directory for getting and keeping the Heart in Heaven by the excellent unknown Duty of heavenly Meditation'—a duty which, if unknown in Baxter's days, is still less known in ours.

Holy Living and Dying is admirably arranged, proportioned, and finished like one of those beautiful English churches which the author loved, with the font beside the west door, and the finely wrought woodwork in the chancel, and the altar beneath the glowing east window.

The threefold arrangement of the material is lucidity itself. It is suggested by the familiar verse, 'living soberly, righteously, and godly.'

(1) *Sobriety* includes personal qualities such as temperance, chastity, humility, modesty, and contentedness.

(2) *Righteousness* covers all duties—civil, social, and domestic—which arise out of our relation to other men.

(3) *Godliness* embraces the peculiarly Christian graces of faith and love.

The spiritual life is set before us as a continual conflict. Face to face with each grace stand the antagonists which resist it and the difficulties which obstruct its progress, while beside it are ranged like faithful allies all the considerations which will aid the soul in earnestly seeking it.

The book displays the author's extraordinary powers of illustration. He was never at a loss for an apt quotation, anecdote, or illustration, drawn almost wholly from classical writers or the Christian Fathers. There are fine illustrations also from nature, as when he compares the passions which petulantly solicit a man in health to the sportive atoms in the sunshine, always dancing and always busy until night draws the veil.

How lofty and wise is his counsel, that at the first presence of serious sickness a man should gather up his inward forces and set the heart firmly on this resolution, 'I must bear it inevitably, and by God's grace I will bear it nobly'! The pages are bright with memorable sayings, pointed and pithy as proverbs, nails fastened in a sure place by a master hand, e.g., on the Care of our Time:— 'Idleness is the burial of a living man;' 'Idleness is the rust of time;' 'There are some people who are busy; but it is as Domitian was, in catching flies;' 'He that spends his time in sports and calls it recreation, is like him whose garment is all made of fringes; his meat is nothing but sauces.'

Or, again, on 'Purity of Intention':— 'The praise is not in the deed done, but in the manner of of its doing;' 'If a man visits a sick friend and watches at his pillow for charity's sake, and because of old affection, we approve it; but if he does it in hope of a legacy, he is a vulture, and watches only for the carcase.'

The *Saints' Rest* cannot claim these merits. Baxter lacked Taylor's wealth of imagery, and his style cannot compete with that of the great prose poet. His prolixity is wearisome; his divisions and subdivisions and digressions are endless. His book glows through and through with the red heat of sacred flame at which the soul catches fire, but it is ill-arranged, diffuse, and spoiled by the excessive length in which Puritanism indulged. Baxter took no pains with the shape or rhythm of his sentences, and one cannot but regret that he neglected to follow the excellent advice of his wife, who told him it would be much better if he would write less and take more pains with the form and quality of his writing. Had he acted on her most wise suggestion, vast tomes on which he bestowed the strength of a giant would not now be left unread on dusty shelves. For though Dr. Johnson cheerfully ordered Boswell to read 'all' Baxter's books, because they were 'all good,' we

may be quite sure that the great Doctor had never himself swallowed his own huge prescription!

Yet, in spite of Baxter's negligence, Archbishop Trench—no mean judge—claims for his writings 'a robust and masculine eloquence.' 'Nor do these want from time to time rare and unsought felicities of language, which, once heard, can scarcely be forgotten.'

Here are a few fine specimens which we meet unexpectedly in the *Saints' Rest*:—

'As the lark sings sweetly when she soars on high, but is suddenly silenced when she falls to the earth, so is the frame of the soul most delightful when it keepeth God in view by contemplation. But, alas! we make there too short a stay, and lay by our music.'

'As the fire doth mount upward, and the needle that is touched with the loadstone still turneth to the north, so the converted soul is inclined to God. Nothing else can satisfy him, nor can he find any content or rest but in His love.'

'After the rough and tempestuous day we shall at last have the quiet, silent night, the quietness of the night without its darkness.'

These sentences, dropped in passing from Baxter's hurrying pen, might have been fashioned by Taylor at his best. If there is less gilt on the Puritan scabbard, there is more steel in the blade, and the metal is of finer temper, because it has been plunged in fiercer fires. If the capital of the pillar is less ornate, the shaft is far more massive.

The contrast is a typical one. As a modern parallel, one thinks of Tennyson and Browning; of Tennyson, with his Anglican upbringing, his entirely English sympathies and ethics, his gift of expression, rich and soft and musical; and of Browning, with his Nonconformist ancestry, his piercing analysis, his sinewy virility of thinking, clothed in a rugged style, like a strong man in armour.

One fancies it is more than a mere accident that in the Anglican directory the only virtues that receive mere passing recognition are truthfulness and courage, with their opposites, falsehood and cowardice.

Veracity and courage were, at least, the cardinal virtues of Puritanism, and both Frederick Robertson and Charles Kingsley have boldly affirmed that their absence is a fatal defect in the so-called 'Catholic' devoutness. They were certainly never wanting in anything Baxter did or

said. 'As soon doubt the verity of the gospel as the veracity of Richard Baxter.' That was Southey's splendid eulogy, and it was well deserved. Baxter's absolute sincerity and unflinching courage were beyond all doubt and above all praise. Strength and beauty are both befitting in God's sanctuary. If the poet-preacher had more of the winsome beauty of holiness, the faithful confessor excelled in the naked strength of truth and soberness, when unadorned adorned the most. In his treatise on Conversion, Baxter defends his great plainness of speech: 'Compliments are not needed when we run to quench a common fire.'

Both our divines were alike in their love for the fine analyses of *Casuistry*.

Principal Tulloch says it is not quite fair to say that the mechanical and unreal treatment of the Christian life as an uneasy routine of vices to be avoided and virtues to be learnt is characteristically Puritan. The Roman casuists carried the same mode of treatment to an even more unhappy excess. We must not forget that Jeremy Taylor wrote the *Ductor Dubitantium*, which Hallam praised as the greatest manual of casuistry in the English language; and Baxter's first impulse in that direction was derived from Bunney's *Resolutions*, a Puritan recasting of a Jesuit manual. Yet it must be owned that his subtle intellect revelled in fine analyses and thin distinctions with a zeal

worthy of a mediæval schoolman. In his *Christian Directory, or Sum of Practical Theology and Cases of Conscience*, the questions and cases are simply interminable.

After discussing 30 tongue sins and 20 questions for the conviction of drunkards; 18 necessary qualifications of lawful recreations, 18 sorts that are sinful; 12 convincing questions for those who plead for such pastimes; 36 questions about contracts; 174 about matters ecclesiastical, and so forth, he apologizes for the incompleteness of his list, regretting that the want of his library prevented him from enlarging the enumeration of cases!

It is scrupulosity gone mad! It is Rabbinical legalism *redivivus*, laying again an intolerable yoke of bondage on men's shoulders. Happily, we have learned to see that these crowds of casuistical rules are clean contrary to the principles of Christ. His principles were few and simple and broad and illuminating. And experience proves that casuistry is much more likely to suggest sophistical excuses for what is wrong than to give clear guidance to what is right. Duty is best discovered, not by the anxious weighing of pharisaic scruples, but by following those living instincts of right in the Christian soul which seize on the resources and opportunities of good which the moment offers, and use them to the utmost. The Christian is set 'free from the law,' that he may become 'a law unto himself,' because he is 'enlawed to Christ.'

'The Credibility of the Acts of the Apostles.'¹

BY THE REV. EDWARD R. BERNARD, M.A., CANON AND CHANCELLOR OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

THIS is an apologetic work, but not in the ordinary sense of the term. The writer does not set himself the task of defence, but the task of investigation, the result of which proves to be the establishment of his thesis. He speaks in his preface of the narrow limit which he has marked out for himself, and it must be acknowledged that the treatment of the purely narrative portion of the book is slight

in comparison with the full examination of the reports of the speeches and addresses of St. Peter and St. Paul. It is this latter feature which gives the work its main value, and will ensure it the attention of all students of apostolic history. The first two lectures, however, contain much that is valuable. The first lecture touches briefly most of the important points relating to the text, authorship, and sources of the work. Dr. Chase, here and elsewhere in his earlier chapters, is largely indebted to Th. Zahn's *Einleitung in das N.T.*, an indebtedness which he would be the first to

¹ *The Credibility of the Book of the Acts of the Apostles*, being the Hulsean Lectures for 1900-1901. By F. H. Chase, D.D., President of Queens' College, and Norrisian Professor of Divinity, Cambridge. Macmillan, 1902.