

that we are engaged in a European war, let our municipalities set to Parliament a better example than the voting of supplies and compliments. Let them begin at once to deliberate, with spirited gravity, on those calamities already incurred or apprehended, and exhaust their materials of judgment, and demand that they be provided with more. Let them be so many councils of war, so many committees of vigilance, watching and freely commenting on—not the operations of our commanders, but the conduct of the Government and its ambassadors and allies. Let them give expression—as who so legitimately can?—to that public feeling which is everywhere inarticulate but visible. Let the City of London, for example, call to its Guildhall for information on the relative posture of the Eastern nations to this bloody Eastern question, the exiled statesman whom that City hailed as the chosen ruler of the chief of those nations. Let every corporation that has ever fêted the Hungarian or given alms to the Pole, now demand that *they* be heard in that congress of nations by which Nicholas is supposed to be adjudged. This we suppose to be the line of action which the National Party will adopt, as best calculated at once to impress the House of Commons with the fact of its existence, and to promote its twofold object—the responsibility of the Government to the people, and the intelligent fidelity of the people to themselves.

The crisis that has originated this new type of politicians is evidently favourable to its rapid growth. It has arisen, as we have seen, from the suspicion that the war which was intended by the English nation to expiate its own faults of foreign policy, and to avenge the political crimes that ought to have been prevented, or at least, denounced, is being conducted in no such spirit; but is resolutely confined, in object and operation, to the attainment of such concessions from Russia as will save Turkey for the time, and appease the indignation or alarm of Western Europe. Suspicion is turned into conviction by the announcement of an Austrian treaty—since, it is argued by intuition, Austria will be no party to the employment against Russia of a weapon that is sure to pierce her own heart. Cold-hearted men may be indifferent to this conclusion; calculating men may reckon simply such an addition to our physical force; peace men may rejoice (though it must be “with

trembling”) at the supposed nearer prospect of pacification; but men with whom the honour of England, the life of nations, the rule of justice, are things real and precious—men who dare not purchase material advantages at the price of disgrace to their own country and despair to others—men who, loving order, see only chaos in the attempt to cheat the right—shudder at and denounce this alliance. We believe such men are very many. But beside these are the great multitude, whose sympathies are right, but whom ignorance makes powerless. These men are being instructed by events. Every day's delay to capture that Russian Gibraltar which was supposed to have thrown itself into our hands—every day that Austria keeps her troops inactive—adds to the popular impression of Russia's strength and of Austria's insincerity. Daily is mounting up to fierce resolve the desire to spurn the one, and find new help against the other. The logic of self-interest will accomplish what sentiment was not strong enough to accomplish—will pierce the sophistry that assumes a treaty can make an alliance, and baffle the policy that designed from timidity to extort submission to dishonour. It will be seen that the path of safety and the path of glory are one, and that this path is the road to Warsaw. Men that only cheered the cry of “Help for Poland!” will vote the demand, “Poland to the help of England!” When that demand is conceded, the National Party will embrace the whole of England. But its work will be only commencing. It will have to take care that the inveterate distrust of popular sentiments and of the continental peoples which prevails in our governing classes, does not cheat Poland of her reward and England of all her merit. It will have to take care that the secrecy essential in war be not maintained in negotiations for peace. It will have to keep alive, through all the organs of the body politic, that keen interest in international affairs which can alone ensure their administration with loyalty to the national idea. It will have to perfect that network of municipalities through which, as through the pores of the skin, a healthy national life may be maintained. All this is included in the work of the Party required at this hour, and the germ of which we have seen deposited in the most fruitful spot of English soil for such giant growths.

GENIUS, LITERATURE, AND DEVOTION.

NO. III.—EDWARD IRVING.*

WITHIN the compass of 278 pages, foolscap octavo, Mr. Wilks has given us an outline of the life, and an epitome of the productions of this extraordinary man. Dedicated to Thomas Carlyle, and to the Rev. F. D. Maurice, it will be supposed that the author writes from a friendly,

though not prejudiced stand-point. He is a discriminating admirer, not a blind follower of

* Edward Irving: an Ecclesiastical and Literary Biography. By Washington Wilks, Author of “A History of the Half-century,” etc. London; William Freeman, 69, Fleet-street.

his hero. We find it difficult to understand how he can be a common disciple of Carlyle, Maurice and Irving. For perhaps it would be difficult to name three teachers the methods and tendencies of whose minds more vary. But Mr. Wilks is catholic in his reading, and catholic in his sympathies; and he has brought to his present task a pains-taking reverence, and an honest wisdom which we may without scruple praise. A sectarian, whatever his school, could not understand Irving; and should not do his life. Mr. Wilks does understand; and, though he has left much to be written and said, what he has done, he has done well. The aim of the book does not appear to be very high; and, though the tone of its author is occasionally above the manner and the matter of his work, both in matter and in manner the work is to the author's credit.

We therefore thank Mr. Wilks for reviving a name the world should not forget. He who stirs the Church, whether to new thought, or to new zeal, augments the moral resources, and stimulates the moral energies of the whole community. Not in the establishment of new sects, nor in the mere sustenance of religious agitation, does the value of religious reforms and religious revivals mainly consist. These may, and in most cases naturally will, be the accompaniments or the consequences of such a movement; but they do not comprehend its full virtue, nor its essential glory. When the religious life of a great nation, or of a great sect, becomes stagnant; when its priests become unfaithful to the sanctities of their office, and its people sink into unhealthy lethargy; when corruptions in its discipline provoke no remonstrance, and death-like repose in its worship occasions no solicitude, a lion-hearted, God-fearing, man-loving, Apostolic adventurer is a benefactor and a blessing—he repeats within limits the unlimited work of Christ—he redeems the people of God. There is Divine power in his strange, strong, unfettered, and undismayed humanity. His holy indignation, awakened by ostentatious abuses; his fervent prayers, inspired by dread of prevailing impiety, and by unwonted devotion to the Most High; his appeals, which august conventionalisms cannot silence, and his rebukes, which no sense of earthly interests can restrain; his prophetic glances, of which piety, poetry, and love (the three elemental attributes of one beautiful flame) are the illumination; his outbursts of deep lamentation; his grand and sacred scorn of all affectations, and unseemly, unnatural courtesies; his defiance of enthroned ecclesiastical potentates; his faith, warm as his heart and solid as his instincts; his eloquence which rolls with mysterious majesty, as though it were the echo of speeches addressed by God to the nations; his absorption in the Infinite, Eternal, and Almighty wonders of that Gospel which is at once the theme of his ministry, the plea of his assumptions, and the law of his heart; the

tenderness of his many tears, shed over the obstinacy of the wicked, and the cruelty of unfaithful friends; the yearnings of his broken soul; in short, the magic fervour of his whole address—these, as they are so many embodiments and utterances of a Religiousness uncommon in his day, become the creative agents of new light and new life to all who come within the range of their influence. Words thus spoken are pregnant with sublime spiritual power. The man thus constituted wears the commanding dignity of a King, whilst he exercises the functions of a Prophet. Among the saints he restores new sanctity. The minister of Remorse, he is truly the minister of Salvation. To none should the Church or the world be more grateful than to such a man; for from none do richer blessings proceed.

It is not too much to say that, in very many respects, Edward Irving was pre-eminently a man of this order. He was connected with a branch of the Christian kingdom where spiritual flatness and inactivity had been fostered by events and by leading men for some generations. He came upon an age when a few others, equally with himself, felt the necessity of renewed enterprise and restored faith. To the restoration of faith, and the renewal of enterprise he honestly—with all the ardour of impulse, combined with all the solemn sobriety of conscientiousness—dedicated his life. In the face of innumerable obstacles he persevered, even unto death. Independent in the application of his reasoning powers to the great problems of Revelation, and of Religious Truth, he met the charge of heresy with calm self-reliance and holy appeals to God. Working in spheres that had been long neglected, and with an enthusiasm to which his contemporaries were utter strangers, he sustained the criticisms of the captious, the exclamations of the astonished, and the jeers of the envious with that equanimity which is an attribute only of true greatness. Flattered by a popularity that had never been surpassed, he yielded to none of its seductions. Royal smiles, and the blaze of aristocratic beauty never put him off his guard. Princes heard his faithful warnings; and the splendour and the wealth of the metropolis trembled beneath the weight of his rebukes. The patronage of the exalted could not betray, the persecution of the mighty could not overcome; the sneers of the ignorant, the factious, and the profane could not disturb the resolutions of his piety, or the fidelity of his services. He was God's own; and he was true. To this, rather than to any peculiarities of opinion, must be attributed his success. For he was successful. Communities with which he was never associated felt the force and the value of his zeal. The community from which he was cast out had been enriched by his labour, and was reproached by his excommunication. And another community, respectable for the character and the numbers of its adhe-

rents, and noteworthy for the comprehensiveness of its basis and the magnificence of its worship, is for ever identified with his life, though not known by his name. Surely, to such a man the gratitude of the Church, and the respect of history are abundantly due!

Edward Irving was born in the little town of Annan—a place of some other interesting associations—on the 15th of August, 1792. His father was descended from a French family; his mother was supposed to have come from the family of which Martin Luther was an illustrious member. His parents were in comfortable circumstances; and, though Edward was one of eight children, his education was not neglected. His first instructress, was Margret Paine—an aunt, and the reputed teacher of the author of the famous "Rights of Man," and "The Age of Reason." The youth was given to the more exuberant and healthy amusements of his age—devoted to athletic sports, and long rambles on the shores, or rowings on the waters of the beautiful Solway Frith,—but he attended, notwithstanding, with some success to the severer occupations of the school, where he especially distinguished himself as an arithmetician. The promise thus given was fulfilled at the University of Edinburgh, to which seminary he was in due course sent. He made such proficiency in mathematics, that, on the recommendation of Professor Leslie, he was, as early as his seventeenth year, appointed teacher of mathematics in an academy at Haddington. He had already taken the degree of "A.M." In about twelve months he was promoted to the rectorship of an academy at Kirkcaldy. It was here that he completed the probation required of him by the Church of Scotland as a candidate for its ministry. He was well versed in classics, modern languages, and ancient and modern standard literature; and he had studied natural philosophy and the more practical sciences to considerable purpose. Thus equipped, he awaited a "call" to the office for which he had diligently and solemnly prepared himself. Long he had to wait. By his occasional sermons he had rendered himself rather notorious than popular, and wherever he went excited rather the curiosity of the few than the admiration of the many. Without conforming to the established conventionalities of the pulpit, either in the courses of his thinking or the style of his address, there was a wayward earnestness, and a deep-seated originality which arrested attention, but failed to establish power. Growing weary of delay, and anxious to be diligently and regularly employed for God, he had made up his mind, at the age of twenty-seven, to devote himself to missionary adventures. His intention was not to commit himself to the control and the protection of any existing religious corporation; but with Apostolic simplicity and Apostolic faith, to go forth under the guidance of Providence alone, "without purse or scrip"—thus leaving the sinister interests of life to the care of Him

to whose glory his spiritual energies were to be so unreservedly and chivalrously consecrated. He was destined, however, to a less hazardous, though perhaps a not less troubled and laborious career. One Saturday afternoon he received a message inviting him to preach on the following day for Dr. Andrew Thompson of Edinburgh; an intimation being given that Dr. Chalmers, who was at that time seeking an assistant minister, would be one of the congregation. A few days having passed without bringing him any communication, his old resolution came back to his heart with augmented force, and he actually packed up his books, despatched them to Annan, and proceeded on a farewell journey round the coast of Ayrshire. By a strange whim he extended his ramble to Ireland: and when he arrived at Coleraine, he found a letter from his father awaiting him, in which was enclosed a communication from Dr. Chalmers, soliciting his immediate presence in Glasgow. The Doctor informed him that he wished him to become his assistant. Irving would only consent on the condition that the people should first hear him preach. He preached before them, and was forthwith installed in the office of assistant minister of St. John's, Glasgow. This engagement lasted only three years—time long enough for the earnest young man to discover that honesty, originality, and naturalness in the pulpit were not the best securities of public and official approbation. Again without satisfactory occupation, the mind of this brave servant of God resorts once more to its favourite dream of missionary enterprise—a dream which is again interrupted by an incident from which may be dated the origin of Mr. Irving's peculiar position and influence in the Christian Church. The Caledonian Church (of Scotland) in Cross-street, Hatton-garden, London, was at this period in a very dejected and low condition. An appeal was conveyed to Mr. Irving, through Dr. Chalmers (who through life remained his friend), that he would take the ruins under his care. He consented, and immediately removed to the metropolis, after having submitted to the rite of ordination in his native parish. He had not occupied his new pulpit many months when he acquired a quite unprecedented popularity. Members of the Royal family; leading statesmen of all parties, noblemen of every grade, the representatives of the public press, might be regularly seen among the crowds who thronged to hear the wonderful preacher. At length, seat-holders were obliged to be admitted by a side door, and those who came from curiosity could only gain admission by ticket. The earnestness, originality, and true Christian boldness of the man commanded, as they were entitled to, this eminence. Nor were the critics silent. From the *Times* newspaper to the smallest penny journal—from the Quarterly Reviews to the petty organs of denominational progress—the journals of the day recorded his

fame and canvassed his powers. This unrivalled notoriety neither betrayed his meekness nor modified the practical fidelity which was from the beginning one of the most obvious characteristics of his ministry. He was not abashed by the presence of kings; nor did the powers and potentates of iniquity effect any restraint of his sacred denunciations. At the same time he continued his independent pursuit of truth; and, when invited to preach a sermon on behalf of the London Missionary Society, he was not afraid to avow the belief on which he had himself been once ready to act, that those who went far and wide with the Gospel should trust, as did the first missionaries, to the hospitality of those on whom they might call for their support. The publication of this discourse brought upon him some bitter animadversions from those more immediately connected with the administration of the society at whose request it had been delivered. This was the small beginning of strife. Before long the preacher got involved in the meshes of prophetic interpretation. Like some good people in all ages, he wished to know the times and the seasons of coming events. In this fruitless work he soon got quite absorbed. He now, also, began to teach, respecting the sacraments, that they were more than appropriate ceremonies, they were sacred symbols: they were not mere barren signs, but operative and vital mysteries. For instance, he went so far as to say, "No man can take upon him to separate the effectual working of the Holy Spirit from baptism, without making void all the ordinances of the visible Church, &c." Notwithstanding his largeness of soul, and his generally very liberal notions on questions of civil and religious liberty, and notwithstanding these approaches to the theology of the Roman Catholic Church, Mr. Irving was a most determined and violent opponent of Catholic emancipation. In the course of this contest an amusing incident occurred which we cannot forbear narrating:—

"When the Catholic Relief Bill had entered its final stage, Mr. Irving determined to address a remonstrance to the King against giving it the royal assent. The document is said to be a masterpiece of oburgatory composition. Accompanied by two of the heads of his congregation, its author presented himself according to appointment at the Home-office. They were ushered into an ante-chamber, in which were a number of such miscellaneous personages as are ever haunting the outer rooms of Downing-street. Having waited about ten minutes, Mr. Irving proposed to his elders that they should pray for grace in the eyes of the ruler, and for a blessing to accompany their petition. One can easily conceive the amazement of a company of place-hunters and officials on beholding the gaunt and almost grotesque figure of Edward Irving upon his knees, pouring out a fervid prayer for the king and country. When the deputation had risen, and were admitted to the presence of the gentleman commissioned by Mr. Secretary Peel to receive them, he would have taken the petition at once. But Mr. Irving, putting himself into one of those imposing attitudes which his limbs assumed as readily as his tongue moved itself to speak, begged the honourable gentleman to hear first a word of admonition. He

then commenced reading and commenting on the petition, and addressed himself to the Secretary's heart and conscience with words and gestures that made him pale and tremble. At length he released his unwilling auditor, on his giving an assurance that the memorial should certainly reach the throne."—Pp. 197, 198.

Soon after this, Mr. Irving published an opinion, contrary to the orthodox doctrine that Jesus Christ was free from the taints of *hereditary* sin; maintaining that he was absolutely and truly human, and that he was only saved from actual iniquities by the triumphant supremacy of the Divinity, which dwelt within him. This finally resulted, after long and bitter conflicts, in the expulsion of this noble man from the Church he had raised to such prosperity, and in his excommunication from the loved and well-served Church of his native land. Contemporaneously with these proceedings the manifestation of supernatural gifts began to appear. Having heard that at Port Glasgow the strange phenomenon of "speaking with unknown tongues" had been realised, Mr. Irving despatched one of the elders of his Church to make observation thereof. The report was favourable. Soon the same "gift" was received by members of his own Church, to the amusement of many, the consternation of some, and the astonishment of all. Prophecies were spoken; rebukes were administered; exhortations were applied by this agency. Thus the victim of honest heresy, was also suspected of wild fanaticism; and on both grounds was treated with a harshness of discipline and a superciliousness of contempt that are sadly inconsistent with the spirit of true Christianity, and yet more sadly consistent with the common practices of ecclesiastical bodies. Irving eloquently and with true dignity of spirit defended himself, but without avail; and he was first of all thrust out of the pulpit he had so long honoured, on a pretence of having violated the proper discipline of the Church by the encouragement with which he regarded the speaking in unknown tongues, and was afterwards cut off from the ecclesiastical body with which he had been associated throughout his life, on a charge of heresy. The outcast divine now proceeded to the fuller development of his opinions. The "Apostolate" was set up, and other modifications (elaborated and completed in the "Catholic and Apostolic Church") were introduced. But the strange author of these changes was approaching his own final change. He was sent on a mission to a new church in Edinburgh, early in the spring of 1834. He accomplished this undertaking. The following summer he spent in London, suffering, secluded, and gradually going towards his grave. Again he was sent on a visit of ecclesiastical purport to Scotland, and died on the way thither on Monday, December the 8th.

Such is a brief outline of the life of Edward Irving; and if it indicate nothing more, it at least proves that he must have been a man of *power*. Success in life is only the reward of

some prominent virtue or virtues, or of some distinguishing endowment or endowments. A man gets no permanent fame unless he be more or less unusually good or great. Now, without doubt, Edward Irving did what scarcely any other preacher of modern times has done—he attracted the wise and the honourable of all classes. The poor loved him as a friend, and trusted him as an advocate. The learned respected him for his erudition. The polite admired him for his refinement. And the exalted in rank, power, and station were so fascinated by the charms of his eloquence, that they continuously sustained the severity and integrity of his counsels and appeals. Critics left the usual spheres of their activity to test his excellence. The idle followed him to satiate their curiosity. The earnest and the devout in crowds became his disciples. The sensation he made was the product of something *real*. He condescended to no mere ingenious vagaries. He never became a pantaloon or a clown in the pulpit. He did not degrade the sanctity of his office by assuming the tricks of the stage. He appealed to more sober faculties than those of wonder or of inquisitiveness. He subdued, converted, thrilled, alarmed, as well as astonished his countless and diverse auditors. He wrought—not by the assumptions of audacity, nor by the devices of affectation, but by the magic of some native and actual qualities to which the world had long been growing unaccustomed, and by which, whenever their manifestations have appeared, it has been deeply and widely moved. It may be worth our while to inquire what were the main secrets of his power.

We have already specified many of the things to which his extraordinary popularity could not airily be attributed. But there is one grand feature of his life, to which perhaps his posthumous fame among the superficial may be chiefly owing, which, we think, however, does not account for the vital influence he exercised when living. Many seem too ready to suppose that, if a man grow fanatical, and claim peculiar correspondences with Heaven, and deal in the solemn and startling phenomena of the supernatural, it will be very easy to bring together a band of credulous and superstitious mortals, who never yield to independent and rational inquiry, and who are by constitution and by education prepared for such impositions as quacks, and adventurers, and false prophets, or self-deceived enthusiasts will adopt. Now, this theory—the general correctness of which we have no motive to dispute—does not touch the case in hand. Its utter inapplicability is demonstrable on several obvious grounds. In the first place, it is ungraceful and unfair thus easily to assume that because a man appeals to the supernatural he must be either an impostor or a fool. Certainly, the whole of Edward Irving's life—every feature of his character is a protest

against the ascription of either of those titles to him. He was never calmer—never more patient in his investigations—never more thoroughly transparent, serious, or manly than when he maintained the doctrine of the gift of tongues. He argued the point without dogmatism; he submitted to tests without timidity or impatience; he asserted his point without arrogance; he pursued his course with a tranquil and enlightened conviction that the Bible justified it; and appealed to the events which rendered it so mysterious and questionable, with the full assurance that they were facts in which the Spirit of God was active—the *bonâ fide* revelations of Heaven. Let it not be supposed that we endorse that belief of his. At present we have nothing to say either as to the philosophy in which it had its origin, or the phenomena which were pleaded in its confirmation. But we do most solemnly protest against this off-hand method of setting aside statements the veracity of which is well attested, and of damning the character of a man who, was well known and dearly loved for the virtues which glorified his private and his public life.

In the second place, the character of his followers was absolutely adverse to the supposition that he succeeded by appealing to the credulity or the superstition of the world. Who were they? Not the ragged, ignorant, impulsive and uninquiring mob. They were men distinguished for intelligence, occupying positions of the highest respectability, and separated by every mark from the usual victims of religious imposture. They were the statesmen, princes, professional gentlemen, critics, literati, and thinkers of his day. The easy, lazy, and thoughtless undoubtedly were among his casual hearers; but his friends, his frequent attendants, and his permanent disciples were honourable, intelligent, and disinterested men. Judging by his earlier labours in the metropolis, we might say that for splendour, information, and true moral respectability his congregations were unrivalled in modern times. In his later life—when the first flush of his triumphs had somewhat subsided—he was associated with the great and good of the Church to which he belonged; and many, even those who took a part in his excommunication, separated from him with tears of affection and protestations of respect. The denomination to which he gave birth—the Catholic and Apostolic Church—considering its numbers, is perhaps the freest from ignorance, fanaticism, and ostentatious spiritual follies of all the sects of Christendom. True, they have dogmas which can only be accepted as necessary inferences from more rational and important principles: true, they contend with over-wrought earnestness for the trivial elements of organisation, discipline and worship: true, they celebrate the service of God with elaborate and august ceremonies: but, whilst they enthrone little dogmas—such as that relating to the second advent—they are

illustrious for their practical catholicity as well as for their large acquaintance with and their reverence for the Scriptures: whilst they are rigid in the maintenance of the precise ecclesiastical machinery they have instituted, their many officers are wonderfully free from the conceits and assumptions of priest-craft; and, whilst they resort to every resource of art and taste to make their worship splendid, they discriminate with unceasing care between the symbol and the soul of devotion—between the poetic forms and the spiritual reality of godliness. So that, whether we judge him by his first achievements, his maturer faith, or his posthumous renown, Edward Irving was no simpleton, and no knave.

Moreover, it is worthy of especial notice that in so far as his life was a success, it was so *in spite* of those characteristics which are usually cited in *explanation* of the fact. The real moral power of the man was sensibly and largely diminished by his lapsing into the ecstasies and dreams of supernaturalism. Till he began to talk about miracles, and prophecy, the whole Church of Christ throughout the three kingdoms revered his name: then many began to laugh, to doubt, and to pity. When he talked in solemn naturalness and severe simplicity to the people, they listened to him with rapt and unsuspecting attention—they yielded up unquestioningly to his strange control conscience, imagination, and heart. But when he perplexed them with his theories of “interpretation,” and paused in his speech that the “possessed” might utter their unintelligible jargon, they stared in wonderment and shed tears of compassion. He retained many followers by whom his character and memory are not disgraced; but he lost many over whom he had long exercised a healthy influence, and through whom he communicated to his country his real and his richest religious bequests. For we seek not the full measure—no, not even the chief elements of Edward Irving’s spiritual power, in the events and the associations of his later days, nor in the repute, the resources, or the enterprise of the sect which is popularly known by his name. The true work done by him was completed before his unusual proceedings commenced. He had revived religious thought in the land. He had, by his quiet yet mighty labours, inaugurated a grand, deep, moral movement which had a consummation far nobler, and a dominion far wider than the peculiarities of his subsequent faith or the number of nominal disciples he left behind him. His glory consists not in the fact that he invented a new ecclesiastical system, or elicited supernal displays of religious animation; if his memory deserves any possible reproach, these were his misfortunes and his mistakes; but he is entitled to be had in everlasting remembrance for that he blew God’s trumpet of salvation in ears that had never before heard its tones, and with a power which startled into activity those

who had been long familiar with its solemn music.

Yes: Irving was a sincere, earnest, deeply religious man. He had high intellectual powers. He was mighty in speech. His imagination was intimate with the beautiful, the mysterious, the magnificent in the universe, and in life. His reason could grapple with stout difficulties; and, when they were mastered, it was clear, distinct, and certain in the comprehension of the themes on which it was exercised. But these were not his power. Others were more learned, more logical, more versatile, if not more eloquent. Few had a more fascinating authority over words, perhaps; but many could boast a correcter insight into systems. His eloquence and his thought were but the instruments of a fervent, devoted, and sanctified soul. God gave him power. The Spirit witnessed unto him. He spake as a man having authority. He had the heart of a Prophet, and the presence of a Master. His words were like tears, and prayers, and groans. He agonised with men. He wrestled, and fought, and commanded. He let out in his address the holy sympathies of his rich nature. He traded with realities, and not with shams; and he was upright in his business. His sword was sharp as truth; his spear pointed as love. Whenever his lips moved, you could hear his great heart beat. He was the proud ambassador of the Almighty, and you *should* know his message. He came before the people ever fresh with the vigour, the sanctity, and the charms of the Infinite. His home was in the Eternal, and, when he appeared, its awful sanctions, symbols, and furniture still clung to him. He came direct from Jehovah to the sinner man. He was a mediator between a yearning Creator and an aspiring creature. He was the interpreter of the Ineffable. When he told the great and the proud of their sins, he did it as though it were their own consciences speaking to them. His fine old phrases about judgment, were mysterious and awful as the intuitive forebodings of the convinced and conscious soul. Everything he said and did was actual. It was a “Verily, verily, I say unto you.” His prayers were the abandonment of piety; and his sermons the abandonment of honest, faithful, constant love. In the name of God he went on his way. He knew it was all a savour of life unto life, or of death unto death. His zeal was apostolic, and he had the valour of a hero. Ever ready for martyrdom, he lived grandly; carelessly as to himself—all anxiously as to others. The world felt when he fairly came into it that he was its true and magnanimous *friend*; and therefore it respected, admired, and loved him. Not often does the world get such a friend! Ages sometimes pass away and not one such appears. By the scarcity of the honour, and the fulness of the privilege, when such an one appears, in gratitude, and in reverence, the world embraces him. Oh! if *all* the

preachers talked thus boldly, naturally, and truthfully to the heart of man, how changed would soon be the aspect of affairs! But among the priesthoods, the force of example is weak, because the fire of emulation burns dimly. Many who are too proud to imitate, are not degraded enough to envy. Many who industriously ignore the living, industriously malign the dead. But the living are mighty in spite of them; and, in spite of them, the dead are not forgotten; and thousands who are weary of the tame platitudes of their contemporaries, resort with pious pleasure to the traditions and records of the departed to save themselves from absolute spiritual starvation. Thus Edward Irving is a power to many who knew him not. Being dead he yet speaketh. He died in the Lord, and his works do follow him. But the power of his fame is the same as was the power of his life. It is the power of moral beauty, of absorbed devotion, and of earnest love—in short, the magic omnipotence of *sincerity*.

Edward Irving had illustrious friends. He was great among the great. The noble ennobled him by their fellowship. Dr. Chalmers, who won from him the affection of a son, felt towards him the love of a brother. Frederick Denison Maurice, and Thomas Carlyle of our own day knew him intimately, and loved him well. And Coleridge delighted him not seldom with his monologues of philosophy and his uncomely but impressive tokens of esteem. Why did a man thus guarded, go off into such wonderful eccentricities? That he should have been encouraged to independence of thought by these mighty men and ministers we should have expected. But

Chalmers believed only in the supernatural of the Past—Coleridge in the supernaturalism of the Eternal—Carlyle in the glorious naturalism of history, religion, and life—and Maurice in the poetry and the power of supernaturalism—but, we suppose, hardly in its philosophy at all. The stolid orthodoxy of the Scotch divine, counterbalanced by the profoundly religious catholicity of the rest, might have seduced the impetuous but stately mind of the inquirer from the established forms and prominent theological angles of his faith; but surely they could not have had any share in the responsibilities of his inexplicable and unaccountable extravagances of faith?

No: Irving was independent, and therefore he did not conform even to his honoured companions, with whom he often took sweet counsel, and at whose feet he was proud to sit. He was docile, meek, and ready to learn. But he must follow only the light within. Capable of great faith, he knew no scepticism, and therefore he believed more than the common sense of the world can generally take in. He never had reason to distrust the Book: he had all trust in the God of the Book: and what God had been reported by the Book to have done, why should He not do again? What He had given to Paul, why should He not give to him? What He had once instituted, why should it not stand for ever? These questions it is not for us to answer. We only ask them by way of suggesting, generously to our hero, and respectfully to his despisers, that upon the answer which shall be given to them depends his consistency or inconsistency; his greatness or his imbecility; his goodness and piety, or his dishonesty and the worthlessness of his soul.

WHAT IS FREEDOM?

It is now several thousand years since the world began to fight for freedom, and the struggle still goes on as bitterly as ever. Collectively, the blood that has been shed for freedom would incarnadine the Atlantic, and the tears it has caused to flow would make a new Niagara. Perhaps it will not be considered premature if, in the year 1855, we try to find out what freedom is.

We are met at the outset by the curious anomaly, that in the freest states described in history there has always been the least amount of personal liberty. This is exemplified in the model republics of antiquity, and more especially in the chief of them all—Laconia. The Laocæmonians ate, drank, and dressed by prescribed rule; they were restricted to a single garment annually, and were therefore compulsorily dirty and ragged for many months in the year; they dined at a public table on the coarsest

fare; they relinquished the right even to their own children, and denied themselves all the comforts of home and family. But the Lacedæmonians, for all that, were free; and they were ever ready to die for their freedom, which was the wonder and envy of the whole ancient world. What, then, is this freedom which is not inconsistent with personal slavery? Is it worth the blood and tears it has always cost? And if so, who are they who are qualified to appreciate and enjoy it, and by what means is it to be obtained and secured?

The distinction between public and personal liberty—between that of the state and the individual—has been defined by Montesquieu and other writers; but it is suggested in a clear enough manner for our present purpose in the following few words of Adam Ferguson:—“Man,” says he, “is by nature the member of a community; and when considered in this