have been enjoyed when it was raised high up in its place in the pediment.

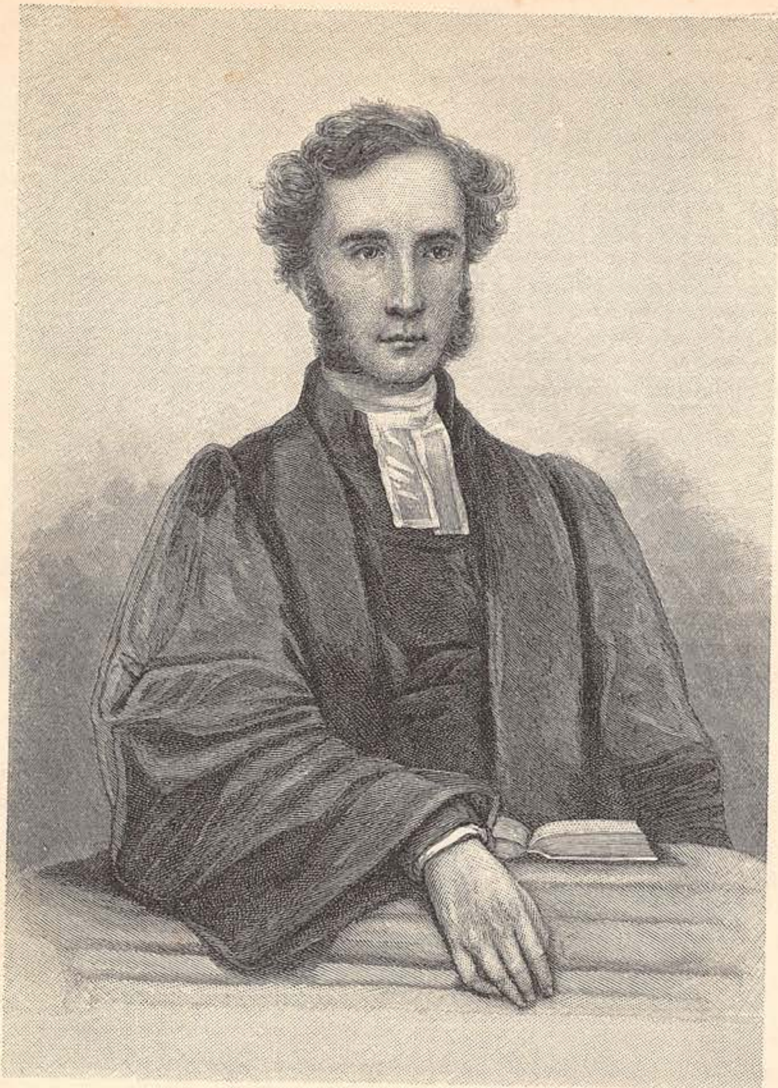
What inexpressible beauty marks the remaining figures of the triad! Here seems held up to view the intimacy of the gods. One, reclining, rests on the bosom of a sister goddess, who, bending forward, draws in her feet to make more easy the repose of her charge, besides encircling her with one arm. How rich in this statue is the plastic truth in each detail, and how loving the finish in the deep recess about the feet,—although almost lost to view, even now, when the statues stand nearly on a level with the eye, and entirely beyond inspection when elevated in the pediment. But if these sister statues are so ravishing in beauty, what shall be said of the reclining figure? When Carrey saw the group, this goddess gazed off toward Selene's steeds, her very thought and attitude in harmony with the quiet of coming evening, and gently suiting the slope of the pediment. Majesty of form is here combined with ethereal grace, reëchoed interminably in the countless quietly fluttering folds of the drapery, while there exist the most subtle tenderness and exquisite harmony between the form and the folds through which the marble glows with life. Seen in a fresh cast, with its unsullied light and shadow deepening around the waist and limbs, and growing broader and more quiet in the drapery thrown over the rock, this group seems not material, but a dream of beauty and queenly majesty which must vanish from sight. Viewed from whatever point, unlike most groups of sculpture, new and equally charming lines reveal themselves.

These statues of the Parthenon are, as Mr. Newton eloquently writes, "the result of a generalization so profound that, in contemplating them, we almost forget that they are the product of human thought and executed by human hands. They seem to reveal to us the very archetypes of form, such as we might conceive to dwell in the mind of a divine creator." But while the forms rouse such enthusiasm, the thoughts of the Parthenon marbles expressed in treble structure, as in the tragedy of Æschylus, are no less sublime when regarded as a whole. Like great harmonies blending in some vast symphony, appear in the pediments the relation of the goddess to her land, in the metopes her battle for law and order, and in the frieze the honors offered by her grateful people. Could we imagine these matchless forms in their Attic home, shaded by the marble roof of the Parthenon, or looking down from among its faultless pillars; could we charm before us violet-hued Hymettus and the depths of the overarching azure; could we feel the gentle breezes from the blue sea, and behold the Greek sun bathing all with golden light, —then should we realize what met the eye of the Athenian of old and inspired his thoughts as he devotedly ascended his sacred mountain —then should we feel in our own souls what transcendent ideals were charmed into adequate and splendid material forms by the Phidian age.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

The name of Frederick Robertson is on many accounts remarkable. There is probably no one of our time whose writings have had such an extended influence after his death, and who yet was during his life-time so little known except to the immediate circle to whom he ministered. His extraordinary merits as a preacher were acknowledged in that limited range, but beyond this, although from time to time his fame reached the outer world, yet his manner, his voice, his appearance, were entirely unknown. One single sermon, that on the death of Queen Adelaide, was all that he published whilst actually living. He was a contemporary of mine at Oxford. I may no doubt have met him in the rooms of casual friends; but I have not the slightest recollection of ever having heard his name at that time. He was also curate of St. Ebbs in Oxford during some part of my stay there; but neither did I then become acquainted with him, nor, in fact, ever hear that such a person existed. In later years I now and then heard of his fame at Brighton; but I never was there on a Sunday, and therefore my early ignorance of him was never compensated by any knowledge in later times. How remarkable is the contrast of this obscurity with his wide-spread popularity in after years! It is not too much to say that he has become, beyond question, the greatest preacher of the nineteenth century, the most widely admired, and with the most powerful reasons for this wide-spread judgment.

Let us look at the diffusion of his sermons. They are the only sermons that have been published in Tauchnitz's edition, side by side with the novels of Dickens or the essays of Macaulay; they have been the model on



Sincerely & gratefully yours
Fred W Robertson

which the sermons of the French Colani have evidently been formed; and I may be allowed to mention two instances of the way in which I became acquainted with this general appreciation. Once, in traveling from the south of France to Paris, we entered the railway, at Macon, and found coiled up on the opposite seat of the railway carriage a rough, shaggy, way-worn traveler, fast asleep. He was, with us, the only occupant of the carriage. After a time he lifted up his head and began to speak to us. He was a wild, revolutionary, unbelieving surgeon who had been attached to a regiment in Algeria, and was then on his way to the army in Mexico. We entered into conversation, which lasted through the livelong day till we reached Paris. In the course of this conversation he asked—not knowing that I was a clergyman—whether I had ever known or read the sermons of Frederick Robertson; he had himself fallen in with a copy and been struck with them; and he was eager to know anything that I could tell him about them. We parted at Paris; he went to

Mexico, and I have since lost all trace of him. This was one end of the scale.

On the next day, in Paris, I went as usual to see a man who in his best days I greatly respected and loved, Augustin Cochin, who afterward became prefect of Versailles in the troubles which succeeded the Franco-German war, and who died of the fatigues which in that war had fallen to his lot. He was a devout Catholic, liberal, indeed, and open to all kinds of questionings about England and Protestantism; of the school of Montalembert and Father Gratry. He, on the occasion to which I refer, asked if I could tell him anything about an extraordinary preacher whose name was Frederick Robertson. Thus, in the course of forty-eight hours, I had evidence of the effect produced on the two extremes of French society, and that by an English preacher.

I do not doubt that there are English sermons and religious publications very widely known in foreign parts; Mr. Spurgeon's tracts and sermons, for example; possibly also those of Bishop Ryle; but these have never penetrated into the high intellectual circles which, after all, must be considered the permanent test of celebrity, literary or otherwise.

What is there, we may ask, which justifies this unique fame? There are two sets of sermons with which it may be useful to compare Frederick Robertson's. They are the most nearly approaching, we will not say in celebrity, but in point of literary excellence, to his volumes. One example is to be found in the six volumes of Cardinal Newman's sermons. No doubt, many Englishmen would say that these sermons are far superior to those of Robertson, at once in their excellence and their authority. The singular grace with which sacred subjects are handled in Doctor Newman's is beyond all praise. There are hardly any passages in English literature which have exceeded in beauty the description of music, in his University sermons; of the parting of friends, in his Parish sermons; the description of the sorrows of human life in his sermon on the pool of Bethesda; the description of Elijah on Mount Horeb; or, again, in the discourses addressed to mixed congregations: "The arrival of St. Peter as a Missionary in Rome"; the description of Dives as the example of a self-indulgent voluptuary; the account of the Agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, and of the growth of the belief in the Assumption of the Virgin Mary. We also acknowledge to the fullest extent the insight into many phases of human character and the subtle analysis of human thought. But what is the truth concerning God or man which these sermons can in any degree be said to have illustrated, except indirectly, and by force of that marvelous grasp of the English language which their author possessed? What are the principles respecting the interpretation of the Scriptures or the causes of history which have received any permanent light from these exquisite productions? Where is the insight which has penetrated into any of the deeper questions which agitate the minds of men, and which bring into one focus the doubts or the certainties of modern times?

Let us turn to Arnold's sermons. They certainly do not possess the grace or the charm which belong to the elaborate compositions of the Cardinal. They bear the traces of the headlong haste with which they were composed, the ink on the page hardly dry before he entered the pulpit. They are short to a degree which baffles the attempt to create out of any of them a finished work of art; but in spite of this there is a grasp of the subject on which he treats; there is a knowledge shown of the criticism of modern times; there is a hold never lost of the moral and spiritual side of the Christian religion; there is a constant endeavor to distinguish between the spirit and the letter; there is a manly, wholesome, vigorous atmosphere pervading the discourses which invites, instead of repelling, the most masculine mind; there is that keen sympathy with the moral progress of individuals and of races which his son Matthew has so well described in his touching poem on Rugby Chapel.

We have brought together these two series of sermons in order to indicate wherein we think that Robertson was, as a preacher, superior to both.* There is in the first place a completeness in the manner in which he treats the subject of his discourse that is on the one hand unlike to the abrupt and

* There are two sets of sermons which ought not to be forgotten in this comparison. One is the volume by Principal Caird. It is perhaps equal in excellence, but not in celebrity. The Scottish atmosphere clings to it, and has prevented it from ever receiving more than a provincial greatness. It is as great in its combination of philosophic thought with religious force. It is not, perhaps, as great in the literary and, so to speak, ecclesiastical completeness with which its subjects are rounded off. There is, however, one sermon of Principal Caird's which, being completely in the spirit of Robertson's sermons, is yet, we think, superior to any. It is the greatest sermon of this century. The religion of human life grapples with the most serious of all questions, with a depth of illustration and with a thoroughness of application which are more than equal to Robertson's finest efforts. And this sermon has had a wide-spread Continental reputation equal to its extraordinary merit.

The other sermons are those of Professor Mozley. Penetrating as they are, and larger in their scope than Doctor Newman's, yet they also have only an English—almost only an academical—fame, and they cannot, except in a few instances, compete with them in fullness or in strength.

rapid discourses of Arnold, and on the other to the one-sided and partial representations of Cardinal Newman. He, as it were, goes all round the subject in hand, and leaves the reader with the impression that, if he has not entirely mastered the whole of it, yet he has endeavored to do so with open eyes and listening ears. He rises entirely above that party spirit which to a great degree affected the discourses of both the great men whom we have named. How entirely he is able to enter into the detestation of the calumnious representations which drove the Oxford school from the Church of England! How nobly does he describe in burning words the mischief of such double-edged arguments; and yet, on the other hand, how thoroughly he sympathizes with the free and manly spirit which animated the inquirers and the scholars of another phase! While throwing aside the conventionalities which hedge in and cloak up the sacred topics of which he is preaching, he yet never loses the dignity and the simplicity of a preacher, or the generous and vigorous tone of a man of letters. In the sermon, for example, on Jacob's wrestling, he acknowledges, as it were, at a glance, that the story may be a myth or a legend; and yet draws out of it truths so powerful and so penetrating that we find ourselves diverted from what we have lost at the gain of what we have found in the relation. On the subject of the sacrifice of Christ he lays down principles so wide in their interpretation that they will stand the fire of all the scathing criticisms of later times. In the representation of the divine life of Jesus Christ, how much there is which is applicable to every phase of thought which can be formed concerning it! How vainly should we look in the discourses of Cardinal Newman, or of any of his followers, for such a direct, outspoken declaration of Christian thought as in the sermon on the Sabbath, or Salvation out of the Visible Church. How striking is that passage from the one sermon which, as we have said, he published himself, on the Christian Spirit before the Christian Times: "Christ was in Joseph's heart, though not definitely in Joseph's creed. The Eternal Word whispered in the souls of men before it spoke articulately aloud in the Incarnation. It was the divine thought before it became the divine expression, Λόγος ἐνδιάθετος—προφορικός. It was the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, before it blazed into the day-spring from on high which visited us. The mind of Christ, the spirit of the years yet future, blended itself with life before He came; for his words were the eternal verities of our humanity. In all ages love is the truth of life."

I remember to have heard on one occasion from the old Dissenter, Crabbe Robinson, who entertained an admiration for him as keen as if he had been one of his own communion, that Frederick Robertson, expressing his belief upon some disputed point, said: "There is no orthodox statement of doctrine, however true in itself, which does not contain in its outer form a detestable falsehood." To which the old Dissenter added, no doubt with Robertson's entire assent, "And there is no orthodox statement of doctrine, however false, which does not contain in its kernel a precious truth."

Such an appreciation of the different sides of truth is the secret of the excellence of Robertson as a preacher,—this appreciation sanctified and purified by the truthful and the sacred atmosphere with which he surrounded both them and himself. Other preachers, other teachers, have arisen since, but there is no one who so filled the place allotted to him as Frederick Robertson did at the time, and there is no one who so holds that place now that he has departed from us.

THE NIGHT-WIND.

ONCE, when the night-wind clapped its wings,
And shook the window-bars and roof,
I heard the souls of battle-kings
Drive by in clashing proof!

Sometimes, a runic strife it kept,
Of winter nights, in sleeted trees;
Or underneath the eaves it crept—
A swarm of murmuring bees.

Or, now, wild huntsmen of the air
In hollow chase their bugles blew,
While swift o'er wood and hill-top bare
The shrill-voiced quarry flew.

Sometimes I heard of lovers flown,
Safe, under ward of storm and night,
To where, in sylvan lodge, there shone
A taper kind and bright.

These things the night-wind used to tell,
And still would tell, if I might hear;
But sorrow sleeps too sound and well
To lend a dreamful ear.