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ART. I.—*Adolphe Monod: a Biographical Sketch.*

ADOLPHE MONOD was the greatest preacher of the Reformed Church of France in this age, and in every respect one of its most distinguished representatives. No complete biography of this eminent man has as yet appeared; but his life is one of peculiar interest, presenting, as it does, an epitome of the whole history of French Protestantism in the nineteenth century, and bringing into especial prominence the ecclesiastical and theological crisis which has produced such important results. This twofold crisis was reflected in the ardent and thoughtful soul of Adolphe Monod, and in the conflicts of his public life.

He at first espoused, heart and soul, the theology of the religious awakening of the commencement of the century, without, however, falling into its theoretical or practical extravagances. Against these his high moral and intellectual qualities always proved a sufficient safeguard. A change, however, soon becomes apparent in his theological views. This change was as decided as it was moderate, and to the very close of his life we find his views softened and tempered rather than more strongly developed. It is interesting to trace his constant aspirations after a more liberal and enlightened theology, combined as they were with the most profound and earnest piety. In the great heart of Adolphe Monod strict orthodoxy was forced to expand under the strong pressure of Christian feeling, as the mould which becomes too strait for it is broken by the precious metal in a state of fusion.

The materials for this biographical sketch are derived
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mainly from the letters of Adolphe Monod. In the case of such a preacher, such an apostle, his words give us the man himself, so truly do they express the purity and earnestness of his moral life. The writings he has left enable us to trace his thought, from its very first inspiration, through all its various stages of development, to catch, as it were, the prayer for light that rises from the seeker after truth. Some publications that have long been out of print, such as the addresses delivered by him on his admission to the theological faculty of Montauban, and some occasional pamphlets, have supplied us with valuable information.

Adolphe Monod had not an imposing presence. He was of middle height; his features were irregular, but they bore the impress of high moral qualities. Like most great thinkers, he was habitually melancholy; but his smile illuminated his whole face, and when he was speaking his eloquence seemed to transfigure him as it does all great masters of the art. His elocution was perfect; and I have heard no other voice but Berryer's of so harmonious and penetrating a tone.

Adolphe Monod remains one of the noblest names on the roll of French Protestantism, surpassed by none in the disinterestedness and largeness of heart and mind with which he served the cause of Christ. So high has he been raised by the admiration and gratitude of Christendom, that he may be said to belong to the whole Evangelical Church of our day. If Catholic or free-thinking France had been animated by a more liberal spirit, it would not have been satisfied with the vague echo of an illustrious name coming to it across the Atlantic; it would have itself bestowed upon him literary honours. But these were matters of indifference to him; his ambition took a higher range.

I. Adolphe Monod was born at Copenhagen January 21, 1802. His father, a native of the Canton de Vaud, was pastor of the French Church formed by the Protestant refugees in consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. A man of the utmost integrity, as well as a facile and eloquent orator, M. Monod, the father, was held in affectionate esteem both in Copenhagen and in Paris, and exercised a wide popular influence. He held the opinions current in the Protestant Church of his time both in Geneva and in France. His was a warm and sentient piety, tender and benevolent in spite of its theological rigour, and more adapted to sustain than to enkindle religious life in the soul. He was always tolerant. He did much honour to Protestantism in the great Reformed

Church of Paris, in which he exercised a long and valued ministry soon after the establishment of State religion by the First Consul. Nothing could be more beautiful than the family life of this patriarch of noble and venerable appearance, surrounded by his twelve children, all strongly attached to each other. Madame Monod (*née* De Corninck) was, as her name indicates, a Dane. She was the very type of a Christian wife and mother, and the light and joy of her family circle.

Adolphe Monod thus grew up in an atmosphere of purity, of affection, and of truly classic intellectual culture. He learned from his father to speak that correct and luminous language of the best French school, which he was afterwards to turn to such good account. At Geneva, whither he went to enter on his studies in the university, preparatory to the ministry of the gospel, he adopted the theology current at the time, at least in countries where the French tongue was spoken, a theology without depth, and amounting to little more than a vague supernaturalism. It was indefinite alike in its negations and affirmations. The divinity of Christ was ignored rather than denied. It would have been dangerous in France formally to repudiate this article of faith. Creeds still existed in the letter but not in the spirit—like the ark without the tables of the covenant. That which had especially dropped out of the religious teaching and of the piety of the day, was that deep conviction of the misery and impotence of man which brings the sinner to the foot of the cross, there to receive forgiveness and new life from the sovereign grace of God. Justification by faith had been more than the central doctrine of the Reformation; it had been its great moral and religious lever. That lever had now ceased to act. Men thought themselves set right with God by the mere practice of human virtue, combined with certain exact observances of piety and a sincere veneration for historic Protestantism.

It was not in the course of his studies in the school of theology that Adolphe Monod received the impetus which was to change the whole course of his inner life. He became in 1826 the first pastor of a French colony in Naples, and it was when he was thus called for the first time to fulfil the serious mission of instructing men in religious truth, that he was startled to discover how inadequate were his own convictions. He then passed through the great crisis of his spiritual life. He does not appear to have been diverted for a moment from his earnest quest of truth, by the magical beauty of the land in which his lot was cast, where ancient art lives again in the immortal youth of Italian nature, and under the smile

of its unrivalled sky. Like Paul at Athens, he heeded not the enchantment of outward and visible things, in the passionate eagerness of his search after the invisible and to him as yet almost unknown God, whom he would fain declare to men. He found Him after an agonizing spiritual conflict. There was indescribable bitterness to him in the discovery that all which he had hitherto taken for piety was really worthless in the sight of God. Trembling beneath those thunders of a broken law, under which in after days he so often made his hearers quail, he took his place with the publican and the woman who was a sinner, at the feet of Jesus. Faith in a crucified Saviour alone calmed and uplifted him. There is no moral revolution more wonderful than that which is effected when a sincere Pharisee takes his place by the side of the lying publican, smiting, like him, on his breast, and crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" It was a crisis like this which transformed the disciple of Gamaliel into the apostle of a free salvation.

Adolphe Monod has left no other record of this phase of his life than that which we find in his preaching. Although he never indulges in personal allusions, we find abundant traces of that spiritual tempest which first plunged him into the depths of despair, and then cast him, trembling with joy, upon the Rock.

In his early discourses on the misery of man and the mercy of God, there is no word about himself; and yet how clearly they reveal that the writer had been passing, like Pascal, through one of those soul-vigils, one of those wrestlings all the night, which leave the combatant, to use Monod's own words, 'vainqueur, mais tout meurtri; tout meurtri, mais vainqueur.'

Can we not catch an echo of the bitterness of soul through which he himself had passed, in this concluding passage of his first sermon?—

O God! who humblest only that Thou mayest lift up, who troublest only to calm, who dost shake only to stablish and settle, we bow to the sentence which condemns us. We accept it with penitence and tears. Hide nothing from us of our misery. Shed abroad in our souls Thy pure and searching light, that we may see ourselves as we truly are! And at such a sight let there rise at once from this whole congregation a cry of surprise and anguish, which shall rend the atmosphere of indifference around us, which shall reach Thy ear and move Thy fatherly compassion towards us, so that, renouncing henceforward all our self-esteem, humbled with a deep humility, believing with a simple faith, we may yield ourselves unreservedly to Thy love, to be raised out of the depth of our misery by the depth of Thy mercy.*

* Sermon by Adolphe Monod, p. 42. Paris Edit. 1818.

Where has the writer found those sombre colours in which he depicts the self-condemnation of the sinner, if not in the sacred terrors of conscience? It might have been said of him still more than of the great Florentine poet, that he had gone down into the lower world, so thrillingly does he describe the ever-deepening horrors awaiting the unconverted, like those enormous cavities sometimes found in a vast abyss, whose gloomy profundities go down into the very bowels of the earth.* He confesses to the ardent desire he felt for a long time to escape from this doctrine of perdition. He could only bring himself to submit to it, he says, 'with bowed head and laying his hand upon his mouth.'

This is not the place for us to inquire whether he did not in the ardour of his new conversion, go beyond the teaching of the gospel on this important question. We are now only describing the psychological crisis which made a new man of him. We find the same tone of deep experimental acquaintance, in his early writings on the work of redemption.

The marble of my heart has been broken! (he exclaims). O my God! what love, what love! And yet I see only its utmost edge. It is an abyss into the depths of which I cannot look. But even in that which I do behold, I discern a love that passes knowledge; and in those depths which as yet are hidden from me, my soul foreshadows a love which baffles thought, which confounds and absorbs my whole being. Redeemed at such a price I am no more my own, and to Him I give all my heart!

Are we not reminded by words like these of the sublime utterance of Pascal in his hour of holy rapture: 'God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob! . . . Not of the philosophers and learned men. . . Assurance, assurance, love, joy; peace! . . . God of Jesus Christ!'

Still thrilling with the emotion of this great spiritual conflict, and glowing with his first love and zeal, Adolphe Monod, at hardly twenty-five years of age, was called in 1828 to the pastorate of the great Reformed Church of Lyons. A conflict was inevitable. Beneath an austere demeanour he carried a soul of fire, an indomitable spirit; and his youth lent both to his convictions and his words a tone of somewhat undue positiveness and exaltation.

The Church of Lyons was a complete hotbed of the rationalism which was at that time dominant among French Protestants. Its condition is sufficiently represented by the petition presented to the Consistory in the name of a large number of its members, requesting the removal of the new pastor, whose

* Sermons, vol. i. p. 577.

decidedly evangelical preaching caused a great scandal. The petitioners complained that he had come among them if not to destroy, at least greatly to disturb, *the divine calm* which was enjoyed at Lyons, by exhuming old doctrines which the good sense and more advanced reason of man had wisely buried in oblivion. It was useless, they said, to go back to such pernicious teachings, which were contrary alike to the majesty and goodness of God and to that religion—the most difficult and the noblest of all—the religion of good works. The petitioners therefore asked that the competent authorities would take efficient measures against a religion which renders virtue useless, unless it is associated with a romantic and undefinable gracious disposition, which is an offence to human reason, the offspring of the divine.

Never was there a witness of Christ more impressed than Monod, with the sacred obligation of making a full confession of the whole truth as he himself believed it. In the session of the Consistory of the 24th of April, he said:

As a doctor does not choose the remedies most agreeable to his patients, but those most needful, which are also often to the taste the most unpleasant, so I do not choose that which may please my hearers, who are my patients, but that which may do them good. I am willing to consult the taste of the majority on all points where conscience is not involved, as in my mode of living, in my manner, in my forms of speech, but I cannot be guided in the choice of my principles by the plurality of votes. In matters of principle I have no right of choice at all; I do not make the truth, for I am not God; I receive it complete from Him.*

I count neither my glory, my honour, my health, my life dear to me, save as the gifts of God. I am conscious how easy it would be for one so young as I am, and with a naturally warm temper, to feel personal resentment at the opposition offered to me. But I have constantly sought, and I believe, by the grace of God, I have been enabled, to overcome this temptation. I long to assure you that the deep grief you have caused me is wholly free from the slightest admixture of bitterness towards any one of you, and that I would willingly devote all that remains to me of health already impaired, if by this sacrifice I could make one of you a partaker of that Divine felicity, the contagion of which you dread! The Bible has taught me that the life of man has two parts, the one transitory, the other eternal; and that the importance of the former is lost in that of the latter, as the finite is absorbed by the infinite. It has taught me that the only way to a happy eternity is faith in Jesus Christ. It has taught me further what this faith in Jesus Christ is, as a conviction, as a state of soul, as a life. It has taught me yet again that it is the will of God that certain men should devote themselves to the work of leading souls into the faith. I am one of those men, and I thank God for it; for next to the privilege of being a Christian, I know none more to be desired than that of being a Christian pastor. Henceforth all my time, all my power, all that I have, all that I am, belong to the service

* 'La Destitution d'Adolphe Monod,' p. 12.

of God in the gospel, and it is my constant prayer that I may do nothing which shall not tend to confirm in the faith those who do believe, and to bring into it those who do not.

The contest between Adolphe Monod and his Church went on intensifying in bitterness. The irritation of his opponents was brought to a climax by a strange act, to which he felt himself impelled by his conscience.

On Sunday, March 20, 1831, the Sunday preceding the great Easter Communion, he was observed to be more pale than usual, and evidently overcome with the feeling of his tremendous responsibility. The subject which he took up was felt by all to be a crucial one. The congregation was astonished to hear him read the words of the institution of the Lord's Supper, although no eucharistic table was spread. His object was, in fact, to guard against unworthy communicants by putting to his hearers the question, in its novelty very startling to them: 'Who ought to communicate?' Never had his eloquence risen to such a height of power and holy passion. After recalling the sacred character of the eucharistic table, and the barriers by which the discipline of the early Church had fenced it, in order to avoid a profanation which was an outrage to Christ, and brought swift condemnation on the head of the guilty communicant, he drew a terrible picture of the irregularities and scandals of the Church of the day and of his own Church. Then he exclaimed, in accents never forgotten by those who heard them:

O Church of my Saviour, thou wast a Church beloved of God, a plant of His own right hand planting, and cherished by His care. But the barriers have been thrown down. Those who called themselves by the name of Christ, but who were not of Christ, have sought to be received into Thy bosom, and they have entered in only to ravage and defile. All have become mixed together in hopeless confusion; and now, in the midst of this motley crowd, without faith and without law, but still calling itself the Church of Christ, there can only be found here and there a few children of God, who can scarcely recognize each other, so scattered are they in the midst of the unbelievers and enemies of the Lord. And in regard especially to the Communion, this is what has happened. All those who say 'I am a Christian,' all those who have been baptized, all those who attend religious exercises, claim to be members of the Church, and to have a right to the Communion; as if Church membership meant nothing more than bearing the name of Christ, as if regeneration came by baptismal water and not by the Spirit; as if a human voice, a certain building, the walls, columns, arches, seats of a place of worship could convert a sinner! O lamentable confusion! O desecrated body and blood of the Lord!

And shall the table of my Master be always thus profaned? Shall the days of Communion always be to a faithful minister days of lamentation, mourning, and woe? For myself, I would rather lay the body of

Christ upon a stone and scatter his blood to the winds, than present them to unbelieving and profane lips. O my God! Thou knowest that I would thus. Wilt Thou not arise and take away this scandal from Thy Church? This is no slight darkness, no trifling error, no small irregularity. It is dire disorder, gross darkness, utter infidelity—infidelity wearing the name of Christ.*

It will be readily understood that a challenge like this gave terrible offence, though the intention of the author was only to make a strong appeal to conscience. To the vote of censure passed by the Consistory upon the sermon of the 20th of March, Adolphe Monod replied on the 14th of April, by a formal proposition to restore in the Church of Lyons the ancient discipline of the Reformed Church of France. The next day the Consistory replied to him by an order for his dismissal, which, however, could not take effect till it had received ministerial confirmation. Adolphe Monod rendered that confirmation inevitable, in spite of his eloquent written vindication of himself, by his startling proceeding the next Sunday, when, after preaching, he left the pulpit in order not to preside at the communion of the day. It should be added that he had done everything in his power to provide a substitute for himself on the occasion. On the 19th of March, 1832, the royal confirmation was given to his dismissal from office.

We have dwelt at some length on this somewhat forgotten episode of the internal history of French Protestantism, because it is characteristic at once of those troublous times in which Monod lived, of his own courageous fidelity to the cause of what he believed to be truth, and of the remarkable powers of utterance developed by him in these stormy controversies. As soon as he found himself dismissed from the pastorate, he gathered around him his adherents, united himself to a small Evangelical Church which had been formed in Lyons, and began to conduct worship in a humble building very inadequate to the exercise of such gifts as his, which could command the attention of multitudes.

After four years of this humble ministry, he left behind him a flourishing and numerous Church—the Evangelical Church of Lyons, well known in the religious world for its large-hearted Christianity and for its admirable evangelistic work among the Catholic population.

In 1836 Adolphe Monod was called to fill the chair of morals in the theological faculty of Montauban. There he acquired considerable influence, although he has not left any

strong impress upon the theological teaching of the time. Peculiarly adapted as was the study of morals to his habit of mind, he at this time only treated it slightly. He had not the leisure necessary to make his mark in Hebrew philosophy, and it was not till a later period of his life that he fully recognized the requirements of scientific criticism. He had barely time to sketch out his exegetical course of the New Testament. His teaching was, however, so remarkable for its severe beauty of form, its clearness of exposition, and the spirit pervading it, that it exerted a very wholesome influence over his students. They could not but admire in him the man and the orator. This was the secret of his power over young men. He set before them so lofty a standard of Christian morality that he commanded their respect, and gave them a very high ideal of the calling of a Christian and of a pastor.

Though reserved and silent, his unvarying kindness rendered him always accessible to his students, and no master was ever more beloved and respected. His eloquence became constantly more impressive, and riveted his youthful hearers, who were never weary of listening to him. He in his turn devoted to them the noblest efforts of his genius, not only in consecutive homilies on Holy Scripture, such as his expositions of Paul's Epistles to the Ephesians, but also in lectures on sacred oratory, and in the great sermons belonging to this period of his life, which were all delivered first at Montauban. He thus formed around him a sort of Evangelical Port Royal, one of those quiet retreats open to all that is noble and pure, where the love of letters is purified by the grandeur of the object pursued, where study is blended with prayer, and the consecration of soul lends a sacredness to all the work of preparation.

Throughout his whole ministry Adolphe Monod was characterized by this happy blending of fervour with soberness, of kindness with severity, of brilliant gifts with unfeigned humility, and by his complete absorption in his double work—the care of the Church and the watchful training of its future pastors. Virtue went forth from him, and it seemed as if all who came in contact with him became conscious of it. He impressed on them, more or less, his own image. His memory is as living to-day as it was thirty years ago in the hearts of his disciples. Montauban did not exhaust his activity. He never allowed himself to rest, and almost all his vacations were devoted to preaching tours, which carried the influence of his powerful words into the humblest villages

* Sermons, vol. i pp. 275-282.

as well as into the great towns of France. His health was, however, always feeble, and his naturally melancholy temperament, though it could not shake the steadfastness of his faith, often made his work a weariness both to the flesh and spirit.

II. Before passing on to a fresh stage in Monod's life, let us attempt to describe what he was as a theologian and an orator in this his first manner. His appearance in the Protestant pulpit was a marked event. No such eloquence had been heard since the days of Saurin. The desert had been a school of confessors rather than of orators. The preachers who came forth from it on the eve of the French Revolution, had wellnigh lost the staunch convictions of their fathers. There was no inspiration in their colourless doctrine, and they borrowed from the First Empire the insipid eloquence of its official literature. There were, no doubt, exceptions to this trite mediocrity. A powerful thinker like Samuel Vincent was able to hold the eager attention of his hearers, though he lacked the gift of real eloquence. We have already alluded to the distinguished abilities of the elder Monod. M. Athanase Coquerel the elder, who had become his colleague a few years before the commencement of Adolphe Monod's work at Lyons, displayed during more than half a century a remarkable versatility of talent. He was distinguished for his inexhaustible *verve*, his rare faculty of giving freshness to his subject, though without any of the highest gifts either of thought or language. He was a ready and effective speaker and a careful observer of classic forms. The marked success which attended him through the long career of his ministry, is the incontrovertible proof of his powers as an orator. It was impossible, however, that the vague belief in the supernatural which prevailed from the beginning of the century should give as powerful an impetus to sacred oratory as an earnest evangelical faith. It recognized neither the terrors of condemnation nor the ecstatic joys of pardon. Its optimism made it glide over the surface of things, without discovering beneath the smooth and brittle ice the abyss into which poor humanity had fallen. Nor did it catch a glimpse of that other abyss of infinite mercy which forms so glorious a contrast. The cross, in ceasing to be the mystery of redeeming love, loses all its supreme beauty. The emotions which appeal most strongly to the soul of man are thus withdrawn. Instead of paradise lost and regained, there remains only a moral idyll. On the other hand, it is not enough to possess an organ of rich and deep-toned harmonies; it is needful also

to have one who can make the music. The beauty of the instrument is nothing without the skilful artist. In France, at least, until Adolphe Monod appeared, the Protestant Church had produced witnesses, sometimes truly apostolic men like Felix Neff, but no orators in the true sense of the word. Often it was a matter of principle with them to be careless of the forms of speech, either from an idea that time devoted to the cultivation of the beautiful, would be so much taken from that earnest appeal to conscience which seemed their supreme work, or from some scruple about allowing the least part to the human element in the work of conversion—a sort of unconscious Manicheism, which is the natural result of a narrow Puritanism. The rigorous orthodoxy with which they satisfied themselves, and which they readily confounded with eternal truth, was ill adapted, by its rigid forms, to a broad and living exposition. It is true that these defects were redeemed by the ardour and purity of missionary zeal, but they were none the less great obstacles to the exercise of pulpit oratory. Adolphe Monod possessed this gift in the very highest degree. He had, as we have already observed, the outward gifts of the orator—the sonorous voice, the expressive gesture, and, above all, a face which was the true reflection of his pure and ardent soul. His imagination was vivid, his mind clear and strong, and his utterance naturally ready, exact, and powerful. Above all, he had that indescribable faculty in a speaker, of arresting and holding the attention of his hearers, and of imparting to them his own enthusiasm.

Geneva had formed a school of oratory on the academic model, which had largely cultivated a diffusive style of preaching. This was probably not without its uses, but Monod soon cast off that which was artificial and declamatory in its method. His natural gifts received their highest impetus from his new convictions, which had shaken his being to its very centre. These gave him that concentration of thought and feeling which is the first condition of passion. One great element of his power was the intense earnestness which his hearers could not but feel, and which gave energy to his every word and gesture. Christianity, as he understood it, revealed to him the tragic and sublime aspect of things human and divine, and the rich poetry of the Hebrew Scriptures supplied him with the glowing colours and images in which he delighted. His imagination revelled in the Bible; his heart and his head fed upon it. Lastly, his love for the immortal soul, his eager longing to rescue it from itself and from supreme peril, gave to his discourses that

pointedness and directness for which they are so remarkable.

His highest preparation for work was prayer. This is very evident from his manuscripts, in which we find the thread of thought often broken, that his soul may cry out to God in utterances like the following: 'O Christ, help me by the blood of Thy cross.'

One of his sermons opens with this prayer, which was doubtless the secret outpouring of his soul to God:

O my God, give me by Thy Spirit to lay down at the foot of the cross of Thy Son, that searching of myself and that disquietude which have overcome me for these three days, to the detriment of my sermon, of my faith, and of Thy glory, and to the scandal of my brethren. As for my sermon, help me to make it not such as I will, but as Thou wilt. Thou hast the secret of helping to do much in a little time. I give myself up to Thee, and begin my work without fear, my eyes being up unto Thee. Hear me for the love of Christ.

Thermin has written a book at once ingenious and true, under the title, "*L'Eloquence est une Vertu*." In it he shows how much natural eloquence owes to moral qualities. The example of Adolphe Monod is a strong confirmation of his theory. He himself was fully conscious of this co-operation of conscience, and he attached great importance to the moral condition, in the preparation of his sermons, even from an artistic point of view; for in his case the mystical preparation was in no way incompatible with the other. He was an artist not by temperament only, but as a duty. Is it not a point of conscience to neglect nothing which may give to truth a form worthy of itself, and make it effective and impressive?

Surely the feeling of a sacred responsibility will be alone sufficient to forbid the use of declamation and meretricious oratory. The love of souls must forbid the pandering to a false taste by ornate and florid speech, and thus the true Christian orator will be saved from one of the worse faults of an age of literary decadence. Even manner, the most purely external adjunct of oratory, cannot escape the influence of the speaker's prevailing tone. On this point Adolphe Monod gave some words of wise counsel in an inaugural discourse of the faculty of Montauban. Addressing the future pastors, he said:

Exercise yourselves without scruple, gentlemen, in the art of speaking and of style, but let it be in a Christian spirit. Let these be to you always simply a means, not an end. If you make oratory itself the end

at which you aim, you are no longer preachers, you are not even orators, you are actors. If you cultivate speech as a means of glorifying God and of doing good to men, you fulfil a duty.*

After dwelling on what was purely technical in style, the professor took up its moral aspect. He said:

The fundamental principle which forms the basis of all rules, is that oratory has its seat not in the lips but in the feeling and thought, and that it depends less on the voice than on the soul. It is the soul which must speak. This is the condition of all true eloquence. If the success of an actor like *Zalma* depended, as he himself said, on the intensity of his meditation on the dramatic work which he was to render, how much more must this be true of the preacher? The more deeply he is impressed with the subject he has to advance, the better will he convey it, and the more natural and simple will his manner be. The best method for acquiring that ease and freedom of speech which is without stiffness, effort, or strain, is the heroic faith which leans upon God Himself, and in the greatness of the cause loses sight of the creature. In this way manner itself may become a virtue.

Monod was never willing, however, to dispense with the inspiration that comes from the presence of a large assembly. Hence, after most careful preparation, he almost always preached extempore. He has himself told us that at Lyons it was his practice to preach from notes. The discourse in this, its first form, was afterwards subjected to a severe revision. Each of his sermons, especially during his stay at Montauban, was a complete oratorical treatise embracing some one aspect of Christian doctrine, often clothed in the most brilliant forms, and having all the vivacity of unwritten speech. Hence his sermons were of extraordinary length, such as only his rare gifts could have made acceptable. It was, to use his own expression, preaching with a full orchestra. To us he seems to excel far more in this than in the homiletic style, which he also cultivated very carefully, as may be seen from his sermons on the temptations of Christ, and on the creation.

Adolphe Monod's preaching is not essentially either exegetical or psychological, although it contains both exegesis and psychology. It is primarily sympathetic. Doctrinal exposition hurries on to practical application. *Festinat ad res*. He is fond of using striking, sometimes paradoxical expressions, as when he speaks of *virtuous sinners*, and concludes each portion of his discourse with an oratorical refrain which is sometimes too often repeated. When he takes up an ethical subject he always reverts from it to the great doctrines of justification by faith and of conversion. It is plain that his only aim is to

* Inaugural Address, May 26, 1830.

show the impenitent sinner that he is in a position from which he cannot of himself escape. His logic is close and forcible; but sometimes it is carried to an extreme, and goes beyond the mark, as in the sermon on the fifth commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill.' The idea of murder carried to this length loses all exactness, and takes in every form of evil, since there is not one which is not deadly to the soul. Imagination plays a great part in his preaching, but he mixes on the palette only sacred colours. History and nature are alike regarded through the medium of the Bible, of which Monod makes most skilful use, though he is sometimes too profuse in his allusions to texts less generally known than he supposes. The description of the murder of John the Baptist at the request of the dancing Herodias; of the anguish of the jailer at Philippi, and of his deliverance after his attempt at suicide; the touching delineations of the scenes of the passion, and the account of the first apostolic mission, all these remain among the masterpieces of the Christian oratory of our day. Monod does not quote either from the Fathers of the early Church nor from the Reformers, and scarcely ever makes an allusion either to contemporary history or literature. In this respect he presents a strong contrast to Lacordaire, who was, under his white Dominican robe, the most modern of French preachers. Adolphe Monod dwells by preference on those immortal themes of all Christian eloquence, which alone respond to the cravings of humanity—suffering, sin, death, the eternal hope, the divine fatherhood, the mercy of Christ. If, in his treatment of them, he lacks the originality and suggestiveness of the genius of Vinet, he handles them with majestic eloquence, with brilliant imagination, and fervid passion. He belongs rather to the school of Bossuet and of Saurin, than of Fénelon and Massillon.

It must be acknowledged, however, that his disciples have not always followed him without peril; for in their imitations they have often caught what was external merely in his great gifts, his striking oratorical modes of speech. In this way they have made grievous failures, like those Austrian generals who were never worse beaten than when they attempted to copy the tactics of Napoleon, without understanding the secret of their use.

Adolphe Monod imparted to his early preaching an authoritative character derived from his views of theology. Both were to be, to some extent, modified in the next period of his life. During the first years of his stay at Montauban he remained firmly attached to the orthodoxy of the revival, at

least, in its main outlines, for he was never one of those who went to the greatest lengths.* His theological views at this period were most clearly expressed in an apologetic work by him, entitled '*Lucile*,' published in 1840. It is in the form of letters, and was one of his most successful works. The easy animated tone of the letters and dialogues, the beauty of the language, the close and lucid argument, the high tone and simple earnest piety which characterize it throughout, all combine to make '*Lucile*' a *chef-d'œuvre*. It presents the grand arguments which never grow old, as well as those which were adapted only to a form of thought now passed away. Without going back to the great and immortal apology of the Alexandrine Fathers, Monod in '*Lucile*' too much overlooks the works of Pascal, who in the sixteenth century had restored psychological without doing violence to historical evidence. The whole weight of the demonstration rests upon the authority of Scripture as established by its outward evidences, rather than by that witness of the Spirit, which was so emphatically insisted on by the Reformers of the sixteenth century. It is based far more upon the miracles and prophecies than upon the person of Jesus Christ. Thus, though admirable in style, it is deficient as an apology.

At the very time when '*Lucile*' appeared, Vinet was taking up and carrying on the work of the great thinkers of Port Royal. The influence of Vinet's writings did more than anything else to enlarge Adolphe Monod's theological views. Monod was a diligent reader of the religious journal, '*Le Semeur*,' though but rarely a contributor to it, and he could not but be struck with the wealth and depth of thought which characterized all the articles, literary and theological, of the Lausanne professor. Just as we can trace through every line of the Epistle of Peter, the influence of Paul, his junior in the apostolate, so Adolphe Monod became, perhaps unconsciously to himself, deeply imbued with the spirit of Vinet. This is very evident from the third volume of his published sermons, those preached in Paris.

This change in his views does not affect his early faith in any of its essential points. He does not abate anything from the standard of the requirements of God's holy law, as is plain from the following passage in one of his latest sermons: 'Far be it from us to preach a salvation in which the glory of God should be sacrificed. Let His holy law be first vindicated,

* The discourses of this early period form the first two volumes of the collection of sermons of Adolphe Monod, under the heading, '*Naples, Lyons, Montauban, from 1832-1837.*'

and then, if it may be so, let my salvation be secured.' But in this second period he insists far more upon the harmony of conscience with the gospel, and appeals to it constantly. We should like to quote, just as they stand, his two admirable sermons upon Nathanael and *great souls*. The thoughts themselves are only new in his apprehension of them, but they come out with fresh brilliancy under his treatment, and show how his own mind had been expanding. In the sermon on Nathanael he says:

All upright hearts belong to Jesus; He claims them from the first, and disposes of them as of that which is His own, and which sooner or later must come to Him. The faithfulness of Nathanael to the light he had received placed him in a position to receive the greater light, which as yet he lacked. It only needed that he should be brought into the presence of Christ to recognize in Him that which he sought. The true moral measure of every man is not the measure of light he possesses, but his faithfulness to that which he has. Between an upright heart and Christ there is, if I may so speak, such an affinity, such an attraction, that if they were as far apart as the ends of the earth, they would find some means of drawing near to each other, or if they could not find a way, they would make one. The parched earth has not more need of the rain from heaven than the weary and heavy-laden sinner has need of Christ. This utter need makes him recognize, even afar off, the power that is coming to his aid. This is what he had been seeking, longing for, yearning after; and had he not found it, he must have invented it.*

The sermon on great souls is even more daring in its use of the purely moral apology. In it Monod says:

The more truly great a soul is, the more will it be prepared, all other things being equal, to receive Jesus Christ. There is no soul which has not in it the elements of greatness, since all were made by God, and made in His own image. It is only the petty in us that is against Jesus Christ; all that is great in us is on His side.†

Then, taking up one by one each separate faculty of man—the reason, the heart, the conscience, the imagination—he shows that in all these regions 'the current that bears us away from Jesus Christ is superficial, troubled, polluted; while that which draws us to Him is deep, quiet, and pure.'

The sermon on the Living Word is still more remarkable, and it shows a great advance in the preacher's own spiritual life. Christianity there appears far more as the religion of Christ than as the religion of the Book, though the Bible is still the only medium between us and the Redeemer, and as such is of priceless worth. He unhesitatingly places the Living Word above the written.

* Sermon on Nathanael.

† 'Les Grandes Ames,' pp. 42, 43.

The one explains the thought of God, the other reproduces God Himself. 'He who hath seen Christ hath seen God.' The life means the entire being, and the preaching of the living person of Jesus Christ alone gives us the whole truth. No written language, not even the word of God itself, can express all. There must always remain between the lines gaps which mere words cannot supply, which the life alone can fill. The life means unity—the harmonious blending of even opposite elements. The preaching of the living person of Christ is the only means of satisfying all needs, even the most diverse, by virtue of the elasticity peculiar to life.*

It follows from this distinction between the living and the written word, that the latter derives its dignity, its grandeur, and consequently the best proof of its Divine character from Jesus Christ. There is no need, then, to follow the devious course of the old apology, which led from the Book to Christ; by laboriously demonstrating the authority of the Bible from miracles and prophecies, which the sceptical are always ready to call in question. We must reverse the process, and lead from Christ to the Book.

Adolphe Monod says, in a passage which shows how far his views had advanced since he wrote 'Lucile':

With reference to the Divine authority of Scripture, we must support it by those prophecies, miracles, and facts which bring irresistible conviction to the upright mind; but I would rather turn from all this, and appeal directly to Jesus Christ Himself. Did He not strengthen Himself by the written Word? Did He not recognize the inspiration of the prophets and guarantee that of the apostles? And was He not without sin, and hence incapable of error? Believe in Christ as His own witness. Bring your hearer into the presence of Christ, the Holy One. You have not to lead him from the Bible to Jesus; try to lead him rather from Jesus to the Bible.†

The supreme importance which Adolphe Monod thus came to attach to the Living Word affected also his views of the inspiration of the Scriptures. The organs of that inspiration now appeared to him far less passive than before. In his sermons on St. Paul this point is brought out with the greatest clearness. 'Inspiration,' he says, 'comes from the troubled soul of the apostle, like lightning from the heavily charged thunder-cloud.'

Adolphe Monod was quite conscious of the change that had come over his views since his first religious awakening. He looked upon it as a painful but necessary process through which not the individual Christian alone, but the Church of the future must be called to pass.

The task devolving on that Church would be to give greater

* 'La Parole Vivante,' pp. 9, 27.

† Ibid. pp. 30, 44.

breadth to Christian doctrine while still holding fast the Divine folly of the cross; and to develop gradually true catholicity, first, by means of the Evangelical Alliance, of which he was one of the founders, and in which he rejoiced as one of the grandest facts of the Christianity of the day; and then by giving the preponderance to the great central truth over all that was particular and subordinate, uniting all hearts in a common worship of the Christ of God. It was in order to build up this Church of the future, and to free it from the trammels by which it is at present fettered, that Adolphe Monod laboured to rally around the Living Truth, a valiant and believing people of God, aspiring after this new land of promise, consumed with the desire to enter upon it, and preparing themselves for that holy warfare by which alone it could be won. Before this people of God he sets as a model the great conqueror of the apostolic age, St. Paul; that apostle of intrepid courage towards men, but of deep self-abasement before God. In his lonely agonizings of soul, in his tears of pity, of tenderness, and of humiliation, he finds the secret of his success. How far removed is all this from the rapid awakenings, easy conversions, sudden sanctifications, incessant congratulations by which many characterize the apostolic era. The hallelujahs rise out of the groanings which cannot be uttered: the soil out of which a new and glorious harvest is to grow, must be watered by nothing less than the tears of a St. Paul.

It is peculiarly interesting to watch the growth and progress of a soul so upright, a conscience so tender, as that of Adolphe Monod, from the beginning of the religious revival of which he was one of the finest fruits. It seemed as if he, the great preacher, the eminent Christian, had only to lead the way in the course on which he had entered, in order to accomplish under the most favourable conditions, a theological renovation which would satisfy all legitimate aspirations and meet the requirements of the most enlightened minds. Unhappily the ecclesiastical crisis intervened to hinder this happy consummation. It remains for us to see what part Adolphe Monod took in it during the remaining years of his life.

III. Adolphe Monod had been hardly a year in Paris when the ecclesiastical controversy, which for a time had slumbered, broke forth with renewed vehemence. It is not our purpose to enter here at any length into the merits of the question. Let it suffice to say that the internal condition of French Protestantism had greatly changed since Adolphe Monod was

dismissed from the Church at Lyons. Its organization had not improved. The glorious institutions of its early days had no longer any existence except in its historical archives. The councils of the Church were always self-elected, the members being taken from the list of the wealthy Protestants. There could scarcely be, I imagine, in any Church a mode of proceeding more contrary to the spirit of Christianity. It was the survival in the religious world of the famous list of notables of the First Empire, and altogether alien to the spirit of the Divine Founder of the religion of the poor.

Meanwhile true religion had been making rapid progress. The number of the Evangelicals was every day increasing. They had set on foot noble mission works at home and abroad, and their moral influence was spreading far and wide. The question of the separation of the Church from the State was forced upon men's minds by the foundation of the Free Church of Scotland, by a similar creation in French Switzerland, and by the powerful polemics of Vinet, sustained by the principal organ of Protestant thought, 'Le Semeur.' All these causes acting together had shaken the old prejudices in favour of national Churches. An important section of the Evangelical party was tending, almost unconsciously to itself, towards the enfranchisement of the Church. It was logically led to this in its anxiety to restore synodal government and the unity of the faith. It was soon brought to perceive that this was utterly chimerical under the union of Church and State in the nineteenth century, because it was impossible for the State to swerve from the principle of absolute neutrality in matters of religion.

At the head of this movement was one of the most respected and beloved pastors of the Reformed Church of Paris, the brother of Adolphe Monod, and the chief editor of the 'Archives du Christianisme.' Frédéric Monod exerted a great influence over the French Protestantism of his day. United to his brother by the tenderest affection, he was yet of a very different temperament. One of the most generous, faithful, true-hearted of men, he had neither the oratorical power nor the theological culture of Adolphe Monod. He remained inflexibly orthodox, but he had so much largeness of heart that he never fell into the narrowness and injustice too often associated with severe orthodoxy. His was a fresh and noble soul; his cheerfulness seemed the exuberance of moral health. Of indefatigable activity and sound judgment, he took a prominent part in the direction of Christian effort. He was one of the leaders of the religious revival in Paris. He was

to show subsequently how far he could carry the spirit of self-sacrifice at the call of what seemed to him duty. His memory is still held dear, and is venerated not only by those who, like ourselves, from the very cradle loved him as a father, but by all Evangelical Protestants.

Frédéric Monod had long been urging in his journal the necessity of reconstituting the Church upon its true basis, when after the Revolution of 1848, an unofficial synod was called in Paris to prepare a scheme of reorganisation, which was to be submitted to the government of the Republic. Frédéric Monod, supported by Count Agénor de Gasparin—whose name is associated with all that is most noble and chivalrous in our day—urged the synod to make a profession of evangelical faith the basis of the ecclesiastical constitution, since without this there could be no Church. The synod could not pass such a vote without creating schism, and splitting the Protestant body in two. It passed to the order of the day on the proposition of M. Monod and M. de Gasparin. Those who might have resigned themselves even to that which seemed to them the worst of all disorders, when it arose out of the unhappy circumstances of the time, did not feel that they could accept the prolongation of doctrinal anarchy as ratified by the vote of the Church. MM. Monod and Gasparin and several of their colleagues sent in their resignation. Shortly after Frédéric Monod left his pulpit in the Oratoire to commence a new ministry in a humble building, without any guarantee for his own support. He carried with him into this difficult and precarious position the esteem of all right-hearted people. The union of the independent Evangelical Churches was founded in consequence of his secession. Poor and despised, they have maintained since then a painful existence. Theirs will always be the honour of having led the way in that direction in which every Church which has a regard at once for evangelical truth and for its own dignity, is now tending, as one attempt after another at an adequate and equitable organisation in union with the State, is found to fail. The synod of 1872 was the last effort in this direction.

Adolphe Monod did not see it his duty to follow his brother in his secession. He is equally entitled to our respect for a decision which was not in reality more easy to him. There was no contradiction between his decision of September, 1848, and his conduct at Lyons in 1832. Eighteen years earlier he would have been equally averse to secession, and he had allowed himself to be dismissed rather than quit his post in

the Established Church. He held then, as in 1848, that it was not for the servant of the Church to take the initiative in a question of this kind. His motives are clearly explained in his pamphlet, '*Pourquoi je reste dans l'Eglise Etablie.*' He vindicates his preference for what he calls the path of spirituality over the path of secession. Spirituality in the ecclesiastical domain seems to him to consist in patient continuance in Christian activity in the midst of a defective organisation, so long as no positive hindrance is put in the way of preaching the gospel. His idea was that Christians should wait for the manifestation of God's will by events. It seems to us that he attached too much importance to external circumstances. God has assigned a larger part than this to human liberty, and great reforms have been courageous attempts to break the old fetters which will not give way at the groaning of the captives. Paul was obliged to snap with a strong hand the cable which bound the young Church to the shores of Judaism; and it was only when this had been done that the sails of the vessel filled with the wind which was to bear it onward. All the reforming zeal of the ardent controversialist, the courageous innovator of the first Christian century, is passed over in silence in the grand sermons devoted by Adolphe Monod to his life teaching. He also failed to do full justice to the holy boldness of the Reformers. Spirituality must not be confounded with all enduring patience, where the interests and order of the Church of Christ are involved. There is a yet higher spirituality, which consists in the courage to sacrifice immediate and visible success in religious matters, to a future which may seem uncertain.

We do not mean by these remarks to imply any blame to Adolphe Monod for the decision which he took in the sight of God and for the benefit of his Church. His heart was not narrowed in its sympathies even by the controversies which sometimes grew sharp and hot. He never shared at all in that absurd bigotry which will only recognize the Reformed Church of France in one particular form of it, and which speaks sentimentally of the holy traditions of the fathers when it is referring only to the laws of Germinal year X. The decision of Adolphe Monod cost him all the more since it placed him in opposition to the brother whom he tenderly loved. He aptly expressed the feelings with which his heart was full when he compared this passing difference to that which separated for a time Paul and Barnabas.

At the very time (he says) when Barnabas was embarking for the Island of Cyprus, I see Paul going up to him, grasping him by the hand,

and bidding him God-speed; and by and by Barnabas stands on the deck of the ship, following in thought his beloved brother Paul as he goes again on foot through Syria visiting the Churches, and as he asks that the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ may be with him, his eyes fill with tears at the recollection of their joint labours in the past. Yet a few years, and we find Paul and Barnabas together again, tenderly united in faith and works. Perhaps the present separation between us and our brothers who go out from us may also be but for a time. Assuredly neither the Church in which we remain, nor the Church which is being founded side by side with ours, answers fully the conditions of that Church of the future to which we all look forward, and towards which we are all hastening. But who knows whether both the one and the other may not help to prepare its way? *

We share these aspirations. Whether our eyes may see it or not, the blessed day will come when the Reformed Church, having prepared itself for the beneficent reign of liberty, as it has already begun to do since it has ceased to seek to secure its ends by means of State intervention, will renew the more glorious traditions of its past, and will realize that ideal of fidelity, of breadth, and of independence, which is our standard, as it was that of Adolphe Monod.

IV. In 1849 Adolphe Monod was appointed pastor, and he devoted himself unsparingly to a task which was soon to exhaust his strength. His was a grand ministry. His preaching exercised an ever-increasing influence, and he devoted more and more care to it. Perhaps it cost him greater mental effort after he had accepted the possibility of moulding a new theology, within limits, however, which he never allowed himself to pass. He could not henceforth bring his influence to bear in one direction only; he saw more and more clearly that truth had two poles. His sermons at this period sometimes betray this new complication, which was, in truth, an expansion of his views. The plan of his preaching is less methodical, his language less positive, but the preacher has made great advances in the psychological and apologetic treatment of his subject. He is more real, more modern, more in harmony with the age. In passages, too, we find all his old fire and brilliancy, as in the sermons, 'If any Man thirst;' 'Give Me thine Heart;' 'Mary Magdalen;' 'Too Late,' and others.

It was in 1854 that he felt the first germs of the malady which was rapidly to undermine his strength. He went on working, however, till he was utterly spent. After a long rest during the summer months, he resumed preaching; but the effort cost him such intense suffering that he could only

* 'Pourquoi je demeure,' etc., p. 87.

continue it at irregular intervals. In the month of June, 1855, he preached for the last time. The sermon is still unpublished, but we have seen the notes of it. We seem to have before us the reaper binding up his sheaves. Never was his enfeebled voice more thrilling in its tones; never did his thought take a loftier range; never did his piety seem more deep and tender. The text he had chosen was that glorious promise of Christ, 'If any man drink of this water, he shall thirst again: but whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.' * It is easy to imagine how the preacher would use the comparison between the fleeting and uncertain joys of the world, and that infinite, inexhaustible well of life which the Divine Spirit opens in the soul.

Worldly happiness (he exclaims), the happiness that comes from a certain amount of wealth, and from no other; from a certain disposition of body and mind, and no other; from some one creature, and no other; at a certain time, and no other; from youth, not from age; from health, not from sickness; from fortune, not from poverty; from summer, not from winter; from sunshine, not from rain—let us hear no more of happiness like this. We have been in pursuit of this happiness long enough, and it has left us panting and disappointed, and all the more miserable the higher our hopes had been raised. But here is a source of happiness that can satisfy us always, perfectly, for ever. There is no craving so large that this is not enough for it, or so deep that this cannot fill it to overflowing; no aspiration after holiness so high that this does not rise above it, none so deep-seated that this does not go below it. It is God Himself giving Himself in the form of man to man.

In this sermon Adolphe Monod makes free use of that vein of mysticism which for many years had given graphic force to his words. It is touching to read the closing passage, in which he refers so calmly to himself and his sufferings.

Happy people (he says), to whom God has been pleased to give the kingdom, do not lose courage. Only believe, and you shall see the glory of God. In the Holy Spirit we have infinite resources, and resources which may be made more abundant by the cutting off of every other supply. Yes, God the Holy Spirit within us can make us even more happy by the loss of earthly joy, more strong by the loss of our own strength, more holy by the ever-deepening sense of our low and lost estate. For myself, whom my failing health compels to bid you again farewell, perhaps for many months, I have much need to rest in this comforting doctrine. Broken down and enfeebled as I am, I yet believe that there remains a spiritual ministry for me to exercise, more fruitful, perhaps, than any that has preceded it, and for which God is preparing me by trial. Yes, my faithful friends in Christ, I have this confidence—

* John iv. 13, 14.

that this sickness is for the glory of God, and that, whether I recover or not, it will enable me to do the will of God more perfectly. This will be the subject of my prayers during my painful absence from you, and it is this that I would have you ask in your prayers for me. Our very preaching needs to be renewed by the Holy Ghost. It is He who will enable us to pass from the preaching of the lip to the preaching of the life, from the word of teaching to the word of possession, from the word which sets forth the truth to the word which makes us one with Him who is the truth and the life.

These were the last public words of the preacher.

We shall not dwell at any length on the last sufferings of Adolphe Monod. All are familiar with his own touching memorials of them. His 'Adieux' form part of that treasury of Christian mysticism in which the afflicted seek holy examples and efficient consolation. They contain the last exhortations of the dying pastor, who every Sunday gathered around his bed a little circle of friends, among whom all denominations were represented, and partook with them of the Holy Communion, as a renewed proof of that evangelical catholicity of which he had been so faithful an apostle.

When the Lord's Supper was distributed (we read in the Introduction to the 'Adieux'), M. Monod would speak in accents of such quiet serenity, of such deep and tender love for those whom he was exhorting, sometimes even of such power and thrilling eloquence, as those who were used to hear him at other times can partly imagine, but only those who were present in those solemn hours of a closing life can really understand. All such cherish the recollection as among the purest and holiest memories of their life. 'My life is my ministry,' he said, 'and I will exercise it till my latest breath.' His face, pale and emaciated by suffering, was radiant with hope and immortality; the divine flame shone through the frail earthly tenement. In these last testamentary words the preacher summed up his teaching, and cast it sometimes into a more exact form than he had used for many years. He endeavoured to concentrate his belief in a few pregnant statements, without detracting anything from that mysticism which had of late characterized his preaching. The importance which he attaches to the Living Word is in no way abated, though he dwells more upon the written word. The exhortations which have been published in a collected form under the title, 'Les Adieux d'un Mourant,' are peculiarly touching. I extract from them the following sentences: 'O the unutterable sweetness of the rest that we find at the foot of the Cross! Let us grasp the Cross, preach the Cross, die clasping it in our arms, die proclaiming it to the world, and death will be the beginning of our life. Let none rest till he has found rest at the foot of the Cross of his Saviour God, though he may be driven to it by windy storms and tempests, and may sink from mere exhaustion into that place which he will never wish to leave again.'*

A very short time before his death he composed a hymn on the resurrection, which expressed with manly vigour the

* 'Adieux,' p. 34.

steadfastness of his hope. He was too purely an orator to be a poet in the special sense of that word, although his language was richly poetical, as is all eloquence worthy of the name. His hymn on Christian gratitude has become classic in our language. We quote one verse:

Que ne puis-je, ô mon Dieu, Dieu de ma délivrance,
Remplir de ta louange et la terre et les cieux,
Les prendre pour témoins de ma reconnaissance,
Et dire au monde entier combien je suis heureux.

The hymn on the resurrection is a translation into verse of an admirable sermon which we remember hearing Adolphe Monod preach at Easter, 1844, in the Reformed Church of Marseilles. It had at the time all the character of an extempore address. The idea is very beautiful. The inhabitants of the spirit world, devils and angels, are represented bending over the open sepulchre of Christ, and expressing their feelings about His victory.

The humble Christian, groaning upon his bed of pain, echoes the anthems of the angels.

Ma faible voix s'unit à ce concert immense,
Et tout en moi, Seigneur, t'adore et te bénit;
Ame, esprit, cœur, vers toi tout mon être s'élance,
Et de joie et d'amour ma chair même frémit
Pour lutter dans les maux, dans les cris, dans les larmes,
Je ne suis que langueur, faiblesse et lâcheté,
Mais lavé dans ton sang, et couvert de tes armes,
Je puis tout en Jésus, mort et ressuscité.

The 30th of March was the last Sunday which Adolphe Monod passed upon earth. He had chosen for the subject of his address the love of God, and took as his text the hundredth Psalm.

I have only strength enough left (he said) to dwell upon the love of God. God has loved us: this is the whole doctrine of the Gospel. Let us love God; that is the whole of its morality. Hardly knowing if I can make you hear me, I gather up my little remaining strength, that we may call together upon the eternal and infinite love of God. O God, who art love, who hast done, art doing, wilt do nothing to us but in-love, how can I thank Thee enough as I see around me these brethren whom love has gathered here by my bed of sickness, of suffering, and of what else Thou alone canst know. I have rejoiced in their love. To whom was ever more love shown? Therefore my God, I thank Thee, and I thank Thee still more, if it is possible, for Thy love which has so much afflicted but so much sustained me; and I confess before them that Thou hast never let me want for help, though I have often failed in faith and patience; and that I am far yet from having attained to that perfect patience for which I long. But Thou, Thou hast been to me all goodness, and while life or strength remain I will never cease to praise Thee before my brethren.

After enumerating with deep emotion the many tokens of that sovereign love which had been ever around him, his broken voice faltered out his last hymn of praise to Christ, his life, his all, 'with whom,' he said, 'I am about to enter the everlasting mansions,

For this I can find,
We two are so joined.
He'll not be in glory, and leave me behind.'

In one last effort of brotherly love, he brings to the foot of the Cross all the sufferings and sorrows of his brethren, bearing them with tender compassion on his heart. 'I am suffering much,' he said at last; 'my joy and my hymn of praise are much dulled by these sufferings, and by the constant exhaustion; but Thou, Lord, has sustained me till now, and I have this confidence that my prayers and those of my family will obtain for me patience to the end.' His last utterance to his friends was praise and benediction: 'Grace and peace be with you all now and for ever.'

I shall never forget the impression which this prayer of the dying man produced on one of the most eminent and excellent representatives of the highest culture of our day in France, M. de Remusat, whom I induced to read it at a time when he was plunged in sudden and overwhelming sorrow. It struck him as one of the grandest utterances of that Christian faith which he respected, without being prepared to accept its mysteries.

The last week of Adolphe Monod's life was devoted to tender leave-takings with his own family. We will not lift the veil of this sacred sorrow, though to do so might show how exquisite is the blending of human affection with Christian devotion, and how far more heroic than stoicism.

On Saturday, April 6th, he fell asleep in Jesus, and the Tuesday following he was borne to the grave amid the tears of his flock and the deep sorrow of the whole Protestant Church, every section of which was represented at his funeral. No words could express the affection, respect, and gratitude testified by the survivors.

In his last sermon but one preached in the church of the Oratoire, during the winter of 1855, when he was already so weakened by illness that he was doubtful whether he would be able to finish his sermon, Adolphe Monod had described, in powerful language, the poverty and lowness of our religious life. Then in a tone of intense earnestness which seems to ring in my ears still, he said, 'It must be known when I

am gone that I was not satisfied with a Christianity like this, even when I was in the body.' Thus he expressed the deep yearning of his soul after that Church of the future, which was ever increasingly the object of his desires and of his efforts. We find united in him a happy assurance of the truth, and a yearning so intense as to become almost an agony, after the highest ideal of truth and holiness, or rather, after the fuller realisation of the type of perfectness given in Jesus Christ. We cannot but be struck with the same blending of ecstatic joy and unutterable sadness in St. Paul, in Pascal, and in all truly great Christian souls. Love, when it is true and deep, touches both extremes, supremely happy in the possession of its God, yet grieved not to apprehend him more fully, and to glorify Him more, and deeply wounded by the rebellion and perversity of sinners.

Such was the joy bequeathed to the Church by the Man of Sorrows; a joy tempered with the tears of love, but bright with its heavenly radiance. It was his Christ-likeness in this respect which made Adolphe Monod one of the grandest Christians of our generation, and one of the most powerful witnesses of the everlasting gospel.

E. DE PRESSENSÉ.

ART. II.—*Irenæus: his Testimony to Early Conceptions of Christianity.*

In resuming the discussion of the doctrines of Irenæus, begun in the number for July, we pass to the second head of our inquiry, his views respecting the Church.

II. In pages 118 and 119 we referred to the description which our author gives of the spiritual man, and of the safe and irreprehensible judgment he will form by the right use of the Holy Scriptures. We now refer more particularly to the conclusion of that passage in iv. 62 and 63. We need not advert to a little diversity of punctuation and reading, as it does not affect the meaning for our purpose.

'For him all things are clear and consistent' [*συνέστηκεν, constant*]: 'entire faith in one God Almighty, of whom are all things, and firm belief in the Son of God, Jesus Christ our Lord, by whom are all things, and [in] His dispensations whereby the Son of God became man; and in the Spirit of God, who gives knowledge of the truth, who makes an exhibition of the dispensations of both Father and Son, according to each generation amongst men as the Father willeth: true