

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*The Works of William Paley, D.D., with additional Sermons, &c. &c.; and a corrected account of the Life and Writings of the Author.* By the Rev. Edmund Paley, A.M. Vicar of Easingwold. 7 vols. 8vo. 1825.

THE state of religion in this country, in the early and middle part of the last century, was very far from satisfactory, but the mischief arose out of the events of the century before. Great national convulsions do not pass away at once, perhaps never pass away altogether, and the numberless consequences they involve should be taken more into account than they often are, by those who contribute to them as expedients for some temporary end. The *immediate* effect of the reign of the Puritans was to bring all religion for a season into contempt—to let loose a mob of reprobates, whose pride it was to be thought no hypocrites; and truly they were none. This frenzy soon worked itself out, but the evil did not end here. In physical diseases there is often a *secondary* fever, more dangerous than the first; and so there is in moral. Happy, indeed, would it have been for the nation if it could have been content to set up its religious rest in the tenets of the great divines of our church who lived at that period, or who had recently ceased to live,—but their voices could not make themselves heard in the storm. If learning unbounded—if a fancy the most vivid—if devotion, and earnestness, and faith unfeigned, would have sufficed for that generation, Bishop Taylor might have supplied its wants. If the time demanded a sagacity able to exhaust every question on which it was employed; a heart to conceive, and a head to discriminate, and a tongue to deliver itself in language, if not impassioned, yet nervous, and sustained, and wonderfully copious,—there was a Barrow. If a keen and caustic application of reason and scripture to the faults and follies of the times, mixed, indeed, with too much politics and jestings not convenient,—there was a South. If the appetite was for controversy, where could be found one more qualified to enter into the deep things of our creed, by a critical knowledge of scripture and the primitive opinions of the church (the latter in a degree almost cumbersome to wield) than Bishop Bull? If a sober, temperate, practical, discriminative preacher, fit to teach the people how to handle the word of God aright, without partiality, without hypocrisy, what need

need to have gone further than to Dr. Sanderson. If the spirit of a saint, who could strew some holy text upon every trivial event of life, and find 'sermons in stones, and good in every thing,' was there not the glowing, the tender, the pathetic eloquence of a Hall? It is true that these men (how many more might we add) differed from one another in many subordinate points, compatible with that liberty of opinion which our church allows to her members; yet did they one and all take their stand upon the great leading doctrines of Christianity which had been established at the reformation, making no divorce amongst them, as had been recently done, but delivering, after the manner of the apostle before them, 'the whole counsel of God.'

But this was not to be; theology could not be content to abide at this point; one extreme was destined to beget its opposite, and when the *age of buffoonery* was gone by, which (as we have said) laughed religion for awhile out of countenance, another spirit succeeded, the re-action, like the former, of the puritan extravagance, the *age of reason*: for reason having been put to silence for a time by a tempest of ungoverned zeal, was now in her turn to be exalted into the sole goddess of this nether world, (the case was literally so, a few years later, in another kingdom,) and accordingly a new order of things arose.

The total corruption of human nature, and the utter helplessness of man, had long been subjects of vehement declamation; and now it was found out that this weakness and inability were all a mistake; that he had native powers capable of nearly universal obedience—and that so far from being the passive recipient of God's grace (as had been taught), let him have but his own prudence for his deity, and he scarcely wanted any other. As human perfection was thus exalted, the nature and office of a Redeemer were brought low. The frantic voices of the generation that was gone, had sung hosannas for his second and immediate coming to reign with his saints upon earth and bind the great dragon; and now, on the other hand, it began to be discovered that Arius might not be wrong in his less elevated views of the Messiah's person; nay, that even they were to be heard who maintained him to be a great and good man after all, who testified the truth of his mission and sincerity of his doctrine by the sacrifice of his life. In compliance with the spirit of an age thus rational, Christianity was gravely preached as a mere re-publication of natural religion, because in the one (which no doubt is the case) the rudiments of the other subsist, as it is equally true that in the head of every peasant are the principles of the highest philosophy, though the philosopher and peasant are far enough asunder. And now its most solemn rite was reasoned out,

out, and by those who had subscribed our Articles, to be a commemoration only, and not a means of grace; and the miracles were regarded as stumbling-blocks to the wise men of the times; and some were resolved by natural causes, and some were allegorical, and some were attacked (in order that the obloquy of a more open and manly assault might be escaped) through the sides of the spurious miracles which succeeding ages of imposture and credulity had brought to the birth. Nay, even where the philosophy of the day had not actually sapped the principles of the faith; where the leading doctrines of the gospel were acknowledged and occasionally insisted on from the pulpit, inferior motives were constantly urged, to the partial, if not total eclipse of those which ought to be brought prominently forward by the Christian preacher, and the language of the ethical Seneca or Tully was made to supersede that of the evangelical Paul. Let us but compare the sermons of Dr. Blair, the most popular writer of his time (somewhat subsequent, however, to that whereof we have been speaking), which formed the Sunday reading of a very large portion of those who read any thing devout,—let us compare those frigid essays (we will not say with the burning words of an apostle, for this might be thought unfair) but with the discourses of a period nearer the fountain-head of our reformed church, with Hooker's, for instance, on Justification, and the different powers of the two men will not be more remarkable than the different spirit which directed them. It is a contrast not less than that between the first and second Temples, and not less to be deplored by those who thought on both.

' For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right,'

was the language of the poet of the day, acceptable enough to what was then almost a nation of Gallios. For as a host of jesting and licentious unbelievers had kept pace with the extravagant fanaticism of a former century, so, in this, did a host of reasoning unbelievers accompany the march of theological philosophy, till religion, having submitted to one death from the libertine was again assailed by the rationalist,—and this was the second death.

Meanwhile, some partial efforts had been made to bring the nation to a better mind, and not altogether without success. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge grew out of this grievous lack of it; and individuals, too, had begun to bestir themselves in exorcising the land. Now Bishop Butler sent forth his immortal Analogy, a work too thoughtful for the flippant taste of the sceptical school, and indeed only to be duly appreciated after much and patient meditation. It is not a short line that

will fathom Butler. Let a hundred readers sit down to the examination of the Analogy, and however various the associations of thought excited in their minds by the perusal, (whether as objections or otherwise,) they will find on examination that Butler has been beforehand with them in all. This may not at first strike them. Often it will discover itself in a hint, overlooked, perhaps, in a first reading, dropped by Butler in the profusion of his matter, as it were to shew that he was aware of what might be said, but that he had better game on foot; and still more often will it be traced in the caution with which he selects an expression, not perhaps the obvious expression, such, indeed, as to a superficial reader may seem an unaccountable circumlocution or an ungraceful stiffness of language. In all these cases, he is evidently glancing at an argument or parrying an objection of some kind or other that had been lurking about him,—objections and arguments which may sometimes present themselves to us at once, but which very frequently are latent till the under-current of our thoughts happens to set in with Butler's, and throws them up. We have heard persons talk of the obscurity of Bishop Butler's style, and lament that his book was not re-written by some more luminous master of language. We have always suspected that such critics knew very little about the Analogy. We would have no sacrilegious hand touch it. It would be like officious meddling with a well-considered move at chess. We should change a word in it with the caution of men expounding hieroglyphics—it has a meaning, but we have not hit upon it—others may, or we ourselves may at another time. The Analogy is a work carefully and closely packed up out of twenty years' hard thinking. It must have filled folios, had its illustrious author taken less time to concoct it; for never was there a stronger instance of the truth of the observation, that it requires far more time to make a small book than a large one. For ourselves, whether we consider it as directly corroborative of the scheme of christianity, by showing its consistency with natural religion, or whether (which is, perhaps, its more important aspect) as an answer to those objections which may be brought against christianity, arising out of the difficulties involved in it, we look upon the Analogy of Bishop Butler as the work above all others on which the mind can repose with the most entire satisfaction, and faith found itself as on a rock. For the reasons, however, we have given, it was not fitted to correct the temper of the times; it was not, in fact, sufficiently read or sufficiently understood, to effect a change in the public mind on any great scale. Leslie's Short Method with the Deists was better calculated for this purpose, and much good it did. It was (as its name implies) brief, intelligible,

intelligible, confined to the single point of supplying a *test* (we mean no offence in this word) whereby miracles were to stand or fall, and which, when applied to those of Moses, declared them to be above suspicion. Middleton, it was said, sought long and anxiously for a false case, which would equally satisfy this test, but his search was not successful. The miracles, indeed, were the favourite object of attack; and now Warburton, who smelled the battle afar off, with the conscious strength of a war-horse, entered the lists in their defence.

Little as the Divine Legation of Moses is now read, few works have ever produced a greater sensation on first coming out than this did. It smote Trojan and Tyrian. It was a 'two-handed engine,' ready to batter down infidel and orthodox alike, if they ventured to oppose an obstacle to its autocratic progress. As a work intended to establish the religion of the country, however, on a better footing, it was of very doubtful character. Its leading position is, perhaps, tenable, and may have its worth in confirmation of the truth of the Old Testament, when that truth has been established on less questionable grounds, but it will not be thought capable of sustaining it alone. It is, undoubtedly, a very curious fact, that whilst Moses (so far as we know) never sought for sanctions to his laws in the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments, he should perpetually allude to an *equal* Providence, (a Providence which dispensed the blessings and curses of this life with a strict reference to human conduct) as that under which the Israelites were living.—Moses gives no hint that this dispensation was meant to supply the place of that principle which has been thought needful to hold civil society together. Warburton, however, saw a connection between the two positions, and accordingly, at once admitting the objection of the Deist, that the doctrine of a future state was omitted by Moses (it was a favourite mode of reasoning with the Bishop of Gloucester to take the argument by the horns), he retorts upon him, that this very circumstance argues the lawgiver to have possessed other sanctions for his laws; and that those sanctions were,—the goods and ills of this life, assigned to every man according to his deeds. This coincidence is certainly remarkable, and at least tends to support the belief of an *extraordinary* Providence presiding over the Israelites, or, in other words, of the Mosaic miracles. Still, it cannot be allowed to *prove* the fact. It may confirm, but it cannot convince: more especially as, in the hands of Dr. Warburton, the argument (in its details more than in its principle) is open to a vast variety of objections—objections which, by a more cautious mode of pursuing his inquiry, he might in a great degree have avoided, but which, as it was, drove him into

into toils, whence he *struggled to escape in vain*, and to which he at length yielded with the good grace of a wild bull in a net. It would take us too far from our immediate purpose, (which is simply to show the religious temper of the age in which Paley was born,) to examine the Divine Legation with the discrimination it deserves. A little more reflection, however, we think, would have enabled its great author to guard against much that galled him, and to pare away some of those many episodes, which, even had they been more correct in reasoning than in several instances they are, would only serve after all to cumber his main proposition. Then, the Divine Legation might have taken a more conspicuous place amongst the evidences for the truth of revelation, and would not have lain unworthily neglected on the upper shelves of our libraries, condemned in the lump as a splendid paradox by those who little know the happy illustrations it contains, gathered from every region under heaven—the prodigious magazine of learning it unfolds—the infinite ingenuity it displays, in assimilating, more or less, the most unpromising substances to the matter on hand—the sarcasm, the invective, the joke, sacred and profane, which are there found, ‘mingle, mingle, mingle’—as they were poured forth from the cauldron of that most capacious and most turbulent mind.

On the whole, however, his essay on the miracle said to have obstructed Julian in his attempt at rebuilding the temple of Jerusalem, may be considered a happier effort at correcting the faithlessness of the times; and indeed cannot be read without the impression that no supernatural incident, unrecorded by holy writ, has equal pretensions to credibility, or greater need to be satisfied with its champion.

But another work there was, brief and unpretending enough, which, nevertheless, did religion more good service than many of much higher pretensions—the *Internal Evidence of Christianity*, by Soame Jenyns. The argument was of a popular kind; it derived force, too, as coming from one who was a layman and a wit. The *originality* of the scheme of the gospel, both as to object and doctrine—the singular felicity with which it was constructed, as a system of ethics, retaining the good principles of former systems, and rejecting the evil—the utter incompetency of a dozen unlettered fishermen to frame it of themselves—were all points, pressed with great cogency and success. At the same time it must be confessed, that in his laudable anxiety to restrain reason within its legitimate province, Jenyns limits it too exclusively to the single object of ascertaining the *authority* of revelation, as though there was not a farther field for the fair use of it, in determining the *meaning* of revelation; and when he exhibits the

the contrast between the virtues of this world and those of the gospel, he in one or two instances forgets that moderation which would have made his conclusions, in our opinion, more just, and would have had the merit besides of recommending them to a generation much more fitted for milk than meat. For instance, *active courage* is said to be omitted in the catalogue of christian virtues, because a christian can have nothing to do with it. Yet our Lord displayed it in going up to Jerusalem in the teeth of his enemies, and so did St. Paul. Moreover, as amongst the apostles there were swords, it is fair to suppose that occasions were contemplated when they might be drawn without a crime. We think, too, that there is room for the exercise of more than passive courage when a man is called upon to make his choice between apostacy and the flames—or when, in the discharge of a duty which the gospel enjoins, he ventures within the atmosphere of a malignant disease. *Patriotism*, again, is in like manner excluded—yet Christ wept over Jerusalem: and *friendship*, as appropriating that benevolence to a single object which is commanded to be extended over all—yet the same great pattern ‘loved Mary and her sister, and Lazarus,’ more than his attendants in general; and John more than his other disciples. These, however, are trifles after all, the inadvertencies of a man hurried along by a subject which he has at heart, and scarcely deducting at all from the worth of his general argument. Meanwhile, Dr. Lardner had published his ‘*Credibility of the Gospel History*,’ a digest of nearly all the historical evidence for the truth of Christianity which could be collected by the most patient of investigators and the most candid of critics. It was his fortune, however, chiefly to provide metal and materials for the temple, which a successor was to have the glory of rearing up. Lardner never does justice to his own arguments—he dissipates their effect by details and qualifications, and critical excursions, till the drift of his reasoning is overlaid almost as effectually as the meaning of an act of parliament. Some clear-headed man was wanted to *filter* him, and till then ‘the *Credibility*’ was not likely to have the influence it deserved to have, in regulating the faith of the nation.

Thus do we see the theology of the age still running upon the *Evidences*, a circumstance in itself enough to mark the feeling which, unhappily, prevailed, and which it would be easy to trace through every department of our literature. We have dwelt upon the subject at some risk of being thought tedious, in order that the importance of such a writer as Paley, being raised up amongst us at such a moment, may be duly felt; calculated as he was, by the quality of his understanding, in a very singular manner to give the times (what he might have himself called) a *wrench*.

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It is in the character, therefore, of a defender of the faith, that we would hold up Paley to almost unmingled admiration; in any other character his praise may be more qualified; but see him how we will, of this we are sure, that there can be no harm in reminding an age which, on almost all subjects, 'still goes on refining' (though we hope matters are mending), of the good sense of a plain, shrewd, practical Yorkshireman (for so he may be reckoned), the *abnormis sapiens* of another day, some specimens of which even natural history demands of us that we preserve.

We think it next to impossible for a candid unbeliever to read the Evidences of Paley, in their proper order, unshaken. His Natural Theology will open the heart, that it may understand, or at least receive, the Scriptures, if any thing can. It is philosophy in its highest and noblest sense; scientific, without the jargon of science; profound, but so clear that its depth is disguised. There is nothing of the 'budge Doctor' here; speculations which will convince, if aught will, that 'in the beginning *God* created the heaven and the earth,' are made familiar as household words. They are brought home to the experience of every man, the most ordinary observer on the facts of nature with which he is daily conversant. A thicker clothing, for instance, is provided in winter for that tribe of animals which are covered with *fur*. Now, in these days, such an assertion would be backed by an appeal to some learned Rabbi of a Zoological Society, who had written a deep pamphlet, upon what he would probably call the *Theory of Hair*. But to whom does Paley refer us? To any dealer in rabbit skins. The curious contrivance in the bones of birds, to unite strength with lightness, is noticed. The bore is larger, in proportion to the weight of the bone, than in other animals; it is empty; the substance of the bone itself is of a closer texture. For these facts, any 'operative' would quote Sir Everard Home, or Professor Cuvier, by way of giving a sort of philosophical éclat to the affair, and throwing a little learned dust in the eyes of the public. Paley, however, advises you to make your own observations when you happen to be engaged in the scientific operation of picking the leg or wing of a chicken. The very singular correspondence between the two sides of any animal, the right hand answering to the left, and so on, is touched upon, as a proof of a contriving Creator, and a very striking one it is. Well! we have a long and abstruse problem in chances worked out to show that it was so many millions, and so many odd thousands to one, that accident could not have produced the phenomenon; not a bit of it. Paley (who was probably scratching his head at the moment) offers no other confirmation of his assertion, than that it is the most difficult thing

thing in the world to get *a wig made even*, seldom as it is that the *face* is made awry. The circulation of the blood, and the provision for its getting from the heart to the extremities, and back again, affords a singular demonstration of the Maker of the body being an admirable Master both of mechanics and hydrostatics. But what is the language in which Paley talks of this process?—technical?—that mystical nomenclature of Diaforius, which frightens country patients out of their wits, thinking, as they very naturally do, that a disease must be very horrid which involves such very horrid names? Hear our anatomist from Giggleswick.

‘The aorta of a whale is larger in the bore than the main-pipe of the water-works at London Bridge; and the roaring in the passage through that pipe is inferior, in impetus and velocity, to the blood gushing from the whale’s heart.’

He cares not whence he fetches his illustrations, provided they are to the purpose. The laminae of the feathers of birds are kept together by teeth that hook into one another, ‘as a *latch* enters into the catch, and fastens a door.’ The eyes of the mole are protected by being very small, and buried deep in a cushion of skin, so that the apertures leading to them are like *pin-holes in a piece of velvet*, scarcely pervious to loose particles of earth. The snail without wings, feet, or thread, adheres to a stalk by a provision of *sticking-plaster*. The lobster, as he grows, is furnished with a way of uncasing himself of his buckler, and drawing his legs out of *his boots* when they become too small for him.

In this unambitious manner does Paley prosecute his high theme, drawing, as it were, philosophy from the clouds. But it is not merely the fund of entertaining knowledge which the Natural Theology contains, or the admirable address displayed in the adaptation of it, which fits it for working conviction; the ‘sunshine of the breast,’ the cheerful spirit with which its benevolent author goes on his way (*κλυδει γαιων*), this it is that carries the coldest reader captive, and constrains him to confess within himself, and even in spite of himself, ‘it is good for me to be here.’ Voltaire may send his hero about the world to spy out its morbid anatomy with a fiendish satisfaction, and those may follow him in his nauseous errand who will, but give us the feelings of the man who could pour forth his spirit in such language as this.

‘It is a happy world after all; the air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon, or a summer’s evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. ‘The insect youth are on the wing.’ Swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify their joy, and the exultation they feel in their lately discovered faculties.’ This

This is a delightful temper of mind. When Bernard Gilpin was summoned up to London to give an account of himself and his creed before Bonner, he chanced to break his leg on the way; and, on some persons retorting upon him a favourite saying of his own, 'that nothing happens to us but what is intended for our good,' and asking him whether it was for his good that he had broken his leg,—he answered, 'that he made no question but it was.' And so it turned out, for before he was able to travel again, Queen Mary died, and he was set at liberty. But the extent to which this wholesome disposition is cultivated by Paley, is quite characteristic of him. We mourn over the leaves of our peaches and plum-trees, as they wither under a blight. What does Paley see in this? A legion of animated beings (for such is a *blight*) claiming their portion of the bounty of Nature, and made happy by our comparatively trifling privation. We are tortured by bodily *pain*,—Paley himself was so, even at the moment that he was thus nobly vindicating God's wisdom and ways. What of that? Pain is not the object of contrivance—no anatomist ever dreamt of explaining any organ of the body on the principle of the thumb screw: it is itself productive of good; it is seldom both violent, and long continued; and then its pauses and intermissions become positive pleasures. 'It has the power of shedding a satisfaction over intervals of ease, which I believe,' says this true philosopher, 'few enjoyments exceed.' The returns of an hospital in his neighbourhood lie before him. Does he conjure up the images of Milton's lazar-house, and sicken at the spectacle of human suffering? No—he finds the admitted 6,420—the dead, 234—the *cured*, 5,476: his eye settles upon the last, and he is content.

Surely, the book of nature thus read is not lightly to be thrown away, wherein is written, in the plainest characters, the existence of a God, which Revelation, it should be remembered, takes for granted,—of a God how full of contrivance! how fertile in expedients! how benevolent in his ends! At work everywhere, everywhere, too, with equal diligence, leaving nothing incomplete, finishing 'the hinge in the wing of an ear-wig' as perfectly as if it were all He had to do—unconfounded by the multiplicity of objects—undistracted by their dispersion—unwearied by their incessant demands on him—fresh as on that day when the morning-stars first sang together, and all His sons shouted for joy!

Who, then, can know thus much of such a Being, and not desire to know more? Thus impressed, who would not address himself, in an honest and good heart, to the evidence of aught which professed to be a Revelation from Him? For this reason, amongst others, it is that, in our opinion, the study of Natural
Theology

Theology is to be encouraged. Many—and many of the best intentions—may not think so, but we maintain that Scripture itself recommends it. Our readers will bear with us one moment. ‘The subject theme’ may, ‘perhaps, turn out a sermon,’ but we promise them it shall be a very short one. ‘God left not himself without witness, in that He did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness.’ Is not this the very argument of Paley, in his chapter on the ‘goodness of the Deity?’ ‘Thou fool, that which thou sowest, is not quickened except it die.’ Is not this a leaf taken from Nature’s book, which tells us, on the evidence of our senses, that it is not a thing so very incredible that God should raise the dead—that, even supposing the faculties of the mind to depend upon *organization*, the least flattering and the least probable supposition, still we see the corruption of an organized body does not necessarily destroy such organization—that in some aura (it may be), in some infinitesimal of matter, it still survives, and is still transmitted from one individual to another; and, therefore, that it may still live, and still be transmitted from one state of being to another in the same individual: for they who maintain that mind depends upon organization, must be the last persons to deny that consciousness of identity may be thus conveyed. Again, ‘behold the fowls of the air, they sow not, neither do they gather into barns.’ What is this but an appeal to a Providence as testified by Nature, in support of a Providence as proclaimed by a Gospel? ‘God maketh his sun to shine on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just, and on the unjust.’ What is this, but to call Nature to bear witness to the mercy and long-suffering of its author, in support of Revelation, which declares that ‘He suffers long, and is kind’? Nay, what is the whole scheme of teaching by parables, but a scheme whereby the natural world is made subservient to the spiritual world, and the wisdom of heaven is taught to find a tongue in the streets, in the fields, and in the sea?

We know not how Bishop Burnet could have approached the heart of Lord Rochester but through those principles of natural theology which he acknowledged, and with which the Bishop was, therefore, at liberty to press him, as he did, till he led him to the sanctuary itself, and the mercy-seat. And our Eastern missionaries, we believe, find it not the least needful weapon in their quiver, not that *telum imbellè* which it is sometimes represented, when in the presence of idle bystanders, under the shade of the palm, at the door of the tent, or while speaking with their enemies in the gate, they have to encounter the deistical Brahmin as he seeks to entangle them in their talk.

Mr. Blanco White read the *Natural Theology*, and was thereby induced

induced to read the *Evidences*. This is precisely what we have been arguing for; thus let the blow be followed up. The truth of Christianity depends upon the truth of its leading facts. Here are a number of transactions recorded, which do not relate to an obscure clan in some wild and sequestered corner of the earth, but such as are said to have happened in a most civilized age, and amongst a well known people. They involve the customs, the rites, the prejudices of many nations and languages; they are full of allusions to their institutions, domestic, civil, political, religious; they constantly lay themselves open to a scrutiny on the minutest points of geography, of history, of chronology. They not unfrequently make mention of individuals,—of individuals not so famous as to be spoken of with safety on public report alone, nor yet so obscure as to admit of being spoken of at random without detection. They not seldom refer to the accidents of the day, a tumult, a conspiracy, a dearth. What room is there here for the application of tests to ascertain their veracity! If they endure such tests, (as they do,) the cumulative argument is little short of demonstration. But this very same history, of which the component parts are marked by characters of truth thus various, tells of miracles. What is to be done with these? Yet, if these be true, then is not preaching vain, nor faith vain.

The *Horæ Paulinæ* is but one of these many departments of evidence; but it is, perhaps, the most satisfactory, and certainly the most ingenious of them all. With this work in our hands, we care not how the Acts of the Apostles, or the Epistles of St. Paul, were composed. We do not trouble our heads about their decomposition; about the separate paragraphs into which they may be resolved, and with which different 'Reporters' (that is the phrase) may have furnished the compilers. Here the two documents are, pregnant with coincidences which no possible hypothesis but that of their veracity can account for. 'Accident or fiction could not have drawn a line that should have touched upon truth upon so many points.' We have the two parts of a cloven tally, nothing wanting but a comparison between both to prove the authenticity of both. 'From a *child* thou hast known the Scriptures,' says the Apostle to Timothy. How so? He was a Greek. — 'Timotheus, the son of a certain woman that was a *Jewess*,' says the writer of the Acts. She, therefore, had taught him the Scriptures. Yet the one passage was evidently writ without the smallest view of illustrating the other; no man can read the two, and suspect it. It is recorded in the Acts that Paul and Barnabas contend; Barnabas being anxious to take with him Mark, and Paul objecting to him because he had forsaken them on a former journey; Barnabas, however, is firm, and rather than forego Mark,

parts

parts from Paul. Now, whence this extraordinary pertinacity?—Not a shadow of reason for it appears in the narrative which tells of the quarrel; yet a reason for it we do discover by the merest accident in the world, for, in one of the Epistles, it happens to be said that Mark ‘*was sister’s son to Barnabas.*’ These half-dozen words clear up the whole affair; but were they introduced for that purpose?—It is impossible to compare the two passages and entertain the idea for a moment. Again, it appears (though only by the juxtaposition of several texts from several epistles) that the two epistles to the Ephesians and Colossians were sent to their respective destinations by the same messenger and at the same time. Now, if we write two long letters to different friends to go by the same post, the probability is that there will be some resemblance between them. How is it in the case in question? On a minute comparison of the two Epistles, there is found a very close resemblance in the style, in the diction, and in the sentiments; far closer than in any other two; and of no other two is there reason to believe that they were written at the same time, or very nearly at the same time: this would have been refinement, indeed, in a mere forgery. One or two coincidences of this kind might be accident, hundreds cannot—many of them, too, as far from obvious as any thing that can be imagined; such as would not have been detected by one reader in ten thousand; such as must be dragged out of their hiding-places into day by the apposition of texts from perhaps half a dozen quarters.

It would not be in the power of the most suspicious lawyer, at the Old Bailey, to subject two witnesses to a stricter cross-examination than that by which Paley has tried the testimony of St. Paul and St. Luke. This is the light in which the *Horæ Paulinæ* is to be viewed: it is a close, and rigorous, and searching series of questions, addressed to two men deponents to certain facts, and addressed, too, by a most acute advocate, in open court, before an intelligent tribunal. We do not hesitate to say, that a fiction contrived between them would have been shattered in pieces before they had gone through a tenth part of the ordeal to which he exposes them: the ‘*mastick-tree*’ of the one, and the ‘*holm-tree*’ of the other, must have come out sooner or later.—But, no! their testimony agreeth together. Yet here again we have the mention of miracles; of such miracles, as the pretended workers of them could not have been deceived about: we ask, therefore, again, how we are to get rid of them? The fact presses.—How is it to be denied? how is it to be explained? how is it to be evaded?

We cannot quit this part of our subject without remarking once more the healthy temperament of Paley’s mind, which enables him

him to bring virtue out of materials the least promising. As in the Natural Theology, he discovered proofs of the benevolence of the Deity in much that had been considered objections to it, so in the Evidences does he find many arguments, for the truth of scripture, precisely upon points which had been thought difficulties in the way. The Jews (in whose history the Gospel is interested) were an ignorant and barbarous race at the time the Mosaic revelation was communicated to them. Be it so; was it not then a very singular circumstance that, whilst they were children in every thing else, in *religion* they should be men? that, whilst in arts and arms they were behind the world, in the knowledge of God and his attributes they were an immeasurable distance before it. The propagation of Christianity in modern times is not so rapid as might be expected from its high pretensions. What, for instance, have the missionaries in India done, with all their zeal and self-devotion? Be it so.—How then came it to pass that, when this same religion was first preached, it grew so mightily and prevailed? Were its teachers of a higher class? On the contrary, they were of a class held in peculiar contempt. Are the gay, the festive, the licentious rites of the East, enthralling? and had not ‘the honied sorceries of Delos and Daphne’ their charms? Were there no ‘fair idolatresses’ in ancient times to pay their nightly vows to Astarte? Is the Indian convert a despised man and an outcast? and was not the Roman the offscouring of all things; was he not in jeopardy every hour—beset by the nightly dream of cross and flame?—The authenticity of one or two of the documents which compose our canon of Scripture was called in question in early times (we have nothing to do with the controversy itself, that has been laid to sleep satisfactorily enough); but what argument does Paley derive from this?—That the existence of such a controversy proves the authenticity of scripture to have been a subject of strict inquiry in those times—that, where there was any cause to doubt, men doubted; and that the books which were received, were only not suspected because they were above suspicion. Or, to descend more into particulars—for the thing is both important and illustrative of Paley’s turn of mind,—‘We, which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds,’ says St. Paul. Did the apostle, then, expect to live till the judgment-day? Take it so if you will: suppose the words do imply this expectation, then is not this ample proof that such language was not the production of an age subsequent to St. Paul? Would an impostor have given such an expectation to that apostle when he was dead; when, if it had ever been entertained, the event had already discovered it to be a mistake? Epaphroditus, the friend of Paul, ‘is sick nigh unto death,’ and Trophimus ‘he left at Miletum

Miletum sick'—would not then Paul have cured them if he could? It is only reasonable to suppose so, if the power of working miracles had depended upon his own will, which he never asserts. But would a mere pretender to miraculous powers have thus confessed his incapacity?—Would he not have spared a miracle on such occasions?—Would any other man than one who felt he could *afford* to sustain the suspicion, have started it, without taking the smallest pains either to do it away? There are fourteen subscriptions to the several Epistles of St. Paul, purporting to be their dates, but on very insufficient authority. Now, on endeavouring to verify these by the contents of the Epistles, we shall find six probably erroneous: what, then, is our conclusion? That, where a writer is not guided by original knowledge, mistakes must and will creep in; that, had the whole volume consisted of forgeries, the whole volume would have been full of similar blunders; that, as it is, there are more difficulties in these few paragraphs than in all the Epistles together.

We trust that the importance of these details will excuse us. It is a great feature in the character of Paley's mind which we have been displaying. There is nothing in the world which has not more handles than one; and it is of the greatest consequence to get a habit of taking hold by the best. The bells speak as we make them; 'how many a tale their music tells!' Hogarth's industrious apprentice might hear in them that he should be 'Lord Mayor of London'—the idle apprentice that he should be hanged at Tyburn. The landscape looks as we see it; if we go to meet a friend, every distant object assumes his shape—

'In great and small, and round and square,
'Tis Johnny, Johnny, everywhere.'

Crabbe's lover passed over the very same heath to his mistress and from her; yet, as he went, all was beauty—as he returned all was blank. The world does not more surely provide different kinds of food for different animals, than it furnishes doubts to the sceptic and hopes to the believer, as he takes it. The one, in an honest and good heart, pours out the box of ointment on a Saviour's head—the other, in the pride of his philosophy, only searches into it for a dead fly.

We have said that Paley is to be applauded as a writer on evidence, rather than as a writer on morals; not, however, that the Moral Philosophy can be fairly charged with all that has been alleged against it. Paley, we apprehend, never seriously intended to make *expediency* the rule of right in those cases where scripture had already spoken out—at least, in all such instances, he would argue that the two rules conspired. Having established the authority of scripture, and it being professedly a part of his
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plan to take Christianity into account in his ethics, he was too good a reasoner to look deliberately for any other guide where scripture was to be had for one. It may be true that some expressions, such, for instance, as 'the utility of any moral rule *alone* it is which constitutes the obligation to it,' are objectionable, as implying that the principle of expediency is to exclude every other—that we are to use it, not when we are in want of a better, but as the best we can have. Still these may be accounted the inadvertent expressions of a man enamoured of his system. Assuredly the intention of Paley was simply this, to supply a rule where scripture is silent, or where it is not specific, or where it is doubtful. For instance, scripture declares itself against covenant-breakers; we bow to the decision—but what is a covenant? and what is it to break one?—this scripture does not define. Here, therefore, we want a principle to guide us before we can apply scripture. What is the principle?—Expediency, says Paley. To take another instance: scripture declares itself against a lie; we allow the authority; but 'what is truth?' may be asked with Pilate, and surely without any irreverence. That the term admits of some latitude in the acceptance is evident: many of the parables, like *Æsop's Fables*, are probably fictions, that is, histories of events which never actually happened, yet it is clear that these cannot be charged with falsehood. What principle, then, is to decide us in determining the offence against which scripture has fixed its canon?—Expediency, again says Paley. 'Resist not evil' is a positive injunction of scripture, yet from other passages it is certain that occasions there may be where resistance is lawful. By what principle, then, are we to draw the line? How is the great question to be solved which has agitated the nations from the beginning of the world—the point at which the subject is justified in casting off his allegiance?—By the principle of expediency, says Paley once more. What we have said may be enough to show that there is room for the exercise of this, or some other principle of moral action, in the affairs of men, without any disparagement of scripture; that Paley, in short, was not fairly dealt with when he was charged with substituting, for a divine rule, a rule of his own. The will of God is to be our rule; this he admits in so many words, but still there is the difficulty, how that will is to be got at. Now, allowing Paley's principle of expediency to be a legitimate one—of which, however, we shall give our opinion by and by—this all must be free to confess, that, in the application of his favourite theory, he has been lavish: he looks to it far too constantly as his key; he is apt to make it the road to his object, not when there is no other, but when another there is, and that, too, much safer and less intricate. No doubt this is
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the abuse of his system, not the use; it determines little or nothing as to the value of the system itself: a hobby may be ridden to death, yet be a very good hobby notwithstanding. Nobody could dispute that leather is a very useful thing in its way, though it might not be so well to make fortifications of it while stone could be had. Thus, the duty of observing the Sabbath as a day of rest, Paley is disposed to found upon the expediency of such an institution, not upon any divine authority expressed; and, accordingly, he lays out his strength upon proving the expediency. Paley thought this ground enough for the obligation, and so it may be; but we cannot help thinking that, had he bestowed equal pains upon the scriptural argument, he might have rested it upon other grounds, and those such as, on his own principles, he ought to have preferred, as being a less equivocal manifestation of what the will of God was upon the point in question. We would willingly give our reasons for this assertion, but we are afraid that we have already counted somewhat largely on the theological appetite of our readers, and we, therefore, in this instance, hold our hand. The example, however, may suffice for our immediate purpose; which is merely to show, that Paley sometimes resorts to expediency as the interpreter of God's will, when a clearer knowledge of it was to be gained elsewhere;—like the tailor of Laputa, who was so much in love with his trigonometry, that he must measure a man for his coat by it, though he had a tape in his pocket by which it might have been done with half the pains and double the accuracy.

This, therefore, is certainly one practical evil entailed upon Paley by his system, that, in working it, he is led away from the profitable occupation of investigating what may be concluded out of scripture (and how pregnant it is with conclusions, if it be well searched, our older writers on casuistry can testify), and is made to direct his efforts, instead, to the more ambiguous search after a rule of right in the endless consequences of things. We say endless consequences; and here is another evil which cleaves to Paley's doctrine of expediency—that it is impracticable as a rule of action; it requires a compass of foresight which no human being possesses. Infinite are the consequences which follow from a single, and often apparently a very insignificant circumstance. Paley himself narrowly escaped being a baker; here was a decision upon which hung in one scale, perhaps, the immortal interests of thousands, and, in the other, the gratification of the taste of the good people of Giggleswick for hot rolls: Cromwell was near being strangled in his cradle by a monkey; here was this wretched ape wielding in his paws the destinies of nations. Then, again, how different in their kind, as well as in their magnitude, are these consequences from anything that might have been *à priori* expected. Henry

the Eighth is smitten with the beauty of a girl of eighteen; and, ere long,

‘The Reformation beams from Bullen’s eyes.’

Charles Wesley refuses to go with his wealthy namesake to Ireland, and the inheritance, which would have been his, goes to build up the fortunes of a Wellesley instead of a Wesley; and to this decision of a schoolboy (as Mr. Southey observes) Methodism may owe its existence, and England its military—and, we trust we may now add, its civil and political—glory.

But even had the principle been more fitted for use than it is (and the difficulty of handling it is a presumption against its being intended as the instrument for our guidance), it is, in our opinion, *metaphysically* objectionable. We confess that, with our old and hard-headed divines, we believe in such a thing as a conscience—a moral sense, a faculty, call it what you will, whereby right is approved and wrong condemned. We believe that this is a much more safe as well as a more ready monitor than any calculations of expediency. We believe that, as the Deity has provided for the welfare of our animal being, by giving us animal senses to tell us of the approach of danger, like repeating frigates on the outside of the line, so has he provided for, what was surely of as much importance, the welfare of our moral being, by giving us this moral sense to sound the alarm when evil is at hand in that quarter. We believe that this is, in fact, the governing principle of the great mass of mankind (such, we mean, as care about morals), who are wholly incapable of balancing consequences, and who, if they have not this guide, have none. Without some such faculty, indeed, we cannot conceive how we should be capable of receiving, estimating, and approving the doctrines of revelation itself; or how there could be any such words as right and wrong, good and evil, which nevertheless obtain in all nations and languages. Are there then innate maxims of right and wrong? asks Paley.—Not at all. The existence of instincts does not presuppose, in the animal, notions of those objects on which instincts are to be exerted. A duck in his shell has no notion of water, or a swallow of a voyage across the Atlantic. How many thousands of women are there who die without offspring, and, therefore, without any knowledge of a mother’s feelings, in every one of whom parental instinct would have been found strong as death, had circumstances called it forth.

But if we have a sense of right and wrong, how is it that this sense is so capricious in its decisions? How is it that scarcely any two nations agree in their notions of good and evil? that scarcely any vice can be named which has not been sanctioned by public opinion in one country or another? This argument proves too much.

much.—Is there then no such thing as a sense of taste naturally inclined to one flavour and disgusted at another—because the ladies in Spain and Portugal like pipe-clay, and Turks opium, and Italians garlic? Or, is there no such thing as a sense of hearing, fitted by nature to pronounce upon one set of sounds as agreeable, and another as offensive, because it may happen that some persons think the music of a fox-hound a great deal more delightful than Mademoiselle Sontag? Or (what, however, may perhaps admit of more question), is there no such thing as a sense of beauty, distinct from associations—because an admirer of Wilkes, whose aspect was enough to frighten a horse, thought he only squinted as much as was becoming? It is not to be denied, that a moral sense may be perverted, like any other sense, and that it very constantly is perverted; we only argue that it exists. Besides, what is the fact with respect to this alleged confusion in the notions of right and wrong entertained by different nations? is it very great after all? Theft may have been applauded in Sparta; but has not the fact been put upon record as a monster in morals? is it not, indeed, its acknowledged deformity that has caused it to be remembered and noted down—as medical men preserve a *lusus naturæ* in spirits, and take no notice of nature's ordinary handiworks? We boldly appeal to the Traveller's Club, whether it is ever usual, on the discovery of a new country, to remark, 'The inhabitants of this singular region love their parents and do not knock them on the head in their old age; mothers, moreover, (such is their extraordinary humanity) nurse their own offspring, and actually bear them on their backs, or in their arms, till they can walk. Neither young nor old (such is the surprising patience and self-control of this most interesting people) carry in their pouches razors to cut their throats with, but virtuously endure the ills of life till disease or decay brings it to a close. Finally, what is very striking, every man's bow and fishing-rod are positively called his own, and allowed so to be, though we were not able to ascertain, on the strictest inquiry, that they had been secured to him by virtue of a single act of parliament or award of any court whatsoever.' Yet, surely, such descriptions as this would be common enough, were there not *de facto* a tacit understanding amongst mankind, that a certain sense of right and wrong, which St. Paul (and we beg attention to this) calls 'natural affection,' 'the law written in the heart,' the 'accusing and excusing conscience,' is ever found to guide all nations more or less, whether savage or civilised, and may be taken for granted unless the contrary be expressed. Indeed, the administration of justice in all countries goes upon this principle. The law always presumes,

even in cases of life and death, that a knowledge of right and wrong, to a considerable degree, falls to the lot of every man, whatever his condition, or opportunities, or calling. A government never thinks it necessary to send to every individual in the state to tell him that, if he steals, or injures his neighbour's goods, or does violence to his person, he will be punished: it takes for granted that every man in the empire knows that such conduct deserves punishment, and it punishes him accordingly; no one dreaming, meanwhile, that there was any hardship in the case, or that the ignorance of the offender, as to what was right and wrong, ought to be held as his excuse.

Whilst we were ruminating upon this point, Bishop Heber's Journal fell into our hands; and, amongst the many delightful images there to be found—for it is full of them—nothing struck us more forcibly than the proofs it gives of the existence of such a sense as this we have been contending for, even amongst the most depraved of our species. Fallen, fallen as the poor Hindoo is in the scale of creation—a liar and the worshipper of a lie—abomination-nursed—leaving his brother to perish by the way-side, and not even robbing the vulture of his bones—still, all defiled as he is, let him but hear a sentiment of natural mercy, or justice, or pity, drop from the lip of the kind-hearted Bishop, howbeit unused to such appeals, and how suddenly and surprisingly is it echoed back from the God within him: what a hearty 'good, good,' bursts forth from the voice of his better nature, dumb though it had been, as the son of Cræsus or the Samian wrestler, till this accident gave it a tongue. Or to take a more familiar and homely example—what a volley of applause issues from the one-shilling gallery of a theatre, filled, as it probably is at the moment, with the most abandoned part of a licentious populace, whenever any virtuous sentiment, any one of those ancient and approved *gnomai*, so familiar to the mouth of Joseph Surface, happens to be uttered.

'Virtutem videant intabescantque relictâ,'

was thought by the satyrist the heaviest curse he could imprecate upon the oppressor's head; so lovely in its own shape did he reckon virtue to be, and so keen the remorse for having abandoned it.

Men, therefore, keep their word (to take Paley's own case) simply because it is *right* to do so. They feel it is right, and ask no further questions. Conscience carries along with it its own authority—its own credentials. The depraved appetites may rebel against it, but they are aware that it is rebellion. This nobler part is still admitted to be sovereign *de jure*. I see and reverence

reverence the better, and follow the worse. All experience confirms the truth of our position. It is acknowledged even by casuists themselves, by Bishop Taylor, for instance, though their craft would rather suffer by the confession, that in cases of duty *first* thoughts are generally best—that deliberation commonly perplexes, often misleads. Yet, on Paley's principle, the reverse of all this ought to happen, for who can imagine that a prospective view of the probable consequences of an action (and this is what supplies the rule) can be the affair of a moment? It would be as reasonable to expect one of De Moivre's Problems on Chances to be solved by intuition. And here we are led to another remark, which may at once serve for an objection to expediency as a rule of conduct, and an argument in favour of a moral sense. Half the good offices of life are required at a moment's warning. To put an extreme case:—I see a man in the act of drowning; I cannot rescue him but at some risk; what does expediency dictate? Perhaps the man's life is not worth so much to society as mine; perhaps he is a good man, and therefore death will be only a gain to him; perhaps I am not so, and therefore cannot afford to die or run the chance of it; perhaps the reverse of all this may be true; or, perhaps the several particulars on which my conduct is to be regulated in this matter may so clash as to neutralise one another and leave me in suspense. Meanwhile one thing is pretty clear, that the wretch in the water is drowned some half hour or more, before my philosophy on the bank has come to the conclusion that it is expedient, and therefore right, to jump in and save him. What would be the worth of such a principle in the actual affairs of this world? We do not now put it on its uncertainty, on the errors to which we are exposed in the process of applying it; we only say, that it is too slow and halting a principle to be of any practical use in half the cases where it would be called in. We should have a stammering captain to manœuvre a regiment of sharpshooters. No doubt the fact is, that the law of expediency is that by which great numbers do regulate their conduct, and that in spite of this the world is not quite out of joint, as might be expected, if that principle were so very noxious: yet we are old-fashioned enough to think with Uncle Toby (when asked by Trim how it came to pass that churchmen had so much to do with the making of gunpowder) that an over-ruling Providence can bring good out of any thing. We are old-fashioned enough to think that such a Providence 'does shape our purposes, rough hew them how we will;' and that when it was declared to be '*expedient* that one man should die for the people,' God did make it turn out so, wicked as was the heart, and base as were the motives, that urged that expediency. Nor perhaps are there many considerations

siderations fitted to impress us with a higher notion of the *resources* of the Deity, than that whilst man, as a free-agent, is perpetually thwarting his schemes (as one might suppose), He is still able so to over-rule affairs as to work up these very errors into the web of His 'universal plan,' without the smallest appearance of a botch or a blunder. But this by the way.

We must not conclude our paper without noticing the attempts which have been made to class Paley with the Socinians in doctrines, and with the Whigs in politics; more especially as the new sermons, published in the present edition of his works, throw some little additional light on the former question, and the new *Life* on the latter. We are not, indeed, very careful to argue in this matter; for, as we have already said, if we be idolaters of Paley, it is simply of Paley as a writer of Evidences, not as a moralist, not as a doctor, not as a politician. Let, however, justice be done him. Unfair advantage has been taken of particular expressions incidentally used by him. More it seems was meant by them than met the ear. He could not let fall, to be sure, a word or two at random, mere *επεια πτεροεντα*. Thus, for instance, he speaks of 'the excellent Hoadley,' and many have been the inferences to which this has given rise. But when and where does the phrase occur? In a short treatise of which he was afterwards ashamed, (for he never acknowledged it, and did not abide by its principles) written by him, we will not say when a boy, but when a young man, and full of a young man's faults; in defence, too, of a Law, a name which with reason he loved and honoured. What, then, could be more natural, or more excusable, than that taking the low-church side on the subject of subscription, as he was thus led to do, he should bestow a word of unsledged eulogy on the great champion of the low-church party, merely in his character of champion, for it was upon no doctrinal point, after all, that he sung the praises of Hoadley. But if it be meant to say that in his mature years Paley's *doctrines* and those of the Bishop of Bangor were alike, that we deny. Not, indeed, that the Bishop is to be confounded with the Socinian of the present day—they are wide enough asunder; but Paley was vastly farther from him still. Thus we are scarcely acquainted with any divine, not a professed Calvinist, who rates the moral powers and perfections of our nature more meanly than Paley. We hear from him of the 'deep, unfeigned, heart-piercing, heart-sinking sorrow of confession and penitence;' of 'imperfection cleaving to every part of our conduct;' of 'our sins being more than enough to humble us to the earth on the ground of *merit*.' These sentiments (which are not at all in the spirit of Dr. Hoadley) are not uttered by chance; they are the burthen of whole sermons, and

and of many of them. Now this is a cardinal question, for upon it hangs almost all the Socinian controversy. But repentance alone, it may be still said, is enough to blot out these offences, many as they may be, from the mind of the Deity. Paley, however, does not say so; on the contrary, a whole sermon (one of those now published for the first time) is taken up with proving the *natural inefficacy* of repentance even to expiate the sin, much less to procure the reward. But from these premises the doctrine of the atonement follows as a thing of course, and accordingly it is acknowledged by Paley in words as explicit as words can be; it would be illogical, indeed, to deny it, unless he were prepared to admit that mankind were to be left to perish.

‘Something beyond ourselves is the cause of our salvation, is wanting even according to the sound principles of natural religion. When we read in Scripture of the free mercy of God enacted towards us by the death and sufferings of Jesus Christ, then we read of a cause beyond ourselves, and that is the very thing which was wanted to us.’

Again,

‘Christ is the instrument of salvation to all who are saved. The obedient Jew, the virtuous heathen, are saved through him. They do not know this, nor is it necessary they should, though it may be true in fact.’

But it is a waste of words to vindicate Paley upon this head. The thing admits of no dispute.

Then, the Third Person of the Trinity is spoken of by him as ‘a real, efficient, powerful, active *Being*,’ (Ser. xxx.) whose co-operation is essential to the conviction, conversion, and moral welfare of man; whose aid is to be sought by prayer, ‘by constant and peculiar prayer.’ For this, again, is a duty on which Paley insists with as much emphasis, with as reverential a sense of its nature and efficacy, as almost any writer with whom we are acquainted. But it is said that Paley makes no explicit declaration of our Lord’s divinity. Let it be remembered, however, that it is quite characteristic of him to *understate* his argument. No one can read his writings, and not have this observation forced upon him numberless times. Indeed, he expressly avows the practice, and defends it in one of his sermons before the University, (Ser. iv. vol. vii.) It is the practice of many great masters of the art of reasoning, of none more than Bishop Butler. Now, we constantly find Paley speaking of Christ as ‘the *divine* founder of our religion,’ as ‘from the beginning,’ as ‘before Abraham,’ as ‘possessing glory with the Father before the world was,’ as ‘united with the Deity, so as no other Person is united,’ (Ser. xx. vol. vi.) And

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in one instance, (whether the language be his own actually, or only virtually, from having been preached by him), as 'in his death, exciting all nature to sympathise with her expiring Lord, and when he could have summoned the host of heaven to his aid, yielding up his soul an offering for sin.'—Life, p. 99.

This last is surely an acknowledgment of the Godhead of the Son; and even the former expressions, when coupled with the consideration we have named, imply, we think, that he who asserted so much believed more: indeed, upon any other supposition, it would not be easy for him to escape from the doctrine of a plurality of Gods.

But, after all, the department of Theology with which alone Paley was thoroughly conversant, was the Evidences. He had not the necessary qualifications for a complete investigation of the *doctrines*, and he knew it. The former was the circle within which alone he chose to walk, in all the theological works which he deliberately published. By these let him be judged. Thus, in order to examine the question of our Lord's Divinity, a knowledge of ecclesiastical antiquity was of the very first importance. The Apostles must have had an opinion upon a subject so serious, (we think, indeed, they express it clearly enough),—it was not likely that they would leave their immediate successors in ignorance of that opinion; or that these, in their turn, would fail to deliver it to those who came next. What their opinion was is shown to demonstration by Bishop Bull, by Bishop Horsley, and in a recent work, of a modesty and learning worthy the best ages of our church, by Mr. Burton, in his 'Testimonies of the Ante-Nicene Fathers to the Divinity of Christ.' Paley, however, was unacquainted with the Fathers, at least, he had no further acquaintance with them than what was afforded him by Lardner. Such as it was, he no doubt turned it to great account in his own province; but that province, as we have said, was not the doctrines of Scripture. Had Paley, at his death, ordered all his unpublished papers to be burnt, there would have been little suspicion of his orthodoxy; for it is chiefly grounded on the negative evidence extorted from his sermons. As it is, there is little besides suspicion; and we cannot but feel that there is something ungenerous to the memory of the Prophet who is gone, (how great a one, will not be fully known till the day of account shall disclose the numbers that owe to him 'their own selves,') to fix an obnoxious opinion upon him, on the authority of posthumous documents, and to pick holes in the mantle which he left behind him in his haste. On the whole, this, we think, has been proved,—that he was nothing like a modern Socinian; that he was, at least, something

something more than an ancient Arian; but that the precise shade of his creed cannot be determined by us, and, perhaps, had not been determined by himself.

A word upon the politics of Paley. We have already hinted that the Life of him, by his son, prefixed to these volumes, will tend to set the public right upon this point. It was not easy, indeed, to believe that he was the political priest which his liberal biographer makes him—actuated, we are sure, by no intention to mislead, but simply by the natural disposition of all polemical persons to lay claim to a respectable name. Paley took in his daily newspaper, (a ministerial one by the bye,) read it with avidity, as people in the country are apt to do, and made a vernacular comment or two upon the state questions that chanced to be uppermost, at the club in the evening betwixt the deals, much more concerned as to whether he should cut the king than whether the king would cut him, and as little dreaming that he was a politician, as Sganarelle, the fagot-maker, dreamed that he was a doctor of physic. What, then, would have been his surprise to find himself held up to posterity in the character of a devout Whig, somewhat embarrassed, indeed, by his profession, but in his heart a determined opponent of restrictions in church and state; and even unwilling to accept the Mastership of Jesus College, Cambridge, from a conviction that he should not be able to keep in with Pitt for a month! Has a Master of Jesus College so much to do with the prime-minister of the day, and are the concerns of that learned body, in addition to his other troubles, the subject of so much of a premier's official solicitude? Paley talks, it is true, of the divine right of kings being the same as the divine right of constables; and puts the case of the flock of pigeons striving to gather corn for one, and that, perhaps, the weakest of them all, in a manner, for aught we know, to the satisfaction of a Whig; but if these passages, and a few others such as these, are adduced as fair samples (*medio ex acervo*) of Paley's politics, the spirit he was of is not perceived. It was not the humour of the man to wrap up his propositions in cotton wool, otherwise how little could have been made of either of these formidable bug-bears. Suppose he had said that he did not hold the doctrine of divine right, nevertheless that he submitted to every ordinance of man, whether to the king, as supreme, or to the constable, as appointed by the king—what would have been alleged then? Or suppose he had said that the extremely unequal division of property has a very unnatural aspect—that there must be some very great good resulting from it, to justify the state in securing to one subject half a county and to another scarce half-a-crown; and then suppose (as he actually does) he had

had gone on to show that there really was such a good—what would have been said then? Indeed a desire to recur to first principles in *practice*, or to stir the foundations of society, was as alien from the nature of Paley as anything we can imagine. He had a great deal too much of the epicurean in him for any such exploits. He was apt to think (perhaps too apt) all well that ended well. The construction of the House of Commons may be open to a thousand objections;—Paley was not blind to them, nor are we: indeed we know few sights more lamentably ludicrous than an election. Let a stranger be introduced, for the first time, to such a scene—let him be shown a multitude of men reeling about the streets of a borough-town, fighting within an inch of their lives, smashing windows at the Black Bear, or where

‘High in the street, o’erlooking all the place,
The Rampant Lion shows his kingly face.’

and yelling like those animals in Exeter ‘Change at supper time; and then let him be told that these worthies are choosing the senate of England—persons to make the laws that are to bind them and their children, property, limb, and life, and he would certainly think the process unpropitious. Yet, in spite of it all, a number of individuals are thus collected, who transact the business of the nation, and represent its various interests tolerably well. The machinery is hideous, but it produces not a bad article, and with this Paley is satisfied.—The House of Lords, again, is composed, in a great degree, of officers of the army and navy, courtiers, ecclesiastics, young men of one and twenty, and country gentlemen, occupied in the care of their farms, their studs, or their game. This description does not include all, but very many of the members. What should qualify such an assembly for being the court of last appeal in the gravest and most intricate causes? Paley is well aware of the apparent anomaly; the machinery looks unpromising, but still it works well; and again he is content. A standing-army is the bye-word of every liberal politician; it is a ready instrument of oppression in the hands of an arbitrary government, and may stifle the voice of law and reason—*inter arma toga silet*. Paley, of course, perceives all this, but he believes that a certain quantity of military strength is necessary for the well-being of the commonwealth, and he thinks one good soldier and two industrious peasants better than three raw militiamen, too clownish to drill men, and too military to drill turnips. The machinery, he will allow, is dangerous, but again it works well; and again Paley is pleased. It need not be denied, that he now and then puts forth a bold dictum, which artles for a moment—but only let us hear him out. The sting of Paley’s chapters is much more often in the head than the tail.

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He throws in qualifications, and exceptions, and restrictions so numerous (though often inconsiderable when taken individually), that the man-mountain, which at first sight looked ready to turn and overwhelm a nation, is wholly unable to stir, and may be safely gazed at by Lilliputian naturalists, as a very curious and a very innocent monster. For instance, 'government is to be obeyed so long as the interest of the society requires it, and no longer.' 'A second Daniel!' is now the cry set up. *But* every invasion of the constitution, of the liberty and rights of the subject, every stretch of power or prerogative, every breach of promise or oath, does not justify resistance. *But* the positive evil of the abuse, whatever it is, must outweigh the probable evil of the attempt to correct it. *But* the interest of the *whole* society must be consulted, not that of one or more of its parts; so that it was the duty of an American, for instance (the case is Paley's own) (Mor. Philosoph. b. vi. c. 2), to weigh what England was likely to lose by his revolt, as well as what America was likely to gain by it, before he could strike a blow with a clear conscience. *But* the case of oppression must be strongly made out; a species of necessity for opposition must arise; the advantage proposed must be, not indeed certain, yet all but certain:—nothing extravagant, nothing chimerical, nothing doubtful in any considerable degree, can be deemed a sufficient reason for putting the tranquillity of a nation to hazard, and disturbing the calm in which a good man desires to pass the days of his sojourn upon earth. (See Fast Sermon, xvi. vol. vii.) Now, with all these drawbacks, (which we have given as nearly as possible in Paley's own words,) we say the proposition in question is as harmless as the sentence against Antonio, that the Jew might exact the pound of flesh, provided he shed no blood, and did not cut off more or less by the estimation of a hair. Nay, no sooner does he find the people actually in a disposition to vote that the interest of society no longer required government to be obeyed, and that the time was come when redress was to be sought in a change of system, than he hastens to send out a judicious damper (which caused Dr. Parr, we are told, to hang his picture the wrong side upwards,) in the shape of 'Reasons for Contentment, addressed to the Labouring Classes;' and in one of his Fast-day Sermons (vol. vii. ser. xv), he positively goes out of his way to remark that Nineveh was saved, not by a *political change*, for of that we hear nothing, but by a personal reformation among all classes of the community. The truth was, when the question became serious, and the *application* of principles was called for, Paley had too much common sense to be satisfied with that 'enlarged view' of his subject for which Mr. Meadley commends him on an occasion

sion that little justified his praise. Then his 'enlarged view,' if he had ever entertained it in his closet, narrowed surprisingly, and well it might. We do not dispute, that in the obnoxious passages of his Moral Philosophy to which we have referred, and in others like to them, Paley may seem to treat princes and potentates with less ceremony than is their due. But in all this, we are persuaded, there was no mean jealousy of high station at work, much less anything like studied insult intended. It was the Sabine simplicity of Paley's mind, which quite unfitted him for being a respecter of persons. The pomp, the circumstance, the chivalry of rank were lost upon him. He had a touch in him of Peter Bell,—

‘ A primrose on the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.’

When the idea of a king presented itself to Paley, it was merely that of an individual invested with great substantial power, to be wielded for the benefit of his people. Crown and sceptre, beef-eaters, state-coaches and guardsmen, the trappings, in short, of royalty, did not enter in as elements. Not that he affected contempt of such matters, for he knew human nature too well to think that they were to be despised; but they were not the matters to make any impression on his mind; to use an engraver's phrase, they would not *bite*. He preaches before the judges and grand jury—wigs, trumpets, javelins, white wands, all vanish at once, and he sees nothing before him but a set of fallible men, called upon by their country to rule with diligence; and he suggests to them the true principle, and exhorts them faithfully with all his power. He delivers another sermon to the younger clergy:—he is nothing moved by the gowns, cassocks, and clerical apparatus which offer themselves to his eye; all he can find is an assembly of men of like passions as others, and with some temptations of their own, needing admonition; and admonition he gives them, with a hearty good-will not to be mistaken:—‘Mimic not the vices of higher life, hunt not after great acquaintance;’ ‘be sober, be chaste;’ ‘keep out of public-houses;’ ‘learn to live alone;’ ‘divide your sermons into heads—it may be dispensed with in the hands of a master; in yours, the want of it will produce a bewildered rhapsody.’ These are very homely maxims, and conveyed in very homely phrases, yet there is no assumption of authority in it all, no desire to give offence, no acrimony, no suspicion of the character of his hearers. It was simply the plain speech of a single-hearted man, earnest in his calling, looking upon different stations as merely bringing out different types of man's nature, which was radically the same in

in all; and, indeed, making so little account of artificial distinctions, that whether his congregation were gentle or simple, peasants or prebends, city or village, Paley would give them the very same sermon in the very same words. Let us not make him a politician against his will, and against the general evidence of his life and pursuits. In his serious hours he was occupied, abundantly occupied, in concerns for a clergyman more appropriate, and for any man more weighty.

‘He never seemed to know,’ says his son, ‘that he deserved the name of a politician, and would probably have been equally amused at the grave attempts made to draw him into, or withdraw him from any political bias.’—*Life*, p. 191.

He would employ himself in his Natural Theology, and then gather his peas for dinner, very likely gathering some hint for his work at the same time. He would converse with his classical neighbour, Mr. Yates, or he would reply to his invitation that he could not come, for that he was busy knitting. He would station himself at his garden wall, which overhung the river, and watch the progress of a cast-iron bridge in building, asking questions of the architect, and carefully examining every pin and screw with which it was put together. He would loiter along a river, with his angle-rod, musing upon what he supposed to pass in the mind of a pike when he bit, and when he refused to bite; or he would stand by the sea-side, and speculate upon what a young shrimp could mean by jumping in the sun.

‘With the handle of his stick in his mouth, he would move about his garden in a short hurried step, now stopping to contemplate a butterfly, a flower, or a snail, and now earnestly engaged in some new arrangement of his flower-pots.’

He would take from his own table to his study the back-bone of a hare or a fish’s head; and he would pull out of his pocket, after a walk, a plant or stone to be made tributary to an argument. His manuscripts were as motley as his occupations; the workshop of a mind ever on the alert: evidences mixed up with memorandums for his will; an interesting discussion brought to an untimely end by the hiring of servants, the letting of fields, sending his boys to school, reproving the refractory members of an hospital; here a dedication, there one of his children’s exercises—in another place a receipt for cheap soup. He would amuse his fireside by family anecdotes:—how one of his ancestors (and he was praised as a pattern of perseverance) separated two pounds of white and black pepper which had been accidentally mixed—‘*patiens pulveris*,’ he might truly have added; and how, when the *Paley arms* were wanted, recourse was had to a family tankard which was supposed

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to bear them; but which he always took a malicious pleasure in insisting had been bought at a sale—

‘ Hæc est

Vita solutorum miserâ ambitione gravique ;’

the life of a man far more happily employed than in the composition of political pamphlets, or in the nurture of political discontent. Nay, when his friend Mr. Carlyle is about going out with Lord Elgin to Constantinople, the very head-quarters of despotism, we do not perceive, amongst the multitude of most characteristic hints and queries which Paley addresses to him, a single fling at the Turk, or a single hope expressed that the day was not very far distant when the Cossacks would be permitted to erect the standard of liberty in his capital.

‘ I will do your visitation for you (Mr. Carlyle was chancellor of the diocese), in case of your absence, with the greatest pleasure—it is neither a difficulty nor a favour.

‘ Observanda—1. Compare every thing with English and Cumberland scenery: e. g., rivers with Eden, groves with Corby, mountains with Skiddaw; your sensations of buildings, streets, persons, &c. &c.; e. g., whether the Mufti be like Dr. —, the Grand Seigneur, Mr. —.

‘ 2. Give us one day at Constantinople minutely from morning to night—what you do, see, eat, and hear.

‘ 3. Let us know what the common people have to dinner; get, if you can, a peasant’s actual dinner and bottle: for instance, if you see a man working in the fields, call to him to bring the dinner he has with him, and describe it minutely.

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‘ 4. The diversions of the common people; whether they seem to enjoy their amusements, and be happy; and sport, and laugh; farm-houses, or any thing answering to them, and of what kind; same of public-houses, roads.

‘ 5. Their shops; how you get your breeches mended, or things done for you, and how (i. e. well or ill done); whether you see the tailor, converse with him, &c.

‘ 6. Get into the inside of a cottage; describe furniture, utensils, what you find actually doing.

‘ All the stipulations I make with you for doing your visitation is, that you come over to Wearmouth soon after your return, for you will be very entertaining between truth and lying. I have a notion you will find books, but in great confusion as to catalogues, classing, &c.

‘ 7. Describe minutely how you pass one day on ship-board; learn to take and apply lunar, or other observations, and how the midshipmen, &c. do it.

‘ 8. What sort of fish you get, and how dressed. I should think your business would be to make yourself master of the middle Greek. My compliments to Buonaparte, if you meet with him, which I think

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is very likely. Pick up little articles of dress, tools, furniture, especially from low life—as an actual smock, &c.

‘ 9. What they talk about; company.

‘ 10. Describe your impression upon first seeing things; upon catching the first view of Constantinople; the novelties of the first day you pass there.

‘ In all countries and climates, nations and languages, carry with you the best wishes of, dear Carlyle,

‘ Your affectionate friend,

‘ W. PALEY.’

Such was Paley. A man singularly without guile, and yet often misunderstood or misrepresented; a man who was thought to have no learning, because he had no pedantry, and who was too little of a quack to be reckoned a philosopher; who would have been infallibly praised as a useful writer on the theory of government, if he had been more visionary—and would have been esteemed a deeper divine, if he had not been always so intelligible; who has been suspected of being never serious because he was often jocular, and before those, it should seem, who were not to be trusted with a joke; who did not deal much in protestations of his faith, counting it proof enough of his sincerity (we are ashamed of noticing even thus far insinuations against it) to bring arguments for the truth of Christianity unanswered and unanswerable—to pour forth exhortations to the fulfilment of the duties enjoined by it, the most solemn and intense—and to evince his own practical sense of its influence, by crowning his labours with a work to the glory and praise of God, at a season when his hand was heaviest upon him—a work which lives, and ever will live, to testify that no pains of body could shake for a moment his firm and settled persuasion, that in every thing, and at every crisis, we are God’s creatures, that life is passed in His constant presence, and that death resigns us to His merciful disposal.

ART. II.—*Narrative of a Second Expedition to the Shores of the Polar Sea, in the years 1825-26-27.* By John Franklin, Capt. R. N., F.R.S., &c., and Commander of the Expedition; including an Account of the Progress of a Detachment to the Eastward, by John Richardson, M.D., F.R.S., F.L.S., Surgeon and Naturalist to the Expedition. London. 4to. 1828.

IF Pope had lived in our days, we cannot help thinking that his Muse might not have been indisposed to appropriate one little niche in her

‘ Stupendous pile, not rear’d by human hands,’
for the reception of a class of candidates for fame, whom he has only