

For this very reason also perhaps his Journal, which he kept for more than thirty years of his life [he died in 1881, at the age of sixty] is of peculiar and unique interest as reflecting all the phases of the meditations of a deep and earnest soul. Amiel was a man who, unlike many of those who came under the influence of Goethe, believed not only in God, but in human sin; and it is these two beliefs, which he was never quite able to harmonise, which explain the sombre cast of the thoughts which he set down in his Journal.

Referring to a series of papers by Ruge and others, he says, "These papers make me understand the radical difference between morals and intellectualism. The writers of them wish to supplant religion by philosophy. Man is the principle of their religion; and intellect is the climax of man. Their religion then is the religion of intellect. There you have the two worlds. Christianity brings and preaches salvation by the conversion of the will; humanism, by the emancipation of the mind. One attacks the heart, the other the brain. Both wish to enable man to reach his ideal. But the ideal differs; if not by its content, at least by the disposition of its content, by the predominance and sovereignty given to this or that inner power. For one, the mind is the organ of the soul; for the other, the soul is an inferior state of mind; the one wishes to enlighten by making better; the other to make better by enlightening. It is the difference between Socrates and Jesus. *The cardinal question is that of sin.*

. . . What is it that saves? How can man be led to be truly man? . . . If science does not produce love, it is insufficient. Now, all that science gives is the *amor intellectualis* of Spinoza, light without warmth, a resignation which is contemplative and grandiose, but inhuman, because it is scarcely transmissible, and remains a privilege, one of the rarest of all. Moral love places the centre of the individual in the centre of being. It has at least salvation in principle, the germ of eternal life. *To love is virtually to know; to know is not virtually to love.*"

Again, "Moral force is then the vital point; and this force is only produced by moral force. Like alone acts upon like; therefore, do not amend by reasoning, but by example; approach feeling by feeling; do not hope to excite love except by love. Philosophy then can never replace religion."

Amiel's relation to current religious thought may be partially understood from the following: "I am astonished at the incredible amount of Judaism and formalism which still exists nineteen centuries after the Redeemer's proclamation, 'It is the letter that killeth'—after His protest against a dead symbolism. The new religion is so profound that it is not understood even now, and would seem a blasphemy to the greater number of Christians. The person of Christ is the centre of it. Redemption, eternal life, divinity, humanity, propitiation, incarnation, judgment, Satan, heaven, and hell—all these beliefs have been so materialised and coarsened that with a strange irony they present to us the spectacle of things having a profound meaning and yet carnally interpreted. . . . Whether we will or no, there is an esoteric doctrine—there is a relative revelation; each man enters into God so much as God enters into him."

This Journal deals with many subjects, literary, social, and political; but the religious side of things is ever the prominent and the dominant. "He speaks," says Mrs. Ward, "for the life of to-day as no other single voice has yet spoken for it, in his contradictions, his fears, his despairs; and yet in the constant straining towards the unseen and the ideal, which gives a fundamental unity to his inner life, he is the type of a generation universally touched with doubt, and yet as sensitive to the need of faith as any that have gone before it; more widely conscious than its predecessors of the limitations of the human mind, and of the iron pressure of man's physical environment; but at the same time—paradox as it may seem—more conscious of man's greatness, more deeply thrilled by the spectacle of the nobility and beauty interwoven with the universe."

The book has already appealed to many minds of fine quality. Our readers will thank us for giving the judgment of one of these on its contents. The late Rector of Lincoln, the well known and distinguished Mr. Mark Pattison, wrote to the editor: "I wish to convey to you the thanks of one at least of the public for giving the light to this precious record of a unique experience. I say unique, but I can vouch that there is in existence at least one other soul which has lived through the same struggles, mental and moral, as Amiel. In your pathetic description of the *volonté qui voudrait vouloir, mais impuissante à se fournir à elle-même des motifs*—of the repugnance for all action—the soul petrified by the sentiment of the infinite; in all this I recognise myself. . . . I think it a duty to the editor to assure him that there are persons in the world whose souls respond in the depths of their inmost nature to the cry of anguish which makes itself heard in the pages of these remarkable confessions."

NOTES BY THE WAY.

A TREMENDOUS change from the brightness and gaiety of Wiesbaden is it to this quaint out-of-the-world place. One can hardly realise that only a few miles of hill, dale, and forest separate the two. Wiesbaden, delightful till the summer really sets in, is soon unbearable with the heat, for, lying in a hollow at the foot of the Taunus range, no breeze seems to cool its blazing streets, and though one leaves with regret the charming little town in which still lingers a flavour of the days when the quality thronged there to take the baths or break the bank, one breathes freer and feels fresher when well away from the languid, flower-scented air. As the train prepares to crawl out of the station, I hear the last of the local gossip. "Do you see that old lady?" some one says. "She is Princess Louise, a niece of the Emperor's, banished years ago from Berlin. She had a husband once, with whom she used to quarrel to such an extent that he resorted to the drastic measures alluded to by Dr. Grimston in 'Vice Versa.' Once she was found on the top of the white china stove in her sitting-room, whither she had climbed to get out of the way of her spouse's avenging arm and hunting-stock. It was all her fault. None of the Royal people ever notice her." I look, and see a venerable grandmother, with dark eyes glancing from a shrewd, ugly face. An ancient dame is with her, as ill-favoured as herself. The "love, obedience, honour, troops of friends," which should accompany virtuous old age, is lacking in this case, giving place to police supervision, to a sentence of banishment, to solitary existence in a lonely villa in Sonnenberger Strasse. There is much rough justice in this world, and it is on the cards that Her Royal Highness may have her deserts. "Nothing is stolen; everything is paid for," was one of the great Napoleon's wise remarks. Princess Louise is doubtless now engaged in settling bills incurred during the days of her stormy youth.

OVER the level green meadows lying between us and the neighbouring villages, through the gatehouse, past the stone statue of the Bishop, and so into lovely Limburg, come the country people—as never-ending a stream as the river itself—to buy or to sell, bent on pleasure or business in the crooked streets that lead up to the beautiful church on the rocky height above us. An odd, high-swung calèche, lined with striped cotton, passing, transports one back into the last century. Then clatters a milk cart, full of bright tins, and drawn by a big, faithful dog, like the hero of Ouida's charming story; and anon, as the swallows skim low, and a light breeze springs up, the children run out of the schoolhouse, and out of the town-gates, and so into the fields as if the Hamelin Pied Piper were in their midst. The fine gray arches of the crucifix-crowned bridges have spanned the Lehn for nearly 600 years. I find myself idly speculating on the life which has tramped over here, never stopping, since the days when we in England were mourning our Black Prince. In the pleasant yellow sunshine, with the shadow of the divine figure falling alike on young and old, rich and poor, Catholic and Protestant, with the bells clanging for vespers and the brown waters murmuring musically at one's feet, it is impossible not to feel touched by the presence of that peace which the world cannot give, always the heritage of such cloistered spots. The same story goes on here, year after year, century after century. The hopes and fears of a place so little important could not be made interesting, one would think; and if the carved Bishop who benignly leans forward told the story of the people he has blessed as they have gone backward and forward, winter and summer, it would differ little from a similar description of, for instance, the dwellers in the Hampshire minster towns, or Christ Church, or Wimborne. The peasant faces look much the same as those belonging to our English labouring classes, and the presence of that beautiful cathedral on the cliff, with its seven gray towers sharply cut against the blue sky, affects them as little as a building of the same class with us affects the Hodge who tills our fields, or the little Hodge clinging to his mother's skirts as she gossips with her neighbours. Yet there are wonderful treasures within a stone's throw of where I stand, the value of which these people are conscious of in their dull-witted way. For in that sister church near by they show you uncut jewels set in goblets of great price, given by pious folk into the charge of those good Carmelite brothers who served in the darkening aisles, fragrant with incense, where the tourist who has by chance strayed in finds rest from the glare of the streets. And there is part of St. Peter's walking-staff—once broken in three, a portion being given to Cologne, another to Treves, and one in a gleaming gold case laid here. And there is a mitre belonging to the Bishop of Limburg, very gorgeous with precious stones; and there are bones of saints tied up in white satin and artificial flowers, like wedding-cake; and last, coveted by the South Kensington Museum, a portion of the true cross, embedded in a frame of Byzantine work of exquisite beauty. Angels, with many-hued wings, shine from their gold background with as much freshness as if they had only just been called into being by the artist's skilful fingers. This precious possession ("for which the London gentleman from the Museum offered £500, and we may keep it, they say, if we would only let them have the case; but no, no,") belonged to a descendant of Constantine's, who married a German prince in the tenth century, and left it at her death to the church in which she had trusted all her life. Now with the rest of the Carmelite treasures, the priceless work of a nameless Eastern visionary reposes in the odour of sanctity behind double glass doors, its daffodil-coloured leaves still guarding jealously a small fragment of wood. And the Bishop, keeping watch over the jewelled crozier, or mitre, or glittering goblet, esteems no jewels or gold so highly as this strip of that cross at the foot of which all Christendom kneels.

FROM great London—which seems so far from this quiet place, so far it might almost be in another planet,—I hear of a supper party, given by the Royal Academy last week to the Kings and Queens, Princes and