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ARTICLE I.—*Œuvres divers de Fénelon*.—Paris: Chez Lefèvre, 1844.

WE are no friends to Popery; to its doctrines, institutions, and ceremonies; and hesitate not to regard it as the great scheme of the evil one for frustrating the leading objects of Revelation. We repel with indignation her claims to infallibility; we abhor her despotism and tyranny; we regard as mere Paganized Christianity many of her rites and observances; we esteem, as unscriptural and irrational, much of her theology as consecrated by the Council of Trent. We have embraced all proper opportunities to oppose its errors and corruptions, its false doctrines and evil practices; and shall continue to do it as long as we have power to “contend for the faith once delivered to the saints.”

But while we thus bear our decided testimony against the Church of Rome, does it imply an excision of *all* the members of its communion? Should there not be a distinction between the dogmas of a church viewed in its corporate authority, and the character of its members considered in their private capacity? Adopting the test which our Saviour gives, “by their fruits ye shall know them,” we are bound to admit that many in that community have “brought forth the fruits of the Spirit,”

and exhibited the best attributes of Christians; that Christianity, even under Papal corruption, has put forth a divine and celestial power that has enlightened and purified; that in that church there have been men who have adorned the sanctuary of God, and been shining lights in the days of darkness; that from its bosom have gone forth missionaries to distant parts of the earth, whose sacrifices and martyrdom have resembled those of the Apostolic age; that books have been written by its members, and have come down to us, the study of which refreshes and strengthens our piety. Some thus distinguished, remained in the Papal Church, who failed not deeply to lament its errors; and others gave such a construction as satisfied their minds, to doctrines which we would interpret as unscriptural and dangerous. It is not for us to say how far individuals thus united to Christ, might be unsuspectingly fettered in their adherence to the communion in which they were educated, by the force of early prepossessions; by respect to ecclesiastical authority; by their views of Christian unity; and by their sense of the dangers of open separation. It is not for us to say how the Holy Spirit, by such instances of piety, might indicate the inefficacy of all human modifications of the gospel, and teach us that at times he chooses to be independent of the best or the worst instruments.

While, therefore, we firmly oppose the abominations of the Romish Church, and exclaim, "O! my soul, come not thou into its secret; unto its assembly, mine honour, be not thou united," let us avoid that unmeasured and undistinguished sentence of reprobation which proscribes *all* its members. While we behold men there making eminent progress in the most sacred of all human pursuits; while we listen to the devout aspirations of a Kempis, prostrate at the foot of the Saviour's cross; while we imbibe the solemn and saintly morality of Nicole, breathing the most heavenly lessons of purity, charity, self-denial, and devotion; while we hear the voice of Pascal, now uttering with authority, the existence and attributes of God, and then in measures awful and piercing as the lamentations of a prophet, mourning over the corruption and miseries of man, we should tremble to pronounce an indiscriminate sentence against all the members even of a corrupt community, lest haply we be found

to "curse whom God hath not cursed, and to defy whom the Lord hath not defied."

To these may be added the name of FENELON; a man who to the highest order of talents, and an inimitable grace of expression in his writings, added much spiritual and ardent piety; a man in whom the gospel liberally diffused its graces, and displayed its triumphs; a man to whom Christianity would have been much indebted, if any mortal homage could have increased her native dignity and loveliness.

We shall first briefly present the events of his life, and then consider him in the different relations which he sustained.

Francis de Salignac de Lamothe-Fenelon was born of an ancient and illustrious family, at Périgord, in France, on the 6th of August, 1651—was called to preach the gospel at an early age, and as Abbé, spent twelve years in presiding over the institution of "New-Catholics." In 1682, he was employed in the distant province of Poictou, as missionary; in 1689, appointed as preceptor to the Duke of Burgundy—then was engaged in a warm controversy on the subject of Quietism; and was removed by death on the 6th of January, 1715.

In considering his *education*, we learn that Marquis de Fenelon, his uncle, a man of accomplished mind and acknowledged piety, bore all its expenses, having virtually adopted his nephew, in the place of an only son, who was killed at the siege of Candia. Having remained under the paternal roof until the age of twelve, he entered the University of Cahors, at that time in a flourishing state, affording to its pupils the highest advantages. Nothing is especially related of his proficiency, except a profound knowledge in the Latin and Greek languages, far beyond the ordinary attainments of youth at that age. It is to his enthusiasm for classical literature, and his assiduous study of the best models of Athens and Rome, that he was indebted for that perfection of style which he reached; that simplicity and grace, that perspicuity and elegance, that indescribable charm, which, by universal assent, pervade his writings. It is related, that in the study of Homer, to which he was devoted, he preferred the *Odyssey* to the *Iliad*. While he acknowledged that there might be higher sublimity in the latter, in the description of battles, gods, and heroes, in the

tumult and terror which perpetually reign; yet he regarded the former as exhibiting the finest lessons of morality, the most pleasing variety of events, the most natural pictures of domestic life, the truest representations of the manners and customs of antiquity: while he admired the moral of the Iliad, which displayed the dire effects of discord among rulers, and the best means of rectifying the conduct of princes, he found in the Odyssey the patience, prudence, wisdom, temperance, and fortitude of the hero, affording a model, not confined to courts and palaces, but extending its influence to common life and daily practice; he saw (what was so congenial with his disposition) universal benevolence inculcated with elegance and force. "Since it is delightful," he says, "to see in one of Titian's landscapes, the goat climbing up a hanging rock, or to behold in one of Tenier's pieces, a rural feast of rustic dances, it is no wonder that we are pleased with such natural descriptions as we find in the Odyssey. This simplicity of manners seems to recall the golden age." This sentiment is connected with that work which he afterwards composed, and on which his reputation so much rests.

After remaining at the University until he had finished his course of literature and philosophy, he was sent to Paris, and entered the college of Plessis. There he continued his studies of philosophy; and as his early piety had led him to choose the sacred ministry as his profession, there he commenced the study of theology; there made rapid progress in scholarship and religion: and there gave indications of that celebrity which he ultimately attained. At an early age, he was admitted to orders, and at the altar, gave a solemn pledge of his determination to devote his whole life to the service of that religion which he professed. On this occasion he was animated with all the ardour of devout sincerity; he went through the ceremony like a man in earnest; and implored God with tears that he might be so far honoured as to become, if necessary, a martyr for the sake of religion.

In considering Fenelon as a *preacher*, it may not be improper to inquire, *What was the state of religion at that time in France?* It was not in a stagnant state, treated with indifference and apathy; it was so examined and agitated that it every

where excited attention. The discussions, able and animated, between the Jansenists and the Jesuits; the controversy between the Romanists and the Protestants, conducted by men of the ablest talents and the greatest learning—the works on this subject which were continually issuing from the press—the institutions for instruction which were rapidly multiplied, and in which youth were educated in the peculiar tenets of their founders—the interest felt in the work of foreign missions, extending to the most remote parts of the world—the unwearying labours of bishops and other ecclesiastics, “in season and out of season”—all kept the subject of religion continually before the public mind—carried it to the army, to the court, to schools and seminaries, to poets, and philosophers, and men of science. A Condé could pray in the field of battle; a Turanne ascribe all the victory to God; a Racine find his reputation as the author of *Athalie* and *Esther*, kindled at the altar of God, and the odour of his fancy and delight arising from the sacred incense. Besides, the Roman Catholic Church, at that period, was in a very different state from what it now is. Its clergy had elevated thoughts, and an evident desire to rid it of its gross superstitions; they took pains to acquire solid and extensive knowledge; they opposed some of its absurdities; omitted many of its ridiculous ceremonies; and endeavoured to render Catholicism more rational and intelligent, more scriptural and pious. We doubt not that France, at that period, had many true followers of the Saviour; some in elevated situations, whose virtues shone like the reflection of the sun from the lofty mountain—and more of God’s “hidden ones,” hidden by the obscurity of their condition, the restriction of their circumstances, and the mass of their superstitions. We doubt not that at that time, multitudes whom God had chosen to wear his image, to maintain his cause, and to be employed in his service, went up from that country, day by day, to join “the great multitude that no man can number.”

Fenelon was no sooner in the priesthood than he manifested the most benevolent zeal for the cause of his Master, willing to “spend and be spent” in his service. As some of his companions in study had gone as missionaries to Canada, at that time a French province, he was anxious to follow them, willing

to endure hardships and difficulties in the dreary and uncultivated wilds of America, and to spend his life in the instruction of ignorant savages in the way of life. It was thought that the rigour of the climate would be unfavourable to his delicate constitution, and he was persuaded to abandon his design. He next directed his attention to a mission established in the Levant, and desired to go to Greece, the country endeared to him by such classical recollections; and to Palestine, connected with so many interesting events of sacred history. The letter which he wrote on that occasion to a friend in Paris, shows his youthful enthusiasm, his brilliant imagination, his capacity to present, in lively and animated colours, the impression that was made, and the hope which was cherished.

*“My Dear Sir:*

“Several trivial events have hitherto prevented my return to Paris; but I shall at length set out, and instead of delaying, shall almost fly to the city. But, compared with this journey, I meditate one far greater and more important. The whole of Greece opens before me, and the Sultan flies in terror—the Peloponnesus is again breathing in liberty, and the Church of Corinth shall once more flourish—the voice of the Apostle shall again be heard there, proclaiming the truth. I seem to be transported among those enchancing places, and those inestimable ruins, where, while I collect the most curious relics of antiquity, I imbibe also its spirit. I seek for the Areopagus, where St. Paul proclaimed to the sages of the world the ‘unknown God.’ I kneel down, O! happy Patmos, upon thy earth, and kiss the steps of the ‘beloved disciple;’ and shall almost believe that the heavens are opened to my sight. After a night of such long darkness, lo! the dayspring dawns in Asia! I behold the land which was sanctified by the footsteps of the Redeemer, and crimsoned with his sacred blood; I see it delivered from its profaneness, and clothed anew in glory. The children of Abraham are assembling together from the four quarters of the earth, over which they have been scattered, to acknowledge the Messiah whom they had pierced; and to show forth his resurrection even to the end of time.”

But in this design, also, he was disappointed; Providence

had a work for him to do in his native land; and there he was detained. For twelve years he presided over the institution of the "New Catholics," and occupied a situation which until then had been confided to persons only of long and much experience. But at the early age of twenty-seven, he was found to combine all those qualities which fitted him for the employment; distinguished talents and education, amiable manners, unusual prudence and discretion, and above all, much love to God and great benevolence to man. Here, in comparative obscurity, he cultivated those qualities which fitted him for a higher sphere and greater usefulness; he acquired that constancy of meditation which continued all his life; gained that habit of reflecting and judging so necessary to restrain an imagination naturally errant and excursive; and had full time to become a philosopher, long before he knew that he was born a poet.

About this time he became intimately acquainted with Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, confessedly the head of the Gallican Church; a man who had acquired the most splendid reputation by his intellectual powers, his varied erudition, his sublime eloquence, and his skill in reasoning. He took the deepest interest in the young Abbé, directed him in his studies, often invited him to his residence at Meaux, and made him one of the small number of his select acquaintance that met at his house for the purpose of discoursing on the sacred volume. Each individual contributed the result of his observations and inquiries, and Bossuet summed up the whole at the close.

Having referred to the labours of Fenelon, at the institution of the "New Catholics," in imparting religious instruction, both in public and private, it is the proper place to consider *the character of his preaching*. One of his sermons, composed with care, and designed for a great occasion—the consecration of Joseph Clement, of Bavaria, as Bishop of Liege, Ratisbon, and Hildesheim, was published in 1707. It is truly an elequent production—the first part written with the elevation and energy of Bossuet, and the second with all the tenderness and sensibility of Massillon. But this was not in general, the character of his preaching; he had not the reputation of an *orator*, in the sense ordinarily attached to the expression; he

never aspired after such distinction. His views on the subject of preaching may be learned from his "Dialogues on Sacred Eloquence;" an excellent work, founded on nature and good sense, and well calculated to guard youth against a vitiated taste; to lead them to avoid those gaudy ornaments which serve only to amuse; and to cultivate those higher and solid beauties which make their way to the mind, and at once captivate the heart. The maxims there contained he exemplified by his own practice. A volume has been published containing the sermons which he wrote when he entered upon the ministry, and which, before delivery, he committed to memory; but soon afterwards he ceased writing, and, as we learn from his "Dialogues," recommended it to others. He had such astonishing facility in collecting and expressing his thoughts, that he needed not a means which others find not only useful, but indispensable. These sermons may be read with advantage. There is in them a sublimity of sentiment, a clearness of thought, a closeness of appeal, a pathos of address, and a copiousness of Scriptural language, which will repay an attentive reader, and which, when spoken, must have won the hearts of the hearers.

An event occurred in 1686, which had the effect of removing Fenelon from his retired situation, and in some degree, changing his destiny. In that year, Louis XIV. was prevailed upon to revoke the edict of Nantz—an edict that was issued by Henry IV. for the purpose of toleration, and which had long afforded a degree of protection to the French Protestants. The revocation of this edict was an intolerant and wicked act; it was, too, most impolitic, and disastrous to the kingdom. By that act, France deprived herself of a million of her most industrious subjects; of a people whose conscientious piety arrested the growing corruption of the times; of a number of pastors whose piety, zeal, and learning, were a continued stimulus to the national clergy. But when the Protestants were no longer tolerated, the corruptions of the clergy increased, the impiety of the people spread, the abuses of the Church augmented, until infidelity and atheism prevailed, and brought ruin upon the nation. It is said that Louis, on his death-bed, lamented to his grandson that he had engaged so

much in war, and that many of his national victories had tended to the injury of his kingdom. If he could then have foreseen the remote and immediate effects which resulted from the decree which suppressed his Protestant subjects, which tended at last to the subversion of the government, and the ruin of the nation, with how much keener regret would he have lamented that cruel and unrighteous act!

After the edict of Nantz was revoked, severe measures were employed to bring the Protestants to subjection, and to lead them to change their religion; fetters were prepared—the sword was drawn—blood was shed—but all was in vain. The king, bent upon establishing uniformity through his dominions, wished to add to the arguments of the sword the milder measure of persuasion, and to send among them religious teachers, distinguished for their intelligence, mildness, prudence, and piety. In these circumstances, he fixed his eye on the Abbé Fenelon, as one well calculated for the work, and sent him a commission, designating the field and nature of his labours. We cannot justify Fenelon in the course which he took, the spirit which he manifested, the opinion which he expressed of the persecuted Huguenots; (he knew them only by their controversial writings)—yet we admire the means which he suggested, as indicating the benevolence of his nature and the soundness of his judgment. He consented to undertake the embassy upon one condition—that the armed force should be removed from the place where he was to labour, and military coercion entirely cease. When he arrived at the province of Poictou, one of the first letters which he wrote expressed the desire to have sent to him the New Testament, in large numbers, and in a clear type, to be diffused among the people, as one of the best means of convincing and enlightening them. The request was no doubt complied with, and this book, simply explained and solemnly enforced, was the means employed to bring the “heretics” to apostolic truth. Who would object to such a mode of converting Protestants? Who would not rejoice to see such agency in every nation under heaven? How different is the Popery of the present day, which takes away the Scriptures from the people, and imprisons men and women for reading them!

For three years Fenelon was thus employed. We learn not what effect was produced in advancing Romanism; but we have reason to think that something was effected in promoting the cause of Christ; such labours, by such a man, could not have been in vain. To himself, these missionary toils and struggles were no doubt useful—the humble theatre of his zeal and self-denial became the instructive school of his genius and usefulness.

Soon after his return to Paris, he published his *Traité de l'éducation des filles*—his treatise on the education of daughters—a work which he never intended to print, (it was a simple homage of friendship to a female relative) but which his friends urged him to make public. It gained him much reputation at the time, was long a manual of wives and mothers, and to this day is admired and quoted. Though a small treatise, it embodies many valuable and useful thoughts on the education of youth of both sexes, from the earliest childhood to greater maturity, and though originally written for a particular family, is well fitted for all families, all ages, and all places. Those who have since written on the subject, have borrowed so much from this little work, that it has ceased to be original.\*

This work had an influence upon an important appointment which he received not long after it was published. An event, to him entirely unexpected, suddenly brought him to the Court, changed his destiny, and elevated him to a station on which seemed dependent the hopes and happiness of his country. Louis XIV. perceiving that the time had arrived when his grandson, the Duke of Burgundy, required the care of a governor, made choice of the Duke of Beauvilliers. A better selection could not have been made. The Duke was a man who, under great simplicity of manner, concealed the rarest virtues—an enemy to pomp, hostile to ambition, not unduly attached to riches, sedate, disinterested, liberal and courteous. Peculiarly considerate and regular in every thing which he undertook, he was well qualified to govern men. As a minister of state, all knew that the basis of his politics was the love of justice; this they

\* It was in much repute in the time of Addison, and is referred to in the Spectator, in an article from the pen of Steele.

had observed as the reigning virtue of all his conduct; to this they had seen him sacrificing his inclinations and feelings, his personal friends, even the interests of his own family. These qualities received a lustre and perfection from an eminent piety, which caused him to look to God, as the end to which all things were to be directed. No sooner did he receive the appointment as governor of the young prince, than he nominated Fenelon as his preceptor—a nomination that was confirmed by the king, commended by Bossuet, applauded by France. The royal grandsire said, “we give to you a son,” and the whole nation added, “return to us a father.”

Fenelon deeply felt the responsible office to which he was called; from the letters which he wrote on the occasion, we learn how fully sensible he was of the fearful undertaking; of his need of a judgment for distinguishing, and an authority for controlling, which few possess; of a patience and a perseverance which he was never before called to exercise. His pupil, in his moral qualities, was far from being promising. He was proud and capricious, tyrannical to his inferiors, and disobedient to all who would control him; furiously impatient and incapable of enduring the least opposition; at times so intemperate in his rage, that it was feared he might expire under the paroxysm of passion. With such unhappy traits of disposition were united astonishing powers of intellect, and such extent of knowledge as had never before been seen in one of his age. Such was the youth that was the heir-apparent to the crown, and expected to reign over a great and enlightened people; such was the youth committed to Fenelon, to be trained, corrected, and reformed. Any other preceptor would have been discouraged, but he despaired not. He brought to the undertaking, great intellectual powers, a finished education, unusual wisdom and prudence, and above all, the graces of a decided Christian. It would be interesting, had we time, to enter into details; to show what care, attention, and patience, were employed; what skill was exerted; what varied and delicate means were used in the education of this child—this prince—this heir of the throne of France. The more we examine his method of forming the mind and heart, the more are we convinced that it is a model of a perfect education.

It is generally known how the child was treated, when he broke forth into intemperate rage. All observed a profound silence—his governor, his preceptor, the officers and domestics; they asked no question—they gave him no answer—they carefully removed every thing by which he might injure himself or others—they looked upon him with tender pity, as upon one whose reason was alienated—and thus left him alone to his own reflections, regrets, and remorse. In these circumstances, he would return to himself, and see and feel his folly and his crime. By the use of all these means happily combined; by the continual exercise of the authority of the tutor, mingled with all the tenderness of a father, Fenelon succeeded in gradually subduing his pupil, and calming his impetuous passions.

One means he employed with great success. Knowing the liveliness of children's imagination, and the peculiar vivacity of that of his pupil, he laid hold of it as the instrument of affecting the heart; assured that the images there imprinted would be far more effective than the clearest or most forcible reasoning. Those interesting FABLES, still in existence, he composed for this purpose; written with a natural elegance that is agreeable to the ear and taste of a child, and with a moral not vague nor indeterminate, but so particular, that the youngest reader can make the application. Who can read the "Young Prince and Somnus," "Bacchus and the Satyr," "The Nightingale and the Linnet," "The Bees and the Silkworms," "The Medal," "The Fantasque," and others, without perceiving some folly which the prince had committed, or some virtue which he particularly needed; without recognizing the mirror in which he looked and saw his deformity, and from which he turned away with aversion and disgust. It was by such means—by conversing familiarly with him—by appealing to his honour—by engaging at times in his innocent sports, and converting his amusements into study—by seizing the favourable moment to make an impression on a mind that could easily understand, and a heart that could sensibly feel, that he obtained over his pupil a complete ascendancy, and implanted within him the principles of virtue.

In instructing his mind, a mind of uncommon clearness and strength, he was equally judicious and persevering. Here he

had everything to encourage him; for his pupil had as much avidity to possess knowledge, as a capacity to receive it; he had an eager curiosity to know everything, and a desire to be profound in everything that he learned. He instructed him thoroughly in the Greek and Latin classics, explained the authors which they read together, showed, when there were difficulties, how they could be overcome, drew his attention to the beauties continually occurring, the delicacy of the expression, the vivacity of the narrative, the force of the imagery. As the mind of the scholar expanded, and his heart aspired after greater knowledge, he opened to his view the eloquence of Cicero, the power of Demosthenes, the grace and tenderness of Virgil, the expressive delicacy of Horace, the rapid excursions of Pindar; and he was delighted to see his youthful disciple improving in the delicacy and correctness of his taste, and able in a little time to appreciate these inimitable charms of antiquity. He himself tells us. In his letter to the French Academy, he says:—"I have seen a prince at the age of eight years, overcome with grief at the view of the young Joash, and impatient because the high priest concealed from him his name and his birth.\* I have seen him tenderly moved and melted into tears, by hearing these pathetic lines of Virgil:—

‘ Ah! miseram Eurydicen anima fugiente vocabat.  
Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ.’”

Another means which he employed with his pupil, was writing letters to him in Latin, and receiving answers in the same language—several of them have been preserved.†—Under such

\* Referring to Racine's *Athalie*.

† We insert one of these letters, from the pen of Fenelon, on the death of La Fontaine, an author whose Fables he and his young friend often read together; and who, in the latter part of his life, received a pension from the Duke.

“ Heu! fuit vir ille facetus, Æsopus alter, nugarum laude Phædro superior, per quem brutæ animantes, vocales factæ, humanum genus edocuerunt sapientiam. Heu! FONTANUS interiit. Proh dolor! interiit simul joci dicaces, lascivi risus, gratiæ decentes, doctæ camænæ. Lugete, ô quibus cordi est ingenuus lepos, natura nuda et simplex, incompta et sine fuce elegantia. Illi, illi uni per omnes doctos licuit esse negligentem. Politiori stilo quantàm præstitit aurea negligentia! Tam caro capiti quantum debetur desiderium! Lugete, musarum alumni; vivunt tamen, æternumque vivent carmini jocoso commissæ veneres, dulces nugæ, salces Attici, suadela blanda atque parabilis; neque FONTANUM recentioribus juxta tem-

instruction, the young prince made astonishing progress; such as is seldom seen in any country, or in any age.

As he advanced in life, and was instructed in history and philosophy, Fenelon prepared other works for him. Among these, was *DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD*—written with the ease and grace that characterize his other works—in which are introduced all the distinguished characters of ancient and modern times, who, by their rank and actions, have influenced the destiny of nations, or by their talents and learning, have left a name celebrated and distinguished. The principal object of the writer is to show that we should not judge of the characters of men from that kind of eclat which they received on earth; to dissipate that illusion so common among youth, which leads them inordinately to admire those who have been favoured with success; whose names have resounded from age to age, and are indelibly inscribed on the records of fame. The work shows the most accurate knowledge of history, politics, literature and philosophy; possesses that delicate perception, and those shades of colour, which mark the peculiar character of every speaker; and has that variety of diction which is suited to the several ages and personages—sometimes, the seriousness of Plato, and sometimes the poignant humour of Lucian. When the author draws back the curtain, and admits us to a familiar interview with the distinguished men of other times, we overhear the conversation, conducted in the recesses of privacy, with an entire freedom of heart and speech; we become intimately acquainted, and intensely interested; and before we are aware, the illusion is so great that all is life and reality. We love to hear Plato and Aristotle, Socrates and Timon, Herodotus and Lucian, Cæsar and Alexander, Horace and Virgil, thus conversing—we especially love, as exhibiting the nature of true eloquence, the comparison between Cicero and Demosthenes. The author represents the former as deeply concerned for the safety of the republic, but never forgetting that he is

porum seriem, sed antiquis, ob amœnitates ingenii adscribimus. Tu verò, lector, si fidem deneges, codicem aperi. Quid sentis?—Mores hominum atque ingenia fabulis, Terentius ad vivum depingit; Maronis molle et facetum spirat hoc in opusculo. Heu! quandonam mercuriales viri quadrupedum facundiam æquiparabunt.”

an orator; the latter so transported as to have nothing in view but his country—the former seeking and attaining beauties of the highest order; the latter, naturally possessing them, without desire or search—the former using speech for ornament; the latter employing it for the mere purpose of covering his thoughts. He represents the auditors as differently affected. Those who listen to Cicero are charmed and delighted by the words which he utters—those who hear Demosthenes are affected only by the things that are to be done. The former continually interrupt their speaker by loud applauses—the latter, under the speaking of their orator, are sad and silent. When Cicero concludes, the Roman Senate and people exclaim, “What an orator!” When Demosthenes finishes, the Athenians cry out, “Come, let us march against Philip!”

As the young prince advanced to manhood, other works were prepared for his benefit—among them, though not published till several years afterwards, was *TELEMACHUS*. It is somewhat remarkable, that many of those works which have attained the highest reputation, were composed in the abodes of royalty. Plato wrote his Dialogues in the palace of Syracuse—Aristotle, his *Treatise on Morals*, in the tent of Alexander—More, his *Utopia*, in one of the towers of royal residence, under the eyes of Henry—and Fenelon, his *Telemaque*, in the court of Louis. It is not necessary to dwell long upon a book so well known, and marked by so singular a destiny; which was composed only for the instruction of an heir to the throne, but which has long been the charm of every condition and period of life; which is one of the first books put into the hands of youth, and which is re-read and enjoyed in the season of age. It has justly been regarded as an epic poem; and though not written in verse, the author gives to prose the colour, the melody, the accent, the very soul of poetry.

Written for the instruction of one who was expecting a throne, the several parts of the story are appropriate to his character, and have regard to his duties; the best political and moral maxims are placed before his eyes, animated with life, and heightened by action. The author shows that the glory of a prince is to govern men in such a manner as to make them good and happy; that his authority is never so firmly estab-

lished as in the love of his people; that the true riches and prosperity of a state consist in taking away what ministers to general luxury, and in being content with innocent and simple pleasures.

The author has made a beautiful use of antiquity, and from that treasure, and the source of his own imagination, brings descriptions truly rich and touching—sometimes, the sublime grandeur of great and astonishing events, but more frequently, an inimitable sweetness and tenderness, in calmer and more quiet scenes. We can never be fatigued in reading his description of Elysium, that abode of happiness, innocence, and peace, where the immortals dwell. There is employed the same mythology that was used by Homer and Virgil, but refined by the knowledge of Divine Revelation, and adorned by a certain tincture of Christianity that runs easily through the whole relation. The description of that pure and gentle light which overflows these happy regions, and clothes the spirits of the virtuous, is exquisitely beautiful:

“The rays of the sun are darkness in comparison with this light, which rather deserves the name of glory than that of light. It pierces the thickest bodies in the same manner as the sunbeams pass through the crystal. It strengthens the sight, instead of dazzling it; and nourishes, in the most inward recesses of the mind, a perpetual serenity that is not to be expressed. It enters and incorporates with the very substance of the soul; the spirits of the blessed feel it in all their senses, and in all their perceptions. It produces a certain degree of peace and joy that arises in them, for ever running through all the faculties, and refreshing all the desires of the soul. External pleasures and delights, with all their charms and allurements, are regarded with the utmost indifference and neglect by these happy spirits, who have this great principle of pleasure within them, drawing the whole mind to itself, calling off their attention from the most delightful objects, and giving them all the transports of inebriation, without any of its confusion or folly.”

We can almost fancy that we hear an angel saying to Paul, when he “was caught up to the third heavens,” what was described to the youthful hero:—“From those seats of tranquillity

which the blessed occupy, all evils fly to a remote distance: death, disease, poverty, and pain; regret and remorse; fear, and even hope, which is sometimes not less painful than fear itself; animosity, disgust, and resentment, are for ever denied access. The lofty mountains might sooner be overturned from their foundations, though deep as the centre, than the peace of these happy beings be interrupted for a moment. They are indeed touched with pity at the miseries of life; but it is a soothing and tender passion, that takes nothing from their happiness. Their countenances shine with a glory all divine; with the bloom of unfading youth, the brightness of eternal joy; of joy, which, superior to the wanton levity of mirth, is calm, silent, and solemn—the sublime fruition of truth and virtue. They feel every moment what a mother feels at the return of an only son, whom she believes to be dead; but the pleasure which in the breast of the mother is transient, is permanent in theirs; it can neither languish nor cease; they converse together concerning what they see and what they enjoy; they enjoy the remembrance of their difficulties and distress, during the short period in which, to maintain their integrity, it was necessary they should strive, not only against others, but against themselves; and they acknowledge the Divine guidance and protection, that conducted them in safety through so many dangers, with gratitude and admiration. They see, they *feel*, that they are happy; and are secretly conscious that they shall be happy for ever. They sing the Divine praises as with one voice: in the whole assembly there is but one mind, and one heart; and the same stream of Divine felicity circulates through every breast. In this sacred and supreme delight, whole ages glide away unperceived, and seem shorter than the happiest hours upon earth; but gliding ages still leave their happiness entire. They reign together, for crowns of glory are placed upon their heads, the symbols and the pledge of happiness and immortality.”\*—What man of genius desires not to write in this manner? What man of virtuous sensibility wishes not such a writer as his *friend*?

But during this period, was the *religious* education of the

\* Telem. Tom. ii. Liv. xix.

royal pupil neglected? No! To this Fenelon directed great zeal and attention, preached frequently before him, and in conversation, often dwelt upon a subject which he felt was useful for kings, as well as for subjects. Besides these advantages, the Prince was required to study his preceptor's "Treatise on the Existence of God," a work which had been published for some years, and which was originally prepared for the Duke of Orleans; but which was now put into the hands of another Prince for his instruction in religious truth. It is a work that presents a convincing argument in favour of the existence and perfections of a Supreme Being, derived from the knowledge of the material world, and in part, from the knowledge of man; a work, in which the author thoroughly searches the argument, and maintains it upon principles of the most exact philosophy, while at the same time, he lowers and adapts it to the most ordinary capacity; a work that shows us, in every part of the universe, design—uniformity—a workman wise and almighty—a providence that rules over all. The book must have been familiar to Paley, and probably suggested his great work on the same subject.

Besides this treatise, the Prince was required to study the choice letters of Jerome, Augustin, Cyprian, and Ambrose; and above all, the Sacred Scriptures, which, as Fenelon writes to the Abbé Fleury, "had better be explained as they are read."

While the preceptor was thus assiduously labouring for his beloved pupil; while he desired him to ascend the throne of France, with all the virtues of Christianity, and all the knowledge necessary for the government of a great people, he was not disappointed; the most signal and striking results attended his method of instruction; the Prince became completely changed in character and conduct; he became mild, benevolent, kind and courteous; more than this—he became truly pious.

About this period, in 1605, Fenelon was appointed *Archbishop of Cambray*, with the privilege of still remaining preceptor to the Duke of Burgundy, and to two other grandchildren of the King; and of spending three months in the year at Versailles. We have a letter to his friend Abbé Fleury,

written soon after he entered upon his diocese:—"I have commenced my duties, and preached twice with some prospect of success. I endeavour to inculcate just views of truth, of which I fear the people have been sadly deprived. I am acquiring authority which I hope will not be abused, but be properly exercised. I give to the preachers an example of avoiding all subtilty in their sermons, and of speaking directly to the point, so as to do good. Pray for me, my dear friend, that I may not be as 'sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.'"

We have now arrived at the period when the *controversy between Fenelon and Bossuet took place*. The connection that had been formed between these two eminent men had grown into an intimacy, notwithstanding the difference in their ages and dispositions, and had lasted for years without any abatement. Fenelon was continually gaining fresh stores of knowledge from his familiar communication with Bossuet; and Bossuet was acquiring spiritual improvement from the temper and manners of Fenelon. But now an event occurred, which interrupted their friendly intercourse, and at last led to one of the fiercest controversies of the age. It will be necessary to give some account of the person who originated the difference, and may be said to be the cause of it.

Madam Guyon was born in 1648, of a respectable family; was married when quite young, and from an early period of life was distinguished for her piety and elevated devotion. Left a widow at the early age of twenty-eight, with three children, possessed of great wealth, with a high reputation for intelligence, and with refined culture of manners, which fitted her to move in the leading circles of society, she came to Paris. From her autobiography, her "Short and Easy Method of Prayer," and her "Exposition of the Song of Solomon," we can learn her religious opinions. Judging by these works, we perceive her piety, though sincere, mixed with much that was enthusiastic; we see her too often drawn away by a fervid imagination, and deriving her ideas of religion from the mere feelings of her own heart. Her system was like the Quietism of Molinos, somewhat modified, making true and acceptable devotion to consist far too exclusively in the musings of solitude; in the raptures of silent contemplation; in a total abstraction of

the thoughts from external objects; in such a seraphic love to God, as has reference only to himself and his perfections, without any personal considerations of hope or fear. She chose for her spiritual director, the Abbé La Combe, a member of the order of Barnabites, who, though pious, and willing to suffer, as he did, for the cause of Christ, was not adapted to rectify her errors, but rather fitted to encourage and increase her extravagance. But with all her mistaken notions, she led a pious life, and maintained the essential truths of religion. Although her views of the doctrine of justification by faith were imperfect and obscure, yet what she expressed in her last hours were no doubt the sentiments of her whole life—"I rely for my salvation, not on any good works in myself, but on thy mercies, O! God, and on the merits and sufferings of my Lord Jesus Christ." She maintained the necessity of the Holy Spirit to renew and sanctify the heart—read the Scriptures much, and urged others to study them. She evidently encouraged not the invocation of saints and angels. She says of herself, (and in this as in everything else, she would be an example to her friends) "The deep and profound sense which I had of God absorbed everything. I could not see the saints, nor discern the Holy Virgin out of him; in him I beheld them, and could scarcely distinguish them in any other manner. I tenderly love certain saints, as St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Magdalen, St. Theresa, and all who are really spiritual; yet I could not form any sensible idea of them nor invoke them out of God." She had no faith in the doctrine of Transubstantiation. In one of her letters she says: "As to what you ask me, if the body and blood of our Lord are in the bread and wine which are given at the Supper, *I do not believe it*—but it would be too long a discussion to tell you where it really is."

Believing that she was destined by God for some extraordinary ministry, she had frequent conferences at her own house of persons of both sexes, and laboured with assiduity to bring them to her views. Nor was she satisfied with confining her labours to Paris—she went abroad, fulfilling her ministry, contrary to the wishes of many of her friends, who were pained that she was leading a life that interfered with her duties as a mother. She visited Geneva, Lyons, Grenoble, Turin, and

other cities, where she had her meetings, where she was attended by persons of all ages and classes, by ecclesiastics as well as the laity, and where, according to her own account, she gained many proselytes to her opinions. After an absence of five years, she returned to Paris, and persisted in the propagation of her principles, without any abatement of zeal or dread of consequences. She was soon silenced by Harlai, Archbishop of Paris—her writings were condemned at a Conference of Bishops; and she herself was treated most cruelly; confined in a convent—afterwards imprisoned at Versailles, and at length sent to the Bastile. But under all her sufferings, she maintained her principles, and lived to convince her enemies of the purity of her life, and the sincerity of her piety.

Fenelon met Madam Guyon for the first time at the house of the Duchess of Charost. Having heard much of her character, and the excellence of her morals, he was prepared to be interested; he was attracted by the sprightliness of her conversation; pleased with her spiritual piety; and deeply affected by the persecutions which had assailed her. Not that he gave credit to the visions and revelations which her too elevated imagination had indulged—he was possessed of too much discernment and vigour of understanding for this; not that he embraced all the peculiar doctrines found in her works—some of them he rejected as irrational and unscriptural;\* not that he approved of her public ministrations—he advised her to retire to a convent, where she could be more useful, in privately instructing those of her own sex. But he regarded it as a harsh and cruel proceeding, to treat with such cruelty an amiable and pious female, whom her worst enemies could only consider in the light of a visionary, labouring under the influence of a heated and impetuous imagination. He did more than thus defend her; a man of his warm and elevated devotion, would naturally feel attracted towards one who cultivated to such a

\* He united with Bossuet and the Bishop of Chalons, in signing the Articles of Issy, that condemned several of her opinions. In a letter to Madame de Maintenon, written not long after this interview, he says: “Je ne compte pour rien ni ses prétendues prophéties, ni ses prétendues révélations; je ferais peu de cas d’elle, si elle les comptait pour quelque chose. Il m’a paru qu’elle était naturellement exagérante, et peu précautionné dans ses expériences.”

degree experimental religion; he entered into a correspondence with her, which continued for two years; freely discussed, in his communications, the whole subject of inward piety; made upon her mind a most useful impression; and doubtless received himself much improvement from her letters, and the truths thus examined.

While Fenelon was thus occupied, Bossuet, fearing that error was springing up in the bosom of the Church, was giving the most vigorous attention to the writings of Madam Guyon; he examined thoroughly her work, entitled "Short and Easy Method of Prayer," and, after eight months of intense study, produced one of the ablest productions that ever came from his pen; profound in learning, and brilliant with eloquence—"Instructions on the Spirit of Prayer." Before it was published, and after he had obtained the approbation of the Bishop of Chartres and the Archbishop of Paris, he brought it to the Archbishop of Cambrai, to receive his testimonial in its favour. Fenelon received and examined the book, acknowledged the ability with which it was written, made no opposition to the doctrines which were discussed, but expressed the most decided opposition to its personalities—to the manner in which it spoke of Madam Guyon. Others, ignorant of her life, might condemn, but he could not—he knew her well—he was convinced of her sincerity, and the purity of the motives from which she acted—he had conversed and corresponded with her—he had taken pains to ascertain her meaning in passages which seemed obscure and difficult; he had learned from others the history of her life, and had found it pure and virtuous—he had been made acquainted with those counsels which she gave to others, and was sure that there was nothing in them wrong or injurious—and in these circumstances he could not give his signature and approbation to a work which spoke in severely disparaging terms of one of whom he entertained the most favourable opinion; he could not, (to use his own expression,) "strike the final blow at the reputation of one, whose innocence he had clearly and accurately ascertained." This opinion, deliberately formed, he in a letter deliberately expressed, though he was fully aware of the consequences; though he was sure that his refusal would give

offence to Bossuet, and dissatisfaction to his sovereign. How could one possessing his traits of character act differently?

Now ensued an open breach between two friends who had long lived together in terms of the most fraternal intercourse; now the two prelates who were at the head of the Gallican church, were engaged in a fierce controversy, respecting an imprisoned female—the one regarding her as a heretic, the other esteeming her innocent and persecuted.

After Bossuet had published his work, which made a deep impression upon the public mind, and when all eyes were directed towards Fenelon, he felt that he must not be silent; his position made it necessary for him to speak boldly and fearlessly. This he did in the “*Maxims of the Saints*,” a work in which he endeavoured to exhibit the sentiments of his friend (though her name is not mentioned) in an unexceptionable light; to purge away the dross, and present the gold in a pure and unadulterated mass. Never before did a volume of such a peaceful title, produce such an explosion of angry controversy. It was mentioned to the King, as containing heretical opinions; he at once applied for information to the Bishop of Meaux, who, he used often to say, “had all the wisdom and influence of a *Œcumenical Council*,” and Bossuet, forgetful of his past friendship, and consulting only his present feelings, fell on his knees before Louis, and asked pardon for not having before acquainted him with the dangerous tenets which Fenelon had imbibed. He lost no time in preparing a reply; and when some other prelates and theologians saw so much merit in the “*Maxims of the Saints*,” as incited a desire to pass it by in silence, he exclaimed, “Take your own measures; but I will raise my voice to the very heavens against these errors—I will complain to Rome—to the whole earth—it shall not be said that the cause of God is weakly betrayed—though I should stand single-handed, I will advocate the truth.” He did earnestly advocate what he regarded the truth, and what he knew was agreeable to the sentiments of his sovereign. But we cannot enter into the details of this controversy; it occupied about three years, and during that period, Bossuet produced such a number of writings as would fill three large volumes, and Fenelon almost as much. They both put forth all their strength; and the conflict display-

ing the highest theological and literary power, attracted not only the sight of France, but the eyes of Europe. The one was advanced in years, but preserving all the vigour of mind that he ever possessed, and retaining much of the fire of his early days—the other was in the strength of manhood, enjoying the highest reputation for the loftiness of his genius, the pathos of his eloquence, his wisdom and success as the instructor of royalty. But far different were the tempers of the two combatants—Bossuet contended earnestly for “what he believed to be the faith once delivered to the saints,” but he contended not “lawfully;” and why should he “be crowned?” In his controversy with the Protestants, he kept the limits of his zeal within the bounds of propriety and decency, but now, when contending with one of his dearest and most cherished friends, he betrays an irritation, a rancour, a bitterness of spirit truly lamentable. We behold him covering his innocent rival with invective; resorting to every artifice to degrade him; garbling his publications; violating the secrecy of private letters; calling him the Montanus of a new Priscilla; an extravagant fanatic, a champion of errors, towards whom should be exercised no mercy nor moderation. The conduct of Fenelon forms the most beautiful contrast; his gentle and purified spirit, carried him far above such violence. He asserted his equitable rights, but with undisturbed dignity; he defended his own character, and that of female innocence, but with elevated self-respect; on all occasions he evinced the urbanity of the finished gentleman, combined with the graces of the exalted Christian; he was always calm and modest, yet ever manly; his style forcible and pointed, but with no mixture of illiberal sarcasm. Posterity has done him justice; it has affirmed that throughout this contest, no stain has rested upon his moral character; that he was sincere in what he said to Bossuet, in one of his writings:—“Two things only do I desire—truth and love—truth to enlighten, and love to unite us.”

A final appeal was made to the decision of Innocent XII., who at that time occupied the Papal chair, and a letter was written by the King, urging him to settle the controversy without delay. The tide now ran strongly against Fenelon—Madame Maintenon deserted the man to whom she was once attached,

and in whose society she took so much delight. The Père de la Chaise, the confessor of Louis, loving the person, and attached to the principles of the Archbishop, dared not speak in his behalf—and the clergy of every grade, with but few exceptions, were united in opposition. The King was decidedly hostile. In 1697, he ordered him to quit Paris, and to confine himself to his diocese of Cambrai, an act intended as a kind of exile and imprisonment; and about a year afterwards, with his own hand, erased his name from the list of the royal household, and deprived him of the office of preceptor to his grandsons. Would we know the cause of such banishment from the court? He “was no flatterer—he sought neither to enrich nor aggrandize himself—but aided those who were seeking after truth and virtue.”\*

The examination was protracted at Rome, during the period of nearly two years, owing to the high reputation of Fenelon, and the reluctance of the Pope and some of the Cardinals to censure him. At length, after repeated discussions, and innumerable delays, thirty-seven propositions in the book were adjudged to be erroneous, and the Pope’s Brief was proclaimed at Rome, on the 13th of March, 1699.

In examining these propositions, we think that the errors condemned may all be reduced to the following, viz:—that a state of absolute perfection, in which there is no desire for heaven, and no fear of hell, may be attained in this world by the pious soul, though few comparatively ever reach it—that love to the Supreme Being should be pure and disinterested, entirely exempt from all views of interest, and all hopes of reward—that there are souls so filled with the love of God, and so resigned to his will, that if, in a state of temptation and trial, they believe that they are condemned to eternal punishment, they make the sacrifice of their salvation, willingly and cheerfully, for the Divine glory.

That these are errors, we have no doubt; and the elevated virtues of Fenelon should not prevent us from perceiving and condemning what is exceptionable. We cannot conceive how we

\* These, in his *Telemachus*, are Mentor’s own words to King Idomeneus, at his parting.

can love God, unconnected with benefit and interest to ourselves; how in our views of him, we can overlook the important relations which he sustains to us, as benefactor and rewarder; how our hearts can be drawn out to him in supreme admiration, without a sense of his goodness to us. The supposition that it is possible for the pious soul to attain such an overwhelming desire for the divine glory, as to acquiesce in its own condemnation, if it be the will of God, is to put a case as impossible in fact, as it is absurd in theory; as derogatory to the Divine benevolence, as it is destructive of Christian confidence.

Fenelon received the Papal decree on the Sabbath, as he was going to church—he delayed a few minutes—changed the subject of his discourse—preached on the necessity of submission to the “higher powers,” and exemplified the truth publicly by his conduct. It was an affecting sight. Holding the decree of the Pope in one hand, and his book in the other, on his bended knees, and with a firm voice, he pronounced his recantation, amidst the tears and sobs of his beloved people.

From this time he ceased to introduce the subject in his controversial writings. But did he renounce the doctrine? No! The Pope had taken pains to say that the propositions were condemned in the sense which they *might* bear, or which they did bear *in the view of others*; but not in the sense in which they were *explained by the author*. Availing himself of this suggestion, he carefully avoided those expressions and illustrations which were liable to misconstruction, and which had been condemned at Rome; but he never ceased, in his conversation, in his practical writings, or in his sermons, to inculcate the doctrine of a pure and disinterested benevolence.

After the termination of this severe conflict, Bossuet was regarded as the most orthodox of bishops, Fenelon as the most mild and amiable of men; the former, the oracle of theological dogma, the latter, the oracle of piety and virtue. Bossuet continued at court, admired and revered; Fenelon remained at Cambray, idolized and adored. But though he was not recalled to the court, nor to the instruction of the grandchildren of the king, yet he did not forget his beloved pupil, the Duke of Burgundy, nor was the Duke unmindful of him. The Prince had ten-

derly sympathized with him in his banishment and persecution; had deeply regretted his privation of the purest of examples and the best of preceptors; and felt it a severe affliction that he was not permitted even to correspond with him. At length, after a period of four years, he wrote the following letter, which expresses the tenderest gratitude to him whom he still recognized as his teacher, the religious sentiments with which he was penetrated, and his anxiety to receive instruction and advice.

“Versailles, 22d Dec., 1701.

“At length, my dear Archbishop, after four years’ silence, I have an opportunity of writing. I have suffered many afflictions since our separation; but one of the severest has been my inability, during all that time, of giving you any proof of my affection; and of telling you how much your misfortunes, instead of lessening, have increased my friendship and regard. I look forward with great pleasure to the time when I shall again see you; but I fear that it is far, far distant. I have felt most indignant (but could not express my feelings) at the unjust and cruel treatment you have met with; but (as you taught me) must be submissive to the divine will, and believe that all these things are working together for our good.”

The following is Fenelon’s answer:

“Nothing, my lord, ever gave me greater comfort than the letter which I have just received from you. I render thanks for it to Him who can do in all hearts whatever he pleases for his glory. God must surely love you, since he makes you to partake of his love, in the midst of every thing capable of stifling it. Love him, therefore, above all things; and fear nothing so much as his displeasure. He will be your light, your strength, your life; in a word, your all. O! how rich is the heart in the midst of afflictions and sorrows, when it has this treasure! Accustom yourself to seek God with the simplicity of a child; with a tender familiarity; with a confidence that will be most pleasing to so good a father. Do not be discouraged at your weaknesses; there is a way of bearing without excusing them; a way of correcting, without being impatient under them. God will show you this way, if you seek it, distrusting yourself, and like Abraham, walking before

him. O! how strong are we in God, when we feel ourselves weak! Fear falling into sin—fear it a thousand times more than death—and if through temptation you do fall, hasten to the Father of Mercies and the God of all comfort—he will extend his arms to receive you; open your wounded heart to him who can and will heal. Be humble and little in your own eyes. Take care of your health; be moderate in your appetites; and apply yourself closely to your several duties. I speak, you perceive, only of God and yourself. It is a matter of no consequence what I am. Thank God, I have a quiet conscience. My greatest cross is that I cannot see you; but in my approaches to God I have you so near, that it seems to surpass the view by the outward senses. I would give a thousand lives to see you just as God would have you to be.”

The following letter of the Prince, seems to have been written soon after the receipt of the preceding one of Fenelon.

“*My Dear Archbishop:*

“I will endeavour to make a good use of the advice you give. I ask an interest in your prayers, that God will give me grace to do it. Pray to him more and more, that he would grant me the love of himself, above all things else; and that I may love my friends, and love my enemies, *in* and *for* him. In the situation in which I am, I am compelled to hear many things unfavourable. When I am rebuked for taking a course which I know to be right, I am not impatient, nor disquieted; when I am made to see that I have done wrong, I readily blame myself; and am enabled sincerely to pardon and to pray for all who wish or who do me ill. I hesitate not to admit that I have faults; but I may add that I am firmly resolved, whatever be my failings, to give myself to God. Pray to him, pray without ceasing, that he would be pleased to finish in me what he has begun, and to destroy those evils which proceed from my fallen nature. Be assured that my friendship for you will be always the same.”

In the year 1702, the Prince received a commission to command the army at Flanders; and as he had to pass through Cambray to his place of destination, he asked permission of the king to visit his former preceptor. Leave was granted, on

the condition that he should not see him alone. The two friends met, after an absence of many years, exceedingly enjoyed each other's society, though restrained by the presence of a third person; and had much conversation, which they feared might be the last, and which they carefully treasured up during the remainder of life. They never again met.

Not many years afterwards, in consequence of the sudden death of the Dauphin, Louis associated with him upon the throne the Duke of Burgundy. This event gave new encouragement to the hopes of Fenelon respecting France; he had consecrated his life to prepare for her such a king as she needed; and he had reason to think that he who was thus elevated had the wisdom to conceive, and the energy to execute, the very best plans of government. With all the fidelity of a Mentor, he gave him advice in things the most minute; pointed out the dangers to which he was exposed, the obligations that rested on him, the whole consequences of his conduct. In a letter to another, but intended for his inspection, he says: "he must become the wise counsellor of his majesty, the father of his people, the consoler of the afflicted, the friend of the poor, the defence of the Church, the enemy of flatterers, the patron of merit, the hearer of everything, but the believer of nothing without proof. He who conducted David from the sheepfold to the throne, will give a mouth and wisdom to him who resists not the Divine will, provided he be humble, meek, distrusting himself, and confiding in God."

About this time he wrote the following letter, which was the last the Prince ever received from him. "Offspring of St. Louis! be like him, mild, humane, easy of access, affable, compassionate, and liberal. Let your grandeur never hinder you from condescending to the lowest of your subjects—yet in such a manner that this goodness shall not weaken your authority, nor lessen their respect. Suffer not yourself to be beset with flatterers; but value the presence and advice of men of virtuous principles. True virtue is often modest and retired; princes have need of her, and therefore should often seek her. Place no confidence in any but those who have the courage to differ from you with respect, and who love your prosperity and repu-

tation better than your favour. Make yourself loved by the good, feared by the bad, and esteemed by all."

He to whom this affectionate letter was addressed, seemed to promise all that Fenelon desired; his subjects, regarding him as a father, looked for happiness under his government; the nations around anticipated the general happiness in which they too would participate, and rejoiced in looking forward to the period when he should be sole monarch. But death, that destroys so many projects, came, and blasted the hopes of all. When Fenelon heard of his dangerous illness, he wrote: "I fear for the sad destiny of the Dauphin. If God is not displeased and angry with France, he will recover; but if his fury be not appeased, we have cause to dread for his life; the Lord has long stricken us, as saith the prophet, and his hand is stretched out still." He heard of the news of his death with the most lively sorrow, and yet with perfect resignation; he wept like a disconsolate father, and yet submitted like an eminent Christian; he cried out, "If I could restore him to life by turning a straw, I would not do it, for it is God's will. Now the ties which bind me to earth are broken, and those which unite me to heaven are strengthened. O! what suffering does true friendship produce!"

Thus fell, in the prime of life, at the age of twenty-nine, the Duke of Burgundy, whose death caused many tears to flow, whose name is to this day mentioned with emotions of tenderness. With him terminated the expectations of France; with him were crushed the fond hopes of the man of God, whose prayers could not avert the divine judgments.

But Fenelon had more to do than to lament the death of his friend; submitting to the afflictive dispensation with all the resignation which his religion could inspire, he "girded up the loins of his mind," and performed his Master's work with still greater fidelity. The Seminary which he had established for ecclesiastics, occupied much of his attention. He had surmounted all the obstacles that he met with, and had succeeded in the execution of his plans; had removed it from Valenciennes, where it was first established, to Cambray, and placed it under the care of the Abbé de Chanterac, a man of similar spirit to his own. We can well conceive how such a

man would delight in instructing youth; and we can form some opinion of his mode of instruction, when recalling his fidelity to the Duke of Burgundy, and reading his "Dialogues on Sacred Eloquence." He was not satisfied with merely superintending the institution; he himself, occasionally gave instruction, and was always with his pupils on festival days; assisted at the examination of those who applied for orders, and thus became acquainted with all the ecclesiastics of his diocese. Among other means of instruction, was a conference once a week, at which he always presided; resembling familiar conversations, where the young men were at liberty to ask questions, and to propose difficulties. None were regarded by him as too minute or frivolous; he listened to them with patience and kindness; seemed to be struck with an objection, however common; viewed it in all its extent; and in a happy manner led his pupils in the way, where they themselves could discover the solution which they asked. He was always most tender and indulgent to inexperience and youth.

He continued to preach frequently to the very close of life; the same voice which gave so much delight in the court of Louis, and which so often gratified the taste of the French Academy, was heard every Sabbath by the humble rustics of Cambray. Tenderness and pathos were the qualities which marked his preaching; and love, the theme on which he most delighted to dwell. He used to say: "I must spend much time in my closet, in order to be prepared for the pulpit; and be sure that my heart is filled from the divine fountain, before I pour out the streams upon the people."

In the beginning of the eighteenth century his diocese was ravaged by the horrors of war; it was the battle field in which the armies of Europe fought, and where an opportunity was given to him for the display of the most eminent virtues. By his direction, his palace was the residence for the sick and wounded; for the poor who had fled from the adjoining villages; for the wives and children, whose houses had been reduced to ashes. All his revenues were given for their aid; his time expended for their relief; his personal acts performed for their comfort. Even among those who were affected with infectious maladies, he was often present, uninfluenced by the fear of disease or

death. Among them all, he appeared daily, with the kindness of a parent ministering to their temporal wants, and occasionally dropping words of spiritual instruction. Here was the practical illustration of his doctrines—here was *disinterested benevolence*.

He was held in equal veneration by the French army, and the enemy. The Duke of Marlborough, Prince Eugene, and the Duke of Ormond, when triumphant with victory, embraced every opportunity of showing their esteem; and when the city was taken, at once sent a detachment of men to guard his lands. The name of Fenelon was a barrier which the cupidity of the soldiery dare not remove. His house was guarded by an English sentinel; and while all around was desolation, his property was secure, and his family safe. It reminds us of the conduct of Alexander who destroyed the city of Thebes, and left standing the house of Pindar. London and the Hague applauded the homage which was thus paid; and while his own countrymen refused the admiration that was due to his talents and virtues, the hostile nations vied in paying honours to the immortal author of Telemachus, and amidst the shouts of victory, recalled with gratitude the magnanimous conduct of their generals.

But the enemy not only spared his palace and his lands, but furnished an escort when he went abroad through his diocese, and thus prevented the interruption of his pastoral duties. It is truly refreshing to see him in these visits; entering the cottages of the humble peasants, mingling with them in the most affectionate manner, conversing with them with unreserved familiarity, and with the gentlest earnestness, recommending to them God and the Redeemer. Thus in the fulness of his benevolent spirit, he "went about doing good;" and was among his people, as a father among his children. His happiness consisted in making others happy. No wonder that he was everywhere known by the name of "the good Archbishop."

But we must hasten to the contemplation of a scene which he often referred to in his letters, and to which he looked forward without dread. He had seen most of his friends passing away; the ties which had bound him to them had been broken; and their removal caused him to direct his thoughts

still more to the objects of eternity. The last stroke of this kind that affected him was the death of his friend, M. D. Beauvilliers, with whom he had been so closely associated, when preceptor of the Duke of Burgundy. It was a stroke that completely weighed down the delicate and oft-wounded spirit of Fenelon; the impression of which he could not resist. Most tender were his letters to the afflicted widow; for he “knew how to speak a word in season” to the afflicted.—“Raise your eyes, my dear madam, to Him who can appease agitated nature; in whom we can find infinitely more than we have lost; who, with his own hands, can wipe away our tears. The wound is dreadful; but the hand of the Heavenly Comforter has an all-powerful efficacy. No! the senses and the imagination only have lost the loved object. He whom we no more see, is more than ever with us; we constantly behold him in our common centre; he extends to us his sympathy, knows better than we do our infirmities, and is tenderly interested in all our afflictions. As for myself, though I have been deprived, for many years, of the happiness of seeing him, yet, in the exercise of faith, I behold him before God; and though I have wept, and still weep, bitterly, yet I am sure that I have not *lost* him.” Three days before he sickened, he again wrote to her, and it was the last letter that he ever penned.—“We shall soon, my dear madam, find him whom we think we have lost—we are daily approaching him with rapid steps—in a little time, like him, we shall have occasion no more to weep.”

We love to visit the death-bed of “the good Archbishop;” and while we see some rites of his Church with which we are not acquainted, and to which we are not reconciled, yet we behold much to instruct and comfort; we see a heavenly glory shed, and a Christian influence felt; we see his dying chamber none other than “the gate to heaven.” During the days which preceded his departure, and when he had death only in prospect, he wished to be instructed and comforted by the reading of the Scriptures. Those who were with him repeated, from time to time, passages on the shortness of life, the hopes of the pious, and the blessedness of heaven. He was particularly impressed with the fourth and fifth chapters of the 2d Epistle to the Corinthians—spoke of “the light afflictions

which are for a moment working out the exceeding weight of glory;" of the dissolution of the "tabernacle," and of "the building of God, not made with hands." Three times, by his request, these chapters were read to him. He dictated a letter to Father le Terrier, desiring him to express to his sovereign his dying sentiments and wishes. It commences: "Reverend father, in my present condition, preparing to appear before God, I wish you to represent to the king my true sentiments and wishes." He proceeds to say that he never had in his life felt any thing but gratitude and respect for his majesty; humbly asks him to appoint an able and pious successor, and concludes by wishing him a long life, and the highest happiness. After this, his friends and relatives, the students of his seminary, and the members of his household, including the humblest domestics, came into his room to receive his dying benediction.

On the last two days and nights, he was exceedingly anxious to have repeated to him such parts of Scripture as were suited to his dying state. "Repeat—repeat to me the divine words—I want God now to speak to me." On the day of his departure, he suffered much pain, but rejoiced that he was "conformed to Christ, in his sufferings," and more than once said, "I am crucified with Christ." His friends repeated to him such passages of Scripture as expressed the necessity of sufferings, and the little proportion there is between them and the "eternal weight of glory." They repeated what Luke says of the Saviour, that he redoubled his prayers as his agony increased. "Yes!" he added, "he uttered the same prayer three times." He commenced—"Father, if it be possible"—but the violence of his pain prevented him from proceeding. A pious friend added, "let this cup pass from me—but not my will, but thine be done." Elevating his feeble voice, he spoke distinctly—"not my will, but thine be done." Joining his hands together, he laid them gently on his breast, raised his eyes to heaven, and quietly "slept in Jesus." His soul no doubt departed to the mansions of the blessed, to live for ever in the enjoyment of that pure love on which he so often conversed, on which he so delightfully wrote, the foretastes of which he had so long enjoyed.

His funeral obsequies were such as became a man dying in

such circumstances. No splendid retinue accompanied his remains to the tomb; no lordly equipage, with glittering coronets, was seen; no mitred bishops, or archbishops, graced the funeral procession—all was marked with plainness and simplicity—the usual service was performed, and his body decently laid in the vault of the cathedral. No funeral oration was pronounced—he needed no eulogy; his reputation required no such expedient to perpetuate it. But we feel indignant at the cause that was alleged for this departure from universal usage—it was feared that the discourse would offend his majesty, and might expose the friends of the departed to his terrible resentment. Something of the same fear influenced the members of the French Academy, and prevented Dacier, in his eulogy, from pronouncing the name of Telemachus. But of how little consequence were those omissions—they could not prevent him from being “held in everlasting remembrance” before God, nor from being celebrated among men, as long as any regard is paid to merit and virtue.

Let Louis vilify and attempt to degrade him by listening to the misrepresentations of his enemies—the spotless character of Fenelon will stand, in the eye of posterity, conspicuous and indelible. Let him declare that “he is the greatest, but the most romantic genius in the kingdom”—his lofty principles of morality in the government of nations will be as eternal as truth. Let him condemn to silence the first literary society in the world, and prevent the name of Telemachus from being mentioned in any thing that is made public—it will be translated into all the languages of Europe; will be regarded as one of the most beautiful monuments of French literature; will enter the courts of kings, and be the text-book for the instruction of all youthful princes. Let him denounce him as an errorist in religion—yet in many a house of the unlettered Christian, his practical works will enter and be read, where the name of the proud monarch is unknown, or if mentioned, mentioned only as the persecutor of injured innocence.

Let none suppose that Fenelon died prematurely; he departed at the very best time. The Supreme Disposer of events foresaw the dreadful storm that was coming upon his country; and before the tempest poured out its fury, he “took him away

from the evil to come," and laid him in a "quiet resting-place."

His nephew, Marquis de Fenelon, raised over him a monument, on which was a Latin inscription, written by Sanadon, the fine classical scholar, whose name is associated with the Odes of Horace.\*

To his body, "the temple of the Holy Ghost," God was peculiarly gracious: at a time when the ashes of other great

\* The following is the inscription:

Hic jacet sub altari principe  
FRANCISCUS DE SALIGNAC DE LAMOTHE-FÉNÉLON,  
Cameraensium archiepiscopus et dux, ac sancti imperii Romani  
princeps.  
SÆCULI LITTERATI DECUS  
Omnes dicendi lepores virtuti sacravit ac veritati,  
Et dum sapientiam, Homerus alter, spirat,  
Sc, suosque mores inscius retexit.  
UNICE PATRIÆ BONO INTENTUS  
Regios principes ad utilitatem publicam instituit;  
Hinc pio gaudet Iberia Philippo.  
Hinc religio, Gallia, Europa extincto illacrimant Delphino.  
VERI DEFENSOR  
Ut Hipponensis olim fortis et suavis,  
Libertatem eum gratiâ eo feliciter conciliavit,  
Quo debitum ecclesiæ decretis obsequium firmius astruxit.  
ASCETICÆ VITÆ MAGISTER  
De casto amore ita disseruit,  
Ut Vaticano obsequens oraculo,  
Simul sponso et sponsæ placuerit.  
IN UTRAQUE FORTUNA SIBI CONSTANS,  
In prosperâ, aulæ favores nedum prensaret, adeptos etiam  
abdicaavit;  
In adversâ, Deo magis adhæsit.  
ANTISTITUM NORMA  
Gregem sibi creditum assiduâ fovit præsentia,  
Verbo nutrit, crudivit exemplo, opibus sublevavit.  
EXTERIS PERINDE CARUS AC SUIS  
Gallos inter et hostes cum esset medius,  
Hos et illos ingenii famâ et comitate morum sibi devinxit.  
MATURUS COELO  
Vitam laboribus excreitam, claram virtutibus  
Meliore vitâ commutavit.  
SEPTIMO JANUARI ANNO M. DCCXV. ÆTATIS LXIV.  
Hoc monumentum pii ac mœrentes sororis filius et fratris  
nepotes posuerunt.

and good men were dishonoured, his remains, by a special act of Providence, remained undisturbed.

Of all the outrages of the French Revolution, when the fury of atheism was directed against everything sacred, nothing seems to us more horrible than the depredations which were committed, by order of Government, upon the dead; when men descended into sepulchres, seized the bodies of the great and noble, the learned and pious, and scattered them to the four winds of heaven—and this, too, with a wanton cruelty and brutal merriment. What a picture of depravity! “Let me fall into the hands of God, for very great are *his* mercies, but let me not fall into the hands of *men*.”

While such scenes of brutality were passing in other places, an order from Government reached the city of Cambrai, directing all the leaden coffins that were there to be given up, and sent to the arsenal of Douay, there to be converted into instruments of warfare. The agents proceeded to the Metropolitan Cathedral, entered the vault under the altar, took away the bodies of others, but left the remains of Fenelon—not designedly, for they had no veneration for the talents and virtues of the illustrious prelate—not accidentally, for what men call chance is only the providence of God; it was the counsel of unerring Wisdom that issued the commission—“Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophet no harm.”

The traveller visiting the city of Cambrai, and asking for the resting place of him whom men delight to honour, will not be disappointed; he will see the monument which was erected in 1805, and the small stone which originally marked the place where he lay in the Cathedral, with the following inscription!

Hic jacet

FRANCISCUS DE SALIGNAC DE LAMOTHE DE FÉNÉLON,

Archiepiscopus Cameracensis defunctus die septimâ Januarii 1715, e  
priori tumulo translatus

Die 28â Martii 1720.

Such is the history of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambrai; a man who gave lustre to the age in which he lived; who was distinguished for the superiority of his talents, the pathos of his eloquence, the importance of his duties, the fervour of his piety, the character and peculiarity even of his errors. Whe-

ther we follow him into his missions at Saintonge, into the tumult of the court, into the republic of letters, into his retreat at Cambray; whether we consider him a poet, an orator, a metaphysician, a moralist, a politician, an instructor, a bishop, a friend, or a persecuted Christian; whether we behold him in life, or view him in death, we find much to interest our feelings and improve our hearts. "Being dead, he yet speaketh;" and as long as his writings survive, the people will have a protector, kings a guide, the instructors of princes a model, and Christianity an advocate. But even his writings do not express his whole character. One who knew him well, who lived with him for many years in his family, who was in habits of intimate intercourse with him, says: "Had he been born, and had he lived in a free country, he would have displayed his whole genius; he would have developed all his principles, not generally known, and not to be expressed in his native land."\* In England, his virtues attracted more esteem, and his name carried more influence, than in France.† Among all nations, his readers are not merely his admirers, but his friends. Not one country, but *all* acknowledge him—mankind love his memory, for his heart expanded with affection to the whole human family. He was sincere when he said, "I love my family better than myself—I love my country better than my family—I love mankind better than my country."

Other men of learning, talents and usefulness, we venerate and esteem, but Fenelon we love; there is a charm in his character which excites the tenderest affection. In reading his writings, and especially his letters, we imagine that we see him, that we live with him, that his spirit is around us, that he reveals to us, though unconsciously, the secret of all his virtues.

\* "S'il était né en Angleterre, il aurait développé son génie, et donné l'essor à ses principes, qu'on n'a jamais bien connus."

† An instance is recorded. When Chevalier Ramsay, once his pupil and friend, and afterwards his biographer, went to England in 1730, he applied through his friends for a doctor's degree at Oxford. Some of the members of the University opposed it on the ground that he was a Papist, and had been the preceptor of the children of the Pretender. But opposition ceased, when Dr. King, Principal of St. Mary's, observed:—"I present to you *the pupil of the illustrious Fenelon*, and this title is a sufficient guaranty to us."—"Quod instar omnium est, Fenelonii magni Archi-præsulis Cameracensis alumnum præsentō vobis."

What is that secret? Where lies his great power which thus touches our souls? It is the spirit of *Christian love*, liberally shed upon all he did, and wrote, and said; that love which subdues selfishness; which binds our hearts to our fellow-men, and unites us indissolubly to God. We love him, because he is so much like the Apostle John; because he made his words the motto of his life; "*Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for GOD IS LOVE.*"

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ART. II.—*The Religious Significance of Numbers.*

ALL that it will be necessary to premise respecting the authorities referred to in this article, can be stated in a few words. The symbolical character and use of numbers have been most elaborately investigated by Bähr. His writings are classical upon this subject, and no discussion of it can be considered satisfactory, in which the facts and reasonings that he has brought forward do not receive their just measure of attention. In his *Symbolik des Mosaischen Cultus* he devotes to it an entire chapter of one hundred and thirty-six closely printed octavo pages, besides many occasional remarks scattered through the rest of the work. It recurs again in his later publication on Solomon's Temple, in which he modifies to some extent the opinions formerly expressed. The views of Bähr are, with a few unessential alterations, adopted by Kurtz, in an article in the *Studien und Kritiken*, for 1844, on the Symbolical Dignity of Numbers in the Tabernacle. Professor Stuart has given, in an excursus at the close of his commentary on the Apocalypse, some fragments of Bähr's principal chapter in a diluted state. Hengstenberg's ideas regarding it appear incidentally in the course of his various commentaries, particularly those upon the History of Balaam, the Psalms, and the Revelation. The change of sentiment which Hengstenberg has undergone in the interval of these successive publications,