

belief in the real presence has actually been the occasion of spiritual blessing. Against that objection Mr. Somervell has nothing to urge. He is most loyal to the Church, most reverent to the administration of grace. Why should the Communion not be a means of grace? It is at least an act of obedience to the command: 'This do in remembrance of Me'; and every act of

obedience brings a blessing. 'But,' he says, 'the grace given is one thing, and our theories as to the nature of the giving and receiving are another; and we must be on our guard against supposing that the reality and value of a spiritual gift are dependent upon the accuracy of what is really only an intellectual conception of the way in which it is given.'

Theodor Mommsen.

FUNERAL ORATION BY PROFESSOR A. HARNACK, D.D., PH.D., BERLIN.¹

The peace of God be with us all!

LORD, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men. For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. The days of our years are threescore years and ten, or even by reason of strength fourscore years; yet is their pride but labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away. Amen.

DEVOUT MOURNERS,—In deep grief and with hearts full of pain, we have gathered round the bier of Theodor Mommsen. Quenched is the light of that eye in which the world and its history were so clearly mirrored; the spirit which arranged and controlled its visions has returned to its Creator.

Neither disease nor weakness, neither trouble nor care nor grief could check the revolution of the brazen spokes of the wheel of that life which is now ended. The wheel stopped only when the limit appointed to human life was reached, only when the work given him to do was ended.

Our grief for his loss is of the profoundest. Our sorrow is shared by this whole city, whose burgess-roll included his name, and by the University and the Academy, whose pride and joy he was. It is shared by our King and our Fatherland, nay, by the whole outside world which can recognize and

appreciate genius; above all, by Italy and by that city, the eternal Rome, to whose history the labour of his life was devoted.

All these have lost him. High and low, old and young, know that a star has grown pale and a crown fallen. They mourn, but they do not repine, for his course was finished, and even with those near to him, those to whom he was husband, father, friend, repining should be swallowed up in gratitude to God, who gave them such a possession, and gave it so long.

Not on his account do we lament, but on our own; for in Theodor Mommsen there has been taken from us not only the acknowledged master, but a part of our own life and history. We have been rendered poorer, and who can make up this loss to us?

Thanks to him we had been brought into living contact with the days of our fathers, with glorious days in our history, both external and internal, with lofty, commanding spirits. But it was not only as a messenger but as a witness of these times that he stood in our midst, leading himself a life such as none of us can live after him, none of us fully appreciate. How we shall miss him!

But at the present moment it becomes us to control our natural feelings, the feelings of the heart, and to pay the last honour to the mighty dead by calling up as vivid a picture as we can of his character and his work. We move this picture into the light of the Eternal, the light of the Lord of history, as we inscribe upon it the Scripture saying: 'I have chosen you and appointed you that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should abide.'

¹ The Oration here translated was pronounced by Professor Harnack at the funeral service of Professor Mommsen in the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church, Berlin, on 5th November 1903. The original has since been published by Hinrichs, Leipzig (price 50 pfennigs).

'That ye go and bring forth fruit.' Where has this saying ever been more abundantly fulfilled? For sixty years continuously this tree went on bearing fruit. The law of summer and winter seemed not to exist for it. It was like those trees of the south, on which one sees the ripe fruit side by side with the blossom. And all that Theodor Mommsen gave us bears from first to last the stamp of one and the same genius, or, better, of an immense power of will, coupled with a burning spirit that would not let him rest.

Licht wird Alles was ich fasse,
Kohle Alles was ich lasse,
Flamme bin ich sicherlich.

And yet his was a constructive, positive spirit. Those knew him ill who judged him simply by the vigour and thoroughness with which, axe in hand, he cut away briars and undergrowth, and cleared a path for himself. And those, too, misunderstood his genius who found his whole character expressed in the sharp criticism, the grim irony and sarcasm of which he could avail himself so readily. All these were simply the weapons, ever ready, with which his nature, doubly reacting at every impression, warded off what was alien to it, and smote down untruth and opposition. But behind this there was a great, firm, and at the same time emotional will, which was directed towards the positive knowledge of things.

We have had no historian who put forth such exertions and showed such power to compel the great and the little in history to account for themselves, who drew sparks even from the unheeded and hardest flint, and who ceased not nor rested until the whole was rounded off into a fixed body of observations and knowledge.

What was the secret of his scientific uniqueness? This, namely, that the tasks and duties of the historian which in other cases are usually assigned to a number of hands, nay, which seem to be mutually exclusive, were all taken in hand by him, and that all at once, and executed with the skill of a master.

In this universal activity he has had, in the full sense, no predecessor, and has furnished us with an ideal, but an unattainable one. For, in the first place, he showed an heroic diligence in tracing, collecting, and carefully sifting his material. Not only did he immensely increase the latter, he even added wholly new departments to it. Wherever he imagined that there was anything to be dis-

covered bearing upon his great subject, he forced his way, breaking down hedges and bars till he conquered the land.

Drudgery¹ this may be called, but those who speak thus do not know this work. True, much must here be done in the midst of dust; and there will be required much patience and self-denial, and still more sharpness, still more caution and sobriety, as well as an unflinching sense of the truth, and a bridled imagination. But where these virtues are present, drudgery of this kind is royal work; and such Mommsen made it. It was the love of his youth, this strenuous work, and he remained true to it to the last. Nay, when in his old age he was no longer himself capable of the highest tasks, he was all the more diligent in that kind of work as if he himself must hew every stone for building. Half-work he never did and never tolerated. 'His sleepless nights have brightened our day.'

But all this was only preliminary work. Eleven years after the young Doctor of Jurisprudence had issued his first publication, after he had been in Italy and had there begun his great work on inscriptions, after he had in the course of three years composed ninety treatises—appeared his *Römische Geschichte*. All at once we Germans had a historical work given to us such as we had never possessed before. The same man, who could not be too painfully exact, had produced a work which is wholly the product of creative observation, a history constructed from the sources, born anew in the spirit of its creator, full of colour and life, because everywhere lived over again, nay, lived contemporaneously with the events. The calm descriptions of Ranke had now a counterpiece in this sparkling *History*, with its emotional conceptions and emotional judgments. The only two possible methods of historical description—Ranke's, which introduces us to the material, and Mommsen's, which introduces the material to us—had now presented their masterpieces to the nation. The influence of this upon our writing of history and upon our culture during the last fifty years, who can estimate? What Niebuhr began, had reached a glorious development.

All that had its being in Theodor Mommsen, besides the historian, co-operated in this work—the philologist, the jurist, the politician, and, not least, the poet. Here our artist had seized a great

¹ *Kärrner-Arbeit*, lit. 'carters' work.'

subject, and given to it proportion and order, movement and beauty. This *History* is a classical, and therefore an enduring work, because it bears the stamp of the artist, and because its author has kept back nothing of his inmost being. An artist, a poet he was and remained till old age. Hence he never lost his youth. Exact science and poetic genius and grace formed here the rarest alliance, and it may well be said that this alliance was the most unique feature of his personality.

Quite a number of other able and comprehensive works we owe to Theodor Mommsen, among them that great scientific work, *Das Römische Staatsrecht*. For boldness of combination and organizing faculty, these perhaps surpass the *History*, but the materials gave less scope to the artist. But in particular instances, what intuition here, too, what inimitable power and grace!

From the constructive scholar we turn our glance to the teacher. Every one who to-day studies or teaches Ancient History, is his pupil. Nothing needs to be said on that point. But on the question how he taught, our best witnesses are those who sat at his feet. Thus writes one in the name of all: 'Of what we gained, not only in knowledge and method, but in character and reverence for truth and truthfulness, we, surviving pupils of Mommsen, will retain in our hearts a grateful recollection to our latest breath.'

But in yet another sense Theodor Mommsen was a teacher. When he began his career, in the department of Mental Philosophy there had been scarcely a commencement made in the direction of united labour, and towards such undertakings as are too great for individual effort. He became the organizer of the great scientific works carried on in our Fatherland, receiving the needful support from the Prussian Education Department, which met his proposals in the most unquestioning spirit. Thanks to its aid, he raised the work of the *Akademie der Wissenschaften* to quite a new level, showing himself its most active and influential member since Leibniz and the brothers Humboldt, whom he further resembled in bringing the different sciences together, and arranging mutual exchanges between them, and in forming a bond between the scholars of Europe, nay, even those outside it. His experience, his counsel, his energy, his time, which he never grudgingly, were placed at the disposal of every important undertaking.

It was not otherwise at the University. For

decades past no question of importance emerged there, on which his advice was not sought above all. And there was no change in this respect after he ceased to lecture. He was still in our midst, and the more knotty the problem the more surely could one count upon him. For a long time past he has been unquestionably the leader of the University, not only on account of the lustre of his name, but on account of the services he rendered it. For himself he never desired anything; but he spared no pains for others and for the cause. And what a speaking, preaching model was this indefatigable white-haired worker to every colleague! 'I have appointed you that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should abide.' Truly he has accomplished that for which he was called. We lay upon his coffin a wreath of unfading gratitude.

The University is a close corporation, but it is connected with public life, and the place Theodor Mommsen took in the latter was a very prominent one. But here he was involved also in bitter conflicts, and the saying, 'Many foes much honour,' was fulfilled in him. In order to understand his conduct in these conflicts, in which he spent his heart's blood, one must not forget that his was essentially a world-retired, scholarly nature, which knew *things* better than *men*, but that ever and anon, as it were by fits and starts, he felt it to be the most sacred duty to serve his Fatherland in public affairs as well, to counsel and to warn it, and to take part in its development. This imperative consciousness lived in him from the days of his youth, from the struggle for freedom of his Schleswig native land.

He was guided in all this by firm convictions that could not be shaken: the conviction of the blessing of the monarchy, the conviction that freedom is the surest foundation for the continued existence and advance of a nation, and the conviction that citizens themselves must put their hand to the matter and educate themselves to freedom if things are to be better. And what he preached to his own country he wished to see realized also in the relations of nations to one another. And so he looked forward to peaceful fellowship, to a union of nations upon the basis of progressing morals and culture—at once a patriot and a citizen of the world, to whom his native land was above confession, party and race, but whose heart and mind embraced humanity.

How many noble words he spoke also in this sphere! How he roused and awakened men! How he sought to educate the citizens of the future! But his emotional nature too often mistook the proper means, and his words failed of impression when they came in contact with hard actualities. How much pain this gave him was known only to his intimate friends. But there was a sorrow deeper still—the unrest and the pain of genius which chafes at the contrast between the ideal and the actual, and which is burdened by the contrasts within its own nature. On the one side a hot emotional temperament, which disregards every *nuance*, and can see only bright light or deep shadow; on the other side an incomparable, calm intellect, disciplined by strict self-control. Here the flame of impatience and youthful impetuosity, there a steady and ever-creating power, overcoming every difficulty with wisdom and patience. Here the bitter word and harshly expressed judgment, there the deepest craving for peace, coupled with warm-hearted and broad-minded toleration for everything human.

I venture to say that the better one came to know him, the more prominently appeared the noblest traits of this great, rich nature; and even much of what still appears to us sour fruit is destined one day to ripen and refresh. There was in his inmost soul the most refined sense of the truth, a hatred of everything hollow and impure, and a craving for love and friendship, deeper, tenderer, and stronger than I have ever met with. Those who came under the influence of this warm sun, know the strength and the tenderness of his friendship. It was only here that this most living

genius was wholly itself. This communion of heart with heart and mouth with mouth was the element of his life. The loyalty of his friendship was what was noblest in him. The harvest he reaped was love and undying gratitude. And—let me speak the last secret—he never had lofty notions of himself. His tasks stood far higher than anything personal; he never did himself justice, he never felt as if he had brought forth real fruits. But this very disposition is a fulfilment of the saying, 'I have appointed you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should abide.'

The last weeks and days came. He still worked without repose, as far as the eye that grew dimmer and the weary body permitted. He had the feeling that his day was declining, and he had no desire to live longer.

Das Haupt, die Füß' und Hände
Sind froh dass nun zum Ende
Die Arbeit kommen sei.

His soul was penetrated, as I know, with the old Church hymn, *O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort*. He was ready. His death was peaceful. With gentle hand and still God took him from life. He is a God of the living and not of the dead, and we know that the dead live before Him. We trust His wisdom which is higher than our reason, and His goodness which is beyond expression. From this bier which lies under the cross of Jesus Christ we turn to ourselves and pray God that He may bless our work and that of our children. The Lord our God be gracious to us! 'Establish Thou the work of our hands, yea the work of our hands establish Thou it!' Amen.

At the Literary Table.

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THIS is a work of great importance. Professor Stanton of Cambridge has resolved to go over all the evidence for and against the historicity (for the word must be used) of the Gospels which these many years of criticism have accumulated, and tell us how the case for the Gospels now stands.

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