Freedom: Love and the Indwelling Christ

What originality Christianity admits! A man may be a Christian and yet lose nothing of that which is truly original in him. Nay, more, it provokes originality, just as the polishing of a pebble brings out the beauty and definiteness of its structure.

—Last Pages From a Journal

I

In an earlier chapter I mentioned White’s friendship with the Independent Welsh minister Caleb Morris, who preached in Fetter Lane Chapel and Eccleston Square Chapel in London from the 1830s to the 1850s and became the inspiration of White’s youth. White first knew Morris in 1849, just before he left Fetter Lane. White maintains that Morris was more eloquent than any of the other noteworthy speakers of his day whom he had heard—Roebuck, Cobden, Bright, Gladstone, Binney—and Morris’s influence on the younger man was deep and enduring (LP, 244–45). More than fifty years later White remarked to his wife Dorothy, “He made me.” He said that “had it not been for Caleb Morris he would either have settled down as a mere partisan in the Church, or else broken away from creeds altogether” (GD, 27–28). White felt that Morris “came nearer to his Master than any man I ever met” (GD, 16). Through Morris’s preaching, White began to question the orthodox
teaching of Bunyan Meeting and New College. He perceived in Morris what the Calvinism of Bedford had either made sterile or undervalued: the centrality of divine love in the Christian faith and the relationship between divine and human love. In the Welsh preacher White felt the presence of the “indwelling Christ” and perceived that this gracious activity of the Spirit within the human sphere afforded the most genuine human freedom:

I never beheld a man in whom Christianity, or rather Christ, was so vitally inherent. With him Christianity was not assent to certain propositions, nor external obedience to its precepts. It was **indwelling of the Christ of the Gospels, shaping thought, speech, and life**. Hence he was not strictly orthodox, for orthodoxy is system, and system is something artificial and restrictive. He believed undoubtedly in the chief doctrines of Christianity, but he was one of the freest of men, if freedom is largeness of the space in which we move and live. . . . Thomas à Kempis and Bunyan were infinitely free. (LP, 247–48; my emphasis)

We have seen that Spinoza’s philosophy helped White greatly in formulating his own faith. But the significant omission in Spinoza’s intellectual love of God is the Mediator, the Christ. White’s quest for freedom and reconciliation, and the central theme of his fiction, involve the full exploration of the meaning of the “indwelling of the Christ of the Gospels.” Our investigation of the place of Christ in White’s work will deal first with his view of the human Savior, Christ as example and pattern; and second, with the “indwelling Christ”: grace and self-sacrificing love.

On the question of Christ’s divinity, White could not escape the influence of the intellectual atmosphere of his age. What Mark Rutherford terms “the process of excavation” (A, 55) begun by Strauss culminated, for White and countless others, in the gradual sinking of the divine Redeemer for a greater emphasis on (and
glorification of) the humanity of Jesus. Although the "dissolution of Jesus into mythologic vapour was nothing less than the death of a friend dearer to me then than any other friend whom I knew" (A, 54), the results of historical criticism could not be ignored. Hegel, Schleiermacher, and Coleridge established the foundations of modern Christological inquiry, and the nature and work of Christ remained a major topic of discussion in the nineteenth century. F. D. Maurice, Jowett, Arnold, Renan, the contributors to Lux Mundi in 1889 and scores of other thinkers addressed the question. The nineteenth-century fascination with the person of the Christ had a number of causes. Inevitably, interest grew as more information concerning his historical period came to light. If such information made it more difficult to regard Christ as the Son of God, this very fact gave impetus to attempts to retain some form of relation with Christ—if only as hero, prophet, or spiritual guide. Doubts about the truth of miracle and testimony naturally contributed to the undermining of the authority of the Gospels, and on their authority so much else depended: if we cannot be certain that Christ actually said what he is reported to have said, what do we know about heaven and hell? If Christ did not heal the sick and raise the dead, how do we know that he himself is risen and ascended? If Christ did not rise from the dead, how can we be sure of salvation? Is there any immortality? And so on.

The reorientation of emphasis and perspective that emerged in response to historical criticism of the Bible was certainly known to White. In 1907, he wrote to Miss Partridge that he found Ernest Renan's work "invaluable" and an "immense help" (L, 250). He is here referring to Renan's L'Antéchrist, but I assume from the general nature of his praise of Renan that he also read the earlier, popular Vie de Jésus (1863), in which Renan celebrates a Jesus who espoused no dogma and was restrained by no authority. Renan's imaginative reinterpretation of history issued in a Jesus who was a great human idealist, flawed but
noble, sustained and motivated by a powerful consciousness of God. Renan takes it for granted that miracles are rejected out of hand by the modern reader, since "up to this time a miracle has never been proved." Similarly, Arnold, repudiating the "popular religion" that "conceives the birth, ministry and death of Christ, as altogether steeped in prodigy, brimful of miracle;— and miracles do not happen," still found in Jesus the means of reconciliation between God and man. Through the "sweet reasonableness" of Christ, whose secret is renunciation, people may learn that the way to human perfection is the "substitution by which the believer, in his own person, repeats Jesus Christ's dying to sin." For Hegel, as Claude Welch notes, Christ is "the perfect embodiment of the Idea, God's actual coming to self-consciousness in man." For Charles Gore, God is revealed in Christ's person under the conditions of human nature. His knowledge had genuine limitations; He refrained from exercising the power He possessed, in order that He might be truly human. Finally, Robert Elsmere's reinterpretation of the nature of the Christ (1888) may stand as a summary of the process of erosion and reevaluation that had continued for sixty years: "I can no longer believe in an incarnation and resurrection. . . . Christ is risen in our hearts, in the Christian life of charity. Miracle is a natural product of human feeling and imagination; and God was in Jesus—pre-eminently, as He is in all great souls, but not otherwise—not otherwise in kind than He is in me or you."

This atmosphere and these conclusions inevitably affected White's assessment of the nature and role of Christ. Along with other thinkers, he saw in Christ a human ideal. And if others recreated Jesus of Nazareth in accordance with their own needs and prejudices, White did the same. Characteristically, he focuses on the man who suffered and yet endured, faithful unto death. He consistently perceives Christ as the Savior who comprehends human loneliness and anguish not abstractly but in his own experience, and believes that the great value of Christianity lies
in this fact. "Bunyan," he writes, "by his treatment of the incapable, the imperfect, and even diseased, shows that he has entered into the soul of Christianity. . . . Christianity is distinguished by its protest against the natural tendency to idolize strength and success" (B, 160–61.) It is, he argues, a religion not for the beautiful, successful, or heroic, but for men like himself, who suffer in isolation, who see more than they can attain: commonplace individuals whose dreams and ambitions are rarely realized on earth. When he is unable to make any impression upon the congregation to whom he pours out his heart, Mark Rutherford thinks of the story of Christ:

I was much struck with the absolute loneliness of Jesus, and with His horror of that death upon the cross. He was young and full of enthusiastic hope, but when He died He had found hardly anything but misunderstanding. He had written nothing, so that He could not expect that His life would live after Him. Nevertheless His confidence in His own errand had risen so high, that He had not hesitated to proclaim Himself the Messiah. . . . The hold which He has upon us is easily explained, apart from the dignity of His recorded sayings and the purity of His life. There is no Saviour for us like the hero who has passed triumphantly through the distress which troubles us. Salvation is the spectacle of a victory by another over foes like our own. The story of Jesus is the story of the poor and forgotten. (A, 47)

Everyone who "has walked in sadness because his destiny has not fitted his aspirations," all who suffer in obscurity and endure through some dim hope, doing their duty without recognition, "all these turn to Jesus, and find themselves in Him" (A, 48). White values Jesus in part because, although He had higher hopes, purposes, and capacity than any other human being, and "almost no promise of anything to come of them," he died faithful to the end.
White's evaluation of Christ's life is expressed in similar terms in *Catharine Furze*. On her deathbed, Phoebe asks Catharine to read her the last three chapters of Matthew. The narrator exclaims that "when we come near death, or something which may be worse, all exhortation, theory, promise, advice, dogma fail. The one staff which, perhaps, may not break under us, is the victory achieved in the like situation by one who has preceded us; and the most desperate private experience cannot go beyond the garden of Gethsemane" (CF, 322). This narrative interpolation clarifies White's own needs and suggests that in the Passion of Christ he found both consolation and strength.\(^\text{10}\)

In his novels, White tends to describe Jesus in secular and human terms. He perceives Christ as a young hero whose hopes and dreams are disappointed and who is misunderstood even by his disciples. Gethsemane as well as the Cross claims White's attention, and as he does in his reinterpretations of Bible stories, he enters imaginatively into the consciousness of the hero and feels what it would be like to face death and the great fear that soon "everything would be as if he had never been" (CF, 323). This imaginative vision of Christ is, if very Victorian, decidedly unorthodox. One may object that White's interpretation reflects only his own fears and needs, and tells us little about Christ. In one sense, this is true, for the "something which may be worse" than death in the passage quoted above is surely White's melancholia.

Yet the immense significance that White places on the suffering of Christ is more than egocentric projection. I have observed before that White distinguishes among various kinds of suffering. Most horrifying to him was the waste and degradation which he perceived, for instance, in the slums of Drury Lane, and which he correctly viewed as destructive of the human spirit. But I have also discussed that suffering which may be necessary in order to become fully human: from between the very horns of the wild oxen deliverance comes. White
understood what Viktor Frankl has attempted to clarify in his work *Man's Search for Meaning*: that a man who has a *why* to live for, can bear almost any *how*; that what does not kill a man may make him stronger; that suffering itself may be an achievement which cannot be taken away. A person can then attempt to find significance in his individual suffering. White believed that the example of Christ's passion helped in such a quest: Christ had gone before, and human distress was understood by him experientially and totally. By empathically understanding that there is no human suffering which Christ had not also endured, White discovered strength and meaning.

In the *Autobiography*, when Mary Mardon sings "He was despised" from Handel's *Messiah*, Rutherford remarks how this "tragedy of all human worth and genius" moves the listener: "Nobody would be bold enough to cry, *That too is my case*, and yet the poorest and the humblest soul has a right to the consolation that Jesus was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief" (A, 91). The belief that human suffering can be redemptive is the idea which underlies Rutherford's Drury Lane theology. Attempting to help the downtrodden laborers toward "contentment with their lot, and even some joy in it" (A, 227) was its central aim. I should make it clear at once that we are not dealing here with cowardly and morbid resignation, any more than the submission of Job to God was a frightened giving-in to a display of divine power. Rather, Drury Lane theology embodied what White recognized in the story of Job. Job is given no rational explanation of why man suffers, but he is offered a means of dealing with suffering. Through the vision and response of Almighty God, Job realizes meaning and discovers a reason for endurance. In his own trials, White endured, waiting for "the word that would dispel it all." The Christ who had preceded him in suffering, fearing abandonment at the very last moment, and who was yet faithful unto death, becomes for White the meaning and reason for suffering.
We can thus come closer to understanding what White terms, in various places, election not to happiness but to suffering. In the *Autobiography*, Rutherford explores the idea of election by analyzing the faithful behavior of Ellen Butts. Her husband deceives and mistreats her, and her response is neither blame nor judgment, but loving endurance. She “fully understood,” says Rutherford, “what St. Paul means when he tells the Thessalonians that *because* they were called, *therefore* they were to stand fast” (A, 206). This episode further clarifies White’s reinterpretation of Calvinist election. Again, he is not advocating a masochistic cult of pain. The elect, in these circumstances, do not discover their individual worth by voluntarily establishing themselves as an elite of martyrs. Ellen feels “called”; that is, she now perceives an *intention*, a meaning in the suffering she must undergo. She stands fast; through her fidelity, vitality and purpose are given to her human freedom. We find the same situation in *Clara Hopgood*. Clara looks out into the dawn and foresees her destiny. She will suffer voluntarily so that Baruch and her sister may be happy. The message, she says later, was “authentic” (CH, 286). She is called, therefore she stands fast.

I have said before that White’s heroes have all gone through the agony of the “Everlasting No” and yet triumphed. Of all these, Christ remained the greatest hero and most complete example. White learned that it is necessary to go through the Valley of the Shadow in order to reach the Celestial City: the way of salvation is the way of the Cross. When he first began the long process of investigation and discovery on the path of spiritual freedom, “reaching after a meaning” constituted heresy. However ironically it was intended, the remark is true. His own personal experience undermined dogma, and melancholia and despair ensued. Yet only through confrontation with the tragic depths of life is salvation—as White came to understand the word—possible. Genuine investigation of the spirit behind the letter, of the human and suffering Christ who had been imbedded
in myth and dogma, involves recognition of the "sacred horror of existence." Salvation occurs when suffering is endured in faith. By enduring, White came close to the spiritual community he sought. In the Passion of Christ, as in the spiritual autobiographies which also gave him consolation, he found a link to that community. The pattern offered by Christ, and reproduced in the experience of those who served him, validates and gives a larger context to his own individual struggle. The Autobiography tells of White's own "Passion." I have suggested earlier that by writing it and by exploring the questions of love and suffering in his other fiction, he actively participated in a spiritual community and offered up to it his own failures, sorrows, and partial victory.

White perceives Christ, then, as the example par excellence. He is the actualization of our humanity, very man. But what of Christ as motivating power? How does White move from the vision of the example to the power to copy it? The American theologian Horace Bushnell acutely describes the difficulty: "the truth is that we consciously want something better than a model to be copied; some vehicle of God to the soul, that is able to copy God into it. Something is wanted that shall go before and beget in us the disposition to copy an example." 12

To clarify White's understanding of this "vehicle of God to the soul," it is useful to examine some additional aspects of the intellectual context in which he was reasoning. White frequently appears to embrace nineteenth-century ideas of progress without really thinking about them. For instance, in the middle of his discussion on the theology taught to Drury Lane, he remarks that "there can surely be no question that the sum of satisfaction is increasing, not merely in the gross but for each human being, as the earth from which we sprang is being worked out of the race, and a higher type is being developed" (A, 229–30). Although assumptions of this kind are scattered throughout his writings, they appear to be more in the nature
of an automatic response or a hope that a reasoned belief, for White's experience had convinced him that at the center of human life is a basic flaw which prevents the realization of the ideal fulfillment that people can conceive.

In Christian terms, the flaw resides in the human will. Human beings cannot will fulfillment into existence by their own power; they require divine grace. The ideal fulfillment is Christ, the ideally human example of what people could be. Here White, in his reinterpretation and his efforts to make Christianity vital and accessible to a nineteenth-century public, is still essentially in the tradition of Paul, Augustine, Luther, and Bunyan. The most striking theme of White's fiction—conversion, renewal, reconciliation—testifies to his sense that human beings live by grace and are in constant need of forgiveness. Although the machinery of nineteenth-century Calvinism had obscured this perception in his youth, the need for forgiveness and renewal continually haunted him. At this point we return to the beginning of our discussion of Hale White. I have argued that his most significant youthful experience was conversion, an experience that he instinctively knew was spurious: he felt no new life within. Although he was never to have the overwhelming, dramatic "turning about" that was held in such esteem by the congregation of Bunyan Meeting, yet he did experience, over and over again, in flashes and in transient moments, what he truly felt was the grace of God.

I began this chapter with White's account of Caleb Morris, in whom he saw "the indwelling Christ." This term and the surrounding remarks constitute, I believe, White's attempt to define "grace," the power of God in man, the "disposition to copy an example."

White attempts to connect the "indwelling Christ" with what he perceives as freedom of being. Self-concern seems to have been absent in Morris; God's grace manifested itself as a new life working in him and outward to the world. White notes
that real conversion is not a "selfish anxiety for the salvation of . . . [one’s] own soul, but a disappearance of self in love" (P, 310). White is concerned here with the central paradox of Christian thought. As the old self is invaded and broken, the genuine self emerges; one must die in order to be reborn, and the final result is one of loving relationship: "I in thee and thou in me." "It is the Christ who has been given us," he writes, "who is really ourselves" (GD, 41).

White’s understanding of the “indwelling Christ” tends to suggest the power of God in people much more than the power of God over them. But the disposition to follow the example, the creation of a vehicle of God to the soul, is nevertheless brought about through love. It is not enough, writes Rutherford in the Autobiography, to agree to admire Jesus; one must be possessed by his love. Drury Lane theology had Christ at its center. The members were exhorted to consider what Christ meant to Paul: “Jesus was in him; . . . that is to say, Jesus lived in him like a second soul, taking the place of his own soul and directing him accordingly. . . . [M’Kay’s] object, therefore, would be to preach Christ, as before said, and to introduce into human life His unifying influence. He would try to get them to see things with the eyes of Christ, to love with His love, to judge with His judgement” (A, 172-73). The passage reinterprets Paul. Christ should be in human beings “like a second soul”; the sentence distinctly echoes Galatians 2:20: “yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.” We find a similar comment in a paragraph on Bunyan in Last Pages From a Journal: “His Righteousness is Christ; not merely because by that superior Righteousness he is saved, as by something external and beyond him, but because it is his, it is he, Bunyan himself. Christ is I, more than I am myself” (LP, 268; my emphasis).13

White began his quest by rejecting the false righteousness of unreal conversion, but he returned continually to the sense of renewal and freedom of being that he found in people such as
Morris and Bunyan. The "whole drift" of Paul's epistles, as White sees it in "Principles," is "to turn Christ into a second conscience" (A, 311). In the passages just quoted, we see White reaching toward a definition of the experience of new life. The indwelling Christ, as he sensed in Caleb Morris, creates "the freest of men." That freedom of being is manifested in life and in community as forgiving, sin-bearing love.

Of all the sermons he heard Morris preach, the one that lived most vividly in White's memory was a sermon on the Prodigal Son. He explores the ramifications of the parable in *The Early Life*, *Catharine Furze*, "Michael Trevanion," and his essay on Caleb Morris. In all these works, White is concerned to emphasize that, in the life of those possessed by the spirit of Christ, grace manifests itself as freedom to love, as the complete repentance and forgiveness which are possible only through love. In the story of the Prodigal Son, love is stronger than sin and death. White remarks that in Morris's retelling of the parable, there were "striking omissions": "There was no word of the orthodox machinery of forgiveness" (EL, 87). Morris reached after the spirit and intention of the story; he did not use it as a text upon which to hang the external doctrine White so despised. In all his remarks on the parable, White emphasizes not only the divine forgiveness of the father but the "magnificent repentance" of the son (MS, 168). Both characters, and the depth and significance of their human relationship, affected White powerfully. Morris pointed out, White notes, that although the parable "taught us the depth of God's love, [it] was a glorification by Jesus of human love" (LP, 245). White makes the same point more emphatically in *Catharine Furze*. Mr. Cardew, preaching on the Prodigal Son, observes that the story sets forth not only the magnificence of the divine nature, "but of human nature—of that nature which God assumed." The erring son, when he "came to himself" (Luke 15:17), arose and went to his father. White concludes: "'Father, I have sinned,' was as great as God
is great: it was God—God moving in us; in a sense it was far more truly God—far greater than the force which binds the planets into a system” (CF, 216–17).

Here we have a concrete example of the “indwelling Christ.” The power of God moving in the son opens his eyes and allows him to realize both error and relationship. In another contest White exclaims, “No excuses; a noble confession and a trust in his father’s affection for him!” (MS, 168). The son confesses that he has sinned before heaven and earth and moves instinctively in love, grief, and remorse toward the parent whom he has injured. The father’s response is complete forgiveness; his love for his son cancels out the thought of punishment. Following here Morris’s enactment of the story, White imagines the father looking down the long, dusty road, wondering and waiting—“Shall I see him today?” (LP, 245). There is no word of rebuke, only an embrace. The fatted calf is killed, and the ring, a “sign of honour,” White says, is placed on the prodigal’s finger (CF, 217). In The Early Life, White stresses the magnanimity and completeness of the forgiveness that transforms the evil against itself into love: “The hardest thing in the world is to be completely generous in forgiveness. The most magnanimous of men cannot resist the temptation—but at the same time you must see, my dearest, don’t you?” (EL, 86). The same point is made in Cardew’s sermon: “it is this [forgiveness] upon which Jesus, the Son of God, has put His stamp, not the lecture, not chastisement, not expiation, but an instant unquestioning embrace, no matter what the wrong may have been” (CF, 217–18). Both Morris and White stress the ideal human relationship manifested in the parable. The first movement of the son’s repentance is toward the parent whom he has offended. Morris had remarked, “Did the prodigal son say when he came to himself, ‘I will join this or that institution’? No! but ’I will arise and go to my father’” (LP, 248). The first movement of the father’s forgiveness is a loving embrace, a welcome back to life,
by means of his love. The relationship suggested here is brought about not by assent to propositions and articles of belief, but by total response to those to whom we are bound in love. The father is free to love without qualification; the son is free to repent without excuse. Through the power of love, the "dead son lives."  

The vital consequences of grace, then, are love and forgiveness. Through his work, White distinguishes between mere observation of the law and the responses motivated by love. I have already observed his need for that which is positive and life-affirming in faith, criticism, and art. In *Catharine Furze*, Cardew, who is modeled after Caleb Morris—at least in his eloquence and in the content of his sermons—points the distinction between love and the law in his discussion of the rich young ruler (Luke 18:18–30). Cardew remarks that the young ruler has observed the law all his life and instinctively feels it to be insufficient. Then Cardew gives his congregation the reason for this insufficiency:

To begin with it is largely negative: there are three negatives in this twentieth verse for one affirmative, and negations cannot redeem us. The law is also external. As a proof that it is ineffectual, I ask, Have you ever rejoiced in it? Have you ever been kindled by it? Have all its precepts ever moved you like one single item in the story of the love of Jesus? Is the man attractive to you who has kept the law and done nothing more? Would not the poor woman who anointed our Lord's feet and wiped them with her hair be more welcome to you than the holy people who had simply never transgressed? (CF, 111–12)

Again the emphasis is upon affirmative and spontaneous human feeling. White felt all his life that he was held at a distance by people who claimed to be committed Christians. Love, says Mark Rutherford, "is simply the most precious thing in existence" (A, 111). Sadly, his early ministry was directed toward those who
“had simply never transgressed.” Love was always lacking. The language of Cardew’s sermon reveals what White was constantly seeking. The law is insufficient because one is not “kindled” by it; it is not life-giving. There is no inward “rejoicing”; it is “largely negative.” One of White’s characters remarks, “I do not much believe in duty, nor, if I read my New Testament aright, did the Apostle Paul. For Jesus he would do anything. That sacred face would have drawn me whither the Law would never have driven me” (P, 193). The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. White’s fiction dramatizes this distinction; he creates situations in which spontaneous love and forgiveness triumph over the law: “Religion,” he writes, is “the expression of our relationship to God. . . . It is Love” (LP, 316).

Rutherford’s novels abound with characters who initially appear to be peripheral to the action and detached from the central figures, but who, at important moments in each novel, act with charity and compassion: Mrs. Bellamy, who stands in place of a mother to Catharine Furze; Mrs. Tippet, the landlady who nurses Miriam when she is ill; Mrs. Caffyn, who takes care of the pregnant Madge Hopgood; Mrs. Taylor, who nurses Mark Rutherford’s wife; Mrs. Carter, who looks after Zachariah and his wife when they are ill. All these characters, modern equivalents of the Good Samaritan, act from unselfish love. Mark Rutherford, narrating Clara Hopgood, makes the point clear: Mrs. Caffyn was “a Christian, but she was a disciple of St. James rather than of St. Paul. . . . her belief that ‘faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone,’ was something very vivid and very practical” (CH, 120). These characters expect no recompense. Love for them is its own reward. As Miriam Tacchi slowly emerges from unconsciousness, she perceives that the spinster landlady whom she had despised and ignored is her nurse. Miriam cries, “What claim have I on you?” Like others of White’s characters in such situations, Miss Tippet replies by alluding to Matthew 5:46: “Hush, my dear; those days are past. You did not
love me then perhaps; but what of that? I am sure you will not mind my saying it: 'If ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even publicans the same?'" (MS, 115). The charity of these characters on the periphery of the main action becomes an important ethical statement in the novels. These "unhistoric acts" (in George Eliot's phrase) are seen to count: they are decisive in the protagonists' individual histories. Indeed, these minor characters, who "lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs," are central in the web of "commonplace" virtues that texture the world of White's novels.

Similarly, various characters in the novels enact the complete forgiveness expressed by the father of the Prodigal Son. White makes this point most emphatically in the short story "Esther," by creating the opposite situation. Esther finds that she has made a tragic mistake in marriage, and her husband's coldness and complete want of sympathy make reconciliation impossible. Refusing to forgive Esther for some trifling error, the husband remarks that she need only amend her behavior. As for forgiveness, he says, "I do not quite comprehend the term." Esther writes to her mother that her impulse, whenever she has disagreed with someone, is to fly to him and "wash away differences with sheer affection" (MP, 53). But she cannot move toward her husband. The impulse dissolves before the barrier of his rigidity. Esther compares the coldness of her husband, and their want of communication, to the disagreements and reconciliations she has had with her brother: "Forgiveness is not a remission of consequences on repentance. It is simply love, a love so strong that in its heat the offence vanishes. Without love...forgiveness even of the smallest mistake is impossible" (MP, 54).

It is in Clara Hopgood that we find the most complete exemplum of forgiveness. Here, in his final novel, White has excised all sentimentality; he portrays the consequences of
human emotions with a detached and magnificent clarity. Madge Hopgood, after her sexual encounter with her fiancé, Frank, finds that she does not love him and refuses to marry him. Not long after, she discovers that she is pregnant. She goes to her mother. Clearly echoing the Prodigal Son, Madge confesses her situation without explanation or excuse: "Your daughter has wrecked your peace forever!" (CH, 103). Mrs. Hopgood goes alone to her room and begins her mental struggle. She rejects the idea of punishment, yet "she felt that this sorrow was unlike other sorrows and that it could never be healed" (CH, 104). Her solitary vigil concluded, she prays, and then returns to her offending daughter: "Neither uttered a word, but Madge fell down before her, and, with a great cry, buried her face in her mother's lap. She remained kneeling for some time waiting for a rebuke, but none came. Presently she felt smoothing hands on her head and the soft impress of lips. So was she judged" (CH, 104–05). Like the Magdalene whose namesake she is, Madge is forgiven. In the subsequent action of the novel, however, White makes it clear that the loving forgiveness he portrays requires much more than a tearful embrace or a sentimental gesture. Madge is forgiven, but the anguish and difficulty her action has created are not glossed over. Mrs. Hopgood's forgiveness includes more than compassionate feelings toward her daughter. She takes Madge's burden upon herself in practical terms: the family must move; Mrs. Hopgood is subjected to humiliation by a judgmental public; Clara, Madge's sister, must go to work in a dingy London shop. The chain of events begun by Madge's error culminates in her mother's death. Mrs. Hopgood suffers willingly for her beloved daughter. Like Ellen Butts, she is called and stands fast. Madge is healed by the power of her mother's love; she is, in other words, redeemed.
II

I suggested at the beginning of this chapter that the central theme of White's fiction is reconciliation, achieved through the activity of the "indwelling Christ." It is, of course, not quite that straightforward. The novels all have flaws either of conception or execution; the ambivalence I have already discussed in White's work sometimes causes thematic confusion; certainly some of his solutions to the problems of suffering and freedom are less acceptable or credible than others. Nevertheless, it remains true that if we look at White's fictional achievement as a whole, we see him struggling with the same material, trying again and again to penetrate the mystery imaginatively. How can we live with the "facts" and not despair? Is it possible to escape the confines of dread and self-concern and become a truly free person? What is the source, the secret of "actual joy"? In what way are divine and human love related? As he explores these questions, White continually returns to the idea that suffering and salvation are inextricably linked, that the way of salvation is the way of the Cross. The "conversions" of various characters include both renunciation and reconciliation, and in each case, human suffering is given meaning through the power of sin-bearing love.

With each novel, White reworks the real experience of conversion: "I am crucified with Christ, and yet I live, yet not I but Christ who lives in me." He tries to illuminate the meaning of this event—the death of the old self and the birth of the new—in ordinary, secular terms. We have seen that in the novels forgiveness is shown to be impossible without love. Conversion, which brings with it new life and new sight, is equally dependent on love's motivating power. Thus, in the Autobiography and Deliverance, Mark Rutherford transcends melancholia and self-hatred through the love of his wife and her child. The Revolution in Tanner's Lane (1887) emphasizes renunciation: Zachariah's
heroism is his suffering endurance. *Miriam’s Schooling* (1890) requires the heroine to renounce the dream of ideal love and fulfillment. In *Catharine Furze* (1895), Catharine and Cardew are able to renounce eros through a greater love for each other. It is the final novel, *Clara Hopgood* (1896), however, which explores with ruthless clarity the ultimate human renunciation. Here White offers the vision of the “Eternal Christ” as the freest and most complete human achievement. I shall look briefly at the earlier novels before turning to White’s masterpiece. First, though, some further discussion of his reinterpretation of the Atonement will help to clarify his major fictional focus.

At college, as he attempts to make sense of theological language and calcified doctrine, Mark Rutherford reaches through to the “original necessity” of Christianity, and tries to “go back to Paul and his century, . . . and connect the atonement through him with something which I felt” (A, 21). The sermon Mark delivers on this subject creates consternation among the learned professors, who feel that his interpretation departs from the “simplicity” of the Gospels. They are distressed not because Rutherford ignores or undermines the meaning of the Atonement, but because he has attempted to extend that meaning into ordinary human life. He is attracted by the intersection of this great historical act with the commonplace facts of human endeavor. The Atonement is, he feels, not a remote, finished achievement but a continuing and living possibility:

I began by saying that in this world there was no redemption for man but by blood; furthermore, the innocent had everywhere and in all time to suffer for the guilty. It had been objected that it was contrary to our notion of an all-loving Being that He should demand such a sacrifice; but, contrary or not, in this world it was true, quite apart from Jesus, that virtue was martyred every day, unknown and unconsolled, in order that the wicked might somehow be saved. . . . The consequences of my sin, moreover, are rendered less terrible by virtues not my own. I am literally
saved from penalties because another pays the penalty for me. The atonement, and what it accomplished for man, were therefore a sublime summing up as it were of what sublime men have to do for their race; an exemplification, rather than a contradiction, of Nature herself, as we know her in our experience. (A, 22)

Rutherford neither questions nor limits the sacrifice of Christ. He implies, I think, that if the idea is contrary to our notion of an all-loving Being, it is because our notions are sentimental. The depth and infiniteness of the love that gives its only son and accepts his sacrifice is terrifying and unimaginable. Yet it seems true to Rutherford, not because it is a fine idea, but because in a smaller way it is his own daily human experience. In Last Pages From a Journal, White gives this note on the subject: "It is a shallow notion that the suffering of another for our transgressions is injustice and a moral wrong. We are saved by the sacrifice of the Just. Never is individualism more completely mistaken than in proclaiming the horror of redemption from evil by the death of him who is not guilty" (LP, 319–20). Self-sacrificing love, which bears others' burdens and endures their sins, is not an abstraction for White but actual human behavior, found in the midst of the "facts": crowds, hurry, commonplaceness.

One could say that all White's fictional characters are frustrated in some way. The cosmic straitjacket, the "rigidity of the material universe in which we are placed," whether in the form of natural law or historical determinism or social custom, affects them spiritually or emotionally. White assumes that this "sorrow of life" is a donné; it is the understood context of his imaginative world. The question then becomes: what are the possibilities for freedom and "actual joy" within these limitations? His characters do find answers to this question, although many of their triumphs are muted or somehow qualified.

Mark Rutherford, for example, discovers various paths of deliverance. He transforms his egocentric perspective and
endeavors to focus his attention on "what is outside self, and yet is truly self." As we have seen, this self-transcendence is achieved by means of nature, the stars, living in the present, ceasing the "trick of contrast" (A, 259), and most completely through the love of his wife, Ellen. The love of woman is, Mark exclaims, "a revelation of the relationship in which God stands to him—of what ought to be, in fact" (A, 253). In Ellen he saw "the Divine Nature itself, and that her passion was a stream straight from the Highest. The love of woman is, . . . a living witness never failing of an actuality in God which otherwise we should never know." Thus human love both gives Rutherford back the self from which he had been alienated, and reveals the potential relationship of the self to God. When genuine reconciliation occurs, he experiences freedom from egocentric suffering and limiting self-definition. Momentarily, melancholia and separation are forgotten in the presence of "actual joy." The triumph of Rutherford's deliverance is nevertheless heavily qualified by his sudden death and Shapcott's abrupt and painful epilogue. Mark's heart attack is occasioned by the stress of his job; his effects are sent home to his widow "in a brown paper parcel, carriage unpaid" (A, 272).

In The Revolution in Tanner's Lane, Zachariah's determination to endure a life in which he expects nothing but misery is celebrated as the heroism peculiar to the modern world. For much of the novel, renunciation appears as the central human virtue. Zachariah's "turning about" or rebirth is a gradual process. It begins in the workhouse to which he is taken during the illness that follows the failure of the Blanketeer march. As John Lucas notes, "Hale White is one of many Victorian novelists who use breakdown as a very proper means of symbolizing a crisis in consciousness." As Zachariah awakens from his delirium, he sees the "radiant, healthy, impetuous" Mrs. Carter, who takes him into her home and nurses him back to health (RTL, 208). His recovery is gradual and is effected by his regenerative
relationship with the natural world, and by the inspiring example of his martyred friend Caillaud, who is the representative of the "Sacrifice of the Just" in the novel. Caillaud lives on in Zachariah, who survives to enact Caillaud's radical ideas and to marry his daughter. The little Pauline, Zachariah's own daughter, becomes the real instrument of his salvation. After his wife's death, left alone with "a bitter sense of wrong," he withdraws into himself. Love for his child dissolves "some heavy obstruction in his brain and about his heart," and Zachariah rejoices to find that "he had not stiffened into death." At the bedside of his daughter, "the tears came, and he thanked God, not only for her but for his tears" (RTL, 281). Human love is again the means of reconciling man and God.

In the second half of the novel, George Allen takes Zachariah's place as the hero who suffers but endures. George, nearly destroyed by his unhappy marriage, is saved by Zachariah's counsel and his gift of Thomas à Kempis' *The Imitation of Christ.* 19 As George reads "He that can best tell how to suffer will best keep himself in peace," and "He to whom the Eternal Word speaketh is delivered from a world of unnecessary conceptions," in him as in Maggie Tulliver begins the birth "of what philosophers call the *idea,* that Incarnation which has ever been our Redemption" (RTL, 341-42). His former blind endurance is now informed with a meaning. He survives: a central, directing, indwelling example creates in him the reason and capacity for faith.

White criticizes, we recall, the accounts of conversion experiences related by the elect in Bunyan Meeting. They were "very often inaccurately picturesque, and . . . [were] framed after the model of the journey to Damascus" (EL, 57). Yet in his secular reinterpretation of the old self and the birth of the new, White himself evokes the original model as the metaphor for his characters' experience. In *Miriam's Schooling* and *Catharine*
Furze, he recreates the feeling and spirit of this central Christian experience and makes the original live once more.

After Miriam's unfortunate love affair, she, like Zachariah, becomes ill, and survives only because of Miss Tippett's compassionate care. When she recovers, Miriam journeys to Stonehenge. That mysterious monument created in White himself "perfectly worthless depression begotten by the idea of the transitory passage of the generations across the planet." Similarly, Miriam is "oppressed with a sense of her own nothingness" (MS, 116). But at Stonehenge, without apparent cause, her movement toward new life begins, with a sudden desire to become a nurse. With characteristic narrative reticence, White refuses to offer a psychological explanation for her change of heart. Instead, he appeals to the Pauline archetype of her experience:

it may be urged that no sufficient cause is shown for Miriam's determination. What had she undergone? A little poverty, a little love affair, a little sickness. But what brought Paul to the disciples at Damascus? A light in the sky and a vision. . . . Paul had that in him which could be altered by the pathetic words of the Crucified One, "I am He whom thou persecutest." . . . There are some mortals on this earth to whom nothing more than a certain summer morning very early, or a certain chance idea in a lane ages ago, or a certain glance from a fellow-creature dead for years, has been the Incarnation, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, or the Descent of the Holy Ghost. (MS, 118–19)

Lucas suggests that in her movement from "egoism to altruism" Miriam "is the clearest example of Hale White's debt to George Eliot." I would add, more specifically, that Miriam resembles Maggie Tulliver. Both heroines are characterized by frustrated intelligence and idealistic yearnings, passionate energy and unconventional attitudes; both are nearly overwhelmed by
the "oppressive narrowsness" of a nineteenth-century rural environment. Miriam, like Maggie, throws herself into renunciation with dramatic intensity. When the initial ardor cools, Maggie is sustained by the "path of martyrdom and endurance," but Miriam soon discovers that she is inadequate as a nursing sister. She is dismissed: the glorious prospect of immediate self-transformation fades, and the hard, slow process of renewal begins. In Miriam's subsequent history we see what might have happened to Maggie if she had not been swept away in the flood. George Eliot allows Maggie the transcendent vision of her final moments and death in the arms of her brother, and there ends the question of how to bear the cross. But Miriam is required to endure and struggle for an answer: we have already examined her melancholia, her unhappy marriage, and her gradual movement out of despair. The ending of the novel shows Miriam strengthened in self-knowledge and a recognition of her husband's virtues. This conclusion is not, however, entirely satisfactory. Miriam's "schooling" is too harsh; we rebel at the extent of her compromise, at the weariness of her resignation, at the destruction of her rebellious youthful energy.

In previous chapters I discussed Catharine Furze's melancholia and passion. She is, I suggested, emotionally in exile. The narrator tells us that she was born too late to have been molded by the faith of her ancestors, and too soon to be influenced by the new education of the later nineteenth century. She falls in love with Cardew inevitably, for it is he who provides her with a spiritual home. Catharine's renunciation of Cardew—she turns away from him at the crucial moment by the river, through a power "not her own"—is followed by illness and, finally, death. When Catharine rejects him, Cardew himself experiences the sudden and inexplicable "turning about" that transforms vision and behavior: "As he went along something came to him—the same Something which had so often restrained Catharine. It smote him as the light from heaven smote Saul of
Tarsus journeying to Damascus. His eyes were opened; he crept into an outhouse in the fields, and there alone in an agony he prayed” (CF, 342). Cardew’s enlightenment includes a new recognition of his wife’s virtues and a renewed sense of his duty to her. The pattern is: vision, renunciation, recognition, reconciliation. Here again, the activity of the “indwelling Christ” is realized through the power of human love. Cardew’s regeneration occurs not because he turns away from Catharine, but as a result of his love for her. Although their passion is never consummated, its power transforms Cardew’s life. He changes, not as a result of some new theory or principle, but through love. The vision of Catharine’s face “controlled and moulded him with an all-pervading power more subtle and penetrating than that which could have been exercised by theology or ethics” (CF, 366). Shortly before her death, Catharine and Cardew meet once more. He wishes to tell her that she has saved him; she smiles and responds, “You have saved me.”

The narrator leaves us in no doubt as to how we are to interpret this exchange: “By their love for each other they were both saved. The disguises are manifold which the Immortal Son assumes in the work of our redemption” (CF, 365). This gloss on the final dialogue is, however, not entirely consistent with the action and feeling of the novel as a whole. Cardew is saved, certainly: his entire life is redeemed by Catharine’s self-sacrificing love. He becomes a kind and loving husband and a better minister. His intellectual pride dissolves, and his sermons are now “of the simplest kind—exhortations to pity, consideration, gentleness, and counsels as to the common duties of life” (CF, 365–66). Catharine’s love has opened to him the heart of the gospel.

Catharine’s salvation is more problematic. I believe we are meant to see that loving Cardew has given her being a center, has both evoked and focused her diffuse moral and intellectual energies. Thus, renouncing Cardew is the free act issuing from
her love. What began as eros develops into sin-bearing love, which seeks not its own. But though we recognize all this, we may still feel uncomfortable. We cannot neglect the fact that Catharine dies, not because of consumption, but because she has lost the will to live, and lost it because her passion for Cardew cannot be fulfilled. Thus the erotic dimension of the novel complicates, and to some extent qualifies, the effectiveness of the central, informing idea. We understand what White wanted to achieve; he did not quite accomplish it.

In Clara Hopgood, though, the suggestion of underlying defeat is absent. When White's final novel was published in 1896, many critics condemned it, mainly because of its controversial subject matter. White took the criticism in stride but did eventually respond to the charges of immorality brought against the book. His remarks are characteristic; they also suggest a context in which to read the novel. "The accusation is another proof that, even in a country which calls the New Testament a sacred book and professes to read it, the distinction between real and sham morality is almost unknown." Later readers, however, have fewer prejudices to overcome in reading the novel, and their responses have generally been favorable. Irwin Stock, for example, remarks in his thoughtful analysis that Clara Hopgood "has a character often associated with a master's late works, the character of an ultimate distillation." More recently, John Lucas has described it as White's "finest" novel, although he considers it "very nearly a darkly pessimistic" one, whose tone is "problematic, agonized . . . open." I see the novel as the culmination of White's intellectual quest and his greatest imaginative achievement. It is intellectually dense, yet it is not a novel of "ideas." Rather, here all White's small currents, explored in his previous fiction, flow home to the sea. Much of the material of other novels, especially Catharine Furze and Miriam's Schooling, is reworked with greater intellectual clarity and aesthetic integrity. The quality of the prose and the compact
but subtle structure of the novel reveal White at his purest and most austere.

The introductory action of the novel is a chess game played by the two sisters, Madge and Clara Hopgood. The opening dialogue effectively suggests the different natures of the sisters and also serves to introduce the principal theme and method of the novel. Madge declares that she is unable to play chess well because she does not possess the "gift" or "instinct" that makes a good player. Clara responds that her sister is over-fond of the word *instinct* and points out that Madge is poor at the game because she refuses to anticipate logically her opponent's next move. It appears that Madge is characterized by instinct; Clara by rational insight. The two attitudes express dominant and often conflicting aspects of White's own character. As we have seen, the claims of principle and reasonable dogma were often in conflict in him with the prompting of the "inner light." Both attitudes are examined in the novel, and neither is dismissed. Nor are they united in a false synthesis. Rather, they are held in delicate equipoise, for each has valid claims. Here White imaginatively examines the meaning of what he calls the "yes and no" (RTL, 327); here we find him reaching through to the significance of a world "transcendent both in glory and horror," a world "infinite both ways" (CH, 110). The sisters' conversation moves on to the subject of love, the central concern of the novel. From this point onward, White explores the nature and meaning of different kinds of human love from a variety of shifting perspectives. With subtlety and complexity, he presents eros, maternal and filial affection, charity, and finally, sin-bearing love. In the initial conversation, Madge affirms her belief in love at first sight, and Clara argues that her whole "strength of . . . soul" should be directed toward understanding *why* she loves (CH, 34). Whereas Madge thinks Romeo and Juliet are appropriate examples, Clara thinks one ought to discover "what is the true law of . . . [one's] own nature" (CH, 35). The novel is largely
concerned with Clara's gradual discovery of that law and the final fulfillment of her nature.

One other episode early in the novel foreshadows and conceptualizes Clara's later actions. In White's novels a small story-within-a-story, often a tale told by one of the characters, sometimes functions as a symbolic adumbration of the main action. These "seeds" seem to contain the potential for the whole novel. In the *Autobiography*, for example, Miss Arbour's story serves quite obviously as a comment on Rutherford's marital decisions. More elusively, it adds another dimension to the larger questions of exile and community and the significance of human relationships. Similarly, in *Catharine Furze*, the story of Charmides, the cultivated Roman who falls in love with a Christian slave and finally chooses Christian martyrdom, foreshadows Catharine's death and her final assumption of Cardew's religious frame of reference. It functions more subtly, however, as a reference point for the reader's experience of the conclusion: Charmides is faithful to the end, yet his whole case and claim to martyrdom are considered "dubious" by religious authority. The inset story indirectly adds several nuances to the novel's questioning of the relationship between erotic and self-sacrificing love.

In *Clara Hopgood*, the tale-within-a-tale involves a man whose daughter suffers from kleptomania. In moments of mental disorder, the child steals things but later recalls nothing of her actions. Clara recounts the tale to her family. One day the daughter is caught with a stolen handkerchief. Her father, who has always attempted to make light of her ailment, fearing that calling attention to it might intensify the affliction, confesses to the theft and takes the blame himself. He goes to prison, but lives to see his daughter happily married and cured of her illness. The child never learns of her father's sacrifice; his written confession is discovered only after her death. The story provokes a discussion about self-sacrifice. Clara wonders whether the
father's lie to save his daughter might be considered a sin. Madge vehemently declares that lying is not sinful if it is "to save anybody whom you love" (CH, 57). Clara, however, thinks one should not abrogate a rule by some special pleading. Without the rule, how can one know "what is right and what is not" (CH, 58)? As to whether they themselves would be capable of such a sacrifice, Mrs. Hopgood remarks that such a question can only be answered under the stress of the trial itself. The "emergency brings the insight and the power necessary to deal with it" (CH, 57).

Clearly the story and the conversation surrounding it are dense with hints and possibilities. At this point in the novel there have in fact already been a few other foreshadowings of the impending action; the story is a culmination of these. In the preceding chapter, Madge's suitor, Frank, had introduced Saint Paul into the conversation—and into the consciousness of the reader—by singing fragments of a new oratorio, "St. Paul." In spite of Madge's objections that "Jewish history is not a musical subject" (CH, 48), Frank sings "Be not afraid" and "Be thou faithful unto death." These phrases resonate more deeply as the novel unfolds. In this scene also, Clara remarks that if she were famous, she would "sacrifice all the adoration of the world for the love of a brother—if I had one—or a sister, who perhaps had never heard what it was which had made me renowned" (CH, 44). The impact of these hints is cumulative; and they are eventually perceived as connecting threads in the tapestry of the whole. Clara will sacrifice everything for a loved one who never learns what she has done. She will be faithful unto death and discover the courage for her conviction only, as Mrs. Hopgood had predicted, within the event itself.

It is not my purpose to offer a complete analysis of the novel but to concentrate on its central act and idea as White's most perfect fictional moment and the imaginative realization of his religious quest. I shall briefly summarize the action leading up
to that moment. Following her instinct, Madge falls in love with Frank Palmer, the attractive son of a friend of her late father. Though during the courtship she begins to doubt their compatibility, she becomes engaged to him. Frank is charming, pleasant, and shallow; he gleans bits of ideas from others but earns none of his conclusions. He is much struck by "profundity" (which he cannot distinguish from sentimentality) and is fond of music, especially that of Beethoven. The narrator remarks that while Frank "went into raptures over the slow movement in the C minor Symphony, . . . no C minor slow movement was discernible in his character" (CH, 47). White adds another dimension to Frank's character, however, by giving him painful knowledge of his deficiencies: "although he knew what he saw to be flimsy and shallow, he could do nothing to deepen it, absolutely nothing! . . . It was his own inner being from which he revolted, from limitations which are worse than crimes, for who, by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature?" (CH, 149). Madge and Frank are strongly attracted to each other, and Madge is able to deceive herself for a long while because of her sexual response to Frank. Whenever she glimpses what is clear to the mother and sister—that Frank is an echo and not an authentic voice—she forces herself to recall his virtue, charm, and devotion. The doubt cannot be entirely washed away: "it was a little sharp rock based beneath the ocean's depths, and when the water ran low its dark point reappeared."

But she partly succeeds in pouring a "self-raised tide" over the doubt because "there was fire in her blood," and "Frank's arm around her made the world well nigh disappear; her surrender was entire, and if Sinai had thundered in her ears she would not have heard" (CH, 88). It is in fact because Madge feels guilty about her judgment of Frank and wishes to make amends for her treacherous thoughts that she makes love with him. The sexual act takes place in a barn during a thunderstorm and is represented as irrevocable. Madge is a changed being, and
nothing will now be as it was. White communicates all this in a characteristic symbolic gesture: "Did you hear," said Clara to her mother at breakfast, "that the lightning struck one of the elms in the avenue at Mrs. Martin's yesterday and splintered it to the ground?" (CH, 97). Immediately after this episode, Madge sends Frank away. Her feelings are now clear to her. She soon discovers that she is pregnant, but because she does not love the father of her child, she refuses to marry him. Having fallen in love through instinct and spontaneous response, she is led by these same qualities to stand firm in her refusal to marry; intuitively she understands that to marry for conventional and expedient reasons would be more sinful than her original error. The family moves to London, where Clara meets and falls in love with Baruch Cohen.

Clara becomes enamored of Baruch in the sound, rational way she espoused early in the story, yet at the moment when an answering look to Baruch's tentative question would secure her a loving husband and a useful, joyful future, she refrains: "Something fell and flashed before her like lightning from a cloud overhead, divinely beautiful, but divinely terrible" (CH, 265). The narrator does not reveal at this point what she has "seen." Only later does it become apparent that she has recognized the potential for a relationship between Baruch and her sister. A man of Baruch's philosophy and temperament would be unaffected by conventional responses to Madge's history; an illegitimate child would create no problems for him. Some kind of call has come to Clara; and, more completely than any of her fictional predecessors, she "stands fast." Clara arranges for her sister and Baruch to be together as much as possible. One day she sees the two alone, now obviously beginning to care for one another. "The message then was authentic," she says to herself: "I thought I could not have misunderstood it" (CH, 286). Significantly, Madge had used similar words when she refused to marry Frank: "It is not the first time in my life that the truth
has been revealed to me suddenly, supernaturally, . . . and I know the revelation is authentic’’ (CH, 99–100). Both sisters receive an “authentic message”: but while Madge’s revelation is an intuitive response to a present difficulty, without any consideration of the consequences of her decision, Clara has foreseen the future.

Clara’s vision at the crucial moment is characteristically expressive of her nature: in chess, she can see “two moves ahead.” Early in the novel, the narrator describes the two sisters and carefully draws attention to Clara’s eyes. Her sight is particularly strong: “Over and over again she had detected, along the stretch of the Eastthorpe road, approaching visitors, and had named them when her companions could see nothing but specks” (CH, 3). Moreover, sometimes these “excellent . . . optical instruments” changed and became “instruments of expression, transmissive of radiance to such a degree that the light which was reflected from them seemed insufficient to account for it” (CH, 3–4). Madge, like her namesake, loves much and loves a truth beyond herself, but Clara’s name connotes both clarity of vision and radiance. What exactly Clara foresees we are left to infer from her actions, but evidently she envisions self-denial of a radical kind.

Clara’s initial conversation with Baruch in chapter 22 prepares us for understanding her self-denial. Although, Baruch argues, “huge volumes of human energy are apparently annihilated, . . . there is another side. . . . The universe is so wonderful, so intricate, that it is impossible to trace the transformation of its forces, and when they seem to disappear the disappearance may be an illusion. Moreover, ‘waste’ is a word which is applicable only to finite resources. If the resources are infinite it has no meaning’’ (CH, 212). Clara loves both Baruch and her sister. Her vision of the transformation of one form of love by another to engender another still is “divinely beautiful”; but insofar as it involves recognition of the
suffering such transformations require, it is also "divinely terrible." Clara's final commitment to her vision, to what Madge, in fact, defines as a belief in God—"absolute loyalty to a principle we know to have authority" (CH, 271)—is not achieved without a struggle.

The narrator describes Clara's conflict and its final resolution in restrained and radiant prose. Characteristically, White begins not with the turmoil in the mind of his heroine but with the surrounding landscape. His method here echoes the dawn scene in Miriam's Schooling, but with greater beauty and effect. Clara awakens early one day and watches alone as night changes into morning. Her vision is framed by the casement window of her bedroom: "Below her, on the left, the church was just discernible, and on the right, the broad chalk uplands leaned to the south, and were waving with green barley and wheat. Underneath her lay the cottage garden, with its row of beehives in the north-east corner, sheltered from the cold winds by the thick hedge" (CH, 283). As Clara stares into the diminishing spring rain the narrator carefully, patiently describes each beautiful detail of the earth she is moving to renounce. The scene before her is one of vital process: the spring deepens into summer; the fading night gives way to dawn. These natural transformations also delicately symbolize the great change occurring in Clara's heart. Passion—for Baruch, for the earth, for life itself—is gradually dying, being reborn as selfless love. Clara watches as the sun approaches the horizon, follows with her eyes the "most delicate tints of rose-colour" and the diminishing blue over the cloud-bank:

she was moved even to tears by the beauty of the scene, but she was stirred by something more than beauty, just as he who was in the Spirit and beheld a throne and One sitting thereon, saw something more than loveliness, although He was radiant with the colour of jasper and there was a rainbow round about Him
like an emerald to look upon. In a few moments the highest top of the cloud-rampart was kindled, and the whole wavy outline became a fringe of flame. In a few moments more the fire just at one point became blinding, and in another second the sun emerged, the first arrowy shaft passed into her chamber, the first shadow was cast, and it was day. She put her hands to her face; the tears fell faster, but she wiped them away and her great purpose was fixed. She crept back into bed, her agitation ceased, a strange and almost supernatural peace overshadowed her and she fell asleep not to wake till the sound of the scythe had ceased in the meadow just beyond the rick-yard that came up to one side of the cottage, and the mowers were at their breakfast. (CH, 284–85)

The process of Clara’s deepening understanding of what she is called upon to do parallels the coming of the dawn: as the light “kindles,” “flames,” becomes “blinding,” so too does her insight. White indicates the apocalyptic quality of Clara’s vision by comparing it directly to that of God (Revelation 4:2–4). She is “stirred by something more than beauty” and “sees more than loveliness” as she penetrates for a moment to the Alpha and Omega of the beauty before her and apprehends the Creator of a world “infinite both ways” and “transcendent both in glory and horror” (CH, 110). The allusion also recalls Madge’s objection to oratorios; Frank’s singing “Be faithful unto death, and I will give you the crown of life” (Revelation 2:11) has now a richer resonance. The less obvious biblical allusion in this scene is surely to Gethsemane. Clara’s vigil is solitary; while others sleep on unknowing, she confronts alone the “beauty” and “terror” of her impending fate. Without self-deception she accepts the call: again, the elect are called not to happiness but to suffering. Her clear-eyed vision of her destiny recalls the human agony of Christ. This is White’s secular, completely human, and “commonplace” reinterpretation of the “Sacrifice of the Just”: “remove this cup from me: nevertheless not my will,
but thine, be done." Clara's struggle is never analyzed by the narrator. We see through her into the dawn, apprehending the inner conflict and transformation by means of the description of external nature, through echoes and allusions. But at the end of the scene, "her great purpose was fixed."

Earlier in the novel, several of the characters have paid a visit to Mazzini, the Italian patriot, then hiding in London. Clara has always shown herself to be acutely interested in political justice, and now she goes to Mazzini and offers him her services as a spy. Her action is neither abrupt nor vainglorious. Rather, it is the natural outcome of her decision to renounce ordinary happiness. Structurally, the novel has been moving subtly but relentlessly toward this moment. Clara goes to Italy and Baruch and Madge marry. Eighteen months later the happily married couple learns from Mazzini that Clara is dead:

All efforts to obtain information from Mazzini were in vain, but one day when her name was mentioned he said to Madge,—

"The theologians represent the Crucifixion as the most sublime fact in the world's history. It was sublime, but let us reverence also the Eternal Christ who is for ever being crucified for our salvation."

"Father," said a younger Clara to Baruch some ten years later as she sat on his knee, "I had an Aunt Clara, once, hadn't I?"

"Yes, my child."

"Didn't she go to Italy and die there?"

"Yes."

"Why did she go?"

"Because she wanted to free the poor people of Italy who were slaves." (CH, 298)

These are the final lines of the novel. The conclusion is profoundly ironic and is, as Irwin Stock says, "the saddest of Hale White's endings." At the same time, it is perhaps the most perfect of them all, and in a strange way the most triumphant.
The inset story of the father who silently and lovingly conceals his daughter’s crime and takes her guilt upon himself has been reenacted, with greater consequences, through Clara. Stock suggests that while Clara “lies in the earth,” Baruch, whom she loved, “calmly repeats that error behind which her love and her sacrifice will now be concealed forever.” The “obliteration of the act” which most completely expresses her nature is “a second death, and it is a kind of death which, for Hale White, . . . always added a special horror to the first.” It is true that Clara’s “second death” through Baruch’s misunderstanding and complacency fills the reader with horror. But one also feels awe; for Clara, in her dawn vigil, foresaw this end and yet went forward. In this terrible “Sacrifice of the Just” White concretely realizes the meaning of the “Eternal Christ.” The “facts” which Mark Rutherford preached in the Autobiography as an idea are imaginatively fulfilled in Clara Hopgood: “quite apart from Jesus, . . . virtue [is] martyred every day, unknown and unconsolèd, in order that the wicked might somehow be saved. . . . I am literally saved from penalties because another pays the penalty for me” (A, 22).

Stock is right: the ending is sad. Neither Madge nor Baruch ever comprehends what Clara has done. Yet there is, as White might say, “another side.” On the other side, there is Clara’s achievement. She embodies, and her action celebrates, the potential for full humanity. She is free: free to love without self-concern, and, after her initial struggle, without anxiety. That freedom is expressed in her life through suffering, sin-bearing love. Thus the irony of the concluding passage of the novel encompasses more than Baruch’s complacent misunderstanding. Although Clara goes to Italy to “free the poor people . . . who were slaves,” her sacrifice has both a larger intention and a greater effect. For those she really frees remain in England. Clara frees the sister she loves from the consequences of her error. Madge is freed not only from her former bondage to the old
life and its penalties; she is freed by a love larger than her own into a new life, both literally and figuratively.

I have argued that in his fiction White explores, and struggles toward, personal freedom. In his final novel that quest is imaginatively concluded. White clarifies to himself in his creative work what he could never fully realize in his own life. Freedom in the novel is expressed as the love that is perfect service. Clara sacrifices herself not for love of God in the abstract, but for love of her sister. This is White's point: unselfish love actively pursued in the human sphere is love of God. Love—the indwelling Christ—creates the disposition to follow the divine example. Clara gives up all to follow the example of ideal human love; the greatness of her action lies in her willingness to pay the price of that love.

As several commentators have suggested, *Clara Hopgood* is White's greatest tribute to Spinoza: Baruch Cohen is not only the philosopher's namesake but his voice. Throughout the novel, he expresses many of Spinoza's central ideas. But while Baruch is a good and wise man, he takes second place to Clara, for it is in her self-sacrifice that the primary focus and unifying power of the work lies. In White's finest literary achievement, he gives Spinoza his due; but also, and more important, he celebrates his own Protestant heritage. The most significant action of the novel—Clara's sacrifice—stems from a reinterpretation of that faith.

III

*Clara Hopgood*, then, was the fictional culmination of White's search for freedom. But what of his life? His final novel was published in 1896. Not until 1907, when White was seventy-five, did he meet Dorothy Horace Smith, then thirty. She eventually became his second wife. Dorothy had been anxious to meet the author of *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*
ever since she read it in 1904; they finally met through Miss Partridge, who had recommended Dorothy's first novel, *Miss Mona*, to White.\(^{32}\) White found much to criticize in the work but still wished to meet the author.\(^{33}\) At his invitation, Dorothy paid a visit to Groombridge, Kent—White's final home—and was met by him at the train station. Shortly after this first meeting, both felt that something singular had occurred. In Dorothy's record of the meeting, she writes that it was like "being with a boy, he is so eager, shy and tender; his feelings so fresh and acute, as if he feels a thing now for the very first time" (GD, 1). Some emotions *were* being felt by White for the first time. In the unpublished "Dorothy Book," he wrote: "When I first saw Dorothy I loved her. This love has never for a moment faded, but has grown stronger as I have come to know her better." And, in the "1910 Manuscript": "I first saw Dorothy at Groombridge when I was not 76 years old. . . . Directly I saw Dorothy I felt that, although it was late, she was destined to be the fulfilment of my life. The conviction was as unhesitating as that which follows an axiom. Something was wrought in me instantaneously. It was spiritual regeneration answering to what is known as conversion in the language of religion." It is both characteristic and revealing that White should turn to the language of religion and the experience of conversion in particular in his attempt to explain the nature of his affection. His love for Dorothy was the happiest and most complete of all his conversions. The "spiritual regeneration" he had ceased to hope for was finally achieved through her love.

The primary published source of information about their relationship and life together is the *Groombridge Diary* (1924), begun by Dorothy in April 1908 and concluded with her husband's death in 1913. Other unpublished papers—White's "Dorothy Book," the "1910 Manuscript," his letters to her parents, and Dorothy's own manuscript diary—not only add greatly to our understanding but also allow us to see what a
remarkable person Dorothy was. In temperament, she was almost White's opposite. She was spontaneous and naturally cheerful. White describes her as having an extraordinary "genius . . . for living." A close relative wrote that, in addition to "an indestructible innocence and faith in human nature," she possessed "a bubbling sense of fun." In large measure, however, the bond that began at their first meeting and grew stronger until White's death was based on their profound similarities. White remarked to her that "he was sometimes quite awestruck and frightened at our likeness to one another" (GD, 113). When he sent her a copy of his book on Bunyan, he said she would find in it "some sort of explanation" for their "strange affinity" (GD, 2). It is difficult to describe the quality of this affinity, but it can be glimpsed in their letters, conversation, and written work. Both were "serious" in that their chief delight was talking to each other without hesitation or reserve about spiritual matters. Both were deeply concerned with religion, and their spiritual lives, in spite of their different backgrounds and creeds, were congruous. Thus White felt that he had "always believed with her and always worshipped with her." The language in which he describes his relationship with Dorothy is most often that of liberation and renewal. In laughing conversation he declared that he did not just fall in love with Dorothy: "I flew to you" (GD, 124). To her parents, he wrote that he was "more thankful for her than for any other blessing" of his long life, and to his "Dorothy Book" he confided that "she has regenerated me." Both Dorothy's and Hale's accounts of their various conversations are moving. The isolation that White so often felt because he was unable to communicate his deepest concerns vanished in Dorothy's presence. "To my Dorothy alone I am always myself," he writes, "never for a moment unnatural." In spite of White's periods of depression, many of which resulted from his fear that the miraculous gift had come too late, the most
striking note in the *Groombridge Diary* and the "Dorothy Book" is one of great joy. White writes of her beauty and brilliance: "By 'brilliant' . . . I mean the literal use, shining, endowed with light to guide.""\(^{40}\) Dorothy constantly notes her husband's originality and the justice of his perceptions. Perhaps more unexpectedly: "How *good* he was. . . . how *good* to me always."\(^{41}\) "We not only *love* one another," she writes, "we *need* one another; there is a spiritual and intellectual need."\(^{42}\) Both felt that they had at last found home.

In spite of their love for each other, they naturally encountered some difficulties. In addition to the obvious anguish of "what might have been" had he found Dorothy as a young man, it becomes clear from their letters that White was also often struggling with opposing tendencies in himself. He wanted to have Dorothy with him always, but he feared that she would feel oppressed by his love and his demands. His greatest anxiety was that her love would turn to pity and that she would stay with him out of a sense of duty. At times he convinced himself that it could only be painful to Dorothy to remain near him when he was so much older than she, and often ill. He would then attempt to send her away, after giving her gloomy lectures "about the sadness of my life here, the impossible union of youth and joy with old age and misery—a perfectly *dreadful* kind of talk" (GD, 333). In spite of the barriers White sometimes erected between them, Dorothy persevered in loving him and continued to be herself: "I don't believe," she writes, "any two people ever did love one another so much before, or fight so obstinately. I'm in the right, and I won't give in. I want him to *live*" (GD, 142).

White cannot have been, in these moods, an easy person to love, yet Dorothy consistently responded to him with affectionate understanding. The *Groombridge Diary* tactfully glides over her own distress and omits mention of the difficulties of her position; it also submerges the sense of urgency apparent in the manuscript notebooks and unpublished letters, where we
see her commitment to love well what she must soon leave. The letters he wrote to her in the years before their marriage are often, as she notes, "(tainted) with hypochondria," full of self-mistrust and anxious fears (GD, 156). In addition to trying to "make him understand how much his love had done for me, how much he had enriched me every way," she also strove to talk to White about books and music, people and ideas, religion and philosophy. In her Diary, a constant refrain is their "self-forgetful" talk (GD, 208). Dorothy from the beginning could recognize and penetrate White's defenses. Mark Rutherford's description of Baruch's love for Clara in Clara Hopgood might well be applied to Dorothy's feelings for White. Clara "had never received any such recognition as that which had now been offered to her: her own self had never been returned to her with such honour" (CH, 233–34). Dorothy gave White back the "self" that had so often been lost in self-hatred and melancholia. "He made me promise to write this in my book," she writes, "that I have changed a human soul."

White recognized and honored Dorothy's uniqueness as well. In 1910, Dorothy wrote to him that until she met him, she "never lived at all; I only waited." Life began when she was thirty years old, "oh my love, and then it burst up in a rainbow fountain. The spring of that fountain is eternal: it can never be exhausted." White valued especially Dorothy's "perfect freedom" (GD, 305). In her he perceived the freedom of being that includes freedom to love. To Miss Partridge, he wrote of Dorothy's "spiritual eagerness, coupled with an intense love of life and its pleasures" (L, 266). Her unexpected spontaneity delighted him: "she continually, almost every time I meet her, breaks down some limit and totally upsets some classification which I had assigned to her" (L, 272–73).

The question of their marriage is a topic the biographer approaches with some hesitation, since it is clear from Dorothy's erasures and marginal comments that she wished to remain
reticent about this area of her life. We cannot and perhaps should not know all their struggles and trials. Such information as we have, however, evokes only compassion and admiration, as we become aware both of the tragic dimensions of the relationship and the love and courage with which the two confronted their difficulties. Dorothy initially spent part of each week at Groombridge, an arrangement that was not wholly satisfactory. Marriage had been discussed early in their relationship. The most obvious obstacle to their union was, of course, the difference in their ages. Although in many areas of their communion time was, as White remarked, a "delusion," in some things it was a hateful reality. Depression overwhelmed him when he experienced the "almost unbearable longing to have you always with me, a feeling I ought to have had you long ago, the irreversible doom of age" (GD, 79). White's sensitivity to the judgment of friends and relatives is also apparent in the letters and diaries. Both were quite aware of what the conventional view of their relationship would be. Other obscure difficulties are alluded to. White writes in the "Dorothy Book" that "we should certainly have married if we had not discovered reasons which prevented us. What those reasons are it is unnecessary to state. It is sufficient to say that we both of us took the best medical advice. It was not opposed to marriage, but it was sufficient to determine us instantly against it." Nonetheless, what Dorothy calls a "to and fro debate" about marriage continued until the autumn of 1908, when a serious medical obstacle arose: White became gravely ill and was required to undergo a "difficult and painful operation."

During his long convalescence, he and Dorothy continued to feel that marriage was out of the question, although they considered their bond a unique and sacred one. On April 11, 1910, White wrote in the "Dorothy Book": "D. and I are wife and husband as intimately and strictly as it is possible to be, if the relationship involves no ecclesiastical or legal sanction or
bodily union. The love is perhaps the closer because it is love and nothing else.' But two months later, when the question of marriage again presented itself, Dorothy wrote that "our course was perfectly plain. Three and a half years of close and closer understanding had made it so." On April 8, 1911, they married. After Dorothy came to live at the cottage as a permanent resident, White’s general health improved and many of his "hypochondriacal fears" vanished.

Two statements in the *Groombridge Diary* illuminate particularly the quality of White’s love for Dorothy and suggest why she seemed to him the fulfillment of his long quest. One day they were discussing Caleb Morris. Dorothy writes: "I do not quite know how to put it and yet put it somehow I must, for with emotion he told me that what he saw through Caleb Morris as a young man and had been looking for during these 50 years, he has seen again through me" (GD, 28). Further, he "spoke of the 'hunger and thirst and need' of his life, an 'infinite need' which neither his books, nor his friends, nor his religion had ever satisfied. I was to remember that I had satisfied that need" (GD, 124).

I think these remarks are of singular importance. Caleb Morris represented for White the end of exile, reconciliation, the spiritual home for which he hungered. What he had seen in Morris was perfect freedom, a freedom of being that grew out of a felt sense of the indwelling Christ. In his sermons and through his presence, Morris had manifested the freedom to love without self-concern. We have seen that both within himself and in relation to the external world White experienced a sense of loss, of incompleteness, a lack at the center. In his youth he had glimpsed in a Welsh preacher a particular quality of loving freedom; he searched for this quality in his life; he tried to locate, imaginatively in his fiction, the quality of love he sensed was possible to humankind. This "hunger and thirst and need" of his life he discovered again in Dorothy. As her love ignited his
own, her own freedom of being released his imprisoned spirit.

White often tried to define the quality of love that Dorothy’s “perfect freedom” made possible. I have noted the comparison of his affection to the experience of conversion. This parallel can be extended. In a letter to Dorothy (December 1909), he wrote: “I am sure there is no love worth the name without the love of that which is beyond the person loved. This sounds paradoxical, but it is true, and I must try not so much to love you directly as to love this something above both you and me” (GD, 297). He loves not only the creature but the Creator in her. The divine informs and transfigures the human: eros is completed and extended by selfless love. “My love of God,” he writes, “I speak it with reverence, is the love of Dorothy” (GD, 147). White came to realize in his own life what he had confronted and created in his novels—that another’s happiness and not his own should be at the center of his concern. This understanding smote him, he says, with the force of a revelation: the “simple discovery” came “like a flash—‘not yours but hers’” (GD, 338).

We have seen how, in White’s novels, divine love is experienced and comprehended through its manifestation in the human sphere. In the Autobiography, Rutherford’s deliverance is begun because of Ellen’s love for him. This human love he understands to be grace:

the love of woman to man [is] a revelation of the relationship in which God stands to him—of what ought to be, in fact. In the love of a woman to the man who is of no account God has provided us with a true testimony of what is in His own heart. I often felt this when looking at myself and at Ellen. “What is there in me?” I have said, “is she not the victim of some self-created deception?” and I was wretched till I considered that in her I saw the Divine Nature itself, and that her passion was a stream straight from the Highest. The love of a woman is, in other words, a living witness
never failing of an actuality in God which otherwise we should never know. (A, 252–53)

These comments appear to have been prophetic, for White experienced the same kind of self-distrust with Dorothy that Rutherford felt with Ellen. White was often terrified that she loved not him but a being her own imagination had created, and he feared that deeper knowledge of him would dispel the image and cancel her affection. Slowly White accepted that “God still works miracles” (GD, 126). He came to see that he had not deserved Dorothy’s love; it was a gracious gift. In October 1908, White wrote to her:

I ask no longer why you love me. The only reason is what our forefathers would have called “the grace of God.” It is remarkable how many of the doctrines of St. Paul’s theology have their counterparts in daily human life. St. Paul is always insisting that we are loved by God for no merit of our own. God’s love through my Dorothy does not ask for desert, makes no conditions. “If I love thee what is that to thee?” —a great saying. I shall think of you as my “wild bird,” a lovely image. I have something of the wild creature in myself, constrained, chained by circumstances, but freed since I knew you. (GD, 117–18)

“Freed since I knew you.” The freedom into which White entered through loving Dorothy and being recognized and valued by her did not effect an instant transformation of his character, although the expansion of his nature and the change in his perspective were considerable. Dorothy comments on this change in her husband. Speaking of his tendency to inflict upon others the wretchedness he often felt, she writes: “I said: ‘You sometimes feel wretched.’ He said ‘yes’; he was making up the fire. I said: ‘And you feel as if you must make other people wretched.’ ‘Yes,’ he said bitterly, ‘it’s damnable,’ and gave the fire a savage poke” (GD, 393). White’s propensity for
self-conscious anxiety, melancholia, and self-hatred is by now familiar. Dorothy withstood this instinct in him and remained completely herself, preserved her own freedom of being. She never deceived him. She writes, “I never swerved, not even to please him; in fact I couldn't swerve, and having got accustomed to this quality in me, he reposed in it” (GD, 467). Dorothy’s love, her inability to be anything but herself, her fine moral sense and scrupulous honesty, finally became a resting place for White. She provided security against his destructive urges. She was steadfast, and the knowledge of her “unswerving” nature initiated a transformation in him. Dorothy writes:

I have clung passionately, obstinately, to exuberant joy and health and happiness all through these three years; and I suppose the whole time, though I did not realize it (except bit by bit, slowly, unconsciously, and as it were with resolutely shut eyes), the whole time he was instinctively at war with me trying to wreck his happiness and my own. As by degrees his nature has straightened out—here and there it was very much curled up, fold within fold—this instinct has become plainer to himself. (GD, 393–94; my emphasis)

This extraordinary passage illuminates a great deal about Hale White and the final stage in his quest for wholeness and freedom. His nature was “curled up,” “fold within fold.” This description of a nature turned in upon itself is also remarkably similar to the classic Protestant description of sin. The self, although its norm is love, is in actual experience betrayed into self-centered concern. Dorothy’s remark recalls Luther’s image of the meaning of sin: “incurvitum in se,” curved in upon itself. In the experience of conversion, the self is broken, “crucified” so that it can be reoriented. This transformation is accomplished through the power of love, through grace. The new orientation involves new life. White slowly discovered that
Dorothy’s happiness ought to be the center of his concern; and, as she observes, “by degrees his nature . . . straightened out.”

In his final years, White made several remarks about how this renewal and new life was experienced. He wrote to Miss Partridge about the education he was receiving through his wife: “I am beginning to learn. It is a wonderful thing to be under the tuition of life rather than of learning and to be perpetually surprised by strange reversals of customs, doctrines, conventions and creeds” (L, 284–85). Dorothy, like Caleb Morris, “has not taken her Christ from a book. . . . and yet I never heard of anybody to whom he is so constantly present. His living presence seems to be the substance of her religion.” In other words, her Christ was indwelling and transformed her life so that she acted not by the law but through spontaneous love. In one letter White tells Dorothy that he loves her because she can dispense with duty, because she acts naturally and lovingly without self-conscious thought (GD, 409). One could say that the power of grace in Dorothy evoked the true self of Hale White. As his nature slowly “straightened out,” through love and tentatively, he came into the freedom of being he had sought. The quality of this last rebirth is indicated in a passage in the “1910 Manuscript”:

> My creed, it is true, so far as it was defined, did not change, but . . . the whole of life was altered. Men and women now look differently; the world looks differently. My judgements are not what they would have been without Dorothy. They are regulated on a different principle. We have not made inquiry of one another as to what is usually called religion. If anybody were to question me it would be found that I should express myself much the same as I did ten years ago, and yet Dorothy’s influence has been so great that, when I am most myself, it is her language I use and I kneel by her side. We belong to the same Church of Christ.

And it was as if the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.