
A table of contents for *The Churchman* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_churchman_os.php

THE

CHURCHMAN

DECEMBER, 1885.

ART I.—THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT CRISIS.

I DO not think that attention has been drawn, as it should be, in the late discussions, to the two Acts of Parliament, "The Statute of Carlisle," 35th of Edward I., and "The Statute of Provisors," 25th of Edward III. The preamble of the latter recites the former to some extent. Thus (I translate from the Norman-French): "Whereas the Holy Church of England was founded in the estate of Prelacy in the Realm of England by the King's grandfather and his progenitors, and earls, barons, and nobles of this realm and their ancestors, to inform them and the people in the law of God; and certain possessions, lands, and rents, as well as advowsons, amounting to a great value, were assigned by the said founders to the prelates and others of Holy Church in the said realm, in order that they might sustain this charge." The preamble proceeds: "That the Bishoprics . . . were endowed with the intention that the Crown should have the benefit of the advice and counsel of such Bishops for the safeguard of the realm; but the Pope of Rome claiming to himself the Lordship of these possessions and benefices gave them to aliens . . . as if he had been patron, which by the law of England he was not." And then it proceeds to make the well-known enactments against the "Provisions" of the Pope on the ground that "our Lord the King is bound by his oath to join with the Parliament to make remedy and law to remove these mischiefs."

This was the famous Statute of Provisors. I quote the preamble at length in order that I may show what was thought 530 years ago as to the origin of the endowments of the Church of England, and as to their object. They came from the kings and nobles of the land, and were devoted to the purpose of teaching the people in the law of God. Thus a distinction was made between the ministers of the Church as

teachers and the people as taught. The conception of the identity of the Church and the people was not in the mind of Edward and his advisers, although, no doubt, the hope was that all the people would be embraced within the Church, and, in a way, we may say that all were; but I think that it is clear that the mere fact of a number of people refusing to be taught in the law of God by the ministers of the Church, cannot in reason be assigned as ground why either in any particular locality or over any large extent of country, the incomes of the clergy should be taken away. At all events, let it be distinctly understood that, if the nation or the majority of it should deliberately decide to use these endowments for other purposes, it will be deliberately taking away property which was intended and is being used for teaching the people in the law of God.

Mr. Hubbard, at the Brighton session of the Chichester Diocesan Conference, in a speech, the greater part of which met with my warm concurrence, mentioned, amongst other reforms which he desired, the exclusion of Bishops from the House of Lords. No doubt the education of the country is enormously advanced since the reign of Edward III., and it may appear that the advice and counsel of the Bishops in the House of Lords is not as necessary for the welfare of the country as it was regarded to be in the year 1350. Then action was taken against the Pope, because he deprived the country of their advice; but I am inclined to ask whether England at large was not benefited by the indignant protest of the present Archbishop, in the Session of 1884, when some Peer had insinuated that all young men had been unchaste? That protest was wanted: yet no man except members of the Episcopal Bench raised his voice against the insinuation. No doubt many of the Peers present had been as pure as the Archbishop himself; but we can easily conceive the motives which induced them to be silent. We are thankful, and England is thankful, that the Archbishop was there to speak.

We often hear that up to the reign of George IV. the Parliaments of England were composed of none but members of the Church of England, and that it is in consequence of the great changes introduced in that reign that a House of representative Church laymen is needed now. I do not question the need, but I wish to draw attention to the inaccuracy of the statement upon which the inference is based. The Acts which were repealed in that reign were enacting Acts of Parliament, excluding persons from the Parliament who had previously been eligible as members. And anyone conversant with the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I., must be aware that the Parliaments of those reigns contained many

who could not be called members of the Church of England. Amongst them, avowed infidels might be found. Indeed, the Parliamentary History of the reign of Elizabeth with regard to Church matters is most instructive; and I wish that some one would give a readable account of it. We have spent energy enough on the question of "the Advertisements;" I wish that more attention was drawn to the reforms which were proposed in the House of Commons, but checked first by the power of the Crown, and secondly by the somewhat weak remarks which we find in the last chapters of the famous Fifth Book of the "Ecclesiastical Polity."

We hear a good deal of the persecuting spirit of the Church in times gone by. I do not think it is sufficiently known that it was the House of Commons which, in the year 1662, insisted on the extreme measures which were then enacted to drive Baxter and the rest out of their preferment. Both the King and the House of Lords were anxious to render more easy the terms of subscription; and the King himself proposed that he should have the power of saving some of the loyal ministers from the chains which the House of Commons was disposed to throw over them. The Commons absolutely refused to listen to this, and the Bill was passed as they would have it.

We hear a good deal of the "National Church." I do not know that the Church of England as such has ever claimed the title. However, if it is only understood what the title means, there can be no objection to it. It does not mean that the Church is identical with the Nation; as long as people die unbaptized, this cannot be. Whether the Church is regarded as the ἐκκλησία (the congregation of faithful men), or as the body of the ἐκλεκτοί (the body of Christ), it cannot be identical with the Nation. In England it is "National," because it speaks to the Nation and its efforts have been recognised by the Nation. And the following point is worthy the attention of our clergy. The State does not require us to baptize a child, or to bury a corpse; at all events, the State does not punish us if we refuse to do either the one or the other. It is the law of the Church which bids us perform these functions, and punishes us if we refuse. It is the law of the Church which ordains that we should prepare children for confirmation, and visit the sick. It may be said, perhaps, that by the Act of Uniformity the Prayer Book appoints the mode in which these functions are to be performed, and directs that we should perform them; but I insist that the law of the land provides no penalty for non-performance: *that* has been left

entirely to our Ecclesiastical Law, *i.e.* (in these matters), to the Canons of 1604, administered in the Ecclesiastical Courts.

I desire much to be informed correctly when the words "Established Church" first came into vogue. I must confess that I rarely, if ever, use the phrase myself except when I am compelled to do it in the Bidding Prayer in the University Church. My impression is that the term arises from a mistake. In the Bidding Prayer of the Canons of 1604, the words are: "The churches of England, Ireland, and Scotland." The form of subscription required by the Act of Uniformity calls upon us to promise that "We will conform to the Liturgy of the Church of England, as it is now by law established." The Liturgy had just been altered and established by law; but no change had come over the constitution of the Church. Thus it was the Liturgy that was then established, and not the Church. So in a previous Act a check was put upon petitions for alteration of matters established by law in Church or State.

Again, in the Convention Parliament of William and Mary, the oath directed to be taken by King or Queen is that he or she will "maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and Protestant reformed religion established by law." But I do not know at what period the term "Established Church" was introduced as a common phrase. I repeat, I believe it came in by a mistake. During the short period when I had charge of a parish I was in the habit of drawing my pen through the word "Established" in the Marriage Registers, and making it read "Church of England" instead.

Some readers of THE CHURCHMAN may remember the humble apology that Mr. Maurice made in certain copies of the third volume of his first edition of "The Kingdom of Christ," because the phrase "Established Church" had crept in on page xviii. of the preface. His language is this: "He trusts that his readers will see from the context, or at least by a perusal of the letter itself, that the word 'Established' must be a misprint for 'English;' to the best of his knowledge he has never used the phrase 'Established Church' once in these letters, nor is he at all certain that he knows what it means." I entirely sympathize with him.

P.S.—Since the above was written my attention has been drawn to the third Canon of 1604, where we meet with a denunciation of those who "affirm that the Church of England, by law established under the King's majesty, is not a true and apostolical Church." Happily we have the original Latin, and there we read, "Ecclesiam Anglicanam, sub regia majestate

legibus stabilitam." The word "established" is found also in the English of Canon IV., used of "the form of liturgy;" and in Canon VI. of the "rites and ceremonies of the Church," standing in the former for *stabilitam*, in the latter for *constitutas* (Canon V. may be compared). But, although these Canons exhibit the origin of the word, none of them warrants the use of the term "Established Church" as a proper designation of the Church of England, and I can only repeat my objection to it. I can attach no meaning to the phrase "Ecclesia stabilita;" and, if it is said that the short title is convenient, I can only refer to the enormous mischief generated in the Church by the designation of an Act intended to simplify the proceedings of Ecclesiastical Courts, by the short title "Public Worship Regulation Act."

C. A. SWAINSON.

ART. II.—THE REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.

IN a former article we traced the first beginning of the persecutions in the provinces, and the abortive revolt in Languedoc which afforded plausible justification for increased severities. It remains to describe the development of the *Dragonnades*, the striking at last of the great blow, so long and so carefully prepared, and the story of the Dispersion.

If Marillac enjoys the unenviable distinction of having invented the "*mission bottée*," he must yield to another the credit of having elaborated its resources and multiplied its effects. The Memoirs of Foucault[1] are an invaluable witness—as coming from one who was the protagonist in the drama, and as relating with the utmost candour, and even pride, his share in the persecution. Foucault came to Béarn at Colbert's death in partial disgrace, transferred to this secondary post from the rich district of Montauban. He determined to follow in the steps of Marillac, and secure the favour of the dominant party at Court. That which makes his whole personality even more despicable than his model, was his utter indifference to the beliefs which he oppressed so cruelly. He was a cool-headed, ambitious man of the world, scholarly in his tastes, and had edited the treatise of Lactantius *de morte persecutorum* in his earlier days. While Colbert's subordinate, he had acted in the spirit of that great statesman, he had been kind to the Huguenots. In the last stage of his

[1] "Mémoires" (1641-1719), publ. par. F. Baudry, 4to. 1862.

life, the needs of fortune-making past, he was to drop the *rôle* of persecutor, and become once more the genial and indulgent philosopher.

Even in the period of persecution he was always smooth in manners; he had, as a contemporary describes, "the soul of an inquisitor with the face of a courtier." He disliked the priests, but flattered and served those of whom, in his Memoirs, he was to speak as "*gens oisifs et inutiles.*" His work at first was that of the "exclusions." He found that out of the two hundred *avocats* at Pau, no less than one hundred and fifty were Huguenots. The reader may think that a large reduction in this somewhat startling number might indeed have been beneficial, but his method was to debar all the Huguenots from the right to plead. In August, 1684, Foucault visited Paris in order to test, by personal observation, the state of royal and ministerial feeling. He had an audience with Louis at Fontainebleau, where he assured his sovereign that "all Béarn yielded to him the old fealty to Henri IV." Louis, who when not blinded by flattery and false reports, possessed a keen insight into the conditions of the kingdom, replied rather doubtfully that the *Béarnais* were always a difficult folk to manage. Then Foucault explained his plan, or rather the object of his design, leaving the means untold. He suggested that five Huguenot temples were amply sufficient in the district to satisfy the letter of the Edict. The King sanctioned the closing of the rest. The remaining details were equally acceptable, and before the end of the interview, Louis manifested his approval by calling in all the Ministers of State, and Foucault relates with pride that his praises were sounded by the royal lips: "*Il leur parla de moi plus avantageusement que je ne méritais.*"

On his return to his province he performed his masterstroke. Empowered to close all but five of the Huguenot "temples," he selected for the assumed amnesty precisely those against the ministers of which had been lodged accusations of breach of the recent restrictive laws. It was but for a short time that they survived the rest. Within six weeks all public Huguenot worship was abolished in Béarn, and the pastors forced to leave the province. Congratulations came from Court to reward these achievements. "The King reads my reports with pleasure," he boasts in his Memoirs, "and puts them aside to be read once more." Eager to preserve this pre-eminent favour, Foucault advanced to stronger measures. He wrote for a *blank order* to employ soldiers, asserting that no violence would be used, that the "simple sight of them" would suffice. The first of these armed missionary journeys "converted five thousand souls." He ventured to promise

that, within two months, not a single Huguenot should be found within the province. Every expedient was now employed. The *Noblesse* were intimidated by a proposed inquisition into their titles. The easiest terms of abjuration were accepted: the sign of the cross made once, the recitation of the creed in Latin, or of the *Paternoster*, even the utterance of the bare words "*Je me réunis*," sufficed to satisfy the political requirements of these new missionaries. Some of the curés, to their credit be it said, were more merciful than these secular persecutors, and kept silence as to apparent submissions, the reality of which they had the best reasons for doubting.[1] But Foucault and his subordinates were prepared to treat the slightest recalcitrance on the part of the *nouveaux convertis* as an act of formal relapse, to be visited by severest penalties.

A fitting counterpart to the "Memoirs" of Foucault, in their naïve admissions of complicity in these cruelties, is furnished by Cosnac, Bishop of Valence, once a sort of valet or factotum in the days of the Fronde to the Prince de Conti, and rewarded with a bishopric for his dubious services in arranging a marriage between his patron and one of the nieces of Cardinal Mazarin. He also excelled in the destruction of the Huguenot "temples" in his diocese, reducing the original number of eighty to twelve, then (after a visit to Versailles) further reducing the twelve to two, which seemed, from their reputation for prompt obedience to every edict, absolutely secure. But the Bishop's ingenuity triumphed. One of them was condemned in Council, on the strength of a false representation. The other was closed by a direct royal edict, granted on Cosnac's prayer. So he rivalled Foucault in anticipating the work of ultimate revocation, while he far outstripped him in the language of fulsome loyalty. It is hard to believe that a monarch, not without mental power, could have accepted such a compliment as this: "I will dwell only on this feature of your admirable life, Sire, for you are too glorious to be surveyed entirely. I should quote in vain the praises given to early Christian emperors: they would furnish but insufficient matter to express the glory which your Majesty has gained in the interests of religion." This was the spiritual food on which Louis fed at this time; grosser at times, sometimes with more refinement and suggestion, but still, whether from a Bossuet or a Cosnac, ever the same in substance, until at last,

[1] One curé preserved his Huguenot parishioners from the soldiery by offering them the following elastic formula: 'I acknowledge the Catholic Church *as it was in the days of the Apostles*, and I renounce and abjure all errors which have since been introduced.' (Benoist, "Hist. de l'Edit," iv. 361.)

as if by revelation, came the admission, after the disasters of war, after the monarch's own death, in the opening words of Massillon's discourse, "GOD ALONE IS GREAT."

And so the work went on, the same means employed, the results varying only in accordance with the personal character of the Intendant. At Orange, the Huguenot minister Chambrun was tortured into abjuration. He was deprived of sleep, his cell constantly occupied by soldiers, until body and soul broke down. At Bordeaux, the Marquis de Boufflers so well obeyed the advice of Louvois, that by the month of August (1685) no fewer than 130,000 Huguenots had abjured. In Normandy, all the temples had been closed already before the year 1684. The proved talents of Marillac were employed here for a time, with the expected success.[1] At Caen, the official instructions were almost equally explicit. The Intendant was to "make use of the King's troops in order to oblige them to change their religion." If an almost humorous incident could be noticed amid the sombre surroundings, we might smile at the phenomenal voracity of the Dragoon missionaries, who devoured Gargantuan repasts at the expense of the Huguenots, the lengthy bill of fare having been preserved in official archives.[2] At Meaux, Bossuet did not disdain, after closing the temples, to beg from the Government their materials.

At Paris, a different procedure was required by the conditions of the population, and the certainty that any cruelties would be at once known in other countries. Up to the very last the famous temple at Charenton continued its services, and the adroit La Reynie, Chief of the Police, confined his efforts to the extremest exercise of the edicts excluding from civil privileges and public institutions of help. His great engine was in the stringent law against the so-called "Relapse." As soon as an alleged act of "reunion" had taken place, the victim was surrounded by moral barriers, and no return was possible. If it could not be obtained, the logic of Dragoons, when possible, was then invoked.

But as the summer of 1685 passed away, the struggle was already at an end. The Huguenot *people* were conquered, or at least paralyzed. Even in the Cevennes, where such heroic resistance was to be made later, all was silence and submission. And so it seemed that the great Edict of 1598 was no longer more than a mere form of words, a worthless parchment, and that to

[1] Louvois, in this instance, was provoked to write all his mind: "Il n'y a de plus sûr moyen que d'y faire venir beaucoup de cavalerie, et de la faire vivre chez eux *fort licencieusement*." (A. Michel, "Louvois et les Protestants," p. 250.)

[2] "Bulletin de la Société de l'Hist. du Protes." ii. 580.

declare its revocation was not to change anything, but merely to declare what had come to pass. The choice of the exact moment was indicated also by contemporary events in Europe. In February, Charles II. of England had been succeeded by his brother; a concealed Roman Catholic by one who gloried in that religion; a monarch amenable in some respects to public opinion, giving place to one determined to suffer no will but his own, and to carry out in practice once more the wildest theories of personal monarchy. But even James II. was not at once to be depended on. Was his throne secure, men asked, with a double invasion threatening from the camp of exiles in Holland, where they found a base of operations in the territories of the prince who was himself in three years to occupy the throne? But that double invasion of Monmouth and Argyle set forth, made its efforts, and failed utterly and irretrievably. Argyle was executed in June, Monmouth in July; and now James seemed one of the strongest monarchs in Europe. He had the deepest obligations to Louis XIV., and could be counted on with a double reason of gratitude; for, in his case, there would be the hope of future favours in the way of French subsidies. No other Protestant nation was to be feared. William of Orange had no longer a European coalition at his back. Charles XI. of Sweden had hereditary links of alliance with France, and was now reposing after a protracted struggle with Denmark. Only one power came into consideration, and that not on account of its area and population, but from the pre-eminent genius of its ruler. For nearly two generations the States of Brandenburg and Prussia had been governed by Frederick William, who had well merited his title of "Great Elector." Without a great army, he had exercised such an influence in the concluding portion of the Thirty Years' War as to receive without dispute a great enlargement of territory; he had created a navy on the Baltic; he had defeated Sweden at Fehrbellin. Once he had protested against the injustice of the treatment of the Huguenots, and Louis XIV. had replied with a forced courtesy, not wishing to provoke one who might be a formidable foe. But alone he could not influence the policy of France. And so the blow fell.

The last Protestant academy (Montauban) had been suppressed in March; in *June*, the great Church of Caen was closed, and Du Bosc, the most eloquent of Huguenot preachers, condemned to perpetual silence; the penalty of the galleys was imposed on all who should seek safety in voluntary exile. *July* witnessed the suppression of all Protestant worship in Sedan, a few days later (July 30th) in every episcopal seat, and the prohibition to print or circulate Protestant literature in any form; in *August*, a decree appeared that Huguenot

orphans were to be educated in the Roman Catholic faith under all circumstances; in *September*, physicians and apothecaries were forbidden to practise any more. And in the midst of these important acts there appeared a vast number of minor edicts, importing small vexations, hardly to be regarded in the presence of weightier evils, and almost incomprehensible under the theory that the great and final stroke was already determined on. What, for instance, was the object of the edict of July 13th, declaring that the chaplains of private châteaux might not exercise their ministry for more than three years in the same place?

From this and other similar cases two possible conclusions seem admissible:

(1) That the Revocation was not finally determined on until the very last.

(2) That the real movers, Louvois, and his father the Chancellor, on one side, and Madame de Maintenon, had some reason to conceal their object from the King, or from one another.

It was in the previous year—the day is not certain, but probably it was the middle of June—that Madame de Maintenon attained the end of her ambition in becoming, by a private marriage, the consort of Louis XIV.[1] There were but three witnesses, Louvois, Bontemps, and Montchevreuil. The doubt as to the date gives proof of how well the secret was kept. And now she found what she had gained. Her business was, as she wrote bitterly afterwards, "to amuse a man *qui n'est plus amusable*." Her niece, Madame de Caylus, relates that once, as they were regarding the great carp swimming slowly in the marble basins of Marly, Madame de Maintenon exclaimed: "They are like me, they regret their mud." S. Simon gives an account of the daily life of this extraordinary couple; "they were never separated; each day Madame de Maintenon was installed in the room where the King received his ministers and gave audiences. She heard everything, and seldom uttered a word. Sometimes the King asked her advice. In that case she never seemed to interest herself for any person or cause, but she generally agreed with the Minister."

Turning to Dangeau's diary, under date of Monday, Oct. 22, 1685, we find the following:

Fontainebleau. The king, after dinner, attended the stag-hunt in his carriage; there were with him Madame la Duchesse de Bourbon and Madame de Maintenon. That day was registered the repeal of the Edict of Nantes, and all remaining temples were at once ordered to be destroyed. In the evening there was an Italian comedy.

[1] Art. "Aubigné" in Haag, "France Protestante," i. 531.

And now let us examine the Edict of Revocation.

The preamble, very skilfully drawn up, gave a number of reasons, once forcible, now irrelevant, for the granting of the original Edict. The main object was to prove that, from the first, it had been *intended* as a temporary measure. It was asserted that Henri IV. always planned the final reunion of the two religions; that, in the reign of his successor, the Edict had been at one time suspended, and at last very materially altered. Finally, it was declared that, as the greater and better part of the population had already abjured their errors, the Edict was no longer needed.

The first article proceeded to declare the Edict withdrawn and annulled. All places of Huguenot worship to be suppressed, whether in public temples, or in the private chapels of the *seigneurs*. The pastors were to leave the kingdom within fifteen days, in case they still refused to abjure. Pensions and other bribes[1] were freely offered. Above all, the attempt to seek religious liberty by voluntary exile, except in the case of the ministers, was to be punished with the galleys. And then, with an irony that can hardly have been wholly unconscious, the Edict of Revocation ended with the words:

Those of the R.P.R. who still persist in their errors, may remain in peace and continue their trade and business, without hindrance, on giving full obedience to the above articles.

CAR TEL EST NOTRE PLAISIR.

Beneath the signature of Louis appeared the trembling characters of the aged Chancellor Le Tellier,[2] and the document was sealed with the great seal of green wax, on bands of red and green silk. The last assurance was a mockery. Louvois, in sending the Edict to the provinces, wrote: "His Majesty intends that the greatest severity (*les dernières rigueurs*) should be shown to those who will not abjure, and those who aim at the foolish glory of being the last should be driven to the last extremity." And so the Dragonnades went on, while the tide of voluntary exile was draining out of France the best part of the population.

How was the Revocation received by the Roman Catholics? By officials, who saw vast future emolument in the confiscations, with enthusiasm. By the Gallican clergy, anxious to prove orthodoxy after expressing their disregard for Rome, with triumph. Bossuet's funeral oration on Le Tellier, who died a week after signing the Revocation, was pronounced at

[1] Huguenots abjuring were to be permitted to become *avocats* without probation, and on paying half the usual fees.

[2] An excellent *fac simile* has been recently published by the Society of French Protestant History, and issued with the October number of their *Bulletin*.

the Church of St. Gervais (Jan. 25, 1586), in presence of a vast assemblage, the Nuncio, archbishops, bishops, dukes, marshals of France, and dignitaries of all classes. As usual, Bossuet entered into a detailed history of his subject's political life. At the close, he described the Revocation, and introduced one of those high-flown compliments to the King, which alone convince us how greatly the canons of good taste can be modified by time. "Take your sacred pens, ye who compose the annals of the Church, and hasten to place Louis with Constantine and Theodosius." And, after drawing a parallel between the forcible suppression of Paganism by the Christian emperors, he said:

That is what our fathers admired in the first days of the Church. But our ancestors saw not, as we are seeing, a heresy disappear at once, the wandering flocks returning in multitudes, our churches too narrow to receive them; their false pastors abandoning them even without waiting for the order [*this was unworthy of Bossuet* (!)] and happy to plead banishment as excuse. . . . . Touched with such marvels, let us pour forth our hearts in admiration for the piety of Louis. Let us carry our acclamations to Heaven, and let us say to this new Constantine, this new Theodosius, this new Marcian, this new Charlemagne, what the 630 Fathers at Chalcedon once exclaimed . . . . "King of Heaven, preserve the king of the earth!"

Although he made no public utterance, Fénelon, in all his writings, showed his full approval of the Revocation. He makes use of the illustration of "parental correction." In a *Mandement*, delivered in 1714, he expressly declared that the Church was forced to cut off "gangrened limbs," was bound to suppress all indocility by force, and to abstain from "cowardly compassion."[1]

And this strange aberration of really great minds was shared, not only by their colleagues, but by people of all orders of culture. We find even the kindly Madame Sévigné telling her correspondent that "the Dragoons have proved themselves excellent missionaries, and that no monarch had ever done a greater deed than the Revocation." There was only one utterance, as far as we know, from among that generation, though it was kept secret in memoirs, meant only to see the light after the writer's death. Saint Simon has left a page of burning condemnation, that has only the fatal disadvantage of being read now when all agree with it, or profess to do so.

In spite of the prohibition an exodus commenced, which has no parallel in the history of modern Europe. From the year 1685 onwards, for more than ten years, in all directions,

[1] He quoted with approval St. Augustine's words about the Donatists where he declares: "*medicinali vindicta, terribili lenitate et caritatis severitate . . . . ubicunque isti lupi apparuerint conterendi sunt.*" (Douen, "L'Intolérance de Fénélon," p. 157.)

towards England, Holland, Switzerland, North Germany, there passed away the best of the French nation, to receive gracious welcome in those lands where they were to become faithful and profitable citizens.[1]

To effect an escape at all, many performed unwillingly the form of abjuration. "The dread," says Dumont de Bostaquet, "of seeing so many women and children exposed to the insults of the troopers . . . constrained me to subscribe my engagement to embrace the Catholic religion at the ensuing Christmas."[2] Others made use of false passports, which had served a similar purpose for many others. Of both expedients those who availed themselves could plead in excuse that not the saving of property, but the honour of wives and sisters, had been the sole influencing motive. But a vast number disdained this means of averting the difficulties of flight. Thousands were captured on the way, and filled the frontier prisons; in that of Tournay there were 700 such captives alone in 1687. Others were sent to the colonies, and perished under a confinement comparable to the "middle passage' of the slave-trade.[3] To estimate the number of the refugees is only approximately possible; the statistics furnished are often incapable of verification. According to the report of Bouchu, no less than 15,300 left the single province of Dauphiné, between the years 1683-7.[4]

Every means was adopted to stay the exodus. Threats, false reports of shelter refused in the foreign lands, were employed in vain. The remaining Huguenots were assured that, in England, more than ten thousand refugees had perished through the hardness of the climate, and from starvation, and that the rest were eager to return. Spies followed those who had escaped, and sometimes succeeded in decoying back those who hoped to regain some part of their abandoned possessions. Or else they elicited the names of relatives who had not yet effected their escape, and their movements in France were watched. Great rewards were offered for the capture of fugitives; he who secured one received half the forfeited goods; he who could procure the arrest of twelve was for ever freed from taxes. But nothing stayed the emigration. The seaports of England and Holland were crowded; the captains of merchant vessels on these coasts amassed fortunes.

[1] The exodus had begun, indeed, at an earlier period. From 1681, the expressions of sympathy in England, and the offer of civil privileges, had attracted numerous refugees. In Holland there were many who arrived from 1683 onwards; and so, rather later, in the other countries. (R. L. Poole, "Huguenots of Dispersion," Chaps. IV.-VII.)

[2] "Mémoires de Dumont," p. 107.

[3] R. L. Poole, "Huguenots of Dispersion," pp. 30, 31.

[4] Arnaud, "Histoire des Protestants de Dauphiné."

It is said that £200,000 was paid in fees for passage alone. Sometimes the sentries on the frontiers were bribed by the offer of more than the capture itself would have secured them. Most arrived penniless at the place of refuge.

Holland and Brandenburg received the refugees gladly, liberally, in emulation as to the speedy performance of an act, the ultimate reward of which was sure. England, under the hostile auspices of James II., and disturbed by grave political debates, nevertheless responded liberally to the claim upon her benevolence. In vain did James assent to Barillon's suggestions, and order Claude's *Plaintes des Protestants* to be burnt. A great relief fund was raised, in response to a royal brief, ordering collections in every church. In the year 1687 as many as sixteen thousand refugees had been assisted, including 143 ministers, and 283 persons of rank and title. Five churches, in addition to that already existing in Threadneedle Street, were built for their use in London, and twelve more in the country. The bare waste of the Spitalfields was entirely occupied by the refugees. In one generation nine churches were built there, and the silk trade of London increased twenty-fold. Bethnal Green was also largely built on. At Greenwich, Norwich, Canterbury, Bristol, Southampton, Plymouth, Barnstaple, and Exeter, not to mention the important settlements in Ireland, prosperous communities arose, gradually to be fused with the elements of the nation. But the story of the Dispersion opens a field so vast and so important that we must forego even the attempt to sketch its outline.[1] The gratitude of the refugees was manifested in the truest and surest way, by their active and industrious life, keeping up, indeed, the best of the ancestral traditions, but willingly undertaking the necessary burthens as well as the privileges of their new citizenship. It is rather to their attitude with regard to their original country, and to their persecuting monarch, that we would, in conclusion, devote the brief space that remains to us. It is true that some of the refugees proved their gratitude to the countries which received them, by enlisting under their banners, and in some instances, as in the Irish campaign of 1690, crossed bayonets with their own countrymen, in defence of their adopted country. But there was no vindictive upbraiding, no joy in the disasters which were so soon to be the Nemesis of French bigotry and tyranny. A Jurieu may have occasionally overstepped the limits of this graceful and Christian reticence, but his was the solitary exception which proved a laudable rule. And for the

[1] The labours of Messrs. Agnew, Poole, Weiss and Burn have not exhausted the scope of inquiry, and much still remains for future research.

nobler minds among that goodly company which had abandoned all for the Gospel's sake, there was yet the feeling of patriotism, in spite of all; the memories of the fair land never more to be seen, of the old home treasured in the recollections of childhood, of the national glories not yet obscured, of the land which had given birth to Calvin and Beza, Dumoulin and Blondel, Amyraut and Daillé, Dubosc and Bochart and Claude; and in many a heart the vow was breathed, *If I forget thee, O Jerusalem!*

And even of the persecuting King himself hardly a bitter word was spoken. They had learnt so truly the lessons of subjection to the earthly power, in a manner hardly intelligible to our modern civilization, but congenial to the spirit of primitive Christianity, that to suffer in silence seemed the fitting attribute of those who were Christians in more than their profession only. And when the great orator, Jacques Saurin, in 1709, was addressing to the congregation of refugees in the Court chapel of the Hague that memorable sermon on "Fleeting Piety," which deservedly ranks as one of the masterpieces of Christian eloquence, the climax of the splendid appeal to his flock was in a prayer for the great persecutor himself, for him at whose word they had been driven into exile—"that he who had so long been the instrument of God's wrath might become one day the minister of His grace and bounty." Surely there could have been no more fitting epilogue to the great historic tragedy than in this true imitation of Christ.

JOHN DE SOYRES.

ART. III.—BIBLE CLASSES FOR YOUNG LADIES.

THE following letter, which needs no editorial preface, will be read, we are sure, with deep interest:

It has given me great pleasure to accede to your request that I should write a short account of my Bible Class for Young Ladies.

I believe there are but few well-organized parishes in the land in which at least one Bible Class does not exist for domestic servants, warehouse girls, shop girls, etc., while not unfrequently the children of their employers are left, as far as religious instruction is concerned, sadly too much to their own resources.

How often it happens that while the maids in the kitchen or servants' hall are reading and searching their Bibles in preparation for their much-valued Sunday-School Class, the young ladies in the drawing-room are left entirely without special religious teaching, and chiefly spend their time in the most frivolous occupations or in devouring literature which, to say the least of it, is not of an elevating character.

I was much impressed many years ago in hearing from my husband of a remark made to him on this subject by a Christian lady of title. She said, "We" (meaning those in her station of life) "are the people who are most neglected by the clergy; for while they visit the working classes regularly, and do not scruple to speak to them about their souls, we and our children are left to ourselves, and seldom or ever, except in church, hear of anything but that which relates to this world." Possibly this statement made a deeper impression upon me than it would upon some, owing to the fact that for many years I had experienced the blessing of having received definite religious teaching in a Sunday School of a *unique* character—it being composed almost entirely of the children of professional men, Liverpool merchants, etc.

My beloved pastor (and afterwards brother-in-law) was Vicar of a parish in which there was no house under an annual rental of less than £20. Consequently it was impossible to collect a Sunday School of the poor. But he did not on that account dispense with such an agency; on the contrary, the children of the congregation met every Sunday afternoon for instruction in God's Word and the real teaching of the Book of Common Prayer.

It was there that some of my happiest hours were spent in receiving Christian instruction, not only from my teacher, but also from the simple, earnest, yet powerful address which each Sabbath fell from the lips of him who "now being dead, yet speaketh," and whose consistent life and holy example are bearing blessed fruit in the hearts of numbers of young people who will form part of his "crown of rejoicing" in that day when God makes up His jewels.

I would venture to say, in passing, that I feel sure if similar Sunday schools were more generally adopted in suburban parishes they would be found not only to be popular, but much appreciated. As a rule it is not the fault of the people that they do not more constantly study God's Word, but because they are not shown the privilege of such instruction being given both by the clergy and their helpers.

My first attempt at teaching girls of the upper classes was in this school, where, after my marriage, I had twelve placed under my charge; and greatly attached did we become to one another. Seldom or ever were the girls absent on the Sunday afternoon; and their earnestness and attention were quite touching, especially considering that I was only a year or two the senior of several of them. Two were the daughters of a well-known Christian nobleman, two or three others the children of extremely wealthy merchants, and some, though equal in birth and education, were not in so good a position. But they all met on equal ground, and the best and most Christian spirit pervaded the whole class. It was not only on Sundays that an influence for good was exercised upon them, for constantly during the week I received visits and letters from those who were in any religious doubt or difficulty, and most blessed and happy was the result.

Only a couple of years ago, I unexpectedly met a member of that class in London, who is now moving in the first society, and also devoting her large fortune and time to God's work; when telling me of trials, which by God's grace had been the means of drawing her nearer to her Saviour, she added with tears in her eyes, "but it was in that happy class more than twenty years ago that I first began to give my heart to God." She then told me of another member of the same class who is walking in the narrow way. Several other instances of the same kind have occurred. Surely such testimonies are worth a lifetime of toil, and are blessed confirmations of the precious promise, "My word shall not return unto Me void."

After about four years of happy and profitable intercourse, it was unexpectedly brought to a close by my husband accepting the charge of a large parish in the important town of Sheffield. Here our work entirely changed, and from being surrounded by none but the well-to-do class, we were plunged into the midst of a population of artisans and labouring people. Among other agencies we established several Bible Classes for young men and women, all of which by God's blessing prospered. Many were the cheering testimonies which we received of help and comfort to young people who passed out of our hands to other towns, and even to other countries. Every moment of our time was more than filled up, and it appeared as though the special work for which I had been so anxious was not what my Heavenly Father saw was best for me.

Thus about twelve years passed, and my thoughts were quite turned into another channel, when God in His inscrutable wisdom saw fit to lay His hand upon me, and for nearly three years I was comparatively laid aside by illness, and it was thought even by my medical man that I should never again be able to do the same amount in the way of parish-work. Thank God such was not the case, for at the present moment I am able to do more actual work than at any previous period of my life.

But "man's extremity is God's opportunity," for by this means I was as it were driven from outside work, and after earnest prayer for guidance to be "led in a straight path," I determined to try and gather together a few of the daughters of our leading manufacturers and townspeople to a Bible Class to be held at the Vicarage every fortnight.

I commenced with about fifteen members, and gradually increased until we numbered thirty, which was as many as our dining-room would accommodate. This continued until we were again removed from the parish and people among whom we had laboured with such pleasure and profit for seventeen years, my husband having accepted the charge of the Mother Church of Sheffield. This move, however, did not necessitate the relinquishing of my class, but gave me an opportunity of adding to its numbers. Within six months of our being settled between sixty and seventy additional names were enrolled, and I am thankful to be able to add that I am constantly being asked to receive new members, the only difficulty again being the size of our room.

I imagine that it may be suggested—Why not go to one of your parish rooms and accommodate a much larger number? I believe if I adopted this plan the class would lose much of its interest, for the girls come to the Vicarage, feeling to me as I do to them, as if we were a large family. The warmest and truest affection binds us together; they come to me with their troubles and difficulties, feeling certain of my sympathy and best advice, and I attribute this loving confidence to be chiefly owing to the feeling which is inspired by meeting together as one family, under a clergyman's roof, to learn something of the world beyond the grave, as taught in the Word of God.

That the class is appreciated is shown by the regular attendance of most of the members, and so anxious are some of my young friends to join it that they have asked me to keep a vacancy for them when they leave school. This is the more remarkable as there is no excitement of any kind, nor is any conversation carried on either before or at the close.

Our plan is as follows: We meet on the second and fourth Tuesday in each month; and, as a reminder, I have small cards printed (kindly done by a friend) with the name of the place and the hour of meeting on the outside, the inside being ruled for twelve months. Each young lady is asked to mark her own attendances on it, while I keep a similar register immediately after they leave. At the end of the year I read the number of

attendances, without mentioning names, thus showing the regularity or otherwise of the members.

We commence by prayer and singing a hymn, after which one text or more is read in order by each member, to prove some subject which has been given at the previous class; for instance: "Prove the omniscience of God," "of Christ," "of the Holy Ghost;" these would form three subjects, and the various attributes of each person would form a long catalogue. I also give subjects of a less difficult nature, as: "Mention the remarkable stones of Scripture," "The oaks," "The wells," "The women," etc. These questions create great interest, and are a source of pleasure and profit, not only to the girls, but also to some of their friends.

It may not be out of place here to narrate an incident in connection with this part of the work: When travelling by rail, about three years ago, two young men entered the carriage in which my husband and I were seated. They were known to him, but perfect strangers to me. He introduced them by saying: "Do you know Mrs. —— ?" When one of them replied: "Not personally, but very well by name; for I am quite interested in trying to find out the answers to her Bible questions which my sister, who attends her class, brings home; and many an hour on Sunday afternoons have I spent in searching my Bible for the answers."

But to return to my class. After all have given a text upon the question, I read my notes upon the portion of Scripture considered on the previous occasion, as a reminder to those who were present, and to form a connecting-link for those who were absent. We then read in rotation the regular portion of Scripture—the length of which depends upon whether we have formerly considered a similar passage—its interest, etc. Sometimes ten verses are sufficient, while on another occasion twenty-five verses are not too much; but whatever the length, I carefully prepare it, spending hours in seeking out all the information in my power, and reading every book upon the subject within my reach. I then make notes of the leading points, and, in humble dependence upon the aid of God's Holy Spirit, impart it in as interesting a manner as possible to my class.

I find by this means I can introduce all kinds of practical subjects, not only of a personal character, but also as regards the teaching and doctrine of our beloved Church.

The class, which is held in the middle of the afternoon, lasts exactly one hour, and I am very careful to be punctual, so that carriages may not be kept waiting, and engagements made without fear of disappointment. Most of the girls bring note-books, and it is most encouraging to see the eager way in which they write down whatever strikes them. I have from time to time tried to get them to ask questions, but find, with very few exceptions, that they dislike the publicity of it; this has led me to adopt the plan of asking them to write anything which may be troubling them on a slip of paper, and leave it in a basket in the hall, with the understanding that if possible I will reply to it at the next class. This has drawn forth much interesting and I trust valuable information, and it has also taught me that we have but little idea of the difficulties and doubts with which young people are assailed. Girls as well as boys go through various phases of religious doubts, and need to be dealt with in a most gentle and lenient manner. I believe that many a lamb of Christ's flock is sadly harassed by those to whom he or she looks for religious instruction and help, instead of being gently lead into the green pastures of comfort.

We are now going through St. John's Gospel, and although it was commenced two years ago we are only in the 18th chapter—the interest appearing to increase as we proceed—and the difficulty being to condense, without spoiling, the subject.

The way in which we fix upon the book to be considered is, when we get within a chapter of the end of the one we have been studying, I ask the members of the class prayerfully to seek direction as to what will be the most profitable portion, and then write on a slip of paper its title. These papers are put into a box and opened by me at the next class, the book most frequently named being chosen. By this means a considerable amount of interest is excited, and much done towards maintaining a good attendance. We have in ten years and a half gone through St. Mark's Gospel, the Book of Daniel, the Acts of the Apostles, and now we are in St. John's Gospel. The selection of Daniel was very remarkable, for without any communication with one another every one, with the exception of four, voted for its study, and a most blessed and elevating effect it had upon all. It gave me a considerable amount of extra preparation and careful investigation, but I was more than repaid by the result.

As an outcome of my class, about two years ago a lending-library of interesting and useful books was established for the use of the members. It was started by a few of them proposing to me that they should subscribe five shillings each towards the purchase of such books as I should approve. At first I scarcely saw my way to adding to my work, but after carefully thinking the matter over I came to the conclusion that it might be a means of placing good, wholesome and religious literature in the hands of some who only read that of the lightest description.

We commenced with thirty volumes, and have gone on gradually adding to them until now the library contains 110 works by such authors as Miss Emily S. Holt (to whom, in passing, I cannot express too warmly my appreciation of her excellent books, and the wish that they were placed in every library throughout the country), Bishop Ryle, etc. We have the "History of Posts and Telegraphs," "Hints on Nursing," biographies, etc., etc., all of which are eagerly read; and I am constantly being thanked for introducing this agency. There are about six rules as regards returning books—care as to infection, etc., etc., and the small subscription of 2s. per annum (which is optional), in addition to gifts, keeps up the supply. One of the young ladies acts as librarian before and after the class, and carefully enters in a book every volume lent or returned. We have a uniform cover of black calico and a label on each, bearing its title and number.

At the risk of being thought egotistical, I venture to add that I feel sure that a Ladies' Bible Class is much better taken by one lady. I find if I am obliged to put mine off, it is wiser to do so than to ask anyone else to undertake it for me. The girls are in this way sure of their teacher, and there can be no other inducement than a desire to "search the Scriptures."

Although the subject of this letter is "Bible Classes for Young Ladies," I trust that no one will suppose that my object is to press this special agency to the exclusion of other classes—for those which I hold for working girls and women are in their own way quite as interesting and important—but having been asked to take up this particular branch of work, it has been a great pleasure to accede to the request.

It will easily be understood that although there is abundant cause for thankfulness and encouragement in the work among young ladies, there is also much disappointment and sorrow mingled with it. It is very sad to see some of those who have appeared for a time deeply impressed, going into the world, apparently fascinated by its allurements; and my experience is that those whom it would be imagined were the least likely to be touched by religious influences and the study of God's Word, have proved the most satisfactory; while many from whom more was expected have

become careless and inattentive. Like all other work for the Master, it needs constant prayer for Divine aid, and strong faith in His power to help. The sowing and reaping are both in his hands; if He see fit, He will give the increase; and if in this life we are not permitted to see much fruit of our labour, we shall "in due season reap, if we faint not," in that day "when both sower and reaper shall rejoice together" in the Master's house above.

I am, yours very sincerely,
MARTHA BLAKENEY.

The Vicarage, Sheffield,
Oct. 20th, 1885.

ART. IV.—GENESIS AND THE BIBLE. PART III.

ETHICAL RELATIONS.

IF the Bible be regarded as containing the records of an advancing revelation, and as presenting the scheme of truth which that revelation yields on the whole, it will be in the doctrinal relations of the first book to the rest that we shall seek the most important evidences of preparation and decisive intimations of unity of design. These relations have been traced in a former paper in respect of ten principal doctrines, to which others will easily be added by the considerate student of the book. Instead of supplying these, it will now be better to advert to another class of relations, which, if they offer themselves less directly in the way of argument, have yet a suggestive bearing on the conclusion. If the ethical relations of Genesis with the later teaching of Scripture were undiscoverable or discordant, if its moral judgments, its principles of life, its casts of character, were not such as the Law would authenticate or the Gospel complete, the continuity of feeling would be broken with a disturbing and even dislocating effect. Perhaps this ethical character has naturally a more enduring vitality than belongs to definite opinions, as appears in the history of races, in which may often be traced the same moral tendencies and characteristics after creeds and institutions have been changed. So in the race which has its record in the Scriptures—I mean that of the Church or people of God—we expect to trace a moral tradition, a continuous tone and temper, which shall discriminate the line of spiritual descent, and create a conscious kindred with the first generations even in their distant posterity. This latent unity becomes indeed a necessity, when we regard the moral life of which we speak as the outcome of a divine seed, generating a race which,

under all its superficial varieties of condition and measures of attainment, is essentially begotten of God.

Certainly we all recognise this in reading the Book of Genesis. Its moral atmosphere is natural to us. We use its stories easily for the education of our children, and the English peasant is at home in the tents of the patriarchs. We see in the later Scriptures that their revered names had a power of moral influence on their descendants according to the flesh, and with us, their remote spiritual descendants, that moral influence is scarcely less. This statement needs no proof; for all who have been brought up on the Bible have imbibed the spirit of the ethics of Genesis.

Of these there is no code. As was noted in a former paper, history is the method of its teaching. Actions are related without comment, and so characters transpire, and speak for themselves; for, through the haze of distance and of a rudimentary stage of life, the personality of the men stands clearly out. In regard to particulars of conduct we are left according to our lights to approve, to doubt, or to condemn. The main instruction is in the general effect, in the manner of men which they are or become, in the issues of their conduct, in the Divine sanctions or reproofs, in the sense that all is passing under the eye of God.

It is fit, however, that we should note some definite heads under which we see the elements of future teaching.

1. The foundation of the ethics of revelation is laid in that relation of man to God which involves his *moral responsibility* and places him under righteous judgment. This appears in the probation ordained in Eden, in the sentences at the Fall, in the stern yet patient observation of the corruption and the violence that are in the earth, in the Flood brought in on the world of the ungodly, in the cry of Sodom that ascends to heaven, in the flames which purge pollution, and in many gentler reminders that the grounds of morality for man are laid in the righteousness of God. This surely is the principle which distinguishes the ethics of the Bible from the ethics of the world. In them life may be linked to conscience, but in it conscience itself is linked to God. This changes the moral situation, makes responsibility real, and constitutes the court within a department of the court above. All that is in the Law, all that is in the Prophets, all that is in the Gospels, rests upon this consciousness which is impressed on the first pages of Scripture.

2. Both God's judgment of man and His communion with man have been included under doctrinal relations; but man's response to them is ethical. If the sense of indefeasible responsibility is a great moral power, so also is the *sense of*

permitted fellowship. To walk *before* God elevates life; to walk *with* God raises it still higher. A sweeter and happier tone of feeling is then infused, and righteousness becomes holiness. This fellowship of man with his Maker dawns on us in the Book of Genesis, when "Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him;" and when "Noah was a just man and perfect in his generations, and Noah walked with God;" and its presence and effects are seen in detail in the very different lives of Abraham and Jacob. This vast accession to human life, impossible to natural religion, is one of the chief gifts of revelation, in the first records of which it appears. It glows in the experience of Psalmists and Prophets, and is interpreted, assured, and enlarged in the Gospel of Christ, in which we have access with confidence by faith in Him, and know that "truly our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ." This surely is a great factor in moral life. If it is unknown to the ethics of the world, it is none the less ethical. For if that word expresses the fulfilment of our relations, we cannot exclude from it the highest relation of all; and if it signifies the habit and disposition of the mind, we must take account of a habit which so extensively and profoundly affects its whole disposition.

3. A main department of morals lies in the relation of the sexes, *the institution of marriage*, and so in the family life which surrounds it. Here the ruling principle and the irrevocable charter are given in this book, as simultaneous with the origin of man. "So God created man in His own image. In the image of God created He him: male and female created He them." Thus the sexes are both participants of the image of God, according to the different order appointed for them, and they are bound to recognise and respect it, each in the other. Again, after the statement that the creation of woman was a second act, and, in some sense, by derivation from the man, as a "help matching" him; "This," said Adam, "is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh. She shall be called Ish-sha, because she was taken out of Ish;" and then it is added, "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh." By the facts (however understood) and by the language employed this primeval record has placed the institution of marriage on a solid and enduring basis. Its witness stands at the beginning of human history, as a perpetual declaration of the will of God, on a subject which lies at the root of moral health, and at the foundation of social welfare. Through all the ages in which the canker of corruption spread, the violated principle remained on the sacred page, side by side with that of man's right of lordship in the world. It could not be neutralized by the

deviations which it condemned, deviations which began under specious reasons, even in the patriarchal time, and which are there marked by their proper consequences of family division and disquiet. It could not be effaced by the more reckless disregard, which obtained when Hebrew society was deeply infected by heathen corruption. It could not be impaired even by the restricted relaxations, by which the Mosaic Law made allowance for the state of things with which it had to deal. It remained unaltered and undimmed, to be reasserted in due time by Him Who came not to destroy, but to fulfil. Then His strong clear teaching not only cast aside the Pharisaic inventions for human licence, but terminated the exceptions which had been "suffered for the hardness of the heart," and restored with added majesty the commandment which was "from the beginning." So, in this chief department of morals, the law of Genesis became the law of Christianity, and that which was enacted for man created was re-enacted for man redeemed.

4. As we pass from the principles of law to those of life and character, we naturally turn to the first life that is clearly depicted, the first character which we really know. The power of that life and the ground of that character is *faith*. The father of the chosen race is the father of the faithful. St. Paul is our interpreter. With what love and reverence did the children of Abraham, through all their generations, look back to him in whom they saw their own origin; him who was chosen out from the world, who was "called the friend of God," who first received the promises, who transmitted them to his descendants, in whose bosom at last they hoped to rest! And the man himself was worthy of the feelings which were thus awakened. It was a grandly proportioned figure invested with dignity and grace; a pure and noble character, a high ideal, an ever-living influence. No man would feel all this more strongly than St. Paul. But to him was granted a clear perception of the principle which made Abraham the fit recipient of the promises and proper parent of the Church. For him light from heaven fell upon the words, "Abraham believed God, and it was accounted unto him for righteousness." He who was preaching a "righteousness of God by faith in Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe," saw that this was the primitive doctrine, illustrated by the first example, antecedent to the covenant of Sinai, and "witnessed by the law and the prophets." "Our father Abraham" had now for him a closer paternity than he had once acknowledged, and more numerous descendants than he had once supposed, and more glorious promises than he had once understood. "Abraham," he would say, "believed God, and it was reckoned unto him for righteousness. Know there-

fore that they which be of faith, the same are sons of Abraham. And the Scripture, foreseeing that God would justify the nations by faith, preached the Gospel beforehand unto Abraham, saying, In thee shall all the nations be blessed. So then they which be of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham."

It may appear that this subject belongs to the doctrinal relations which were dealt with in the last paper; and so it does, but to the ethical relations too. Justification being an act of God, the conditions of it are matters of revealed doctrine; but the faith which is made its condition is a disposition or habit of mind, and is part of human experience. Faith is not only, before God, counted for righteousness, but is also, in the man, a basis of moral character; and "the just lives by faith," in the sense of its being his ruling principle in the life that now is, as well as his earnest of that which is to come. This is pointed out in Hebrews xi. 9-16, in respect of the patriarchal life on the whole as being one of abnegation and separation from the world. And as faith is shown to have this effect on the general habit, so has it also on the particular acts, as pre-eminently in the offering of Isaac, and in other acts by other persons recited in that chapter. It was faith, as St. James tells us, which "wrought with the works," and in so energising, "was itself made perfect." (Gal. iii. 6-9.)

The glory of this sanctifying as well as justifying principle, partially veiled under the law, was reserved to the adult age and mature life in Christ. Then it is said (and the words are remarkable), "*After that faith is come*, we are no longer under a tutor, but are all sons of God through faith in Christ Jesus" (Gal. iii. 25, 26); and, let it be observed, we are so, as having the spirit as well as the status of sons. The light which thus broke out from an obscuring haze had already gleamed brightly at the dawn of revelation. We are called to observe it by the great interpreter, who has shown, with a force and fulness to which nothing can be added, the unity of mind between the father of the faithful and his remote descendants, the harmony of the first stage of the Gospel with its last, and the vital relation in this respect between the Book of Genesis and the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

5. The ethical teaching of the life of Abraham is that of a character of sustained dignity, strong in faith, giving glory to God. The apparently retired uneventful life of Isaac is much withdrawn from sight, but there is ethical teaching in the life of Jacob, of a very distinct kind. It speaks to those whose faith works up through faults and infirmities, and makes its way through chastisements and changes; to those who know shame and sorrow, and wounds to their affections, and anxious fore-

bodings, and self-reproaches and strivings with God. Surely these first records of life and character had been wanting in sympathy with future experiences of believers if they had contained no such portrait as this. Certainly they had then been wanting in the relation which they now have to a large part of the succeeding books, as narratives which so fully recognise the mingled characters and histories of men in their relation to God. Such, too, are the Psalms, which are voices of sensitive as well as of heroic minds, which breathe of all various experiences, and which so often present as true a wrestling and prevailing with God as that which took place at Penuel. It may be felt, too, by sympathetic readers of the Psalms and Prophets, that there is something more than a conventional use of the personal name of Jacob to represent the people in those changing conditions, which are but an enlarged reflection of the man's own life. There is ever an instinctive if not an intentional association between the lesser and the larger story, in such words as "Command deliverances for Jacob." "The name of the God of Jacob defend thee." "Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel." "It is the time of Jacob's trouble." "The Lord hath redeemed His servant Jacob." "Jacob shall not now be ashamed, neither shall his face now wax pale." "Then shall Jacob rejoice, and Israel shall be glad."

The narrative in Genesis passed on through the ages, not only as a picture of trial, but as a lesson of *hope;* all the more a lesson of hope because a picture of trial, for "hope that is seen is not hope." Through dubious passages, painful incidents, and pathetic voices, the story advances to dignity and honour. The promises, of which he had rightly understood the value, but which he had sought amiss, are always before him. He has repeated cause to acknowledge "all the mercies and all the truth which God had showed to His servant." He finds that the things which were "against him" were for him. He blesses on his death-bed "the God Who fed him all his life long unto that day, the Angel which redeemed him from all evil." He sums up his life in the words, "I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord." The lonely exile of Bethel has become a nation in Egypt. Thus in a mind which reverts tenderly to the past, and which anxiously forecasts the future, there is still the expectation which is inspired by faith, and the whole effect of the story is a lesson of hope.

6. The life of Joseph is before us in the last division of the book, forming a happy completion, and one worthy of the large proportion of space allotted to it. It fulfils a conspicuous part in all the three relations which we have noted between Genesis and later revelation. In the *historical* relation it is not only the necessary introduction to the life in Egypt

and the events which follow, but is distinctly typical of that greater history which was accomplished after seventeen centuries. *Doctrinally* it taught the truth of that Providence by which Divine purposes are accomplished through the unconscious agency of man, purposes concealed in their course and disclosed in their result, of which, again, the redemption of the world is the great proof and example. *Ethically*, the story of Joseph has an even closer relation to the things that were to be, exhibiting in those distant days the mind of Christ, and fragrant with the very spirit of His Gospel. Under the simple truth and natural grace of the narrative the last section of Genesis connects itself by this threefold cord with the final stage of revelation.

The moral character and effect of the story are felt and recognised by all. Those who can appreciate little else in the Bible are touched, softened, and instructed by this. It is indeed a wonderful picture, that of the boy, his father's stay and comfort, hated and ill-used, sold to slavery, alone in a strange land, his very virtues turned against him, falsely accused, cast into prison and left there through the sweet years of early manhood; yet never soured, never losing heart, always ready for any duty to be done or service to be rendered, firm against temptation, kind to fellow-prisoners, trusted by his master or his gaoler because faithful to conscience and to God. We see him then as a born king of men developing great powers, grasping great questions, controlling great events, meeting a terrible emergency, and shaping the constitution of a nation. This is the man who stands for ever as the very ideal of forgiving love. Frank and heartfelt as it was, his was no weak forgiveness, but thoughtful to arouse conscience, and patient till repentance appeared. The details of that exquisite story are in all our minds, fresh as when we read it in childhood, and affecting in their latest repetition. Who does not feel the sweetness of that yet unspoken forgiveness, those tender emotions, those natural tears, that brotherly kindness, that filial love? Who can tell what has been their power in the world, to soften and sweeten, to heal and reconcile; and even to assist reluctant Christian hearts in attaining the spirit of their creed? In the Gospel of Christ the most urgent lessons are directed, the most affecting motives are brought to bear to fill the human heart with this same spirit of love. In this respect the ethics of Genesis, pre-eminently in its closing section, are at one with the ethics of the Gospel.

We are used to these patriarchal records as an integral part of the Bible, and in that position the character we have noted appears quite natural. But, if we take them by themselves, as being (what in the first place they are) the ancestral tradi-

tions of Israel, that character is a singular phenomenon. They occupy for this people the same place which for other races is also filled by the traditional stories of their reputed founders or typical heroes. We know what these are in general. But here, instead of fragmentary legends we have clear and simple narratives; instead of dream-like figures, we see men like those we know; instead of wild exploits, romantic achievements, and the pride of war and conquest, we behold in these first heirs of promise a separation from the course and spirit of the world, common virtues disciplined in common trials, "touches of nature which make the whole world kin," scenes by which the heart is made better, and in distinct relief three living lessons of *faith*, and *hope*, and *charity*.

Thus in respect of historical method, doctrinal faith, and ethical spirit, the Book of Genesis fitly opens the course of revelation and the development of the kingdom of God. Thus it appears as part of a great design, the original part, fundamental to the rest, shaped by the same hand, vitalized by the same breath, which have presided over the formation of the entire Book which the Catholic Church acknowledges as the written Word of God.

T. D. BERNARD.

ART. V.—THOMAS GRAY.[1]

MR. GOSSE, in the series of "English Men of Letters," has given us a book which will probably be the standard authority upon Gray for the future. It is a very graceful as well as most interesting monograph. The edition is in four volumes, and is more complete than any that has yet appeared. It is certainly remarkable that all the writings of a classic so distinguished as Gray had not been given in any one edition to the world before. Mason had made a collection of the "letters" and a few of the minor prose works, and had also printed a variety of the posthumous poems. The Rev. John Mitford published the first accurate edition of the poems, and Mathias has published the works of Gray in two quarto volumes; but many of the poet's letters and verses, though published in various forms and sizes, have never been included in Gray's works. It remained for the Clark Lecturer on English

[1] *Gray*, by EDMUND W. GOSSE. "English Men of Letters." Macmillan and Co. *The Works of Gray*, by EDMUND GOSSE. Macmillan and Co.

Literature at Cambridge to give to the public for the first time a consecutive collection of Gray's letters and essays. Though Mr. Gosse tells us "the preparation of this issue of the entire works of Thomas Gray was no holiday task," yet it must have been a source of pleasure to himself, and assuredly his laborious carefulness as an editor will be a source of pleasure to others. Among the Stonehewer MSS. at Pembroke College, he found "holograph copies of the majority of Gray's poems, written by him on the backs of leaves in his great commonplace book;" and this discovery has enabled him to be independent of all previous editions, in printing the greater part of the posthumous poems, both English and Latin. Amongst other things which are new to the world, the most important contained in Mr. Gosse's first volume are, a play exercise at Eton, the poet's journal in France, and a Canto of Dante's Inferno, which the editor characterizes as "the most vigorous passage in blank verse which has been written in English since the death of Milton." We fancy that Mr. Gosse is mistaken in saying that the translation from Propertius, Lib. ii., Eleg. 1, and inscribed to Mæcenas, is now for the first time published; for the best lines in a paraphrase which is not of a high tone, or not remarkable for merit, have been long familiar to all students of Gray. We allude to the passage beginning with the lines—

> Yet would the Tyrant Love permit me raise
> My feeble voice to sound the Victor's Praise,
> To paint the Hero's toil, the Ranks of War,
> The laurell'd Triumph, and the sculptured Carr,

—and on to the end of the poem.

It is not our intention to criticize Mr. Gosse's edition of Gray's works; it is enough to say that though it needs some emendations, and a careful revision, before it can be pronounced perfect, yet it must eventually supersede all former editions of the poet. What we wish to do in the present paper is to give a sketch of Gray's life, and to speak of him as a poet and a letter-writer. The present year has been made memorable in literary circles by the unveiling of a bust of one of the most faultless of our poets, and one of the most illustrious children of the University, in the hall of Pembroke College, Cambridge, in the presence of men as distinguished as the late Lord Houghton, Mr. Lowell, Sir Frederick Leighton, and others of name in the world of Art and Literature, as well as of name in the University. And so, after 114 years, the poet who, as Mr. Lowell said, "has written less, and perhaps pleased more people than any other," has at last a visible memorial within the walls of the college, where he passed the longer and

happier portion of his life, and where in the arms of his friend, Dr. Brown, Master of Pembroke, he died. It will be but fitting, therefore, before the year passes away, to present to the readers of THE CHURCHMAN a poet, who, if not one of the supreme poets of the world, has yet done more than any other poet, with the exception of Shakespeare and Pope, to enrich our language with felicitous lines and phrases that have become household words, and passed into the common speech of the million.

Thomas Gray was born in Cornhill, on the 26th of December, 1716. He seems to have sprung on the side of both father and mother from the lower middle classes. When he became famous as a poet, Baron Gray of Gray, in Forfarshire, claimed him as a relation; but the poet showed no anxiety to prove that he had gentle blood in his veins. "I know no pretence," he said to Beattie, "that I have to the honour Lord Gray is pleased to do me; but if his lordship chooses to own me, it certainly is not my business to deny it." The only proof that he was related to this ancient family was the possession of a bloodstone seal which had belonged to his father, engraved with Lord Gray's arms, and these have been accepted at Pembroke College as the arms of the poet. His father, Philip Gray, apparently an only son, inherited from his father, a successful merchant, a portion of £10,000, and about his thirtieth year married Miss Dorothy Antrobus, a Buckinghamshire lady about twenty years of age, who, with her elder sister Mary, kept a milliner's shop in the City. A third sister Anna married a country lawyer, and the two brothers, Robert and John Antrobus, were Fellows of Cambridge Colleges, and afterwards tutors at Eton. His mother was not happy in her married life; her husband was violent, jealous, and probably mad. She had twelve children, but all except Thomas died in infancy; he too would have died as an infant had not his mother, finding him in a fit, opened a vein with her scissors, and so relieved the determination of blood to the brain. His father neglected him, so he was brought up by his mother and his Aunt Mary. Indeed, so miserable was his home life at Cornhill from the cruelties of his father, that his uncle, Robert Antrobus, removed the boy to his own house at Burnham, in Buckinghamshire. With his uncle, who was a Fellow of Peterhouse, Thomas studied botany, and became learned, according to Horace Walpole, in the virtues of herbs and simples. Unhappily for the boy, this uncle died in January, 1729. Though his father about this time had in one of his extravagant fits a full-length of his son painted by Richardson, the fashionable portrait-painter of the day, a picture which is now in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, he absolutely refused to educate him. It was at the expense of

his mother, and under the auspices of his uncles, that he was sent to Eton, about 1727. It was here, and in the same year, that he made the acquaintance, which ripened into a lifelong friendship, of Horace Walpole, then ten years old, and the son of a Prime Minister. They were both oppidans and not collegers, and, as Walpole confesses, they "never made an expedition against bargemen, or won a match at cricket, but wandered through the playing-fields, tending a visionary flock, and sighing out some pastoral name to the echo of the cascade under the bridge which crosses Chalvey Brook. An avenue of limes among the elms is still named "The Poet's Walk," and is connected by tradition with Gray. The young friends were neither of them physically strong, and cared nothing for the athletic sports in which their fellows took delight. Two other boys similar to them in character were drawn by sympathy to Walpole and Gray. These were West, son of a Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and grandson on the mother's side of the famous Bishop Gilbert Burnet; and Ashton, who died in 1775. Besides this inner circle of friends, there was an outer ring with whom Gray shared those boyish delights which he has described in one of the stanzas of his Eton Ode:

> Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
> Full many a sprightly race
> Disporting on thy margent green
> The paths of pleasure trace,
> Who foremost now delight to cleave
> With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
> The captive linnet which enthral?
> What idle progeny succeed
> To chase the rolling circle's speed,
> Or urge the flying ball?

But there is no doubt that Gray's tastes and temperament drew him more to study than to sport, and even while he was at Eton he began to write verses.[1]

In 1734 he went to Cambridge, and was for a short time a pensioner of Pembroke Hall, but in July he entered Peterhouse as a fellow-commoner. Walpole went to King's College, Cambridge, in 1735, and West was sent by his friends to Christ Church, Oxford, much against his will. It is probable that Ashton was a student at Cambridge. During Gray's re-

[1] Mr. Gosse was fortunate enough to find among the MSS. in Pembroke College a "play exercise" in the poet's handwriting, which has never been printed, and which is valuable as showing us the early ripeness of his scholarship. It is a Latin theme, in seventy-three hexameter verses; its thoughts borrowed in the main from Horace and Pope, but suggestive of the author's maturer moral and elegiac manner, the boy being here seen as the father of the man.

sidence both at Eton and at Cambridge, he owed almost everything to his mother, who supported him from the receipts of the shop kept by herself and her sister, his father, who was miserly, and most cruel to his wife, providing nothing for the maintenance of his son. Gray repaid the struggles and self-sacrifice of his mother by a passionate attachment, and remembered her with tenderness till the day of his death.

During his residence at Cambridge the poet was a victim to that melancholy which endured to the end of his days. "He was considered," to use Mr. Gosse's word, "effeminate" at College, but the only proof that is given to us of this is one with which the most robust modern reader must sympathize, namely, that he drank tea for breakfast, while all the rest of the University, except Horace Walpole, drank beer. He accuses himself, in a letter to West, of idleness; says "all the employment of my hours may be best explained by negatives;" "that, taking his word and experience upon it," doing nothing is a most amusing business, and adds, "yet neither something nor nothing gives me any pleasure." This very same letter, however, proves that the idleness of his life consisted only in his imagination; for we are told that he is studying the classics, reading Statius, and translating the sixth book of the "Thebaid:" this being the first example of his English verse which has been preserved. He took Dryden as a model in the art of verse-writing rather than Pope, preferring the sonorous modulations of the former to the lighter and more artificial couplets of the latter poet.

The close of Gray's undergraduate career was marked by a Latin ode; and in the same year, 1838, he translated from Propertius into English heroics a passage beginning:

> Long as of youth the joyous hours remain,
> Me may Castalia's sweet recess detain,
> Fast by th' umbrageous vale lull'd to repose,
> Where Aganippe warbles as it flows.

After leaving Cambridge Gray resided six months in his father's house, with apparently no definite plans regarding his own future career, when Horace Walpole suddenly proposed to him that they should start together on "the grand tour." Walpole was to pay all Gray's expenses, and Gray was to be absolutely independent. So generous was this man of the world, so attached was he to Gray, that, unknown to the poet, he made his will before starting, and made him, in case of his death abroad, his sole legatee. In March, 1739, the two friends started for Dover. It was the only time that Gray was out of his native country, but his visit to the Continent lasted for nearly three years, and produced a deep impression on his character. It roused him from his natural indolence, and

while he was abroad we hear nothing of his "true and faithful companion, melancholy;" and, taken out of himself, he was "bright and human."

The travellers loitered through Picardy, stopping at Montreuil, Abbeville, and Amiens; and when they reached Paris they were warmly welcomed by Walpole's cousins, the Conways, and by Lord Holdernesse. Here the young men were introduced to what is conventionally called "the best society," and made acquaintance with all that was witty and brilliant in Paris. Gray was delighted with the elegance and cheerfulness and tolerance of Parisian society, and delivering himself into the hands of a French tutor, who covered him with silk and fringe, and widened his figure with buckram, a yard on either side, making his waistcoat and breeches so tight that he could scarcely breathe, he became quite a little fop. Thus adorned, and with a vast solitaire round his neck, wearing ruffles to his fingers'-ends, his two arms stuck into a muff, he and Walpole went to the comedy and the opera, visited Versailles, and saw all that was to be seen in Paris. In June, in company with Henry Conway, Walpole and Gray left Paris, and travelled to Rheims, where, having introductions, they were welcomed into the best circles of the town. On leaving Rheims they visited Dijon and Lyons, and passing through Savoy that they might see the Grande Chartreuse, they arrived at last at Geneva. Returning to Lyons, they found a letter from Sir Robert Walpole, in which he desired his son to go on to Italy; so they pushed on at once to the foot of the Alps, armed against the cold with "muffs, hoods, and masks of beaver, fur boots, and bear-skins." After a very severe and painful journey of a week's duration, they descended into Italy early in November. On the sixth day of this journey an incident occurred which has been graphically described both by Walpole and Gray. Walpole had a pet little black spaniel called Tory, of which he was very fond; and as this pampered creature was trotting beside the ascending chaise, enjoying his little constitutional, a young wolf sprang out of the covert and snatched the shrieking favourite away from amongst the carriages and servants before anyone had the presence of mind to draw a pistol. Walpole screamed and wept, but Tory had disappeared for ever.

Gray, in a letter to his mother, dilates on the beauty of the crags and precipices with a warmth of language which proves him to have been a loving observer of Nature in her most sublime and grandest moods.

From a letter to West, written in Turin nine days later, we discover that Gray's thoughts still lingered among the wonders he had left behind.

I own I have not as yet [he wrote] anywhere met with those grand and simple works of art that are to amaze one, and whose sight one is to be the better for; but those of nature have astonished me beyond expression. In our little journey up to the Grande Chartreuse, I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation that there was no restraining; not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain scenes that would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of other argument. One need not have a very fantastic imagination to see spirits here at noonday. You have Death perpetually before your eyes, only so far removed as to compose the mind without frighting it. I am well persuaded that St. Bruno was a man of no common genius to choose such a situation for his retirement, and perhaps I should have been a disciple of his had I been born in his time.

The man who in the eighteenth century could write thus of the Alps in the beginning of winter, "not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry," was a poet in spite of the times.

The travellers spent ten days in Genoa, and left it unwillingly; but wishing to push on they crossed the mountains, and within three days found themselves at Piacenza, and so at Parma. And then they proceeded to Bologna; then, crossing the Apennines, they "descended through a winding-sheet of mist into the streets of Florence." And here they were hospitably welcomed by Mr. Horace Mann, whose house was to be their home for fifteen months. Music, statuary, and painting occupied Gray's time here. They left the many enjoyments of the City of Flowers in order to reach Rome in time to see the coronation of the successor in the Popedom to Clement XII., who had just died (March, 1740). With the magnificence of the ancient city Gray was delighted, but he found modern Rome and its inhabitants very contemptible and disgusting. He was not, however, without some amusement here, and entered freely into society; and at one ball "he watched," among others of note at Rome, "from the corner where he sat regaling himself with iced fruits, the object of his hearty disapproval, the English Pretender, displaying his rueful length of person." After visiting the remains of Herculaneum, then only just exposed, the young men returned to Rome and then to Florence. Their life here was one of indolence and pleasure, "excellent," as Gray says, "to employ all one's animal sensations in, but utterly contrary to one's rational powers." However, he was not wholly idle. At Reggio took place the quarrel which interrupted the young men's friendship for some years. The cause of the breach has never been accurately ascertained. Walpole was the offender, and this he generously admits in a letter to Mann. Gray passed on to Venice alone, and Walpole stayed at Reggio, where he had a severe attack of quinsy, of which he might have died had he not been nursed during his

illness by Spence, Oxford Professor of Poetry, and the friend of Pope, who happened to be passing through Reggio with Lord Lincoln. Meanwhile, Gray passed leisurely through the north of Italy, and crossing the Alps, stayed once more at the Grande Chartreuse, and wrote in the album of the Fathers his famous Alcaic Ode, "Oh tu, severi Religio loci," the best known and practically the last of his Latin poems. On the 1st of September, 1741, he reached London, after an absence of two years and five months. Walpole, restored to health, arrived in England ten days after, but the quarrel was not then made up.

On his return to England, Gray found his father lying very ill, exhausted by successive attacks of gout, and two months later he died in a paroxysm of the disease. His last act was to squander his fortune on building a country house at Wanstead. This remained in the possession of Mrs. Gray, who with her sister, Mary Antrobus, kept house for a year in Cornhill, till at the death of their brother-in-law, Rogers, in 1742, they joined their widowed sister Anne in her house at Stoke-Pogis, in Buckinghamshire. They wound up their business in Cornhill, and disposed of their shop on tolerably advantageous terms. Thinking that the family property would be enough to provide amply for him also, Gray began to study the law, and for six months or more he stayed in London, applying himself somewhat languidly to his profession.[1]

After the death of his unfortunate friend West, Gray went on a visit to his uncle and aunt at Stoke Pogis, the small village with a picturesque church which has become immortal through his name. He had only been a few days at Stoke before he wrote his "Ode to Spring," a poem which is more remarkable for its form than for its expression. It is usually placed at the beginning of his poetical works, and, though lacking the perfect beauty of the "Elegy," suggests the lyrical poet of the future, and proves him eager to break away from the formal measures of what is known as "the Augustan Age" in literature. The death of West called forth some hexameters full of emotion, and also a sonnet in English, first published by Mason in his "Memoirs of Gray." This, in a MS. of the sonnet now at Cambridge, is marked "at Stoke, Aug., 1742." In the same month of August was written "The Ode on a Distant

[1] The winter which Gray and West spent together in London was marked by his first original production in English verse, the fragment of a tragedy of "Agrippina" in blank verse, which was not a happy effort, for the drama was not the true vocation of the author of the "Elegy" and the "Bard." All that remains of the play is one complete scene, and a few odd lines which, while they display some force of versification, show a great want of true dramatic power.

Prospect of Eton College." East and west from the church at Stoke Pogis there is a gentle acclivity from which the ground slopes southward to the Thames, and which lies opposite those "distant spires" and "antique towers" of which Gray has so melodiously sung. "The Eton Ode," to use the words of Mr. Gosse, "was inspired by the regret that the illusions of boyhood, the innocence that comes not of virtue but of inexperience, the sweetness born not of a good heart but of a good digestion, the elation which childish spirits give, and which owe nothing to anger or dissipation—that these simple qualities cannot be preserved through life." This poem, in length not a hundred lines, has the high honour of giving us three expressions which have become the very commonplaces of our language—"familiar as household words." Many use them in their daily speech, of whom it is not too much to say they are ignorant of their origin. While the "Elegy" is still read, and admired, and loved, we question if this Ode is as generally known as it ought to be, though we hope we may be wrong. Yet who does not often use in conversation, either as a proverb or a witticism, "to point a moral or adorn a tale," the felicitous phrases, "to snatch a fearful joy," "regardless of their doom the little victims play," "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise"?

In this same month of August, 1742, yet another Ode was composed, the "Ode to Adversity," "remarkable as the first of Gray's poems in which he shows that stateliness of movement and pomp of allegorical illustration which gives an individuality in his mature style." His most important poem, "The Elegy in a Country Churchyard," was begun about the same date.

Gray was now twenty-five years of age, and never having applied himself seriously to the study of the law, and the support of his mother and her two sisters leaving him but little margin, he returned to Cambridge, where living was cheap, and he could indulge his literary tastes. In the winter of 1742 he went to Peterhouse, and, taking his bachelor's degree in Civil Law, became a resident of that College. His vacations, varied only by occasional visits to London, were spent at Stoke. But though Gray took up his abode at Peterhouse, all his interests were centred in his own College of Pembroke, and outside its walls he had but few associates. His principal friend was Conyers Middleton, the librarian of Trinity, a man of mark, and broad in his theology, yet within the pale of orthodoxy, who had won his reputation by attacking the Deists from ground almost as sceptical as their own. Gray's own religion, though he had a hatred of an open profession of Deism, seems to have been but cold, lacking in warmth and in that spirituality which is the life of orthodoxy,

and lifts it into a higher region than that of form. Orthodoxy without enthusiasm is but the casket without the jewel—the body without the soul.

Notwithstanding the solace of a few friendships, he found his residence at Cambridge "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable," and its atmosphere unfavourable to the composition of poetry. The flow of his verse came to a sudden and abrupt pause, and, forsaking the muse, he began to study the literature of ancient Greece.[1]

The difference with Horace Walpole came to a close in the winter of 1744, and the friends returned gradually to their old intimacy and affection. In 1747 Walpole visited, and afterwards bought, the estate on the banks of the Thames, which he made famous under the name of Strawberry Hill, and Gray scarcely ever passed a long vacation without spending some of his time there. It was now that Walpole persuaded him to publish his first poem, "The Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," and it appeared anonymously in the summer of 1747. The Ode fell stillborn, the public being so apathetic that it received little or no attention. Gray was now thirty years of age, and absolutely unknown. It was in the year 1747 that Gray's attention was directed by a friend to a modest volume of verse in imitation of Milton; he made the acquaintance of the author, William Mason, a young man of twenty-two, the son of a Yorkshire clergyman, and a scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge. In the course of the same year, through the exertions of Gray and another friend, Dr. Heberden, a Fellow of his own College, and the distinguished Professor of Medicine, Mason was nominated a Fellow of Pembroke, a College at that time, like some of the others, given over to the Lord of Misrule. Mason became a great support and comfort to Gray. His devotion to literature, his physical vigour, his enthusiasm for the poet, supplied to Gray that stimulus that he needed, and were an amazing source of refreshment and encouragement to the fastidious, timid, and retiring man. Cambridge was at this time the scene of disgraceful orgies and disturbances, and many of the Professors

[1] One of his schemes was a critical text of Strabo, which never came to anything; and the same must be said of an edition of Plato which he projected, and the notes for which were found by Mason when he came to examine his papers. He wasted months over another labour, toiling in vain on a text of the Greek Anthology, with translations of each separate epigram into Latin verse, and which he eventually abandoned. Then he determined to restore Aristotle, from the neglect into which he had fallen, to the notice of English scholars; but his intentions, after much waste of energy and learning, remained unfulfilled.

and Fellows set a scandalous example to the youth of the University.[1]

In the spring of 1749 peace was established between the Masters and the Fellows of Pembroke, and Gray writes to Wharton, "Pembroke is all harmonious and delightful." In November his aunt died somewhat suddenly at Stoke. This sad event seems to have brought to his recollection "The Elegy," which he had begun at Stoke. He finished it at Stoke in June, 1750. The poem was immediately sent to Walpole, and was circulated in MS. The editor of the *Magazine of Magazines* wrote him a letter asking leave to publish it. The poet refused, and wrote to Walpole desiring him to bring it out in pamphlet form. It was published in February, 1751, by Dodsley, at sixpence, and ran through many editions in a short time. It was also largely pirated.

Thus was introduced to the world a poem which, as Mr. Gosse says, "was destined to enjoy and to retain a higher reputation in literature than any other English poem, perhaps than any other poem of the world, written between Milton and Wordsworth."

Mr. J. Russell Lowell, the eminent Minister from the United States to our Court, in his speech on the occasion of the unveiling of the bust by Mr. Thornycroft, has called Gray "the greatest artist in words that English literature has produced," and as some critics have accused the poet of being "commonplace," entered upon the defence of the "commonplace" in poetry. And, indeed, the "Elegy" is a great poem for the very reason that it is "commonplace;" because it touches commonplace interests, rouses commonplace emotions, awakes commonplace feelings, and expresses them in such simplicity of language and lucidity of rhythm that they reach our hearts, and enshrine themselves in our memories. There is nothing very profound or original in the thoughts, nothing in

---

[1] It was in the midst of the confusion and dissipation that reigned at Cambridge that Gray sat down to write his poem, "The Alliance of Education and Government." It is a short poem in the heroic measure, and drew from Gibbon this eulogistic notice: "Instead of compiling tables of chronology and natural history, why did not Mr. Gray apply the powers of his genius to finish the philosophical poem of which he has left us such an exquisite specimen?" In a letter written to Wharton, Gray says that his "object was to show that education and government must concur in order to procure great and useful men." While the poem was being composed, Montesquieu's "L'Esprit des Lois" fell into his hands, and finding, as he told Mason, that the baron had forestalled some of his best thoughts, his own treatment of the theme became distasteful to him, and the scheme languished. Some years later he thought of taking it up again, and was about to compose a prefatory ode to M. de Montesquieu, when the writer died, and the whole thing was abandoned.

the versification of elaborate artifice or tiresome effort; but there is the exquisite beauty of perfect balance and harmony between the matter and the workmanship: there is consummate art and perfect ease; but the thoughts, the words, and the music of the verse are so clear, so apt, and so melodious, that the poem will be read and loved by both old and young, so long as the English language endures. For ourselves we can never read it too often; and as we read, the chord of plaintive melancholy is ever struck, and we become alive to a sadness, not deep enough for tears, but to which tears lie very close, and which need only a little more pathos of a personal nature to call them to the eyes, and make them overflow the cheek. This poem arouses much the same feeling that one has—

> When looking on the happy autumn fields,
> And thinking of the days that are no more.

The only writers of note who have spoken in disparagement of Gray's poetry are Dr. Johnson,[1] who may have had personal reasons for his depreciation, and Mr. Swinburne, who from natural temperament is not fitted to do justice to Gray, although he does allow that as an elegiac poet he is unassailable and sovereign. Others, who write with authority, have meted to Gray the measure of praise which is his due. As Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his discriminating essay on Gray, in the edition of English Poets edited by Mr. Ward, reminds us, "Butler, at the end of the eighteenth century, writing to Sir William Forbes, says: 'Of all the English poets of this age, Mr. Gray is most admired, and I think with justice.' Cowper writes, 'I have been reading Gray's works, and think him the only poet since Shakespeare entitled to the character of sublime.' Adam Smith says: 'Gray joins to the sublimity of Milton the eloquence and the harmony of Pope; and nothing is wanting to render him perhaps the first poet in the English language, but to have written a little more.' And Sir James Mackintosh speaks of Gray thus: 'Of all English poets he was the most finished artist. He attained the highest degree of splendour of which poetical style seems to be capable.'"

Looking over an old number of the *Quarterly Review* lately, we found mention made of one or two coincidences—or shall

---

[1] Dr. Johnson had, as Boswell tells us, a low estimation of Gray as a poet, and denied him the possession of "a bold imagination, or much command of words." He, however, does praise the "Elegy" for its happy selection of images, and in his "Life of Gray" he says, referring to the same poem, "Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him."

we call them marks of imitation?—in the "Elegy." We are familiar with the beautiful stanza—

> Full many a gem of purest ray serene
> The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Now compare Bishop Hall: "There is many a rich stone laid up in the bowells of the earth, many a fair pearle in the bosome of the sea, that never was seene nor never shall bee." —*Contemplations*, L. vi., p. 872. And Dr. Young:

> Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
> And waste their sweetness on the desert race.
> *Universal Passion*, Sat. v.

Again:

> Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.—*Gray.*
> Even in our ashen cold is fire ywreken.
> Chaucer: *Reve's Tale*, l. 3180.

And here we may give a very beautiful stanza of the "Elegy," which, though printed in some of the first editions, was afterwards omitted:

> There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
> By hands unseen are showers of vi'lets found;
> The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
> And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

It was through "The Elegy in a Country Churchyard," at that time only in manuscript, and handed about by Horace Walpole to his friends, that Gray became known to Lady Cobham, then living at the Manor House, at Stoke Pogis. She conceived a great desire to know the poet, and through a little clever management effected her purpose. The acquaintance which she contrived to form with the shy poet led to a friendship with herself and her niece, Miss Speed, which lasted through the remainder of Lady Cobham's life. This lady would have been pleased to see him the husband of her niece, and Gray seems to have been really alarmed lest they should marry him to Miss Speed against his will. He escaped, however.[1]

Gray was roused from his leisurely and scholarly ease by the news of his mother's illness, and he hurried up from Cambridge, where the tidings reached him, to find her alive and better than he expected. But she rallied only for a time, and died,

[1] The lady, when nearly forty, married the Comte de Viry, a young French officer, and went to live abroad. The poem called "A Long Story" was written in August, 1750, and was suggested by the incident that a Lady Schaub and Miss Speed, when anxious to make the poet's acquaintance, paid him an afternoon call, and found that he had gone out for a walk. To Miss Speed he addressed his "Amatory Lines"—the only verses of this complexion which he ever composed.

after a painful struggle, in March, 1753, at the age of sixty-seven. She was buried in the family vault, and her son inscribed on her tombstone the simple and touching epitaph:

> In the same pious confidence, beside her friend and sister, here sleep the remains of Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her.

Walpole has remarked that Gray was "in flower" during the years 1750-1755. "The Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude" was found after the poet's death in a pocket-book of the year, but it was unrevised and unfinished. Gray acknowledged that he owed the idea of this poem to Gresset's "Epitre à ma Sœur." Mason with some audacity printed the poem restored and finished by himself. Seven complete stanzas are the genuine work of Gray.

It is not certain at what time Gray resolved on composing what we know as "The Pindaric Odes," odes in the Greek manner, and in the style of Pindar; but towards the close of 1754 he completed one such elaborate lyric, "The Progress of Poesy." Mr. Matthew Arnold remarks that "the evolution of 'The Progress of Poesy' is no less noble and sound than its style." By evolution he means that the ideas naturally flow out of one another till the climax is attained; thought follows thought consecutively, and, as Mr. Gosse remarks, "Each line, each group of lines, has its proper place in a structure that could not be shorter or longer without a radical re-arrangement of ideas." Gray said himself that the style he aimed at was "extreme conciseness of expression, yet pure, perspicuous and musical." Compared with the poetry of the age in which he wrote, he may be said to have reached in his style the excellence after which he aspired. In 1754, the year in which "The Progress of Poesy" was finished, "The Bard" was begun. It was not published, however, till 1757, when it appeared with "The Progress of Poesy," and bore the title of Ode II. It attained on the instant a popularity which has been awarded to it from that day to this. It has three divisions, with strophe, antistrophe, and epode, and is distinguished by a patriotic fervour and a sustained dignity of style. It opens with the startling voice of the last of the ancient race of the Celtic Bards, who from a rock above the defile through which the forces of Edward I. are about to march, "reproaches the King with all the misery and desolation which he had brought into his country, foretells the misfortunes of the Norman race, and with prophetic spirit declares that all his cruelty shall never extinguish the noble ardour of poetic genius in this island, and that men shall never be wanting to celebrate true virtue and valour in immortal strains, to expose

vice and infamous pleasure, and boldly censure tyranny and oppression." The opening lines are admirably effective, and at once impress the imagination :

Ruin seize thee, ruthless King !
Confusion on thy banners wait,
Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor Hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor even thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears !

The vision of Elizabeth, surrounded by a courtly throng of her barons and poets, is one of the most striking passages in the poem—

Girt with many a Baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
And gorgeous Dames and Statesmen old
In bearded majesty appear.
In the midst a Form divine !
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;
Her lyon-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air !
What strains of vocal transport round her play !
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear ;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

Few, if any, at the present day will agree with Dr. Johnson's estimate of the odes : "They are forced plants, raised in a hot-bed, and they are poor plants ; they are but cucumbers after all."[1] It is an extraordinary piece of criticism.

In 1757 Colley Cibber died, having held the office of Poet-Laureate for twenty-seven years. The post was offered to Gray by the Duke of Devonshire, who was then Lord Chamberlain, but he directed Mason, through whom the offer was made, to decline it very civilly.

Though I well know the bland, emollient, saponaceous qualities both of sack and silver, yet if any great man would say to me, "I make you Rat-catcher to his Majesty, with a salary of £300 a year, and two butts of the best Malaga ; and though it has been usual to catch a mouse or two, for form's sake, in public once a year, yet to you, sir, we shall not stand upon these things," I cannot say I should jump at it. Nay, if they would drop the very name of the office, and call me Sinecure to the King's Majesty, I should still feel a little awkward, and think everybody I saw smelt a rat about me. But I do not pretend to blame anyone else that has not the same sensations. For my part, I would rather be serjeant-trumpeter, or pin-maker to the palace. Nevertheless, I interest myself a

[1] Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

little in the history of it, and rather wish somebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit. Rowe was, I think, the last man of character that had it. As to Settle, whom you mention, he belonged to my Lord Mayor, not to the King. Eusdon was a person of great hopes in his youth, though at last he turned out a drunken parson. Dryden was as disgraceful to the office, from his character, as the poorest scribbler could have been from his verses. The office itself has always humbled the professor hitherto (even in an age when kings were somebody); if he were a poor writer, by making him more conspicuous, and if he were a good one, by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession; for there are poets little enough to envy even a poet laureate.

And this is the man whom Johnson called "a dull fellow," dull in company, dull in his "closet," dull everywhere! Is it possible that Johnson was jealous of Gray's high reputation? Even the greatest men are not free from faults and foibles.

In 1768 Gray published some romantic lyrics, paraphrased in short measure, from Icelandic and Gaelic sources. In these romantic poems he is the herald of Sir Walter Scott, and of the later poets, who have treated with great power and effect themes suggested by the old Norse literature. The three paraphrases are, "The Fatal Sisters," "The Descent of Odin," and "The Triumphs of Owen." We quote a few lines from the first of these:—

Weave the crimson web of war,
  Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
  Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
  Wading through th' ensanguin'd field,
Gondola, and Geira, spread
  O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
  Ours to kill, and ours to spare;
Spite of danger he shall live.
  (Weave the crimson web of war.)

When the Duke of Grafton succeeded the Duke of Newcastle as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, in 1768, Gray composed an ode to be performed at the ceremony of installation. This was "The Installation Ode;" and being set to music by the Professor of Music, Dr. J. Randall, of King's, was performed before a brilliant assembly on July 1st, 1769. The poem, though unequal, and not sustained with the same dignity throughout, contains some fine passages, and Hallam praises highly the stanza in which the procession of Cambridge worthies is sung. It begins—

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth
With solemn steps and slow,
High potentates, and dames of royal birth,
And mitred fathers in long order go;

Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow
From haughty Gallia torn;
And sad Chantillon, on her bridal morn
That wept her bleeding Love; and princely Clare,
And Anjou's heroine, and the paler rose,
The rival of her crown and of her woes,
And either Henry there,
The murder'd saint and the majestic lord
That broke the bonds of Rome.

But perhaps the most beautiful passage is the third strophe, the stanza supposed to be sung by Milton, and written in the metre which Milton chose for the opening of his "Hymn on the Nativity," "'Twas in the winter wild."

Ye brown, o'er-arching groves,
That contemplation loves,
Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!
Oft at the blush of dawn
I trod your level lawn;
Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
With freedom by my side, and soft-eyed Melancholy.

This ode was the last of Gray's works; his poetic life was over. As his health was now bad, and his spirits depressed, he sought refreshment and amusement in travel, and he visited Scotland, Wales, and the English Lakes. He was the first to open up to Englishmen the beauties of Westmoreland, and the whole Lake country, and to direct attention to the romantic landscapes of that lovely land. Wordsworth afterwards immortalized the exquisite scenes which the elder poet described with such impressiveness and unaffected sincerity in the "Journal in the Lakes."

We now come to the last months of Gray's life. He had formed a friendship with a young Swiss gentleman, named Charles Victor de Bonstetten, who had come to England to study our language and literature. His gaiety, his love for English poetry, conquered the shy and solitary poet at sight, and the difference in age between them disappeared at once. They read together at Cambridge, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, and the other great English classics, "until their study would slip into sympathetic conversation, in which the last word was never spoken." When Bonstetten left for Switzerland, he had compelled Gray to promise that he would visit him the next summer. However, Gray became too unwell to carry out his purpose, and, overwhelmed by dejection, he remained at Cambridge. While he was at dinner in the College Hall of Pembroke, on the 24th of July, he felt a sudden nausea, which obliged him to go hurriedly to his room. He never left his bed, and was seized on the Sunday with a strong convulsive

fit, and the fits recurred until he died. He was perfectly sensible of his condition, retained his senses almost to the last, but expressed no concern at the thought of leaving the world. Towards the end he did not suffer, but lay in a sort of stupor, out of which he woke to call for his niece, Miss Mary Antrobus. She took his hand, and he said to her, in a clear voice, "Molly, I shall die!" These were his last words. He ceased to breathe about eleven o'clock, an hour before midnight, on the 30th of July, 1771, aged fifty-four years, seven months, and four days. So passed away a man of whom Mr. Temple, Rector of St. Gluvias, Cornwall, said: "Perhaps he was the most learned man in Europe. He was equally acquainted with the elegant and profound parts of science, and that not superficially, but thoroughly. He knew every branch of history, both natural and civil; had read all the original historians of England, France, and Italy, and was a great antiquarian. Criticism, metaphysics, morals, politics, made a principal part of his study; voyages and travels of all sorts were his favourite amusements; and he had a fine taste in painting, prints, architecture, and gardening." Yet Johnson could call him "a dull fellow"! He was buried at Stoke, under the "ivy-mantled tower" of which he had sung in the most famous of his poems, and in the same vault that contained all that was mortal of his mother.

James Brown, Master of Pembroke Hall, at Cambridge, Gray's friend and executor, wrote a letter a fortnight after Gray's death to another of his friends, Dr. Wharton, of Old Park, Durham, in which occurs the following passage: "Everything is now dark and melancholy in Mr. Gray's room—not a trace of him remains there; it looks as if it had been for some time uninhabited, and the room bespoke for another inhabitant. The thoughts I have of him will last, and will be useful to me the few years I can expect to live. He never spoke out, but I believe from some little expressions I now remember to have dropped from him, that for some time past he thought himself nearer his end than those about him apprehended." Mr. Matthew Arnold considers that those four words, "he never spoke out," explain the scantiness of his poetical work. "He never spoke out" in poetry because, in addition to his shyness and ill-health, he, as a born poet, fell upon an age of prose. Mr. Arnold thinks that "if he had been born in the same year with Milton, Gray would have been another man; born in the same year with Burns, he would have been another man." "A man born in 1608 could profit by the larger and more poetic scope of the English spirits in the Elizabethan age; a man born in 1759 could profit by the European renewing of men's minds of which the

great historical manifestation is the French Revolution." But as regards literary productions in the eighteenth century, "its taste was not the poetic interpretation of the world; it was to create a plain, clear, straightforward, efficient prose. Poetry obeyed the bent of mind requisite for due fulfilment of this task of the century. It was intellectual, argumentative, ingenious; not seeing things in their truth and beauty, not interpretative." "A sort of spiritual east-wind was at that time blowing;" and to a man like Gray, who had the mind and soul of a genuine poet, "full, spiritual flowering was impossible." There is no doubt a great deal of truth in this criticism, but may not Gray's scantiness of production be also partly explained by his fastidiousness; by his elaborate exactness; by his desire to bring each line to the highest degree of perfection, as well as by an indolence which grew fatigued before the projected work was completed? Had Milton been born in the eighteenth century, would his productiveness have been restrained by the want of a congenial atmosphere? Had Burns been born in this age, would its prosaic character have fettered the flow of his genius and condemned it to sterility?

But whatever was the cause, Gray never did "speak out in his poetry," and therefore no one can rightly estimate the man, or his place in literature, who has not read his letters and his journals. His "letters are delightful:" now full of humour, now thoughtful, tender, serious. He almost equals Cowper, if he may not dispute with him the palm of being "the best letter-writer in the language." He is especially happy in descriptive power, and when he writes of places, discusses poetry, or refers lightly to some piece of gossip, he charms us by his ease and playfulness of style. Simplicity, life, spontaneity, play of fancy, and flashes of wit, are all characteristics of the letter-writing of Gray. Our space forbids many extracts, and we must send those who desire to know Gray's endowments as a letter-writer and his picturesqueness in description to "The Works of Gray," edited by Mr. Gosse.

A passage from his letters, sweet, serious, and unaffected, we shall give, concluding with two extracts of great beauty from his "Journal in the Lakes." The passage is from a letter to his mother on the death of his aunt, Mary Antrobus, written from Cambridge (November, 1749):

> The unhappy news I have just received from you equally surprises and afflicts me. I have lost a person I loved very much, and have been used to from my infancy; but am much more concerned for your loss, the circumstances of which I forbear to dwell upon, as you must be too sensible of them yourself, and will, I fear, more and more need a consolation that no one can give except He Who had preserved her to you so many years, and at last, when it was His pleasure, has taken her from us to Himself; and perhaps, if we reflect upon what she felt in this life, we

may look upon this as an instance of His goodness both to her and to those that loved her. She might have languished many years before our eyes in a continual increase of pain, and totally helpless; she might have long wished to end her misery without being able to attain it, or perhaps even lost all sense, and yet continued to breathe—a sad spectacle for such as must have felt more for her than she could have done for herself. However you may deplore your own loss, yet think that she is at last easy and happy, and has now more occasion to pity us than we her. I hope and beg you will support yourself with that resignation we owe to Him Who gave us our being for good, and Who deprives us of it for the same reason.

We close with two extracts from his "Journal of a Tour in the Lakes." He writes:

Walked over a spongy meadow or two, and began to mount this hill through a broad and straight green alley among the trees, and with some toil gained the summit. From hence saw the lake opening directly at my feet, majestic in its calmness, clear and smooth as a blue mirror, with winding shores, and low points of land covered with green enclosures, white farmhouses looking out among the trees, and cattle feeding. The water is almost everywhere bordered with cultivated lands, gently sloping upwards till they reach the feet of the mountains, which rise very rude and awful with their broken tops on either hand. Directly in front, at better than three miles' distance, Place Fell, one of the bravest among them, pushes its bold, broad breast into the midst of the lake, and forces it to alter its course, forming first a large bay to the left, and then bending to the right.

And now for the second passage:

In the evening walked alone down to the lake by the side of Crow Park after sunset, and saw the solemn colouring of light draw on, the last gleam of sunshine fading away on the hill-tops, the deep serene of the waters, and the long shadows of the mountains thrown across them, till they nearly touched the hithermost shore. At distance heard the murmur of many waterfalls, not audible in the daytime. Wished for the moon, but she was *dark to me and silent, hid in her vacant interlunar cave.*

Surely this is poetry, if poetry there be in the world, though the thought is expressed in prose.

CHARLES D. BELL, D.D.

ART. VI.—NONCONFORMIST OBJECTIONS CONSIDERED.

IN discussing the important question which is now filling the minds of all Churchmen, the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church, I think I have observed a tendency to deal too much with one class of opponents, and too exclusively with certain aspects of the controversy. The Liberationist programme is a very sweeping programme, and our attention has naturally been fastened upon it. But it would be a mistake to suppose that it represents the whole attitude

of Nonconformists towards the Church. I am anxious, if possible, in this paper to discriminate. There are Nonconformists who are not hostile to the *work* of the Church, who nevertheless eagerly and passionately desire its severance from the State, as being in their opinion necessary to the full development of that work; as well as demanded by the principles of religious equality. There are Nonconformists, too, who are as resolutely opposed to Disestablishment as the best Churchmen among us. It is worth while, it seems to me, to distinguish between friends and foes, and neither to lump together all Nonconformists as our enemies, nor to conclude hastily that of those who advocate Disestablishment all are influenced by the same motives.

In the first place, let me draw attention to the fact that the Wesleyans, as a body, have never taken up an attitude of hostility to the Church. It would seem as if something of the life of the Church still throbbed in their veins. Like the Church, they eschew identifying themselves with a political party. Nor have they ever issued, either at their Conference or in any other way, as some of the other denominations have done, a manifesto against the National Church. Large numbers of them are Conservatives; large numbers of them, probably a majority, and certainly some of their ablest and most respected leaders, are avowedly opposed to Disestablishment. Is it wise or right to ignore this fact? Ought we as Churchmen to count the whole body of Nonconformists as confederates in the Liberationist camp? I think that, on the contrary, we should be glad and forward to recognise the distinction, and by every means in our power to show that we appreciate it.

And as regards other Nonconformists, let us try to estimate fairly their position. What are the earnest men, the men of religious conviction, saying? It is one of the most hopeful signs of the conflict that many religious men on both sides are trying to understand one another. Well indeed would it have been if in past times Churchmen had assumed a less arrogant tone towards Nonconformists! If instead of consigning them to the "uncovenanted mercies of God," and placing them in a category somewhere half-way between Christians and heathen, they had frankly extended to them the right hand of fellowship—if, I will add, instead of resisting passionately their reasonable demands, they had been willing to concede them, we should have heard far less of Disestablishment than we do now. And I cannot but cherish the hope that even now it may not be too late, by a broader sympathy, by a generous recognition of the good they are doing, by a larger spirit of brotherly kindness, to draw together those who ought to feel that, whatever their differences, they are servants of one

Master, and that however large their differences may appear when they are examined in the narrow and darkened chamber of the partizan and the sectarian, they are but as specks scarcely discernible when seen in the full light of Christian love.

Let us try to understand some of the reasons which, in the minds of many Nonconformists, seem to justify the effort to bring about Disestablishment. That there is a danger of their being misunderstood, or that they think there is, is evident from Dr. Joseph Parker's letter to the *Times*, commenting on the Bishop of Peterborough's Conference address. He writes: "I cannot but regret that the honoured prelate, held in high esteem by multitudes outside his own communion, should have so grievously mistaken the purposes of Dissenters as to convey the idea that, directly or indirectly, they wish to diminish, if not destroy, the spiritual influence of the Church which he adorns. Nothing can be further from the truth. It is simply unjust even to hint at any such imputation."

I do not know whether Dr. Parker has joined the Liberation Society;[1] but if he had read the Bishop's address with a little more care, or a little less sensitiveness, he might have observed that it is throughout with the Liberation Society, and those who support that society, the aims and objects of which have been avowed with an almost brutal sincerity, that the Bishop is dealing; and it is very difficult to persuade men who can understand plain English that the Liberation Society does not wish "to diminish, if not destroy, the spiritual influence of the Church." We are, however, very glad to have from Dr. Parker the assurance that "Nonconformists recognise the immense value of the spiritual work now being done by the Church of England, and that they not only rejoice in it, but regard it as a distinct proof that men and women, so strong, so capable, and so devoted, have absolutely no need of the aid derived from their invidious and anomalous relation to the State." But does Dr. Parker really believe that those who propose—(1) "to take away from the Church of England every cathedral and ancient parish church that she possesses;" (2) "to take from her every penny of her endowments, and to devote them to purely civil and secular uses," have no wish "to diminish, if not destroy, the spiritual influence of the Church?" If he does, his mind must be cast in a mould of extraordinary simplicity.

Mr. C. S. Miall, in his reply to Canon Liddon, takes a very different line. Referring to Canon Liddon's quotation from Dr. Döllinger, he says: "I venture to express a doubt whether

[1] In a recent letter to *The Times*, Dr. Parker says he is not a member of the Liberation Society.

the type of Christianity which they so zealously support is such as, at all events in the opinion of Dissenters, is adapted to become a universal religion. While it repudiates the claims of the Papacy, its basis is Sacerdotalism and Sacramentarianism. These are, in my view, the dogmas which throughout Europe have left no room for what may be called rational religion—that is, the simplicity of the Gospel." He then notices the state of religion in France, which is due, he thinks, to the influence of the Romish Church, which, as "the embodiment of priestism," has "driven the people into infidelity, and has left no medium between superstition and unbelief." "Protestantism and Evangelicalism," he adds, "are at the lowest ebb on the Continent." If this deplorable state of things does not exist in England it is due, he thinks, "not so much to the agency of the Church of England as to the action of Nonconformity, to the influence of those Free Churches which hold fast to the Protestant faith and primitive Christianity."

But Mr. Miall does not explain how it is that the Church of England, with her "basis of Sacerdotalism and Sacramentarianism," has not produced here the same results which the Church of Rome has in France. Is it only because she "repudiates the claims of the Papacy"? Nor does he explain how it is that the Protestant Churches in France have failed in accomplishing what he claims for the Free Churches in England. Is it perchance because they receive a subsidy from the State? We should be thankful for a little more light on this matter. The phenomenon is well worth our study, but it is not clear that Mr. Miall's conclusion is the only one that ought to be accepted.

Let us turn to another indictment. Dr. Thomas, in his Address from the Chair of the Congregational Union at Hanley last October, on "Spiritual Religion, its Perils and its Power," cannot refrain from this tempting topic of the Church and the State.

"In the past," he says, "nothing has done so much to weaken the Church as its connection with earthly states. Governments have never gained by their connection with the Church. This is the heaviest burden ever put upon them. There is no end to the greed of a Church made worldly by its union with the State. The more she gets, the more she desires. It is easier to 'hunt the prey for the lion, or fill the appetite of the young lions,' than to satisfy the cravings of a Church which has lost taste for the Bread of Life. It would be a great relief to the State to get this burden off its shoulders. But the Church would gain the most by Disestablishment, because she has suffered the greatest injury through the connection. This union has made the Church haughty in spirit, arbitrary and

cruel in manner, persecuting all who venture to disagree with her views, and has paralyzed all her efforts and activities. We demand the separation of religion from the State for the sake of religion itself. As politicians we ask for Disestablishment for the sake of the State, and that is the only ground on which the question can be discussed in Parliament; but we are here as religious men, and in the name of religion we ask its liberation from the yoke of the Government. *This is one of the questions of the immediate future.*"

This is a tone with which we are all, unhappily, familiar. But our Nonconformist friends forget that we as religious Churchmen do not feel the pressure of the yoke, which to them appears so grievous; and it seems somewhat difficult to reconcile the charge here brought against the Church—this paralysis of "all her efforts and activities," with the fact that by the common consent of friends and foes there never was a period when the Church was so alive to her true mission as now, or so active in prosecuting it.

It is, however, the charge of "Sacerdotalism" in the Church of which most is made just now. Thus, for instance, Dr. Fairbairn, in his address to the Congregational Union at Hanley, last October, remarks: "The native and reigning tendency of the Anglican Church, certain to grow the stronger the more she is relieved from the religious disabilities incident to civil Establishment, is Sacerdotal; while the native and governing principle in Independency which must, if there is to be life, increase in the degree that civil liberty prevails, is Puritan." "Our fundamental attitude to the Anglican Church," he insists, "is not determined by the principle or fact of Establishment. That is a mere accident of only occasional significance destined to an early ending, and certain when ended only to leave the two systems the more openly and the more resolutely face to face. . . . The question as to polity is important but secondary; the question as to Sacerdotalism is primary and essential." In short, he thinks the two theories, the Puritan and the Sacerdotal, so opposed "that the men who hold them hardly ever become intelligible to each other; they speak of the things of God in the same mother-tongue, but so think of them as to be aliens in heart and strangers in mind;" and for him there is nothing but "controversy to the death and to the end with the Sacerdotal system" of the Anglican Church.

All this is surely gross exaggeration. As a matter of fact there is not this sharp-cut line of separation between the two systems. It is precisely the merit of the Church of England that she is able to comprise within her pale men leaning to the one or the other of these theories, and sometimes in a curious

way combining both. John Wesley himself was a striking instance of the combination of the two. And many modern High Churchmen whom Dr. Fairbairn would call "Sacerdotalists and Sacramentarians" have much of the missionary ardour and glow of the old Evangelicals, and not unfrequently use language which might come from the mouth of a Methodist preacher.

But another speaker at Hanley went a step further. Dr. Fairbairn's paper was followed by a motion as to the danger arising from "the rapid growth of Sacerdotalism in the teaching and observances of the Established Church of England, and in the pretensions of its clergy." And Mr. E. A. Lawrence, in seconding this motion, gave some "reasons for regarding the growth of Sacerdotalism with great and real thankfulness;" not, I need scarcely say, from any sympathy with it, but apparently because it made the gulf between the Church and Nonconformists so wide that none could cross from the one side to the other. "The growth of Sacerdotalism," he says, "within the Established Church seems to me unquestionably to indicate an awakening of the moral sense of many of its clergy. The Established Church is Sacerdotal, and always has been. It knows and always has known an order of officers called priests, though neither the name nor the office was known in the Apostolic Church, of which some ignorantly suppose that it is the sole or almost the sole surviving representative. Sacerdotalism could not have grown in the Church if the roots of Sacerdotalism were not there already."

The ignorance betrayed in this passage is quite remarkable. It may be true that the roots of "Sacerdotalism" have always been in the English Church, but it is not true that the Church has always been Sacerdotal. There have been periods in her history when this element of her life has been anything but prominent. Indeed, from the time of the Reformation to the present hour there have been at least two parties, and more recently three, of which one only can be called Sacerdotal. But the extraordinary ignorance of the speaker appears in the remark that the Church "knows and always has known an order of officers called priests, though neither the name nor the office was known in the Apostolic Church." He can never have taken the trouble to look at the English Ordinal, or to be aware in what sense the word "priest" is there used. That Ordinal tells us in its preface that "It is evident unto all men diligently reading the holy Scripture and ancient authors, that from the Apostles' time there have been these orders of ministers in Christ's Church—bishops, priests, and deacons." Can Mr. Lawrence deny that there have been these orders? or will he deny that "priests" here is the equivalent of "pres-

byters"? But if here, then throughout the Ordination service; and if throughout the Ordination service, then throughout the Prayer Book. *For we are that, and that only in the eye of the Church, which we are ordained to be.* Add to this the pointed exclusion from the Second Service Book of the word "altar," and the case is complete so far as the charge here brought is concerned.

That there is a tendency to what the speaker calls Sacerdotalism in a large body of the clergy, I of course fully admit. But this is no new thing. Many of the great divines of the Church of England have been what is called High Churchmen and Sacerdotalists, though sometimes, as in the case of Jeremy Taylor, their Churchmanship has been tempered by a large liberality. What I venture to think is new in English theology is the extreme consequences to which the doctrine of Apostolical Succession has been pushed. These have been pushed to an extent to which neither Cosin nor Bramhall nor Andrewes, nor even Laud, would have pushed them. And I suspect it is this, this over-statement of the *jus divinum* of Episcopacy, this stretching out of hands to the Roman Church and to the Greek Church *because* they are Episcopal and have the Apostolic Succession, this unchurching of other churches because they have lost the succession—in a word, this claim to an exclusiveness of spiritual privileges, which has done more than anything else to alienate Dissenters and to rouse in them a spirit of antagonism to the Church.

But it is not a little remarkable that this intense feeling with respect to the Sacerdotalism and Sacramentalism of the Church has led eminent Nonconformists to two very opposite conclusions with regard to the necessity of a severance of the relation in which the Church stands to the State. According to some, that severance is imperatively demanded because the Church is Sacerdotal. According to others, the prevalence of Sacerdotalism makes the control of the State the more desirable and the more necessary.

In the Autumnal Session of the Congregational Union held at Leicester, October 17, 1877, the following resolution, moved by the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, B.A., and seconded by the Rev. W. F. Clarkson, B.A., was carried unanimously:

> Whereas the Sacerdotal pretensions of a portion of the clergy of the tablished Church are unscriptural, contrary to the spirit of the Christian th, and full of peril to the highest interests of the people of England; and as those pretensions have lately, in the practice of systematic confession, which many of the clergy are advocating and maintaining, assumed a more alien and alarming form than ever before since the Reformation; whereas the sanction given by the formularies of the Established Church to the errors on which the pretensions in question are founded, taken in connection with the views and temper of parties

within the Church, leave no room for reasonable hope that the evil will be checked by discipline; and whereas, while the Established Church as such owes its existence and its order to Parliamentary enactments, and the whole electoral body is thereby made responsible for its teaching and influence, the state of religious opinion in the country prevents the Legislature from exercising any efficient control over the doctrine and practices of the clergy: it is resolved, (1) That it is the solemn duty of the pastors and churches connected with the Union to use all diligence to protect the people from the peril to which their faith is exposed, by sedulously inculcating the doctrine for which Congregational Nonconformists have ever contended, that all men have access to their heavenly Father through Jesus Christ, without the intervention of a human priest, or the observance of any ecclesiastical ceremony; (2) that it is the duty of all who desire the maintenance of a scriptural faith, and of Christian simplicity in worship, and who value the spiritual and political liberties of England, to use their influence as citizens to bring about the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church, that they may be freed from complicity in the dissemination of errors which they abhor, and that the relations of Church and State in England may be settled on a basis sanctioned alike by Scripture and experience.

I need not stop to point out the errors in this statement. Anything more glaringly contrary to truth than the assertion that "the Established Church as such owes its existence to Parliamentary enactments" was never penned. But I only draw attention to the fact that the same ground is taken here as to the essential and distinguishing features of the Church of England, as is taken by Mr. Miall and Dr. Fairbairn, and that on this rests the plea for the Disestablishment of the Church.

Curiously enough, as I have already remarked, the very opposite conclusion has been reached from the same premisses by a leading Nonconformist minister in London, whose testimony I have quoted in my paper, read before the Peterborough Diocesan Conference.[1] He regards the Church of England as being, by virtue of its union with the State, the great bulwark on the one hand against the Church of Rome, and on the other against infidelity. He admits and deplores the sacerdotalism of the Church, but he thinks that Disestablishment would only increase the sacerdotal tendency of the Church, and end by throwing her into the arms of the Church of Rome; he firmly believes that within fifty years after Disestablishment the English Church would again be "under the control and supreme sway of the Pontiff himself," and that Cardinal Newman's dream would be realised. In a recent letter to the *Christian World* (of Oct. 8) he writes:—"The question of to-day is . . . whether we should not be helping sacerdotalism rather than hindering it by disestablishing the Church. This I strenuously hold we shall do; and I admit that I hold this opinion much more earnestly than I once did, after a study of the possibilities

[1] See THE CHURCHMAN for November, p. 157.

of Church reform, and the danger of setting free what would be an irresponsible sacerdotal Church having possession of 16,000 churches." He adds, "From a statesman's point of view, I hold that it would be most unwise to disestablish what might become a much more truly National Church; and from a Christian's point of view I cannot, in the face of modern secularism, agnosticism, and atheism, shut my eyes to the fact that Disestablishment would strike a blow at the religious side of the national life."

Nothing, I believe, can be more profoundly true than this view of the case. Mr. Statham, looking at the Church of England from an opposite point of view, nevertheless comes to the same conclusion as Dr. Döllinger. Having no sympathy with the sacerdotalism of the Church, on the contrary deploring its existence, he nevertheless concurs with the distinguished Old Catholic theologian in thinking that to strike a blow at the Church of England is to strike a blow at Christianity itself. He believes that "the best friends of religion are those who see that the Church needs reform, and not Disestablishment, and who realize that in her service there might be a glorious sphere for the permanent preservation of the Christian faith in an orderly and beautiful service, which would preserve alike the verities of the Christian faith and the sanctities of spiritual and social life."

The true note is struck here. Reform, not Disestablishment, is the need of the Church; the frank acknowledgment of existing abuses, and the earnest endeavour to put them away. We *must* enter upon this path; we must take this task in hand. The lines on which reform should be attempted I cannot indicate in this paper; I may hope to do so on some future occasion. I must now only satisfy myself by expressing the hope that our rulers in the Church will insist upon a full examination into existing abuses, with a view to their correction, and that Churchmen of all shades of opinion, laity as well as clergy, will be determined that these abuses shall be swept away.

J. J. Stewart Perowne.

ART. VII.—SAINTS' DAYS IN THE CHURCH'S YEAR. XII. DECEMBER. THE DEATH OF ST. STEPHEN.

A. A HEBREW AND A CHRISTIAN MARTYRDOM.

"*And when he died, he said, The Lord look upon and require it.*"—2 CHRON. xxiv. 22.

"*Lord, lay not this sin to their charge; and when he had said this, he fell asleep.*"—ACTS viii. 60.

WHEN we compare the words spoken by the Prophet Zechariah at his martyrdom—"The Lord look upon it and require it"—with the words spoken by St. Stephen at his martyrdom—"Lord, lay not this sin to their charge"—we are conscious of a very strong contrast, and we are now invited in the Church of England to pay attention to this contrast; for since our new arrangement of Lessons has been adopted, we read part of this twenty-fourth chapter of the Second Book of Chronicles for the first lesson on the afternoon of St. Stephen's Day.

We have, in fact, set before us on this festival by the new arrangement, side by side, a Jewish and a Christian martyrdom. It will be instructive to draw a parallel between the two. We may expect to see, in this way, possibly the difference between two characters; certainly the difference between two dispensations.

It may be assumed that by every reader of these pages all the circumstances of the death of Stephen are well known and clearly remembered. But it would not be reasonable to expect such recollections of the circumstances of the death of Zechariah, especially as they are recorded in a book which, till recent times, was not publicly read in our churches. They may, therefore, first be briefly recounted; and in this narration of the circumstances which led to Zechariah's death we shall find something to instruct us, even independently of that comparison and contrast which is to be our chief topic.

Zechariah was the son of Jehoiadah, a priest in the reign of Joash, king of Judah. That king had begun to reign when only seven years old—a perilous period of minority. He began well, for he had good counsellors, chief among whom was the Priest Jehoiadah, the father of the martyr. While this old and faithful minister lived, the king did that which was right in the sight of the Lord. Conjointly they repaired and restored the Lord's Temple. The Throne flourished while the Altar stood. But Jehoiadah died. He was an hundred and thirty years old when he died. His body was honoured by no common burial. They "buried him in the city of David, among the kings," because he had done good in Israel, both towards God and towards His House.

But to do honour to the dead, and to follow the good example of those who have "departed this life in God's faith and fear," are two very different things. Joash, the king, was now set free from the control which had kept him in the right path. Soon after paying to his old servant the empty honour of a royal funeral, he sought other advisers. The young men of Judah came (the young are not always the best advisers) and made him dissatisfied with the worship of that house which he had himself restored, and turned him away to serve groves and idols.

We may well suppose that this was done gradually. He had no doubt before been very zealous about the material part of the service of the Temple, as the working of the iron and brass, the gold and silver, the vessels, the spoons, the basins, the candlesticks, as carefully recorded in the same chapter of the Chronicles and the corresponding portion of the Book of Kings: and when this was done, the zeal for the external part of the Jewish religion had exhausted itself, and he began to look for further sources of religious excitement. To hear sometimes the monotonous service of the Temple, and to wander among lovely groves adorned by attractive images (*idols* they might be to *others*, but they should only be *statues to him*), to listen to the fervid eloquence of the priests of Baal, who "prophesied smooth things,"[1] was, he perhaps thought, a harmless recreation for dull routine; and as he grew more familiar with such sights and sounds, he mingled a little of their sensuous religion with that which said, "Thou shalt not worship any graven image." He thought, perhaps, that he did not actually worship or even invoke the images: they might even become aids to his other and higher devotions. At all events, he would assuredly not be like the princes of Judah, who had actually gone over from Jehovah to Baal.

But God preserves not in temptation those who willingly run into it, and it came to pass that by whatever process of false reasoning King Joash was at first drawn aside a little way from the religion of his fathers—and then drawn gradually into a closer approximation to forbidden things—King Joash did soon secede altogether, became a fervent and avowed follower of Baal, a frequenter of the groves, and a worshipper of the images.

The wrath of God was soon threatened upon these apostates. He sent prophets to warn them: "They testified against them, but they would not give ear."[2] Then Zechariah, the old priest's son, stood up boldly and warned them that if they transgressed the commandments of the Lord, ill would befall

[1] Isa. xxx. 10.

[2] 2 Chron. xxiv. 19.

them; that if they forsook the Lord, He would forsake them. But they conspired against him, and stoned him with stones; and that, too, at the commandment of the king; and that, too, on no common ground; for they stoned him in the court of the Lord's House, in the very place which his father, in conjunction with that same king, had recently restored. The following are the words in which the crisis of this history is related: "Then Joash remembered not the kindness which Jehoiadah his father had shown him, but slew his son: and, when he died, he said, 'The Lord look upon it and require it.'"

It is no part of our purpose to follow on to the history of the judgment that came upon Joash. The Lord did indeed "look" upon the crime and "require it." But our attention at this moment is restricted to the point of martyrdom in the cases of Jehoiadah and Stephen, set side by side. Having thus seen some of the instruction which is to be derived from the circumstances that led to the death of Jehoiadah, let us see what may be learnt from the contrast of the last utterances of these two martyrs.

When we turn away from the Books of Chronicles to the Books of the Acts of the Apostles, from the dying prayer of the Jewish to the dying prayer of the Christian martyr, the change is very remarkable. Stephen, before he fell asleep, kneeled down and prayed with a loud voice, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." In certain respects, indeed, there is a great similarity in these two scenes of the Old and New Testaments. Both martyrdoms took place in that city, where it was no new thing "to kill the prophets, and stone them that were sent unto them."[1] In both cases there was a direct outpouring of the Holy Spirit; in both a fearless rebuke, received, not with penitence, but with hardness of heart. In both we recognise the horrors of that cruel death by stoning. But in other respects the difference between the two scenes is very great. As we gaze upon the mangled bodies of the two martyrs, and hear their last cries, how strangely dissimilar they are! In the one case a denunciatory prayer, "The Lord look upon it and require it;" in the other an intercessory prayer, "Lord! lay not this sin to their charge."

How are we to account for this difference of thought and feeling in two men, on each of whom the Holy Spirit had descended? A word explains it. They were living under *different dispensations*, of which the principle of one was *justice*, of the other *mercy*. When earth was fading away from Zechariah's eyes, whom saw he as he looked up to Heaven?

[1] Matt. xxiii. 37.

A God of vengeance by Whom "actions are weighed"—surrounded by thunder and lightning and clouds. When Stephen died, whom saw he? Let God's own words answer the question. "He, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up stedfastly into Heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God." What each saw and what each said embodied the fundamental ideas of the different dispensations under which they lived. Under the childhood of the Church of God there was held out a strict account of rewards and punishments. *Justice* was soon visibly at hand; and the *mercy* was a long way off, seen dimly and "through a glass darkly," in prophecy and sacrifice. And so we understand how Zechariah did not rise above the knowledge given to his age.

We here touch a great principle, the full bearing of which could not be unfolded without much time and thought. But the whole principle is contained in our Lord's words in the Sermon on the Mount, "Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you, that ye resist not evil; love your enemies: bless them that curse you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you."[1] In this principle of a progressive revelation of moral truth is the key which unlocks many of the difficulties that we feel, for instance, in the book of Psalms. And one great advantage of the comparison between the death of Stephen and the death of Zechariah is that it sets before us this contrast of the two dispensations in a pointed and emphatic manner. Thus from Stephen's martyrdom we obtain not only a lesson concerning the character which we ought to imitate, but a lesson concerning the nature of the dispensation under which it is our privilege to live.

We live, not under the Law, but under the Gospel. Our relation to God is not clouded with the smoke of burnt sacrifices, but stands out bright, pure, and clear through the knowledge of "Christ and Him crucified."[2] *In* Him justice was satisfied. *Through* Him mercy descends from God to us. So let it be from *us* to one another.

A better example than that of the martyr Zechariah—a more loving Intercessor than even the martyr Stephen—stands between God and us, even Jesus Christ our Saviour; and while the Law says of our sin, "The Lord look upon it and require it," the Gospel triumphantly intervenes and answers, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

---

[1] Matt. v. 38.
[2] 1 Cor. ii. 2.

B. SLEEP IN JESUS.

"*Them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.*"—1 THESS. iv. 14.

There is a great interest, and a double interest, in the reading of these words, even before we turn closely to examine their meaning.

In the first place, this Epistle is the earliest which St. Paul wrote, or, at least, the earliest which we possess as a part of Holy Scripture. Very probably, moreover, it is earlier in date than any part of the four Gospels. Hence, when this short letter lies before us, we appear to see the formation of the New Testament from its very beginning. It is at least one of the first fresh fountains of the river which has blessed mankind; and we feel that serious attention should be given to the manner in which this writing speaks to us of that familiar subject, the death of Christian believers. It is, indeed, a familiar subject; for though Christ has been revealed to us in the Gospel as "the resurrection and the life," yet each generation of Christians has been, in the literal sense, a generation of dying men. Every village has its place of interment. Every populous city of living men has a populous city of the dead close by its side—growing in magnitude as it grows itself, and waiting in silence for the great future while the city of the living is busy with the present. We have good reason, then, for observing with interest what is said in the earliest Christian writing concerning those who are departed in the Lord.

And there is a double interest in this matter. Not only is this the first Christian writing which refers to departed believers, but the departed who are referred to here are the first of whom we have any record, as having died according to the ordinary course of nature, *i.e.*, whose cases were like our own. The Acts of the Apostles, indeed, though written later, mention those who died earlier. But those deaths were exceptional. Either they were terrible from the marks of judgment which rested upon them, or they were martyrdoms. We can easily recall the instances. A dark cloud is upon the death of Judas Iscariot; and a similar cloud is upon the deaths of Ananias and Sapphira. Nothing, indeed, can be brighter than the death of Stephen, whom we commemorate this month; and the same remark may most properly be extended to the death of James, who was slain by the hand of Herod. But these were exceptional; these were violent deaths—these were martyrdoms. And the same must be said of those who were slain during the persecution conducted by Saul of Tarsus; for it does seem from his own words that he did persecute even to the death. The quiet passing away of Dorcas is, indeed, very much like cases within our own experience. It resembles the

death of many a good Christian matron in every age, whose spirit has gone to a better world, amid the grief of those to whom she has been merciful and kind. But concerning Dorcas we must add that she was raised miraculously to life; so that her case again was strictly exceptional. The case, however, of those who had died at Thessalonica was exactly like our own. Thessalonica was beginning to be, more or less, a Christian city; and the graves of some departed Christians were even now already there. Some, whom St. Paul knew, had left this world since he had been among them. Their faces he would not see again, when he next visited the place. Their death, too, had been the cause of great grief, and of some perplexity; for it was hardly known then what view was to be taken of the Christian dead. He tells them what view to take; and he comforts them with words which have comforted all mourners among Christ's people since. "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

The right view, then, of the death of Christ's true servants is, that it is *a sleep;* and this includes three particulars.

(1) The first fact connected with the thought of sleep is *continuity of existence.* The natural impression on the contemplation of death is that it is an absolute cessation for ever of all acting and thinking. But in this comparison of death to a sleep we are assured that it is otherwise. The very notion of sleep insists that personal identity remains. Suspension, indeed, of the exertion of all active power, whether of mind or body, there may be during sleep. But sleep is not a destroyer of those powers; and Christian death, if it is rightly compared to a sleep, is not a destroyer.

(2) And a second thought which we inevitably associate with sleep is *the thought of repose.* The great blessing which God has given to us for our powers of mind and body, when they are wearied, is sleep. There is nothing else like it. All the human race know what this blessing is, in our life of toil and fatigue. It is proverbial in every language, and in this respect the comparison of Christian death with sleep is full of meaning, full of consolation and encouragement. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, that they may rest from their labours." "To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise,"[1] said Christ to one whose firm hold on salvation came only at the last; and "paradise" is a place of refreshment and repose.

[1] Luke xxiii. 43.

(3) Thirdly, there is connected with the idea of sleep the *certainty of waking.* It is essentially a temporary condition. If we thought it would not end, we should not call it sleep. When we go to rest at night, we go in the expectation, under God's good blessing, of rising in some degree strengthened and refreshed in the morning. When we lay our children to rest, their sleep will probably be far sounder than ours; but we know how the morning will bring new life, and new merriment and laughter. And when we lay our Christian dead in the grave it is in the hope of a glorious sunrise and of the awakening to a better and happier life.

Continuity of existence, sense of repose, and *certainty of waking:* these are three characteristics of natural sleep and of Christian death. Concerning the death which is not Christian I say nothing. I leave that awful subject entirely on one side. I desire simply to follow the line of thought here laid down for us in the First Epistle to the Thessalonians: "Them that sleep in Jesus shall God bring with Him." It is through Jesus Christ that death becomes a sleep. The translation in the Authorised Version, though quite correct, might be made more exact and more forcible, thus, "Them that have been laid to sleep by Jesus." "Surely He giveth His beloved sleep;" and when the day of resurrection comes, though there are many things connected with that day which we do not as yet understand, of one thing we are certain, that "the saints will be with Him."

The reason why this subject has been chosen for this month, and for the conclusion of these papers, is obvious. The last words in the narrative of the death of Stephen are these: "He fell asleep." The words used by St. Paul to the Thessalonians, long afterwards, were to be an echo of these words of an earlier day, which St. Paul himself heard under circumstances which he could never forget, when he was "consenting" to Stephen's death. All are not martyrs; but all whose "life is hid with Christ in God" *fall asleep* when they die.

We study the lives and deaths of martyrs in order that, without being martyrs, we may learn to serve God, to do good to man where we are, till our time on earth is over. St. Paul, in addressing the Jews at Antioch in Pisidia, summed up in a phrase of extraordinary beauty and power the true religious view of death, when he said of David, "Having served his own generation through the will of God, *fell on sleep.*"[1]

J. S. Howson.

[1] Acts xiii. 36.

Art. VIII.—CHURCH DEFENCE; PRESENT AND FUTURE.

BY the time that these pages come before our readers the Parliament of 1880 will have been dissolved, and the country will be mustering to the polls. That the occasion is a momentous one we may well admit, without taking any exaggerated view of the importance of the last extension of the franchise. What makes the present elections important is not so much the character of the new constituencies, as the questions which have been put before them, and the peculiar inducements by which it is sought to secure a verdict. All the opponents of the existing order of things appear to have fixed their hopes upon this election; and two months ago they were so certain of success that their premature boastings awakened a hitherto apathetic and uninterested public. Among the institutions confidently marked down for destruction was the Church of England. The Church was not only to be Disestablished—whatever that may mean—but to be fairly stripped of all her belongings, and her organization as far as possible broken up. The extent of the ruin in store for her was set forth without disguise in a book which received the *imprimatur* of a leading statesman. Nearly five hundred Parliamentary candidates were discovered to be pledged to vote for the Resolution which was to open the campaign, and when Mr. Gladstone's Political Programme came to be read, it was found to include so spiritless a deprecation of immediate action, that it seemed almost to promise for the morrow the measure denied for the day. Then, at length, for the first time within living memory, from end to end of the country Churchmen were stung into action; and then, too, it was almost instantly seen that the disclosed plot against the Church was a tactical mistake of the first magnitude.

Few things in recent history have been more remarkable than the speedy change which was manifested in the tone of the attacking party so soon as it became evident that the Church question could not be carried by sudden assault, and that the unsparing nature of the hostile proposals had provoked resistance and remonstrance from Liberals as well as Conservatives, from Dissenters as well as Churchmen. At once it was sought to soothe us with promises that the matter should be postponed; and to calm our fears, and lull us again into inaction, by assurances that the subject was one upon which any alarm was premature. One was reminded of the Russians at Khiva or Merv protesting to English diplomatists that a trackless desert divided them from the nearest boundary of Afghanistan. When this failed of its object Mr. Gladstone

promulgated the amazing statement that the question would not have been raised at all but for the conduct of the Conservatives in thrusting it to the front for party purposes. On all sides the friends of the Church were warned that by accepting the Conservative alliance they were identifying the Church with a party, and that when once the cause of the Church is bound up with that of the Conservative party, its condition will be hopeless. Finally the attack was, for this election at least, formally abandoned—an admission that the sudden disclosure of hostile designs was an error, and a tribute to the strength of Church Defence more eloquent than many speeches. After the address of Mr. Gladstone on the 11th of the month we may take it for granted that, so long at least as he continues to lead the Liberal Party, the assault will not be formally renewed. But this does not cause us to forget that the men who are pledged to favour Disestablishment are still candidates for Parliamentary honours, and that their independent action is still possible.

But the recent alarm has not been without momentous consequences. At the time when we were being most unnecessarily lectured on the deplorable results that must follow if once the National Church became the Church of a party, our opponents did not see that the result of their ill-timed menaces was not to drive the Church into the arms of the Conservatives, but to keep the Liberal Party out of the net of the Liberationists. This unexpected result, for which Churchmen ought to be most heartily thankful, is the real meaning of that most significant Manifesto of the Dukes of Westminster, Bedford, Somerset, Grafton, and many of their Liberal colleagues. This, too, it was that underlay the sudden change of attitude on the part of our opponents generally.

To understand the full importance of this it is necessary to make for a moment an excursion into politics. Of late years the Liberal Party has been led by its Radical section. Forty years after the first Reform Bill about sufficed to exhaust the energies of the older Party and to complete the greater social and political reforms which its principles involved. Since then the initiative has come more and more from the Radical wing, whose principles are wholly foreign to those of Liberalism, but whose measures, in the rivalry for office, have been from time to time adopted by the entire Party. Mr. Gladstone's approaching retirement from party leadership has at length given the signal to the Socialist Party to strike a blow for visible dominion, leaving to the old Liberals the alternative of submission or secession. Had the Church question been postponed—as, but for the arrogance of Mr. Chamberlain and the impatience of the Liberationists, it would have been—there is

every reason to believe that the great majority of them would either have followed their leader into servitude from which they would not have emerged, or maintained a half-disgusted apathy, in the vain hope that their indolence would preserve their independence. But the ill-advised and ill-timed menace to the Church effectually roused them to a sense of their position. The Church is not, and never must be, either the property or the political ally of any party. Her claim to the loyalty of all parties depends, like that of the Crown, upon her sustaining a position above party strife. It will be an evil day for her should she ever elect to descend from this high position and become a partisan in the political arena. Those who take the political sword shall perish by it. But for the same reason she has a right to expect that neither of the great political parties shall make hostility to the Church a "plank" in its platform. Now there is no necessary hostility to the Church in the desire to sever her special connection with the Civil Government. Loyalty to the Church may fairly consist with very strong opinions either way. But that is not, nor do we think it ever will be, the practical question. Loyalty to the Church is not consistent with a wish to deny her that guaranteed possession of her own property which she has in common with all other religious societies. It is not loyal to desire to deprive her of the means of usefulness over a large proportion of the country. It is not loyal to hand over her churches to secular uses, and her cathedrals to the impartial possession of grotesque Christianity and open Atheism. It is not loyal to count up the treasures which the piety of forty generations has dedicated to the service of God, and to invite a hungry mob to consider how far this wealth would go to satisfy its greed for the good things not its own. Lastly, it is not loyalty to plot further for the complete disorganization of the crippled Church, and to bewail the tendency of the tree cut down to sprout again. All this, whether or not it masquerades in the thin disguise of friendship, is downright, unqualified enmity; and it is this that has all but succeeded in getting itself foisted on to the Liberal Party as an inseparable and essential part of Liberalism. No wonder the men who claim that name are roused into action. Among the sons of the Church in this country none are more distinguished for love and zeal in her behalf than members of the Liberal Party. Churchmen form, too, the great bulk of those quiescent people who are not active politicians, but who like to register a quiet vote for "the party of progress" when the progress is neither too rapid nor too much in the dark. Well may they ask since when it was that Liberationism became an essential part of their creed, and what compulsion there is for a true Liberal to

advocate the plunder and maiming of the Church! Why, it was but the other day that these very Liberationists, who now assume the dictatorship, were a disaffected clique, plotting to desert the Liberal Party *en masse* because they failed to get their own way in the matter of education!

However, for the moment, the struggle is over, and, whatever may be the result of the elections now in progress, the Church question is not likely to make a great advance in the coming Parliament, which seems likely to have both a short life and a stormy one. Should there be a majority of members individually pledged to Disestablishment and Disendowment, it is more than probable that an abstract resolution will be carried, pledging the House of Commons to undertake the work. But after the distinct repudiations of the past few weeks, it will be impossible to pretend that the House has any "mandate" to deal with the question; and even if it were possible —though the thing is most unlikely—to frame a Bill and pass it through the Lower House, the Peers would be more than justified in referring the subject to the country. Moreover, the Church of Scotland blocks the way, and, when the convenient time comes for assaulting it, will probably prove a harder nut to crack than is generally expected. "He that is first in his own cause seemeth just, but his neighbour cometh and searcheth him." We have heard all that the Caucuses have to tell us of the "unanimous verdict" of the Scottish people; but even if, as idle politicians affirm, the matter were one for Scotland alone, it would by no means follow that the bare local majority of the moment must in a matter of so much importance have everything conceded to them at once. Another reference to the polls will certainly now be needed upon even that question

At the same time, let us not deceive ourselves. The carrying of even an abstract resolution against the Church in the House of Commons would bring the danger appreciably nearer, and would increase the number of those faint-hearted supporters who are always proclaiming that final defeat is "inevitable." Sooner or later the assault in force will certainly be made, and when made it will be supported by all the force of an empty exchequer, and backed by the eloquence of a needy Minister. For the financial prospect is not likely to be greatly improved for some time to come, even if our needs are not multiplied; but the growth of State Socialism will certainly augment the number of things to be supplied out of public money, and the most popular Chancellor of the Exchequer will be the financier who can find the most money, and yet keep the burden of taxation from becoming too heavy. That will be a time of

trial for all endowments, and eventually, perhaps, for all capital. The task for Churchmen is to make clear the title of the Church to her property, and to let it be known by all whom it may concern that plunder will not be permitted. Most of the leading men of both political parties have joined with the Archbishops and Bishops in advocating the organization of the Church vote in the constituencies, with the single purpose of insisting that the rights of the Church shall be respected, and her name kept out of party contests. Candidates and political organizations have a fairly keen insight as to what it will or will not answer their purpose to support, and surely if the advocates of every paltry cause, from the Anti-Vaccination League upwards, can make their pressure felt, the Church should have no difficulty in making her "*Noli me tangere*" at least as audible and influential as the words of command of her opponents. But simple as this may seem, there is no time to be lost in carrying it out.

After all, the great strength of the Church must in the end be sought for even more in the goodness of her cause than in the number and temper of her adherents. Her right is two-fold—a good title, and a justification—"justice and utility," as the Bishop of Peterborough calls them. Much has been done to dispel the amazing amount of ignorance prevalent upon both these topics; but I venture to think that the most correct, as well as the most telling method of bringing home to people a knowledge of the truth, has hardly yet had a fair trial. We are too much accustomed to speak of the Church and her endowments as if, for purposes of property, the Church were a single Corporation, possessing a lump sum, very irregularly and even unjustly distributed. It cannot be too often impressed upon people that there is no such centralized body. Every parish possesses its own endowment, frequently traceable to its origin; and this is a fact which, if rightly made use of, is of the greatest value. People more readily comprehend the right of individual cases, and can be more easily moved to enthusiasm about them, than when asked to deal with generalizations and abstractions. As Mrs. Barrett-Browning put it—

> A red-haired child
> Sick in a fever, if you touch him once
> With but so little as your finger-tip,
> Will set you weeping; but a million sick!
> You could as soon weep for the Rule of Three
> Or Compound Fractions!

So with Church endowment. Get a parishioner to listen while you tell the story of his parish church—who first founded it,

who enlarged and rebuilt it, at what cost and from whose pocket it has been beautified and enriched, and he soon sees what a cruel wrong would be the threatened confiscation of the sacred building for any but its present sacred use. Tell him, too, the story of the particular endowment, whence it comes, and for what purpose it is given; and show him, too, how little of it, under any system of confiscation, would ever fall to his share, and you will interest him in a matter of which he will readily see the rights and wrongs. The work here indicated is one which ought, on other grounds, to be done for every parish where possible throughout England. Our individual title to such should be worked out, and be ready to be put in as evidence whenever a Royal Commission shall issue to inquire into the nature, origin, and extent of Church Property. The next step should be to show what use the Church makes of her so-called wealth—how it is infinitely more than paid for by the constant labour of an army of over twenty thousand men and a large proportion of their wives—by the education of the poor, the alleviation of misery, assistance to emigration, counsel and help for the distressed, and the prevention of pauperism. These are services which would not be more than compensated by the Church revenues were they far more extensive than at present; and, what is more to the purpose, no other agency would perform them at twice the cost, should the nation in a moment of folly elect to deprive herself of the Church's help. Upon all these matters the nation is yet in darkness, or, perhaps, we may say, is only now beginning to see the light. Be it ours to hasten the dawn, in the full assurance that with light must come safety.

GILBERT VENABLES.

Review.

The Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat. By their son, JOHN S. MOFFAT. With Portraits, Maps, and illustrations. Pp. 460. T. Fisher Unwin.

Robert Moffat was born in the year 1795, at Ormiston, in East Lothian. In 1806 his parents were established at Carron-shore, on the southern side of the Firth of Forth, and a short distance from Falkirk. The cottage in which they lived still stands; it was recognised by Robert when, in his old age, he revisited some of the scenes of his youth. In 1809 he was apprenticed to the trade of a gardener. The discipline was somewhat severe; but Robert found time to attend an evening class occasionally, making an attempt at learning Latin and mensuration. He also took his first lessons at the anvil, and learned to play a little on the violin. He had a craving, which clung to him throughout life, to learn something of what-

ever he came in contact with, and many accomplishments of which in his boyhood and youth he gained a smattering, proved of value to him in after life. He was fond of athletic sports, and became an accomplished swimmer. In 1812, being out of his apprenticeship, he obtained a situation at Donibristle, on Lord Moray's estate, where he lived with the other workmen in the bothy. When scarcely sixteen years old, he obtained a situation as under-gardener to Mr. Leigh, of High Leigh, in Cheshire, and he had to bid farewell to his father and mother, brothers and sisters. Of his parting interview with his mother he has left a record in his own words: "My mother proposed to accompany me to the boat which was to convey "me across the Firth of Forth. . . When we came within sight of the spot "where we were to part, perhaps never again to meet in this world, she "said, 'Now, my Robert, let us stand here for a few minutes, for I wish "to ask one favour of you before we part, and I know you will not re-"fuse to do what your mother asks.' 'What is it, mother?' I inquired. "'Do promise me first that you will do what I am now going to ask, and "I shall tell you.' 'No, mother, I cannot till you tell me what your wish "is.' 'Oh, Robert, can you think for a moment that I shall ask you, my "son, to do anything that is not right? Do not I love you?' 'Yes, "mother, I know you do; but I do not like to make promises which I "may not be able to fulfil.' I kept my eyes fixed on the ground. I was "silent, trying to resist the rising emotion. She sighed deeply. I lifted my "eyes and saw the big tears rolling down the cheeks which were wont to "press mine. I was conquered, and as soon as I could recover speech, I "said, 'Oh, mother! ask what you will, and I shall do it.' 'I only ask "you whether you will read a chapter in the Bible every morning, and "another every evening?' I interrupted by saying, 'Mother, you know "I read my Bible.' 'I know you do, but you do not read it regularly, or "as a duty you owe to God, its Author.' And she added, 'Now I shall "return home with a happy heart, inasmuch as you have promised to read "the Scriptures daily. Oh, Robert, my son, read much in the New Testa-"ment. Read much in the Gospels—the blessed Gospels. Then you "cannot well go astray. If you pray, the Lord Himself will teach "you.'"

At an early age, it seems, Robert had been under serious impressions, and he always spoke with regard of Mr. Caldwell, to whose earnest teachings he had listened while a schoolboy. The young man never forgot his promise to his mother. Not long after his arrival at High Leigh (where he was treated with kindness and consideration), he was brought into contact with the evangelistic work of earnest Wesleyans. After prayerful consideration and thoughtful study, reading especially the Epistle to the Romans, Robert joined himself to his new friends, and adopted their views. This step gave offence to Mr. Leigh, who, like Robert Moffat's father, looked on the Methodists with some suspicion. But the young gardener, conscious of new and stirring emotions, was soon led to take another step. He had occasion to visit Warrington, and on a wall in that town he observed a placard announcing a Missionary meeting. He read the placard, and read it again (it was the first he had ever seen), and an indescribable tumult took hold of his mind. The stories of Moravian Missionaries which he had heard his mother read when he was a boy came into vivid remembrance; and as in the quiet of evening he wended his way homeward, he thought of nothing but the Missionary cause. What could he do? How could he become a Missionary? What followed has been described in his own words. He wrote: "Soon afterwards, having heard that a Wesleyan Conference was to be "held in Manchester, I proposed to a young man with whom I had be-"come intimate that we should go thither. During our few days' sojourn,

"hearing first one and then another, I resolved on hearing William Roby.[1] "His appearance and discourse, delivered with gravity and solemnity, "pleased me much. In the evening the lady of the house where we "lodged remarked that he was a great Missionary man, and sometimes "sent out young men to the heathen. This remark at once fixed my "purpose of calling on that great man, but how and when was a very "serious matter to one of a naturally retiring habit. I thought and "prayed during the night over the important step I was about to take. "There was something like daring in the attempt which I could not over- "come. Next morning, when I awoke, my heart beat at the prospect before "me. I had told my beloved companion, Hamlet Clarke, what I intended "doing, and asked him to go with me. This he decidedly objected to, "but he wished me to go, and promised to wait within sight till I should "return. Though the distance we had to walk was more than a mile, it "seemed too short for me to get my thoughts in order. Reaching the "end of a rather retired street, I proceeded with slow step. On getting "to the door, I stood a minute or two, and my heart failed, and I turned "back towards my friend, but soon took fresh courage, and came back "again. The task of knocking at the good man's door seemed very hard. "A second time I reached the door, and had scarcely set my foot on the "first step when my heart again failed. I feared I was acting presumptu- "ously. At last, after walking backward and forward for a few minutes, "I returned to the door and knocked. This was no sooner done than I "would have given a thousand pounds, if I had possessed them, not to "have knocked; and I hoped, oh! how I hoped with all my heart that "Mr. Roby might not be at home, resolving that if so I should never "again make such an attempt. A girl opened the door. 'Is Mr. Roby "in?' I inquired, with a faltering voice. 'Yes,' was the reply, and I was "shown into the parlour."

Mr. Roby recommended him to apply to Mr. Smith, of Dukinfield, whose house "was a house of call for ministers," and in the Dukinfield nursery garden Moffat found pleasant employment for nearly a year. "Mr. Smith's only daughter (Mary) possessing a warm missionary heart," wrote Moffat, "we soon became attached to one another;" and so it came to pass that for more than half a century Robert Moffat and Mary his wife laboured together in Africa.

It was in October, 1816, that Robert Moffat set sail for Africa. He was only twenty years of age, but his purpose was pure, and his will, through grace, strong and steady. Nine Missionaries were set apart in a service at Surrey Chapel. Five of them were destined to South Africa, and four to the South Seas, one of these four being John Williams, the martyr of Erromanga. It had been at first proposed that Williams and Moffat should both go to Polynesia, but this was overruled on the suggestion of Dr. Waugh, who deemed "thae twa lads ower young to gang tegither." Having been eighty-six days at sea in their little brig, Moffat and his companion reached Cape Town, and here for a season Moffat was obliged to stay. Namaqualand, his selected sphere of work, was beyond the Colony, and the Governor—fearing miscbief beyond the frontier—refused him permission to proceed on his journey. Moffat set himself to learn Dutch; and the enforced delay proved thus in after life a real advantage to him, for he was able to preach to the Boers. Oftentimes, as the student of Missionary progress will observe, what seems a hindrance turns out a help (Philipp. i. 12), and many a parallel to Moffat's detention in the Colony will be found in earnest prayerful efforts for spreading Christ's

[1] The Rev. W. Roby, of Manchester, was announced on the placard which so moved Moffat, to take the chair at the Missionary meeting in Warrington.

Kingdom in heathen lands. In September, 1817, the Governor gave the wished-for permission, and Moffat set forth for Africaner's Kraal. The history of Africaner has been told by Moffat himself in his "Labours and Scenes;" and it is unnecessary in THE CHURCHMAN to recall that record. For the best part of a year the young missionary did not see the face of a fellow-countryman, or hear a word in his mother-tongue. He set himself to work with thorough devotion, and soon had a flourishing school. An extract from a letter to his parents will give a view of this part of his life:

I have many difficulties to encounter [he writes], being alone. No one can do anything for me in my household affairs. I must attend to everything, which often confuses me, and, indeed, hinders me in my work, for I could wish to have almost nothing to do but to instruct the heathen, both spiritually and temporally. Daily I do a little in the garden, daily I am doing something for the people in mending guns. I am carpenter, smith, cooper, tailor, shoemaker, miller, baker, and housekeeper—the last is the most burdensome of any. Indeed, none is burdensome but it. An old Namaqua woman milks my cows and makes a fire and washes. All other things I do myself, though I seldom prepare anything till impelled by hunger. I drink plenty of milk, and often eat a piece of dried flesh. Lately I reaped nearly two bolls of wheat from two hatfuls which I sowed. This is of great help to me. I shall soon have plenty of Indian corn, cabbage, melons and potatoes. Water is scarce. I have sown wheat a second time on trial. I live chiefly now on bread and milk. To-day I churned about three Scotch pints of milk, from which there were two pounds of butter, so you may conceive the milk is rich. I wish many times my mother saw me. My house is always pretty clean; but oh, what a confusion there is always among my linen! I have no patience.

In the year 1819, Africaner was induced to visit the Governor at Cape Town, with Mr. Moffat. This visit of Africaner, we read, "was an event of great importance in more ways than one. In a striking and concrete manner it brought to the view of those who had authority and influence the fact that Missionaries, instead of increasing political difficulties, may often help to solve them. Moreover, the strikingly gentle and Christian deportment of Africaner and his followers, a man who had formerly been known as a public terror, greatly encouraged those who were holding forth the power of the Gospel to regenerate the most unpromising characters."

In the following year the devoted missionary had the happiness of welcoming to the shores of Africa the affianced partner of his toils. The spirit in which Mary Smith left her home for missionary work may be gathered from the letter which she addressed to Moffat's parents. We give an extract:

. . . . After two years and a half of the most painful anxiety [she writes] I have, through the tender mercy of God, obtained permission of my dear parents to proceed, some time next spring, to join your dear son in his arduous work. This is what I by no means expected a week ago; but God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. When He arises, every mountain flows down at His presence. He has the hearts of all men in His hands, and can turn them as the rivers of water. So He has done with regard to my parents. Previous to the arrival of these letters, my father had persisted in saying that I should never have his consent; my dear mother has uniformly asserted that it would break her heart (as I have no sister, and she is far advanced in life); notwithstanding all this they both yesterday calmly resigned me into the hands of the Lord, declaring they durst no longer withhold me. The idea of parting for ever with my beloved family appears too much for myself. Sometimes I think I shall never get launched on the ocean before grief weighs me down; but such are my convictions of duty, that I believe were I to remain here another year, it would then be out of my power to go, for I must sink under the weight of an accusing conscience, when I consider Robert's peculiarly trying situation and the strong affection which he seems to bear to me."

They were married in December, 1819. Writing to her brother John, a few days later, Mary Moffat says :

There was an expression in my father's letter that rather grieved me; it was that in one sense I was dead to them. Now I think they ought not to consider me so. Surely it ought to afford consolation that I am now united to a devoted servant of God, one who counts not his life dear to himself. They can hear of me, and I trust that they will hear that I am of some little use in the world. Is not this better, to be a succourer of those who are labouring, than to lie down in the grave without having done anything towards the building of the temple? I trust you will endeavour to remove this impression. Cheer their hearts, and never indulge melancholy fears respecting me. I can assure you every provision is made for my comfort which is possible, and the Deputation afford Moffat every facility. At the same time, I wish ever to be reasonable in my expectations and cheerfully to take up the cross. I find missionaries are greatly despised here, and, indeed, it is not to be wondered at after the conduct of some; but I think I can say :—

"All hail reproach ! and welcome shame !
If Thou remember me."

Early in the following year the Moffats set out for their post. After seven weeks of ox-waggon travelling they found themselves about 600 miles from Cape Town. Further on they arrived at Lattakoo, or, as it was afterwards called, Kuruman.

In 1821 a daughter was born—Mary, afterwards known as the wife of David Livingstone.

In 1822 Mrs. Moffat wrote : "We have no prosperity in the work, not the least sign of good being done. The Bootsuanas seem more careless than ever, and seldom enter the church. Their indifference seems to increase, and instead of rejoicing we have continually to mourn over them. Our consolation is derived from the promises of the immutable Jehovah. We walk by faith and not by sight. How mysterious are His works, and His ways past finding out! In almost every other part of the world to which the Gospel is sent, some of the people receive it gladly, but here the blessing is withheld. Five years have rolled on since the Missionaries came, and not one soul converted, nor does any one seem to lend an ear. All treat with ridicule and contempt the truths which are delivered. . . ."

In the year 1829 a marvellous awakening began. The period of darkness had been long; but the true hearts hoped and trusted. There was no wavering. Like Hans Egede, the Apostle of Greenland (who laboured for years apparently in vain) Moffat and Hamilton were able to commit their work unto Jehovah (Isa. xlix. 4). In the year 1827 there began to be a sort of change, a promise of the dawn; and two years later a wave of enthusiasm swept over the Bechwanas. In a few months the whole aspect of the station had changed.

In 1832 Moffat completed his translation of the Gospel of St. Luke into the Sechwana tongue. Two years later he had commenced his efforts towards laying the foundation of a Sechwana literature by preparing a spelling-book, which was printed at the Cape. By 1840 the translation of the New Testament was completed, and it was printed in London on the occasion of Moffat's visit to England.

In 1836 Mrs. Moffat, both for her health's sake and on account of their children, was induced to pay a visit to the coast. But she would not take her husband away from his post. Writing to her father, she described the journey. "We left Kuruman on the 19th of November. Robert "accompanied us to the Vaal River, over which we walked dry-shod. "Finding it so low, we never dreamed of getting the Orange River in "flood; but so it was, and I was compelled to be on the banks of that "mighty stream for one round month. Being in such a delicate state of

"health, I could not but suffer much from the extreme heat and exposed "situation, and was severely tried, often hesitating whether to return. "Frequently we were tantalized with the prospect of being able to ride "through 'to-morrow;' but as sure as to-morrow came the river rose "again, till all hope was gone, and we came at last to the conclusion to "cross on a raft. With hard labour we got everything over that frightful "river in less than three days without a single accident. How much have "we to be thankful for! And it was gratifying to find that for all I had "endured I was no worse, but rather better. Perhaps being obliged to "take it easily was in my favour, for it was impossible to be active through "the day for want of shade, and by the time the sun was down my "strength was gone, so that I could not walk, except to the water's edge "and back." The whole narrative is full of interest. It shows how this devoted woman—noble wife and mother, truly and thoroughly a Missionary —served the Lord with a quiet mind. It may be compared with her account of a visit to the Livingstones in the year 1846.

In 1844 Moffat, writing to the Directors, said :

> I am again seated where I was wont to sit when writing to the Directors in bygone days, and where I spent so many days and months with the most intense anxiety in the translation of the Word of Divine Truth into the Sechwana language. The well-known sound of the church-going bell in the Kuruman vale again salutes the ear. The substantial chapel and the mission-houses, and the tall Babylonian willows waving in the breeze, the swallows skimming aloft, having returned from the warm tropics, the buzz of a hundred infant-school children at this moment pouring out for a minute's play, some chanting over again what they have just been singing, others romping and running about on the greensward —are sights and sounds pleasant and melodious to eye and ear.

The work of the Lord had indeed struck its roots deep into the hearts of the people ; and His servants saw good fruit of their labours.

How the devoted Missionary spent his closing years in England, esteemed and revered, the volume before us tells. It is some years since the present writer had the pleasure of meeting the veteran—genial, shrewd, well-informed, full of agreeable reminiscences—and the interview has always been cherished.

We heartily recommend this book. It is rich in teaching passages, and every lover of Missionary enterprise will find its narratives and letters highly interesting. The editorial work has been done with judgment, and although in the narrative portions there is no pretence at literary grace and effect, the volume is very readable. Upon the earlier passages of the illustrious Missionary's career we have dwelt at some length, and for two reasons : first, the period 1800-1820 has, in a Missionary point of view, an especial interest ; second, the letters of Robert and Mary Moffat at the commencement of their career show the secret of their strength.

Short Notices.

A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Rochester, at his Second Visitation in 1885. By ANTHONY W. THOROLD, D.D., ninety-eighth Bishop. John Murray.

THIS Charge in some respects invites criticism ; and we regret that we are unable to give a review of it, or a "short notice" not unworthy. The sections are six, viz., "Four years more," "Questions and Answers," "Developments," "The People," "Government," and "Truth." There

is a lithograph drawing of the Ten Churches. A very valuable passage defending Evening Communion will, no doubt, be largely quoted. The passage on The Pluralities Amendment Act is very welcome. Here is a passage on the Evangelical School:

The *Evangelical* School, which, in the opinion of some gusty critics, is in its decadence, in the judgment of one whose life-ties with it, and deep respect for it, should help him to a careful judgment, is still active with life. But it is domestic life rather than public, and it needs widening; and, with all the other schools, it owes much to Congress debates. When Convocation was revived, it was unwise in its depreciation of the Church's inherent right to discuss her own affairs; and even now a few of its most capable and venerated men have no sense of conscience about the Church's corporate activity outside their own parishes. It is of course quite true that it ceased to be on the crest of the wave when it had done its immediate duty of vitalizing the conscience of the Church with zeal for the souls of men, and of disinterring from a deep grave the doctrines of grace. It is also true that, like every other school in turn, it has lately been in a transition state, recasting some of its less essential tenets, felicitously reconstructing its public organs, both in diocesan and ruri-decanal gatherings coming into wholesome and invigorating contact with the other schools in the Church; and, in the person at least of many of its younger men, becoming healthily impregnated with the Cambridge theology. It has been the fruitful and sometimes the audacious parent of admirable innovations. Its great instrument has been preaching. Yet no one can justly say of it that it is indifferent to Sacramental ordinances. Its pastoral activities have been indefatigable. If its adversaries have sometimes, not quite without cause, charged it with an (unconscious) injustice in claiming a monopoly of the Gospel, they have never been slow to confess that they have lit their lamps at its candle, and revived their zeal from its fire. Mr. Beard, in his "Hibbert Lectures" (p. 414), says of this school, that it has shown itself least receptive of the influence of the newer time; that it is "not greatly in sympathy with learning or science, or speculation of any kind—reading its own literature, absorbed in its own labours, content with its own life." Some of this has been only too true, but is gradually ceasing to be true, and its best men are eager to wipe away the reproach. Were this school to be seriously impaired in its activities, or weakened in its influence, every other school would suffer. Yet those who with Frederick Maurice have so sternly rebuked it for what they have sincerely thought to be its irreverent and artificial theology, have never denied to it its share in stirring the personal religious life of Churchmen generally; and can there be much greater praise? It too has its own theological halls at Oxford and Cambridge; but its greatest and unrivalled achievement is the Church Missionary Society.

A Tangled Web. A Tale of the Fifteenth Century. By EMILY SARAH HOLT, Author of "Mistress Margery," "Red and White," etc. John F. Shaw and Co.

Another Tale by Miss Holt will be welcomed by many thoughtful readers who care very little for works of fiction in general. Miss Holt's Tales have always enough of "thread" to make them readable; and we happen to know that several young persons who are given to novelettes and stories of various kinds have been greatly pleased with "Red and White," "Lady Sybil's Choice," and other volumes of this charming series. An accomplished historian, Miss Holt has the gift of imparting the information which is the result of laborious research, in a pleasing form, with literary skill, and good judgment. Her pictures are attractive, informing, and ably finished. The best answer to the question, "Was Perkin Warbeck an impostor?" so far as we know, is given in this Tale. It is curious that in one contemporary document he was called *Wosebeck*. It is probable that Warbeck or *Osbeck* was a son of Edward IV., his mother (wife of Osbeck) being of Jewish blood. The present volume, like its predecessors, is tastefully got up.

Animal Stories, Old and New. Told in Pictures and Prose. By HARRISON WEIR.

The Vanished Diamond. A Tale of South Africa. By JULES VERNE. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.

These are two handsome volumes; they will take high rank among the "Christmas Books" of this year. With the stories about dogs we are greatly pleased; all are good: and the "pictures"—of which there are many—are delightful. The Tale is an attractive specimen of Jules Verne's work. He carries the reader along, always animated and graphic; in spite of improbabilities and so forth, one is interested and pleased, not without instruction.

Studies in the CL. Psalms. Their undesigned coincidences with the independent Scripture Histories confirming and illustrating Both. By the Rev. A. R. FAUSSET, M.A., editor of Bengel's "Gnomon" in English, author of "An Expository Commentary on the Book of Judges," etc. Pp. 290. Second Edition. Nisbet and Co.

That a second edition of *Horæ Psalmicæ* has been called for will surprise nobody who has read the work, which is one of considerable erudition and ability. The line of *Horæ Paulinæ*, as everybody admits, is of high value. The same argument from undesigned coincidences holds good, of course, in comparing David's Psalms with the independent histories in "Kings" and "Chronicles." Mr. Fausset has done his work with judgment. His book should stand on the Biblical student's shelf by the side of Paley and Blunt and Birks and Howson.

Pearls of Wisdom from the Parables of Christ. By A. L. O. E., author of "Rescued from Egypt," "The Young Pilgrim," etc. Pp. 240. Morgan and Scott.

The value of the books of "A. L. O. E." has long been well known. The book before us—one token of her Missionary labours in Hindostan—has been written from an Oriental standpoint, addressing Hindoos and Mahometans, and for English students of the Parables, therefore, it has a peculiar interest. The volume, we may add, has some good illustrations.

The City of God. A series of discussions on religion. By A. M. FAIRBAIRN, D.D., Principal of Airedale College, Bradford, author of "Studies in the Life of Christ," etc. Second edition. Pp. 360. Hodder and Stoughton.

Dr. Fairbairn is a thinker and writer of no mean grade. This is the second edition of a work which is known probably to some of our readers. It has much that is clear, strong, and attractive; and will repay a careful, discriminating perusal.

Your Sundays. Fifty-one Short Readings, especially intended for schoolboys. By the Rev. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., author of "Your Innings," etc., etc. Pp. 240. Nisbet.

The title-page of this book sufficiently well explains its aim and character. Mr. Everard's writings have been warmly recommended and largely circulated, so that it is hardly necessary to say of the volume before us anything more than that many will be greatly pleased with it. To other readers, besides schoolboys, it may be useful; and indeed, as the esteemed author suggests, with slight alterations it may afford Sunday Readings for the family.

Nature and her Servants. Sketches of the Animal Kingdom. By THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S. Author of our "Insect Enemies," "Our Insect Allies," etc. Pp. 470. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

This is an excellent work. Intended for the use of the young, its few scientific terms are carefully and simply explained. Zoology "Made Easy," in fact, is not a bad explanatory title. Cats, seals, monkeys, rats, opossums, and so forth: birds, reptiles, fishes, insects. Not a chapter is dry, or a bit too long. A large number of illustrations increases the attractiveness of the work. We should add that the book is printed in large clear type, and forms a prize or present of a thoroughly good sort.

Epitome of the Laws Affecting Health now in Force in this Country. By J. V. VESEY FITZGERALD, Barrister-at-Law. Waterlow Bros. and Layton, 24, Birchin Lane, E.C.

This book was written for the use of the general public, and it will probably be found very helpful. Water Supply, Nuisances, River Pollution, and Burial Grounds, are some of its chapters.

"*A Glad Service*," intended to be used as Bible Lessons for Young Women's Classes, and as a gift-book to Girls. By ELINOR LEWIS. S.P.C.K.

There is much in this little book which we like, and which is sure to do good. The tone is winning, and the style simple. One friendly criticism may be made; the word "show" in 1 Cor. xi. 26 is (as in R.V.) "*proclaim*."

Seeking a Country. "The Home of the Pilgrims." By the Rev. E. N. HOARE, M.A., Rector of Acrise, Kent. T. Nelson and Sons.

We have had the pleasure of commending, in previous years, Tales by Mr. Hoare; and the book before us is very readable and interesting. The story of the Pilgrim Fathers, as he remarks, is full of abiding interest, and his rendering has freshness.

Faith's Rock of Rest. By the Rev. CHAS. BULLOCK, B.D. *Home Words* Office.

A simple, practical little work on the Christian Evidences; likely to be of use to many who would not "look at" a lengthy controversial treatise. Like the esteemed author's book on the Gospel of the Holy Ghost, it ought to have a very large circulation.

St. Austin's Lodge. By AGNES GIBERNE. Pp. 375. Nisbet and Co.

This is a story of Mr. Berkeley and his nieces, Violet and her half-sister, Una, Saidie and Zoe. Dr. Beverley marries Violet, we may say, and Captain Beverley Una. That the story is Miss Giberne's, guarantees refinement and Christian principle.

"Dawn of Creation and of Worship" is the subject of an article contributed by the ex-Premier to the *Nineteenth Century*. His remarks are so exceedingly apposite that I feel sure readers of the CHURCHMAN will thank me for calling their attention to them.

Dr. Réville, who has published a work on that subject, had *inter alia* called attention (1) to the Book of Genesis, (2) to the mythology of Homer. On the latter, as we all know, Mr. Gladstone is pre-eminently at home; and he very powerfully and conclusively proves that the learned doctor has only skimmed the surface and not thoroughly mastered the materials which were at his command.

I have, however, no intention of pursuing this branch of the inquiry, but would rather refer to the valuable remarks which have been made on the Book of Genesis. Here, as in the Homeric investigations, Mr. Gladstone shows that Dr. Réville speaks entirely without adequate acquaintance with the original text. He specifies three scientific errors (1)

heaven is regarded as a solid vault, (2) the stars are stated to be created after the earth, (3) the vegetable kingdom had an existence prior to its being influenced by solar light. These charges of error are met by the reviewer with a strong denial of their existence. (1) The Hebrew word for firmament does not, as he truly states, signify *solid vault*, but rather *expanse*. The Greek translators did indeed render it by "stereōma," thereby reflecting the knowledge of their own times, which has been rendered by the Latin *firmamentum*. And it may suit a writer, like one in the now forgotten "Essays and Reviews," to make merry on this subject. Nevertheless, it is plain to all men that we must come back to the meaning of the original word; and when we find Dr. Kalisch (the learned Jewish authority) rendering it by *expanse* in his translation, we will say nothing further but that Mr. Gladstone's contention is well supported. (2) The assertion of the creation of the stars after the earth is apparently more forcible, but only to those who have no acquaintance with the original text. The reviewer most conclusively shows, what we should have supposed Dr. Réville would have kuown, that there are two distinct Hebrew words used in the first chapter, and which are very carefully distinguished in our version as *create* and *make*. Had it been affirmed that the stars had been *created* after the earth it would have been a more serious matter, as here it is simply stated "He made the stars also," the true interpretation evidently being, that in the first verse we have the original creation of the heavenly bodies and the earth, whilst on the fourth day we have, as Mr. Gladstone maintains, "the location in the firmament of the sun and moon" and necessarily of the stars also. Before this time they were not visible, probably owing to the watery mist which encompassed the earth, but which had lifted and brought them into due prominence. (3) The absence of solar light in the vegetable kingdom is disposed of by the remarks which we have just made; and we will only add the apt remarks of the reviewer: "There was soil, there was atmo-"sphere, there was moisture, there was light. What more could be required? "Need we go beyond our constant experience to be aware that the process "of vegetation, though it may be suspended is not arrested, when through "the presence of cloud and vapour, the sun's globe becomes to us invisible?" Were we inclined to indulge in any criticism of the above we should venture to object to the use of the word *suspended*, for surely in a hot steamy day growth is not retarded but quickened, even though the sun's rays may not be visible.

We have now, we think, said enough to prove that the whole article will repay careful perusal; and tendering Mr. Gladstone our special thanks for his vigorous defence of "the old-fashioned belief that there is a revelation in the Book of Genesis," we will conclude with the following extract: "I contend that Evolution in its highest form has not been a thing here-"tofore unknown to history, to philosophy or to theology. I contend "that it was before the mind of Saint Paul, when he taught that in the "fulness of time God sent forth His Son. And of Eusebius when he "wrote the *Preparation for the Gospel*, and of Augustine when he com-"posed the *City of God;* and, beautiful and splendid as are the lessons "taught by natural objects, they are, for Christendom, at least, indefinitely "beneath the sublime unfolding of the great drama of human action, in "which, through long ages, Greece was making ready a language and an "intellectual type, and Rome a framework and idea of law, such that in "them were to be shaped and fashioned the destinies of a regenerated "world." W. E. RICHARDSON.

Under the title of *Kate: a Daughter of the People* (E. Stock), are several stories of working-class life, of sins and sorrows, and Christian sympathy; they are told with a good deal of power.

That Aggravating School-girl (Nisbet) is a well-written story by GRACE STEBBING, whose "Only a Tramp" and "Winning an Empire" have been commended in these pages. The "aggravating" pupil in Crofton House was a queer mixture of girl, woman, baby, and tomboy—wilful, but generous and lovable. An imperious young governess is well drawn. The story is bright and lively—likely to teach.—We may also recommend for younger readers, boys as well as girls, *Michael's Treasures*, a simple, homely story by Mrs. MARSHALL. Michael's best treasure was a little girl rescued from a wreck off Cromer.—*Mrs. Lester's Girls* is written by the author of "Miss Marston's Girls and their Confirmation," and, like that book, merits praise.

A cheap and good little book, with an interest of its own, may be earnestly commended—*Dust Ho!* (S.P.C.K.) "Pictures from Troubled Lives": Prisoners, Blind, Cripples, etc.—*Sick-bed Services* will be found useful by District Visitors and others; selections from the Bible and Prayer Book, with hymns, in large type.—*The True Vine*, by the author of "The Schönberg Cotta Family," is another good and very cheap little volume.

We heartily recommend *I did Try*, the life of Raikes, and *The Temperance Witness-Box*, two of the many valuable little publications (one penny) for which we are indebted to Mr. BULLOCK (*Home Words* Office). Also *How to get Good by coming to Church*—reprinted from *The Fireside News*—twenty copies for fourpence; admirable. Also, *A Lady of Property*: Short Tales by Mr. SHERLOCK.

A cordial word of commendation must be given to the annuals of the *Tract Magazine*, *Child's Companion*, and *Cottager and Artizan* (R. T. S.) Many youthful readers will be pleased with *The King's Service*, a Tale of the Thirty Years' War; a good school prize for those who like bits of history. The book has several illustrations and a tasteful cover.—*One Day at a Time* is a capital story, suggestive, high-toned. Colonel Dacres marries Gladys after ten years. Girls of culture will like this book very much, and it will do them good.

We have received from Messrs. Nelson and Sons *Archie Digby*, an interesting and instructive story, about an Eton boy's holidays. Many boy readers will be glad "Sam" didn't die.—*At the Pastor's*, by the author of "The Swedish Twins," is another pleasing Tale.—One of the excellent "Hymn series" of this firm is *Jesus, lover of my Soul;* illustrated, tasteful and cheap.—Four coloured Cards, Princes Street, Edinburgh from Craigmillar, Brighton, and Lake of Killarney, are admirably executed.

Blessings for the Little Ones (illustrated), by the author of "Walking with Jesus," is issued by the Religious Tract Society.—*Our Darlings*, the annual volume of this magazine, edited by Dr. BARNARDO (J. F. Shaw and Co.), has several coloured pictures, and, as usual, a large number of illustrations. It is a very cheap volume.

Our Anniversaries, a dainty little volume, is published by the Religious Tract Society; a selection of Texts and Hymns for every day in the year, by ALICE LANG. A very pleasing and tasteful gift-book.—From the R. T. S., we have also received six packets of Cards. They are all good and cheap, suitable for Sunday-school children. The landscape Christmas and New Year's Cards are gilt-edged; and the flower packet, "Heart Cheer," is very pretty.—A new edition of *Watts' Songs* is a tasteful little book.

Through the Meadows, a book of poems, with coloured illustrations, and *The White Swan and other Tales*, with illustrations in colour and monotint, are two very choice gift-books, published by Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner (41, Jewin Street, E.C.). From these eminent artistic publishers

we have received, as usual at this time of the year, a selection of their Cards. They are really excellent, both in design and execution. Our notice is unavoidably deferred. For Christmas and New Year Cards, and for children's books, this firm's reputation is of the highest.

Two charming volumes in the autumnal issue of Messrs. Seeley and Co. are *Chapters on Flowers* and *Border Lances*. The first is a new edition of the well-known work of CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH—or rather, it consists of selections from her papers on "Flowers," and from "Glimpses of the Past." On its excellences it is needless to dwell. Would that such books as "Judah's Lion" were largely read! We may remark that as to type, cover, illustrations (coloured), this is a tasteful volume.—*Border Lances*, by the author of "Belt and Spur," is a readable romance of the Northern Marches in the reign of Edward III. The story, told with much skill, is highly informing. The coloured illustrations add much to the attractiveness of this high-class gift-book.

A thoroughly wholesome story, with a good deal of incident, is *The Mistress of Lydgate Priory*, by EVELYN EVERETT GREEN (R. T. S.). Miss Lovel, the heiress of Lydgate Priory, does not marry the handsome, wicked Colonel Scrope, but Mr. Baskerville. Through a long life—taught and trained—she traced the guiding hand of God.—Another good and readable tale by the same writer, who is coming to the front, is *Her Husband's Home*, published by Messrs. J. F. Shaw and Co. Lady Durley is admirably drawn, and there are pleasing sketches of home life.

From Messrs. John F. Shaw and Co. we have received, as usual, a parcel of books, well suited for prizes and Christmas presents. In all the Tales of this firm, as is well known, there is a distinctively evangelical element. The volumes have an attractive cover; the type is good and clear. Our notice must be brief. *On the Cliff*, by CATHARINE SHAW (several of whose Tales are much valued), has many pleasing pictures of domestic life, sweetened by the Beatitudes.—*Five Minutes Too Late*, by EMILY BRODIE, another well-known writer, is a good story of school life. Leslie Harcourt is effectively drawn.—*Sent to Coventry; or, the Boys of Highbeech School*, by M. L. RIDLEY (whose books have also been commended in these pages), is another Tale of the same class. Brown, as "a draper's son," was "sent to Coventry"; but his character stood the strain. —*Worth the Winning* is a "love story," very readable. It has some sketches of Quaker simplicity and shrewdness, and shows the power of religion in common duties, as well as in larger matters.—*Afloat* is suitable for parochial libraries, for the bigger boys and girls and their parents, also for sailor lads.—*Us Three* will be read with interest by working-class firesides.—The *River Waif* is rather a melancholy book. Tim and Midge (something after "the Mill on the Floss") are drowned together. Midge is the "waif"; and the plot rather lacks realness.—*David Elliott*, a Cornish story, is bright and stirring.

We have received some choice New Year and Christmas Cards from Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode; also, some coloured Cards ("The Life of our Lord") from the National Society's Depository.

From the Sunday School Union we have received several good gift-books. Our notice must appear in the following CHURCHMAN.

Blackwood has, as usual, some admirable papers. We had marked two or three passages; but the pressure on our space this month prevents us from quoting them.

The *National Review*, a very good number, contains a timely and vigorous article on the Church, by Mr. PHILIP VERNON SMITH.

THE MONTH.

MR. GLADSTONE has spoken in Midlothian upon Disestablishment, and it seems probable that his pronouncement with regard to Scotland will conciliate neither section of Scottish Liberals who had appealed to him.

At the Guildhall banquet Lord Salisbury drew a lesson from the recent elections for the London School Board. That election confirmed an appeal brought "against the extravagance of a large body, elected by the whole metropolis, by the representatives of the smaller areas," and the moral of it is that municipal areas should not be so large "as to diminish the interest which each man may feel in the success of the organization."

At a meeting in South London, the Prime Minister said:—

"What we wish to know is what part men of political leading are about to take in the great issue of the day, and I am glad to see in this morning's paper that many of the best known names upon the moderate Liberal side have stepped courageously forward, and, without renouncing in the least degree their own political opinions, have proclaimed that this matter stands in the front rank, and that they will not sanction by their assistance or support any Parliamentary candidate who will not promise to support the Church, be he Liberal or be he Conservative; and that, on this subject, is the spirit which I wish to see adopted."[1]

In an able article on "The Liberals and Disestablishment," referring to Mr. Gladstone's reply to the letters of Mr. Bosworth Smith, the *Guardian* (Nov. 11th) says:

"It is not by the Liberals [writes Mr. Gladstone], or even by the Radical portion of the Liberals, that the great subject of English Disestablishment is at this moment forced forward; it is forced forward by the Tories." *At this moment*, perhaps; but what was the case some six weeks ago, before Tory speakers had taken up the question, before even the great body of Churchmen had become seriously alarmed, when the National Liberal Federation, which represents the most eager and highly organized section of the Liberal party, unanimously declared that the "Disestablishment and "Disendowment of the English, Scotch, and Welsh Churches are urgently "demanded," and when an amendment recommending that "Disestablish-"ment should not be made an issue at the approaching General Election"

---

[1] Mr. Gladstone's Manifesto, said Lord Salisbury, could not be interpreted by the ordinary rules of the English language. "Gladstone must be interpreted by Gladstone." The noble Marquis quoted Mr. Gladstone's utterance with regard to the Irish Church in 1865. "The question is "remote," said Mr. Gladstone, "and apparently out of all bearing on the "practical politics of the day," and he expressed a hope that his correspondent "would see and approve reasons for not wishing to carry my own "mind further into a question lying at a distance which I cannot measure." Arguing by analogy, Lord Salisbury remarked that by the "dim and distant courses of futurity" must mean "two years and three quarters."

could not even find a seconder? Who again, we may ask, was it who published the *Radical Programme*, with its proposal not only for the Disestablishment, but for the disintegration of the Church of England? And, finally, was it the Tory party that induced some four or five hundred Liberal candidates to pledge themselves to Disestablishment?"

The *Record* (Nov. 6th) says:—"What are the facts? The whole agitation dates from the publication on September 11 of the *Record* Returns, showing that a vast majority of Liberal candidates were in favour of Disestablishment."

Lord Hartington has at length spoken on the question of Disestablishment. He is distinctly opposed to the Disestablishment of the Church of England in the next Parliament. The Church, he said, is firmly rooted in the affections of the people, and is doing a work which could be performed by no other existing agency. But he declined to pledge himself for the future.

In a remarkable letter from the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, in view of the General Election, appears the following passage:—

"Our desire is to urge upon all electors the plain duty of thinking for themselves, the impossibility of transferring their responsibility for their several votes to a party or association, and the duty of considering the lessons which the history of our own country and the condition of foreign countries impress on us as to the great issues, religious, social, political, which are now before us. We purposely avoid dealing with party questions. One indeed tempts us, and it has scarcely passed into the domain of politics—the question as to the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church. But we have other opportunities of expressing our opinion upon that subject, and we will only say here that amongst social questions it is perhaps highest in importance.

Due tributes to the memory of the Bishop of Manchester (Dr. Fraser) and the Bishop of Ely (Dr. Woodford) have appeared in the leading journals.

The lecturers of the Church Defence Institution, we are glad to hear, have been exceedingly busy, and enthusiastic meetings have been held in urban and rural parishes, and in the great towns throughout the country.

Against Free Education several interesting letters have been published. Mr. Courtney's speech at Devonport is specially welcome.

The Archbishops have issued a letter touching the Day of Intercession for Missions.

We have to record the death of Bishop Anderson and Canon Babington. An "In Memoriam" of the venerated Canon, written for the CHURCHMAN by the Rev. C. F. Cobb, is unavoidably postponed.