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# THE

# CHURCHMAN

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*OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND*

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of Cho-ha, the headquarters of the pottery manufacture in Tongking. The Spanish priests of the Mission had remained at their posts all through the troubles; they were looked upon very much askance by the French soldier. The country north of the Song-cau river is hilly and thinly peopled: there are splendid places for pasturage, with herds of cattle not unlike Alderneys. Farther inland, a band of Chinese soldiery, with half a score of red flags, was caught sight of. But nothing was done; the Chinese disappeared. The French troops were fagged with a long, hot march. Half of them had to bivouac in the rain; but the villagers brought offerings of rice and eggs, and water. Another day, the force saw something of terrace cultivation; fields of paddy; then tubers and pea-nuts; then maize, sugar-cane, castor-oil, and even the Chinese cassia—a species of cinnamon. Farther on, the Chinese forces still retreating, the way led across a wide tract which reminded our author of nothing so much as a Scotch moss that had been half reclaimed; there were patches of heath and bracken.

Of the French Colonial Army we find in this book a clear account;[1] and the unhappy characteristics of the soldiers as shown in Tongking are neither concealed nor excused.

Of some Christian villages, scattered over the Tongking delta, Mr. Scott gives an account which Protestant supporters of Missions will read with mingled feelings. These villages, he says, are usually wealthy and prosperous, mainly because the priests resist the extortions of the Mandarins. "Most of the converts are worth very little from a purely spiritual point of view." There are said to be 500,000 Christians in Tongking.

## Reviews.

*Life and Letters of Adolphe Monod, Pastor of the Reformed Church of France.* By one of his Daughters. Authorized Translation. Pp. 387. J. Nisbet and Co.

THIS is an admirable monument of a noble and memorable life. The name of Adolphe Monod is familiar to multitudes of English Christians, through the little volume, a veritable spiritual treasure, "Les Adieux d'A. Monod à ses Amis et à l'Église" (translated as "A. Monod's Farewell"), which perpetuates the death-bed ministry of the last seven months of the great pastor's life—September, 1855, to April, 1856. But not nearly so many among us can know in any adequate manner, without the help of such a book as this, what had been the experience, what was

[1] The name *Infanterie de Marine* is apt to lead Englishmen into error. A force of Marines, in the English sense of the word, does not exist in the French service.

the thought and work, out of which flowed those most remarkable addresses spoken, like Mr. Standfast's last words, from the midst of the river of death.

Before writing a brief account of the book before us, it may be not unwelcome to the reader if we give, in a free translation, the portrait of Monod drawn (1866) by the hand of Guizot, in his "Méditations sur l'Etat actuel de la Religion Chrétienne" (second series). After sketching the circumstances under which M. Monod declined to leave, as his elder brother had done, the Église Établie (1848), Guizot proceeds:

"His reasons were good, and such as became, in their conception and "expression, a mind so lofty and so strong. In spite of their importance, "questions which concerned the organization and external relations of "the Church were, in the eyes of M. Monod, secondary questions only, "subordinate, in a certain measure, to time and circumstance. The "question of faith was, for him, the supreme question, and he was "occupied infinitely more with the spiritual state of souls than with "church government. For every serious thinker Christian faith is "something very different from a mental conception or conviction. It "is a condition of the man as a whole. It is the very life of the soul, "not only as regards the present, but as regards the life of the eternal "future, of which it is the source and warrant. Faith in Jesus Christ "as Saviour and Redeemer makes Christian life, and Christian life pre-"pares eternal salvation. Penetrated to his inmost being with this faith "and all its consequences, the duty of expressing it and spreading it was "the dominant idea, the permanent passion, of Adolphe Monod. He had "not always been himself firmly established in these pious convictions. He "had been a prey to great moral perplexities and to attacks of profound "melancholy. When he issued from this state—or rather, in his own "language, 'when God was truly the Master of his heart'—his one "anxiety became henceforth to lead other souls to the same state, and to "awaken in them Christian faith in view of eternal salvation. . . . A "piety so profound, so modest, and so comprehensive, manifested in an "eloquence in which passionate gravity of language was blent with "passionate gravity of conviction, could not but exercise a great in-"fluence. As a preacher he was powerful. He had acquired, not by "minute and cold observation, but by assiduous and conscientious study "of the Gospel and of himself, a deep insight into human nature, its "strength and its weakness, its void and its aspirations. He besieged "souls, as it were, with a wise ardour, knocking at all their doors, follow-"ing them into their inmost retreats, holding constantly displayed the "banner of Christ, and inspiring into them the perfect confidence with "which he besought them to rally round it, not by any human motive, "but by his single-eyed concern for their eternal salvation. He thus "conquered for his divine Master the hearts disposed to receive Him, "powerfully moved those who were not in distinct rebellion, and left "astonished and intimidated those whom he did not attract. As a "pastor, too, he was powerful. His life was the commentary on his "preaching, and the reflection of it. He applied first to himself the "precepts and consequences of his faith. He said nothing that he did "not think; he thought nothing that he did not practise. Without "being easily sympathetic, like M. Vinet, he was ardently expansive, "and full of a holy anxiety to spread, by example as by word, the Chris-"tian faith and life."

The old Huguenot statesman's testimony is, of course, interesting and weighty in itself. But readers of the delightful Memoir before us will find it doubly important, as they trace its correspondence with the picture drawn by a daughter's hand, and by those "noble letters of the dead"

which form so large a part of the volume. Any inadequacy in M. Guizot's estimate of the spiritual secrets of Monod's experience will be amply corrected by the Memoir, as it unfolds with no faltering touch the tender and blessed workings of divine grace in the conversion, and the after-life of faith and love, of this man—surely one of the greatest and most lovable of modern saints!

M. Adolphe Monod was not, on either side, a pure Frenchman. His father was Swiss, his mother Danish. He was born at Copenhagen. In the French style of his sermons we may, perhaps, trace something of the grave solidity of his ancestry, though it is a solidity penetrated and illuminated everywhere by sanctified genius, and by all that is characteristic of French eloquence in its unaffected developments. The gold is glass, the glass is gold.

In 1821, at the age of nineteen, he preached his first sermon, as a *candidat*, at Carone, near Geneva. At Geneva he had passed through the theological course, at a time when the place was still very much under the Arian shadows which Robert Haldane was made the means of dispelling, calling forth from them the noble group which included D'Aubigné, Gaussen, and Malan. His father, a pastor of high and noble character, but of a somewhat cold type of piety and faith, had failed to guide him to personal acceptance of a living Redeemer; and under Genevan and other influences he sunk by degrees from the faith of his home to a dark depth of mental doubt, and to a resulting chronic melancholy, which made his very life a burthen. Acting for a time as chaplain at Naples, he found himself struggling with the terrible dilemma between preaching more than he believed, and becoming entirely silent. The grace of God used, as it almost always does, a complication of means in his rescue. The triumphant faith of his sister, Mme. Babut, under agonizing bereavement, was one means. Another was the sight of the peace and joy of the Gospel in M. Gaussen's life and work, at a time when, however, Monod thought Gaussen narrow and unpractical.

Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen, whom he met in Switzerland and Italy, was further used to bring him towards the light (without meanwhile infecting his friend with his own peculiar views), by unfolding to him something of the inexhaustible riches of the Scriptures, and setting him the example of a warm, personal, undoubting faith. His conversion dates 1827. From that time to the close his life was one strong, steadfast walk, in the spirit indicated in Guizot's portrait above, along the path of his beloved Lord's truth and work; a life in which, to a degree which makes this Memoir priceless at the present day, especially to thoughtful younger readers, a steadily deepening insight into the mighty principles and Scriptural warrant of Reformation doctrine, an unwavering submission to all that is authoritative and humbling in the truths of grace, was combined with an ever deepening intuition into the heart and love of the living Redeemer, and His power to bless the whole of human life.

The first scene of his enlightened ministry was Lyons (1828-1836). There his unflinching preaching of the doctrines of grace, and of unworldliness of life, brought him under the censure of the *Consistoire*. He was actually deposed from the pastorate, and then accepted the "call" of a separated congregation at Lyons. But this secession from the Église Établie was, as Guizot has explained above, solely due to the question of the liberty of the Gospel, not to abstract objections to State connection, still less to any dislike to strictness of Church confession; in fact, the difficulty of the time was all in the direction of laxity. And when, in 1836, he received an invitation to a professorial chair at Montauban, under the Église Établie, he accepted

it without hesitation, though decisions with him were seldom made without anxious deliberation. At Montauban he worked for eleven years, combining academical teaching with preaching labours, and with what was then unprecedented, free social intercourse with his students. It was at Montauban that he wrote that admirable little book on the genuineness and authority of Scripture, "Lucile, ou la Lecture de la Bible." In 1848, he removed to Paris, and succeeded his beloved brother Frederic in the Established pastorate. In September, 1855, a mortal illness developed its presence, and the "ministry of suffering" definitely began. Then it was that Sunday by Sunday he gathered a little congregation in his bedroom in the evenings, and after the administration of the Holy Supper, spoke to them of the Lord, of grace, of sin, of Scripture, and sometimes, by the way, of the depths of his own experiences of conviction and faith. In April, 1856, just after the signing of the Crimean peace, to which the last "Adieu" refers, he passed away to be with Christ.

A portrait faces the title-page. Monod stands in his preaching-gown and bands, his hands crossed, and as if looking on his audience with a gaze full of the experience of a soul that has suffered, and that now knows, submits, trusts, and loves. It is a face to study long.

One remark we may make with the special remembrance that we are writing for THE CHURCHMAN. Monod was a minister of a non-episcopal Church. There are, alas! Anglicans who would feel this fact a certain bar to their freely seeking from his Memoir profit and guidance. May we remind such readers, should our notice find any such, that so strong an Anglican as John Cosin, afterwards Bishop of Durham, lived, while an exile during the Rebellion, on terms of cordial brotherhood with the Huguenots at Charenton; and when, in his will, he left on record his profound heart-union and communion with the "Catholic Church," he expressly explained this to refer chiefly to "Protestants, and the best Reformed Churches." See Cosin's Works, in the "Anglo-Catholic Library," vol. i., p. xxxii.

Our most imperfect account of this biography, so rich in spiritual incident and example, and, let us add, so admirably translated, shall close with a few extracts. We call special attention to the last.

In a letter to his brother Guillaume, dated "Naples, Jan. 28, 1827," we read:

> You think that my mental crisis is too violent to continue. I think so too. I believe that I shall end by becoming a Christian, and even an orthodox one. For now, when, being neither the one nor the other, I judge impartially, I find orthodoxy in the Gospel, except as regards the nature of Jesus Christ. On this point the Gospel is neither Arian nor orthodox; it decides nothing.
>
> This mental situation then will not, please God, continue. But it will continue as long as I am a pastor. I am engaged in forming new principles of action to serve me until I become a Christian again; for I find that Christian principles no longer keep me to my duty. I will try to substitute for them some philosophic principle; such as the necessity of making our spiritual nature rule over our material nature, on which I preached last Sunday; or the necessity of striving after resemblance to God. But all this is too vague, and I find nothing strong enough to make me obey the law of conscience, now that I have lost positive religion . . . . I am nothing but a machine, which still does its work by force of habit, but which had better come to a stand, unless the maker of it knows how to repair it. I hope so without hope. I have trusted myself to Him without confidence. Enough! You now know all about me. It is enough to show you that there is urgent need for me to leave my present position. It is more urgent than I can express—(P. 37.)

A letter to his sister, dated 1827, runs thus:

> This first step I have taken. Renouncing all merit, all strength, all resources of my own, and confessing that I had no claim to His mercy but that of my own

misery, I asked of Him His Spirit to change my spirit. Since that day, which is now more than three weeks ago, I have had no return of melancholy. The reason is, that I was before without God, and depended for happiness on myself; now I have a God Who undertakes to make me happy. This is enough for me. I am not yet very happy, nor constantly happy, because the sense which I have of the presence and the love of my God is not continual, nor lively. Even whilst I am writing to you I am cold, and perhaps a little sad; but this sadness contains nothing of despair: I know too well that God can bring it to an end when He pleases, and that He will do so when necessary. In the meanwhile, I make use of it to exercise patience and trust in Him, and it is at these times that I pray Him most ardently not to allow me to depart from Him, according to His promise in Jeremiah, "I will plant them, and not pluck them up any more."

I have not attained, either, to a clear knowledge of the truths of the Gospel. I am gaining, in proportion as I think more of God and love Him more, an irresistible conviction that the Gospel is divine, and therefore true; but I do not yet comprehend it, and I have only a glimpse of its fundamental doctrine, Redemption. But I console myself for knowing nothing, by reflecting that I am in the school of God, where everything is taught, to some more slowly, to others more quickly, but to all according as they need it.—(P. 54).

In writing to a foreign relative, 1851, he relates his "experience; not, "certainly, as a pattern, but as an illustration of my meaning." He says:

I also had the Gospel in my hands from my childhood, and neither instruction nor example was wanting to me. Well, I reached the age of five-and-twenty years; I had been a minister of the Gospel for three years, before the true Gospel, my state of sin and perdition, the free grace of God in Jesus Christ, and the regeneration which the Holy Spirit effects, were revealed to me. "Revealed" is the word: I borrow it from St. Paul, Gal. i. 17. It is with this that there begins in the soul a new life, the life of the children of God: who seem like strangers amidst a world which does not understand them; but who possess in themselves the witness that they belong to Him, and He to them.—(P. 152.)

In prospect of his fatal illness, in 1855, Monod writes:

O my God, Thou wouldest try what is in my heart. Thou wouldest see whether this old servant of Thine, who has proclaimed with power and conviction that there is nothing over which faith cannot triumph, is prepared to give proof of it himself, and whether he is willing to take up the burden which he has laid on the shoulders of others. I take up this burden. I know that it is Thou Who sendest me this dreadful pain, Who dost maintain it and prolong it. I know that Thou art my Father, that Thou art Goodness itself; that Thou wilt send me deliverance, either in curing me or in taking me to Thy bosom. . . . I tremble sometimes at the prospect which lies before me. But no; Thou art love, Thou art faithful. This crucified life, which I so often desired in the days of my health, Thou hast made it for me now, and I accept it in order that I may show that in the midst of this crucified life a Christian can find peace.—(P. 210.)

To his nephew, M. Jean Monod, 1854, he writes:

I see also in what you say as to inspiration, the traces of that intellectualism which seems to me to be the weak point in the teaching of the Young School; and consequently in its piety; save in the case of a happy inconsistency. Receiving the Scriptures as the Word of God (let us leave aside small questions of detail, and confine ourselves to the doctrinal and moral, or rather spiritual foundation). I should wish to see you not merely respectful towards them, as you are, but more submissive than you are to them as to the testimony of God. The more I study the Scriptures, the example of Jesus Christ, and of the Apostles, and the history of my own heart, the more I am convinced that a testimony of God placed without us and above us, exempt from all intermixture of the sin and error which belong to a fallen race, and received with submission on the sole authority of God, is the true basis of faith.

This submission seems to me to be wanting in your doctrine, and even in your piety. How else can one explain the fact that you are more clear as to the

doctrine of inspiration than that of expiation; whilst the Scripture is much more full of the latter than that of the former? The difference, I think, arises from the fact that you can account for inspiration more easily than expiation. "I am asked," you say, "whether the fact that a truth is clearly taught in the Scripture is sufficient reason with me for receiving it? Yes, because I receive or at least wish to receive Christ altogether, and that is the Bible." A strange and far-fetched answer. Why not reply, "Yes, because what the Scripture says is the Word of God"? This reply would be only the application of your own principle as to inspiration. How much more in harmony with the spirit of Scripture was that definition of the old woman who was asked, "What is faith?" "Well, sir, it is taking God at His word."

After a remark as to conversion, the letter proceeds thus:

You complain of the foregone conclusion of the old orthodox clergy against the younger clergy. With the exception of one or two men, I do not see around me this foregone conclusion of which you speak, either in our family circle or in our pastoral meetings. It is generally recognised that the present reaction contains an essential element of truth, a greater appreciation of the Holy Spirit and more glory given to Him. This element is a precious gift bestowed by God upon the Church, but it is intended to be added to those which have preceded it, not as a substitute for them. It is, therefore, a positive and not a negative work, which should be undertaken by those who are hungering and thirsting for a more spiritual Christianity than was conceived, I do not say by the first movers in the revival, but by those who first organized it. This is the error into which the *Revue*—which pretends to plead the cause of the Holy Spirit, but which labours more and more in a negative direction—has plunged headlong. But it is also in a less degree the error of the party called the Young Clergy. The one has taken up with the historico-critical question, reducing the very foundation of the faith to a sort of indefinable Christ, Whose supernatural birth they consider to be at least questionable; the other wanting in evangelical vigour and clearness; both animated with a proud self-confidence which is not concealed by their amiable qualities: has not this moral spectacle many negative elements? This is your left side, of whose future I am not hopeful. But we know how to distinguish it from the right side where the positive element is uppermost: such as yourself and others, whom the Lord has abundantly honoured in their work.—(P. 357.)

H. C. G. Moule.

*Passages in the Early Military Life of General Sir George T. Napier, K.C.B.* Written by himself. Edited by his son, General W. C. E. Napier. John Murray, Albemarle Street. Pp. 292.

Some forty years ago the name of Napier in military, and indeed other circles, was a household word. It was identified with talent and ability of no common order, with a bravery which shed lustre on the family name and motto, with Bayard scorn for what was mean and ignoble, and, it must be confessed, with strong prejudice and an abiding conviction that what a Napier said and did must be right, though all the world should assert the contrary. We see this vein running through the record before us, albeit in less fiery form than characterized the utterances of the conqueror of Meannee—the gallant Sir Charles. Remarkable among men of the time, eccentric in every way, the very aspect—"get up" so to speak—of this head of the great fighting family differed from all other mortals. We can recall taking humble part in a field-day at Phœnix Park on a hot summer's day in '48. It was in honour of Sir Charles. An "eagle" eye partly concealed by spectacles, an eagle nose of most pronounced type, a lean form covered by a short blue cloak, and crouching as it were ready for spring from the saddle-bow, formed an *ensemble* in the highest degree "uncanny." Well might the Scinde mothers (as we read) quiet their children by the threat of calling for the conquering hero of the country.

The book before us is of interest from several standpoints. We may

premise that it was written as far back as the year '28, and mainly for the military education of sons destined (of course!) for the profession of arms. Making due allowance for the vigorous language, strong prepossession or condemnation, with which the pages are clothed, it presents us with a graphic, and in its main features doubtless true, picture of the British army and its leaders during the Peninsular War. Also it touches on the capacity of those who at home controlled military as well as political affairs. Neither order appear in a favourable light; notably the military element. Whatever may be said in defence of statesmen of the day, the voice of after generations of military men amply confirms the incapacity of the Horse Guards then.

Sir George Napier was born in the year 1784, the son of Colonel the Hon. George and Lady Sarah Napier. Parents both notable; the former for versatile talents controlled by an ill-health which prevented advancement in the military profession and compelled their possessor to occupy only a subordinate civil post; the latter for personal charms which in girlhood attracted royal notice. The mother was tenderly loved by her sons. She survived her husband many years, and the "Great Duke," amid all the crises of warfare, made time to address her as to the valour and safety of the three brave sons who were at the same time fighting under his command. Not among the least interesting incidents of the book is the rencontre of the brothers after battle; the fears for each other's safety. All in the most literal sense shed their blood for King and country; all were wounded severely (the writer lost an arm) and in the same battles.

The advice, as we have remarked, was primarily concerned with the well-being of youths destined for military life. Sir George might fitly dwell upon its duties and responsibilities, for he evidently kept before his mind the snares which at the outset threatened to make shipwreck of his career. And how can we wonder at the peril, when we hear his own comments after being gazetted to a cornetcy in the 24th Dragoons? . . . "You will easily imagine what a happy fellow I was to be my own "master at fifteen, with a fine uniform, a couple of horses, a servant and "about fifty pounds in my pocket." "In the Dragoons I remained only "six months, where, I must acknowledge, however painful the confession, "that except to ride and get a tolerable knowledge of horses, I learned "nothing but to drink and to enter into every kind of debauchery which "is disreputable to a gentleman." (A foot-note by the editor says, "My "father afterwards gave up all liquor, and became the most abstemious "of men.") . . . "My father being an old soldier, was convinced I "should go to ruin if I remained any longer in the Dragoons, and there-"fore procured me a lieutenancy in the 46th Regiment." This "step" was the turning-point, and it saved the boy from ruin.

He was brought under the "parental influence" of a wise and kindly disposed general officer in a new command at Limerick, to whose staff a few months afterwards he was appointed. General Sir James and Lady Duff were friends of the Napiers. One wonders in these days of staff colleges and brain-work how a lad could be put into and fulfil the veriest routine duties of such a post as an A.D.C.

Within two years, the termination of the general's command and reduction of a battalion of the 46th led to the young officer being put on half-pay for a few weeks, and then to a commission in the 52nd Light Infantry, of which Sir John Moore was full colonel. From this date until the lamented death of that gallant officer at Corunna, young Napier's fortunes were associated with his. An expedition sailed first to Sicily and then to Portugal. They were outnumbered by the French, unable to take the aggressive, and a retreat to Corunna, with a view of transferring the

troops to a more vulnerable sphere of operations in Spain, was determined on. The disorganization of our troops was, unhappily, marked. Take an instance: "I saw several fellows quit their ranks and go across the fields to plunder; and in riding up to one of them and ordering him to return instantly to his regiment, he swore he would not be ordered by me, and presented his rifle at my head; but luckily for me it missed fire, or I should have finished my career on the spot." Much of the onus is laid upon the officers, who, the writer "fearlessly asserts, were more engaged in looking after their own comforts and openly murmuring against the Commander-in-Chief, than in looking after the soldiers and keeping up proper discipline." Remarkable, too, with reference to his own death, were the words in which Sir John Moore addressed the army at a halt, and sought to rouse it to a sense of duty. "He told them that rather than command men who behaved in such an infamous manner he prayed to God that the first bullet fired by the enemy might enter his heart, for he would rather be dead than command such an army." In a few short days the words were literally fulfilled, even as to the form of death-wound.

Charles Napier was left severely wounded on the battle-field, and owed his life to a French drummer, who prevented the *coup de grâce* being given. The drummer, we are glad to find, was rewarded by Napoleon for the act. Napier was reckoned among the slain, although his body could not be found. But after a lapse of time he turned up in England, and a characteristic scrap of paper reached his mother's hands, sent on landing. There was written on it: "Hudibras, you lie, you lie! for I have been in battle slain, and I live to fight again."

While serving against the enemy in Portugal, a curious illustration of those amenities of warfare, which lightened somewhat the dark features of the Peninsular campaigns, is given: "Another day, being on picket, at the same place (bank of a river separating the French) where opposite to us the enemy also had a picket, some of the French soldiers asked my leave to come across and get tobacco from our men, as they had none, and could not get any in consequence of the siege. I allowed two of them to come, who immediately stripped off their clothes and swam across, got the tobacco, told us all the news from France, and returned quite happy."

It is noteworthy how several reforms bearing upon the *morale* of the British soldier, but which were not carried out until many years had elapsed, were shadowed forth. Napier (writing, let us remember, in 1828) says, when speaking generously and wisely as to prevention of crime: "Although I am one of those who think, and after long consideration, that it would be impossible, *as the army is at present constituted*, to keep up the necessary discipline without corporal punishment, I am not an advocate for treating soldiers as if they were mere brutes, without sense, feeling, or character." Again, when speaking of the efforts of Sir Henry Hardinge to bring about alterations in the military code beneficial to the soldier, he makes remarks full of interest when read in the light of present-day humanitarianism: "I have no doubt, if he is allowed to proceed in his own way, he will in time regulate every branch of the service that comes under his control in such a manner that the *experiment* (for such it must be) of doing away with corporal punishment may be tried; but this must take a long time, and be done with the greatest caution, if ever accomplished." As our readers know, it was the celebrated Honnslow incident, and through the agency of a noted civilian and medical coroner, —Mr. Wakley—that the deathblow was given to the lash. And yet, as military men now feel, there is grave difficulty in dealing with the *lâches* of soldiers during war-times. The only effective deterrent for

serious crime retained in the Mutiny Act is death. But this is not carried out, and the men know as much. Whereas a drumhead court-martial, and short, sharp punishment—*not* risking life—might be as wholesome as it is when administered to garotters, and indeed might be for some other civil offences as yet excluded from such operation. Of course, when campaigning in a foreign country, the ordinary punishment, "imprisonment with hard labour," is impracticable.

We have an anecdote of "the Duke," of a very interesting character, as showing how, under a rigid exterior—cold demeanour—warm affection dwelt. His A.D.C. Lord March, subsequently Duke of Richmond, was wounded dangerously—it was thought fatally—and the surgeon in attendance sat up with him at the crisis of the case.

> About the middle of the night, as Dr. Hare was sitting dozing in a chair opposite Lord March's bed, who had fallen asleep, the door of the room gently opened, and a figure in a white cloak walked up to the bed, drew the curtains quietly aside, looked steadily for a few seconds on the pale countenance before him, then leaned over, stooped his head, and pressed his lips on the forehead of Lord March, heaved a deep sigh, turned to leave the room, when the doctor, who anxiously watched every movement, beheld the countenance of *Wellington*, his cheek wet with tears. He had ridden many a mile that night, alone, to see his favourite young soldier, the son of his dearest friend.

We have said a high tone, worthy of the name and motto ("*Sans tache*") of Napier, pervades the pages before us. Again and again it appears. And this is the more noteworthy when we consider the year in which the autobiography (intended, let us remember, but for family perusal) was written.

We give some "golden" words as to the proper relation of the officer to the soldier, which, indeed, apply as appositely to master and servant in civil life. After speaking of the importance of being just and perfectly impartial, Sir George adds:

> Therefore I hold that the first and greatest duty an officer has to perform is that of preventing crime in the soldier, and the surest and most honourable means of doing so is to look upon the soldier as a fellow-citizen, who, being by the admitted laws of society and for the general good of the State placed under you in rank and station, is nevertheless as good a man and as good a Christian as yourself. . . . In short, remember that a time must inevitably come when the officer and the private, the peasant and the peer, will alike have to render their account of their conduct in this world to the same great Author of our existence who made all men equal in His sight, and to whose impartial justice neither rank nor birth will be an excuse for the ill-treatment of a fellow-creature.

With our present-day high estimate of a clergyman's relation to his flock, it is rather curious to see the ideal of such position formed by a high-minded layman in the year '28. Speaking of his boyhood, the General says:

> I then thought I would be a clergyman (and a good clergyman, let me observe, is the most respectable of men; and, if he has the will, has the power to do more real good to his fellow-creatures, and particularly to the poor, than almost any other member of society: there is no situation in which one can, by a scrupulous discharge of one's duty, prove more useful to mankind in this life, or more sure of being acceptable to God in the next), as my uncle, Mr. Connolly, had a living in Bedfordshire which he would have given me when fit for it.

Sir George Napier lived to serve his country in high quasi-military posts, and died at Geneva in 1855. His son and editor well remarks at the close of the preface, "What his character was will be gathered from the narrative itself;" and every reader will doubtless view that character

as one worthy alike of admiration and imitation. It is especially suitable for the perusal of young military aspirants, although happily of some maxims it may be said—said, too, under the shadow of a great national loss; the shadow of a great Christian hero soldier—"*Cela va sans dire.*"

F. R.

*Rome: Its Princes, Priests, and People.* A Translation of Signor D. Silvagni's work, "La Corte e la Societá Romana nei XVIII. e XIX. Secoli," by F. MACLAUGHLIN. Two vols. Elliot Stock. 1885.

When Mr. Hope Scott paid a visit to Rome in the year 1840, he was by no means pleased with what he noticed there. He had admired and approved of the organization of the Papal system; and the influence of the Jesuits, whose submission to "one will" seemed to him an admirable portion of that mechanical system, was gradually gaining power over him. Nevertheless, he was not charmed with Romanism as he saw it in Rome. His letters to Tractarians at home revealed disappointment and perplexity. The Englishman was half angry with Rome, his biographer tells us, "for looking *so very like what Protestants describe it to be.*" Now, Rome has changed in many ways since the Oxford pervert gave this unwilling testimony to the truth of Protestant descriptions of it. But it is well that such a criticism of the Pope's own city, some fifty years ago, should be borne in mind. It was a Roman rather than a Catholic type of Christianity which Mr. Hope Scott saw in the Papal metropolis; and it was of the debased type of ecclesiasticism and its concomitants, no doubt, that he chiefly complained. But it is a simple fact that at that time Rome was one of the worst governed and most immoral cities in Christendom. If we go fifty years still further back we find the ecclesiasticism quite as rigid, while the superstition is more Paganish, the ignorance and immorality more gross. On this head the testimony of Signor Silvagni has of course a special interest; and the picture of Rome a hundred years ago, which he presents, is quite as gloomy as the work of any candid and well-informed Protestant. Here it is in brief: "This ancient régime was as corrupt as it well could be. The greatest abominations were hidden under the veil of sanctity; society was rotten to its core; and priests and prelates, princes and people, vied with each other in riotous excess." Such is the testimony of the work before us. Will any honest historical student deny that it is accurate? We think not. Our author adds: "Many documents relating to the latter part of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries still exist which contain statements so scandalous that they could not be printed in the present day. But something of the social history may be told, some of the mysteries of Court and Conclave may be revealed, some small facts recorded which may serve to elucidate history." About some of the "mysteries" to which Signor Silvagni thus alludes, his principal source of information are the papers of Luca Antonio Benedetti, who, as a lad of twelve years, was appointed a page in the great Colonna family, and, when he grew too old for a page, turned his attention to the law and became an abbé. Abbé Benedetti lived through the stirring times of the French Revolution, and died in Rome when more than eighty years of age. He detested the French invaders,[1] and the reforming party, and held the Pope in veneration. He was a mixture of bigotry, vanity, and common sense; a shrewd observer, and a faithful "Curiale di Collegio."

[1] Potatoes were at that time, it seems, being imported into Italy. Benedetti would not eat any potatoes because he thought they were imported by the French.

The diary of such a man supplies a sufficient basis for the historical portions of Signor Silvagni's work.

"The Roman people of to-day," writes our author, "differ widely from their brethren of a hundred—nay, even of fifty years ago. Time has worked many changes; civilization has advanced, and, in spite of the efforts of the priests, has penetrated within the gates of Rome." "Miracles of every kind, Madonnas who winked with their eyes, Christs who spoke, and saints who exuded blood,"[1] have become objects of ridicule rather than of fear. "We no longer meet at every turn a crowd of half-intoxicated lawless people, so ready with their knives, if they chance to be displeased, that decent folk are terrified to hear and see them; nor with women as bloodthirsty, drunken, and lawless as the men, who wander about the city, especially on festal days." In the "good old times" of Papal power, adds Signor Silvagni, when Rome was badly lighted, "every osteria was a house of revelry . . . every dark alley and every archway was the scene of deeds which we could not even name nowadays." That "ignorance is the mother of devotion" is certainly not the key-note of Italian reforming movements. What has been done in the direction of education and freedom is due to movements which Vaticanism dreads and denounces.

Our author's descriptions of ecclesiastical ceremonies and functions are graphic and full of interest. The seventh chapter, headed "The Conclave," is excellent. An agent of the Emperor Joseph had described the members of the "Sacred College" in these words: "Bernis is a libertine, Serbelloni a miser, Malvezzi a frivolous fool, York an idiot, Telada an intriguer, Veterani an imbecile," and so on through the list. The chapter headed "The Last Cavalcata" is a particularly interesting one. In 1769 Ganganelli had been elected to fill "St. Peter's chair," and he was conducted in state, with wonderful pomp and display, to the Lateran Basilica. Other Popes after this time assisted at processions, but they never again joined them on horseback. This splendid festival, extravagant for any sovereign, was utterly unbecoming, says our author, "in the case of the Vicar of Christ." Clement XIV. was poisoned by the Jesuits, whom he hated and opposed.

The chapter which describes a Roman Garden Party a hundred years ago is one of the most striking in the work. The author concludes it with remarking that he has drawn the merest outlines of the picture; it shows how profoundly "corrupt society was a hundred years ago, and "proves that Alfieri, and Azeglio sixty years after him, kept quite within "the mark in their representations of it. Two things especially strike "us in reading about those times—that married ladies of the highest "position carried on their amours in the most public and shameless "manner; and that the gayest of the gay gentlemen were abbés, prelates, "and cardinals—some among whom had attained to the highest civil and "ecclesiastical dignities. It may be urged that all those prelates were "not priests; but surely this is a very weak objection, for the Roman "Church is so organized that from the magnificent abbé with the black "collar, to the Pope with the red bonnet, it is but one organic body, the "faults of whose members are the faults of an entire Church, not of an "individual." The Church, in fact, was "*thoroughly corrupt.*" Abuses of every kind flourished; nepotism was triumphant; natural children abounded; gambling of every kind was indulged in; and feasting and revelry went on which would have been disgraceful in any one, but was doubly so in those who held office in the Church. Arrogance, extravagance, superstition, and immorality were the characteristics of ecclesiastical leaders; and so a vicious Curia inaugurated the destruction of the

[1] In Rome. Is it so even yet in Naples?

civil power of the Pope, which, like a tree blown up by the roots, says Signor Silvagni, "now lies dead for evermore."

In recommending these readable volumes we should remark that they are printed in clear type on charming paper. Our notice of them has been directed to one special point; but the work has a literary, social, and archæological interest.

# Short Notices.

*History of the Christian Church from the Fourteenth to the Sixteenth Century.* By Rev. T. B. SIKES, M.A., Rector of Burstow, author of "England's Prayer Book," etc. Cheap edition. Pp. 300. Elliot Stock.

This new, cheap edition of Mr. Sikes's book will be acceptable, no doubt, to many Churchfolk of "moderate views." The History—full enough for its aim—is written in clear and simple language. The little book is printed in good type.

*The Shadow of the Hand, and other Sermons.* By W. A. GRAY, Minister of the Scotch Free Church, Elgin. Pp. 349. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. 1885.

It is seldom that one meets with such sermons as these coming from Scotland, or, for the matter of that, from England. They are evidently highly polished, and yet they are, for the most part, free from rhetorical floweryness. How they were *preached* we do not know. Some hearers, perhaps, may have thought them "extempore." Certainly, they *read* very well. And many readers of such sermons as Bishop Magee's, Dr. McLaren's, and the late Frederick Roberston's, will be glad to make acquaintance with Mr. Gray's. The first sermon in the volume is of course an exposition of Isaiah xlix. 2, "He hath covered me in the shadow of His hand."

*Anglican Hymnology.* By Rev. JAMES KING, M.A., Vicar of St. Mary's, Berwick-on-Tweed. Pp. 321. Hatchards. 1885.

This is a really interesting book. One can read it, and after an interval read it again. It is besides a useful work; and if its information be correct—and we take for granted it is—many who find Hymnology a pleasing and profitable subject will gratefully welcome it. Its *abridged* title is pretentious and misleading, but to quote the author's full title is to explain the aim and character of the book. Thus, "Anglican Hymnology, being an account of the 325 standard hymns of the highest merit according to the verdict of the whole Anglican Church."

*The Abiding Christ, and other Sermons.* By Rev. W. M. STATHAM, Minister of Harecourt Chapel, Canonbury. Pp. 280. E. Stock.

"The Abiding Christ" is the first sermon in this book which contains thirty-six sermons. They are short, but suggestive; and they are, to quote the preface, "not sectarian." Here and there is an apt quotation or a striking illustration. Against materialism and infidelity there are sometimes vigorous impassioned protests, and sometimes pathetic appeals.