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THE

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ART. I.—RECENT THEORIES CONCERNING THE TEXT OF THE NEW TESTAMENT SCRIPTURES.

THE subject of Textual Criticism has been lifted into a position of great immediate importance by the Revision of the English Version of the New Testament. As long as accurate scholars pursued laborious investigations with patience and modesty, waiting till a natural conclusion was reached in the ordinary course of events before the results of their study were introduced into the reading of the Sacred Text in general use, Churchmen might commonly be excused if they failed to enter into such an abstruse subject. But the period of pure research has now ceased; and since the form which the Version of the Holy Scriptures in the hands of all must assume depends largely upon the character in which the Greek Text is cast, and the moulding of that character must be decided by the issue of the contest between rival schools, it behoves all intelligent people to make themselves acquainted with the chief points in the contention that is being maintained.

There can be no doubt that when the Revision of the Authorized Translation was projected, too little was made of the prior necessity of settling the exact form of the Greek Text which must be the standard of Revision. The Company of Revisers found themselves face to face with one of the most difficult problems that they could possibly have encountered. And the difficulty was further enhanced by the fact that two of their leading members had, during many years, been elaborating a new and ingenious theory which, if accepted, must, at the least, modify most considerably conclusions all over the New Testament. This theory had not been communicated to the world, and had received, therefore, no independent criticism. Must the Company of Revisers wait, or must they decide with their present knowledge, and by their own judg-

ment, all intricate questions as they might arise? It is well known that they determined to admit no delay; and that Drs. Westcott and Hort's edition was not published till the Revised Version was out. The result has been a serious controversy between opposed schools of teaching, which has revealed important differences, and has certainly, whatever may be the ultimate issue, not left things even now where it found them. And so wide and deep is the division of opinion, and so strongly is it supported on both sides, that it is impossible that a satisfactory termination can be reached till the various elements of discussion are more thoroughly threshed out by the learned students themselves, as well as by other Churchmen who are either spectators, or who enter more or less into the involved topics of inquiry. A survey of the points of dispute may perhaps be not inopportune at the present moment. Juxtaposition and contrast are often instructive.

But it may be as well first to note the general situation before it was affected by the rise of Textual Criticism. The Authorized Version was made from the Received Text as given in the editions of Beza, Stephen, Erasmus, and the Complutensian Polyglott. The translators appear to have had all these editions in their hands, and where they differed to have made their own selection, paying some attention also to the Vulgate, but resting mainly upon the later editions of Beza, particularly his fourth, published in 1589, which "was somewhat more highly esteemed than his fifth (1598), the production of his extreme old age."[1] The Received Text, or Textus Receptus, is generally said to have derived its name from the second Elzevir edition in 1633, in which it was announced to the reader that he now had "the text received by all."[2] But more meaning appears to have lurked beneath the ready acceptance of this title. There seems to be no doubt that one main form of text has been dominant in the Universal Church as the received reading of the Greek ever since the time of St. Chrysostom till now. When, therefore, Erasmus made up his rendering from the copies within his reach, Stunica from all that Cardinal Ximenes could collect, Stephen from his sixteen authorities, and Beza added what additional

[1] "The Authorized Edition of the English Bible," etc., by F. H. S. Scrivener, M.A., D.C.L., LL.D., Cambridge, 1884, p. 60.

Dr. Scrivener has collected 252 passages (Appendix E), of which the translators follow Beza against Stephen in 113, Stephen against Beza in 59, the Complutensian, Erasmus, or the Vulgate against both Stephen and Beza in 80.

[2] "Textum ergo habes nunc ab omnibus receptum, in quo nihil immutatum aut corruptum damus," referring to the 1st edition in 1624.

ones he could find, they must each have met with representative copies, since a comparison with the unbroken line of manuscripts for several centuries does not reveal any considerable deflection from the path generally followed.

But when several older manuscripts than those which these editors used came into the hands of scholars, they naturally questioned many of the readings of the Textus Receptus. It has been calculated that about one-eighth of the words in the New Testament exhibit variation; all the manuscripts coincide in the case of seven-eighths; and the latter proportion is far above all controversy and doubt.[1] Some of the oldest greatly differed from the others; and many of the editors who have pursued the deepest inquiries, such as Lachmann, Tregelles, and Tischendorf, have followed in their direction. But such has been the uncertainty, that Tischendorf, who has the highest reputation of all, so varied in his judgment at different stages of his career, that his seventh edition disagreed with his third in no less than 1,296 places, in 595 of which he returned to the Textus Receptus; and the number of changes from his seventh edition in his eighth actually amounted to 3,369, "to the scandal," as Dr. Scrivener justly adds, "of the science of Comparative Criticism, as well as to his own grave discredit for discernment and consistency."[2]

It is evident, therefore, that when such a tortuous course has recently been possible in the case of the "First Biblical Critic" of the day, the science of Textual Criticism has not reached maturity. And, indeed, the *Apparatus Criticus* is not yet complete, so far as we can judge. During the last year the Dean of Chichester has added no less than three hundred and seventy-four to the number of known copies. Who can say that others as ancient as any that we now possess, or even of still greater antiquity, may not yet be discovered? It is within the bounds of possibility that Tischendorf's lucky rescue of ℵ from the waste-paper basket may be repeated, or, at least, that an unexpected treasure may be found in some closet or storehouse.

Nor have the sources of knowledge within reach been thoroughly examined. Much remains to be done in the case of the Uncial Manuscripts. Only a portion of the Cursives has been regularly collated. A great deal of work is still in arrear upon the Ancient Versions.[3] Very few of the

[1] Westcott and Hort's Introduction, p. 2.

[2] "Plain Introduction to the Criticism of the New Testament," 4th edition, p. 529. Tischendorf retraced his steps in his 8th edition. Dr. Scrivener's book ought to be in the library of every clergyman.

[3] The series of "Old Latin Biblical Texts," which is being issued from the Clarendon Press, at Oxford, under the superintendence of the Rev.

Lectionaries have met with due collation. The wide field of Patristic citations has had no part thoroughly cultivated with the exception of the works of Origen by Griesbach.[1] So that there is here a course of campaigns for an army of scholars to undertake, before changes, except of the most cautious nature and the most limited and harmless extent, can with any safety be introduced into the books intended for universal use. Theories ought at present to remain as theories, however subtly devised, acutely represented, learnedly maintained, and ardently advocated.

Meanwhile it is the duty of Churchmen to receive gratefully, and examine patiently, deferentially, and candidly whatever is presented with due care and research to the general judgment of the Church.

The theory of Drs. Westcott and Hort is eminently one which demands such respectful and dispassionate consideration. Not only the distinction of those scholars, but the fact that their conclusions came forth from a nearly thirty years' study, and the ingenuity, learning, and detailed investigation with which their theory is tracked in Dr. Hort's introduction into all the branches of its expansion, cannot but secure for it all attention from those who have the time and opportunity of expending the care needful for mastering it. But its very abstruseness stands in its own way; and it is not known so much as it should be. The leading parts of it may therefore be now well described.

In dealing with the divergent evidence which is constantly presented in different passages—so Dr. Hort commences his exposition—two main considerations present themselves, viz., Which in itself is the most probable reading? and, What is the character of the documents by which it is supported? Now, a reading may be recommended by its own likelihood (as for instance *ἀστέρα* for *ἀστερὰν* the reading of the first hand of ℵ and C), or by the probability that the scribe may have been led into a natural mistake in the case of opposing readings, or may have chosen the one in question only for some strong and good reason.

But the most powerful arguments for selection are supplied

John Wordsworth, M.A., Oriel Professor of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture, and of which the first number has just come out under Professor Wordsworth's own sedulous care, is an excellent step in this direction. The title is "Old Latin Biblical Texts. No. I. The Gospel according to St. Matthew, from the St. Germain MS. (G)," etc., edited by John Wordsworth, M.A., etc., Oxford, at the Clarendon Press, 1883."

[1] "Symbolæ Criticæ." Griesbach included also the works of Clement of Alexandria, but from Indexes only.

by the character of the attesting documents. And the leading considerations are, How close do any of them come to the Apostolic autographs?[1] and whether they are the genuine and unadulterated successors of those primal authorities? The main principles in deciding these questions are the history of the documents so far as we know them, and the nature of their genealogy—

Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis :
* * * * *
Utcunque defecere mores,
Dedecorant bene nata culpæ.

"The importance of genealogy in Textual Criticism is at once shown by the considerations that no multiplication of copies, or of copies of copies, can give their joint testimony any higher authority than that of the single document from whence they sprang, and that one early document may have left a single descendant, another a hundred or a thousand."[2] So that the number of witnesses is not to be considered, the sole questions being what, and of what character, is the ancestor, and how near does it approach to the original autograph? Conclusion upon this point may be reached by careful investigation of documentary evidence, and especially of genealogical relations.

Now, the chief documentary evidence consists of Greek MSS. dating from the fourth century as far as the sixteenth, of which the chief part consists of Uncial MSS., which reach as far as the end of the tenth century, and of Cursives, which are found from the ninth century upwards. At the head of all come "the four great Uncial Bibles," viz., B and ℵ, dating about the middle of the fourth century; A, either towards the end of the same century,[3] or the beginning of the next; C, somewhere in the earlier part of the fifth.

History shows that one mainly uniform text has prevailed from the present time as far back as the second half of the

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[1] Dr. Hort usually employs the expression "the autograph" in the singular. Is it quite so certain that there was only one authorized autograph? Do not the unimportant variations in the Gospels from one another rather point to several editions from the same apostolic hand not altogether the same in minor points?

[2] "The New Testament in the Original Greek, the Text revised by Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., and Fenton John Anthony Hort, D.D., p. 544.

[3] Westcott and Hort place A as it appears at the beginning of the fourth century, but say (p. 152) that, with exception of some readings in which it shows an "individual affinity" with Western MSS., it "may serve as a fair example of the MSS. that, to judge by Patristic quotations, were commonest in the fourth century." Canon Cooke (Revised Version, p. 185) argues that the date of A was between A.D. 380 and A.D. 410, "and that the earlier date is more nearly exact."

fourth century. This may be denominated (i.) the "Syrian" Text, which appears to have had its origin in a recension at Antioch, whence it came to Constantinople, as was natural, since Antioch was the "true ecclesiastical parent of Constantinople."[1] Enthroned thus in the Eastern capital, it became dominant in the Christian world. But there were three other types of text "which can be identified through numerous readings distinctively attested by characteristic groups of extant documents." These were, (ii.) the Western, which was found in Italy, Africa, and other parts of the West, and dealt largely in paraphrase and interpolation, as may be seen in the Cambridge Codex Beza (D), its chief existing representative; (iii.) the Alexandrian, of which but little evidence remains; and (iv.) the Neutral, which is free from the peculiarities of either, and of which there are traces, "indubitable and significant," "in the remains of Clement and Origen, together with the fragment of Dionysius and Peter of Alexandria," and "in a certain measure in the works of Eusebius of Cæsarea, who was deeply versed in the theological literature of Alexandria."[2]

Now, the Syrian Text can be shown—so Drs. Hort and Westcott maintain—to be posterior to the other three by three arguments:

1. The analysis of certain passages, of which eight are given, proves that the Syrian Text was made up by an eclectic combination of the renderings of other texts into one "conflate" reading. For instance, in St. Mark vi. 33, at the end of the verse, the Neutral reading is *καὶ προῆλθον αὐτούς*, the Western is *συνῆλθον αὐτοῦ*, both of which are combined in the Syrian into *καὶ προῆλθον αὐτούς, καὶ συνῆλθον πρὸς αὐτόν*. Dr. Hort argues at greater length than admits of introduction here that the last phrase spoils St. Mark's diction. And from this and similar instances he draws the conclusion that at some authoritative revision the other texts were blended into a "form lucid and complete, smooth and attractive, but appreciably impoverished in sense and force, more fitted for cursory perusal or recitation, than for repeated and diligent study."[3]

2. The same conclusion is reached by the evidence of the Ante-Nicene Fathers, none of whom exhibit a Syrian Text. The Latin Fathers, of course, quote the Western, and they are followed by Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Hippolytus, Methodius, and Eusebius. In the works of Clement of Alexandria, non-Western as well as Western quotations are discoverable, but no Syrian; and in those of Origen all the other kinds of texts can be found, but none of a distinctively Syrian character.

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[1] Westcott and Hort, Introduction, p. 143.
[2] Ibid., p. 127.
[3] Ibid., p. 135.

3. This is confirmed by the internal evidence of various passages, though the authors of the Syrian Text "may have copied from some other equally ancient and perhaps purer text now otherwise lost."[1] But examination shows that this text was made up from the rest, sometimes by following one or other, sometimes by modification, or by combination, or pruning, or by introducing changes of their own when they found none to follow.[2]

The Syrian Text being thus posterior to the others, and made up from them, and so originating after the middle of the third century, may be set aside as corrupt. It is "only a modified eclectic combination of earlier texts independently attested;" and the documents written according to it have only the value which they may possess in adding attestation to readings otherwise supported. By themselves they have positively no authority.[3]

Since, then, the Syrian Text must thus be set aside, and there is a "prevalence of obvious corruption in the Western Text," whilst the Alexandrian exhibits aberration in the forms of "incipient paraphrase and skilful assimilation," the Neutral remains where it can be verified as alone the pure representation of the unalloyed Scriptures of the New Testament. The leading MSS. which set forth this text, are B and ℵ, which are also the oldest Uncials in existence, so far as inquiry has hitherto revealed. These two bear a great resemblance to one another, so that they must have proceeded from some common ancestor. And it appears probable from consideration of their features that the date "of the common original from which the ancestries of the two MSS. have diverged" "cannot be later than the early part of the second century, and may well be yet earlier."[4]

Accordingly, with slight exception, "readings of ℵ B should be accepted as the true readings until strong internal evidence is found to the contrary, and no readings of ℵ B can safely be rejected absolutely, though it is sometimes right to place them only on an alternative footing, especially where they receive no support from Versions or Fathers." Of the two, B is the purer, which "must be regarded as having preserved not only a very ancient text, but a very pure line of very ancient text,"[5] ℵ having fallen on its way upon "at least two early observant texts."[6] When, therefore, B stands with any other leading manuscript alone besides ℵ, its readings nearly always "have the ring of genuineness."[7] And "even when B stands quite alone, its readings must never be lightly rejected."[8]

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[1] Introduction, p. 115. [2] Ibid., p. 117. [3] Ibid., p. 118.
[4] Ibid., p., 223. [5] Ibid., p. 251.
[6] Ibid., p., 249. [7] Ibid., p. 227. [8] Gr. Test., p. 557.

Such are, as far as I am able to describe them in a brief compass, the leading points in the theory of Drs. Westcott and Hort. If it has been improperly portrayed, this is not due to any want of desire to do all justice to it.

And, indeed, even what has been here said, and still more the elaborate treatises in the Introduction and at the end of the text of the Greek Testament, must impress all persons deeply with the patient ingenuity, the critical acumen, and the mastery of the subject evinced by those distinguished scholars.

But whether this theory has a strong and solid foundation, and will endure the shock of long critical examination, is quite another matter. The solution which it offers in all difficulties is too suspiciously easy. It almost amounts to this:—"Do not trouble yourself about other authorities, but attend to B and ℵ which will supply all that you want." It is too clever and too comfortable by half to be true. And on studying it, the first idea that strikes a man of logical mind is, that he sees plenty of clouds massed upon clouds, but that in attempting to follow the authors in their lofty ascent, he can discover no firm treading for the soles of his feet. There is abundance of considerations, surmises, probabilities, generalizations, made by the authors, both from known particulars of history and from details lying in their own memories or in their private note-books; but a strong array of facts establishing satisfactorily each stage in advance is wanting, whilst the leaps made in ardent speculation here and there over wide chasms reveal the insecurity of the country traversed.

Accepting, then, what is advanced about the judgment of probability as to a reading, whether "intrinsic" or "transcriptional," only with the proviso that such decisions must commend themselves to the general sense of textual scholars, not be the mere promptings of individual opinion, we come to the principle of genealogy. Here evidently lurk the pitfalls which are involved in an analogy made the groundwork of an argument. The reasoning is correct, so far as it is impossible that a good copy can be made from a bad examplar, though external influence, such as the recollection in the copyist of a better guide, may improve the offspring, like good schooling or good companionship or the effects of study; or again, as to the probability that better as well as worse features in the exemplar will be reproduced in the copies made from it. And "so far as genealogical relations are discovered with perfect certainty," "being directly involved in historical facts," "their immediate basis is historical, not speculative."[1] But between the facts and the conclusion often lies a long space, into which speculation in such an abstruse inquiry is but too apt to enter.

[1] Introduction, p. 63.

For instance, when Dr. Hort argues that the similarity to one another in those numerous Uncials of what he terms the Syrian class shows that they came from one ancestor, and that although they largely outnumber ℵ and B, they have at the best only the authority of one ancestor set against another ancestor, he entirely disregards the presumption that a larger number of descendants came from a larger number of ancestors, and that the majority may be only thrust back from one generation to a previous one. In truth, the position is so uncertain, that no sound reasoning can be founded upon it.

Again, when it is inferred that the common ancestor of ℵ and B came into existence in the early part of the second century, there is, so far as genealogy is concerned, a lofty disregard of the obvious truth that generations might be propagated as fast as the pens of scribes would admit; and that after the wholesale destruction of copies in the persecution of Diocletian and Galerius, it is almost certain that transcription must have proceeded at a rapid rate. As far, therefore, as genealogy is concerned, there is no warrant for any conclusion as to time. If on other grounds this is a speculative inference, the instinct of such experienced scholars as Drs. Westcott and Hort is entitled to respectful consideration. But it cannot be endorsed by other students than themselves until it is proved to have foundation in well-authenticated facts duly represented.

Passing now to what Dr. Hort denominates the Neutral Text, and to B and ℵ as the great exponents of it, and his all but exclusive guides, we cannot but be struck with the great argument in their favour. They are the oldest MSS. in existence. They are extremely handsome, and in most respects very complete. Their verdict in the opinion of nearly all judges is entitled to attentive consideration.[1]

But how can we get over the central fact that they have hardly any following in the ages to come, and so have been condemned by Catholic antiquity? They were produced about A.D. 330-350, a short time before the Canon of Holy Scripture was settled, and the general subject of the Holy Scriptures must have come under discussion. They just antedated the most intelligent period of the early Church, when the finest intellects of the world were engaged in ascertaining the exact lineaments of "The Faith once delivered to the saints." How could these men have escaped from spending particular care upon the Sacred Text? We know that St. Jerome did so upon the Latin Versions. And the fact, acknowledged over and over again by Dr. Hort, that one uniform text has prevailed

[1] The Dean of Chichester does not, however, rate them high.

from that period till now, surely constitutes a decisive condemnation of this so-called "Neutral Text."

The period, too, of the production of these two MSS. is instructive. It was when the Church was all but Semiarian; of this there is no doubt. But it appears also extremely probable that they were made under the direction of Eusebius of Cæsarea, a leader of the Semiarian party. The scribe of the Vatican B is supposed by Tischendorf, and admitted by Dr. Hort, to have written part of the Sinaitic ℵ. The period of their execution, as fixed on other grounds, was about the time when Eusebius was commissioned by Constantine to prepare fifty manuscripts of the Holy Scriptures, and send them to Constantinople. These two MSS. stand unrivalled for the beauty of their caligraphy, and of the vellum on which they are written, and in all respects are just what we should expect to have been produced in obedience to an imperial mandate. They are—especially B—conspicuous for omissions "of half a verse, a whole verse, and even of several verses,"[1] and in the case of the latter, of words or phrases, according to Dr. Dobbin's calculations, up to the number of 2,556 as far as Heb. ix. 14, where it terminates.[2] This is exactly what one would expect in the case of so large an order, which would probably necessitate speed in the execution. And Eusebius says that he has forwarded *τρισσὰ καὶ τετρασσά*, and the Vatican has three columns in a page, and the Sinaitic four. Under these circumstances, Canon Cooke infers with what appears to be great probability that these two MSS. were transcribed under the direction of Eusebius.[3]

It is certain that they agree with the class of text used by Eusebius himself, and that in one important particular, the omission of the concluding twelve verses of St. Mark's Gospel, they are found with him in a contest—mutely confessed by B, in leaving an unique blank space, to be wrong—against all the other witnesses in primitive Christendom. Eusebius was of the school of Origen, whom he defended. And to the same circle, antecedently to him, belonged Lucian and Hesychius, under whom a class of copies was made which was expressly condemned by St. Jerome.[4] So we come within the influence of Origen. And Canon Cooke has shown in his treatise upon

[1] Burgon's "Letters from Rome," p. 18, written after examining the MS. So Vercellone, the editor. Tischendorf speaks of "Universa Scripturæ Vaticanæ vitiositas."

[2] *Dublin University Magazine*, 1859, p. 620. Dr. Dobbin calculates 330 in St. Matthew, 365 in St. Mark, 439 in St. Luke, 357 in St. John, 384 in the Acts, and 681 in the Epistles.

[3] Canon Cooke's "Revised Version of the First Three Gospels," pp. 159-183. Vercellone, the editor of B, thought so of that MS.

[4] Præfatio ad Damasum.

the rendering of the Lord's Prayer,[1] the mutilation of which formula, universal in Christendom, affords a signal instance of the eccentricity of these two MSS., that the dissemination in the East of a Western interpretation appears to be mainly due to the influence of that eminent but unsafe student of the Holy Scriptures.

But we have still to deal with Dr. Hort's theory about a so-called Syrian Text. Here again we are in the region of pure speculation unsustained by historical facts. What proof is there of any authoritative recension at Antioch or elsewhere? A recension, be it observed, so thorough and so sweeping in its effects, that, according to the theory under consideration, it must have placed the text it produced into such a commanding situation that it has reigned for fifteen centuries almost without a rival. How could this have occurred without a famous achievement? Yet there is positively no record in history of any single fact justifying the assumption that any such authoritative revision ever took place.[2] But besides this, the arguments for the formation of a new form of text in the fourth century thoroughly break down.

1. The evidence in the eight instances given is certainly not enough to establish such a "conflation," or a combination of supposed other texts into one eclectic reading throughout the New Testament. But granting for a moment that these eight are specimens of what constantly occurs, who, from internal evidence alone, can say dogmatically which is posterior —the entire text, or the respective portions of it? Surely the integral whole, which Dr. Hort (p. 134) admits to possess "lucidity and completeness," and to be "entirely blameless on either literary or religious grounds as regards vulgarized or unworthy diction," has the better title to be held as the original form than any of the separate portions. Omission must be a besetting fault of copyists of all ages and countries; and indubitable instances show that the scribes of B and ℵ were habitual offenders in this respect. As to the character of the texts, many scholars would not agree with Drs. Westcott and Hort in the value which they set upon a Thucydidean ruggedness.

2. As to the alleged absence of readings of the Received Text from the writings of Ante-Nicene Fathers, it must be remembered how few of these writings have descended to us. The persecution of Diocletian is here also the parent of much

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[1] "Deliver us from Evil;" Second Letter to the Lord Bishop of London, pp. 61-65.

[2] See Burgon's "Revision Revised," pp. 271-88; and Cook's "Revised Version," pp. 195-204.

want of information. And some of the Versions—notably the Peshito, which is held by the best critics to be older than the Curetonian—that are more ancient than any MSS., give constant support to the readings of the Textus Receptus. If Origen seldom admits them, which is an exaggeration of the real facts, this only confirms the view already taken of that unstable Father.[1]

3. What is said about "Internal Evidence" is much too vague to sustain so strong a conclusion. And it is balanced with the candid admission that, after all, the peculiar readings of the Received Text may perhaps be derived from "some purer copy." What seems to Dr. Westcott and Dr. Hort to constitute internal evidence in each instance does not seem so to others. As Dr. Scrivener admirably remarks, "What appears to one scholar 'textual probability' appears to another a begging of the question."[2] Where is the rock amidst this perilous sand-drift?

It is therefore impossible to accept the theories of Drs. Westcott and Hort as having any solid foundation in the facts of history. And we must turn at very much shorter length than is due to the position of the rival school.

The chief figure in this is that of one of whose careful scholarship, accurate and deep research, and sound and cautious judgment any nation or age might be proud. It is a cause of great thankfulness that Dr. Scrivener has been spared long enough with faculties undisturbed to form conclusions upon the new theory, and to impart to the world the reasons which have guided him. His mature condemnation is couched in these words: "With all our reverence for his (Dr. Hort's) genius, and gratitude for much that we have learnt from him in the course of our studies, we are compelled to repeat emphatically as ever our strong conviction that the hypothesis to which he has devoted so many laborious years is destitute not only of historical foundation, but of all probability resulting from the internal evidence of the text which its adoption would force on us."[3]

He is most ably supported by the Dean of Chichester, who, however, though agreeing mainly in principle, works upon independent lines.[4] Dean Burgon's diligence is amazing. Be-

[1] The reviewer in the *Guardian*, April 2nd, 1884, quoting from Dr. J. H. A. Michelsen, shows that Dr. Hort speaks much too sweepingly as respects Origen, St. Irenæus, and the other Ante-Nicenes. So too, Dr. Scrivener, "Plain Introduction," p. 533.

[2] "Plain Introduction," p. 538.

[3] Ibid., p. 542. This passage occurs in a careful examination of Dr. Hort's theory, pp. 530-552.

[4] For instance, he defends 1 Tim. iii. 16, which Dr. Scrivener had surrendered in deference to the onslaught of most textual critics, with a

sides helping Dr. Scrivener in times past to collect a list of the available authorities, as is duly chronicled in the second edition of Scrivener's "Introduction," what must we think of his finding three hundred and seventy-four other MSS., of many of which he has given account in letters to the *Guardian?* He has probably examined more MSS. of the New Testament than any man living. Besides this, his Patristic knowledge, at least in this respect, is simply marvellous. And here his researches must have gone far in the direction of supplying a want which is greatly felt in the field of Textual Criticism. He has the merit of having been the first to sound the alarm upon the silent endorsement of Drs. Westcott and Hort's dangerous theorizing in the Revised Version. And his book "The Revision Revised," which was recently reviewed in THE CHURCHMAN, embodies in a collection of his articles in the *Quarterly Review,* with much additional matter, a masterly examination of this question with vigorous dissertation and a vast command of facts. Here is a very repertory of the most cogent reasons against Drs. Westcott and Hort, which appear irrefragable. They have not been answered; and till they are fairly and candidly met, they cannot but be taken as being supreme upon the field.

Another strong supporter of this school is the Rev. F. C. Cooke, Canon of Exeter, and the editor-in-chief of "The Speaker's Commentary." In his "Letters to the Bishop of London on the Lord's Prayer," and still more in his "Revised Version of the First Three Gospels," he has with great learning, acuteness, and temperate judgment stated the case against the new school, and maintained it by powerful arguments, to which, like Dean Burgon's, there has as yet been no reply. The Bishop of Lincoln also, who, as is well known, stood aloof from the work of revising the Authorized Version, is another redoubtable champion on the same side, and has spoken out in addresses to his diocese, which are marked by his celebrated erudition, vigour, and faithfulness.

The principles of this school are simply these: Use all the authorities which you can find, not as if they were all of equal weight, but assigning the just influence to each. Be not hasty to admit change. Revision is no doubt necessary after the lapse of centuries. But it must be a revision to be undertaken only when all the authorities have received due and careful examination; when all the MSS., Uncial and Cursive too—or at any rate a large proportion of the latter in representative numbers—have been thoroughly collated, all existing copies

satisfactory completeness which I am surprised to see is not universally acknowledged.

having been first collected; when the Versions have been all properly edited; when the quotations of the Fathers have been well indexed and authenticated; when the Lectionaries have been all gathered and collated, with regard paid also to the quotations in the old Liturgies. Till then, do not touch with a hand that may be profanely stretched out what the providence of Almighty God has preserved in His Church notwithstanding human sin and infirmity. Here is work for a long time, not such as may satisfy those whose ambition is to settle questions, but humble, conscientious, useful work. Meanwhile, discussion will adjust itself, and there will be no danger from a sudden tempest or an unforeseen earthquake. What is done will thus be well done. The impatience of men may chafe, but the blessed gift of the Holy Scriptures will be treated with a loving reverence which will only venture to handle them when preparations have been made with all possible care and completeness.

Who can doubt which teaching Churchmen should follow, or which from the nature of things must ultimately prevail?

EDWARD MILLER.

ART. II.—CHURCH WORK IN SOME POOR PARISHES OF "OUTCAST LONDON."

THE purpose of the present writer is to endeavour to place before the readers of THE CHURCHMAN a plain, brief statement as to the work of the National Church in certain portions of what has been styled "Outcast London," to show what have been and are the efforts put forth by the clergy in the poorest districts of the Metropolis to reach those for whose pastoral care they are responsible. So much has been written on the physical and moral condition of the London poor and their surroundings, that it is not necessary, and would be wearisome, to repeat afresh what has been so frequently described. Two remarks, however, we take leave to make at the outset, based upon personal investigation and supplemented by general and authoritative testimony. Firstly, the general condition of the lower classes in the Metropolis is not to be gauged by the accounts which have appeared—accurate enough as far as they go—of special localities; and secondly, the evils which have been so fully described of late have long been known and more or less grappled with by the clergy and their various helpers, and have, both actually and relatively, of late years steadily diminished. It is important to bear these facts in mind in considering this question, for several reasons; not

the least of which are that they encourage to redoubled energy and they point to the existence of bodies of experienced workers who have learnt to temper zeal with discretion, and whose hands it would be far wiser to strengthen than to establish new agencies.

Another fact worth mentioning is this: Church attendance in very poor parishes is not by any means to be relied upon as an absolute test of the moral tone of the people, nor can it be considered an altogether conclusive index of their spiritual condition. There are many reasons to account for this; but in brief it may be said that extreme poverty, the ceaseless struggle for mere existence, sickness and family cares, a certain shyness and fear of profession beyond practice (which is not altogether to be condemned), all operate to deter even the more seriously inclined of the working-classes from regular attendance at the house of God. And what we have said as to Church attendance applies, with few exceptions, with even greater force to Noncomformist places of worship in these localities; it could hardly, indeed, be otherwise, dependent as they are upon the contributions of the seat-holders for their maintenance, and without any strictly defined sphere of work.

We cannot here omit recording our conviction that the undue subdivision of parishes and the erection of churches in these districts has been a mistake of the first order. Experience is daily teaching that shortened services with plain homely addresses in unpretending mission-rooms are far more really attractive to the people, and far more likely to reach and influence them, than services in the Church itself. Better far that the Mother Church of the parish should remain the active centre from which radiates a body of workers, each with an allotted district in which is established a mission-hall. However, it is of no use crying over spilt milk, though it is permissible to regret the policy of the past in this respect, whilst fully recognising the good motives and intentions which prompted it.

In referring to the question of Church attendance we would venture to express our regret at the disposition which exists in some quarters to multiply Church services, and more particularly the celebration of the Holy Communion. We take leave to think that energies are wasted on these services which would be more usefully employed in individual visitation and general parochial organization. We have been told of cases in which daily services are held, and the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper frequently administered to two or at most three persons who are practically required to be present, and at an hour when it is not possible for working-people to attend. Surely it were better to look facts in the face, and

adapt means to circumstances by discontinuing services which, however valuable they may be in other localities, are of necessity both useless and discouraging in working-class neighbourhoods. Church services are but means to an end, and if they fail in their object, other plans must be tried by which their sole purpose may be realized, viz., to bring sinners to the Saviour and to build up believers in our holy religion.

But we have almost unconsciously wandered somewhat from our immediate purpose, which, as we have intimated, is to give a few examples of Church work in poor and populous parishes as illustrative of the efforts which, almost without exception, have been and are being made in "Outcast London." We propose to refer to parishes in various parts of London which differ somewhat in the character and occupation of their inhabitants, but all of which include within their boundaries some of the saddest and most degraded localities in the metropolis. We should add that we are indebted for most of the details that follow to the kindness of the parochial clergy, and also to the Scripture-readers of the Church of England Scripture-Readers' Association, a society which for over forty years has been supplying a large number of earnest and faithful men to assist the clergy in poor and populous parishes in the metropolis.

Our first case is that of a parish of over 8,000 inhabitants in Newington.

We enter a street (Tabard Street) which is said to be much improved of late, and is not positively dangerous to walk down unless a very moderate display of jewellery should tempt the not too robust morals of the natives. This was exemplified some time ago, when the then visiting superintendent of the Scripture-Readers' Society was robbed of his watch and chain on passing down this street to meet the reader on his rounds. Of the courts on either side it is not too much to say, that whether from a moral or sanitary standpoint, they present a dreadful picture. Let us glance at one of these courts, in which vice and misery find a hiding-place. Here are ten habitations—they cannot be styled houses, much less homes—one of which we enter, after making our way through women engaged in the vilest conversation at the door; and as we pass through we are amazed and grieved that precious lives should have to run their course under such sad conditions. In one room—small, dark and dirty—seven persons of both sexes live and sleep; another room is occupied by two or three of the most degraded class of fallen women. In another apartment is one who gets her living by the vice of others. Paying a visit here one day, the Scripture-reader finding the woman was out, seized the opportunity of speaking of the Word of God and love

of the Saviour to four young women, with the result that two of them met him the same evening at the church, and were helped back by the Vicar to their former position. The reader, however, has never been forgiven for thus robbing of her prey the wretched creature who maintained herself and others by vice; and her malignity was not softened when, through his continued exertions, a third young victim was rescued and reclaimed. Another dweller in this court, a man too idle to work, sent out his two daughters for immoral purposes; but the reader and a brother missionary robbed him of one of the daughters by reclaiming her to better things, and she is now a respectable married woman.

People who are influenced by Christian truth and love do not, as a rule, remain in these courts. As soon as individuals or a family are benefited, they remove from such a neighbourhood at the earliest opportunity; and their places are filled by others of the same degraded type as they were. Thus the evangelistic work in these courts is continually one of prayerful, hopeful sowing. The Church is doing her utmost by means of living agents, prayer-meetings, mission-services, and the like, to reach and reclaim those dwelling within these borders.

Still continuing our inspection on the south of the Thames, let us take a glance at naval Deptford, and once royal Greenwich. The parish of St. John, Deptford, contains over 13,000 inhabitants, of whom a very large portion are very poor, and include workers in wood-yards, laundries, rag-and-bone shops, besides dock labourers, hawkers, etc. Under both the present and the late Vicars aggressive efforts have been actively put forth to humanize and Christianize the lowest classes in the parish. A large staff of workers are thus engaged, and the Scripture-reader of the district—a most experienced and devoted man—has furnished us, by permission of his Vicar, with some deeply interesting and encouraging accounts of labour for God in this large parish.

As an illustration of the cheerlessness of life among the poor, which, alas! is so little realized by any of us—the reader tells us of an underground cellar, the ceiling of which is on a level with the pavement, and in which a man and his wife reside. Visiting here one day, a thin ray of sunshine managed to struggle into the cellar; this was a sight so unusual that the man exclaimed to the reader, "Look, look! the sun is shining into the *room!*" His wife is a Christian woman, and a regular attendant at Church, notwithstanding her surroundings. She teaches a lesson of contentment from which all may profit.

A few years ago, in a court of twenty-six houses, built back to back, so that no current of air could pass through, an out-

break of fever occurred. The Vicar met all the workers, and it was arranged that only one should visit these cases to avoid spreading the infection: the Vicar nobly undertook this duty himself. But so many persons were attacked that the workers agreed together not to report all the cases to him, and these the Scripture-reader undertook to visit. The parish doctor, the relieving officer, and two workhouse nurses took the fever and died, as also did the wife of the devoted clergyman, through infection doubtless carried home by her husband, after his self-renouncing work, but he and the Scripture-reader were graciously spared to be the means of speaking words of hope and comfort to the dying and the bereaved in this time of sickness.

Those who occasionally visit with the readers must not be squeamish, or they had better stay at home. On one occasion the reader in this parish, accompanied by a gentleman, was making some evening calls, and knocked at a door in which a man and woman were quarrelling, as it turned out, over a supper of sprats, of which they were partaking in a most primitive fashion. The entrance of the reader and his companion put an end to the quarrelling, but with a view to show that there was no ill-feeling, the man insisted on shaking hands all round, with hands of an odour and in a condition that can well be imagined.

In this parish at a recent confirmation service were cases in which candidates were over forty years of age, and in one case over sixty-five; these had all been living in a pitiable state till the Word was brought into their dwellings, and received to their comfort. Among those brought into the sanctuary through the instrumentality of the reader were infidels, prize-fighters, drunkards, and such like. One illustration of his work is very significant of God's over-ruling providence. The reader was conversing with a person in a little room, when a lodger from another apartment came to the door to borrow a sauce-pan in which to make arrowroot for his brother. Always on the look-out for an opening to say a word for his Master, the reader made inquiry and said he should like to visit these lodgers, but was advised not to do so, as they were "very fast," and he would only get insulted for his pains. He went upstairs, however, and on gaining admittance found two young men sitting by the fire, one with a ferocious bull-dog by his side. On introducing himself by saying that he had called as he understood that there was some one very ill, one of them pointed to a wretched bed behind the door and said, "It is my brother, there." Turning round, the reader saw a young man with hollow cheeks and hectic flush, which told only too truly of deep decline. The reader tried to say a few words and quoted a passage of Scripture, but was repulsed; and on calling

the next day he was refused admission. The young men soon after left the parish. Some months later the reader was asked to go to a lodging-house to see a man who was ill and who had asked for him. He went, and found it was the young man in consumption. "Read me," said he, "my father's chapter; I think it is Isaiah xxxiii." The reader commenced to do so. "No," said the young man, "that's not it." Chapter liii. was then commenced. "Yes, that's it," said the young man. On the sixth verse being read, he said, "Yes, that's me; that's poor Bill turned to *his own way*." The reader read on, and prayed with the poor fellow before leaving. He was called again one evening, and sat by his bedside all night watching and praying. He died shortly after, resting in Jesus, and pleading His merits. After the funeral the reader found that this young man was the son of the first master whose employ he entered after leaving school.

Passing on to Greenwich, with its inspiriting and patriotic memories, not to mention its more present association with Ministerial and other riverside banquets, let us make the acquaintance of its lowest denizens, to whom the reminiscences of patriotism and statesmanship are alike a blank, and whose existence is passed under the most degrading conditions. In one of the district parishes, worked by a vigorous staff, consisting of the Vicar, Curate, Bible-woman, six voluntary helpers, one lay agent, and a Scripture-reader, the population numbers over 14,000, and is mainly composed of dock labourers, costermongers, woodcutters, etc., all very poor and many very degraded. We learn that 700 copies of the Word of God alone have been sold within a recent period by the Bible-woman, who also conducts a weekly mothers' meeting of 90 members. The Scripture-reader during the winter months has a mission service, adult Bible-class, children's service, etc.; but during the summer open-air work is undertaken, and only one weekly service held in the mission-room. This building is in the right place for its purpose, being situated in the lowest part, in which there is a terrible amount of vice of the most miserable type. The work of all the agents in this parish is well directed by the Vicar, who from time to time visits personally with his various workers, and frequently attends the little meetings which they conduct. How valuable it is that the spiritual head of a parish should thus encourage his workers! How desirable, where it is possible! He thus keeps "in touch" with the work by the sympathy of personal contact and help, whilst on the other hand he greatly assists the influence of his workers by the public recognition of their services.

In this district parish of Greenwich one or two of the houses near the mission-room under the guidance of the reader may

be visited. In a back room on the ground-floor of a filthy house we find a widow and her three grown-up sons, who maintain themselves by selling fruit in the summer, and hearthstone and salt during the winter months. Themselves and their surroundings are indescribably dirty. In a back bedroom is a man who sells fern-baskets; the room is wretched in the extreme—a box for a table, a three-legged stool, a broken chair, and a heap of straw covered with a sack comprise the furniture. Upon this pallet a few months ago lay the wife of the man, dying of cancer. She was regularly visited three times a week by the reader (though the effluvia in the room was well-nigh unbearable) till her removal to the Infirmary, where he continued to visit her until her death, which happened shortly afterwards. In a front bedroom is an aged man, a cobbler, whose best day's earnings seldom attain more than 10d.! This poor man cannot read, and but for the visits of the Scripture-reader would never hear the Word of Life. In another filthy room in the same house lives a widow, who "minds" her neighbour's children for a few pence a day. In a back-yard attached to this dwelling is a donkey-stable, which during the summer is most offensive and dangerous to the health of the adjoining houses. In another court which the reader visits, the same or even worse conditions obtain. For instance, in a back bedroom is a woman with a large family and an adult male lodger, all of whom eat, drink, and sleep in this one apartment. On the other hand, the top attic in this house, though bare of furniture, is always clean and tidy, being tenanted by an aged man and his wife, who, amidst great difficulties, are striving to serve and honour their God and Father.

In the woodsheds there are large numbers of men and women employed, whom once a week the reader visits at their work, reading and explaining the Word of God to them as they follow their occupation of sorting and tying the bundles of wood. Some have been brought to attend church, many couples living together have been induced to marry, and the reader is constantly sent for by these people in the time of sickness or the hour of death. This reader is an active member of the Committee of a great Friendly Society, and never loses an opportunity of inculcating thrift among those whom he visits, whilst at his suggestion an annual church-parade of Friendly Societies was commenced five years ago with an attendance of 400, which has since increased to over 1000 on the last occasion. An opportunity has thus been afforded to the clergy in the neighbourhood, of which they have gladly availed themselves, of speaking a few plain and loving words to those who seldom or never attend church.

Before crossing to the north of the Thames, we must not omit to notice the condition of the people in Southwark and the neighbourhood, and the efforts made by the Church to reach them. In the parish in which the notorious Kent Street, and Lant Street (of Pickwickian fame), and numerous common lodging-houses are situated, much is done to attract and help the people. In this district, as usual, drink, with its attendant vices, is the principal cause of the prevailing squalor and poverty. An active work is carried on here; besides the clergy, there are several voluntary helpers as Sunday-school teachers, in addition to a Missionary Bible-woman, and two Scripture-readers.

Let us take a peep at the Vicar's journal. Under the head of "Faith in exercise," he writes:

Visited (together with Mr. T.) Mr. —— and his family. This was our first visit: we found the man at home reading to his daughter, a young woman about sixteen years of age. The girl is a paper-bag maker; and I was astonished to find that for making twelve dozen bags, each of which in process of making passes through her hands six times, she is paid *three-farthings!* Working hard she is able to make about twenty-four gross, or 3,456 bags in one day, thus earning *one shilling and sixpence.* The father just now is out of work, owing, he says, to the masons' strike —the man himself is a watchman, and his wife is ill. I was much struck with the man, especially with his great knowledge of the Scriptures, and his evident spirituality of mind. After some conversation he said: "Sir, I have been much comforted to-day by reading the history of Elijah. I find that he went and prayed seven times before the Lord sent the answer. When I read this I went to my Father again and said: 'Oh, Father, I know Thou wilt not put any burden upon me more than I can bear! Give me faith to trust and wait!' Yes, sir, it is more faith that we want." I left him thanking God for giving us this token of His love and power.

As an interesting sequel to the above visit, a quotation may be made from one of the visitor's reports. Referring to the above case, and speaking of the man's want of work and consequent straitened circumstances, the visitor writes: "Last week, being unsuccessful in finding employment, the poor man returned one day almost exhausted, and was obliged to lie down, too sad even to take his tea. No sooner had he lain down than his wife brought a letter from his employer, who had sent for him to commence work the following day. He arose immediately, and, with his family, knelt down and thanked God. His prayer of faith had been heard, perhaps after having been offered up, like Elijah's, seven times. It may also be added that in consequence of this man's Christian influence, two members of his family living near, who hitherto had been addicted to intemperance, signed the pledge, and now attend church and the various meetings connected with it."

Referring to the common lodging-houses, we are glad to find

that they are now invariably fairly clean and wholesome, entirely owing to the provisions of the Act under which they can be visited and inspected at any time; and we cannot help thinking that an easy and efficacious means of improving the general sanitary condition of the homes of the poor would be found in extending the provisions of this Act so that they embraced within the scope of their operations all dwelling-houses in which tenements of not more than two rooms are let at a weekly rent to separate occupiers. If the inspectors fulfilled their duties with even moderate tact and judgment, we doubt if any difficulties of the "liberty of the subject" order would arise, whilst it is not improbable that the poor would soon look upon them in the light of protectors against the rapacity of landlords, and would welcome them accordingly. Before leaving the parish to which we last adverted, we cannot help inserting a short passage from one of the Vicar's annual reports, in which he quotes the words of a brother in the ministry as to the state of the district: "I did not think the accounts could be really true, so came to see for myself one Sunday evening, and I now think it is the worst parish in London." Nor can we omit a reference to the open-air services, which are regularly held during the summer. Some few months ago they were greatly interrupted by the conduct of some rough lads, with whom, however, the reader dealt kindly and lovingly; and the result was that four of them are now constant attendants at the reader's Bible-class, and the services of the Church.

The greatest difficulty in the way of all efforts to improve the condition of the labouring class is undoubtedly the overcrowding caused by high rents. The insufficient accommodation in so many poor homes drives the men to the public-house, which in its turn swallows up their wages and inevitably drags them and their families down to a besotted level and keeps them there. So also the immorality engendered by overcrowding, with an absence of the most elementary decencies of life, bids still further to degrade and pollute the lives of these poor people and their enfeebled offspring. This evil is specially alluded to in a description of another parish in Southwark supplied to us by the Scripture-reader, in which, after giving particulars of vice and incest too shocking to detail, he says:

> The root of all this is drink and high rents. I feel sure that comparatively little can be done until better accommodation is provided, and at a cheaper rate. Our work sometimes seems to be in vain when grown-up sons and daughters, and adult lodgers of both sexes, occupy both night and day the same apartment. We are doing our utmost, however, to bring the people to better things. Many who have been living together unwed, have been married by the Vicar at a nominal fee. We are trying most of all to reach the young and save them, if possible, from

the depths of degradation. We seek to present them for Holy Baptism and bring them up with true notions of God. On one occasion, about 150 were brought to be baptized, at another 50, besides large numbers in the aggregate throughout the year. We have opened rooms for working girls and also for young men, to try and get hold, and keep hold, of them.

Such reports well illustrate the value of accredited lay agents in the pastoral work of the Church. Their one occupation it is to go in and out among the people, admonishing, comforting, and helping them, visiting from house to house those who, but for such workers, would live and die in practical heathenism.

Before briefly glancing at one or two districts in East and Central London, we must allude to a waterside parish in which is part of the notorious New Cut. Being thus situated, it is convenient for the working class population, of which indeed, with a few small shopkeepers, it is almost exclusively composed. The Vicar, in a recent conversation, assured us that the only two "aristocratic" members of his congregation were a commercial traveller and the resident manager of a certain business, the owner of which lived away.

Part of this district has frequently suffered from the periodical inundations of the Thames, which, if possible, intensify the wretchedness of the locality. The Church's work is being actively carried on under the superintendence of the Vicar, and well-organized efforts are made to reach the people, embracing regular house-to-house visitation by the Scripture-reader—of whose work the Vicar speaks most highly—open-air preaching, mission services, temperance meetings, Bible-classes, and mothers' meetings, in addition to the ordinary and special services in the church.

We have been furnished with some very striking and encouraging cases of blessing resulting from the good work carried on here, but we must forbear, and, crossing the river, pay a hurried visit to a parish in the very heart of Central London, the personal acquaintance of which we recently made under the guidance of the Scripture-reader. We must confess that, much as we have seen in East and South London of poverty and filth, we were appalled at what we met with in this locality. Mainly owing to the age of the buildings, this quarter of London presents a scene of dirt and decay which we have not met with elsewhere, at all events as regards external appearance. There are many thousands in this parish; mostly poor. Many are sunk in depravity and crime. Unclean in their habits, and obscene in their conversation, their condition would appear well-nigh hopeless; yet there has been much to encourage, and that the efforts made are not

fruitless is proved by the reports of the police and sanitary authorities, and by the cheering fact that no less than seven public-houses have recently closed their doors for want of custom. One incident occurred in the course of our personal visitation of an amusing and significant character. The reader had been taking us round the parish, telling us of the efforts of the clergy to reach the people, and the many agencies set on foot for this purpose, and had shown us the school and mission room, when we turned up a filthy court, at the entrance to which were lounging two evil-looking youths. They no sooner saw us than they gave a shrill whistle, and shouted to some young and almost naked urchins farther up the court, "Look out! here's old Four Eyes and the School Board bloke!" with the result that these precocious infants—to whom the School Board officer is a terror—disappeared we knew not where, like a flash of lightning. The reader was, it seems, called Four Eyes, by those who had known him many years, on account of his wearing spectacles, and it was looked upon in the neighbourhood as a term of endearment rather than otherwise.

As we passed up this court we felt the deepest sympathy with the poor creatures condemned to live therein. In some rooms it was touching to see the efforts made to keep alive the memory of better things and earlier associations. In others, the inmates were of a very low type; overcrowding was everywhere apparent, and we heard with regret that, though model lodging-houses had been built in the neighbourhood, the rents were too high for this class of persons, as living in them generally involved the hire of two rooms.

In reference to this we venture to express our strong conviction that what is wanted in such buildings is a good supply of large single rooms, with a movable partition for the purpose of subdivision at night, and at other times. Until the fact is recognised and acted upon that large numbers of the poor can only afford one room, it will, we fear, be the case that these buildings, useful as they are, will not and do not reach the class for which they are most required, or even meet the wants of a respectable working man with a large family, and earning, say, 18s. a week. But we must take leave of this district, and hie us eastward; though so much has been said and written about this part of London that it is difficult to point out any features not already known and frequently described. In one deplorably poor parish at Bethnal Green we find from the Scripture-reader that the occupations of some of those whom he visits comprise plaited fish-bag making at the rate of twelve for 1d.; umbrella stitching ¾d. each, and finding their own cotton; match-box making 2¼d. per gross, and finding their

string and paste; wood-carving; lining work-boxes ½d. each; selling clothes-props, etc. The old proverb has it that what the eye does not see the heart will not grieve for; and we find comfort in this reflection when we learn that watercresses are washed in these filthy rooms and placed under the bed for the next day's sale, and that cocoa-nuts are bought and cut into slices in these dens, the unsold portions being afterwards thrown into a tub, and, when sufficient has accumulated, sold to confectioners to be manufactured into that delight of childhood—cocoa-nut ice! Damaged haddocks are also purchased, "got up afresh," smoked, and retailed all over London.

The efforts of the Church in this parish are—as they should be in such a locality—distinctly aggressive, and include a Wednesday evening mission service, attended by several hundred persons; and on Friday evenings in the summer, open-air meetings are held at various stations, commencing at 8.30, followed by a late service in the church at 9.30. The following account of an interesting service in this district has been furnished to us:—It seems the Salvation Army had been at work in the neighbourhood, and had met with much opposition from various quarters, but especially from publicans and others, who had organized what was termed a "Skeleton Army" to harass and annoy the Salvationists. The vicar of the parish determined to make a special and prayerful effort to put an end to the unseemly scenes of riot which had taken place, and deputed two of his workers—themselves converted from this class of persons—to wait upon the leaders of the movement, and invite them to the church. It required much tact to accomplish this, but the invitation was conveyed and accepted, and the day arrived for the service. Two policemen were in readiness in case of a disturbance, but kept in the background, and the doors of the church were thrown open. For half an hour no one came, and the promoters began to think they had been hoaxed; but at length the "army" appeared, in full marching order, with banners on which were roughly sketched the traditional skull and cross-bones, and many of the men clad in old regimentals picked up in Petticoat Lane. Marching in an orderly manner into the church, which they and the attendant crowd completely filled, a simple service was proceeded with, in which they joined heartily, particularly in the special hymns, of which papers were distributed to all the congregation. They were then addressed by the vicar in a plain and earnest discourse, in which he alluded to the folly of their conduct in the streets, and spoke to them of the better life to which they were called. They left the church in the same order in which they arrived, and next day the leader and others brought the banners and decorations to the

vicar and left them, thanking him, and saying that from what he had told them on the previous evening, they had made up their minds to have no more of it. From this time onward a goodly number attended the church and other meetings. As it was found that many who had taken up this means of annoyance and riot had done so through being out of work, and having nothing better to do, a small fund was raised, by which some were assisted to emigrate and others to become costermongers, etc., to earn an honest livelihood, and with the best results.

The parish of Whitechapel has been blessed with a succession of earnest and indefatigable clergy, who, following and extending the lines laid down by the late Canon Champneys when rector of the parish, have faithfully and successfully endeavoured to grapple with the problems before them. A reference to the long list of agencies set forth in the yearly Report of the parish shows at a glance the number and variety of these organizations, all with one and the same object—the moral and spiritual welfare of the parishioners. The population numbers over 13,000, and so admirably is the work systematized, that by mapping out the parish into districts, each with its appointed staff of workers, the people are all brought under regular visitation. The Scripture-reader here has undertaken, in addition to his ordinary duties, a special mission work among the navvies who have been employed for some considerable time constructing the East London Extension Railway, and has been well received by the men, among whom he has found, we are glad to hear, some earnest and one or two veteran Christians.

Proceeding further east we note the same dismal monotony of squalor and misery—drink wrecking the home, and the home driving to the drink. The minds of many appear to be a total blank as regards the first notions of propriety. Thus a Scripture-reader in an East London parish informs us he was called to see a poor lad who was ill. Going one morning to pay his accustomed visit, the mother met him at the door with the words, "Johnny has gone: he died in the night." On going upstairs to have a word of prayer with the parents, he found the body of the boy laid out absolutely naked on the table at which they had been sitting at breakfast! The overcrowding in this district is fearful. In one small room in which the reader visits there lives a shoe-finisher in a deep consumption—no wonder, poor fellow, with such surroundings!—his wife, and seven children: for this apartment he had to pay four shillings and sixpence a week. In another the moral depravity is revealed by the spectacle of a woman and her daughter—a girl of sixteen—both confined

of illegitimate children! But, thank God, it is not all discouragement, for in this district is one of the most pleasing features of Christian effort, viz., voluntary help rendered in Church work by some who have been "brought from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." Thus the reader here has a band of men who have been gathered in one by one, who help him greatly in the work he has in hand. On Sunday mornings they meet at seven o'clock for prayer and praise in the mission-room; after breakfast they distribute tracts and generally attend morning service in church; Bible-class in the afternoon; at six o'clock in the evening they go into the courts, singing and inviting the people to the mission service, where they welcome all comers, give out hymn-books, and sometimes engage in prayer. In the summer they assist at open-air services, and are of great help to the evangelistic work in this district, scarcely a week passing without some of their mates being brought to the mission service. All this is done without any parade under the general superintendence of the vicar, and with the church as a common centre.

Large numbers of children have been brought to Holy Baptism through the visitations of the reader, who often himself brings these poor little ones—frequently without shoes and socks—in his arms to the font, there to be received into the visible fold of Christ's Church. He informs us that over 1,500, between the ages of three and ten, have been brought, who, after the performance of the rite, are visited at their homes by the vicar or his wife, who take the opportunity of urging upon the parents to follow up what has been commenced by sending the children to the Sunday-school.

Whilst speaking of the children, we must pay a flying visit to another part of London, viz. the north, in the large parish of Clerkenwell, for the purpose of describing, in a very few words, some Band of Hope work there, and to show how much may be done with the young, and how their influence in their own homes is not without its effect. The main occupation in this parish, where two readers are employed, is watch and clock making; but at the present time this industry is in a very depressed condition. Some portions of this parish are in a very unsanitary state, and there is a sad amount of drunkenness and consequent misery. A very successful Band of Hope is conducted by the Scripture-reader; the attendance at the meetings averages from 84 to 130. The members are instructed in the simple truths of Christianity, and attendance at the Church and Sunday-school is pressed upon them. We have been furnished with a touching incident bearing upon what we have alluded to as the reflex action of this teaching in the homes of the children. A little girl said to her mother, who

was in the habit of drinking, "Mother, don't drink any more." "Why?" "Because I want you to go to heaven; and teacher says those that take too much can't go there." About a month after the child was taken ill with fever, and the reader went to visit her at the Fever Hospital. The child said, "Please tell mother that she is not to fret. I am going to heaven, and will wait for her there; but do ask her to give up the rum." This was repeated to the poor woman, who found her own salvation in the death of her little one. Trusting in God's strength she "gave up the rum;" she can be seen a regular attendant at the Thursday night service, and is endeavouring to lead a consistent life.

But we must stop, or we shall weary our readers in recounting the sad similarity of large portions of the Metropolis, in nearly all of which, however, we are glad to know the Church is, and has been, bestirring herself, though naturally by somewhat differing methods, in the fulfilment of her Divine mission. The cases we have quoted, and the details we have given, are merely illustrative; and did space and patience permit we could go from district to district, in which precious Gospel truths and Church teaching are being sown broadcast, and in which self-denying clergy with their wives and helpers are living and working cheerfully, manfully, and unostentatiously amidst surroundings which, in their dull motonony of sin and squalor, would crush all hope and joy out of any but those who labour from the holiest motives and for the highest ends.

Notwithstanding all that has been written about the condition of the people, it is, we fear, too true that it is but faintly realized by many, and not at all by some who should help with their influence and their wealth, if not by their personal service.

It is not too much to say that but for the efforts of Christian workers during many years past the condition of the Metropolis would be a moral plague, as it would undoubtedly be a social danger. Looking over the list of contributors to the Church of England Scripture-Readers Association and those of kindred societies, we were grieved, though hardly surprised, to find how narrow was the circle of their supporters, and how inadequate to their needs. It is impossible, *absolutely so*, that the clergy of themselves can adequately minister to the poor in large and populous parishes, much less undertake aggressive missionary work without the help of qualified agents, whose special duty it is to go in and out among the homes of the people—to deal *individually* with them, and in the name of Christ and His Church to plead, and warn, and instruct.

Whilst, therefore, we are deeply thankful for the good

which has been accomplished, and for the great and increasing usefulness and influence of the Church in the Metropolis—and, indeed, throughout the country—we hope and believe that in the future yet greater blessings may be in store, when a far larger number of those who profess membership with her body shall give of their time and their talents, their means and their prayers, for the still further extension of her work in this enormous population of London, and to the glory of God. Thus shall the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour be increased, "and peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, be established among us."

A Lay Worker.

Art. III.—INCREASE OF DIOCESAN PROCTORS IN THE CONVOCATION OF CANTERBURY.

SINCE the action of the Convocations has been revived, complaints have continually been made that, in the Convocation of Canterbury at least, the parochial clergy were very inadequately represented. The great increase in their number, and still more in their activity and influence, seemed to demand a relative increase in their importance as a constituent part of the deliberative and consultative body of the Church. It appeared to be a preposterous thing, that while a Dean, however little he might understand of Church matters, might, by virtue of his office, vote in Convocation; while every Archdeacon, in whose appointment the clergy had had no part, might vote in matters affecting the whole presbyterate of the Church, the very large and active body principally concerned in working the machinery of the Church should have so small a voice in deciding questions. Hence an agitation early arose for the increase of the number of Diocesan Proctors in the Southern Convocation, and for the extension also of the suffrage in their election to all priests licensed in the diocese. This movement has always been favoured by the Lower House of the Canterbury Convocation, which, conscious of its own weak point, has tried various ways to obtain an improvement. Its appeals to the Archbishop, as President of the Convocation, to enlarge the representation by his own act (which was thought by many to be quite within his power) having failed, a new method is being tried. The Lower House now appeals to the President to obtain for Convocation the royal license to put forth a Canon,

and a Canon has been already drafted and accepted by it, which raises the number of Diocesan Proctors to 104, and gives the suffrage to all priests of three years' standing licensed in the diocese. Whether this Canon will ultimately become the law for Convocation remains to be seen. But, at any rate, the Lower House of Canterbury has done its part, and can no longer be accused of vagueness, and of pretending to desire that which it really did not wish for. Meantime, it may not be unacceptable to our readers to have placed before them a rapid survey of the history of the representation of the clergy in the Synods of the Church of England, which is soon probably to receive a considerable extension and development.

All those who are acquainted with Church History are aware that in early times Presbyters usually attended their Bishops to Provincial Synods, sat, and in some cases voted in these Synods, though they may not have had the power of originating any motion. But these Presbyters who thus attended the Bishop were not representatives of the clergy. They were either selected by the Bishop, or they owed their place in the Synod to their being *Prelates, i.e.*, men occupying some position of dignity and eminence. In this country such Presbyters would appear to have undoubtedly sat and voted in Councils during Anglo-Saxon times. Gradually, as custom had established their right to be present, they were recognised as constituent members of a Synod. Thus, in 1225, Archbishop Stephen Langton summons not only his suffragans, but the Deans of Cathedrals, the Archdeacons, the Abbots and Priors. As yet there was no *representation*, properly speaking, of the clergy. These men sat by virtue of their prelatical dignity, as corporations sole. But the representative principle soon began to show itself.

The thirteenth century is the cradle of our liberties, the birth-time of our great institutions. At this period the principle of representation—of one man deputed to act for a number, and able to commit and pledge a number by his acts—began to play an important part. Archbishop Langton's next summons to Convocation mentions not only the *prælati*, but also Proctors or representatives for cathedral churches and monasteries. As yet the parochial clergy were of small account. The rise and spread of the monastic system, and the immense development it received after the establishment of the Cistercian Order, completely obscured them. The parish priest, when not connected with a monastery, was a poor and feeble person. But this overweening power of the monasteries soon wrought its own cure. The Bishops began to grow jealous of the monasteries, and indignant at the exemptions from episcopal rule

claimed by them. They compelled them to establish vicarages. The vicarage implied the appointment by the religious house of a permanent parish priest at the stipend usually of about one half or one third of the value of the benefice. Vicarages were first established in England about the beginning of the thirteenth century. We trace immediately their influence in raising and strengthening the parochial clergy. Soon the clergy assume one special element of importance. They begin to be taxable.

Now, though it is not true to say that the English Convocation owed its existence to taxing purposes, it is certainly true to say that it was used for those purposes. In the year 1254 Convocation, or the Bishops in Parliament, had promised to the King a tenth of the goods of the Church. At the payment of this subsidy in the following year was made that indignant protest, which, as we take it, was the foundation of the representation of the parochial clergy in Convocation. The Proctors of the clergy of the Archdeaconry of Lincoln appeared in Parliament, and at the Legatine Council, which was being held concurrently under Rustand, the Pope's envoy, and declared their *gravamen* or grievance, viz., that a tenth of their goods had been disposed of when they themselves had not been summoned; and they assert as a general and axiomatic proposition that "When there is a question of committing any one to an obligation, the express consent of the person bound is necessary to be had."[1] This protest was seconded by other bodies of the clergy, and its effect was seen at once in the endeavour, at the next meeting of Convocation, to provide a method by which the parochial clergy could be legally committed through representatives to the subsidies voted. The representative principle was formally admitted, and henceforth the English Convocations were to be distinguished by this—found in no other Synods, save those of quite modern date—this wholesome and admirable principle, that the clergy, who are to be bound by Synodical acts, must have first, by their own representatives, assented to those acts. We now proceed to show how the principle of representation, once admitted, was developed, until it assumed its present form.

The first plan for the representation of the clergy in Convocation was to make the Archdeacons their representatives. In 1257 Archbishop Boniface issued his mandate for a Convocation, to which the Archdeacons are summoned, and are ordered to bring with them "procuratorial letters on the part of the clergy who are under them." This form of summons was repeated the following year for the Convocation held at Merton.

[1] "Burton Annals," Annal. Monast., i. 360.

It is evident that it could only be partially satisfactory to the parochial clergy. At this time the Archdeacons were usually only in Deacon's Orders, and were not parochial clergy, but were attached to a cathedral, or were part of the household of a Bishop. Probably the parochial clergy complained, and signified that they were not inclined to rest satisfied with this representation, for in the year 1273 we find a change in the summons to Convocation. In that year Archbishop Robert Kilwardby summoned the Bishops, and bade them bring with them three or four persons from among "the chief, the most discreet and prudent of their church and diocese." But the clergy had no part, so far as we know, in electing these persons. The Bishop was left free to select, and it is evident that the arrangement did not give satisfaction, for four years afterwards we have the same Archbishop again summoning Convocation, and bidding the Bishops convene with "*Proctors* for the whole clergy of each diocese." Nothing is said in this summons as to the number of Proctors, nor as to the method of their election, but it is probable that it was intended that the clergy of each diocese should name one Proctor. Clearly further arrangements were needed to be made in the matter, for in the Council of Reading, held 1279 (when Bishops only were present), a Canon or Constitution was enacted, which ran thus: "In our next meeting, at the time of the ensuing Parliament, besides the Bishops and the Proctors of the absent Bishops, there shall come to the assembly two persons at least, elected by the clergy in each diocese, who shall have authority to treat together with us touching the matters which may come before them."[1] This Canon of Reading may be regarded as the formal establishment of the system of clerical representation in the Southern Convocation which has thus existed for upwards of 600 years.

There is no doubt, however, that after the formal establishment of two Proctors for each diocese in the Provincial Synod, there was still considerable jealousy of these Proctors; and various attempts were made to place them in a position subordinate to the other members of the Synod. At first they did not always sit and vote regularly in the Synod. They brought up the resolutions of their constituents as to what amount of subsidy they would give, and no doubt debated this question, and probably with a spirit of sturdy independence. For after there had been a meeting of the newly organized Convocation concurrently with the Parliament, Archbishop Peckham, in a Convocation summoned to meet at Northampton, made a deliberate attempt to set aside the representatives of the parochial

[1] Hody, "History of Convocations," iii. 127.

clergy. Bishops, Abbots, Priors, etc., were summoned, but neither Archdeacons nor clergy Proctors. The attempt, however, if it were deliberately made, signally miscarried. For a subsidy having been demanded of this Convocation, it was refused on the ground, among others, of the absence of the greater part of the clergy who had not been summoned in due manner. Some of the minor prelates present were no doubt ready to allege this informality. The Archbishop was constrained to rectify it.

By another writ of summons issued by Archbishop Peckham the clergy were convened for the Easter following, and each Bishop was bid to hold a sort of preliminary Diocesan Synod. They were to assemble the clergy in their several dioceses, and put before them the King's demands about to be proposed to the Convocation, so that they might duly weigh them, and, having done so, might choose two clergy of their body who "should be sufficiently instructed, and should have full and express power of treating with us and our brethren on the premisses, and of agreeing to those things which the general body of the clergy shall then and there put forward for the honour of the Church, the consolation of our Lord the King, and the peace of the kingdom." The names of the persons chosen were to be signified beforehand to the Archbishop.

It would only encumber this sketch to say anything of the summons of the clergy to Parliament under what was called the *Præmunientes* clause in the Bishops' writs. This was attempted about this time, as the King thought that the clergy would be more easily taxable in Parliament than in Convocation. But the clergy always resisted it, preferring their own Synods and the Archbishop's summons, and it gradually fell into disuse. It will suffice to say that endless confusion has arisen from confounding the two summonses and the two bodies growing out of them, and that the whole of Bishop Atterbury's argument in his famous book on "Convocation" is vitiated by this confusion.

About the time of the settlement of the Canterbury Convocation in its complete form, the York Convocation began to hold separate sessions, so that this period may be considered as the time of the settlement of the system of to-day, save that the representative Proctors were in some degree limited and confined in their office by the resolutions of the previous Diocesan Synods, and were more of deputies than of freely deliberating members of the Synods. This limited power of the clergy representatives appears further by a clause in the Archbishop's summons for the Convocation of 1283, where he states that the clergy had asked for more time, inasmuch as their procuratorial letters had "limited" them, either from having

been given only for a limited time, or from conferring upon them only a certain amount of discretionary power. In the fierce struggle which took place between Edward I. and the clergy, various irregularities are to be noted in the writs of summons to the clergy Proctors. In 1297, besides the two Proctors for the clergy, "all the dignified clergy, by whatever name they were known," were summoned. This would include the Rural Deans as well as the Precentors, Chancellors, Treasurers, etc., of cathedral churches. This Convocation having proved utterly unmanageable, and the clergy having been put out of the King's protection, another Convocation was summoned, to which only one Proctor for the clergy of each diocese was called. It was probably judged that the smaller body would prove more tractable. The next year, however, a return was made to the previous number of Proctors for the English Dioceses, though only one Proctor was to be summoned for each of the Welsh Dioceses. In the next summons the same arrangement is repeated, which may be accounted for by the disturbed state of Wales at the time. In 1309, in addition to the Proctors for the clergy, the Rural Deans were summoned to Convocation, and in 1311 the clergy were bid to send "either one or two Proctors."

But amidst varieties of application, the principle of representation still stood firm, and the clergy Proctors had gained a footing in the Synods as full members of them, and not merely as deputies sent up to present certain resolutions of their brethren. There is no doubt, indeed, that their presence in the Synods was principally desired that they might commit their brethren to certain financial obligations, for, during the fourteenth century, the power of the inferior clergy in regulating the affairs of the Church was practically *nil*. So long as the claims of the Popes to order everything in the Church according to their will were acquiesced in, Convocations and Synods of the clergy could have only a very limited use and value. Their true development and power require that the Church for which they act should be free from outside pressure and slavish enthralment. It was only when the bands of Rome began to be loosed that the true value of the Convocations of the English Church begins to be perceived. It was from these bodies that the voice of the spiritualty came forth in the Reformation settlement. It was they which settled the Royal Supremacy on a legitimate basis. It was they which gave us our Prayer Book and our Articles; which regulated the Reformed Church by numerous bodies of Canons, and which from time to time carefully reviewed then previous labours, correcting, amending, or supplementing. At the Revolution Convocation wisely refused to sanction the sweeping

changes in our Formularies which were then rashly proposed. Unfortunately, after this period, its action became so complicated with political issues, that it was the theatre of bitter and acrimonious quarrels, which were stopped by the effectual though very unjust remedy of the complete suppression of its sessions. It will be generally admitted that the revived Convocation of modern times has been entirely free from these disputes and bitternesses. That while differences of opinion have, of course, been earnestly advocated, there has been an entire absence of personalities and unkind speeches, and that the proceedings of the Houses have been conducted in a way befitting Christian divines. If it be the case that the deliberations and resolutions of these bodies have not been received by the clergy generally with that deference which might fairly be claimed for them, probably the explanation of this is, that in the opinion of the clergy the principle of representation which ought to be a prominent feature in these Synods has been in a great measure obscured. Certainly it is altogether an anomaly, under the altered conditions and immense increase in number of the parochial clergy, to preserve in the present day the number of diocesan representatives which was thought sufficient 600 years ago.

The principle of representation is one that is dear to Englishmen. It falls in with what may be called one of the fundamental axioms of English sentiment, that where the interests of any are involved, there they may claim to have representatives, chosen by themselves, to appear and act on their behalf. It may safely be assumed that the revival of the action of the Archbishops' Synods will never fully commend itself to the general opinion of the Church until the great mass of the English clergy are more adequately represented by their own elected Proctors. It is sometimes urged that the dignified clergy who sit in Convocation by virtue of their offices, do, in fact, represent the clergy, belonging as they do to their body, and being fully able to enter into their opinions and interests. As well it might be urged that a county constituency would be adequately represented in Parliament by a number of respectable country gentlemen nominated by the Queen. The question is not as to the ability, the learning, or the power of the members of the Synod, but whether they have been deliberately selected by the voice of those interested, to represent their interests, and to stand in their place. It has been seen that the plan of investing the Archdeacons with procuratorial letters was a failure even in the Middle Ages. As a body of divines, the Archdeacons cannot be too highly estimated, but they are not, and cannot be made the representatives of the clergy. There is no other way of increasing

the representative body, strictly speaking, save by enlarging the number of Diocesan Proctors. And on this ground the Lower House of the Canterbury Convocation has acted in its recent sessions. The value of representation, indeed, depends upon its being adequate and not partial. An insufficient representation may prove the greatest snare, inasmuch as it gives the appearance of the consent of the represented, and the legal sanction of their consent, whereas they are not really present by representation, but only apparently so present. Should the Convocations be considerably extended in their representative part, they will probably be able to perform in the future much useful work, which in their present state they could hardly accomplish with satisfactory results. The Church of England is now full of life and energy, and struggling to find a vent for its awakened earnestness in many ways. We want a variety of new services, which, if framed and sanctioned by adequate Church Synods, might be invested with sufficient authority for use. We want an enlarged and amended body of Canons, which shall recognise and regulate the new agencies for usefulness which have sprung up in the Church. We want an extended Diaconate, and the ordering of the office and work of lay helpers. Hymn books, manuals of prayer, missions, all need synodical attention and action. Much, indeed, has been done in most of these subjects, but the clergy look on somewhat superciliously, and do not altogether recognise that they are personally affected by the actions of their Synods. Should the representation be made more of a reality, this could hardly continue to be the case; and therefore we welcome with much satisfaction the definite action lately taken in this matter by the Convocation of Canterbury.

GEORGE G. PERRY.

ART. IV.—FOURTEEN DAYS AMONG THE FISHING FLEETS IN THE NORTH SEA.

"WHO'D 'a thought folks 'ud 'a cared for us like this!" ejaculated a rough, unwashed fisherman, the tears welling in his eyes as, clad in greasy oilskins, battered by the tear and wear of many a winter's gale, he leant against the capstan of the new Mission-smack, the *Edward Auriol*, fairly overcome by the thought of kindness shown to fishermen. The

coming of the Mission-ship; the efforts made by the Thames Church Mission to win the men to Christ; the plentiful supply of cuffs and comforters—the work of loving ladies in many parts of the land, who in this practical way evince their interest in the men of the fishing fleets—all these seemed to move the heart of this man, by many deemed too uncouth and untutored to be touched by gratitude; yet genuinely grateful he was, as he took care to make plain.

A trip to the breezy North Sea, fourteen days spent among fishermen, have indelibly written three facts upon my mind: 1. The intense gratitude felt by the men for the efforts being put forth on their behalf. 2. Their exceeding readiness to listen to, and by God's grace accept, the Gospel, when clearly preached. 3. The marvellously abundant measure of Divine blessing being granted on the labours of those who in the Mission-smacks tell amongst the fishermen the glad tidings of salvation. I begin with these facts because they are unmistakably salient features of this new and enterprising service on the North Sea.

Two years ago I had the pleasure of visiting the Short Blue fleet, formed by Messrs. Hewett and Co., and seeing the work done on board the *Ensign*. Fragrant still are the memories of that visit, all the more precious and fragrant now that in my recent trip to the North Sea I met with scores who found peace with God in the hold of the dear old *Ensign*, formerly, many of them, "swearers, gamblers, drunkards, and awful men," to use their own words, now devoted and downright followers of Christ; "out and out" for Him, and not ashamed to be known and noticed as being so. To one who knew them in the past the change seems nothing less than marvellous; and it has been accomplished simply by the preaching and pressing home of the Gospel on board the Church Mission-ships.

Tidings from afar had reached me of the blessing being granted; and, as "seeing is believing," I slipped on board the *Edward Auriol* on her first mission-trip to the North Sea. Joining her at Southend one Saturday evening, I found on board Mr. G. L. Dashwood, who, stirred by the published accounts of the labours of the *Ensign*, came nobly forward, and is now part owner of three Mission-smacks, the *Salem*, the *Cholmondeley*, and the *Edward Auriol*. Having been set apart by the Bishop of London as lay preacher, and specially for this service on the deep waters, he was bent on spending his vacation, for the second time, in missioning on the North Sea.

Leaving Southend in the evening we reached Gorleston on Sunday afternoon, in time to receive a hearty welcome, and permit of Mr. Dashwood preaching to the fishermen in the

evening. Our rudder having been unshipped by the working of the vessel in the Thames mud, we had to go into dock, necessitating a delay of a few days. Not lost, however, were these days: services were held on board; our deck, hold, and cabins were invaded by interested and delighted fishermen, amongst whom we had the privilege of sowing the good seed. Souls were, so far as man may judge, born again during our stay; and, beside all this, I had the opportunity of meeting and visiting many who had been converted to God through the North Sea service of the Thames Church Mission. My heart was touched—deeply touched as in the *Bethel* I listened to glowing testimonies from fishermen who spoke of the blessing the Gospel ships had proved to them. And when, again, in some of the Gorleston homes I sat beside wives and mothers as they told, with tears of joy, how husband or son had been changed—how he who had well-nigh broken their heart was now their comfort and delight, I felt it was good to be there, and grudged not the undesigned delay which afforded opportunity of hearing such testimonies. The gratitude of the people seemed to know no bounds. Their mission-room bore the motto, "God bless the Mission-ships;" no prayer ascended to God without fervent remembrance of the Thames Church Mission; and, finding that our leader loved flowers, they overwhelmed him with bouquets, spending ungrudgingly time and labour, and stripping their own little plots in the warmth of their hearts.

But the best of friends must part. Our good ship was ready, the blue flag was run up to the main, and the deck was covered by people who had given up an afternoon's work in order to join in the farewell service. Hearty and delightful did that service prove, for everyone had husband, brother, son, or other dear one in the fleet to which we were bound. Service over, our Gorleston well-wishers crowded on board the tug *Cruiser* that they might accompany us to the Roads and cheer us on our way.

What a trip that was down the Yare! The quays were lined, "Farewell" was shouted from either bank, and every right hand was raised as we passed in token of goodwill. Before us puffed the tug, while from her laden deck sounded the voice of praise. Soon we were out of the river, and entering the Roads; the heavy sea-swell made itself felt; the breeze filled our sails, and like a thing of life our bark seemed to bound from the control of the little steamer. Tow-ropes were cast off, the tug put about, a general salute, a shout of "God bless you!" rang from her passengers; and amid the waving of handkerchiefs the vessels parted, the white flutter of these signals of friendship gleaming afar from the quick-

dimming steamer. It was a wonderful and enthusiastic farewell, and spoke volumes for the real blessing they had found to accrue from the labours of such vessels to their loved ones at sea.

Our crew were a fine set of fellows—eight all told, and all, save one, decided "out-and-out" lovers of the Lord; and that one had begged engagement on the ship expressly, as he confessed, that he might find the Saviour. "Do you love the Lord?" "No; but I want to, and mean to." It was not long ere this hearty seeker after Christ found himself face to face with the Saviour, Who was seeking and by His Spirit drawing him. "Our boy," the youngest of the crew, having left the vessel at Gorleston, a fine Christian fisherman, who had been captain of a fishing smack, actually begged the boy's place that he might have the joy of serving in the Mission-ship. His request was not refused; and boy or no boy, it was good to have him with us. Of skipper Jones and mate Goodchild it would ill become me to write; tried and true believers, men strong in faith and prayer, able to speak for the Master in the absence of clergyman or missionary, wise in personal dealing, and withal good fishermen, they, together with the whole crew, impressed me as well and wisely chosen for Mission service amongst their fellow-fishermen.

Our sailing orders were to join Morgan's fleet, one of the larger Yarmouth fleets, and as yet without a Mission-ship. Many of the fishermen had sent home earnest entreaties for such a messenger of the Gospel in their fleet. Favoured by a fair wind, we ran in twelve hours about ninety miles, and early the following morning made out in the offing a Yarmouth smack sailing eastward. About noon the *Edward Auriol* having gained ground, we ran up our large Mission-flag, eliciting a responsive signal from the distant ship. Both skippers slightly altered their course, and before sundown the vessels were within "biscuit-throw;" a boat was dropped from the *Bessie*, and in a few minutes Captain Wilkinson sprang over our bulwarks, exclaiming: "Thank God, I'm first to welcome the Gospel-ship." After a friendly cup of coffee, we had a delightful prayer-meeting—first foretaste of coming experiences.

Sailing in company, we shortly after made out, about five miles to leeward, and just at sundown, the fleet we sought. Seeing by signals shown that trawls were "down," we dropped our gear and became *ipso facto* a fishing-smack; for all the Mission-vessels fish *six nights a week* for their own maintenance.

Next morning we hauled up at 4 a.m.; my first experience of deep sea-fishing. A curious medley that night's sweeping

from the North Sea depths. Turbot, sole, plaice, haddock, gurnet, lachet, crabs, lobsters, and even oysters. A few beautifully-spangled fish, bright with all the colours of the rainbow, attracted the attention of the landsmen. Surely they must be some rare and valuable species. In my ignorance, I bent to examine them, and began to finger the curious prickly spine, when a friendly shout warned me they were exceedingly dangerous, and a prick meant a poisoned hand. Ah, methought, not the first time I have found a fair and lovely exterior masking the malignance of poison.

Meanwhile our good ship has been speeding on, and we are fast nearing the fleet, overtaking, first of all, the *Frolic*, the master of which, well disposed to our work, drops his boat and comes aboard to welcome us. Eager eyes, keen as sailors' usually are, have long sighted us, and before we are aware, and almost in the grey dawn, our deck begins to swarm with rough but thoroughly hearty fishermen, who crowd around to bid us welcome. A praise and prayer meeting is at once held in the hold, and one after another the men pour out their thankfulness to God for the coming of the "Gospel-ship." One enthusiastic skipper shouted, as he sprang into our midst, and shook hands all round, "Hallelujah! long may she reign!" Once a cursing, drinking, gambling, fighting fellow, the power of God laid hold of him on board the *Ensign;* he now flies a Mission flag by way of public testimony, and seeks to make known to others the grace that has reached himself. Another of our early visitors, Roller of the *Mary A. Morgan*, is an African. Seldom have I seen one so jet black, and curious it is to find him skipper of a fishing-smack in the North Sea. He is a hearty and earnest Christian, and much respected. He was delighted to hail the "Gospel-ship." A capital sailor, too, he is, for when our large Mission flag had "fouled," *i.e.* twisted round the mast, he flung off his cap, mounted the rigging, clambered without hesitation up the bare topmast, and cleared the flag.

Looking back now, I feel this first day with the fleet was one of the best and most interesting we had. It was certainly a busy day. Smacks, miles off, ran for us. The Christian men boarded us, others sailed close by us, in order to see the new ship, and many in response to our invitation, shouted over the billows, came on board. Nor was our welcome only from Morgan's fleet, for working some miles off was the Columbia fleet (formed by Mr. Burdett-Coutts in connection with Columbia Market), and fishermen's keen eyes were not long in making us out, so from that fleet also we had many visitors, Lowestoft and Brixham as well as Yarmouth men. At one time we had cruising around us no less than three smacks with the blue

Thames Church Mission flag, and two with the red Church Mission Army flag, forming an interesting North Sea Gospel squadron.

About 10 a.m. we boarded the fish-carrier s.s. *Perseverance*, and while one of us had a long conversation with the captain, others of our party interviewed the crew, and finding two of the deck hands in need of medical treatment, induced them to drop into our boat and visit the *Edward Auriol*, there to inaugurate the medicine-chest. During the day, skipper Jones found plenty of medical work to do, for no medicine-chest had previously been accessible, and what between colds, colics, wounds, strains, and ulcers, a goodly number of sufferers reached our vessel; and none were treated without hearing the Gospel, and bending in prayer that God would heal soul as well as body. The medicine-chest is undoubtedly one of the most useful auxiliaries for attracting the utterly opposed and downright ungodly.

One incident from another of the Mission-smacks will illustrate the usefulness of the medical chest. The *Salem* had just joined a fishing fleet in which were two iron smacks (disliked by fishermen). The skippers of these smacks were dubbed "Ironclads." At the first prayer-meeting on board the *Salem*, the leader said to the Christian men who had come on board to unite in prayer:

"Now, let us be definite. We have come here to seek and save the worst, if we can; for whom shall we pray specially to-night?"

"Let's pray for the 'Ironclads,'" was the unanimous response; and earnest prayer was accordingly made for the skippers and crews of these two smacks.

Early the next morning, before our friend from London was out of his berth, Skipper Cullington shouted down the cabin skylight: "Come on deck directly, sir."

Scrambling up the companion, he asked: "What's the matter?"

"Look there, who's a-comin'."

"Who is it? What do you mean?"

"Just look at that boat a-pulling here; that's Armstrong (one of the "Ironclads"). I don't know the other man yet; but here's one of them we were a-praying for comin' right aboard."

Soon the boat indicated was alongside, and the two "Ironclads" clambered on board the Mission-ship. One of them had got his head badly cut in a drunken bout, and his friend and boon companion had brought him to the Gospel-ship "for repairs." Thus the very men prayed for the preceding night were brought on board at dawn of day, and brought on board

through the attraction of the medicine-chest. The Mission-skipper took the wounded man in hand, and our London friend walked up and down the deck with Armstrong, "talking straight to him." As he did so, he could hear Cullington address the injured fisherman thus, while using the scissors to clear the clotted hair from the wound:

"Look here! Who sent you these shears to clear yer hurt?"

"Don't know, I'm sure."

"God sent them. Here you've bin a-fightin' agin Him, and He's a sent you these shears and this plaster to help you."

Such was the conversation; I have given part to show the style. To be brief, the first men converted in that fleet were the two "Ironclads," and next was the admiral's son. Thus powerful did the medicine-chest prove in attracting men who otherwise would have been likely to give the Mission-ship a wide berth. Precisely similar was our experience with Morgan's fleet, for some of the worst characters in the whole fleet came on board for medicine, bandages, etc., and when on board heard the Gospel pretty plainly.

Busily engaged in tending the sick and wounded, we hardly noticed an old friend approaching. The *Ensign*, sailing with the Columbia fleet, had sighted us from afar, and was fast running toward us. About noon her skipper, Smith, was on our deck, with his passenger, Mr. Forrester of Falmouth, out for a week's Mission service. After a hearty praise and prayer meeting on our own deck we revisited our old ship, and were welcomed by a splendid crew of young Christians. It may be stupid, but somehow I felt sorry I boarded the *Ensign;* it broke the spell of memory. She seemed so small after the noble proportions of the *Edward Auriol;* but small or not small, she has done, and is doing, a grand work for time and for eternity; and hard would it be to tell the number of souls who, on her deck and in her hold, have been led to Christ. And beside all this, was she not the pioneer of the North Sea Mission-vessels?

Back to our own ship to find the hold pretty well filled, and an address expected; and so it went on the whole of that day. It was between seven and eight o'clock in the evening before our deck was cleared, and the last friendly visitor departed. Thus a busy and happy day had it proved. There were many amongst those who boarded us whose hearty greetings and bright faces I shall never forget.

Sunday morning: fagged out by the long day's work on Saturday and the many meetings, we were fast asleep when the fishermen assembled on board for the early morning prayer-meeting. All day there was a dead calm, not a ripple on the water, not a motion in the air; that seems good to

landsmen, not quite so good to sailors. There being no wind to sail by, smacks that had drifted apart could not get near us, and hence our services were smaller than they might have been, but full of blessing for all that.

At the morning service there was plenty of singing. Fishermen like good spirited hymns that go well, and many simple child-like prayers. After service we had an inquiry meeting: only it was this way—instead of our having to seek the inquirers they sought us. Nearly half an hour I stood for'ard in the bow talking with a mate, while aft Mr. Dashwood was busy with an anxious skipper; here and there, in knots on the deck, were Christian fishermen pleading with, and reasoning with, unconverted companions; while up from below rang every now and then the voice of praise, telling how a company was engaged in the hold. Our congregation were waiting their boats, and good care was taken that the time should not be mis-spent.

Here is a little story told me by one of these fine hearty fellows as we sat in the poop, whither I had turned for a brief rest: "I was a devil-may-care, reckless, wild fellow. My wife had got 'verted, but I laughed at her and would have none of it. I'd never been aboard the Gospel-ship, though many's the time they pressed me to; but when I was home my wife asked if I'd not go aboard the *Ensign* just a once to please her. I said I would, and I did. But somehow I got cut with what I heard, and I said I'd go no more; howsomever, I got worse instead of better, though I went no more to the Mission-ship. Our time was nigh out, and I said I'd wait till we got home. I tried to laugh and swear it off, but 'twas no good. On the run home I got worse and worse, and was so frightened I got into the forepeak, out of the way of the lads, and had a good cry. When I got to Gorleston and found my wife waiting for me, I scarce knew what to say; however, we got home, and I knew it was service night, though I didn't want to say so. I wanted to go all the same, so I said: 'Will you get my tea ready?' 'Yes; but what's the hurry?' 'Make haste; I'm hungry.' 'All right,' she says, 'I will.' 'Ain't this service night?' 'Yes, of course 'tis; and if you hadn't come I'd agone, but now you're home I can stay.' 'I ain't goin' to keep you from the house of God; and what's more, I don't know but I'll come with you.' She couldn't think what had come over me, for she saw I'd changed my tune; but she was afraid to ask, so she bustled about and had tea ready in a twinkling, and off we went. Next Sunday I went again, and an old chap was a-speaking. I thought, 'He's a speaking to nobody on'y me.' After service I sat still, I couldn't move; some of them talked to me a bit, and God blessed me. You should have seen

my wife! She didn't know what to do: she was so glad when I got back to the fleet. First thing I did was to hail the *Ensign*, and shout out: 'Jones, thank God for the Mission-ship! He's saved me!' 'Bless the Lord!' he cried; 'come aboard and tell us about it.' I did, and we had a rare time that night. God's been with me ever since in storm and tempest; He's been faithful to me." To many such stories of grace did I listen. I give but one by way of illustration.

At the afternoon service the company was larger than in the morning. Our leader spoke on Noah's ark, a type of Christ; and I followed on the death of Christ, as the sinner's substitute. We closed with a testimony-meeting, when one after another of these hearty fellows told how God had saved them through means of the Mission-smacks, and how He had been with them in temptation and trial, ever faithful, ever a good Master to serve. Several related terrible experiences during the disastrous gale of December 12th, 1883, when so many fishing-smacks were lost. These testimony-meetings are not only exceedingly interesting, but they have a great effect on the unconverted, as they hear one and another of their fellows tell how God is able to save the worst of sinners, and able to keep amid all temptations. Looking back on this Sunday at sea, I feel deeply thankful for the work of the Mission-smacks, and am persuaded that several fishermen date from that day their entrance into newness of life. Long will I retain the memory of "Crown Him Lord of all!" as sung by fishermen at the close. After sundown the trawl was put down, and, tired out, we sought repose, rising betimes to see the nets hauled in.

A startling and solemnizing scene, however, awaited us. A small boat was observed pulling over the calm sea, and while speculating on the reason for such an early start, one of our party noticed a smack on our lee-quarter suddenly rise upwards, and just as he called our attention to her strange behaviour, she plunged downward, and with all sail set sank into the depths! A few bubbles on the surface, and all was over! The *Morning Star* (so the smack was named) at dawn of day had sunk to rise no more. But what of her crew? They had been in our hold the previous evening—had they gone to the bottom? No; that boat contained the crew, who found a refuge on board the *Hunter*, the nearest smack. It seemed strange—it certainly was startling—that, on a calm morning, scarce a ripple on the water, scarce a breath stirring in the air, a vessel should thus suddenly founder. Of a truth, those that go down to the sea in ships have but a step between them and death; a two-inch plank, that pierced or broken, and the vessel sinks like lead. An impressive reminder had we that morning of the dangers of the deep, of the instability

of things present, and of the urgency of working while it is called to-day. Well is it these Gospel-ships should carry to men exposed to such dangers the tidings of a present and full salvation, whereby sinners are prepared to meet their God.

The solemnity of this early scene seemed to rest on the meetings during the whole day. We were invited to dine on board the *Bessie,* and, on reaching that vessel, found a considerable number of fishermen assembled to hear the Word. Great pains had been taken by captain and crew to fit up the hold for a service. Spare sails were spread on the floor; fish-boxes served capitally as seats; the pulpit was a beef-barrel covered by a flag. A very pretty picture, indeed, did that hold, filled by fishermen, form; many of them strangers—that is, men who had not been on board the Mission-ship. The service lasted two and a half hours—none too long for the fishermen—and a very happy service it was. The addresses were on "Four mountains of the Bible," and "Fools." In both, the Gospel was clearly told forth. After dinner (and we were hospitably treated), we returned to our own vessel, promising to hold a similar service on the following day on board the *Love and Unity.* Following the admiral's lead, as in a fishing fleet all the smacks are expected to do, we ran that day nearly forty miles farther to the north-east, seeking a more plentiful fishing-ground.

Next morning I was compelled by exigencies of professional duty to bid farewell to my Christian friends on the Mission-ship, and go on board the s.s. *Endeavour,* expected to start that day for London. The captain, however, saw fit to remain with the fleet another day. Meanwhile, a few hours after I quitted the *Edward Auriol,* a smart breeze sprang up, and she broke her main halliard block, necessitating her return to Gorleston to refit. That night the *Emily* lost her nets—a heavy pecuniary loss; the admiral's smack the *Sylvia,* and two other smacks, fouled their nets; but, favoured by the brisk breeze, the remainder of the fleet made good hauls, and quickly filled up the steamer.

Standing on the bridge, I watched for some two or three hours a strangely animated and somewhat noisy scene. Around the steamer clustered like bees the boats of the fleet, each with its cargo of well-filled boxes; the men shouting, pulling at the painters, and struggling to get near the steamer, and put their boxes on board. One moment on the crest of the heaving billows, level and even above the bulwarks of the steamer, next moment far down in the trough of the waves, the little boats danced about like corks, knocking, thumping, groaning, but standing it all like staunchly-built North Sea boats should; some almost knee-deep in water, others perfectly dry and

tight. And the men: what a study for the Christian philosopher! Grey old fishermen, young and agile boys; some stamped with the heraldry of vice and dissipation, others calm, bright, happy Christians—all kinds were there, all busy about their lawful toil, albeit the most dangerous branch of their calling, for it is in this small-boat-work more lives are lost than in any other part of the fisherman's labours.

The rush around the steamer begins to slacken; there are fewer boats hanging on our quarter, and fewer smacks dancing around us in the merry breeze. Our decks are piled high with fish-boxes; these are rapidly being transferred to the hold, where they are well iced for preservation. No sooner has the last boat parted from us, than, without loss of time, we go right ahead for London. Away through the mist and spray, the green billows washing our deck from stem to stern, the waves leaping over our bulwarks and rendering it well-nigh impossible to stand on deck. But no matter, trifles like these cannot be regarded, the market must be saved, and off we go, reaching Billingsgate after thirty-eight hours' quick steaming. On the voyage, I find companionship with one of the crew, who I discover is a devoted Christian; in the midst of men who care for none of these things, he is endeavouring to bear his testimony and witness to the Master.

So ends my North Sea trip, and I jump ashore, praising God for the cheering experiences of the past fourteen days, for the many godly men I met at the fleet, and the direct and effective evangelistic service of the Mission-smacks sent forth by the Thames Church Mission.

F.

Art. V.—A NEGLECTED VIEW OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

"GOD'S people are knit together," says Bishop Pilkington,[1] "with two bonds: the one is Christ their Head, Who giveth life to all members of the body; the other is brotherly love among themselves." Both these bonds are in a very simple and striking manner set forth to them in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. For therein, first of all, in eating the bread and drinking of the cup, they are vividly reminded of

[1] "Exposition upon Nehemiah" (Works, p. 367).

the solemn truth, "Except ye eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of Man, ye have no life in you;" this Sacrament being a "seal and witness" to the faithful of their individual, personal union with their crucified Saviour. And secondly, in all eating together of *one* bread and drinking together of *one* cup, they have a "seal and witness" of the oneness that exists among all Christ's people, and of the love that should prevail amongst themselves. "Sancta illa unius et ejusdem panis et poculi communis, et pacifica distributio unitatem illis divinam, tanquam unà enutritis, præscribit," says Dionysius.[1] "That holy, common and peaceable distribution of one bread and one cup, preacheth unto them a heavenly unity, as being men fed together."

This *common* fellowship and union which those who are one with Christ have, and ought to have, with each other, is only less important than their individual union with Christ Himself. And yet how much the Christian Church has suffered from the neglect of it! For while, age after age, in a more or less prominent form, with more or less obscuration or corruption, the *first* great truth has, on the whole, held its ground amongst Christ's people, it must be confessed that this *latter* truth has been kept too much in abeyance; at some periods well-nigh put out of sight altogether, and even now needs to be brought more fully to the light by those who feel that Christianity has within itself all, and more than all, which the wants of each age demand, and is certainly not too narrow for the requirements of our own.

We need hardly go back to the primitive institution of the Lord's Supper for proofs that this was one of the designs of its Divine Founder. But in the present day it is not amiss to be reminded of what some find it very convenient to forget, that it was really a *συσσίτιον* or common meal "expressing, maintaining, and, as it were, ratifying relations" of friendship, love, and unity. "The spirit of antiquity regarded the meals of human beings as having the nature of sacred rites (*sacra mensæ*)." The Passover of the Jews was specially a sacred meal, an expression of the unity of the chosen people as a national Church. The Christian Passover (as since the days of Origen it has been often called) is the expression of the unity "not of one nation only, but of all the children of God that are scattered abroad."

This union of His followers with each other appears to have been much in our Lord's mind at the time of the institution. In the same night He calls upon His disciples again and again

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[1] Bishop Jewel, "Reply to Harding," p. 131 (Part I.).

to love one another: He prays that they may be all one, as He and His Father are one. He appears to associate in His thoughts their mutual love and fellowship with their mutual partaking of His Supper.

After the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the Church at Pentecost, the same thought powerfully affected the mind and the practice of the early Christians. "They continued stedfastly in the Apostles' teaching and fellowship, in the breaking of bread and the prayers. And all that believed were together, and had all things common; and they sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all according as any man had need" (Acts ii. 43-45). Later on, St. Paul, in a well-known passage, expresses the same idea: "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not a communion (*κοινωνία*, '*joint participation*') of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not a communion (*κοινωνία*, '*joint participation*') of the body of Christ? seeing that we who are many are one bread, one body; for we all partake of the one bread (or loaf)" (1 Cor. x. 17).

"Here is a double use," says C. Bradley,[1] "made of the same symbol. That bread represents the body of Christ. Now we, who partake together of it, must all be considered as the followers of Christ, and bound one to another by our mutual participation of Him; more especially as we not only eat together at the same table, but all eat of the same bread there: it is one and the same loaf that is distributed amongst us all. And that loaf is an emblem also of ourselves. It consists of many distinct grains of corn, but these have been so kneaded and blended together that they form one mass. So also we, though many in number, are all one in Christ Jesus. We are brought together in Him and united. We are become one bread and one body. The bread we eat of is one, and we are one."

That St. Paul is here speaking of the Lord's Supper, and that his description, in the chapter following, of the Corinthian depravation of that rite is not applicable to what was afterwards called the *Agape*, may be taken for granted. Indeed, the way in which divines for controversial purposes, or from traditional habit, have spoken of the "*original distinction*" between the Agape and the Lord's Supper even when there was no difference between them, or have, in some cases, gone so far as, like Maldonatus the Jesuit, to assert that the word "supper" is *never* used of the Communion, is irreverent and contrary to Scripture, antiquity, and sound reason—is one of the most wonderful of the many wonderful things observable

[1] "Sacramental Sermons," p. 273.

in the discussion of this subject. To those who have no theory to maintain it seems as clear as it well can be, that whatever distinction afterwards had to be made between the Agape and the Eucharist, in the earliest years of the Church they were *absolutely identical.*[1]

So, too, we may believe they were as late as A.D. 110 in Bithynia, according to the report of the younger Pliny, the Proconsul, who speaks of the Christians there as meeting together in the evening of "a certain day" (Sunday) "at a simple and innocent meal."

But as time went on—forty years after, indeed—in Justin Martyr's days, we find a separation of the old festival element from the distinctly eucharistic rite, in the institution of the Agape or Feast of Brotherly Love. This separation would be occasioned partly by similar irregularities to those rebuked by the Apostle Paul (1 Cor. xi.), and partly by local circumstances or social distinctions which, as the Christian society became larger, would interfere with the significance of such common meals. In truth, these meals especially excited the jealousy of the surrounding heathen, and gave birth to the strangest and most malicious reports, which probably early led to these Agapæ themselves being either totally abolished or less frequently observed.

It would be an interesting subject of inquiry, how it came to pass that in gradual process of time the astounding change took place, whereby, in the language of our Homilies, "the memory was made a sacrifice, the Communion a private eating, and the Lord's Supper was turned into the Mass." But this would occupy far too much space to trace fully out. That such a change exists is but too evident; and, to our minds, it is one of the most humiliating thoughts in connection with the religion of Christ, that the simple, solemn, expressive Eucharistic Feast—the last legacy of the Saviour to His Church—should have been so entirely transformed, through the ignorance, the folly, and the craft of His professed followers, into the theatrical pageant still to be witnessed in so-called Christian Churches. "The Mass was nearly over," writes Lord

[1] The remarkable confirmation of this view, given in the "Teaching of the Apostles," as edited by Archbishop Bryennius, ought not to be passed over. Besides the significance of the expression *μετὰ τὸ ἐμπλησθῆναι* (cap. x.) and its no less significant change in the "Apostolic Constitutions" into *μετὰ τὴν μετάληψιν*—and the language of the prayer "As this broken bread was scattered (in corn grains) upon the mountains, and being brought together, became *one*, so let Thy Church be gathered together into Thy kingdom from the ends of the earth,"—the whole service is manifestly derived from the Jewish Passover Feast, adapted to Christian uses. (See Archdeacon Farrar and Dean Howson, *Contemporary Review*, May, 1884, and THE CHURCHMAN, August, 1884.)

Macaulay from abroad, "and I stayed to the end, wondering that so many reasonable beings could come together to see a man bow, drink, bow again, wipe a cup, wrap up a napkin, spread his arms, and gesticulate with his hands; and to hear a low muttering, which they could not understand, interrupted by the occasional jingling of a bell."[1]

Surely if the Apostle Paul were to rise from the dead and witness such a sight, the words he used to the Church of Corinth would again burst from his lips: "When ye come together into one place, THIS is not to eat the Lord's Supper!"

Far be it from us to suggest a universal return to the exact Primitive form, or to assert that our Lord designed a literal imitation of His First Communion to be the rule of the ages to come. On the contrary, so that the two great foundation truths be ever kept in view in the ordinance, we would contend for the utmost liberty to be given to the Churches in the mode of celebration according to the ever-varying circumstances of time, and place, and climate, and custom. But that these two great truths should be jealously maintained in the administration of this Sacrament ought to be of first obligation. Wheresoever either of them is neglected or kept in the background, there will always be something lacking to Christian edification. Our Reformers were evidently alive to the wide departure that had taken place from the primitive idea, and strove hard to realize in the restored Communion Office the essential doctrines which it symbolizes. Both in their teaching and practice we recognise the revival of long-forgotten essentials. The abolition of Altars and return to Tables—and these, not as now, fenced in by rails, but *used* as tables—the restoration of the Cup, and the substitution of the "manchet-loaf" for the wafer; the Rubrical Laws for a "convenient number to partake with the Minister," and for gathering, after the ordinance, "such of the Communicants as are to eat with him" of the remaining Bread and Wine; the strict rules as to the *number* of those who are to communicate along with the sick person; the directions as to the necessity of "reconciliation" with an offended brother; the alms collected for the poor, with sentences to be read bearing on "love to the brethren," "doing good," "distributing," "ministering to the saints," etc.; and then, in the service itself, the use of the Ten Commandments; the beautiful prayer for the "whole state of Christ's Church militant here on earth;" the exhortation to charity with all men; and the second prayer at the Post-Communion service—these, and other points that will occur to most of us, go to show that the compilers were well aware of

[1] "Life," vol. ii., p. 19.

what was needed for the restoration and perfection of this office, and laboured earnestly to effect it.

That more was not done in this direction may have arisen partly from their laying so much, and so greatly needed, emphasis on the communion of each individual soul with the Saviour—which our present Office admirably expresses—and partly from the reaction to irreverence and rude communistic sentiment, which the sudden abolition of old superstitious restraints upon an ignorant laity was sure to bring about. How bitterly the Papists resented the changes, and charged these excesses on the holy men who were the last persons to have sanctioned them, may be seen from the language used to the Martyrs Latimer and Ridley when, at their last examination, they stated that "the Supper of the Lord was never at any time better ministered, or more duly received, than in these latter days, when all things were brought to the rites and usages of the Primitive Church." "A goodly receiving, I promise you," breaks out Bishop White, "to see an oyster-table instead of an altar!" "A set of fling-brains and light-heads!" exclaims Dr. Weston, "never constant in any one thing, as was seen in the *turning of your Table;* when, like a sort of apes, they could not tell which way to turn their tails, looking one day west and another day east, one that way and another this way. 'They would be like,' they say, 'to the Apostles;' they will have no churches, a hovel is good enough for them; they come to the Communion with no reverence. They get them a tankard, and one saith, 'I drink, and I am thankful.' 'The more joy of thee,' saith another," etc.

The dignified reply of Bishop Ridley, "Your lordship's irreverend terms do not elevate the thing," showed how far was such a spirit from the tone and temper of our Reformers. Indeed, the striking contrast of their whole behaviour with that of their judges was a clear proof on which side the real irreverence was to be found throughout.

It must ever be regretted that the work so well begun by our Reformers was not followed up in succeeding generations; but that, on the contrary, under pretext of greater reverence, much of it was obliterated. The Church of England owes no gratitude to Laud and his school for so persistently aiming at the revival of mediæval ideas and practices instead of those of an earlier period, and thus obscuring more and more the truth which should have been brought into clearer light. It was Laud who fixed the position of the Table at the east end of the Church, and did his utmost to convert it once more into an Altar. The rails enclosing it are his handiwork, thereby to prevent the Table standing lengthwise during the Communion in "the Chancel or the body of the Church," as in Reformation

times. The prominence assigned to the officiating ministers, and their distance from the people, are all his doing and that of his disciples; while, in more modern times, the revival of priestly and sacrificial ideas, the use of vestments, adoration of the elements, gazing without communicating, and a thousand other "ineptiæ tolerabiles et intolerabiles," not only tend to degrade this sacred Feast into a Popish Mass, but to eliminate altogether the idea of a Communion of the faithful one with another.

The result will be that the battle of the Reformation must be fought over again, and very shortly too, if the Primitive Eucharist is ever to be restored to its original spirit and intent. Meantime, it is our solemn duty to keep in view, and, as much as possible, to carry out in our administration the two great truths symbolized in it. So far as our Rubrics go, let us bring out the neglected doctrine into practice, and consider well whether some Rubrics might not be amended and improved. It is to be deplored, for instance, that in the *individualism* of the direction to say the words to each person during the reception of the elements, we *isolate* each unit at the expense of the whole community. "Drink *ye all* of this" is far more Scriptural and Primitive than "Drink (thou) this." More might be said on other points if space admitted.

But while much should be wished and attempted for the reform of our outward symbolism, how much greater need there is for a reform in the spirit in which we all approach the Lord's Table! How strangely forgetful we all are to associate the grand idea of union with our fellow-Christians and fellow-men, with our own union and fellowship with our Divine Redeemer! We thank God sometimes at His Table for the assurance He gives us there "that we are very members incorporate in the mystical body of His Son, which is the blessed company of all faithful people;" but how little we are apt to think of this "blessed company" and of ourselves as "very members" of it! How ashamed we may well be that we love our fellow-Christians so little; and while professing to believe the Gospel, look at one another so little in the bands of the Gospel! We can come together for years to the same House of the Lord and the same Table of the Lord; we can look around us there and regard one another as friends and neighbours, as fellow-men, and sometimes as fellow-sufferers, but have scarcely perhaps reflected "these are my *fellow-Christians,* one body with Christ and with me." Alas! the Communion of Saints has a place in our Creed, and on each succeeding Lord's Day is again and again on our lips. Would that it had the place it ought to have in all our hearts!

That Communistic and Humanitarian theories are so rife in

our day cannot surprise us, so long as the Church of Christ forgets, or keeps out of sight, one of her great foundation truths. Till we all realize our oneness together with Christ, and carry this out in daily life and practice, as well as symbolize it in our sacred rites, we shall never convince the world that the universal brotherhood it is yearning for is to be found with the true Brother of mankind, and that the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ is the only religion wide enough for all men everywhere and in all ages.

CHARLES MARSON.

ART. VI.—CURIOSITIES OF CLERICAL EXPERIENCE. No. III.

THE subject of the present narrative was an accurate scholar, a brilliant writer, and a clear thinker. He contributed largely to the secular, and to the religious Press. He wrote leaders for the *Times* during and after the Crimean War, he enriched the monthly periodicals with many able articles. On one occasion, in the pages of a popular organ of the Press, he inserted a short leader criticizing, in a spirit of cutting irony and angry disappointment, and, I must say, most unjustly, a peer, who was also a Bishop. The said article was brought before the attention of the House of Lords, and some severe comments were made on the editor for admitting it. It is only fair to add that the writer of it was hardly responsible for its contents. He dashed it off, with his usual vein of satirical humour, when his health was seriously impaired, to which I shall take occasion to refer in the sequel; but when he came to himself, about a week or ten days afterwards, he bitterly regretted what he had done in a moment of petulance and pique. So true are the words of the poet:

> "One point must still be greatly dark,
> The moving why they do it;
> And just as lamely can ye mark
> How far, perhaps, they rue it."

With the exception of myself, not a soul ever knew who wrote the article, nor does any one know it to this day. I knew nothing of its having been written until after the case was alluded to in Parliament. The writer then for the first time informed me that the letter he asked me to post as I was leaving the house where he was taken ill, contained the manuscript for the Press. I had known the writer, in far happier times, when he was an ornament to the profession of which

he was a more than ordinarily gifted member. He was a curate, but at the date I refer to he had given up clerical work, and devoted himself entirely to literature. He entered the ministry more to please his father than himself. His keen sense of the ludicrous, his fine tenor voice, his incisive wit, and the racy cleverness with which he used his pen, made him a universal favourite. Physically, he was a man of powerful build, tolerably good-looking, of considerable muscular activity, and with a surplus of electricity in his system always emitting sparks which illuminated the social circle in which he moved. He was one of the most agreeable companions at times that one could meet with, and, as the result of his high social qualities, he was in constant request. He was the life and soul of the society which he frequented, and, judging him by his unceasing flow of wit and humour, one could come to no other conclusion than that, so far as animal spirits went, life with him was one long summer's day. But this was not the case. These men generally have their reactions. If they have hours of exuberant excitement, they have also their hours of enervating depression. And such was the experience of the individual before us. His solitude was almost insupportable. Being of a mercurial disposition, he was never thoroughly happy unless when in society. By degrees his loneliness in the dull routine of his bachelor's quarters became more and more unbearable; and accordingly he made up his mind to get married, and settle down to a quiet and a cheerful mode of life. He found, however, that getting married is not the mechanical process which some persons are disposed to regard it. There are men bold enough, or vain enough, to think that they have only to ask, and that their proposal must, as a matter of course, be accepted. They never seem to reflect that women have their instinctive affinities and repulsions, which cause them to say either "Yes," or "No," or, what is perhaps equally common, the hesitancy involved in "I don't know." In the present instance, the young lady was very handsome, fairly well off, and of most agreeable manners; sensible, clever, and accomplished.

She was aware of the desultory life of her admirer when he proposed, and replied, in a kind but firm tone, telling him "that there was a time when she had hoped he might have given up his irregular ways, but that now she feared he could never reform while he was surrounded by his interested flatterers, who only made use of him to enable them to spend a pleasant evening at his expense—that, for her part, if she were to marry him, it would simply be utter ruin to her peace of mind."

Having satisfied himself of the hopelessness of entertaining

any further ideas on this subject, he tried to act upon the principle that gentle submission to the inevitable is good philosophy. The refusal of his offer, however, evidently affected him. He became changed in manner, was more alone than usual, and he exhibited signs of depression which previously were reserved for his solitary hours. His humour was more mechanical than formerly—his conversation had an artificial air about it, and even his literary compositions lacked their wonted terseness and vigour. After a few months, he suddenly disappeared from the provincial town where he had lived for three years. No one knew for certain whither he had betaken himself. Some said he had gone to the Continent, and others that he was "somewhere in London." I had not seen him for nearly four years. The last letter I received from him was dated so far back as a year and a half. He then wrote to inform me of the death of his favourite sister, and how deeply he felt her loss. From that time I had no further tidings of or from him, and I had no idea of what he was doing, or where he was living.

In the month of February, 1855, I was confined to my room from the effects of an acute attack of bronchitis. I had not left my bed for more than a week. The doctor's visits were daily. My voice was so much affected that I could speak only in a barely audible whisper, and that for only a minute or two without fatigue. It was under these circumstances I was informed that there was a gentleman in the drawing-room who wanted particularly to see me on very urgent business. He gave no name, but he mentioned a fact from which he said that I would be sure to know who he was. I had no difficulty in concluding that my visitor was none other than my old friend to whose letter I have just alluded. I asked to have him shown upstairs. When he entered my room, he seemed altered in appearance from what he had been when I last saw him. He was very excited in manner, and his conversation, I thought, seemed at times wild and eccentric. After explaining his history during the interval since we last met, he went on to say that his object in coming to London was to enter upon a curacy which he had obtained in the East-End, and that he arrived in town only that very morning; that, as he was in the railway carriage, it being about twelve o'clock the previous night, and no one but himself in the same compartment, his deceased sister appeared to him, and said: "I have come to warn you; return home as soon as you can. As you are now in the train, you must proceed to your journey's end; but do not linger a single day in town." He went on to say that, on his arrival in town, he was to come straight to me, ask me to pray with him, and, when he left my house, he

was to proceed forthwith to the railway station, and turn his back on London. "If not," he added, quoting the weird language of the alleged apparition, "you shall be with me exactly at this very time, twenty-four hours hence."

During this recital my visitor was seated on a chair, on my right hand, at the head of the bed, so that I could not see him without straining my eyes. On hearing this extraordinary story, so utterly devoid of all sense, I turned round, and looking fully into his face, I had no difficulty in perceiving that he was under the influence of drink, and, in fact, was even then in the incipient stage of *delirium tremens*. Seeing my fixed gaze on him, he stood up, and excitedly seizing me by the hand, he begged of me to do what his sister had suggested. As I had studied medicine for some years, this form of mental aberration was not unfamiliar to me, and, knowing therefore something of the eccentricities of persons so affected, I felt that in my helpless condition there was nothing to be done but to humour him to the top of his bent. Accordingly I said: "I cannot speak without much difficulty, and only in a whisper; if therefore you will kneel down I will pray, but you must promise not to disturb me by talking; kneel down." I then offered a short prayer, and as I had begun to do so, my visitor burst into tears, sobbing violently, and covering his face with his hands, called several times upon God "to help him, and to protect him from the vile conspiracy that was got up against him." I need hardly say the idea of a conspiracy was purely a phantom of a morbid imagination.

When he rose from his knees, he sat down by my bedside, and after a few minutes said: "I must now go, but I cannot leave London. I promised the Rector of —— that I should be with him to-day, and, at all hazards, I must keep my word."

"You really cannot go to the Rector; write and tell him you are ill, and unable to see him."

"I must go; I see you are one of the conspirators, although I understood from my sister that you were my friend."

I never felt myself in such a fix. Here I was closeted with a man in the initial stage of drink-madness, and unable to leave my room without aid, or in any way to check him in his wild freaks.

"When you leave me," I said, "where are you going?"

"Straight to the residence of the Rector of ——."

"Well, you must have some luncheon somewhere; ring the bell, and I will order it for you at once."

"There is no use," he said; "I can't eat anything. Let me have some brandy-and-soda, for I am tired after my night's travelling."

Having informed him that I had neither the one nor the other to give him, I proposed a glass of sherry, which he readily accepted. I knew very well that he would not leave the house without something in the way of stimulant. He took the sherry, and then shook hands with me, and left. My great difficulty was to get him out of the house without meeting any members of my family. Two ladies were staying with us at the time, and if any of them were to see my eccentric visitor in his wild excitement it would neither be edifying nor convenient. Having rung the bell for the servant to show him downstairs, I begged of him to go quietly out of the house, and not speak to anyone. I might just as well have whistled to a hurricane to induce it to blow calmly as to reduce to anything like reason the crack-brained antics of my friend. Within ten minutes from his leaving my room he was, deep in the mysteries of his midnight adventure, with the ladies in the drawing-room, and as I was informed of the fact, there was nothing left for me but, as best I could, at all hazards, to dress and go downstairs.

In the meanwhile, he and the two lady visitors, and another lady, were at luncheon together in the dining-room. They seemed utterly bewildered at the extraordinary narrative of my friend, and my unexpected appearance did not tend to make matters more intelligible. My presence, however, had the desired effect in exercising a certain restraining influence upon him, and he became less excited. As soon as possible the ladies left the room, and not long after he left the house.

As he had two uncles in London, I thought they ought to look after him, and therefore I sent for a friend, into whose safe keeping I handed him, until he saw him within the residence of one of his uncles. I hoped that the uncle to whom I wrote would see that he was properly cared for, and, if necessary, sent to a hospital. That would have been the proper course to have taken, and which I should have done had I been well enough. My friend saw him safely to the place indicated by me, and, having given up his charge, he returned to my house with that information.

I went back to my room, and felt much relieved at the satisfactory arrangement by which I was delivered from a very awkward dilemma. But my satisfaction was of a very transitory duration. At a quarter to twelve o'clock that same night, I was aroused from sleep by a violent knocking at the hall-door. I got up, and, opening the window, I saw a cab standing in the street, and on the doorstep a policeman and the cab-driver. The latter, hearing me opening the window, called out in a loud and insolent tone, asking, with an oath,

why we didn't open the door. "One would suppose you were all dead. Make haste down to see the man we've got here, for we can do nothing with him."

The truth instantly flashed upon my mind. My visitor was back again, and there was nothing to be done but to go down to him. In a few minutes I was in the hall, and, on opening the door, the policeman and the cab-driver carried in my friend, in a semi-conscious state, by the head and heels, and laid him at full length on the dining-room floor.

"There," said the cabman, "I have had a job with him all day, and no mistake!"

"How so?" I asked.

"Why, I drove him from Mile End, and he insisted on my pulling up at almost every public-house, and as he had no money, I had to pay. He told me you would stump up when I got here, and he owes me exactly seventeen shillings and sixpence, fare and all."

I paid the driver, and he went away. The policeman remained, and by his assistance I got my visitor up to the drawing-room floor, where there was a spare bedroom. Being unwilling, for obvious reasons, to disturb the servants, the policeman and I managed to get him into bed. By this time he became more conscious, and seeing me, he put out his hand, saying: "Feel my pulse; I know I am sinking fast. What's the time?"

"It is just twelve o'clock," I said.

"All right, that is the hour my sister mentioned to me in the train that I was to be with her. I know I am dying—my end has come—feel my pulse again."

All this was said with a low muttering and inarticulate tone of voice. He was very unmanageable, but after a time he became more tranquil. The policeman had to leave, after remaining about a quarter of an hour, and then I was obliged to watch all night by the bedside of my unwelcome visitor. I was afraid to leave him alone, and it was with extreme difficulty that I could sit up with him. Early next morning I sent for the doctor, who arrived about eight o'clock. He had no hesitation in pronouncing upon the nature of the attack, and after four or five days the patient was able to leave his room. The first time that the doctor saw him, he remarked to me, when we were alone: "It is a thousand pities to see a man of such magnificent brain-power breaking up a fine constitution by habits of intemperance. What a splendid head he has, capable of doing anything, if only he was commonly fair to himself."

After the doctor left, I returned to the patient's room, when the following conversation, substantially, took place between us:

"Well, you are getting on all right, but it is absolutely necessary, for every reason, that, from this day forward, you should become a total abstainer—nothing else will save you either as regards body or mind."

"Yes, I know it; but I have lost all self-control, I am as pliant as a willow, weak as water as to good resolutions, and utterly unable to keep from drinking much, if only I take the least drop of anything alcoholic. The pledge, I am sure, is my only chance, but I fear that I shall fail in moral courage to keep it."

"Never mind; let us try. What do you think of going to see J. B. Gough, who, I believe, is to be seen in the Strand, at the Temperance League Office."

He said he had no objection, but he added: "You can't conceive the state of a drunkard's mind. I know well enough the havoc which this vice makes on health and character. I know what the Bible says about it, what the doctors tell me about it, what I know myself about it. Still, I am unable to resist the horrible fascination of it."

"At all events, you cannot do better than sign the pledge. You have never done so, and perhaps, under the Divine blessing, you may this time succeed. It is the craving for some stimulant, which the stomach in its abnormal condition demands, which I believe is so troublesome; and I have known several drunkards derive much benefit at such a time from a cup of strong black coffee."

He said he would accompany me to Mr. Gough in a day or two, "but meanwhile let me have just one last farewell glass of brandy and soda. I feel at this moment such a sinking at my heart."

"Try the coffee."

"Oh, nonsense! I know I shall get ill again if I don't get, say, half a glass of brandy; that can do me no harm. Do let me have it!"

"Impossible till the doctor orders it. I appeal to your honour."

"Honour! my dear fellow, a man with every fibre of his body craving for alcohol is not able to appreciate your fine notions of honour. I must have it—I can't go on for the rest of the day without it. I tell you I can't."

After other words, I said I would send a note to the doctor and ask him about it. The note was sent, and within half-an-hour a reply was returned:—"On no account let him have a single drop of whisky or brandy, or anything in the way of strong drink. I send with this note a mixture, of which he is to take the eighth part three times a day; the first dose at once." I read this reply to the patient and administered the

first dose according to instructions. It was evident that the medicine had a good effect upon him, but it soon passed off.

In a few days he was able to leave his room and go down stairs. Unhappily, in a moment when my back was turned, he managed to get what he wanted; and, after a time, he became wild and ungovernable. While I was absent from the dining-room, he rushed into the hall, seized his hat, made for the door, which he opened, and was gone in a moment.

I couldn't follow him. When I went into the street, I looked up and down, but nowhere was he to be seen. I sent for a policeman, told him what had happened, and as the Regent's Canal was close by, I was afraid, in his delirium, he might be tempted to throw himself into it. It was now about half-past eight o'clock, and quite dark. Feeling uneasy as to the fate of my ex-guest, I sent once more to the friend who had accompanied him to the house of his relative before he was brought to me by the cabman.

When he came, I told him what had happened, and that it was just within the range of possibility that the runaway might have made for the York and Albany—a large, well-known public-house, about ten minutes from where I lived. I told him to go there first, and make inquiries. Off he started with a will, and came back within an hour with the information that the object of his search had been there—had some drink at the bar, and applied for a bed for the night, as he was anxious to catch an early train for the country from Euston Square. The proprietor, noticing a certain air of wildness about him, declined to receive him, but informed him that if he were to go to Euston Square Station, he would find accommodation in one of the many lodging-houses or hotels with which the street outside the station abounded. He could give no further information, and my friend returned, thinking it would be only a wild-goose-chase to go to Euston. And so the curtain fell upon the third act of this drama.

I lay awake half the night, going over in my mind all sorts of theories as to the fate of this unfortunate man. The imagination at such times seldom paints cheerful pictures. Night and unrefreshing sleep are not calculated to present the most favourable side of any doubtful question. So it was in my case. All sorts of harrowing scenes passed before my mind. Morning, to some extent, came to my relief; though it in no way removed my feeling of suspense. The day wore on without any tidings. At five o'clock two gentlemen called, father and son, both clergymen, and each bearing the name of the Rector of ———, to whose curacy my missing friend had been appointed. They were shown into my study, and, after a few preliminary common-places, the elder of the two gentlemen remarked that he presumed I could guess the cause of their

visit. I replied that I supposed it was connected with a gentleman who was about to become a curate to one of them.

"That is so," said the elderly gentleman. "A few days ago I received a visit from the proprietor of a public-house in my parish, about four o'clock in the afternoon. He said that at that moment, there was a gentleman in his house, who was the 'worse for drink;' that he was very wild and excited, said he came to enter on the curacy of my parish, and wanted to know where the Rectory was, that he was in the private parlour of the publican's house with his coat off, on the sofa asleep, when he left home. I went at once to see him, and I found things exactly as they were represented. We woke up Mr. M——, who was evidently unaware of his surroundings; he talked thickly and incoherently, said he wanted to know where the Rector lived, and such like. I saw he had a watch and chain, which I asked the publican to hand to me, and here they are" (producing them, and placing them before me on the table). "He also had a little money, amounting to twenty-four shillings, which I have also brought with me. In looking at some papers and letters in one of his pockets, I saw a letter addressed to you, and as he was a complete stranger to me, having no knowledge of him except through correspondence from the country, I thought the best thing to do was to call for a cab at once, and send him straight here, giving the cabman strict charge to keep his eye upon him."

"May I ask when Mr. M—— left you?"

"I should say about five o'clock."

"He certainly was a long while on the road, for he did not arrive here till a quarter to twelve at midnight; and, according to the cabman's statement, the journey was broken by constant stoppages at several public-houses on the way, for which and for the hire of the cab, I had to pay seventeen shillings and sixpence. May I ask if the London Hospital is not near you?"

"Yes; about a mile or so from my residence."

"Why did you not send Mr. M—— there? Surely, in his state, that would have been the proper thing. He ran a great risk. However, the thing is done, and there is no use in going over the details. I had not seen Mr. M—— for four years until that day, and when he left my house I had no power of controlling his movements."

"Oh, then you know where he is?"

"No; that is just what I do not know. He was here some days, under medical attendance, carefully looked after; he suddenly left the house the night before last, and I have had no tidings of him since."

"How sad!" said the Rector; "the whole affair has been most painful; but, at all events, I am glad to think that he has friends in London. Perhaps you will be so good as to let

me hear from you when he turns up;" and then my clerical visitor took his departure.

Some excuse, doubtless, might be found for the Rector for what he had done. He was as much taken by surprise as I was by Mr. M——'s visit. Still, to my mind, there was something very cold-blooded in sending a drunken man—and he a brother-clergyman—all that way, by himself, without a penny in his pocket, or anything given to the cab-driver for his use. Nor was it very considerate to send him to my house without the least notice of the expected arrival of a man in a state utterly unfit for travelling. The least reflection should have suggested to the Rector that the kindest and most practical thing to have done was to take care of him "in the inn" where he already was, and to have provided a bed and a doctor for him with the least possible delay; or, at least, to have sent him to the hospital. But it seemed as though, provided this amiable Rector could only manage to get rid of this troublesome character—this disreputable sinner, without friends, without money, homeless, helpless, and, in his drunken fit, brainless—he did not seem to care very much where he went: the further the better.

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!

Here was a grand opportunity for this upright and virtuous clergyman to extend to a brother in distress the generous hand and the feeling heart—to take care of him, if not in his own house, at least at "the inn," or at the hospital—to minister to a mind diseased, and, when "he came to himself," to exercise that influence upon him which, with the recollection of kindness and consideration for his misfortune still fresh in his memory, would have had the effect of softening his heart. But, no; rectorial dignity outweighed the common offices of humanity—a splendid opportunity was let go—and clerical propriety stood between the saint and the sinner.

To be (if we may digress for a moment) pitying and patient, kind, brotherly, earnest, and hopeful; to be more anxious to cure disease than fearful to catch it; nay, to have firm faith that with Christ's help we shall be, as He was, a minister of blessing to the possessed even of seven devils—this is the temper and this the faith that will prove to the unthinking world the practical reality of Christianity, better than all the external evidences which letter-learned professors of sacred theology have ever formulated. An earnest, holy, and unselfish life is a stronger proof of the power of God on the soul, than all the arguments drawn from the collective genius of theological disputants put together.

In the case before us, the curate, when fully recovered, retained a painful recollection of the unbrotherly treatment which he received from the Rector. It soured his disposition, and shook his faith for a time in the entire body of the clergy. His objection was no doubt irrational and inexcusable. You cannot argue from the particular to the universal. Still, there is a temptation, deeply seated in our nature, to associate the man with the matter, and to include, in a sweeping assertion, a whole tribe when a notable representative acts inconsistently with its principles. It is easy enough to draw fine fancy-pictures of virtue and charity while the man who paints them may himself be an utter stranger to their influence upon his soul.

The sequel of the curate's life presents one of those illuminated prospects which the grace of God, even in this state of existence, permits us frequently to behold. Men who have dived into the very *latibula* of vice, have been reclaimed, reformed, regenerated—plucked as brands from the burning—delivered from the power of darkness, and made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. Such was the happy experience of the subject of this sketch.

After recovery from his acute indisposition, he accompanied me to Mr. J. B. Gough, whom we met by appointment at the Temperance League in the Strand. My friend was greatly agitated, but, after a few cheering words, he took up the pen in his quivering hand, and was about to sign his name, when he turned to me, and said: "Will you kneel down, and let us have a word of prayer for God's blessing and strength to help me to keep straight?" We did so, and then he signed his name, which, if the book exists, as I presume it does, bears the record of one among many thousands who have reason to rejoice in the grand cause of teetotalism. I am not a total abstainer myself, but I know its value in cases where the only choice lies between a course of rigid abstinence or death in more senses than one. Mr. M—— returned home with me, and that evening was one long to be remembered with thankfulness.

The question now arose, What was he to do in the way of regular employment? "He felt," he said, "so utterly unworthy before God that he could not think of entering upon parochial work until, at all events, he had given himself a fair trial as to his sincerity of purpose and stability of conduct." After being with me a week he said, "I think I should like to become a tutor in a school in the country. I know the classics well, and English literature is my strong point." After discussing the pros and cons, we at last decided to put an advertisement in the *Times*. Three applications were received in reply.

One of them from Wales was selected; and, in ten days from the date of the advertisement, Mr. M—— was on his way to enter upon a course of life altogether novel in his experience and surroundings. He worked well, and to the entire satisfaction of the Principal. An intimate acquaintance soon sprang up between them. At the end of a year, at a confirmation in the parish, Mr. M—— was introduced to the Bishop, and, by the urgent request of the Principal, my friend was induced to take occasional Sunday duty for the clergy in the neighbouring parishes. He also contributed to the local newspapers some of the ablest letters I have ever read upon "The Causes, the Course, and the Cure of Drunkenness."

At the end of a year and a half he obtained a curacy in one of the Midland counties. In that parish he was a diligent pastor, an able and practical preacher, and a most agreeable and welcome visitor among the poor. All this time he was true to his teetotal principles; he became in every sense an altered man. At the end of eleven months there was a village fair adjoining the parish, and, being a small place, many were going to and fro, and the village, so quiet in ordinary times, was more than usually gay and festive. In an evil moment, when Mr. M—— seemed very tired after a long day's exertion, a friend insisted on his taking a glass of sherry, as he seemed on the point of fainting. Alas! it was hardly taken when the sleeping fiend was aroused from his slumbers, and in louder tones than ever Mr. M.—— called for the old stimulant. That night he was found so intoxicated in the outskirts of the village that he had to be helped to his lodgings by two of the parishioners. I knew nothing of this at the time. The first intimation that I had of my friend's altered position was from the following note, whose words were both few and sad:

> For God's sake, come to me! Once more I am in the grasp of my old enemy—utterly undone. When we meet I will tell you all.

This letter was dated from a public-house in the lowest part of the Minories in London. Off I started at once, and on arrival I interviewed the landlord before seeing my friend.

"What do you know of Mr. M——?" I asked.

"Nothing whatever," he replied; "but that he came here a week ago, and I gave him a room on the third floor back."

"Does he drink?"

"Oh yes, somewhat!"

"Is he the worse for it?"

"I can't say; you see, in my experience, drunkenness is only a question of capacity. One man gets drunk if he takes a glass of whisky; another will take half a dozen and not show signs of distress."

"I am really anxious to befriend your lodger, and I am not asking these questions from idle curiosity; do tell me honestly all you know about him."

The landlord, on hearing this, quite changed his tone, and, inviting me into his private parlour, said: "Well, sir, as you are the gentleman's friend, I ought to tell you that he is all day and nearly all night at it—brandy and soda six or seven times, to say nothing of whisky and water, and he hardly eats anything. My wife, seeing that he was quite a gentleman, made up nice little dinners for him and sent him a comfortable breakfast, but he won't eat them; it is drink, sir, always drink. I told him yesterday that I could not serve him any more except two glasses a day, and all he said was 'Thank you.' I am very sorry for him, sir; and you are the first friend who has called."

Having ascertained that he was in his room, I went upstairs, and, on entering, I saw him lying on his bed asleep, breathing heavily, in a comatose state; his clothes were on him, but so scanty and so ragged that one could hardly call them clothes. His coat was once a light-grey alpaca, but use had greatly changed its colour, out at the elbows, only one button on it; and all he wore besides was in perfect keeping with it. His feet were bare and blistered; the soles of his stockings had been worn out, the upper part alone remained. There was one portmanteau in the room, which was all the luggage he apparently possessed. On opening it I found that its contents consisted of a bundle of sermons tied carefully up, and one slipper—nothing else.

My first care was to go for a doctor, whom I found in the next street. He came with me to the house and had no difficulty in pronouncing it to be a case of *delirium tremens*. After patient nursing and medical attention he was once more brought round, and when strong enough he gave me an account of his recent relapse into his old way as follows:

"For two years and five months I remained perfectly sober; and were it not for that fatal glass of sherry, which stirred up old associations not yet obliterated, I should in all probability be sober still. However, there is no use in trying to gather up spilt milk. I am miserable and wretched, disgusted with myself; and even if God should in mercy forgive me, I can never forgive myself."

"What has become of all your clothes?"

"Gone for drink."

"Have you no money left?"

"Not a shilling."

"What do you mean to do."

"Don't know. I'm thinking of going to one of the lodging-

houses in St. Giles's. If I had a few pounds I could stay there with economy till, as Mr. Micawber would say, 'something may turn up.'"

He asked me to leave him some money, which I did, and promised to call again next day. When I called the door was opened by the landlady, who, with an air of mystery, said: "Oh! sir, your friend has had some money given him yesterday, and last night, in one of his fits, he attacked a Dutch gentleman lodging in the house, and almost killed him with a poker; and in the encounter your friend has been very seriously punished about the face by the Dutchman." I went up at once to Mr. M——, and found him perfectly calm and quiet, but his face so swollen that he was hardly recognisable.

"What's all this?"

"An unfortunate row I got into, when not quite sober, last night."

"Well, certainly, if you only saw yourself in a photograph, you would not be able to swear to your personal identity. Where on earth is all this to end? Come, you must leave this place at once, and accompany me home."

"No, not to-day. I have a reason for it; but to-morrow, if you will call, I'll go."

I called as arranged, and on seeing me he said, "There" (showing me a photograph); "I wanted to have that taken, just as I was, in my rags and wretchedness, and bloated face. I know the day will come when I shall rise out of this horrible pit. I have been sinking, sinking, gradually through the mud till at last my feet have struck the hard bottom, and I can fall no lower. In spite of appearances against me, I feel I shall yet come to the surface; there is that within which tells me it shall be so. And that photo I ask you to keep in memory of my sinful past; so that when you hear one day of my having come to myself, you may have a portrait of the awful degradation into which habitual sin is capable of leading its deluded victim."

That photograph I still possess, and though it presents anything but a pleasant picture, yet when viewed alongside the subsequent experiences of my friend, it has the advantage of showing the enormous difference, even in the outward features, between the expression which the habitual sin of the drunkard depicts upon the human countenance, and that which is produced by Divine Grace when it becomes the habit of the soul.

After spending a few weeks with me, he went to a relative who lived in a distant part of the country. This man was a sincere and practical Christian, and in his house, and by his kind attention, Mr. M—— found a haven of peace and rest

after the storms and troubles of a chequered life. Eight months after he went to live with his relative, he died; but, as if the prescience which enabled him to state to me that he felt he could one day reconquer his foe before he passed away was inspired, I had the most minute account of those eight months, and how Divine Grace in the end made him triumph through the power of the Redeemer's love. During that period he was a rigid teetotaler. From the time he signed the pledge until he died—about three years and four months—never but for that one period did he ever, in the least degree, violate his pledge, and deeply and bitterly did he repent of it.

One day during his last illness, about three months before his death, he said to his cousin, in whose house he was living:

"Have you ever considered what *sin* is? It seems to me that comparatively few of us know what a terrible poison incessantly circulates through the veins and arteries of our moral nature. Of course a poor, broken-down drunkard like me is looked upon as being steeped to the very lips in sin. That form of sin offends every sense almost. To the eye, there is something abhorrent when one sees the drivelling idiotcy of the drunkard—his blurred and bloated face, and his whole appearance so disgusting. To the ear, there is something painfully distressing to listen to the wild and broken accents—half-oath, half-threat—the thick guttural sounds, and the helpless efforts to speak intelligibly; the very smell of the drink itself as it is given off from the offensive breath of the drunkard adds to the repulsiveness of the sin. Even the sense of touch is troubled at the helplessness of the drunken man, when propped up by the hands of friendly sympathizers. All this outward and visible exhibition of the effects of sin renders it an object of abhorrence to every one. But I fear it is more what the eye sees, than what the heart feels, which makes this particular sin so hateful. There are other forms of sin which are quite as destructive to the soul's welfare as drunkenness, but whose effects are not visible—sin which is invested with respectability and social rank; sin which, even in the Church itself, is eating out the soul's life; sin quite as ruinous to the destiny of man as drink; and yet there is nothing to indicate to the world who are its victims. Have you ever considered sin in this light?"

"No doubt," said his cousin, "there is much truth in what you say. Drunkenness is only one of many of the branches springing from the same root. Even if a man was never guilty of any gross form of sin, but habitually excluded God from his thoughts, such forgetfulness of the Divine Being would leave the soul in darkness."

"Exactly so; but in my case, my conscience gives me such

pain to think that I have sinned against light, and knowledge, and conviction, and warnings without number, and in the position of a minister of Christ, or purporting to be one. Oh! there are times when the black past rises before me, and I sink into absolute despair—I cannot see how God can extend pardon to so vile a wretch."

In reply, some of the Saviour's sayings were quoted. My friend was also reminded how, when St. Paul summed up a list of the most infamous kinds of sinners, he concluded in these words: "And such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God" (1 Cor. vi. 11). The power of such Scriptures proclaims hope to all—to the very vilest—to the chief of sinners.

"Yes, I see it—I see it! That is a ray of sunshine in a dark and cloudy day—at least dark to me. I humble myself at the feet of Christ. I am not worthy of the least favour. All I can say, and what I do say, is, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' From my earliest day, as soon as I can remember anything, I had a taste for strong drink—it has been my besetting sin; but I seek no form of palliation. Mercy, Lord, is all my plea."

This conversation, as reported, took place about three months before his death. It shows sufficiently the drift of his thoughts. Day by day he was growing in knowledge, not of the head, for that he had all along, but of the heart, of himself, of his weakness. The plain truth of the Gospel, evidently, was making itself felt upon his soul, and in the last moment of consciousness before he passed away, he said, in reply to a remark made by his cousin, "I hope you are strong in the Lord." "Oh! yes, very." These were the last audible accents which fell from the lips of my friend, whom I valued and esteemed, in spite of all his errors, his follies, and his sins. He was a man of a strong nature, of strong passions, impulsive, excitable, and easily led astray. In the midst of his worst fits of sin, his conscience was ever admonishing him; and after a life of much sadness and sin, he was led like a child to his Father's footstool, and in the deepest penitence he poured out his heart's sorrow to Him, Who alone in heaven above, or on earth beneath, can speak peace to the troubled soul.

G. W. Weldon.

Reviews.

The Crown of the Road; Leaves from Consecrated Lives. By the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D. "Home Words" Publishing Office. 1884.

THIS most recent production of Mr. Bullock's energetic and always able and useful pen calls for our glad and earnest commendation. If we must, as critics, devise a stricture, we may find excuse for one in the title, which is by no means self-explanatory. Our impression was, at first sight, that it referred to the Christian pilgrim's *crown* at the *end* of the *road*. But the preface explains, and the explanation is worth having for its own sake:—"The title of the volume was suggested to me many years ago by a few words applied to a devoted and venerated pastor: 'He always walked on the crown of the road.' The expression conveys at once the idea of integrity, uprightness, sincerity, consistency, as characteristic traits of the Christian life." So the crown of a road is its middle line, the highest level along its macadamized length. We blame our own ignorance for needing to be told this, and, once informed, we recognise the phrase as admirably descriptive and suggestive.

The book (pp. 352) consists of seven Biographies. In some of the seven the narrative is distinctly an abridgment of a more voluminous original; but in all Mr. Bullock has thrown an air of freshness over every page which makes the work his own, and which is due partly to excellent selection and arrangement—partly, and more, to a living and loving interest in the individual subjects. It is to be observed that in two cases, those of Canon Havergal and his famous daughter, Mr. Bullock speaks with all the authority as well as affection of an intimate personal friend.

The Seven Worthies of this delightful book are Sir James Simpson, Bishop M'Ilvaine, Miss F. R. Havergal, Lord Chancellor Hatherley, Dean Champneys, Canon Havergal, Mrs. Prentiss. The names and characters point to wide individual diversity, but they all have about them the grand family likeness of the Gospel of truth and spiritual health; a kindred nobility of type, justifying the title of the book. If we turn to their ecclesiastical connection, the first and the last were children of non-Episcopalian Churches; the intermediate five all "Anglicans," for such we may well call the admirable Bishop of Ohio. Of him, indeed, it is not too much to say that he was the *beau-idéal* of the English Churchman. His memoir by Canon Carus, and Mr. Bullock's abridgment here, depict in him that combination of spirituality and practical good sense, that clear-sighted reverence for antiquity and order (in their right place), along with an absolute and adoring loyalty to the distinctive Gospel of the grace of God, which, as they marked a Cranmer, a Ridley, and a Hooker, so mark in measure their truest successors in every generation.

The book is thus a witness on the one hand to true evangelical comprehension, on the other to the presence in the Church of England of all the conditions favourable to the strongest, noblest, and most solid developments of the regenerate life. Who, indeed, stands better placed in such respects than the English Churchman, who, personally acquainted with his Lord and Redeemer, is also intelligently faithful to the traditions of the Reformation? Where, in Christian organizations, is there more liberty that is not license, both for inner experience and for practice? Where is there so much of immemorial privilege and order, with so little ostentation of it?

Among the seven Biographies there is none which has more impressed us than that of Dr. Havergal. It is, we think, specially well that the volume which commemorates his daughter should also describe the father who was so worthy of her; for those who know his excellence are few to those who know hers. We commend this life-picture, based mainly on that by his daughter, Mrs. Crane, to the earnest attention of very various readers. Here is a man, not only intellectually gifted, but gifted in ways singularly liable to hinder practical energy; a consummate and devoted master of music, and a very genuine lover of poetry; but laying it all at the feet of his Lord, and deliberately choosing the good part of a life of unceasing pastoral toil. The man who declined to be Professor of Music at Oxford because it would make him less of a shepherd of souls, walked very straight indeed along the crown of the road. Here again is a man whose work lay mainly in days which are somewhat slighted, or, at best, patronized in recent estimates—the second quarter of this century; and a man of deep and undeviating attachment to evangelical convictions; and you see him a model for any age, and for any school, in energy, and originating power, and unwearied patience in pastoral toil, along with that calm richness of inner experience and of outward expression of it which beautifies and glorifies the workful life. Those who have personally known those times, or men of those times, recognise in this picture no doubt a specimen of special beauty, but yet a true specimen of a very true genus, in which the manly energies of unselfish work, and the "secret of the Lord which is with them that fear Him," met together and kissed each other in a perfection not often to be found elsewhere; and in which meantime the almost ideal of the Christian and the pastor was seen in the person of that fine product of other influences and inheritances—the English gentleman.

To many readers, the life of Mrs. Prentiss, abridged from the large volume by her bereaved husband, will have a special attraction. As the daughter of Dr. Payson (a sacred name, which must not be forgotten), she has an hereditary claim upon our interest; but in herself she has one strong enough, as a character of exquisite delicacy and depth, which yet was never weak and unpractical, and in which the spirit of grace worked rich results of sanctifying discipline. It is interesting to study side by side her picture and that of Miss Havergal, with their resemblances and contrasts; both greatly gifted women, daughters of saints, firm and sure in their grasp of divine truth, taught by trial; the Englishwoman marked by a glow of surpassing life and (may we say?) spiritual *abandon*, the American by a certain calm and chastened dignity.

Mr. Bullock's memoir of Miss Havergal, by the way, contains some valuable passages *à propos* of recent "Higher Life" teaching, and which certain other accounts of her experience fail to bring clearly enough into view; passages in which the tenderest and most affecting "confessions of sin," and ever deepening self-discovery, appear near the very close of her blessed course. These, and the comments on them, are well worth thoughtful study.

We have said enough, we hope, to commend this book as a delightful companion for the many readers who love Christian biography. It is the very book to refresh a man worn, perhaps, with pastoral toil, sitting down for a quiet space at the day's close to get out of the surroundings of immediate work into colloquy with some of the "just made perfect." We wish it a wide work of such cheering sanctifying influence on the "crown of the road" of Christian literature.

M.A.

The Theory of Morals. By PAUL JANET, Member of the Institute. Translated by Mary Chapman. Edinburgh. T. and T. Clark.

This is a very remarkable treatise by the well-known author of "An Examination of the Argument from Final Causes," a book which stands in the first rank of the philosophical disquisitions of our time. This treatise contains the ripest fruit of the author's genius and research. He wishes it to be considered as his "*Magna Moralia*," in honour of Aristotle, who has often inspired him, and to distinguish it from other treatises, of which this is the crown. He would retain Kant's morality in science resting on the morality of Aristotle, with which he hopes that he has also reconciled the English disciples of Mill and Bentham. His position he defines as "*rational endæmonism*," opposed on the one hand to utilitarian endæmonism, and on the other hand to the too abstract formalism of Kant's morality, yet at the same time reconciling the two. The main divisions of this treatise are: "Objective Moral Science, or the Theory of Good;" "Formal Moral Science, or the Theory of Duty;" and "Subjective Moral Science, or the Theory of Virtue."

In the First Book he follows the analysis of good, duty, and virtue, up to the point where moral science passes into metaphysics. The foundation of his system is the principle that moral science distinguishes pleasures not only by their quantity but by their quality; "by this very act it rises above pleasure, and ascends to the idea of good itself." Pleasure is no longer the standard of good; it is good that is the standard of pleasure. Materialism is incompatible with this theory. Materialism can appeal to no higher law than the law of pleasure. If we accept this standard we cannot affirm that certain things are *worth* more than others; for example, that love is worth more than selfishness, science than gluttony, the beautiful than the voluptuous, nobility of soul than base flattery; in a word, that the goods of the soul are superior to those of the body, and the happiness of a man superior to that of an animal.

As a protest against the philosophy which seeks in physical science the basis of morality, and denies the essential distinction of man as a spiritual being, we welcome this book. So far as it goes, it is most useful in exposing the shallow sophistry and arrogant pretensions of the men who tell us that the key to all the mysteries of heaven and earth is to be found in the Atomic theory. How much nobler is the grand thought of Pascal! "Man is a reed, the weakest thing in Nature, but he is a thinking reed. Even if the Universe should crush him, he would be more *noble* than that which killed him: for he knows that he dies, and he recognises the advantage which the Universe has over him. The Universe knows nothing of all this." M. Janet maintains that the moral sense has a natural and instinctive sense of proportion and comparative dignity, and that this is measured by the intensity or the development of their being; in a word, by their activity. Hence he derives the principle of excellence or perfection corresponding to ἐνέργεια, the Aristotelian principle of action.

The chapter on "The Universality of Moral Principles" is very good as a reply to the sceptical assertion that there is no morality among savage nations. The testimony of travellers on such matters is unreliable. Among primitive people a stranger is often regarded as an enemy. Often the seeming want of moral ideas arises from poverty of language.

Travellers have been the dupes of slave-dealers. The testimony of men like Livingstone, who have lived for fifty years among savages, is very different. Of the Makololo Livingstone says: "After long observation I came to the conclusion that they are just such a strange mixture of good and evil as men are everywhere else. There are frequent instances of genuine kindness and liberality. By a selection of cases it would not be difficult to make these people appear excessively good or uncommonly bad."

The chapter on "The Relation of Religion to Morality" is the most unsatisfactory of all. Of religion M. Janet has the vaguest notion. He refers not to any special form of religion, but what he calls religion in general in its essential and human elements. He assumes that religion is no more than a matter of "subjective sentiment," and he praises M. Vacherot's treatise as "a fine work on religion, which is profoundly religious in tone, though it seems to decide against all religion." According to this writer, the religious sentiment is the sentiment of the ideal. Of the objective reality of this ideal, that is, the existence of God, M. Janet says: "This is a metaphysical question which it is not my province to treat of here." He tells us that belief in the supernatural is not of the essence of religion. Such a religion as this can give no help to feeble man, and can supply no authority to conscience nor rule of life. Elsewhere we read that religion is necessary to "the efficacy of morality," and that his great master Kant has made "the existence of God the postulate of morality." A religion subjective and metaphysical, which does not necessarily include belief in the supernatural, and takes no account of Revelation, is a very insecure foundation for morality. It is true that when we pass from the theory to the practice of morality, we need religion, but not a religion of sentiment or metaphysics, but the religion which unites the most constraining motive, the purest law and the holiest example. How good it is for us that God has supplied in Revelation the defects of the most ingenious of human theories of morals, and added to the natural law of conscience the supernatural sanction of His Word!

WILLIAM ANDERSON.

The Chronicles of Newgate. By ARTHUR GRIFFITHS, Major late 63rd Regiment; one of H.M. Inspectors of Prisons. Two vols. Chapman and Hall. 1884.

With a previous work of Major Griffiths, "Memorials of Millbank," we are not acquainted; but the volumes before us may be safely recommended as readable, with a good deal of interesting information. For ourselves, and for many readers, the special interest of these "Chronicles of Newgate" lies in the chapters relating to the Chaplains and Religious Teaching,—the work of Silas Told and Mrs. Fry,—and the reforms introduced through the influence of these and other Christian philanthropists. Of the reforming movement, Major Griffiths has given a brief, clear sketch.

"Among the many drawbacks from which the inmates of Newgate suffered throughout the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth century," he writes, "was the absence of proper religious and moral instruction." The value of the ministrations of the ordinary, who was the official ghostly adviser, entirely depended upon his personal qualities:

Now and again he was an earnest and devoted man, to whom the prisoners might fully open their hearts. More often he was careless and indifferent, satis-

fied to earn his salary by the slightest and most perfunctory discharge of his sacred duties. There were ordinaries whose fame rested rather upon their powers of digestion than in polemics or pulpit oratory. The Newgate chaplain had to say grace at City banquets, and was sometimes called upon to eat three consecutive dinners without rising from the table. One in particular was noted for his compounding a salad; another for his jovial companionship. But the ordinary took life easy, and beyond conducting the services, did little work. Only when executions were imminent was he especially busy. It behoved then to collect matter for his account of the previous life and the misdeeds of the condemned.

Of a certain chaplain named Smith, it is recorded that one day when a young fellow, condemned to death, was brought into his private closet, the examination was conducted thus: "Well, boy, now is the time to unbosom thyself to me. Thou hast been a great Sabbath-breaker in thy time, I warrant thee. The neglect of going to church regularly has brought thee under these unhappy circumstances." "Not I, good sir," was the reply; "I never neglected going to some church, if I was in health, morning and evening every Lord's day." The lad told truth, for his "business," as a pickpocket, took him to places of resort. Mr. Smith was not to be done out of his confession. "No Sabbath-breaker? then thou hast been an abominable drunkard?" This too the young fellow denied, declaring that he had an aversion to strong drink. The chaplain continued to press the criminal, but could not find that he had been guilty of anything more than thieving; and as this was a topic he could not enlarge upon in a pamphlet he was preparing, he dismissed the lad as an obstinate, case-hardened rogue.

More precise details of the manner in which a Newgate ordinary interpreted his trust, says Major Griffiths, will be found in the evidence of the Rev. B. Forde, LL.D., before the Committee of 1814. Dr. Forde took life pretty easy. Had a prisoner sent for him, he told the Committee, he might have gone; but as no one did send, except they were sick and thought themselves at death's door, he confined his ministrations to the condemned. He repudiated the notion that he had anything to do with the morals of the gaol. An official who did so little himself could hardly be expected to view with much favour the efforts of outsiders. The prisoners, in his opinion, were only worried by Dissenting ministers and "Methodists," whether clerical or lay. Of Mr. Baker, who must have been a constant visitor in his day, who was in frequent attendance upon the prisoners when Mrs. Fry began her labours, Dr. Forde makes no mention. But for years this "white-headed old man," Mr. Baker, "devoted much time and attention to unostentatious but invaluable visits in Newgate" (*Memoirs of Mrs. Fry*, i. 312). The Rev. Dr. Forde, says Major Griffiths, seems to have been much more in his element when taking the chair at a public-house "free and easy."

The work done by Silas Told, a quiet deeply-in-earnest "enthusiast," was truly remarkable. In John Wesley's Journal, 1778, appears this paragraph:

> 1778, Sunday, Dec. 30.—I buried what was mortal of honest Silas Told. For many years he attended the malefactors in Newgate, without fee or reward; and I suppose no man for this hundred years has been so successful in that melancholy office. God had given him peculiar talents for it; and he had amazing success therein. The greatest part of those whom he attended died in peace, and many of them in the triumph of faith.

In that year, 1778, we may here observe, one of the questions proposed at the Methodist Conference was: "Is it not advisable for us to visit all the gaols we can?" The answer was, "By all means. There cannot be a greater charity." (*Life and Times of Wesley*, iii. 279.)

The career of Silas Told, as we have said, is full of interest; and his autobiography is well worth reading. It was Wesley who led him to prison

visitation. He was schoolmaster of the Foundry School; and his devoted labours in Newgate were brought about in this wise: "In the year 1744," to quote his own words:

I attended the children one morning at the five o'clock preaching, when Mr. Wesley took his text out of the 25th chapter of St. Matthew. When he read, "I was sick and in prison, and ye visited Me not," I was sensible of my negligence in never visiting the prisoners during the course of my life, and was filled with horror of mind beyond expression. This threw me into a state of despondency.

Out of this state, however, the good man was soon called. "The gracious God, two or three days after, sent a messenger" (Sarah Peters) to him in the school, and on learning that a malefactor, under sentence of death, wished a Methodist to pray with him, Told set off to Newgate at once. After this his first visit he attended Newgate regularly.

The great and good work accomplished by that noble woman, Mrs. Fry, is happily still well-known and duly honoured. Her work on the female side of Newgate, says Major Griffiths, forms an epoch in prison history; and he gives a particular description of it. Bad as the other courts and "sides" of Newgate were, the quadrangle appropriated to the females was far worse. Its foul and degraded condition moved the sympathies of Elizabeth Fry, in the year 1813. The winter had been unusually severe, and Mrs. Fry had been induced by several Friends, particularly by William Forster, to visit Newgate and endeavour to alleviate the sufferings of the female prisoners. Three hundred women, with their children, were crowded into a sadly limited space, all classes together—felon and misdemeanant, tried and untried; the whole under the superintendence of an old man and his son. In giving her evidence before the Parliamentary Committee of 1818, as to the female prisoners, Mrs. Fry alluded to that awful place, long called "Hell above Ground;" the proceedings seen by herself and other Friends, as they went daily to the school (which she had formed) were dreadful; "the begging, swearing, gaming, fighting, singing, dancing, dressing up in men's clothes; the scenes are too bad to be described." In 1817, on behalf of these unhappy women a noble step was taken: an association was formed (eleven members of the Society of Friends and another lady, the wife of a clergyman), and great good resulted. The Prison Discipline Society, also, did excellent service. Sydney Smith, indeed, in the *Edinburgh Review*, protested against this Society; but Sydney Smith, with equal force and justice, sneered at Missionary efforts. Christian labour prospered then, as it prospers now, in spite of "caustic" criticism.

The volumes before us contain many passages, melancholy enough, which are illustrative of the period referred to, and have an interest of their own. Certainly, we have improved greatly as regards prison rules and regulations, in manifold ways, during the present century.

A portion of the "Chronicles" of executions may conclude the present notice. Major Griffiths writes (vol. ii., pp. 236, 237):

The sentences inflicted in front of Newgate were not limited to hanging. In the few years which elapsed between the establishment of the gallows at Newgate and the abolition of the practice of burning females for petty treason, more than one woman suffered this penalty at the Old Bailey. One case is preserved by Catnach, that of Phœbe Harris, who in 1788 was "barbariously" (*sic* in the broadsheet) executed and burnt before Newgate for coining. She is described as a well-made little woman, something more than thirty years of age, of a pale complexion and not disagreeable features. "When she came out of prison she appeared languid and terrified, and trembled greatly as she advanced to the stake, where the apparatus for the punishment she was about to experience seemed to strike her mind with horror and consternation to the exclusion of all power of recollectedness in preparation for the approaching awful moment." She walked from the debtors' door to a stake fixed in the ground about half-way between the

scaffold and Newgate Street. She was immediately tied by the neck to an iron bolt fixed near the top of the stake, and after praying fervently for a few minutes, the steps on which she stood were drawn away and she was left suspended. A chain fastened by nails to the stake was then put round her body by the executioner with his assistants. Two cartloads of faggots were piled about her, and after she had hung for half-an-hour the fire was kindled. The flames presently burned the halter, the body fell a few inches and then hung by the iron chain. The fire had not quite burnt out at twelve—in nearly four hours, that is to say. "A great concourse of people attended on this melancholy occasion."

The change from Tyburn to the Old Bailey had worked no improvement as regards the gathering together of the crowd or its demeanour. As many spectators as ever flocked to see the dreadful show, and they were packed into a more limited space, disporting themselves, as heretofore, by brutal horseplay, coarse jests, and frantic yells. It was still the custom to offer warm encouragement or bitter disapproval, according to the character and antecedents of the sufferer. The highwayman, whose exploits many in the crowd admired or emulated, was cheered and bidden to die game; the man of better birth could hope for no sympathy, whatever his crime.

The Rev. C. H. Davis writes to us as follows:—

Few people can attend church on Sundays more than twice. It is undesirable to miss any portion of that which is combined in the two usual Services.

Nothing can compensate for a loss of the intercessions, and other prayers, in the Litany. Hence the Litany should always be used at one of the two *principal* Services on the Sunday, when the most number of people come together. But the Act of 1872 now allows its substitution for the prayers after the third collect at Evening Prayer. So that the prayers in the order for Morning Prayer can be used in the morning with the Communion Service, or the Ante-Communion Service, and the Litany be used at Evening Prayer instead.

I often adopt this plan on Communion Sundays.

THE RECTORY, LITTLETON DREW, WILTS,
Aug. 7, 1884.

*** In the article by Lord Ebury in the last CHURCHMAN, page 385, line 31, by a clerical error "Communion" was printed "Common."

*** In reply to "A Curate" we may observe that cloth covers for binding the volumes of THE CHURCHMAN may be obtained from the Publisher, price 1s. 4d. each, post free. It has been our aim and endeavour to make every number of the magazine well worth preserving; and for ourselves, we think that each of the ten volumes presents in a very cheap and convenient form matter of lasting interest and value.

To a friendly criticism in a widely read little paper—as regards consulting different numbers of THE CHURCHMAN—we may reply that in each volume there is an Index sufficiently complete; and when bound, the sixty numbers of THE CHURCHMAN, ten volumes, may be read and referred to without the slightest difficulty.

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