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ART. I.—THE GOSPEL AND ITS METHOD.

THE word "Gospel," with the various words derived from it, or from the Greek word "Evangel," such as to evangelize or to preach the Gospel, has become a characteristic word of the Christian revelation, and it has justly assumed this predominance by virtue of the position which it holds in the New Testament. The four records of our Lord's whole life and work are each of them called the "Gospel;" and it is thus implied that this word is a summary of the whole of the Saviour's manifestation on earth. The phrase has thus acquired an almost technical sense, which may sometimes obscure for us the life and vividness of the meaning which it always conveys. It would seem a significant fact that the mere use of the Greek word, in the sense of good tidings, appears to become prominent for the first time, if not actually to commence, with the New Testament writings. In the old classical writers, the Greek word is employed to mean reward for good news; but for its general employment to mean the good news themselves, we are referred by the authorities to writers later than the New Testament, such as Lucian and Plutarch. But it is equally prominent in the teaching of our Lord, in the Acts of the Apostles, and in the Epistles, especially those of St. Paul. It appears only once in St. John's writings, in that passage of the Apocalypse where an angel is described as flying in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on earth, and to every nation and kindred and tongue and people; but St. John expresses exactly the same meaning in the opening of his first Epistle, where he says, "These things write we unto you, that your joy may be full." From one end to the other of the New

Testament, the message, and the very phrase, of the angels is repeated: "Behold, I bring you good tidings," or rather—"I bring you the Gospel of great joy." It is this Gospel of the kingdom which our Lord proclaimed. It was unto the Gospel of God that St. Paul was separated; and it was of the Gospel of Christ that he declared he was not ashamed, since it was the power of God unto salvation. The whole Divine and Apostolic message is thus summed up in the proclamation of the Evangel, the Good News, the Gospel of Christ.

It is no wonder that this prominence was given to the word, for it expresses what was practically a new reality. A general proclamation of good news to every nation and kindred and people and tongue, good tidings of great joy to all people, and to the whole people, was, in fact, something of which the world at that day had hardly a conception. It is to be found, indeed, in the utterances of the prophets, but even these were misunderstood by those to whom they were addressed; and to the mass of the people such a conception existed only as the vague dream of some far-distant golden age. The possibility of good news to all classes, and especially to the poor, of a blessing being conferred upon every soul who would accept it—this promise was so amazing a novelty in human experience, that perhaps we can hardly realize the effect it was then calculated to produce. It was an age in which life was often marked by great splendour and luxury, and in which some of the highest developments of human genius—in literature and art, in law and in government—were displayed. But there were vast classes living in suffering and degradation, to whom no philosopher, moralist, or statesman would have dreamt of proclaiming good tidings of great joy; and the fact that Stoicism represents the highest moral ideal at which men of noble character could aim, is itself a sufficient proof of the entire absence from the best thought of that age of this conception of the Gospel. It was not the fulness of joy, but dignity and calm in endurance, which was deemed the mark of the wise man. Similarly gloomy, or at least sombre, conceptions have ever marked the highest efforts of human nature, when left to its own resources. In proportion as men have meditated deeply on the graver realities of life, whether in Greece and Rome or in the East, or even in the non-Christian philosophies of the present day, they have realized how dark a shadow rests over our natural life, and they have felt themselves unable to proclaim anything like good news to the mass of mankind. The promise is, in fact, so wonderful that, even after it has been brought within men's reach by the Christian revelation, they find it difficult to retain their grasp of it, and they are ever apt to let it slip.

But we may judge in some measure, from such considerations, what a spell this proclamation of a Gospel must have exerted over the hearts of those to whom it was first addressed. Perhaps the Evangelical narratives themselves afford the best conception of it, in the contrast they present between the condition of the crowds who followed our Lord, and the tone of His preaching. Take, for example, only the scene which is depicted for us on the occasion of the Sermon on the Mount. We read that our Lord's fame went out throughout all Syria, and they brought unto Him all sick persons that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and those who were possessed with devils, and those who were lunatic, and those who had the palsy, and He healed them. And there followed Him great multitudes of people from Galilee, and from Decapolis, and from Jerusalem, and from beyond Jordan. These multitudes —as we know from more than one instance recorded in the Evangelistic narratives—were often hungry, and ready to faint by the way, themselves poor and suffering and encumbered with their sick. It was to multitudes like these that our Lord proclaimed "the Gospel of the Kingdom." It was on seeing them that He went up into the mountain, and proclaimed to His disciples beatitudes which were good tidings of great joy to every soul before Him: "*Blessed* are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven. *Blessed* are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. *Blessed* are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Or as St. Luke reports the same, or a similar, discourse, similarly delivered at a moment when our Lord had been surrounded by a great multitude of people out of all Judæa and Jericho, who came to hear Him, and to be healed of their diseases: "Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the Kingdom of God. Blessed are ye that hunger now, for ye shall be filled. Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh. Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil for the Son of Man's sake." The spiritual condition for this blessedness, expressed in St. Matthew and implied in St. Luke, does not alter the fact that, in both cases, our Lord has the weak and suffering people around Him directly in His mind, and is offering blessedness more especially to them—that to the poor the Gospel was being preached. They failed, indeed, in the sequel, to realize the true nature of that Gospel. When the physical miracles of healing, which were but its earnest and type, were withdrawn, they had no sufficient appreciation of its spiritual blessings; but, none the less, these tidings of great joy had been proclaimed to them, and they had crowded with eagerness to hear so strange and absorbing a message.

But let us inquire more particularly what was the nature of the message which could thus be proclaimed as a Gospel of great joy, especially to the poor. Its character is most comprehensively summarized in our Lord's own description of it, as the Gospel of the Kingdom, or the Gospel of the Kingdom of God. The starting-point of His preaching, and that to which all His words and deeds are to be referred, was that He came to establish the Kingdom of Heaven, a new realm, in which new privileges were to be offered to mankind, new duties required from them, and new powers bestowed on them. Our Lord declared Himself its King; the Holy Spirit, after His ascension into heaven, was His representative, and carried His Will into effect, and the Apostles were His ministers. Henceforth, all who submitted themselves to His rule, all who surrendered themselves to Him in faith and trust, were admitted, as it were, into a new world, in which new forces, new obligations, and new blessings were enjoyed. It was the sudden introduction into the realm of human nature of such new powers that, as St. Paul described it, a new creation was the result, "old things had passed away, behold all things had become new." Hitherto men had been struggling—not, indeed, entirely unassisted, yet comparatively so—with the various forces of their physical, rational, and moral nature, seeking happiness, truth, and goodness by such light, and with such powers, as that nature alone afforded them. Notwithstanding many brave struggles, the result, on the whole, had been a general sense of defeat, and a feeling of despair had been creeping, as has just been said, over the hearts of all thoughtful men. It was to men in this condition that our Lord came with "the Gospel of the Kingdom," offering them, in His capacity of King, a new realm of moral and spiritual life, and new powers to overcome the evil which oppressed them. In its essential character it was exactly typified by those visible miracles to which He directed the messengers of John the Baptist. "Art Thou He that should come," was John's question, "or do we look for another?" Jesus answered and said unto them: "Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see. The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk; the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear; the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them."

Such were the powers which our Lord wielded over the physical world. He did not merely tell lame people that they ought to walk, or lepers that they were by nature intended to be clean, or the blind that their eyes were designed for the purposes of sight—all that they knew too well; but He gave strength to the sinews of the lame, and purified the blood of

the leper, and opened the eyes of the blind. It was a new power, and not merely a new doctrine. "With authority He commanded even the unclean spirits, and they obeyed Him." But the power thus displayed in His miracles of healing was the earnest of a still mightier power, which by the same authority He exerted, and enabled His Apostles to exert, over the souls of men. St. Paul puts this aspect of the Gospel in the forefront of his message, when he declares that the Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth, for therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith. His interpretation of that power is explained in the sequel of the same Epistle, in which he proclaims it, first, as delivering men from the burden of a guilty conscience, by the assurance of the Divine forgiveness for the sins that are past, for the sake of the sacrifice of Christ; and next, as enabling men to overcome sin by the might of the Spirit of God dwelling in them. Among those who accepted the Apostle's message, that Spirit at once created a new moral and spiritual world; and the exquisite pictures contained in the Epistles of the lives of those who are led by the Spirit of God describe the realization, in the moral and spiritual realm, of the Gospel which our Lord proclaimed. The Kingdom of God was in these respects visibly established, and its glory was manifested to the world.

But still it may be asked, how this purely moral and spiritual glory corresponded to that ample proclamation of a Gospel which we have been considering? Our Lord's assurances, it may be said, cannot reasonably be restricted to moral and spiritual blessings alone. He Himself bestowed many physical and temporal blessings, and the Gospel which He sent His ministers to proclaim must be of the same character. This is a difficulty, however, which has not arisen for the first time in latter days. It was keenly felt by those to whom our Lord preached, and it has been often revived in the history of the Christian Church. The immediate hearers of our Lord craved for further manifestations of His power over visible nature. They were bitterly disappointed because He would not continue to annihilate all their diseases and sufferings, and to supply all their wants by a word, and because He refused to erect, by supernatural power, the visible kingdom of which He proclaimed the approach. But at this point we encounter an inexorable law of the Gospel of Christ, by which it is distinguished, more deeply than by anything else, from every other attempt to proclaim good news to mankind. Our Lord, as has been said already, gave men the earnest of His power over visible nature, and over all physical sufferings, by His miracles. But there is one inexorable condition of

men's final deliverance from physical evils, namely, that they should be first of all delivered from moral evils. The Scriptures reveal the whole edifice of human nature as resting on a moral foundation, and it is thus impossible for a sound and stable structure of human life to be erected, until the moral foundation has been rendered secure. Had all the sick people among the Jews, or in the world at large, been healed, as were those on whom our Lord exerted His saving power—had the Jewish nation been freed at a stroke from their temporal oppression—yet those diseases would have been reintroduced, and the social decay which led to that oppression would have recommenced, unless the moral character of the people had been regenerated. Accordingly, having once given men the pledge of His complete command of all the forces of their nature, physical as well as moral, our Lord directed the whole energy of His Church, and the whole operation of His Spirit, to the struggle with moral evil, and to the regeneration of our moral nature.

Now this, perhaps, however just and necessary, might have seemed to men a hard requirement, if it had been simply imposed on them by an authority standing apart from themselves. But our Lord has for ever silenced any murmurs of that kind by accepting this stern necessity Himself. He refused to save Himself, by any exercise of His inherent power, from the suffering involved in working out the salvation of mankind by moral and spiritual means. He voluntarily submitted to the utmost consequences of our moral evil, and sacrificed His own life on the cross, rather than interfere with the necessary satisfaction of the Divine moral laws. But while thus, alike by example and precept, He refused to save men from their evils by any other method than that of saving them from their sins, He at once bestowed on them the spiritual power necessary for that moral deliverance, and assured them of abundant reward for any sufferings they might here undergo in obedience to His Will. "Great is your reward in heaven," was His constant and sufficient encouragement to those who were called to suffer for His sake, and for that of their brethren. He Himself, "for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross;" and He did but call upon His followers to imitate His own example.

Such was the comprehensive Gospel which our Lord proclaimed: Forgiveness of all our sins; acceptance with God; power more and more to conquer the spiritual and moral evils which beset us; assurance that all faithful work, and every advance in the graces of the Spirit of God, will promote the coming of His kingdom; and the promise of blessings hereafter which transcend our utmost hopes. A moral regenera-

tion will ever bring in its train a physical regeneration; and so far as Christianity has produced the one, it has promoted the other. But while such a large proportion, not merely of unbelievers, but even of professing Christians, fail to respond adequately to that call to repentance with which the Gospel commenced, and which is renewed year by year, so long must Christians, like their Lord, be content to bear their share in those physical sufferings which are the natural consequences of moral evil. Meanwhile, we are assured that, even in suffering and disappointment, we are fellow-workers with our Lord in promoting the happiness of men, here and hereafter, by the only sure method, and we have an abundant hope of the full realization of the promises of the Gospel hereafter. St. Peter sums it up, with his characteristic force and directness, at the commencement of his Epistle: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time. Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations." Spiritual blessings here, limited only by our faith and obedience and prayer, temporal blessings so far as they are compatible with our spiritual welfare, and infinite and eternal reward hereafter—this was the Gospel which Christ proclaimed to the poor.

We may observe, therefore, that the apparent difference between the form of the beatitudes in St. Matthew and St. Luke is wholly indifferent to their substance. Our Lord had offered these blessings to the poor especially, for they were most sensible of the need of them; but they could only receive them in proportion as they were poor in spirit. He was not simply praising any qualities inherent in poverty, not even in poverty of spirit. He came to proclaim, not that the poor were blessed in themselves, but that blessings were offered to them in that kingdom which He established. It was not the excellence of certain moral characteristics in themselves that He was declaring, so much as the gracious assurance that a spiritual realm was now established, in which all such virtues would receive their full reward. In a word, He came not merely to reveal moral excellence, but to bless it; and the beatitudes are creative declarations, as much as when God said, "Let there be light; and there was light."

I have referred to the fact that this message was found hard to be understood at first; but it very soon sank into men's

hearts, and touched the depths of their souls; and the early Church exhibited vividly in its lineaments this conception of the Gospel. Attention has been justly drawn to the cheerfulness and joy which mark the early monuments of Christian life in the catacombs; but a strangely perverse deduction has been drawn from the fact. It has been assumed to indicate that the more solemn doctrines and truths of the Christian creed had less prominence in the minds of the early Christians than in our own. The truth, as illustrated by the writings of the early fathers, especially in the precious relics which remain to us of what are called "The Apostolic Fathers," is precisely the reverse. It was the intense realization of those supreme realities, the sense that the burden of sin was lifted from their hearts, the apprehension of new moral powers within their souls, and the assurance of a blessed future, which gave them that abounding sense of joy and peace. Their spirit is exactly summed up in one of the opening chapters of the beautiful and simple Epistle of St. Polycarp to the Philippians:

> Wherefore, girding up your loins, serve the Lord in fear and truth, as those who have forsaken the vain, empty talk and error of the multitude, and believed in Him Who raised up our Lord Jesus Christ from the dead, and gave Him glory, and a throne at His right hand. To Him all things in heaven and earth are subject. Him every spirit serves. He comes as the judge of the living and the dead. His blood will God require of those who do not believe on Him. But He Who raised Him up from the dead will raise up us also, if we do His Will and walk in His commandments, and love what He loved, keeping ourselves from all unrighteousness, covetousness, love of money, evil speaking, false witness, not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing, or blow for blow, or cursing for cursing, but being mindful of what the Lord said in His teaching—judge not that ye be not judged, forgive and it shall be forgiven you, be merciful that ye may obtain mercy, with what measure ye meet it shall be measured to you again; and once more, "Blessed are the poor and those who are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of God."

This Gospel, these blessings, present and future, this moral regeneration, and this spiritual hope, infused a new life and energy and joy into men's hearts.

This aspect of the Christian revelation has ever been prominent when it has been proclaimed with success. The power of the early preachers of the Reformation lay in the fact that, whereas men had too generally been living under the rule of the Church, as a mere law, and purchasing deliverance from its penalties, they proclaimed, in all its fulness, the Gospel of forgiveness, of freedom from the guilt and power of sin. You will find it is the same in various degrees in movements—such as that of Methodism—which have stirred the hearts of the people at large. Inexcusable and unendurable as are some of the characteristics of a movement of this kind

which is prominent among us now, it must nevertheless be acknowledged—and the Church may well learn a lesson from the fact—that it has grasped the centre-point of the Christian message in taking, as it were, "for an helmet the hope of salvation." Let the Church go to the suffering masses in our great towns, or to the heathen masses under our rule, and proclaim to them the hope of salvation in its widest sense—deliverance from moral evil here, from physical and political evil so far as that moral salvation is attained, and perfect salvation hereafter—and it cannot fail to command a welcome hearing. The glory of a spiritual deliverance may be poured into the poorest home, may illuminate the gloomiest cellar, and soothe the most suffering bed. And, for ourselves, let us endeavour to grasp this aspect of our Master's message more firmly. It would bestow a new energy on our Christian character if we lived more clearly, day by day, in the sense that we were the possessors of this Gospel; that we have the Spirit of God to give us ever-increasing deliverance from our moral evil; and that, in proportion as we yield to His influence, shall we be blessed ourselves, be a blessing to others here, and be abundantly rewarded hereafter. The message, indeed, is to the poor; but there is no man or woman who is not poor—none who can afford to stand alone, none who is not liable to fall without the Divine help, none who does not need the guidance and strength of the Spirit of God. But to all who are thus sensible of their poverty, the promise stands as the everlasting Gospel, "Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in Me."

HENRY WACE.

ART. II.—PASTORAL VISITATION IN COUNTRY PARISHES.

I MUST begin by apologizing for the necessarily egotistical way in which I am almost compelled to write the following paper. It is well-nigh impossible to write on such a subject except in the first person, inasmuch as the sentiments expressed are, for the most part, the result of personal experience of nearly forty years in the ministry.

And, at the outset, let me say that I think that pastoral visitation should always be considered by us, the clergy, as holding a very foremost place in our ministerial work. I look at the matter from the standpoint of one who has the care of a country parish committed to him; and I am well aware that

in very large towns it may be almost impossible for the Rector to do much in the way of parochial visiting. There are so many committees to be worked, so much parochial machinery which requires his personal superintendence, that it may be difficult, if not impossible, for him to find time for much visiting of his people. And yet I may be pardoned for saying that I think it would be well if the chief pastor of a flock were sometimes to delegate more of the committee work of his parish, and less of the pastoral visiting to his curates than is usually the case. The visiting of the poor is supposed to be very easy work, which anyone can do. An inexperienced man, fresh from the University, is placed down in a parish, and is supposed to be enabled, at any rate, to do the visiting by the mere light of nature. I believe this to be a great mistake. I believe this, like all other parts of ministerial work, to need the guiding hand and faithful advice of one who has learned, by many years' experience, the art of parochial visiting—for art it is. There are many rocks and shoals to be avoided. We visit, not merely as the ordinary acquaintance or the kind friend, but we visit in our ministerial capacity as those set over our flocks in the Lord. You sometimes hear of parishes being over-visited, that the people are never left alone, and so on. I do not, for my part, much believe in the existence of over-visited parishes; I am sure there are hundreds under-visited to one over-visited. Poor people (to use the common phrase) like being visited often. They like to see their parson often in their midst, going in and out amongst them, ready at hand if they have anything special to bring before his notice. Over and over again it has happened to myself to be waylaid in going down into the village of which I am the incumbent, by the remark, "I was almost sure you would be passing about this time, sir. Can I speak to you for a few minutes?"

Nor can the importance of this matter be exaggerated. Surely it should remind us clergy of a question put to us in the most solemn moment of our lives:

> Will you use both public and private monitions and exhortations, as well to the sick as to the whole within your cures, as need shall require and occasion shall be given?

To which we gave answer:

> I will, the Lord being my helper.

Perhaps I may be allowed in this paper to give a few simple hints for those, more especially, who are just beginning this work. I imagine myself speaking to one anxious to learn the very A B C of pastoral visiting.

I must then begin at the very beginning, and remind you to knock at the door of the house before you lift the latch. Be

it ever so humble, an Englishman's house is his castle, and the poor like to have this recognised.

Take off your hat as you enter the cottage, even although you afterwards put it on again because of the draught, with some such words as, "If you will allow me, I will put on my hat if that door is left open." The poor never like to be treated *de haut en bas;* and though the master of the house will sometimes sit with his hat on without removing it at your entrance, it may help to teach him manners if you first take yours off, as you would on entering the house of a rich man.

Then, further, if a meal is on the table, try to turn your eyes in another direction; do not appear to be prying or anxious to find out either what they have or have not for dinner.

With these preliminary remarks, I desire to systematize what I have to say under a few heads:

I. First, then, in importance is the visiting of those sick unto death. I take it for granted—as, thank God, I may—that the days are gone by when the clergyman waits to be sent for. We all know how loath the poor are to do this. They suppose, often most unwarrantably, that the clergyman knows at once when they are ill; and we must be careful to keep our ears well open to hear the least rumour of any particular illness. To visit the bedsides of the dying is a great privilege. Oftentimes you have the sick man or the sick woman all alone (and this can generally be arranged by the pastor, who is well known, simply saying, "Do not trouble yourself to come up;" "I know my way," and the like), and a great advantage it is. Intercourse is free and unreserved. Religious ministrations are looked for and expected. They are not thrust in head and shoulders, perhaps rather out-of-place, but seem to come naturally. The sick man is laid by from his work: he has time given him for thought, time for reading, or for hearing books read, which, in a busy life, it is so difficult to find. Would he like help in this? Would he like special passages of Scripture pointed out suited to his case? And so the reading of the Word of God comes naturally, and prayer as naturally closes the ministration.

And here comes in a very important question. What sort of passages of Scripture should be read to a sick or dying man? It is impossible to dogmatize. The parish priest must know his people, and must suit his medicine to individual cases. The hardened must be awakened, the terrors of the Lord, if necessary, sounded in their ears; the timid and the broken-hearted must be comforted; the cloak must be torn off from the hypocrite, the arrow driven home with a "Thou art the man." But whatever be the individual diagnosis and

the consequent treatment, I am sure that we must never forget that we are ministers of the Gospel of Love, and that, above all, we must ever hold up Jesus Christ, our crucified Redeemer, as the one Saviour of all true penitents, Who would not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live.

With regard to the duration of a pastoral visit, it is well to remember that the sick patient will soon get wearied—better to leave him too soon than after too long a visit; and much better to look in frequently, if only for a few minutes, than to make a very lengthened stay. This should specially be borne in mind in infectious cases, and then it is well to sit between the bed and the window, so that the wind may blow on to the patient from you, not *vice versâ*. Oftentimes a single verse is all that the dying man can bear; but this may be chosen by the skilful visitor so that it may be suggestive of special topics suited to the particular case.

It is not necessary to say anything special as to the administration of the Holy Communion, but I wish to say one word as to the use of the Order for the Visitation of the Sick. Even if not used in its entirety, it is most helpful and suggesting. The poor like extempore prayers, and it may be well to offer them up; but it seems to me that for the clergyman himself it is an inexpressible comfort at such a time to use words which for years past have been offered up under like circumstances with comfort and profit to those who have heard them. The commendatory prayer should be learned by heart, and one realizes the communion of saints in communion in prayer beside a dying man.

II. I pass naturally from the visiting of the sick to the ordinary daily visiting of those who are in health. Some persons think this a waste of time, and that the clergyman has something else to do than merely pay visits to the women, and talk (as they will do incessantly) about their ailments and ordinary topics. I venture entirely to differ from such an opinion. Of course in a large town population, where the list of the sick and dying is so long that all available time is taken up in it, they must have the preference over those in health. But in small country parishes I am confident that constant, systematic, regular visiting amongst the whole, is of the very utmost importance. How can the clergy expect their parishioners to send for them when ill, look upon them as friends, treat them and confide in them as such, when they have not by constant visiting broken the ice, and removed the *gêne* of a fresh acquaintanceship. The face must be familiar before the sympathy can be reckoned upon. If previous interest in the details of daily life has been shown, the pastor

is much more likely to be able to visit in sickness, ministerially and successfully, than if he has to begin as a comparative stranger. If he is in and out of their cottages as a friend, they are assured of his real and true sympathy when needed. Talking to them about their interests, their children, and the threads of their daily life, will make them believe in the reality of that sympathy as not merely professional. If they believe in their pastor, half the battle is gained. He does not visit them as the rate-collector, or to obtain Government statistics, but as the true pastor whose interest is real in the sheep and lambs of his flock. Let me say how important I think it is to discourage inexorably any gossip about neighbours. If they are encouraged, the poor will tell tales by the hour; but once let it be seen that the clergyman comes to talk about them, and not about their neighbours, and they will soon acquiesce in the fact.

It seems to me that ministrations to the whole are much more difficult than ministrations to the sick. But it must be borne in mind that the poor need spiritual instruction of a very elementary character, and rather expect the clergyman to suggest it if there be any opening for spiritual ministrations.

III. I pass on to the time of visiting. Of course in the case of sickness, no time need be specially chosen. The sick man is always ready for the pastoral visit; but in ordinary visiting of the whole, I think it is well to remember that the poor cannot like to be interrupted in their household work, any more than we like to be interrupted in our business. The afternoon seems to me the best time. You avoid meal-times. Dinner is cleared, and tea not begun, and the children are at school. As a rule, Saturday is a bad day for visiting, on account of the children being at home. Some clergy think much of evening visiting. I do not like it myself, except in case of illness. The man comes home worn-out with his day's work, and may think the parson comes spying, if he drops in unawares in the evening. Some years ago, I went throughout the parish under my charge, beginning family prayers in so many cottages each evening. But then I invariably made an appointment for a particular time, and was expected accordingly.

As a minor matter, it seems to me of importance that we should never appear to be in a hurry. No doubt we are all of us more or less busy men, but the poor have no idea that we have anything particular to do, and have still less idea of the value of time. Often and often have I chafed inwardly in a cottage below stairs, while the good woman above was making herself tidy. The minute in which she promises to

be down, swells to ten, and one longs to be off to some one else. It is wiser not—wiser to exercise self-discipline—lest they should think you fussy or impatient. They do not believe in pressure of business, and will think the parson did not really care to see them.

Perhaps I may be allowed to mention here a difficulty which has occurred to me once or twice in my ministerial career. I hear of a sick case—perhaps in the ranks of the middle class. I go to the house; see the parents; but the sick one "is so easily upset, so nervous, or only just awake—the doctor says she must be kept *so* quiet;" and in effect you are kept out of the room. I go again, of course, the next day or in a day or two, as the case may be, or as other engagements permit. The same thing occurs as before, and that for two or three times successively. What is to be done? In one case which I have in my mind's eye, the house where the sick patient lived was a mile and a half from my house, and after two or three ineffectual attempts, I said to the mother, quietly but firmly: "You know I shall be very glad to come and see your daughter, and read with her, and pray with her, if it would be any help or comfort to her; but you must be aware that the mere coming here and returning home takes the best part of an hour. My time is very much occupied, and I do not feel justified in coming so repeatedly merely to ask how your daughter is. I would grudge no time or labour, if you will allow me to visit her ministerially." The justice of what I said was recognised, and I was allowed to see her.

In another case, I acted in the same way, and with a similarly good effect. In this latter case, the sick person did not recover, and I ministered to her up to the last, and was sent for over and over again at her express wish.

Of course, in a case of this kind, great care must be taken to avoid the appearance even of being tetchy. I think it was the Bishop of Bedford who said, at one of the Church Congresses, that a clergyman must never take offence. This witness is true. He must be case-hardened, prepared absolutely to pass by little innuendoes, and refuse to be angry even though he may think he has a right to be so.

If for any reason a parishioner is angry with him, it is well occasionally to try to bring such an one round by circuitous methods. Agricultural poor are not easily persuaded by argument, and explanations often exasperate. It happened to me once to speak to a mother about her son, who I feared had been intoxicated on a particular day. I had no doubt whatever as to the fact, or I should not have mentioned it. The mother denied it, and I did not pursue the subject; but I missed her at a service in an outlying hamlet, which she was in the habit

of attending, for two or three Sundays afterwards in succession. I went to her house, found that her son had been taken ill and had gone to the hospital. On inquiry I found that she was to see him on Saturday, and I then asked her to stop after church on Sunday, to tell me how her son was, taking it for granted that she would come to the service. The *ruse* succeeded. She came to the service, and her wrath seemed to have passed away without being deepened by explanations and counter-explanations.

IV. Another point worthy of notice is, that peculiar opportunities should be diligently observed. The parson should be on the look-out for something happening in the family which will call for a visit, that he may show that he has a real interest in what is going on in their families. A birth; banns being put up; fresh mourning-clothes being seen; a child going out to a first place; one who has left for service seen in church again; the soldier son at home for a furlough; the railway-porter on his two days' holiday—all these give occasion for a visit, and should be taken advantage of as occasion may serve.

V. Conventionality should be avoided. It is not necessary that a clergyman at the moment he enters a cottage should put on a forbidding grave aspect. Undertakers may think this necessary as part of their profession. Not so with us. Of course if sickness, and still more if death, be in the house, the manner of the visiting pastor will be more or less subdued; but in the case of sickness there is no reason why he should not be cheerful. Quite the contrary. Quiet, of course, in his movements he should be; but it would be well if the sick one, whose time must pass somewhat monotonously, were led to look forward to his visit, as, in its general character, cheering. It is well occasionally to take a few flowers. It shows at any rate a wish to please. The great point is to be natural. It is not necessary to interlard the conversation with texts of Scripture, but it is quite possible, and should be our aim, to give the most ordinary conversation an elevating tone, without making use of set phrases which may be quite foreign to the speaker's usual habits. It may be that a text will be apposite, and come in naturally. If so, well and good. The quoting of it will not be forced. The chief point to be aimed at, is to be real and natural in our every look and word.

VI. Pastoral visitation should be systematic. Of course sickness and accidental circumstances constitute a claim for exceptional visiting; but it is well to go regularly through the parish over and over again. The pastor gets thus to know the details of his parishioners' lives, and assures them all of his real interest in their welfare, and of his readiness at any

time to come to them if called upon to do so. Systematically to pass over the doors of those to whom he knows his visits are not so welcome as they may be elsewhere, is to go far towards stereotyping this feeling, and to widen the breach between himself and that particular member of his flock. Even the worst cases in the parish expect as a right to be visited in sickness. It is one great advantage that the parochial parish priest has, that the whole parish, not an eclectic portion of it, is committed to his pastoral care. The people recognise and feel this.

Not long ago I heard the case of a man who lived in a country town. He was a bad character, never entered church, and the clergyman was never welcomed to his house. He fell ill, and the rector did not like, as it were, to force his visits. But daily as he passed the house, he asked the man's daughter how her father was. One day the girl said to him: "Father says it is very kind of you asking after him, but that you never come and see him." It is not necessary to add that no further hint was required to make him gladly enter the door thus unexpectedly thrown open to him.

VII. But if pastoral visitation is to be systematic, it certainly must not be perfunctory. Visiting is not the mere going from cottage to cottage so as to get through so much in a given time, with the same passage of Scripture and the same prayer for all. The individual characters of those visited must be studied, and they must be dealt with accordingly. Here the communicants' list will be of great use, so that, if opportunity arises, a word in season may be said on this point to any backslider, to too infrequent a communicant, or to one who has never approached the Lord's Table at all. An effort at any rate must be made so that the visit may be really profitable by its character being adapted to the particular case in hand.

Pastoral visitation of such a character as this is, indeed, no easy matter. It must be made a matter of prayer. It can only be carried out by the preventing and assisting grace of God. Our speech cannot be seasoned with salt, or our influence in connection with our pastoral visitation be of an elevating character, if we are cold and formal and self-reliant about it. The old saying is that a house-going parson makes a church-going people; but that house-going must be wisely and judiciously carried on, or it may be worse than useless. A hasty or angry word, or any partial dealing—say in the matter of school-discipline in connection with the parents—may undo the effects of many a sermon from the pulpit. It is because I am so convinced that it is really a very difficult matter efficiently to carry out this part of our pastoral work, that I

have ventured to write this paper. And yet, though difficult it may be—though difficult it is—there is One Who can make the weak things of the world confound the things which are mighty; and Who by the powerless blast of trumpets can cast down the strong walls of a fortress. Thank God, help if sought from Him is never withheld!

GEORGE HENRY SUMNER.

ART. III.—SAINTS' DAYS IN THE CHURCH'S YEAR.

I. JANUARY. CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

A. THE LORD'S CHOSEN VESSEL.

"*A chosen vessel unto Me, to bear My Name before the Gentiles.*"—ACTS ix. 15.

THOUGH the intervals which divide the Saints' Days of our Christian Year one from another are irregular, yet in each month some one of these Saints is definitely presented to us, to claim it as a peculiar possession. In some instances such candidates for our reverent attention are more than one. June is made very rich by the memories of St. Barnabas, St. John the Baptist, and St. Peter; and in December the great Christmas Festival is surrounded by the threefold presence of St. Thomas, St. Stephen, and St. John.

In this first month of the year there is no doubt as to the Apostolic figure that arrests our attention. Our series of "Meditations on Saints' Days" must begin with St. Paul; and one topic will be enough for this beginning. The words quoted above are not the whole of the sentence addressed by the Lord to Ananias at Damascus, when he, who was presently to be Paul the Apostle, was a trembling penitent in darkness and perplexity, and when Ananias, who knew him only as a fierce persecutor of the Christians, hesitated to visit him. But this fragment of the sentence contains quite enough in substance and variety for our first and immediate use.

When Ananias had received directions to go to this man to "put his hand on him, that he might receive his sight," with the assurance that he himself had been prepared, by an explanatory vision, to welcome him as "a brother,"[1] Ananias

[1] See Acts xxii. 13, "*Brother* Saul." The skilful manner in which Ananias is used in this speech ought to receive the closest attention.

yet ventured to expostulate: "Lord, I have heard by many of this man, how much evil he hath done to Thy saints at Jerusalem; and here he hath authority from the chief priests to bind all that call on Thy Name. But the Lord said unto him, Go thy way: for he is a chosen vessel unto Me, to bear My Name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel: for I will show him how great things he must suffer for My Name's sake."[1]

Now, limiting ourselves to the phrase selected out of this sentence, and omitting all reference to St. Paul's standing before "kings," to his prolonged testimony unto the "children of Israel," and to his manifold "sufferings," we pause in the presence of this lowly word "*vessel*"—this ignominious word, if we will. It is true, as this Apostle himself tells us (and is not his metaphor a reminiscence, a far-off echo, of what was said to him at Damascus by Ananias?) that "in a great house, there are some vessels to honour and some to dishonour."[2] Still, the word itself expresses simply what is made for some use, and is absolutely helpless and dead, except so far as it is applied to some use. The "vessel" can do nothing of itself. Take the word in one of its popular senses, and this is enough for our purpose; and we are quite safe in keeping ourselves for the moment within the limit of the popular English translation.[3] Think of those noble "vessels" on the sea, that go from shore to shore, interchanging the products of the earth and associating man with man. Still, except so far as they are moved by the influence of forces quite independent of themselves, and under a control for which they themselves have no responsibility, they are motionless and valueless. And such is the language in which the Lord speaks of His Apostle. He is merely an instrument in Divine hands, and of himself he can do nothing.

And if such language is fit to describe an Apostle, what are we to say of ourselves, and of our own poor place in this world? What can we do for God, except so far as He uses us? What power have we of resisting the circumstances in the midst of which He has placed us? The utmost humility becomes us—the utmost submissiveness—when we read this description of an Apostle, and when we think what *we* are in the presence of God, and with the weight of the duties which He appoints for us.

Yet, though absolute in power, and with His instruments

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[1] Acts ix. 13-16.

[2] 2 Tim. ii. 20, 21.

[3] Yet we must remember that we are here only following the line of the English language. In the Greek of Acts xxvii. 17 σκεῦος is not a ship, but the gear of a ship.

entirely dependent upon Him, He does not select those instruments at random. St. Paul was not simply a "vessel," but a "*chosen* vessel." There were reasons for the choice, some of which are very evident; while, regarding others, we, with our weak human powers of judgment, must not expect to be able to pronounce an opinion. Sometimes, as we are told on the highest authority, God chooses "the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the mighty,"[1] so that "no flesh should glory in His presence."[2] Sometimes, but not always; and in the case of St. Paul, we can see the following qualifications at least for his unique office of bringing in the Gentiles to be combined with the Hebrews in one Christian Church. He was a man of eager zeal, of indomitable energy, of surprising mental power, of quick sympathy, of persuasiveness, of industry and perseverance. In the early days at Tarsus he had been in contact with the habits of thought, and with the social life of the Gentiles of the day.[3] He had the benefit of the Greek culture of his native city. Both he and his father were Roman[4] citizens: the habits of mercantile intercourse were familiar to him, while in the schools of Jerusalem he became thoroughly acquainted with the Hebrew learning,[5] so that he knew well all the points of contact between the Old Testament and the Heathen world.

And we, too, have our qualifications for the work which God assigns to us, and it is no true humility to be blind to them. It may, indeed, be the qualification of weakness; and to some extent, no doubt, it must be so; but then we have the Lord's strength to lean upon, His strength to help us, His strength to be infused into our weakness; and probably—nay, certainly—there are direct qualifications, in special opportunities, in aptitudes of temperament, and the like, which He intends us to use, and in using which we shall find a very great part of our happiness.

St. Paul's happiness was that he was a "chosen vessel," to bear a most precious freight from shore to shore. That freight was the "*Name*" of Jesus Christ, with its rich meaning, its consolation for all sorrow, its pardon for all sin, its promises for all temptation. He, indeed, was only as a "vessel" for a great enterprise across the waters (I believe that this seafaring image is as good as any for our purpose, especially in this our mercantile country), but he was a "chosen" vessel; and the breath of the Holy Spirit filled the sails, and the hand of Jesus was on the helm.

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[1] 1 Cor. i. 27. [2] *Ibid.*, 29.
[3] Acts xxi. 39. [4] *Ibid.*, xxii. 28. [5] *Ibid.*, 3.

And is not this our mission in the world—to "bear" the "Name" of Jesus—not simply to "bear" it passively, as our highest honour, but actively to carry it onward, to convey it to others, so that they may share this privilege; not simply to be "called Christians,"[1] but to make others Christian too? This Festival appeals to us with peculiar force, because, by origin, we are "*Gentiles*." Let us give to it the due place which belongs to it among the sacred voices of the year, so that we may be more conscious of, and may with more faithfulness endeavour to fulfil, the vocation to which our Master has called us after the pattern of St. Paul.

B. THE PATTERN OF MERCY FOR ALL AGES.

"*For this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might shew forth all long-suffering for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe.*"—1 TIM. i. 16.

What faith this shows in the perpetuity of Christianity! Here is St. Paul writing one of his latest letters, in the midst of disheartening circumstances, and in the midst of a vast heathen world, where, as yet, Christianity was only a spark in the surrounding darkness; and yet he looks forward, without doubt, to generation after generation, in which one after another should be brought, by faith like his own, to an immortal life.

But more than this: he sees clearly that there is a conscious relation, so to speak, between his Conversion and the conversion of those Christians of the future; that between his case and the cases of others there is to be a recognized connection which will never be forgotten. And now, in fulfilment of this prophecy, we are once more called in this present month to commemorate the Conversion of St. Paul.

There are many aspects in which this great event may be regarded; and it is useful to the Church to view those aspects in succession, as the years follow one another and we come to this festival again and again. For the moment let us limit ourselves to this one aspect of it, which St. Paul here suggests. One reason for his conversion, he distinctly says, in the secret counsels of God, was this: that in him "first"—or rather, *in him chiefly*—in him above all[2]—a pattern should be given of the whole amount—the infinite amount—of God's "long-suffering," so that no question should arise afterwards concerning His wonderful patience, forbearance, and mercy.

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[1] Acts xi. 26.

[2] "In me as chief" is the translation in the Revised Version.

St. Paul is constantly looking back to his Conversion, so that he is ever ready instinctly to speak about it or to write about it.[1] The great extent alike of his own guilt previously, and of God's goodness in the change which took place in him, is felt by his conscience and kept fresh in his memory. Let us try to realize, under three heads, some part of this guilt; for, as we have seen, this is a matter which very deeply concerns ourselves.

And, first, mark the *cruelty* which characterized his persecution of the Christians. St. Luke's expression, when he resumes the history from the point of the death of Stephen, is that Saul "breathed out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord."[2] It would be hardly possible to employ a stronger phrase. We have read it so often that we fail to see its force. But it describes terribly both the violence of his spirit and the fatal character of his acts. Rage and murder were the very atmosphere which he "breathed." But there is greater force still in St. Paul's words concerning himself; for they show the impression which his persecuting days had left upon his conscience and memory. Describing his Conversion, long afterwards, to Festus and Agrippa, he said: "Being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities."[3] His bigotry and hatred against the Christians made him like a madman. And he was not content with what he could do in Jerusalem and Judæa; but he went, like a very missionary of persecution, on his murderous errand to foreign cities. Thus it was that, when arrested by Divine mercy, he was travelling to Damascus. But there is one word, alike in St. Luke's account of what he did at this time, and in one of his own accounts, which sets before us the cruelty of which St. Paul was guilty, in a remarkably vivid light. The direct historian says that Saul, "entering into every house, and haling men and *women*, committed them to prison;"[4] and, again, that when he made preparation to go to Damascus, it was "that, if he found any of this way, whether they were men or *women*, he might bring them bound unto Jerusalem."[5] And he says himself, when addressing the angry mob at Jerusalem, and telling to them the story of his Conversion: "I persecuted this way unto the death, binding and delivering into prisons both men and *women*."[6] Here consider what is involved in the special and reiterated mention of women—how this persecutor treated those cruelly who ought, above all others, to be treated gently—what tearing-up of families was involved in this—what misery to children. We

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[1] See Acts xxii. and xxvi. [2] *Ibid.*, ix. i. [3] *Ibid.*, xxvi. 11.
[4] *Ibid.*, viii. 3. [5] *Ibid.*, ix. 2. [6] *Ibid.*, xxii. 4.

see that it could not have been a happy reflection to him in later years when he thought of these days, after he found out that this Religion of Christ was the Religion of kindness, of mercy, of respect for women, of domestic love. We are clearly right if we set down cruelty as one of the features of his sin, which caused him sad remembrance afterwards, when he became penitent.

But there is a cruelty to the soul far worse than any cruelty to the body. In one of his own accounts of his conversion, he says: "I compelled the saints to blaspheme."[1] This is his own language. On this point, in the retrospect of his sin, he lays great stress. By this I understand that he did his best to cause the disciples of Christ to "blaspheme." He could not actually force them to do this. If they were such as Stephen, they would resist to the death; and some, we must believe, did so resist, and died martyrs. But others doubtless "blasphemed that worthy Name by which they were called,"[2] repudiated Christ and became apostates. And thus we are brought face to face with that mysterious problem of human responsibility that some men who obtain a high place in the Kingdom of Christ, and pass gloriously on their way towards Heaven, have in earlier and darker days done spiritual harm to others, and sent them downward on the way to destruction. But, not to pursue that course of thought further, we see what St. Paul felt concerning this particular aspect of his sin during his persecuting days. He had *sinned in causing others to sin.* And of all the various kinds and modes of human guilt, this is one of the very worst. This guilt, moreover, is not limited to persecutors. It is of common and daily occurrence, and an awful retribution awaits it. To draw the young and unwary away from the religious lessons of their childhood and their home—to entice the weak to that intemperance in drink which ruins both soul and body—to pollute by foul language the conscience and mind of others—the repentance for these sins, if repented of at all, will be terrible; and, if they are not repented of, they stand inscribed in the largest letters on the pages of the Judgment Book.

But there is a third aspect of St. Paul's sin, during the period which immediately preceded his conversion, which demands our careful attention. One of St. Luke's expressions is that he "*made havoc of the Church*;"[3] and his own remembrance of this time was such that he was led to say afterwards: "I am the least of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the Church of God."[4]

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[1] Acts xxvi. 11.
[2] James ii. 7.
[3] Acts viii. 3.
[4] 1 Cor. xv. 9. Compare Gal. i. 13.

And here I am quoting, not from a Speech, but from an Epistle, a circumstance which gives us a new insight into his vivid recollection of the guilt of this period of his life. Now the word "Church" in such passages has a very sacred and solemn meaning. It denotes the consecrated company—a company at that time weak and scanty—but still the consecrated company of Christ's disciples in a world of unbelievers. This company St. Paul did his utmost to scatter and destroy. He desired to *extirpate* the Religion of Christ. He was in open resistance to Him Who came to found a Church that could never die, Who identified Himself with those feeble believers, and Who called Saul out of his madness by the question: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" This proud rebel came to know that this Church was, to quote our Baptismal Service, "the very Spouse of Christ," that this Religion was the most precious inheritance of all the ages, and the concentrated hope of the world. He himself became the chief teacher of its doctrine. His whole being became devoted to the propagation of this faith. How well we can understand the feelings with which he quoted the wondering words of the Christians, in the earlier days of his Ministry: "He which persecuted us in times past, now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed;" and with which he adds: "They glorified God in me!"[1]

Thus, placing before our view these three aspects of the sin committed by this Apostle when a persecutor, and without seeking to add anything further, we see how true it is that in his Conversion the Lord Jesus Christ "showed all long-suffering for a pattern to them that should thereafter believe on Him." We see clearly, when reading this history, that there is hope for every man, that there is no blindness too dark to be illuminated, no mistake too serious to be corrected, no sin too bad to be forgiven, no life so utterly wrong but that, through Conversion, it may be made a life of devotedness to Christ and a blessing to mankind.

J. S. Howson.

Art. IV.—MEDICAL MISSIONS IN INDIA.

IF I were asked, What is the Missionary agency in India from which we may hope to obtain most success? I should answer, Medical Missions.

[1] Gal. i. 23, 24.

This may appear to be a strong statement, and it requires some explanation.

The object of the present paper is to show some reasons for having Medical Missions—what may be hoped from them; also to point out the chief difficulties and dangers which are experienced in making use of this agency; and lastly, to give some of my own personal experience of Medical Missionary work.

I. One argument in favour of Medical Missions, and a legitimate one as it seems to me, may be drawn from our Lord's own words and practice. When the Twelve, and afterwards the Seventy, were sent forth by our Lord, He bade them preach that the Kingdom of Heaven had come, and He commanded them to heal the sick. He seems to have joined these two offices together for some special reason: and that reason must surely have been to win men's confidence by acts of kindness, and then to draw them into that Kingdom which He had come to establish. In one place, indeed (St. Luke x. 9), He gave an extraordinary prominence to these acts of mercy and love, for He placed the office of "healing the sick" actually before the other, and the more spiritual one, of proclaiming that the "Kingdom of God has come nigh."

What we see in our Lord's command to the disciples, we constantly see illustrated in His own work and life. He went about doing good, healing the sick, casting out devils, feeding the hungry, raising the dead; and we are told in the Gospels what use He made of influence thus gained. He taught the people, too, as no other ever taught, or could teach; He taught in parables from nature; His whole life's work was a parable; and thus also He healed men's bodies to show that He was able and willing to heal the soul.

So, if anyone question the necessity for Medical Missions, our first answer is, "The Master sent out Medical Missionaries —nay more, He was a Medical Missionary Himself."

But there are special reasons, I think, for Medical Missions at the present time. Various causes often combine in these days to weaken the position of the ambassador of Christ. First we have infidelity, and especially that form of it known as Agnosticism, with its doubts and denials, so easy to suggest and so difficult to answer, published all over the world in books, papers, and pamphlets, and too readily studied. Again, we have the luxury of civilized life, and the consequent self-indulgence of the rich on the one hand, and the discontent of the poor on the other; and in India we have the additional barrier between us and the natives, that we are not only of another race, but of the conquering race. These and perhaps other chilling influences should make us consider what can

be done to restore confidence between the preachers of the Gospel and those we wish to help, so that they may be led to believe that we have, at any rate, their best interests at heart, and fully sympathize with them in all their troubles and difficulties. Now I would be bold to affirm, even if we had no hint to this effect in the Bible, that Medical Missions form the very agency to help us under these circumstances; but with the words and example of Christ Himself, recorded in the Gospels, I should make use of such Missions with the greatest confidence of success.

II. The object of Medical Missions may be stated as follows:

(1) *Simply to relieve suffering.*—Though we have still higher objects which we hope to gain, I am sure that this alone is an object high enough to cause us to open a Mission Hospital or Dispensary in any locality where there is no institution, or at any rate no efficient institution, already established for this purpose. I lay stress upon this point, for I do not think it is sufficiently appreciated by friends of Missions, or by Missionary Societies.

(2) *To remove prejudice and suspicion, and to promote confidence and affection between Missionaries and the natives.*—In no place, perhaps, has this been better exemplified than in Kashmir, where I had the pleasure of working for six years. Dr. Elmslie went to Kashmir in 1865 and met with great opposition. Sepoys were ordered by the Government officials to prevent patients attending the Hospital. Mr. (now Bishop) French and Mr. Clark tried to preach in the bazaar, and were pelted with mud and stones. I left Kashmir in 1882, and at that time Sepoys attended the Hospital in great numbers in preference to the Government Hospital, and in spite of being stopped occasionally by feeble orders from Government officials. Natives of the valley and people from a distance came to the Hospital in very large numbers; and Missionary work was as easily carried on in Kashmir at that time as it is among a Mahomedan population in any part of India.

(3) *To teach spiritual truths.*—We wish the healing of the body to be an outward and visible sign of the still more important healing of the soul; and we wish the natives to accept any assistance we can give them—not from us, but from our Master, Who said, "freely have ye received, freely give." An Indian newspaper a few years ago, writing about Medical Missions, brought the charge against us of bribing the natives to become Christians, by giving them medical treatment. If giving relief to the suffering, with a view to showing that we feel for them, and really wish to be their friends, means bribery, I suppose we must plead guilty to the charge. It is, however, a kind of bribery which is the opposite of corruption,

and I for one can see no harm in doing a double good. They say that "Two wrongs can never make a right;" and I see no reason why the converse should not be equally true, that "Two rights can never make one wrong."

III. We must consider some of the chief difficulties and dangers met with in making use of such Missions.

(1) Medical Missions are expensive, and the financial secretaries of our Missionary Societies will tell us that this is a great drawback. There are two ways of meeting this difficulty: one, to get friends of Missions to subscribe more money; and another, to make Medical Missionary work more economical. The former, if practicable, is much the best of the two.[1]

As to economy, I must explain that the work can be carried on either with the Hospital or the Dispensary systems. By a Hospital, I mean a building into which in-patients are admitted, treated, and fed; by a Dispensary, I mean a building or tent where only out-patients are seen, but where medicine is dispensed, and small operations performed; under these circumstances, serious cases can generally be treated by the Missionary in their own homes. Now, the former, *i.e.* the Hospital system, though far the most satisfactory, is also far the most expensive plan. It is reckoned in North India that each bed in a Hospital costs about £10 a year to maintain, without including the salaries of the Missionary and his assistants; we did it very much cheaper in Kashmir, but I must confess that our wards were painfully rough and dirty, and the food was very coarse. When funds will not permit us to have a Hospital, it may be possible to work on a Dispensary system, and Dispensary practice can be very economically conducted; with a few exceptions the necessary drugs are inexpensive, and many may be bought for a trifle in the bazaars of India; the surgical instruments and appliances that are absolutely necessary for such practice, are few and simple. A committee of a few medical men who have practised in India could often cut down the expenses of an inexperienced Medical Missionary's surgery to one-half the amount that he would at

[1] Medical Missions, I think, should be taken up as a special agency, and thus presented in a special way to the public, in the same way that Zenana work is presented: and I cannot help thinking that it should be done by one large undenominational Society and Committee rather than by separate Churches. In this way Medical Missions might form a common meeting-ground for all the Churches; and the Medical Missionaries going out from one centre to all the different Missions, would be one bond of union between them. Such a Society, if properly managed, could hardly fail to obtain large subscriptions which might or might not require to be supplemented by the different Missionary Societies in carrying out the work in the different stations.

first sight deem necessary, without seriously curtailing his usefulness.

(2) A great difficulty is said to be found in getting suitable medical men to become Missionaries. This no doubt is the case at present; but the reason seems to me to be that no Society makes it their business to obtain or train suitable men, with the exception of Dr. Lowe's admirable institution in Edinburgh. Now, it is too much to hope that trained Medical Missionaries should fall into our hands without trouble or expense. Dr. Lowe's institution should be well supported in every way; and one other institution at least should be started in London, with a powerful committee of medical men and others. If properly conducted and supported, many suitable young men from our universities and elsewhere would join such an institution. I cannot believe that it is more difficult to train Christian Doctors than Christian Ministers for the Mission-field.[1]

A digression here may be excused, in order to answer a question which is often asked. The question is this: "Is it necessary that the Medical Missionary, whether male or female, should hold a legal diploma?" I do not think it is necessary in all cases; but the person practising without a legal qualification should have some medical training which should be good so far as it goes, and he must not be induced to do more than he conscientiously feels that he fully understands. An operation, or a difficult case, must be handed over to a qualified doctor—a qualified Medical Missionary—if possible. Far from thinking a little knowledge a dangerous thing, I think that, in a country like India, very often the want of a little knowledge (of course I mean real knowledge) of disease and its treatment, constitutes the true danger; whether in the Missionary itinerating in the jungle, or the lady visiting in the Zenana.

(3) Another difficulty is that of getting suitable native assistants for our Hospitals and Dispensaries. It would be better if all assistants and servants could be Christians; but

[1] I am, perhaps, hardly correct in saying that there is no institution for training Medical Missionaries except that of Dr. Lowe, in Edinburgh. Dr. Saunders has a Medical Mission at Endell Street, St. Giles's, London, which cannot be too highly spoken of. Though, I believe, that Dr. Saunders does not undertake to train Medical Missionaries, he indirectly attracts students to Missionary work. This he is able to do through his connection with the Medical Prayer Union. I believe that this work is capable of great development. Sometimes I think a very good plan would be to select a Missionary already tried and experienced and who has a taste for medical work, and send him home for four or five years and make a doctor of him.

it does not matter much if the servants are not Christians. The assistants, however, should always be Christians: I mean, the native doctor, the dressers, and the compounders. We did not act on this rule in Kashmir, but I now feel that it would have been better had we done so, even if we had been forced to close our medical work for a considerable time. From my own experience, I would say that, except under very peculiar circumstances, no Mission Hospital or Dispensary should be established unless the native assistants are honest, moral, and respectable, if not spiritually-minded native Christians.

It would be better, of course, if these assistants could be trained before being sent to their work; but even this is of minor importance, for the Medical Missionary can train them himself. But the difficulty is to get the men. Missionaries in charge of stations will not send their good men; they say "they are wanted for schoolmasters or evangelists." Now let it be understood once for all, we cannot get on with men who are not good enough to be employed in schools or in evangelistic work; it is simply waste of time and money to attempt to train such men. Missionaries in charge of stations must be sufficiently self-denying to give us some of their best native Christians to be our assistants if Medical Missions are to prosper as evangelizing agents.

(4) There is a danger which applies to the Medical Missionary himself. The medical part of his work is so engrossing that there is a great danger of his being too much absorbed in it. Pain and sickness are so real, that he is soon tempted to think that attending to them is the chief, if not the only, part of his work; but it is only a part, and not the most important. He has gone out to bring sin-sick souls to the great Physician. I would advise every Medical Missionary, no matter how busy he may be, to give up a certain time every day to doing distinct evangelistic work. In training medical men as Missionaries this point should be remembered; and one most important part of their preparation should be to accustom them to doing evangelistic work.

IV. I will ask my readers to picture to themselves our Medical Mission in Kashmir.

Before taking you to our Hospital to show you our work there, let me show you a more extended view of the country in which we are working. In order to get a good view, then, let us suppose that we are at Gulmarg, 8,500 feet above the sea-level, and about 3,500 feet above the valley of Kashmir. We are in a beautiful spot among the pine forests, on the slopes of the mountains which form the southern boundary of the valley. It is the place where the visitors retire in the summer when the heat in the valley is excessive. I and my

family always spent a few weeks here every year in the middle of the summer. Looking down the mountain-slopes, covered with thick pine forests, we see the valley below, with a large lake called the Wular in the middle of it; beyond this lake other mountains rise, and we see range after range till at last the grassy or forest-covered ranges change to the white of the everlasting snow. Truly we are looking at the Himálya, the abode of snow! Far away on the horizon, in the centre of those snowy ranges, at a distance from us, as the crow flies, of about 100 miles, rises one monster peak, pointing upward to the skies like the spire of a colossal cathedral—it appears to be just one mass of ice. It is the "Nanga Parbat," the fourth highest mountain in the world. One cannot help wondering, as one looks at this wild scene, what sort of country and what sort of people are over there. They are a collection of wild Mahomedan tribes, some subjects of the Maharajah of Kashmir, some independent; and farther on is the valley of the Indus, and farther still is Gilgit, Káshgár-i-Khurd, and the Hindu Kush, the home of the Siah-Posh Kafirs. A friend of mine, travelling from a village near this great mountain northwards to Iskardo, found that my name and that of our Mission Hospital is well known there: would that the message of salvation was as well known! But is it not something to say of the mighty power of Medical Missions, that in six years' time one's name should be known as that of a friend, even by people whom one has never seen and whose language one does not understand? But I can say even more. At a distance as far, or farther, the other side of this huge mountain as it is from the spot at which we are supposed to be standing, I am known to this day as a friend.

Some years ago a party of strangers arrived in Gilgit from Badakhshan, on the Oxus; the chief of the party was one Mir Hussein Beg. He was the rightful ruler of Badakhshan; but Abdul Rahman, the present Amir of Kabul, on his way from Bokhara to Kabul, took possession of Badakhshan, and Mir Hussein Beg with his followers fled for his life. In the winter of 1880 he arrived, ill with consumption, in Kashmir, and came to me for treatment; the case was hopeless, and at last he died, leaving a will that his body should be buried in Badakhshan. The unfortunate followers sat round the body and mourned, but had no idea of how they could comply with their master's dying request. After some days I heard of their trouble, and paid them a visit. I obtained permission and assistance from our Government for them, embalmed the body, and sent them off. Nothing could exceed their gratitude as they left Kashmir. I heard that they arrived safely in Badakhshan with their precious burden; and should any-

thing ever take me to that far-off land, I am sure that I should find a hearty welcome there.

About half-way from Gulmarg to this giant mountain is a valley called Gores, a truly lovely spot: I have had many patients from this place. One remarkable case was that of a woman with a huge abdominal tumour, which I successfully removed, and in consequence of this I had many friends in that neighbourhood.

Far to the north of the mountainous district round Nanga Parbat, and across several lofty mountain ranges, is another valley, Yarkund. From this country I have had many patients: let me mention two. One was a Mahomedan of some position on his way back from a pilgrimage to Mecca; he consulted me about his sight. He had a cataract in one eye, which I removed, and his vision was completely restored, to his great satisfaction and delight. The other Yarkundi was also a Mahomedan, returning from Mecca with a large retinue; he was suffering from very extensive disease of the lower jaw. I removed the lower jaw, and the healing process was so satisfactory that, I think, one would hardly have imagined that any very serious operation had been performed; but he took back a positive proof in the shape of the jaw itself, which he asked to be allowed to take home with him. It was given to him, as I so well remember, by the Native Doctor, carefully folded up in a sheet of old newspaper. These are two out of many cases from that far-off land, now a part of Chinese territory; and the name of the Kashmir Medical Mission, you may be sure, is well known in those parts. How else, may I ask, could influence be exercised so wide spread, in a fanatical Mahomedan population, except by the agency of a Medical Mission?

Let us now descend from Gulmarg, and return through pine forests, and through miles of rice-fields in the valley, to Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, where our Mission Hospital is placed. Between a lake, described in "Lalla Rookh," now called the City Lake, from the fact of its extending for a long distance on the north of the city, and the orchards on the banks of the Jhelum, called the Moonshi Bagh, where the English visitors encamp, is a hill called Rustam Ghari. On the northern slope of this hill is a large cemetery; on the western slope are some rough, ill-constructed buildings, which constitute the Mission Hospital. Two roads which pass, one on the north and the other on the south slope of this hill, meet on the western side of the hill just below the Hospital, and thence form one road which extends to the City Lake. On each side of this road from the Hospital to the lake, are houses and shops forming a large village called Drogjan;

which, situated on the shores of the City Lake, forms a suburb to the town of Srinagar, and about a mile from it. This not very desirable position for a Hospital was fixed by the Kashmiri Government. Notwithstanding the inconvenience of its situation, crowds of people attend it four days in the week. The in-patients are attended to early in the morning, and at twelve o'clock in the day the Medical Missionary sees the out-patients for four days in the week, and on the other two days he attends at the same hour to perform any operations that require more time than can be spared for them in the consulting-room.

Let us imagine that we accompany the Missionary at about twelve o'clock on a summer's day to the veranda of the front row of the Hospital building. As we stand here, we see about a hundred sick folks coming slowly and feebly along the three roads below, towards the Hospital; if we remain long enough, we shall find that they will continue to come, though in fewer numbers, till quite late in the afternoon.

We find that the hour has struck, and our Missionary asks an old Kashmiri Christian, who is standing with us, to speak a few words to those who are already gathered together. He is about ninety years old, and is nearly blind, but he speaks to them in their own language with considerable energy, explaining some simple truths of the Gospel. We cannot allow him very much time, as there is a day's work before us, and the people have come from afar; and as he forgets how time goes, we have, after ten minutes, to remind him that he must draw his address to a close, and offer up a few words of prayer. He prays for a blessing on God's Word; that God's Spirit may be outpoured; that Jesus Christ may be made known to his countrymen and countrywomen, and may be received as a Saviour by many. As he speaks he becomes deeply affected, and as he prays to God for his poor fellow-countrymen, he pleads that many are poor, ignorant, wretched, sinful, suffering, and oppressed. The tears pour down his cheeks; the emotion is felt by his hearers, and many weep too. He prays that their homes may be made happier; their sufferings alleviated or cured; that the medicine and advice given may be blessed; that the Lord Jesus may make them heirs of glory, washing away their sins in His own blood; and as he prays, choruses of "Amen! Amen!" bursting from the poor sufferers sitting on the ground below, attest that this prayer has touched their hearts.

We then walk upstairs, and sit down at the table in the consulting-room, and the business of the day begins. I have seen as many as three hundred patients before leaving, on many a hot summer's day, with the thermometer registering about 90°. Our wards in the other buildings are rough, and are

meant to accommodate about sixty in-patients, men and women; but I have had double the number. There is a kitchen, too, where the food is cooked, and rooms where medicine and stores are kept. Near the women's ward we have fitted up a room as a chapel, and twice on Sunday we have a service for native Christians, and many of the patients attend.

In order to show the extent of work done, a few numbers may be given. During the five years 1877 to 1881, over 70,000 visits were paid to the Hospital; over 30,000 of these were new patients. During this time, over 4,000 in-patients were treated, lodged, and fed in the Hospital; and nearly 4,000 operations of all kinds, small and great, were performed. To give my readers an idea of the suffering and pain, and the dreadful diseases that are to be seen daily in that Mission Hospital, is not in my power: no words could describe it! The dumb, the lame, the halt, and the blind are all represented; the lepers are there, too, with all their hideous sores. Little children, the victims of the sins of the fathers from the third and fourth generation, are brought in their mothers' arms. There are men and women, old and young; the dying are often carried here as a last resource. Men whose limbs have been broken by an accident, are often carried from long distances: all are clamorous for attention, and eager for advice. We get hardly any impostors. All have to be attended, and though time is short, none must go away without our doing the best we can for them. Sometimes it is a simple matter—a tooth has to be extracted, or an abscess opened; sometimes a bottle of medicine is ordered and given; sometimes the patient is admitted into Hospital for a serious operation. The day goes on, one is weary of seeing the same sad cases of suffering; but we cannot send them away without help. After some hours, the last patient is seen, the assistants are left to give the in-patients their medicine and their evening meal; and as the shadows of evening are lengthening, we return to the Mission House in the Moonshi Bagh.

This is a sketch of our work in Kashmir, and I dare say that the work in other places, where there are Medical Missions, much resembles it; though it is to be hoped that it is seldom that so much dirt and squalor is unavoidable as seems to be the case in Kashmir. Want of funds prevents us from doing all that we should wish to do; we can, however, only do our best. One thing we may say, that however rough the accommodation, and however coarse the food of our Hospital, that of our patients' homes is rougher and coarser; so we may be sure that they are less dissatisfied with it than we are: and I am thankful to say that the results of our treatment are far

better than could be expected; in fact, they would bear favourable comparison with those of a well-ordered Hospital at home.

We have left our Hospital to which I invited you in imagination to accompany me; and my thoughts go back to those evenings when, tired with the day's work, I used to ride my pony back to our comfortable Mission House in the Moonshi Bagh, among the orchards on the banks of the Jhelum; had you been with me on one such occasion, I should have asked you to sit down in our garden and have a cup of tea, and talk over the day's work. I can imagine how we should have discussed Medical Missions as we spoke of all the incidents of the day; and should we not have agreed that Medical Missions are a powerful agency for doing good and winning souls to Christianity and to Christ; and that, if there are defects in our work, it is only because we are not enough supported; that we want more Missionaries and more money; and that Medical Missions should be established not only in Kashmir, but in many places in India and all over the world?

E. DOWNES, M.D.

ART. V.—BISHOP KEN AND IZAAK WALTON.

A STUDY FOR AN UNPUBLISHED BIOGRAPHY.

I AM about to claim for the author of the "Complete Angler" a larger share in the formation of Ken's character than the biographers of either have assigned to him. It may be questioned, perhaps, whether one in a hundred of those who use the Morning and Evening Hymns know of the close tie by which the two men were connected with each other; whether one in a thousand of those who look to Walton for their guidance in catching trout, roach, or grayling, or enjoy the pleasant, cheerful, just a wee bit garrulous, talk in which that guidance is conveyed, have ever thought of the author as the virtual foster-father, the actual brother-in-law, of the Nonjuring Bishop? To me, after a careful study of the lives of the two men, it seems scarcely an exaggeration to say that the environment of the home in which Ken found a refuge after his father's death, left an indelible impression on his character, and determined the direction of his mental and moral growth, that his whole after-life was fashioned by the atmosphere which he there breathed, and the books which he read there. I find in Walton's "Lives" the unconscious prophecy of all into which that life was, as it were, destined to develop, in proportion as it followed the vocation which was thus conveyed to it.

I doubt, indeed, whether any but a few students of English,

Social, or Church, History, have formed any adequate estimate of the position Walton occupied among the leading ecclesiastics and men of culture of the time. We think of him as a "sempster" (something, I presume, in the tailoring or hosier line); a middle-class tradesman, whom his friends of a higher rank (*e.g.* Bishop King), used to address, somewhat condescendingly, as "honest Izaak," who went out for his holiday walks by the New River, and caught his fish and wrote about them. We forget that there was scarcely a theologian or man of letters with whom he did not correspond on friendly and familiar terms,—that the list of these friends included (not to speak of others) such men as Donne, and Bishop King of Chichester; Bishop Morley of Worcester and Winchester; Archbishop Sheldon, and William Chillingworth; Sir Henry Wotton, and Abraham Cowley; Drayton of the "Polyolbion," and the Elias Ashmole to whom Oxford owes its Museum. He was, in the Church life of his own generation, what John Evelyn was to that which came next, and Robert Nelson to the next but one; what Joshua Watson and Henry Thornton were within the memory of our more immediate fathers. If he was not a man of letters, he had at least associated with those who were so; if he was not the rose, he had at least caught something of its fragrance by living among the roses. Into such a companionship Ken was brought in early boyhood, and the friendship continued unbroken till little more than a year before Ken was consecrated, when he was forty-six, and Walton fell asleep at the ripe age of ninety.

I do not imagine that Ken was ever a proficient in the art which we associate with Walton's name. If he had been, we should probably have found some notice of him, if not in Walton's own work, at least in Cotton's *Supplement* to the "Complete Angler." He did not become an expert in barbel-fishing like Sheldon; or think of angling hours as "idle time not idly spent," like Sir Henry Wotton; or find in it, as did George Herbert, a "season of leisure for devout meditation." We may perhaps fancy that the boy shrank, with the refinement, the sympathy, the unwillingness to cause pain which afterwards characterized him, from handling the ground-bait, or impaling his minnow on the hook "as though he loved him." But not the less may those walks by the Lea have been useful in building up the boy's character—the character of the future Bishop. They stamped upon him the love of Nature and retirement rather than of courts and crowds. To be *procul negotiis*, to pursue the *fallentis semita vitæ*, instead of "seeking great things for himself," became in this way the great ideal of his life. Beyond this, they brought him into

contact with Nature and taught him to observe. They gave him the open eye to see the actual phenomena of things as they are, which is the necessary condition of the higher spiritual vision which reads the parables of Nature. In that sphere, the companionship of such a man as Walton was invaluable. Every page of the "Angler" shows how he watched the habits of everything that lives, the adaptation of their structure to their surroundings, their instincts of self-preservation or aggression, the things in which they foreshadowed the self-seeking or the altruism of humanity. I am drawing no imaginary picture in assuming that these influences contributed to Ken's after character. The tenderness of feeling towards animal life is seen in the fact that, in the picture which he draws of one in whom, more or less consciously, he idealized himself, he brings to light one of the obscurer traditions of St. John:[1]

> "The youth, of David's mournful cell possessed,
> Allured a widowed dove with him to rest,
> Like John, who, when his mind he would unbend,
> With a tame partridge would few minutes spend."
>
> Ken's *Works*, i., p. 79.

His sense of the teachings of Nature is seen in another pattern of the saintly life:

> "Three volumes he assiduously perused,
> Which heavenly wisdom and delight infused,
> God's works, his conscience, and the Book inspired."
>
> *Ibid.*, ii., p. 76.

The habits of observation, in which he seems to have surpassed his master, find their fullest, though not their only, example, in the account he gives of the habits of the ant. It will be admitted, I think, by those who are experts in such matters, that it may challenge comparison, in its minuteness and accuracy of detail, with what we find in the works of Huber, or Sir J. Lubbock, or Romanes. The whole passage is somewhat too long for insertion, and I content myself with a few extracts. Walton, it may be noted, contents himself with speaking briefly of the "little pismire, who, in the summer, provides and lays up her winter provisions."

> "In multitude they march, yet order just,
> No adverse files each other stop or thrust;
> They have presensions of the change in air,
> And never work abroad but when 'tis fair.
> They take advantage of the lunar light,
> And only at full moons they work by night."

[1] The story is told by Cassian, but in my present absence of books I am unable to give any further reference than to my own Article on "St. John" in Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible."

And so he goes on to paint the whole order and polity of the ant community: how some are seen nipping the grain, and others carrying it to their barn; how they bring it out to dry when it has been wetted by the rain; how they lay up "biennial stores;" how they clean their feet as they enter the gates of their city, and erect a bastion round it to prevent inundations. Lastly he notices, what has sometimes been questioned, sometimes announced as among the most recent discoveries, the burying habits of the ants, in his sketches of the structure of the ant-hill, intersected, as it is, by a long street from end to end.

> "That square they for their cemetery keep,
> Where with dead parents their dead children sleep;
> The teeming females in *this* space remain,
> And *there* the youth they up to labour train;
> The granary is there . . . ."—KEN'S *Works*, iii., pp. 11-13.

And so on.

Nor ought we to pass over the advantage it must have been to a studious and thoughtful boy to have the run of a library such as Walton's, or to listen to the conversation of the friends, such as those named above, who came to visit him, attracted by the conspicuous cheerfulness of the home, or seeking refuge there from the strife of tongues that raged around them. There, on those shelves, he would find—to say nothing of the books which Walton does *not* name—the works of Donne and of Bishop Hall, of George Herbert and of Christopher Harvey, author of "The Synagogue," a series of poems commonly bound up with Herbert's "Temple;" and Du Bartas, and Josephus, and Montaigne; and Plutarch's "Lives;" and Dean Nowell's "Catechism;" and the devout "Considerations" of John Valdesso, which Herbert commends so warmly; and Cowley's "Davideis" (which afterwards served as the model of Ken's own epics, "Edmund" and "Hymnotheo"); and Camden's "Britannica;" Mendez Pinto and E. Sandys' "Travels;" and the works on "Natural History" of Gessner and Rondeletius (botanists still remembered in the plants named after them, as *Gesneria* and *Rondeletia*); and Topselius' "History of Serpents," and others which the time would fail me to tell of. But, more than all the books that he thus had the opportunity of reading were the traditions of which Walton, as belonging to a previous generation (he was, as will be remembered, Ken's senior by four-and-forty years), was the depository, and of which his "Lives" are the treasure-house. To have been the intimate friend of such men as Donne—to have at least seen Hooker and George Herbert, was enough to rivet the attention of the thoughtful boy as he listened to the old man's manifold reminiscences.

There is scarcely one of those lives (I am tempted, as I write, to alter that "scarcely" into "absolutely not one") in which I cannot trace, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the influence it exercised on Ken's character, in not a few instances, facts which were afterwards actually reproduced in his own after-life. Donne may have been his first master in what has been expressively, though not very accurately, described by Johnson as the "metaphysical school of poetry," modified, in this instance, by intense personal devotion, the pattern after which, with the exception of the epics—in which he followed Cowley—nearly all his own poetry was fashioned. It is not unreasonable to conjecture that Walton's selection of Hart Hall for his brother-in-law's residence at Oxford, while he was waiting for a vacancy at New College, was determined by the fact that it was there that Donne had studied. Even in the last recorded act of the Bishop's life I trace a distinct reminiscence of what he must have heard from Walton.

Donne, according to his biographer, when he knew that his end was near, had himself wrapped up in a winding-sheet, and gave instructions to a sculptor to represent him on his tomb as he thus appeared. Ken, in the same spirit, but without the theatrical element which slightly mingled with Donne's act, when he learnt from his physician that he had but two or three days to live, took the shroud, which for years before he had always carried with him in his portmanteau, put it on with his own hands, and so calmly lay down to await the end. The continuity of spirit which united the three—Donne, Walton, Ken—and the channel through which that continuity was maintained, was not without a fitting symbol linking the three men together. Donne left, by his will, to a few special friends, gold signet-rings, with the figure of the Crucified One, not on the Cross, but on an anchor. One of these rings he left to Walton; from him it passed on to Ken, who wore and used it to the latest years of his life. It is now at Longleat. A smaller seal with the same design was also used by him, and passed to his great-niece, Miss Hawkins.

In Sir Henry Wotton, Ken had before him a pattern of a different type, a man versed in the diplomacy of courts, skilled in the speech and literature of France and Italy. His maxims of social wisdom, upright statecraft, and ecclesiastical moderation, were doubtless often on Walton's lips, as they were afterwards recorded in his biography of his friend. Here, too, the friendship affected even the outward facts of Ken's life. Wotton had been trained at the two St. Mary Winton Colleges; and almost the last fact Walton narrates in his "Life" is his visit to Winchester, after he had been made Provost of Eton, and the touching memories of past years

which that visit brought back to him. There were the same scenes, the same schoolroom, cloisters, playgrounds—almost, it might seem, the same boys he had known in his youth, and it was pleasant to look back on them as days of hope and purity. With the impression of that conversation upon him, we can well enter into the feeling which led Walton, as the friend and adviser of the Ken family, to select Winchester rather than Eton or Westminster—though Wotton had been Provost of the former, and the great Busby was head-master of the latter—as the school to which his brother-in-law was to be sent. When, in after years, his own son travelled under that brother-in-law's care to France and Italy, we may believe that he would give them, at second-hand, the maxim of "*Volto sciolto, pensieri stretti*," with which, as we know, Milton had been fortified by Wotton for his wanderings among strange people and the members of an alien Church. So, in like manner, amid the strife of tongues and hot debates that raged around him, Ken would call to mind the golden saying, of which Wotton had said that it was all that he desired to have written on his tomb, that he was its author, "*Pruritus disputandi scabies Ecclesiæ*;" and it would keep, as it did keep, him, and almost him only of all the divines and prelates of his time, from preaching controversial sermons and writing controversial treatises.

In George Herbert, as in Donne, the young Ken would find a spirit like-minded with his own—calm, meditative, musical; finding in quaint devout verse the natural channel for the thoughts that were working in his mind; and in all these points we may think of Ken as a kind of Herbert *redivivus*, taking that life for a pattern. They started, indeed, from a very different point. Herbert belonged to one of the noble families of England; Ken was the son of a reputable attorney and citizen. All the more would he be likely to reverence one who presented in his Cambridge life, before he took Orders, the ideal of what an Englishman of high birth might be. When Ken came into contact with court-life as it was in the days of Charles II., with all its foul profligacy and godless rowdyism, it was something for him to remember that the peerage of England had, at times at least, produced patterns of a nobler life.

It is not, however, in any of these respects only or chiefly that I point to the life of George Herbert as having influenced Ken. It is in the Bishop's work as a parish priest that I trace Herbert's influence most distinctly. The "Country Parson" might almost seem to pass from precept to practice, from the abstract to the concrete, as we see Ken in his parochial and other labours. I will not anticipate the details

which will find their natural and fitting place further on. It will be enough to note one or two striking instances of parallelism. Does Herbert lay stress on the importance of training boys and girls to be confirmed and become communicants at an earlier age than was then, or is now, customary, as soon, in fact (to use his own words), as they were able to distinguish sacramental from common bread, "at what age soever"? We find Ken, in his "Manual for Winchester Scholars," assuming, at a time when boys commonly left school sooner than they do now, that many of them would be, or ought to be, communicants. In Herbert's "Country Parson" we find him painting his ideal clergyman as one who, while open-hearted to all real suffering, is chary of giving to "beggars and idle persons," lest by so doing he should do more harm than good. It is Ken's first care, as we shall see, on coming to his diocese, to endeavour (not as, it chanced, successfully) to work out the scheme of something like a "Charity Organization Society" that should effect this purpose. And the echo of Herbert's teaching on this matter is found in the picture of an ideal king, in Ken's "Edmund," of whom he says, that, in his kingdom,

> "No sturdy beggars in the land could lurk,
> But were in proper houses forced to work."
>
> KEN'S *Works*, ii., p. 50.

Does Herbert dwell on the duty of daily service? Ken made that service his rule, however small might be the congregation to which he ministered. All that we know of his life as practically, though not formally, Chaplain to Lord Maynard, is based upon the lines which we find in the "Country Parson." I close my induction with the noticeable fact that Herbert lays special stress on his parson inviting the poorer members of his flock to dine with him on Sundays: "to sit down with them, and carve for them." And that was precisely what Ken did even as the occupant of his palace at Wells.

Passing from Herbert to Hooker, it will be obvious to everyone who studies Ken's character as a divine, that his theology was essentially on the lines of the "Ecclesiastical Polity"—Anglican, as distinguished from the two extremes of Romanism or Puritanism, with a leaning to a wider hope as to the extent of the love of God and the redeeming work of Christ, than we find in his master; and that this was so at a time when Hooker's work was comparatively a recent work—not as yet recognised as a text-book in Bishop's Examinations, or University Lectures; that Ken's thoughts habitually turned—as did Hooker's on his deathbed—to meditations on the ministry of angels. But, if I mistake not, the chief

influence which Walton's "Life of Hooker" exercised on him, must have been negative rather than positive in its character. I fancy that that story of the great mistake of Hooker's life—the one instance in which the writer of the "Ecclesiastical Polity" was not "judicious"—must have been often told at Walton's table; and we can enter into the feelings of a boy—even then, in one sense, precociously ascetic and devout—as he listened to it. That picture of the profound thinker and theologian sitting rocking the cradle and peeling turnips, while the harsh, knagging voice ever calling "Richard, Richard!" in dictatorial tones, was ringing through the house; the feelings of the old pupils connected with Walton by marriage, who, unable to veil their impressions in silence or conventional courtesies, were constrained to give him their condolences on the "ill-conditions" in which he found himself—all this must have seemed to the young student sufficiently humiliating. One who was naturally of what one may call the celibate temperament, disposed, in regard to the other sex, to friendship rather than love, could scarcely fail to say to himself, on hearing such a tale: "If that is what a man may sometimes get in the lottery of marriage, I for one will choose the other part, and not that. Is there not another form of life to which I, at least, am called; and which for me (though not, it may be for others) is a higher and a nobler one?" The outcome of these thoughts, over and above the fact of his choice of celibacy, may be found in two lines written in after years:

> "A Virgin Priest the altar best attends;[1]
> Our Lord that state commands not, but commends."

The last of Walton's "Lives"—that of Sanderson—belongs to too late a date in his life to be numbered among the influences by which Ken's character was fashioned. Nor is it certain that he knew the future Bishop during Ken's student-life. Ken himself was, however, at Oxford during the time when Sanderson lectured there on Moral Philosophy, and may thus have come in contact with him. All that need be said under this head, therefore, is that the casuistry (I use the term in its truest and noblest sense) by which Ken was guided in the intricate labyrinth of questions which the political crises of the time brought before him—a casuistry as unlike as possible to that of Jesuit confessors or time-serving statesmen—was, as will be seen hereafter, precisely what might have been

[1] I am disposed to infer, from the stress laid on promissory vows in Ken's "Exposition of the Catechism," that he may have had some such resolve of self-dedication present to his thoughts at his Ordination, if not at a yet earlier period.

expected from one who had laid the foundation of his ethics under the teaching of Sanderson.

One point more remains to be noticed, and then I have completed my case as to Izaak Walton and his influence on Ken's life. The will of the former contains, as was common with devout persons of that period, a confession of his faith; and the confession runs thus: "Because the profession of Christianity does at this time seem to be subdivided into Papist and Protestant, I take it to be, at least, convenient to declare my belief to be, in all points of faith, as the Church of England now professeth; and this I do the rather because of a very long and very true friendship with some of the Roman Catholic Church."

I do not quote these words wholly or chiefly on account of their striking parallelism with Ken's last confession of his faith[1]—though that is singularly suggestive—but for the fact to which the last words point. Romanists, we may well believe, of the highest and best type were, it would appear, among Walton's cherished friends, and may well have been frequent visitors at his house. One who was brought up in the midst of such surroundings may well have learnt to shrink from the hot anathemas and preternatural suspicion with which ordinary Englishmen looked upon a Papist. His personal knowledge must have given force to that other maxim of Sir Henry Wotton's, that "Men were much in error if they thought that the further they were from Rome the nearer they were to truth."[2] To have known and loved men of an alien and hostile Church, though it does not take away the sadness of controversy, at least deprives it of its bitterness. This also helps to explain the attitude consistently maintained by Ken in the midst of the parties of his time. It accounts for the hopes of James II., that he might even win the most loved and honoured of English Bishops to his side; for the suspicions that ever and anon dogged Ken's footsteps, that he really inclined to Rome. Looking at his character all round, I know nothing, next to Walton's "Lives," that helps one to understand such a life as Ken's better than the ideal portrait that has been drawn, with such a master's hand, by Mr. Shorthouse, of one more or less of the same type, and growing up in the same environment, in his "John Inglesant;" and worked out with a more subtle analysis in the Introduction to his edition of George Herbert's "Poems."

[1] See his will: "I die in the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Faith, professed by the whole Church before the disunion of the East and West; more particularly I die in the Communion of the Church of England, as it stands distinguished from all Papal and Puritan innovations."

[2] See Walton's "Life of Sir H. Wotton."

How far that portraiture is a satisfactory representation of the type after which I believe Ken to have been fashioned—how far the analysis of character, which seems to Mr. Shorthouse a sufficient account of George Herbert's excellence, is adequate—are questions which have been already discussed in THE CHURCHMAN of May, 1883, in an able article by the present Principal of King's College, London. I will content myself with saying that I think that Dr. Wace has shown, with sufficient fulness, that Mr. Shorthouse has laid too exclusive a stress on the refinement, the gentlemanliness, as it were, of the religious character of the Anglo-Catholic School. Doubtless that was prominent in it. It accounts, in part at least, for the almost invincible antipathy with which the middle-class Englishman, tradesman or farmer—the "Philistine" of Matthew Arnold's classification—has from the first regarded it. It seemed to him an aristocratic form of religion, and therefore, over and above his suspicion of its Popish tendencies, he opposed it and disliked it, as he disliked other aristocratic characteristics. It accounts also for the fact that that school of thought has never as yet exercised, as Wesley and Whitefield exercised, a power over those of a yet lower social *stratum*—the artisans and the field-labourers of England. The sweetness and tenderness of the "Country Parson" might win individuals, but it was lacking in the robustness which can wield at will the multitudes of a spiritual democracy, and move the miners of Cornwall or the colliers of Bristol, as Wesley moved them, to the tears of penitence. But there was with all this refinement, this love of music and of song, this union of the temper of the ascetic and the man of letters, a certain heroism of conscience which is not, I think, portrayed in "John Inglesant," or recognised adequately in Mr. Shorthouse's analysis.

These men might have wide sympathies on either side—might feel that there was much in the system of Rome and in the lives of Romanists which they could admire and love; but they did not, when they had to make their choice between truth and falsehood, right and wrong, halt between two opinions. They saw the thing that ought to be done, and they did it regardless of consequences. If they had a weak element of character in this respect, it was that their fear of following a multitude to do evil led them almost instinctively to start with a bias to the cause that was not the multitude's. They would not tune their voice according to the time to gain the favour of princes or of people. There are men, not without a certain measure of honesty—men who would not consciously descend to baseness for the sake of gain and honour, and who rise to the high places of the earth in Church and

State amid the plaudits of their fellows—who seem to act on the rule given to inexperienced whist-players, "When in doubt, take the trick." Many of Ken's contemporaries belonged to this class. They passed from regime to regime, from dynasty to dynasty, unconscious of reproach. They took oaths, from that of the League and Covenant, under the Long Parliament, to that of abjuration under Queen Anne, with a facility which reminds one of Talleyrand's "aside" when he swore allegiance to Louis Philippe: "It is the thirteenth; Heaven grant it may be the last!" With Ken and his fellows it was just the opposite of this. The rule on which they appear to have acted was, "When in doubt, take the losing side." Follow the path which leads, not to wealth and honour, but to loss, privation, contumely. We can think of them as giving thanks, as Mr. Maurice did in the last days of his life, that they had always been on the side of the minority.

In yet another point also, which Dr. Wace has not dwelt upon, their character showed more than the refinement of the man of culture. They had in them, in large measure, what we have learnt to call the enthusiasm of humanity. They turned from the society of scholars and divines and courtiers to that of the poor, in whom they recognised the image of God; whom they treated as their brothers in the fellowship of Christ. George Herbert, as we have seen, made it the rule of life of his "Country Parson" that he should ask, not his rich neighbours, but the labourers of his parish, to dine with him on Sundays, that, in doing so, he should not leave them to the charge of servants, as though he were distributing a dole, but should sit down to table with them, and carve for them himself, and talk with them; and Ken, even in his palace at Wells, followed his example. They looked, with a heart full of pity, on the poor of England, in their dumb, uncomplaining misery, feeling that on the side of their oppressors there was power, while they had no comforter. When Ken came to his diocese, one of his first acts was to aim at the future elevation of the poor, by founding schools where there had been none before, and, in a spirit which in our time would be charged with communistic tendencies, to rescue the labourer from the oppression of the landlord and the tradesman-capitalist, by organizing what, in quite another sense than that which use has made familiar to us, were known as "work-houses;" places, *i.e.*, in which the artisan-class might find employment, without any sense of degradation, at something better than starvation wages, ending in the outdoor relief, or the wretched doles of loaves, under the old Poor Law System of Elizabeth. The scheme, as might have been expected, met with but scanty support from the squires and

shopkeepers of Somerset, and fell through; but it not the less remains on record as an example of the ideals of social reform which floated before the mind of at least one Anglican Bishop at the close of the seventeenth century.

I have spoken, in the earlier pages of this paper, almost exclusively of the *paterfamilias* of the Walton household, of his friends and his surroundings. But it must not be forgotten that there was another inmate of that household whose influence on Ken in his boyhood and early manhood must have been of almost priceless value. He was left motherless at the age of four, and he lost his father when he was fourteen. The place of the latter was practically supplied by Walton, and I have endeavoured to trace his influence on the boy's character. In his sister Anne, twenty-seven years older than himself, who at the age of thirty-six had married Walton when he was sixty-one, we may well believe he found, as far as anything could compensate for the loss of a mother's care, such a compensation. The part played by an elder sister, who has gifts and character for the work, in the training of an orphaned brother could not fail to be an important one. All that we know of Anne Ken, the "Kenna" of the touching little canzonet in Walton's "Complete Angler," leads us to think that she possessed those gifts in a more than average measure, and that she did not fail to use them with wisdom. Her age, about half-way between that of her brother and her husband, made her as a connecting link between the two, the disparity of whose years might otherwise have tended to obscure the brotherly relationship by which, through her marriage, they were connected with each other.

We can think of her as sympathizing alike with her husband's fishing and her boy-brother's studies; hearing the latter say his Creed, and Catechism, and Collect, as his mother used to do; training him with all the "remarkable prudence" and the "great and general knowledge" which her husband ascribes to her in the epitaph to her memory in Worcester Cathedral, into the pattern of that "primitive piety" of which she was herself so bright an example; going with him, while yet she could, to Church Services and Communion; and then, when the Westminster Directory had taken the place of the Prayer Book, and those who still worshipped God after the manner of their fathers had to meet, as it were, in the dens and caves of the earth, still keeping up in the worship of their home the sacred traditions of the past. From her also, as the Kenna whose skill in song and music is praised, as above, in the "Complete Angler," the scholar-brother may well have derived the tastes which were the joy and nourishment of his inner life in his busiest years, and his consolation in the time of

pain and solitude and homelessness. I picture her to myself as one of those whose presence comes like sunshine in a shady place, speaking words of hope and comfort to those who needed them, the guardian-angel of the boy whom the providence of God had committed to her charge, striving by act and word, and yet more by prayers, that he might be kept pure from evil and "daily increase in all holiness and wisdom." It was given to her to see, as the growth of the seed which she had thus sown, the "blade" and the "ear;" but the "full corn in the ear," the ripened holiness of the pastor and the confessor, she did not live to witness. Farewell, dear sister of a saint! Though "one soweth and another reapeth," there shall come a time when thou shalt not lack thy meed of praise for that which thou didst contribute to its saintliness. As I have dwelt on that home, retaining its calm and cheerfulness and even mirth in the midst of the confusions of the age, I seem to myself to have understood, almost for the first time, what it was that made the poet of our own age, whose spirit was most akin to Ken's, to fix on it as an oasis in the dreary wilderness of controversy. The succession of the witnesses for a higher and serener life seems, at first, a somewhat strange one. First St. Jerome, and then St. Lewis, and to complete the series—

> "A fouler vision yet; an age of light—
> Light without love, dawns on the aching sight;
> O who can tell how fair and sweet,
> Meek Walton! shows thy green retreat,
> When, wearied with the tale thy times disclose,
> The eye first finds thee out in thy secure repose?"[1]

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

ART. VI.—CURIOSITIES OF CLERICAL EXPERIENCE.

No. V.

IF the brain be the medium of the mind, it is evident that upon its healthy action depend in a great measure, not only the vigorous processes of thought, but also the moral regulation of our daily life and conduct. Whether we accept this theory or not, philosophize or dogmatize as we may, there can be no doubt whatever that any alteration which takes place in the substance of the brain almost always is attended with a corresponding change in our character. Few persons

[1] "Christian Year." Advent Sunday.

are at all aware of the subtle influences (arising from some obscure diseases of that organ) which exercise an imperious dominion over us. Neither religion nor philosophy can control that man's character whose brain-tissue is undergoing or has undergone some lesion in its exquisitely delicate and sensitive structure.

The border-land between sanity and insanity is not easily defined. It is veiled in mystery, and presents some of the most perplexing problems which have exercised the ingenuity of the most eminent physiologists of this or of any other age. One thing, at least, is certain, that with a change in the organic structure of the brain there is always a change in the normal condition of the man. All of a sudden the reticent become talkative—the shy and reserved become forward and self-asserting—the gentle and unsuspicious become irritable and jealous—the temperate and sober fall into habits of intoxication—and persons of pure and holy conduct and conversation become sensual and coarse. The censorious world is not slow in recording its adverse criticism upon such persons, little dreaming that in many instances they are objects more of pity than of blame. Any physician who has passed some time in the study of mental disorders in one of our lunatic asylums can have no difficulty in endorsing this statement. How the brain becomes altered is not the question. All that I venture to assert is that when it is altered the man is altered too. He may have been himself the sole cause of it. By his own reckless misconduct he may have gradually set up a state of cerebral irritation which, while it lasts, renders the individual an almost passive instrument in the hands of evil. The drunkard, the sensualist, and the severe student all run the risk of inflicting serious injury on the brain. They are unquestionably each of them responsible for the steps which lead to such an unhappy result; but when once the organ of the mind has undergone the process of disintegration—such, for example, as that which is popularly called "softening of the brain"—from that moment the individual becomes, in the majority of cases, a forlorn hope.

During some years of medical study I attended lectures for six months at a well-known lunatic asylum for about two hours a day. I visited many similar institutions in France and in the United States, and from a careful survey of the facts which were presented to my notice, I am compelled, whether I will or no, to come to the inevitable conclusion that many of the sad and sudden alterations in the character and conduct of persons whose life had been habitually upright and pure in every respect up to a certain date, may be ac-

counted for by some alteration in the organic structure of the brain.

The philosopher recognises no such thing as accident. Every phenomenon has a cause—some antecedent fact adequate to its production. To him the normal and the exceptional conditions of the physical and moral world are only so many illustrations of law and order. Cause and effect are ineradicably fixed. He knows that the passions, the appetites, the instincts, the weaknesses of man are, as they ever were, the source of all one's moral disturbances. The body has its condition of health varying in energy and power, from the verge of imbecility to the almost Godlike intelligence of thought. But at times a blight passes over the mind, converting what was once the image and likeness of God into the semblance of a fiend. A man who has led a life of consistent sobriety will "take to drinking," as the phrase is, and no power whatever can prevent him from pouring liquid fire into his system, though he well knows its withering effect upon his health, upon his character, and upon his mind. Neither education nor the want of it has any apparent influence over such a man. Argument is useless. I have never read more forcible letters against drunkenness than those which were written by a gentleman of high intellectual powers, who hardly allowed a day to pass without being more or less intoxicated. In dealing with such persons it should be borne in mind that it is not our *knowledge*, but our *desires*, that originate our conduct. Such a man may know and believe that "drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God," and yet, such is the imperious sway of this uncontrollable appetite when misdirected, that, in spite of all consequences, and at all hazards, he continues to drink on. Will any sensible man of any practical experience undertake to say that systematic drunkenness is not a disease? It is a form of insanity, and it requires no small amount of care and personal effort on the part of both the physician, the patient, and his friends, if ever the victim of this morbid appetite for strong drink is to be cured, if cured at all.

I am not concerned here with the theological aspect of the case. I know very well that sin is something for which we are ourselves responsible. "Every man is tempted when he is led away of his own lust and enticed." So says St. James, and so feels every man who knows anything of the workings of his own heart. But, above and beyond the spiritual operation of the mind, there are material influences at work at times which, by deranging the structure of the brain, drive the patient into the commission of evil, which he can hardly, if at all, resist by the normal exercise of reason and self-

control, simply because they cease to rule. There are certain changes in the brain which are attended with corresponding changes in the character of the man; and, while that abnormal action exists, the victim is liable to lose the moral control and healthy regulation of his appetites and passions. The balance of his mind has been disturbed, and his actions are no longer weighed with accuracy or care. He is a lunatic to all intents and purposes, and as such he ought to be dealt with accordingly. Let me not be misunderstood. The man is often responsible for the causes which have led to the perversion of his instincts, but when once they have reached a certain point of disorganization he becomes unable to resist. The moral regulator has been banished from its throne; and when reason and self-control, the two guardians of the moral character of man, have taken flight, nothing is left but the lawless reign of animalism. In many instances, as Bishop Butler says, it is "the repetition of irregularities that produces habits;" and even a perfectly sane mind may and does often become depraved solely by reason of such habitual irregularities. In the following case, which came under my notice in parochial life, and the history of which was taken, at the time, from the lips of the man himself, we have a striking example.

Jerry Donellan was, without exception, the most extraordinary and eccentric man I ever met. By birth he was an Irishman, but by residence he was practically an Englishman. In appearance he might have hired himself out to artists as a model for Hercules. In stature he was six feet four inches, and when in full health his weight was sixteen stone. His natural ability was of no common order. He was, in his youth, a great reader, a forcible but erratic thinker, and an impressive and able speaker. He was a native of the county of Galway, where his parents resided all their lives. But Jerry was a wild boy, full of fun, pugnacious from the sheer love of fighting, and not from any ill-natured tendency. He was born in the year 1814, and at the age of ten he was apprenticed to a cobbler in his native village, where he remained until he was sixteen. The sedentary life of mending old shoes did not quite suit Master Jerry's ideas of things. Accordingly, one day when a recruiting-sergeant appeared in the village, he resolved to become a soldier, and "go to the wars." After he had been six or seven months at soldiering, he found life altogether too slow for him, and watching a favourable opportunity, he deserted; and being near a seaport town, he obtained employment on board a ship bound next day for Quebec. His experience in this rough life pleased him immensely for a time. The only drawback to his happiness was the absence of excitement in the way of battles. He had read all the books

he could put his hands upon which treated of the warfare of the British army and navy, and his imagination became fired with enthusiasm to take an active part in campaigning, and to be himself a spectator of scenes similar to what he had read about in those books. After spending two years on board this merchant-vessel, and getting discontented with a condition of life which afforded him no possible scope for his militant tastes, he ran away from his ship, and enlisted in the Royal Navy. He was now at the height of his ambition so far as his sea-faring predilections went, but was sadly disappointed that there was no fighting. By this time he was a fine, able-bodied sailor, and a great favourite with his messmates and with all on board. Admiral Pascoe commanded the ship, and until the year 1836 he kept cruising about with him from place to place. In that year the Spanish Peninsula was the seat of civil war, and Admiral Pascoe's squadron was cruising off Bilbao. Donellan heard that there was fighting on shore, and that the so-called Spanish Legion, under Sir Hugh de Lacy Evans, was receiving recruits from England. Jerry managed to desert from his ship, and joining the ranks of the Legion, he fought battle after battle, and was wounded, almost riddled with bullets; but thanks to a splendid constitution, he pulled through, and surmounted all his difficulties, until, unfortunately, on one occasion when wounded and in hospital, he was recognised as the long-missing Jeremiah Donellan who had deserted from the Royal Navy.

When he was sufficiently recovered, he was taken on board his old ship and tried by court-martial. When asked what he had to say for himself, he replied as follows: "Well, I can only say that as there was no fighting going on on board ship, and being anxious to go to the front, I joined General Evans, and I have been under him ever since. I did not leave the ship because I was a coward, but because I could not keep out of the fighting when it was so near that I could sometimes hear the sound of the big guns going off. I am very sorry, and I hope you will be lenient to me." Admiral Pascoe let him off after reprimanding him, and telling him that "for the future he must be more steady." For Jerry Donellan to be steady, except under fire, was an impossibility. Restless, brave, and excitable, he soon found that life on board a man-of-war was something very different from his recent experience on fields of battle. He longed to be on shore again, but he had no chance to gratify his belligerent propensities. Accordingly he remained afloat until the ship was paid off, and then he took up his residence in Poplar, where he obtained employment in the Indigo stores during the day, and after work in the evening he supplemented his wages by selling "winkles" among his

comrades and others. It was here that he began to indulge in the use of strong drink. He had good wages, no wife or children, and consequently he became a frequent visitor to the public-houses in the locality, after he managed to dispose of his basket of winkles. As time wore on he became more and more a slave to his passion. The sale of winkles was given up, and finally he was dismissed from his situation in consequence of his irregular habits and inattention to his business.

Jerry had a friend who was called "Joe Thwart." He, too, had been in the Indigo line, but finding the work too heavy, he abandoned it altogether, and became a local preacher. One evening Jerry, hearing that Joe was about "to hold forth" as he called it, went to the chapel, and sat in the gallery at the right side of the pulpit. Joe discoursed forcibly upon the sin of drunkenness, and Jerry was much impressed. The influence was not permanent, and in a few days he took to his bed from the effects of his now uncontrollable vice. Jerry being a Roman Catholic, sent for the priest, who told him that he was seriously ill. "Then," said Jerry, "I felt I must confess all my sins, but they were so many and so heinous that I did not know how to begin. So I asked the priest if it would do for me to ask pardon for all I ever did without mentioning anything in particular."

"If," said the priest, "you are unable to remember them all, there can be no help for it; but surely you can call to mind the sins of the last month, or the last year or two."

"Oh yes, that I can! but can I not tell the Almighty that I am a great sinner entirely, and that He knows all about me?"

"No, you must confess to the priest all you can remember; and what you don't remember, you can leave alone."

"Well, Father, call on me again, and I will try my best."

After a few days, however, Jerry was in the London Hospital, suffering from the effects of his irregularities. In a few weeks he was out again, and now he determined to enter upon a new life. He tried hard, and succeeded for about six weeks, when the old enemy overcame him, and once more he gave himself up to unrestrained drinking. On one occasion, during twenty-eight days, he ate only half a herring and three oysters in the way of solid food, but night and day he was imbibing beer. As the result of such a mode of life, he was seized with delirium, and had to be taken to the hospital again. His description of the state of his mind during this fit of illness is very remarkable, so much so that one of the physicians who attended him published the main facts of the case. Donellan himself, too, wrote an account of it in very telling language, but so wild and ludicrous, that it read like the incoherencies of a feverish dream.

During his delirium he imagined that he was visited by two spirits—the one white, who was the Spirit of Poetry, and the other black, who was the Spirit of Evil. Whenever the white spirit appeared, though Jerry was handcuffed and held down by four or five men, he became calm and tranquil as a child. Then he would say that the Spirit of Poetry was teaching him beautiful hymns, some of which he repeated to the bystanders, and afterwards to me when he quite recovered. I have forgotten many of the hymns, all of which were peculiarly plaintive, and entirely out of the ordinary run of such poetry. One of them, on account of its singular beauty and its philosophic piety, I well remember. Although it is now five-and-twenty years ago since I first heard it from the lips of Jerry Donellan, I have never met with the lines anywhere. I have often repeated them to my friends, and they, like myself, never saw them. If any reader of THE CHURCHMAN can throw any light upon their authorship I shall be extremely obliged to him by communicating the fact to me. The physician in the hospital never heard of the poetry, and to this day no one whom I know has ever heard of it.

Jerry, of course, insisted that the lines were the original production of the white spirit, and that they were specially intended for his edification alone. He was no spiritualist—never heard of such a thing. Up to the time of his illness he was no student, nor did he care for anything in the way of reading since the days of his youth. His intemperate habits precluded the possibility of such a thing. He had no thought for anything but strong drink and fighting. His character was generous and open, candid and straightforward, yet his drinking habits had made him a complete sot. He was not, therefore, the man to invent beautiful poetry.

The alternate visits of these two antagonistic spirits produced quite contrary effects upon Donellan. When the black spirit was present he became frantic in the extreme. It required more than ordinary restraint to keep him in his bed. He howled and yelled as if in awful terror, and while this mental phantasmagoria lasted he was a source of considerable trouble to the nurses and attendants. Perspiration poured down his face, and he became wild and furious, awe-stricken and terrified.

He said that this spirit held up before him every sin, however minute, of his whole life. He would present to him a panorama on which were traced the principal events of his chequered life. Every lie he told, every time he was drunk—even the men he killed in battle were marshalled out in grim outline; every sin and every person with whom he sinned were all made to pass in review before him. "You could not tell

the priest all your sins the other day," said the spirit. "You have no such excuse now." Jerry positively assured me that sins he had entirely forgotten were brought to his memory during those days and nights of delirium by this imaginary visitor. If it were not for the tranquilizing influences of the other spirit Jerry told me that he must have died from the terrific strain upon his nerves during the paroxyms of fury when he thought he saw the black spirit.

If all the other pieces of poetry which were thus put into Jerry's mind possessed equal beauty with the following one, it is no wonder that his mind became relieved and his thoughts composed under the influence so genial and good. Before Donellan repeated these lines he had been handcuffed, and several strong men were required to hold him down in his bed. But when the white spirit appeared he said, as was recorded by the attendant physician: "Oh, let me go! the black spirit is gone, and the white one comes. Stop! he is going to say something! He is beginning to speak. Oh, he is so beautiful! You need not hold me now; I am calm. Go on; I'm listening." Then for a few minutes Jerry lay in a very attentive mood, as if someone were addressing him. Then he began to repeat the words which, from whatever cause, were borne to his ears. These are the words which, slowly and solemnly, he repeated word for word:

"Full many a light thought man may cherish,
Full many an idle deed may do;
Yet not one thought or deed shall perish,
Not one but he shall bless or rue.

"When by the wind the tree is shaken
There's not a bough or leaf can fall,
But of its falling heed is taken
By One who sees and governs all.

"The tree may lie and be forgotten,
And buried in the earth remain,
Yet from its juices, rank and rotten,
Springs vegetating life again.

"The world is with creation teeming,
And nothing ever wholly dies;
Things that are destroyed in seeming
In other shapes and forms arise.

"And nature still unfolds the tissue
Of unseen works by spirits wrought;
There's not a work but hath its issue
With blessing or with evil fraught.

"And thou mayst think to leave behind thee
All memory of the sinful past,
Yet, oh! be sure thy sin shall find thee,
And thou wilt know its fruit at last!"

Jerry said that between the fifth and sixth verses his

amiable but invisible instructor paused, and said to him: "You have forgotten your dark past, but you shall see it all." He then went on to repeat the sixth verse, and having done so, he vanished from his sight.

I have given this story exactly as I received it from the man himself, and partly from the very short notice of the case in one of the medical journals.

The only solution that occurs to me for the suggestion of such words to such a man, at such a time, is simply that he had once committed them to his memory when a child, and they had been afterwards crowded out of his recollection by the impingement of all sorts of events, during a life of more than ordinary adventure—that in his illness the brain was affected, and, as frequently happens under similar experiences, the long-forgotten memories of old days, old friends, old books, old songs, old everything come uppermost, as if, to use the common phrase, a man's brain were "turned upside down," and downside up. It is said that nothing which has ever passed through the brain is really lost. There it remains as in a book. But circumstances intervene—one's life becomes quite altered—the old memories fade away into some remote corner of "the storehouse," as Locke calls it, and now and then, when the brain undergoes some organic change, these vanished recollections come out from their old hiding-place.

The interesting fact connected with this narrative is the recalling to Donellan's mind such verses at such a time. He had no knowledge of them whatever previous to his illness. He could not repeat a word of this little piece, yet ever after, till the day of his death, they remained fixed in his memory. It is hardly necessary to say that my poor friend Jerry mistook for palpable realities the phantoms of his brain. The organic condition of the sensory apparatus during the existence of hallucinations would appear to be one of congestion, or fulness of blood—a fact which may account for all the ghost-seeing experiences on record. Three or four leeches applied to the part of the forehead at such times would banish every ghost. No man in perfect health of mind and body ever saw such a thing as a ghost. It is a pure illusion.

One of the many predisposing causes of apparitions, as they are termed, is solitude, especially in the evening.

"Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And like phantoms, grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlour wall.

"Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door:
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit us once more."

Longfellow, in these lines, has only given expression to a very popular notion. That persons see, or think they see, apparitions, no one will be disposed to deny. All I contend for is that such phenomena ordinarily arise from a disordered state of the mind under some external influence, such as the state of the atmosphere, or from the use of narcotics and alcohol, or from some interference with the healthy digestive processes. In Donellan's case the illusions arose from the use of opium, which was administered to cause sleep. De Quincey, in his "Confessions of an Opium-eater," has given a graphic account of his experiences in this respect. The use of narcotics for the purpose of producing visions and inspirations seems to have been known in all ages of which there are any authentic records. That the priestesses of the ancient oracles were excited to their "divine rage" by the use of drugs possessing narcotic qualities admits of no doubt:

> "Greater than human kind she seemed to look,
> And with an accent more than mortal spoke;
> Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll,
> When all the God came rushing on her soul."

Without some predisposing cause, which in some way interferes with the healthy and regular circulation of blood through the brain, no one will ever see "ghosts." The mind becomes morbid when its equanimity is disturbed; and under such a condition there is no knowing what anyone might see. But sight is not the only sense affected on those occasions. Hearing also enters into the delusion; but the strange feature of the case is that men do hear sounds which to them are real, as in Jerry's case; and they retain, as he did, the permanent impressions of what they hear. In this instance there was a degree of coherence by no means usual in persons suffering from this terrible disease. The man became known to me in the ordinary work of parochial visiting, and for the facts as they are here related I am responsible only in proportion to the fidelity with which I seek to reproduce them.

After his recovery he led a very steady life. His poverty, I fear, and not his will, consented. He worked at any jobs that chance threw in his way, and he maintained himself fairly well by honest labour. Still, I could see a great alteration in his physical proportions, He visited me once every week, when I was treated always to some new yarn—now concerning his naval experience, and now concerning his military exploits in Spain. He was very proud of his wounds, of which he had thirteen from bullets alone, to say nothing of sundry ugly-looking scars, honourable from their very position. At length, worn out by age, infirmity, and old wounds, he passed away at an advanced age, to the last fully

believing, in spite of all I could say to the contrary, in the reality of the white and the black spirits, and the weird details which the latter was said to have made known to him for his special warning.

The subject of illusions and hallucinations affords too wide a range for discussion in the limited space of a few pages. Wise men and foolish have boldly declared that they have seen visions and heard voices in their waking moments which were to them as real as anything in the world around them. "The Demon of Socrates" has been the theme of almost endless controversy. He was constantly in the habit of expressing himself as moved and influenced by the God—by a divine or spiritual influence, *τὸ δαιμόνιον*, or *τὸ δαιμόνιον σημεῖον*—translated by some as the dæmon, and the sign of the dæmon—by a voice, *φωνή, checking* him, but never *urging* him on. In spite of all his wisdom, he was singularly eccentric, not only as a child, but also as a man. He was clothed in the same mantle in all weathers and seasons, walking barefoot on the ice as upon the dry and heated soil, dancing and leaping, often alone, by fits and starts. Pascal and his famous "Amulet" is another instance. After his death there was found, sewed within the folds of his doublet, a parchment, on which was a very remarkable inscription. Nothing was known of this during his lifetime. The document began and ended with the sign of the Cross. Then the date was inserted with great accuracy, "The year of Grace, 1654; Monday, the 23rd November." Then follow the saints' days, after which these mysterious words, "From about half-past ten in the evening until half-past twelve, FIRE." Then a series of ejaculations, devotional, ecstatic, and renunciatory. Pascal imagined that he had been favoured with a vision of *Fire*. After death his brain was examined, and it was ascertained that there was some remarkable alteration, both in the skull and the brain. The former had hardly any trace of suture, and the latter had two points of softening, "in and around which some blood was suffused." It would seem that he was a man of exquisite sensibility, and possessed a highly nervous organization. It would be absurd to say that either Socrates or Pascal were madmen, yet under the influence of mental strivings and convictions of conscience the one spoke, and the other acted as though influenced by sounds and sights not usually vouchsafed to men.

The moral of the whole is, that the mind of man cannot be reduced to any system of rules, nor must we pronounce a person insane because he appears to have delusions. No one can define the limit of our hallucinations, which are merely the playthings of our physical organization. The human mind is a very delicately constructed piece of machinery, depending

for its activity and vigour upon "the fearfully and wonderfully" organized substance which we call the brain. Our natural heritage largely determines our temperament and constitution, our proclivities to health and disease, to mediocrity or genius, to vice or virtue. Our parentage stamps its traces on the whole of our complex nature—body, soul, and spirit. The whole aim of education, secular and sacred, should be directed to discover our weak points, and resolutely to fortify them against the insidious attacks of every form of corruption from within and from without. To build up a character is the aim of Christianity, which is not only an article of faith, but also an attitude of the soul. Anyone who reflects upon the varieties of human temperament from the moment of our birth, must see how some natures require more than ordinary effort to keep the body under, and bring it into subjection. There are men whose very temperament stands between them and certain forms of vice, and whose freedom from "presumptuous sins" is not to be attributed so much to their superior virtue as to natural disinclination. There are men who loathe the very taste of strong drink, and there are others who may be said to have inherited it from their very birth. The Grace of God can subdue and soften the most unruly will, and regulate the most sinful affection, and without it no man, whatever be his constitutional tendencies, be they strong or weak, can ever hope to obtain the complete mastery over himself.

G. W. WELDON.

ART. VII.—"MEN OF INVENTION AND INDUSTRY."

Men of Invention and Industry. By SAMUEL SMILES, LL.D., author of "Lives of the Engineers," "Industrial Biography," "Self-Help," etc. Pp. 380. John Murray.

"THE true Epic of our time," has said Carlyle, "is not Arms and the man, but Tools and the man—an infinitely wider kind of Epic." Not of great soldiers or statesmen, nor of poets and philosophers, has the author of "Men of Invention and Industry" written Lives. In his earlier books he was the biographer of tool-makers, of engineers, of masons and mechanics. And in his later books—as attractive and as valuable—he has discoursed of homely virtues, of heroism in lowly life, of the dignity of honest labour. An eminent and most successful biographer, Dr. Smiles is quite as interesting when he illustrates Character or teaches Thrift.

His present work, which is sure to be well read, is highly informing and very readable. We are told about Pettit Smith, practical introducer of the screw propeller; of Harrison, inventor of the marine chronometer, and of "Astronomers in humble life."

A chapter of particular interest brings before us William Murdock, the developer and improver of the condensing steam-engine. Watt's great invention, it will be remembered, was backed up by Boulton, of Birmingham; in developing its powers and extending its uses, Murdock did much; and Murdock's portion of the work must be held in honour.

Of the Murdocks or Murdochs, originally Flemings, some were known in Scotland as builders and mechanics. One of the best-known members of the family was John Murdock, the poet Burns' first teacher, in the parish of Auchinleck, Ayrshire. One of Burns' finest songs begins:

> "Behind yon hills where Lugar flows,
> 'Mang moors and mosses many, O!"

That was the scene of William Murdock's boyhood. In his youth he helped his father—a very clever and intelligent man—in the mill, on the farm, and in the preparation of mill-machinery. He even built a bridge over the river Nith, near Dumfries; and it stands there to this day, a solid and handsome structure. But he had an ambition to be something more than a country mason. He had heard a good deal about the inventions of James Watt; and he determined to try whether he could not get "a job" at the famous manufactory at Soho.

It was in the year 1777, when he was twenty years old, that Murdock left his native place, and migrated southward. When he called at the Soho works, to ask for employment, Watt was away, looking after his pumping-engines in Cornish mines; but Boulton, who was usually accessible to callers of every kind, saw him:

> In answer to Murdock's inquiry whether he could have a job, Boulton replied that work was very slack with them, and that every place was filled up. During the brief conversation that took place, the blate young Scotchman, like most country lads in the presence of strangers, had some difficulty in knowing what to do with his hands, and unconsciously kept twirling his hat with them. Boulton's attention was attracted to the twirling hat, which seemed to be of a peculiar make. It was not a felt hat, nor a cloth hat, nor a glazed hat; but it seemed to be painted, and composed of some unusual material. "That seems to be a curious sort of hat," said Boulton, looking at it more closely; "what is it made of?" "Timmer, sir," said Murdock modestly. "Timmer? Do you mean to say it is made of wood?" "'Deed it is, sir." "And pray how was it made?" "I made it mysel', sir, in a bit laithey of my own contrivin'." "Indeed!" Boulton looked at the young man again. He had risen a

hundred degrees in his estimation. William was a good-looking fellow—tall, strong, and handsome—with an open, intelligent countenance. Besides, he had been able to turn a hat for himself with a lathe of his own construction. This, of itself, was a sufficient proof that he was a mechanic of no mean skill. "Well!" said Boulton, at last, "I will inquire at the works, and see if there is anything we can set you to. Call again, my man." "Thank you, sir," said Murdock, giving a final twirl to his hat.

Such, it seems, was the beginning of Murdock's connection with the firm of Boulton and Watt. When he called again he was put upon a trial job, and then, as he was found satisfactory, he was engaged for two years at 15s. a week when at home, 17s. when in the country, and 18s. when in London. Beginning as an ordinary mechanic, he applied himself diligently and conscientiously to his work, and gradually became Boulton and Watt's trusted adviser and co-worker.

In 1799, when he was only twenty-five years old, he undertook the principal management of the pumping-engines in Cornwall. His energy was immense. He was sober, and "most obliging." Till he had conquered the defects of the engines he gave himself no rest. When he had an important job on hand he could scarcely sleep. One night at his lodgings at Redruth, we read, the people were disturbed by a strange noise in his room. Several heavy blows were heard upon the floor. They started from their beds, rushed to Murdock's room, and found him standing in his shirt, heaving at the bedpost in his sleep, shouting, "Now she goes, lads; now she goes!"

Some of his leisure hours at Redruth were spent in inventing. He designed and constructed a model locomotive. The model stood only a foot and a half high; but it was big enough to prove that Murdock's principle was sound. It was supported on three wheels, and carried a small copper boiler, heated by a spirit-lamp. The little engine successfully hauled a model waggon round the room. This experiment took place probably in 1784. Watt's patent in that year, we know, included an arrangement for the use of steam-power in locomotion; but it was a speculation, and nothing was done. Watt, as well as Murdock, left it to others to work out the problem of the locomotive engine.

Among Murdock's discoveries at Redruth, also, was the application of gas for lighting purposes. "Several independent inquirers into the constituents of Newcastle coal," says Dr. Smiles, "had arrived at the conclusion that nearly one third of the substance was driven off in vapour by the application of heat, and that the vapour so driven off was inflammable. But no suggestion had been made to apply this vapour for lighting purposes until Murdock took the matter in hand." In 1792 his house was fitted up for being lit by gas. Soon

afterwards Murdock returned to London; and in 1802, on the occasion of the Peace of Amiens, the whole of the works at Soho were brilliantly illuminated with gas, the sight being received with immense enthusiasm.

After a few years it was proposed to light the streets by gas — a bold proposal. It was ridiculed by Sir Humphrey Davy, who asked one of the projectors if he intended to take the dome of St. Paul's for a gasometer! Sir Walter Scott, too, made clever jokes at the expense of those who proposed "to send light through the streets in pipes;" even scientific Wollaston declared that they "might as well attempt to light London with a slice from the moon." It has been so with all new projects. As John Wilkinson said of the first vessel of iron which he introduced—it was "a nine days' wonder, and afterwards a Columbus's egg." Westminster Bridge was lighted by gas in 1814; the city of Glasgow in 1817. Murdock's "light" was soon everywhere used.

Upon many mechanical contrivances the genius of this great inventor[1] left its mark. He died in 1839, in his eighty-fifth year, and was buried near the remains of Boulton and Watt.

Another very interesting chapter is that in which Dr. Smiles brings out the truth in regard to Koenig, inventor of the steam-printing machine. In the year 1814 (Nov. 29) the *Times* was printed by steam. The machine had been taken from Koenig's workshop, and fitted up in a room in Printing House Square. Although the operations had been conducted with great secrecy, the *Times* pressmen obtained some inkling of what was going on; and they vowed vengeance on the foreign inventor. Suddenly, one morning, Mr. Walter appeared among the pressmen, and brought copies of the paper as "already printed by steam!" In the *Times* of that day, it seems, appeared an article upon "the greatest improvement connected with printing since the discovery of the art itself." John Walter, who thus availed himself of Koenig's steam printing press, was virtually the inventor of the modern newspaper. His father (the first John Walter) made him editor and conductor of the *Times* in 1803, when he was only twenty-seven years of age.

For Mr. Walter's remarkable success, says Dr. Smiles, these

[1] His ingenuity was constantly at work. Sometimes he met with a rebuff. "Observing that fish-skins might be used as an economical substitute for isinglass, he went up to London on one occasion in order to explain to brewers the best method of preparing and using them. He occupied handsome apartments, and little regarding the splendour of the drawing-room, he hung the fish-skins up against the walls. The landlady caught him one day when he was about to hang up a wet cod's-skin! He was turned out at once, with all his fish!"

important qualities—enterprise, energy, business tact, and public spirit—sufficiently account. To these, however, must be added another of no small importance—discernment and knowledge of character. He collected around him some of the ablest writers of the age. But Walter himself was the soul of the *Times*. He gave the tone to its articles, and superintended its entire conduct with unremitting vigilance.

In illustration, several anecdotes are recorded. Here is one. In the year 1810 there was an unfair and threatening combination on the part of the *Times*' men, and a strike:

> Mr. Walter had only a few hours' notice of it, but he had already resolved upon his course. He collected apprentices from half-a-dozen different quarters, and a few inferior workmen, who were glad to obtain employment on any terms. He himself stript to his shirt-sleeves, and went to work with the rest; and for the next six-and-thirty hours he was incessantly employed at case and the press. On the Monday morning, the conspirators, who had assembled to triumph over his ruin, to their inexpressible amazement saw the *Times* issue from the publishing office at the usual hour, affording a memorable example of what one man's resolute energy may accomplish in a moment of difficulty.

Twenty-three years later Mr. Walter was quite as ready to lend a hand, if the need were pressing. "Thus it is related of him that in the spring of 1833, shortly after his return to Parliament as member for Berkshire, he was at the *Times* office one day, when an express arrived from Paris, bringing the speech of the King of the French on the opening of the Chambers. The express arrived at ten a.m., after the day's impression of the paper had been published, and the editors and compositors had left the office. It was important that the speech should be published at once; and Mr. Walter immediately set to work upon it. He first translated the document; then, assisted by one compositor, he took his place at the type-case, and set it up. To the amazement of one of the staff, who dropped in about noon, he 'found Mr. Walter, M.P. for Berks, working in his shirt-sleeves!' The speech was set and printed, and the second edition was in the City by one o'clock." Mr. Walter died in 1847.

Reviews.

Letters of the Rev. J. B. Mozley, D.D. Edited by his Sister. Rivingtons. Pp. 360. 1885.

RECENTLY, in recommending a new edition of Dr. Mozley's great work, "A Review of the Baptismal Controversy," we took occasion to pay a tribute of respect to the learned author. Professor Mozley, who with

some justice has been called the Bishop Butler of the nineteenth century, was a philosophical thinker of singular strength ; and he had the gift of placing his thoughts upon clear bold lines, with simple and striking surroundings. The sort of coldness that seemed to characterize him increased one's confidence in his judicial temper ; and as to his research, keen insight, controversial candour, massiveness, and reverence, there could hardly be two opinions.

The letters of such a divine, of course, have a real interest ; and this volume will be read by many who, like ourselves, admired Dr. Mozley, without in some points agreeing with him. A moderate "High" Churchman, in certain respects "Broad," he held with firm and unshrinking grasp, in rationalizing days, fundamental verities, while in a spirit of conservative—wise and charitable—comprehensiveness, he defended a main principle of Evangelicalism in the Church.

The earlier pages of the volume before us contain much that is interesting in regard to Mr. Mozley's university career and the Tractarian movement ; but upon these pages we cannot even touch.[1]

In March, 1850, Mr. Mozley writes to his sister, that the Gorham decision is "making a sensation, or, rather, it is not so much a sensation as a graver feeling that a long and anxious struggle is commencing, of which people do not see the issue." He adds : "I have read enough to see that the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration has a history appended to it, and is not to be decided upon wholly from the verbal statements in the Church Office, but that we are bound to go into the history of it. And I certainly see various changes and modifications as to the doctrine, coming out in that history, as allowable within the Church. I see statements made sometimes which, if put into easy English and placed before some of our orthodox friends, would be set down at once as heresy, but which occur in undoubtedly orthodox authorities." Further reading, however, he cautiously added, might change his opinion.

But further reading did not at all change his opinion : on the contrary, his views were confirmed. At that time, as he wrote, he knew "enough to see that people make very strong assertions on points on which they do not know much in reference to this question" (Archdeacon Wilberforce, for example), and instead of retracing his steps he went forward.

In the same year, 1850, referring to those who "think so fearfully of our Reformation Erastianism," "our ultra friends who are eager for a convulsion," he writes, that he cannot agree with their views. "nor do I see anything in their temper which attracts me" (p. 203). He refers to "D——, who is a *considerable Romaniser*" (the italics are our own), "meeting Cardinal Wiseman at dinner," and he comments on certain clerical converts (perverts) who set themselves up as laymen : one goes to the theatre, and another has a stall at the opera-house. Instead of clerical black, it appears, some "were garbed in showy waistcoats," and even decked themselves in blue neckties and ginger-coloured trousers. The brighter the hue, perhaps, and the "louder" the pattern, the deeper rejoicing at being free from Anglican Orders.

In 1853 Mr. Mozley wrote : "Gladstone introduced me to Lockhart :" and he began an article for the *Quarterly*. At this time many interesting remarks appear in his correspondence on literary, political, and ecclesiastical affairs. He thought that Mr. Gladstone would do much for the Church. Things were more and more tending to Liberalism at Oxford ; and "a High Church Liberalism" seemed likely to be the order of the

[1] In the year 1846, *The Guardian* was planned by a few High Churchmen, among whom James Mozley was prominent as writer and organiser. For a time its failure seemed inevitable.

day. In Feb., 1856, he met "Elwyn, the editor of the *Quarterly*, an agreeable, very well informed man, and a fluent talker."

In 1855 (Jan. 1) appears a remarkable letter. Miss Mozley says:

> The following letter, written after having been for ten years thrown upon his own thoughts, and upon the natural bent of his own mind and character, wears a serious air—a full consciousness of taking a step. Of course, to those near him, the step was no surprise.

The step was this: he would have nothing more to do with the editing of the *Christian Remembrancer*. "I find that after four years of reading," he writes, "interrupted indeed, but still carried on with some degree of "system and considerable thought, I have arrived at a change of opinion, "more or less modified, on some points of High Church theology; but to "a very decided one with respect to a particular doctrine which has been "the theme of great dispute, and on which the party in the Church "which the *C. R.* professes to reflect, has taken very strongly one side—I "mean the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. I now entertain no "doubt of the substantial justice of the Gorham decision on this point.

"I have, too, been engaged, as you may know, on a book which is now "arriving at something like completion, and part of which will express "my views on this question, and enter into the whole argument connected "with it." It was not, he explained, that he wished to separate himself from those with whom he had hitherto acted. The Tractarian body, he said, was still the "one with which, on the whole," he most sympathized. Nevertheless, it is clear that he was, bit by bit, drawing away from the Tractarians, although the influence of family ties and personal connections was still powerful.

He loyally accepted the Gorham decision. "I find, after reading and reflection, that I accept the Gorham decision." When Charles Marriott said to him, "For my part, I object more strongly to the tribunal than to the decision," Mozley wrote: If people "cannot use stronger language than this, it seems to me that the ground for any strong separation of parties in the Church is rather gone."

In 1856 Mr. Mozley accepted the Vicarage of Old Shoreham, and married a daughter of Professor Ogle. The Vicar and Mrs. Mozley were much esteemed by their parishioners. The services were of the old-fashioned type, we believe, and the Vicar preached in the black gown to the last.

Mr. Mozley, in 1859, praises Cobden's refusal of office. "I dare say," he writes, Cobden "is not sorry to show a set of exclusives, who look down upon his class as purchaseable with certainty—if only they can lower their fastidious taste to swallow them—that he can do without it." Mr. Mozley remarks, that Cobden "had had an uncle of his own name, once a Dean of St. Paul's;" and adds, "He is not the sort of man whom one would suppose had connections in the Church." Another letter in 1859 has the following paragraph:

> That review of Jowett in the *Times*—except on the audacious principle, which often tells—seems rather a mistake in judgment: the puff overdone, and the ground not judiciously taken. If the letter of Scripture is a veil, and Christianity is Jowett behind the veil, one does not feel very secure. It is curious to see two totally opposite schools talking of the difficulty of interpreting Scripture. But really, this aboriginal Christianity, which Jowett and his reviewers dig up beneath no end of strata, is as perfect an *arcanum disciplinæ* as ever was invented by tradition (*p.* 245).

The Rationalist movement in Oxford, for which the Tractarian had paved the way, was now gaining strength and spreading. In 1860, Mr. Mozley had "a conversation with B., who was rather strong as to the

Jowett element in Oxford, and the narrow line between it and positive infidelity." In 1861 Mr. Mozley writes that the writers of "Essays and Reviews" had gone great lengths; "but I think that even they would shrink from what their theology would practically become if taken up by the mass. That is simple infidelity, and indeed atheism; for Baden Powell's essay, popularly interpreted, could be nothing else. A few subtle intellects may maintain really to *themselves* a neo-Christian ground, retaining something of the Scriptural system; but a congregation of such spirits is an impossibility" (p. 250). In 1865, Mr. Mozley writes of the "great lengths" to which Stanley was going; "he forgets that Renan is not an unsettled heathen, but an apostate from Christianity."

Here and there in this volume one desiderates an editorial note. For example, on page 255 appears a letter about the Articles, the last paragraph of which, though it is wonderfully shrewd and has an interest of its own, will to some readers be unintelligible. The paragraph runs thus: "Gladstone's speech was very clever in having something in it to please everybody, and excite hopes in all directions, and yet with the orthodox bent pre-eminent." Again, on page 261 appears an editorial statement as to the correspondence between Mr. Kingsley and Dr. Newman, exciting "much amusement;" but no mention is made of the *Wasn't Kingsley right after all?* Here and there, we may add, an expression of opinion—not James Mozley's—obtrudes itself. For example, on page 115, Mozley criticizes Newman's letter to the Vice-Chancellor, about Tract XC., remarking that "a general confession of humility was irrelevant to ther present occasion." "Whether they would be provoked to think it humbug or concealed triumph, or be softened by it," said Mozley, "I hardly knew." In a footnote we have a letter from another member of the family (the Mozleys—it will be remembered—were by marriage connected with Newman), praising Newman's letter as breathing a "Catholic spirit of humility." It was a very common practice among Dr. Newman's admirers, at that time, to praise his humility.

In the autumn of 1862, Mr. Mozley published his "Review of the Baptismal Controversy." Being part proprietor of the *Christian Remembrancer*, which took a strong line against his book, he was desirous to dissociate the family name from the title-page of that periodical; and in December he sent to his sister an extremely interesting statement as to his own views. "I should describe our family politics," he wrote, "as "moderate High Church. I should describe myself under that term. I "have said nothing but what recognised moderate High Church divines "have said, such as the late Bishop Kaye, who was always regarded as "*the* learned Bishop of the Bench in his day; and what the Bishop of "Oxford openly says in his charges—namely, that our formularies were "meant to include both parties. But though moderate High Church, we "don't go along with the spirit that breathes in the controversial reviews "of the High Church party, still less should we be disposed to turn a "clergyman out of his living for holding what is admitted on all sides to "have been openly held in the English Reformed Church, from the first "moment of its existence to the present moment. The Gorham judg-"ment simply sanctioned a *de facto* state of things which had existed from "the first, there being, too, nowhere, any dogmatic statement the other "way in our formularies."

Of "Father Faber" Mr. Mozley writes in 1865, that he "could not help discerning something of the *baby*" in his photographs. He had previously remarked (p. 209), "his talk always seemed to me artificial and with effort." In 1866, referring to a "remarkable assertion" made by Father Faber about the Archangel Michael, Mr. Mozley wrote to his sister:

> Faber is certainly very amusing. . . . I may use that term because his spiritual

world is so completely a region of his own invention, that one ceases to connect it with serious subjects. The decision of a controversy by a fact about St. Michael, hitherto unknown, but assumed as an undoubted celestial fact because his pen knocked it off with perfect ease, is quite a specimen of Faber's reasoning.

In 1866, Mr. Mozley, after reading the life of Scott—"Bible Scott"—writes of "the extraordinary energy and strong sense of the man, joined to his enthusiasm and disinterestedness." He admires Scott's "balance of mind," as well as his acuteness and intellectual power. How far it is correct to say that Scott's Commentary was undertaken to keep "doctrinal ultraism down in his own party," as Mr. Mozley wrote, is an interesting subject, to which we shall be pleased to return.

In 1869, the new Premier offered to Mr. Mozley a Canonry of Worcester. Of Mr. Gladstone's letter, one paragraph has, just now (after Mr. Bligh's Cathedral Reform letter in the *Times*), a special interest:

> Among the Canons of our Cathedrals even, and perhaps especially since 1840 there are few who have contributed, or are likely to contribute, much to the theological store of the Church of England in this day of her pressing need. I rejoice that my first act in this province of my duty has been to promote the addition to their number of one who, as to both promise and performance, is sufficient sensibly to raise the average.

In the same year Canon Mozley, in a private letter, gave his views upon this point. Cathedral Reformers were busy; Deans were to be abolished, and Canons utilized. Canon Mozley's remarks, in reply, are well worth reading: and, for ourselves, we thoroughly agree with his conclusion as to Canonries—"*a proportion ought to be insisted upon;*" let busy "practical" Canons be diocesan workers, but other Canons may devote themselves to theological writings; let the claims of learning and thought be duly considered. Of four Canons, one, at least, as we think, ought to take some share in diocesan labours as Mission Preacher.[1]

There was a tendency in 1869, no doubt, to give everything to "*busy* men," as Canon Mozley said. And in the cry against Deans and Chapters there was, as many of our readers will remember, something not particularly just. Nevertheless, the need for Cathedral Reform was real; and it has grown more urgent.

In 1871, Canon Mozley was appointed Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford. In January, 1878, he entered into rest. The closing pages of this volume contain some touching passages in regard to the death of Mrs. Mozley six years before.

Thomas Carlyle. A History of his Life in London, 1834-1881. By J. A. FROUDE, M.A. Two vols. Longmans, Green, and Co.

We do not think that the present volumes will materially affect the opinions which a large section of those who read them have been led to form, within the last three or four years, touching the life and character of Carlyle. The last portion of the work, however, is better than the first.

"Carlyle exerted for many years," says his biographer, "an almost unbounded influence on the mind of educated England. His writings are now spread over the whole English-speaking world. They are studied with eagerness and confidence by millions who have looked to him, and looked to him not for amusement, but for moral guidance, and those millions have a right to know what manner of man he really was. It may be, and I for one think it will be, that when time has levelled accidental distinctions, when the perspective has altered, and the foremost

[1] See "Diocesan Missions," July CHURCHMAN, 1883.

figures of this century are seen in their true proportions, Carlyle will tower far above all his contemporaries, and will then be the one person of them about whom the coming generations will care most to be informed." This may be partly true. Yet it is of Carlyle as a "genius," a literary man, and not as a teacher, we think, that the coming generation will inquire. But let us again listen to Mr. Froude. Carlyle, he says, came "forward as a teacher of mankind. He has claimed 'to speak with authority, and not as the Scribes.' He has denounced as empty illusion the most favourite convictions of the age. No concealment is permissible about a man who could thus take on himself the character of a prophet and speak to it in so imperious a tone." In short, Carlyle played a part which, in some sort, entitles his readers to demand, and justifies his biographer in affording, a complete account of his character.

Now, Mr. Froude speaks of his friend's "creed." "Carlyle taught a creed," he says; but if we inquire "What are the articles" of this belief? we ask in vain. Nor did the "prophet" lay down any principles by which his followers might shape their course. We read that the duties of man is a better watchword than the rights of man, which is undoubtedly correct; but if anyone asks what his duties are, or how he is to do them, no answer is given. There are protests, and doleful doubtings, and aspirations and ejaculations; and some of these have a sort of poetic reverence and sublimity. But of practical common-sense directions in life's labours; of help and comfort in life's sorrows, temptations, and perplexities, there is nothing at all.

We may quote a few of the passages in which the "prophet" of Chelsea describes his contemporaries.

In 1834-5 he was at work on the "French Revolution." He stuck to his book "like a burr," his diary says. But now and then he went into society. Here is a bit from his journal:

Met Radicals, etc., at Mrs. Buller's a week ago. Roebuck Robespierre was there—an acrid, sandy, barren character; dissonant-speaking, dogmatic, trivial, with a singular exasperation; restlessness as of diseased vanity written over his face when you come near it. . . . Sir William Molesworth, with the air of a good roystering schoolboy, pleases me considerably more.

Shortly afterwards he met Southey:

February 26, 1835.—Went last night, in wet, bad weather, to Taylor's to meet Southey, who received me kindly. A lean, grey, white-headed man of dusky complexion, unexpectedly tall when he rises, and still leaner then—the shallowest chin, prominent snubbed Roman nose, small care-lined brow, huge bush of white-grey hair on high crown and projecting on all sides, the most vehement pair of faint hazel eyes I have ever seen—a well-read, honest, limited (strait-laced even), kindly-hearted, most irritable man. We parted kindly, with no great purpose on either side, I imagine, to meet again. Southey believes in the Church of England. This is notable—notable and honourable that he has made such belief serve him so well.

In the year 1838 he made the acquaintance of Grote; and thus he describes him:

In the evening a Bullerian rout. "Dear Mrs. Rigmarole, the distinguished female; great Mr. Rigmarole, the distinguished male." Radical Grote was the only novelty, for I have never noticed him before—a man with straight upper lip, large chin, and open mouth (spout mouth); for the rest, a tall man, with dull thoughtful brows and lank dishevelled hair, greatly the look of a prosperous Dissenting minister.

In the following year he met Hallam:

A month ago (Carlyle writes to his brother) Milnes invited me to breakfast to meet Bunsen. Pusey [not Dr. Pusey, but his elder brother] was there—a solid, judicious Englishman, very kind to me. Hallam was there—a broad, old, positive

man, with laughing eyes. X. was there—a most jerking, distorted, violent, vapid, brown-gipsy piece of self-conceit and green-roomism. Others there were; and the great hero Bunsen, with red face large as the shield of Fingal—not a bad fellow, nor without talent; full of speech, Protestantism — Prussian Toryism — who zealously inquired my address.

In 1847 Carlyle spent a day at Rochdale, and made acquaintance with Mr. Jacob Bright and his distinguished brother:

I will tell you (he writes to his wife) about Bright, and Brightdom, and the Rochdale Bright mill some other day. Jacob Bright, the younger man, and actual manager at Rochdale, rather pleased me—a kind of delicacy in his features when you saw them by daylight—at all events, a decided element of "hero-worship," which, of course, went for much. But John Bright, the Anti-Corn-law member, who had come across to meet me, with his cock nose and pugnacious eyes and Barclay-Fox-Quaker collar—John and I discorded in our views not a little. And, in fact, the result was that I got to talking occasionally in the Annandale accent, and communicated large masses of my views to the Brights and Brightesses, and shook peaceable Brightdom as with a passing earthquake; and, I doubt, left a very questionable impression of myself there! The poor young ladies (Quaker or ex-Quaker), with their "abolition of capital punishment"—*Ach Gott!* I had great *remorse* of it all that evening; but now begin almost to think I served them right. Any way, *we cannot help it:* so there it and Lancashire in general may lie for the present.

Sir Robert Peel, we are told, was one of the few men in England whom Carlyle had any curiosity to see. A personal acquaintance, through the Barings, began at a dinner at Bath House, in the year 1848:

March 27.—Went to the Peel enterprise; sate next Sir Robert—an evening not unpleasant to remember. Peel is a finely-made man, of strong, not heavy, rather of elegant, stature; stands straight, head slightly thrown back, and eyelids modestly drooping; every way mild and gentle, yet with less of that fixed smile than the portraits give him. He is towards sixty, and, though not broken at all, carries, especially in his complexion, when you are *near* him, marks of that age; clear, strong blue eyes, which kindle on occasion, voice extremely good, low-toned, something of *cooing* in it, rustic, affectionate, honest, mildly persuasive. Spoke about French Revolutions, new and old; well read in all that; had seen General Dumouriez; reserved seemingly by nature, obtrudes nothing of *diplomatic* reserve. On the contrary, a vein of mild fun in him, real sensibility to the ludicrous, which feature I liked best of all.

Here are two bits from the second volume. Carlyle went one evening to the Dean of Westminster's:

Lion entertainment to Princess Helena and her Prince Christian. Innocent little Princess, has a kind of beauty, etc. One little dash of pretty pride, only one, when she rose to go out from dinner, shook her bit of train right, raised her pretty head (fillet of diamonds sole ornament round her hair), and sailed out. "A princess born, you know!" looked really well, the exotic little soul. Dinner, evening generally, was miserable, futile, and cost me silent insomnia the whole night through. Deserved it, did I? It was not of my choosing—not quite.

Here is a note on a then current question of political and ecclesiastical interest;

Irish Church Resolution passed by a great majority. *Non flocci facio.* In my life I have seen few more anarchic, factious, unpatriotic achievements than this of Gladstone and his Parliament in regard to such an Ireland as now is. Poor Gladstone! Poor old decayed Church and ditto State! But once more, *non flocci facio*, him or it. If they could abolish Parliamentary eloquence it would be worth a hundred abolitions of the Irish Church, poor old creature!

We had marked other passages in the second volume; but enough. The work before us—really interesting as it is—can hardly be termed profitable. Of Mr. Froude's own expressions some, to say the least, seem quite uncalled for. If Carlyle had kept more of the faith of his child-

hood, how much happier he would have been, and how much more useful! His biographer concludes in the following words: "So closed a long life of "eighty-five years—a life in which extraordinary talents had been de- "voted, with an equally extraordinary purity of purpose, to his Maker's "service, so far as he could see and understand that Maker's will—a life "of single-minded effort to do right, and only that, of constant truthful- "ness in word and deed. Of Carlyle, if of anyone, it might be said that "'he was a man indeed in whom was no guile.' No insincerity ever "passed his lips; no dishonest or impure thought ever stole into his "heart. In all those long years the most malicious scrutiny will search "in vain for a single serious blemish. If he had frailties and impatiences, "if he made mistakes and suffered for them, happy those whose conscience "has nothing worse to charge them with. Happy those who, if their "infirmities have caused pain to others who were dear to them, have, "like Carlyle, made the fault into a virtue by the simplicity and com- "pleteness of their repentance."

The Unique Grandeur of the Bible. Being a new Plea for an old Book, in six chapters. By the Rev. WILLIAM ANDERSON, M.A., late Rector of Upper Cumber, and Prebendary of Derry, Minister of the Octagon Chapel, Bath. London: Hatchards, Piccadilly. 1884.

This is a very recommendable volume by an earnest, able clergyman, who knows that the Bible is God's Book, because it has spoken with power to his own conscience and heart, and who has also tested it in a variety of ways to see whether it can claim equal authority over the mind. The result, as herein exhibited, is a most assured affirmative as to the reasonableness of regarding the Bible as Divine. The argument is developed in six chapters, which bear the following titles:

I. The Place of the Bible among the Sacred Books of the World.
II. The Bible and the History of the World.
III. The Bible and Modern Thought.
IV. The Bible and Human Systems of Morality.
V. The Bible and the Soul of Man.
VI. The Bible and Christ.

Taking each of these in turn, the author seeks to demonstrate that the Bible occupies a position by itself; and while we are of opinion that, in his loving zeal for the Book, he is often led to assert a detailed uniqueness which it would perhaps be wiser not to insist upon so strongly, we are assured that, taking the argument as a whole, it must strike very strongly any unprejudiced reader. We also feel bound to state that several of the principal arguments are positively delightful to read, so novel is the treatment, and so powerfully convincing the reasoning.

The first chapter opens thus: "What has been the result of comparing the Bible with the other sacred books of the world?" Anyone who knows at all the prevailing currents of thought amongst thinkers and scholars, will perceive that Prebendary Anderson has boldly faced that aspect of anti-Christian belief which is just now the most dangerous—dangerous, *i.e.* to those who are easily moved by passing phases of opinion—for we need hardly say that no true Christian can ever doubt the ultimate issue of these controversies. Thus the author has, at the very outset, plunged *in medias res*, and taken the bull by the horns. But how has he fared in the encounter? We are not afraid to say that his triumph is complete—indeed, startlingly so. For when—basing his statement on a comparison of the Bible with the sacred books of the East, published under the editorship of Professor Max Müller—he states (page 4) that no effort which could have been made with the avowed

object of showing the superhuman excellence and unapproachable superiority of the Bible could have yielded a happier result than the recent publications by which we have been enabled to compare it with the contemporary record of other faiths, he is well within the mark. Whether we accept his own judgment as that of a cultured believer, who has read the "sacred" books, so far as they have been translated, or prefer that of one not likely to be over-prejudiced in favour of the uniqueness of the Holy Scriptures, Max Müller himself, the result is one that must rejoice the heart of every Christian. The latter has felt bound to apologize for the disappointment which his great life-work—the editing and translation of the sacred books of the East—must cause many expectant readers. He says: "Readers who have been led to believe that the Vedas of the ancient Brahmans, the Avesta of the Zoroastrians, and the Tripitaka of the Buddhists, the Kings of Confucius, or the Koran of Mahommed, are books full of primeval wisdom and religious enthusiasm, or, at least, sound and simple moral teaching, will be disappointed on consulting those volumes" (pages 8, 9). Further, the Professor thus states his own evidently pained wonderment: "We confess it has been for many years a problem to us—aye, and to a great extent is so still—how the sacred books of the East should, by the side of so much that is fresh, natural, simple, beautiful, and true, contain so much that is not only unmeaning, artificial, and silly, but even hideous and repellent" (page 9). Mr. Anderson, of course, holds not only that the Bible far excels these books in all those points which are common to it and them, but that it contains special and unique excellences—that is, the Bible not only comes triumphantly out of the ordeal of comparison, but does not really admit of comparison. "By these" ["the revelation of spiritual truths, and the record of the promises of God"] "it is raised as far above the best of human systems and books of human thought as the sun is higher than the Alps" (page 38).

We have given so much of the brief space at our disposal to the first chapter of the volume before us, that we can only say in general that those parts which specially deal with the philosophical and scientific aspects of the discussion are, on the whole, worthy of so admirable a commencement; and that the last chapter is wisely devoted to a commentary on a fine phrase in the short but charming preface, "Christ is the centre of the Bible."

Having said so much in just praise of a really readable and useful work, we must, in conclusion, speak candidly as to one grave fault in the book. It is sadly wanting in a severely logical order of thought—indeed, we are bold to suggest that the author, when preparing a second edition for the press, should submit it to the candid revision of a not too friendly critic. "The Unique Grandeur of the Bible" is so good that it deserves to be made a great deal better. M. A.

Short Notices.

John Wycliffe and his English Precursors. By Professor LECHLER, D.D., of the University of Leipzig. Translated by Professor LORIMER, D.D. A new edition, revised; with a chapter on the events after Wycliffe's death. Pp. 500. Religious Tract Society.

THIS volume has reached us too late for a worthy notice in our present impression; but inasmuch as the January CHURCHMAN will be issued before the five hundredth anniversary of Wycliffe's death, we are minded

to take our part in recommending so timely and helpful a work. Professor Lechler's, as is well known, is the standard biography; full, worthy of trust, and very able. Dr. Lorimer's rendering of the German, published by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. (our copy is dated 1878), has long been out of print. That was in two volumes. We have here a complete reprint of Dr. Lorimer's translation, revised and rearranged; much improved. The notes—numerous and valuable—are placed at the foot of each page. Additions have been made; *e.g.*, a chapter containing a summary of the events connected with Wycliffe for the half-century succeeding his decease (taken from Dr. Lechler's "Die Nachwirkungen Wiclif's). Certain omissions, also, have been judiciously made. As the work stands, then, it is excellent. A critic who compares the present volume with either Dr. Lorimer's volumes or the German original, is sure to admit, we think, that the learned editor of the Tract Society merits hearty thanks. The volume is in every way convenient, is admirably printed, has seven interesting illustrations, and is exceedingly cheap. We heartily recommend it.

To a single point in the work—one of importance—we may call attention, in few words. It was long ago asserted, and ultra-Church writers of the present day repeat the assertion, that complete English translations of the Bible had existed before Wycliffe's time. Thus, Sir Thomas More had seen old manuscripts; Thomas James, also. And Archbishop Usher dated an alleged pre-Wycliffite version about 1290, while Wharton (for a time) believed its author was John of Trevisa. But it was a delusion. The beautiful old manuscripts were copies of Wycliffe's. Never before Wycliffe's day had "The CHURCH," or the Bishops, or one Bishop, or any learned dignitary, translated the Word of God into the vulgar tongue. "It was no small sign of Wycliffe's malice," said the Primate and his suffragan Bishops, in 1412, "that he devised the plan of a translation of the Scriptures into the mother tongue." The earliest translation of one book of the Bible into Old English dates from the fourteenth century (William of Shoreham's Psalter). Professor Lechler sums up the whole case clearly when he says:

> The whole result of this period, as well of the Anglo-Saxon as of the Norman and the Old English tongues, stands as follows:
>
> 1. A translation of the entire Bible was never during this period accomplished in England, and was never even apparently contemplated.
>
> 2. The Psalter was the only book of Scripture which was fully and literally translated into all the three languages—Anglo-Saxon, Anglo-Norman, and Old English.
>
> 3. In addition, several books of Scripture, especially of the Old Testament, were translated partially or in select passages, as by Ælfric, leaving out of view poetical versions and the translation of the Gospel of John by Bede, which celebrated work has not come down to us.
>
> 4. Last of all—and this fact is of great importance—in none of these translations was it designed to make the Word of God accessible to the mass of the people, and to spread Scriptural knowledge among them. The only object which was kept in view was partly to furnish aid to the clergy and to render service to the educated class.

Thoughts and Questions about Holiness. By the Right Rev. J. C. RYLE, D.D., Lord Bishop of Liverpool. Pp. 80. Hunt and Co.

This little book is very full, very rich. The teaching of such a divine, on such a subject, is specially welcome just now. Of misty and mischievous teaching as to holiness there is a large supply; but of sound, practical teaching—Scriptural truths expressed and expounded in plain, impressive language, for general readers—the supply is somewhat scanty. The Bishop of Liverpool has done good service in publishing this book-

tract: and we trust it will be widely circulated, as it merits, for instructing and stablishing believers who have been perplexed, or who have been somewhat careless and indolent.

The Bishop writes, of course, for mere English readers; but he is careful to point out "that the same Greek word which our English version renders 'sanctification' in 1 Thess. iv. 3, 4, is rendered 'holiness' in 1 Thess. iii. 13,[1] and 1 Thess. iv 7." And his lordship might have added that this is the very word which our version renders "sanctification" in 1 Cor. i. 30, and "holiness" in Heb. xii. 14. In Heb. xii. 14 this noun comes after the strong verb "*Follow*."[2] The pen of Inspiration wrote: "Christ Jesus was made unto us, ἁγιασμὸς." The pen of Inspiration also wrote: "διώκετε . . . τὸν ἁγιασμόν." Yet well-meaning expositors are to be found who say that the holiness of converted people is by faith only, and that there is no place in it for personal exertion.

As to language which gives an extravagant and unscriptural importance to the idea contained in the expression, "CHRIST IN US," the Bishop of Liverpool writes with force as follows:

"That 'Christ dwells in our hearts by faith,' and carries on His inward work by His Spirit, is clear and plain. But if we mean to say that beside, and over, and above this there is some mysterious indwelling of Christ in a believer, we must be careful what we are about. Unless we take care, we shall find ourselves ignoring the work of the Holy Ghost. We shall be forgetting that in the Divine economy of man's salvation election is the special work of God the Father,—atonement, mediation, and intercession, the special work of God the Son,—and sanctification, the special work of God the Holy Ghost. We shall be forgetting that our Lord said, when He went away, that He would send us another Comforter, who should 'abide with us' for ever, and, as it were, take His place (John xiv. 16). In short, under the idea that we are honouring Christ, we shall find that we are dishonouring His special and peculiar gift—the Holy Ghost.

"Christ, no doubt, as God, is everywhere,—in our hearts, in heaven, in the place where two or three are met together in His name. But we really must remember that Christ, as our risen Head and High Priest, is *specially* at God's right hand, interceding for us until He comes the second time; and that Christ carries on His work in the hearts of His people by the special work of His Spirit, whom He promised to send when He left the world (John xv. 26). A comparison of the ninth and tenth verses of the eighth chapter of Romans seems to me to show this plainly. It convinces me that 'Christ in us' means Christ in us 'by His Spirit.' Above all, the words of St. John are most distinct and express: 'Hereby we know that He abideth in us by the Spirit which He hath given us' (1 John iii. 24)."

England's Training. An Historical Sketch. By the author of "Essays on the Church." Pp. 260. Seeley and Co., 46, Essex Street, Strand.

We heartily welcome a new work by the author of "Essays on the Church;" and so good a book as "England's Training," by such a writer, is sure to be read and recommended by many of our readers. It is interesting all through, presenting in a small compass much valuable matter; as to arrangement and expression, admirable. A minor merit is large, clear type. These are the divisions:

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[1] This is a clerical error. In 1 Thess. iii. 13, the word is ἁγιωσύνη. But in 2 Thess. ii. 13, it is ἁγιασμός.

[2] "Follow . . . the sanctification," is the rendering of the Revised Version.

I. England's beginning.
II. Reformation commenced.
III. Progress of the Reformation.
IV. Declension.
V. The Revival.

Writing within three weeks of the 500th anniversary of Wycliffe's death, we take, as is natural, a quotation from the second division of this book:

"Since his illness in A.D. 1379, he had experienced a paralytic attack "in 1382, probably the second of the kind; and it had left him, as he "says, 'lame and infirm.' Yet, what were his employments two years "before this illness and two years after it?

"'First and foremost of all things—(he might reply)—the Bible, the "chapter of the Gospels, or Epistles, which I was yesterday re-examin-"ing. Then before noon there will be two of my poor priests calling "upon me for instructions. Where to direct their steps, what friends "they will find in this or that village, and how "daily bread" shall be "provided. Two or three short sermons are ready for them; and I have "found an old garment which will be very acceptable to the younger of "the two. At twelve I must be at the church; and in the afternoon I "must examine a copy of the *Trialogus*, upon which James has been "many weeks at work, and which he is just finishing. If I can find time "I must look at that work which they sent me from Oxford last week; "and, besides, I have two calls to make upon poor sick women.'

"In a word, Wycliffe, in these last weeks and months of his life, was "still the Rector of Lutterworth; still a parish priest; still discharging "his parochial duty; so that when at last the messenger was sent to call "him to 'Come up higher,' it was upon the floor of his church that the "summoned one was found. But he was also the translator, he was "also the director of 'the poor priests,' he was also during the same "period pouring forth most of his important writings, so that 'the "thought naturally arises, How was all this possible?' Professor Burrows "finds the explanation in 'The intense energy, the extraordinary power, "and the resolute will of the man, who *felt that he was drawing near the "end of his life;* and yet was not too old to apply with effect the lessons "of experience which he had acquired in the course of it.'"

Chosen, Chastened, and Crowned. Memorials of Mary Shekleton, late Secretary of the Invalids' Prayer Union. By her sister, M. S., author of "St. Peter's Commentary on Psalm cxix.;" "Biblical Geography in a Nutshell," etc. Pp. 195. Nisbet and Co.

One cannot coldly criticize such a book as this. Its character the very title-page would reveal; but in further illustration a quotation from the book may be added. The Rev. W. H. Krause, in his first visit to their Dublin home, asked Mrs. Shekleton of the spiritual welfare of her children? "Thank God," she replied, "they all know the Lord; but, Mr. Krause, this will never satisfy me." "Never satisfy you," he exclaimed; "many mothers would be satisfied if they could say that all their children knew the Lord." "No," she said, "I want more: I want the Lord to use them *individually* in His service." "The Lord perform thy petition!" was Mr. Krause's reply.

More books, especially more *little* books, are needed for Invalids. For the sick who have not much education, the Rev. W. O. Purton's "Trust in Trial" has been found very useful: meditations, short and simple, on verses of Scripture, with appropriate hymns and prayers; probably unique. Many invalids will derive help and comfort from the volume before us.

Samuel Gobat, Bishop of Jerusalem: His Life and Work. A Biographical Sketch, drawn chiefly from his own journals, with Preface by the Right Hon. the Earl of SHAFTESBURY. Nisbet and Co.

Of the four hundred pages of this book more than two hundred are occupied by the Bishop's autobiography, written at Jerusalem during the years 1869 to 1873. It ends in 1849. The second portion of the work is a Memoir (1846-1879), the work of other hands: it contains copious extracts from the Bishop's correspondence. For our present purpose it will be sufficient, without criticizing any statement in the Memoir, to quote the main portion of Lord Shaftesbury's preface:

> This volume (says the venerated Earl) has one great merit to begin with. It is short, compact, and very full of the most interesting and useful information. Autobiographies and private journals (specially in modern days) are open to a good deal of suspicion. In autobiographies we cannot generally expect that the writer will disclose what is really descriptive of himself, if it be not to his honour; and in journals kept during the last forty years (so frequent has become the issue of such things), almost everyone who makes his entries acts, consciously or unconsciously, under an impression that his thoughts will—certainly in some cases, and possibly in others—be revealed to the public.
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> But the autobiography of this excellent Bishop Gobat is transparent as glass. He says what he thought, he states what he felt; he goes through all the various phases of his opinion and actions with child-like simplicity, writing only for himself, and for none other, having nothing that he wishes to divulge, and nothing that he wishes to conceal . . . The latter part of the Bishop's life, his career at Jerusalem, has been completed by other hands. It is, however, of real value and importance.

Sermons. By J. LECKIE, D.D. Pp. 370. Glasgow: Jas. Maclehose and Sons. 1884.

These Sermons are suggestive and strong. Seldom indeed do we meet with real pulpit discourses which are so robust and, at the same time, rich in sound teaching. Dr. Leckie's sermons read well—*very* well. In particular to young men of culture, touched a little with the sadly prevailing scepticism, they may be of much service. But by most thoughtful persons, perhaps, they will be welcomed.

The Gospel and the Child. By A. S. LAMB, Scotch Advocate, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Pp. 260. Nisbet.

One must admire the aim and spirit of this work; at the same time, one can't but doubt whether it is likely to be much read. The religious education of children is a most important subject, and the author is deeply in earnest. Here and there is a specially forcible passage.

Our Maoris. By LADY MARTIN. S.P.C.K.

This is a very interesting little book; and we gladly recommend it as worthy of a very good place in a Missionary library. "It is not an unfitting time," says the Preface, "to bring before the public some notice of the Maori people, gathered from diaries kept by the writer during a residence of thirty-four years in New Zealand. This is a faithful attempt to describe them as they were—a people just emerging from barbarism, with many faults, but also with great capabilities."

Our Boys and Girls. Edited by the author of "Great Britain for Little Britons." With thirty illustrations. Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co.

This is a pretty and pleasing little volume, and the younger girls especially will like it much. There are thirty stories, simple and wholesome. Here and there one wishes an easy word instead of a long and difficult one.

The Chantry Priest of Barnet. A Tale of the Two Roses. By Rev. ALFRED J. CHURCH, M.A., Author of "Stories from Homer," etc. With sixteen illustrations. Seeley and Co.

Among the high-class (ably written, and tastefully got up) gift-books for which Messrs. Seeley are famed, Professor Church's "Stories" have for several years taken front rank—"Stories" from Virgil, from Herodotus, Livy, and so forth. The accomplished author has done well, perhaps, to turn to other lines; and certainly, in his "Tale of the Roses," he has drawn a picture which is very attractive, if not altogether accurate—a picture of the period in its social, literary, and religious aspects. His sketches of country life in Shropshire, of Eton school-life, of Oxford and St. Albans, are full of interest. "Thomas Caxton" is good, and "Joan Eliot" is excellent.

The Gospel History for the Young. Lessons on the Life of Christ, adapted for use in Families and in Sunday Schools. By WILLIAM F. SKENE, D.C.L., LL.D., Historiographer-Royal for Scotland. Vol. III. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1884.

The third volume of this excellent work is as suggestive and, if we may use the term, as *readable* as its predecessors. The learned author's style is clear and chaste. There is not the slightest attempt at word-painting; but the narrative throughout will interest a thoughtful reader, for it has a certain freshness, and is never "dry" with detail. As to its suggestiveness, a few instances may be given. On page 37 readers are informed, or reminded, of a peculiarity which distinguishes the narratives of St. Luke from those of St. John. St. Luke rarely mentions the exact place where the events happened which he records. Thus, *e.g.*, he merely says, Jesus entered "into a certain village," where a woman named Martha received them into her house. From St. John we learn that the village of Martha was Bethany. Again, the saying of Thomas, "Let us also go, that we may die with Him," is well brought out. ("Die with him," *i.e.*, with *Lazarus*, is an exposition to which the present writer once had to listen.) Again, on page 47 the weeping of Mary and of the Jews is distinguished from that of the Lord: "Jesus *wept*"—*shed tears*, is a milder term, and is used here only. Again, on page 61 Dr. Skene refers to the *Prophets* of the New Testament (Matt. xxxiii. 34; Luke xi. 49; Ephes. iv. 11, 12, etc.), and gives explanation. He thinks that the Seventy were Christian "Prophets." While heartily recommending the volume before us, and the preceding volumes, we may give a word of praise as regards the type and paper.

Heroes and Heroines of Nursery History. Hildesheimer and Faulkner.
Out of Town. By FRED. E. WEATHERLY. Illustrated in colour by Linnie Watt; monotints by Ernest Wilson. Hildesheimer and Faulkner.

"Heroes and Heroines" is a charming little volume, and the little folks will reckon it dainty and delightful. The coloured pictures are very amusing; so is the chatty narrative about "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son," Mrs. Hubbard, and the little man whose bullets were made of lead. In an artistic point of view, "Out of Town" is one of the best Christmas books for children we have ever seen. The pictures are beautiful, and do not lack finish.

Illustrated Poems and Songs for Young People. Edited by Mrs. SALE BARKER. G. Routledge and Sons, Broadway, Ludgate Hill.

One of the choicest "Christmas Books" we have seen. It is full of pleasing and appropriate illustrations. The pieces of poetry—from the best poets—have been chosen with much skill and judgment. The volume has a very tasteful cover.

The Conquest of Canaan. Lectures on the first Twelve Chapters of the Book of Joshua. By A. B. MACKAY, Lecturer in Sacred Rhetoric, Presbyterian College, Montreal; author of "The Story of the Cross," "The Story of Naaman," etc. Pp. 400. Hodder and Stoughton. 1884.

Mr. Mackay, a brother, we believe, of Dr. Mackay, of Hull, whose vigorous evangelistic writings are so widely known, has done well to publish these Lectures. We remember reading some eloquent passages in his book, "The Story of Naaman," of which the present work is a worthy companion. Mr. Mackay's style is robust, deeply in earnest, and "hard-hitting." Yet his exposition is both suggestive and spiritual. The book, we may add, is well printed.

The Lord of the Marches; or, The Story of Roger Mortimer. A Tale of the Fourteenth Century. By EMILY SARAH HOLT. Pp. 220. J. F. Shaw and Co.

Roger Mortimer, fifth Earl of March, born at Usk 1373; Viceroy of Ireland 20 to 22 Ric. II.; declared heir of the Crown in Parliament 9 Ric. II. (his mother Philippa was only child of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, son of Edw. III.); killed in skirmish, Kenles, Ireland, 1398; buried at Wigmore: this is the "Lord of the Marches" whom this "Tale of the Fourteenth Century" pictures a Don Quixote. This ably-written tale (*that* of course), rich in historical illustration, has many touches of pathetic interest, and will repay more than one perusal. At this season, we must add that the book has a very tasteful cover, and is an excellent prize or present for a young lady.

Gates and Doors. By Mrs. A. RUSSELL SIMPSON. Pp. 124. James Nisbet and Co.

Mrs. Simpson has consecrated her facile pen to her Heavenly "Master's use;" and this little book bids fair to do as good a work in His service as its predecessors, some of which have been favourably noticed in the pages of THE CHURCHMAN. It consists of twenty short chapters, each occupied with devout and edifying thoughts, on the *gates* and *doors* (metaphorical or actual) referred to in Holy Scripture; as, for instance, "Jesus the Door;" "the Door of the Sepulchre;" "the Chamber over the Gate;" "the Door of Heaven." The author remarks in her preface: "Old gates sometimes need new hinges. We mean this little book to be something like this for the Bibles of our young people, to help to open these gates more easily and widely, on the land of light to which they lead." Full of anecdote and illustration, Mrs. Simpson's pleasant pages are well calculated to fulfil their author's design.

Petland Revisited. By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S. Longmans, Green, and Co.

Mr. Wood needs no introduction to the readers of THE CHURCHMAN; and with regard to his present work we need say little more than that in it he does himself justice. "Pret," a cat with a good deal of character, is excellent; so is "Roughie," with other canine friends. The hedgehog, chameleon, coaiti-mondi, and other pets, have their own ways of doing, which are pleasingly portrayed. The illustrations are of high finish. As to type and paper also this is a charming gift-book.

We heartily recommend, as a very good gift-book, *True Tales* (Hodder and Stoughton): "Tales"—to quote the title-page—"of Travel and Adventure, Valour and Virtue," by JAMES MACAULAY, M.D., M.A., Author of "All True," "Grey Hawk," etc., and Editor of the *Leisure Hour*. This interesting volume has thirteen illustrations, and a tasteful cover.

Aunt Judy's Annual Volume is sent to us by Messrs. Bemrose. How many of the older girls will gladly welcome their old friend! This interesting magazine seems quite up to its high average, which is saying a great deal. There is a coloured frontispiece, which goes with a charming story by Lady Lindsay; and the volume is tastefully got up.

A review of Dr. Stoughton's very interesting volumes, *Religion in England from* 1800 *to* 1850, is unavoidably postponed.

From Messrs. Suttaby and Co. (Amen Corner) we have received, as usual, that long-esteemed pocket-book, *A Christian Remembrancer*.—Messrs. Bemrose and Son (23, Old Bailey) have sent to us their excellent Almanack-tablets for the wall; *Daily Calendar*, and *Scripture Calendar*.—The Religious Tract Society's Pocket-Books and Almanacks are good as usual.

Mr. Elliot Stock has sent to us the Annuals of *After Work* and *The Teacher's Storehouse;* cheap, and useful.

Dearer than Life (Religious Tract Society) is a well-written "Tale of the Times of Wycliffe." The pictures of social and religious life have interest. This is a good prize or present.—*Hampered*—"A Tale of American Family Life"—is pleasing and wholesome.—*Hampered* is cheaper than the other volumes.

To Part I. of *The Life and Words of Christ*, by Dr. GEIKIE (Cassell and Co.), we have much pleasure in inviting attention. Of Dr. Geikie's great work it is not necessary to write a word. The eminent publishers are resolved, one sees, to bring out the new, popular issue in a worthy form.—We gladly recommend the first number of a new volume of that excellent periodical, *Cassell's Family Magazine*.—The *Golden Centre*, the Annual of the *Quiver*, is a capital sixpennyworth.

A new edition of Dr. Geikie's *The Precious Promises*, and *Old Testament Characters*, have been sent to us by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton; both admirable books.

The first number of *Book-Lore* seems very good. (Elliot Stock.) *Book-Lore*, a Magazine devoted to Old Time Literature (with which is incorporated *The Bibliographer*), is sure to find appreciative readers. We notice a review of that very dainty and interesting volume, "A Smaller Biblia Pauperum," published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, which was recommended in the December CHURCHMAN.

From Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner (41, Jewin Street) we have received several specimens of their admirably finished illustrated books for children: *Children's Voices*, *The Song of the Bell*, *Little Miss Marigold*, and, smaller and cheaper, *Tom, the Piper's Son*. The pictures, in colours, are charming.

Always a favourite with our juveniles, with the smaller boys as well as with girls, the Annual of *Sunday Reading for the Young* will take a good place in the present season's Christmas books. (Wells Gardner,

Darton, and Co.) The volume—in all ways attractive—has a pretty cover, and it is cheap. There is an illustration, large or little, on almost every page.

Of *The Fireside Annual* we can only repeat the praise which has been given, year after year, in these pages. The characteristics of the magazine are well known. The much-esteemed editor, Mr. Bullock, has done good service, earnestly and steadily, in several branches of literature, particularly as regards periodicals; and he deserves the thanks of all Evangelical Churchmen. The yearly volume of the *Fireside*, as usual, has a handsome cover. An excellent Christmas gift. The Annuals of *Home Words* and the *Day of Days* we also strongly recommend.

The second issue of the "Foreign Theological Library" (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark), for 1884, are these volumes: *Ewald's Revelation;* and *Rabiger's Encyclopædia of Theology*, vol. i.

Of Archdeacon Farrar's *The Early Days of Christianity*, Messrs. Cassell and Company have issued a "popular edition." To very many it will prove useful; it is cheap and convenient; admirably printed; not too bulky.

The author of "Belt and Spur" has written *Stories of the Italian Artists*, from Vasari (Seeley and Co.). There are sixteen illustrations, mostly in colours. "I have tried in these stories," says the author, "to give an idea of the liveliness of the Renaissance in Italy... I have simply followed Vasari, and tell the tales as nearly as I can in his own words." As to Raphael, the author well remarks that Vasari was such a devoted disciple of Michael Angelo that his judgment was almost sure to be biassed.

The annual volumes of the *Leisure Hour* and the *Sunday at Home* are as welcome as ever. No sign of "falling off" is anywhere apparent—on the contrary, there is plainly manifest an ability, with zeal and discretion, to keep up to the times. Handsome volumes, a treasury of interesting and informing matter, well-illustrated, they will prove specially popular in any parochial or lending library. In the monthly Magazine Notices of THE CHURCHMAN both periodicals have been often commended, and we now content ourselves with heartily recommending the Annuals. The esteemed editor may well be congratulated on the success of his labours.

An admirable gift-book is *In the East Country*. By Mrs. MARSHALL. Seeley. It is a pleasure to read and to recommend a Tale by this graceful and gracious pen. The literary merits of Mrs. Marshall's books are by no means small, and the refined culture is that of true devotion. The full title of the book (which has pleasing illustrations) is, "In the East Country with Sir Thomas Browne, Kt., Physician and Philosopher of the City of Norwich." We are glad to have so good a sketch of the author of the "Religio Medici."

For the fourth time we have the pleasure of recommending *The Clergyman and Church Workers' Visiting List* (J. Smith and Co.); an excellent clerical pocket-book.

Messrs. George Routledge and Sons have sent us, as usual, *Every Boy's Annual*, *Every Girl's Annual*, and *Little Wide Awake*. These

volumes appear to be quite up to the high average so long maintained; full of interesting and wholesome reading. Very attractive in every way; handsome gift-books. In the Annual for Boys a friendly critic notices especially "Escaped from Siberia," "Adventures in the Euxine," and "The White Chief in the Umzivubu Caffres." Two other books, dainty little gift-books, have reached us from the same firm: Kate Greenaway's *Language of Flowers*, and *Almanack for* 1885.

From Messrs. Collingridge (148, Aldersgate Street) we have received, as usual, the Annual of *Old Jonathan*, a good and very cheap parochial book, and *The City Diary*.

The *Hand and Heart* Annual (7, Paternoster Square), a good Temperance book, merits a word of hearty praise.

Messrs. Campbell and Tudhope (45, St. Paul's Churchyard) have sent us some capital Cards for Sunday-school children and for general use. *Words in Season* are highly finished Fern Cards; *Sure Pathway*, *Wells of Salvation*, *Our Salvation*, are Scripture Cards; very tasteful and very cheap.

A companion volume to *The Jackdaw of Rheims*—the very handsome gift-book noticed in the last CHURCHMAN—is *The Lay of St. Aloys* (Eyre and Spottiswoode). "The Lay of St. Aloys," a legend of Blois, by T. Ingoldsby, with the old letters, and new illustrations of ERNEST M. JESSOP. Exceedingly amusing; full of spirit and artistic point.

Too late for a worthy notice in our present impression has reached us *A City Violet*, welcome as a new book by the author of "A Nest of Sparrows" (Seeley). A dip here and there shows it is not an unworthy companion of that admirable Tale.

THE MONTH.

THE declaration of the Royal Assent to the Franchise Bill was made on Saturday the 6th;[1] and both Houses adjourned to the 19th of February. The Bill had been read a second and a third time almost without debate; and, in the House of Commons, the Redistribution Bill was read a second time without division. Private conferences between the

[1] "For Mr. Gladstone," says the *Standard*, "as he stood with the other members of the Lower House who had obeyed the summons of Black Rod, it marked the completion of the first part of a work which he must regard as the crowning achievement of a great career. We are not concerned to ask how far the difficulties with which he had to contend were created for him by his own followers, and whether in every stage of the dispute his own course was a worthy one. If there were errors at the outset and midway, they have been atoned for by the calm wisdom and self-control by which at the close an honourable settlement was secured."

Premier, Lord Hartington, and Sir Charles Dilke, and the leaders of the Opposition, Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote, brought about this happy result.

The Redistribution Bill, in the opinion of many, discourages the principle of minority representation. The counties will have more representatives; but in certain counties borough residents will materially affect the representation.

More than five millions are to be spent in improving the Navy. Are the Government proposals adequate?

The Ultramontane leaders in the German Reichstag are clever and persistent. Prince Bismarck has met with a rebuff; but he is not of a yielding disposition.

We heartily wish success to the "George Smith Fund." The unwearied exertions of Mr. Smith, of Coalville, in regard to Brickyards and Canal Boats, should be duly recognised.

On Sunday the 7th, the venerable Vicar of Islington preached as usual before the opening of the Cattle Show.[1]

Discussion upon agricultural depression has, for the rural clergy, just now, a special interest. An eminent agriculturist, Mr. Jacob Wilson, on the 9th, said:

He did not believe that agriculture in this country could be successfully pursued if the growth of wheat was entirely abandoned, for in certain strong and poor soils no other cereal crop could be substituted for it, and the cultivation of a winter corn crop enabled the labour of the farm to be more equally distributed during the year than would otherwise be possible. Then, if increased facilities were given for packing and conveying straw to large towns, its value would be greatly increased, and a further profit might be made in the ensilage of green crops when that process had been made more systematic. Then more personal skill and knowledge would have to be brought to bear in dairy-farming and cattle-breeding and feeding. With regard to exterior aids to the tenant-farmers, there was the mitigation of the burdens of local taxation, the principle of which had been more than once affirmed by the House of Commons; and he was glad to say that the landlords throughout the country had lightened the burdens of the tenant by the readjustment and reduction of their rents.

In the papers has appeared the following:

We understand that the Rev. William Bernard Huson (known in clerical circles as "Father" Huson), who has for several years past been a leading member of the "Cowley Fathers," residing at the Mission

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[1] A morning paper says: "Sunday was one of comparative rest for the hard-worked officials, most of whom, with Mr. R. Leeds, Chairman of the Agricultural Hall Company, at their head, attended the annual service held in the hall for the herdsmen and other attendants, when the Rev. D. Wilson, Vicar of Islington, preached, as is his wont, a practical sermon to them, taking his text from 1 Tim. i. 15, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' Sir Brandreth Gibbs (through indisposition) was missed from this service for the first time."

House, has recently been received into the Roman Catholic Church.—*Oxford Times.*

The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, in a sermon at Clifton, referred to religious apathy. The unconscious state of enmity to the Cross generally began, he said, with indifference and apathy to the subject of the Atonement:

When he put to his brethren, the clergy, at solemn and periodical times, the question whether there was anything in their individual parishes which impeded their ministry, the reply he obtained was that there was nothing more particularly to complain of than general apathy and indifference. That answer he received very often. When this state of indifference stole into the heart it gradually and silently disclosed itself, until often there began to be positive enmity, and the poor helpless one who commenced with indifference passed into an attitude of actual hostility. He asked them earnestly to try more to realize the blessed doctrine which was in that chapter (Phil. iii.) disclosed to them —the blessed atonement of the Lord.

The published reports of the London Mission have been, as a rule, deeply interesting and full of encouragement. Prebendary Wilson has written: "I am thankful to be able to say that my impression is most favourable." Similar testimonies have been borne by the Rev. J. F. Kitto, and other Presbyters of experience and judgment.

Due tributes of respect have been paid to the memory of the Rev. Edward Girdlestone, senior Canon of Bristol.

"With all the dignity of high desert, and all the warmth of mutual appreciation," says the *Times*, "the Archbishop of Dublin has placed his resignation in the hands of his Synod of a load of office which, after twenty-one years of continued strain, he is no longer able to bear." Dr. Trench retires amidst a universal chorus of sympathy and esteem. The *Rock* says:

His Grace will be followed in his retirement by the affectionate regard of his clergy and brother prelates. He has placed the poverty-stricken Church of Ireland under a fresh obligation by refusing to accept a penny of the £2,500 a year to which he is entitled. Ever since Disestablishment, indeed, he has devoted £1,000 a year of his not very munificent income to the funds of the Church. It is pleasant to have to call attention to these good deeds of a prelate with whom we have not been always able to agree. The stormy controversies which attended the reorganization of the Irish Church are now, however, happily things of the past. The Church is firmly established upon the basis of Protestant principles, and we would fain hope has still a great work before her, though deprived of the recognition of the State.

The death of our honoured friend, the Dean of Gloucester, was announced on November 26th. The Dean had recently entered upon his eighty-eighth year; but he retained his mental and literary powers unimpaired, and continued to take the deepest interest in matters pertaining to the Church of England, and to the work of Christ at home and abroad. An

accomplished scholar, a graceful and suggestive writer, an eloquent preacher, a very generous donor—Dean Law was, above all, a spiritually minded follower of Christ. The Dean took a hearty interest in THE CHURCHMAN; and his last contributions to this Magazine were an article on "The Life of Bishop McIlvaine," and a review of "*The Communicant.*"[1] The "In Memoriam—Henry Law," by Canon Carus (*Record*, Dec. 5th), thus concludes:

During the last few winters he was quite unable to bear the climate of Gloucester, and so he used to reside for some weeks in the milder and drier air of Bournemouth. There it was my great privilege often to meet him and enjoy his conversation, which was always full of holy and elevating thought. Bournemouth, however, was no place of cessation from work, for in truth he was never idle, but always working for the Lord, either by his compositions or his correspondence, or his kindly intercourse with his friends. His great and constant theme was "Christ is All," and in a very remarkable degree he seemed ever to realize and enjoy fellowship with Him. And so on his dying bed, when suffering from extreme exhaustion, he would still express his love to His Saviour, though in feeble and broken accents—"O Jesus, how I have loved Thee!" "O Lord, how I adore Thee!" His last work consisted of "Meditations on the first three chapters of the Epistle to the Ephesians," which he finished as he was completing his eighty-seventh year. It exhibits all the freshness of the intellectual power of his earlier works, and the devotional character of his remarks have now a touching interest as the last utterances and aspirations of his holy life. How truly does he now understand the force of his own words at the conclusion of his work: "All the longings of the heart will for ever be satisfied when we awake with His likeness. Then shall we realize, as we cannot here and now, the depths of truth in the Apostle's prayer, that we may be filled with all the fulness of God."

At one of the Deptford Sunday Afternoon Lectures for the people, the Rev. Charles Bullock dwelt on the poverty of scepticism. Mr. Bullock quoted Carlyle's "mournful cry"—"Oh, that I had faith!"

A very remarkable paper ("Communicated") has appeared in the *Record*: "Sir Matthew Hale on the Royal Supremacy."[2]

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[1] Another contributor to THE CHURCHMAN, Canon Hume, D.C.L., a leading Liverpool clergyman, an eminent antiquarian, has entered into rest. An article, lately written by Dr. Hume, lies in our drawer.

[2] The Rev. Sir Emilius Bayley writes: "Your correspondent deserves, I venture to think, the best thanks of all English Churchmen for having brought to light the valuable treatise of Sir Matthew Hale upon the Royal Supremacy, and for the lucid remarks with which he has introduced it to your readers. Sir Matthew Hale was certainly not infallible, but he was a great lawyer and a sound Churchman, and his work upon the rights of the Crown ought to go far to settle the vexed question of the Supremacy, and to pave the way for legislation upon the lines recommended in the report of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission."