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THE

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ART. I.—DELITZSCH AND SALKINSON'S HEBREW TRANSLATIONS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

THE first portion of the New Testament known to have been translated into Hebrew was the Gospel of St. Matthew, which was executed for missionary purposes by Shem Tob ben Shaprat, a Spanish Jew, in 1385. The translation was made into Rabbinical, and not into classical Hebrew, but was not published until a century and a half later by Sebastian Münster (Basil. 1537). It has recently been reprinted from MSS. by Dr. A. Herbst (Göttingen, 1879), though it is now said that there are better MSS. in existence than those used by the learned editor. In 1557 a second edition of this portion appeared with the addition of a Hebrew version of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

The New Testament as a whole was first edited in Hebrew by Elias Hutter (Noriberg. 1599-1600), in his Polyglott New Testament, in two large folio volumes, containing the New Testament in twelve languages (Syriac, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, German, Bohemian, Italian, Spanish, French, English, Danish, and Polish). In the preparation of this great work Hutter was assisted by several eminent scholars of the day. Two years later Hutter published in quarto an edition of the New Testament in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and German. The Hebrew translation was in the latter edition amended in several places.

In 1661 William Robertson, a Scotchman, published Hutter's translation separately in 8vo., with parallel references in Hebrew. Robertson emended some of the errors in Hutter's editions, but left a considerable number remaining. Hutter sought to translate the New Testament into the classical Hebrew, and, according to Delitzsch, exhibited a great command of the Hebrew language. His work was a marvel, as being the first effort at a complete translation, but many conspicuous

blunders, as Leusden has noted, still remained, such as the use of the article with nouns in the construct state (that is, governing others in the genitive), and with suffixes. In order not to offend the Jews, Hutter also everywhere gave the Old Testament passages quoted in the New in their Old Testament form, thereby not only introducing confusion occasionally into the argument of the New Testament writers, but seriously damaging the value of his translation as a true exponent of the text of the New Testament. We shall see by-and-by that he has been followed in this dangerous course by Mr. Salkinson, the latest translator of the New Testament into Hebrew.

Hutter's Hebrew New Testament proved of little immediate value in the work of Christian missions among the Jews. The Papal authorities also began, somewhere about 1660, the printing at Rome of an edition of the Hebrew New Testament; but whether the translation was taken from the work of Hutter, or executed by other scholars, we know not. This work was abandoned from some cause or other, and the bulk of Robertson's valuable re-issue of Hutter perished in 1666 in the Great Fire of London.

The London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews was founded in 1809, and for its purposes it was necessary to have the New Testament in Hebrew. It is unnecessary here to attempt to sketch the history of the revised translation into Hebrew, which was mainly of the classical Old Testament type. The Society's revised version was first issued in 1817, and reprinted with a few corrections in several subsequent years. The Rev. Alexander McCaul, D.D., of Trinity College, Dublin, an eminent scholar and missionary, the well-known author of the controversial work entitled "The Old Paths," and afterwards Professor of King's College, London, with the Rev. J. C. Reichardt, a missionary to the Jews, Rev. S. Hoga, Translator into Hebrew of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and Rev. Michael S. Alexander, a Christian Jew, afterwards first Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, were the revisers of the Hebrew translations issued in 1837-8. A third revision was completed in 1866 by Rev. J. C. Reichardt, assisted by one of the most eminent Rabbinical scholars, Dr. J. H. R. Biesenthal, and Mr. Ezekiel Margoliouth, a Jewish missionary in London, father, we believe, of one of the most excellent Fellows and Tutors of New College, Oxford, Mr. David Samuel Margoliouth, distinguished for his attainments not only in classical literature but as a Sanskrit and Semitic scholar.

Dr. J. H. R. Biesenthal, who assisted Mr. Reichardt in the revision of the Hebrew New Testament—though according to Dr. Delitzsch's statement his emendations were not generally adopted by Mr. Reichardt—was for many years a missionary

in connection with the London Jews' Society. Indeed, though now pensioned off, he was one of the greatest of that Society's missionaries. Though no longer on the list of effective missionaries, he by his works "still speaketh." He is the author of Commentaries in Rabbinical Hebrew on the Gospel of St. Luke in Hebrew (Berlin, 1855), on the Epistle to the Romans, in Hebrew (Berlin, 1855), and on the Epistle to the Hebrews in Hebrew, as well as of other important works. His latest work, unfortunately published in his old age, is *Das Trostschreiben des Apostels Paulus an die Hebräer*, Leipzig, 1878. Dr. Biesenthal in the latter work maintains the theory that the Epistle to the Hebrews was written by the Apostle originally in Mishnaic Hebrew, and that the Greek Epistle to the Hebrews is only a translation made by one who was not fully competent for the task. He has accordingly attempted the difficult task of reconstructing the supposed Hebrew original, and, whatever may be thought of the correctness of his theory, there are few scholars so competent for the task of translating the Epistle (or "the Writing," or "Word of Consolation," as Biesenthal prefers to term that Epistle, from the expression found in Heb. xiii. 22), into the Hebrew of the Mishna, which was certainly nearer to the dialect spoken by our Lord and His Apostles than the classical Hebrew of the Prophets of the Old Testament. It is a pity that in the work referred to Dr. Biesenthal has not printed his translation—for such most scholars will certainly regard it—as a connected whole, instead of simply giving it at the head of each verse or section of a verse commented on. But even as it is, Biesenthal's version of this Epistle deserves to be favourably mentioned in any sketch of attempts to translate the New Testament into Hebrew.

We may pass over other isolated attempts to translate the New Testament into Hebrew, such as the translations made, we think, by Rev. S. Greenfield, and published by Messrs. Bagster and Sons in 1845, in small foolscap 8vo., so as to correspond with their editions of the Hebrew Bible.

Professor Dr. Franz Delitzsch, of Leipzig, the well-known veteran commentator on many books of the Old Testament —deeply skilled also in New Testament exegesis, as his great Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews is of itself sufficient to prove—is well known as the greatest Christian authority on matters of Rabbinical literature. He was for many years thrown into the closest connection with Dr. J. H. R. Biesenthal; but independently of that fact, it is well known that one of his earliest productions was in the department of modern Hebrew literature, namely his *Geschichte der jüdischen Poesie*, published in 1836. Thoroughly qualified for the work, if ever a man was, by reason of his special studies, and because of the

intense interest he has ever taken in missionary work among the Jews,[1] Professor Delitzsch published in 1870 a translation of the Epistle to the Romans in Hebrew, with introduction and critical notes, in which many passages of the Epistle are illustrated from the Talmud and Midrash. The British and Foreign Bible Society gladly availed itself of his services, which were freely rendered without reward, and in 1877 the first edition of his Hebrew New Testament appeared, for the basis of which the London edition of Reichardt was taken. The first edition of Delitzsch's version consisted of 2,500 copies. It was rapidly followed by a second in 1878, and a third in 1880, each of the same number of copies. In 1881 and 1883 the fourth and fifth editions were issued, each of 5,000 copies. In all 17,500 copies were disposed of within eight years, and two other editions, each of 5,000 copies, were issued in 1885. The last of these was printed in large 8vo., in order to meet the desire expressed by many that the Hebrew New Testament should correspond in form with the Old Testament, and should be able to be united with it in one volume.

None of these editions, as Professor Driver has stated in his article in *The Expositor* on the "Two Hebrew Testaments," were mere reprints of the preceding ones, but contain many fresh emendations. In the third and following editions Professor Delitzsch made considerable use of renderings and emendations suggested by Hebrew scholars in many parts of the world. The seventh 8vo. edition especially has been even more extensively revised than its predecessors.

Another translation has lately appeared under the auspices of the Trinitarian Bible Society. Mr. Isaac E. Salkinson was a missionary of the British Jews' Society, and was long well-known "as a master of Hebrew style." His translations into Hebrew of Milton's "Paradise Lost," of Tiedge's "Urania," of Shakespeare's "Othello" and "Romeo and Juliet," as well as of German classical works, have been warmly praised by those able to appreciate such productions. According to Dr. Ginsburg, who was one of his early fellow-students at college, Salkinson was engaged in the work of translating the New Testament "during the whole of his active life." He died, however, in June, 1883, leaving the work incomplete. How far his version was actually ready for press has not been distinctly

[1] Professor Delitzsch has for many years published with this object a very interesting missionary publication *Saat auf Hoffnung: Zeitschrift für die Mission der Kirche an Israel.* It is very encouraging to note that another German professor of high mark as a Hebraist has lately begun to publish another journal with the same object; we refer to *Nathanael: Zeitschrift für die Arbeit der evangel. Kirche an Israel,* herausgegeben von Prof. Dr. Hermann L. Strack.

stated. Dr. Ginsburg says "he died when he began printing it, and before he had finished it, hoping that during the printing he might be enabled to finish the parts untranslated." The work, however, has been finished and carried through the press by Dr. C. D. Ginsburg, an eminent Hebrew Christian scholar. Dr. Ginsburg is the author of Historical and Critical Commentaries on the Song of Songs, the Book of Coheleth or Ecclesiastes, with valuable introductions. He is also the editor of Levita's Massoreth ha-Massoreth, and of smaller works, his *opus magnum* being the edition of the Massorah itself, of which two large folio volumes, with a supplemental volume, have already appeared, and which is to be completed by the fourth volume, which will contain an English translation and explanation of the whole work.

With regard to Salkinson's Hebrew New Testament as it now lies before us, it is impossible to tell which part of the work is that of Salkinson, and what is the work of Ginsburg. It is unquestionably a work of great merit, but it is marred by great blemishes. The typographical mistakes in it are painfully numerous. The tenses are often confused, incorrect forms are employed, words are omitted, proper names assume strange and unknown shapes, and Hebrew grammar is sometimes altogether set at naught. Some of these things may possibly be excused, for it is well-nigh impossible to issue all at once an absolutely correct work of this kind; but very many of the blunders do not admit of being thus excused.

Three very important reviews of these two Hebrew Testaments have already appeared: (1) three articles in the *Theologisches Literaturblatt*, Nos. xlv.—xlvii., for 1885; (2) a review in the *Guardian* of February 17, 1886, signed by the well-known initials "A. N.;" and (3) the article of Canon Driver, Regius Professor of Hebrew at Oxford, which has been already referred to. The opinion of the most competent scholars is to the effect that "errors of punctuation and grammar," such as are frequent in Salkinson's version, are not to be discovered in that of Delitzsch; that although Salkinson's work, which aims at a higher and a more classical style than that of Delitzsch, possesses in parts great merits, "its excellence is not sustained throughout." For if Delitzsch's translation is "occasionally stiff," it is an honest attempt to represent faithfully the New Testament, and is thoroughly grammatical. It may be well also to note that Professor Delitzsch is preparing another edition of his version, in which it is very likely he will adopt some of Salkinson's renderings, so far as may be consistent with the character of his own work. The object of the veteran German professor is not his own glorification, but the establishment of a really

excellent version of the New Testament, which may assist in showing forth more brightly the beauty of the Christian religion therein revealed.

Dr. Ginsburg has unfortunately attacked Delitzsch's translation in a most unbecoming manner; and the Trinitarian Bible Society, ever anxious to tilt a lance against the older British and Foreign Bible Society, against which the former Society is a standing protest, has in puffing its own translation seized upon every opportunity of running down the translation issued by the rival Society. It is not creditable that in such a sacred work as Bible translation, such an unfair spirit should be displayed; and, as we shall see, "those who dwell in glass houses should not throw stones." For, as shall be presently pointed out, the principles of the Trinitarian Bible Society are set at naught in their loudly praised Hebrew New Testament.

We have frequently noticed that many Jews, though sadly deficient themselves in grammatical knowledge of Hebrew, are often wont to speak contemptuously of the attainments of Gentile scholars, as if Gentiles could never obtain a thorough knowledge of Biblical Hebrew. For, as the Jews truly remark, "it is one thing to be able to understand a language, and another thing to write in that language." The application of this principle, however, to Biblical Hebrew is false. The Hebrew of the Old Testament has, many centuries ago, ceased to be a spoken language. Rabbinical Hebrew is that used for ordinary purposes, and an ordinary knowledge of the latter is sometimes prejudicial to a critical knowledge of the former. For what would be correct in Rabbinical Hebrew would be grossly wrong in the Hebrew of the Old Testament. Hence though books have been written in classical Hebrew, just as they have been written in classical Latin, that language has to be learned from study, and cannot be picked up vernacularly. The Jew and the Gentile stand, therefore, on the same platform in being obliged to learn the classical Hebrew from the books of the Old Testament, which are the only acknowledged authorities for its words, forms, and constructions.

Dr. Ginsburg, on the assumption referred to, argues that Delitzsch and the scholars who assisted him with their suggestions, were "good Hebrew scholars, but they were foreigners to the language; and being foreigners to the language, they have committed blunders similar to those I have pointed out," alluding to some amusing instances, given in his speech, of mistakes made by foreigners with an imperfect knowledge of English. He then gives an instance, which though not distinctly stated, is taken from Delitzsch's translation, as follows:

> Let me instance a passage in a translation of greater pretensions than this [query, Salkinson's?]. We are told "at last he sent his son," and then

we are told that when they saw that the son came, "they ill-treated him, they beheaded him, and sent him away blushing." That is the passage in the Hebrew New Testament. I can assure you that many a Jew has read the New Testament in the same way that you read *Punch*—to have a laugh at it, because such errors are exceedingly amusing; and I need hardly tell you that that is not the object of the New Testament. When they take it up like that, they had better not take it up at all.[1]

Such remarks as these are unjustifiable, and it is a pity that a scholar of Dr. Ginsburg's reputation should have stooped so low. The very criticism is an illustration of Dr. Ginsburg's weakness as a textual critic, however strong he may be as a collator of MSS. It will be no wonder, with such criticisms before them, if scholars who know the superiority of Professor Franz Delitzsch as a Biblical scholar or Hebraist, should retaliate by commenting strongly upon the blunders of Dr. Ginsburg's translation, as the present edition of Salkinson must more or less be regarded.

The true state of the case cited, to pass over minor inaccuracies of Dr. Ginsburg's statement,[2] is as follows: The Hebrew word by which Delitzsch has sought to render the very peculiar Greek word (*ἐκεφαλαίωσαν, wounded him in the head*), found in the passage in question (Mark xii. 4) is מָחַקוּ, which only occurs elsewhere in Deborah's Song in Judges v. 26, "She put her hand to the nail, And her right hand to the workmen's hammer; And with the hammer she smote Sisera [literally, "And she hammered Sisera"], she smote through his head (מָחֲקָה רֹאשׁוֹ)." Delitzsch was fully justified in using the word in the last clause to translate the expression in the Greek original. For the meaning of the verb is abundantly clear from the context, as well as from cognate words in Hebrew or Arabic, and means only "she struck him violently on his head," which would have been a better rendering than the "struck through his head" of the Revised Version. The Authorised Version has erroneously followed the rendering of Kimchi, "she smote off his head." The translators did not perceive that the adoption of such a rendering actually introduces a discrepancy into the book of Judges. For according to the prose narrative in chapter iv., Jael could not have beheaded Sisera; and if she had, she would undoubtedly have gone forth to meet Barak with the head of Sisera in her hand. And (2) the sense in which the Greek expression is used by St.

[1] Dr. Ginsburg's speech is quoted above from the Report of the Annual Meeting of the Trinitarian Bible Society given in the *Quarterly Record* of that Society for July, 1885.

[2] Such as that in the verse in question it is not "the son" who is represented as so treated.

Mark is almost unique, and hence even that peculiarity of the word has been preserved in Delitzsch's Hebrew translation.

The only slight excuse to be made for Dr. Ginsburg—for the usage of the word in Rabbinical Hebrew does not support his criticism—is, as has been pointed out by Professor Driver in a note to his article, "that David Kimchi understands the phrase as meaning *took off his head;* but great as is the value of Kimchi's exegetical writings, he is not infallible, and is sometimes demonstrably in error. Here, as Gesenius pointed out, the meaning assigned is altogether inappropriate, and not only is there no indication in the narrative that Jael beheaded Sisera, but either a hammer or a nail [a tent-peg] would be unsuitable for the purpose."

Moreover we may add that the rendering of Delitzsch's version given by Ginsburg, "sent him away blushing," is also incorrect. The Greek ἠτίμασαν, translated in the Revised Version *handled shamefully,* is rendered by Delitzsch by the same word as is used in 2 Sam. x. 5, 1 Chron. xix. 5, of the shameful treatment of David's ambassadors by Hanun, the King of Ammon, in both which passages the LXX. have rendered the Hebrew verb by the same word used by St. Mark; and the English word "blushing," both in grammatical form and sense, expresses a different idea from that conveyed by the Hebrew word made use of in Delitzsch's version. There is no such idea conveyed as that of getting red in the face from shame, which is the natural sense conveyed by *blushing* in English.

We have, however, no intention of entering upon the subject of the mistakes made in Salkinson's version, or of attempting to prove the superiority of that of Delitzsch. The reviewers already referred to have performed that work sufficiently. There is no doubt, however, that the publication, even such as it is—of Salkinson's version will prove of considerable importance; although the Trinitarian Bible Society would act wisely if it printed no more such puffs from anonymous writers as those contained in the *Quarterly Record* of that Society for January, 1886, in which we are told that "the work of Delitzsch, compared with the work of Salkinson, is like a miserable tent compared with the palaces of kings"!

We turn to consider a much more important matter, namely, whether the translation of Salkinson, supposing it to be the most faultless Hebrew, honestly represents the New Testament; and whether a Society which prides itself on "the circulation of uncorrupted versions of the Word of God," and protests against the British and Foreign Bible Society, mainly because it circulates Roman Catholic translations of the Holy Scriptures, in cases where Protestant versions will not be

received, is justified in regarding Salkinson's version, edited by Ginsburg, as an "uncorrupted version" in the common sense of the word.

The point to which we now call attention is one which will be understood by the ordinary readers of the English Bible. Is a translator justified in correcting—without any authority from ancient MSS.—statements made in the New Testament of facts recorded in the Old; or of ignoring the truth that very many quotations from the Old Testament Scriptures are derived from the Greek version of the Old Testament, known to scholars as the LXX., or the Septuagint?

It is well known, for instance, that the sacred name vocalized in our English versions, "Jehovah" does not occur in the New Testament at all. But in all the quotations from the Old Testament which occur in the New, instead of expressing the Greek word rendered "Lord" by its Hebrew equivalent, or, as Delitzsch has done, substituting the well-known later symbol, יי, which calls attention to the fact in a way the Jews are well accustomed to—Salkinson reintroduces the name *Jehovah*, which is even inserted in cases where it is designedly omitted in the New Testament, and in some cases where the name *God* has been substituted in its place. We do not, for reasons it would take too long to enumerate, object to its occasional introduction, in cases where there is no possibility of discussion arising; but for obvious reasons a translator must be very careful in this matter.

Quotations are constantly given in Salkinson's version from the Old Testament, even where the New Testament quotes them with very marked differences of detail. Thus in Matt. ii. 6 we have the text cited directly from Micah v. 1, in spite of all such differences. In Matt. xii. 20, 21, in place of "till He send forth judgment unto victory, and in His name shall the Gentiles hope," we have the Old Testament words from Isa. xlii. 3, 4, "He shall send judgment unto truth . . . and the isles shall wait for His law."

In Matt. xv. 9 (and in Mark vii. 7), in place of "But in vain do they worship Me, teaching as their doctrines the precepts of men," we have the Old Testament phrase (Isa. xxix. 13), "And their fear of Me is a commandment of men which hath been taught them," which is by no means an identical statement.

The reviewer in the *Guardian* has pointed out that the opening four verses of St. Mark's Gospel have been considerably "doctored" in Salkinson's version. Similarly in Luke iii. 4, in place of "Prepare ye the way of the Lord: make His paths straight," we find, from the Old Testament, "Prepare ye the way of Jehovah: make straight in the desert a highway

for our God;" and in verse 6, instead of "all flesh shall see the salvation of God," we find the phrase from Isa. lii. 10, "and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God."

In Luke iv. 10, where many a commentator has called attention to what has usually been regarded as a very significant omission in the quotation made by Satan, from Ps. xci., Salkinson inserts the omitted phrase, "in all thy ways." In the eighteenth verse of the same chapter, in place of "the Spirit of the Lord," we have the full Old Testament phrase reintroduced from Isaiah, "the Spirit of the Lord Jehovah" (here with a serious typographical blunder). The quotation from the Old Testament given by St. Luke has in this place been much tampered with. Salkinson inserts from Isaiah lxi. the phrase, "the opening *of the prison* to them that are bound," in place of "the recovering of sight to the blind." For though the Hebrew word rendered "the opening *of the prison*" might refer to "the recovering of sight," the word "bound" could not properly be rendered by "blind." He quietly omits in the same place, "to set at liberty them that are bruised," which words are inserted in the New Testament from Isa. lviii. 6, (LXX.).

In Luke xi. 51, in place of "who perished between the altar and the sanctuary" (Gr. "house"), there is read, partly from 2 Chron. xxiv. 21, "who was slain by the side of the altar in the court of the house of Jehovah."

We pass over here the extraordinary rendering of the prologue of St. John, but calling attention still to the Old Testament quotations, we notice that in John viii. 17, "The testimony of two men is true," is changed, after Deut. xix. 15, into "At the mouth of two witnesses shall a matter be established." In John xii. 40 the quotation of the evangelist from Isaiah closes, as in the LXX., with the words "and I will heal them." Salkinson restores the passage to its Old Testament form—"and he healed." In John xix. 37, a much-disputed passage which ought to have been most carefully preserved in its New Testament form, Salkinson corrects the New from the Old (Zech. xii. 10), "They shall look on Me whom they have pierced."

In Acts i. 20, "Let his habitation be desolate, and let no man dwell therein," we have the Old Testament phrases reintroduced (Ps. lxix. 25), "Let their habitation be desolate, and let none dwell in their tents," which, apart from the tampering with the text, is manifestly less appropriate.

In Acts ii. 17, the clauses are transposed to coincide with the Book of Joel, and in the next verse the "my" is omitted with the words "handmaids" and "servants," and

the article dropped in the New Testament is reinserted. The clause "they shall prophesy," at the end of the eighteenth verse, is omitted.

In Acts vii. 15, 16, the text of St. Stephen's speech is coolly altered into "And Jacob went down into Egypt, and *Joseph* died there, he and our fathers, and were carried over to Shechem, and were buried in the grave that *our father* bought for a piece of silver of the sons of Hamor, the father of Shechem." Here, by the alterations introduced into the text, which we have italicized, we have an unwarranted attempt to conceal the differences between the Old and the New Testaments. Delitzsch makes an attempt in this passage to obviate the discrepancy, but he honestly throws his suggestion into brackets, and further directs the reader's attention to the insertion by leaving the Hebrew words unpointed.

In a similar way, in verse 43 of the same chapter, the passage quoted by St. Stephen from Amos v. 26, 27, is inserted down to the words "beyond Damascus" in its Old Testament form, notwithstanding the considerable differences between the Hebrew and the LXX., which latter is the text given by St. Luke.

In Acts viii. 33, the verses cited have been given from Isa. liii., without any regard being paid to the differences existing in the New Testament quotation. In Acts xv. 17, in place of "That the residue of men may seek after the Lord, and all the Gentiles upon whom My name is called," we have the exact words of Amos ix. 12 cited, "That they may possess the remnant of Edom, and all the nations, which are called by My name, saith Jehovah that doeth this," the interesting facts here being lost sight of, that the LXX. in place of יירשו read ידרשו, and in place of *Edom* (אדום) read *man* (אדם, *Adam*). We forbear to speak of the rendering of verse 18, as it would require too lengthened criticism.

But we must bring our remarks to a conclusion, and hence must pass over many interesting matters. We must notice, however, that in 2 Cor. vi. 17, "Come ye out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch no unclean thing," is represented as in Isa. lii. 11, by "Depart ye, depart ye, go ye out from thence, touch no unclean thing; go ye out of the midst of her; be ye clean, ye that bear the vessels of Jehovah," which is neither honest, nor appropriate to the Apostle's argument.

It must not, however, be supposed that the practice exhibited above is entirely uniform. On the contrary, as instances in which New Testament peculiarities have been preserved, we may refer to Acts xiii. 41; Rom. iii. 15-17, x. 11, 18;

1 Cor. ii. 9, xv. 55; Heb. x. 37, 38, xi. 21, xii. 26. But it is noteworthy that, owing to Salkinson's desire to avail himself of Old Testament language, many references are introduced to passages never thought of by the New Testament writers; the language of poetry is sometimes strangely intermingled with prose; while on the other hand he sometimes passes by references to the Old Testament without notice, and occasionally refers to other passages which could not have been then in the writer's thoughts. Thus in Heb. xii. 21, instead of, in rendering "I exceedingly fear and quake," availing himself, as Delitzsch has done, of the word of Moses in Deut. ix. 19, יָגֹרְתִּי which is rendered by the LXX. by the very phrase given in the New Testament ἔκφοβός εἰμι, Salkinson goes out of his way to introduce a most unsuitable phrase from Job iv. 14.

It would be exceedingly interesting, if we had space, to have called attention in connection with the above subject, to the important chapter of Dr. Biesenthal (in his *Trost-schreiben*, alluded to in the early part of this article), upon the mode and manner in which the Old Testament is quoted by the New Testament writers. Dr. Biesenthal shows that the peculiarities which are exhibited in the quotations found in the New Testament, are closely akin to those citations from the Old Testament found in the Talmud and Midrash. Hence the preservation of all those peculiarities in the New Testament writings is important, although the differences may create difficulties in the mind of those who have incautiously adopted the theory of verbal inspiration. For the discrepancies in question, when rightly examined, are really undesigned evidences in favour of the New Testament writings.

We close here, not for want of matter, but for want of space, and because we do not wish to weary our readers. Independently of its other defects, the version of Mr. Salkinson, as edited by Dr. Ginsburg, cannot be regarded as a fair exponent of the Greek text of the New Testament; it displays a dangerous disposition to tamper with the sacred text, often with good motives, but the more to be deplored for that very reason; and in spite of the loud pretensions of the Trinitarian Bible Society, Salkinson's Hebrew New Testament cannot be viewed as an "uncorrupted version of the Word of God." The charge is a serious one; we make it with pain, but we submit that we have presented evidence enough in support of the statement.

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ART. II.—PEWS.

THE Parish Churches Bill is a curious illustration of what is sometimes called trying to sit on two stools. The framers are eagerly desirous to change the law, while at the same time they claim the law as already on their side. The obvious anomaly of this position is endeavoured to be surmounted by assuming the occurrence of a grievous lapse from the "ancient Common Law," which has led to customs in our churches equally at variance with theory and sound practice. Thus the Bill, although recommended by its defenders as a valuable measure of Church Reform, recommends itself rather as a scheme of conservative reaction, by which the Common Law is to be "declared with a view to its better observance." But it is almost superfluous to point out that Parliament is not accustomed to pass Bills for declaring what is already the law. It is the duty of the Judges rather than of the Legislature to see to the observance of the law, and it strikes me that if the House of Commons took to emphasizing all the laws which from time to time seem in danger of being forgotten by different classes and individuals, the chances of fresh legislation, already meagre enough, would vanish entirely.

I lay stress at the outset on the inconsistency of the basis of the Bill, because it seems to me to be not an accidental feature, but to enter into the essence and to penetrate to the core of the subject. Any particular system of church seats might, of course, be recommended on the ground of general advantage, even although it were an innovation, or it might be defended because it was legal, ancient and established, even although its modern expediency might be doubtful. But the merit, and at the same time the weakness, of the double line of advocacy in favour of the Pew Bill, is that when pressed on the inconvenience of the free and open plan, its exponents enlarge on the ancient common right of the parishioners; and on the other hand, when pressed with certain very plain facts of law and history, they shift easily on to the other leg, and inveigh against the degrading slights which feudal snobbishness has inflicted on poor church-goers.

Passing from the inconsistent ideas on which the Bill is based, it will be well before we go further to consider what is the present state of the law as to pews and church seats. Now, in the first place, it must be remembered that there was no pew system

before the Reformation. No doubt stools and benches, at first movable, were used in some churches from a much earlier date,[1] but as a rule standing room only was provided until the Reformation period, when preaching came into prominence, and the services were so modified as to make seats almost a matter of necessity. The Canon law is, I believe, absolutely silent as to pews, and in the Roman Catholic Church to this day no rights in sittings are acknowledged. Thus it is only in the last 350 years that our English pew law has grown up. Until there were seats there could be no appropriation of places in church, still less any law regulating or forbidding such appropriation. A man would scarcely seek, and it is difficult to see how he could possibly obtain, the right to stand or kneel on any particular spot of the church pavement.

The Bishop of Peterborough's charge against Henry VIII., that under him "property in pews was invented," is therefore scarcely fair. It would be nearer the fact to say that pews themselves were invented under Henry VIII. (although they were not unknown earlier), and thus the opportunity for creating rights of property in them first occurred. But the truth is that neither then nor later was property in church seats acknowledged or tolerated. To whatever extent pews are now proprietary, it is due to special legislation, either private Acts, or the Building Acts of the present century—legislation which, whatever its theoretical errors, has enabled a vast number of churches to be built, which, humanly speaking, would otherwise never have existed.

In the early days after the Reformation it would seem that persons were permitted to construct pews for the use of their families at their own cost. Those who obtained this leave would be people of means and position, and they probably looked upon the pews which they had paid for as their own property. But this was an error of individuals, not of the law. The rights of parishioners were never lost sight of by the Church Courts, and although the law of pews had not, I believe, thoroughly crystallized till the close of the seventeenth century, the main principles on which it is based have been recognised from the very first.

Thus in 1596, in the Court of the Archdeacon of Essex, Matthew Evered was detected for having erected a pew in Rottingdean Church, which "did breed contention."[2]

As I have quoted from the late Archdeacon Hale's book of

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[1] For an interesting collection of pre-Reformation references as to Church seats, see Heales on "Pews," vol. i., chaps. i.—iii.

[2] "Hale's Precedents," p. 212.

Precedents in the Ecclesiastical Courts of the diocese of London, I should like to say that it is much to be regretted that his example has not been followed in other dioceses. The records of the Consistory and Commissary Courts are practically unknown and unused. Yet they contain not only the best and most abundant materials for ascertaining the state of the ecclesiastical law in former times, but also a wonderfully instructive picture of English social life at different epochs. The Church Courts were the police courts of early times, and took cognisance—often I think by usurpation—of every sort of offence, no matter how trifling. The side-lights which these records throw upon manners and customs are invaluable. The assistance which everyone who has used Archdeacon Hale's book must have derived from it, is an indication of the excellent results which would accrue if his example were followed in every English diocese.

The truth is that for want of any effort to utilize the records of the Consistory Courts there is a great lack of early precedents in English ecclesiastical law. The first of the printed volumes of reported cases dates from the middle of the last century. The references to Church matters in the earlier Common Law reports are very fragmentary, and, as might be expected, not very accurate. Hence it is not easy to trace the development of the law of Pews from the Reformation downwards. But neither is it for our purpose very important. It will be enough if we take the law at a time when it had become settled and complete. For this purpose we cannot do better than refer to the celebrated judgment of Sir John Nicholl in Fuller *v.* Lane (1825).[1] In that judgment he delivered a somewhat elaborate exposition of the law on the subject, which has ever since been considered as of great authority. It is on a sentence of that judgment that the preamble of the Parish Churches Bill is founded. Unfortunately the draftsman has selected what suited his purpose, and ignored what did not :—

"By the general law, and of common right, all the pews in a parish church are the common property of the parish; they are for the use in common of the parishioners, who are all entitled to be seated orderly and conveniently, so as best to provide for the accommodation of all."

This is the proposition on which the framers of the Parish Churches Bill proceed, as if it contained the whole truth of the matter. The preamble of the Bill insists on pews being for the "*free* use in common of the parishioners," and free in the sense of uncontrolled seems to be intended. But so used, the word, which

[1] 2 Add., 419.

Sir John Nicholl, it will be observed, does not employ, conveys a misconception. The church (I am speaking of old parish churches) is free in the sense that no money can legally be charged by anyone for the use of its seats. It is for the use in common of all the parishioners in the same manner that the Queen's highways are for the use in common of all her Majesty's lieges. Everyone may walk along the high road, but no one can do exactly what he likes on it. The public right of using the streets and roads is a conditional right, subject to the regulation and supervision of the executive authorities. Try and set up an apple-stall in Regent Street, and you will soon find that your rights in Regent Street have their limitations. The police, moreover, exercise a discretionary power which operates to give privileges to one which are denied to another. Thus, suppose you take your apple-stall, which has been turned out of Regent Street, and getting up very early in the morning, erect it at some convenient corner which strikes you as a more eligible site for business; a little later another claimant for the position turns up in the shape of an old woman, who for years past has been allowed to display her wares there. Although you have equal rights to the highway, and it is for the use in common of both of you, you will find that the police will make you move on, and will use the civil arm to re-establish your rival.

So it is with church seats. They are for the use of all the parishioners, truly enough, but their user is subject to conditions and regulations. The Bishop takes the place of the police in my illustration. The next sentence to that which I have given from Sir John Nicholl's judgment is this: "The distribution of seats rests with the churchwardens as the officers, and subject to the control of the ordinary."[1] The Bishop's authority is delegated to the churchwardens, who, in placing the people in seats, act simply as the Bishop's agents.

There seems no reason to doubt that the churchwardens have always, since church seats existed, possessed this power of placing the people in them.

Thus, in 1595, the churchwardens presented before the Archdeacon of Essex's Court a man and his wife, "which will not be ordered in the church by us, the churchwardens, and doth use us with very hard speeches."[2]

Again, in 1579, Mrs. Harris, of Burnham, was arraigned before the same court, because "she refuseth to keep her seat in

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[1] 2 Add., 419. See also 1 Gibson's Codex, p. 197, "These heads are everywhere laid down in the cases on this subject, and have never been contested."

[2] Hale's "Precedents," p. 210.

the church according to the order appointed by the Archdeacon." Her husband explained on his wife's behalf that she had been "placed in a pew with two other women, whereof one hath a strong breath."[1] Hence her revolt.

Another case about the same date, and before the same court, shows us in vivid colours the picture of a village feud of bygone days, the like of which might be met with in our own time in many a country parish. William Rooke, of Westham, was presented because that—

He pulled awaye a man's hatt and threw it from him, and would not suffer him to sitt in his seate, in the tyme of devyne service, but molested him; wherby all the whole parishe was disquieted in the service tyme, and the minister was compelled to stay his service, throughe his rudenes, w^ch^ he sondry tymes hathe, and dothe use, in the church in service tyme. Comparuit et fassus est that upon a certayne Sondaie happeninge in somer laste, he this respondent, in the tyme of divine service, cominge into the parishe church of Westham, and enteringe in his pewe, *in which he was plased by the churchwardens;* and from tyme his ancesters have there bene plased, he by chaunce did throwe downe the hate of Mr. Shipman, w^ch^ honge as he entered into the pewe, and not otherwise; in which pewe the same Mr. Shipman willfully and stobernly entereth and entred, *being not there plased by the churchwardens.*[2]

It will be seen, therefore, that the right of the parishioners to the free use in common of the parish church, is limited and conditioned by the authority which the churchwardens, as agents of the ordinary, possess of selecting what seat each parishioner is to occupy, or, as it is technically called, of placing the parishioners.

There are three methods or degrees of placing parishioners:

1. A parishioner may be placed in a seat just for the nonce, as, *e.g.*, for one service or day.

2. A parishioner may apply to the churchwardens to allot him a regular seat. If there is room in the church they are bound to comply. A seat so allotted is set apart for the use of that particular individual, but only so long as the churchwardens think fit. The exigencies of the parish may render it necessary to revoke the permission, and they can do so at any time. The ordinary (*i.e.*, the Bishop through his Chancellor) can control the action of the churchwardens, in either giving or taking away seats.

3. A parishioner can go to the Bishop's Chancellor and ask for a *faculty, i.e.*, an order of the Consistory Court, dedicating a particular seat specially to his use. In former days all sorts of irregular faculties are said to have been granted, but there are now two forms only which are recognised as legal:

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[1] Hale's "Precedents," p. 171. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 164.

(1) To A and his family, so long as they continue inhabitants of the parish [or inhabitants of a certain house in the parish].

This is the usual form used.

(2) To A or other, the owner for the time being of a particular house in the parish.

This second form is now almost obsolete. Indeed, Sir John Nicholl, sixty years ago,[1] declared that it had then been entirely discarded. But I have ascertained by inquiry at the different Diocesan Registries that faculties are still sometimes, and in some dioceses, granted in this very objectionable form, the effect of which is to annex the pews to houses, irrespective of the character or position of their inmates.

It is doubtful whether faculty rights can be revoked by the ordinary, or be got rid of by any means except voluntary abandonment.

When an individual or a family, or the owner for the time being of a particular house, has occupied the same pew for a great many years, and has repaired it or in some other way exercised proprietary rights without dispute or interruption, he acquires a prescriptive title to the pew; that is to say, a faculty is presumed to have been granted in time long past, and to have been lost, and he is allowed the same advantages as if such a faculty were really in existence. Judging by their speeches in the House of Lords, both the Bishop of Peterborough and his opponent, Lord Grimthorpe, seem to have been imperfectly informed as to the facts relating to faculties. For while the former asserted that *all* faculties attached pews to houses (which is almost the exact reverse of the case), the latter declared that "no faculty had been granted for many years"—which is inaccurate, even with reference to the more unusual form spoken of by the Bishop.

Of the three methods of placing parishioners, the second, the churchwardens' power of allotting seats, is the most important, and the most frequently exercised. Applications for faculties are few and far between, and if, as the Bill proposes, faculties were abolished altogether, it would make but little difference. But the churchwardens' power of appropriating seats to particular families or individuals is a matter of moment. Now this power is not entirely arbitrary. There are certain rules which are supposed to guide their action. Of these the principal and, for our purpose, the only one worth mentioning, is that the churchwardens, in placing the people, are to have regard to their social position and station. I mention this because it disposes finally of the idea

[1] **Butt *v.* Jones, 2 Hagg., 417 (1829).**

that the poor and the rich have, according to law, a right to equally advantageous positions in church. I am very far from saying that the law is good; I confess, according to our notions, it seems repulsive, but nevertheless it is the law.

Sir John Nicholl says in Fuller *v.* Lane:[1]

> The parishioners, indeed, have a claim to be seated according to their rank and station; but the churchwardens are not, in providing for them, to overlook the claims of all the parishioners to be seated, if sittings can be afforded them. Accordingly they are bound in particular not to accommodate the higher classes beyond their real wants and to the exclusion of their poorer neighbours, who are equally entitled to accommodation with the rest, though they are not entitled to equal accommodation, supposing the seats to be not all equally convenient.

The accuracy of this statement of the law has been questioned; and one writer, Mr. Heales, the author of the best modern treatise on pews,[2] says: "It will be noted that the judge referred to no authority for his opinion, and a careful search has failed to discover any." I have already mentioned the lack of old precedents, so that the absence of authority would not be very surprising, even if it really existed. But besides many inferential references to the practice, there is at least one direct statement as to it in Archdeacon Hale's book. At p. 158 there are some directions to the churchwardens of St. Peter's, Malden, Essex, dated March, 1577, amongst which is the following: "Every parishioner to be placed according to his degree."[3] Of modern authority within the last century there is plenty, but this is of course inadmissible to rebut the charge of a supposed infraction in recent days of ancient law and practice.

Such, then, very briefly is the law of pews as it is, and as it has been ever since there were pews to have a law about. Buying, selling, or renting pews is absolutely excluded. The seats are for the use of all the parishioners, subject to the arrangements of the churchwardens acting as the agents of the Bishop; and they are to have regard, in placing the people, to their rank and station, giving the best seats to those who have the best estates.

Now what is the grievance which is supposed to require an Act of Parliament to get rid of? It may seem like affectation to ask the question, but I confess to have experienced the greatest difficulty in finding a coherent answer to it.

What is the grievance? Not the extortion of pew-rents or the buying and selling of seats in old parish churches, for such practices are already absolutely and clearly illegal, and to whatever extent they exist can be effectually dealt with by the

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[1] 2 Add., p. 426. [2] Heales on Pews. 2 vols. Butterworth, 1874.
[3] See also a pew faculty given in 2 Gibs., p. 1464.

Diocesan Chancellors in their several courts. Not the existence of pew-rents in the new parish churches, created under the Church Building Acts, for it is not proposed to interfere with them.

What then is the grievance? Not faculty pews already created, for they are not to be disturbed. The chance of the grant of fresh faculties for Church sittings is scarcely an adequate reason for an appeal to Parliament. Very few pew faculties are applied for nowadays, fewer still are granted. Moreover, the whole matter is one of discretion, and each Bishop can easily prevent the creation of fresh faculty rights in his own diocese. To prevent the creation of prescriptive rights an Act is, I think, necessary, but it is scarcely worth while to devote a separate statute to so minute a detail.

Still I ask, what is the grievance to be remedied? It is not surely an unwise, or ignorant exercise of discretion by churchwardens. That is an evil which no Act of Parliament can touch. So far as it admits of a remedy at all, I think a remedy will be found in a judicious use of the visitatorial power of the Bishop through his archdeacons and rural deans, by which the churchwardens might be advised as to the nature of their duties and supervised in the discharge of them.

The real purpose, and, so far as I can see, the only important result of the Bill must be to take away from churchwardens the powers which, as we have seen, they have always possessed, of placing the people by allotting pews to families, and to turn the churchwardens into mere pew-openers.

Instead of a parishioner having his own place in church given to him by the churchwardens, and kept for him by the churchwardens until, in their discretion, the interests of the parishioners at large require a change, no one will know from Sunday to Sunday where he may sit in church. Of course it is well known that this is the ideal condition which the Free and Open Church Association desire to bring about; but the Bill, concocted under their auspices, is so doubtful in its expressions that the Bishop of Peterborough himself (although he has consented to be its sponsor) is only very partially in sympathy with its purpose. The third and fourth sections (the operative ones) are as follows:

Every parish church in England and Wales is hereby declared to be for the free use in common of all the parishioners for the purposes of Divine worship, according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England.

From and after the passing of this Act it shall not be lawful for any archbishop, bishop, ordinary, court, or any corporation, or other person or persons whomsoever, to issue any faculty granting or confirming, or purporting to grant or confirm, or in any other way to appropriate any

seat or pew in any parish church to or in favour of any person or persons whomsoever, except in the cases hereinafter provided. The exceptions in the provisoes go to chancels, private aisle, and chapels and churches built under the Church Building Acts.

Now passing over the minute question of faculties, and remarking by the way that the Bill does not, as it well might have done, forbid the future growth of prescriptive titles in pews, it is singular to note that although the Bill will operate principally to abridge the authority of churchwardens, they are not so much as mentioned, but merely swept in amongst "other person or persons whomsoever." Yet if you will consider the clauses I have quoted with reference to the existing state of the law, I think you must come to the conclusion, for it seems inevitable, that their main effect will be what I have said.

Now is it worth while to pass a Bill through Parliament to accomplish this result? I do not put it now on the minuteness of the outcome, for it seems to me by no means inconsiderable or unimportant. But is it well or ill to take away from churchwardens the power of seating the people? I know what answer the Free and Open Church Association would give. They would say without reserve, "It is well;" and accordingly their Bill does so, although not very neatly or straightforwardly. But so little sympathy is felt with their object, and so little is it understood, that even the Bishop of Peterborough himself, when the Bill was attacked on this point in the *Times* newspaper, hastened to disown any desire to abridge the powers of churchwardens. "The effect," he says, "of the Bill would be to prevent all permanent appropriation of seats in parish churches, leaving to churchwardens whatever right they now may have of seating the parishioners from time to time, whether from Sunday to Sunday, or for longer periods, but in every case giving only a right of occupation subject to such alteration or limitation as occasion may require, and subject also to appeal to the ordinary."[1] But the condition of things which the Bishop wants to produce is exactly that which exists now. Churchwardens can only give "a right of occupation subject to such alteration as occasion may require," and in conferring this right they are said to make appropriations. They cannot allot or appropriate in any other sense. But the Bill which the Bishop has adopted rather than begot, by stopping appropriations puts an end not to the "property rights in pews," which (except by faculty or prescription) do not exist, but to those very "rights of occupation" which the Bishop desires to retain.

I shall not waste words by discussing the merits of the so-called "Free and Open Church" question. As the Bishop of

[1] See *Times*, January 30, 1886.

Peterborough is against allowing a free scramble for seats, so I believe nearly all churchgoers, rich and poor, are against it too.

I assume that we do not want to do away with all regulation of sittings; and I content myself, therefore, with drawing attention to this one point, that the Bill is aimed primarily and almost exclusively at the destruction of the authority of churchwardens; in perfect consistency, I admit, with the views of its framers, the advocates of free and unappropriated churches, but in absolute antagonism to the opinion expressed by its chief promoter in Parliament, whose genius and eloquence have secured for the Bill whatever attention it has received.

I have said nothing about the pew-rent churches, because although this aspect of the matter has attracted a great deal of criticism, especially from the clergy, I confess I do not see much cause for it. Pew-rents legally created under the Church Building Acts are preserved. Then it is said that in many cases, by some mistake or omission, the formalities of the Church Building Acts have been neglected, so that the pew-rents, although they might have been legally created, are in fact illegal and unauthorized. This difficulty has been met by the Bishop of Peterborough's frank avowal in the House of Lords: "I do not want to take advantage of any lapse or mistake on the part of any incumbent or churchwarden, or to promote any confiscation of clerical incomes. It is only reasonable that those who have in perfect good faith accepted that position should have a remedy, and be entitled to go to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and obtain such a sale of pew-rents as might and ought to have been obtained at the time when the church was built."

It would be easy to introduce an amendment to carry this object into effect; and we may assume that, if the Bill is proceeded with, when it emerges from the Select Committee now sitting, such an amendment will be adopted.

To wind up what I have said. The law of pews may be amended—advantageously amended as it seems to me—by abolishing faculties; by preventing new rights of prescription from coming into existence; by getting rid of the old rule by which people were arranged according to the length of their purse; and by giving to all, whether rich or poor, equal opportunities of attending to the worship of God, without distraction or discomfort. But do not let us in our eagerness for reform destroy the wise plan of our forefathers, by which every person in a parish can, so far as the limits of the church permit, claim to have allotted to him and to his family seats, to which they may regularly betake themselves, Sunday

after Sunday, and year after year, so long as the circumstances of the parish allow of it. These seem to be the conditions and the limitations of pew-reform. The Parish Churches Bill is, I venture to think, at once futile and mischievous; futile because it is vague and hesitating where it should have been precise, and mischievous because it makes sweeping changes where none are required.

LEWIS T. DIBDIN.

ART. III.—AMIEL'S "JOURNAL INTIME."

THERE has grown up among us within the last century a class of literary production which is altogether new, yet full of a deep personal interest and importance, and which we cannot afford to disregard. It has been justly named "The Literature of Introspection." Quietly yet steadily it has made its way in our midst, though few have marked its progress; Obermann, De Senancour, Eugénie and Maurice de Guérin, have made those familiar with it who, led by chance or by sympathy, have touched upon their work. Mr. Shorthouse, quite lately among ourselves, contributed a most important monograph to swell its ranks, in the person of "John Inglesant." But it has remained for an obscure Genevese Professor to startle the thinking world with a work far higher in merit than "John Inglesant," though as yet not well known to the majority of readers.

The "Journal Intime" of Henri Frédéric Amiel is a revelation not only to the public at large, but even to his most intimate friends who undertook to give it to the world. Published necessarily after his death, and, with the exception of a few scattered "thoughts," jealously guarded from every eye until then, it has proved its claim to be one of those gems set apart in the history of culture and philosophy as belonging to that new "Literature of Introspection."

Our English taste does not, as a rule, bend in the direction of abstract philosophies; but we need not be precluded from the sorrowful enjoyment afforded us by Amiel's "Journal Intime." It is well for us, as a nation, that our natures are too vigorous, our tastes too positive, our minds too objective, to be in danger of falling into Amiel's mistake; the mistake to which he sacrificed all his hopes, all his happiness. For the history of Amiel as shown by himself, as told to us in a very small degree by his friends, is from first to last summed up in a very few words. It was a forlorn search after the ideal. M. Scherer, in the sketch of his friend which serves as preface to the

book, has termed him a "a martyr to the ideal." Such indeed he was. Were it not for the pages of his journal, it is probable that Amiel would never have existed for the outer world at all. Even among his intimate friends—conscious as they were of a latent power in him which they longed to call into action—his depth of thought and feeling were hardly suspected. To them he was the brilliant, joyous, affectionate, dearly loved, and cherished friend, with a reserve of genius which he refused to develope, and a possibility of influence which he provokingly declined to use except in a very limited degree. Of his darker days, his conflicts, his yearning, his unutterable sense of failure, they knew comparatively nothing. We must therefore learn to judge him chiefly from the pages of his inner life, from whence they too have learnt so much.

Of his childhood we know little, except that it was by no means a happy one, as perhaps was only natural. Sensitive children are rarely as light-hearted as others; and in Amiel's case the want of a loving home-life increased his trouble. In 1833, at the age of twelve, he, with his two sisters, was left an orphan, bereaved of both father and mother. Apparently the only time of life to which in after years he looked back with real pleasure was that spent by him as a student in the Universities of Berlin and of Heidelberg. There he devoted himself heart and soul to study, a pursuit filled for him with a peculiar sacredness. His desk was to him as an altar—he brought to it his whole strength, he dedicated himself to it. But even here we are again met by a drawn curtain, very seldom lifted. It is not permitted to us to look into his happiness. The most that we gather is from the first few pages of his journal before his soul was overshadowed, as it was in his later years, and again from one short paragraph in which he compares the youth of twenty with the matured man of middle life. "At twenty," he says, "I was all spiritual curiosity, elasticity, and ubiquity; at thirty-seven I have no will, no desire, no talents left; the firework of my youth is nothing now but a pinch of ashes."

To his German education he owed the chief part, we might almost say the whole, of his mode of thought—not the matter, for in that respect he was guiltless of plagiarism. The great merit of his thought is that it is original and spontaneous; and it is this which constitutes its deep philosophical value. He loved to dig deep into the inmost recesses of his soul, deep into the meaning of the world around him. With true German synthesis he endeavoured constantly, if somewhat vaguely, and often vainly, to harmonize his thoughts with the life of the world, to weld the whole into one great unity. Infinity had an irresistible charm for him. From his *Wan-*

derjahre then, he brought back a mind stored with the most varied information, filled with scientific theory, able to grapple with the most abstruse problems, formed to grasp his subject clearly and firmly. A glorious promise of success, a great future were before him, if he could but lay hold on them and make them his own.

But we turn from the record of a short joy to the page on page of discouragement and failure. Illness wore out his vigorous strength, and warped the mind which gave an earnest of such splendid possibilities. For seven years he struggled against it, but it left on him and his journal an indelible mark. It threw him back upon himself, and encouraged in him that principle of reticence to which he owed many of his struggles. He was, indeed, all through his later life, what is commonly termed "an unlucky man." Now, however, such a term would be inappropriate. When in 1848 he returned to Geneva after completing his studies, it seemed as though the sun of prosperity were about to shine brightly upon him. We cannot sufficiently lay stress on his position at that period, for Amiel's life is made up of "might have beens;" and when we pass on a little further we have a difficulty in recognising in the broken, bowed thinker, the brilliant, joyous youth at whose feet the world lay.

A year after his arrival in Geneva, he was appointed by his fellow-citizens to the Professorship of Æsthetics in the Academy. But this, which should have been a gain to him, speedily proved his destruction. The glory of Geneva was no longer what it had been in the earlier years of the century, when men like Rossi and Sismondi, with many another, guided public opinion in the town. Tolerance had disappeared: the Democratic party had come into office five years previously, and, as the dominant faction, tyrannized over the minority. These last, who represented the mass of intellectual and refined society, in return, cut themselves off entirely from the Democrats, refusing even to associate with them. The situation was not improved by the expulsion of the Academical professors from their respective chairs. Amiel, arriving in his native town after the first brush of the quarrel was past, and considering the matter to be rather of a moral and scientific than of political importance, gave general offence to that portion of his fellow-citizens whose goodwill he most desired, by accepting the offered professorship. It was considered that he had by this act identified himself with the Democratic party, with the result that he was ignored by those who were in the highest sense the best men of the town. He was therefore thrown upon the society of men with whom he had little in common. Snail-like, he had no option but to draw in his

horns and find refuge in solitude. His isolation was almost complete, and a terrible trial it was to one of his make. The effects of it are traceable on his character all his life through. He retained this professorship for a time, exchanging it later on for the chair of philosophy. This he occupied to the last, striving to prepare for his lectures, when his fatal illness had already laid strong hold upon him.

He endeavoured conscientiously to do his best, in order to make the courses interesting to the students. But he had not even the consolation of feeling that his lectures were a success from a literary point of view, still less that his hearers entered with him deep into the heart of his subject. Despite his care in their preparation, the old fault crept in. His thought was too subtle, his love for generalities too great, to commend the lectures to his auditors. Instead of entering into the point of æsthetics or philosophy which he desired to illustrate, and showing it to them as it was in itself, or as he saw it, he would work round it, presenting it on this side and on that, first in this light and then in another, until, according to M. Scherer, "he thought that enough had been said when he had simply catalogued that which *might* have been said."

These are the chief facts of his life, and from these we strive to form some estimate of his character which shall have at least the merit of consistency. At first sight it seems almost impossible. A very Proteus, he escapes us whenever we think to seize him, and reappears now in one light, now in another. This curious aptitude for change he fully recognises in himself. He is full of contradictions, of oppositions; and we have at last to give up the endeavour to judge him by any common rule, and take him as he shows himself—constant only in his love, in all other matters changeable, variable, now confident, now distrustful, now in the heights, then in the depths of despair. There are some passages which reveal to us his own estimation of himself, and three of which, taken together, give us the "martyr to the ideal" in his true character.

"You are losing," he says, addressing himself as he was wont to do, "the unity of life, of force, of action, the unity even of self. Your passion for completeness, your abuse of criticism, your distrust of first impulses, of first thoughts, of first words, explain the point to which you have attained. The unity and simplicity of being, the trust and spontaneousness of life are fast disappearing. That is why you can no more take action." And again: "Action is my cross." And "Through analysis I have annulled myself."

These three short sentences, in which he judges and condemns himself, are but the concentration of a lifetime. They fill us with pity, the tender pity with which we must always

regard a high, refined nature, conscious of possessing great possibilities, and yet conscious of having made of life nothing but a failure, because life was too hard and concrete a thing for him to grapple with.

Amiel, from the moment when he entered upon the serious duties of a man's career, felt his incapacity. Those who have the highest aims, we are told by one[1] who resembled Amiel very closely in some respects, are ever the most humble of men. The actual greatness of their end makes them realize their own littleness. As one thinking, finite being finds himself face to face with the Infinite, of which his spirit is but so minute an atom, he is overwhelmed by a sense of nothingness, of utter unworthiness. Amiel's attitude is constantly this. He is penetrated with the vastness of the Infinite, he is always endeavouring to seize himself in it, to spiritualize himself, that the Infinite may be more real to him. And this brings its natural results after it. He is unfitted by it for the common things of the world, the human side of life. To live this life, with any degree of success, or even of happiness, we require a vigorous concentration, a perfect individuality, a power of grasping intellectual and spiritual questions with firmness and clearness, a taking hold upon life and moulding it into those forms which we desire that it should take. It was just in these vigorous powers that Amiel was most wanting. The lack of these qualities destroyed his life; for life is only worth calling so which is attended by happiness, and by something at least of success. He had neither in any appreciable degree; and the fault lay simply in himself, or let us rather say in his character. Concentration was far removed from him. It is the *unity* of life which he confesses to having missed, the unity even of self. He would, as it were, get outside himself, look upon his actions, upon his *ego*, from the point of view of an indifferent spectator; while yet realizing all the time with agony, that it was the Self which he was turning over and over, criticizing, speculating upon. A paradox indeed, yet only one more baffling trait in this mind so difficult to understand. Again, his sense of the fitness of things, of the necessity for completeness in every relation of life, was constantly interfering between him and enjoyment, and marring, if not wholly annulling his usefulness. This was his ideal—the ideal which, like the ghost of a vanished joy, haunted him all through his days, in all his work, even in his holiest moments.

Completeness, perfection—words full of ideal meaning, of highest delight to him; words which proved the bane of his

[1] Frederick Denison Maurice.

life, forbidding him to grasp what was well within his reach, to stretch out his hand and take that which was his by right. For how much these two words, this one ideal, are responsible, we begin dimly to gather, as we turn the pages of his journal. The scattered thoughts which meet us on every side speak of a mind stored with scientific, religious, metaphysical knowledge. A mind versed in speculation, original in matter and mode of expression. How much good he might have done to the world and to mankind, what stores of thought might have been ours to-day, but for this inveterate, repressing influence of the ideal! He will write nothing, because so many thoughts crowd on his mind at once, that he feels powerless to express them. He fears that his work shall be incomplete, that he will be dissatisfied. He dreads the attempt to be an exponent of things so high, and so his heart fails him. If he cannot have and give the whole, rather give nothing. If his work is to be imperfect, let it never be called into being. It is useless for his friends to urge him on. It is nothing that there are men ready and willing to give his work to the world once it has seen the light. He cares for no one's judgment on the matter; he himself is the severest critic of himself; and except he is satisfied, the work will never be.

Everywhere the same haunting fear pursues him, the same impossibility of willing, even where he most desires to will, the same dread of disenchantment. It is not wonderful that to such a man marriage was a joy which could never be his. It was too great a venture. Yet he knows well what he is losing. He is fully conscious of how much the union of his heart with another would have been worth to him. Here again his choice is set too high. He demands perfection, where he can find but incompleteness at the best. That he knows only too well what he is losing, that he regrets it bitterly, he reveals on page after page.

I am still waiting (he writes) for the woman and the work, capable of taking hold upon my soul, and of becoming my aim.

Again he cries:

When all that surrounds man trembles, vacillates, and loses itself in the distant darkness of the unknown, ... when all reality is converted into doubt, what fixed point remains for man? The faithful heart of a woman. There one may rest one's head, to take fresh courage for life, to regain faith in Providence, and to die in peace if necessary, with a blessing on one's lips. . . . . Love is faith, and one faith begets another. . . . . It is perhaps through love that I shall receive again faith, religion, energy, and concentration. It seems to me at least that could I but find my one companion, my pair, the rest would be given over and above, as though to confound my incredulity, and to put my despair to the blush.

And yet once more, as he feels the best things of life slipping from his grasp:

How hard it is to grow old when one has failed in life, when one has no more either the crown of strength or the crown of fatherhood! How sad it is to feel the understanding grow weaker before our work is done, and to see our body decline, before we have lived again in those who should close our eyes, and do honour to our name! How does the tragic solemnity of our existence strike us, when we hear at our awaking one morning, the terrible words, Too late! The glass has been turned, the time is past. Thou hast not reaped, so much the worse! Thou hast dreamed, slept, forgotten—so much the worse! Each one must reward or punish himself. Of whom, or to whom wouldst thou complain? Alas!

This is the cry of despair of which echo after echo rolls along his life, now expressed, now hinted at, but never absent. To take action is so repugnant, that he sinks under the burden, and gives himself up to inactivity. Here even the most intimate of his friends seem to have been at fault. Perhaps we can hardly blame them that, knowing him to be capable of far greater things, they were sometimes impatient of his inaction. That he suffered from it himself so deeply they could hardly be expected to guess. Such a refinement of sensitiveness is so rare that it is after all very excusable if it be not recognised at first sight.

How happy he might have been, we gather gradually as we go on, and observe his keen appreciation of beauty, the basis of every artist-soul, his love of nature, the delight afforded him by the changes of sky and scene, the deep thrills which the spring and autumn sent vibrating into his inmost heart. He sees a meaning in it all. The mists in the valley are a type of the veil drawn over the thoughts of maidens; the bright April morning is fresh as a heart but sixteen years old. The rain and the sunshine in autumn signify the return of joy to a heart that has lost its youth. The country after a shower is as a face wet with tears; less beautiful, but more expressive. The autumn has for him him two sides, which represent the difference between the sexes. He questions whether every season is not in some sort bisexual, since everything that is complete is duplicate. A young child playing, the birds going to rest, the goats on the mountain-side. Everything is capable of conveying to him some inner, mysterious meaning. Sympathy is strong within him—for his is a truly sympathetic nature. Listen to what he says of this side of his character. He had found a small yellow kitten, "very ugly and miserable," on his staircase. "I have nothing at all eatable in the house," he says, "but I give it what I can, a look, a caress, and it is enough for the time. Little animals, little children, any young life—they are all the same as regards a want

of protection and of gentleness. I am told that feeble beings feel so happy with me. It proceeds, no doubt, from a special influence, a kind of helpful strength which emanates from me, when I am in a sympathetic mood. I have a direct perception of this strength, but I am not proud of it. I do not appropriate it. I know it to be a gift only." Others saw it in him. "Madame —— says that I must be 'superlatively feminine, in my perceptions'—this sympathetic sensitiveness is the cause of it." Victor Hugo describes, in one phrase, just such a nature: "*Homme par la pensée, et femme par le cœur.*" Perhaps it is only the women among us who know how much that implies of suffering and sorrow.

Hitherto we have dealt chiefly with the subjective side of Amiel, with his conflicts, his failures, his moods. But we cannot trust to the journal to give us his character in its entirety. No one recognises this more strongly than he did himself. The journal conveys exactly that subjectivity which brought in its train irresolution and infirmity of purpose. It is untrustworthy because it is onesided. It is the confidant of his doubts and fears, but very seldom of his joys. If we knew only thus much, we should miss everything that was bright and happy in his life. That there were times when he could be light-hearted as a child, his friends combine to remind us. In their midst he would overflow with joyous wit; debate, discuss, charm all by his brilliant sallies. His "elasticity of spirit" was strong enough to rebound from his darkest hours, and in the society of those whom he loved, few would have recognised the thinker of the journal. M. Scherer records that he was the life of these gatherings—when he was there it was a joy to listen to him. The compensation which even in this world follows both on the evil and the good gives from the same hand the capacity for both the highest, most refined joy, and the deepest, most unutterable hours of sorrow. Amiel was worthy to appreciate both. His friends, seeing the one side of them—his outer life, with its capabilities and its possibilities, were right to spur him on to effort and work; they knew comparatively nothing of the inner life which held him back and thwarted him at every turn. He sums it up in the one sad sentence: "My friends see what I might have been; *I* see what I am."

It is necessary to dwell much upon this inner life, because in it we have the self, the real man, untouched by the circumstances of position or outward things. These seem purely accidents, those are the revelation of himself. His life lies far more in his journal than in the struggle for existence which fills the thoughts of most men.

The old admonition, "*Nosce teipsum,*" found in him a too

willing pupil. The only wonder is that in this refinement of self-torture he was still able to keep a hold upon himself. Coleridge, with the same brilliant parts and something of the same temperament, found a refuge for his pains in opium. Possibly, had he once fallen, it might have been an awakening, it might have been the turning-point, the shock giving back to him that power over himself which he had lost. That power may lie dormant for years, and yet awake again at the God-sent call of necessity. Coleridge, after years of slavery to his vices, gathered courage to throw off the yoke, and yet he too came perilously near to Amiel in that analytic process of destruction. Of him it has been said with equal justice, "He analyzed and theorized on his feelings, till his power was dimmed." He, too, can scourge himself, as he writes, "Action is the great end of all; no intellect, however grand, is valuable if it draws us from action and leads us to think till the time of action is passed by, and we can do nothing." It was in Amiel's very purity and uprightness that his danger lay. It was on the other hand this very purity, with the love for simple child-like pleasures and the ardent sympathy, that procured for him his little circle of devoted friends. His influence was never far-reaching, though he could attach to himself men of the intellectual stamp of M. Renan and M. Scherer.

As to his productive faculty, it was the will and not the literary power that was wanting. He shrank from publication, from concentrating his energies upon the necessities of form, from pulling his forces together, and actually nerving himself to begin. Where he could allow his pen to glide along without beginning or ending, as he does in his journal, he is prolific. The journal itself consists of seventeen thousand folio pages of MS.[1] It was continued all through his last illness; to it he turned as the one faithful confidant of all his trouble. Three months before the end came, he had realised that life for him was over.

Heart disease, bronchitis, and asthma with their wearing pain seemed to tear the life from him by degrees. For a fortnight together sleep became impossible. On January 28th, 1881, he writes: "A terrible night! For three or four consecutive hours I have struggled against suffocation and met death face to face." Again, "I know days of anguish and nights of agony. Let us humbly bear our cross." The end of life was one long struggle of the vital powers against the

[1] Of his published works we have to rest content with a few volumes of poems, betraying his accustomed power of thought, but hard and stiff in form; and a few magazine articles.

approach of death. "What efforts to prevent my dying!" he complains; worn out by the cough and breathlessness, by constant pain and even more wearisome languor and weakness, he could still see the will of God behind it all. He died in April, 1881.

The great want of Amiel's life—the want which will explain much that has been said of him—much that is painful in his life, is that of a deep personal religion. Here again, we must tread with cautious steps; we must investigate and compare diligently, before we presume to judge. Here again, we read the history of struggle upon struggle, conflict upon conflict, much unhappiness, much heart-searching. Here, as everywhere, he is his own worst enemy. We sympathize deeply with those who are among the noblest and the best, and yet are a prey to the questionings of spirit, which must be agonizing if they are true. We approach such with reverence and humility. The wrestling of a man with his God may not be rudely criticized as a common thing; but neither can it be passed by without a word, where it is so important a factor in the development of a character. That Amiel suffered greatly from his want of belief, we know. That he set to work manfully to fight the trouble, and get face to face with it, we cannot be quite so sure. If he had done so, we believe that his life *might* have been more happy than it was. Because he did not do so, or seems not to have done so, he remained uncertain, unsettled, not knowing, and perhaps hardly caring to know. He sought, or wanted to seek, "an ideal religion"—a religion full of sacrifice, beautiful, noble, a religion embracing all knowledge, a religion that should take in all science and all thought—and he never found it. Why? Because he was willing to take every impression as it came, to be influenced by each word written or spoken, that at all coincided with his own idea of what religion might be or ought to be, because he never took to himself the truth that a religion must be *first* a religion of love, and *afterwards* a harmonizer of intellect with spirit.

It is difficult, even in the early days of the journal, to know "*où l'on en est.*" His thoughts of God and of union with Him, are worthy of the highest Christianity—"Live in the presence of God, in communion with Him; and let thine existence be guided by those universal powers, against which thou art powerless." So runs a passage on the first page. "Renounce thyself, accept the cup, with its honey or its dregs. What does it matter? Let God descend into thee, embalm thyself with Him first, make of thy soul a temple to the Holy Spirit; do good works; make others happy and good." Here is his idea of life. Again, he speaks of Jesus as "the Re-

deemer." Surely in those days the influence of one loving and sympathetic friend might have saved him from his later falling-away!

That he was for a time very strongly influenced by Hegel's philosophy there is no doubt. We trace him in many a thought. This influence seems to have waned towards the end of his life. There were other influences. Certainly in the earlier years his religion was warmer, more personal, more loving, than it became later. He could take great delight in a sermon, or a religious book, and derived great help from it. The Bible was a study which interested him. But these aids seem to have become less and less to him, as he lost the warmth of youth. He seems to become afraid of searching too deeply into the things of God; they are too profound for him. "Let us not look too fixedly at God's secrets; we should lose courage to live," he cries. Yet, though imperfectly, the love of God and the desire to do His will are always present with him, through whatever phases he might be passing. How often does he speak of God's presence, of His will! How pure and high are his thoughts of Him! But still, as we look through the records of his declining years, we feel that there is something wanting, something that would have brightened his life, lightened his burdens, and given him the happiness which he so craved. It was just that personal element which was lacking, the element which is supplied by a personal Saviour. There was a great change in him before the year of his death, a change which left him with more of the philosopher's belief and less of the Christian's than was conducive to happiness. He was lonely with the loneliness which those alone know in its full bitterness, who have drunk to the dregs the cup of suffering, the cup of self-abasement and self-loathing. To those among us, who in the deepest sorrow can never be lonely, through the power of the Presence which to us is so infinitely personal, infinitely tender and consoling, the spectacle of this fellow-man's loneliness is unspeakably sad, because for him there was and could be no relief. We see how much he had lost, as we compare the spirit of the first page in the journal with that of one which is among the last. Here is the first:

> If death leave thee time, it is good; if it carry thee off, it is better still; if it kill thee but partially, still better. Again, the career of success is closed that the career of heroism may be opened to thee, the career of resignation, of moral greatness.

Here, the last:

> I can no longer work; existence is difficult to me. Let us give ourselves for a few months to be spoilt by our friends, for this phase is good; but afterwards? It is better to give up one's place to one who is vivacious, active, productive. . . . . Do I still greatly desire to live? I

think not. Health is what I wish for, and not suffering. Since this desire is vain, the rest is tasteless to me. Satiety, lassitude, renouncement, abdication. "Let us tame our hearts with patience."

"I have no creed"—here is his confession. Let us tenderly draw a veil over the sadness which those words cover.

It is not possible to give any adequate idea of the contents of the journal. It must be read carefully and thoughtfully before it can be properly appreciated. A few of the shorter thoughts may appropriately be given here, to serve as an indication of what lies beyond. Their force and beauty need no recommendation:

"Nothing resembles pride so nearly as discouragement."

"*Be* that which you would have others become."

"Kindness is the principle of tact, and respect for others is the first condition of life in society."

"Take care of thy reputation, not through vanity, but in order that thy work may not suffer, and from love of truth."

"Look twice if thou wouldst see truth, look but once to see beauty."

"Each man understands that only of which he finds the counterpart in himself."

"The end of life is to be divine."

"There are two degrees of pride: the one when one approves one's self; the other when one cannot take one's self as one is. This is probably the most refined form."

"He who refuses to accept regret, refuses to accept life."

"Time is but the space between our memories."

"In Paradise, everyone will be beautified."

"What we owe to others is not our hunger and our thirst, but our bread and our water."

"The knowledge of how to grow old, is the *chef-d'œuvre* of wisdom, and one of the most difficult sides of the great art of living."

"Decisive events take place not in action, but in thought."

Such are a few examples of the form in which Amiel's thoughts clothed themselves, an earnest of what might have been.

We are tempted to compare his life with that of Frederick Denison Maurice, a man of like fashion with himself, so far as deep humility, distrust of self, originality of thought, and true devotion are concerned. The one fought the battle of life bravely, and conquered; the other struggled painfully, and failed. Maurice conquered because, high as was his aim, he was content to use the means at his command, however inadequate they might be, to strive and influence the few at least, if he could not reach the many; because, though his ideal was not less grand than that of Amiel, he knew

that to reach it he must look away from himself, that he was but an instrument to do the work, in the hand of a Master with Whom all things are possible. Amiel failed because "rather than be less" he "cared not to be at all." He could not bring himself to step towards his ideal of completeness—up the toilsome round after round of the ladder—he must reach the summit at a bound, or stay below altogether. The ceaseless introspection of his nature would not allow of struggles which led onward and upward; they left him ever at the place where they found him, discouraged from further effort. The actual intensity of his inner life took away his capacity for work, and the want of ambition in his character explains how it was that he received no stimulus from within. His love of duty and of God kept him pure, true, and sympathetic, but to us he must, alas! stand rather as a warning than as an example; to us who would gladly have looked to him for help along the difficult path of life, which he might so well have been able to give.

Some men must be the martyrs of thought that others may profit by their experience. But, despite its many scattered gems of thought, such a work as this is rather interesting, and sadly helpful to us as a record and illumination of the man himself, and of men of his fashion, than positively useful. In reading page upon page of weakness and of longing after the unattainable, we realize more and more that the restless turning over in our minds of our own insufficiency and wretchedness will never carry us forward towards our attainment of a high ideal. It is vigorous, honest action which ennobles a man, gives him influence over his fellows, and makes him a bulwark of strength for them to lean on. Because this was precisely what was lacking throughout Amiel's career—if career we may call it; therefore we are constrained with deep regret to write against his whole life the sad and terrible word—Failure!

ALBINIA BRODRICK.

ART. IV.—PROVERBS IV. 18.

"*The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.*"

THESE words are commonly thought to refer to the growing beauty of a good man's life. Casting about for some similitude in the rich storehouse of Nature, with which to compare it, the inspired writer bethinks him of the ever-brightening course of the sun, as he travels from his rising

till he has reached his meridian height. Like the early dawn, with a freshness, a purity, a charm, which are all its own, is the "beauty of holiness" in the new convert or the Christian child. But it is like it also in the future which awaits it, and in the promise which it contains. "It shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Climbing slowly but surely "the steep ascent of heaven," clouded sometimes yet pressing upwards through the cloud, and emerging from it with accumulated light, the sun pauses not on his onward way till he has reached "the steady day," the unwavering glory of his noontide splendour, when he appears for a while to stand still in the midst of heaven. Such is the tenor of a good man's life. The parable of Nature must be pursued no further. Unlike the sun, he hasteth not to go down; his "perfect day" is "steady" for ever. It is as endless as it is perfect. Or if it admits of change, it is of that change of which our Christian poet sings:

> Then shall we see Thee as Thou art,
> For ever fix'd in no unfruitful gaze,
> But such as lifts the new-created heart,
> Age after age, in worthier love and praise. [1]

But true and profitable as the meaning thus elicited is, it may be doubted whether it is precisely that which the words were intended by their writer to convey. He is using the figure of a path or road to denote the course of life and conduct, throughout the whole paragraph in which this verse occurs.[2] In "the way of wisdom," and in "the paths of uprightness," into which his feet had early been led, he counsels his scholar to continue, assuring him of the safe and easy progress which will thus be secured. From the "path of the wicked" and "the way of evil men," he earnestly dissuades him; for they who tread it are the slaves of a restless craving, an insatiable passion for mischief; and wickedness and violence becomes at length the business of their life, and the source of their maintenance. Recurring, in the verse under consideration, to "the path of the just," he sets its growing brightness in sharp contrast against the darkness of the other path, which he had just depicted; and then concludes the paragraph with another verse, in which the true idea of that growing brightness is obviously suggested. "The way of the wicked," so the verse runs, "is as darkness." But why? Because of the moral turpitude which attaches to it? Because it rolls its black, polluted waters beneath mist and miasma, in contrast to the pure, sparkling, sunlit stream of a holy life? In truth it is so; but that is not the point

[1] "Christian Year." Ascension Day. [2] Verses 10-19.

which is now insisted on. "The way of the wicked is as darkness: *they know not at what they stumble.*" Obscurity, perplexity, uncertainty—it is in this that the darkness of their way, as here described, consists. However bright and inviting it may appear, as it is spread in tempting guise before unwary feet, the shadow of death will assuredly settle down upon it. A horror of great darkness will come upon those who pursue its course. They shall grope as the blind, unable to discern or avoid the perils which beset their path. For want of light they shall stumble and fall. Must not then the growing brightness of the contrasted path denote prominently, if not exclusively, in such a context, the increasing plainness with which it is discerned by him who treads it? Is it not the growth of knowledge and assurance that is mainly indicated? "If any man walk in the day, he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of this world." That is the path of the just. "But if a man walk in the night, he stumbleth, because there is no light in him."[1] That is the way of the wicked.

The truth, then, which this verse, if this be its right interpretation, teaches, is that the way of righteousness is the way of knowledge in the things of God; that it is on the path of the just man that the clear light of certainty, as regards religious truth, rests. He it is who is delivered from the doubt and difficulty, the anxious questioning and distracting hesitation, which destroy the peace, and paralyze the energy, and imperil the safety of unholy men. And along with this it is further asserted here, that this certainty increases with increasing holiness; that peaceful trust and calm assurance and happy confidence are ever more and more the portion of the righteous, as they "grow in the grace and knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

The world is ever ready to reverse the order which is thus insisted on, and to read the lesson backward. Give us, say they, more light, more proof, more evidence, and then we will accept your facts and follow your precepts. Give us more knowledge, and we will render more obedience. Religion, as you represent it to us, is vague and shadowy and unreal. It lies in a region which is beyond the reach of human experience and investigation. It moves in the sphere of the unknown, and, as we now persuade ourselves, of the "unknowable."

The objection is at once unreasonable and untrue. Every science has its conditions, which it is absolutely necessary to observe if we would study it with success. And this heavenly science, the knowledge of ourselves and of God, has its con-

[1] St. John xi. 9, 10.

ditions also. And the first of these is the condition which is pointed at in the assertion, that it is *the path of the just* that is as the shining light. It is the condition which the Founder of Christianity adopts, and commits to us as a primary law of His kingdom, when He says:

> If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself. [1]

He that has the will to do, "that willeth to do"[2] the will of God, shall have the knowledge of God. Obedience is "the organ of spiritual knowledge."[3] There is no other way by which it can be obtained. Ask humbly, reverently, submissively, What is the will of God for me? Ask so, "Who art Thou, Lord?" if as yet thou knowest Him not. Ask so, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" so soon as He reveals Himself to thee. Be honestly desirous to do the will of God, if only you may know it, and to know it in order that you may do it. Do it, so far as you already know it, and in doing you shall come to know it more and more. Each upward step shall win for thee a clearer light; each access of light shall cheer and guide thee to yet higher attainment.

It is not always "for lack of knowledge" that souls perish. It was not ignorance that proved the ruin of Saul, the first king of Israel. What picture could be more affecting or appalling than that which the closing scenes of his life present? By what example could the truth be more forcibly illustrated that "the way of the wicked is as darkness," and that "they know not at what they stumble"? Listen to his mournful cry of desolation and despair, on the eve of that last fatal battle: "I am sore distressed, for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more neither by prophets nor by dreams."[4] See that majestic form that once towered proudly above the assembled tribes, the very image of a king, now smitten prostrate to the earth, by the withering sentence of impending doom. See him a helpless fugitive, defeated, wounded, undone, dying by his own hand to escape the greater ignominy of the death that threatened him. How came he there? Saul, who once was among the Prophets; Saul, on whom the Spirit of God had come and changed him into another man. It was the dark path, not of ignorance but of disobedience, that conducted him to so dark an end. Clear and unmistakable was the judgment pronounced upon his error when first he quitted for it the way of life: "Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt-

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[1] St. John vii. 17.
[2] Revised Version.
[3] Robertson's "Sermons," vol. ii., serm. 8.
[4] 1 Sam. xxviii. 15.

offerings and sacrifices as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."[1]

It was not ignorance that hurled Judas headlong down the steep descent of hell. It was not ignorance that rendered vacant the throne, from which he by transgression fell that he might go to his own place. It was moral delinquency, forsaking the path of the just, sin cherished and indulged, not intellectual error, that wrought his ruin.

It was not ignorance that imperilled the faith of the Corinthian Church, and inclined them to deny the resurrection of the dead. They affirmed, indeed, that it was so. Because there is no resurrection, and no life after death, therefore, so their logic ran, let us make the most of this life while it lasts. "Let us eat and drink, *for* to-morrow we die." "Nay," says the Apostle, "be not deceived;" there is a sophistry here: your reasoning is fallacious. It is not really your creed that regulates your life, but your life that shapes your creed. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." You have mingled with the heathen and learned their ways. You love your sin, therefore you would fain persuade yourselves that there is no day coming when all men shall rise again with their bodies, and shall give account of their own works. That is really your error. And what, then, is the remedy? More evidence, more proof, more knowledge? Nay, not these, but a return into the way of righteousness. "Awake to righteousness, and sin not."

It is the same truth which is taught in our great English allegory. When Christian and his companion, allured by the tempting path that opened before them, turned aside from the King's highway, "the way of holiness," then it was that they came within the grim portals of Doubting Castle, and fell under the cruel despotism of Giant Despair.

But if it thus be true that "the way of the wicked is as darkness," and "the path of the just" the only path of light and peace; it is also true that on that path, as it proceeds, a growing brightness rests. It "shineth more and more unto the perfect day." That increasing light is vouchsafed to those who live up to the light which they already possess, has always been a law of the Kingdom of Heaven. It was so at its first introduction. Simeon was "just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel," and to him in that path of justice and devoutness the longed-for consolation came. Cornelius had taken the first step out of darkness into light, by relinquishing heathenism when the pure truth of Judaism was offered for

[1] 1 Sam. xv. 22.

his acceptance. Walking by that light in the path of righteousness, fearing God with all his house, and giving much alms to the people of Israel, while he prayed to God always, he came to the full light of the Gospel of Christ. The treasurer of the Ethiopian Queen, in the ordinances of that far-off temple at Jerusalem, and in the study of the written Word, was seeking anxiously for greater light than he already possessed. And for him the veil was taken away in Christ, and the true light shone upon him as he went rejoicing on his homeward way. The Apostle of Light himself walked first by the light of Moses and the law, then rejoiced for a season in the greater light of him who was "the lamp that burneth and shineth,"[1] and so emerged finally into the perfect day of the Sun of Righteousness.

It was so then, and it is so still.

The traveller has missed his way, and wanders benighted on the lonely wold or the bleak hillside. His feet now sink in the treacherous morass, now tremble on the verge of the beetling precipice. Bewildered and dismayed, with exhausted strength and failing courage, he is fain to relinquish the hopeless struggle, and, for fear of death, to lay him down to die. Suddenly there darts upon his eyes a ray of light, faint indeed, and coming from afar, but, unlike those earth-born meteors which lured him to destruction, pure and calm as the dayspring, and shining with a steady and unwavering beam. And as he gazes upon it, and hope begins to revive in him beneath its gentle influence, a still small voice, that seems to travel down the track of that light, falls persuasive and reassuring upon his ear, and says, "I am the Light of the world; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Encouraged by that Voice, attracted by that Light, he nerves himself to fresh effort. Springing up, he plants his foot securely on the firm path which the guiding ray reveals to him. The first step only is at first made plain to him; but in taking that, the next step opens up before him. Onward ever, step by step, the path itself still brightening, though cloud and mist sweep across it ever and anon, and impenetrable darkness surround it on every side; the accents more clear, and the Presence felt more and more rejoiced in, though rebuke be sometimes mingled with invitation, and warning with encouragement, that Voice and that Light still lead him on. Onward ever do they lead him and ever upward, till at last they land him safely in the Home of Everlasting Light and Love, from which they proceeded; till his feet are standing within the portals of that

[1] St. John v. 35. Revised Version.

City of which it written, "It hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the Light thereof." "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

T. T. PEROWNE.

ART. V.—NOTES OF A MISSION TOUR IN THE UNITED STATES.

MORE than sixteen years have passed away since the memorable "Twelve Days' Mission," held in London in the winter of 1869, inaugurated the work of parochial Missions in the Church of England, and, as with a trumpet-voice, heard all over the kingdom, called the attention of Churchmen to the importance and necessity of making from time to time special and well-organized efforts to rouse our sleeping millions from the lethargy of spiritual death. The results of that original effort, very imperfect as was its conduct, and very limited its immediate apparent effect, were such as to astonish even those who had hoped much from the enterprise. At first there was a great outcry against the movement, coming from most opposite quarters. Stout Protestants lustily inveighed against the thing as the last and cleverest stroke of Ritualistic Jesuitry. Strong Churchmen condemned it with equal warmth as an audacious attempt to introduce Methodism into the sober system of the Anglican Communion. It usually augurs well for a thing when extreme men of opposite parties advocate it, but it also augurs well for a thing when extreme men of opposite parties decry it; for men are usually much more likely to be right in what they affirm than in what they deny; and every good thing as it arises must pass through its *minority period*, in which it will meet with but scant respect from things established and mature amongst which it has dared to intrude, without humbly asking them to permit it to exist. Years must generally pass before it comes of age and is able to speak for itself, to the edification of those who contemned it.

But in spite of this double attack, the early Mission movement soon began to show signs of being an infant Hercules, quite capable of taking care of itself, and of dealing summarily with the snakes of slander and prejudice that were writhing everywhere around its cradle. A year had scarcely passed away before Missions, and frequently general Missions, were

breaking out in all parts of the country, and those of us who had any sort of aptitude for the work were soon inundated with invitations. I don't think it possible that there can be the slightest doubt in the mind of any man possessed of spiritual discernment, as to the extraordinary influence for good that has been exerted throughout our Church by this agency during these sixteen years. It would not be too much to say that Missions have produced a radical change in the spiritual condition of individual churches in many places in which they have been held, and have most beneficially affected the tone and spirit of the English Church at large. To me, amidst the many annoyances of these times of party strife, it is no small comfort to find spiritual life asserting itself everywhere, both amongst High and Low, and I cannot but attribute this largely to the effect of Missions both on clergy and people.

This is so generally felt and admitted by spiritually minded men of all shades of opinion in our Church, that it seems at at first very surprising that the daughter-Church in America should have allowed sixteen years to pass over her without any considerable attempt to employ an agency that has proved so useful in the old country. The explanation of a fact that seemed perplexing at a distance, became less difficult upon closer acquaintance with Americans and with their habits of thought and action. Because as a nation they have shown such marvellous capacity for invention, and, what is perhaps even rarer, such astonishing promptitude in adopting really useful inventions, we are, perhaps, disposed to expect them to be equally prompt and expeditious in introducing into their religious systems whatever has commended itself to us here. But in thus concluding we underrate or overlook two important factors in American Church life: first, the patriotic independence, and second, the strong conservatism of the American character.

I was surprised to find how little way usages that have for years been pretty generally accepted amongst us, have made in this progressive country. Let me give an example or two of what I mean. Of all the changes introduced by the Oxford movement, none have met with more general acceptance than those which affect the musical element in our worship. The surpliced choir and the choral service have long since ceased to be with us regarded as the badges of a party, and it would occasion surprise if one met with a man of moderate Church views who did not adopt these usages. Now, taken man for man, American Episcopalians are on the average Higher Churchmen than we, and yet so far as I could find, even in New York, one would have had to go

either to Trinity, which is practically their cathedral, or to some of the most advanced Ritualistic churches to hear anything like a full choral service. And if this is the case in New York, where perhaps English influence is most felt, still less do these familiar usages prevail in the provincial churches.

I remember when I was a mere boy, just preparing for Oxford, it fell to my lot to spend a few months with a tutor in Bath. I can well recall my astonishment, fresh as I was in those days from hearty congregational singing in Cornwall, at the extraordinary performances that I had to witness in the west-end galleries of some of the fashionable churches of that city. I have often looked back upon the thing with a smile as one of those "portions and parcels of the dreadful past" which could no more be resuscitated here than could nature be expected to bring back the mastodon. Little did I ever think that a quarter of a century later I should find this particular mastodon flourishing in even greater glory than in the Bath of thirty years ago in the most "go-ahead" nation in the world; yet, strange as it may seem, that is exactly what I did find.

The scene is the most fashionable church in a large southern town. The vicar, a man of sense and culture, quite abreast of the times intellectually, and no inconsiderable orator. Ere we leave the vestry he observes apologetically, "It will be necessary to omit the Litany or otherwise curtail the service in order to give you time for even a moderately long sermon. You see, unfortunately, we have to submit to a vast amount of fantastic music which occupies quite a long time, and I can't curtail this without causing annoyance and ill-feeling." The next moment we had entered the church, and the *fantastic* music thus referred to commenced. A female contralto voice murmuring inarticulate utterances, sustained by an organ accompaniment scarcely more audible than would have been the tones of a musical snuff-box heard at an equal distance, made me aware that something was happening as I rose from my knees—I knew not what then, and I know not what now! Soon the organ put on a crescendo, and a soprano voice broke in with equally inarticulate utterances which presently culminated in a blood-curdling shriek, a bass and a tenor by this time assisting in the performance, which lasted for about five minutes and concluded without conveying any single idea to my mind, except one that I found to be in some degree sustained by fact, that I had been listening to very indifferent opera singers. Then came the reading of the service without any attempt at intoning, the four distinguished persons in the west gallery apparently taking no part until the *Venite* was reached, when their opportunity came again, and they made

the most of it! Here was performance the second, which occupied some eight minutes more; the large congregation standing meekly while the four gaily disported themselves up and down the diatonic and even the chromatic scale. At length we found ourselves reading the Psalms in our natural voices; fortunately the four did not dispute our right to do this, though I know not what might have happened if we had claimed the right to sing them. But here a new surprise awaited me. I was perhaps looking forward to being allowed to take a humble part in the worship of God by singing the *Gloria*, but I had reckoned without my host. The *Gloria* was another elaborate and operatic anthem twice or thrice repeated ere the lessons were reached. I should fatigue my readers if I went further; suffice it to say, the *Te Deum* was equally elaborate, and the *Jubilate* much more so; indeed here the four seemed to enjoy their wildest revel. And when a very solemn sermon came to its close, once again the collection had to be stimulated with a tide of song in an unknown tongue which no one attempted to interpret; and from first to last there was not one single thing that any but the four could join in except the hymns, and even these were only saved out of the hands of these inexorable performers by the intervention of the Mission.

This may read like a caricature, but it is really a description of what obtains in a great number of American churches to-day, and did obtain in Bath twenty-five or thirty years ago. I have mentioned it not merely to relieve myself of a little indignation, it may be righteous or it may be Pharisaic, against an evil thing which I thought had died a quarter of a century ago in conservative England, but which I was mortified at finding in a state of full vitality in progressive America, but because this illustrates as well as anything could the conservative tendencies which exist in America, and which perhaps surprised me as much as any of the many surprising things I met with there. I think that if the members of that congregation were to speak their mind on the subject they would probably say, "Well, we like it. If the performance is not as good as it should be, we must pay to make it better; but it is pleasanter to sit or stand in church and hear four professional singers doing their best, than to hear a whole congregation making an indifferent noise. And we really don't see why we should give up our little musical treat as we wish it to be, and conform to the innovations of surpliced choir and congregational singing introduced by foreigners."

Or let me give another illustration. At the time when the American Church was first formed, the bare proposal of such a thing as a prayer-meeting in connection with a Church of

England congregation or parish would have excited horror and alarm; but since those days we have had the great Evangelical revival, and have learnt that where the Spirit of the LORD is, there is liberty. Amongst ourselves to-day, prayer-meetings of one kind or other are common in most well-worked parishes, and are sanctioned by High Churchmen as well as by Low. But in the American Church in this particular, things seem to me to be just where they were with us half a century ago. A former member of my own old Liverpool flock whom I met in New York, but who resided in Brooklyn, told me that her younger sister had joined the Baptists; "and really," she said, "I find it hard to abstain from following her example. Things are worked here upon such very stiff Church lines. Why, sir, there is not, I believe, in the whole of Brooklyn, a church that has a weekly or even a monthly prayer-meeting."

Perhaps this conservative disposition is characteristic of the Episcopal Church in America rather than of the nation at large, though this, I think, is open to question. It should be remembered that our American fellow-Churchmen represent a reactionary protest, the protest of intelligence and culture, against much that must be regarded as savouring of religious extravagance. They cling with the more tenacity to old ways, because there has been so much to excuse their prejudices in many of the newer methods that they have seen rise and flourish for a time, and then sink into decadence around them. On the other hand, it seems to me that, in spite of this conservative disposition, Americans are singularly open to conviction; mere precedent does not weigh with them as it does with us; and when they are convinced that their prejudices have been wrong and unjustifiable, they part with them without a sigh.

The bearing of all I have said upon their attitude towards Missions is sufficiently obvious. For fifteen-years the mother-Church has been reaping spiritual harvests through the agency of Parochial Missions; for fifteen years the daughter-Church has looked on, not, I am disposed to think, indifferently, but dubiously. Did the good people in the old country really know what they were doing? Had they fully considered the consequences of introducing revivalism into their Church, and giving it ecclesiastical sanction? Did they know, as intelligent Americans must know, what evils spring out of the revival system? And was it really possible to utilize all that is best in revivalism without being affected as a Church with what is worst? These are grave questions, and questions requiring time to solve; and, for my own part, I respect my American fellow-Churchmen none the less because

they did not blindly follow our lead in this matter, but took time carefully to consider the thing in all its bearings.

They had also to consider whether, even supposing the agency to be satisfactory, it was adapted or adaptable to the conditions of the American Church, which are so very different from those that obtain on this side of the Atlantic. In facing these contrasted conditions, I must say that I think the American clergy showed great courage, and in actually combating and rising superior to them, American laymen, and most of all *laywomen*, exhibited still more. I confess that I, who had come across the Atlantic to preach to my fellow-Christians courage, and zeal, and devotion, felt myself humbled when I heard of their doing what some of them did. Backed with the authority of our parochial system, it would be no light matter for a Christian lady amongst us to undertake to call at the mansions of Prince's Gate, and not merely to leave a bill with the butler and to come away, but actually to ask, as a perfect stranger, to see the lady of the house, and to explain to her (be the family "Jew, Turk, Infidel, or heretic," or anything else) the nature of the Mission, and invite her and hers to attend. Yet this was what many American ladies did without being backed by any parochial authority at all, other than the direction of the pastor of one small denomination. It was remarkable that in the neighbourhood of St. George's Church, where I was working, and where this was done, even in the palaces of Fifth Avenue, several Jewish and Roman Catholic families actually did promise to attend the services; and if no other good had come of the Mission, I think my excellent friend Mr. Rainsford might have found a reward for all he did to further it in the fact that it led his people to be so brave.

But to resume our story: After fifteen years of observation, a favourable opinion with respect to Missions gradually formed itself; and I think it must be admitted that to the formation of this opinion the extreme High and the extreme Low chiefly contributed. Individual Missions here and there had already been conducted, chiefly by men of one or other of these schools, and in both cases, I believe, with satisfactory results; I say in both cases, for with whatever concomitants of teaching that would not commend themselves to readers of the CHURCHMAN, I believe from what I hear, and I judge from what I saw, that many of the most extreme Ritualists of the American Church are thoroughly spiritually minded men, and preach the Gospel as clearly as our own great ritualistic Mission-preacher, Canon Body, does amongst ourselves. The favourable opinion, however, at last was formed in the minds of that most important section of the American and every

other Church, Moderate men, and the result was a most cordial and brotherly invitation from the Assistant-Bishop and clergy of New York to several of the more prominent Mission-preachers in the old country to "come over and help" in the proposed work.

It was not the first invitation of the kind by any means that I had received. I cannot forbear referring to a similar proposal made to me by an American layman some four or five years earlier, as an illustration of the princely way in which American laymen sometimes act. The gentleman to whom I refer wrote to say that he was persuaded that a Mission was just what the Church in America needed, and that he had set aside £800 at his banker's for the purpose of enabling me to carry it out. This generous offer I was then unable to avail myself of, and both that gentleman and myself have since felt very thankful that I could not. The times were not ripe for it then, but I think they were fully ripe in 1886.

Dr. Pigou, in a recent article in this magazine, has dwelt upon the careful and elaborate preparation, extending over nearly a year, which preceded the Mission. I don't think he has spoken one bit too strongly. It was most hearty and careful and thorough, and carried with it the presage of success. But in addition to this, the fact that the clergy of the great metropolis were about to engage in this work produced a profound impression all over the States, and paved the way for work elsewhere.

I have promised by the heading of this article to give notes of a "Mission Tour," and therefore I shall not speak exclusively of the New York Mission. My first work after landing was to conduct a Retreat for the clergy. A lovely spot had been chosen for the purpose, about fifty miles from the great city, on the banks of the beautiful Hudson. There stands nearly opposite West Point, the famous Military Academy, a large hotel bearing the name of Garisons (but whether or not there should be an apostrophe before the "s" I never discovered). Here a really pretty little country church (and pretty country churches are rare in America) stands only a few yards from the hotel, and indeed the place seemed specially made for "a retreat." About eighty clergy took part in this season of retirement, though all could not be present the whole time. They represented every school of thought—I might almost say every shade of opinion. Extreme High, extreme Low, pronounced Broad, all were there; and yet, from first to last, nothing could exceed the harmony and good will that prevailed everywhere and amongst all. It was the general testimony that no such religious gathering of men of all parties

had ever before been held in the history of the American Church; and it seemed as if the God Who has promised His blessing where brethren dwell together in unity, fulfilled His promise there in a very remarkable way. I never met with a humility more genuine nor a teachableness more sincere than were exhibited by these reverend brethren, many of whom no doubt quite capable of instructing their preacher. But the spirit of the critic seemed laid aside; the man was to a great extent lost sight of, while all seemed eager to gain a real blessing from God.

Without binding ourselves too slavishly to the rule of silence, the Conductor suggested the expediency of abstaining during the retreat from ordinary conversation; and during our meals we read aloud Mr. Moule's very helpful little book upon sanctification, which was greatly appreciated. I will only add that when on the last evening I invited anyone who desired to do so, to confer with me about their own spiritual experience, so many availed themselves of my offer that my room was not clear till after two o'clock in the morning.

I shall be breaking no confidence if I say that my strong presentation of the doctrine of personal assurance of present salvation, as springing from the moral consciousness of distinct and definite faith in Christ as Saviour, was the thing that seemed most to strike those who thus conferred with me, and to awaken strong desires for a clearer apprehension of whatever can be apprehended in this respect. More than one testified to new light found here, and new peace and joy experienced in claiming all that belongs to faith; and scarcely any took leave without expressing in very warm terms their sense of the benefit received from the Lord in that quiet time. At our last meal together, I suggested that each one present should rise in his place and utter either a text or a verse of a hymn, or any other word that should give expression either to a lesson learned or a desire awakened or a blessing received; and I shall not easily forget the solemn influence of holy joy that seemed to pervade that gathering, as one after another rose and uttered familiar words, which seemed to carry with them quite a new significance, of personal testimony.

This is, perhaps, the right place in which to offer to the reader my personal impressions of American parsons and parties, and indeed of the general condition of the Episcopal Church in America. One of my friends—an Englishman resident in America, and one who should have some opportunities of judging—expressed his strong conviction that, taken man by man, the American clergy would compare favourably with the English—were in fact, as a rule, abler men. I should not say that this was altogether the impression made upon my

mind. On the other hand, I saw no signs of inferiority to the home average. It seemed to me, as far as I could judge, that the ordinary average American parson would hold his own with average men on this side. Perhaps, however, their *average* is somewhat higher for this reason, that "*sticks*" cannot hold their own in a purely voluntary communion. If a man be a stick in England, he may drop into a fat family living, and, like Pharaoh's lean kine, eat up the fatness of the land and still continue a dry stick; or he may attract the compassion of a kind-hearted Bishop, who will give him a church to empty, while he draws £300 a year for his services in this respect. But Mr. Stick has not the slightest chance in America—he simply fails; that is to say, he fails to obtain bread and butter; and then, as one of my hosts humorously observed to me, there is nothing before him but to go in for book agencies, quack medicines, or lightning-conductors! Exemption from sticks is certainly a great boon, but that it is purchased somewhat dearly at the price of voluntaryism, pure and simple, I think few intelligent observers will be prepared to deny. To me it seems as if *we* erred in one extreme in maintaining the absolute independence, and *they*, in the other, in *ordaining* the actual dependence of their clergy upon the goodwill of the congregation (as represented in their case in the vestry).

If efficiency depended mainly upon reading and educational training, their clergy ought certainly to leave ours behind at an almost immeasurable distance. Great was my astonishment at finding that a four years' preparatory theological training is demanded before a candidate can be admitted to Holy Orders, even when he has spent three or four years in taking an Arts degree. I may be wrong, but to me this seems a grave mistake, and one that has proved injurious to the Church. In the very interesting article which appears in the CHURCHMAN, for May, the writer, who is evidently as well informed as he is judicious and candid, points out that there is a great lack of candidates for the ministry; that the supply, in fact, by no means keeps pace with the demand. What wonder? In America there is nothing, or next to nothing, to prevent a man setting up as a doctor or a lawyer with no other qualification than his own assurance; and if a man possesses the gift of fluency there is nothing to prevent him "running" a place of worship in any township of the great West that wants one, without being possessed of any other qualification at all. Take Mr. Moody as an example of what I mean. He has never undergone any process of ordination nor any technical theological education, yet while still quite a young man, by virtue of his powers of

speaking and working, he becomes "Pastor" of the largest congregation in Chicago. Had he been a loyal Churchman how different would have been his career! At the age of thirty he would have been turned out of a theological seminary in which very likely he might not have distinguished himself, for I should not think that study of that kind would have proved his special gift, and then he would most likely have been buried in some remote Mission chapel where his unique powers would probably for years have remained unrecognised and therefore practically unemployed. Whereas, in another denomination, his services, however irregular, were at once recognised and turned to good account. How can we expect that young men will give themselves up to the ministry when this entails four years of technical education, where in other professions they may get at their life-work almost at once? I am sure that if we were to attempt anything of the kind here in England we might shut half our churches within a decade.

Nor am I quite satisfied that this long educational period renders men really more fit for fighting the practical battle of life. Suppose that the tone of the Seminary should be, as I believe is sometimes the case, narrow, one-sided and not very spiritual, will not the effect of such a training be most disastrous upon the embryo parson? By-and-by he is sent down to open a "tin" Mission chapel in a rising town amongst the wilds of Texas. He finds there a Baptist, a Methodist, a Presbyterian community, all engaged in what is practically missionary work amongst those who differ only in the slightest degree from heathen. If he could only meet these Christian labourers in a comprehensive and liberal spirit, he might soon win his way to a position of influence and usefulness. But the traditions of the Seminary are upon him, these earnest men who have hitherto been the sole representatives of Christianity in the locality are schismatics with whom a good sound Churchman must have no dealings. Schism is a deadly sin, and the few half-civilized folk that he succeeds in inducing to enter his chapel learn with astonishment that this new sect, as it appears to them to be, claims to be nothing less than the sole embodiment of Apostolic Christianity. Had our young friend spent only one year instead of four in the Seminary, possibly his spiritual instincts and his common-sense might have prevailed, and he might have dared to reflect, "How can these be schismatics when the ground has never even been occupied in the name of the Church, and when for a whole generation there has been no such thing amongst them as a church from which it would have been possible for them to secede?" But the four years in the Seminary have produced an artificial tone of

thought. Common-sense must yield to the principles of the doctrinaire, and the result is that in a place where union of spirit is above all things needed to induce strength against the common foe, our young friend poses as the sole representative of the schismatical spirit, while he condemns all his fellow-Christians around him as conscious or unconscious schismatics.

Of course I am as far as possible from bringing any sweeping charge against the theological seminaries in America. I doubt not, indeed, but that a first-class theological education may be obtained in them, but I gravely question whether there may not be a better training for the ministry than four years of theological study. Would not the Episcopal Church do better if she demanded only one year's purely theological study of those who have already graduated in Arts, but insisted vigorously upon a three or four years' diaconate in which several hours in each day should be devoted to a defined course of study, while the candidate for the presbyterate was practically learning his business during the remainder of the day. Is not this the recognised method of training doctors, who have to walk the hospital as well as to attend lectures on medicine and anatomy? and is practical training less necessary for those whose practice is to be, not with the bodies but with the souls of men?

In speaking as I have done of the possible influence of seminary training upon the younger clergy, I have not been merely drawing upon my imagination. My strong conviction is that the Episcopal Church has lost influence in America by nothing so much as by the exhibition of a spirit of ecclesiastical exclusiveness. "I don't know how it is," said Mr. Moody to me, "but in England the very best and warmest supporters I had, as a rule, were the clergy of the Established Church; in America the Episcopalian clergy, with some rare exceptions, won't have anything to say to me." This exclusiveness seems to me fatal; and I write this not as one who is without any distinctive "Church" views, believing only in the invisible Church, but as a strong Churchman who believes in the divine origin of the visible Church as an organic unity, and as one who would feel myself guilty of a grievous sin if I separated voluntarily from that great historical communion which has maintained its corporate existence unbroken from Apostolic days. But is it not quite possible to hold personally strong views upon this subject, and yet to maintain a very liberal attitude and feeling towards those whose conscientious convictions have constrained them to separate from our communion?

Two duties apparently we all must recognise as binding upon us, but our capacity to fulfil the one must be limited by our

obedience to the imperious claims of the other. We are bound to endeavour to maintain organic unity; but we are also bound to be true to what, to the best of our judgment, we regard as truth. I cannot believe that, in order to maintain organic unity, I ought to remain a member of the Church of Rome if I had happened to be born in Italy; and therefore I cannot maintain that those who have an equally strong conviction that the Episcopal Church teaches dangerous errors, ought to remain in her communion because they happen to be born in England. It seems to me that these deplorable divisions are the penalty that we pay for the unfaithfulness of the Church, and the presence of the unspiritual within her pale. It was no part of the design of Christ that this infusion of an evil element into the Church should take place, yet He foresaw it, and bade us let things be till the harvest should set all in their proper places. And even so these divisions, springing from the carnal mind in the Church, formed no part of His original design for the Church; but no doubt He foresaw them, and certainly He has nowhere called upon us to maintain our adherence to the organic unity at the cost of the sacrifice of our strongest conscientious convictions of truth.

If we cannot restore—as we certainly cannot till He comes—the organic unity, we may at any rate recognise that spiritual union which binds together all in whom Christ dwells, whatever their outward name, and which, after all, is the only thing that contains within itself the elements of eternity.

It seems to me that Episcopal clergy make a most grievous mistake when they hold off altogether from religious intercourse, and from co-operation, as far as such a thing is possible, with members of other denominations. For in doing so we are, in the first place, denying the spiritual union which underlies our ecclesiastical divisions, and this must be most displeasing to the Holy Spirit in Whom that union is effected; and in the second place, we convey to intelligent Nonconformists the idea that our Church, instead of being a witness for union, is the main cause of disunion—a body that shares with the Roman Catholics the dishonour of building up walls of division between Christian folk that reason is not allowed to undermine nor charity to surmount.

In a country like our own, where the Established Church embraces half the population within its fold, and where we were certainly first in the field, there is no doubt a show of plausibility in the adoption of the exclusive attitude affected by some strong Churchmen; but in a country like America, where in whole counties the very name of Episcopacy is unknown, while other forms of Christianity are strong, the thing becomes ridiculous. I was told by a clergyman that in the

huge State of Tennessee there are some ninety counties, in about forty-five of which no single Episcopal congregation exists. "Are there any Episcopalians in this neighbourhood, my good woman?" asked a vehement Churchman of a hospitable settler's wife in some remote region at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, as she watered the stranger's horse. "Well, now, sir," replied the intelligent dame, "I don't rightly know. My old man *did* say that he shot one last week, but for my part I thought it weren't but a chipmonk!" How absurd the claim of the rigorous Episcopalian seems to the ordinary American denominationalist may be judged from the following extract from a Southern Methodist newspaper. In the earlier parts of the article the writer speaks in very favourable terms of the effect of our Mission-work at New Orleans; he then proceeds as follows:

> Of course this work shows to many of the devout their Church in a new aspect altogether. Some who have long entertained the pleasing hope that the day may soon come when all the other Protestant bodies shall glide into the open arms of their gentle "Mother," ask, May not this be the day? Said a most amiable and intelligent lady to a Methodist minister, "Now what is to hinder the Methodist Church from coming to us? You see, we believe in revivals, as you do. Surely, now there can be no substantial objection to a union." The minister replied, "The trouble is, we are so large that, should we enter your Church, you would be entirely absorbed, and what forms were left we should toss out of the window." She thought a moment, and then answered: "I wonder how Jonah felt after he swallowed that whale!"

Let Churchmen believe and hold strongly that theirs is the more excellent way, let them fearlessly avow that they do not regard ecclesiastical relations as a matter of indifference, let them by all means instruct their people in the principles of intelligent churchmanship; but let them recognise facts and listen to history, and be as liberal and sympathetic in their attitude towards others as they are definite in their own convictions; and thus, as it seems to me, they will be far more likely to make good Churchmen of their people than by adopting an opposite course.

I was greatly cheered at the end of my four months in America, by an incident of the closing meeting. I shall have to speak of this meeting again, and so will here only say that it was devotional in its character, and therefore applause was not encouraged; but when Bishop Potter (Dr. Pigou's opinion of whom I very heartily endorse, "To know him is" indeed "to love him"), himself a strong Churchman, observed that one effect of this Mission had been to draw Christians of all denominations nearer to each other, and to enable them to understand each other better, the enthusiasm of that huge meeting of 3,000 persons could not be suppressed, the whole

multitude broke forth into an outburst of vehement applause. The Episcopal Church of America has, I believe, a magnificent opportunity before it. Her wealth, her culture, her form of government; the ability and zeal of her ministers, and their careful education, which no one wishes to see discontinued, but only rendered more practical; and above everything else, her Liturgy—all these are immensely in her favour; and if to this she can add a liberal and comprehensive spirit, neither latitudinarian in any sense on the one hand, nor too rigidly dogmatic on the other, she has every chance of becoming in the not very remote future the Church of the masses as well as of the favoured classes. God grant she may!

Let us turn now from her relations to those without her own pale, with respect to which I think she might learn something from us (alas, how little!), to the relations of parties to each other within her own fold, with respect to which I think we may learn a good deal from her. I should not judge from all I heard and saw that the differences of opinion, those on theological questions were at all less grave than those which separate us from each other; at the same time I don't think that party strife is anything like so fierce with them as it is with us. This I attribute chiefly to the almost entire abolition of shibboleths. Those brave lads who so gallantly gave their lives in the Zulu war in an attempt to save the British flag, illustrated by their heroic devotion the fact, which we might well lay to heart in our theological controversies, that when you give men flags you do your best to make them fighters.

If our object is to produce a church militant indeed, but chiefly militant against itself, then multiply shibboleths to the utmost; the more you manufacture the harder men will fight. If, on the other hand, you want the Church as far as possible to be an organic unity, and not an aggregation of discords, eliminate these symbols, or at any rate deny their significance, and then, before we fight, we shall be obliged to endeavour to understand what we are going to fight about, and that will be no small point gained. Any idiot can wrangle with another of the same genus about a coloured stole or an eastward position; but to discuss, or even understand, the profound and complicated questions involved in reasonable theological controversy, you require first to cease to be an idiot, so to fulfil the Apostolic injunction, "in malice be children, but in understanding *be men*." To me it appears as if shibboleths were specially designed to induce the maximum of "malice" and the minimum of "understanding." How often when they lay their shibboleths aside and begin with their definitions, do men find that their real differences are slighter than they had supposed! The only thing to be regretted is

that the abandonment of shibboleths should be somewhat one-sided; to make these concessions of full value they should be mutual.

In America, as far as I can judge, the eastward position, the use of coloured stoles, and of simple sacramental "vestments," of processionals and recessionals, of the mixed chalice, and perhaps several other things about which we fight in courts of law or otherwise, were looked upon as mere matters of taste, involving no necessary doctrinal significance. I only met with one man in America who wore the black gown, and yet I had not returned very long to England before I saw a letter in one of our Church papers of the true *mastodon* type, calling upon all sound Protestant Christians to stick to their colours bravely and well, and abandon the surplice altogether rather than give up this black "flag." I dare say my readers will smile when I tell them that this one black gown that I did see was none other than a vast *Genevan*, swathing within its ample folds the colossal form of the great New England preacher, Dr. Phillips Brooks. Of course no one could suspect him of antiquated Low-Churchmanship. It was rather, as he explained it, a little pet fancy of harmless Ritualism. "I consider this," said he, in response to my look of amazement, "the right thing for preaching in. It is the dress of a teacher, and so I prefer to wear it;" and really the didactic vestment seemed somehow to suit his unique personality and style of pulpit oratory. With characteristic liberality, however, he advised me to adhere to my own surplice, and so I escaped the peril of being buried alive (in spite of my six feet) in those tremendous sleeves!

I heard the most extremely Broad utterances and the most extremely High utterances at the American Church Congress that one could well hear within the limits of any one Christian Communion. I did not hear anything extremely Low, but then I was only there one day. It is my impression, however, that the old-fashioned Low-Church party, the party that was represented a few years ago by the late Dr. Tyng at St. George's, is in that Church very nearly as extinct as the dodo. Evangelicals there still are, and noble specimens, too, of that school; but they are of the moderate and liberal type. In the Church Congress meetings which I attended, the Ritualists made the most of themselves, as they always do at home, keeping well to the front, and apparently endeavouring to enjoy the sensation of making a sensation. But it seemed to me that they did not really carry the meeting with them, and I am quite sure, from all I hear, that their influence in the Church at large is very limited. It is a curious thing that while the old-fashioned Low-Church party seems dying or

dead, the old-fashioned High is perhaps better represented than any other. Perhaps this arises from the conservative disposition that I have already referred to. It must not be forgotten that the Americans received their Orders through the high and dry Episcopal Church of Scotland of a hundred years ago, and, I suppose, not only the Orders, but something of the spirit of the body through which they were obtained, remains to-day. But the hope for the American Church lies mainly in her moderate and comprehensive adherents both lay and clerical, and I rejoice to say they are many. Such men had much to do with bringing about the present Mission, and by the efforts of such mainly, I believe, will this sort of work be carried on. I do think, however, that amongst men of all parties there is a deep and earnest desire for an increase of spirituality, and far more of really vital godliness. It was this, more than the action of any party or of any individuals, that rendered possible that unique retreat at Garrisons, and that most remarkable Mission at New York.

In a subsequent paper, by the kind permission of the Editor, I hope to give some further impressions and experiences of my four months' tour.

W. Hay M. Aitken.

Art. VI.—PUBLIC OPINION.

"*WHEN we know that the opinions of even the greatest multitudes are the standards of rectitude, then*" (and not till then) "*I shall think myself obliged to make those opinions the masters of my conscience.*" These are the words of the greatest of English political writers, Edmund Burke. And it is my object in discussing public opinion to show that however useful it may be for many purposes, it is an unsafe guide for our own individual thoughts and conduct.

What is the analysis of public opinion? It is made up of the impressions and wishes of a multitude of men and women, very few of whom are better informed or have means of making a wiser judgment than ourselves. If all this immense series of units were perfectly independent, fair, unbiased, and impartial, public opinion would be a more trustworthy witness. But the great mass of mankind delight in having their opinions made for them, and in repeating them from mouth to mouth. Here is a fatal point. This tendency is the opportunity for those who are most determined, most selfish, most one-sided, most unscrupulous. Their voice is

heard most loudly and most repeatedly; and loudness and repetition go for much in obtaining credence, acceptance, and adherence. Statements frequently made with confidence and plausibility are generally believed. The majority of men have not time to examine them, or indeed have many of them the faculty or education for distinguishing the true from the false. And the other side, the advocates of truth, have not the wish to be so loud or to repeat so frequently. Thus the determined, the selfish, the one-sided, and the unscrupulous gather a knot of supporters round them; what they say obtains weight by every additional number; their bold statements become widely believed; and at last the majority of the community is imposed upon, deceived, and misled.

Take, for example, a recent great political change, which, happily, we may now discuss with calmness and impartiality. I mean the giving of the vote to the agricultural labourers. Apart from party politics, no sensible man can for a moment suppose that it was a wise thing to hand over the fate of India, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Newfoundland, the Dominion of Canada, the countless islands of the sea, the trade and commerce of Great Britain, and all our delicate relations with foreign countries, on which the peace and prosperity of the world depends, to a set of men who, whatever may be their domestic virtues, and their kindly human qualities, are sadly ignorant on all these great subjects, and indeed on every topic of political and imperial importance. Now, what was the course of public opinion on this immense question? I observed its birth and progress from the very beginning, and I had, I think, a fair opportunity of forming a judgment. It began on the outskirts of the towns. The boundaries of the Parliamentary boroughs were fixed, but the growth of population could take no notice of them. It happened in almost every borough that on one side of a street men were living who had the vote, and on the other side those who had not. Now, the natural and reasonable course to remedy this anomaly would have been to establish a standing judicial tribunal which should from time to time enlarge the Parliamentary boundaries so as to include the new accretions of the town population. The agricultural labourers were not pressing for the vote, and the question of giving it to them could well have waited until a generation had grown up who had been educated under better auspices than the last. But there was a certain set of politicians whom this did not suit. They had in view tremendous radical and social changes, and they knew that they could not carry these changes by means of the old electorate. They wanted a new instrument, which should owe its existence to them, and be their willing and

obedient tool. This view was openly and avowedly held up by them before crowded popular audiences when they were advocating this enormous change. It was with this object that they took hold of the grievance on the boundaries of the borough, and stirred up the question of the agricultural labourers' vote. They spoke very loudly and very often. At last people began to say that the thing was in the air, that the change must come, and that it could not be helped. Nobody particularly wished it, except those who were thirsting for a revolution to be worked out through this new instrument; but they began to believe that the thing was inevitable. Public opinion had been evoked by loudness and by repetition, and the majority of the community allowed themselves to be guided by it. "Opinion," says Horace Smith, the English humourist, "is a capricious tyrant, to which many a freeborn man willingly binds himself a slave."

Or take the case of the Claimant. That is a still more startling example of the uncertainty of public opinion as a guide, because there was absolutely no object in adopting the false opinion and rejecting the true. Here was a man who actually did not know the names of the venerable lady whom he claimed as his mother. Her initials were H. F., and he hazarded a guess in Court that these initials represented the names Hannah Frances. He had omitted to inform himself beforehand that the names were very unusual, in fact French—Henriette Félicité. Here was a man again, not knowing a single word of French, yet supposed to be identical with a youth who had been a skilful and accomplished French scholar. Yet at one time there is little doubt that if the whole kingdom had been polled he would have been declared by a very large majority to have made out his case. The fact is that the mass of the people recognised him as one of themselves, the butcher of Wapping; but by a curious confusion and inconsistency—which is a frequent characteristic of popular judgments—they wished, on this very account, to make him out to be the Baronet of Tichborne.

"While I am ready," says Niebuhr, "to adopt any well-grounded opinion, my inmost soul revolts against receiving the judgment of others respecting persons; and whenever I have done so I have bitterly repented of it." "Opinion," says Euripides, "O opinion! How many men of slightest worth hast thou uplifted high in life's proud ranks!" "In the mass of human affairs," writes Tacitus, "there is nothing so vain and transitory as the fancied pre-eminence which depends on popular opinion without a solid foundation to support it." How often some such reflection as this must

have occurred to the impostor as he worked in Portland Gaol, and remembered that his legal counsel had actually been returned to the House of Commons because he had supported his claims!

I have stated that the fosterers of public opinion are not always disinterested. I should like to call in a close observer of human nature, William Cowper, in evidence on the point. He is speaking of the perversity of the man who has fallen a victim to error:

> First appetite enlists him, truth-sworn foe;
> Then obstinate self-will confirms him so.
> Tell him he wanders; that his error leads
> To fatal ills; that, though the path he treads
> Be flowery, and he sees no cause of fear,
> Death and the pains of hell attend him there:
> In vain! the slave of arrogance and pride,
> He has no hearing on the prudent side,
> His still-refuted quirks he still repeats;
> New-raised objections with new quibbles meets,
> Till, sinking in the quicksand he defends,
> He dies disputing, and the contest ends,
> But not the mischiefs! They, still left behind,
> Like thistle-seeds are sown by every wind.
> Thus men go wrong with an ingenious skill,
> Bend the straight rule to their own crooked will;
> And, with a clear and shining lamp supplied,
> First put it out, then take it for a guide.
> Halting on crutches of unequal size,
> One leg by truth supported, one by lies;
> They sidle to the goal with awkward pace,
> Secure of nothing—but to lose the race.

Nor is public opinion at all more trustworthy as a leader in matters moral and religious. Who can forget, for instance, that but for the heroic courage and unswerving loyalty to Holy Scripture displayed by Athanasius, the Christian world might long have remained in the dry bewildering desert of Arianism? Here once more the wishes and impulses of the lower nature interfere. Listen to Cowper again:

> Pleasure admitted in undue degree
> Enslaves the will, nor leaves the judgment free.
> 'Tis not alone the grape's enticing juice,
> Unnerves the moral powers and mars their use;
> Ambition, avarice, and the lust of fame,
> And woman, lovely woman, does the same.
> The heart, surrendered to the ruling power
> Of some ungoverned passion every hour,
> Finds by degrees the truths that once bore sway,
> And all their deep impressions, wear away:
> So, coin grows smooth, in traffic current passed,
> Till Cæsar's image is effaced at last.
> The breach, though small at first, soon opening wide,
> In rushes folly with a full-moon tide,

Then, welcome errors, of whatever size,
To justify it by a thousand lies,
As creeping ivy clings to wood or stone,
And hides the ruin that it feeds upon;
So sophistry cleaves close to, and protects
Sin's rotten trunk, concealing its defects.
Mortals, whose pleasures are their only care,
First *wish* to be imposed on, and then are;
And, lest the fulsome artifice should fail,
Themselves will hide its coarseness with a veil.
Not more industrious are the just and true
To give to Virtue what is virtue's due,
The praise of wisdom, comeliness, and worth,
And call her charms to public notice forth,—
Than Vice's mean and disingenuous race
To hide the shocking features of her face.
Her form with dress and lotion they repair,
Then kiss their idol, and pronounce her fair.

You see that the first great weakness inherent in public opinion, its want of disinterestedness, clings to it and shows itself on whichever side it turns; whether towards politics, or social questions, or matters of fact, or things moral or religious. Nor is this dissection of public opinion at all new. It is so universally recognised among all wise men alike, that we cannot but wonder that any of us still continue to attach much importance to what is thought by men in the mass. One of the greatest of English thinkers, Bishop Butler, used constantly to remind himself that a whole nation might become insane on some particular point; that is, that it might lose the balance of its mind, and become the victim of some delusion. The wisest of French writers, Pascal, held public opinion in much the same estimation: "that queen of error, whom we call fancy and opinion," he wrote, "is the more deceitful because she does not deceive always; she would be the infallible rule of truth if she were the infallible rule of falsehood." "A statesman," says Julius Hare very acutely, "should follow public opinion, doubtless, but only as a coachman follows his horses—having firm hold on the reins and guiding them." "Public opinion," said the American statesman Seward, "is a capricious sea; whoever attempts to navigate it is liable to be tossed about by storms." "He who has no opinion of his own," wrote the German poet Klopstock, "but depends on the opinion and taste of others, is a slave."

But there is another point about public opinion which we should do well to keep in mind. And that is, that even those who are disinterested and unbiased seekers after truth have extreme difficulty in getting at the facts. Those of my readers who have read the charming and most interesting memoirs of Mr. Greville will remember what he says about history. "The

facts," he remarks, "are hardly ever known. What is accepted is some conventional version of the facts; this version becomes popular, and when, long afterwards, the real facts may chance to come out, the accepted version has become so deeply ingrained that it cannot be uprooted." Mr. Greville, in short, believes from his own inner experience, gathered in the very heart of councils and cabinets, that history hardly ever represents things as they actually happened. If all were known, the verdict would in most cases be very different. Some great men have been of precisely the same opinion. "All history is a lie," said Sir Robert Walpole, the Prime Minister. "There is no truth in history," said Frederick the Great. "What is history," asked Napoleon I., "but a fable agreed upon?" "History is a compendium of uncertainties," says an American writer, Edward Day. "What are our pretended histories?" asks Everett; "fables, jest-books, satires, apologies; anything but what they profess to be." "Most historians," said Voltaire, "take pleasure in putting into the mouths of princes what they have neither said nor ought to have said." "There is truth in poetry," says Prentice, another writer from the United States, "but history is generally a lie." "All history," says Dr. Croly, an English ecclesiastic, "is but a romance, unless it is studied as an example." "The prodigious lies," says the illustrious Nonconformist Richard Baxter, "which have been published in this age in matters of fact, with unblushing confidence, even where thousands or multitudes of eye and ear witnesses know all to be false, doth call men to take heed what history they believe, especially where power and violence affordeth that privilege to the reporter that no man dare answer him or detect his fraud."

And if this be the case in the calm and deliberate investigations of history, what can we expect from those hurried, hasty, midnight, irresponsible and nameless compilations which we read every morning in our newspapers? What reason have we for supposing them to be more worthy of implicit belief and obedience? It is not our present purpose to consider the many amazing obligations which we owe to the daily Press; all I wish to maintain is that we may rightly look to newspapers for the materials from which we may form our judgment, but to take our judgment or opinions ready-made from them without further investigation is in the highest degree unsafe and delusive. We might as well put our conscience into the keeping of a priest. The same step would be taken in each case; the original choice of a newspaper, the original choice of a priest. Yet how commonly, almost universally, is this done! A man takes in some particular journal, reads it at breakfast, and for the rest of the day enunciates and repeats

the opinions which he hastily gathered from what was in the beginning hastily written. The common people have almost a superstition in this matter; what they find written in a book or a newspaper they think must necessarily be true. This gives the owners of newspapers the most enormous power. I do not say the writers for the Press, for they write according to the opinions of the owner, their employer, and know well enough that other opinions would not be admitted. Greville describes the most arrogant man in England, at the date of 1847, the first Lord Durham, the great coal-owner, coming humbly to the editor of the *Times*, on behalf of King Leopold of Belgium, to beg them to put in a more favourable article after one which had been disparaging. He relates also how the *Morning Chronicle*, which had been the willing slave of Lord Palmerston in all the surprises of his foreign policy, was one day sold by its proprietor, Sir John Easthope, to the followers of Sir Robert Peel; and though Sir John Easthope tried to bargain for its continued support of Palmerston, this was flatly refused, and lo and behold the *Morning Chronicle* suddenly became the bitter opponent of the Ministry which it had been advocating. And in another place he writes of the very uncertain and incalculable influence and action of newspapers in the following words, which are no less true in 1886 than they were in 1848:

> It is a great evil, that while education is sufficiently diffused to enable most people to read, they get, either from inclination or convenience, nothing but the most mischievous publications, which only serve to poison their minds, to render them discontented, and teach them to look to all sorts of wild schemes as calculated to better their position. The best part of the Press (the *Times*, for instance) seldom finds its way to the cottages and reading-rooms of the lower classes, who are fed by the cheap Radicalism of the *Weekly Dispatch* and other journals, unknown almost to the higher classes of society, which are darkly working to undermine the productions of our social and political system. The lessons of experience which might be so well taught by the events now passing in France and elsewhere (in 1848, the celebrated year of revolutions), are not presented to the minds of the people in a manner suggestive of wholesome inferences; but, on the contrary, they are only used as stimulants and for purposes of misrepresentation and perversion.

The helplessness of even an intelligent mind which had been accustomed to derive its opinions wholly from a newspaper, when suddenly deprived of its accustomed guidance, is illustrated in an amusing way by a personal reminiscence. One of my family, in the early part of this century, married a landowner in a county of Scotland which was somewhat remote. The laird complained to my father one day, when my father was paying him a visit, that from reading only one newspaper he was afraid that he only saw one side of the question, and might be growing narrow-minded. My father

said that this might easily be remedied. He had only to tell his newsagent to send him a different daily paper every day in the week, and he would soon have plenty of opportunity of becoming more impartial. For a few weeks the laird tried the experiment, but at the end of that time, from having been accustomed implicitly to follow his leading article, and having now to follow a different leading article and a different view for each day, he found that his political faculty had fallen into such a state of confusion, that he hastily and gladly relinquished the scheme.

In this brief and slight essay I have touched upon these points: That public opinion is seldom disinterested; that it hardly ever has the real facts of the case before it; that even history is but a conventional representation of what is supposed to have taken place; that even the best part of the daily Press is written in advocacy of some particular view or line of policy.

The upshot is very simple. If we wish well to the commonwealth, we must none of us accept our opinions from sources tainted by party and faction. It is one of our plainest and most elementary duties to question every statement until it is proved. That is the only possible way of arriving at the truth amidst such clouds of habitual misrepresentation and hasty assertion. I am not now, of course, referring to religious truth, because that stands on a very different footing as the mature growth of centuries, testified by masses of every kind of evidence. I am referring to the daily events and occurrences of our time and nation, about which we as citizens are called upon to make up our minds. It is well, then, never to take anything at secondhand. Next, rigorously suspect everything which comes from an atmosphere of party. It is indispensable carefully to sift the facts. As intelligent men we must have fixed broad irrefragable principles of our own, by which everything may be tested. It is difficult, but it is necessary, to free ourselves from passion, prejudice, predilection and bias. And lastly, when we have formed our own opinions of daily events and contemporary movements, we must not be so conceited as to believe ourselves inspired; we must be open to reasonable criticism and correction. If we adhere loyally and manfully to some such system as this, I believe that the opinions of even the humblest of us will be valuable contributions towards the solution of even the most momentous questions.

W. M. SINCLAIR.

Reviews.

Lectures on Ecclesiastical History. By the Right Rev. W. FITZGERALD, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Killaloe. Two vols. John Murray.

THE members of the General Synod of the Church of Ireland must, amongst many others, have freshly in their memories the appearance and bearing of the late Bishop of Killaloe—the tall form, bent rather with study than with age; the face rugged but comely; the eyes, deep set, beaming the while with intelligence. They will doubtless also recollect some of the words of wisdom and caution which fell from his lips, and the ready eagerness with which they were listened to in the most excited moments of debate.

Some of us can go back farther than the days of the General Synod. We can remember Dr. Fitzgerald as the curate of Clontarf, modest and retiring as he ever was, but always impressing those who heard him with the originality of his intellect and the extent of his reading. We can remember him soon after, in the Chair of Moral Philosophy in Dublin University, occupying a congenial post, and charming the students who attended his lectures by his wit as well as his learning. On one occasion in particular we can remember how he surprised his class into a hearty laugh, all the more hearty because it was the result of a surprise. He had been expounding the systems of Fichte and Hegel, which at the close of his lecture he summed up as the systems of the "I" and the "not I." With Hegel, he said, it was all centred in the "not I." With Fichte it was all in the "I," to which he was determined to add nothing, not even the trifling addition of "and Betty Martin!"

Subsequently he occupied the Chair of Ecclesiastical History in Dublin. And the volumes now published, edited by the Rev. William Fitzgerald and Dr. John Quarry, give us an opportunity of estimating his rare literary qualifications.

From the interesting memoir prefixed to his lectures we learn that Dr. Fitzgerald was born near the city of Limerick in the year 1814. His early years were spent in England, from whence his father, a medical doctor, returned to Ireland on the death of his wife in 1821. In Dublin the future Bishop was educated by Mr. John Turpin, a distinguished scholar, who afterwards became Principal of Midleton College in Cork. From this seminary he entered Trinity College, Dublin, in the year 1830, his tutor being the well-known Dr. James Thomas O'Brien, afterwards Bishop of Ossory, and author of the lectures on the "Nature and Extent of Justification." We have only space to say that in college Fitzgerald was distinguished for the range and variety of his reading, and for the multitude of prizes he obtained in Latin, Greek, and English verse, for his powers of fancy kept pace with his acquisition of knowledge. He obtained a foundation scholarship in 1833, and in the year 1837 criticized the "Tracts for the Times," then coming into notice. He also wrote a remarkable paper on "The Epistle of Barnabas," and reviewed Dr. Walls' treatises on "Ancient Hebrew Orthography." In the year 1838 he was ordained for a curacy in the Diocese of Kildare, and in the following year published his essay on "Logomachy," thereby carrying off a prize of £50 offered by P. B. Duncan, Fellow of New College, Oxford, for the best essay on the subject. It is worthy of note that this essay brought Fitzgerald under the notice of Archbishop Whately; and it is to the honour of the curate and the archbishop that the former should not have hesitated to controvert the opinion of his diocesan, and that the latter—

albeit unused to brook contradiction of his own views—should have been the steady and faithful friend of his opponent during his life.

Some difficulties about the Athanasian Creed so far weighed with the new-made deacon that he retired from the work of the ministry for a few years, devoting himself to reading and literary pursuits. It is to this period of his life that we are referred for his edition of Butler's "Analogy," and it is no small praise of the editor to say that Butler found in Fitzgerald one worthy to deal with his great work.

In the year 1846 he resumed his ministerial labours, and was, as we have said, for some time curate of Clontarf, a suburb of Dublin. On the death of William Archer Butler, whose life of great promise was so early closed, Fitzgerald succeeded him as Professor of Moral Philosophy in T.C.D; and soon after, by favour of Archbishop Whately, became Vicar of St. Ann's, in Dublin. He was also Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Archdeacon of Kildare, and Rector of Monkstown, near Dublin.

In the year 1857 he was appointed to the See of Cork by Lord Carlisle, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—a man of literary tastes himself, and able to discern them in others; and from Cork he was translated to the richer See of Killaloe at the close of the year 1861, where he remained till he was called to his rest, full of years and honours, in the year 1883.

Here we may say a word as to his position as a Churchman. From a review of a short work published in the year 1839, entitled "Episcopacy, Tradition, and the Sacraments," we see at once that he was altogether opposed to the views of the Tractarian party. Nevertheless, he cannot be claimed by the Evangelical party, for in many points he was as far from them as from the Tractarians. His scruples about the Athanasian Creed might lead us to suppose that he was a Broad Churchman, only that he overcame those scruples, and never in his after course showed any sympathy with rationalism, but rather, as in his essay in the "Aids to Faith," contended against it. Fitzgerald's views on Church matters, so far as they followed a master, might be called "Whateleian," for by natural bent of mind and constant association he was under temptation to fall in with the views of the great pedagogue prelate, those views being not broad, but extremely loose. However, the mind of Fitzgerald was too powerful and his learning too great to permit him to swear to the *ipse dixit* of any master; and as time went on his early views became modified on both sides, and his toleration, which was always a real thing, enlarged. In a letter to the Rev. C. H. Davis, written in 1861, he says of himself: "I am in my own way a High Churchman too. I think it madness to lose sight of the continuity of the Church, and regard only our own little islands and the post-reformation times. If we had given up Episcopal ordination, we should have cut ourselves off from all the world. Our position is a standing testimony that the continuity of the Church can be maintained without giving way to the tyranny of Rome and all his detestable enormities."

It may with some be a matter of wonder that a man of so much learning, acuteness, and originality was not a more prolific writer, and did not produce a work of his own worthy of his powers and resources. His earlier writings, though marked by the impress of genius, were fugitive, and are certainly not standard works in the world of letters. His edition of Butler's "Analogy" is not only thoroughly appreciative of and in sympathy with the author, but it is also a striking monument of the extent of his reading, and is most helpful to the student. His sermons were always accounted eloquent and profound by those who heard them. But we might have hoped that from the study of Clarisford House, in the quietude of his Western bishopric, some great book

would have come forth to enrich the literature of the Irish Church, and even to lay claim to the title of a "great book of Christendom." There is, indeed, a touching reason assigned by his biographer (Dr. Quarry) for this defect. His faithful amanuensis, the partner of his studies, as well as of his life, was taken from him by death shortly before he left the See of Cork for that of Killaloe. The apparently cold and almost repelling exterior of this man enshrined a soft and sensitive heart, and his own life was broken by the stroke which laid his wife low. That is a sad picture which is presented to us of the Bishop in his library, receiving his clergy, and conversing with them with cheerful interest; and then, when they left, resuming his solitary walk up and down the room, bearing in his heart a wound which in this world was never to be healed.

The lectures on Ecclesiastical History, to some extent, supply the defect of which we are speaking. From one point of view, indeed, they aggravate that defect, because, as we read those suggestive pages overflowing with originality, and full of evidence of deep thought and extensive reading, and as we observe their fragmentary character, as we discover that the lecturer often filled up the measure of his written discourse by extempore words which naturally took to themselves wings and fled away, we almost lose patience, and wish with all earnestness that the Bishop himself had discharged the task of mending and piecing and supplying needful omissions—a task which, we feel bound to say, the editors have accomplished with singular skill and fidelity.

The lectures are arranged in chronological order, though not, it appears, in the order in which they were delivered. Dr. Butcher, afterwards Bishop of Meath, Dr. Fitzgerald's predecessor in the Chair of Ecclesiastical History, was in the act of delivering a course of lectures on the Reformation, when he was appointed Regius Professor of Divinity. This course was taken up at once by the new Professor; and it was not until the following term that he began at the beginning, and in this way it comes to pass that the lectures on the Reformation which were first in order of delivery are in the volumes last in order of position.

The Professor takes in a wide circle of subjects; in fact, his prelections include a review of the history of the Church from its earliest times to the time of the Reformation. Knowing as we well do his intimate acquaintance with the tendencies and characteristics of the eighteenth century, we feel that it is matter for real regret that he had not the opportunity of dealing with the persons and events which go to make up its history. But we must be content with what we have; and however we may be disposed to differ with some of the Professor's conclusions, we must acknowledge that for suggestiveness, originality, research, and acuteness in arguments, few documents of ecclesiastical history of a similar nature can compare with these lectures.

They consist of four courses, the first taking in the Apostolic, and the second the early Church. The third, which is of the greatest importance, deals with the rise of the Papacy, and the fourth is concerned with the Reformation.

We have already remarked on the introduction of Fitzgerald to the notice of Archbishop Whately. It was an introduction under what might seem to be untoward circumstances. The new-fledged philosopher dared to break a lance with the veteran of the schools; and yet there was doubtless an underlying identity of sentiment which made both one, though at variance. As we read the lectures, we are struck by this community of sentiment. Evidences for Christianity spring up beneath the feet of the Professor as he proceeds on his way. In the sixth lecture of the first course he discovers an evidence for the truth of our religion in the relations of Gnosticism and Christianity. He considers that our

habitual mode of regarding the Gnostics as Christian heretics deprives their testimony to the truth of Christianity of its due weight. We think of them ordinarily as persons who, having embraced Christianity, were afterwards led astray by the influence of philosophy; but in many cases the *converse* of this would be the correct representation. Very often the Gnostics were philosophers upon whom Christianity came *from without, and compelled them to feel its force.* "The extent, therefore, to which the new principles of Christianity, modified in the shape of Gnosticism, the theosophy of this and the succeeding ages, is a proof that in Christianity some unusual power was exercised, and that this religion was distinguished in its kind amongst its numerous competitors." This is but a single sample out of a score to be found in the lectures.

In the second course on the early Church, we have some noteworthy remarks on that true Catholic characteristic of Christianity—viz., its elasticity and power of adapting itself to the various families of mankind. This characteristic, he tells us, is much obscured whenever the Christian religion has been connected with any *fixed local centre*, upon which all Christian communities are supposed to depend. The institutions of the central Church will, in such a case, inevitably be regarded as the mould in which all others are to be cast, and an effort will be made, and though checked, will repeatedly be renewed, to extend that type universally, and obliterate every distinction at variance with that model. Thus, Latin Christianity has become Roman. It is a grand attempt to stamp all nations with the Roman brand, and to produce a general uniformity by imposing upon all nations the institutions of that particular Church. Hence we see at once why the Latin system has never gained any permanent hold where a national character adverse to the Latin type has been developed. No doubt a foresight of the evils which would attend on such a centre was one of the reasons for which Providence ordained the destruction of Jerusalem. The Church of Jerusalem was really what Rome falsely calls herself—the mother of all Churches, to which all the lines of spiritual descent converged, and in which they all met. There was manifest danger that the national peculiarities of the Church at Jerusalem might be impressed on Christianity itself, and a character given to it which would render it unsuitable to discharge its important function of blending freely with the institutions of all nations. The almost synchronous events of the removal of the Apostles and of the disruption of the Jewish polity seem thus to have been so arranged by Providence that the latter, to some extent, compensated for the former; and just at the time that the Judaizing tendency of the Church at Jerusalem was likely to do most mischief, the Roman arms drove it from its metropolis, and violently broke up the associations of local dignity to which it owed its influence.

In this portion of his lectures we meet with those flashes of wit and eloquence which enliven the prosaic dulness of argument and detail. Speaking of that tendency which then existed—to cry up the works of the early Fathers because they *were* early, he says, "If mere lapse of time is to have this canonizing effect, it is a consolatory rule for the dulness of all ages." Again, referring to the number of spurious pieces ascribed to the Fathers of the first century—to Clement, for example—he says: "The truth seems to be, that from the poverty and scantiness of the uninspired literary remains of the first (Apostolic) age, the bookseller and bookmakers of the third and fourth centuries began to think *that there were a great number of excellent names going to waste.*" One more quotation we shall make before we offer a few observations on the third course of lectures. It is from a passage in which he is speaking of the moral failure of Greek philosophy: "The last feeble champions of the

Roman republic had implicitly themselves confessed that the system of its morality was effete by seeking a frail support from the better parts of Greek philosophy; and when Cato of Utica stabbed himself over the page of Plato, it was as if the despairing genius of old Rome had sought to propitiate by the blood of its last free citizen the power by which its enchantments had been dissolved."

The third course, which deals with the development of the Papal supremacy, yields in importance to no other part of the work. This arises, of course, from the nature of the subject, which our author has treated with his usual power and originality. His explanation of St. Cyprian's theory of the Episcopate is ingenious, and such as to reconcile those expressions which sometimes seem to claim a unity for the Episcopate, in which every individual bishop has an equal share, and sometimes seem to centre that unity in the Roman See. It is also such as to reconcile St. Cyprian's theory with his practice. Peter, we are told, was the *type* of the unity of the Episcopate for the Apostles, and the See of St. Peter was afterwards a type of such unity for the Church; but as this typical unity gave no authority to Peter over the rest of the Apostles, even so it gave no authority to the See of Rome over the rest of the Church. No one exercised his liberty of indignant protest more freely than Cyprian, who did not hesitate to receive an appeal from Rome to Carthage—*i.e.*, to himself, in a case where Pope Stephen had directed submission to Basilides and Martiales, instead of Felix and Sabinus.

In the long-run, it was only to be expected that the permanent advantages of a capital city like Rome should advance the prestige and power of its bishops; and when the seat of empire was removed from Rome to Constantinople, that which threatened to lower the status of the Popes really turned out for their advantage. In the absence of the Emperor and his Court they became the greatest personages in old Rome; and when the Roman empire in Europe was broken up into the modern kingdoms which still remain, these kingdoms looked to Rome as their spiritual centre, and to the Pope as their spiritual father. And when the inevitable schism between the East and West took place, the Church of Rome was for the West supreme monarch of all it surveyed; in fact, as Fitzgerald says, "The separation of the East, with all its patriarchates, from the West is the true epoch of the supremacy of Popes, for where in the West could any rival be pointed out?"

He also shows well how the old ingrained Roman feeling that the nations of Europe formed one state politically—a feeling which found expression in the fiction of a holy Roman empire—assisted materially the notion of Papal supremacy; and he aptly cites Hobbes in support of this remark, who describes the Papacy as "the ghost of the old Roman empire, sitting crowned upon the grave thereof."

To enter farther into this subject would be to transgress our limits. The reader will find the essence of Milman's "Latin Christianity" sublimated by the genius of the Bishop; and whether he treats of Arianism or of asceticism, of appeals, or of a state of things which rendered the imposition of celibacy on the clergy possible, he leads up step by step to the completion of a system which had its work and day in that period of transition which lay between the ruin of the Roman empire and the reconstruction of Europe.

"In truth"—to use an oft-repeated phrase of our author—when we read these volumes, and render our tribute to the care and skill of their editors, we must ever regret that they had to perform so difficult a task, and that the book—*teres atque rotundus*—revised, and expanded, and finished by the author himself, has not come to us, a perfect monument of the genius and learning of the great Bishop of Killaloe.

J. W. Murray, LL.D.

John Bunyan: His Life, Times, and Work. By Rev. JOHN BROWN. Isbister and Co.

This book will have a special interest for all who have any regard for the memory of John Bunyan. It is, I believe, the fullest life which has been written of him. There is a good deal of extraneous matter in it, which some readers will wish to skip, for the author often leaves the beaten track, in order to enter into details respecting the genealogy, etc., of all who were in any way connected with Bunyan's history. But there are others again, I doubt not, to whom none of these episodes will appear superfluous.

As an article on Bunyan has already appeared in this magazine, I shall not attempt to give a sketch of his life, but merely notice a few additional facts which Mr. Brown has brought to our notice, and which throw light on some disputed questions with respect to him, and also shall endeavour to point out the particular events and experiences in his life which contributed to the formation of the "Pilgrim's Progress." For though the germs of that allegory are found mostly in the "Grace Abounding," and the inner experiences which this latter work describes, were undoubtedly the groundwork of the former work, yet it probably owes that vivid appearance of reality which has rendered it so popular with the public, to the personages and scenes with which Bunyan came in contact at different periods of his life. It has been truly remarked by Macaulay that he is almost the only author who gives to the abstract the interest of the concrete, for all the characters which he draws, Mr. Worldly Wiseman, Mr. Pliable, Mr. Talkative, etc., are regarded by us as personal acquaintances, or at least as living beings. And we may add that the countries Christian passes through, and the obstacles which he encounters in his journey, have to us an objective reality. We flounder with him and Pliable in the Slough of Despond; we walk with him through the Valley of the Shadow of Death; we descend with him and Hopeful into the dungeon of Despair; and we climb in their company the Delectable Mountains, and look with their eyes over the distant prospect. While we read the "Pilgrim's Progress," the ideal becomes to us, what it was to Bunyan, the real.

Let us now try to gather together some of the materials which contributed to the formation of this allegory. It is probable that the warlike characters and scenes with which it, and still more the "Holy War," abound, were suggested by the short military experiences of Bunyan's early life; and Macaulay thinks that the character of Mr. Greatheart was probably taken from some of the preaching warriors whom he met with at that period. And this seems not improbable; but if so, he must have served in the Parliamentary, not, as some think, in the Royalist army. This question is thoroughly discussed in the third chapter of Mr. Brown's work. Macaulay adopts the first-mentioned opinion, Froude the second. But the only valid argument which the latter advances in support of his side of the question, is that the predilections of Bunyan's father, were in favour of the Royalist cause. But, on the other hand, Mr. Brown argues that Bedfordshire, as a county, was on the side of the Protector, and that the few who were on the other side, were unable to make any combined effort in the cause of Royalty, and finally submitted to the Parliamentarians. However, I will leave that matter for the reader to decide for himself, and will pass to another, *i.e.*, to Bunyan's several imprisonments. When we consider how much worse the state of jails was in those days than it is now, we cannot avoid the inference that his experience in those abodes, suggested to him the idea of that dungeon in which Christian and Hopeful were confined by Giant Despair, and the joy which he felt when set at liberty probably was present to his mind

when he described their escape to the Delectable Mountains. In this, as in other cases, it may be that his outer and inner experiences assisted one another. We see from his "Grace Abounding," how he himself was figuratively shut up in the dungeon of despair, and escaped to the regions of hope and joy. But perhaps he would never have thought of using the simile of a dungeon, if he himself had not undergone the punishment of a literal prison, and experienced the joy of being set at liberty. This seems the more likely, because (as Mr. Brown has proved) the first part of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was written during the last of Bunyan's three imprisonments. The question is fully discussed in chapter xi. There the author disproves the generally received opinion that it was written during Bunyan's twelve years' imprisonment. This long confinement was (it seems) divided into two parts by an interval of some years. But Christian's journey was written, or at least *begun*, during an imprisonment of only *six* weeks, at Bedford Bridge jail, not in the *county* jail where he was *first* confined. So that we may still enjoy our old associations with that building, so well-known from its pictures, even to those of us who have never seen it. But though the greater part of Christian's journey was written in Bedford jail, in the early months of 1676, yet Mr. Brown considers it doubtful whether it was *finished* there, and for the following reason: "There is" (he remarks) "a curious break in the story, which seems almost to suggest that it was *not*. After describing the parting of Christian and Hopeful with the shepherds on the Delectable Mountains, Bunyan says, 'so I awoke from my dream.' Then in the next paragraph he adds, 'and I slept and dreamed again, and saw the same two pilgrims going down the mountains, along the highway towards the city.' This is the only break that occurs in the first part of the book; it is not artistically required by the plot of the story, indeed, it somewhat interferes with it, and the more probable conclusion is that Bunyan's dream was broken by Bunyan's release from his den, and that the remainder of the story, which amounts to nearly a third of the first part, was written after he was set at large" (chap. xi., p. 264).

The first edition of "Pilgrim's Progress" was meagre in comparison with the second. For, as Mr. Brown informs us—"There was (in it) no description of Christian's breaking his mind to his wife and children; no appearance of Mr. Worldly Wiseman; no second meeting with Evangelist: no account given by Christian to Goodwill at the wicket-gate, of his own turning aside; no discourse with Charity. The other additions were, the third appearance of Evangelist as the Pilgrims were nearing Vanity Fair; the account of Mr. Byends, and his relations, with the conversation which took place between him and the Pilgrims; the sight of Lot's wife turned into a pillar of salt, with the talk it occasioned; the whole account of Diffidence, the wife of Giant Despair; and finally, the description of the Pilgrims being met on the further side of the river by the King's trumpeters in white and shining raiment" (chap. xi., pp. 264-5).

The scene in Vanity Fair appears to have been suggested by Elstow Fair, which was held for centuries at Stourbridge, near Cambridge, and which had an appearance very like that which Bunyan depicts; being often in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, he must have frequently witnessed it. Then again, the idea of the Slough of Despond was probably suggested by a slough close to the cottage where he was born. "It stood at the foot of a gently-sloping hill, and between two streams, which, after enclosing 'the furlong called Pesselynton,' met a little farther on, in the hamlet of Harrowden. One of these streams flowed close past the cottage, and after heavy rains, turned the fields behind, as the land still shows, into a veritable Slough of Despond, into

which whoever wandered stuck fast in miry perplexity" (chap. iii., p. 39). The idea of the house called Beautiful was also, as Mr. Brown thinks, probably suggested by the manor-house of the Elstow estate, which was sold to Sir Thomas Hillenden. The porch, which is exceedingly beautiful, is still standing; there is a picture of it in the book before us on page 21.

As to the personages in the "Pilgrim's Progress," there is every probability that *most* of them, if not *all*, were suggested by different characters with whom Bunyan came in contact at various periods of his life. Of many of these we have no record; but there are some the originals of which we can find, or at least think that we can identify, in certain individuals whose names have been preserved to us, and who had a great share in shaping the course of Bunyan's life. It is probable, *e.g.*, that Mr. Gifford, the converted Royalist major, who was afterwards minister of St. John's Church, Bedford, and whose ministry for two years was very helpful to Bunyan, is partially portrayed in the character of Evangelist. Indeed Bunyan himself implies that he was, where he says of him, "Evangelist was clearly a man of insight" (chap. v., p. 94). Apparently, however, Mr. Gifford had less trouble in establishing Bunyan in the faith than Evangelist had with Christian, for his spiritual conflicts were nearly at an end when he came under Mr. Gifford's influence. There are some, however, who think that Evangelist gave himself, or at all events Christian, unnecessary trouble, because he made him take a roundabout course instead of directing him straight to the cross and the sepulchre, where his burden would at once have fallen off. This objection might be true in some cases, but not in all; and we must remember that Bunyan himself was very slow in coming to the full knowledge of the truth. And where a man's spiritual condition is not sufficiently ripe to enable him to see the way of life clearly, it is necessary to begin from a greater distance, just as when we have a heavy weight to move, we are obliged to lengthen the lever which we use to move it, and thus gain strength, though at the expense of velocity. This seems to have been Christian's case, for when Evangelist asked him if he saw the wicket-gate, he said no; so he was obliged to point him to a shining light which he was able, though not clearly, to distinguish. It might, however, have more entirely removed all ground for objection, if Evangelist had in the first instance pointed Christian to the cross and sepulchre, instead of to the wicket-gate.

As to the judges and jury by whom Faithful is condemned, there can be but little doubt that Bunyan took their portraits from those by whom he himself was tried and sentenced to imprisonment. Macaulay thinks that he meant to satirize the manner in which State trials were conducted in Charles II.'s time. It may be so, but I think that we need not suppose that he went so far for his materials when he could find them nearer home.

In the second part of the "Pilgrim's Progress" (which was written after the "Holy War"), he is supposed to have taken the characters of Christiana and Mercy from his two wives—Mercy from the first, and Christiana from the second. And this seems probable from the resemblance which their respective characters bear to the two above mentioned. His first wife was modest, gentle, and retiring; the second firm, courageous, and unflinching, as we see from her behaviour to the magistrates when she pleaded her husband's cause before them. The manner in which he portrays the character of these two females shows a delicacy of mind for which we should otherwise hardly have given him credit. For his portrait, and to a certain degree his style of writing, suggests the idea "of a strong but roughly hewn mind, in which the masculine element pre-

dominated." But the second part of the "Pilgrim's Progress" fully shows that, whether by nature or by grace, there were delicate cords in his mind as well as strong ones.

I have now, I think, enumerated most of the persons, scenes and events, which we are able to fix on as having probably contributed to form some of the materials for the composition of this great allegory, though there were doubtless others of which we know nothing. These, in addition to his inner experiences and his own fertile and vivid imagination, were Bunyan's only human sources of inspiration; for the rest he was indebted to the Bible and the teaching of God's Spirit, and if he derived some religious instruction from books and conversation, we have no reason to suppose that he borrowed anything from them for the composition of his allegories. For his own testimony to the originality of his work is plainly asserted in those verses of his which begin, "Matter and manner, too, was all my own," etc. (quoted in p. 290). And as Mr. Brown well remarks, "The endeavour to hunt up recondite sources for Bunyan's inspiration has, in truth, been a little overstrained. It is not worth while to go to Sir John Mandeville's 'valley perilous' for the suggestion of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, while we have the 23rd Psalm; or to the engraving of the Christian believers, by Jerome Vieux, for the army of the Pilgrims, while we have the strait gate of the Gospels," etc., etc. (chap. xii., p. 290). This defence is indeed unanswerable, but we hardly need it, for most, if not all the authors to whom it has been suggested that Bunyan was indebted for some of his ideas, it is almost impossible that he could have read. And if he owed anything to them, he would have acknowledged it; for he is so scrupulously honest, that when he gives Dr. Skill's Latin prescription for Matthew in the second part of the "Pilgrim's Progress," he says in the margin, "*The Latin I have borrowed.*"

And now, what shall I say of the "Pilgrim's Progress" as a work of art? Perhaps some one might answer to this question, "It is better to say nothing, for, as Johnson said of Gray's 'Elegy,' it is vain to blame and useless to praise it." And yet I cannot find it in my heart to leave unnoticed a work which has been to me, as no doubt it has been to hundreds of others, the delight of my youth, the instructor of my maturer years, and the solace of my declining ones. Certainly, when we consider that it was the work of an unlearned tinker, unassisted by men or books—except the Book of books—when we remember also that it has been for years the delight of thousands, that it has been equally the favourite of the poor and the rich, the learned and the unlearned, we may well say that it is the most remarkable production which has ever proceeded from the pen of an uninspired man. For surely in the particular points I have mentioned, and taking into account the antecedents of the writer, we may say that it claims a superiority over even Shakespeare, Milton, and Dante. It has been translated into seventy different languages. I was once shown a Chinese edition of it illustrated, and was highly amused to see my old friend in a new dress. Christian, habited as a Chinese, was represented as going up to the house Beautiful, which was drawn as a Chinese pagoda, with the sides of the roof turned up. Not only friends but enemies have borne their testimony to Bunyan's genius. There has been, I believe, both a Roman Catholic and a Ritualistic edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," slightly altered to meet their views. Dr. Johnson, bigoted High Churchman as he was, said that it was one of the few works which he had read through. And once, at Dr. Percy's, he took the doctor's little girl on his knee, and asked her what she thought of the "Pilgrim's Progress." And when she answered that she had never read it, he put her down and said, "Then I would not give a fig for you."

Macaulay's delight in this work is well known. He not only reviewed Southey's edition of it, but he has written another paper on Bunyan, which has been published among his remains. To be sure, he looks at "Pilgrim's Progress," as he does at the whole of Bunyan's life, from a human point of view; but perhaps this very fact renders his testimony to it as a work of art the more weighty.

It may be said, indeed, that the whole world, at least the whole English world, is unanimous in reckoning Bunyan the chief of allegorists, and therefore their verdict must be right. But yet, such being the case, it is remarkable that when tried by the standard of allegorical correctness, it is defective; and that not only occasionally, as when Faithful is taken up in a chariot, after his enemies had despatched him, in contradiction of the angel's assurance to Christian and Hopeful, that no one except Enoch and Elijah either had been or *would* be allowed to reach the Celestial City except by crossing the river. This might be a mere accidental slip; but throughout the whole of both parts of the "Pilgrim's Progress" the allegory is constantly dropped, and the characters converse like ordinary Christian men and women. Macaulay notices these inconsistencies, but defends them, not only on the ground that they give an additional interest to the story, in which I perfectly agree with him, but also because such discrepancies are unavoidable in an allegory of any length. In this he was wrong, as is shown in the "Holy War," which probably he never read. I have carefully examined this last-mentioned work, and have not been able to find any point of importance in which the allegory is defective; and this is no small praise, for it is both long and intricate. The "Holy War," however, is, I suppose, generally considered inferior to the "Pilgrim's Progress," and at all events it is much less popular. For one who has read it, there are perhaps hundreds who have read the "Pilgrim's Progress;" and it is singular that its relative unpopularity is partly owing to the two points in which it excels the latter, namely, in the exactness of the allegory, and the amount of deep spiritual experience which it contains. Owing to the first, it recommends itself comparatively little to our human sympathies; owing to the second, it is not intelligible to unthinking or unspiritual minds. Then, again, we cannot regard the personages as friends or acquaintances, which we do in the "Pilgrim's Progress." They are too many in number, and are too much of abstractions for us to feel a personal interest in them. Nevertheless, anyone who has gone through the mental struggles, temptations, and assaults of the evil one which are typified in this allegory, must read of the battles waged by Mansoul with the interest of personal experience, the interest which an old soldier might be supposed to feel on reading the account of conflicts in which he has himself been engaged. In poetical beauty the "Holy War" is inferior to the "Pilgrim's Progress," yet there are scenes in it in which Bunyan's poetical spirit breaks forth—*e.g.*, the description of the grief and terror of the inhabitants of Mansoul when their town is taken by Emmanuel's army, their dreadful suspense while they are awaiting their well-merited sentence, and their joy when they receive pardon. All these are beautiful and touching, and may well affect the hearts of those who have gone through, spiritually, the scenes which are here described. Still the "Holy War," as it never *has* been, so I suppose it never *will* be, as generally popular as the "Pilgrim's Progress;" this latter touches chords which are more universally responded to in the human heart—well it is that those chords are safe ones! There is (as far as I can see) little or nothing the truth of which Bunyan does not prove from the Word of God. It has been remarked that those who feel most delight in reading the "Pilgrim's Progress," owe the pleasure they

take in it, to the memories of their youth. For an allegory is generally more attractive to children than to older persons, because the former, though they may recognise the allegory, do not lose their sense of the realities described in their recognition of the anti-type. This may, perhaps, be true as far as the educated are concerned. With the poor and uneducated the case is different, for they are mentally very much in the condition of children. But if so, it is well that our children should be (as, indeed, most well brought-up children are) familiar with this great work. They may perhaps read it—as indeed most of us do at that age—chiefly for the sake of the story; but it fills their minds with endearing associations. And if in after life they have really begun their pilgrimage to the Celestial City, then, when they re-peruse it, old memories come back to them like a strain of music heard long ago, but which now falls on their ears with a deeper and sweeter melody than formerly, conveying a new and glorious meaning.

EDWARD WHATELY.

Short Notices.

Missionary Work among the Ojebway Indians. By the Rev. EDWARD F. WILSON. Pp. 250. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1886.

THIS is a charming little volume, and we heartily recommend it. The story is so real, so bright and earnest, it is sure to win its way. Mr. Wilson went out as a C.M.S. Missionary in 1868. Those who heard Chief Buhkwujjenene speak, some fourteen years ago, at Bishop Wilson's Memorial Hall, Islington, or elsewhere, will take a peculiar pleasure in this book. But it is a book for all.

"*The Valley of Weeping a Place of Springs.*" A Practical Exposition of the 32nd Psalm. By the Rev. CHARLES D. BELL, D.D., Author of "Our Daily Life," "Henry Martyn," "Night Scenes of the Bible," "Voices from the Lakes," etc. Pp. 184. Hodder and Stoughton.

Many of our readers will heartily welcome a new book by Canon Bell, whose poetical pen gives graphic touches to expositions of insight and ability. "Passing through the valley of weeping, they make it a place of springs," Psalm lxxxiv. 6, R.V., is indeed a suggestive saying, full of consolation. "The valley of weeping," in the very act of passing through it, becomes to believers "a place of refreshing springs." There is an unction about this book which to troubled and restless souls will prove refreshing. Christians of experience will be glad to recommend it. We should add that it is printed in clear type.

An Introduction to Theology. By ALFRED CAVE, B.A., author of "The Scriptural Doctrine of Sacrifice," etc. Pp. 576. T. and T. Clark. 1886.

The Principal of Hackney College is known as an able writer, and his present work, here and there rather incomplete, is not unworthy of his reputation. Theological students who desire to have, under several headings, lists of "books recommended," will find it useful.

The Acts of the Apostles. Short sections of the Book, with a simple Commentary for Family Reading. By the Rev. FRANCIS BOURDILLON, M.A., Vicar of Old Warden, Beds. Pp. 300. Elliot Stock. 1886.

Mr. Bourdillon's books, such as "Bedside Readings" and "Family Readings on the Gospels," are so well known and so much valued, that

we need say little in commending the book before us. The comments are rightly termed "simple," but they unfold in a suggestive manner, and the teaching is truly practical. We should add that the type is large.

"*Popular County Histories.*"—*A History of Devonshire.* By R. N. WORTH, F.G.S., Author of "The Histories of Plymouth," etc., etc. E. Stock.

This volume will be welcomed not only by Devonshire folk, but by all who like a really readable book of personal, parochial, and county history, with a spice of archæology, and so forth. "The History of Norfolk," which we lately recommended, was another good sample of this series. Mr. Worth tells us about the Northcotes, the Palks, the Courtenays, the Spekes, and the rest, in a pleasing fashion. There is a full description of Plymouth.

The April *Church Missionary Intelligencer* is of much interest. Its contents are varied, and every section is good, while two or three papers especially attract. The "In Memoriam" of the Earl of Chichester is clear and full, in tone and treatment really worthy. Here is a specimen passage:

Lord Chichester ever manifested a deep personal sympathy with the missionaries. Many of those who were prominent thirty years ago were honoured with his friendship. Only a few days since he sent Mr. Beattie a contribution towards the monumental stone for Dr. Pfander's grave. In the native clergy he took a warm interest, and to Bishop Crowther in particular he showed much affection. Only eighteen months ago, at the Valedictory Dismissal of September 30th, 1884, he told how, in order to remember the various missionaries in prayer, it was his habit to lay the *Intelligencer* and *Gleaner* open before him month by month, and pray by name for those mentioned in their pages. He was, indeed, eminently a man of prayer. Those who were present at three or four of the Thursday Prayer-Meetings last summer, when he himself led the petitions of the kneeling company, will not have forgotten the fervour and simplicity and humility of his language. It was that of a man to whom the Throne of Grace was a frequent resort, and who deeply realized the condescension of the Almighty Father in bending an ear to any of His children. When Gray, the porter for some years at the Church Missionary House, and afterwards at the Church Missionary College (who had been in the fatal Balaclava charge), was lying on his last sick-bed, our aged president went several times to Islington to visit and pray with him. The very last time Lord Chichester was out he was at Brighton, calling upon a poor invalid (formerly of Stanmer) who had kept her bed for thirty-three years, and who died a few hours after his visit.

We have read "Some Recollections of Bishop Hannington," rich in personal details, with much satisfaction. Our own experiences are quite in accord with Mr. Dawson's. The Bishop's papers in THE CHURCHMAN two years ago—graphic descriptions of his journeys in Africa—will repay a second reading, side by side with Mr. Dawson's "Recollections."

From the Religious Tract Society we have received four specimens of "The R.T.S. Library, illustrated;" Mrs. Butler's *Life of Oberlin*, *Adventures in New Guinea*, *Pilgrim Street*, by the author of "Jessica's First Prayer," and Lord Lorne's *Canadian Life and Scenery* (abridged); in paper covers, 3d. each. Other volumes are announced. This will be, no doubt, a very popular "Library."

Letters and Reports (C.M.S. February Simultaneous Meetings, C. M. House, Salisbury Square) we most heartily recommend. A singularly interesting pamphlet.

The *National Review*, an interesting number, has an admirable article, "Dismemberment disguissd," by Lord CRANBROOK.

The May *Art Journal*, an attractive number, has Leslie's "Nausicaa and her Maidens."

Mr. Gladstone and Professor Huxley on the Mosaic Cosmogony, by the Rev. B. W. SAVILE, M.A. (Longmans), is a pamphlet which bears painful tokens of haste. On the first page, instead of "ever" appears "never." Some sentences are strangely muddled; here, *e.g.*, is a portion of a sentence on the second page:

. . . . whereas, on the other hand, the Mosaic cosmogony, as interpreted by those who understand the language in which Moses wrote, see in it not only a certainty of its being a revelation from God, but that the labours of the greatest and best of men, after centuries of scratching and rubbing the earth as well as their brains, have only succeeded in discovering how true and perfect are the ways of God, and the knowledge with which Moses was taught by God to write more than 3,000 years ago.

THE MONTH.

THE MAY MEETINGS have been perhaps of more than average interest and importance. The attendance as a rule was satisfactory, and the speeches were suggestive in a truly spiritual sense, as well as stimulating. Of many meetings the tone was deeply devotional. The statements made regarding the work and prospects of our leading Societies, both Home and Foreign, should deepen thankfulness and courage. Nevertheless there is an increasing call for service; promise-pleading prayer, and self-denying effort.

At the Anniversary service[1] of the Church Missionary Society, the preacher was the Archbishop of Canterbury. One paragraph of his Grace's sermon may well be quoted, from the *Record:*

What has been lately pointed out,[2] viz.: that among the liberalities—and they are not few—of the greatest and the richest classes, that cause

[1] Long before service began the church was filled in every part, many standing in the aisles. Prayers were read by the Rev. F. E. Wigram; the first lesson, Isaiah lx., was read by the Bishop of Exeter; the second, 1 Thess. i., by the Bisbop of Liverpool. The responding and singing, as is always the case at the Church Missionary services at St. Bride's, were most hearty and impressive; and in the Confession, the Creed, and the General Thanksgiving (which was repeated by the whole congregation), the united voices rolled round the building in great billows of sound. The Archbishop of Canterbury took for his text 2 Timothy ii. 2; "And the things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also." The sermon occupied about three-quarters of an hour in delivery, and was listened to with the closest attention, the Archbishop's clear voice and distinct enunciation making it easily heard all over the Church.

[2] See some curious and interesting statistics in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* for May, 1886, on the "Titled and the Wealthy: their Contributions to Foreign Missions."

which in itself is grandest of all and has the most active relations to their own future in the world has had their least support. For in passing we may say that now is the moment in which it is being determined whether the vast democracies which everywhere in the Empire are forming shall be Christian or half heathen—appreciative of the institutions of the mother country or brought up to view them of selfish and obstructive. And on the answer to that question stability depends for all we honour most. In these days we have a home England, an island England still. But we have a continental England. an oceanic England.[1] Our stations, our ports of trade, our factories, our commerce, far more than our arms, have transferred to us nations and kingdoms, and regions waiting to be made into kingdoms and nations—nations hungering for our laws and our religion; regions which are peopling but slowly, if we consider either their vastness or our crowded multitudes.

At the Anniversary Meeting, the chair was taken by the President, Captain the Hon. F. Maude. Sir Harry Verney proposed, and Rev. F. Bourdillon seconded the first resolution,[2] a tribute to the late President and welcome to the new. The Bishop of Liverpool, Bishop Moule, Mr. Sydney Gedge, and other friends spoke. At the Evening Meeting, well attended and very hearty, the Earl of Northbrook presided.

At the thirty-fifth annual meeting of the South American Missionary Society, the Bishop of London, in the chair, thus concluded his speech:

The Society would certainly gain very greatly indeed if only it could make itself more known throughout the whole of this land. The funds at present are not encouraging, as you have been told. The income, instead of increasing, is unfortunately diminishing; and meanwhile, as is the case whenever good work of this sort is being done, the labour and the demand for it are increasing.

At the annual meeting of the Colonial and Continental Society, Sir John Coode, in the chair, referring to the Colonial Exhibition, said:

I have myself been there this morning, summoned as a member of the Royal Commission by the Prince of Wales; and as probably very few in this room have had the opportunity of seeing what has been done, I may say that the Exhibition will be nothing short of a revelation to tens of thousands of people at home, who have very little idea of the resources of our colonies. The Exhibition will direct public attention to the colonies in a way never done before. It will induce many seriously

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[1] See Prof. Seeley, Preface to Guide to Col. and Ind. Exhib.

[2] The resolution opens thus: "This meeting, while welcoming to the post of President the Society's veteran friend and Treasurer, Captain the Honourable Francis Maude, R.N., desires to put on record its grateful sense of the very eminent services rendered to the Society by the late Earl of Chichester, who during a period exceeding half a century held the office of President of the Church Missionary Society. At the Anniversary Meetings of the Society, only one of which he missed during fifty-one years, he always advocated with solemn earnestness the great spiritual principles which have from the first day until now been the distinguishing mark and the strength of the Society."

to entertain the idea of emigrating on their own account, and thereby we shall have in the future demands made upon the Society in the colonies such as we have never had in the past. That is not all. There is, as we all know too well, a great cry of want of employment at home. Probably not everybody is aware of the fact that the population of Great Britain and Ireland is increasing at the rate of something like half a million a year. If the distress is great at home now, what will it be in the future unless some outlet for the surplus population is provided? How is that to be done? I am certain of this, though they say you should never prophesy unless you know, that the Government of this country will very soon have to take up the question of emigration on a scale totally different from anything attempted before.

The Annual Sermon of the British and Foreign Bible Society, at St. Paul's, was preached by the Bishop of London. At the Meeting, the new President, the Earl of Harrowby, was received, of course, with hearty applause. The noble Society is to be congratulated on such a successor to Lord Shaftesbury.[1] Professor Sir M. Monier-Williams, in an admirable speech, pointed out how nowadays Buddhism—not well understood—is being puffed in cultured circles. The Rev. Dr. Greeves, ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference, spoke with power and good judgment.

The chair at the Pastoral Aid Anniversary was occupied by the Bishop of Liverpool, who made an excellent speech. The Bishops of Exeter and St. Asaph, Mr. Sydney Gedge, the Rev. J. W. Williams, and the Rev. J. F. Kitto spoke to the resolutions. The Bishop of Exeter said:

I believe that we have a ground of hope, and that there is a glorious future before our beloved Church. (Applause.) God grant we may never be ashamed of the words "Protestant and Evangelical." (Applause.) We are a Catholic, Apostolic, and Evangelical Church. We are Apostolic in our orders and discipline; we believe in the Holy Catholic Church, and rejoice in the name; at the same time we are not ashamed, and God helping us we never will be ashamed, that we are Protestants. (Applause.) The word Protestant is not a negation only, as some affirm. It is a protesting for the Church as it is in the Lord Jesus Christ. (Applause.) It is a hope in a living, personal, all-sufficient Lord; and thus anything that would in any degree obscure Him, or seek to dethrone Christ from His place, it protests against. Anything that would hide the Saviour it protests against, but in its first meaning it is "a witness." "Ye are the Lord's witnesses," and as such we glory in the name of Protestant. (Hear, hear.) Then we

[1] In acknowledging a vote of thanks at the conclusion, Lord Harrowby said—"I accept this noble post, the greatest which any man could fill, with feelings of great unworthiness and diffidence, but with God's help, I will do what I can to further the cause. (Cheers.) My friend Canon Hoare, one of the veteran standard-bearers of this Society (cheers), has used words which have gone to my heart. I must say, too, that my heart has been deeply touched by the kind expressions of our friend from America. We should, of course, have welcomed the American Minister here, but he could not have put the case of the Bible Society better than our friend has done it, nor could he have touched the chord of sympathy between the two nations with a more tender hand or a warmer heart."

are evangelical. Oh, the glad tidings of the Everlasting Gospel which is given to us to proclaim! I rejoice in the name! It thrills my whole heart, for I feel that it is that which is, by God's grace, the glory of our Church and the glory of our land. (Applause.) But, at the same time, I deeply feel that there are many—very many—who would not style themselves Evangelical Churchmen, who yet are preaching the full and free Gospel of the grace of God. It is one of the glories of our Evangelical work that it has so marvellously indoctrinated the High Church school. (Hear, hear.) I am quite sure also that there are very many who would not perhaps call themselves strong Churchmen who are yet so wonderfully indoctrinated with the love of Church order that they are now working so heartily on the lines of that Church order, that perhaps fifty years ago some suspicion would have been thrown upon them. I am quite sure that there is a drawing together of the right and left centres to present a united phalanx against the attacks both of Rome and of infidelity. Just as in the political world those who love the constitution of our land are united together to oppose to the very utmost those who would disintegrate our Empire or make compacts with rebels—(loud applause)—so there is in our Church of England, I am persuaded, a strong drawing together of those who love the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; and I, for one, thank God for it with all my heart.

Mr. F. A. Bevan, the new Chairman and Treasurer of the London City Mission, in an excellent speech, paid a due tribute of respect to his predecessor, Mr. Joseph Hoare.

The election of Bishop Moorhouse to the See of Manchester was duly confirmed at St. James's, Piccadilly. His Lordship was enthroned to-day (the 18th).[1]

The Bishop of Norwich in his address at the special sitting of the Diocesan Conference, said:

There are two great dangers I think our Church, our Convocations, and our Parliament are on the brink of. The one danger, I think, is that lest Parliament should initiate measures, and enact measures, without having fully ascertained first the mind of the Church upon them. But I think an equal danger is for the Church in her Convocations and Conferences to consider the measures of Church Reform, to come to an agreement as to what they should be, and to urge them in the press, in Conferences and in Congresses, which is an important thing; but having done that, to stop distrustfully from taking them into Parliament, and thereby showing a distrust of the powers that be, which God has constituted for the purpose. I do trust these dangers will be avoided.

At the Liberation Society Anniversary, Mr. E. R. Russell, M.P., congratulated the Society upon the "near approach of the success" of their movement. Eulogizing Mr. Gladstone he said, with much significance, that he rejoiced to find that the great leader of the Liberal Party still retained their confidence.

[1] The *National Church* says: "We have lost a Bishop and gained one during the past month. Bishop Cotterill, of Edinburgh, who has died after a painful illness, has done noble work both in South Africa and Edinburgh, and has now entered a well-earned rest. Bishop Moorhouse, who has come home to take up Bishop Fraser's work at Manchester, has lef his Colonial diocese amid extraordinary demonstrations of respect and affection."

The Church Army appears to be gaining strength. Certain tendencies of the movement need to be carefully watched.

Founder's Day at the London College of Divinity seems to have been in every way a success. The address by the Bishop of Liverpool was admirable; and the speeches of the Principal, Rev. C. H. Waller, the Founder, Rev. A. Peache, and others were in tune.

The Archbishop of Canterbury's Patronage Bill, after being read a second time, has been referred to a Select Committee. On the judgment and tact of the Archbishop comment is needless. For ourselves, as we have said, we are hardly prepared to go so far as some Reformers; we are inclined to agree in several points with the majority of the House of Laymen. Let us control the sale of advowsons (preventing anything in the way of improper traffic in them), abolish the sale of next presentations, increase the power of the Bishop in connection with the parishioners, and such like. We have not been able to agree with some of our esteemed friends that compensation should be charged upon the benefice. This proposal, we gladly note, has been withdrawn.

The opening of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition by Her Majesty, with full State ceremonial, was both a splendid and a significant pageant. The National Anthem was performed, the second verse being given in Sanscrit. The Laureate's Ode concluded thus:

> Sharers of our glorious past,
> Brothers, must we part at last?
> Shall we not thro' good and ill
> Cleave to one another still?
> Britain's myriad voices call,
> "Sons, be welded each and all
> Into one Imperial whole,
> One with Britain heart and soul!
> One life, one flag, one fleet, one Throne!"
> Britons, hold your own!
> And God guard all!

Her Majesty's visit to Liverpool was most successful.

The political situation is still most serious. The speeches of Mr. Goschen, Mr. Trevelyan, Lord Northbrook, Lord Selborne, Mr. Chamberlain, the Duke of Argyll, and Lord Hartington, in various towns, have been worthy of the crisis. In defence of Mr. Gladstone little, really, has been said or written. Mr. Gladstone's speech, in moving the second reading of the Home Rule Bill, gave satisfaction probably to few of his supporters. Lord Hartington's reply, firm and dignified, proved that the Moderate Liberals are united. A considerable section of the Radical Party, led by Mr. Chamberlain, are equally opposed to the measure.