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THE
CHURCHMAN

MARCH, 1887.

ART. I.—THE LAST WORDS OF ST. PAUL.

THE human tones in the Epistles are among their effective powers for conviction and persuasion. We are taught not only by the writings, but by the men who write. The divine truths and inspirations come to us in combination with their ways of thinking, their personal feelings and experiences. The living man becomes the medium for the living word. We feel this the more distinctly from the different characters of the minds with which we are thus in contact. Paul and Peter, James and John, each affect us differently, and so make us sensible of the influence of their personality, and of the separate contribution which each makes to the whole impression.

The largest contribution is, of course, that of St. Paul. He has taught us most, and we know him best. Who can measure the effect upon the Church of that vivid and various mind, with its intense convictions, its deep experiences, and its strong emotions? In some of his writings the man is more clearly seen than in others; and, as is natural, most of all in the last; for in the second Epistle to Timothy we have his parting words when he is "already being offered, and the time of his departure is at hand."

We should have longed for such words if we had not had them. This apostle to the world, this leader of the Church, this champion of the truth, this type of a believer, this man who has done so much for us, and been so much to us, how did he appear in the closing scene of life? and what had he to say to us then? There might have been the same silence as in the case of other apostles, but we are not left to part with him thus. A letter, tender and unreserved as to one most dear, urgent and solemn as from a hand which will soon write no more, remains to satisfy our natural interest, and set the last seal to his teaching.

The intensely personal tone of this letter, its numerous references to persons and circumstances, its accents of affection, its natural recollections, its entire harmony with the known character of the writer, and with the feelings which the situation would inspire—all have been insufficient to preserve it from those attacks on its genuineness, to which all but four of the Pauline Epistles have been subjected; though these attacks fell least and latest on the Pastoral Epistles, and of these least and latest upon the 2nd to Timothy. That subject is thoroughly dealt with by Dr. Wace in the Speaker's Commentary, and the present paper is not intended as an addition to his argument. The observations to be made in it have in themselves an evidential bearing, but they will not be made for those who need evidence, but for readers who have no doubt as to whose words they are reading. Yet what can one think of a critic who, after reading such a letter as this, all breathing of the man and the moment, could pronounce it a forged invention by an unknown hand some eighty or hundred years later? What, but that all power of sympathetic appreciation, that is to say one chief critical qualification, has vanished from a mind which has become suspicious of all that is received, and restless to propound its own subversive theories.

Without attempting now to prove anything or to controvert anything, I look at that which is before me for the purpose of profitable impression. I look at it as representing St. Paul in his last days, and a very perfect representation it is. The accessories are lightly touched, as being well understood at the moment, and the man stands out before us, the man whom we have known so well, with his exquisite sensitiveness, and his inflexible resolution, his intense anxiety, and his victorious faith.

The power and charm of the Epistle result from the sense that its apostolic teaching and Christian example are so thoroughly interfused with the natural feelings of the man. The *sympathy* which it thus evokes opens the heart to its *instruction*. Under these two heads we may conveniently range our reflections.

I. Sympathy is claimed by the general situation, which is that of a man who is soon to die, an apostle who must end his work, a martyr who expects his martyrdom, and who is moreover in a very real sense our own father in the faith. But, though sympathy may be claimed by that which is general, it is secured by that which is individual, and in this letter the broad lines of the situation are coloured by special circumstances and personal feelings: and this affects us all the more, because the writer is not aiming to describe the first or to express the second, and only speaks of himself as it may assist his object in exhorting and encouraging his friend.

The power of the Epistle as appealing to our sympathies arises from three chief causes :

(1) We feel, as soon as we begin to read, that the words come from a heart which is tender from a strong affection, and from old remembrances connected with it. The authority of "an apostle of Jesus Christ by the will of God," and the charges and exhortations which border on remonstrance, blend with the expressions of a truly parental love to "Timothy, my beloved child," for whom a father's prayers are constantly offered :

I thank God, whom I serve from my forefathers in pure conscience, how unceasingly I have the mention of thee in my prayers, night and day longing, ἐπιποθῶν, to see thee (remembering thy tears) that I may be filled with joy.

What natural utterances of love, and of love that well knows it is returned ! In circumstances which involved so much to think of, and so much to pray for, the incessant mention in prayer of this beloved son, the mind now reverting to the tears which were shed at the last parting, then turning to the joy which this letter was to hasten—how well we can understand all this, though we should hardly have looked for it from a man under such a strain of trial ! Then comes the calling to remembrance of "the unfeigned faith that is in thee," the confidence that this is genuine and sure, whatever else may seem defective ; and then the memory passes further back, recalling how this same unfeigned faith "dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois and thy mother Eunice : " sweet domestic touches which have been precious encouragements in many a household since, combined, as they must be, with that other reminiscence of the early teaching of a godly home which occurs further on :

Continue thou in the things which thou didst learn and wert assured of, knowing from whom thou didst learn them, and that from a babe thou hast known the sacred Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith, which is in Christ Jesus.

Of a piece with this recurrence to the days when his first interest in Timothy began, is the reference to the circumstances of that time. "What things befell me at Antioch, at Iconium, at Lystra : What persecutions I endured." Why, we might ask, should these be mentioned, when so many "persecutions and sufferings" have crowded the course of perhaps twenty intervening years ? They belong to the period on which his mind is resting, and the scenes in which memory at the moment converses, and to the first lessons of endurance which the young convert then received. It is all natural. Who does not know that there is a tendency in later age to revert to early experiences, and in closing life to recall the freshness of feelings, interests, and affections, which, however

they may still survive, are yet no longer fresh? At least, this habit is the property of a reflective and affectionate nature, and every mind that shares in it at all must appreciate this utterance of kindred feelings, and own the attractive power which it must always exercise.

(2) Other claims on sympathy in the Epistle arise, I think, from two special trials of the situation; one of them more afflicting to the apostle, the other more wounding to the man.

The first appears in his keen sense of the state of the Church which he is leaving, and particularly of the Churches of his own foundation. This, indeed, was always present to him—long before he had spoken of it, at the close of that catalogue of labours and sufferings (2 Cor. xi. 28), as if it were the climax of all; and so it was; for the other trials were in “things that were without,” whilst this fastened on the mind: the others came and passed; this was always present, “My daily pressure, the anxious care for all the Churches.” The causes of this anxiety multiplied in proportion to the extension of the Gospel, and apostolic solicitude was increased by apostolic success.

No one can know what was going on in the first age of Christianity without a keen sense of the feelings with which the course of things must have been watched by the apostles of the Lord and Saviour. Put in trust with the Gospel and commissioned to build the Church, they felt that a peculiar responsibility rested upon them, not only for the present but for the future of the Gospel and the Church. The natural effect of their position was to give them, as compared with other men, a larger survey of the widening area of Christianity, a deeper insight into the tendencies which time developed, and a keener personal feeling in regard to the evils and dangers which arose: and all this is transparently visible in the one apostle whose mind is fully known to us by his writings.

Even from this distance we can see the clouds which gathered over the scene before them, and by which their latter days were darkened.

In the first place they had to watch that increase of persecution which was soon to be illustrated by their own martyrdoms. As the Church became a larger body, present in the great centres of population, defined in character, and conspicuous to the public view, it was to be expected that a phenomenon so strange and unwelcome in the eyes of the world would arouse an angry hostility. There had always been persecution; but persecution fitful and occasional, by the Jews, or by men whose gains were lessened, or by ignorant excited mobs; but it was still restrained by Roman law and

fear of the imperial power. It was quite another thing when that power itself arose to persecute, and began to treat Christianity as an "illicit religion," and shape its edicts to crush it. St. Paul, on his appeal to Cæsar, had been set free from his first imprisonment, A.D. 63. In the summer of A.D. 64, Rome was in flames, and that event was followed by the first imperial persecution of the Christians. Whatever may have been the duration or extent of that persecution, it certainly changed the situation. Christians were thenceforward no longer citizens who could appeal to the protection of the ruler. Not only did local persecutors find their hands untied, but the brute powers of the world seemed to be rising up in anger to stamp and destroy. The sense of what was now to be looked for is apparent in the writings of this period, notably in the Epistles of St. Peter.¹ Both apostles write in the near prospect of their own martyrdoms, and they animate those whom they must leave to the like dangers by word as well as by example. St. Peter's are "general Epistles;" and they speak of the general prospect; St. Paul is writing to a friend, and he speaks of himself and of him. According to the changed circumstances of the time, he is now under an imprisonment far different from the former—in its ground, its treatment, and its certain end: and the free expression of his own feelings is intended to rouse the courage and confirm the resolution of one who must be a sharer in the common danger; an intention made plainer by many a strong warning and direct appeal. "God has not given us the spirit of cowardice" (*δειλίας*). "Be not thou ashamed of the testimony of our Lord." "Suffer hardship with the Gospel according to the power of God." "Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." "If we suffer, we shall also reign with him; if we deny him, he also will deny us." "All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." Words like these point the moral which the example of the writer was more effectually teaching, and remain as a particular instance of that general anxiety for the churches which he loved in relation to the effect of the impending trial.

But there was a deeper anxiety than this; one which, perhaps, suggested to him that, however painful, it might still be useful that "judgment should begin at the house of God." The widespread and rapidly spreading Christianity, on which the apostles looked out in their last days, was not all a scene of comfort. The sweep of the net which they had dropped in the waters was already gathering of every kind, both good and

¹ 1 Peter iii. 14; iv. 1, 13, 16, 17.

bad. The fields they had sown with the good seed presented already a perplexing growth of tares. Often must they have said in their hearts, "How true were the parables which told us what the history of the kingdom would be!" The later Epistles show plainly how rife and various and subtle were the elements of mischief, not only round the edges of the churches, but within the churches themselves. Of course it was inevitable. It could not be all paganism and Judaism outside, and pure Christianity within. We may like to think so, but we must know that it could not be. The Gospel had appeared in the midst of a restless and confused world of thought. Many men accepted it with imperfect apprehensions, bringing with them, when they crossed the border, old habits of mind, secret affinities with oriental superstitions, germinating principles of alien philosophies. Many who had felt the pleasure of new ideas and emotions in their first contact with the Gospel, after they had grown accustomed to it, began to look out for the excitement of something fresh. Thus over the widely scattered scene, which it was every day more difficult for apostolic influence to pervade, a thousand dangers were springing; and those who were finishing their course could hardly tell what might follow their departure, while they left their successors with reiterated charges that they "should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered to the saints."

In this letter of St. Paul, being what it is, we do not find, or expect to find, the stern warnings of St. Peter and St. Jude, like the voices of the old prophets, or the reiterated testimonies and trenchant sentences of St. John; but the saddening sense of what is passing is everywhere present, shaping and pointing the exhortations to Timothy "to hold the form of sound words;" to "keep the good deposit," "to commit to faithful men the things which he had received;" "to put the people in remembrance of them, charging them before the Lord," and to "continue in the things which he has learned and been assured of," closing with the solemn¹ charge "before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and dead at His appearing and His kingdom: Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine."

It seems that this firm unchanging testimony is to be uplifted and transmitted in the midst of a rising Babel of very different sounds: "words to no profit but to the subverting of the hearers;" "profane and vain babblings which will increase unto more ungodliness;" "words which will eat as doth a

¹ i. 13, 14; ii. 14, 16, 23; iii. 14; iv. 1, 2.

canker, like those of Hymenæus and Philetus, who concerning the truth have erred, saying that the resurrection is past already, and overthrow the faith of some." There are those "who oppose themselves" against "the truth," and who need to "recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, having been taken captive by him unto his will." "Grievous times" are coming, the character of which already appears among men, "having the form of godliness and denying the power of it." Mischievous teachers are "creeping into houses, leading weak women captive:" like Pharaoh's magicians, "withstanding the truth, corrupt in mind, reprobate concerning the faith." There are "evil men and seducers who will wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived;" while a time is coming when the people "will not bear the healthy doctrine, but after their own likings will heap up teachers, having itching ears, and will turn away their ears from the truth, and be turned aside to fables."

All this in a church which the writer had founded, in which he had lived so long, and to which some four or five years before he had addressed that great Epistle which assumes in its readers such advanced spiritual enlightenment. What he saw at Ephesus is a specimen of what he saw elsewhere; and there is no need to explain the pain with which he saw it, reading so clearly as he did the intimations of the future, the new influences already working on a second generation of Christians, and the fresh contests which those whom he left in his place would have to wage. After the long labours and the great Judaistic controversy in which the Gospel had been distinctly interpreted and fixed in firm outline for ever, it might have been hoped that his last look might have rested on the calm aspect of a settled Christianity. But new questions open when old questions are closed, the controversy which is ended has left a multiplying brood behind, and the anxieties of that sorely-tried soul continue, till the moment of departure to be with Christ.

(3) But while the apostle is grieved for the Church, the man will turn to his friends for that affectionate sympathy which no one ever valued more. How many owed to him their own souls! How many had been associated with him in those common labours and common trials which most bind men together! How many have been objects of exceptional interest and warm personal love! We know it from the history, from the nature of the man, from many a word dropped in his writings, and from salutations marked by discriminating touches and affectionate allusions. Now is the time for faithful friendship to bring all the sympathy, support, and consolation it can offer; and God has ordered that it can

offer much. Now let the anxious apostle advise with his trusty counsellors. Let the accused man go to his trial (as Roman custom itself would dictate) attended by a large company of supporters who adopt his cause. Let the aged prisoner know that the gate is visited by those who would help him if they could; and the expectant martyr see the well-known faces turned to him with looks of love. Here was a case, if ever there was one, for the close of life to be surrounded by

Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.

It was not so. What do we read? "This thou knowest, that all they that be in Asia" (that Asia where he had lived so long) "turned away from me,"—on some occasion, as it seems, when their delegates were in Rome, they shunned his presence and withheld their support—"of whom are Phygellus and Hermogenes,"—men probably who prompted this avoidance; and the pained expression is accentuated by the touching tone of grateful remembrance of the one Ephesian who had acted otherwise. "The Lord give mercy to the house of Onesiphorus; for he oft refreshed me, and was *not ashamed of my chain*: but, when he was in Rome, he sought me out very diligently, and found me. The Lord grant to him to find mercy from the Lord in that day."¹ When the day of his trial came he had encountered another painful surprise. He had looked round for the supporters (*advocati*), Christians in Rome who would have the power to render this service to the accused. They were not there. "At my first defence no man came forward with me, but all forsook me; may it not be laid to their charge."² At the time of his writing in respect of real friends he is nearly solitary. His usual companions are gone in different directions, perhaps not all from necessary reasons, one certainly from distinctly unworthy motives. "Do thy diligence to come to me quickly. Demas deserted me, loving this present world, and went to Thessalonica; Crescens to Galatia; Titus to Dalmatia. *Only Luke is with me.*" Without him it appears St. Paul would then have felt himself, in regard to human companionship, to be left alone; and the words give to St. Luke an additional claim on the gratitude of the Church for ever.

No doubt there were in the Churches many hearts beating with love to their father in the faith, and many sons who would have had the courage of their convictions; but they were not on the spot, and a panic seems to have seized the Roman Church. The circumstances of the moment imposed on St. Paul a trial of feeling which he could scarcely have

¹ i. 15, 18.

² iv. 16.

anticipated, and his sense of desertion was even less bitter than his pain in witnessing a cowardice or worldliness so alien to his own heroic spirit.

II. Such is the situation which the Epistle discloses; and the feelings which it must awaken in all but the most insensible hearts make us more receptive of the *instruction* which the example yields: for that example, which has been so prolific of various lessons in the activities of life, here completes its teaching and seals its testimony on the threshold of death. That testimony is more decisive and that teaching more effective from the circumstances which have been reviewed. The light is more strong on the central figure by reason of the deepening shades which surround it. There is, no doubt, a divine providence in the very gloom and sadness of these last experiences; and the same Lord, who appointed the beginning of this great Christian life, also ordered the close of it, "for a pattern to those who should after believe on Him to life everlasting." Such indeed it has proved; and none can say how many of that company have in their darker times taken fresh heart from the firm and faithful words evoked by circumstances more or less like their own, which but for those circumstances would never have been written.

The great characteristic of these words is the full and deep assurance, which nothing that happens can disturb. This may be noted in the following points:

(1) There is a settled certainty as to the faith which he has held. The rising up of the world against it, the departures from it in other minds, the last tests of its sufficiency for himself, only serve to make more manifest the immovable certainty of his convictions. He stamps them on the superscription even of this private letter: "Paul an Apostle of Jesus Christ by the will of God, according to the promise of life which is in Christ Jesus, to Timothy, my dearly beloved child."¹ He digresses, as he had become wont to do, for the pleasure of reciting the truths so dearly loved and so persistently testified.

Be thou partaker of the afflictions of the Gospel according to the power of God, who saved us and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before times eternal, but hath now been manifested by the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who abolished death and brought life and incorruption to light through the Gospel; whereunto I am ordained a preacher, and an apostle.²

He throws in, so to speak, the short summary of his creed to be a support of Timothy as it was to him. "Remember Jesus Christ, risen from the dead, of the seed of David, according

¹ i. 1.

² i. 8-11.

to my Gospel."¹ He repeats the "faithful sayings,"² he enjoins the "pattern of sound words"³ as preservative of the faith which they express. He falls back on those Holy Scriptures which, like Timothy himself, he had known from a child and which (as his writings show) had been his lifelong study, testifying to the various profitable uses which no one knew better how to find in them, and affirming that they are "given by inspiration of God," and are "able to make wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."⁴ The truth of the Gospel has been a sacred deposit (*τὴν καλὴν παραθήκην φύλαξον*) kept by him, as it must now be by Timothy, "through the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us;"⁵ and "I have kept the faith" is the last thankful reflection upon life. The example is eloquent in our days. In the midst of uncertainty and unsettlement, when "honest doubt" is admired rather than pitied, when "forms of sound words" are counted to infringe liberty, and many a man, who "from a child has known the Holy Scriptures," has lost all sense of their authority; the last words of apostolic confidence sound with a fresh power, by which wavering minds are confirmed, and which sceptics and unbelievers must respect.

On the kind of assurance now noticed all other kinds of assurance depend; for in proportion as we feel sure as to the faith which we hold, we may feel sure as to the course which we take, the Friend whom we trust, and the issue which we expect; and these kinds of certainty we see in this letter.

(2) There is a perfect satisfaction as to the course which has been taken. To this is to be ascribed the whole character of the life which is ending, with its labours, dangers, suffering, wearing cares, and complicated trials. They have been the consequence of the man's devotion of himself to the work of "a preacher, and an apostle, a teacher of the Gentiles." They are the consequence of it still. "For the which cause I also am suffering these things. Nevertheless, I am not ashamed," as if I had made a mistake, and had reason to doubt the wisdom of the course I have taken. True, "I suffer hardship even unto bonds;" but the object is adequate, and more than adequate. "I endure all things for the elect's sake, that they also may obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory."⁶ True, the strife has been long, arduous, unintermitting, but it was a noble conflict. "I have fought the good fight (*τὸν ἀγῶνα τὸν καλὸν ἡγήνησμαι*), I have finished the course, I have kept the faith."⁷ There is more than satisfaction, there is exultation in the words, brief and simple as they

¹ ii. 8.⁵ i. 14.² ii. 11.⁶ ii. 9, 10.³ i. 13.⁷ iv. 7.⁴ iii. 15, 16.

are. He had had a call, and had devoted himself to it. He had had duties, and he had done them, no matter what they involved. His call and his duties were special, and the trials they involved were special; but for all Christians, whatever their vocations and ministries, here is the worth and honour of life. The career which has served the Lord, and pleased the Lord, is the only real success: a truth which is never so fully felt as when the end is come.

(3) Again, there is an entire confidence in the Friend who has been trusted, seeing that He is also the Master who has been served. The faith held was true, the course taken was right, but the reliance is not on these. There is a nearer comfort, a more sure support—a Friend living and present; faithful yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Paul has just felt it afresh: "No man stood with me; all men forsook me; notwithstanding the Lord stood by me, and strengthened me; and the Lord will deliver me from every evil work, and will save me unto his heavenly kingdom."¹ Thus the past and present are pledges of the future, and (as he had said long before) "tribulation worketh patience—patience, experience—and *experience, hope.*" All true believers know it and re-echo the same sentiment:

"I know the power in which I trust,
The arm on which I lean;
Thou wilt my Saviour ever be,
Who hast my Saviour been."

It is the Person, the loving Friend, Jesus Christ the Lord, to whom this confidence adheres. The faith which is held inspires it, only because it is a faith in Him: the experience of life inspires it, only because it is an experience of Him. Christian confidence is simply this: "I have One to take care of me, Who can do it, and Who will." There is no utterance of this confidence which has done so much to infuse it, or which serves so well to express it, as the quiet words of this Epistle, "I know Whom I have trusted, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him" (my deposit, *την παραθήκην μου*) "against that day." How many an assured mind has adopted these words!—how many a troubled mind has acquiesced in them as the secret of peace! Even in the old time the faith in God could create this sense of security. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."—"Though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." Now Christ is come, and "Ye believe in God, believe also in Me," has made

¹ iv. 17, 18.

this sense of security deeper ; inasmuch as, without transferring the faith, it has made the knowledge more distinct. The Divine Presence has come close to us under a human aspect, and united with human sympathies in the person of One Whom we know, Who has taken our nature, our sorrows, and our sins. "I know Whom I have trusted," expresses a consciousness of what is tender as well as of what is strong. Strong indeed ! for he, who has made his hopes, his soul, himself, a deposit in the hands of his Lord, knows that his confidence is assured by universal dominion and essential Godhead. Here is security enough, even for that inevitable time when each must pass alone into the darkness, while nature feels every power failing, and sees every light going out. But we want no more than this, "I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day." Whatever unknown world I enter, it will be a province of His dominion, and the Omnipresent will be there. Whatever may come to pass before "that day," and whatever "that day" may be or bring, all will be under the government of Him Whose "Name is called faithful and true;" and Who, "having loved His own which are in the world, will love them unto the end.,"

(4) If this general and implicit trust would be enough for peace, yet more explicit prospects are presented to hope ; and so entire confidence in the Friend who is trusted becomes full assurance of the issue which is expected. This tone of anticipation is heard from time to time in such words as these :

If we died with Him we shall also live with Him : if we endure we shall also reign with Him.

Henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall assign to me in that day, and not to me only, but also to all them who have loved His appearing. . . . The Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and bring me safe into His heavenly kingdom.

Here the soul has risen above the general certainty that all will be well to an altitude at which it catches and reflects the gleams of coming glory. The Friend and Saviour is seen as Judge and King, awarding crowns of righteousness and assigning places in a heavenly kingdom. What do these words really intend ? We cannot answer : for where experience contributes nothing, imagination has no material. Such promises we can recite, but cannot interpret, yet their power can be felt ; and while their fulfilment draws on, the faith which embraces them glows in the heart with a light which the whole world cannot quench, and a warmth which even death cannot chill.

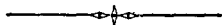
Now I close the Epistle, and thank God for the last words of St. Paul. They have their proper function, and fulfil an

office for ever. They complete a great example; they animate the ministers of Christ; they confirm the souls of the disciples; they suit themselves to danger and persecution, to disappointment and loneliness, to the darker hours of life, and to the near approach of death. Written under all these circumstances, they more especially belong to those who are placed in any of them. The Spirit of the Lord filled the spirit of the writer, and the spirit of the writer breathes for ever from the page, cherishing in other hearts the same certainty of faith and fixity of purpose, the same unwavering reliance and serene assurance. He will know one day—it may be that he knows now—how it has been given him to minister these supports to the whole Church through generations, of whose long succession he could not have dreamed. Truly his last trials were not ordained in vain. In a larger sense than he supposed the great thought of love which sweetened his sorrows and glorified his hope has proved, and will yet prove, to be true.

I endure all things *for the elect's sake*, that they also may obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory.

There is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give to me at that day, and *not to me only, but also to all them that have loved His appearing.*

T. D. BERNARD.



ART. II.—DR. DÖLLINGER ON MADAME DE MAINTENON.

THE remarkable articles which Dr. Dollinger published last July in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* seem to have escaped notice in England. The title under which they appeared was, "The Most Influential Woman in French History," and they will be found in the numbers of that journal (now transferred from Augsburg to Munich) for July 6, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15. The object of the present article is to give a summary of their contents. They will give to some persons a new view of the famous woman of whom they treat. Dr. Dollinger shows that historians have done Madame de Maintenon very serious injustice. They have been silent respecting much that is very much to her credit, and have attributed to her many things of which she is quite guiltless; and he points out how this injustice has come to pass. Above all, he indicates how necessary a correct appreciation of her career is, in order to form a true view of modern ecclesiastical history.

The remark is an old one that the history of women in France shows how the Salic Law has been neutralized. In no other country have women, whether natives or foreigners, had so deep and wide a political influence. When Napoleon came to Paris in 1795 he remarked that it

was only there that women deserved to govern. The men thought only of them, and lived only through and for them. A woman must live six months in Paris in order to know what her power really is, and how she can direct affairs. And this was said just at the very time when the Court, in which women had had such influence, had been swept away by the Revolution.

The series of French Queens, who as dowagers and regents understood the art of ruling, begins with Blanche of Castile, mother of Lewis IX. Then we have the contrast between two leading women in the shameless Isabella of Bavaria, wife of Charles VI., and the heroic Joan of Arc. The whole period from 1483 to 1590, with the exception of the reign of Lewis XII., is marked by the increase of female influence in politics. Louisa of Savoy, the mother of Francis I., was able to lead her son almost blindfold, to the ruin of herself and of France. "The women appoint everybody," said Tavannes, "even the generals." Bishops also often owed their promotion to them. Diana of Poitiers and Catharine of Medicis are two more strong instances of this tendency. Then follow Mary of Medicis, wife of Henry IV. and mother of Lewis XIII., and Anne of Austria, wife of Lewis XIII. and mother of Lewis XIV. It was during the rule of the latter that Mazarin said that of the many political ladies in France there were three, any one of whom was equal to ruling or ruining a kingdom. His policy was to play them off one against another, or to buy them off with money and promotion. From the women of his day we pass on to the subject of these articles.

From his childhood Lewis XIV. had been thrown constantly into female society. Mazarin and the Queen had shamefully neglected his education, and he was never encouraged to study. His ignorance made him dislike the society of cultivated men, and he fell back upon that of the other sex. During the greater part of his life female society was the atmosphere in which he always chose to live. His first serious attachment—for Mary Mancini, Mazarin's niece—was broken off. Mademoiselle de la Motte d'Argencourt was forced into a nunnery. Then he married, without any affection for her, Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip IV. of Spain; and forthwith the series of the women and girls, who one after another, and sometimes simultaneously, attracted the King's fancy, begins. At first such things were kept secret; but soon they were paraded before the world. At Court, at public ceremonies, on his travels, and even on his campaigns, he gave his mistresses a foremost place. He set public opinion at defiance, and public opinion succumbed to him. The favourites of the King received, not only recognition, but homage. But the King himself drew the line clearly at one point. He never allowed his mistresses to interfere in affairs of State.

It was at this point that Frances of Aubigné, then widow of Scarron, came within the circle of his intimates. At first he took little notice of her. But gradually, with calm, slow, but sure progress, this woman, three years older than himself, first attained to equal influence with others over him, and then, with ever increasing and unwavering power, took complete possession of his head and heart, became indispensable to him, and rendered it impossible for any other woman to win his fancy. This extraordinary woman, now for 166 years in her grave, still lives in the historical outcome of her actions; and, as in life, so also in death, exercises a mighty power of attraction upon all those who approach her. Her very history is fascinating. Nevertheless, there is scarcely another of her sex who both during her lifetime and since her death has been so shamefully misrepresented.

These misrepresentations have in the main three sources. The first is the revelations of La Beaumelle, who about 150 years ago wrote a de-

tailed history of this lady, and published a large number of her letters. He was an audacious and unscrupulous forger. Many of the letters were his own composition ; many more were garbled and utterly transformed by interpolations. This was proved in 1866 by La Vallée, who had all the originals. Meanwhile it was precisely the falsified portions which had been supposed to be specially characteristic of her ; and the view of her derived from them still prevails in spite of the exposure. People still believe in the cold, calculating, vain and ambitious woman, who gradually elbowed De Montespan out of the King's favour, and then took her place. La Beaumelle also forged letters from her to the notorious Ninon de l'Enclos, and thus contrived to throw suspicion on her earlier life, which her contemporaries attest to have been without reproach.

The second source of misrepresentation is the great master of narrative and of delineation of character, the Duke of Saint-Simon. He was far younger than she was, and had scarcely ever seen her. He detested her, because, according to his view, she had forced her way into a society far above her, and by her shameless audacity had disturbed all Court traditions, and had disgraced the King in the eyes of Europe. In the poisoned atmosphere of Versailles there was plenty of scandal to be picked up respecting a woman who was the envy of everyone, and who was surrounded with an air of mystery. Saint-Simon swallowed the gossip eagerly and preserved it. Chéruel and Ranke have shown how utterly untrustworthy he is on this subject.

The third source is the correspondence of Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, the wife of Lewis's younger brother. Like nearly all German princesses who have married into France, she was a most unhappy woman. Her husband treated her infamously ; and in what she had to endure the King was not altogether blameless. But she chose to hold Madame de Maintenon responsible, and in her concentrated hatred she eagerly heard and repeated and recorded the most monstrous statements respecting her. Her letters are full of contradictions and of the most palpable falsehoods ; and during thirty-five years, with one or two remarkable interruptions, they teem with accusations (based on no evidence and at variance with known facts of history) of the most atrocious crimes. Three things may be pleaded in extenuation of her calumnies. (1) She lived in a scandal-loving Court, at which anyone favoured by the King was an object of intense jealousy. (2) She was frantic with indignation and grief at her own wrongs and sorrows. (3) The crimes which were attributed to Madame de Maintenon were not incredible, for such things had occurred at the Court of France. That Charlotte herself did not seriously believe all that she records is shown by the fact that she tells us how often and how earnestly she had striven to become intimate with Madame de Maintenon. And she places us on our guard against all her statements when she confesses to the King that it was love for him which made her hate the woman whom she regarded as her rival.

From 1669 to 1673 or 1674 Madame Scarron was at Vaugirard taking charge of the King's children by Madame de Montespan, and she saved money enough to buy the estate of Maintenon. When the King had these children brought to Court, their governess came with them. Their mother's relation to the King caused her much distress ; but her confessor told her that she might do much good at Court, and must not leave her situation. At first Lewis thought her conceited and fanciful, and took little notice of her. But gradually she attracted him more and more, and gave him what was an entirely new experience to him—quiet friendship with a woman and intimacy without passion or excitement. In 1678 he made her Marquise de Maintenon, and in 1680 freed her from her dependence upon Madame de Montespan by attaching her to the house-

hold of the Dauphiness. Soon afterwards Madame de Montespan left the Court. As early as 1675 the governess of her children had ventured to point out to the King the scandal which his adulteries caused : and at last she succeeded in winning him back to his long-neglected Queen. In July, 1683, the Queen died in her arms ; and early in 1684 Madame de Maintenon was secretly married to the King by the Archbishop of Paris. With the approval of her spiritual advisers, one or two bishops, and the Pope himself, this marriage was kept a profound secret, sorely against her own wishes. The secrecy compromised her character, and made her relation to the King appear worse than ambiguous. But she was told that she must make this sacrifice for the good of the King's soul and for the welfare of the Church. Thereupon she destroyed all the letters and documents which could have borne testimony to the marriage. But the letters of the Bishop of Chartres, both to her and to the King, place the fact of the marriage beyond a doubt.

With Lewis, ruling meant commanding. He regarded himself as the controller of men's souls as well as bodies, and as the fount of all right and honour. No one could be anything in France except by the grace of the King, and all greatness was an emanation from his. Those who approached him must do so in an attitude of complete dependence and submission, and consequently men of independent minds commonly stayed away. Absolute monarchy he considered to be not only one form of government, but the only one which was in accordance with the will of God. With all this he held strange views respecting truthfulness and the fulfilment of sworn compacts. Even these, he maintained, an absolute monarch might set aside when political and royal interests were seriously at stake ; and his faithlessness became so notorious as to cause much delay in the conclusion of treaties, greatly to the detriment of France.

Saint-Simon and the Duchess of Orleans are prejudiced witnesses, and record much which they might have known to be untrue ; but if we wish to have a complete picture of the woman who subdued this most royal of royal despots, we cannot set them on one side. Other contemporary evidence is not very abundant. People in France did not dare to say openly, much less to write and publish, what they really thought about persons and things ; and writers outside France were not very well informed as to what went on at the French Court. Versailles was then the centre of Europe, but Europe was not admitted behind the scenes there. The Abbé Choisy has not much to tell us, excepting the secret midnight marriage. The memoirs of Languet de Gergy, afterwards Bishop of Soissons, tell us more ; but, though they were not intended for publication, all the dark parts are left out. The Venetian ambassadors' reports give a favourable account of her, especially as regards her peaceful disposition, her calming influence upon the King, and her modest retiring mode of life. On the whole, those who knew her best speak best of her. The letters of the Princess Orsini and of Marshal de Villars to her breathe genuine admiration. Fénelon writes to her in a tone of the deepest respect. In short, no woman in history has ever been more loved and admired, and none has been more hated. But the hatred was always the result of envy. " Her place," as Madame de Sévigné says, " is unique in the world ; there has never been her like, and there will never be another such." The idol of France belonged to her exclusively ; and thereby the desires and aims of a whole Court of women were doomed to helpless and hopeless failure, and that in a land in which, as the Duchess of Orleans said, " There isn't a kitchenmaid who does not think that she has the ability to rule a kingdom."

Besides these, we have the witness of the two chief personages them-

selves. Frances of Maintenon has left us a portrait of herself in her writings, and especially in her letters. The King's letters, while expressing his ideas and feelings, are written in a style which probably owes a good deal to her. Her letters are among the very best in French literature. They are clear, compressed, dignified, and often sententious. Her business letters are models of simplicity and pregnant brevity. They have all the warmth and depth of a woman's feeling, combined with all the force and clearness of a man's intellect. They are the mirror of a noble soul, living above rather than among its surroundings.

The common view that Madame de Maintenon was a thoroughly shrewd, calm, cold, and calculating woman, is in the main quite wrong. On the contrary, she was highly sensitive. To be affectionate was almost a necessity to her; and she had a passionate craving to benefit others by her exertions. She possessed in the highest degree the art of being all things to all men, and could teach and charm village children with the same fine sympathy with which she awakened and guided the conscience of the King. With Lewis personal impressions were more potent than principles; and the impression which his wife made upon him was that of a person who, without a thought for herself, cared only for him—his health and his happiness, and, above all, the welfare of his soul. Distrustful of everyone else, and ever suspecting an interested motive, he enjoyed in her a perfectly unselfish devotion. Accustomed all his life to the incense of Court flattery, he heard for the first time from a person who belonged to him something of the truth and reality of things. A friend for such a king as Lewis was an impossibility. He might have flatterers and favourites, but no real friend. His wife filled the vacant place.

Lewis's craving to have this woman of his choice almost always at his side is amazing. Her very presence seems to have calmed and quickened him. In 1698, when she was already sixty-three, he used to visit her in her apartments three times a day, not to converse, but simply to work in the same room with her. To her no small inconvenience he had his writing-desk placed by her bedside, and worked there constantly with his ministers while she was lying in bed. He often consulted her, but, as she told her confessor, his views and principles were painfully different from her own. It might seem as if, in asking her advice, he was departing from his principles as absolute and infallible sovereign. But, just as he was persuaded that he had taught his ministers all the statecraft they knew, so he was convinced that in taking his wife's advice he was merely getting back what she had learned from him. "*Votre solidité*," as he used to call her, could only give him back his own wisdom.

But her influence had close limits. She detested the ceaseless wars: yet her spiritual directors assured her that these wars were waged in the interests of the Catholic faith, and she allowed herself to be fooled by confident expressions of coming triumphs. What could be more pleasing to her than to believe herself to be the wife of a new Lewis IX., the chief defender of the faith, and the enlarger of the boundaries of the Church? But did it never stagger her to see this champion of the Church making alliances with the hereditary foes of Christendom, and supporting Turkish invasions of Christian lands? She had also her misgivings about the despotic power of the King. Could such a system be Christian? But it was the Church which had fostered it, and Bossuet, the leading Churchman of the realm, had declared that it was in accordance with the French constitution and with Divine ordinance. Here and there she could hinder or shorten the imprisonment of those arrested by the King's orders, but the system itself she was powerless to change. Her recommendations of persons for promotion were not always happy,

notably in the case of the Minister Chamillard. But in other cases her attempts to bring really excellent men to the notice of the King failed, owing to his disinclination to come in contact with men of superior ability and culture. He could not bear to be excelled, and he feared to have the deficiencies of his own education exposed. His passion for costly building she entirely failed to check. Once, when the finances were in a desperate state, she ventured to remonstrate respecting the extravagant expenditure at Marly, and received a decided rebuff.

In fact, this woman, who received the homage of a Queen, lived the life of a slave. The Bishop of Chartres told her that this was God's will respecting her. For the good of the Church and of the kingdom she must lay herself out to amuse, please, and if possible guide, from day to day and from hour to hour, her wayward and self-willed husband. This is the meaning of the new kinds of social entertainments which she was perpetually inventing for him, and of the dances and fêtes in her apartments, to which she was ever inviting him, and that at times when her own heart was heavy enough at the calamities of the country, and when she knew that money could ill be spared for such things. And often all in vain. The sated, jaded, and defeated monarch would sometimes declare that he was no longer *amusable*, and would pour out his lamentations upon her. This much-admired and much-feared sovereign came to a woman for strength and encouragement, and made her share all his troubles, while he left her to bear her own sorrows alone.

In her letters she tells us something of what she had to endure. She, consort of the first monarch in the world, had less freedom than a shop-keeper's wife. Her beloved husband was her heaviest cross. She was ill and in need of complete rest; and she was ever compelled to ceaseless activity. Both body and mind were perpetually on the stretch. The King liked change; and she was dragged from Versailles to Marly, from Marly to Clagny, from Clagny to Trianon, and from Trianon back to Versailles, and sometimes was housed in rooms which were barely furnished, and of which the walls were not yet dry. Moreover, in Lewis's palaces everything was built for effect, nothing for health or comfort. "For the sake of symmetrical proportion," she says, "we must all of us catch our deaths." How, with her frequent illnesses, she lived through it all, and remained always bright and helpful, is a marvel. But both she and Lewis had this in common—they could conquer weakness and sickness of body by sheer strength of will. But with this difference: that what she did out of love and a profound sense of duty, he did out of self-will and pride. Her patient and sympathetic endurance was really heroic.

One of her many troubles was being obliged to refuse so many of those who begged of her. It was a principle with her never to ask Lewis for money. She never even secured a provision for herself in case of his death. Lewis had reduced the nobility to poverty. Life at Court was very costly; and those who lived there were constantly subsidized by the King. Numbers of people believed that Madame de Maintenon could obtain these subsidies for them. She had only to ask, and they would get them. They did not get them; and they cursed her for their ill-success. She says that it is piteous to be always saying "No" to those whom one longs to serve: she will never be fairly judged till the last day. She was well aware of the daily crop of pasquinades which were directed against her. "We live here on calumnies," she says in one place; and in another, "We are accustomed to living on venom."

In those days people distinguished between piety and devotion. The "pious" (*Frommen*) contented themselves with conforming to traditional religious observances. The "devout" (*Devoten*) endeavoured to

make religion a reality. Everyone about the King had to have a confessor, and Lewis liked to know from those who interested him, to whom they went to confess. The pious often changed their confessors. The devout kept to the one whom they had first chosen; and generally had in addition a spiritual director as well. Absolute obedience to this director was inculcated as the highest of virtues, and the most insignificant acts became sanctified if they were done in obedience to him.

It was a momentous thing for the history of France that Frances had given her whole confidence to the Sulpicians, an order of priests without special vows, who devoted themselves to the education of the clergy. In the religious controversies of the time they held a middle place. With the Jesuits they contended against Jansenist doctrine and preached absolute submission to the Pope and his decrees. With the Jansenists they distrusted the penitential system and casuistry of the Jesuits. Godet des Marais was the Sulpician whom she selected as her director, and he continued to be such after she had got him made Bishop of Chartres, down to his death in 1709. As such he was the most influential prelate in the Gallican Church, and on the whole he did not seriously misuse his opportunities. She consulted him on the most trifling matters; not because she lacked the power to decide for herself, but because she wished to have the merit of obedience. She sent him monthly reports of herself, and one can see from his replies how conscientious and thorough she was in her self-examination. It is less pleasing to notice the tone in which he sometimes addresses her. It may have been well to set before her the lofty, if impossible, mission of being the support and consolation of the Church, the guardian-angel of the King, the reforming spirit of the world. But was it wise to assure her that God had placed in her hands the welfare of the State and the Church, and the salvation of a mighty king? Was it right to speak to her of the spotless innocence of her life and the certainty of her eternal happiness? She herself blames him for thus feeding her self-love with his praises, and he replies by telling her that she has completely overcome all pride and vanity; while she knew only too well the contrary. The Bishop comes very near to worshipping the work of his own hands.

Very different is the line taken by her other spiritual director, Fénelon, a man of the same school as Godet, but of a far superior type. Fénelon was, if not by nature, at any rate by religion, made to be a director of the consciences of men. She laid her soul bare before him, as before Godet, and what he writes to her is of great importance in estimating the statements of Saint-Simon and of Elizabeth Charlotte. Like Godet, he sets before her a scarcely attainable ideal; but he gives her stronger stuff than ceaseless praise and consolation. She is (he says) too cold to those who do not agree with her, too anxious about the good opinion of others, and sets too much store on the consciousness of her own virtue. In short, self is with her a still unbroken idol. She is not to fritter away her emotions in the female friendships of which she is so fond: that is only a refined form of selfishness. She must husband her resources and watch for the opportunities which God may place in her way of inducing the King to adopt the best measures and the best men. There is only one love that is pure—the love of God.

This was written in 1690. Four years later Fénelon wrote in equally plain language, but anonymously, to Lewis himself. His reign hitherto has been nothing but a series of unrighteous wars prompted by ambitious greed, and vanity. His faithlessness about treaties makes wars endless. He has turned France into a huge hospital, a hospital without comfort or even food. He has made the nation bankrupt in order to teach his Court a boundless luxury, and has enriched himself in order to be sur-

rounded by swarms of murmuring beggars. His religion is mere fear and superstition. His confessor, La Chaise, does not do his duty; and Madame de Maintenon and the Duke of Beauvilliers are afraid to tell him what they think of the real condition of affairs. The King showed the letter to his wife, and she spoke of it to Archbishop Noailles. Such severe out-spokenness, she said, did no good. It embittered and discouraged the King, but it did not convert him:—a confession alike of the truth of the charges and of her own powerlessness to remove the grounds of them. The whole incident shows us the depth of her oft-repeated wish for flight from her surroundings, and of her longing, in spite of all her love, for death. After possessing for ten years the heart of this absolute King, she had seen the country over which he ruled, and the Government with which he ruled it, reach a far darker condition than before. The letter was indeed severe; but its chief severity was its truth.

The man who could write thus of her husband could not remain her director. She returned to the guidance of Godet, whom she and many others regarded as a saint. He always said kind things to her, and found virtues in Lewis just where Fénelon found faults. She liked him to say that the King loved his people, although she knew well enough that his love never went further than empty wishes. She regarded it as providential that the breach with Fénelon occurred before he had imbued her with his questionable mysticism. She herself was to blame for preferring the brilliant Fénelon to the less fascinating Godet. She had obtained his promotion to the Archbishopric of Cambrai, but there her favour to him ended. Nevertheless, she did what she could to save him from the trouble in which the publication of his "Maximes des Saints sur la Vie intérieure" involved him. She negotiated both with him and with his bitter opponent Bossuet. Fénelon tried hard to win her over to his views. But she feared for her beloved institute at Saint-Cyr, where Madame de Guyon had already indoctrinated some of the nuns with her Quietism. These strained and transcendental doctrines, inculcating an ecstatic condition of existence, seemed to her repulsive and perilous. She thought that God had allowed the lofty spirit of Fénelon to fall into error, in order to teach it humility. Godet, although, like Bossuet, he had been the personal friend of Fénelon, declared himself absolutely against the "Maximes," and confirmed Frances in her opposition. Noailles was on the same side; and Fénelon himself said that he could not complain that she preferred the judgment of three such men to his own.

When Fénelon's book was condemned at Rome, as containing twenty-three erroneous propositions, Lewis added his own displeasure to the troubles of his wife. She might have known this man's opinions before she commended him to him for promotion as tutor to the royal princes and as Archbishop of Cambrai. She became seriously ill from vexation and anxiety, so that Lewis at last asked her as she lay in bed, "Was she really going to die about this business?"

Fénelon submitted at once, and stopped the circulation of his book in his diocese. But he and his patroness never exchanged another word with one another. She did not believe that his submission meant real abandonment of his position, for she knew that his system was part and parcel of his mental development. And Fénelon did not conceal his conviction that justice required the condemnation of Bossuet rather than of himself. *Celui qui errait a prévalu; celui qui était exempt d'erreur a été écrasé.* He seems to have believed that, when truth came into collision with ecclesiastical obedience, the former must give way. The appearance of *Télémaque* the same year (1699) made future reconciliation between him and the King's consort impossible. The book was written for Fénelon's pupil, the Duke of Burgundy, and was published without

Fénelon's sanction. But most people thought that it was intended to set the young prince against his grandfather's methods of government, and to expose the unworthy ambitions and tyrannies of the latter.

Madame de Maintenon would probably have succumbed to her troubles much sooner had she not been able from time to time to take refuge at Saint-Cyr. Here, in teaching and in other works of charity, she found real refreshment and relief. She escaped from the moral miasmas of Versailles, and breathed a purer atmosphere. Here she could fitfully enjoy what destiny had denied to her at home, opportunity for exercising her exceptional gifts as a trainer of children. She was a true mother to the girls, and attended to their wants both of body and soul with all a mother's thoughtful tenderness. Some of them were to go into convents, and would there make known the traditions of Saint-Cyr in educating the young. Others were to go out into the world, and would be the means of regenerating family life in France. But the future of her girls larger class was a great perplexity to her. Only a minority of her girls became nuns; how was she to find suitable husbands for the rest? "I want sons-in-law," was her anxious cry. Her girls were well-born, and the nobility of that age were commonly poor, and still more commonly immoral. She gives as her experience of the class from which she drew her pupils that most of their marriages were unhappy. Her enemy, Elizabeth Charlotte, whose observations were made in the same society, goes still further, and says that out of a thousand marriages scarcely two were happy. It was a frightening picture which Madame de Maintenon gave to her pupils of men as she knew them. One sees that she and Laroche-foucauld had received similar impressions from the nobility and gentry of that age.

Her influence upon state affairs has been greatly exaggerated by some and under-rated by others. The wide-reaching directions of her spiritual advisers must not be taken as a measure of what she was able, or even attempted, to accomplish. On the other hand, her sincere declaration that she hated State affairs is no proof that she tried to keep aloof from them. She believed it to be her duty to attempt to influence the King, especially in all ecclesiastical matters; but she detested interfering, because her intervention had such poor success. Sometimes Lewis did not listen to her. Sometimes circumstances of which she was ignorant made what she had recommended prove a failure. But there was a tacit understanding between her and the ministers that she was to have her way in Church patronage and to support them, or be neutral, in other matters. Where they could not agree, Lewis decided the question. Only twice was she present at a council of ministers; and in a letter to Archbishop Noailles she expresses the amazement, horror, and disgust with which she learnt the principles, aims, and means of the Government. And at that time she knew but a fraction of the whole.

The first event which damaged her seriously in public opinion was the Peace of Ryswick, which in 1697 put an end to the nine years' war. Lewis had provoked this war by his aggressive policy, had exhausted the resources of his people in the prosecution of it, and had been victorious in most of the battles. And now, with the exception of Strasburg, he surrendered almost everything that he had won. France was astounded, and could find no solution of the enigma, excepting that Madame de Maintenon must have talked Lewis over. There was some truth in this. But it was the exhaustion of the country and the approach of the question of the Spanish succession which made Lewis willing to listen to counsels of peace.

In 1701 the War of the Spanish Succession began, in which Lewis stood at bay against half Europe. Here, in spite of herself, Frances had to

take a leading part. Lewis was ill, and his wife had to work with him and for him in conducting public affairs. Sometimes she conspired with the ministers in concealing bad news from him. During these twelve terrible years her wish for death was constant, so heavily did the disasters of Lewis and of France, and her responsibilities to both of them, weigh upon her. Nevertheless, no sooner was the Peace of Utrecht signed than she was once more a thorough Frenchwoman, thirsting for the glory of her royal husband. Her first thought was, not of the unspeakable miseries of his bankrupt and bleeding people, but that he had secured the Spanish succession without ceding any French territory. At that moment she seems even to have been blind to the moral corruption with which the whole of French society, and especially the Court, was tainted. She has no word of pity for the twice-ravaged Palatinate, nor for the barbarous treatment of Piedmont. The Protestants fighting for freedom of conscience are to her only "fanatics," of whom she hopes to see the land "purged." And she advises her brothers to buy up Protestant property in Poitou, where it may be had very cheaply.

Her whole attitude to French Protestantism is worth considering. In the main she was neither better nor worse than the King, the ministers, and the clergy. They were all agreed that Protestantism was a danger and a disgrace to the nation, and must be rooted out; and no means, however severe, were to be neglected in attaining this end. To Lewis it was intolerable that thousands of his subjects should regard him as a misbeliever, and in his wars with Protestants should sympathize with his enemies. His wife once ventured to recommend less cruel measures; and he told her that she seemed not yet to have got rid of her youthful Protestantism. She fully believed the doctrine which all, excepting the Jansenist clergy, preached; that liberty in religion was damnable; that the persecution of non-Catholics was praiseworthy, and that their suppression was for the sovereign a duty. Hence confiscation, imprisonment, deprivation of children, dragonades, and slavery in the galleys, are regarded by her with approval, or at least without protest. She has not a word to say when Lewis first promised Protestants a cessation of these enormities, and then persecuted them as severely as ever. In short, she remained the faithful disciple of her director Godet in all this, with one exception. He approved of compelling Protestants, who had been persecuted into apostasy, to attend mass and to receive the Sacrament. To her this seemed monstrous sacrilege. He admitted this; but said that the responsibility rested with those who required compulsion and not with those who employed it. A whole population could not be allowed to grow up in neglect of the chief ordinances of religion. She is, moreover, largely to blame for the bloody and ruinous war in the Cevennes, and it is a dark blot in her history. In this and other cases she and Lewis mutually incited one another.

The moral consequences were ruinous. Compelling people to deny their faith was fatal to religious rectitude. The Roman Catholics were barbarized and demoralized by the common spectacle of violence inflicted upon innocent people. The law courts, which had to sentence such people, ceased to command respect. All feelings of justice were outraged when thousands of men were sent to the galleys, merely for attempting to leave France, and were detained there after their sentence had expired, merely because they were Protestants. The clergy, who approved of such things, lost caste and influence. Their giving the Eucharist day by day to men who received it with repugnance and even disgust, had two effects on their own congregations. It made them despise the men who could thus profane the sacred things committed to their care; and it made them think much less of the sacred things which could be thus

profaned. The years 1685 and 1793 are more closely connected in the way of cause and effect than a superficial observer might suppose.

But it was the conversion of the King which Frances considered to be her highest and holiest task: his conversion from the dead faith and mechanical service, in which he rested, to a living faith, manifesting itself in love to God and man. She was the only person who could do anything with him in such matters, and she had but poor success. Although she believed that for this very purpose she had been raised so high, yet she feared that God considered her unworthy of so lofty a happiness. She says, and other intimates of Lewis confirm it, that the only religious motive which influenced him was the fear of hell. Bossuet once spoke to him of the necessity for the love of God in order to win forgiveness. This man of sixty years, who had been to confession over a hundred times, said that he had never heard of such a thing. The impression which his Spanish mother and first confessors made on him remained indelible. He carefully observed all externals. He recited prayers, kept fast-days, went to mass, wore relics, and avoided heretics. And he counted it as a good set-off for his sins that he observed rules, suppressed heterodoxy, and protected the Church. What his wife called holiness had no place in him. She often had to dry his tears during the disasters of the War of the Succession; but she never excited more than a transient emotion.

Her chief obstacle was Père La Chaise, the King's confessor, who, like his predecessors, Dinet, Paulin, Ferrier, and Annat, encouraged Lewis in his mechanical religion. He was a Jesuit; and the Jesuit doctrines of Probabilism and of the sufficiency of "attrition" exactly suited the King. Lewis allowed him to direct nearly all Church patronage, which gave him and his Order enormous influence with the clergy and nobility; for the younger sons in noble families commonly sought provision in the Church. Madame de Maintenon says that La Chaise debased the King's conscience, and that so long as he was at his side nothing could be hoped. But she gradually came to see that La Chaise was no worse than other Jesuits, and her abhorrence of him extended to the whole Order. The King's licentious brother once said in her presence that, no matter how viciously he lived, his Jesuit confessor always absolved him and urged him to communicate: and she said that it was conduct of this kind which made the Order so detested. She succeeded in getting the Jesuits excluded from Saint-Cyr; and with the help of public opinion and of the bishops, some of whom were beginning to hinder Jesuits from hearing confessions, she hoped to be able to fight the Order, especially for the possession of the King's soul.

In the assembly of clergy at St. Germain-en-Laye, in 1700, it was she who made it possible for the bishops to condemn the casuistry of the Jesuits and their doctrine of "attrition." Bossuet and she had worked together for weeks beforehand. In his eyes, the doctrine that the love of God was not necessary to salvation, was the most perilous heresy of the age, and had much to do with the increase of immorality. The bishops had collected a number of dangerous propositions out of the moral and doctrinal treatises of the Jesuits, and this time all the efforts of the Order were unable to prevent this teaching from being formally condemned. But it was Madame de Maintenon who obtained the King's consent to the condemnation, and then only on the condition that the Jesuits were not mentioned. Evidently he did not understand the question; otherwise he would never have allowed a condemnation of the principles which enabled his own confessor to grant him absolution.

Her Sulpician advisers told her that it was her duty to bring the King and the French Church into complete subjection to the Papal See. This involved a reversal of the four Gallican propositions in the famous

"Déclaration du Clergé," issued under Bossuet's guidance in 1682. Lewis had wavered in his attitude towards Rome. On the one hand, his ideal of absolute monarchy favoured the theory of an absolute and infallible Pope. On the other hand, Richelieu, Mazarin, and his own experience had taught him the practical dangers of such a theory. An infallible Pope could absolve subjects from their allegiance and depose sovereigns. His ministers, the Parliament, the jurists, and most French theologians were Gallican. But his wife was on the other side, and she could generally make Lewis distrust any influential Gallican by saying that he held Jansenist views. This she had no scruple in doing, when directed to do so by Godet. With a woman's instinct she found a doctrine, which was so offensive to theologians, jurists, statesmen, and historians, very convenient and comforting. She had her own infallible director: why should there not be one for the whole Church? She urged Lewis day by day to abandon the four propositions. He wanted to have the Pope's help in the Spanish succession, and so, in 1693, a compromise was arranged. The "Déclaration" was not to be cancelled, but it was not to be obligatory; and newly appointed bishops, without abjuring it, might make an act of submission to Rome. But the Gallican doctrine was still maintained; and as late as 1697 Lewis declared that he would not allow the infallibility to be taught in France. Public opinion, among both clergy and laity, was so strongly Gallican, that the Sulpicians and Jesuits did not dare openly to attack the "Déclaration." In Rome the French clergy were considered worse than German Protestants. But Gallicanism, though not openly assailed, was quietly circumvented. As a theory it was upheld; but practice was made to tell more and more in the opposite direction. An opportunity for this was afforded by the Jansenist controversy.

From 1650 onwards one may count all French people, who exhibited earnestness in religion and purity in life, as Jansenists. They kept away from Court, or were repelled from it and persecuted. For all that, Jansenism increased. Almost all ecclesiastical corporations and theological writers were Jansenist. Even in Rome Jansenism was strongly represented among the cardinals, who wrote to Paris and Louvain to encourage people to remain firm in spite of official condemnations. "No heresy," says Fénelon, "had cost the Church more cautions, warnings, and damnatory decrees; and yet all these seemed to have worse than no effect." And he lets us see the cause of this fruitlessness. With much emphasis, and thus far in entire agreement with the Jansenists themselves, he declares that no one (after sixty years of scolding and condemning) knew wherein exactly the erroneous doctrine consisted. Rome had steadily refused to define the true doctrine; and teaching, which it seemed to condemn in one form, was taught in Rome itself in different but equivalent words. In short, in both camps, the Jansenist and that of their Jesuit and Molinist opponents, the conviction was the same: that what was called Jansenism with regard to the doctrine of grace was an empty phantom. Heterodox Jansenism was identical with orthodox Thomism and Augustinianism. About that Fénelon and the Jesuits were as clear as Arnauld, Nicole, and Pascal. Even Innocent XI., and afterwards Benedict XIV., were of the same view. The later decisions of Benedict XIII. and XIV. left absolutely no doubt about it. But very powerful hierarchical interests were connected with this phantom. Rome would beat no retreat and confess no mistake. The Jesuits would not abandon a weapon with which during fifty years they had silenced numerous opponents and got possession of numerous schools. Rome, therefore, held fast to its policy of proscribing certain propositions as erroneous, without ever committing itself to any other propositions as true. What was wanted was, not acceptance of truth, but submission to

authority. Indirectly to compass the Infallibility—that was the end and aim of this unreal controversy.

Quesnel's devout and edifying "Réflexions Morales sur le N.T." was selected as the victim. Archbishop Noailles had approved the book, Bossuet had defended it, and it had a wide circulation. But Godet, Bishop of Chartres, Madame de Maintenon's oracle, found it heretical; and she says that he died of grief because his episcopal friends refused to condemn it. Already, in 1705, Clement XI. had taken the unheard-of step of sending the draft of the bull *Vineam Domini* to be revised by Lewis and his wife. This bull renewed the condemnation of the five propositions said to be contained in Jansen's book. Lewis now demanded a condemnation of Quesnel's, and the Pope consented on condition that Lewis did his utmost to make both clergy and laity submit. The bull *Unigenitus* condemned 101 propositions taken from the "Réflexions Morales" but in such a way as to leave the controversy in greater confusion than ever. It kindled a fire in the French Church which consumed its best material, and by the havoc which it made prepared the way for the Revolution. Yet Madame de Maintenon greeted the bull with a feeling of triumph. Her "saintly Bishop" Godet was dead, but his dearest wishes were fulfilled. The pestilential heresy had received its death-blow. Yet in thus sacrificing the best minds of France and the liberties of the French Church to the interested and empty charge of erroneous doctrine, she did more than all the mockery of Voltaire and the aggressiveness of the free-thinkers to bring on the Revolution, and to give it that anti-religious character which is one of its worst features, and which it still, in perhaps even an increased degree, continues to bear.

Hers is truly a tragic life. Her best hopes and plans were shattered, some of them before, and some of them after, her death: but shattered they all were. She saw her husband, who for thirty years had been the idol of France, go to his grave amid general execration, and his death was regarded as the salvation of the country. All her care for the royal princes had been in vain. Some had died, others gone to ruin, while her darling, the Duke of Maine, was shut out from the post which she had prepared for him. She had had to break with Fénelon about Quietism and with Noailles about Jansenism, and other friendships had had a similar end. Her efforts to convert her husband to a genuine Christianity remained fruitless. He remained the mechanical, self-satisfied Christian which his confessors had made him. Popes, bishops, and preachers had vied with one another in praising his piety and firmness in the faith, and she had followed them in promising success to his orthodox armies over their heretical opponents. When the orthodox armies were defeated, she felt her belief in a Providence shaken; but she recovered herself with the thought that these disasters were a punishment for the sins of the King and of the nation. Lewis himself admitted with tears that he had deserved such chastisement. But it never seems to have occurred to her that, in recommending him to recognise the Pretender and to persecute the Protestants, she had contributed as much as anyone to strengthen the Protestant powers and to make England supreme. As Fénelon said, "Despotism is the source of all our evils;" and it was precisely this fatal despotism which she had fostered. A few weeks before the King's death, she wrote to her spiritual director: "With the best intentions I have made so many mistakes that I dare not interfere in anything any more." Immediately afterwards she induced the King to make a will, in which the Duke of Orleans was made nominal Regent, but without any real power, while the constitution was violated by placing the children of Madame de Montespan in the succession to the crown. Parliament cancelled the will directly Lewis was dead.

Dr. Döllinger concludes these articles¹ with a comparison between Madame de Maintenon and the Empress Maria Theresa, decidedly to the advantage of the latter. Both were ornaments of their sex, combining a masculine spirit, understanding, and insight with all womanly virtues; but the one ruled through her own innate capacity, the other in the name of others whom she influenced, so that the Duke of Villeroi called her "the mole." Both practised, or too willingly sanctioned, persecution, and were zealous in the service of the Church. But the Frenchwoman, stifling her own judgment, surrendered herself absolutely to her directors; while the German allowed her confessor no influence in State affairs, and often disregarded his advice in ecclesiastical matters. Both suffered much, in that those who were nearest to them did not share their views—the one through her husband, the other through her son. Both mistook their wishes for hopes, and allowed their personal sympathies far too much play in politics, and both thereby have done much harm. But their position in history is very unequal. The memory of the great Empress is still blessed by millions, while that of the foundress of Saint-Cyr has long since died away.

ALFRED PLUMMER.

DURHAM, *November*, 1886.



ART. III.—NEW TESTAMENT SAINTS NOT COM-
MEMORATED.—LYDIA.

THE kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard-seed, which a man took and sowed in his field: which indeed is less than all seeds; but when it is grown, it is greater than the herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the heaven come and lodge in the branches thereof."² The kingdom of heaven, the Church of Christ in Europe, as it is to-day, and as it was on that memorable morning, when its message was first proclaimed and its earliest members were enrolled—what a striking exemplification of the parable does it afford! There was no synagogue at Philippi. Philippi was a military post, not a commercial town, and there was therefore

¹ The reader is requested to bear in mind that in this English summary six articles have been condensed into one, a process which does scant justice to the original. All who can do so should read the whole in the German. Mr. David Nutt, 270, Strand, would procure it.

² Matthew xiii. 31, 32, R. V.

little to attract Jews to it. The newly arrived missionaries do not seem to have been certain that they should even find a *Proseucha* there. If there was one (building or enclosure open to the air) in which the few Jews and proselytes were wont to meet for worship, it would be outside the city and near to water, with a view to the ablutions and lustrations of their ceremonial law. Accordingly, when the Sabbath came, they "went forth without the gate by a river-side, where they supposed there was a place of prayer."¹ It was historic ground over which they passed. On that "even field"² had been fought the decisive battle, fraught with momentous issues to the world, which sealed the triumph of the Empire over the Republic for Rome. The river³ beside which they went to pray had parted the ranks of the contending armies. Its waters had been dyed with their blood. On that calm Sabbath morning peace reigned supreme. They found the "place of prayer;" but a sense of disappointment may well have visited them as they entered it. No large or influential congregation awaited their arrival; no signal opportunity offered for their message. What an array of preachers—Paul and Silas and Timothy and Luke! What an assembly to listen to their words, "the women which were come together" there! Was this the meaning of that eager cry, "Come over and help us"? Was this the welcome Macedonia gave to those who had sped forth so earnestly in response to her invitation? But they had "gathered assuredly," and the "conclusion" was not now shaken, that it was "God Who had called them for to preach the Gospel unto them."⁴ And His ways, they knew, were not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts. In His way, therefore, they set themselves to do His work. Prayer over, instead of a set discourse by one of them, and as better suited to the audience and the occasion, they sat down, each with a little knot of women round him, and conversed with them on the great subject of their mission.⁵ In one of these little companies which St. Paul was addressing, or possibly when he, the Mercurius as ever of the missionary band, had become the sole speaker and engaged the attention of them all,⁶ the grain of mustard-seed fell into good ground. Wonderful were the links in the chain of circumstances—of gentle yet constraining

¹ Acts xvi. 13, R.V.

² Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, Act v., sc. 1.

³ The Gangites.

⁴ Acts xvi. 10.

⁵ The informal nature of the address is not to be gathered from the fact that they *sat*, for that was the usual posture of a teacher in a Jewish synagogue (Luke iv. 20), but rather from the expression, "we sat down and spake," καθίσαντες ἐλαλοῦμεν.

⁶ ἐλαλοῦμεν, ver. 13; τοῖς λαλοῦμένοις ὑπὸ τοῦ Παύλου, ver. 14.

influences, each simple and natural in itself, yet needing a hand to weld them into one, and make them draw to one common end—which brought Lydia that day to the place of prayer. Not a Jew by birth, yet a proselyte to the Jew's religion;¹ not a native of Philippi, yet belonging to Thyatira, which was a Macedonian colony;² following an occupation for which her city was famed,³ but which led her in its pursuit to the mother city, between which and its colonies there was constant intercourse; removed for a time from Asia, where they had been forbidden by the Holy Ghost then to preach the Word,⁴ yet brought to Europe, whither they were on their undeviating path to preach it—who can refuse to see in Lydia, as she sat among the worshippers in that place of prayer that day, the working of that never-failing Providence, which ordereth all things, both in heaven and earth? And now the Hand that had worked in Providence to bring her there worked also in grace to accomplish the purpose of her coming. "The Lord," He Who alone has the key of every human heart, Who "openeth and no one shutteth,"⁵ "opened her heart to give heed unto the things which were spoken." And thus Lydia became "the firstfruits" of Philippi, of Macedonia, and, so far as the sacred record informs us, of Europe "unto Christ."⁶

Though only a conjecture, it is interesting to reflect that through Lydia the Gospel may have been introduced into her own city of Thyatira also. "One poor woman, and she a foreigner and an alien in that city (of Philippi), has her heart touched by Divine grace in listening to a Gospel sermon. She gives the first house and the first household to the Church in that place. From her and hers the light spreads till it illuminates a whole region. Who knows but that from her also may have sprung the evangelization of her native city? And that thus two churches, Philippi and Thyatira, may have been the eventual produce of this one river-side conversation?"⁷

¹ *σεβομένη τὸν Θεόν*, Acts xvi. 14. Comp. xviii. 7, xiii. 50.

² "It was one of the many Macedonian colonies established in Asia Minor, in the sequel of the destruction of the Persian Empire by Alexander."—"Dict. of Bible," Thyatira.

³ The guild of dyers (*οἱ βαφεῖς*) is mentioned in no fewer than three inscriptions, "so that dyeing apparently formed an important part of the industrial activity of Thyatira, as it did that of Colossæ and Laodicea."—*Ibid.*

⁴ Acts xvi. 6. ⁵ Rev. iii. 7. ⁶ See Rom. xvi. 5; 1 Cor. xvi. 15.

⁷ Dean Vaughan, "The Church of the First Days," ii. 290. See also Archbishop Trench, "Epistles to the Seven Churches," p. 135: "She who had gone forth for a while, to buy and sell and get gain, when she returned home may have brought home with her richer merchandise than any she had looked to obtain." Dr. Hutchison ("Lectures on the

But, however this may be, we are on sure ground when we turn to consider the significance of Lydia's conversion, as regards the place of *woman* and of *the family* in the Church of Christ.

The first known convert to the faith of Christ in Europe was a woman. It may be that in Macedonia the social position of woman apart from the Gospel was exceptionally high.¹ But it is none the less certain that there, as everywhere, it was the Gospel alone that restored her to her rightful place and her true dignity. Nor is it unimportant to observe what that place and dignity, as shown by the example of Lydia, really are. The Church of Philippi was not without women who took an active part in what we now should call Church-work. Euodia and Syntyche, whose eminent services St. Paul acknowledges, were such.² But no such service, so far as we are informed, did Lydia render. Her first thought was of woman's offices of hospitality. Her great ambition was to serve her newly-found Lord in woman's true sphere of home. Him she will receive into her house in the person of His ministers, increasing for His sake "the common task," and consecrating to Him "the trivial round" of her household occupations. Lest they should seem to have been seeking not her but hers, they are unwilling to accept her proffered hospitality; but she constrains them,³ and will take no refusal. To minister to them in her home is all the service she desires. For worship and for work they still continually resort to "the place of prayer."⁴ But for "many days"⁵ they abide and are cared for beneath her roof.

And akin to this elevation and consecration of woman in her true sphere of home is the elevation and consecration of the family which this history records. "Lydia being convinced that Jesus was the Messiah, and having made a profession of her faith, was forthwith baptized. The place of her baptism was, doubtless, the stream which flowed by the *Proseucha*. The waters of Europe were 'sanctified to the mystical washing away of sin.'⁶ But she was not baptized alone: "When she was baptized and her household"—her

Epistle to the Philippians," pp. 3, 4) traces a similarity of character as well as of origin in the Churches of Philippi and Thyatira—"love and faith exhibited in ministering works" (Rev. ii. 19)—in which he sees "the impress of an ardent and organizing female influence, an impress visible in the benevolent forms which their faith so readily assumes."

¹ Bishop Lightfoot, "Epistle to the Philippians," pp. 54-56.

² Philip. iv. 2, 3.

³ *παρεβιάσατο ἡμᾶς* (ver. 15), a strong word.

⁴ Ver. 16.

⁵ Ver. 18; comp. ver. 40.

⁶ Conybeare and Howson, i. 348.

slaves and, it may be, her children; but, at any rate, all who were comprised in her family. Twice in the brief account of the planting of Christianity at Philippi—in the case of Lydia and in that of that other convert, who “was baptized, he and all his straightway,” and “who rejoiced, believing in God with all his house,”¹—are we taught the lesson, that to “provide for his own, and specially his own household,”² is, in things spiritual no less than in things temporal, the first duty of a Christian; that out of His own institution of the family Almighty God is pleased to build up His great “family in heaven and earth”—the Church.

T. T. PEROWNE.

ART. IV.—A CURATE'S FIRST YEAR.

THE position of a man who faces the unknown, conscious that, whatever may be its difficulties, he has been almost wholly unprepared by experience to cope with them, is never a very enviable one. The freshman, into whatsoever career of life, must always, at first, have an anxious time of it. Many can perhaps recall such a moment as that which recurs to the writer of this article, when he was left a shivering schoolboy at the gateway of the great quadrangle of one of our big public schools, and watched the swiftly receding postchaise which bore off his parents to the dear old home. Then did he first know what was meant by loneliness. With what tremulous agitation, with what a tumult of anticipation, did he turn to await the advent of the incoming horde of boys, and brace himself to meet their starings and their questionings! Such a memory, though travelling over a quarter of a century, still has power to make one shudder.

But of all the awkward days through which he has passed, none surely were awkwarder than that in which, as a newly-ordained deacon, he first put on his long-tailed coat, and, having adjusted his soft felt hat, prepared to start upon his first round of parochial work.

Why is the curate thus launched, an untried bark, upon an unknown sea? How comes it that no practical training for their special work is expected from what we may, almost without fear of challenge, term the most cultivated and not the least efficient class of clergy in the world? That they *are* cultivated—and we would include in this term the possession of an accurate knowledge of the requirements of their profession—and that they are efficient as a class is certainly not the

¹ Vers. 33, 34.

² 1 Tim. v. 8.

result of any technical training which they have, as a class, received. The ordinary life of an undergraduate at either Oxford or Cambridge is about as good a preparation for a cure of souls as it would be for the practice of medicine. But we have more respect for our bodies than to entrust them to the care of a young B.A. who has just won the right to wear his fur-trimmed hood. A rigid course of Latin and Greek, tempered with Euclid and Algebra, may be an excellent corrective to looseness of thought, and prove of valuable assistance in the formation of a lucid and classical style, but it does not supply a much more trustworthy guide to him who is called to undertake the work of spiritual husbandry than to the man who intends to devote his life to the cultivation of a colonial farm.

Of course the future pastor *may* prepare himself for his life-work while at the University. There are classes, districts, lay-readerships for such as are willing to be so employed. But then he *need not* do so. And, in fact, we may confidently aver that, in the majority of cases, he does not do so. The result of this want of special training for his duties is that even that worst type of the theological-hall student whose attainments poor Archdeacon Edwards so wittily described as "a solid block of ignorance on which was glued a thin veneering of biennial lore"—but who has, at least, acquired some practical knowledge of the poor, and learned something from the lips of the Professor of Pastoral Theology—has a distinct initial advantage over the young graduate who, whether he has taken high honours or not, has hitherto had more to do with boats than with Bible-classes, and whose acquaintance with his social inferiors has been limited to his intercourse with the professional cricketer, the gamekeeper, the stableman, and the scout.

The new curate is of course well-meaning, but he is most often wholly inexperienced. It is quite wonderful how soon he will adapt himself to his surroundings, and how he will often outstrip the mere "seminary-boy" who started with so many technical advantages. But it is none the less noticeable that he often shows lamentable signs of his want of early training throughout the whole of his career. His first year is pretty sure to be a series of blunders; and, if no candid friend is at hand to point these out, they are like to be perpetuated to the end of the chapter. This is the more likely if he should chance to become a favourite through any personal attractions of his. Above all, most likely if the power of his sincerity and earnestness should convince the simple people among whom he labours that he is a prophet indeed. He will then find it hard to resist the seductions of their faith in him; and to remember that he is, after all, only a learner. He will, perhaps, go on

through life with much self-satisfaction perpetuating his mistakes, for which he will have no longer the excuse of youth, and unconsciously reaping the fruit of them. Nay, it is possible that years of partial failure and disappointment will not disabuse him of the illusion that his circumstances are to blame, and not *himself*, and his mistaken estimate of his people and their wants.

It is not, however, my object in writing this article to suggest any remedy for this state of things, though more than one might occur to my own mind. Nor will I stop to exalt the advantages to be derived from spending the time which intervenes between the degree and ordination at one of the recognised theological colleges; nor even to urge upon clergymen of large influence and undeniable attainments that they should follow the example set by Dean Vaughan and the present Bishop of Durham, and devote a portion of their time (never more profitably occupied) to the training of young men for a short period previous to their appointment to the ministry. I will leave that to other pens, and content myself with giving, by his permission, a short sketch of some incidents which occurred during the first year of a country curate of my acquaintance. It is possible that the recital may be interesting to some. It is certain that the experiences of that first year were so many eye-openers to the curate himself.

It matters not, then, in what year; but the curate aforementioned found himself, a few days after his ordination, the occupant of a charming little pair of rooms, whose windows overlooked a wide stretch of southland country. It was Saturday afternoon, and he had only arrived at the neighbouring market-town that same morning, and had thence proceeded with his portmanteau in a dogcart from the inn, leaving directions that his boxes of books should be sent after him. He was rather nervous, and did not think that he would show himself upon the village green that day, but devoted himself to the preparation of his sermon to be delivered the following morning.

He had, of course, already made the acquaintance of the vicar during a previous visit, and learned something of the whereabouts of the various buildings, as church, schools, etc., at which his presence would be required, but as yet did not know much either of the place or the people. On Sunday morning, then, he stood with sermon-case in pocket, and surplice, hood, and stole in a neat cloth bag, upon the strip of front lawn, and felt that he was at last embarked indeed upon this great enterprise of his new profession.

Below him, in the valley, and about half a mile distant, the gray spire of the parish church overtopped some clustering

trees. The sound of the bells came quite clearly to him upon the gentle air. The morning sun caught the weather-cock aslant and sent flashes from its gilded plumage into the curate's eyes. Was it the balmy brightness of that summer-day, or was it the thought of the stream of inquisitive church-goers which occupied the high-road that lay so plainly between him and the churchyard-gate, and whose black coats and red shawls he could see moving steadily down the hill? Something tempted the curate to give that dusty high-road a wide berth, and to choose in preference a grassy by-path just across the park railings, which evidently led in the same direction. There was plenty of time—he had almost a half-hour to spare—and so he vaulted over the stile and stepped out briskly upon the soft sward, beneath the grateful shadow of fan-leaved horse-chestnuts and lime-trees with their musical hum of many insect-wings. He congratulated himself upon his choice of routes. These murmuring sounds and the sweet scents of grass and flowers composed his mind. They were to him as the choir and the incense of God's great natural Temple. He felt in harmony with all worship. He thought, "If I were called upon to speak just now—at once, without any interval—I could almost dare to preach extempore!"

Soon he arrived at the bottom of the valley, and began to look around for some side-path which might lead him to the church which he now plainly saw upon his left. Alas! there was none. The park railings rather swerved to the right. The farther he went the farther he seemed from the gray spire whose bells still rang out their peal of invitation. There was a hop-garden between himself and the churchyard; no one was looking; he could easily scale the high fence and make his way across. No sooner said than done; and soon he was threading his way through the long avenues beneath the trailing hop-bines. There was no time to be lost. The bells had ceased, and one alone was tolling as if to call in stragglers. The curate reached the boundary of the yard; but he found, to his utter dismay, that a thick hedge of quickset, some six feet in height and fossed with a deep ditch, lay between him and his goal; nor was there the appearance of a gate anywhere! He hastily turned to the right, and followed the hedge round towards the road. Still no break in its *chevaux de frise*. And now the single bell ceased to toll. The curate snatched out his watch, and saw to his dismay that it was already half-past ten; the hour of service had arrived. What would the vicar say? What would the congregation think? That abominable hedge still curved round to the right, and the curate's back was now turned upon the church; but he ran desperately on, for he had caught sight of a distant gate. This

led him into the high-road. A few minutes more and he was striding through the deserted churchyard towards the corner of the chancel where he knew the vestry-door was to be found.

He tried the vestry-door. It was locked! What should he do? return home, or brave the criticism of the whole congregation by boldly entering through the western door, and passing to the vestry along the entire length of the church? He felt that there was no alternative; he was to be the morning preacher; he must effect an entrance somehow. So, screwing up his courage, he entered behind the people, and, bag in hand, made his way up the building. How long that journey seemed, and with what a clatter did his heels reverberate upon the pitiless surface of the encaustic tiles! At last he was sheltered within the friendly walls of the vestry, from which he could not make up his mind to reappear until the time arrived for the delivery of the sermon. Ah me! what a dreadful commencement to his sacred duties! How different from that which he had so often planned for himself! It was a great relief to him when, at the conclusion of the service, the kindly vicar not only accepted his explanation with a smile, but congratulated him warmly upon what he was pleased to call a creditable first sermon. All this the curate told me with some shamefacedness; he assured me, however, that the lesson was not thrown away upon him. It taught him, among other things, to arrange his time so that he might always have *at least* a clear quarter of an hour in the vestry before the service, during which he might compose his mind, and prepare himself for the part which he was to take in the worship of the church.

The rector of a large parish, which included the best quarter of a Midland town, once mentioned to me the difficulty which he had experienced in getting the poor folk to attend the parish church. There was room enough and to spare. The free sittings were numerous and well-placed; the service was bright and hearty; but still the labourers and their wives did not come. An ardent advocate of the free and open church system would no doubt have offered an easy solution to the problem. He would have urged: Throw open your church from end to end; let there be no difference made between capitalist and labourer; let all sit where they can and will, and you may yet hope to see your church filled with poor as well as rich. My friend's previous experience, however, did not quite tally with this expectation. He had seen free and open churches deserted by, or thinly attended by, the poor, who would, nevertheless, come readily enough to the same services when conducted in a neighbouring schoolroom. He

arrived at the conclusion that free and open seats had practically very little to do with the matter. That it was rather a sort of proud humility on the part of the poor themselves which made them quite as unwilling to mingle with their richer neighbours in the public assembly as to sit by themselves in a part of the church marked out as it were for the occupation of an inferior caste. His own church was central and easily accessible, and there was, as we have said, room enough and to spare in it for all, but he proceeded to act upon his conviction, and built a mission chapel within a stone's-throw of the other. The result was what he had anticipated. Every Sunday night the people from the lanes and alleys filled that chapel to join in the very same services which had failed to attract them to the neighbouring walls of the grand old parish church.

This was quite borne out by the experience of our curate in his country sphere. While the free sittings which filled either aisle of the graceful church were sparsely occupied by broad-cloth coats, smock-frocks, and linsey-woolsey dresses, a school-room service which was held in the evening upon the common was very popular. The rough benches were crowded; the sturdy labouring folk lifted up their voices in the responses till the occupant of the reading-desk must have been a dull-souled ministrant indeed who did not feel that his own heart was lifted up by the sound of their devotion. While as to the singing, they almost drowned the treble voices of the choir-boys, and made the open rafters ring again.

It was here that the curate first learned to preach extempore. If, as a distinguished orator has said, a manuscript is like a block of ice between a speaker and his audience—the curate soon felt that—when the audience is a rustic one, the sermon-paper is a very iceberg for chillness and opacity. For polish and ornament, whether in building or sermon, the working man and his wife care next to nothing; for light and warmth in both they care much. If a church is not good to hear and see in, they will perceive no beauty in it, though it be a gem of mediæval art or the masterpiece of a Pugin or Gilbert Scott. They will then infinitely prefer the four bare walls of the little Bethel where they can at least see to read their Bibles and hear distinctly what the preacher has to say. It is the same with a sermon. “Mesopotamia” may be a word of sufficient comfort for a certain class of decent bodies, but the labouring man has no faith in it. The only kind of preaching which has any attraction for him is that which he can understand. The sermon which can influence him must be *clear*, it must throw light into his murky mind; it must be *simple*, for he cannot readily take in more than one idea at the

same time ; but, above all, it must be *direct*—it must come all hot from the heart of the preacher if it is to excite any warmth at all in his own labour-dulled heart. Hence the too frequent triumph of the ranter in the barn-like Rehoboth over the studied rhetoric which flows from the fluted pulpit of the parish church.

After the curate had sent one man into a comfortable sleep with his polished periods, he made a resolution that he would not repeat the error, if, at least, he could help it. He determined that he would begin at once and speak as God might enable him, leaving his paper at home. At least, he did not again send anyone to sleep. He had the satisfaction of noting that the eyes which formerly, when open, travelled vacantly from floor to rafter, were now fixed expectantly upon his own face ; and when, as sometimes, he could even engross the attention of the fidgety choir-boys, he felt that he had achieved a triumph indeed. Of course this entailed some extra preparation on his part, until he obtained, by practice, the free use of his tongue. Indeed, on one wet night while crossing the common, his mind being more occupied with the heads of his sermon than his whereabouts, he fell down a gravel-pit, and was saved from anything worse than a mud-bath chiefly by his stout umbrella acting as a kind of parachute!

The field-labourer is difficult to move. He has little time to read, and is not much given to thought. He rises while it is yet dark, and as a rule goes to bed with the sun. It is not enough to prepare an intellectual or spiritual feast for him and then to bid him come ; he must be sought after and even fetched. The curate was happy in the leadership of a methodical vicar who committed to his charge a certain district of the large and scattered parish, and urged upon him at once to map out that district into sub-districts, and to work them systematically. Having some little skill in drawing, he invested in many yards of white blind-holland, and painted thereon diagrams illustrating scenes from the "Pilgrim's Progress." He called in the assistance of the village carpenter, who soon rigged up a wooden frame in which the pictures might revolve like a continuous drop-scene when turned by a handle. Some green baize curtains and a few screened paraffine lamps by way of footlights completed the little show ; and, armed with this, the curate managed to draw quite a crowd of both sexes and all ages during the long winter evenings to listen with unflagging interest to the ever-fresh story of the Pilgrimage.

He soon learned, however, that if he wished to reach the people he must go to them into their own homes, and that,

too, at the time which suited themselves. It was particularly difficult to get at the men. When they left the fields, and had had their tea, if they did not adjourn to the public-house they generally turned-in at once for the night. On one occasion, when he was making a special effort to see the mankind of the village, to invite them personally to some mission-services, he knocked at the door of a cottage which stood in a hollow by itself within its own plot of vegetable garden. This was in early summer, and the evenings were long and light. The sun was set, but the sky was still flooded with bright rays, and the warm red brick of the old cottage glowed against a dark background of undergrowth and a few Scotch firs. All was very still; but for a certain rustling and twittering under the eaves, as of birds not yet settled in their roost, not a sound was to be heard. The curate knocked—there was no reply. He knocked again—still no answer. He tried the door: it was fastened, and the window-blinds were all pulled down. One more knock. At last he heard something: a rustle, and then a voice, muffled as if from beneath bed-clothes, "*Who be you?*" It was not yet eight o'clock, but that man, his wife and children, were all in bed and asleep!

Notwithstanding these early hours, the curate found it possible to coax these poor toilers out during the long winter evenings by selecting a central cottage in each sub-district, and holding a bright little service or cottage-lecture in the kitchen of it. He found that they required a good deal of constant prodding—and little wonder, after the long fatigue of the day's physical toil!—but by always visiting the district from house to house, if possible the same afternoon, and by knocking up a few of the lazier spirits on his way thither in the evening, he generally succeeded in filling the cottage kitchens with as many as they could hold. The music was rather a difficulty. When they stood up to sing, the heads of the people came very near to the rafters of the low ceiling, and left little room for the expansion of sound. Moreover, the labourer of the Southern counties is not musical. The hymns are not easy to "raise" when he forms the bulk of the congregation. The curate almost broke his heart and his voice over the hymns at these cottage-services, until he discovered a youth who possessed a gift for the concertina. After that all went smoothly, except that the tunes were thenceforth strictly limited in number. Indeed, for a long time all the hymns had to be accommodated to either "*Rock of Ages*" or "*Sun of my soul,*" which were the only tunes that the poor concertinist dared to play with any confidence.

These meetings were not without their phases of pathetic humour, but they were, in the main, full of solemn purpose.

As the firelight flickered upon the roof, casting deep shadows, and now and again throwing into strong relief the faces of the old, furrowed and grooved with many a line and wrinkle, or the weather-beaten cheeks and sun-bleached hair of the children whom the young mother had brought with her, and the speaker saw that all were turned wistfully and expectantly toward the corner where his table was lighted up by two tall candles provided by the thoughtful owner of the room, he felt that here indeed were the poor, tired sheep whom the Lord had commissioned him to feed; and that some of these were led through those wayside meetings into the green pastures by the side of the waters of comfort, letters written during nearly fourteen years—written with stiff hands, and ill-spelled—still continue (so he tells me) to assure him.

The curate informs me that the most difficult congregation with which he had to deal was that at the workhouse. The vicar and he shared between them the duties of chaplain. Every alternate week, therefore, he devoted three afternoons to the wards of the infirmary, and held a service in the dining-hall. The workhouse—or the union, as it was euphemistically called—stood a little apart from the high-road. A massive brick building of Elizabethan form; too large for a private house, too naked-looking for a mansion, there was about it an unmistakable something of parochialism which suggested grey fustian and water-gruel. I hear that the curate once had the audacity to introduce within its walls a friend of his, a doctor, who was possessed with an enthusiasm for sanitary reforms, and that a flaming letter appeared in the local newspaper the next morning exposing sundry flagrant cases of neglect to supply the inmates with some of the elementary necessities of health. The outraged Board of Guardians hastened to protect its right of skinning the teeth of the poor unchallenged, by issuing a decree that henceforth no visitors should be admitted under any pretence without a special letter of permit from the Board. Thus was the curate admonished.

But to return to the weekly service in the hall. The chaplain would put on a voluminous surplice, made apparently to suit any height and breadth of figure, and which hung, unstarched and seldom washed, in damp folds from his shoulders. Thus attired he would walk through the whitewashed passages, with their faint odour of carbolic acid, till he reached the hall, where the trestle-tables had been pushed aside, and benches set to right and left for the paupers of either sex. When he for the first time mounted the rickety pulpit of worm-eaten deal, and looked over the high cushion of faded red baize, with its ancient Prayer Book bethumbed, as it seemed, by generations of chaplains, his heart sank within him. How

could he hope to gain the ear of such an audience? On the left sat the men. Old men in loose suits of grey fustian, bowed together and listless, with a look of hopeless apathy upon their worn, grey faces. Deaf men; men half idiotic, who stared straight before them with a vacant smile. Sturdy tramps, who were wintering within the workhouse walls till the first balmy days of spring should enable them to dispense with its hospitality; lads, also in the pauper's grey, who looked as though they were getting no good from the companionship in which they found themselves. On the right were the women. Aged beldames, shrivelled and mummy-like, leaning upon staffs. Bold-faced hussies, who grimaced whenever they thought that the chaplain or the superintendent looked the other way. Mere children, whose faces were fast assuming that terrible, unmistakable stamp of the ward of the parish. Here the curate instinctively felt that the sermon case was out of place. He must watch his audience and adapt himself to its passing moods, or give up all hope of speaking to the purpose at all. A little experience soon taught him that the best way to gain and hold the attention of young and old was to tell some simple story as graphically as might be, and draw out of it some single plain thread which could lead his hearers to the Cross of Christ in much the same manner as he would address his own Sunday-school. And when he perceived that the little children were open-eyed and riveted, and that the deaf old folk were straining their ears to hear what was to follow, he was content.

Apropos of the workhouse, the chaplain had some strange stories to tell of his adventures in the wards, for which we cannot here find room, but the following is not without its own humour. He was about to enter the female ward, wherein lay a dying woman, when the sound of a strange tumult reached his ear. When he opened the door he saw that about a dozen women had congregated about the poor sufferer's bed, and were quarrelling violently about some vexed question. Apparently they had differed as to the mode of administering some physic; but by that time they had quite forgotten the patient, and were shaking their fists with much heartiness in each other's faces, while the shrill uproar was quite deafening. When the chaplain entered there was a sudden cessation, and a hasty rush for a side door. He, indignant at their cruel thoughtlessness, strode rapidly forward to intercept their flight, but was only successful in preventing the escape of one. To this convicted culprit, however, he proceeded to give a piece of his mind. He reprimanded her with much severity, and expatiated at considerable length upon the wickedness of thus outraging with such barbarity the bed of a dying sister. The woman stood

curtsying, but made no reply; until the chaplain, having well-nigh emptied his vials of wrath to the dregs upon her head, asked her with some austerity what excuse she had to make for her conduct. At this crisis the appointed nurse, who had crept back into the ward, ventured to step forward, and said, "Please, your reverence, the woman is perfectly deaf, and can't hear not one word that you say." It was too much; the chaplain laughed. And after that there was nothing to be done but to forgive the repentant nurse, with an admonition to behave better in future.

During this, his first curacy, our young friend was fortunate, or unfortunate, according as you may regard the matter, in not seeing much of that great battle between Church and Dissent which is so bitterly waged in some parishes. Dissent did not flourish in the village on the hill. There was, indeed, a somewhat pretentious chapel which had been built by a personal opponent of a former vicar, and which was planted upon an eminence exactly opposite the parsonage-gates—in order, said the munificent founder, that he might see it whenever he came out. And see it, indeed, both he and his successors did. Even the present vicar, whose eyes were dim, and who always wore spectacles fitted with the darkest obtainable smoked glass, could scarcely avoid doing that. But the sight was not calculated to raise in their breasts exactly the emotion which the builder had anticipated. That chapel never could be filled. Its very aspect was that of decent decay. An unoccupied house is, in builder's slang, termed a carcase. Well termed; for what a body is without a spirit, that is a house without an occupant. This chapel always wore a carcase-like appearance. Its windows reminded one of blind eyes—they had that nameless suggestion of never being looked through. It was hard to restrain the boys from throwing stones through them. The very flint stones of the walls and the tiles of the high-pitched roof had gathered greenness, as though there were no internal warmth of life to drive the damp away.

The denomination to which the chapel belonged had often tried to galvanize it into life, but hitherto without success. Some popular preacher would fill it for the night, just for the time during which he preached. But the following Sunday the local preacher scarcely collected enough people to raise a tune. The curate related to me, not without a quiet smile, the circumstances of one of these revivals. During the previous week handbills were circulated throughout the length and breadth of the parish announcing a special course of sermons by the celebrated Dr. —, from London. The titles of the sermons were evidently intended to be provocative of curiosity, and had been studied with a view to their "drawing" power. The most

singular and attractive upon the list was described as "The Portrait of an Ass taken from an Old Album." The curate was rather curious to know what sort of a gospel sermon could be prepared from such a text, and next day questioned one of his men, whom he suspected of having been present. "Who was the ass?" said the curate. "Well sir," replied the man, pushing up one side of his felt hat and doubtfully scratching his head, "I dunnot azactly know. But the sermon were only about the man who had not on a wedding-garment—it were."

However, in spite of a band of singing men and women who paraded the village street and endeavoured to collect a crowd, this mission fared no better than those which had gone before, and the tide of worshippers turned as usual toward the school-room on the common—now replaced by a district chapel—where they found what satisfied them in the simply conducted services of their own Church.

This first year of his ministry was, so the curate assures me, in spite of his many mistakes, a very happy one. It reassured him upon one point about which he had been somewhat doubtful. He was not at all certain that he would like house-to-house visitation, or that, disliking it, he would ever be a successful visitant. He had visited the poor once or twice only while a layman, and, alas! thoroughly disliked it. He confided this difficulty to a certain deacon, who was about to take priests' orders, and received from him but scant encouragement. "Ah!" said his friend, "you dislike visiting do you? You will dislike it ten times more when you have had a year of it!"

This prediction, however, was not verified. As he began to understand the poor and to sympathize with their wants, he not only went among them with tenderer feelings, which soon developed into love, but he found the greatest interest in trying to get to the bottom of their special doubts and difficulties, and in following out the by-paths of their dimly-lighted minds. His vicar quoted to him the saying that a house-going parson makes a church-going people, and that therefore he *must* visit. But he soon found that he loved to visit. Not to mention the delight of knowing by actual demonstration that he brought peace to troubled homes, there was the unflinching interest of studying character.

He soon learned to know many of the folk. There was the old gardener, who still wore his ancient faded red waistcoat and knee-breeches, a staunch ultra-Calvinist, who did not believe in preaching salvation to the multitude, and whose characteristic watchword was, "God watereth where He pleaseth."

There was the small landlord of a row of tiny cottages who

did not think that he was called to pray while the parson prayed for him. When the curate gently remonstrated with this upholder of the priesthood, and assured him that unless he prayed for himself he could do little for him, he naively replied, "Well, then, whatever is the good of you, sir?"

There was the labourer with the stiff neck, whose head was permanently turned somewhat to one side, and who had thus twisted his vertebræ by tumbling down his cottage-stairs one dark winter's morning, but who, when urged by the curate to prevent a repetition of the catastrophe by nailing up a piece of rope as a sort of baluster, preferred to risk all chances rather than take the unusual step of doing anything that he had not been paid for doing.

There was the wizened little old man who lived in a thatched cottage apart from his neighbours, the fortunate possessor of an annuity of a pound a week, and who assured the curate with much virtuous self-gratulation that he never gave nothing to nobody—he weren't so foolish, he weren't—and he never asked nothing from nobody, he didn't; he was just content to get his little bit of meat every day, and he wondered why everybody else couldn't do the same!

But space would fail me were I to attempt to describe all that the curate—who, indeed, seemed inclined to grow garrulous on this subject—told me about the folk and their ways. We must conclude with the following story, which goes to show that he was determined to make the people's acquaintance, whether they were willing or no.

A large part of the parish was composed of wide stretches of moorland, covered with furze and bracken, and dotted here and there with huts, erected singly or in small clusters by men who had originally settled there as squatters. Some of these eked out a scanty livelihood by growing a few cabbages, onions, lettuce, and such-like vegetables, and hawking them in a neighbouring town. The curate was desirous of conveying a message to one of these hawkers, and had accordingly made his way across the moor in the direction in which he had been told that the shanty might be found. By-and-by he saw the object of his search, a rough-looking, wild-haired man, standing up in his donkey-cart and looking steadily in his direction. As the curate continued to advance, the man turned and, giving his donkey the rein, trotted off in the opposite direction. The curate had come far, and was not disposed to let his man escape, so he shouted to him to stop. The only reply was a sounding whack on the back of the donkey, and the trot became a canter. As it was quite evident that the man had seen and heard him, the curate was determined that he should not evade him in this manner, and so at once gave chase.

The man, looking over his shoulder and seeing that his pursuer was gaining upon him, rained blows upon the donkey, and the canter became a gallop. However, the curate was not to be denied, and soon overhauled his chase. To the man's evident terror he sped past the cart, seized the donkey's head, and brought it up short. "What do you want?" he gasped in husky tones. "You," panted his triumphant pursuer. "Who are you?" said the man. "Who do you think I am?" in turn asked the other. "*Ain't you the tax-collector?*" inquired the man. "No, I am not," said the curate. "Who then?" said the hawker, evidently much relieved. He was told, and a smile broke across his weather-hardened features. His donkey and cart were safe for that time.

The end of the curate's cogitations, as the result of his first year's work, seems to have been that the composition of a sermon even for a rustic audience was no easy task, nor one to be lightly treated. He determined to devote as much of his time as he could spare from other duties to the compilation of what should be useful to all sorts and conditions of men. Nor did he deem the time wasted if many of his evenings were spent in this study alone, how to speak so as to be understood of the people. "What do you do with yourself during the long nights?" once asked a fair friend of an intellectual turn of mind. "Write," said he, rather sententiously. "Oh! for the magazines, I suppose?" "N—no," replied the "curate, not for the magazines."

E. C. DAWSON.

Correspondence.

SHILOH.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN.

SIR,—Permit me, of your courtesy, to make a brief reply to Mr. Hobson's criticisms.

He begins by stating that the question as to the interpretation of the "Shiloh" passage is not only philological, but is, "and perhaps mainly, a question of *external evidence*," MSS. versions, ancient comments on the text, and the like; and then he adds: "As proof of the uncertainty of the philological ground, Dr. Perowne, in your last, says of one of Dr. Driver's two proffered readings ('he that is his') that he 'should doubt whether such a rendering were *grammatically possible*,' and as interpretation, he says it is 'extremely obscure.'" There is here surely the most extraordinary confusion between philology, grammar, and interpretation. Philology, I had always supposed, was the science which dealt with

the meaning of words, tracing them back to their roots, whilst grammar deals with their inflections and construction. Besides, because I expressed a doubt whether a particular rendering of one word is grammatically admissible, what evidence is this that I had any doubt at all on the philological value of another? The philological question turns entirely on the possibility of taking "Shiloh" as a personal proper name derived from a root *shalah* (or *shalam*), and this I say is absolutely without analogy in Hebrew. If Mr. Hobson has any doubt on this point, let me refer him to Tuch's "Commentary" on the passage, where the whole question is fully discussed; or to Rödiger's Supplement to Gesenius's "Thesaurus"; or to Dr. Driver's article in the *Cambridge Journal of Philology*; or to the Commentary of Delitzsch, who certainly cannot be accused of any want of orthodoxy. My doubt as to a particular rendering—not "reading," as Mr. Hobson calls it—of Dr. Driver's has nothing whatever to do with the derivation of the Hebrew word שִׁילֹהּ. It applies to quite a different word שִׁלְיָהּ which the Ancient Versions had before them. Dr. Driver gave what he considered to be two possible renderings of this word, and of one of these I doubted—I may have been wrong—whether it were grammatically possible. What has this to do with the question whether another word, *Shiloh*, is or is not a proper name?

But Mr. Hobson continues, "Let the facts be weighed." I desire nothing more. Unfortunately Mr. Hobson does not give us the facts. He says: "The earliest known Hebrew text is the *Massoretic*, at first traditional, then put into writing between the fourth and the sixth century (A.D.); and here the proper name *Shiloh* שִׁילֹהּ appears as the inherited reading." I am not sure that I understand Mr. Hobson's meaning. Does he mean that there were no Hebrew MSS. of the Old Testament before the third century A.D.? or does he merely mean that there was no settled text? and does he simply repeat the extraordinary blunder of the *Quarterly* reviewer, who gravely asserted that the Massoretes were a body of learned men who, some time between 300 and 600 A.D., sat down, and out of a number of MSS. before them culled what they considered the best readings, and so fixed the text? In either case the statement is contrary to the most certain "facts."¹ And pray what is the evidence that שִׁילֹהּ was the "the inherited" reading, when it first turned up in the Talmud in the sixth century? How the reading שִׁילְיָהּ with the ' inserted came to be the generally accepted one in Hebrew MSS. we have no evidence to show. But it is certain that it was not the reading of the Targum of Onkelos—a Targum which was probably first committed to writing about the end of the second century A.D., but did not take its final shape till at least a century later—nor of the Jerusalem Targum, which was later still, and cannot be placed before the second half of the seventh century A.D. "The earliest version," says Mr. Hobson, "is the Septuagint, from which all known versions, except the Syriac, are derived." Unfortunately this statement also is not "a fact." The Samaritan Version was not made from the Septuagint, neither were the Targums: and Jerome, though he translated the LXX, also made a translation from the Hebrew, and he was not aware of the reading שִׁילְיָהּ, and his translation, it should be remembered, was made at the close of the fourth century. "No version has the reading *Shiloh*." This is a "fact," and one which to any unprejudiced mind must tell powerfully

¹ I may refer in proof to my reply to the *Quarterly* reviewer in the *Contemporary Review* for May, 1886, and to the Dean of Canterbury's papers in the *Churchman*, February and March, 1886.

against the reading. "All versions were made *before* the Massoretic Hebrew text was committed to writing, and yet this, the original language written by Jews, ignored all the versions, and gave the reading *Shiloh*. No one accounts for this striking fact." Again I must ask Mr. Hobson what he means? What does he understand by the Massoretic text? The text, I suppose he will answer, which is now generally received and supported by the greater number of MSS. But then he says this represents a text of *unknown antiquity*. If so, how comes it to pass that not one of the Versions knew anything of this most ancient text? How did the Jewish scribes succeed in keeping it so carefully from the knowledge of a single translator? and whence came that other text which they all followed? Again, what is the date of the earliest known MS. of the Pentateuch? and is it or is it not a fact that the labours of scribes first, and of Massorettes afterwards, were directed to doing away with all variations of MSS., and securing, as far as possible, a uniform text? *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*; and there really seems a disposition in many minds to regard the Massoretic text as having been dropped down straight out of heaven, or in some way supernaturally guarded from error. Yet this might lead those who attach so overweening a value to it to some unpleasant conclusions.

Let me invite Mr. Hobson to consider what the Massoretic text of Psa. xxii. 16 is. Would he be disposed to give up the reading of all the Versions which have a verb, "they pierced" or "they bound," or the like, for the reading of the Massoretic text and the great majority of the MSS. "like a lion"? Or does he think that the correction of "Moses" into "Manasseh" by the Jewish scribes, in Judges xi., in order to save the honour (as they supposed) of their great Lawgiver, is a justifiable correction? When Mr. Hobson adds: "The witness of the earliest versions is weakened by the very significant fact that whilst omitting the *Shiloh* reading as guided by the Septuagint and not by a Hebrew text, *they are not agreed on any other*, nor is any one clear and satisfying," I have only to repeat that the other reading, *Shelloh*, is vouched for by a Hebrew text, as well as by the LXX., for it is that of the Targums, and has even been adopted by some Jewish Rabbis, e.g., Saadyah and Rashi, that the variations are only slight, that the *sense* of all is pretty nearly the same, and is in all *Messianic*; and as for the want of exact agreement, it is no more than in Psa. xxii. 16.

Mr. Hobson argues as if the well-known passage in the Talmud were decisive proof that the word *Shiloh* was in the sixth century "the accepted text, and that it was interpreted as a proper name, meaning the Messiah." But even if it were the accepted text (which it was not, for Onkelos, the Jerusalem Targum and Saadyah have the other reading), it does not follow that the interpretation was what he asserts. For several of the Jewish Rabbis, it is well known, explained *Shiloh* as meaning "his (i.e. Judah's) son;" and so the mere quotation of *Shiloh* as one of the names of the Messiah is no proof that the Talmudists regarded it as a proper name, as it is quite certain that they did not regard *Yinnon* and *Chaninah* as proper names. They might have understood *Shiloh* to mean "his son" and still have quoted it as a name of the Messiah. And, if so, it is easily explicable how some of the Jewish Rabbis, not knowing what to make of the received text, שִׁלֹה (for this was, as the Targums show, the received Jewish text in ancient times), on any grammatical principle, inserted the ם and so gave the reading שִׁלֹה־ם, which many of them afterwards explained as above. This is, I think, a by no means impossible account of the matter, though I do not insist on it, but only insist on the facts (a), that the earliest Jewish reading was *Shelloh* ('whose'), and (b), that then the later reading *Shiloh* (with the ם inserted) was adopted by the Talmudists

and the Midrash that follows them. The Talmudic extract proves nothing as to the precise sense which they attached to *Shiloh*.

Mr. Hobson says that I object to taking *Shiloh* "as a name because it has no apparent reference to any office or character of Messiah." Certainly I do; and how does he meet the objection? By saying that there are many names in Scripture about the derivation of which we are uncertain. But the question is not about names in general, but names of the *Messiah*. Can Mr. Hobson produce any one of these about the etymology or signification of which there is any doubt?

But "a brief summary may show" that my assertion "that the *Shiloh*-reading has not tradition in its favour, is questionable." Thus, (1) "All earliest testimony, Jew and Christian, is for a *personal* interpretation of the text of Genesis." Granted:—I have insisted upon this myself, but it is wholly beside the mark: it is just as much in favour of the reading *Shelloh* as of the reading *Shiloh*. (2) "The traditional teaching is that *Messiah* is the subject of the text." This also I have maintained, but it is equally true whichever reading we adopt. And even this statement requires some modification, for the best-supported and probably earliest rendering of the LXX. is τὰ ἀποκειμένα αὐτῷ, "Until the things which are reserved for him come." This is not a directly Messianic rendering. "For him" can only mean "for Judah," as no one else has been mentioned; and this is a striking corroboration of the view I have adopted, that the *primary* reference of the passage is to Judah. (3) "The Masoretic reading, *Shiloh*, is *professedly* tradition, and of *unknown antiquity*." I answer, certainly the reading rests upon *some* tradition, but its meaning, as I have already shown, is very uncertain; and as to its antiquity, there is no evidence whatever of its existence before the sixth century A.D., whereas there is overwhelming evidence that another reading existed centuries before,—at least from the middle of the third century B.C. (4) "The greatest number of Hebrew MSS. have *Shiloh*." Granted,—but so likewise the greatest number of Hebrew MSS. have כְּאֵרִי ("like a lion") Psa. xxii. 16, and no known Hebrew MS. is of very great antiquity. (5) "The Talmud and Midrash have preserved extracts from *some earliest text*, with the *Shiloh*-reading in exact quotation, at a date far anterior to any existing manuscripts; and against all this there is not one other unambiguous reading, or one in which all the versions agree." To which I reply, where is the proof that a reading which first crops up in the sixth century is derived from *some earliest text*? We know that the other reading did exist for eight centuries before, and there is one unambiguous reading in which all the Versions agree, though they do not all render it alike.

Let me give my summary of "facts," which I venture to think will be found very much more accurate than Mr. Hobson's:

I. From the time when the Version of the LXX. was made (say, 270 B.C.) down to the Talmudic quotation in the sixth century A.D., the only reading of which there is any trace is *Shelloh*, not *Shiloh*. It underlies all the Versions.

II. Even at a later period, in the seventh and tenth centuries A.D., some Jewish authorities, as the Targum Jerushalmi, and Saadyah have still this reading, and do not apparently know of any other.

III. Many even of the Rabbis who accepted the reading *Shiloh* (with the † inserted), nevertheless did not take it as a proper name; but, adopting a false etymology, interpreted it to mean "his [*i.e.*, Judah's] son."

IV. If others took *Shiloh* as a proper name, nevertheless it is quite certain there was no received and uniform interpretation current among the Jews.

V. From the third century B.C. to the sixth A.D. one *reading* is found, with some variation of *rendering*; from the sixth century to the sixteenth, there are variations both of reading and rendering.

These are the "facts," which I challenge Mr. Hobson to disprove. But there is much more serious matter to come. Mr. Hobson lifts up both hands in horror at my audacity in venturing to question the soundness of the common view, on the ground that it is not supported by history. I have said that it is not true, as a matter of fact, that the sceptre did not depart from Judah before Christ came. How does Mr. Hobson answer me? He begins with the assertion, that "the best authorities, ancient and modern, have always held that, either under kings or governors (as the text reads), some governing power did remain with Judah till Christ came."

I wish Mr. Hobson would be a little more precise. Who are "the best authorities"? And how do they prove their point? Bishop Wordsworth, at all events, as I have already said in a former paper, observes: "It can hardly be doubted that for some time the *exercise* of the royal power in Judah was *suspended*;" though he proceeds to argue, very unsatisfactorily as it appears to me, that this fact does not militate against the prophecy. Mr. Hobson, moreover, does not make it clear whether he understands by "the sceptre" the tribal sceptre or the kingly; and he *assumes* the rendering "lawgiver," in the second clause of the verse, to be the correct one—though "ruler's staff" is now generally accepted, and has been adopted in the Revised Version.

Mr. Hobson says that "for 532 years from David to the Captivity kings reigned;" and then he shifts his ground, and says that "after the Captivity Judah (with the annexed tribes under him) was supreme over the whole land . . . and Jerusalem of Judah remained the seat of government, wherein was preserved the power of capital punishment until our Lord's day." Here we have the supremacy of the tribe substituted for the kingly sceptre by a stroke of the pen: and the subsequent history might have been sketched more accurately. The facts are, that during a period of somewhat over 200 years Judæa was a Persian province. Then for 163 years, from the fall of Alexander to the rising of the Maccabees, the Jews were governed by Alexander's successors. Then came the Hasmonæan princes, who, as Mr. Hobson reminds us, took the name of king; but who, he forgets to add, were members of the tribe of LEVI, and not of Judah. Is it too much to conclude that "a supposed fulfilment of a prophecy which ignores the dependent state of Judæa during 400 years after the destruction of the first Temple, cannot be regarded as based upon sound principles of interpretation"?

Finally, Mr. Hobson thinks my "summing-up is startling." I am glad he thinks so. A cold bath is sometimes invigorating. But I must protest against his mutilation of my words. He has omitted precisely those which give the whole point and force to my interpretation. Let me give the passage as it stands in THE CHURCHMAN for December, 1886, p. 152:

"When, it may be asked, was the prophecy fulfilled? Clearly in the reign of Solomon primarily. *Till then Judah had been the leading tribe, both before and after the settlement in the land.* In David's time Judah became the sovereign tribe. Under Solomon it attained to rest. And the Messianic idea is here bound up with the tribe as elsewhere with the nation. *All that pertains to the tribe pertains to it as culminating in the Messiah, just as all that pertains to the nation pertains to it as finding its highest expression in the Messiah.* Hence as St. Matthew sees a fulfilment of Hosea's words, 'Out of Egypt have I called My son' (Israel the nation), in an event in our Lord's life, so the Messianic vision of rest and peace and submission of the nations finds its foreshadowing in the destinies of the tribe out of which our Lord sprang."

Mr. Hobson omits all the words in italics, and then exclaims, "This is 'private interpretation' surely! The very centre of gravity of the Pro-

phetic word is boldly shifted." If it is "private interpretation," so is every interpretation of the passage, for there is absolutely no consensus of interpretation; and if the very centre of gravity of the Prophetic word is boldly shifted, then it is no more than St. Matthew has done in his quotation from Hosea. Mr. Hobson, like the *Quarterly* reviewer, seems never to have heard of the *duplex sensus* of Prophecy, which has been so amply defended by Davison and other learned divines. If Israel the nation was a type of Christ, then why may not Judah the tribe be a type of Christ? If the destinies of the one foreshadowed the history of the Messiah, why may not the destinies of the other foreshadow it likewise? If the vision is "seen through an inverted telescope" in the one case, it is in the other also. But, strange to say, Mr. Hobson does not stop here. He boldly proceeds to deny that Solomon was a type of Christ. "Surely," he says, "in that Eastern voluptuary's reign there was no *foreshadowing* of the coming of THE HOLY ONE OF GOD?" This is astounding. This is "private interpretation" with a vengeance. To whom of accredited writers will Mr. Hobson turn in support of such a view? Surely the seventy-second Psalm—surely the very name of Solomon, is a sufficient refutation of so "startling" a position.

"Well may Dr. Perowne say," remarks Mr. Hobson, in conclusion, "that his view 'lacks ancient support'!" Why does he not finish my sentence—"but so does any view which is consistent with the received Hebrew text"?—Mr. Hobson's as well as my own; and I am well content to leave it to the judgment of every competent scholar which of the two views contains "the essential elements of clearness, proportion, and probability"; and which, let me add, is most in accordance with "the facts," whether of the text or of the history.

J. J. STEWART PEROWNE.

DEANERY, PETERBOROUGH, Feb. 2, 1887.

Short Notices.

Daniel. An Exposition of the Historical Portion of the Writings of the Prophet Daniel. By the Very Rev. R. PAYNE-SMITH, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. Pp. 335. Nisbet and Co. 1886.

AT the present time, when so much is asserted by representatives of "the Higher Criticism," in periodical literature as well as in volumes, inquiry is not unfrequently made among both clergymen and cultured laymen concerning the Book of Daniel. What really is that Book? When was it written? To such inquirers we would, in reply, recommend the volume before us, the work of an orthodox divine, about whose ability and erudition, and in particular about whose knowledge of the original languages, there can be no question. The work is chiefly expository; but here and there comes in a statement or a suggestion which will be of service to many whose minds have been perplexed. The exposition is as clear as it is full. Dealing only with the historical portion of the writings of Daniel, it is free from critical or scholarly disquisitions, and will be of interest to Bible students generally. The teaching of the "image" (ii. 33-38) is succinctly unfolded. "The head was of gold," writes the Dean, "and by this was symbolized the Babylonian monarchy." Daniel "next describes the breast and arms of silver." "The old commentators, all consider this to have been a prophecy of the Medo-Persian empire

which succeeded the Babylonian. The new critics attempt diverse explanations, because they start with the assumption that there is no such thing as prophecy, and that what we assert to have been predictions were really the descriptions of events written after they had taken place." The kingdom of the Medes and Persians "was really one, though at its head were two nations represented by two arms." The third kingdom is of brass, but it bears rule over all the earth: clearly the Grecian empire. The fourth kingdom "is strong as iron," strong chiefly to break in pieces and subdue. Rome was ever fighting and winning battles. At length, from the necessities of administration, there was a division; the Western and Eastern empires, symbolized by the two legs. It was thus "partly strong and partly brittle" (see margin). The Dean adds that the description comes down to a "period long subsequent to the founding of the Messiah's kingdom; and the ten toes may be identical with the ten horns of chapter vii. 7. And of Messiah's kingdom itself we have not merely the beginning but the growth, until it had crushed and taken the place of all these empires." The great mountain, filling the whole earth, "shall stand for ever."

I. *The Schools of Christendom.* II. *The Decay of Greek and Latin.* The Fruit of Pretence of Teaching, long employed in Private and Public Schools: the True Method of Teaching Language, Ancient and Modern. The Imposture of Smatterings of many sorts of Knowledge, and of the Modern Invention of Cramming, revised and reprinted from "Notes of my Life," 3rd ed., 1879, c. ii. III. *The Science of Flogging, its Natural, Necessary, Efficient, and Salutary Application in many Cases.* By GEORGE ANTHONY DENISON, Archdeacon of Taunton. William Ridgway, 169, Piccadilly, W.

If the Archdeacon's estimate of our schooling be true, we are in a bad way. "Doubt, Disobedience, Indifferentism, Infidelity," are the fruit of what is now termed "Practical Politics." And this is "with consent, concurrence, applause of Bishops, Clergy, People of the Church of England."

Chapter I. is uncompromisingly severe against the Education Act. Some blots are fairly hit: but some of the evils, which perhaps logically ought to follow, in practice do not. As the writer elsewhere says of the English, "after making the worst mistakes . . . the rough common-sense returns to the surface," and so the consequences are prevented. The Conscience Clause, *e.g.*, does not work all the harm predicted of it: in Church of England schools of many country parishes it makes little or no difference. We heartily agree that "education" is wanted, not mere "instruction:" the mind is to be trained, its powers brought out, not mere furniture crammed in or hung about it: education deserves not the name unless there be teaching of moral duties; and these must be grounded upon religious truth—Christian truth. But while guiding the growth of the learner, we must feed and pour in: and if education be in any way compulsory (and some must be legally driven to duties for the common good), then some elasticity and liberty there must be in matters on which we shall never make all think alike.

Chapter II. is on the decay of Greek and Latin, of which two causes are given: 1, the system of teaching them is radically bad; 2, boys have to learn too many things. Our archidiaconal Quixote tilts at some wind-mills no longer standing. He gives a sketch of his Eton schooling (but he left Eton when just fourteen): he blames much that has long been changed. All that he attacks we are not here concerned to defend. But how, if matters were so bad seventy years ago in his schooldays, comes it that "a scholarly man is much rarer in England now than he was fifty

years ago"? The result now is worse than then, though the very things he most blames have been improved away. We think he is partly right as to the result. Though boys learn more, and more precisely now, we doubt if they relish, digest, mature, continue in, and profit by their learning as much as their predecessors up to, say, forty years ago. But with some of his special views about teaching we disagree; *e.g.*, he would have no grammar learnt by heart, only by practice of translation both ways. Yet on the next page he advises (and rightly) much learning by heart of Greek and Latin. To the disuse and diminution of this in our great schools we attribute in great measure a falling off in scholarship. But surely the memory, active in childhood and easily trained without overtaxing the powers, may well be employed on the fixed facts of Accidence of Latin and Greek grammar. These can be learnt then as never afterwards. To the two languages once thus learnt others may be added by the grown man, Hamiltonially or otherwise. A Latin and Greek scholar with a taste for tongues may rapidly acquire as many as he will and how he will. Latin verse the Archdeacon condemns on one page, but commends on the next, if it be not original but translation: and little else than translation is now done. Not that we assent to this utter condemnation of original composition in a tongue not our own. He "would not encourage" most learners "to express their thoughts in Latin or Greek." "To write well you must be able to think in the language." True, but you will never get to think in it if you do not write at all till you can think in it. The advice is like "do not go into the water till you can swim." We believe that the decay of scholarship, or the altered kind of scholarship, is more due to the second cause given, the multiplicity of subjects. The many things do not sink in, do not mould the character, do not stay, as did the few. But for this grave mistake in teaching, not the schoolmasters are to blame, but the public, who will have new and ever new studies in the school course. We ourselves are old-fashioned enough to think with Archdeacon Denison that Greek and Latin are the truest instruments of the higher education." And he pertinently remarks, "What is to become of Theology when the knowledge of Greek and Latin is gone, or, at most, confined within a narrow circle, is easy to say, but it is not comforting to say." One evil which is pointed out on p. 23 is very real and very serious. "The Educational policy of the last forty years has devolved the responsibility of parents upon the schoolmaster and mistress." We have seen this work badly both in elementary schools and in higher ones. Many parents act and speak as if they felt themselves absolved from all home duty of disciplining their children now that they must attend school. And even in the case of higher education at our public schools many expect the schoolmaster to do all. We could quote from our own experience instances of neglect not to be paralleled forty years ago.

The whole pamphlet, though too pessimistic, yet contains some good criticisms and suggestions, and they are vigorously put.

W. C. GREEN.

The Charter of Christianity. An Examination in the Light of Modern Criticism of our Blessed Lord's Sermon on the Mount, and its Ethical Precepts compared with the Best Moral Teaching of the Ancient World. By the Rev. ANDREW TAIT, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., Canon of St. Mary's Cathedral, Tuam, Rector of Moylough, and Examining Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Tuam. Pp. 620. Hodder and Stoughton.

Some two or three years ago we had the pleasure of recommending, as soon as it appeared, a Commentary of very considerable merit, an exposition of the first three chapters of the Book of Revelation, by a divine

of the Church of Ireland. In some respects, we pointed out, "The Messages to the Seven Churches," Dr. Tait's Commentary, stood alone. We may say the same of the volume before us. As an exposition of the Sermon on the Mount, elaborate, scholarly, and orthodox, "The Charter of Christianity" is unique. It seems singular, as Canon Tait observes, that there are so few expository treatises on this matchless discourse. "If we except the work of Tholuck, (the English edition of which is only a translation from the German, and Archbishop Trench's exposition, drawn from the writings of St. Augustine, there are few others in which the Sermon on the Mount is treated specifically and separately." The present work, therefore, may be heartily welcomed. Systematic, clear, and vigorous, the exposition will be helpful to many.

In a second edition, we think, Dr. Tait might enrich his pages with a quotation or two from Dr. Edersheim's masterly work, "Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah." We refer particularly to Talmudic prayers, in connection with Renan's flippant absurdity that the Sermon on the Mount is "a happy adaptation of truths already familiar in the Synagogue." Dr. Edersheim presents the facts of the case.

In the section on the Lord's Prayer, Dr. Tait remarks that the testimony of the $\Delta\delta\alpha\chi\eta$ in favour of the doxology is conclusive. Had this work been known to the Revisers, he says, "it is not to be supposed that they would have so unceremoniously defaced the incomparable Form our Blessed Lord gave to His disciples." In the doxology of the $\Delta\delta\alpha\chi\eta$, however, $\eta\ βασιλεια$ does not appear, and something further should have been said about this. Dr. Tait's remarks on the $\Delta\delta\alpha\chi\eta$ as a most ancient document, are worthy of note. Of his seven points of proof, the sixth is this: "The celebration of the Eucharist as alluded to in the 'Teaching' always followed the $\alphaγαπή$, or Love-Feast," whereas, "in the second century, Justin Martyr bears testimony to the fact that in his time the connection of Love-Feasts with the Eucharist had passed away."

The Deep Waters of Blue Galilee. A Poem. By the Rev. R. S. MYLNE, M.A., B.C.L., F.S.A. Hatchards.

This Poem reflects the devotional spirit of the author, and is full of earnest meditations upon a theme which it is impossible to exhaust. It was evidently inspired by the thought of a great sorrow which the writer had sustained, and he is not the first who has found some consolation for his grief in poetry. After a description of the scenery and character of the Galilean Lake in a few graceful, flowing verses, and some pious reflections upon the unchangeableness of God, the author proceeds to describe the true glory of the lake, shed upon it by the presence of Christ, and to dwell upon the various events in our Lord's life connected with the Deep Blue Sea. The Walking on the Waters, the First and Second Draught of Fishes, the Parables uttered by the Saviour, as He taught the eager crowd from Simon's boat, are all noticed; and the poem aptly concludes with a description of the desolation which seemed to reign around the spot when the presence of the Lord was withdrawn. The poem contains many pleasing lines, and life-like descriptions of scenery. The verses themselves are unequal in merit; some are excellent; but the running on of one verse into the next (although not without authority) occurs perhaps a little too frequently. The devotional spirit which animates the whole is beyond praise. It has been well said that the best of poetry is ever in alliance with real, uncorrupted Christianity; and Mr. Mylne has done well to sing so reverently of that wondrous sea, "of Almightiness itself the glorious mirror."

P. DITCHFIELD, M.A.,
Rector of Barkham, Berks.

The Gospel of St. John; a verbatim translation from the Vatican MS. With the notable variations of the Sinaitic and Beza MSS., and brief explanatory comments. By F. A. PALEY, M.A., LL.D. Swan Sonnenschein.

Many admirers of Mr. Paley will read this book with surprise and regret. Mr. Paley's life has been devoted to the study of Greek; and in translating the Gospel of St. John he would at least have been listened to with respect if his aim were simply to make a faithful English version of the Greek. But he is here a Commentator; and his comments, we grieve to say, will perplex some and give pain to others, while they cannot help a soul. For example: On i. 51, "the heaven opened, and the angels of God going up and coming down . . ." he says, "One can hardly doubt that in its origin this form of speech was solar": and "the narrative of the Transfiguration," he adds, "is strongly tinted with solar imagery." It is a relief to pass from such comments. The translation, as a whole, is disappointing. Here and there the English is poor. Sometimes there is a touch of pedantry, as *e.g.*, in xv. 3—"Ye have been pruned and dressed through the word;" in a footnote: "*Lit.* 'Ye are clean, like well-pruned trees;" in the preface, "*καθαροι* is not 'clean' but 'clear' as a well-trimmed vine." But surely if all this be necessary, should not an "English reader" be told that in xiii. 10, "Ye are clean," it is the same word?

Echoes of Bible History. W. PAKENHAM WALSH, D.D., Bishop of Ossory, Ferns, and Leighlin. Pp. 320. Church of England Sunday-school Institute.

The publications of the Church Sunday-school Institute are, as a rule, exceedingly good, and reflect credit on the able and judicious editorial managers of that very valuable society. Of the book before us several chapters have already appeared in the *Church Sunday-school Magazine*; but those chapters have been carefully revised, while new chapters have been added, together with an index. We warmly commend the work as in every way excellent, likely to do great good service at the present time. The honoured Bishop dedicates, among others, "to the Doubting, that they may be convinced," these recent evidences of the truth and accuracy of the sacred Scriptures. The book is well printed in clear type, and has fifty illustrations. Chapter xxvi., "Jeremiah, and Pharaoh's House at Tahpanhes," is of singular interest.

William Tyndale. A Biography, by the Rev. R. DEMAUS, M.A. New Edition; revised by RICHARD LOVETT, M.A. With portrait and facsimiles. Pp. 450. The Religious Tract Society.

We are sorry to be unable to give this volume the notice which it deserves. Our opinion of Mr. Demaus's Biography, however, has appeared in more than one *Churchman*; and we heartily recommend Mr. Lovett's revised edition. In an interesting preface Mr. Lovett well says: "In the fifteen years which have passed since the book was first published Tyndale's reputation has been steadily growing in popular esteem. By an ever-widening circle of reverent admirers he is recognised as one of England's greatest benefactors." The author's Preface, we may remark, is dated 1871. The present edition, showing everywhere research and care, contains a good deal that is new, and the size of the page has been increased.

Legends and Lyrics. By ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER. George Bell and Sons.

This is a very pleasing edition of a well-known work; one volume, tasteful, convenient, and cheap.

The Contemporary Pulpit. Vol. VI. July—December, 1886. Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey and Co.

This volume contains discourses by Dean Vaughan, Canon Liddon, Bishops Carpenter and Alexander, Dr. Dykes, and others. Does "specially reported," we wonder, imply that the preacher has revised the report? In the "In Memoriam Rev. W. J. E. Bennett," the *Church Times* is quoted as to the "solemn requiem Mass;" "incense was used at the Oblation and Consecration." There is a clever paper on Mr. Beecher: he "preaches a curious mixture of Darwin, Beecher, and the Bible."

The Holy Bible. The Old and New Testaments: to which are appended Notes, analytical, chronological, historical, and geographical; a Biblical Index; Concordance; Dictionary of Scripture Proper Names; a series of Maps; and a Compendium of Scripture Natural History. Oxford: Printed at the University Press. London: Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press Warehouse, Amen Corner.

This is a very charming book; a good specimen of the greatly valued issue of Bibles (Oxford Fac-simile Series): type, paper, binding, and so forth, all of the best.

A Century of Protestant Missions and the Increase of the Heathen during the Hundred Years. Suggestive Facts for thoughtful Christians. Dedicated by permission to the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Northbrook, G.C.S.I., D.C.L., etc. By the Rev. JAMES JOHNSTON, F.S.S., Author of "Our Educational Policy in India." Oliver and Boyd.

This is a remarkable pamphlet; in its way very interesting.

An Epitome of Anglican Church History. By ELLEN WEBLEY-PARRY. Pp. 300. Griffith, Farran, Okeden and Welsh.

This is an abridgment of a larger work, valued probably by some of our readers; well-written, judicious, reverent—"Anglican" in Dean Hook's sense.

The Chichester Diocesan Calendar for 1887 (London: W. Clowes Brighton: H. and C. Treacher) has some new features; e.g., the succession of the Deans and of the Archdeacons; a list of private as well as public patrons; an article on the gross and nett value of livings. In a Diocesan Conference and debate on the Diaconate, Archdeacon Walker remarked that there could hardly be said to be a separate order of deacons in the diocese; a reference to the Calendar showed that they only numbered 22 as compared with 646 priests. The resolution was carried, *nem. con.* The following is taken from the summary of the debate:

In moving a resolution affirming that an extension of the diaconate is desirable, the Rev. W. O. PURTON first advocated a prolongation of the time of probation between the conferring of deacon's and priest's orders. In theory this was a time of study, in practice commonly a time of hard ministerial work; and when the pressure upon the incumbent of a large parish was considered, one could hardly blame a vicar who, when asked what opportunities he gave his deacon-curate for preparing himself for the higher order, replied, "Study? I got him to work." He thought twenty-four was too early an age at which to place upon a man the responsibility of the work of the priesthood, including perhaps his institution to what might be his benefice for life. There was also a second meaning to be given to the words "the extension of the diaconate;" viz., the admission to that order of men of mature age, who had perhaps retired from the active practice of a secular profession (though the speaker did not insist on this condition), and who would be content to remain permanently as deacons. Some such scheme seemed imperatively called for by the rapid increase of population.

Prayer and Responses for the Household, a very cheap little manual recommended in these pages, has been enlarged, and is now arranged for four weeks. (W. Skeffington and Son.)

In the *National Review* appears a very interesting tribute to the Earl of Iddesleigh, by Lord Cranbrook. The noble Viscount had been by his side as a colleague from the time of his entering Parliament. An In Memoriam Sonnet, by Mr. Alfred Austin, is added :

STAFFORD HENRY NORTHCOTE. BORN A.D. 1818 ; DIED 1887.

Gentle in fibre, but of steadfast nerve
 Still to do right, though right won blame, not praise,
 And fallen on evil tongues and evil days
 When men from plain straight duty twist and swerve,
 And, born to nobly sway, ignobly serve,
 Sliming their track to power through tortuous ways,
 He felt, with that fine sense that ne'er betrays,
 The line of moral beauty's not a curve.
 But, proving wisdom folly, virtue vain,
 He stretched his hands out to the other shore,
 And was by kindred spirits beckoned o'er
 Into that gloaming Land where setteth pain,
 While we across the silent river strain
 Idly our gaze, and find his form no more.

The Bells of St. Peter's (Nisbet and Co.) is one of the many useful little books for which we are indebted to the Rev. GEORGE EVERARD ; short, pithy, and practical addresses.—*The Blessings of the Tribes*, by the Rev. FREDERICK WHITEFIELD, Vicar of St. Mary's, Hastings, will be read with interest by many : really suggestive, with, of course, a deeply devotional tone. We quote a bit as a sample (p. 109) :

Shiloh received its *partial* fulfilment in the peaceful sway of Solomon. But Solomon was not the true Shiloh. His peaceful sway was transitory. The obedience of the nations he did not secure. Jehovah only gave him rest from his enemies round about him in his days, *i.e.*, *during his life*. Solomon himself (Ps. lxxii.) sang of a King's Son who should have dominion from sea to sea . . . whom all nations should serve. . . When the Lord Jesus came, ten tribes had disappeared. Of the remaining two, both had merged themselves in Judah : and the sceptre is only another term for nationality and tribeship. These, merged in Judah, lasted till Shiloh came.

The Queen's Resolve, an admirable "Jubilee" book by the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., has been strongly commended in THE CHURCHMAN, and we are pleased to notice the growth of a feeling that this timely publication should attain a worthily wide circulation. The book is very readable, and gives a tolerably full and comprehensive personal life of the Queen. A suggestion has been made that clerical and other superintendents of Sunday-schools should make an effort, by obtaining copies of the book at a shilling, to bring it within the reach of children and parents. The little book, now published at 2s. 6d., has reached its twenty-fifth thousand. ("Home Words" Office, 7, Paternoster Square.)

In the notice of the new "popular" issue of Archbishop Trench's *Notes on the Miracles*, thirteenth edition, and *Notes on the Parables*, fifteenth edition, in the January CHURCHMAN, the name of the publishers (Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), by an inadvertence, was omitted. These works have been valued by the Church for nearly fifty years, and are of the highest interest. The notes are now translated, and we have the latest emendations of the venerated author.

From Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton we have received *The Parables of our Saviour*, by Dr. W. M. TAYLOR, of New York ; a volume of 450 pages, well printed and got up. In "expounding and illustrating" the parables, Dr. Taylor has turned to good homiletical account the suggestions of Bruce and Goebel, and other recent writers. Trench, of course, is the standard. But the sermons show independence as well as vigour.

We have received from Mr. Henry Frowde (Oxford University Press Warehouse) some very tasteful specimens of the Prayer Book series; the Prayer Book bound up with *Hymns Ancient and Modern* and with *Hymnal Companion*: dainty and most convenient, delightful as presents.

In *Blackwood*, a good number, appears "The King of Love my Shepherd is," Latine redditum; smooth and faithful. It opens thus:

Rex, Rex amoris, ut Pastoris
 Consiliis est me rectorus:
 Sim Tuus, Deus: adsis meus:—
 In ævum non sum periturus.

The Religious Tract Society has issued Vol. VIII. of "Present Day Tracts" (including "Buddhism" and "The Ethics of Evolution"); scarcely equal, we think, to other volumes of this excellent series.—*Cur Deus Homo* is No I. of the "Christian Classics Series;" a good translation of Anselm's great work, pleasing as to type, paper, etc.—*Electricity and its Uses* will have for many readers special attractions; it is clearly written, and there are numerous illustrations. This is the second, revised and enlarged, edition.—*The Road to the North Pole*, second series (wonderfully cheap little book), shows by pen and pencil the expedition of the *Jeannette*.

Professor Warfield's *Introduction to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament*, a handy little manual, is one of a series, "The Theological Educator," to be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, edited by the Editor of the *Expositor*. The Professor follows Dr. Hort very closely. In John i. 18 he reads "only begotten God;" and in Acts xx. 28 "the Church of God." In 1 Tim. iii. 16, of course, he "confidently" pronounces for the reading *ϑς*.

We are glad to see the third edition of the Rev. E. C. d'Auquier's valuable little book on *French Composition* (London: Hachette). A French part has also just been issued, which consists of Mr. d'Auquier's sentences translated by M. Janau, French Master at Christ's Hospital. The two form a most useful introduction to French composition. The type is very clear and the binding good.

The Last Commandment, by Miss GORDON-CUMMING (C.M.S.), is one of several excellent little publications—opportune—which we earnestly recommend.—The *Church Missionary Intelligencer* has an ably written paper, "The Outlook in Africa," by the Rev. W. J. SMITH; and "A Visit to Herrnhut and Kornthal," by Dr. CUST.

Of the fourth volume of the *Expositor* we must say much the same as of the third: it is very interesting, and contains several papers of the highest merit. Bishop Alexander's "Gleanings from St. Peter's Harvest Field," Dr. Sanday's "Bishop Lightfoot," Professor Kirkpatrick's "R. V. Old Testament," and Dr. Maclaren on the Colossians, may be specially mentioned. But we deplore the insertion of "St. Paul from a Jewish point of view," a paper likely to perplex many and to hinder Missionary work among the Jews; and we must repeat our regret at the line taken by the *Expositor* on the Wellhausen controversy.

The Christian Year, with Meditations: the St. Paul's Edition, Keble-Liddon (Nisbet), will be welcomed by many admirers of Canon Liddon, the "Meditations" having been selected from the writings of that eloquent Canon of St. Paul's. The volume is well got up.

Lectures on Butler's Analogy, by the Ven. the Archdeacon of Bristol, Dr. NORRIS, is an excellent little book. (S.P.C.K.)

Erratum.—In the February CHURCHMAN (Canon Stewart's article), footnote, p. 246, for "entire" read "earlier."

THE MONTH.

THE C.M.S. SIMULTANEOUS MEETINGS in London, we thankfully record, have proved a singular success. There can hardly be a doubt that great and lasting benefit will be the issue. At the meeting in the Town Hall, Westminster, where the Dean of Westminster presided, Lord Northbrook, the Bishop of Salisbury, Archdeacon Farrar, Canon Westcott, Canon Elwyn, and Mr. Eugene Stock were the speakers. At the overflow meeting Mr. G. A. Spottiswoode presided.¹

The Convocation of Canterbury was opened on the 8th. Referring to a misapprehension, his Grace the President said that "it was not desirable that there should be a mere fusion or union of the two Convocations; each should preserve its integrity. A conference of the two Convocations would be very serviceable, and in such a conference there would be nothing to be gained by the separation of the Bishops into one conference and the presbyters into another."

The House of Laymen has had under consideration Church Patronage, Criminous Clerks, the Diaconate, and other subjects. By a large majority the House adopted a resolution moved by Mr. Sydney Gedge, M.P., seconded by Sir R. Temple, M.P. :

That, in the opinion of this House, it is desirable that all the legislative enactments which now prevent a Deacon from engaging in secular occupations be repealed, or greatly modified.

In King's College, London, at a social gathering of the C.E. Scripture Readers' Association, an admirable address was given by the Bishop of Bedford. The *Record* of the 4th gave an interesting account of work done by the Thames Church Mission Society.

In a visit to the "three towns" Deanery (Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse), the Bishop of Exeter completed forty-seven engagements which had been previously arranged.

The Glebes Bill, introduced by Viscount Cross, has been read a second time.²

The Marquis of Hartington, in very able and statesmanlike speeches, has justified the "virtual coalition" between the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists. Mr. Parnell's amendment to the Address was rejected, on the 11th, by a majority of 108.

The letters which have appeared during the last two months in the *Guardian* on the sufferings of the clergy, due to the prolonged agricultural depression, have now been reprinted, with a preface by the writer, Mr. R. E. Prothero, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford.

¹ At the Blackheath meeting, the Bishop of Rochester presiding, a very interesting speech was made by the Chancellor of the Diocese, Mr. Dibdin.

² The Earl of Onslow said: "The present measure would remove one more of the obstacles in the way of transfer and sale of land, and would enable the owners of glebe lands to sell them as freely as others. If the edifice of land reform could be crowned by the passing of the measure introduced by the noble and learned lord on the Woolsack, it would enable the glebe lands to be transferred cheaply and readily. The objections which had been advanced would be overcome, and it would also remove a prejudice which appeared to be in the minds of many, to the effect that the members of their lordships' House were interested in obtaining a system of land tenure in order to prevent the masses from having a share in the property from which they derived their incomes. The Bill enabled the glebe lands to be sold to the labouring man in allotments, or to be sold to local authorities to be sub-let to the labouring man."