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THE
CHURCHMAN

AUGUST, 1891.

ART. I.—MODERN PESSIMISM.

THAT Pessimism is a marked feature of modern thought is evident enough. The republication in popular form of the works of its apostles in Germany, and the actual existence of a Pessimist breviary and hymn-book as aids to the melancholy reflections and sombre meditations of its votaries in that country; the universal popularity of such recognised bards of Pessimism as Lenau and Leopardi, singing their sad dirges amidst the sunny scenes of Italy or in the neighbourhood of the smiling towns and villages of Austria, which one would think should suggest brighter views of life, show that not only in the land of profound thinkers, but elsewhere the same mode in thought and feeling for the moment prevails. At home there are poets and philosophers of native growth giving vent to Pessimistic views and sentiments, apart from the fact that translations and volumes of excerpts from foreign Pessimistic literature must be enjoying a good sale, judging by their rapid increase in recent years. We have the mellow, melodious moanings of Matthew Arnold, yearning over faiths once loved now lost, as, for example, the following lines from "Dover Beach":

The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bride-girdle fur'd ;
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

We have also the more resonant wails of Swinburne's earlier muse in such passages as the following :

Before the beginning of years
 There came to the making of man
 Time, with a gift of tears ;
 Grief, with a glass that ran ;
 Pleasure, with pain for leaven ;
 Summer, with flowers that fell ;
 Remembrance fallen from heaven,
 And madness risen from hell ;
 Strength, without hands to smite ;
 Love that endures for a breath ;
 Night, the shadow of light ;
 And life, the shadow of death.

The novelists give expression to the same predominant mode, and the daily and weekly press dwell on such themes as our "Blue-rose Melancholy" and the weariness which comes from the "Monotone in Modern Life." George Eliot, who called herself a Meliorist, is really a Pessimist in the *denouement* of most, if not all, of her novels—most of all in the "Scenes of Clerical Life." The authors of "Mehalah" and "The Modern Antigone"; Count Tolstoi in his stories, turned into English and read with avidity; and, to mention one more novel, published in the United States, "John Ward, Preacher," are in their ground-tone profoundly sad; and there could not be a more signal proof than this of a Pessimistic wave, passing over the modern mind at home and abroad. The voice of Cassandra, heard a few years ago from the lips of the author of "Enigmas of Life," now closed in death, and the "Essays of Religion" by J. S. Mill, as well as the more recent work of Mr. Mallock, "Is Life Worth Living?" all adopt a tone of despondency in their endeavour to solve the problem of life, and to give an answer to the all-absorbing question of the day, whether the universe, after all, is not the result of a great blunder, or "an act of blind folly." Pessimism and Scepticism, going hand-in-hand, have both been called the malady of the nineteenth century; but, as we shall show further on, they appear together at given epochs of history corresponding to the one we live in. Such modes of thought become fashionable in literary cliques, among "superior" cultured persons; and since they are apt to become even substitutes for religion, they demand careful consideration. Pessimistic mysticism, affecting moral asceticism, the "ethics of pain," are popular in England just now; whence then, let us ask, this peculiar attitude of mind, this temperamental habit of viewing things, which, like some intellectual epidemic, has made its appearance among us? In tracing its source we may be able to diagnose the unhealthy condition of things giving rise to it, and also measure the height of our contemporary ideals. For the Pessimist, who complains of things as they are, has a higher ideal of what they ought to be; the

facts on which he frames his hypothesis form a dark picture of the age in which he lives. He may exaggerate, and we are bound to allow for parallax in making our own deductions, and from him learn at least to correct our own false Optimism in showing what is false or overstated in his Pessimistic views.

The main reason of the prevalence of Pessimism at this time is the sense of disappointed hopes. Our boasts of progress, and the anticipations raised by believers in the "age of progress" at the beginning of this century, have been falsified by experience. We take up a pamphlet by a well-known Continental writer, entitled "The Disgrace of Modern Culture": and find that one of the principal charges against the latter is that demoralization and suicide follow in its wake. We take up a recent number of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and in a pictorial view of English morals, with diagrams to show the rise and fall of the greater and lesser forms of crime and offences against the law, we find a sad tale told of the evils consequent on "the high tension of modern life," such as demoralization and demoralization, the accompaniments of despair and distress, in an age proud of material developments. Again, in skimming over an article on "The Pessimist View of Work," in the *Spectator* of November 30, 1889, we find the growth of Socialism attributed to the social discontent "with toil as the permanent condition of existence," aggravated and abetted by the over-sensitive sympathy of the labourer's friends, indulgence in pity being a note of our modern life. In a French Socialist review we see the same idea expressed, only in a different form. It is the contrast between the Utopian dreams of a hundred years ago and the reality now that has engendered desponding views of life and mind in the present day.

In a long and weary uphill journey, or in a tedious sea-voyage, there are times of rest and retrospect which often lead to sad reflections. The traveller, like the three Englishmen in Mr. Haggard's story of "King Solomon's Mines," begins to doubt whether the amount of toil and patience required to reach the ultimate goal of our journey is not too high a price paid for the actual attainment. The system being lowered by fatigue, and the judgment warped by anticipatory disappointment, there follows a morbid condition of mind which is really the outcome of physical exhaustion. It is the same with whole bodies of men at given resting-points of human history. A reaction sets in after a season of exciting activity accompanied by great effort and expectation, when, as the result of growing luxury and material indulgence, there follows a season of uneasy craving for more on the part of the fortunate when satiety has produced insatiable desire, and of disappointment

among the unfortunate in proportion to the vastness of the promises which have remained unfulfilled; and this produces weary disinclination to go on. Some mere lookers-on catch this Pessimistic temper by sympathy. Thus, over-refined and artistic minds, like John Ruskin, deplore the loss of taste for the beautiful in the pursuit of practical ends in these days of steam and factories. Others, like Thomas Carlyle, watching with a reformer's kindling wrath the process of materialistic degradation and moral disintegration, speak in a Pessimistic vein, protesting against the actual state of things, and uttering sad and surly vaticinations in "Latter-Day Pamphlets." "Progress halts with palsied feet," and its worshippers are neither able to relapse into ease and relaxation, nor are they willing to push on with the old belief in the possibilities of the future.¹

Similar conditions produced the sombre philosophy of Hegesias, who taught in the lecture-rooms of Alexandria, then at the height of its commercial and cultured eminence, total abstinence from life's enjoyments as the only escape from bitter disappointments. This procured for him the title of *πεισιθάνατος*; for he "helped so many to self-destruction by his Pessimistic eloquence on the evils of life that his lecture-room had to be closed." Then, as now, the spirit of morbid self-introspection which marks seasons of reflection after a subsidence of restless activity had produced sad misgivings leading to Pessimistic despair, which was accompanied by the sceptical despair of ever arriving at truth. The agnostic stoicism of M. Aurelius presents a similar aspect, and both it and its rival Epicurean quietism reappear in our own day in the materialistic spiritualism and fatalistic pantheism which in such Pessimists as Von Hartmann terminate in the final goal of negation of life, when, after all our unavailing efforts to lessen its evils and illusions,

The aching craze to live ends, and life glides—
Lifeless—to nameless quiet, nameless joy,
Blessed Nirvana—sinless, stirless rest—
That change which never changes.²

The poets and philosophers are the best exponents of contemporary thought and life. They reflect the age they live in, though, no doubt, their inmost thoughts and personal

¹ Some, too, like Mark Pattison, with minds over-refined by culture and unsupported by deep religious convictions, being leaders of thought, spread the infection. "I am growing," he says in his "Memoirs," p. 307, "brooding, melancholy, taciturn, and finally pessimist."

² "The Light of Asia; or, The Great Renunciation," by Edwin Arnold, C.S.I., Book VI. In this work the Pessimistic creed of Eastern and Western mysticism combined are beautifully reflected.

experiences colour the tincture of their writings. The poets especially "teach in song" "what they have learned in sorrow." We will turn to a typical Pessimist poet, Giacomo Leopardi, whose poems are representative, and whose Pessimistic views expressed therein are undoubtedly genuine. He was born near the notorious Loreto, the son of Count Monaldo Leopardi, June 29, 1789. His incurable illness which afflicted him from childhood; the sadness of his early life in a family torn asunder by divisions—the past and the future struggled here like Jacob and Esau before their birth; unsympathetic surroundings; disappointments of the lover, and the patriot weeping over an Italy which to him was the "Niobe of nations"—all this combined to embitter his existence, and produced that morbid disrelish of life and inordinate longing for death which is the ground-tone of all his poetic utterances. Like Byron and Clough, like Heine and Lenau, Hämmerling and Leconte de Lisle, he wrote the most gloomy of his poems in early youth, before the ripeness of experience and the maturity of age had toned him down, and produced a gentler acquiescence in the facts of life. Cheerful literature and the serenity of resigned submission come later on, as the result of seasoned discipline and seasoned sorrow, changing by degrees into the solid, though solemn, joy of those who overcome. By the confession even of his opponents, Leopardi was a pure and noble soul. Unlike some other Pessimists, his mind was not unhinged, though it had lost its healthy balance in being swayed by subjective feelings which inclined to gloomy views of life. "Every day I take more delight in discovering the misery of men and things, and, as I touch them with my hand, to feel the cold shudder coming over me at the sight of the unhappy and dreadful mystery of life." His pathetic lyrics re-echo the distress of his own soul, sick with the sorrow of the world. His muse, as someone puts it, only knows the sadder strains—a stranger to joyous notes—and this because in his own life there is no break in the long chain of his sufferings. Hence the cry—

The nothing, the nothing, is all we possess;
It sits o'er our cradle, it broods o'er our grave.

Or again—

Nought but wretchedness is our existence,
The only refuge in this sea of suffering
Which remains is death.

And so we find the compiler of the Pessimist hymn-book selecting for its closing page Leopardi's apostrophe to Death—Death, that is, as the brother of Sleep, not "as the boundless realm of unending change," being throughout represented as

the only precious gift among the gifts of tears bestowed by fate on the sons of men. Yet, by a strange inconsistency, Leopardi, like Schopenhauer, the philosopher of Pessimism, to escape death by the cholera, fled from one city to another, though he had said to one of his friends that if the choice was held out to him to enjoy the bliss and power of Cæsar or Alexander on the one hand, or to be released by death from the burden of life on the other, he would, without an instant's reflection, select the latter. But whilst we have here an instance of "temperamental" Pessimism, we may also see in Leopardi's "cruel melancholy" the reflection of his own surroundings, and the physiognomy of the times in which he lived. It is the Italy of that day, lacerated and in the throes of national despair, which the throbbing soul of the poet, vibrating with over-sensitive sympathy, expresses, and in so doing meets with the responsive sorrow of those who feel what he expressed. In the same way the finest passages of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" or "The Two Voices" reflect the passing phase of modern scepticism in this country, the hopelessness of the cry "behind the veil" in the agnostic unbelievers in revealed truth. Accordingly, we find one of the most popular writers among sceptics, Mr. S. Laing, in his "Problems of the Future," endeavouring—though, as we think, ineffectually—to show that the growth of scepticism, so far from producing melancholy thoughts, ought to make man cheerful rather than the reverse. This attempt to deny the connection of Pessimism and scepticism, however, is rendered abortive by the teachings of the history of human thought in the past and our experience of it in the present. It is but natural that in the absence of a "better hope" men should grow hopeless.

In November, 1818, three celebrated Pessimists crossed one another's paths in Venice—Byron, Leopardi and Schopenhauer. Of the Pessimism of Byron we will not speak here, since the Byronic mood has passed away from England, and contemporary English Pessimism is of a more serious nature. Therefore we turn to Schopenhauer, a popular series of whose writings for English readers, edited by Mr. T. B. Saunders, is in course of publication, three of them having reached a second edition already. This is a sign of the growing popularity of the author in this country, and it is important to our subject, as his works form the groundwork of modern Pessimistic literature in Europe. We select him as a typical Pessimist philosopher.

Schopenhauer's centenary was celebrated in Frankfort on February 22, 1888. In his case, too, as in Leopardi's, personal predilections influenced the views he formed of life. Such were congenital proclivities to madness—one of his

uncles died an idiot; a disposition to morose suspicion and gloomy brooding which alienated from him a mother's heart—a mother, it must be added, too much herself inclined to light-heartedness; and an unbending sternness which he inherited from his father. Virtually compelled into a mercantile career by this parent, which he left in disgust, on being released by his father's death, to turn to literature; disappointed in this career, and not meeting with the recognition due to his genius for some years; confirmed in his dark view of things in the solitary life he led uncheered by family joys or friendly intercourse—he settled down into a sad and severe Pessimist. Here, too, the keystone on which his system rests, namely, that the primal principle of all things is the will, and that the will to live throughout the realm of nature is the prime source of all our trouble and care, and that consequently the negation of the will or the desire to live is the only efficacious way of getting rid of the evils of existence, release from misery in the utter nothingness of Nirvanâh, is the result of his own subjective experience. He felt in himself that indomitable will-force which formed the groundwork of his character, and which in his case also proved the source of his failure. His self-willed personality and self-imposed rigour prevented him from adapting himself to his environment, and estranged those whom it was his policy to conciliate. The *principium individuationis*, which he condemns so mercilessly as the manifestation of will, was powerfully enough developed in himself, and it is to his credit that he noted the marked features and evil tendencies of the growing individualism in his own day, though his exposure of it was premature, hence the discredit of his writings then and their popularity now. The strongly-marked features and furrowed lines of his countenance in the statue erected to his honour in Germany two years ago, the masculine massiveness of that face, severe in its rugged firmness, the grand eye and fine head expressive of dominant intelligence, give full expression to this force of the individual will. Such a man, with such a disposition, naturally became the powerful exponent of that Pessimism which in modern times is so often traceable to excessive individualism, to the exposure of which Schopenhauer devoted his power of scathing criticism. That Individualism is the parent of Pessimism is a truth brought out very clearly in one of the Essays in Philosophical Criticism edited by Andrew Seth and R. B. Haldane in 1883, entitled "Pessimism and the Religious Consciousness": "We may admit," remarks the writer, the Rev. T. B. Kilpatrick, "with him" (*i.e.*, with Kant, whom Schopenhauer followed), "that very assertion of the individual in his exclusive individuality

only increases his misery, that hope lies only in the stoppage of all self-assertion, in the prompt cessation of this 'luckless episode in the blissful repose of nothing The presence of Pessimism in modern thought is the demand for the reconstruction of modern life.' 'The world which Pessimism describes to us is a world in fragments; its evil is its fragmentary character. Its first necessity, therefore, is a principle of synthesis.' Comtism suggests a synthesis, as the writer points out, but in form which is incomplete, *i.e.*, in humanity as "an organic and self-developing unity." It is incomplete because it fails to bridge over the chasm between man and nature, and because it fails to reconcile those conflicts between the forces of nature and humanity, individually or collectively, which are the sources of so much suffering, "unless there be found a principle of synthesis which shall bind not simply man to man, and man to the world and to God, in the closeness of completed reconciliation, in the unity of life and hope, which become fuller and surer through pain and sorrow and death," the problem is left unsolved.

It must not be supposed, however, that Schopenhauer, misanthropical as he was in his self-centred contempt of men and things, was wanting in the quality of mercy. On the contrary, he insists most strongly on the principle of an all-embracing pity, expressed in the precept of Hindoo theosophy: "Tat Twam Asi," *i.e.*, "See another's woe in thine own," which forms the groundwork of his ethics, whilst in his teaching of utter self-abnegation and self-extinction he approaches, and confessedly so, the maxims of Christ.

His follower, Von Hartmann, professes a more cheerful Pessimistic creed, living and writing as he does under more favourable conditions in the national revival of Germany. The world, according to his theory, is the product of unconscious will and intelligence, and being the worst of worlds, the best thing that could happen would be to return to unconscious non-existence. He believes in the cheerful effort all must make to persuade mankind generally by means of disillusionizing them, and in impressing them with the conviction that all is vanity and vexation of spirit, that since happiness here or hereafter for the individual or the race is impossible to arm humanity with all the knowledge of modern culture for the purpose of enabling them to make a united and intelligent effort to work out their own deliverance by means of self-annihilation.

My view of the world (he says, in one of those self-revelations which have become popular of late with great writers) is serious and severe, even tragical, in its conception, but by no means melancholy, bitter, or disappointing. In it, as in every tragedy, there is a dull background in

perspective ; yet there are not wanting the brightly-tinted colours in the foreground of the picture standing out against these dark shadows. In it the prominent feature is the yearning after peace which is peculiar to every human heart capable of deep feeling ; but it directs the individual longing for it to the grave, and the universal soul longing after it to be satisfied in the dim distance of the last day. At the same time, it discourages every inclination to weariness among those who work while it is day as premature and unbecoming, as only suitable to the season of rest. It has its root in all the ramifications of manly energy, creative effort, vigour of action ; it is thus far on the side of historical activity as understood among the moderns in the West, and differs from the passive quietism of the East, that of the Hindoos in particular. Its conception of the misery and unspeakable wretchedness of life is sharply drawn, and no attempt is made to gloss them over. But the knowledge so obtained is only to serve as a spur to redoubled energy, and is, therefore, diametrically opposed to that kind of feminine and feeble sentimentality which broods over the world's sorrow, and never gets further than passive sympathy, but is rather apt to luxuriate in the over-sensitive emotionalism of its own lamentations and the sickliness of its own hyperæsthetic sensibilities.

To this view of life and its duties, and what our present aim in the "world process" ought to be, as expressed in his writings, a warm admirer attributes their success, which is certainly remarkable. Like Schopenhauer, Von Hartmann claims affinity in thought with Christianity, and professes to recall Christians from the error of false optimism which are irreconcilable with the teachings of Christ.

We may, then, at this stage inquire—(1) How far do these Pessimistic views of life and death, as a release from it, bear any resemblance to similar sentiments in Christian writings inspired or uninspired ? (2) What is the value of Pessimism in its critical estimates, and how far are its views on individual and social happiness in the present and remoter future true or false when regarded in the light of reason and religion ?

No careful and unprejudiced reader of Ecclesiastes or the Books of Jeremiah and Job, and no student of the New Testament, can doubt that the Scriptures dwell with emphasis on the sad aspects of human life. Both the utterances of mediæval mystics and Puritan divines are full of it. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" starts from the City of Destruction ; Howe's "Living Temple" is raised on the ruins of man's fallen nature. What can be more sad than Pascal's "Thoughts" on the misery of man, the contradictions of the human mind ? There is Pessimism in those saintly cynics of the Middle Ages—the Flagellants and others trying to crucify the flesh in fear of the "Day of wrath, that dreadful day," which the hymns of that time faithfully reflect. Modern hymns, like the one beginning "The world is very evil," express similar thoughts, and books of devotion, ancient and modern,

express the sadness of saintly reflections on the nothingness of terrestrial things "in the dark and gloomy day." But there is this difference between such forms of devout Christian Pessimism and those of ancient or modern "Esoteric Buddhism": Christian Pessimism does not give way to despair and desponding fatalism or cynical quietism, to quote the words of a modern Jewish philosopher in a discussion by way of dialogue on this very subject; the words are addressed to the scientist and agnostic:

Christian resignation has in it nothing of bitterness, disgust, or anger. It renounces freely—nay, cheerfully—the boons withheld by an all-wise Providence, but it is ready at any moment gratefully to accept those which its beneficence may be disposed to grant. But I wonder that you, to whom nature's law is supreme, do not see that it is in direct contradiction to your Pessimism; for nature teaches that every creature strives not only after self-preservation, but after enjoyment; or, as one of your favourite poets says: "Was lebt soll sich erfreuen?" Why, then, do you so persistently revolt against her benign ordinances?¹

And again:

Sage and saint, "rational departure" and devout martyrdom, virtue and piety, fortitude and holiness—these contrasts express the chief distinctions between Stoic and Christian.²

As to the estimates of happiness weighed on the scales of Pessimistic criticism, the amount of pleasure and pain to be got out of life, who can strike the balance with anything approaching to accuracy? Who could appraise, to take the case of an ordinary clergyman in a quiet parish, the exact value of all the mutations of joy and sorrow experienced in the performance of his daily functions in contact with the members of his own household and the people of his parish, the countless oscillations from pleasure to pain in multifarious states of mind and heart as affected by physical conditions and intellectual environment? Where is the common measure which could apply to all these varying relations so as to reckon up the quotient of pleasure and pain in a single day? This would be, indeed a difficult calculation in single and compound fractions of human happiness. Think of extending it over the whole experience of human life! Readers of Sir John Lubbock's charming volumes on the "Pleasures of Life" will recollect how many compensating joys there are mentioned there outweighing the sorrows of life. Besides, as Von Hartmann himself acknowledges, there is the ethical value of sorrow and suffering and the joy arising therefrom to those who overcome. He scouts the idea of blessedness in the performance of painful duty. For holiness,

¹ "Path and Goal," by M. M. Kalisch, p. 420.

² *Ibid.*, p. 129.

not happiness, is to be our being's end and aim. But holiness, as understood by him—the wholeness of sympathetic pity—is complete freedom from every selfish tendency which excludes any belief in the attainment of ultimate good for ourselves or others. What is the finality of such perfection? The bliss of total extinction—that is true happiness, according to Hartmann. And so we are striving after happiness all the while. We are exhorted to renounce happiness in order to find repose. Rest is the final reward of self-renunciation its outcome, at least, in the kind intention of the unconscious purpose in the universe. But, as the author of "Opposites," an interesting volume on questions of the day, puts it pointedly, the Christian promise of "the times of the restitution of all things is a somewhat less cruel" (and less irrational, we might add) "verdict than that which prophesies an evolution of ever-increasing severity, to be borne by bodies ever growing more and more highly organized to feel the exquisiteness of the pain; and the end of it all, total extinction."¹

Viewed in *specie ceternitatis*, suffering and sorrow lose their bitter sting, and the Christian becomes joyful in tribulation. "I am crucified with Christ," and the "world is crucified with me" is one aspect of Christian life; "nevertheless I live, and the life I now live I live by faith in the Son of God," etc., is another. "In the world ye shall have tribulation." So far Pessimism and Christianism are alike. But "*Be of good cheer*, I have overcome the world," says the triumphant Redeemer, made perfect through suffering, and again: "Lift up your eyes, for your redemption draweth nigh." According to the great high-priest of Modern Pessimism, the evolutionary process serves only to intensify conscious suffering, and the development of culture only tends to increase the faculty of enduring sorrow and suffering, until at last the "deliverance of the Absolute from his transcendental misery is accomplished by means of the immanent torment of the world evolution."

Such is the "Ultimatum of Pessimism." But though the hope of social happiness is excluded, we are yet exhorted to sweeten the cup of bitterness to our fellow mortals, and social amelioration is recommended as a matter of duty. If it were true what a Socialist admirer of Schopenhauer wrote on the last page of a memoir of the latter, published two years ago, that social conditions determine the fate of humanity, then, indeed, with the removal of the causes, we would remove

¹ "Opposites: A Series of Essays on the Unpopular sides of Popular Questions," by Lewis Thornton, 1890, p. 254.

human misery, and with it put an end to Pessimism itself as a philosophy of human life. But, as we are reminded in a recent number of an able French Socialist review, Pessimism is a "scepticism of the will." The motor force is wanting here for great efforts to improve society. Egotism, ill-will, and pity are the three chief motors prompting human action, according to Schopenhauer. Are these sufficient for the purpose? What the feelings of the professed Meliorist are in such efforts we may gather from the following lines quoted from the "Spanish Gipsy," where George Eliot makes the heroine Fedalma, referring to her own self-sacrificing efforts for the tribe she belongs to, speak thus :

But if I cannot plant resolve in hope,
 It will stand firm on certainty of woe—
 I choose the ill that is most like to end
 With my poor being. Hopes have precarious life ;
 They are oft blighted, withered, snapped, sheared off
 In vigorous growth, and turned to rottenness.
 But faithfulness can feed on suffering,
 And knows no disappointment.

Compare with this the hopeful utterance in "Ferishtah's Fancies," written by one in whom the Gospel message, which is that of good news to man, and has not falsified its promise since of rendering the world better than it found it, has not lost its invigorating influence :

Loving ! what claim to love has work of mine ?
 Concede my life were emptied of its gains
 To furnish frets and fill work's strict confine,
 Who works so for the world's sake—he complains
 With cause when hate, not love, rewards his pains.
I looked beyond the world for truth and beauty ;
 Sought, found, and did my duty.

Which of these has the better part ?

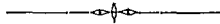
To sum up ! Pessimism, as a life's philosophy, is a system of pathology ; Christianity a system of therapeutics. The former lays bare the sores of humanity ; the latter heals them. Both are full

Of pity for the sickness of this world.

The one kills the patient gently ; the other mercifully restores him and tenderly to a healthier life. Pessimism, in its merciless diagnosis of human suffering and guilt, sees only the evil in man's present existence, and in so doing, when it does not exaggerate, holds up the mirror to an age too fond of self-laudation. It was the account of man's fall which, Schopenhauer tells us, reconciled him with the Old Testament. Here, too, he believed to find a justification for his utter contempt of men and women. So, too, he quotes the text that "the wages of sin is death," as expressing his own doctrine, that

annihilation is the final reward of those whose guilt has been the inordinate desire to live. And he quotes a number of passages from the Bible, the Fathers, and religious mystics, ancient and modern, with a view to show that Christianity inculcates both self-effacing quietism and asceticism. But all this in utter forgetfulness of other passages which call on the Christian to rejoice, and such as 1 Cor. vii. 30, where the attitude of mind depressed by the "present distress" is that of temporary, not permanent, acquiescence in the evil which is in this present world. And even here the recommendation to utter self-forgetfulness wears a double face. The Christians in times of persecution were to "weep as though *they wept not*," as well as "to rejoice as though *they rejoiced not*." That pain in itself is not to be preferred—that its value consists solely in its elevating and purging effects—is plain enough from Heb. xii. 11. What Pessimism as a modern and passing mode of thought has done for Christian Europe is this: It serves as a bridge from a self-satisfied materialism and superficial optimism to a humbler view of our own attainments in this "age of progress." This acquired self-knowledge and self-abasement are apt to produce a greater readiness to accept the comforts and consolations of religion, and thus to reach a stage higher in the progress of religious thought. In an age when worldliness and unhealthy absorption in worldly pursuits endangers the pursuit of holiness, it produces that kind of home-sickness which longs for the better country. It impresses on Christian men and women in the most effective manner that truth which needs to be pressed home with such powerful illustration, which the literature of Pessimism furnishes with appalling profusion, that "if in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."

M. KAUFMANN.



ART. II.—THE ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND.

THERE is no country in the world, perhaps, which possesses more interesting ecclesiastical remains than Ireland; and this is not to be wondered at, inasmuch as Ireland in early ages was renowned for its schools of learning, its famous monasteries, its devoted clergy, and its great missionary successes. We meet with the ruins of old churches and abbeys everywhere, some of them in excellent preservation and beautiful in their dress of "living green." In Ireland the traces of the old religious life of the people have been least obliterated, and therefore nowhere else can the early workings

of Christianity be better studied. The Irish schools from the seventh to the tenth century were so celebrated that we find large numbers of young men from England, France and elsewhere in Western Europe sent to study there; and from those schools went forth the devoted men who evangelized in great measure Germany, Switzerland, France and other Continental countries. This early religious life in Ireland has left behind it no more interesting memorials of a material kind than the well-known round towers. There are upwards of a hundred of them within the limits of the island, and among the best and finest specimens are those of Glendalough, Kildare, Cashel, Donaghmore, Lusk, Clondalkin, Kells, Cloyne, Ardmore and Desert Oenghus (county Limerick).

The round tower appears to have gradually become an adjunct of a church when previously it was a building belonging to a religious settlement inclosed by a common wall, just as a barn or granary belongs to the settlement called a farm. The Rock of Cashel in the South of Ireland exhibits different sorts of towers erected at different ages, but the ordinary round tower is a circular column from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet high, with a conical stone cap. From the base, which is frequently of cyclopean masonry, and measures from forty to sixty feet in circumference, the tower is externally of ashlar or spawled rubble work, and tapers upwards towards the summit. In the wall there is a single door, which is always at least eight or ten, and in some cases fifteen, feet from the ground, and is reached by a ladder, and there are windows or narrow apertures here and there. At a short distance from the conical roof there are usually four windows. Internally the tower is divided into stories about twelve feet apart, and varying in number according to its height. The Round Tower of Ardmore, near Youghal, is girdled with bands or string-courses, which are, however, entirely ornamental, and unconnected with the internal floors.

But "the model Round Tower of Ireland," as it has been called, is in the Island of Devenish (*Daimh-inis*, or the island of the oxen), in Lough Erne. It is in a complete state of preservation. Indeed, if it were not for the absence of the internal fittings, such as floors, ladders, etc., it might be pronounced almost as perfect as when it was left by the builders. Mr. Wakeman, after giving an elaborate description of the dimensions of the several parts of the tower, says: "The speciality of Devenish Tower, however, and one which renders it of highest interest to intelligent archæologists, is the ornamentation of its cornice. Surmounting three of its topmost apertures are quaintly-executed human heads, displaying beards, most curiously and artistically interlaced in a style of

art which we find admirably developed in some of our most venerable MSS., and also in others of much later date. The heads are supposed to be those of SS. Patrick, Columba, Molaise, the patron saint of the island, and Bridget."

Those unique structures are evidently the work of skilled architects, and in graceful symmetry of form and solidity of build far excel the attempted imitations of them in modern times. A distinguished architect of the present day gives it as his opinion that there are clear traces of classical influences in those towers. He thinks that the builders of them must have known the shape of the pillars in Greek temples.

The origin of the round towers of Ireland has always been a subject of much debate in the learned world, and it may be desirable before we proceed any further to mention some of the various conflicting theories about them that have gained currency amongst men. One theory maintained that they were originally fire temples, in which the Druid priests kept up sacred fires all the year round. A similar custom prevailed among the Parsees or Guebres of Persia, from which the conclusion is drawn that an identity of creed and civilization existed between the ancient Irish and the fire-worshippers of the East. The round tower, in fact, links together Magianism and Druidism. This theory is untenable. There is no evidence that the Irish pagans had sacred fires except in open spaces on the hilltops. Two of these were lighted, with great incantations, at certain times, and "the Druids used to drive the cattle between them, against the diseases of each year"—a custom which seems to have come down to our day, in the fires lighted on St. John's Eve in every part of Ireland.

It was held by other writers that the round towers were erected by the Danes as *watch towers*, but that the Christian Irish changed them into clock or bell towers. Their contention was that all stone buildings, and, indeed, all that remains of mechanical civilization in Ireland, were Danish; that some traditions attributed the round towers to them; that they had fit models in the monuments of their own country, and that the word by which, as they say, the native Irish call them—*clogachd*—comes from the Teutonic root *clugga*, a bell. This theory of the Scandinavian origin of the towers is also worthless, for the facts on which it rests are no facts at all. It is not true that the Danes introduced stone architecture into Ireland. They found it flourishing here, and some of the very finest of such buildings they razed and burned to the ground; in fact, every form of civilization and mechanical art they destroyed and swept away. The upright stones and little barrows which the tourist meets in Denmark could not give models or skill to the Danes. We may ask, If they

were the builders of these towers in Ireland, how comes it to pass that we find no such erections in England or Scotland, where those fierce Northmen had much ampler and larger possessions? And, lastly, the native Irish name for a round tower is *cloic-theach*—from *theach*, a house; and *cloic*, the word used for bell in old Irish documents before the Germans or Saxons had churches or bells, and before the Danes had ever put foot upon our coasts. It is clear, then, that the Danes did not originate those interesting monuments of an ancient civilization.

There are those, again, who argue that those towers were for hermits, a solitary abode in which, like the pillar of Simeon Stylites, the anchorite did penance for his sin.

In hunger and in thirst, fevers and cold,
In coughs, aches, stitches, ulcerous throes and cramps,
A sigh betwixt the meadow and the cloud.

The cloich-angcoire, or hermit's stone, quoted in aid of this fancy, turns out to be no pillar at all, but a narrow cell where the holy man fasted and prayed and lived his life obedient to the rules of a virtuous discipline and of useful labour. So much for the hermit theory! Dr. Stokes, in dealing with it, somewhat facetiously remarks that if it be true "our Irish saints had even a more uncomfortable and lofty position than the Syrian. Simeon stood at the top of a pillar sixty feet high, in an erection like a pulpit, while the Irish saints had to stand or sit on the apex of a conical roof a hundred feet from the ground, where the merest slip would consign them to certain destruction."

The monks of the West lived a more active than contemplative life. No doubt they abjured domestic life, and chose for the place of their voluntary exile some lonely spot among the mountains or in the forest, or in some bleak and barren rock surrounded by "the white-bosomed sea," where they served God according to their light; but in most cases the Celtic monks went forth from their huts to engage in the great work of their time—the work of spreading Christianity in the world. They were, above everything else, missionaries. There is no ground at all for supposing that in any instance they adopted the rôle of the Stylite enthusiast!

That the round towers were hero-monuments, which some antiquarian scholars have suggested, is another theory which will not hold water for a moment. The Irish annals are entirely silent as to their answering any such purpose, or being put to any such use.

It will thus be seen how much speculation those interesting old towers have given rise to, and what incongruous though

beautiful and agreeable fancies have been woven round them, just because men have overlooked the principles of true criticism, and have, as has been said, evolved their history out of the depths of their own imaginations.

Dr. Petrie was the first man who brought to the investigation of this subject all the requisite qualifications—a profound knowledge of the ancient history of Ireland, a life of antiquarian study, an intimate familiarity with the country (he left no glen unsearched, no island unvisited, no mountain untrod and unexplored), a mind unprejudiced, and feelings at once rational and lofty. He had, too, the assistance of the best Celtic scholars in carrying on his work. And what was the result of his labours and researches? After long years of study and patient investigation, he came to the conclusion—a conclusion adopted substantially by all subsequent antiquarian authorities—that the round towers are of Christian and ecclesiastical origin, and were erected at various periods between the fifth and thirteenth centuries, that they were used for a threefold purpose—(1) as belfries (*cloic-theach*, *i.e.*, bell-house); (2) as keeps, or places of strength where the sacred vessels, books, relics, and other valuables were deposited, and in which the clergy could take refuge in case of sudden attack; and (3) as beacons and watch-towers. It has been remarked that the round towers are always connected with ecclesiastical buildings, whether churches properly so called, or great religious houses in which men lived together for the service of God. No doubt the form of them was copied from something that already existed in pagan Ireland. Military prototypes for such a structure must have been in Ireland from time immemorial, though there are now to be found no traces of them. Among the Irish, what may be called national consciousness and memory are extremely stubborn; hence the round towers that have endured to the present day, though actually built and used by Christian communities, have been assigned to the pagan period to which, not they belonged, but the architectural prototypes on which they were patterned. In the old legends, buildings are described which tally very well with round towers, but in shape must have been more squat; they were evidently built of wicker or wattle, and in certain Roman sculptures bas-reliefs showing their general appearance, have luckily been preserved.

The round tower would probably arise in this way. The hermit's cell or hut grew into a chapel with walls of enormous thickness, and hardly room enough inside for a handful of assistants. The faithful had to kneel on the ground before the door. There was no need of watch-towers while the Church was gradually becoming national in character, lengthening her

ords and strengthening her stakes in the land, usurping all but certain barren corners of the island where pagans still lurked. But when the rich and powerful adopted the Christian faith, and wealth began to centre about church and monastery; when prelates received great incomes from the offerings of the devout, from chiefs whose sons they taught, from pupils out of England and the Continent, and from lands they had acquired in various ways, then the house of God became a booty to sacrilegious natives or foreign invaders, Saxon or Dane. The clergy had to look about for a high keep from which to watch for raids; and so this species of tower, well built of stone, was attached to priories and churches for, as we have seen, men on watch, for summoning the congregation to prayers and the scholars to their lessons, and for the temporary safe-keeping of the church valuables during a sudden and predatory incursion of foreign or internal enemies.

Travellers tell us that to this day round towers are used in Central Asia for purposes of defence as well as ornament. In his great work on Central Syria,¹ Count de Vogüé, a French writer, depicts a tower attached to a church, which he considers was evidently for defensive purposes. It is divided into stories like the round towers, and has a door with a flat lintel in exactly the same position as those of the round towers. Towers were used by the hermits of Mount Sinai with exactly the same object, and under precisely the same circumstances. And all this is interesting because it has been clearly established by Dr. Stokes, in his excellent work on "The Celtic Church," that the round towers of Ireland originated, like much else in the usages of the early Irish Church, in the East, and especially in Syria. In the Litany of Oenghus, the Culdee, which was composed about the time of Charlemagne, we are told of many Eastern ecclesiastics who had found refuge in Ireland during the eighth century, and of the round towers which they built, and of the Greek learning which they revived, and of the various other benefits which they conferred upon the islands of the West. The way in which the historian traces the progress of this style of architecture and of Byzantine and Eastern art in general from Asia to Europe, from the Hauran to Constantinople, and from Constantinople to Italy, and thence through France to Ireland, is full of interest and instruction.

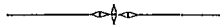
The subject on which we have so meagrely treated in this short paper is well worthy of the attention of all, on account of the light which it throws on early Irish life, and especially

¹ "Central Syria: its Architecture, Civil and Religious, from the First to the Seventh Century."

on the Church-life of the people. They were days of trial, bloodshed, and utmost peril to the Christians when those towers were in active use. We have seen that they were places of safety in cases of sudden invasion. As they stand before us in gray ruins they mutely witness to the heroic struggles for faith and fatherland in which our Celtic ancestors engaged, to the tears they shed, the sufferings they endured, and the labours they carried on. What varied scenes have they witnessed! How many tragedies have been enacted beneath their walls! What countless hearts have ceased to beat under their shadow, and now mingle with the graveyard dust around! Here "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." Here factions fought, unrestrained by the sacredness of the ground and the associations of the scene. Here piety and patriotism grow warm, as on the plains of Marathon or the storm-tossed shores of Iona. And hither comes to-day the pilgrim from distant land to muse and wonder and admire and learn. For those old towers teach solemn and precious lessons. A sweet Irish poet, Denis Florence Macarthy, has written of them:

The pillar-towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand
 By the lakes and rushing rivers, thro' the valleys of our land!
 In mystic file all through the isle they lift their heads sublime,
 These gray old pillar-temples, these conquerors of time!
 How many different rites have these gray old temples known!
 To the mind what dreams are written in these chronicles of stone!
 What terror and what error, what gleams of love and truth,
 Have flashed forth from these walls since the world was in its youth!

WILLIAM COWAN.



ART. III.—MY CASES OF OLD SERMONS.

MY eye has just fallen on this cold wintry night on my old sermons. There they are before my eyes as I write, on a wide under-shelf of one of my book-cases; and as I have been looking at them in a somewhat sad and reflective mood, being all alone to-night, they have suggested some thoughts which I feel strangely moved to attempt to write down. It may be that to do so will be useful to some of the younger clergy, and, I hope, not without interest to some older ones. At present my thoughts seem a heterogeneous mingle, but they impress me greatly. Tennyson's touching lines rise to my mind—

O would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me!

but I greatly fear my pen will not do so adequately. However, I feel "inwardly moved" to attempt to do so, and I obey the motion. Perhaps it may be of God.

One thing I plainly foresee, that from the very nature of my subject I must necessarily be more egotistical than I like to be, and so prove a butt for uncharity. But that I must risk for the sake of my younger brethren.

Most of sterling worth is what
Our own experience teaches ;

but how can one write of one's "own experience" without a very frequent use of the personal pronoun? Elia's delightful essays are very full of the ego, but we more than forgive it; we feel that it is that very fact that constitutes their chief charm. What a loss we should have had if Charles Lamb had been possessed of an affected modesty, or if he had been more afraid of Mrs. Grundy's uncharity!

First, I must say those cases look very neat and orderly; and I say this with the less hesitation because the merit of that is not mine—or only to a partial degree—but another's; I am not a sempstress, but they are made up in brown-holland cases, tied up with red tape, in bundles containing some twenty-five sermons in each; and bachelors may infer something from this. On the front of each bundle are the numbers of the sermons written, as thus—1-25, and so on, till now the number reaches to over 1,300. Near them are my "sermon register books," in which each sermon has been from the commencement of my ministry entered with particulars, thus:

No.	Text.	Subject.	Where Preached.	When.	Remarks.
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I should add that my sermon register has another department containing columns under each book and chapter of the Bible, in which each sermon is entered, thus:

<i>Genesis.</i>			
Chap. I.		Chap. II.	
Verse.	No.	Verse.	No.
26	296	—	—

and so on, so that I can at once see the sermon I have preached on any particular verse, or whether I have never preached on it. A friend of mine also keeps a common Bible, in which he underlines each verse he has preached on, and puts in the margin the number of his sermon on that verse—a very convenient plan, and I wish now I had had it hinted to me in my early days; for through not always consulting my register, I have several times forgotten that I had ever preached on a particular text, and have written on the same

text two sermons even in the same year—sometimes, I confess, I have discovered it to my mortification.

“Then you always preach written sermons?” No; not always. I sometimes preach extempore from brief notes. But I always adopt the same plan, even with my notes. I preach, as a rule, extempore on weeknight evenings, and sometimes on Sunday. But I much prefer my written sermons (and generally those of other men), and I am sure the more thoughtful and spiritual of the laity do too. And this suggests another feature in those cases of sermons yonder. About the first 200 of them are in the ordinary large sheets, but all those after that number (and I have, as I said, over 1,300) are in paper the size of what is called Albert size. I find that in my handwriting twelve pages of this size will contain a sermon of half an hour, beyond which time I now very rarely preach. I know that *that* is considered too long. I do not think so. At least, I can never write a sermon at all to my satisfaction under that time. I do not believe that a really good sermon—unless the delivery be very rapid—can be preached under that time. A more or less useful address may, but surely nothing that is worthy of the name of sermon. And, always supposing that the *delivery* be not drony, I believe the intelligent laity will think so too, the daily secular press notwithstanding.

I was led to adopt my new size of sheet by hearing a very able London preacher very soon after I became a Vicar. I was under the impression that he was preaching extempore. His sermon had all the effect of it; for he had an ordinary Bagster's Bible on his cushion, and no apparent sign of a sermon. But I learnt that every word of his sermon was written, and was in his Bible before him, and the turning over of the small leaves was hardly noticed. I said to myself: “That is an excellent plan; for it seems to me to combine the advantages of the written sermon with all the effect of an extempore one;” and from that hour I adopted it, to my great comfort and satisfaction. And, provided a preacher will take the pains—as surely he ought—to read his sermon over four times before he preaches it, he will get to know it so well, and to catch so well what is on the page, that he will be able to deliver it with perfect freedom, and without any appearance—and, if he will take the pains to tutor his voice to a natural delivery, without any of the tone—of reading. Any way, I felt most thankful for that practical hint. I like to see a man preaching from *the Bible* literally. I like to see the Book in the pulpit, and not to be poked away, even when the text is read out of it. It seems to me more like “preaching the Word,” and less like an essay upon some subject of it.

And I believe it has a good and important effect on the minds of the people to see God's Word in the minister's hands, or lying open before him; and for texts, when they are quoted, to be read out of *it*, and not from out the sheets of a manuscript.

Then, further, as to this mere material form of the sermon, I would earnestly counsel every young preacher to be very careful of his *caligraphy*. I speak painfully here; for at first I made a great mistake in regard to this point. In my old sheet sermons my writing was large and bold, so that I could read or preach them off without any bungle, or fear of it; but when I adopted the smaller sheets I foolishly wrote much smaller, and with lines very close together. That did not matter much when my eyes were young. But lo! now I find that the sermons of those days, many of them, are useless so far as preaching them again is concerned. Yet from the first (and for the sake of my younger brethren I must be pardoned for appearing egotistical) I made it a conscience to take such pains with my sermons that I feel that I could preach many of them now with satisfaction and advantage. But, owing to my folly in not looking sufficiently forward to the time when the eyesight would not be so good, I wrote in this very small type and in these close lines, and now I either cannot preach even the best of them at all, or only by a serious amount of conning. For the last few years, therefore, I have put on four extra sheets of paper, and write in lines further apart and in larger type, and take altogether much more pains with the legibility of my caligraphy.

"Then it appears you preach your old sermons over and over again?" I do not think that quite appears. The very fact that I have over 1,300 fully-written sermons—and I am not very venerable yet—is a tolerably sufficient proof that I am no great sinner in that respect, especially bearing in mind that I served one parish as Curate and three as Vicar, and also that I have numbers of notes of extempore sermons besides. Still, I confess I do preach old sermons frequently. And why should I not, if I think them good enough and new enough for the people? I still, however, make it a practice to write one new full sermon a week, besides preaching new extempore ones at weekday services. But for a second or third sermon on a Sunday I very often preach an old one, making it a rule, however, never to preach the same sermon to the same congregation till after a lapse of eight or ten years—quite a generation in a London congregation.

I leave these minor points—which, however, are more important than they may appear—with impressing upon my younger brethren in the ministry the very great importance

of preparing the *delivery* of their written sermons. It is a common fallacy that a written sermon must be *read*—or, at any rate, that it must appear to be read by the reading tone that it necessitates. But I hold that it does not necessitate it at all. That all depends upon the preacher of it. If he will only set himself to acquire and practice a natural speaking tone, it *may* be delivered with all the naturalness of an extempore sermon. Indeed, we know many extempore preachers whose tone is as much like a read sermon as though they actually were reading it. On the other hand, we know preachers of written sermons who so manage their delivery that it has all the appearance of extempore speaking. An actor is really delivering a written text, yet he speaks as though he were speaking impromptu. It is all a matter of pains, drill, and practice; and the acquiring of a speaking delivery is worth any amount of such labour. For if anything is more damaging than another to the effectiveness of preaching, it is the drony, sing-song sermon-tone. From it may God deliver our Church of England pulpit! And yet how strangely our young curates adopt it!

Shall I appear egotistic, again, if, in looking at those sermon-cases, I thank God that His grace enabled me to take so much pains with them? Yet I will undertake the risk of this for the sake of my younger brethren. There is not a sermon there that was written on the Saturday night—the too common time which many young preachers give to their sermons. Hardly one of them that was not commenced on Friday morning, and many of them on Thursday morning; and that not until the text had previously been thought out and a skeleton of the plan prepared. And what a satisfaction and comfort now to think of that! They could tell of many a day's pleasure being sacrificed for their sake, and of great toil gone through. Toil! they fill me with wonder how this hand (to say nothing of the toil of heart and brain) could have written those great piles of manuscript—specially when I think of all the books and literary articles, published and unpublished I have written. I have little doubt that I should have "got on," in the worldly sense, much better if I had saved myself such toil, and had contented myself with preaching from a note or two that I might have written on Saturday night—sermonettes of ten or twelve minutes, spiced with one or two pretty and sensational anecdotes culled from some cyclopædia of those articles. But I had to consider, not "getting on," but eternity, and to preach with an eye to the great account for myself and my hearers; and in that view I never regret my toil, unrequited though it may appear to have been as far as this world is concerned.

Then, again, as I look at them, I can conscientiously say that not one of them is a copied sermon. Nor is there one sentence in one of them, save avowed quotations, that is borrowed or that is not strictly my own. I have read sermons, of course, on many of the texts that were infinitely better than they are. But I made it a rule that, inferior or otherwise, I would not "beg, borrow, or steal" my sermons from any man. The worse for my people, some might say. Perhaps so; but that was my resolve, and, by God's help, I have kept to it all these years. I have read all available matter on my texts, but not till *after* I had thought it out for myself; and even then, if thoughts were suggested by that reading—as, of course, they were—I have always brought them out and clothed them in my own way. The plan has been rich in reward, and sermon composition is now hardly a toil but a facile pleasure. Let that encourage the young toiler, and help him to persevere.

Ah me! it is a very solemn and pathetic pile. How many hundreds who heard many of those written words are now in eternity! Yes, I may say hundreds. More than a generation has passed away since many of them were written, and my entire ministry has been in large parishes and large churches. One of my churches, in which I preached as vicar for eight years, held 1,800 people, and it was generally well filled. My other churches have also been large ones. Many of those sermons have been preached in the ears of officers and soldiers who were killed in the Crimea and in Indian battles. Many who heard them have settled in foreign lands and died there. Some who heard them have been murdered. On one is written, "This was the last sermon heard by Lieutenant R.—two days before he was cruelly murdered at —." Some were preached about murders committed in my parish—some before executions—some on the death of Prince Albert—some on the marriage of the Prince of Wales—some on famines, wars, earthquakes and eclipses that have occurred—indeed, they are almost a brief passing record of English history for a generation! And, oh, what domestic calamities they refer to, and what sad events in congregational life! And some, alas! are blotted by my tears over personal bereavement and ministerial trials of a kind that now make my heart ache. There is one sermon there half written—never to be completed. I have never had the heart to finish it, and never shall. I was stopped in the middle of it by a telegram that told me of the greatest loss I have ever yet known. Little did I think when I wrote that last sentence that no other would be added to it for ever, and that, after that sentence, life would never be the same again. Yes, there in those cases

are the most solemn thoughts of my life of manhood stereotyped before my eyes—some of the saddest, some of the happiest!

And what have those thoughts—those words—wrought? It is an awful thought that they were not spoken into the air, to be lost there. As I look at their written record, the words of the Apostle come into my mind: "To the one we are a savour of life unto life, and to the other of death unto death." Some, I hope—nay, know—have been the former. I see there one sermon that is often a source of comfort to me, and a sign that, in hours of depression, tells me that the Lord hath spoken by me; and I look at it as David might have looked at his five stones out of the brook, or as the Israelites might have looked at the sword wherewith he smote off the head of the giant, or as the early Christians may have looked on Paul's "handkerchiefs and aprons." It was preached on a "Mission" which I undertook to six different villages around Maidstone in days when "Missions" were little known. The text was Job vii. 6. A daughter of a then celebrated M.P. was among one of the audiences, and it pleased God to bless that sermon to her conversion. The fact is mentioned in an interesting memoir of her which was published, for not many months after hearing it she died, rejoicing in the God of her salvation.

There is another of like interest. It was preached in my own church to a large congregation. Therein was a young man who was living in sin. In the sermon I asked this question: "Is there any young man here who is kept back from Christ by any Drusilla?" etc. I received some time after a letter from that young man, saying that that question entered his conscience like an arrow from heaven, and he said to himself, "Yes, I am." He went home, shut himself up in his room, fully confessed his sin to God, sought pardon, obtained it, and resolved to give up that hindrance. His subsequent life has shown how true a conversion it was. For thirty years he has walked in the way of the Lord consistently, and is now a superintendent in a Church Sunday-school.

There is another on the text "Choose ye this day," etc. That sermon awoke at least two that I heard of to decision for Christ. I shall never forget my joy at the letter received from one of them. He walked well for some time; but, alas! soon after he removed to another parish where were no spiritual advantages, and so fell into temptation and a snare. Whether he was ever recovered out of the snare of the devil I cannot tell. These are sad ministerial experiences, showing us that deep convictions and resolutions are not always true conversions; and that it is a very perilous thing for even a

truly converted man to remove into a spiritual arctic circle. People rarely think of their soul's welfare in regard to change of situation; but it often prevents fruit coming to perfection, or leads to sad backsliding. Let me hope that this interesting case was only one of the latter kind, and that the Good Shepherd brought back the wandering sheep to His fold.

One of those sermons had a very remarkable effect, and it may be well to note it, since it shows what great issues may flow from our pulpit utterances; how God may use them in shaping the destinies of men; and how prayerful we ought to be, therefore, in seeking for Divine guidance in preparing them. I was preaching on Lot's choice of the country round Sodom, and I described the case of a young man being tempted to leave home for the Australian gold-fields for the sake of mere temporal advantages, and going where there were no means of grace, but manifold temptations and corrupting examples, and of the consequent peril to his soul. A young man, of whom I knew absolutely nothing, was present who (as I afterwards was informed) was just about to sail to that place with those very ends. He was so struck by the applicability of what he heard to his case that he resolved to abandon his intention and to remain in England.

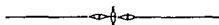
I remember another curious case. I was, in one of those sermons, describing a character. After the sermon, a young man came to the vestry and wished to speak to me. I saw he looked very excited, not to say angry. "You wish to speak to me?" I said. "Yes," he replied, "I want to know who it is that has been telling you about me, and what you mean by speaking of me in the pulpit as you have to-night." "Sir," I said, "I have not the least idea who you are. I do not know your face, or your name, and no one certainly has ever spoken to me about you." He could hardly believe it, for he felt certain that I was describing *him*, and that someone must have been talking to me about him. Thus, through the preaching of the Christ, "the thoughts of many hearts are revealed."

Some of those sermons recall other interesting reminiscences of an encouraging character. Here are two that a pious English Bishop heard among the Alps, and which he thanked me for very warmly. Not long after he died in the act of prayer. There is another; a copy of which is now in St. Petersburg. It was heard in Switzerland by a lady resident in the Russian capital, who asked for a copy of a sermon that she found so edifying and comforting. Such "tokens" from memory often cheer and support when "signs and tokens" do not appear in one's ordinary ministry. It is great thing to know that the Lord *has* used us as His instruments.

But those cases suggest other memories of a sadder kind. How terrible to think of the truths that some of them contain, and to remember that this one and that one heard them, and heard them in vain! I can remember many who lived without God in this world and died without Him—who, I know, heard numbers of those sermons—nay, and I know felt them. One was a very melancholy case. He was a man in good position and of great influence in his locality; and being one of the old "Church and King" school of Tories, he "always attended his church"—at least in the morning—and at this he was most regular, and even attentive. He did not like the truth preached, but he would not have been worthy of "Church and Queen" if he had not been in his parish church once a day. He was very friendly with me, and even kind. But the truth never seemed to come home to him in its power. I never knew, however, the full meaning of the words, "The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not," until one day, when he came to me to use his influence with me to vote for a certain candidate at the borough election. I told him "I would do anything I could for him, but I could not vote against my conscience." He angrily replied, "Oh, put your conscience in your pocket!" What a revelation of a state of mind that could say that, even to his minister!

There, too, are sermons that were heard by some who died drunkards and the victims of other vices. I can remember how I distinctly *thought* of them when I preached this sermon and that; and that *that* sermon was specially written with a view to impress one whose face seems now to be photographed upon it, but who was *not* impressed, and who, if he were, resisted the impression, and lived and died, notwithstanding, a godless and a wicked man. Oh, my old sermons, I look at you with awe! Were they as faithful with those souls as they might have been? I read some of them over again, now that those souls who heard them are in eternity, and I really hardly see how they could well have been more faithful. That *is* a comfort now. But I have been thinking, as I have been gazing, what witnesses against those unhappy souls are there dumbly lying! Will there be—will there not be—a resurrection of those sermons? The paper of them will one day be ashes or dust; but will they not rise again? O God! may they not be witnesses against myself! But how solemn to think that those fading sheets that lie there will be factors in the judgment of the Great Day!

RICHARD GLOVER.



ART. IV.—PADRE CURCI.

IN Curci a man has passed away who might have made his mark in the history of the Italian Church if he had had more courage and confidence in himself, and if his natural strength had not been sapped by his Jesuit training.

He was born in 1809 at Naples, and joined the Jesuits about 1830. Being a man of more than average ability, and throwing himself zealously into the Jesuit cause, he became the champion of the party, leading the attack upon Gioberti and founding the *Civiltà Cattolica*, which he kept up by his own talent, assisted by Bresciani, Taparelli and a few fellow workers. The periodical became a power in Italy, having as many as 14,000 subscribers, and being known as the organ of the Society; and the reputation of Curci grew with its growth. But this very thing led to his downfall. "The majority of my brethren," writes the padre, "who were good and spiritual, were pleased at the Divine favour that attended my various labours, but there were not wanting those who felt in a different way about it. The reputation of Padre Secchi (the astronomer) for his special gifts was an honour to all, gave no umbrage to anyone; but in fallen claustral families it is an ugly misfortune to do *that* a little better than the rest, in which all may aspire to distinguish themselves. I paid no attention to this till I saw and felt the outburst of that long pent-up spleen" ("La Nuova Italia," ch. x.).

The padre laid himself open to an attack by a Letter which he addressed to Pope Pius IX., and by some private conversation, in which he appeared but a lukewarm advocate of the Temporal Power. The General at once threatened expulsion, and Cardinal Simeoni and Monsignor Claski told him that he could not escape it. With the anger of mortified vanity he wrote to the General, telling him to do as he would, and he was accordingly expelled; and his character was assailed by a pamphlet called "Breve Exame," having the signature, "A Father of the Society of Jesus," in which, says the padre, "I am painted in their wonted vulgar platform style as a liar, an impostor, a plagiarist, as one possessed by evil spirits, a follower of uncatholic doctrines, a common apostate, and a rogue of the lowest sort . . . so completely is lying, abuse, and evil-speaking seen to be the elements of that sort of journalism, natural to it and inseparable from it."

Driven from what had been his home for fifty years, the padre took up his residence with an unbeneficed priest in Tuscany who offered him hospitality, but the day after his arrival the priest was summoned by the Vicar-General and forbidden to harbour the renegade. He drifted down to

Naples, where, "kept aloof from the society of the clergy, turned almost into an outlaw, and shunned as a *pecus morbida*, I found myself in an absolute isolation, in something of a state of ostracism;" "scarcely one here and there dared to salute me." The padre went to Rome and appealed to Cardinal Pecci for protection; but the cardinal, though an old friend and well-disposed towards him, shook his head. "Those men," he said sadly, "will not allow it—those of the *Civiltà Cattolica* are irreconcilable and merciless." The old man had to return to Naples with no more than permission to say Mass privately in his own house. But he was quite happy. He was engaged in the great work of translating the New Testament into Italian, and as long as that occupation lasted, he was satisfied with his lot. He lived in a garret in the street of St. Marco with no companion but a servant lad, rose at three a.m., and went to bed at nine p.m., devoting twelve hours each day to literary work. No true student will doubt that such a life was one of almost perfect enjoyment. But it could not last for ever. His New Testament was brought to a conclusion. He threw himself into polemics. "Moderno Dissidio," advocating resignation under the loss of the Temporal Power, had already appeared. "La Nuova Italia ed i Vecchi Zelanti," "Il Vaticano Regio," and "Lo scandalo del Vaticano Regio," followed one another in succession, showing to the world the abuses and scandals of the Italian Church, the Jesuit Order, and the Roman Curia.

From the time that he first assailed the dogma of the Temporal Power Curci was suspended *a divinis*. His later books earned him excommunication. As long as the excitement of the battle kept him up he stood his ground; but he was an old man of seventy-three, with no family ties, as much afraid of Protestantism as of Popery, with no one like-minded to commune, with no one at all except his servant lad to speak to. For fifty years he had been under Jesuit direction, which makes it a virtue to sacrifice conscience to obedience. Leo XIII. and his brother, Cardinal Pecci, were personally friendly to him. If he stood where he was, he had nothing to depend upon except the precarious income derived from his books, if he reconciled himself to the Curia he might look forward to a pension, to a post in the Vatican, and to rehabilitation in the eyes of his friends. With his early training what it had been, he could not be expected to stand firm. And he did not. An equivocal form of recantation was placed before him, so worded as to seem to the world a retraction, while he could persuade himself that he was withdrawing nothing; and he signed it. From that moment his reputation, which stood very high, sank in the estimation of his countrymen to zero.

He attempted, indeed, to take part in the discussion of the Socialist Question, but his name had become a by-word for weakness, and no one listened to him. He had but to wait ingloriously till death took him away two months ago. He might have been an Italian Döllinger had he not been trained in the methods of the Jesuits.

F. MEYRICK.

ART. V.—ARCHBISHOP TAIT.—I.

FEW men have ever been more misrepresented and less understood than Archbishop Tait. It is a misfortune of men who, in prominent positions, are the advocates of a moderate policy, whatever their own convictions may be, to incur the odium and provoke the dislike of all who rejoice in "the falsehood of extremes."

The two volumes¹ which the Bishop of Rochester—whose restoration to health, sufficient to discharge the duties of the episcopate, is most earnestly desired—and Canon Benham, have given to the world, is more than "the plain record of a busy and eventful life." It is a real vindication of the career of a great and good man, of whom we may emphatically say, to use his own words, taken from a most interesting memorandum, after seven years of episcopal life, "that his main object has been to endeavour so to present the Church of England, as that, fully maintaining the truth of Christ, it shall become more and more rooted in the affections of the people." It has been said, with a good deal of partisan venom, that Archbishop Tait was a great man, but a bad Churchman. If to realize the peculiar position the Church of England holds in the world and in Christendom, to maintain the standing-ground with regard to episcopacy, held by Richard Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, and Bishop Lightfoot; if to believe that the much-dreaded criticism of sacred documents must conduct inquirers to a fuller appreciation of essential truth; if to look upon a reasonable relaxation of such an obligation as that to use the Athanasian Creed in public service, as not necessarily hurtful; if to endeavour to maintain the ancient rights of the Church, and to establish a generally acceptable Final Court of Appeal, be the aim and intention of a bad Churchman, we can only say, that we hope and trust the race may increase and multiply. It is really provoking to see how seldom men

¹ "Life of Archibald Campbell Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury." By Randall Thomas Davidson, D.D., Dean of Windsor, and William Benham, B.D., Hon. Canon of Canterbury. Two vols. Macmillan and Co.

are capable of rising out of the miserable trammels of partisanship. Mistakes, undoubtedly, in the course of his episcopate, Archbishop Tait made, but his ability, his statesmanship, and his intense desire to nationalize the Church of England, and to gather into its fold many who are certainly not separatist in spirit, are now at last made evident to the many as they were always known to those who enjoyed his intimate friendship.

In a very remarkable letter, addressed to an earnest and influential layman, who withdrew himself from the Bishop of London's Fund on account of the Bishop's readiness to avail himself of the sympathy and help of every sort of fellow-labourer, there are some sentences which express exactly the position which Archbishop Tait assumed. The passage is well worth quoting, as it seems to give the key-note of his earnest and devout career.

I assure you that we are truly sorry to lose you from the council ; of course you must act according to your conscientious convictions, however mistaken they may be. . . . You think, I gather, that those in authority ought to have taken steps to clear the Church of persons who do not agree with you, or rather, with the section of the Church with which you find yourself in harmony. Now, I grant that the National Church must partake of the fallible condition in which all outward institutions find themselves. It must more or less always be like the net cast into the sea and filled with fishes bad and good. But this characteristic belongs to all churches, established and unestablished. I know that you would not hold a hypocritical profession of the great Gospel doctrines to be of any value without a renewed heart and a godly life, but I know not how any outward body, however small and merely sectional, can free itself from the admixture of bad characters with the good. There are hypocrites everywhere. The National Church, then, like all other churches and denominations, must be contented in this imperfect state of things to be imperfect. But then, perhaps, you think that the authorities of the Church regard some things as not evil which you regard as evil. I know they must, and usually do, take an enlarged and comprehensive view such as many individual Christians without their responsibility do not take. I know also that they must take a more enlarged and comprehensive view of the differences amongst Christians than many ministers of small bodies take, or than Roman Catholics may take who think that the human intellect and feelings can be forced into a narrow groove. I grant also that the whole spirit of the formularies of the Church of England is on the side of this comprehensive charitable view of the comparative unimportance of lesser differences, while men adhere to the grand essentials of the faith ; and I grant that we are also convinced that these essentials may be held with the power of a saving faith by High Churchmen, Low Churchmen, and Broad Churchmen. There is a point beyond which we believe that diversity of opinion must destroy

unity ; and where there is denial of the great Christian doctrines, there we hold that men cannot with any propriety continue in our Communion, whether they be expelled from it, or leave it of their own accord. But till we see this point reached we are great believers in the power of the unity of the faith held even amongst great diversities of opinion ; also we consider it a sacred duty not to push even to extreme conclusions, however logically deducible from their premises. We do not separate even from a very strong Calvinist, because we think that logically he ought to be a believer in the doctrine of a necessity destroying freedom of will, and therefore destroying also the distinction between right and wrong ; nor from a man who holds very high views of the Sacraments, because logically he ought to be a Roman Catholic. Provided men do not carry out their peculiar doctrines to these logical consequences, we rejoice that they should be able to act with us in the spirit of the Gospel with the love of the Lord Jesus Christ in their hearts. This is the principle on which the Church of England is comprehensive, and in the truest sense catholic, as a real representative of the Church of Christ.

I have written at length, not with a hope of altering your opinion, but that you may understand our principles. I have long thought that each man will best serve God by acting as in God's sight on his own strong convictions, and I rejoice and trust that there are many ways in which you will still be able to co-operate with us, even though you cannot follow the course which we believe to be right, doing what we can in the midst of weakness and fallibility for the souls for which Christ died, and leaving results to God.

Archibald Campbell Tait retained to the last the characteristic peculiarities of his Scottish ancestors. The account given by his sister, Lady Wake, tells us that many members of the family were, in the last century, zealous adherents of the Scottish Episcopal Church. The grandfather of the Archbishop married a lady who drew her husband to the Established Church of Scotland. The Archbishop was born on the 22nd of December, 1811, and it will be a surprise to many to know he was born club-footed. The few pages which contain the account of his early days are full of interest. To the faithful nurse, Betty Morton, the future Archbishop owed much. The picture of the youthful student, devoted to the study of an old family Bible, dwells in the memory, and will recall to many, familiar with the interior life of old-fashioned Scottish families, scenes and persons now, we fear, rapidly disappearing. In large families in the upper classes in Scotland, the nurse had a position of peculiar dignity, and many, who have not been archbishops, will remember how much they owe to the impulse and direction given by the Betty Mortons, who lectured them and indulged them, and carefully registered their strengths and their weaknesses. Under the care of this faithful attendant the Archbishop and a brother, also afflicted with weakness of

limbs, were sent to Whitworth, in Lancashire, where, after some time, they were cured by the strange Whitworth doctors named Taylor—men who certainly, in a rough-and-ready fashion of their own, effected cures where ordinary medical care had failed. At the Edinburgh High School the Archbishop received his first instruction. In 1824 he was transferred to the newly-founded Academy, and in 1827, after a brilliant prize-day, Lord Cockburn addressed the successful dux in these words, "Remember that wherever you go, the eyes of your country are upon you." Many years afterwards, in the same room, the Dean of Carlisle, as he then was, reminded, probably with a recollection of his own early success, the dux of that day, "that another Eye, besides that of man, is upon you, and that a higher approbation is to be won than that of your fellow-creatures." From the Edinburgh Academy, Tait passed to Glasgow University. There he made many friends, among whom was Mr. Selve, the well-known magistrate, who afterwards became his brother-in-law. He took a part in the political and literary life of the University. He was most fortunate in obtaining one of the Snell exhibitions to Balliol College, and indeed, without this aid, he could hardly have hoped to see Oxford, as his father's fortune was at this time much diminished. It has been said that his parents belonged to the Established Church, but it is evident that a friendship with a cousin, who was an Episcopalian, had gradually attracted him to the services of the church where Bishop Sandford ministered in Edinburgh. In many Scottish households at this time, the lines of division between the two communions were not strongly marked, and nothing was more natural than for those who had finished their education at Oxford, to pass into the communion of the Church of England, without any violent severance from old friends and associations. At Oxford Tait was prepared for Confirmation by his tutor Moberly, who, in his old age, dwelt with pleasure upon the reality of the pupil, who, reversing the order of things, was the presiding archbishop when Dr. Moberly was consecrated Bishop of Salisbury. Tait found himself a member of a most remarkable society when he commenced his Oxford life. Herman Merivale, Manning, and Stephen Denison, one of a famous brotherhood, were fellow guests with him at Moberly's breakfast. He won the Balliol scholarship, and very soon took his place in a society containing many clever and distinguished men. "The scholars of Balliol, when I first joined them, were Payne, son of Sir Peter Payne of Bedfordshire (he had the first of the open scholarships); Grove, who became Principal of Brasenose; Whitaker Churton, afterwards Fellow of Brasenose; Charles Marriott, afterwards Fellow of Oriel; Sir John Eardley Wilmot;

Elder, afterwards Headmaster of Charterhouse; and Herbert, a very clever man from Eton, strange and rough in his manner—he was accidentally drowned when on a walking tour in Switzerland. All these I found there. Blackburn was elected with me; he gained the first scholarship, I the second. The next year came Lord Cardwell and Father Tickell of the Jesuits. After them, Vice-Chancellor Wickens and Dr. Holden, Headmaster of Durham; a little later came Arthur Stanley and Professor James Lonsdale; then Lake, Dean of Durham; and Goulburn, Dean of Norwich; Jowett; Sir Stafford Northcote; Arthur Clough; Lord Coleridge, Chief Justice of England; John Seymour, who died early, and James Riddell. All these were my friends and contemporaries; but the men with whom I so habitually lived that we acquired the name of the ‘family party,’ our rooms being on the same stairs, were Bence Jones, Joseph Salt, Alexander Hall, and dear old John William Pugh, a truly Christian friend, two years older than myself. This man, though never known in public life, was one of the most saintly characters I have ever met, and to me he was invaluable. I found my letters of introduction of the greatest use. One was to Mills, the Professor of Moral Philosophy, who introduced me to the acquaintance of Cramer, the head of New Inn Hall. Both Whately (at that time head of St. Alban’s Hall, to whom I had a letter from Sir William Hooker, Professor of Botany at Glasgow) and Shuttleworth, afterwards Bishop of Chichester, were in the habit of inviting me to their houses. No person of eminence ever came to Oxford without dining with Shuttleworth, and from his intimate relations with Holland House, having been tutor to General Fox, Lord Holland’s son, his acquaintance was most extensive with all the intellectual lights of the day. The invitations to his house, therefore, were of the highest interest to a young undergraduate.”

There must have been something dignified about Tait in his early days. It was a tradition in his wide family circle in Scotland that a shrewd old lady, well known in Edinburgh, after hearing the young fellow and tutor of Balliol preach, said: “I should not wonder if you young folks should some day see Archie Tait an archbishop.” We could almost wish that the writer of the story of Tait’s Oxford days had been able to give us more of the impression made upon Tait by the remarkable men who composed the circle of his friends. With Frederick Oakeley, in spite of the gravest differences of belief, he maintained through life a warm friendship. The extracts from the journal—of an almost entirely devotional character—are admirably chosen, and show the real depth and sincerity of Tait’s inner life. At Oxford, at Rugby, in the trying scenes

in Carlisle, at Fulham, and at Lambeth, he is always the same consistent, composed, well-balanced and well-proportioned Christian thinker. One who knew him most intimately was in the habit of calling him "the most forgiving man he knew." The Dean of Durham has strikingly expressed, in his paper of "Reminiscences," his belief that when Tait went to Rugby, and when he was made Bishop of London, although he would make some mistakes, his force and dignity of character, his quiet self-confidence, and his strong good sense—the great quality in which he most believed—would ensure his success.

After his ordination, to the astonishment of his friends, he combined with his tutorship the curacy of a difficult parish. He carried on this work for five years, and more than one of his London clergy, in after years, was surprised to find that the Bishop of whom he had only thought as a headmaster and a dean, had a real insight, gained from his experience as a curate, into the difficulties and struggles of parochial life.

It is difficult for men of this generation to understand the intense keenness of the struggle at Oxford in the early days of the Tractarian movement. Much has been said about the part which Tait took in the protest against Tract XC. Hard words were thrown at the Archbishop by those who looked upon the action of the four tutors as harsh and severe. But a calm review of the controversial literature of the time, will, we think, exonerate the Archbishop from all personal feeling. He thoroughly appreciated the moral dignity of his principal antagonist, and the words of the late Dean of Rochester, a man of calm judgment, expressing approval of the course taken by Tait, will be read with great interest as an evidence of the feeling of one who differed from him in many ways.

At this moment A. P. Stanley comes upon the scene with characteristic fervour. In a most interesting letter he warns Tait against drawing the articles too tight, or they will strangle more parties than one. The young Liberal was beginning already to pant after the comprehension, which he certainly stretched in after years to extraordinary length. One of the most delightful revelations of these two volumes, is the picture given to us of the intimate relation between Tait and Stanley. The biographers have been most courageous in printing letters which certainly contain sharp and severe utterances, and very few friendships have ever been so rudely shaken as in the sharp passages of the "Essays and Reviews" controversy. But the true and deep nature of Tait was proof against all temptation to break a friendship of many years' standing; he remembered the great qualities and noble enthusiasms of his warm-hearted friend, and believed that the time would come when that friend would view his conduct in an altogether different light.

Ten years ago, when a remarkable company gathered together in the Chapter House of Westminster to do honour to the memory of Arthur Stanley, all controversial feeling was forgotten, and the eminent services which the Dean had rendered to the Abbey which he loved so well were duly acknowledged. Everyone who was present felt that the words of the Archbishop were the true expressions of one who felt, that differences of opinion often grave, melted away before the recollection of unselfish aims and real devotion to the noblest of causes. The words spoken by Archbishop Tait on that occasion recalled to many the touching tribute which he paid in the pulpit of St. Paul's to the great historian of "Latin Christianity," and many who heard him remarked at the time that before long kindly and appreciative words would be uttered regarding the speaker himself. Not many months after, the Archbishop himself passed away.

The appointment of Tait to the headmastership of Rugby School was a surprise to many ; he was not, as Principal Shairp says, "a born schoolmaster," but the friends of Arnold upon the whole encouraged and supported him. The numbers of the school increased. His happy marriage to Catherine Spooner was a bright feature in his Rugby days. His sympathies were widened, and although he still took a keen interest in Oxford affairs, and threw himself into his work at Rugby with great vigour, he kept up all his old habits of careful study, and great devotional earnestness. In 1848 severe rheumatic fever laid him low. It was thought he might die at any moment, and he sent touching messages to many friends. "Tell him," he said to Mr. Shairp, "I have perfect peace from faith in the simplest of all truths, that Christ died for the ungodly." It is hardly right to dwell upon the evidences of deep personal piety given in these two volumes, but the writer of this notice must be pardoned for inserting here his recollection that Bishop Jacobson, shortly before the Archbishop's death, in bearing witness to his high character, said, "I say to you what I have said to many, that few men have lived nearer to God than Tait." After his illness his friends felt that the burden of Rugby was too great for him, and in 1849 he gladly accepted the Deanery of Carlisle. The change in the feelings of Rugby boys towards their headmaster after his illness, is admirably recorded by the Rev. A. G. Butler. Many Rugbeians have often spoken of the memorable scene, when Mr. Goschen was chosen to present a testimonial from the boys before Dr. Tait's departure. During his years at Carlisle, a sad storm broke over the happy family. Scarlet fever deprived the parents of five children. The story of this sad sorrow is well known, and has made a deep impression upon many a

reader. In 1856 the Dean of Carlisle was summoned to one of the hardest tasks in the English Church. To succeed an illustrious prelate like Bishop Blomfield, might, indeed, make a brave heart quail. Tait, however, felt that the post was none of his own seeking, and he began his new life with cordial good wishes, and prayers of many friends who believed that his episcopate would prove a real blessing to the Church of England.

The work of Canon Benham and Bishop Davidson has been, on the whole, admirably done. A little more compression would be perhaps desirable, but the aim of both writers has been to give a fair and distinct portrait. They have attained success.

G. D. BOYLE.

(To be continued.)

ART. VI.—THE WATCH AT THE GRAVE.

The Cavil of the Author of the "Fragment of Wolfenbüttel."

FROM the day when the writer of the "Fragment of Wolfenbüttel" ("Über die Auferstehungsgeschichte") endeavoured to disprove the narrative of the watch at the grave of Jesus (Matt. xxvii. 62-66, and xxviii. 1-8, 11-15) until Strauss renewed his work and embellished it with the accessories of a greater ingenuity and a more extended learning, this most signal of the proofs of the crowning doctrine of our faith has been the principal point to which the attacks of infidelity have been directed. "All we believe," writes St. Nicetas, "we believe because of the resurrection."¹ To deprive us of this firm hope has been the great object of the disbelievers in our faith from the beginning—and as the most fruitful countries have ever been the most liable to invasion, so this most precious of the possessions of our faith has been exposed to the fiercest assaults of the enemy.

The passage relating to this incident in the celebrated "Fragment" runs thus:

"How can it be reconciled with the truth of this history that, with the exception of Matthew, no single evangelist in his narration, no single Apostle in his epistles, makes the remotest mention of it? How can it consist with the truth of this history that not one Apostle or disciple, either before Jewish or heathen tribunals, or before the people in their houses or

¹ "Totum quod, credimus, propter nostram credimus resurrectionem."
—Expl. Symboli.

synagogues, makes use of it for the convincing of the hearers or for their own defence? . . . Yet in the whole of the Acts of the Apostles, in the frequent defences they make before the Church while testifying the resurrection of Jesus, they make not the slightest allusion to so remarkable a circumstance. They speak only this: 'We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard,' 'We are his witnesses, and so is also the Holy Ghost.' . . . Why did not the Apostles dismiss all these false and idle *petitiones principii*, and avail themselves instead of so advantageous a point as this, which the very consciences of the judges would have made credible to them, and which alone was able to move, to convince, and to shame them? How else can we conclude, than, that either the narrative must be untrue, or the Apostles would have necessarily made use of it here, where it was the only strong proof that remained to them, and all others could effect nothing?"

Such is, in the main, the contention of the writer of the Fragments, which were published anonymously under the editorship of Lessing as "Fragmente des Wolfenbüttelschen Ungenannten" (Berlin, 1788, pp. 225-6). Much is added by the writer on the lesser points of the incident, but it will be enough in these few remarks to meet its chief contention. In the admission that this history is of the greatest importance the believers in the truth of the resurrection of Jesus will entirely concur with its adversaries. But their respective views regarding the silence of the other evangelists and of the Apostles at a later period will be in complete divergence. The difficulties presented by the author will be seen on closer examination to involve assumptions which are absolutely inconsistent with the relations in which the followers of Jesus were standing in regard to their adversaries. It is assumed that they were standing before the world in a perfect equality with their opponents—that they rather resembled the parties in a civil suit involving no religious issues, than in a criminal cause in which they were already prejudged. They are supposed to have possessed means of defence which are absolutely incompatible with their utterly helpless condition. Had they ventured to assert the truth of the resurrection on such a ground we may well conceive the storm of indignation and of ridicule with which they would have been overwhelmed. It is utterly forgotten, moreover, that during the only season in which an appeal to the consciences of the judges could have been made—that at the only period at which it was capable of corroboration, the Apostles were scattered everyone to his own; that not until some time afterwards was the truth of the resurrection, far less the doctrine, fully known to them; and that when it was known they naturally rested

more fully upon that personal evidence which made them the actual witnesses of its truth, than on a fact which depended upon the evidence of men they were unable to produce, and whose testimony, even if capable of production, would be ever liable to dispute and contradiction—"Ye are witnesses," said our Lord, "of all these things."

The silence of all the other evangelists in regard to so remarkable an incident might indeed at first sight occasion a feeling of surprise, and perhaps of desire that so important a circumstance might receive corroboration in the writings of the other witnesses of the risen Saviour. But this feeling will pass away when we have given due consideration to

I. The form in which the Gospel narrative is conveyed to us.

II. The development which the argument for the truth of the resurrection received in its later history.

I. Viewing the evangelists rather in the character of witnesses than mere narrators of fact, giving evidence of what they had seen and heard, we should be rather led to seek for a general agreement in the leading facts and truths of their narrative than for the perfect harmony and adjustment of every subordinate feature or unimportant detail. We should bear in mind the circumstance that they were regarding the same events from different points of view, and as independent, though not unassisted, witnesses of divine truth. The slighter discrepancies which are presented by the different Gospels, and the absence in several of them of that orderly course of narrative which distinguishes the Gospel of St. Luke, are justly regarded by St. Chrysostom as invaluable proofs of the ingenuousness and honesty of the writers, and of their freedom from collusion or fraud. Why should we fear to admit that in such lesser points the evangelists were left to the freedom and independence of witnesses who, from the different aspects in which they were viewing the same great facts, were not over-careful to bring the lesser lines of their picture into perfect correspondence? It would seem, indeed, that the sacred narrative was entrusted to four writers rather than drawn up in a single and absolute form, in order that it might the better commend itself to all alike, and present a concurrence of independent witnesses rather than an artificial unity and a systematic form. "What, then?" (asks St. Chrysostom), "was not one evangelist sufficient to relate all? He was assuredly. But if even four should write Gospels, not at the same time, nor in the same manner, nor yet meeting or conferring together, and yet should with one mouth declare everything, this would surely be the greatest proof of the truth. But you will say, perhaps, 'The very reverse of this has happened. They are

shown to be in disagreement on many points.' Even this, I reply, is the greatest proof of truth. For if they were in exact agreement in points of time and place, and even in their very words, no one of their adversaries would have believed that they had not associated themselves in some human confederacy and thus wrote what they have written. 'For such an agreement,' they would have said, 'does not belong to an ingenuous narration.' But now the very discrepancies that appear in slight matters preserve them from all suspicion of deceit, and clearly vindicate the sincerity of the writers."¹

To expect absolutely the same evidence from every one of the four witnesses, would be to render the testimony of three out of the four superfluous, and the entire evidence suspicious. The chain of evidences was to be completed and supplemented by every one in his appointed order, and according to his personal knowledge and experience. And if we mark the features which are peculiar to one or another of the Gospels, we shall find how singularly they contribute to prove at once the authenticity and independence of the narratives. Thus the incident of the watch over the tomb of Jesus is related by that very evangelist who was most likely, from his greater intercourse with the Jewish world, to obtain the knowledge of it, and by him alone. The entire history of St. Matthew would lead us to conclude that he was far better able to become acquainted with the course and proceedings of the adversaries of Jesus than any other of the Apostles. St. Mark, as the disciple of a later day, could only have derived it from St. Matthew, had he ever designed to record the incident. Here again the charge of collusion would have arisen, and the very repetition of the fact would have injured rather than promoted its credibility. Of every such instance of the silence of an evangelist we may say, as has been said of our Lord's teaching itself, "*Tacendo maxime docuit.*"

But while we are ready to admit, with the author of the "Fragment," that this incident is of the highest value and importance in itself, we are by no means prepared to concede that an appeal to it in the earlier period, in which alone it could have been made, would have had any probability of success; nay, it would have been highly injurious and even dangerous to the little community of believers upon whom the truth and doctrine of the resurrection rose so slowly and gradually. At such a period as this, their own personal experiences outweighed every other evidence, and in a manner superseded it. "The Lord is risen indeed," was their grand and only argument. And it was proved by His successive

¹ In Matt. Hom. I.

appearances—"He hath appeared unto Simon." They needed no other testimony at a moment like this. Their eyes had seen the risen Lord even as the eyes of the brethren of Joseph saw and recognised the brother whom they believed to be dead; but risen (as it were) to a life of power and glory. What need had they of other witnesses? Christ seemed to have said to them, like the Patriarch: "Behold, your eyes have seen . . . that it is my mouth that speaketh unto you." The evidence derived from the watch at the tomb in its own nature grew weaker from day to day, while, during the forty days of our Lord's risen teaching, an amount of personal evidence grew up with so increased a strength and influence as to render an appeal to any other proof unnecessary. The Jews, whose rulers the story of the robbery of the body of Jesus incriminated, could hardly be expected to accept the statement of it at second hand as an argument worthy of credit, while the Gentiles, who received the doctrine of the resurrection from the general and convincing arguments of St. Paul, would still less need to be reminded of a fact whose proof to their minds would be so far more remote. The idea of the exclusive importance of the evidence of the watch at the tomb was rather the afterthought of a late apocryphal writer than the conviction of those whose witness of the risen Saviour was personal and real.

The author of the spurious Epistle of Pilate to Tiberius, when he invented names for the watchmen at the tomb, set a value upon their testimony which could never have belonged to it in the day when the living presence of the Saviour was fresh in the minds of His disciples.

II. But a new and irresistible argument was growing up in the Church which daily tended to give less prominence to the earlier evidence of the empty tomb, and the lies of the authorities in their endeavours to explain a fact which they were compelled to admit. The doctrine and power of the resurrection, growing in the hearts of the disciples, and bearing fruits of life and holiness in the Church, had sprung up from the fact and truth of the resurrection of Jesus, giving a testimony to that crowning truth which its adversaries were unable to gainsay or to resist. The resurrection in the days of St. Paul, its last witness, had become not only a doctrine, but a "power"—"That I may know Him and the *power* of His resurrection," was the prayer of the great Apostle whose whole after-life gave such signal proof of it. The appearance of Jesus to the Apostle on his way to Damascus was the link which connected the actual fact of the resurrection with the evidence of it in the life of the disciple. Strauss, in his "Life of Jesus," endeavours vainly to employ this supernatural manifestation to the de-

struction of the historic truth. "Paul," he writes, "places the manifestation of Christ, of which he was the witness, in the same rank as the appearances of Jesus in the days of the resurrection. This authorizes us to conclude that in the mind of the Apostle, these earlier appearances were of the same nature as that which he had himself."¹

"Last of all He was seen of me," etc. (1 Cor. xv. 8). If he had carefully weighed the entire argument of St. Paul, instead of deriving a forced meaning from a detached passage of it, he would have seen that it rests upon the assumption, that the fact of our Lord's resurrection is so indisputable, that the doctrine of a general resurrection ought to be admitted as a natural consequence of it. The Corinthians did not doubt or dispute the truth of the resurrection of Christ, but only the deduction from it of a general resurrection. The appearance of our Lord, by the way, was the revelation of the truth of the fact, made not indeed on earth, as in the appearances of the great forty days, but from the scene of our Lord's glorified life, and was the token, not only of the reality of the resurrection, but also of that of the ascension. Hence we need not regard with wonder or incredulity the connection between the revelations of the risen Saviour to St. Paul, and those made to His first disciples during His risen life upon earth. They form necessary links between His bodily appearances and those spiritual proofs of the resurrection, which the faithful in every age have given in their own experience, as raised in His power to newness of life, and thus enabled to become themselves witnesses of the resurrection. In a single word, they are the points of union between the *truth* of the resurrection as a fact, and the *power* of the resurrection as a doctrine—between the resurrection to glory of the Master, and the resurrection through grace of the disciple.

The Apostle in the Ep. to the Corinthians has, as his object, to trace for us the progress of this great truth from the day when it had only a material evidence, to that in which it was spiritually revealed and evidenced in the lives of the disciples of Christ. In the course of this recapitulation he places, as the connecting link, the appearance of our Lord to himself, by which he became a living witness of its truth and the first proof of its power. This miraculous appearance was as true as those in which our Lord manifested Himself to His disciples after His resurrection, though it was the truth in a new form and in a still higher development. It rather derived from them the reality which they possessed, than threw back upon them the visionary features which surrounded it, and which necessarily belonged to the manifestation of the glorified Saviour.

¹ "Leben Jesu," Vol. II., p. 681.

When the author of the "Fragment," taking his text from the argument of Celsus, asks "why the Passion should have been witnessed by the whole world and the Resurrection only by a few, whereof the contrary should have been the case," we may well reply that the manifestation of this supreme truth followed the ordinary course of God's Providence. The wonderful discoveries of the natural world have been revealed in the same manner to some one or few gifted minds. The great discoveries of moral truth have been thus disclosed to a few, though all were equally interested in their discovery. We may well, with St. Bernard, refer the caviller to the Supreme Authority, and reply, "*Ipsium interroga; mihi scire licet quod ita; cur ita, non licet.*" The religion of our Lord, like Himself in His human nature, was to "grow up as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground." It was not to strive or contend or to make its voice heard in the streets, but to spring up secretly and influentially in the hearts of men. It was not the faithless multitude or the empty grave which were to prove that the Lord was risen indeed, but the deep and solemn conviction and testimony of chosen witnesses, whose unbiased minds and freedom from every prepossessing influence gave them the best preparation for so great an evidence.

The author of the "Fragment" next asks, "How comes it that if the stealing of the body by the disciples of Jesus is a universal saying among the Jews, the tradition of St. Matthew is not also a universal saying among the Christians?" I reply, How can he prove that it was not so? The silence of the other evangelists at a later period is, as we have shown, no proof that it was not so. The mention of it by St. Matthew rather proves the early character and date of his gospel, and that it was written at a period when the lie of the watchmen was actually current, than that it was not denied by the Christians, whose refutation of it could only be uttered in secret and in fear of being themselves compromised. The attempt to prove the calumny of the Jews to be probable and credible, while the explanation of the evangelists is alleged to be absurd and contradictory, rests wholly upon the author's determined denial of the possibility of a miracle, a subject which opens too large a field for our present purpose. Christians are content to accept the conclusion of St. Augustine, "*Demus Deum aliquid posse quod nos fateamur investigare non possumus; in talibus rebus tota ratio facti est potentia facientis*" (ad Volusian., Ep. 3).

To conclude, let us not be disheartened or depressed at the renewal in our day, and amongst ourselves, of the attacks of an earlier infidelity upon this citadel of our Christian faith and

hope. For though the outward and material evidence of the resurrection can be produced no more to convince the doubtful, as in the case of St. Thomas, the proofs which converted and convinced the world are still before us in the testimony of those by whom the "power of the resurrection" has been proved in the Christian life. We cannot claim, at the same time, the gift of a visible manifestation of its truth, and the higher grace of those who, "not having seen, have yet believed."

We have still before us, not indeed the miraculous appearance of Christ which qualified the great Apostle to be His witness, but the continuous and convincing miracle of the life of faith, rising in the strength of God and in the power of the resurrection high above fear and loss, doubt and danger, pain and death, yea, and the very grave itself. Oh! that in our life and conversation we may be of the number of those who add daily in their lives to this great and cumulative evidence. As the outward evidence is removed farther and farther from us, and year after year increases the distance of the great event from our own age and life, the inward evidence increases in power and volume. It may be said that the Church, like the great Apostle, is "strengthened with might in the inner man," and that the "inward man is renewed from day to day" by the fresh evidence of the truth of the resurrection which is built up in the lives of the faithful. They "shall go from strength to strength" until the day when, in the joys of the resurrection to eternal glory, they shall "appear every one of them before God in Zion" (Ps. lxxxiv. 7).

ROBERT C. JENKINS.

Notes on Bible Words.

NO. XI.—"SANCTIFICATION."

THE word *ἁγιασμός*, *sanctification*, is found only in the Sept., N. Test. (in all but two places used by St. Paul), and in Ecclesiastical writings.

The verb is *ἁγιάζω*, to make *ἅγιον*. Matt. vi. 9: "Hallowed be Thy name;" xxiii. 17: "The temple that sanctifieth the gold;" John xvii. 17: "Sanctify them;"¹ 19: "I sanctify Myself, that they also may be sanctified" (*ἁγιασμένοι*, cf. Acts xx. 32, xxvi. 18); x. 36:

¹ *Sanctify*, i. e., consecrate, hallow: *in* the truth. The prayer is that the consecration which is represented by admission into the Christian society may be completely realized in fact.—Westcott.

"Whom the Father sanctified," ἡγίασεν, consecrated.¹ R.V., marg. 1 Thess. v. 23: "sanctify you wholly."

On the N.T. use of ἁγιασμός, Bishop Ellicott writes—1 Thess. iii. 13, ἐν ἁγιωσύνη, "in holiness," as follows:

In meaning it differs but little from ἀγιότης, except, perhaps, that it represents more the condition than the abstract quality, while ἁγιασμός, as its termination shows, points primarily to the process (2 Thess. ii. 13; 1 Pet. i. 2), and thence, with that gradual approach of the termination in -μός to that in -σύνη, which is so characteristic of the N.T., the state (ch. iv. 4; 1 Tim. ii. 15), frame of mind, or holy disposition (Waterland, *On Justific.*, vol. vi., p. 7), in which the action of the verb is evinced and exemplified.²

In Rom. vi. 19 Meyer renders εἰς ἁγιασμόν, in order to attain holiness: to be ἅγιος in mind and walk. Meyer lays it down that in N.T. ἁγιασμός is always holiness, not sanctification. Godet also prefers holiness. "It more naturally denotes the result reached than the action put forth," says Godet, "in 1 Thess. iv. 3, 1 Tim. ii. 15, Heb. xii. 14." On the other hand, Dr. Gifford ("S. Com.") gives "unto sanctification," and says that ἅγ. includes the sanctifying act or process as well as its result. Mr. Moule also gives "unto sanctification," and says the word "indicates rather a process than a principle or a condition" (a steady course of self-denial, watchfulness, diligence).

In Rom. vi. the R.V. gives "sanctification": so elsewhere.

Three passages particularly unfold this word: first, Christ is made ἁγιασμός; second, ἅγ. is wrought by the Spirit; third, ἅγ. is to be pursued.

I. "Christ . . . was made unto us . . . sanctification"—1 Cor. i. 30;³ sanctificatio, Vulg.; *Heiligung*.

Who became wisdom to us from God, both righteousness and sanctification, and redemption—mediating for us the threefold benefit of that Divine counsel, righteousness imputed, holiness imparted, redemption consummated.—Prof. Evans, *S. C.*

II. "In sanctification of the Spirit," s. wrought by and effected by the (Holy) Spirit. 2 Thess. ii. 13; 1 Pet. i. 2. (Luther, *sanctifying*.)

III. Follow . . . holiness, A.V.; *the sanctification*, R.V. Heb. xii. 14 (the sanctification without which, τὸν ἅγ.), und der *Heiligung*. Vulg., sanctimoniam. Delitzsch says that ἅγ. (sanctification) is the appropriation by us of the Divine ἀγιότης, verse 10.

holiness.] Rather *sanctification*, as in 1 Thess. iv. 3, 7. . . . They are to guard against anything that would interfere with their consecration of heart and life. Cf. 1 Pet. iii. 12-15.—Dr. Kay, *S. Com.*

¹ This word is used of selection for the priesthood; Sir. xxxvi. 12; divine consecration of the prophets; Jer. i. 5: ἡγιακά σε, sanctificavi te, je t'ai sanctifié.

² On iv. 3 Bishop Ellicott writes: ἁγιασμός, which, as the defining clauses seem to show, has here somewhat of a special meaning, is not equivalent to ἁγιωσύνη, but in accordance with its termination still retains its active force, ἡμῶν being a simple gen. *objecti*, "sanctificatio vestri," i.e., ut sanctitati studeatis. On iv. 7 the Bishop writes: ἐν ἁγιασμῷ, in sanctification; not in sanctificationem, but in sanctificatione, ἐν simply marking the sphere in which Christians are called to move. . . . ἁγιασμός here retains its active meaning.

³ This ἅγ. may be regarded either as progressive—*sanctification*, or as a fixed quality—*sanctity*. The latter is the prevailing usage in the N.T. Kling (*Lange's Com.*).

Dean Vaughan says that *ἀγ.* indicates an act rather than quality; the bringing of the consecrated person into harmony of life and character with the consecration. Bishop Westcott says it may be most simply described as the preparation for the Presence of God.

The word "follow" (*follow after*, R.V.) is a strong word: to run after a fugitive; to seek after eagerly, earnestly endeavour to acquire. See 1 Tim. vi. 11, 2 Tim. ii. 22, *φῦγε διώκε δὲ διζ.* Ps. xxxiv. 14, *pursue it, διώξον.*

Review.

Memoir of the Life of Laurence Oliphant, and of Alice Oliphant, his Wife.
By MARGARET OLIPHANT W. OLIPHANT. In two volumes. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

THIS is a truly delightful book; full of incident, and graphic description, it presents a variety of interesting subjects for study. Readable from the first page to the last, it is a biography which will make many readers think, and nobody will lay it aside as done with until it has been read through. We are not at all surprised to observe that during the short period in which this book has been before us a fourth edition has been called for. In a very attractive form it illustrates the saying "Truth is stranger than fiction," or Guizot's remark about the story of human life with the master charm of reality.

It is well said that if Mrs. Oliphant had ventured to portray in one of her novels such a career as that which she has described in this Memoir, she might have felt a difficulty in replying to critical objections as to probabilities overstepped, unities outraged, and ideals pushed to absurdity. To those even who knew him best, we are told, Laurence Oliphant's life presented features that were strange and inexplicable. The difficulty was to refer him to any recognised human standard, and to get at his gauge by comparison therewith. Now that the veil which covered his life has been raised, the problem remains unsolved. Mrs. Oliphant's "Life of Edward Irving" proved how adapted she was to trace with sympathetic skill eccentric genius in all its phases of health and disease; and certainly no contemporary writer possesses the qualifications—including, of course, personal acquaintance—which she has brought to bear upon the inquiry, in somewhat similar lines, as to the character of Laurence Oliphant, a man so unique in himself, so entirely individual and distinct in his generation. But, after all her efforts, the mystery is mystery still. Hunter, traveller, diplomatist, barrister, philanthropist, author, conspirator, M.P., soldier, slibuster, newspaper correspondent, man of Society—given to flirting—a dealer on the Stock Exchange, teamster, mystic, and idealist, Laurence Oliphant was Laurence Oliphant through it all. A puzzle he was and is.

His father, Sir Anthony Oliphant, had much of the sound and sober Scottish character of the generation brought before us in the Life of Archbishop Tait. The character of his mother does not come out so clearly as one might wish, but the letters which remain illustrate the affection of a deeply pious soul. With the purest aims, her constant endeavours to influence her gifted son in a decidedly Christian course,

sadly failed. In a way she idolized him; and the lack of discipline and wholesome restraint was most unfortunate.

Laurence was born at Cape Town in 1829, and was sent to England as a child. In his thirteenth year he was sent for to Ceylon, where his father was now Chief Justice, and from this time his life of movement, stir, and unrest may be said to have begun. Of education, strictly speaking, he had little or nothing. Mrs. Oliphant writes: "He was in no way the creation of school or college. When, as happens now and then, an education so desultory, so little consecutive or steady as his, produces a brilliant man or woman, we are apt to think that the accidental system must be on the whole the best, and education a delusion, like so many other cherished things; but the conclusion is a rash one, and it is perhaps safest in this, as in so many other directions, to follow the beaten way."

Jung Bahadur, after his visit to England, called at Colombo on his way home, and interested, and was interested by, young Oliphant. An invitation to accompany the Minister to Nepal was eagerly accepted, and the result of the rapid and brilliant rush through India was a book, very clever and much praised, which opened the way for a world of adventures.

About a year after his return from Russia he put into Mr. Blackwood's hands "The Russian Shores of the Black Sea." A mounted orderly, one day, shortly afterwards, rattled up to the door of Oliphant's lodgings in Half-Moon Street, summoning him to an interview with Lord Raglan. He wrote to his father:

I accordingly proceeded to the Ordnance, where I found not Lord Raglan, but Lord de Ros, who questioned me minutely about Sebastopol. I gave him all the information I could, and sent him my sketches, extracts from my journal, and everything I could think useful. There were a couple of old Engineer Colonels (one of them afterwards identified as Sir John Burgoyne), all three poring over a chart of the Crimea. They are evidently going to try and take Sebastopol, and I recommended their landing at Balaclava and marching across, which I think they will do. Lord de Ros was immensely civil. I think Lord Raglan ought in civility to make me his private secretary. It would be great fun. I met Lord de Ros again this morning, and had a long talk with him. I did not mention my anxiety to get out. It is very ticklish saying anything about one's self on such occasions, and I must just bide my time and qualify myself—be able to answer the lash, as you always say.

Later on, Lord Elgin, with whose family the Oliphants had some friendship, invited Laurence to accompany him as Secretary on his special mission to Washington. In his letters he gives a lively picture of his life in the States and in Canada at this time. Thus he writes, as the Governor-General's private secretary:

My life is much like that of a Cabinet Minister or Parliamentary swell, now that the House is sitting. I am there every night till the small hours, taking little relaxations in the shape of evening visits when a bore gets up. That keeps me in bed till late, so that breakfast and the drive in (from Spencer Wood), etc., detain me from the office till near one. Then I get through business for the next three hours—chiefly consisting of drafting letters, which in the end I ought to be a dab at. . . . I also append my valuable signature to a great deal without knowing in the least why, and run out to the most notorious gossips to pick up the last bits of news, political or social, with which to regale his Excellency, who duly rings for me for that purpose when he has read his letters and had his interviews. Then he walks out with an A.D.C., and I go to the House. There I take up my seat on a chair exclusively my own next the Speaker, and members (I have made it my business to know them nearly all) come and tell me the news, and I am on chaffing terms with the Opposition.

During his stay in the United States, probably, he had been attracted by the "spiritualist" movement. "I would willingly," he writes to his mother, "go into a dungeon for the rest of my days if I was vouchsafed a

supernatural revelation of a faith ; but I should consider myself positively wicked if upon so momentous a subject I was content with any assumptions of my erring and imperfect fellow-creatures, when against the light of my own conscience." *A supernatural revelation!* This is the key-note of his aspirations, or at all events of many of them. He seems to have known, in reality, very little about the Christian life ; and it is no matter of surprise to see how, unmistakably earnest, and withal eccentric, he fell under the sway of a Spiritualist. An obscure American named Harris became his Director.

We must quote the passage in which Mrs. Oliphant describes the teaching of this lecturer, Mr. Harris (vol. ii., p. 4) :

Very little, if anything, is said that is inconsistent with orthodox Christianity, slightly tempered by a theory, afterwards more fully developed, which replaces the Trinity by a Father and Mother God—a twofold instead of a threefold Unity—though even that is so little dwelt upon that it might easily be overlooked, even by a critical hearer ; but not even the most careless could, I think, be unimpressed by the fervent and living nobility of faith, the high spiritual indignation against wrong-doing and against all that detracts from the Divine essence and spirit of Christianity, with which the dingy pages, badly printed upon bad paper and in the meanest form, still burn and glow. The effect, no doubt, must have been greatly heightened when they were spoken by a man possessing so much sympathetic power as Mr. Harris evidently had, to an audience already prepared, as the hearers in whom we are most interested certainly were, for the communication of this sacred fire.

The very points which had most occupied Oliphant's mind—the hollow ness and unreality of what was called religion, the difference between the Divine creed and precepts, and the everyday existence of those who were their exponents and professed believers—we read, were the object of Harris's crusade. Harris taught that men should put what they believed into practice, not playing with the possibilities of a divided allegiance between God and mammon, but giving an absolute—nay, remorseless—obedience, at the cost of any or every sacrifice, to the principles of a perfect life. Mrs. Oliphant adds :

I presume confidently that, so far as the disciples could be aware, the prophet himself at this period was without blame, and maintained his own high standard. Perhaps, it may be suggested by profane criticism, the mystery in which he wrapped himself would be beneficial to the maintenance of this impression upon their minds. The great novelty in him was that he required no adhesion to any doctrine, and did not demand of his converts that they should agree with him upon anything but the necessity of living a Christ-like life.

Of Harris's methods in the Brocton community, Mrs. Oliphant writes :

He arranged them in groups of three or four persons to assimilate ; but if the magnetism of one was found to be injurious to another, Harris was aware of it at once, and instantly separated them. Any strong, merely natural affection was injurious. In such cases, all ties of relationship were broken ruthlessly, and separations made between parents and children, husbands and wives [Oliphant was separated from his wife], until "the affection was no longer selfish, but changed into a great spiritual love for the race ; so that, instead of acting and reacting on one another, it could be poured out on all the world, or at least on those who were in a condition to receive this pure spiritual love," to the perfection of which the most perfect harmony was necessary, any bickering or jealousy immediately dispelling the influx, and "breaking the sphere."

Of the Brocton community, the idea of which was "*living the Life*," and of Oliphant's residence in the Holy Land with his first wife, we have no space now to write. His "*Land of Gilead*," and his "*Episodes of Adventure*," were reviewed in these pages. That most strange and melancholy book, "*Scientific Religion*," with its "problems of psychology," alas ! was written at Haifa in 1888.

Oliphant paid a final visit to the States in the spring of 1888, and to the astonishment of his friends returned to be married to Miss Rosamond Dale Owen, grand-daughter of Robert Owen, the Socialist. "I was induced by a curious combination of circumstances," he wrote, "to make a pilgrimage of 1,100 miles from New York to see a lady of whom I had only heard, but whom I found to be a most remarkable person. She had reached all my results—nothing in 'Scientific Religion' was new to her." The marriage took place at Malvern in August, 1888. But he had not been married more than a day or two when he was seized with an illness so violent as to put his life into immediate danger. On his sick-bed, the Name which is above every name was constantly on his lips. A day or two before his death he exclaimed, appearing perfectly happy, "Christ has touched me"; and during the last hours he was heard to hum and sing in snatches the hymn, "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

Mrs. Oliphant thus concludes :

The generation, not only of his contemporaries, but of their children, must be exhausted, indeed, before the name of Laurence Oliphant will cease to conjure memories of all that was most brilliant in intellect, most tender in heart, most trenchant in attack, most eager to succour in life. There has been no such bold satirist, no such cynic philosopher, no such devoted enthusiast, no adventurer so daring and gay, no religious teacher so absolute and visionary, in this Victorian age, now beginning to round towards its end, and which holds in its brilliant roll no more attractive and interesting name.

Short Notices.

Tithe and Glebe Lands Acts, 1891 and 1888. By G. F. CHAMBERS, Barrister-at-Law. London: Knight.

THIS book deals with two subjects which, though co-related, are yet quite distinct. In the tithe portions of the book the author exhibits first of all a convenient abstract of the new Tithe Act, together with the full text of the Act and of the Lord Chancellor's rules issued under it. The information given is in a concise and handy form, and every beneficed clergyman whose income depends upon tithes should possess himself of a copy of this cheap and useful little book.

But Mr. Chambers' book has a value of its own on another ground, the practical importance of which is, we fancy, at present little understood by the parochial clergy. Probably it will surprise many of our readers to be told that the beneficed clergy of England and Wales are the owners as life tenants of nearly 700,000 acres of land, the gross estimated rental of which was as recently as five years ago returned to Parliament at more than £900,000. In bygone years probably the greater part of this land was either profitably let or profitably farmed by the clergy concerned. It is unhappily now but too true that the bulk of it at this moment is neither let nor farmed on terms in the least degree commercially satisfactory. It was in view of this that Parliament in 1888 passed the Glebe Lands Act, whereby the clerical owners of glebe lands were enabled under the supervision of the Land Commissioners (now the Board of Agriculture) to sell the freeholds of portions of their glebe lands and add the interest on the purchase-money to the annual value of their livings. It is obvious that the cases must be very numerous at the present time (owing to the difficulty of obtaining agricultural tenants,

and owing to the want of experience of the clergy as themselves farmers) of parishes where the sale of the glebes would be a great relief to the parsons. The details of a very striking case of this kind in the county of Surrey are furnished by Mr. Chambers. In that case fifty acres of land never let for more than about £30 a year, and at the last, unlettable, were sold for more than £8,000, and the living augmented by the interest on that sum, namely, £240 a year. We strongly recommend any of our readers who may be beneficed clergy and the possessors of glebe lands to procure Mr. Chambers' book, if only for the purpose of studying the financial experiment on glebe lands which he appears to have assisted in working out in the Diocese of Winchester.

The Worship of the Church. A Sermon preached at the opening of the reredos at Aston Church, on Sunday morning, February 8, 1891, by JOHN JAMES STEWART, Lord Bishop of Worcester. Birmingham : Cornish Brothers, New Street.

This Sermon is "published by request," and as it is the first published sermon of Bishop Perowne, and one in itself of much interest, we gladly quote a portion. The Bishop says, pages 15 to 20 :

"Even in the Temple of old it was not the gorgeous ceremonial nor the magnificent liturgy of praise, with all its rich accompaniments of music, which occupied the foremost place. The central fact was sacrifice. And it is so still in the Christian Church. The victim and the priest are still here, but the victim and the priest are one. Each Christian offers himself through the one Mediator : 'And here we offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and living sacrifice unto Thee.' This is the culminating act of our eucharistic adoration.

"Once more, there is yet another characteristic of the adoration of Mary which has a very important bearing on our worship, and more especially on our public and united worship ; I mean its beauty of expression. This precious ointment which she poured over the feet of Jesus, how beautiful an emblem it is of the feelings of her heart ! What a sublime poetry there is in the act ! Our Lord terms it not merely a 'good' work—that is a too inadequate rendering of the original word—but a 'noble' work, a 'beautiful' work ; and all Christian adoration ought to have upon it the same stamp of nobleness and beauty. If God has given us the sacred sense of beauty, like every other gift of His love, it should be consecrated to His service. And surely we have reason to be thankful that this aspect of Christian worship has, in our own age, been so abundantly recognised. I cannot doubt that, in the restoration of our churches, and the far greater attention bestowed on the musical part of our services, much has been done to aid devotion. I do not say that in some instances the mere æstheticism of worship has not been carried too far ; unquestionably it has. The revival of mediæval usages, the multiplication of ceremonies, has destroyed instead of fostering devotion. The craving for ritual, once excited, knows no bounds, until at length the ritual usurps the place of worship, and thought is lost, not in adoration, but in the ever-increasing diversity of ceremonial observance. I know that God looks at the heart, and that the prayer of humble worshippers within the four whitewashed walls of some poor cottage may have been as incense in His nostrils, when He has rejected with abhorrence the pealing anthem which has rolled along the roof and reverberated in the aisles of some magnificent cathedral. But it is strange that men should ever have supposed that poverty of expression or the naked austerities of Puritanical worship have any merit in themselves, or that devotion is

only another name for slovenliness. Vulgar words and vulgar tunes do not seem to have any special appropriateness in the service of God. A dirty and neglected church, a cold, slovenly, irreverent worship, is what even a heathen would be ashamed of. Why not enshrine the precious ointment of praise in a box of alabaster? Why bring it in a vase of clay? Why not give of our costliest, and pour it out in lavish abundance? This is to act in the spirit of Mary of Bethany; this it is that our Lord approves. The Church is right when she finds for the expression of her adoration symbols full of beauty and grandeur; she is right when she rears a majestic edifice for worship, right when she makes her worship solemn and glorious, right when she pours forth her hymns in noble language, and seeks for the most beautiful music to give that language meet expression. Who can believe that God has given man all those glorious gifts of intellect and voice and skill, the art of the poet, the painter, the sculptor, and does not desire and demand that they should be dedicated to His service? No, let us bring all that is noblest, purest, best; let us bring the kingly intellect and the impassioned power of the imagination, bring the inspiration of art, bring all the sublimest efforts of poetry and music, bring all that is divinest in man, cast all into the treasury of God, give all its true consecration by laying it on the altar of Him who is the great King over all the earth.

"Finally, let us learn this lesson—to sit with Mary at the Master's feet, to contemplate His person, to listen to His words. The Church needs a new life; the Church needs a regenerating power. She needs to break away from her trivial conventionalities and her miserable strifes about postures and vestments and rites, and the mere externals of Divine service, and her watchwords and shibboleths, for which men contend as if for their life, and to be led into the very presence of Christ, that she may look on Him with reverential love. In that Presence how small would appear many questions which now seem so large that, for the sake of them, men are breaking the peace of the Church and rending the body of Christ. In that Presence our bitter jealousies, our pride, our self-assertion must for very shame be hushed. The light of that Presence must banish our darkness, the love of that Presence must fill our hearts with love to the brethren.

"What might not our worship be if only we realized His presence, if only we beheld Him with the eye of faith here in the very midst of us, according to His promise? What would not the prayer of the Church be if we saw Him as Mary saw Him at Bethany? It would be a vase of precious ointment broken over His feet, shedding abroad the love of all faithful souls. What would be the psalm, the hymn which bears our aspirations and our praises heavenwards, if we felt it was rising to the very throne of God? What would be the holy mystery of our Communion if we saw the Lord seated at the table, as Mary saw Him seated at the table of Lazarus, dispensing to us Himself with His pierced hands, the sacred memorials of His dying love? How could we stand in the presence of the Crucified, in the full revelation of His infinite self-sacrificing charity, how feel the constraining arms of His everlasting love around us, and not yield ourselves to Him, body, soul, and spirit, as a reasonable, holy, and living sacrifice? For us who believe, the scene at Bethany is ever renewed. The Church is here. The precious vase of spikenard, the broken heart, the contrite spirit, the thankful adoration, are present realities. And Christ our Lord is here—here to receive our gifts, here to acknowledge our service. It is for us to realize His presence, to make our worship, like that of Mary, a worship of awe and affection, a worship of generous, unhesitating self-sacrifice, a worship in the beauty

of holiness, a worship like that of angels and glorified spirits above because it is the worship of a present Christ."

The Blessed Dead in Paradise. With some reply to Canon Luckcock's "After Death," and a Preface by the Rev. Canon BELL, D.D., Rector of Cheltenham. By JAMES E. WALKER, M.A., Corp. Chr. Col., Oxford. Pp. 300. Elliot Stock.

This work is in some respects unique; and many of those for whom the subject of the Intermediate State has a special interest will doubtless enjoy it, and find it helpful. But the book is one which should be read at leisure, and not in the haste which at the present day so much hinders careful thought. Here and there the argument is scarcely as pointed as it might be, and the style somewhat lacks in clearness.

Canon Bell, in his admirable Preface, remarks that "the subject is treated with great freshness and originality, and a considerable amount of learning. The author shows an acquaintance with the Ante-Nicene and certain of the later Fathers and the Scholastic writers. The words in which he clothes his thoughts are forcible and often full of a tender beauty." While allowing that room for the imagination which the subject admits and demands, he indulges in no fanciful speculation; "the appeal is ever to that Inspired Word from which alone we gather our knowledge of the future; every argument is brought 'to the law and to the testimony'; and the conclusions arrived at are in accordance with those of Scripture and of the Reformed Church of England. When controversy is entered on, and the opinions of another are contravened, he never forgets the Apostolic command, 'Be courteous'; and victory is sought, not for the sake of justifying the peculiar views of the writer, but of vindicating the truth of God, and commending it to the heart and conscience of the reader." There may be a difference of opinion, continues Dr. Bell, "on some of the author's views, such as the clothing of the spirit at once on its exodus from the body with 'its house which is from heaven,' and the rapid and extraordinary change, only second to what takes place at conversion, which passes over the soul at death, and which is needed to fit it on the instant for the holiness of the heaven it is about to enter. A great deal of sin must be left behind with the body. But these are subjects on which we may agree to differ, and they do not touch the undoubted truth of the immediate happiness of the believer when he puts off the earthly tabernacle." As the Rector of Cheltenham, Dr. Bell thus concludes: "I know it to be the writer's great desire that God will use this book for the glory of His name, the maintenance of His truth, and the edification of His people. It is a real pleasure to me to write these few words of introduction at the request of my friend, the author, whose father's memory is still fragrant in Cheltenham."

Blackwood, as usual, is very readable. The review of the Memoir of Laurence Oliphant is marked by ability and insight. His books, as is well known, were published by Messrs. Blackwood. "Telepathy," by Dr. Courtenay, late Bishop of Jamaica, will have an attraction for many.

The *Leisure Hour* well keeps up to its high standard.

The *Church Sunday School Magazine* has several good papers.

We have received from Messrs. Macmillan two more volumes of Bishop Lightfoot's works (published by the Trustees of the Lightfoot Fund), viz., *Sermons Preached on Special Occasions*, and a new edition of *On a Fresh Revision of the New Testament*.

In the *Contemporary Review*, Mr. Wilfrid Ward replies to Dr. Abbott, about Cardinal Newman.

In the July number of the *Quarterly Review* the opening article, a very full and readable one, is on the Memoir of John Murray ("A Publisher and his Friends"). "Plautus and his Imitators," "Talleyrand," "Lincolnshire," and "Peel's Early Correspondence" are average *Quarterly* articles. That on Medieval Athens is a trifle heavy. There is a very timely and effective paper on the conflict between Capital and Labour. For ourselves, we are specially interested in an able article on the recent work of M. Séché, *Les Derniers Jansénistes*.

The *Quarterly*, in concluding, refers to M. Séché's aims :

If the Jansenist element had been allowed to leaven society, the revolution would have been peaceful, free from shock. The Pope, too, refraining from attacks on the liberties of the Church, would still be in possession of his temporal sovereignty, although on the other hand he certainly would not have become infallible. But Jansenism has been destroyed, and with it has perished the National Church, on whose tomb, lest it should rise again, Atheism and Jesuitism are seated together. The State, by suppressing the religious orders and banishing religion from the hospitals and schools, has concentrated all the forces of Catholicism under the banner of the Jesuits. And it is the Jesuits who have forced on the Church absurd novelties of dogma, invented silly devotions, and encouraged belief in superstitious fables ; it is the Jesuits, again, who have lowered the Church's morality to accommodate it to the world's vices, and have handed over the Catholic religion, as a body without a soul, to all kinds of traffickers. Where, then, shall a remedy be found ? Protestantism, by destroying the rites, the liturgy, the images, the poetry of the Catholic worship, has convicted itself of unfitness to satisfy the religious requirements of the Latin character. The old Jansenism of Pascal and Arnauld is too severe for the light temperament of France. Small theological schisms like that of Père Hyacinthe are powerless, for the age of schisms is past, and theological passion is extinct ; while within the Catholic pale no independent liberal voice can raise itself without being instantly stifled. Nor can anything but mischief be expected from a complete separation of Church and State—which is the author's own ideal—until liberty and corporate rights have first been assured by law to all religious associations. The solution of the problem—such is M. Séché's conclusion—must be left for Providence to unfold. Only of this he is convinced, that for the safety and honour of the Church the Molinism, which has conquered Jansenism, must in its turn be conquered and expelled ; and this happy consummation he believes would not be far distant, if all Catholic worshippers became inspired with the law of conduct, the conception of religion, the character and habits of those 'good Christians' whom in these volumes he sets as patterns before them.

Such is the point of view from which M. Séché surveys the condition

of the Church of his native land ; such the aim with which he presents to his fellow-churchmen a picture of the conflict and failure of the party who were the heirs of Port Royal. That his lament over the triumph of Ultramontaniam will find an echo in the breasts of English Churchmen we cannot doubt ; nor will they deplore less than he does the bitter hostility which it has provoked between religion and the State. But he seems to have overlooked a fact which, in our apprehension, must be fatal to his hope of rescue for his Church through a revival within it of the spirit of Port Royal ; we mean the fact, that the slavery and corruption over which he sighs are only the logical outcome of a dogma to which he himself, in common with his clients the Jansenists and the whole body of the Old Gallicans, clings with unalterable constancy—the dogma that the See of Rome is the divinely-ordained centre of Catholic Unity. So long as the Pope is held to be necessary, so long will the Pope be master of the situation and able to impose his own conditions. The struggle of National Churches against the despotism of the Vatican can have no other final issue than defeat, while they continue possessed with the conviction that to break with Rome is to forfeit Catholicity. One thing is certain, the Vatican never retrogrades, nor can retrograde without surrendering the principle on which the Papal supremacy is based. It has proscribed National Churches, and henceforth National Churches in communion with it are impossible. Is there, then, any escape from the position, that to break with Rome is the preliminary step to deliverance from the tyranny and superstition which, in M. Séché's eyes, are a burden too grievous for religion in France to bear ?

The *Church Missionary Intelligencer* contains an interesting paper, by Rev. George Ensor, on "Our Attitude towards the Churches of the Orient," which concludes thus :

"We offer no apology for presenting to our readers this extended statement of the doctrinal condition of the Greek Communion. The lessons of its past, the phenomena of its present, will not fall, we are persuaded, on ears inattentive or on hearts uninterested. From this, if incomplete, yet not inexact, view of their spiritual situation, we shall deduce, we venture to believe, helpful guidance in our attitude towards the members of the Greek Communion. We shall have been, we trust, assisted towards a more exact apprehension of the degree of their spiritual destitution, and towards the measure of probable success which may attend all future efforts for reunion on any tolerable basis of truth. We shall not less accurately estimate the serious responsibility which devolves upon us to accentuate, in presence of the Greek Church, those doctrines which are as directly antithetical to the later dogmas of its Communion as they have been ever vital to our own. We shall, we think, feel further justification—a justification flowing from the woeful gloom in which these Eastern Christians dwell—in extending no chary or niggard welcome to those whose rejection of those doctrines, condemned by the unqualified statement of our own Articles, implies for them ejection from their own Communion. We shall remember, in the words of a great thinker, that 'The human mind needs the support of a kindred opinion—at least, it

always loves it; but it is indispensable to it in religious convictions, the very basis of which is the profoundest feeling of community.' And as we contemplate the earnest and loving efforts of the past to revive the Churches of the Orient while maintaining the integrity of their organization, there will come to us the vehement challenging by the Roman poet of the redemption of the legionaries who had lost their honour :

Neque amissos colores
Lana refert medicata fuco,
Nec vera virtus, cum semel excidit,
Curat reponi deterioribus.

There will fall, too, upon our remembrance the mournful tones of a far higher Teacher speaking of a salt which has lost its savour, and that sad inquiry, 'Wherewith shall it be salted?' to which our fruitless efforts in the matter of these Churches seem to have been but an unwise reply. And yet another word from the lips of the Wisdom of God will return to us, as we consider the awakening in these Communion of the individual soul, that seems to tell us of the need and comfort of the corporate life: 'New wine must be put into fresh wine-skins.'¹ So, finally, recalling the incalculable blessings which have redounded to our people and our Church, the immeasurable mercy no less to our material than to our spiritual well-being which has resulted from the severance by the Reformers from the Communion of Rome, we shall utterly refuse to condemn for those of the Greek Communion that definite, that decisive action which the history of this Church and the annals of this nation have so abundantly justified in ourselves."

The first volume of *The Gospel of St. John*, by Dr. Marcus Dods ("Expositor Bible Series"), has reached us from Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

We gladly invite attention to Part III. of *Brief Sketches of C.M.S. Missions*, by Emily Headland, with a preface by Eugene Stock, Editorial Sec., C.M.S. (Nisbet and Co.).

The second volume of "The Westminster Library," published by Messrs. Griffith, Farran and Co., is *The Confessions of S. Augustine*; Books I.—X., a revised translation.

A Voice from the Dim Millions, "the true History of a Working Woman," is a painfully interesting little book (Griffith, Farran, and Co.).

In the *Religious Review of Reviews* appears a paper on Dr. Phillips Brooks (Bishop of Massachusetts), by Archdeacon Farrar. We quote a portion :

"Sympathy for all that is human, sunny geniality, unquenchable hopefulness, delight in all that is good and beautiful, a quick sense of humour, a large breadth of view, and the difficult combination of intense personal convictions with absolute respect and tolerance for the views of others, are the distinguishing features of his intellectual and spiritual character. They give to him the personal fascination which not even his opponents can resist. The High Church party in America look on his views with scant patience, and he has had to bear the brunt of their bitter criticisms; yet when one of the Cowley Fathers was elected to a bishopric he found a supporter in Dr. Brooks, who knows that opinions must differ, and that there is room for diversity of methods and views in the Divine charity of the Church of God. He is one of those men to whom the Americans apply the epithet 'magnetic,' and his very recent election to the Bishopric of Massachusetts was received with a perfect storm of enthusiasm by men of all shades of thought."

¹ St. Luke v. 39, R. V.

THE MONTH.

THE *Record's* remarks on the Lincoln Case are just and timely :

The arguments in support of the appeal occupied nine days—one day longer than the trial of the case on its merits in the Archbishop's Court. . . . Sir Horace Davey and Dr. Tristram had the field all to themselves. Their task was not, however, a light one ; for, the Bishop not being represented, the judges naturally had frequently to interrupt Counsel to put before him the strongest argument they could suggest in opposition to his contention, in order that he might deal with it, and thus assist the Court at arriving at its decision. . . . The attitude of all loyal Churchmen at this juncture should be one of decorous reserve, not without prayer that the action of the Queen's advisers may rightly be directed for the welfare of both Church and State.

In regard to the C.M.S., a paper on Proselytizing in Palestine, signed by Archdeacon Denison and others, has been presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury.¹

The visit of the German Emperor and Empress appears to have been an entire success.

The debates on the Government scheme of Free or Assisted Education, in Parliament and outside, have, on the whole, been encouraging to the supporters of Voluntary Schools.

The result of the Carlow election has been a serious defeat for the Parnellites proper, and an encouragement to the other division, led at present by Mr. M'Carthy. That Home Rule means Rome Rule has long been plain enough for those who understand the influence of the Papal clergy in Ireland. The Prime Minister, at a recent meeting, said :

What we have seen in Ireland has revealed to us the real springs of action—the real forces which guide this movement. I do not believe that the Home Rule movement in itself was ever, for any large section of the population, a sincere and genuine aspiration. (Cheers.) At the beginning of this Parliament, and for some time before, it was associated with, and really represented by, an agrarian speculation. (Cheers.) But the agrarian speculation depended upon the sustenance of American gold, and the sustenance of American gold has failed. (Hear, hear.) What was an agrarian speculation has now become a clerical conspiracy. (Cheers.) The support of the agrarian speculation came from America. I will not tell you where the support of the clerical conspiracy comes from, but I am quite certain of this, that the more events develop themselves, the more the real machinery is brought into the light and the lineaments of our true opponents are betrayed to us, the more certainly, though slowly, will the feelings of the people of this country be awakened, and they will respond to their old traditions and to the responsibilities which they have always acknowledged. (Cheers.) I cannot believe—it seems utterly impossible—that the people of Great Britain are going to hand over the Protestants of the North of Ireland and the Protestants scattered throughout Ireland, to this clerical conspiracy—(cheers)—whose machinery, whose mode of actions, whose designs, and whose omnipotence, have been conspicuously betrayed by the events that have been so recently enacted before us.

The Dean of Norwich has been speaking with refreshing frankness on the weakness of our Cathedral system.

Rev. the Hon. E. Carr-Glyn, Vicar and Rural Dean of Kensington, has been elected Proctor in the room of Canon Cadman.

¹ Archdeacon Denison has addressed a letter to the Archbishop on the book "Lux Mundi." Paragraph 13 runs thus : "In sum, then, we are asked by 'Lux Mundi' to believe that the only safe guide in respect of portions of the Old Scriptures, whether they be or be not of Divine authority, and in respect of the knowledge of Jesus Christ, whether it were eternal or limited, is to be found in the conclusions of the Literary Critic of the New Criticism for the time being."