

Theology on the Web.org.uk

Making Biblical Scholarship Accessible

This document was supplied for free educational purposes. Unless it is in the public domain, it may not be sold for profit or hosted on a webserver without the permission of the copyright holder.

If you find it of help to you and would like to support the ministry of Theology on the Web, please consider using the links below:



Buy me a coffee

<https://www.buymeacoffee.com/theology>



PATREON

<https://patreon.com/theologyontheweb>

[PayPal](#)

<https://paypal.me/robbradshaw>

A table of contents for *The Churchman* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_churchman_os.php

THE
CHURCHMAN

JULY, 1899.

ART. I.—BRIEF SAYINGS.

1.

NO man plays the devil's game for him better than the saintly inventors of artificial sins. Artificial manners are half a lie, but artificial ethics are traps for souls.

2.

To be a man is a fine attainment. In public speaking, for example, the dullest person becomes interesting when we catch glimpses of himself, the real man. What I see may be so foolish that I scorn it; but even to scorn is not to be insensible; the mind ceases to wander, the attention is caught. An argument may be transparently fallacious, yet, if the man has persuaded himself of it, I am interested in this phenomenon. The dulness of Dogberry is not dull. The most potent eloquence always had an air of taking the hearers into the speaker's confidence, not saying chiefly what logic pronounces weightiest, but what has won his own heart. In this respect eloquence resembles sculpture, that all the best specimens show the human figure frankly and grandly undraped. Rhetoric, on the contrary, is the millinery of the mind.

3.

And hence it comes that blatant speakers shout. This they suppose to be the same thing as throwing heart into the subject, or at all events to have the same effect. They are much mistaken; the average man is well aware that the heart is not in the windpipe.

Now, this is written not for speakers alone. Transparent manners, frankness, a character which moves freely, and does

not hide among the trees of the garden, will always charm. But this is a grace which the consciously vile cannot attain to; it is not to be reached by artifice; one will always hide what he feels ought to be hidden. It is not inconsistent, we may grant, with the existence of much that *ought* to abash, but does not.

4.

Half the persuasiveness of women is also due to this, that the personal element preponderates in them. For perhaps it is the most radical difference between the sexes, that a man even feels with his head, while a woman even thinks with her heart. And marriage has actually survived the attacks of our fashionable novelists (among other reasons) because it mediates between the two extremes of impulsive thought and emotion which requires to calculate.

5.

It lies in the same direction, though perhaps it is only due to some lack of the practical element in her education, that while every good woman can be generous, not one in a hundred can be just. (We continue, nevertheless, to call them the fair sex.)

6.

Very many people would sin with a good appetite if only they were sure of having the good fortune to repent before they die. And yet sins are the only things which people achieve with this distinct hope that they shall hereafter repent of what they are doing. Apparently they do not expect the needed repentance to be very bitter.

7.

“He preached like an angel.” But since he was not an angel, it would have been finer (and quite as rare) to preach like a man—not a sentimentalist, nor a logic-chopper, nor a sophist, nor an official, nor an ass, simply a man.

8.

People continue to discuss whether Tennyson or Browning was the greater poet, evidently because they have not clearly realized their meaning, whether it is the greatest artist in verse, or the greatest thinker and teacher expressing himself metrically.

Every such discussion proves that both form and message are important, perhaps equally important, in verse as well as prose.

And this is the key alike to the strength and the weakness of the cry "Art for Art's sake." Certainly, what we want for Art's sake is Art. But why may we not be allowed to require, at the same time, for Decency's sake, Decency?

9.

A clever child, at breakfast on his fourth birthday, was much disappointed at continuing to be smaller than his sister, and even "as much smaller as yesterday." *We* are such children. We, too, are disconcerted by the discovery that no epoch in life—not marriage, nor the inheriting of wealth, nor becoming a judge or a field-marshal—makes us, the very *Ego* of us, anything which we were not before. Success indeed will obtain a better hearing for what we have to say; but it will not make the utterance more worth hearing, nor ourselves wiser, nor better, nor even, after two or three days, better content with the imperfection which mars the man.

10.

"If riches increase, they are increased that eat them." But surely it was in the dramatic character of an embittered soul (as Shakespeare utters villainies) that an inspired writer put down this selfish piece of shrewdness. For it means to say that no pleasure is to be had from breaking any bread except for our own eating.

11.

In a certain tale of the "Arabian Nights" there is this much unintended truth, that only by casting from us all empty husks and shells do we ever destroy an evil spirit. Hear it, O ye orthodox! and O ye heterodox chatterers against orthodoxy!

12.

It very commonly happens both in the professions and in business that highly-gifted men have not the most successful careers. And it has been the same in literature, long before Goldsmith and Sheridan, and since the unique and memorable gifts of E. A. Poe. This is, partly at least, because such men exaggerate to themselves the value of their own gift, and therefore underrate the common conditions of life, the restraints and qualifications under which alone their fine endowments can work to successful issues. They see more than other folk, but they do not see that the most important things of all are visible to the plain people whom they look down upon.

But all the very greatest men succeed. They prevail not

only by the added bulk of their intellect, but by its sobriety, and because it is equal to the task of recognising, like sound eyes, the commonplace as well as the glittering. Balance of faculty, all-roundness of insight, was the gift equally of Shakespeare and of Goethe. It was what made a really great man of Burke, and perhaps of Wellington. And what somewhat detracted from the greatness of Burke was that his temper was less "considerate" than his intellect.

13.

The most wonderful achievement of Christ is not this, that He has convinced men that He, avowedly man, is God. The greater marvel is to have convinced them that, He being God, they may themselves be like Him. It makes one dizzy, as a sublime height does, to reflect that the average man does actually feel much more hope of resembling God than of resembling Sir Isaac Newton.

14.

The gigantic system of advertising which disgraces our civilization, the placards which vaunt a condiment or a soap, the puffs which celebrate quack medicines, quack preachers, quack philanthropists, the circulars which offer us Golcondas in unnumbered companies, perhaps, after all, these do not prove that all men are liars. Rather, one hopes on second thoughts, that *not* all men are liars; that we have met in our day such a preponderance of veracious people that we still persist in believing, in the teeth of reason and experience, even the people who advertise.

15.

Many, even in our island home, die, like Schiller, "never having seen the ocean." Therefore it is good to reflect that the grandest and vastest of all sights are universally visible. These are the noonday sky, the sunrise, the sunset, and the stars.

16.

Yet one suspects that multitudes never look at these great sights and most splendid of pageants except when they go abroad. Men rave about the sunrise among the Alps without reflecting that he rises over English fields, often as splendid, and commonly more tender, as being through an atmosphere more humid.

17.

In Froude's memorable apology for Henry VIII. perhaps the strongest plea was that the King had lived an exception-

ally blameless life, for a king of that period, until his fortieth year. We were bidden to infer, because he had passed almost unscathed through the most dangerous period of human passion, that his later actions cannot have been due to low impulses, but to a statesman's sense of the danger of a disputed succession while the ashes of the Wars of the Roses were still glowing. We need not argue about Henry; but it is highly important to remember that the life of man has two dangerous periods, and not one only. All men insist upon the peril of that hour when youth begins to feel the independence of manhood and its fires. But the youth has, for secular and earthly guardians, aspiration, the glory of all his day-dreams, ideals which he shrinks from compromising.

There is equal peril, perhaps the peril is even greater, when he has found his level; when his ideals have become dusty, or proved impracticable; when life shows no prospect of any further nobility attainable; when the only new fulness which can enrich its monotony must be drawn from unlawful sources; when the soul is disillusionized, lonely, with prospects no longer shining, without one great hope interposed between the soul and crime. This is the reason why the tragedies of the soul occur quite as frequently at Henry's age of forty as at that of twenty years, and why we are shocked and terrified, now and again, at the collapse of some trusted and matured reputation. And this is one more reason why we cannot afford to dispense with religion, the one hope which illuminates all the circle of our existence, from above it.

18.

The subtle and brain-torturing disquisitions which have sprung from the Gospel resemble the clouds, agitated and murky, which hurry overland from the sea. They are dark, but their source is transparent as it is profound.

19.

People cry out against "hair-splitting," and think that their outcries are evidence of their common-sense; but in reality the greater part of the best intellectual work is a splitting of hairs, a drawing of new and fine distinctions; and what they mean to complain of is only an abortive attempt to discriminate subtly, the splitting of hairs with a blunt hatchet of an intellect, set to do the work of a razor.

20.

Much that would fain pass for Conservatism is mere inertness; and much that claims to be Liberalism is volatility.

The past innovated, and we do not really venerate our ancestors by disapproving of innovation. But they innovated wisely, and with reason, and their success promises nothing to the lover of mere change for the sake of novelty.

21.

In fact, you never do homage to any original mind by surrendering your own originality, but by preserving it. There is a great evidence for the faith in this, that Christ fulfilled all the predictions and ideals of His race, and made all its greatest souls to be types of Him, while He was so original that His generation, lost in the study of those others, failed to recognise their Antitype.

22.

And thus, too, all Christendom desires to be like Christ, and its earnest souls are conscious, amid a thousand failures, of His likeness formed in them. And yet no one professes to act as He acted, or even to pray as He prayed. No one has ever been more imitated, or less emulated.

23.

"I am tired to death!" You are not tired, you are only weary. Of only three things men really grow tired—of idleness, incompetence, and vice.

24.

The primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

Assume, however, that it was this, fully and really a primrose to the apprehension of Peter Bell, and what more should it have been? It should have been this, with the added beauty of its setting, "a primrose by the river's brim." Now you do not really see men or their actions any more than wild-flowers, unless you are capable of receiving into your field of vision their environment. But what mortal can do this? Some reclaimed drunkard in the first week of his reformation, and still untrusted by anyone, is perhaps even now enduring for righteousness' sake more than the pangs of an average martyrdom. Therefore, judge nothing before the time.

GEORGE A. DERRY.

ART. II.—THE SACERDOTIUM OF CHRIST.

PART III. (*concluded*).

WE have now seen how the passing from the Old Covenant to the New is through the grand *opus operatum*—the one perfect sacrifice of Christ, and this as perfectly offered on the Cross. Are we then to suppose that the truth and reality of propitiatory sacrifice, which belongs not to the earthly priesthood, but to the heavenly, is to be sought and found, not above, but below, offered not in heaven, but on earth? Even so. For so it was ordained in the hidden wisdom of God.

I cannot think that any real difficulty is to be found in the words, "If He were on earth, He should not be a priest" (viii. 4). It would surely be a mistake to argue from this that Christ's Priesthood cannot have had its starting-place in this lower world. The contrast is between the priests of the earthly shadows, whose very Holy of Holies was but an earthly type, and the true Priest whose throne and eternal function is in the highest Heaven.¹ That One true High Priest might still have the sacrifice, which is the ἀρχή of His *sacerdotium*, offered upon earth²—not, indeed, within the sphere of the

¹ On this subject see Aquinas, "In Ep. ad Heb.," cap. viii., Lect. I., Com., vol. iii., pp. 283 *sqq.*; Paris, 1874.

"Si ergo esset super terram. Subaudi sacerdos terrenus secundum ordinem Aaron."—Primasius, "In Ep. ad Heb.," "In Bibl. Max.," tom. x., p. 264. See especially Deylingius, "Observ. Sacr.," Par. iv., p. 558; also some valuable observations of Gouge, "On Heb.," vol. ii., p. 162, Nichol's Series. See also "Death of Christ," pp. 54-73.

² So Dean Jackson: "By this *one act* [the bloody offering of Himself] of His priesthood He was consecrated to be an everlasting Priest. And if He be an everlasting Priest, He still executes the office or function of an high priest" ("On Apostle's Creed," Book X., chap. lvi., Works, vol. ix., p. 604; Oxford, 1844). And again: "After He was thus consecrated *by death* . . . to be an everlasting Priest after the order of Melchizedec, He was not to offer any sacrifice" (*Ibid.*, p. 605). See "Doctrine of Sacerdotium," p. 75.

So also Bishop Jeremy Taylor, whose language is sometimes at least incautious: "This sacrifice, because it was perfect, could be but *one*, and that *once*. . . Christ was made a priest for ever; He was initiated or consecrated *on the cross*, and there began His priesthood. . . . It began *on earth*, but was to last and be officiated in heaven" ("Holy Living," chap. iv., § 10, Works, vol. iii., p. 214; edit. Heber).

So Brevint: "When He offered Himself in the *lower part of this world*, the upper part of it felt the strength of His sacrifice. . . . So, now that He is in heaven . . . these low and remote parts . . . feel His intercessions from above" ("Missale Romanum," p. 147; Oxford, 1673).

Thus it was well said by Bishop Beveridge: [Atonement, reconciliation, etc.] "were all merited for us 'by the sacrifice of the death of Christ,' and are bestowed [upon us by means of that intercession which

earthly priesthood—not in the precincts of the earthly sanctuary, but “without the camp.” How, indeed, could that sacrifice—the offering of which involved of necessity an *outcasting unto death*, as of a “worm and no man”—have had its place in Heaven?¹ The sacrifice was indeed upon earth, and the oblation was from earth (this is certainly the teaching of this Epistle), and the Priest who offered was then upon earth. But that sacrifice was offered for acceptance and was accepted, not in the earthly tabernacle (where priests offer gifts according to the law; who serve unto the example and shadow of heavenly things), but was accepted in Heaven itself by Him who dwells in the high and holy place, and who forthwith calls Him, who has offered as Priest after the order of Melchizedec, to take His seat above upon His Priestly throne.²

In point of time, we may perhaps be right in dating to the very same supreme moment (1) the offering and accepting of the One all-sufficient Sacrifice for sin, (2) the rending of the veil, (3) the establishment of the New Covenant in which is brought into view a New Mediator (“the Mediator of the New Covenant,” Heb. xii. 24), now in our human nature (“made like unto us in all things, sin only except”), to be forthwith officially recognised as the newly-begotten Son of God (“declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the

He continually *maketh for us in heaven*, by virtue of the said sacrifice which He once offered up to God for us when He was *upon earth*” (“Church Catechism Explained,” Sect. III., Works, vol. viii., p. 119, A. C. L.).

“His oblation was to be on the earth, but the continuation of the discharge of His office was to be in heaven.”—Owen, Works, vol. xxiii., p. 34; edit. Goold.

“In terra . . . moriebatur, sed vis et efficacia mortis ex cœlo manabat.”—Calvin, “On Heb.,” viii. 4, Op., tom. vii., p. 552; Amst., 1667.

¹ As regards this matter, it is truly said by Principal Edwards: “When the Apostle speaks in this passage (Heb. ix. 28) of Christ’s being once offered, he refers to His death. The analogy between men and Christ breaks down completely if the death of Christ was not the offering for sin. Faustus Socinus revived the Nestorian doctrine that our author represents the earthly life and death of Jesus as a moral preparation for the priesthood which was conferred upon Him at His ascension to the right hand of God. . . . But if Christ was not Priest on earth, His death was not an atoning sacrifice. If He was not Priest, He was not Victim” (“Ep. to Heb.,” p. 169).

Delitzsch has well said: “To instruct concerning that priesthood of Jesus Christ, which, *commencing in His cross* and passion here below, is continued above in a glorious exaltation . . . this is the aim and subject of the whole Epistle” (“On Heb.,” chap. vi. 20, sqq., vol. i., p. 322, E. T.).

² *Νῦν δὲ ἀπέθανε μὲν, ἵνα τὴν θυσίαν προσενέγκῃ, ἀναστὰς δὲ ἐκ νεκρῶν ἀνελήφθη, ἵνα σχοίῃ τύπον τῶν οὐρανῶν, ἵνα αὐτὸν ἱερεύσῃαι δὲ ἱερεύσῃαι δὲ νόει, τὸ ἐπιτυχάγειν ὑπὲρ ἡμῶν* (Chrysostom on Heb. viii. 2 sqq.). See also Ecumenius on Heb. viii. 4.

Spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead," Rom. i. 4, *Πρωτότοκος*¹ ἐκ τῶν νεκρῶν, Rev. i. 5), and to be officially invested with the high dignity of the New Priesthood of the New Order (howbeit of an order older than Aaron), to be a Priest for ever, before whom all other priesthood passes quite away, the Priest made with the solemn oath of Jehovah, the One Divine Priest after the order of Melchizedec. (Compare Heb. vii. 21, 23; viii. 6; ix. 15, 17; x. 9, 10, 16, 18, 29; xii. 24; xiii. 20.)

But in the order of causation it can scarcely be doubted that we are to recognise the Blood, that is the Sacrifice, the Atoning death ("for the redemption of the transgressions which were under the first Covenant," Heb. ix. 15; see "Doctrine of the Death of Christ," p. 63), as that which is first and foremost, and the foundation of all that we look upon in connection with it. It is the peace-making Blood of the Cross. It is from that alone that we have remission of sins. And it is the remission of sins which is the entrance into the New Covenant. It is in that Blood that Christ was "brought again from the dead"² (Heb. xiii. 20). It is through that Blood that He entered into the Most Holy Place (Heb. ix. 12) to sit down on the right hand of God. It is the Blood of the Covenant whereby we are sanctified (*i.e.*, accepted to draw near among the holy things, Heb. x. 29).³ It is in that

¹ Bishop Westcott says ("On Heb.," i. 6, p. 23): "The patristic commentators rightly dwell on the difference between *μονογενής*, which describes the absolutely unique relation of the Son to the Father in His Divine nature, and *πρωτότοκος*, which describes the relation of the risen Christ in His glorified humanity to man. . . ." Compare Bishop Lightfoot, "On Coloss. i. 15."

Augustin's "Hodiernus tuus æternitas, ideo coæternum genuisti, cui dixisti, *Ego hodie genui te*" ("Confess.," Lib. XI., cap. ix., § 16, Op., tom. i., c. 200; Paris, 1679. See also "Enchirid.," chap. xlix., § 14, tom. vi., c. 215) was a natural adaptation of the words of the Psalm to a signification which they were hardly intended to convey. See Westcott, "On Heb.," i. 5, p. 21.

² See "The Death of Christ," pp. 57, 58. The following words of Chrysostom should be well noted, as indicating the true connection of (1) Sacrifice, (2) Remission, and (3) Covenant: *Ἐποκοῦν ἀφῆκε τὰς ἁμαρτίας, ὅτε τὴν διαθήκην ἔδωκε τὴν δὲ διαθήκην διὰ τῆς θυσίας ἔδωκεν.* (In Heb., Hom. xviii., § 1, Op., tom. xii., p. 175. Ed. Paris, 1735). Chrysostom adds immediately: *Εἰ τοῖων ἀφῆκε τὰς ἁμαρτίας διὰ τῆς μᾶς θυσίας, σὺκέει χρεία δευτέρας*—deducing an obvious corollary, which would warrant quite as obvious a deduction, excluding all *continuation* of sacrifice.

³ In Heb. x. 29 and xiii. 12 we have mention of the blood of the Covenant. In both passages it is set before us as the means of *sanctification*. Archbishop Saumarez Smith observes that "in both passages the context indicates that the term 'sanctification' should be taken to refer not to an *inherent* but to a *relative* holiness. A relation of acceptable service is the immediate consequence of pardoned guilt" ("Blood of the New Covenant," p. 22). See Westcott, "On Heb.," ix. 13, p. 261.

Blood that we have *παρρησία* to enter into the Holiest (Heb. x. 19). And we may doubtless say, in a very true sense, that it is because of the Blood¹, that is the *opus operatum* of the One Sacrifice, that the word is spoken which openly recognises and solemnly establishes the Priesthood² of the New Covenant—the word of the oath which abolishes all other priests, and all other offerings for sin—saying to the Son, “Thou art a Priest for ever after the order of Melchizedec.”

I am far from being insensible to the objections which may probably, at first sight, present themselves in the minds of some to the acceptance of this view. But I submit it for careful and devout consideration. It is as if the Father—looking upon the perfect sacrificial work of the Son, the work for which He had been sent into the world—seeing the true ideal of sacrifice accomplished in the death of Christ, and recognising in that the true and perfect fulfilment of all that was shadowed forth in the sacrificial work of the priests in the earthly sanctuary, and so of all that was required in His eternal purpose to be accomplished for man's redemption, therefore accepting Him and His sacrifice, invests Him solemnly with High-priestly dignity, and confers upon Him the everlasting priesthood, not to offer for sins, not to repeat or continue or add anything to His finished sacrifice, but *because* of his one full and perfect sacrifice for sins once offered, to sit down, a Priest upon His throne, till all His enemies be made His footstool.³

The sayings and doings of the great forty days seem very clearly to indicate that the disciples were then already within the covenant of remission and peace. Was not the Saviour's “Peace be unto you” a bestowal of that which He had purchased with His blood, and brought up with Him from the grave? Did not their investment with the ministerial power of remission imply that remission was already obtained, and obtained to the full? Can we suppose that there

¹ So Theodoret recognises that Christ receives the title of High Priest as the consequence of the sacrifice offered already, not as the qualification for offering in the future: *Ἀρχιερέα δὲ τὸν Κύριον Ἰησοῦν προσηγόρευσεν, ὡς τὴν ὑπὲρ ἡμῶν προσενηνοχότα θυσίαν* (“In Heb.,” cap. iv., Op., tom. iii., p. 570; edit. Noesselt; Halæ, 1771.)

² The *διὰ τοῦτο* of ix. 15 clearly connects the mediatorship of the New Covenant with Christ's offering of Himself to God. The office is, in some sense, the result of the sacrifice. And this view is confirmed by the context following, which again clearly connects the New Covenant with the death of redemption.

³ “When Christ suffered on the cross He became a sacrifice of atonement for our sins; and there could be no greater argument that God had accepted it than His receiving the Priest that offered it into heaven” (Stillington, Sermon XL., Works, vol. i., p. 616; London, 1710).

was then a shadow of separation between them and their reconciled Father in heaven—now their Father as His Father, and their God as His God? Surely they were already within the New Covenant of peace, and under the sunshine of its blessedness, though having yet to await for awhile for the showers of its blessing, and the power of its resurrection life, and the fulness of its wondrous gifts for men.

That interval of waiting, while the Priest-King, having finished His work, remains in the land of His outcasting, amid the scenes of His suffering and victory, absent from the throne of His glory, away from the glory of His throne—that interval separates them, indeed, for a little while from the fulness of the blessings which are to follow on His triumphal return, when, as King of Glory, He shall enter, leading His captivity captive, ascending up far above all heavens, that He may fill all things, and be the Head over all things to His Church. But in that interval He could say already, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and earth,"¹ and in that power could give to His apostles their commission, as ministers of the New Covenant, to proclaim the Gospel of His salvation to all the world.

It is not meant, indeed, that the fulness of the blessing of the New Covenant was dispensed in its abundance immediately on the establishment of that covenant of blessing; nor that

¹ "The day of His resurrection is the day wherein the dignity of everlasting priesthood is actually collated upon Him, and as He Himself testifieth, *All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth*. And if *all power*, then as well the power of priesthood as the power royal. And as High Priest, He gives commission to His disciples to teach and baptize. The day of His ascension, or placing at the right hand of God, is the day of His solemn enthronization, and immediately upon this He sends forth *the rod of His strength out of Zion*" (Jackson, "On Creed," Book IX., chap. xxviii., Works, vol. viii., p. 383; Oxford, 1844).

It would certainly be a mistake to argue from "the word of the oath" (Ps. cx. 4) following in the Psalm after the word, "Sit Thou on My right hand, until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool" (verse 1), that the priesthood must have been conferred after the session. Heb. vii. 26, 27 certainly seems to show the sacrifice to be a *High-priestly function* of "the Son." And Heb. x. 11-14 seems quite as certainly to make the date of the oblation of this sacrifice to be antecedent to the fulfilment of the prophetic word in Ps. cx. 1.

It seems needless to add to this argument. It will be seen that the words of the Psalm, as rightly understood, do not at all necessarily lead to such a misunderstanding as is here in view. See Revised Version of verses 1 and 4.

"Intelligitur Dei Filium tum, cum ad vitam immortalem e mortuis resuscitatus esset, ad Sacerdotium sempiternum plane consecratum fuisse. Neque enim dubium, quin *τελειωθεῖς* idem hic sit, quod *consecratus*, ac quidem plenè et perfectè."—Outram, "De Sacr.," Lib. II., cap. i., p. 273; Amst., 1688.

the Mediator of the New Covenant was forthwith, on His acceptance as Mediator, put in possession of the full glory pertaining to His mediatorial office ; nor that, as High Priest of the new law, He attained to the fulness of His Royal dignity as Priest for ever after the order of Melchizedec, before His session at God's right hand ; nor that, as the Lord mighty in battle, He received the full fruits of His victory, and was glorified with the glory which He had before the world was, until, on His triumphant entry into the Heavenly City, as One who had overcome, He sat down with His Father, on His Father's throne.

Far be it from us to aim at deducting anything from the glory of the glorious Ascension of our Victorious Redeemer ! And it is no part of our duty or our desire to make a contention about the mere meaning of words. If there are those—as we doubt not there may be—who, meaning *this*, and *only this*,¹ prefer to express their meaning by saying that Christ was *invested* with His Royal *sacerdotium* when He ascended into Heaven, to sit on His throne of glory, we need have, and desire to have, no controversy with such on this matter.

¹ In this sense, I trust, we may understand what Bishop Westcott says : "The offering of Christ upon the cross was a high-priestly act, though Christ did not become 'high priest after the order of Melchizedec'—that is, royal High Priest—till the ascension" (p. 197). But the following seems more difficult of explanation : "From this passage [vi. 20] it is clear that the eternal high-priesthood of the Lord 'after the order of Melchizedec,' king and priest, followed on His exaltation to the throne of God in His glorified humanity" (p. 164).

I can hardly understand how this deduction is to be seen as a necessary result of the language used in chap. vi. 20 ; while it seems to be contradicted by the natural, if not necessary, deduction from chap. x. 12, as read in connection with verse 11, as well as from vii. 27.

More accurately, as it seems to me, Alford says : "We must of necessity determine (against the Socinian view of Christ's high-priesthood . . .) that His high-priesthood was, strictly speaking, begun, as its one chief work in substance was accomplished, here below, during His time of suffering" (On ii. 17, p. 54).

Bishop Westcott adds, however : "At the same time, this view does not exclude the recognition of the Lord's death as a priestly act, whereby He once for all offered Himself" (p. 164).

And this may, perhaps, be understood as explaining away what seems so difficult of explanation in the previous statement. Indeed, it would seem as if it must be so understood, seeing the Bishop says elsewhere (On vii. 27, p. 197) : "Here first Christ is presented as at once the Priest and the Victim."

It is hardly to be supposed that the Bishop means that the glorious priestly act of the High Priest of the New Covenant, the offering of His stupendous Sacrifice, was accomplished long before He was made a priest at all, or qualified to render any priestly service.

"Ubi Salvator noster sanctissimus sacrificium obtulit et mactavit, ibi fuit verus sacerdos" (Deylingius, "Observ. Sacr.," Par. iv., p. 560).

Only *this* we have to remember, and all must be asked to remember it: A king may be a king, and do kingly acts, before the day of his enthronization. And a conqueror can tell of his conquests before the day of his triumph. And a priest may perform sacerdotal functions before sitting down as a priest on his throne. Nay, more, what he has to do in the way of sacrificial service *must* be done before he takes his seat.

And the point we have to insist upon is *this*—that Christ did fully and completely accomplish all that appertained to the work of His sacrifice and oblation on the Cross. And we have to insist on this especially as against the teaching that that sacrifice is now being offered (or ever was offered) in heaven. We have to insist on this because we have to combat the notion that, indeed, that part of the Divine sacrifice which corresponded to the *slaughter* of the sacrificial victim (the *shechitah*, which was not usually a sacerdotal act) was fully accomplished on the cross,¹ but that the *oblation* properly so called (the sacrificial offering to God) had to wait till Christ should be invested with the priesthood, which has its function only in the heavens, and should then, and not till then, take upon Him His *sacerdotium*, and exercise it in offering either once or *for ever* His sacrifice to the Father as a priest *for ever* after the order of Melchizedec.

The truth we have earnestly to contend for is the truth which we find so strongly and constantly urged in the Epistle to the Hebrews—the very truth which has been taught to us in that sublime word, “It is finished”; the very truth that in the one sacrifice on Calvary all was completed; the truth that by the one oblation of Himself, once offered, Christ our High Priest made a full, perfect and sufficient sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world; so that there is no room for an oblation of Himself as a *hostia* in the heavens any more than there is room for the sacrifices of masses upon earth.

The identification, in point of time,² of the *προσφορά* with

¹ See Delitzsch, “On Heb.,” ix. 12, vol. ii., p. 89, E. T.; and Kurtz, “Sacrificial Worship,” p. 109; and “Doctrine of the Death of Christ,” pp. 44, 45.

² “Venerat in hunc mundum salvator, ut pro peccatis nostris carnem suam offeret hostiam Deo. . . . Ubi vero tempus advenit crucis suæ, et accessurus erat ad altare ubi immolaret hostiam carnis suæ, accipiens, inquit, calicem, benedixit.”—Origen, “In Levit.,” Hom. VII., § 1, Op., tom. ii., c. 477; edit. Migne.

Θυσίαν ἐκάλεσε τὸν σταυρὸν, οὔτε πῦρ ἔχοντα, οὔτε ξύλα, οὔτε πολλάκις προσφέρομενον, ἀλλὰ ἅπαξ ἐν αἵματι προσενεχθέντα.—Chrysostom, “In Ep. ad Heb.,” cap. ix., Hom. XV., Op., tom. xii., p. 150; edit. Montfaucon; Paris, 1735.

the *πάθος* is certainly the obvious deduction from the natural interpretation of Heb. ix. 25-28. Not the *shechitah* merely, but the sacred and sacerdotal oblation¹ of the sacrifice belongs,

Μαρτυρεῖ δὲ ἡμῖν καὶ τὸ Πνεῦμα τὸ ἅγιον. Τί μαρτυρεῖ; "Ὅτι ἀφέθησαν αἱ ἁμαρτίαι ἡμῶν, ὅτι τελείως ἡμᾶς ἀπήλλαξεν ὁ Χριστός, διὰ τῆς μιᾶς προσφορᾶς, ὥστε μὴ δεηθῆναι δευτέρως.—Cyril Alex., "In Ep. Heb. x. 14," Op., tom. vii., c. 988; edit. Migne.

Διὰ μὲν τοῦ πάθους τὸ τῶν ἀνθρώπων ἀπέδωκε χρεῖος. . . . "Ἐδείξε προσφορὰν αὐτοῦ γεγενημένον τῶν σωτήριον θάνατον.—Theodoret, "In Ep. ad Heb.," cap. ii., Op., tom. iii., pp. 560, 561; Halæ, 1771.

¹ Compare the ante-Communion prayer attributed to Ambrose: "Summe sacerdos . . . qui Te obtulisti Deo Patri hostiam puram et immaculatam in ara crucis pro nobis." (See Westcott, "On Heb.," p. 462.)

And this from Pope Leo I.:

"Quod unquam sacrificium sacratius fuit, quam quod verus Pontifex altari crucis per immolationem suæ carnis imposuit?"—Leo Magnus, Serm. XII., "De Passione D.," In "Heptas Præsulum," p. 59.

"Foris extra castra crucifixus est, ut veterum victimarum cessante mysterio, nova hostia novo imponeretur altari, et crux Christi non templi esset ara sed mundi."—Leo M., Serm. VIII., "De Passione D.," In "Heptas Præsulum," p. 55.

"Ipse Dominus . . . victima sacerdotii sui, et sacerdos suæ victimæ fuit."—Paulinus, "Ep. v. ad Severum." See Gregor. M., Op., tom. iii., Par. I., c. 389. Venet., 1744.

Also the following statements:

"Christus in passione sua corpus et sanguinem obtulit Deo Patri pro nobis."—Rabanus Maurus, "De Sacris Ord.," cap. xix., Op., tom. vi., c. 1187; edit. Migne.

"Hoc sacerdotio functus est Christus quando semetipsum in ara crucis obtulit Deo Patri pro nobis."—Beda, "Com. in Ps. cix.," Op., tom. viii., c. 832, 833; Colon., 1612.

"Crucifixus . . . et sacrificium pro nobis factus super altare crucis stetit. . . . Taliter stans ipse hostia, crux vero altare erat."—Rupertus Tuit, "In Amos iv.," c. ix., Op., tom. ii., c. 366; edit. Migne.

"Veniet, quando non in templo offeretur, nec inter brachia Simeonis, sed extra civitatem inter brachia crucis."—Bernard, Serm. III., "In Purif. B. Mariæ," Op., tom. ii., c. 246; Venet., 1750.

Also the following: "In distinctione suorum membrorum omnium verus Deus et verus homo semel tantum in cruce pependit, offerens Patri seipsum pro nobis hostiam vivam, et passibilem, mortalem, vivorum et mortuorum redemptionis efficacem" (Gratian, Decret., Par. III., "De Cons.," Dist. II., Can. LI., from August., "In Libro Sent. Prosperi").

Also the prayer of Pope Innocent III.: "Mundet et muniat nos quæsumus Domine unigeniti Filii tui preciosissimus sanguis effusus et Tibi oblati in cruce" (Op., tom. i., p. 419; Colon., 1575). See also the prayer of the old Roman Missal, as quoted from Hincmar in "Sacerdotium," p. 110.

Add the following:

"Habemus altare id est, crucem in qua oblati est Christus" (Nicolaus de Lira, "In Ep. ad Heb.," cap. xiii. 10, "In Biblia Sacra, cum Glossa Ordinaria," tom. vi., c. 957.

"Nunc au. m. sor, est mi. id est, meliorum sacrorum, et hoc fuit offerendo carnem suam in cruce."—*Ibid.*, cap. viii. 6, tom. vi., c. 879; Ant., 1617.

So the "Proper Preface" for Easter Day: "He is the very Paschal Lamb, which was offered for us, and hath taken away the sin of the

according to the teaching of this Epistle, to the very cross of Golgotha, and not to any High-priestly function in the heavens. It is because *there* the Saviour through the eternal Spirit

world," the Latin of which in the Roman Missal is, "qui abstulit peccata mundi." Compare Rabanus Maurus, "De Sacr. Ord. Sac.," cap. xix., and Amalarius, "De Eccles. Offic.," Lib. III., cap. xxxiii. ("In Hittorpius," p. 174): "Sicut passione sua totius mundi tulit offensam"; and Alcuin ("In Hittorpius," p. 74): "Memor beatæ passionis, quæ totius mundi peccata delevit."

So our Homily on Repentance, Part II. : "This holy father [Ambrose] doth understand that, both the priesthood and the law being changed, we ought to acknowledge none other priest for deliverance from our sins but our Saviour Jesus Christ; who, being our sovereign Bishop, doth with the sacrifice of His Body and Blood, *offered once for ever upon the altar of the cross*, most effectually cleanse the spiritual leprosy, and wash away the sins, of all those that with true confession of the same do flee unto Him" (p. 540; edit. Griffiths).

Again, the 2nd Homily, "of the Passion" speaks of Christ's "one oblation and once offering of Himself upon the cross" (p. 428); and the Homily "for Good Friday" speaks of "this only work of Christ's precious offering of His body upon the altar of the cross" (p. 414).

Thus it is well said by Vasquez: "Respondeo Christum . . . functum fuisse ministerio sacerdotis in morte sua: nam ministerium et officium sacerdotis non solum consistet in actione physica mactandi et occidendi animalia, et victimas, sed satis est per modum moralis causæ ad hoc concurrere, nempe offerendo se morti in honorem, et placationem Dei, id quod Christus Jesus reipsa præstitit" ("Disput. in 3^m partem S. Thomæ," tom. i., Disp. LXXXIII., Quæst. XXII., Art. II., p. 843; Ingolst., 1610).

The following testimony of Waterland is of great value in view of the modern teaching, which, in support of "continuous sacrifice," maintains that the sacerdotal oblation has its place not on Calvary, but in heaven, and affirms, "We do not say that He took away the sins of the world at some given moment in the past."—"Though He was *passively* obedient, in submitting to *suffer, bleed, and die* for us, it does not therefore follow that He exercised *no act of offering*, or that He made *no active* sacrifice on the cross. . . . He thus actively offered on the cross His *body, His blood, His soul, His life* to God. . . . He made Himself a voluntary sacrifice, in His death, for the sins of mankind. This is the plain doctrine of the Gospel, which every one that runs may read; and it is confirmed by as *early, as universal, and as constant* a tradition of fifteen centuries, or more, as any point of Christian doctrine whatsoever; from Barnabas, Clemens, and Ignatius, down even to Socinus of the sixteenth century. . . . I shall only hint, further, that from the third century and downwards, *altar of the cross* has been the current language: one certain argument, among many, that the sacrifice was supposed to be made *upon the cross*. And such also is the language of the Greek and Oriental liturgies" (Waterland, "Chr. Sacr. Explained," App., chap. iv., § 3, Works, vol. v., p. 174; see also p. 741; Oxford, 1843).

On the sense in which the *Cross* may be called the *Altar*. See Waterland, Sermon XXXI., Works, vol. v., pp. 741, 742. Oxf., 1843. Archbishop Saumarez Smith says of the reference of Heb. xiii. 10: "It must not, of course, be confined to the literal cross upon which Christ died. 'The Cross of Christ,' like 'the word of the Cross,' is an expression which carries with it an idealized amplification of the literal and historical incident of the crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth. It is not the cross on Calvary merely which is the Christian's altar . . . it is the sacrificial

offered Himself without spot to God¹ (ix. 14); that the blood of Christ avails to purge our conscience from dead works to serve the living God. It is by that one offering, "the offering of the Body of Jesus Christ once for all" (x. 10), when He "offered up Himself" (vii. 27), that "He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified" (x. 14; compare ix. 26, 28; x. 12).

But our argument appeals not only nor mainly to the teaching of one and another of a collection of isolated texts. Rather we ask to have taken a full comprehensive view of what our faith has given it to behold in the New Covenant of grace.

We have before us the amazing miracle of mercy—the Incarnate Son of God, in our very flesh and blood, forcing His way—spite of all the powers of hell—through the grave and gate of death, and thereby opening for condemned sinners the gate of everlasting life. That gate now stands wide open for all who will enter in. The work was *once* done by ONE who alone could do it. Now IT IS FINISHED—*finished once for all* by Him whose Divine power alone availed to accomplish such a stupendous work—triumphing over principalities and powers of darkness.

And now, from the standpoint of Mosaic ordinances, we look at the same work. We see the same Saviour. We see Him as our great High Priest. We are sure there can be no other. Still He is—He must be—the *one*, and the *only one*. And we see His work. Still it is *once*, and *only once*—*once* and "once for all." It is the offering of Himself a sacrifice for our sins. IT IS FINISHED. There is to be no more offering for sins. The "One" and the "Once" of the Epistle to the Hebrews stand as sentinels for ever against the intrusion of any sacrificial oblation in heaven.² There is no

character of Christ's death as the Crucified One" ("The Blood of the New Cov.," p. 83).

It is impossible to think of the wood of the Cross as "sanctifying the great sacrifice." (See Waterland, p. 742). "The cross might be the *altar* in some respects, and our Lord's own Eternal Spirit might be the *altar* in others" (*Ibid.*). But see also my "Eucharistic Worship," pp. 265, 266.

¹ Even Delitzsch says: "We give up any reference of *προσήμεκεν* here [Heb. ix. 14] to Christ's heavenly *προσφορά*, such as that assumed by Bleek and the Socinian and Arminian commentators. Whenever the sacrifice of Christ is typically and antithetically compared with the sacrifices of the Old Testament, it is *His self-oblation on the altar of the Cross* which is the point of comparison" ("On Heb.," vol. ii., pp. 95, 96, E. T.). So also Westcott, p. 261 (*cf.* pp. 273, 274).

² Outram's chapter, "De Oblatione Christi in Cælo" (Lib. II., chap. vii.), commences thus: "Explicatâ Christi, ut victimæ piacularis, morte; deinceps de oblatione Ejus mortem secutâ agendum est. Neque enim dubium, quin Jesus Christus, Pontifex noster immortalis, in cœlestē sanctuarium ingressus, sese, ut victimam piacularē pro peccatis

admission for the idea, there is no room for it. IT IS FINISHED. Now we know that He who died as our Sacrifice lives as our great High Priest, "able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him," seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them. Now we rest in the assurance¹

nostris ante cœsam, in cœlo ipso Deo obtulerit" ("De Sacrificiis," p. 326; Amstel, 1688). In support of this assertion he appeals to Heb. x. 12, which appears quite unequal to bear such a weight. And it can hardly be without significance (as it seems to me) that Holy Scripture knows nothing of any offering or oblation, or presentation or representation (not representation) of a sacrifice for sins once offered and accepted. To speak of an *oblatio continuata* (see Outram, p. 332) is as much out of place as to talk of a continuous ransom payment. All *sacrificial* oblation is clearly excluded by the *ἕραξ* of Heb. ix. 28. But a non-sacrificial *oblatio continuata* requires a good deal of explanation. And it is not easy to avoid some confusion of thought if we habitually use language which speaks of an *offering* which is a *non-sacrificial* offering of a sacrifice. And this is a matter in which confusion of thought is specially to be avoided.

At the same time, it behoves us to remember that such language (in which "offering" means simply *offering to view*) has been used in early as well as later times, and that our contention is not about the use of words or phrases. (See "Doctrine of the Death of Christ," p. 66; "Missarum Sacrificia," pp. 96, 97; and Waterland's Works, vol. v., p. 269.) Even Dr. Owen could speak of Christ's carrying the Blood into the most holy place "to complete and perfect the Atonement" (Works, vol. xix., p. 204. Ed. Goold). So also of Christ's oblation he says, it "was offered on the earth, but is *continued* in heaven, as unto the effectual exercise of it" (vol. xxiii., p. 263). And so Litton says: "The sacrifice is never to be repeated, but the virtue and efficacy of it are *continually presented* before the heavenly mercy-seat" ("Church of Christ," p. 255). And in some such sense—as pointing to the *enduring effects for application*—the *oblatio continuata* of Outram may admit of a sound interpretation. See "Our One Priest," pp. 102, 103.

Compare the language attributed (in error) to St. Augustine (see Jewel's Works, vol. ii., p. 756. P.S.), in which Christ is represented as both priest and victim of the altar in heaven, under which the souls of the martyrs were seen in Rev. vi. 9 (Op. Aug., tom. v., Par. ii., c. 365. Append., Serm. CCXXI. In Nat. S. S. Innocentium). The language here used is evidently hyperbolic, and thoughts are transferred from heavenly things to earthly, and from earthly things to heavenly. But some such idea of continuous propitiatory application appears to underlie the general drift of its ambiguous expressions. It should be observed, however, that the writer's teaching here is an addition of human thoughts to a mistaken or doubtful interpretation of the symbolism of a heavenly vision. See "Doctrine of the Death of Christ," p. 71.

¹ The "Scriptures most assuredly testify that the oblation of Christ is a *consummated* act, coincident with His sacrificial death. . . . The application of the virtue of the one sacrifice is continuous; the blood, once shed, continually 'cleanseth'; the offering, once made, is of permanent efficacy. . . . A theologian of deserved repute, in a recent article concerning the Melchizedek High Priesthood of our Lord, propounds a theory of the death of Christ which makes that death only a 'subordinate part of the offering.' In his anxiety to avoid what he considers a narrow view of the Atonement, Dr. Milligan argues that the death of Christ was only

that, "as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment: so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many, and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin, unto salvation" (Heb. ix. 27, 28).

N. DIMOCK.



ART. III.—THE POSITION OF ROMAN CATHOLICS IN ENGLAND.

NO survey of English religious life would be complete without a notice of the Roman Catholics in our midst to-day. Few sections of the community have so large an influence and prominence in proportion to their numbers, and yet none have lain under such legal restrictions. They own chapels, schools, institutions, conspicuous often both for site and size. Their dignitaries have in recent times competed for social precedence with our own Archbishops. Politically they are a force to be reckoned with in both parliamentary and municipal contests. In the newspapers their lamp is rarely hid. At the same time, laws stand in the Statute-Book expressly forbidding a Roman Catholic to wear the English crown.

They are at once a curiosity and a problem. It is curious to trace how their story has been a career of the phoenix (a favourite metaphor of their own). It is also a story which cannot but oblige thoughtful readers to ask whether the characteristic trends of policy and activity that brought and kept them under suspicion, but yet did so much to win them their present standing in England, are forces that are to be seriously reckoned with in the future, and whether those old suspicions were just, and are still reasonable.

The history of Roman Catholic nonconformity in England dates undoubtedly from February 25, 1570. This was the day on which Pope Pius V. published the Bull that purported to excommunicate and depose the Queen and to absolve her subjects from their allegiance.

Till this move on the part of the Papacy, English Roman

'the initial step' of the offering, and that we should 'think of the offering as going forward everlastingly.' Such a view militates against the Scriptural view of Christ's death as a completed sin-offering; is connected with a strained interpretation of the New Testament passages concerning the blood of Jesus, as pointing to mystic life rather than to actual death; and needlessly confounds the two distinct thoughts of an offering that has been once for all offered, and of the abiding fruit of the oblation once made" (Bp. Saumarez Smith, in "The Church and her Doctrine," pp. 38, 39).

Catholics had as a rule been content outwardly to conform. Two Roman Catholic witnesses tell us distinctly that Roman Catholics did for some years attend the public worship of the Reformed Church of England. In the historical introduction to the Douay Diaries¹ we are told, "Not a few of the laity tried to persuade themselves that so long as their faith was sound interiorly, they might in good conscience be present at the new worship." More precise still, and not without a more than antiquarian interest to us to-day, are the words of Dr. Nicholas Sander in his work called "Rise and Growth of the Anglican Schism."² He does not hesitate to inform us: "By force or fraud it came to pass that the largest portion of the Catholics yielded by degrees to their enemies, and did not refuse from time to time publicly to enter the schismatical churches, to hear sermons therein, and to receive Communion in those conventicles. At the same time they had Mass said secretly in their own houses by those very priests who in church publicly celebrated the spurious liturgy, and sometimes by others who had not defiled themselves with heresy: yea, and very often in those disastrous times were on one and the same day partakers of the Table of our Lord and of the table of devils—that is, of the Blessed Eucharist and the Calvinistic supper."

The Bull of 1570 changed all this. Fuller³ calls it "the first beginning of Recusancy," and dates from this "the common distinction of Papist and Protestant—the former now separating themselves from our public congregations."

For the next century Roman Catholics who avowed their tenets shared with Jews and Quakers the distinction of being the butt of English penal law. Their priests were proscribed; attendance at Mass was an indictable offence; new restrictions were constantly imposed. For instance, under James I., an enactment (3 James I., c. 5, sec. 13) was made forbidding convicted Popish recusants to present to benefices. And even when the profession of being a Romanist was no longer always actually punished, an Oath of Obedience was rigorously administered to all Roman Catholics, pledging each one to loyalty to the Sovereign. "This oath," says Fuller, "was devised to discriminate the pernicious from the peaceable Papists." These deterrent measures largely drove Roman Catholics into secrecy, but they could not crush them out. The priests' hiding-places in many old houses sheltered the

¹ Douay Diaries: Historical Introduction, by Rev. T. F. Kuon, D.D., pp. xviii, xix.

² Sander, "De Schismatico Anglicano." Lewis's translation. London: 1877. Book iv., chap. iv., pp. 266, 267.

³ Fuller, "Church History of Britain," book ix., cent. xvi., § 29.

priest who kept alive the faith of his secret adherents in the district. Others lived in disguise as laymen. To quote again from Fuller: "He who on Sunday was priest or a Jesuit was on Monday a merchant, on Tuesday a soldier, on Wednesday a courtier." The private chapels of the ambassadors of Roman Catholic Powers were centres of the communion in London. From time to time secret missions were sent into England from abroad to advance the cause. About the beginning of the reign of Charles I., Richard Smith, titular Bishop of Chalcedon (in Fuller's words, "taking his honours from Greece, his profits from England"), was commissioned by the Pope to exercise episcopal jurisdiction over the Roman Catholics in England. He appeared in Lancashire in mitre and episcopal vestments with crosier, and conferred orders there; but, a proclamation being issued for his apprehension, he fled into France. The years in which the Roman Catholics had most respite during this century were strangely enough under the Commonwealth. Puritan and Papist might have seemed irreconcilable, but the Roman Catholics had little for which to thank Charles. He spoke himself¹ of his "proclamations for the putting of all laws severely in execution against recusants." They could not fare worse under another régime, so they did next to nothing to help the Royal party, either with men or money; and, to judge at least from the King's reply¹ to the Scotch General Assembly, far more Roman Catholic soldiers were to be found in the Parliamentary army than in the other. As a result they were as a rule unmolested during the Commonwealth.

The century that followed the accession of William III. was, perhaps, the period in which Roman Catholic nonconformity was burdened with the most annoying restrictions, even though the private celebration of this worship had ceased to be proscribed. Public feeling could not forget their disastrous lease of supremacy in the short reign of James II., or the miseries they brought about in France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. But the list of penal laws given in Scully's "History of the Penal Laws" is a disgrace to the Statute-Book of England. It is too largely composed of irritating futile restrictions on the ordinary liberty of a citizen. Not merely were Roman Catholics forbidden to carry arms, but their houses were liable to search night or day. Not merely could no Roman Catholic sit in either House of Parliament, but they were excluded from the franchise; they had no rights as jurors, or in parish Vestries; they were even shut out from the medical profession. A

¹ Clarendou, "History of the Rebellion," book vi., § 357.

Roman Catholic could not dispose of his estate by will, or take a longer lease than thirty-one years. He could not either keep a school or procure the education of his children at home. He was not even allowed to own a horse worth more than five pounds. He was forced to bury his dead in Protestant churchyards, and his destitute children were compelled to be brought up as Protestants. There were, however, two memorable Acts of Parliament at the beginning of this period deserving no stigma, and which should be named. They regulate the succession to the crown. By the Bill of Rights (1 William and Mary, sess. 2, c. 2), it was declared "to be inconsistent with the safety and welfare of this Protestant kingdom to be governed by a Popish prince, or by any King or Queen marrying a Papist," and it was enacted "that all and every person or persons that is, are, or shall be reconciled to, or shall hold communion with the See, or Church, of Rome, shall profess the Popish religion, or shall marry a Papist, shall be excluded, and be for ever incapable to inherit, possess, or enjoy the crown and government of this realm and Ireland, and the dominion thereunto belonging or any part of the same," etc. The Act of Settlement (12 and 13 William III., c. 2), by which the Princess Sophia and the heirs of her body, being Protestants, were declared next in succession after the Princess Ann (as she is called) of Denmark, also *debarred Romanists* from inheriting, and provided that "whosoever shall come to the possession of this crown shall join in Communion with the Church of England as by law established."

These regulations for the crown were the natural and rightful corollary from the bitter lessons learnt under James II. The Act of Union in 1706 (6 Anne, c. 11) recapitulated and reconfirmed the previous enactments confining the succession to Protestants.

A new era opened for Roman Catholics with 1829. On April 13 of that year passed the Roman Catholic Emancipation Bill (10 George IV., c. 7). This Bill, which was the climax of several measures of partial redress, relieved them from all vexatious disabilities, though it still made the Roman Catholic faith a bar to the succession to the throne, and to one or two high offices in the State. The first Roman Catholic representative in the House of Commons to take his seat under the new Act was D. O'Connell; and the first Roman Catholic peer to enter the House of Lords was the Duke of Norfolk. It is quite possible to over-estimate the effect of this Act upon the fortunes of Roman Catholic nonconformity in England. The contrast is very startling if we look back from the buildings and valuable properties like Stonyhurst College, and others which they hold to-day, to

the few and scanty tenements—such as those in Warwick Street,¹ South Street, and elsewhere, built amongst stables and to resemble stables, and to which the congregations could only come by stealth. The list of establishments with Church schools and presbytery suggests a growth of their adherents far in excess of the growth of population.

Undoubtedly the removal of the social ban and political disability made an active propaganda more fruitful. But it has been no mere automatic advance that has put them where they are to-day. The Irish famine drove thousands of Irish Roman Catholics away from the farms in Ireland to seek employment in English towns. Their coming swelled the ranks of Roman Catholicism in England—just as had happened at the beginning of the century, when the *émigrés* flocked over from France. This growth of adherents must not be counted as a proof that Roman Catholics are making inroads to that extent amongst Protestants. It is, however, an advance in influence rather than numbers that has marked their history in the last seventy years.

One chief factor in this growth of social and political prestige was undoubtedly the personality of Cardinal Wiseman. Convinced that just as men take a man at an estimate no higher than what he forms of himself, so it is with a cause, he determined to push Roman Catholicism into evidence. “*L’audace, et toujours l’audace*” was the motto he seemed to adopt. Material of a kind he had to start with. Burke in a famous passage in his speech at Bristol previous to the election of 1780, had said of “our Catholic dissenters”: “They consist mostly of our best manufacturers.” That was probably an orator’s phrase. But there was some wealth amongst them; they had also some of the old English nobility, who retained the old faith. Cardinal Wiseman—by methods such as Disraeli has shown us in his sketch of Cardinal Grandison—claimed and secured an *entrée* into English society. This policy has been pursued by his successors, and it has resulted in social respect. Part of the same line of action was the formation of the Papal Sees with English titles in 1851.

Another weapon which Wiseman is also credited with having forged is the intelligent countenance of the press. Undoubtedly no policy has borne such a harvest as that of training Roman Catholics as reporters and leader-writers. There is hardly a journal of any repute that has not one on its staff, and the Roman Catholic hand can often be traced by those who look for it.

¹ Flanagan, “History of the Church in England,” vol. ii., p. 451.

There are also Roman Catholic writers¹ who credit the Oxford Movement with some share in their prosperity—as having brought about a more careful study of the documents on which they base their position, and having thereby leavened public opinion with something of a silent sympathy, as well as at times having led new converts into their fold. We feel that the data are too abstruse and complicated for us to venture to criticise this surmise, affirmatively or negatively.

One question that suggests itself at the close of our survey is to ask why it was that the English Crown has all along treated Roman Catholic nonconformists with such unusual severity. Did they cause more uneasiness than any other class of the community?

Macaulay has pointed out in his history that there were facts in the past history of the Roman Catholic system which promoted a deep-seated dread of its adherents, as a disturbing element in social and political life, as an *imperium in imperio*, all the more formidable because, at need, it could use spiritual sanctions to achieve material ends, and claimed to over-ride at times ordinary moral laws, if it deemed that the end justified the means. Englishmen could not forget that the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the murder of the first William of Orange, the murder of Henry III. of France, the threats of the assassination of Elizabeth, the attempted plot of Watson, the secular priest, against James I., the Gunpowder Plot, were each revivals of the old memories. The horrors of the Inquisition showed what Roman Catholic theology allowed in Papist countries. The calmest English thinkers, such as Archbishop Tillotson and John Locke, contended that the Church which taught men not to keep faith with heretics had no claim to toleration. These arguments from the past were bequeathed to the men of the eighteenth century in England, intensified by the proceedings of James II. in his short reign. "To his policy the English Roman Catholics owed three years of lawless and insolent triumph, and a hundred and forty years of subjection and degradation."²

As we sit in judgment upon our ancestors to-day we are bound to come to the conclusion that this policy of persecution and repression of Roman Catholics was a blunder. It was a natural policy peculiar to the age, and the not unlikely outcome of the flagrant provocations that they had met—but, none the less, it was mistaken. Whilst it professed to attack the system, it only trammelled the individual members, with-

¹ Flanagan, "History of the Church in England," vol. ii., p. 454.

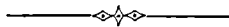
² Macaulay, "History of England," vol. i., pp. 331, 332; ed. 1873.

out in any way thwarting the purpose of the great organized system behind them. It could not stay the hand of those who wished to tamper with the loyalty of faithful citizens; but it did prompt disloyalty in men who in themselves would have been content with the Constitution as they found it, had it only allowed them the free use of their personal rights. It strengthened, rather than weakened, the Roman Communion, because it frightened away all superficial followers, and cemented the true remnant with a spirit of martyrdom for a common cause.

And so we may be glad that more enlightened counsels rule us to-day. England has gained good soldiers, statesmen, and lawyers, by admitting Roman Catholic nonconformists to their rights, and the cause of true religion has not suffered. It is no true cause which shelters its existence under the cowardly repression of an opponent instead of his confutation—*Magna est veritas et prevalebit.*

At the same time, we cannot ignore the characteristics of a system, and we must see to it that whilst the individual Roman Catholic is left free, the system is not allowed any hold by which it may infringe the rightful liberties, religious and civil, of other individuals. To this end we retain the law that makes the Sovereign a Protestant: its indirect is probably greater than its direct effect. We must see that the Queen's writ runs into all conventual buildings that we permit in England. We must prevent any astute attempt to get a footing in the Church of England. These are precautions against a system which is stronger than its members. But when we hear of their prayers for the conversion of England, we shall do well to be incited also to pray for unity—only it must be brought about, not by our acceptance of their tenets, but by their escape from the bondage of their system into the simpler faith of primitive days, from which they have wandered so far—to their loss and our own.

J. C. WRIGHT.



ART. IV.—POETRY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

“The poets have a hundred times more good-sense than the philosophers. In seeking for the beautiful, they meet with more truths than the philosophers find in their searching after the true.”

JOUBERT: “*Pensées.*”

“GOOD poetry,” so Boccaccio is made to say in one of Landor's “Imaginary Conversations,” “is like good music: it pleases most people, but the ignorant and inexpert lose half its pleasures, the invidious lose them all. What

a paradise lost is here!" Such a statement, coming from one who (like Landor) was eminent both as a writer of poetry and prose, and was withal a fully-equipped scholar, is not without its significance. It appears also to be a positively true criticism. Poetry, like every other form of art, requires patient study to unravel its secrets; more, perhaps, than any other, it appeals superficially to a considerable number of readers who thereby are deluded into an idea that they understand poetry. But the fact is far otherwise. "Understand" is a word peculiarly liable to misconstruction. It means, in its proper sense, not a superficial acquaintance with those qualities in a subject which, because they are superficial or (as the word implies) *on the surface*, therefore manifest themselves most conspicuously; but an entering into those less obvious but more vital significances which are really presupposed in the very existence of the art. To understand poetry involves laborious effort, continued application, as well as natural insight and ready sympathy; it demands, too, an earnest belief in the possibilities of poetry to become something other than a substitute for a game of dominoes to an idle man after dinner. Poetry cannot, in fact, be justly appreciated till we are prepared to study its *principles*; for principles it has and must have, otherwise it would lack coherence of form as it would assuredly lack spiritual meaning. The same is true of any art, be it music, or painting, or architecture, or sculpture. The outward appearance or form is the manifestation of the informing spirit within. Just as we may regard the visible world as the garment woven by the hand of the Creator, upon the loom of Time, whereby He hides while yet He reveals Himself; so the outward form of all noble poetry, which means exactly our word "creation," neither more nor less is the visible symbol of an invisible, but none the less real, spiritual impulse, effected through the medium of both written word and spoken word, and directly appealing to the noblest passions and highest instincts of human nature.

Hence we assume that poetry, just because it *is* something other and deeper than the momentary ebullition of a wayward fancy, just because it *is* a profound necessity of the finest natures, just because it possesses a spiritual significance instead of being an instrument for the gratification of chance impulses alone, is of no mean import in the evolution of the world's history. We embark upon no empty quest when we set ourselves to comprehend and mark the progression of the time-spirit as it reveals itself in the grandest form of human utterance; rather it concerns us too deeply *not* to care—if, that is, we realize (and how few do realize!) that poetry

is the finer spirit of human thought. And human thought, being universal, influences and controls the march of human conduct to-day, even as it has done from the beginning.

With such preliminary insistence on the importance of poetry, when justly regarded, in the economy of life, we may pass on to consider that section of the history of poetry included within the limits of the present century. It will be sufficient for the present purpose to confine attention to its development in England during these years, and to pass in review only those poets who have made fruitful contributions to the poetic history of their time. I propose, during the course of this essay, briefly to advert to the conditions under which the spirit of poetry has worked during the century, and to delineate—briefly, but not, I hope, altogether inadequately—the tendencies which modern poetry has manifested throughout.

It will be convenient to classify those representative poets whom we shall select to illustrate this theme into two main divisions, according to their chronology. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, and Shelley will naturally occupy the former of these two divisions, while the latter will contain the names of those who are closer to us in point of time, and who represent a later development of thought—Tennyson and Robert Browning.¹

Just over one hundred years ago there emerged from an obscure publishing house in the West of England a volume of poetry by two (hitherto) unknown writers, which, in the hands of destiny, was to become a fresh incentive to hope for all those who saw, in the closing years of the eighteenth century, nothing but an arid waste so far as poetry was concerned. At the end of that century the impulse given to verse-writing by the early followers of the school of Pope was utterly played out; the art of poetry had degenerated into a merely mechanical trade, by the laws of which a given amount of rhymed couplets could be turned out in a given time upon any given theme. The mechanical school of poetry, with its precision and its brilliance of phrase, had, in the hands of Pope, been a useful teacher; Pope had taught us how, within the limits of exact language, to give to thought and feeling a fineness of expression, a sanity of

¹ Rossetti, Matthew Arnold, and Swinburne cannot now be dealt with; but a knowledge of their work is in some sort essential to a proper and disciplined understanding of the literary spirit of the age. Specially true is this of Arnold, in whose sculptural and exquisite verse the peculiar "welt-schmerz" of the century is exactly portrayed, the flavour of its cultured pessimism and twilight regret embalmed and beautified.

phrase, as well as a cultured point and rhythm, which can hardly be rivalled, certainly not surpassed, anywhere. Nor was this all. There are traces, genuine traces, of emotion in Pope; and, among his successors, Johnson certainly achieved a notable success in his "Vanity of Human Wishes," in the expression of powerfully-felt conviction. The couplet was not, therefore, necessarily devoid of the heart's own note, even in the midst of the gay tinsel and flash apparel wherein its bodily presence was disguised. At the same time we must recollect that, except Gray's "Elegy," no great poem was written from the year 1742 till the publication of Cowper's "Task"—a period of over forty years. It was Cowper's "Task" that broke the ice of conventionalism in poetry, and—though not immediately—enabled far-seeing readers to discern the approach of a better day when poetry, untrammelled once more, would assert its right and vindicate its place as the organ of human emotion, and the expression of man's hopes, and joys, and tears.

But, though to Cowper we gladly allow the credit due to the first work in such pioneering, it is to Wordsworth and to Coleridge that belong the glory and the delight of having won back the springs of poetry, and of the art of the poet, from the wilderness where they had lain choked among the driving sands of falsehood in custom and mechanism in life, to those green pastures and happy ways that border the still waters of noble imagination and make glad the river of human life.

Such, then, was the destiny of "Lyrical Ballads"; it came to break up the old crust that locked in the spirit of poetry, and release that spirit, henceforward to take to itself new and better forms, more elastic, more subtle, and therefore more likely to be in accord with the progressive ideals of the time. The French Revolution is, if not responsible for, certainly instrumental in, securing to us this wider outlook upon humanity, which we see so palpably reflected in the literature, and therefore in the poetry, of those eventful years which witnessed the coming of a new century. Poetry then, as always, was, so to speak, the most sensitive of barometers, responding with wonderful certainty to the variations in the climate of human thought.

Of the poems which comprised "Lyrical Ballads," two stand out with singular vividness, and claim our attention. Each is characteristic of its author at his highest; in each are clearly manifested those fundamental principles which actually determined the life-history of the writers themselves. Of each poem it may confidently be affirmed that it is "a criticism of life," so far as the poet's own life is concerned. I refer to the "Ancient Mariner" of Coleridge, and to the long

blank-verse monologue by Wordsworth entitled "Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey." Coleridge, in that marvellous contribution to his friend's book, has completely and finally subordinated the entire setting of his subject to the over-mastering idealism which—perhaps unconsciously—inspired him throughout its composition. The actors in that strange tragedy do not move in the common light, or breathe a common air; they rise, ghost-like, from their several stations, and pass into an unearthly mist of supernatural wonder, which so powerfully affects the imagination, that, while we seem to have journeyed with them on their eerie voyage, we nevertheless appear to have been one with them externally to ourselves, as it were, in trance or dream. And, for all that, it is too painfully vivid, too terribly accurate in the hideous details of it, to be other than reality. Reality and vision in one! the phantom image and the corporeal fact so intimately linked that separation is impossible! Truly, if anywhere, the triumph of verbal magic.

In Wordsworth a higher, purer note is struck—a note which never fell to any lower range, but, so far as its main characteristic is concerned, remained one and identical to the day of the poet's death. True, no one could be *less* inspired than he, when the inspiration deserted him; but no one can ever accuse him of striking other than a high and pure note. There is a large admixture of severity and austere self-repression in Wordsworth's muse, which do not help to commend him to those who only love the colour of romanticism and warmth of passion, not the simplicity of form, the all but statuesque purity of intention, which are vital and saving elements—though not the only elements—in every lofty work of art. The very spring breath of the romantic movement, its freshness, its cleanness, its invigoration, breathe through the early lyrics which Wordsworth wrote between 1798 and 1807—that marvellous decade during which his finest work was accomplished, and his mission of helpful enterprise inaugurated. The lines on "Tintern Abbey" are a speaking witness of his complete mastery over language—language which is often so inevitable in its simplicity as to appear easy to everyone save to him who knows it to be hardly less than a miracle. Perhaps the secret of Wordsworth's arresting power was his unquestioning search for truth, wherever it could be found; and thus, almost without conscious effort, his language clothed itself in appropriate form. Because his genius was never employed save in truth's own service, his words came home to the heart with immense weight of conviction. That is it—the note of a steady conviction! Nobody can hope to convince another who is not himself convinced of the truth of what he

teaches; and this holds good of a poet quite as much as of a religious teacher. So far did Wordsworth push his theory of truth, as to forget too often that *truth* is not necessarily *fact*, but is something infinitely worthier and loftier. Hence his language frequently was harsh, frequently trivial; and his lack of humour made him singularly obtuse as to the right choice of a subject best suited to convey his lesson, or support an idealistic treatment. But, take him at his best, where subject, treatment, intensity of feeling, power of language, were fused into one harmonious unity, and where, outside of Shakespeare and Milton, can Wordsworth be surpassed? Study, for example, his "Highland Reaper," loveliest of lyrics; his noble setting of a great picture in the lines entitled "Nature and the Poet"; his wonderful "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" (perhaps the greatest single poetic effort of this century); or the "Tintern" lines, which read the heart of Nature as the heart of a child—and few will doubt that on the title-deeds of England's fame stand, first, Shakespeare and Milton, then Wordsworth. Abundantly, indeed, has his own hope been realized as to the final destiny of his poetry—"to console the afflicted, to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young and gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous: this is their office, which, I trust, they will faithfully perform long after we have mouldered in our graves."

We may now conveniently pass on to consider, briefly, a second pair of poets in the first group—poets with much similarity of aim, yet infinite diversity of practice. Shelley and Keats are alike in this—they are both intensely imaginative, both steeped in the spirit of romanticism, both keenly alive to the delights and beauties of the world, both sensitive to the finger-tips; diverse in this, that whereas the elder poet, Shelley, looked beyond the merely phenomenal beauty of the universe, finding in the intellectual spirit which was both its presupposition and the key to its mystery the sole source of his aspiration and inspiration, Keats, on the other hand, found in the tangible joys of being, in the passions of his fellows, in the light and colour of the sensuous side of nature, a sufficient guarantee of the fulness and adequacy of existence. Each, therefore, was bound to regard Nature from, I will not say an antagonistic, but at least a different, aspect. To Shelley, Nature was the visible symbol of an unbodied intellectual (or spiritual) presence; and that presence he worshipped with an ardour totally uncomprehended by, and incomprehensible to, the everyday intelligence; but to Keats that presence was but a mere abstract and colourless quantity,

if, indeed, it existed at all; certainly the object of his love and adoration was to be discovered in those visible symbols *themselves*, that, to his brother-poet, were only interesting in so far as they were the outward manifestation of a hidden mystery. For Keats the *outward* was everything; for Shelley the *inward* was alone an object of interest. It is needful to be clear upon this, or the exact position of these two most extraordinarily gifted men becomes more or less an enigma. No better clue can be given for the following out of the interpretation just suggested than is afforded by Shelley's "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," and Keats' stanzas on "Autumn." Each is typical of its author; to each clings the peculiar flavour that we are accustomed to associate with the choicest products of consummate genius. A single quotation from Shelley's "Adonais," though well known, will illustrate what is meant:

The One remains, the Many change and pass;
 Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
 Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
 Stains the white radiance of eternity,
 Until Death tramples it to fragments.

In these lines there seems to pulsate the very life of mystery itself, and in every word is incorporated the idea of timelessness hidden in the womb of Time. And now listen to that other music of Keats, who "loved the principle of beauty in all things," but cared nothing to philosophize about Nature as did Wordsworth, and never attained to the depth of Wordsworth's spiritual insight, but who, like an "Elizabethan born too late," has never been surpassed for rounded beauty of utterance and rich felicity of haunting phrase. He is, indeed, the truest of artists in words, and not unworthy to rank in this regard with Shakespeare himself. The passage quoted is the final verse of the "Autumn" stanzas already alluded to:

Where are the Songs of Spring? Ah, where are they?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too—
 While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river-sallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies:
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
 Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
 The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

Surely here, if anywhere, is the accent of immortality; and if we read the poem in connection with Tennyson's early poem "Mariana," we shall readily admit the intellectual and spiritual kinship that linked together the finished work of

Keats, who died at the age of twenty-five, and the work of Alfred Tennyson, who owed so much to the inspiring influences of his predecessor.

Between the death of Byron, in 1824, and the year 1842, which witnessed the publication, not of Tennyson's *first* work—that had appeared as far back as 1827—but of his two-volumed collection of "Poems," there was not much of an eventful character published to the world. True, Browning's "Paracelsus" came out in 1835; but it made no stir, as is too often the case with a really noteworthy book. When Tennyson, however, collected out of his volumes of 1830 and 1833 what was, in his matured judgment, worth retaining after scrupulous and wholesale revision, adding thereto such poems as had lain by him in manuscript from 1835 to 1841, the whole literary world was captivated. The volumes of 1842 mark a definite era in the literary history of England. By them he was at once raised to the highest pinnacle of literary celebrity; next to Wordsworth he was the leading poet; and when in 1850 Wordsworth died, the choice of Tennyson to fill the vacant post of Laureate was inevitable. Tennyson died in the autumn of 1892; so that for exactly half a century he continued to fill that position. And during that period of time, though volume after volume appeared, he never once lost his unique hold on the affection, we will not say of Englishmen alone, but of English-speaking people the wide world over. He preserved his pre-eminence to the last; other poets arose, and for a time, perhaps, lured the public, but ever, in the end, that public fell beneath the spell which Tennyson so deftly knew how to weave; and they fell willingly. "Tennyson," says an admirable critic of our generation, "was able, by the vigour and uniformity of his gifts, to hold English poetry stationary for sixty years—a feat absolutely unparalleled elsewhere."

If one be asked what it was that constituted so extraordinary a popularity—a popularity of a really worthy order, not that misplaced popularity which so often terminates in a half-fretful contempt—perhaps it will be enough to say that in Tennyson, as in no other writer of his age, were reflected the temper of the time, the ideals that governed it, the passions that stirred it, the enthusiasms which stimulated it. The poetry of Tennyson, too, is a magic mirror, which softens hard outlines, heightens vivid contrasts, and flings over all the wonderful glow of a romantic fancy. Furthermore, the tender melancholy of Tennyson's nature, his religious fervour, and, not least, his abundant patriotism, powerfully appeal to the peculiar sensibilities of our modern world. And when we add to all this that the colours of the dawn flowed from the

poet's pencil with perpetual charm and rich variety, that, moreover, he was a great artist, and could invest an ancient tale with all the tints of romance, it is not, after all, so wonderful that he reigned so long the undisputed master in the world of letters. Then his literary tact (he did not disgust people by publishing too often or too much), his immense knowledge, his fine scholarship, and his robust English common-sense (a virtue he deeply prized), combined with that air of secrecy which he cultivated in his relations with the outside world, all served to heighten the effect.

We may claim, then, for Tennyson a pre-eminent position as the interpreter of his age; we may feel assured that in his poetry are displayed "the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure." But while, for these very reasons, Tennyson's poetry has been the delight and wonder of his generation, which has found there the reflex of its own dim hopes, unspoken yearnings, and vague unrest, on precisely similar grounds it is less universal in its significance. It is rather the creation of the period than its spiritual teacher; it has caught and fixed in exquisite shape the floating ideas of the time; it has not given birth to some master motive or controlling impulse. Hence such poetry, while infinitely suggestive and sensitive, has not the world-wide import of those half-dozen supreme poets who undoubtedly *govern* the thoughts of after ages. In other words, Tennyson is less the seer than the artist; and, so far, cannot be ranked in the first order of poets. His work is intensely national; it is hardly cosmopolitan. Hence, while we are led to the conclusion that, as a painter and musician in word and phrase, he stands upon an unassailable pedestal, we may not set him beside Homer, or Dante, or Shakespeare; for these speak, not to this or that age, to this or that people, but to the whole world.

Bearing in mind this caution, we proceed to consider, as shortly as possible, the drift and tendency of Tennyson's poems from the year 1842, when he first leapt into the full glare of fame, right on to that ever-memorable night, nearly seven years ago, when, after breathing into the ear of his wife that tender and beautiful little requiem "The Silent Voices," he passed away amid the mourning of the entire English-speaking race. It is not necessary to mention even the title of all the various volumes which, during those fifty years, he gave to the world; it is, however, necessary to allude to three in particular, as they severally illustrate the growth of the poet's own art and the drift of his sentiment. These three volumes are "In Memoriam," the "Idylls of the King," and "Queen Mary."

"In Memoriam" is so intensely admired—though not always as perfectly comprehended—by every lover of poetry

that a detailed examination of its contents would be a superfluity. In it the artistic qualities which are so characteristic of the poet reached their highest level of excellence; and the fact becomes all the more intelligible when we realize that upon that unique work were lavished the unceasing toil, the noblest inspiration, of fully seventeen years. Begun in 1833, at a time of grief and depression of heart consequent upon the death of his beloved friend Arthur Hallam, it was not finished till 1849. In its cantos we trace the mood of the poet from the first shock of sorrow and passion of dejection to the solemn triumph of its close; from the hour of darkness and doubt to the clear dayspring of faith and hope. Here, more fully than elsewhere, the religious tendency¹ of the poet was revealed. "In Memoriam" has been called the poem of the earnest doubters; and that is true, but only partially so. It is more: it is the poem of faith triumphant over all the hard facts of existence which tend to submerge faith in the waters of despair. How nobly does the soul of the poet extricate itself from these depths, and pass on to the better knowledge and loftier conviction which are the main motive of its close! Life is stern, and death is stern; the apparent failure of love in the midst of this world's stress is touched with a bitter realism; but, above all, the star of Divine love shines unquenched, spite of all the clouds that hide from view the meaning of man's brief existence,—that love of God which, albeit not antagonistic to the law that governs the course of things, is yet higher than law, and alone can reveal the mystery of creation. No poem in our time has realized this truth of truths quite so successfully as "In Memoriam."

We pass on to regard for an instant that cycle of twelve poems which was begun in 1836 and completed in 1885, and has been appropriately named "The Idylls of the King." There are readers of the Idylls who study them for the sake of the story they contain; others, again, for the sake of the mellifluous verse in which that story is enshrined; but they are wiser who, without disregarding the story running through this ancient cycle of folk-lore dressed up so faultlessly for

¹ The late R. H. Hutton, in an essay upon Tennyson (reprinted in "Aspects of Religious and Scientific Thought"), seems to me to have gauged the attitude of the poet towards religion with singular felicity when he writes: "The lines of Tennyson's theology were in harmony with the great central lines of Christian thought; but, in coming down to details, it soon passed into a region where all was wistful, and dogma disappeared in a haze of radiant twilight." Cf. "The Ancient Sage" and "Akbar's Dream" for a presentation of the poet's final attitude towards the problem of belief.

modern hearers, and fully realizing the witchery of its purple patches, its tender pathos, and its inexhaustible charm, are nevertheless not blind to the *purpose* which, from inception to finish, guided the hand of the poet. In the *Idylls* he shadows "sense" at war with "soul," as is plain enough from the epilogue of 1872. The whole cycle is allegoric, as much so as "Don Quixote" is allegoric, and clearly, therefore, the vehicle of a moral purpose. Not for nothing is the complete poem divided into twelve books, each with a "story-telling name," answering the year's revolving months. By "King Arthur" was meant man's soul; by the "Round Table" the passions and capacities of a man.¹ And the inner kernel of the entire cycle is to be found in the "Holy Grail," which Tennyson completed in 1868, and of which he thus wrote: "The 'Holy Grail' is one of the most imaginative of my poems. I have expressed there my strong feeling as to the Reality of the Unseen. The end, when the King speaks of his work and of his visions, is intended to be the summing up of all in the highest note by the highest of human men. These three lines in Arthur's speech are the (spiritually) central lines of the *Idylls* :

In moments when he feels he cannot die,
And knows himself no vision to himself
Nor the high God a vision."

And perhaps Tennyson's son and biographer was true when he said, "Of all the *Idylls*, the 'Holy Grail' seems to me to express most my father's highest self."

In 1875 Tennyson broke new ground by the publication of "Queen Mary," in some ways the finest dramatic work since Shakespeare. But it was not welcomed by the public on its appearance; and, somehow or other, neither "Queen Mary" nor his subsequent plays were ever accorded more than a courteous but frigid reception. Possibly the reason may lie in the fact that readers had so schooled themselves into the habit of regarding Tennyson as a writer of *idyll* and lyric that they were nonplussed when he assumed a novel rôle and posed as a dramatist. But that, ultimately, Tennyson's plays will be appreciated as their merits demand, there can be little doubt.

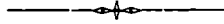
For a man of nearly seventy years of age to move thus into a fresh sphere of literary activity, and (so to say) complete the line of Shakespeare's English chronicle plays by the addition of an historical trilogy such as he intended "Harold," "Becket," and "Queen Mary" to be, was indeed hazardous.

¹ See "Tennyson: A Memoir," by his Son, vol. ii., p. 90.

But if hazardous, the attempt was, in the best sense, successful; true it did not win him "full-handed plaudits" from pit or gallery, but it secured him the whole-hearted approval of men like Froude, Gladstone, Browning, and Professor Jebb. And, indeed, the plays are astonishingly virile, and full of movement and colour. And that is what one notices in so much of Tennyson's later work—the increase of masculinity. Perhaps he lost a little of the old voluptuous ease and mellow smoothness of phrase which are noticeable features in the products of his early magic; but what he may have lost he made up for by increment of forceful diction, and power of dramatic intensity. Be that as it may, my object in drawing attention to "Queen Mary" and the subsequent plays is by way of emphasizing the dramatic tendency in much of Tennyson's later work—work dramatic in principle if not always dramatic in form. Undoubtedly he was influenced by the massive genius of Robert Browning; and his volume of "Ballads" published in 1880 is a clear case in point. Influenced, not quite consciously; but then this unconscious assimilation of pregnant ideas was habitual with Tennyson (as has been already stated); but how fruitful in their final issue!

E. H. BLAKENEY.

(*To be continued.*)



ART. V.—RELIGION IN THE TIME OF CHAUCER.

THE great poet and acute observer Geoffrey Chaucer, with whose religious opinions we are concerned in this paper, lived at one of the most momentous periods of English history. It is thought that he was born about the year 1340, in the reign of Edward III., and he died in 1400, in the first year of the reign of Henry IV., the son of his old patron and brother-in-law, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. Thus, his life covers rather more than the interval between the most glorious epoch of Edward III.'s reign—the Battle of Crécy being fought when Chaucer was a boy of six—and the downfall, in 1399, of his unfortunate grandson and successor, Richard II. It was, in fact, the first half of the Hundred Years' War between England and France, which had such momentous consequences, both European and national. To England, says the historian Green,¹ it brought a social, a religious, and in the

¹ The following pages are a résumé from Green's "History of the English People."

end a political, revolution. The Peasants' Revolt, Wycliffism or Lollardry, and the New Monarchy, were direct issues of the war. With it began the military renown of England; with it opened her struggle for the mastery of the seas. The pride begotten by great victories, and a sudden revelation of warlike prowess, roused the country, not only to a new ambition, a new resolve to assert itself as a European power, but to a repudiation of the (secular) claims of the papacy, and an assertion of the ecclesiastical independence both of Church and Crown (in temporal matters), which paved the way for, and gave its ultimate form to, the English Reformation. The peculiar shape which English warfare assumed, the triumph of the yeoman and archer over noble and knight, gave new force to the political advance of the Commons. On the other hand, the misery of the war produced the first great open feud between labour and capital. The glory of Crécy or Poitiers was dearly bought by the upgrowth of English pauperism. The warlike temper nursed on foreign fields begot at home a new turbulence and scorn of law, woke a new feudal spirit in the baronage, and sowed in the revolution which placed a new house on the throne the seeds of that fatal strife over the succession which troubled England to the days of Elizabeth.

Another fact which had a strong influence on the England of the days of Chaucer was the growing exactions of the Popes to keep up the splendours of their vast palace at Avignon. Gold could only be got by the Popes "by pressing harder and harder on the National Churches the worst claims of the Papal Court, by demands of firstfruits and annates from Rectory and Bishopric, by pretensions to the right of bestowing all benefices that were in ecclesiastical patronage, and by the sale of those presentations: by the direct taxation of the clergy; by the intrusion of foreign priests into English benefices; by opening a market for the disposal of pardons, dispensations and indulgences, and by encouraging appeals from every ecclesiastical jurisdiction to the Papal Court. No grievance was more bitterly felt than this grievance of appeals. Cases of the most trifling importance were called for decision out of the realm to a tribunal whose delays were proverbial and whose fees were enormous. The envoy of an Oxford college, which sought only a formal license to turn a vicarage into a rectory, had not only to bear the expense and toil of a journey, which then occupied some eighteen days, but was kept dangling at Avignon some three-and-twenty weeks. Humiliating and vexatious, however, as these appeals were, they were but one amongst the means of extortion which the Papal Court multiplied as its needs grew greater. The protest

of a later Parliament, exaggerated as its statements no doubt are, shows the extent of the national irritation. It asserted that the taxes levied by the Pope amounted to five times the total of those levied by the King; that by reservations during the life of actual holders the Pope disposed of the same bishopric four or five times over, receiving each time the firstfruits. 'The brokers of the sinful city of Rome,' said the Parliament, 'promote for money unlearned and unworthy caitiffs to benefices of the value of 1,000 marks, while the poor and learned hardly obtain one of twenty. So decays sound learning. They present aliens who neither see nor care to see their parishioners, despise God's services, convey away the treasures of the realm, and are worse than Jews or Saracens. The Pope's revenue from England alone is larger than that of any prince in Christendom. God gave His sheep to be pastured, not to be shaven and shorn.' At the close of the reign of Edward III., indeed, the Archdeaconry of Canterbury, which was reputed the wealthiest English benefice, and the Deaneries of Lichfield, Salisbury and York, together with a host of prebends and preferments, were held by Italian cardinals and priests, while the Pope's collector from his office in London sent 20,000 marks a year to the Papal treasury."

The latter half of Edward III.'s reign was overcast by misfortunes and losses, which roused the temper of the people, but seem to have had little effect on the gay, frivolous, dissolute character of the upper classes. No less than four great pestilences during Chaucer's life swept over the land, and at least one-half of its population, including two-thirds of the inhabitants of the capital, as well as Henry, Duke of Lancaster, and an Archbishop, had been carried off by the ravages of the obstinate epidemic—"the foul death of England," as it was called in a formula of execration in use among the people.

The life of King Edward III. and his Court was corrupt and wanton. "When once Philippa was dead, he threw aside all shame. He paraded a mistress as Queen of Beauty through the streets of London, and set her in pomp over tournaments as the Lady of the Sun. The nobles were quick to follow their lord's example. 'In those days,' writes a chronicler of the times, 'arose a rumour and clangour among the people that wherever there was a tournament there came a great concourse of ladies, of the most costly and beautiful, but not of the best, in the kingdom, sometimes forty or fifty in number, as if they were a part of the tournament, ladies clad in diverse and wonderful male apparel, in parti-coloured tunics, with short caps and bands wound cordwise round their heads, and girdles bound with gold and silver, and daggers in pouches across their body. And thus they rode on choice coursers

to the place of tourney ; and so spent and wasted their goods, and vexed their bodies with scurrilous wantonness, that the murmurs of the people sounded everywhere. But they neither feared God, nor blushed at the chaste voice of the people.' ”

In the meantime the clergy were rent by their own dissensions. The higher prelates were busy with the cares of political office, and severed from the lower priesthood by the scandalous inequality between the enormous revenues of the wealthier ecclesiastics and the “ poor parson ” of the country. A bitter hatred divided the parochial clergy from the monks, who existed in prodigious numbers. The same strife went fiercely on in the Universities. The Chancellor of Oxford attributed to the Franciscan friars the decline which was already being felt in the number of academical students, and the University had to check by statute their practice of admitting mere children into their Order. The clergy, too, at large shared in the discredit and unpopularity of the Papacy. Though they suffered more than any other class from the exactions of Avignon, they were bound more and more to the Papal cause. The very statutes newly enacted by Parliament which would have protected them were set aside by the treacherous diplomacy of the Crown. At home and abroad the Roman See was too useful for the King to come to any actual break with it. . . . A compromise was arranged between the Pope and the Crown, in which both united in the spoliation and enslavement of the Church. The voice of chapters, of monks, of ecclesiastical patrons, went henceforth for nothing in the election of Bishops or abbots, or the nomination to benefices in the gift of Churchmen. The Crown recommended those whom it chose to the Pope, and the Pope nominated them to see or cure of souls. The treasuries of both King and Pope profited by the arrangement, but we can hardly wonder that after such a betrayal as this the clergy placed little trust in statutes or royal protection, and bowed humbly before the claims of Rome. They clung to the Pope with persistent fidelity, till their grasp was torn away by Henry VIII., and Edward VI. and Elizabeth, under the impulse of the Reformers.

But alas ! what weakened the clergy most in this period was their severance from the general sympathies of the nation, their selfishness, and the worldliness of their temper. Immense as their wealth was, they bore as little as they could of the common burdens of the realm. They were still resolute to assert their exemption from the common justice of the land, while the mild punishments of the Bishops' Courts carried as little dismay as ever into the mass of disorderly clerks. At the same time, privileged as they thus

held themselves against all interference from the lay world without them, they carried on a ceaseless interference with the affairs of this lay world through their control over wills, contracts, divorces (and immorality). No figure was better known or more hated than the Summoner who enforced their jurisdiction, and levied the dues of their courts. And by their directly religious offices they penetrated into the very heart of the social life about them. But, powerful as they were, their moral authority was fast passing away. The wealthier Churchmen, with their curled hair and hanging sleeves, aped the extravagant costume of the knightly society from which they were drawn, and to which they still really belonged. We see the general impressions of their worldliness in Chaucer's pictures of the hunting monk and the courtly prioress, with her love-motto on her brooch. The older religious orders, in fact, had sunk into mere landowners, while the enthusiasm of the friars had in great part died away and left a crowd of impudent mendicants behind it. Wycliff could soon with general applause denounce the friars as "sturdy beggars," and declare that "the man who gives alms to a begging friar is by that very fact excommunicate." No language is strong enough to describe the contempt with which the friars are treated in the writings of Chaucer.

The struggle against the secular encroachments of the Papacy brought forward a man, to treat of whom properly would require a separate paper — Wycliff, the greatest schoolman of his day, a man who was destined to give a far wider scope and significance to this spirit of resistance to Rome than any as yet dreamed of. He was Master of Balliol College, and the ornament of the University of Oxford. He was gradually led on to deny Transubstantiation, the alleged miracle of the Mass, the supremacy of the Pope, the validity of excommunication unless it correspond with the reality of the relation between the soul and God, and to assert the written Word of God, the words of Christ and His Apostles and Prophets, as the ultimate Rule of Faith. "It was only the struggle that lay before him which revealed in the dry and subtle schoolman the founder of our later English prose, a master of popular invective, of irony, of persuasion, a dexterous politician, an audacious partisan, the organizer of a religious order, the unsparing assailant of abuses, the boldest and most indefatigable of controversialists, the first Reformer who dared, when deserted and alone, to question and deny the creed of the Christendom around him, to break through the tradition of the past, and with his last breath to assert the freedom of religious thought against the dogmas of the Papacy." On this very spot,¹ before the Con-

¹ This lecture was given in St. Paul's Cathedral.

vocation of Canterbury held in old St. Paul's, he was protected from the anger of the Bishops, on account of his attacks on the wealth and worldliness of the Church, by the appearance of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and Lord Percy, at his side. Once freed from the trammels of ecclesiastical belief, Wycliff's mind worked fast in its career of inquiry. Pardons, indulgences, absolutions, pilgrimages to the shrines of saints, worship of their images, worship of the saints themselves, were successively denied. A formal appeal to the Bible as the one ground of faith, coupled with an assertion of the right of every instructed man to examine the Bible for himself, threatened the very groundwork of medieval dogmatism with ruin. Nor were these daring denials confined to the small circle of scholars who clung to him in spite of persecution. The "simple priests" whom he trained and organized were active in the diffusion of their master's doctrines; and how rapid their progress must have been we may see from the panic-struck exaggeration of their opponents. A few years later they complained that the followers of Wycliff abounded everywhere and in all classes—among the baronage, in the cities, among the peasantry of the countryside, even in the monastic cell itself.

The growing discontent of the people, the statutes interfering with the labour market, the poll-tax, the exactions, the teaching of the Wycliffite preachers on the subject of property, which was highly dangerous and inflammable for the ignorant masses, at last kindled the universal outbreak throughout the kingdom known as the Peasants' Revolt. Had it not been for the courage of the boy-king, Richard II., then only sixteen years old, the throne would have been overturned. The Tower was taken, and a large part of London was sacked, including the Savoy, the Palace of John of Gaunt. The country was appalled to learn that the Primate Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, had been beheaded by the rebels, together with the Treasurer and the Chief Commissioner of the Poll-tax, and other Ministers. The revolt was finally quelled, but it was quelled with a thoroughness of reaction which postponed reform in Church and State for a long time to come.

Through all these mighty movements, Chaucer, the soldier and courtier, paced daintily and gently, a keen observer, but a thorough man of the world. To all these great influences and events he makes but slight allusion. His theory of art is to exhibit every variety of human character as it exists in the manner that will charm and please the most.

He was born, as we saw, about 1340, the son of a London vintner who lived in Thames Street; and it was in London that most of his life was spent. His family, though not

noble, was of some importance, for from the opening of his career we find Chaucer in close connection with the Court. At sixteen he was made page to the wife of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, one of the sons of Edward III. ; at nineteen he first bore arms in the campaign of 1359. He was luckless enough to be made prisoner; and, from the time of his release after the Treaty of Brétigny, he took no further share in the military enterprises of his time. He seems again to have returned to service about the Court, and it was now, about his twenty-eighth year, that his first poems made their appearance—the “*Compleynte to Pity*” in 1368, and in 1369 the “*Death of Blanch the Duchess*,” the wife of John of Gaunt, who from this time may be looked upon as his patron. It may have been to Duke John's influence that he owed his employment in seven diplomatic missions, which were probably connected with the financial straits of the Crown. Three of these carried him to Italy. He visited Genoa and the brilliant Court of the Visconti at Milan; at Florence, where the memory of Dante, the “*great master*” whom he commemorates so reverently in his verse, was still living, he may have met Boccaccio; at Padua, like his own “*Clerk of Oxenford*,” he possibly caught his story of “*Griseldis*” from the life of Petrarch.

The poetic literature of the time best known in England was that of the long French romances, light, frivolous, fanciful, self-indulgent. After his visits to Italy Chaucer rose to grander conceptions. France contributed to the vivacity, Italy to the dignity, of his poetry. But finally he became thoroughly, heartily, genuinely English.

He was a busy practical worker—Controller of the Customs in 1374, of the Petty Customs in 1382, Member of Parliament in 1386. The fall of John of Gaunt may have deprived him of employment for a time, but from 1389 to 1391 he was Clerk of the Royal Works, busy with repairs and building at Westminster, Windsor, and the Tower.

His air was that of a courtly student. A portrait has preserved for us his forked beard, his dark-coloured dress, the knife and pen-case at his girdle, his gray hair. He himself describes his face as somewhat sly and elvish, his walk quick, his height very small, his figure plump, his waist portly. Men jested about his silence, his abstraction, his love of study. “*Thou lookest as thou wouldest find a hare*,” laughs the host in the “*Canterbury Tales*,” “*and ever on the ground I see thee stare*.” He heard little of his neighbours' talk when office work in Thames Street was over. “*Thou goest home to thy own house anon, and also dumb as any stone thou sittest at another book, till fully dazed is thy look, and*

lives thus as an eremite, although thy abstinence is lite." Of this seeming abstraction from the world there is not a trace in Chaucer's verse. We see there how keen his observation was, how vivid and intense his sympathy with Nature and the men and women among whom he moved.

Chaucer's main subject is that of Love, and in many cases his treatment corresponds with the morals of a corrupt age. His women, for the most part, are easily overcome, and he evidently has a contemptuous feeling for their virtue. He frequently describes sins against chastity with the voluptuous relish of a man of the world. The "Wife of Bath," one of the most amusing characters in the most popular of his works, the "Canterbury Tales," is a selfish, sensual, utterly fleshly woman. When remonstrances were brought against him on this point, he replied easily that he was merely painting as an artist things as they are. But it cannot be denied that as an artist he shows keen sympathy with what is earthly and even bestial. His works have to be largely expurgated before they can be put into the hands of young people. As to marriage, Chaucer may be said generally to treat it in that style of laughing with a wry mouth which has from time immemorial been affected both in comic writing and on the comic stage. It is of course true that Chaucer was describing the manners of the profligate age of Edward III., when the universal decadence of morals was calling out the stern Puritanism of Wycliff and his followers, and paving the way for the Reformation. But Chaucer's own sympathetic translation of Boethius on "Consolation," and his insertion of a portentously long sermon as the Parson's contribution to the "Canterbury Tales," as well as numerous touches throughout his poems, show that he was all the while capable of high and truly Christian ideals. That, thank God, is the genius of the Christian religion; even in the darkest times the essential truths of Christianity can captivate the heart, and enable it to rise above the surrounding baseness.

Thus, he ends one of his longest and most important poems—"Troilus and Cressida"—in which he deals with the weakness and perfidy of women, with two beautiful stanzas:

O young and freshe folkés, he or she!
 In which that Love up-groweth with your age,
 Repair ye home from worldly vanity,
 And of your hearts up-cast ye the visage
 To that great God that after His imáge
 You made, and think ye all is but a fair,
 This world, that passeth soon, as flowers rare.

And love ye Him, the which that right for love,
 Upon a Cross, our soulés for to buy
 First died, and rose, and sits in heaven above;

For He'll betray no wight, that dare I say,
 That will his heart all wholly on Him lay!
 And since He best to love is, and most meke,
 What needeth feynèd lovès for to seek?

Thus also, in order to show that he knew what good women were, and that he believed in them, he projected a long poem—the “Legend of Good Women”—in which he planned to write a protracted series of examples from classical authors. Nine of these he completed, and then found his theme too monotonous; but these, and his lament for Blanch the Duchess, prove that he knew the beauty and the value of exalted womanly virtue.

The principles on which his personal faith rested are well expressed in the prologue to this treatise on “Good Women”:

A thousand timès I have heard men tell,
 That there is joy in heaven, and pain in hell;
 And I accordè well that it is so.
 But nathèless, yet wot I well alsó,
 That there is none doth in this country dwell
 That either hath in heaven been or hell,
 Or any other way could of it know,
 But that he heard, or found it written so,
 For by assay may no man proof receive.

But God forbid that men should not believe
 More things than they have ever seen with eye!
 Men shall not fancy everything a lie
 Unless themselves it see, or else it do;
 For, God wot, not the less a thing is true,
 Though every wight may not it chance to see.

In another poem, talking of the impiety of Alchemy, he expresses his profound reverence for the truth of the revelation of God:

Whoso maketh God his adversary
 As for to work anything in contrary
 Unto His will, certès ne'er shall he thrive
 Though that he coin gold through all his life.

In the “Wife of Bathe’s Tale” he has a very fine passage on the true gentleman, founded on the Christian doctrine of equality, and the paramount importance of virtue:

Look, who that is most virtuous alway
 Privy and open, and most intendeth aye
 To do the gentle deedès that he can,
 Takè him for the greatest gentleman.
 Christ wills we claim of Him our gentleness,
 Not of our elders for their old richès.
 For though they give us all their heritáge
 Through which we claim to be of high paráge,
 Yet may they not bequeathè for no thing—
 To none of us—their virtuous living
 That made them gentlemen y-callèd be,
 And bade us follow them in such degree.

Well can the wisē poet of Florēce,
 That Dante hightē, speak of this sentēce ;
 Lo, in such manner of rhyme is Dante's tale :
 " Seldom upriseth by its branches small
 Prowess of man ; for God of His prowēss
 Wills that we claim of Him our gentleness ;
 For of our ancestors we no thing claim
 But temporal thing, that men may hurt and maim."

And in the " Franklin's Tale " there is a no less beautiful passage on long-suffering, which shows how truly Chaucer understood some of the leading characteristics of the Christian spirit :

For one thing, sirēs, safely dare I say,
 That friends the one the other must obey,
 If they will longē holdē company.
 Love will not be constrain'd by mastery.
 When mastery comes, the god of love anon
 Beateth his wings—and, farewell ! he is gone.
 Love is a thing as any spirit free.
 Women desire, by nature, liberty,
 And not to be constrained as a thrall,
 And so do men, if I the truth say shall.
 Look, who that is most patiēt in love,
 He is at his advantage all above.
 A virtue high is patiēce, certain,
 Because it vanquisheth, as clerks explain,
 Things to which rigour never could attain.
 For every word men should not chide and plain ;
 Learn ye to suffer, or else, so may I go,
 Ye shall it learn, whether ye will or no.
 For in this world certain no wight there is
 Who neither doth nor saith some time amiss.
 Sickness or ire, or constellatiōn,
 Wine, woe, or changing of complexiōn,
 Causeth full oft to do amiss or speak.
 For every wrong men may not vengeance wreak :
 After a time there must be temperance
 With every wight that knows self-governance.

And in spite of his mockery of the lordly hunting monk, the sly nun's priest, the impudent pardoner, the unprincipled summoner, and the worldly prioress, he has drawn the most perfect picture of the humble parish priest, serving God and His people with all his heart, drawn partly no doubt from his knowledge of Wycliff and the best of his disciples :

A good man was there of religiōn,
 And was a poorē Parson of a town.
 But rich he was of holy thought and work.
 He was also a learned man, a clerk
 That Christēs Gospel truly wouldē preach ;
 And his parishioners devoutly teach.
 Benign he was, and wondrous diligent,
 And in adversity full patiēt.
 And such he was y-provèd oftē sithes.

Full loth he was to curse men for his tithes ;
But rather would he givē, without doubt,
Unto his poor parishioners about
Of his off'ring and eke of his substānce.
He could in little wealth have súffisance.
Wide was his parish, houses far asunder,
Yet failed he not for either rain or thunder
In sickness nor mischance to visit all
The furthest in his parish, great and small,
Upon his feet, and in his hand a staff.
This noble ensample to his sheep he gave,
That first he wrought, and afterwards he taught ;
Out of the Gospel he those wordēs caught,
And this figúre he added eke thereto,
That "if gold rustē, what shall iron do ?"
For if a priest be foul, on whom we trust,
No wonder is it if a layman rust ;
And shame it is, if that a priest take keep,
A foul shepherd to see and a clean sheep ;
Well ought a priest ensample for to give
By his cleanness, how that his sheep should live.
He put not out his benefice on hire,
And left his sheep encumbered in the mire,
And ran to London unto Saintē Paul's,
To seek himself a chantery for souls,
Or maintenance with a brotherhood to hold ;
But dwelt at home, and keptē well his fold,
So that the wolf ne'er made it to miscarry ;
He was a shepherd and no mercenary.
And though he holy were, and virtuous,
He was to sinful man not déspitous,
And of his speech nor difficult nor digne,
But in his teaching discreet and benign.
For to draw folk to heaven by fairness,
By good ensample, this was his business :
But were there any person obstinate,
What so he were, of high or low estate,
Him would he sharply snub at once. Than this
A better priest, I trow, there nowhere is.
He waited for no pomp and reverence,
Nor made himself a spicēd conscience ;
But Christēs love and His Apostles twelve
He taught, but first he followed it himself.

Lastly, I would quote the famous stanzas justly entitled,
"The Good Counsel of Chaucer":

Flee from the press, and dwell with soothfastness ;
Sufficē thee thy good, though it be small ;
For hoard hath hate, and climbing tickleness :
Press hath envý, and wealth is blinded all.
Savour no more than thee behovē shall ;
Do well thyself that other folk canst rede ;
And truth thee shall deliver, it is no dread.

Painē thee not each crooked to redress
In trust of her that turneth as a ball.
Greatō rest stands in little business.

Beware also to spurn against a nail.
 Strive not as doth a pitcher with a wall.
 Deemö thyself that deemest others' deed ;
 And truth thee shall deliver, it is no dread.

That thee is sent receive in buxomness ;
 The wrestling of this world asketh a fall.
 Here is no home, here is but wilderness.
 Forth, pilgrimö ! forth, beast, out of thy stall !
 Look up on high, and thankö God of all.
 Waivö thy lust, and let thy ghost thee lead,
 And truth shall thee deliver, it is no dread.

I have not been estimating Chaucer as a poet, nor the inextinguishable debt which is owed him by English literature. My object has been to show what his attitude was towards the religion and the principles taught by our Lord Jesus Christ. And there are only two lessons which I would draw from his writings in conclusion. The one is, that the best of Christian systems may under untoward circumstances become corrupt ; the second is, that such is the Divine vitality and permanent truth of Christianity itself, that even in the most unpromising surroundings the true force and genius of God's revelation will always make itself felt, and will in the end prevail.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

ART. VI.—LOURDES.

THERE are really two Lourdes. One is old and shabby and a little depressed by the nearness of her prosperous rival, who flaunts gaily in the sun, vigorous and well attired. Lourdes the elder is huddled beneath the great gray rock crowned on the top with the château and the tricolour, a town with a long past behind her, brooding over memories of Vandals, Franks, Saracens, Basques, the Black Prince, Simon de Montfort, and the Béarnais. The streets are narrow, the houses high, with squalid courts lurking behind them ; the Gave runs sullenly past the rock, and the barren Pyrenees fill in the distance. It is like many a town of that wild district, where the Moors came pouring over the hills, where Roland cleft the rocks at Gavarnie, and the Templars built their round churches. Centuries of simple faith and docile piety reared the stock from which was born gentle Bernadette Soubirous, the poor frail lamb with her clean soul shining through its diaphanous cover. Born in 1852, of parents of the poorest class, her home is shown in one of the low dark courts of the Rue des Petits-Fossés. From the sordid street above you descend by a narrow staircase into the flagged yard

from which rises up the huge gray wall of a towering house, and there, in a cellar-like damp room, with low beams and uneven flooring, was her birthplace. It is falling into decay, the plaster is cracking; evidently the old Lourdes can do nothing to preserve the memory of her saintly child. She is but one of the many dreams of the past, amiable and gentle, passing away with but a faint fragrance left behind.

But almost imperceptibly the old passes off into the new, and out in the sunlight, on a little plain just fringed in by rocks and verdure, lies the new Lourdes, with its comfortable hotels, shops of relics, and hospitals; and glittering in the midst, on a lawn of green, the superb Basilica and Church of the Rosary. Here the Gave runs cheerily, everything is well kept and orderly, people hawk flowers and candles, and the whole place swarms with pilgrims, hale or maimed. Just to the right of the Basilica, through a large columnar gateway, and at the end of a terrace built on the bank of a stream, is the famous Grotto, the very centre of the whole wonderful apparatus of commerce and piety. It is a little low cave, with a railing in front, which is illuminated continuously by huge clusters of candles, whose lights flicker and sway day and night. Within on the ceiling, and outside over the brow of the cave, hang rows upon rows of crutches, artificial limbs, and appliances which the grateful cured have left as a testimony of their miraculous restoration. To the left are the piscinas and drinking fountains; to the right, in a cleft of the rock, is the white statue of the Virgin Mary wearing a blue sash, which is repeated and sold in thousands and thousands of pictures and plaster-casts. Beneath the statue is a pulpit.

Hundreds of pilgrims wander about or pray in front of the grotto. As a bishop passes in violet cassock they kneel, while he extends his hand for them to kiss the episcopal ring. A priest thunders from the pulpit. Within, the church is packed with devoted worshippers. In the evening a procession will be formed, and wend its way, holding lighted candles and singing hymns to the Virgin, up the long winding steps that lead to the Basilica. And all this is the work of the little maid of fourteen years old, so delicate and dreamy.

Events succeed one another so rapidly, and are so quickly forgotten nowadays, that it may not be amiss if we once more briefly relate the story of Bernadette. She was the poorest of the poor, always very frail and sickly, and unable to read. The usual stories are related about the piety of her childhood, and, indeed, we do not doubt that in England she would have donned the poke-bonnet and tapped the tambourine with the best of them. On February 11, 1858, her mother sent her with two other little girls to pick up sticks on the bank of the

Gave (all streams are called *gave* in the Pyrenees) by the rocks of the Massabielle. This is a rampart of gray rocks rising up from the bed of the stream, where is the Grotto, and the Basilica above. Of course, art has now altered the former configuration of the place, and the river is confined by a huge embankment reaching up to a terrace parallel with the floor of the Grotto. According to the account given by the authorized "Manual of Devotion," the child heard a sound as of a rushing wind when she was opposite this cave, and, raising her eyes, she fell upon her knees, for she saw a beautiful woman of incomparable splendour. Her long white dress fell to her feet, on each of which shone a rose. She wore a blue sash and a white veil; in her hands she clasped a chaplet, the chain of which was golden and the beads white as drops of milk. The rosary ended in a golden cross. She smiled fondly upon Bernadette, and the little one humbly began to tell her beads. The beauteous lady made the sign of the cross and vanished.

This was the first appearance of Mary of Nazareth to the little maid of Lourdes, whose pure and mystical mind must often have dreamed of her, and no doubt clothed her in the very garments and the same attitude before that time when the vision seemed to become clearer. There were in all eighteen apparitions, at most of which other persons accompanied Bernadette, but in no case was there any vision or sound manifested to them, only to the girl. We cannot describe all of them, but three important sayings of the beautiful lady should be noted. On one occasion the apparition said: "Ma fille, allez dire aux prêtres qu'il doit s'élever ici un sanctuaire et qu'on y doit venir en procession." Again, subsequently, the child was told to dig with her fingers a hole in the bottom of the cave. From it issued a stream, small at first, now large, which is the miraculous spring, the glory of Lourdes. But the most wonderful saying is that which was vouchsafed towards the end of the manifestations on March 25, the Feast of the Assumption. Bernadette had been pressed to get her visitor to reveal her identity, and finally the woman, "removing her gaze from Bernadette and fixing it on the heavens, said to her, 'I am the Immaculate Conception,' and immediately disappeared."

Such is this most remarkable story. On it has been reared a colossal structure of mercantile miracles, a glittering edifice, partly political, partly commercial, but partly devout and sincere. But one cannot help contrasting the creator with her—Frankenstein, might we term it? The fragile child of the rock and the valley, the pale wistful maiden—must it not have been a strange, weird terror to her to find her pure

dreams exploited and advertised? Her little cave, haunted by the gracious vision, turned into a tawdry chapel; the peaceful dale, where the holy voice spoke so low that none heard it but herself, now packed by thousands of pilgrims, with raucous voices bidding them sing more together or more loudly; the lawn, where her sheep fed, covered by gigantic hotels of the *Sacré Cœur*, of the Grotto, of the Holy Virgin—what wonder that the gentle Bernadette shrank abashed into the cloister, from which she never emerged?

In discussing the vexed question of Lourdes, there are certain questions invariably asked, such as, "Do miracles really happen at the Grotto?" It all depends on the terms used. There is no possible room for doubt that cures occur, and in large numbers. Optimists like Henri Lasserre, and pessimists like Emile Zola, to cite only two names, freely admit it. But even amongst Roman Catholics opinion is hesitating. Faith in Lourdes is not a matter of dogma. The Pope permits people to believe or not to believe. Many fervent Romanists, even priests, absolutely decline to grant a miraculous character to the facts, surprising and wonderful though they are, which occur. The *Figaro* in 1897 sent a special commissioner to Lourdes at the time of the largest of all the pilgrimages, called the "national" pilgrimage, which takes place in August and numbers from 15,000 to 20,000. The conclusion to which he, at all events, came is this: "J'ai la conviction absolue que tout malade ayant la foi *peut* guérir à Lourdes." This is putting it pretty strongly, but with certain reservations—*e.g.*, that the malady must be of a nervous nature—one might admit it. But then we are face to face with two hypotheses. One consists of the supernatural intervention of the Blessed Virgin, the other is found in personal volition, superexalted by religious emotion. If you grant the first, then miracles do happen; if you are content with the second, you must call them cures.

It seems that as a rule "hopeless" cases go to Lourdes. The cures are of those illnesses which are of a neurotic nature. It must be borne in mind that that species of malady is rapidly being enlarged by doctors to include many diseases which before were not classed within it. Now, the method of treatment is generally the same. A graphic and very fair description is given by Zola in his "Lourdes."¹ The patient is bathed in the sacred water. In company with many others he engages in devotional exercises in front of the Grotto or within the Basilica. Vast quantities of people pray the same prayers or repeat the same formulas. Every possible care is

¹ "Lourdes," English edition, p. 147, etc.

taken to impress and stimulate the faith of the patient by music, preaching and procession. In other words, the patient himself and others for him act upon his "subconscious self." Under these particular circumstances the mind is in a sort of hypnotic state.¹ This mood is in itself sufficient, in many cases, to remove the greater part of the symptoms. If a person who has considered himself incurable hopefully approaches a novel treatment in a state of subconscious expectation, much has been done even so far. But, more than this, these hopeful feelings are still further fostered by collective suggestion.² We all know that when one person tells us anything in a loud voice we are, at the first blush, as human beings, apt to be impressed by it. Take thousands of people all repeating the same formula and hoping the same result, and their minds are bound to powerfully react upon each other. The Salvation Army with us points the same moral as the processions at Lourdes. All these causes develop the automatic and unconscious action of the mind into a conscious display of its own powers; there is an intensely powerful action of the volition, and the cure of the nervous ailment is effected. Put into the form of an equation, the process might be expressed thus :

$$\begin{aligned} & \text{(A suitable disease + a developed subconscious self)} \\ & \quad \times \text{ collective suggestion} = \text{a cure.} \end{aligned}$$

This hypothesis is, we fancy, the one that all non-Roman Catholics and many Roman Catholics would adopt; but after all it can neither be proved nor denied that these phenomena are miracles. Cures do happen, and that is all that can be asserted without contradiction.

Leaving alone the vexed and insoluble question of miraculous interposition, there are many thoughts which occur on even a cursory inspection of the place and its problems. Lourdes is so pretty, and yet in earnest, the ceaseless trampling of the pilgrims' feet forms a deep dominant note above which rise lighter and more varying strains. Seen from a spot near by, it is like a picture flooded with peace and palpitating with life. There is a bizarre combination of the Middle Ages and the *fin de siècle* of Loretto and Vichy. The two watchwords of Lourdes are "Je suis l'Immaculée Conception" and "Veillez sur vos portemonnaie," and you see them on all sides. It can readily be imagined that there is much, very much, that grates on a truly devotional instinct. The names of the hotels, the exploiting of the means of grace, the shame-

¹ See "The Subconscious Self," Waldstein, p. 163.

² See "Religions of Primitive Peoples," Brinton, p. 55.

less and competitive traffic in bouquets for the Virgin and candles for the Grotto, these are perhaps inevitable, but none the less distasteful. And without being uncharitable, and without drawing unkind inferences, two facts are at least certain, that the French Church makes money out of Lourdes, and that she makes political capital also. The priests are a little too much *chefs d'orchestre*, and run things too openly. They are policemen in cassocks. True, the pilgrims seem to prefer to have it thus, but then, they see nothing but with the eye of faith. Nor can it be thought seemly to see written over a shop, "Objets de piété et de fantaisie," or "Dépôt de pastilles à l'eau de Lourdes." Is it not almost painful to see the little bottles of miraculous water on sale, affecting the form of the Virgin Mary? It must be conceded that, even omitting all more serious and deeper considerations, there is much on the surface that is ridiculous, even repellent.

But, on the other hand, nothing can be more impressive than a procession of the pilgrims. The Basilica is lit up from top to bottom by electric lamps. Two unending lines of pilgrims waver slowly up the steps leading to the platform in front of the church; two luminous serpents they appear, enlacing and entwining, for there are many bends in the mount, and each pilgrim carries a wax candle. From the whole comes one chant, an invocation to the Virgin, which seems to embody both a hymn of gratitude and a plaintive note of appeal. The harmony floats across the lawn with indescribable sweetness. And if from a closer standpoint the faces of the pilgrims are observed, what simple piety and undoubting faith! The shop-girl with her neatly-fitting dress, the workman in his blouse, the old *paysanne* with her face seamed by innumerable wrinkles, the tradesman sleek and comfortable, yet all burning with ardent faith, pouring forth their soul for themselves or their friends. At all events, there is nothing base or hypocritical or commercial in that scene. One is face to face with the most sublime piety; shops, trinkets, holy water, all these are forgotten, and one sees the childlike, wistful faith of the little maid Bernadette repeated in these disciples of hers, the children of the soil. Whatever one may say or think, such a sight is not without a certain evidential value in the France of to-day, where anarchists spit into the "holy water," where the dominion of the senses is all but supreme, and where materialism holds thought in fetters.

W. A. PURTON.



Review.



RECENT GIFFORD LECTURES.—II.

*Elements of the Science of Religion.*¹ Part II.: Ontological. By C. P. TIELE. Blackwood, 1899. Price 7s. 6d. net.

*The Philosophy of Theism.*² By A. C. FRASER, LL.D. (Second Edition, amended). Same Publishers, 1899. Price 6s. 6d. net.

PROFESSOR TIELE writes with the amplest knowledge upon the subject of religious beginnings, and the formation and evolution of religious creeds. He does not, however, seem to have grasped in its real fulness the vital element in religion, nor does he lay anything like sufficient stress upon the wholly unique position of the Old Testament in the development of man's God-consciousness. With his examination of the New Testament and of Christianity we have less need to concern ourselves just now; but we may remark that a just recognition of the fact of the claims which Christianity makes for itself, and of the extraordinary nature of those claims, constitute in themselves one of the most profoundly interesting problems with which the professed student of the science of religion has to deal. Yet deal with them he must, in some way or another; otherwise his careful superstructure of theory and of hypothesis is rendered incomplete, and his plan for "explicating" the facts at his disposal—facts which are far too stern and momentous to be set arbitrarily aside—and of unfolding the inward growth of the final stages of man's religious history, falls asunder. We think Professor Tiele has not fully appreciated the position of Christianity as at once an *absolute* and a *revealed* religion. Much indeed of what he says is most generous and admirable; much, too, of his descriptive commentary on Christian idealism is true; but he hardly recognises at its true value the truth that Christianity is no mere form of belief, but the entire surrender of the human heart to the person of Christ—the Christ who lived as a man, died as a man, but rose again, in the power of an endless life, as at once a Divine and human Personality mysteriously yet indissolubly linked in one.

Professor Tiele never once (if we remember aright) alludes to the Resurrection as a historical fact; yet it is on this fact that our faith is built; it is the central doctrine of Christianity; without it "our faith is vain."

We are glad to find the distinguished Dutch professor emphasizing the *essential* character of faith in any right conception of religion; and also the importance of recognising the real union that exists between religion and science, which cannot contradict one another, for are not both religion and science complementary aspects of that Truth of God which contains, while it transcends, them both?

We cannot bring this brief notice of an important series of lectures to a close without calling attention to the second edition of Professor Fraser's admirable work, "The Philosophy of Theism." Replete with the accumulated wisdom of a life-time spent in endeavouring to deepen our knowledge both of philosophy and religion, this book is likely to remain a permanent contribution to the subject with which it deals. It is significant that Professor Fraser has not been content with reprinting the two former volumes which contained his Gifford Lectures. The

¹ Gifford Lectures, 1898.

² *Ibid.*, 1894-96.

truth is, the present "amended" edition has been recast, and to a great extent rewritten. Valuable as it was in its first form, this series of discussions is still more valuable now—alike for the impartial manner in which the veteran thinker has stated the theistic argument, and also for the critical sagacity and power of lucid utterance which inform every page of the volume. Readers will be glad to have the last words of the new preface (dated February, 1899): "The eternal Gospel of Omnipotent Goodness, latent in humanity from the beginning, is unfolded in the Divine human nature of the Ideal Man, and is gradually unfolding in human life and history. And if faith in Omnipotent Goodness, with all that this involves, is the root and spring of human experience and science, no changes in that experience, no discoveries in science, no historical criticism, no future events in history, neither things present nor things to come, can ever show the unreasonableness of this final faith, or deprive the human race of Divine consolation and healing power."

E. H. BLAKENEY.

Short Notices.

Saints and Heroes of Our Own Days. Mrs. T. R. SEDDON. S.P.C.K.

Short, pleasant biographies of General Gordon, Samuel Marsden, Bishop Selwyn, Dr. Livingstone, Alexander Mackay, Father Mathew, General Havelock, Lord Clyde, Archbishop Benson, and Father Damien, for children.

Reconciliation by Incarnation. By D. W. SIMON, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. Price 7s. 6d.

IF we are obliged, owing to exigencies of space, to write but briefly on this book, it must not be supposed that we do not realize its value and importance. No book of recent years in which this subject has been discussed, is so careful, so thorough, and—from some aspects of the case—so satisfactory. The central theme of this book is the reconciliation of God and man—that is, as the author emphatically declares, "of God with man as well as man with God." This is not the current popular view, no doubt; all the more, therefore, does it deserve thought and attention. Dr. Simon's book is almost a "body of divinity" in itself; and, if we cannot promise the reader an easy task in studying it, we can assure him that he will not rise from a careful perusal of it without feeling that his horizon has been enlarged, and his knowledge widened and deepened. In saying this, we do not imply that we necessarily accept Dr. Simon's conclusions; indeed, we differ from him in places not a few. But this need not affect our estimate of his book as a whole, which appears to us to be a noteworthy contribution to critical and doctrinal theology.

The Month.

CAPTAIN DREYFUS has been recalled, and the heroic Colonel Picquart has been released from prison, and the army has received accordingly a decisive blow. Yet troubles seem to be thickening for France. The thirty-eighth Cabinet of the third Republic has resigned office, and President Loubet finds it no light task to get a successor to

M. Dupuy. An impartial study of France and the French is very necessary, if English people are to understand the present position of affairs among our neighbours; no book is anything like so valuable as Mr. J. E. C. Bodley's admirable work, which, we are glad to see, has just gone into a second edition.

The erection of a new archiepiscopal palace at Canterbury, or, rather, the large and stately addition to the old palace in which Cranmer lived, and in which are even to be found traces of the still older palace of St. Thomas of Canterbury, is so far advanced that Archbishop Temple has quite recently been able to lay the corner-stone of the chapel. The function was very impressive to all having an instinct for history. The successor of Archbishops Becket and Cranmer made religious preparations to enter upon the possession of that which had been long diverted from his see and turned to poor purposes. He stood upon a part of the new building which is almost over the lower part of the ancient and noble hall of the Christ Church monastery, as discovered that same week by excavations carried out under the direction of our eminent archæologist, Mr. St. John Hope. Old and new met together, and the historic continuity of the English Church was well illustrated. The function itself was sufficiently simple. After morning service in the cathedral, the Deans and Canons and full choir went to the Archbishop's palace, and on to the platform resting upon the lower walls of the chapel. After a hymn and two Psalms had been sung by the cathedral choir, the Archbishop laid the first stone with dignity and care, and having declared it to be duly in position, offered up prayer to God and gave the Blessing. It is hoped that the work will be completed by the early summer in A.D. 1900.—*Guardian*.

The Rev. T. W. Drury, M.A., Principal of the C.M.S. College, Islington, has been appointed to the Principalship of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, in succession to the Rev. H. C. G. Moule, D.D., the newly-elected Norrisian Professor of Divinity. This is an excellent appointment; Mr. Drury has won golden opinions during his tenure as Principal of the Islington College, and it is confidently hoped that his work at Ridley will achieve no less success. The choice of a successor at Islington will not be easy.

On Friday, June 9, in the presence of the Dean of Canterbury, the Mayor, and a large gathering of visitors, a memorial was unveiled at Canterbury in honour of the forty-one martyrs who suffered for the faith during the Marian persecutions. Unfortunately, owing to the simple fact that the granite obelisk was surmounted by a cross (of the old Canterbury, not a Latin, shape), a certain number of subscribers—among them the Church Association—took offence; accordingly the event did not take place without the usual "protest" from those who imagined that their "scruples" had not been duly consulted.

A remarkable article was published in the *Morning Post* of June 3, giving extracts from an article printed in the Roman *Nuova Antologia*, by a Mr. Richard Bagot, an English Roman Catholic, whose long residence in Rome, and whose close knowledge of Roman Catholic organization in England, place him in a position to judge of the progress of Romanism in our land. The article in question is entitled "L'Inghilterra si farà Cattolica?" (Will England become Roman Catholic?). Mr. Bagot speaks out with unusual freedom to his co-religionists, and in a fashion not calculated to be tasteful to their ambitions and hopes. In spite of assertions to the contrary from interested sources, Mr. Bagot answers

his own question with an emphatic "Never!" The article is sure to attract close attention.

It is certainly noteworthy that, whereas in 1853 Roman Catholic marriages numbered 5·1 per cent. of the population, in 1897 they had dropped to 4·1, despite the great increase of the population during that period.

The Professorial jubilee of Sir George Gabriel Stokes, F.R.S., was celebrated on June 2 at Cambridge, addresses from the Senate of the University and numerous learned bodies (including the University of Oxford), a commemoration gold medal, and a medal from the French Institute, being presented to Sir George at a congregation held in the Senate House.

The English Church Union celebrated its fortieth anniversary on June 14 at the Church House. The great hall was crowded; but the President, Lord Halifax, was unable to attend, through illness.

The annual report of the English Church Union refers in the following passage to the agitation in the Church:

"The agitation is a direct and open attack on the whole principles of the Oxford Movement. It is really intended against doctrine not ritual. It tends to the destruction of episcopal jurisdiction, and to the complete subordination of the Church to Parliament.

"In face of an agitation directed to such ends, there can be but one attitude for all those who have any regard for the interest of truth, and for the rights and liberties, the doctrine and discipline, of the Church of England—it must be one of uncompromising resistance."

The death is announced, at the age of sixty-one, of the Rev. Luke Rivington, D.D., the well-known convert to Romanism, and author of "The Roman Primacy: 430-537," which was published only a day or two previous to the writer's death.

According to the *Mission World*, the incomes of the various missionary societies for the past year amount altogether to £2,567,405. The income of the C.M.S. is nearly double that of the second wealthiest society, viz., the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Early in June the Bishop of Newcastle made his visitation to the Cathedral Church of St. Nicholas. He said this was the first episcopal visitation at St. Nicholas' Cathedral, and he hoped it might help them to build up the cathedral system of the diocese. Under the provisions of the Chapter Act of 1884, there could not be the formation of a legal Dean and Chapter until four canonries had been established, with a *minimum* income of £300 each, and a deanery with an income of £1,000. They hoped that the sum of £1,000 per annum would be transferred from Durham, and that sum, he had always hoped, would be devoted to two stalls, and two only, with the endowment of the archdeaconry of Northumberland; but if the four canonries contemplated in the Act were established, it was necessary that two of the canonries should be endowed by private benefaction. One of these two stalls would be definitely annexed to the vicarage of Newcastle.

Towards the sum of £10,000 needed for the endowment of this stall, two generous laymen of the city, Mr. W. B. Wilkins and Mr. John Hall, raised two years ago £3,127; but he was glad to be able to report further progress in this endowment. Alderman Gibson and Mr. Walter Scott,

two gentlemen to whom the Church in that diocese were already much indebted, had purchased eleven acres of the Vicar's glebe-land at Benwell at the market price, and they had every prospect of being able to add thereby £3,000 to the Vicar's Canonry Endowment Fund. He therefore appealed for aid in the provision of the balance. When the sum of £10,000 was completed to endow a canonry to be attached to the vicarage of Newcastle, another sum of £10,000 would be handed over to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to endow a second stall by one who had already been a most liberal donor for establishing the bishopric, and to every other diocesan work, Mr. Thomas Spencer.

Archdeacon Sinclair delivered his eighth Charge to the Clergy of London on Friday, June 9. The Charge is published by Elliot Stock.

The Government are prepared to redeem their pledges by the introduction of that much-needed measure, a Clerical Tithes Bill. Some sharp opposition is expected, but there is little doubt that the Bill will soon—and none too soon—pass into law.

During the past few months an important scheme for providing the diocese of Liverpool with a Church House has taken definite shape. The Bishop initiated the scheme with a gift of £1,000, and towards the £14,000 needed for this excellent work £9,000 has already been given or promised.

DONATIONS AND BEQUESTS.

After amply providing for his widow, the late Mr. Joseph Shaw, senior partner of Messrs. Shaw, Cockell, and Co., of Wakefield, who died on May 30, aged eighty, has left a number of munificent bequests, including the following: £20,000 for a fund to be called the Shaw Poor Clergy Fund for the clergy of Wakefield, Sandal, Ossett, Normanton, etc.; £6,000 to the Bishop of Wakefield's diocesan societies; £5,000 each to the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Curates' Augmentation Fund, and the Clergy Pensions Institution; £2,000 to the Bishop How Memorial Fund; £10,000 to Sandal churches; £1,000 each to the Wakefield Discharged Prisoners' Home and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; and £2,000 to the Wakefield Clayton Hospital, to which he also leaves the residue of his estate, which is expected to amount to £50,000.

A cheque for £1,000 has been paid into Coutts' Bank to the account of the Additional Curates' Aid Society. Through the generosity of the patroness and lady of the manor, the Hon. Mrs. Meynell-Ingram, the living of Laughton, Lincolnshire, has been again augmented. During the incumbency of the present Vicar the living has been increased in all to £2,200.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

- The Six Systems of Indian Philosophy.* By the Right Hon. F. MAX MÜLLER, K.M. Longmans. Price 18s.
- Through Nature to God.* By JOHN FISKE. Macmillan. Price 3s. 6d.
- Humanism in Education.* By R. C. JEBB, Litt.D., Hon. D.C.L. (Romanes Lecture, 1899). Macmillan. 2s. net.
- The Cathedral Builders: the Story of a Great Guild.* By LEADER SCOTT. Sampson Low and Co. 21s.