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vision of Christ, we shall no more have need of such outward means, by which we may be reminded of that which divine goodness endured for us. For beholding Him face to face, we shall not be influenced by the outward admonition of temporal things; but by the contemplation of the reality itself (*ipsius veritatis*) we shall perceive in what way we ought to give thanks to the author of our salvation."

(ci.) "Notwithstanding, although we say these things, let it not be thought that, in the mystery of the sacrament, the body and blood of the Lord are not taken by the faithful. Since faith receives, not what the eye beholds, but what itself believes. For it is spiritual food and spiritual drink which spiritually feeds the soul, and bestows on it the life of eternal happiness."

Well would it be for the future of our Church if all her clergy held the wise, sober, and scriptural views on the Lord's Supper set forth in these extracts from the Book of Bertram.

W. F. TAYLOR.



#### ART. V.—A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.\*

WE are not surprised at the success this work has obtained. There are several methods of writing history. There is the compiling method, so loved by the German student, which consists in collecting multitudinous facts and heaping them together in one confused mass, useless for all literary purposes until clearly arranged by the constructive mind. There is the philosophical method, which takes little heed of mere events, but confines its attentions to those results which enlighten the condition of nations and advance the progress of civilization. There is the Party method, which turns history into a political pamphlet; the Constitutional method, which interprets the chronicles of a country solely through the pages of its statute-book; the Ecclesiastical method, which attributes all national progress to the guidance and interference of the Church; and there is the Narrative method, which deals with events and characters as with a story, fond of vivid illustrations, smart conclusions, and anxious chiefly that the style be brilliant and dulness avoided. These volumes of Mr. McCarthy belong unmistakably to the last class. They are written throughout with the clever swing and rhythm of the practised hand; the events recorded are marshalled together in systematic order, then introduced, discussed, and dismissed without the easy flow

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\* "A History of Our Own Times." By Justin McCarthy, M.P. Volumes III. and IV. Chatto and Windus.

of the narrative ever being disturbed or interrupted. The different characters as they appear on the stage are made, by one who evidently knows human nature well, to represent real living beings inspired by motives and practical ends, and not the empty lay figures to which we are so often introduced, whilst the whole of the work is in perfect harmony with itself and set off by happy epigrams and apt allusions. In this history there is no attempt at extraordinary research or the discovery of new matter; the author has contented himself with consulting the ordinary works of reference which lie ready to hand, yet, thanks to a brilliant pen, a clear intelligence, and a sound judgment, he has written a history which will be read by all, and which will live.

The volumes now under review open with the outrage on the British schooner *Arrow* by the Chinese in Canton River, in the year 1856, and concludes with the fall of the Beaconsfield Cabinet. From 1856 to 1880 is an interval of no little importance in our country's history, and one well deserving the attention of the picturesque chronicler. During those twenty-four years men, not now middle-aged, can conjure up before their minds, as in a panorama, visions of a Commissioner Yeh and the Chinese War that followed his arbitrary proceedings; of the opposition to greased cartridges, and the awful mutiny of our Indian army; of the rise of the Second Empire, and the agitation consequent upon the Orsini conspiracy; of the progress of toleration in our Parliamentary institutions; of communication with the United States by that great achievement the Atlantic telegraph; of wars, and annexations, and treaties; of the rise and fall of States; of prosperity and adversity; and of the havoc made by death. Upon all these facts does Mr. McCarthy pleasantly discourse. Himself a practical politician, and a representative of advanced Liberalism, he views the events he has to describe not only from the literary standpoint, but also from that of the statesman and the legislator. Save when he has to deal with Irish questions, and the peculiar programme of the Home Rulers prejudices his conclusions, he is in the main impartial throughout the telling of his story. He can see good in a Tory, whilst he is not blind to the faults of a Liberal. He is a Roman Catholic, yet he does not feel it incumbent upon himself to bespatter—*more Hibernico*—the Protestant Church with abuse. He aims at being tolerant, judicial, and philosophical. No one will rise from his pages without feeling that the author has discussed the whole of the evidence brought before him, and has dealt with both sides of the question. We may not agree with the writer, but we feel sure that he has treated us with courtesy, and that we have not wilfully been misrepresented. As an instance of Mr. McCarthy's striving after impar-

tiality, let us give heed to his remarks upon the conduct of the Whigs. It has been of late years the fashion among a certain section of the Liberal party to regard the Whigs as the most exclusive of aristocrats, caring for office for themselves, but indifferent to the claims of their more humble followers, who abuse them one moment, and implore their aid when in difficulties the next. Our author puts the case very truly, and in his usual humorous and effective manner.

He is giving an account of the formation of the Russell Government after the death of Lord Palmerston:—

The outer public did not quite appreciate the difficulties which a Liberal Minister had to encounter in compromising between the Whigs and the Radicals. The Whigs included almost all the members of the party who were really influential by virtue of hereditary rank and noble station. It was impossible to overlook their claims. In a country like England, one must pay attention to the wishes of "the Dukes." There is a superstition about it. The man who attempted to form a Liberal Cabinet without consulting the wishes of "the Dukes" would be as imprudent as the Greek commander, who, in the days of Xenophon, would venture on a campaign without consulting the Auguries. But it was not only a superstition which required the Liberal Prime Minister to show deference to the claims of the titled and stately Whigs. The great Whig names were a portion of the traditions of the party. More than that, it was certain that whenever the Liberal party got into difficulties it would look to the great Whig houses to help it out. . . . Liberalism often turns to the Whigs as a young scapegrace to his father or his guardian. The wild youth will have his own way when things are going smooth; when credit is still good and family affection is not particularly necessary to his comfort. He is ever ready enough to smile at old-fashioned ways and antiquated counsels; but when the hour of pressure comes, when obligations have to be met at last, and the gay bachelor lodgings, with the fanciful furniture and the other expensive luxuries, have to be given up, then he comes without hesitation to the elder, and assumes as a matter of course that his debts are to be paid, and his affairs put in order.

Perhaps the most interesting, and certainly the most painful, portion of the book before us, is that which is devoted to those terrible weeks when English rule in India was shaken to its foundation. The five chapters in which Mr. McCarthy records the rise, progress, and suppression of the Indian Mutiny are among the ablest and most lucid that have been written upon the subject. The Sepoy Revolt came upon us at home like a thunderclap. It was totally unexpected, for it succeeded one of the most active and successful administrations that had ever been seated at Calcutta. Never had there been a more energetic viceroy than Lord Dalhousie. He had introduced cheap postage into India, and had made railways; he had set up lines of electric

telegraph, so that communication could be held from Calcutta with Bombay and Madras ; he had devoted much of his attention to irrigation, to the making of great roads, and to the working of the Ganges Canal ; he was the founder of a comprehensive system of native education, and especially of that ticklish Indian question, female education ; he had suppressed infanticide, the Thug system and Sutteeism, or the burning of widows on the funeral pile of their husbands ; he had given India convenience and prosperity ; but he had, at the same time, by his all-conquering energy, excited mischievous heart-burnings and jealousies. His policy was, as he said, "to acquire as direct a dominion over the territories in possession of the native princes as we already hold over the other half of India." During his few years of office he had annexed the Punjaub, he had incorporated part of the Burmese territory, he had annexed Nagpore, Sattara, Berar and Oude. His lust of conquest had created the bitterest feelings, and the greased cartridges were but the excuse for the blazing forth of the long-smouldering discontent. Before the end of the June of 1857 the whole of Northern India was in rebellion. Lord Canning had succeeded Lord Dalhousie, and never was man placed in a more trying position.

There is no recklessness, no cruelty [writes our author] like the cruelty and the recklessness of panic. Perhaps there is hardly any panic so demoralizing in its effects as that which seizes the unwarlike members of a ruling race, set down in the midst of overwhelming numbers of the subject populations, at a moment when the cry goes abroad that the subjected are rising in rebellion. Fortunately, there was at the head of affairs in India a man with a cool head, a quiet firm will, and a courage that never faltered. If ever the crisis found the man, Lord Canning was the man called for by that crisis in India. He had all the divining genius of the true statesman, the man who can rise to the height of some unexpected and new emergency ; and he had the cool courage of a practised conqueror. The greatest trial to which a ruler can be subjected is to be called upon at a moment's notice to deal with events and conditions for which there is no precedent. The second-class statesman, the official statesman, if we may use such an expression, collapses under such a trial. The man of genius finds it his opportunity, and makes his own of it. Lord Canning thus found his opportunity in the Indian Mutiny. Among all the distracting counsels and wild stories poured in upon him from every side, he kept his mind clear. He never gave way either to anger or to alarm. If he showed a little impatience it was only where panic would too openly have proclaimed itself by counsels of wholesale cruelty. He could not, perhaps, always conceal from frightened people the fact that he rather despised their terrors. Throughout the whole of that excited period there were few names, even among the chiefs of rebellion, on which fiercer denunciation was showered by Englishmen than the name of Lord Canning. Because he would not listen to the bloodthirsty

clamours of mere frenzy he was nicknamed "Clemency Canning," as if clemency were an attribute of which a man ought to be ashamed. Indeed, for some time people wrote and spoke, not merely in India, but in England, as if clemency were a thing to be reprobated, like treason or crime. Every allowance must be made for the unparalleled excitement of such a time, and in especial for the manner in which the elementary passions of manhood were inflamed by the stories, happily not true, of the wholesale dishonour and barbarous mutilation of women. But when the fullest allowance has been made for all this, it must be said by any one looking back on that painful time, that some of the public instructors of England betrayed a fury and ferocity which no conditions can excuse on the part of civilized and Christian men who have time to reflect before they write or speak.

The incidents throughout this terrible campaign, the famous soldiers who took part in it, and the manner in which English rule was restored in our Eastern dominions, are all related in bold stirring passages in this history. The great hero of the Mutiny, Sir Henry Havelock, has been the subject of many an eulogium upon his piety and his prowess, but we doubt if any *oraison funèbre* more just and deserving, in spite of its brevity, than the following, has ever been delivered upon him:—

Alumbagh is an isolated cluster of buildings, with grounds and enclosure to the south of Lucknow. The name of this place is memorable for ever in the history of the war. It was there that Havelock closed his glorious career. He was attacked with dysentery, and his frame, exhausted by the almost superhuman strain which he had put upon it during his long days and sleepless nights of battle and victory, could not long resist such an enemy. On November 24th, Havelock died. The Queen created him a baronet, or rather affixed that honour to his name on the 27th of the same month, not knowing then that the soldier's time for struggle and for honour was over. The title was transferred to his son, the present Sir Henry Havelock, who had fought gallantly under his father's eyes. The fame of Havelock's exploits reached England only a little in advance of the news of his death. So many brilliant deeds had seldom in the history of our wars been crowded into days so few. All the fame of that glorious career was the work of some strenuous splendid weeks. Havelock's promotion had been slow. He had not much for which to thank the favour of his superiors. No family influence, no powerful patrons or friends, had made his slow progress more easy. He was more than sixty when the Mutiny broke out. He was born in April, 1795; he was educated at the Charterhouse, London, where his grave, studious ways procured for him the nickname of "Old Phlos"—the schoolboys' short for "old philosopher." He went out to India in 1823, and served in the Burmese war of 1824, and the Sikh war of 1845. He was a man of grave and earnest character, a Baptist by religion, and strongly penetrated with a conviction that the religious spirit ought to pervade and inform all the duties of military as well as civil life. By his earnestness and his example he succeeded in animating those whom

he led with similar feelings; and "Havelock's saints" were well known through India by this distinctive appropriate title. "Havelock's saints" showed, whenever they had an opportunity, that they could fight as desperately as the most reckless sinners; and their commander found the fame flung in his way, across the path of his duty, which he never would have swerved one inch from that path to seek. Amid all the excitement of hope and fear, passion and panic, in England, there was time for the whole heart of the nation to feel pride in Havelock's career and sorrow for his untimely death. Untimely? Was it, after all, untimely? Since when has it not been held the crown of a great career that the hero dies at the moment of accomplished victory?

Of the conduct of domestic affairs during the Palmerston administration, Mr. McCarthy expresses his approval, but he condemns the policy of the Prime Minister with regard to his control of foreign matters. "It did not seem to have occurred to Palmerston," says our author, "that England's truest interest would be to do justice to herself and to other states; to be what Voltaire's Brahmin boasts of being, a good parent and a faithful friend, maintaining well her own children, and endeavouring for peace among her neighbours. Palmerston's idea was that England should hold the commanding place among European States, and that none should ever seem to be in a position to do her scathe." We do not think this a correct view of the statesmanship of the most English of our Premiers. Lord Palmerston knew that our country did not consist of an island in the Northern Seas, but was a great Empire with possessions upon which the sun never sets. He therefore held that England was a nation not only to be respected, but to be feared: that when she had pledged her word, either by treaty or convention, to carry out what she had promised, no selfish interest should stay her hand; and that, with the advantages of her position, the strength of her fleet, and the bravery of her men, she was a Power that none dare despise. Proud of his country, he was resolved, so far as the responsibility rested upon his shoulders, that the British Empire should never be sacrificed for the pettier objects of the island. He maintained that though by our geographical position we were happily severed from many of the dangers that menace Continental nations, yet our welfare as a great colonial power was so intimately connected with European politics, that in seasons of crisis we could only retire from interference at the expense not only of our prestige but of our safety. Hence his policy was spirited and patriotic, but not aggressive. Mr. McCarthy is not of this opinion; he does not approve of Lord Palmerston's statesmanship in the main, nor does he consider him a great man. We hold different views. Lord Palmerston was not a statesman in the sense that Pitt or Peel were states-

men, but he had the gifts of a great Minister. No one felt more accurately the pulse of the nation; he was the most representative of Englishmen, and he knew exactly what the people of England wanted or disliked. His tact was consummate, and he played upon the House of Commons, to use a phrase of the then Mr. Disraeli, like an old fiddle. In his words and actions he was frank, straightforward, and eminently truthful. He stood staunchly by those who served him and never permitted a mean fear of public opinion to control his movements. His political vision was far-sighted as well as quick-sighted. Though not eloquent he was ready in debate, and the despatches he penned are amongst the most important in our State Paper literature. Such a Minister deserves higher praise than that which our historian coldly accords him.

Mr. McCarthy's portrait of the late Lord Derby is more just; indeed it is among the very best in the book. The description of character is our author's *forte*. We may not approve of his colouring, still we must confess that his portraits stand out from their canvas like living figures, limned by a master hand. The collection of biographical sketches scattered throughout these four volumes will compare favourably with anything of a like nature that Macaulay or Froude ever wrote. Gaze upon this portrait of the once impetuous "Rupert of debate" and see with what Meissonier-like touches the very man himself is made to appear before us:—

Lord Derby died at Knowsley, the residence of the Stanleys, in Lancashire. His death made no great gap in English politics. He had for some time ceased to assert any really influential place in public affairs. His career had been eminent and distinguished; but its day had long been done. Lord Derby never was a statesman; he was not even a great leader of a party; but he was a splendid figure-head for Conservatism in or out of power. He was, on the whole, a superb specimen of the English political nobleman. Proud of soul, but sweet in temper and genial in manner; dignified, as men are who feel instinctively that dignity pertains to them, and therefore never think of how to assert or maintain it, he was eminently fitted by temperament, by nature, and by fortune for the place it was given him to hold. His Parliamentary oratory has already become a tradition. It served its purpose admirably for the time. It was not weighted with the thought which could have secured it a permanent place in political literature, nor had it the imagination which would have lifted it into an atmosphere above the level of Hansard. In Lord Derby's own day the unanimous opinion of both Houses of Parliament would have given him a place among the very foremost of Parliamentary orators. Many competent judges went so far as to set him distinctly above all living rivals. Time has not ratified this judgment. It is impossible that the influence of an orator could have faded so soon if he had been really entitled to the praise which many of his contem-



poraries would freely have rendered to Lord Derby. The charm of his voice and style, his buoyant readinēss, his rushing fluency, his rich profusion of words, his happy knack of illustration, allusion, and retort—all these helped to make men believe him a much greater orator than he really was. Something, too, was due to the influence of his position.

Mr. McCarthy, who has naturally a high opinion of the agitator O'Connell, proceeds as follows:—

It seemed a sort of condescension on the part of a great noble that he should consent to be an eloquent debater also, and to contend in Parliamentary sword-play against professional champions like Peel, and O'Connell, and Brougham. It must count for something in Lord Derby's fame that, while far inferior to any of these men in political knowledge and in mental capacity, he could compare as an orator with each in turn, and could be held by so many to have borne without disadvantage the test of comparison.

Able and interesting as is this history, and in the main to be relied upon, it is in his account of Irish affairs that our author is to be least trusted. Himself an Irishman, and a prominent member of the Irish section of the House of Commons, it is in this part of the work that Mr. McCarthy seeks to transform history into a party pamphlet. It is the old, old story, the wrongs of Ireland and the despotic government of the English. We hear nothing of the improvidence of the Irish, of their turbulent habits, their laziness, their incapacity to avail themselves of the means at hand, the degrading character of their superstition. All we listen to is the evil that England has inflicted upon "poor ould Ireland." Are the Irish themselves blameless in the matter? Let Scotchmen or Englishmen own their land, and by industry and sobriety they would transform it into one of the most fertile and prosperous countries in Europe. Will the fact of having a Parliament in Dublin, composed of Irishmen and legislating solely for Irishmen, tend to suppress the present disgraceful state of things? The Irish once had a Parliament of their own, yet was their condition—to say the least—a whit better than it is now?

One by one their grievances have been redressed, yet we do not see the amelioration that was so confidently predicted. We were promised much should the Roman Catholics be emancipated; the Roman Catholics have been emancipated. We were promised much should the Irish Church be disestablished; the Irish Church has been disestablished. We were promised much should the land laws be reformed; the land laws have been reformed. Yet what have been the results of these measures? Precisely the same story as before—agitation, murder, and a poverty that ever looks upon rebellion as its only remedy. Now, it is given out that the great cure for all the ills that

Ireland is heir to, is to be ushered in by Home Rule organization. Irishmen have now come to the conclusion that it is wiser to trust to themselves than to any English Minister, Parliament or party. Only two alternatives, we are told, are before England; either she must give back to Ireland some form of national Parliament or she must go on putting down rebellion after rebellion, and dealing with Ireland as Russia has dealt with Poland. The principle of Home Rule, its advocates allege, contains the solution of the great problem of government which unsolved has so long divided England and Ireland, and offers a means of complete reconciliation between the two countries. We do not believe this. It is not a change of Government that the Irish want, but a change in the habits and temperament of the people. Let them substitute industry for indolence, sobriety for drunkenness, cleanliness for filth, education for agitation, and true religion and a high-toned morality for the lowest forms of superstition and resistance, and they will reap a reward in their own land such as no rule, whether Home or Imperial, can ever give them. To those interested in this question the chapters in the work before us entitled "The Irish Church" and "Irish Ideas," may be read with profit. Though capable of easy refutation, they still lay before us in very clear language the programme of those who are now agitating across St. George's Channel.

As in the first two volumes, so now in these later instalments, the observations upon the literary progress of the century are decidedly weak. The criticisms passed upon the different authors of the Victorian era who have risen to fame are bold, superficial, and hasty. They seem to have been inserted simply because they must be inserted, and to have been dashed off with a running pen and with little thought. In framing his judgment, however, upon one eminent man of letters, Mr. McCarthy has taken pains. At the present day it is the fashion to sneer at Lord Macaulay, to condemn his history as a brilliant fiction, to regard his reading as more wide than profound, to look upon his statements with distrust, and to class him with those who dazzle, but who do not convince. The remarks of our author are to the point, and worthy of quotation:—

We have already studied the literary character of this most successful literary man. Macaulay had had, as he often said himself, a singularly happy life, although it was not without its severe losses and its griefs. His career was one of uninterrupted success. His books brought him fame, influence, social position, and wealth, all at once. He never made a failure. The world only applauded one book more than the other, the second speech more than the first. Macaulay the essayist, Macaulay the historian, Macaulay the ballad-writer, Macaulay the Parliamentary orator, Macaulay the brilliant inexhaustible talker—

he was alike, it might appear, supreme in everything he chose to do or to attempt. After his death there came a natural reaction; and the reaction, as is always the case, was inclined to go too far. People began to find out that Macaulay had done too many things; that he did not do anything as it might have been done; that he was too brilliant; that he was only brilliant; that he was not really brilliant at all, but only superficial and showy. The disparagement was more unjust by far than even the extravagant estimate. Macaulay was not the paragon, the ninth wonder of the world, for which people once set him down; but he was undoubtedly a great literary man. He was also a man of singularly noble character. He was, in a literary sense, egotistic; that is to say, he thought and talked and wrote a great deal about his works and himself: but he was one of the most unselfish men that ever lived. He appears to have enjoyed advancement, success, fame, and money only because these enabled him to give pleasure and support to the members of his family. He was attached to his family, especially to his sisters, with the tenderest affection. His real nature seems only to have thoroughly shone out when in their society. There he was loving, sportive even to joyous frolicsomeness; a glad schoolboy almost to the very end. He was remarkably generous and charitable, even to strangers; his hand was almost always open; but he gave so unostentatiously that it was not until after his death half his kindly deeds became known. He had a spirit which was absolutely above any of the corrupting temptations of money and rank. He was very poor at one time; and during his poverty he was beginning to make his reputation in the House of Commons. It is often said that a poor man feels nowhere so much out of place, nowhere so much at a disadvantage, nowhere so much humiliated, as in the House of Commons. Macaulay felt nothing of the kind. He bore himself as easily and steadfastly as though he had been the eldest son of a proud and wealthy family. It did not seem to have occurred to him, when he was poor, that money was lacking to the dignity of his intellect and his manhood; or when he was rich that money added to it. Certain defects of temper and manner, rather than of character, he had, which caused men often to misunderstand him, and sometimes to dislike him. He was apt to be overbearing in tone, and to show himself a little too confident of his splendid gifts and acquirements; his marvellous memory, his varied reading, his overwhelming power of argument. He trampled on men's prejudices too heedlessly, was inclined to treat ignorance as if it were a crime, and to make dueness feel that it had cause to be ashamed of itself. Such defects as these are hardly worth mentioning, and would not be mentioned here but that they serve to explain some of the misconceptions which were formed of Macaulay by many during his lifetime, and some of the antagonisms which he unconsciously created. Absolutely without literary affectation, undepressed by early poverty, unspoiled by later and almost unequalled success, he was an independent, quiet, self-relying man who, in all his noon of fame, found most happiness in the companionship and the sympathy of those he loved, and who, from first to last, was loved most tenderly by those who knew him best.

He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the first week of the new year, and there truly took his place among his peers.

With this quotation we end. The "History of our own Times" is a work alike creditable to the author and the century. It places before us a faithful record of the events of the last forty years, written in a flowing and picturesque style, and though we are not always of the opinion of the historian, the opportunity is invariably offered us of forming a judgment for ourselves by listening to both sides of the question. We have before us the briefs of the plaintiff and the defendant, and it is for us to sum up. The book is one to be read, and to be studied.

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#### ART. VI.—THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

ON "The Internal Unity of the Church"—"The Influence of the three great Schools of Thought in the Church of England upon each other and upon the Church,"—the reader of the first Paper was the Bishop of Durham. The Bishop said:—

The existence of three schools of thought—I prefer so to speak of them, rather than as three parties—in our Church has now become the tritest of commonplaces. It is more important to observe that they had their prototypes in the Apostolic age; that, where a Church is vigorous and active they must almost of necessity coexist: that their coexistence is a guarantee of the fulness of teaching; that the loss of any one would be a serious impoverishment to the life of a Church; and that, therefore, it is not expedient to attempt to thrust out, or to starve out, any one of them, while, at the same time, adherence to the fundamental principles of the Catholic creed and loyalty to the Church in which they minister must be demanded of all alike. Pleading as I do to-day for toleration, and even large toleration, I am bound to emphasize this demand as a fundamental qualification. At this time more especially the obligation is the stronger, because some seem to think that a Church can do very well without a creed, or at least without a creed to which its ministers are required to subscribe. . . . I do not understand a clergyman standing up to teach in a Church without first asking himself definitely what he is going to teach. I can see no other prospect before such a Church but vagueness, irresoluteness, inanity, confusion, decay. The motive power is gone. The bond of cohesion is snapped. Dissolution—rapid dissolution—is the inevitable consequence. So far as I have read history, no body ever has held together for long under such conditions as this.

"Comprehensiveness" was the key-note of this elaborate Paper; but its protest against laxity and dilution was positive. In the revival of the English Church, said the Bishop, the Evangelical school was the earliest in time. The stress of its teaching was