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institutes as the Leopold Rooms. In several parts, large and most excellent residential clubs for young men, with bedrooms varying in price from seven and sixpence to fifteen shillings a week, have been built. Attached to them are gymnasia, restaurants, writing-rooms, etc., of quite a sumptuous character. These clubs are so well patronized that they are not only self-supporting, but yield a fair return on the capital invested. They are run, of course, on secular and commercial lines. However good these may be, and they are good, it will be a great pity if the Church of England, through unhappy divisions and the petty jealousies of small separate Societies, cannot take advantage of the present grand opportunity for exercising a healthy influence over the young men of this great city by means of residential clubs of her own established in every quarter.

W. M. FARQUHAR.



ART. V.—QUEEN AND PEOPLE.

THE eyes of all the world were turned to England ten years ago, and our busy little island was the object of universal admiration, and almost of envy. The jealousies of conflicting imperial destinies were for the moment put aside, and every country which we know shared in our rejoicings. What was the reason of this most pleasant concord of good feeling? What was the magic charm of Tuesday, June 21, 1887, which silenced so many international bickerings; which sent all the royal families of Europe smiling, happy and cordial into the historic shrine of the English people; which overpowered the voice of faction, which hushed the din of party; which forbade the revolutionists to lift a finger; which disarmed with irresistible gentleness the Fenian malice; which suddenly increased the number of our capital city from four to something like seven millions; which taught the innumerable crowds the lessons of courtesy and good-humour; which made the thousands of our soldiers and the thousands of our police who were keeping the order of the streets each a perfect example of patience and good-humour; which for that one day by some fortunate spell put an end to drunkenness; which prompted the heart of every citizen worthy of the name to see how much he could do to enable the poor, the aged, the children, the fatherless, and the widow, to share in the general gladness; which swelled every throat, and brought moisture to every eye, as, surrounded by the most powerful princes of the world, her kinsmen and friends, herself the ruler of the

world's widest and most prosperous Empire, Queen of England, Scotland, and Ireland, Empress of India, Sovereign of newer and greater Englands in the far South and East and West, which have been born and grown to maturity since she was crowned at Westminster, with the dignity of fifty years of sovereignty upon her woman's shoulders, with all the sorrows and anxieties of the fifty years of her unique and lonely position marked upon her face, her hair silvered by grief as much as by time, the kindly widowed mother drove slowly through the long-continued roar of her people's applause, to kneel once more in the place where first she received the responsibilities of her Empire?

It was not any great victory about which they were rejoicing. No splendid national achievement could have drawn them thus together. Not the most scientific of them was thinking about the progress of railroads, or the invention of electricity, or the extension of commerce, or the improvement in cotton-spinning, or the triumphs of free-trade. It was, if ever there was such a feeling, a purely personal impulse. It was one warm, enthusiastic sense of gratitude and love to the quiet, reserved, much-trying, much-enduring lady, noble in character, great in heart, with her firm and keen sense of duty, her tender woman's sympathies, her strong determination, her keen instinct for what is right, her high and self-denying character, her deep love of her people and her country, her plain good sense, her power of seeing the right thing at the right time, and her capacity for doing it, her blameless life and her great example. They could not, of course, all analyze the feelings which were in their hearts, but if they could have been questioned, it would have been found that this was the general sense of that unparalleled welcome which they gave to Queen Victoria.

It was a feeling of gratitude, because even the most ignorant knows that it has been a personal benefit to himself that his country has had so long so wise and good a ruler. It was an anxious time for patriotic statesmen sixty years ago.¹ The blind passions excited by the French Revolution had not yet exhausted themselves. English institutions seemed by no means secure. King George III., however good-natured and domestic, had brought great troubles upon the country by his interference with parties, and by his obstinacy and self-will; and in his old age he had roamed through his palace helplessly deranged, with long white beard and meaningless eyes. King George IV. was despised as a profligate sensualist. King William IV., notwithstanding his bluff good-humour,

¹ *Cp.* an article in the *Times*, June, 1887.

had shaken the reverence for the crown by his undignified eccentricities. When, after the long struggle of the great Reform Bill, the sceptre of Great Britain came to the hand of a young, solitary, inexperienced girl of eighteen, men wondered how she would be able to weather the storms which were lowering about her country. Such was then the state of the world that ten years after she ascended the throne not a capital of Europe, except our own, was without its revolution, not a crown but seemed to be falling from the head of its wearer. He who afterwards became the mighty Emperor of Germany was himself a refugee in London. And there were great elements of disturbance amongst ourselves. The populace of that day were to a large extent uneducated, and appeared to be ready for every violence. The long wars which this country had undertaken for the independence of Europe had left us impoverished and over-taxed. The introduction of machinery had disturbed the balance of capital and labour. The Chartists seemed ready to imitate the excesses of the French Revolution, and to destroy the whole fabric of society in the wild hope that something better might emerge. How was it that amidst all these contending forces of disorder English institutions and the English throne only grew in stability, and became more and more firmly planted in the affections of the people as the years went by? It was because there gradually came to be a feeling of calm confidence that, come what might, whatever might be the changing fortune of fluctuating party majorities, and the fate of this or that minister, there was at the helm of the State, at the central spring of the mighty machine of government, a quiet and inexhaustible fund of good sense and high principle and unselfish devotion to duty, under the benign influence of which things would always in the end come right. It gradually became known that the Queen, with unerring instinct, would always do what had to be done in the best way and at the best time, and would act with perfect good faith as a loyal, constitutional sovereign, who from her position must always have unrivalled and unbounded opportunities at hand for information and instruction in all the manifold intricacies of State and policy—unrivalled and unbounded materials for forming her judgment. And there grew up at the same time a conviction that the slight, girlish maiden—“*poor little me,*” as she called herself—who had been called to so tremendous an exaltation, was a very noble woman, leading a pure, blameless and unselfish life, the most devoted of wives, the most careful of mothers, in the happiest of homes. This is how the whole tone of the people about the throne and the crown came to be altered; and in serene security as to their constitutional

freedom, the British nation was able—as no other nation was able—to expand its hereditary energies and activities in every variety of material, social, moral, and religious progress. And it was because it was brought home to them on June 21, ten years ago, as it will be on June 22 this year, that it was to the modest and solid qualities of her who for fifty years had given up her life with unswerving devotion to the public good, that the whole nation was filled with gratitude; and foreign peoples were sincere and unanimous in their homage and admiration; and outside the Abbey the millions shouted with tumultuous acclaim; and the hearts of the ten thousand within were thrilled with responsive consent when the anthem rose to heaven in the words of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon, which might have been said to Queen Victoria by the queen from the sunny seas of the Pacific: “*Blessed be the Lord thy God, which delighted in thee, to set thee on the throne of Israel: because the Lord loved Israel for ever, therefore made He thee king to do judgment and justice.*”

The bells of the memorable year of the Jubilee are still ringing in our ears, and we have not forgotten the inspiring and thrilling sight of a great people, united in love and loyalty to a most august and lovable sovereign, returning thanks on that auspicious June day in that most brilliant of summers for the unexampled mercies vouchsafed to them during the previous fifty years.

And now another decade has passed on swift and ceaseless wing; and the fact that the Queen has reigned longer than any of her predecessors, coupled with the completion of the sixtieth year of her occupation of the throne, has been a natural signal to the spontaneous feeling of the people that there should again be a united national thanksgiving.

It has been a wonderful time in English history. Take material interests first.¹ India, before governed by a Company, was transferred to the Crown in 1858. Since 1837, the territories of Scind, of the Sikhs, Tanjore, the sea-board Provinces of Burmah, the territories Sattara, Jhansi, Nagpur, and Oude were brought under English dominion. Since 1858, it has been necessary to add Upper Burmah and the Shan States, Manipur and Chitral, and to round off the North-West Provinces.

The growth of our vast Australian dominion has been contemporary with the reign. Only New South Wales and Tasmania had a separate colonial existence when the Queen ascended the throne. In 1837 the population of all Australia

¹ These facts are taken from a striking paper in *Whitaker's Almanack*, “The Record Reign.”

was only a few thousands; now it is 3,400,000. In 1881 Fiji was annexed, and in 1884 British New Guinea.

In 1841 the population of British North America was about one and a half millions; in 1891 it was nearly five millions—an increase of more than threefold.

In South Africa, in 1837, Capetown was our only possession. Natal was added in 1843, Basutoland in 1884, Bechuanaland in 1885, Zululand in 1887. In 1889 the British South Africa Company received a Royal Charter for developing British South Africa, according to treaty with other powers, from Mafeking to Tanganyika, an area of 750,000 square miles.

In East Africa the British East African Protectorate extends British influence over 468,000 square miles from the Eastern coast to the Congo State. Zanzibar has been a British Protectorate since 1890.

On the West Coast there is the Niger Coast Protectorate; and the Royal Niger Company received its charter in 1886.

In the British Islands, the population has increased from 26,709,436 in 1841, to 37,580,964 in 1891, the public revenue from £48,453,000 in 1837 to £100,000,000 in 1895; the imports and exports from £159,406,726 in 1840, to £702,522,065 in 1895. Such figures, it has been justly said, but faintly express the enormous expansion of our national wealth and national resources, for which we have to thank God.

In our political and social conditions the results of the Great Reform Bill, which admitted the middle classes to the Parliamentary franchise, were beginning to make themselves felt at the opening of the reign. In 1867 the working classes were also enabled to take their share in the government of the country. In 1884 the vote was also given to the enormous masses of the agricultural labourers.

It was only two years before the beginning of the reign that the government of the towns and boroughs was placed by the Municipal Reform Act in the hands of the inhabitants. In 1888 the inhabitants of the counties were empowered in the same way to manage their own affairs. In 1894 the same principle was applied to parishes. Since 1834, when the Poor Law Bill was passed, there has been a wonderful growth in the enlightenment and comprehensiveness of Poor Law administration.

In 1837 our railway and steamship communication was only in its infancy. Its development has worked simply a revolution in our means of travel and transit. It has bridged the Atlantic, and brought America nearer to England to-day than London was to Edinburgh before the work of Stephenson. It has created the Penny Post, the influence of which it is quite impossible either to estimate or to realize. The present

enormous ironclad navy has been entirely created during these sixty years. In the education of the working classes the Church was first in the field, and in 1839 the Committee of the Privy Council was created for helping her. Since then annual grants for this patriotic purpose have gone on steadily increasing, till they have reached £10,566,000. In 1870 Mr. Forster's great bill was passed for supplementing the efforts of the Church and the Nonconformists by Board Schools. In the last ten years the number of primary schools inspected has risen from 16,957, to 22,773, and the average attendance from 2,175,522 to 5,513,000.

In literature and science the Victorian era may be compared with any. In fiction, we have Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot. In poetry, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning. In history, we have Macaulay, Froude, Freeman, J. R. Green, Carlyle, Thirlwall, Grote, Finlay, Merivale, Arnold, Stanley. In philosophy, Mill, Hamilton, T. H. Green, Jowett, and Herbert Spencer. The pre-eminent characteristic of the period has been the extraordinary extension and development of popular and periodical literature, due to the removal of the taxes on knowledge, and to the enormous expansion and improvement of elementary education among the great masses of the people. In science, Darwin's theory of Evolution as the best working hypothesis has revolutionized the whole of biological study. In astronomy, we have the renowned names of Herschel and Adams. The extension of electrical knowledge by the discoveries of Wheatstone, Faraday, and Lord Kelvin, has opened a new world of possibilities. Chemistry has been systematized by the Atomic Theory of John Dalton. Huxley, Tyndall, and other notable scientists, by pressing on the public mind the supreme importance of scientific results and methods, have enhanced a most remarkable spread of scientific knowledge and education.

In commerce, manufacture and trade, the growth has been unparalleled. The advantage came to us through the invention of steam power, the establishment of free trade, the possession of immense stores of coal, our convenient position towards the United States and our indisputable maritime supremacy. England has been the workshop of the world, until our example has inspired other nations to work for themselves.

These material facts are worth recording on such an occasion as the present. And that the Church has extraordinary cause for thankfulness is abundantly obvious. The old revival of spiritual religion of the earlier part of the century, far from being checked, has continued quietly progressing, expanding, permeating the country, and fertilizing the nation

with an ever-broadening stream of progressive philanthropy. Side by side with it has sprung up the newer movement, transforming the old high and dry majority into a zealous and self-denying army of workers for the Church and the people. Evils have been removed: Bishop Blomfield's Pluralities put an end to intolerable scandals; the Church Discipline Act was greatly needed; the Ecclesiastical Commission has put the superfluous property of the Bishoprics and Chapters to new and noble uses; disabilities have been removed from Non-conformists; the grievance of Church Rates has been abolished; invidious and exclusive privileges—always a source of weakness and decay—have been abrogated. In 1837 there was but one training college for the clergy; now there are fifteen. The spiritual life of the clergy is cared for by the almost universal institution of quiet days, clerical meetings and retreats. Zeal for foreign missions has increased almost beyond belief. In 1837 the income of the Church Missionary Society was £83,446; now it is over £300,000. Great has also been the growth of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. There have sprung up, too, the South American Missionary Society, the Colonial and Continental Church Society, the Universities Mission, the Church of England Zenana Society, and many medical missions. In 1837 the Church Pastoral Aid Society had just been started, with an income of £8,000; it is now £62,841. The Additional Curates' Society, the Scripture Readers' Association, the Bishop of London's Fund, the East London Church Fund, the Clergy Pensions Institution, the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation, and other societies for the benefit of the needy amongst the ranks of the ministry, the School and College Mission Movement, have all grown up into vigorous and increasing life. Every diocese has now lay readers, and in sixteen of these there are organized Lay Helpers' Associations. Everywhere are deaconesses, mission-women, nurses and sisters. The clergy have advanced from 14,000 to 24,000. A million sterling a year has been spent on the building and restoration of churches. Eight new dioceses have been founded and voluntarily endowed: Manchester, St. Albans, Truro, Liverpool, Newcastle, Southwell, Wakefield, and (in a few months) Bristol. The office of Bishop-Suffragan has been revived; there are now fourteen, besides many assistant bishops. In 1837 there were only seven Colonial Bishops; there are now eighty-seven of these in the colonies and mission-fields, with five coadjutors. On elementary education the Church has spent many millions, and has now the greater number of the children of the country in its schools. The Church of England Temperance Society has become a power

in the nation, and the efforts of Dr. Barnardo (a lay reader of the Diocese of St. Albans) and the Waifs and Strays Society, have rescued countless children from misery and degradation.

What is the secret of the fact that the Queen has such unique command of the hearts of her people? It is because from the first she devoted herself to God and to duty. We thank God for the Queen's mother, who surrounded her from the first only with what was most wholesome and best, and taught her the grand lesson of unselfishness. We thank Him for the Queen's husband, whose exalted ideas of duty, whose spotless life, whose wise forethought, whose love for all things true and beautiful, have left, not only his wife and family, but this whole nation, in his everlasting debt, and permanently enriched us all by the perfect picture of Christian chivalry with which we became familiar. But the best influences may fail unless the inward determination corresponds, and it is because the Queen herself from the beginning set her face to serve God, and in all her ways to acknowledge Him, that her life, quiet as in many ways it has been, has been to us so inestimable a blessing. "*Many a child would boast,*" she said to her governess, when at twelve years old she was told that she was next to the Crown, "*but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendour, but there is much responsibility;*" and, putting her hand in the hand of her teacher, said with repeated emphasis, "*I will be good! I will be good!*" And when on that memorable morning she was awakened soon after five o'clock to be told by the Archbishop that she had become Queen, and, without stopping for formal preparation, but only throwing a shawl round her shoulders, she came down to meet the messengers of such momentous tidings, after a few moments of deep agitation, the first words she was able to utter were "*I ask your prayers on my behalf.*" So, we are told, they knelt down together, and the Archbishop prayed that to the girl of eighteen, to whom had been given the sovereignty of the most powerful nation of the earth, might also be given "*an understanding heart to judge so great a people.*" Very memorable, too, were her words when she paid her first visit to Parliament, for they have been so exactly fulfilled: "*I ascend the Throne,*" she said, "*with a deep sense of the responsibility which is imposed upon me; but I am supported by the consciousness of my own right intentions, and by my dependence upon the protection of Almighty God. It will be my care to strengthen our institutions, civil and ecclesiastical, by discreet improvement wherever improvement is required, and to do all in my power to compose and allay animosity and discord. Acting upon these principles, I shall upon all occasions look with confidence to the wisdom of*

Parliament and the affections of my people, which form the true support of the dignity of the Crown, and ensure the stability of the Constitution." Every act of her life, every public utterance which she has made, every page which she has written, has been an additional proof that never were words spoken with greater sincerity; never were promises more faithfully maintained. "*The King stood in his place and made a covenant before the Lord, to walk after the Lord and to keep His commandments and His testimonies and His statutes with all his heart and with all his soul, to perform the words of the covenant which are written in this book.*" That was the text of the Archbishop's sermon at the coronation sixty years ago. Has it not been prophetic?

The feelings of the nation are not only those of gratitude, they are also those of warm, loving, personal affection. From the time when at her coronation she sprang forward from her throne to save an aged peer from falling as he came forward to pay his homage, her people have been witnesses of her innumerable acts of considerate kindness. The whole delight of her life has been to spread pleasure and happiness as widely as she possibly could. Far beyond those of most other people have been her gifts and her charities. Never has calamity befallen any section of her subjects but well-chosen words of sympathy have been sent from the Queen, and because they came straight from her heart have brought alleviation to the sufferers and the mourners. In victory and in reverse her soldiers have on every occasion received her cheering messages. In hospital and cottage, in the darkened house of the widow and the sorrowful, her kindly presence has never failed when she could be there. Not a member of her numerous household but has birthdays remembered by affectionate and carefully-suited gifts from the Royal mistress. And with the pleasant simplicity of entire confidence she has let her people into the inner sacredness of her home and her life, her joys and griefs, her occupations and her pleasures. It was the only way by which her subjects could become intimate with her, and intimacy she knew was the strongest bond which could unite them. There is a power in the natural truth, the homelike artlessness of the narrative, which is far more potent than the most dramatic and rhetorical effect. It shows the people the true, genuine, kindly nature of her whose station is by the nature of things so far removed from their own. They can remember, as they see her with her sons and daughters and descendants about her, the happy marriage, and the golden days of her early life; the bright associations which gathered round Osborne and Balmoral; the far-sighted plans which blossomed into the Great Exhibition; the trying times, so

nobly borne, of the Irish famine, the Russian war, the Indian mutiny, the cotton distress, the Indian famine, the terrible year of trouble when mother and husband were both removed from her side. "*I gave one last look,*" wrote the Queen, of that sudden and first great bereavement. "*My darling mother was sitting as she had done before, but was already white. O God! how awful, how mysterious! But what a blessed end! Her gentle spirit at rest, her sufferings over. But I—I, wretched child, who had lost the mother I so tenderly loved, from whom, for these forty-one years, I had never been parted, except for a few weeks, what was my case? My childhood, everything seemed to come upon me at once. I seemed to have lived through a life—to have become old. What I had dreaded and fought off the idea of for years had come and must be borne. The blessed future meeting and her peace and rest must henceforward be my comfort.*" And, when in a few months that still deeper and most unexpected anguish came, her subjects can remember how she had declared to her family that, though she felt crushed by the loss of one who had been her companion through life, she knew how much was expected of her, and she accordingly called on her children to give her their assistance in order that she might do her duty to them and to the country. These recollections and a thousand other endearing touches are in our minds; we think of the overwhelming weight of responsibility borne alone for six-and-thirty years; the unutterable loneliness of the position, where none must speak to her unless she speaks first; the wearying vexation and disappointment when party spirit prevented the affairs of the country from proceeding as she, in her high, neutral and impartial view, would have wished; the tragic death of the beloved daughter, who, with her great intellectual powers, her deep piety, and her lifelong unselfishness, was so strong a support to herself; the appalling suddenness of the removal of the dear youngest son, so tenderly cherished because so needing care, who had only lately been so happily married, and who seemed to be reproducing much of the thoughtfulness and usefulness of his father; the unexpected death of the grandson, next but one in succession to the throne; the loss, one by one, of generation after generation of those who had been her wisest and best advisers; her own clear faith and courage in bearing all her burdens unshaken, and in labouring daily and hourly with unceasing zeal and sympathy for the public good—all this is in our hearts as we see her grave face bright and beaming once more amongst the million expressions of the love by which her people repay her love for them, and we feel unconsciously that not in vain our English poet six-and-thirty years ago uttered the prayer:

“Break not, O woman’s heart, but still endure ;
 Break not, for thou art royal, but endure,
 Remembering all the beauty of that star
 Which shone so clear beside thee, that ye made
 One light together, but has past, and leaves
 The crown a lonely splendour.

May all love,
 His love unseen but felt, o’ershadow thee ;
 The love of all thy sons encompass thee ;
 The love of all thy daughters cherish thee ;
 Till God’s love set thee at his side again.”

The last impression is one of considerate sympathy with the Queen herself. Standing as she does permanently at the centre of Government, and passing on from minister to minister the traditions of public life, the more the Empire grows the greater become her responsibilities and cares. Her days are very laborious, and she works from morning till night in reading despatches, writing letters of business, in giving audiences, and in informing herself of what is being thought and done in the world about her. Her health has had many trials, and at her age every year brings its own increasing burden. It would be sad, indeed, if her subjects were too exacting in their demands upon her. After sixty years of zealous attention to their welfare, it would be only the thoughtless who could suppose that she will not of her own goodwill do all that her health and strength permit her to gratify their affectionate loyalty. The single wish which is in all our hearts this month is surely this : That one so true and good may continue as long as God wills to occupy the place which for sixty years she has to the great content of us all so worthily filled ; that unclouded happiness may be hers, and that God will reward her single-hearted consecration to the good of her people by causing them to sink all their party spirit and faction and jealousies in united, unselfish labour for the peace and prosperity of every class of their fellow-subjects.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR.



ART. VI.—THE POWER OF FAITH.

THE evidences of Divine power and love by which we are surrounded are so sure and unmistakable, that as years advance we can say with accumulated experience, “I know in whom I have believed.”

The message of the Lord Jesus Christ, as it reaches the heart of each of us, not only across the nineteen centuries, but from the throne of God, in living communication to our own