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THE
CHURCHMAN

MARCH, 1892.

ART. I.—MODERN CRITICISM OF THE OLD
TESTAMENT.

No. I.—INTRODUCTORY.

IN one of Sir Walter Scott's novels there is a striking passage in which the rank and file of the soldiers are described as suspending their strife while the combat between their two great champions is going on. In like manner the perpetual combat between the two great parties in the Church has suddenly ceased, in the face of the great struggle which has now commenced on the question of Old Testament criticism. There is this difference, however, between the two cases. In the former, the combatants on both sides, by mutual consent, ceased to fight, in order that they might be spectators of the conflict between their respective champions; but in the present case the combatants themselves are marshalling themselves into new camps. Nothing is more remarkable than the way in which—among "High Church" and "Low Church" alike—new and unexpected lines of cleavage have been sprung upon us almost like a miracle. As in the case of the recent earthquakes in Japan, sudden fissures have appeared, and sundered men who a short time previously were standing side by side on what seemed to be *terra firma*. Leading "High" Churchmen, whose creed has been supposed to involve a resolute assertion of the paramount authority of Scripture, have shown a disposition to come to terms with the new criticism. Not a few "Low" Churchmen, who might have been supposed to construe the doctrine of the inspiration of Scripture in the very strictest terms, have shown a readiness to accept almost any theory of the growth and composition of the sacred books, so

long as they were permitted to maintain a belief in the Divine character of their contents.

A good deal of this tendency towards rash and premature surrender is due to the sudden nature of the crisis. Men of observant minds, no doubt, have seen it coming on for some time, and have done their best to prepare the minds of the members of our Church for it. The CHURCHMAN, it will be admitted, has not been neglectful in the matter. But those who discharged this duty were as a "vox clamantis in deserto." The parties in the Church continued their disputes over the old Shibboleths, until the discussion at the recent Church Congress, and the appearance of Professor Driver's *Introduction*, suddenly aroused them. Then it was seen for the first time how very strong a hold these new views had gained on rising scholars at both the Universities. So general a consent has seemed to many to indicate the necessity of abandoning the traditional view of Old Testament history, and too many men of each of the two great parties in the Church are now vying with one another in the completeness of their surrender, while others, cowed and dispirited, are feebly endeavouring to rally under the old flags of Church authority, propounding the Bible to the unconditional acceptance of the faithful, or the absolute inerrancy of the Scriptures as a whole on the ground of a mechanical inspiration.

It is the object of these papers to endeavour to show that the alarm which is felt is a good deal greater than the occasion demands. As one is accustomed to lead a timid horse gently up to the object which terrifies him, and to show him that there is in reality nothing to fear, so it is hoped that the endeavour to familiarize those who have taken fright with the real character of the new criticism will abate a good deal of the dismay which the too sudden introduction to it has occasioned. It is true that many of our leading scholars at the two Universities have given in their adhesion to what Mr. Gladstone has called the school of "negative speculation." But two reasons may be assigned for this—first, the reaction from what must be admitted to be too blind a conservatism, and next, the tendency to exaggerate the value of German criticism. It is impossible to praise too highly the industry, the patience, the ingenuity of our German brethren. Unfortunately, when we come to generalizations, German criticism is almost invariably found to fail us. In almost every branch of science it will, I think, be found that the palm for the constructive faculty must be given to men of other nations. The German is too fantastic, too unpractical, too visionary to inspire confidence in the ordinary mind. But his ingenuity and industry have caused him to dominate the realm of

theological science more than is desirable or reasonable. No man is regarded as a scholar in any branch of theology unless he display a very wide acquaintance with the writings of the Germans in that particular subject. Even Bishop Lightfoot's masterly defence of the orthodox position in regard to the New Testament would have failed to carry the weight which his knowledge of the original authorities deserved, had he not also possessed a thorough mastery of the German literature on the subject.

And yet, it must be confessed, the study of many of these German writers is a terrible waste of time. That in their most patient and minute researches they occasionally come across a fact of importance, which rewards one for a considerable amount of study, may frankly be admitted. But it must also, I think, be admitted that in the writings of these diligent students there is a great deal of misdirected energy and unprofitable labour. You often find them in full cry after a keen scent, but it frequently, in the end, proves to be a theological red herring—sometimes a whole shoal of red herrings. I cannot but believe that the researches which are supposed to have ended in the discovery of the so-called Priestly Code is an instance of this. There are, no doubt, indications, in Genesis especially, of compilation from documents which were before the writer as he wrote. Forthwith German ingenuity is devoted to an endeavour to discover these documents by methods of pure criticism alone. The first object is the discovery of a "Grundschrift," or simple historical basis, on which the composite narrative of the Hexateuch was constructed. As the investigation proceeds, we meet with occasional passages which, unless carefully dealt with, tend to overthrow the hypothesis. These passages are carefully bracketed, and added to the larger portions which have already been selected. Thus, by degrees, with infinite care and pains, a very respectable historical outline has been extracted from the general narrative, on which, it is supposed, the subsequent historical structure—with its various details of greater or less historical accuracy—has been reared. But this "Grundschrift" theory attracted little attention in England. It was not until Julius Wellhausen, a writer endowed with much fertility of speculative imagination, combined with a more attractive style than is usual with his countrymen, was introduced to the attention of English scholars in the pages of the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, that these speculations began to be regarded seriously. But as Professor Driver, in his recent *Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament* tells us, "literary criteria are insufficient to decide a question of this kind," a statement in which most reasonable persons will be

inclined to agree with him. Therefore Wellhausen introduces historical considerations also. He discovers that previous to the exile there are few, if any, traces of the observation of the Jewish law as it now stands in the Pentateuch. On this basis, combined with a few discrepancies between what he terms the "Priestly Code" and Deuteronomy, as well as the supposed fact that no distinction is made in Deuteronomy between priests and Levites, he founds a theory that the "Priestly Code," in its present shape, is subsequent to the return of the Jews from the Captivity. He accepts the "Priestly Code" in the shape in which it has been previously marked out by the researches of others. But he utterly fails to see that his theory has deprived their researches of any true critical basis. For, as we have already seen, they were in search of a "Grundschrift," whereas he desiderates a supplement. That on the German hypothesis (stated frankly enough by Knobel)¹ of the impossibility of miracles and prophecy, we might not unnaturally expect to discover the brief outline of facts on which the existing edifice of portent and marvel was subsequently raised, is a proposition not in itself unreasonable. But it is in the highest degree incompatible with the ordinary course of historic evolution that the brief, dry, unadorned narrative should come last in the series. In our own history the Saxon Chronicle is the basis of the more detailed and artistic narratives which succeed; it is not the ultimate result of the research of the eighteenth or nineteenth century. But Wellhausen's theory, involving this curious inversion of the natural order of things, is now presented to us by men of ability and learning—without a shadow of anything which can be regarded as proof—as the accepted result of modern science. And this though no critic of note, except the late Professor Kuenen—a Dutch writer of equal ingenuity, equal industry, and, it must be added, equal unreliability—has supported it.²

The object of these papers will be to explain to the English reader the grounds on which these modern theories are based, and to enable him to judge for himself in regard to them. They have been confidently presented—somewhat too confidently presented—to the English public as ascertained facts. When English people of religious instincts

¹ "Prophetismus der Hebräer," ii. 401.

² I fear I can point to few signs of independent research on the part of English critics, however distinguished, Professor Cheyne excepted. He is daring enough. The rest appear to follow German methods in a singularly slavish fashion, sometimes, however, shrinking from conclusions, though accepting the strange premisses on which these conclusions are based.

know on what grounds they have been so presented, it may be pretty safely predicted that another reaction will ensue. It will be seen that the supposed grounds for the acceptance of these views are no grounds at all. They rest on a very slender basis of truth, and a very wide one of assertion, and that the assertion of only one or two writers. The chain of German testimony, down to the time of Dillmann, regards the so-called "Priestly Code" as anterior to Deuteronomy, and does not accept the argument of the silence of history on the observance of the Levitical law. It is perhaps one of the most surprising features of the present controversy that there should be so general a *consensus* of those who profess to be scholars in this country on the soundness of the theories of Wellhausen and Kuenen. For it is absolutely impossible to discover any demonstration whatever of their system. In regard to the separation of the "Priestly Code" from the rest of the Pentateuchal narrative, there is not a shred of anything that can be called evidence, historical or other. You are referred from Professor Driver to Wellhausen, Kuenen and Dillmann on this point, from them to Nöldeke, Stähelin, Bleek, from these to Hupfeld, and from Hupfeld to Knobel; and all you find is a gradual and most ingenious construction of a "Grundschrift" which shall defy all hostile criticism on linguistic grounds, and a gradual elaboration of a system of first and second Elohist and Jehovists, first and second Deuteronomists and Redactors, gradually increasing in complexity and elaboration, until it resembles a Chinese puzzle more than the conclusions of rational men.¹ Even in the pages of Pro-

¹ The system of analysis is a remarkable one. First of all, passages containing particular words and phrases are separated from the mass of the narrative, and then arguments are drawn from the presence or absence of such words and phrases in favour of the distinction between one writer and another. We have an amusing example of this in the treatment of what we may venture to call the third Isaiah. Dillmann objects to the inclusion of Isa. xxiv.-xxvii. among the genuine writings of Isaiah because the expressions in them are "far-fetched and rare." What reason we have for knowing that Isaiah was not likely to use "far-fetched" expressions we are not told. And when the whole of the second portion of his prophecies are assigned to another hand, and there remain just twenty-three chapters from which to gain an idea of his style, it might certainly occur to ordinary minds that there was not much left on which to form conclusions as to what his style really was. Nor is this all. We are told that chapter xii. is not Isaiah's, because "nowhere else" does he allow "his prophecies to break into song." This is a typical instance of the "vicious circle" in which German criticism is wont to revolve. First of all, nearly every passage which displays certain characteristics is carefully removed. And then we are told that any passage containing these characteristics must be rejected because it is alien to the spirit of the author. That is to say, we first of all assume what is to be proved, and then, the

fessor Driver's "Introduction," although he has given up everything in regard to J E (that is to say, the combined narrative of the Jehovist and second Elohist), except the conviction that "it *is* composite," we find a tolerably numerous catalogue of writers which the new criticism has evolved out of its own moral consciousness, or (we may concede this as a possible, though not very probable, alternative) out of the contents of the "Hexateuch" itself. First of all, we have the mingled narrative of the Jehovist and second Elohist,¹ represented in symbol by JE. Then we have the Deuteronomist (D₁), who bases all his precepts upon the details in JE. Then we have a Deuteronomic editor (D₂), who has drawn up the narrative in Joshua so as to accord with the system of D₁.² Then there is the Priestly Code (represented by P), which in many cases has several "strata," which contains also a "foreign element" (indicated by H), and to which must be added "a secondary and posterior stratum, representing a later phase of ceremonial usage."³ It must be admitted by every fair-minded man that a system of such complexity should be proved up to the hilt before we are called upon to accept it. And it must also be admitted that the fact of the scheme requiring so many qualifications and reservations and exceptions seems to indicate a weak point somewhere, in spite of the labour and pains displayed upon it. But Professor Driver is moderate indeed compared with those from whom his ideas are borrowed. Wellhausen and Delitzsch regard the Priest's Code as having "passed through more stages than one before it reached its present form."⁴ So, too, other writers

assumption once made, we proceed triumphantly to draw conclusions from it. And this is called science! I am indebted for this illustration to a monograph on Isa. xxiv.-xxvii. by the Rev. W. E. Barnes, B.D., Chaplain and Fellow of Peterhouse. But we shall meet with a good many more instances of this remarkable description of logic before this series of papers is brought to a close. One in particular, may be noticed here. Ezekiel is full of allusions to the Levitical law, which, *ex hypothesi*, was not in existence when he wrote. This difficulty is met by the theory of the "codification of pre-existent usage." Thus, if Ezekiel refers to a precept in the Priestly Code, it belonged to the class of pre-existent usages. If he omits to refer to one, it was not in existence in his time. One cannot but admire the ingenuity which has invented double-edged weapons of this kind. There is but one objection to them. There is no proposition whatever which they cannot be used to establish.

¹ This "second Elohist" has properly become the *first* Elohist, since the *bouleversement* under Wellhausen and Kuenen.

² We make the remark in passing that though we do not for a moment charge Professor Driver with intending this, the distinction between the process he describes and downright falsification is by no means clear, and we should be glad to have it pointed out.

³ Driver. *Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament*, p. 35.

⁴ *Ib.*, p. 146.

divide P into P₁, P₂ and P₃. We have also J₁ and J₂, if not a *third* Jehovist. We have, according to some authorities, at least *three* redactors or editors. And two German professors have recently reduced the whole theory to writing, and have distinguished the work of the six or seven distinct authors by different types, without the slightest indication that the task was to be regarded as one of difficulty, or that there could possibly be any doubt of the results.¹ We simply put it to any person of ordinary common-sense, Can any one suppose—however much criticism may show that there are traces of different documents in the Hexateuch as it stands—that any one can claim to have *established* results like these? There may very possibly be a problem to be solved, but that anyone will be able to solve it with the amount of information at our command, seems extremely improbable.²

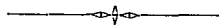
How, then, it may be asked, do you account for the fact that so many of our English critics of note have given in their adhesion to this "negative speculation"? I have already indicated the direction in which the answer is to be found. First, there is a reaction from the somewhat extreme form of Bibliolatry which has held the field for centuries. Next, there is a fashion in scholarship, as in everything else, and the fashion at present is to pay undue attention to German researches. Next, there is a certain feebleness, intellectual and moral, about people's minds in the latter half of the nineteenth century, which indisposes men for the turmoil of conflict. There is none of the "grim joy" with which the veterans of philology and theology and other branches of science used to rush into the fray, and belabour an antagonist with the choicest phrases of scholastic Billingsgate. We have now gone to the opposite extreme. There is at present rather a tendency to swim with the stream, to escape the odium which attaches to a maintenance of an unpopular theory, and above all to fear wrecking one's reputation for

¹ A specimen of this remarkable description of criticism is here appended. The following, Bible-readers may be interested to hear, are the "sources" from which Gen. xxi. 1, 2 is compiled. "And Jehovah visited Sarah as he had said (J₂), and (P) Jehovah (R, *i.e.*, redactor) did unto Sarah as He had spoken (P). And Sarah conceived and bare Abraham a son in his old age (J₂) at the set time of which God had spoken to him" (P). Such criticism as this is infinitely reassuring. No one can for a moment contemplate the possibility of its being received by persons possessed of common-sense, even when supported by some attempts at argument, which it is not.

² The German critics differ on the respective periods at which J, E and P were written, but it is remarkable on what slender evidence they seem to have arrived at their conclusions. One writer asserts that the documents are clearly of a particular age; another contradicts him, but gives no evidence in support of his contradiction.

scholarship by running counter to the prevailing fashion of the day. There must also, in all fairness, be added the fascination of attempting to solve an insoluble problem, which is akin to the pleasure with which we attempt to guess a riddle or to read a communication in cypher. But scholastic fashions must ultimately give way to the verdict of the public at large. When the question is fairly laid before them, the Christian people in this country will decide it according to the evidence. "Securus judicat orbis terrarum," not on the *ipse dixit* of any Pope or other infallible authority, but by the exercise of enlightened reason on the facts which are brought to our notice. The proceeding may be a long and difficult one. Its difficulty is greatly enhanced by the absence of contemporary literature and history. But if we are to be guided by the principles on which questions concerning the history or literature of other countries have been decided, and not by ingenious guesses and bold hypotheses, we shall end pretty much as we began. We may recognise the presence of composite elements in the historic and prophetic books. We may admit that there may be reasonable doubts as to the precise period at which they were compiled. But we shall be convinced of the substantial accuracy of the traditional view of Jewish literature and Jewish institutions.

J. J. LIAS.



ART. II.—LENGTHENING THE CORDS AND STRENGTHENING THE STAKES.

THE following Address was lately delivered to the Liverpool clergy, and also to the clergy of the Rural Deanery of Huddersfield:

For the sake of clearness of outline, and to help my mind and yours, I will found my remarks on Is. liv. 2 :

"Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thy habitations; spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes."

I have no need in this assembly to show how the words which I have just read are connected with the liii. of Isaiah. They foretell the results of Messiah's atoning death. The pre-eminence of the Hebrew Church as the mother church of Christendom is the leading thought. The image of the enlargement of a tent to receive the great increase of children is appropriate because the tabernacle or "tent of witness" was the symbol of the Jewish Church. The more the tent is enlarged, and the more widely her curtains are spread, the more needful is it to lengthen the cords; and the more canvas is exposed to the wind, the more necessary is it to strengthen the tent-pegs or stakes. The Church of Christ must not merely "preach the Gospel to every creature," and so lengthen her cords, but she must build up her converts in the faith, "teaching them to observe all that Jesus commanded"; in other words, she must strengthen her stakes.

My subject is *steadfastness* and then *extension*. We have the same connection of thought in that pair of parables which ought never to be separated—the Parable of the Ten Virgins and the Parable of the Entrusted Talents. The connection between secret faith in the heart and the life of active obedience—life *in* Christ and life *for* Christ. I shall consider the subject in two aspects :

I. As to our individual inner life.

II. As to our special position as ministers of Christ.

I. To “strengthen the stakes”—to drive in the tent-pegs is a striking picture of the deepening and establishing of the inner life, and the lengthening the cords is a no less striking image of the gradual extension of our area of usefulness in the Church of God and of the world. As I shall dwell almost entirely on the first figure, let me remind you that the two must go together. The proportion must be complete. If you lengthen your cords, but do not strengthen your stakes, your tent will be liable to be swept away by the blast of temptation and trial. On the other hand, it is in vain to deepen your stakes unless you lengthen your cords, for the end of all religion is consecration to God and His service, to be used for His honour and glory.

There is one more point which must be settled before we proceed. That is the underground upon which we are building. If the foundation be sand, we drive in our tent-pegs in vain. They will not hold. Years ago I had an experience in the Lebanon. A sirocco was expected. My tent was pitched on rocky ground. I drove in my pegs to the hilt in narrow crevices in the rocks. The hurricane came in all its violence. My tent was shaken, but it stood. Let us ask ourselves once again the old, old question, Am I building upon the rock? Am I vitally united to Christ by faith? Is the living Christ the author of my salvation, the object of my faith, the inspiration of my love, the source of my power? If not—if some blast of temptation should assail me—if I should grievously fall, then should I have to cry in the words of the prophet, “My tent is destroyed, and all my tent-pegs are plucked up; my children are gone away from me and are not, and there is none to spread out my tent any more, or to set up my tent curtains” (Jer. x. 20).

Let me mention two stakes which need to be strengthened.

First, we must rivet our souls more firmly on the Word of God. We are pledged to this by our ordination vows. If we are to “grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ,” we must set apart a time each day for the devotional reading of the Word of God, with a view to the sustentation of our inner life, entirely distinct from sermon preparation. One great temptation is to read the Bible with a view to our public ministry only. “Our own souls must be bathed in these living streams if we would keep them apt and ready for heavenly visitations.”¹ There is one aspect of this “inquiring and searching diligently” to which I would call your attention. There are three *πληροφορίας* in the New Testament—the “full assurance of faith,” the “full assurance of hope,” and the “full assurance of the understanding.” We long and pray for the “full assurance of faith”—to be able to say with St. Paul, “I know whom I have believed”; with St. John, “Now are we the sons of God.” The “full assurance of hope” raises our heads above the billows in many a storm. But we shall certainly lose the one and the other unless the streams of our soul are fed by the “full assurance of the understanding.” Here is our danger amid the incessant activities of clerical life. On the day of Pentecost there was a mighty influence on the emotions. We see the glow, the fervour, the joy of the infant church. But trace it to its source. The fervour of emotion had its

¹ Bishop Wilberforce's Ordination Addresses, p. 188.

origin in a sudden access of intellectual light. The Collect for Whit-Sunday seizes the central idea of the event. God at that time not only stirred but *taught* the hearts of His faithful people, and sent to them not only the warmth, but "the *light* of His Holy Spirit." Again, in the Litany we pray God to illuminate all bishops, priests, and deacons with true knowledge and understanding of "His Word." We are face to face with great controversies. One thing is certain. If we are to have the "full assurance of the understanding" we must study the word of Revelation with a deeper humility. Bacon, in the Preface to his "Natural and Experimental History," says: "Humility as in the sight of God is the key which unlocks the truth of all natural science." The Bible carries with it its own credentials. The highest kind of evidence is that which truth bears to itself. Let us read the Word with fervent prayer for the teaching of the Holy Ghost. Once let us lose the full assurance of the understanding and our faith becomes dim, and when we ascend the Pisgah height of hope, as in days of old, we find ourselves enshrouded in mist and gloom. It is only by daily reading and weighing of the Scriptures, under the "heavenly assistance of the Holy Ghost," that we can be alone with God and see in open vision the vastness of all His loving purposes. In the words of the late Bishop Wilberforce: "They who haunt these mighty tides of Divine Revelation 'see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep.'" With my whole heart I would warn myself and you, my Reverend Brethren, against one danger of Bible criticism. Do not mistake me. I am not referring to such questions as the periods and authors of the several books of the Bible, though even here I would suggest caution. As regards the more advanced form of Bible criticism, I, for one . . . absolutely *refuse to receive* what are called "results" and "conclusions." I wait for the time of "summing up," and that has not yet come. Beaten back in the field of the New Testament, the assailants of the truth of Holy Scripture in their destructive criticism have betaken themselves to the Old Testament. I would remind you that philologists themselves allow that there are few provinces in mental activity in which errors more easily occur than in that of literary criticism. A well-known German professor reminds us that Schleiermacher was versed as few men ever have been in the writings of Plato, and yet he erroneously rejected many of Plato's discourses. I refer now to a habit which is easily superinduced by such studies as these—of approaching the Bible in a critical, even in a semi-rationalistic, spirit; of entering the sanctuary with covered feet; and of forgetting that one of the great designs of the Word of God is that it should itself be the *κριτικός*, the "*discerner* of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

The second "stake" of which I would speak is prayer. Do we not all feel amid the endless claims upon our time that there is special danger of minimizing our seasons of private devotion? The very distraction of our work demands and necessitates increased carefulness in the habit of prayer. I have often sought refuge from the din and noise of the Strand in the repose and stillness of the Temple Gardens. The very act of prayer is soothing to the mind apart from the blessing we look for in return, just as we are refreshed in the darkness by the fragrance of the garden, even though we cannot see to cull the flowers. We may say of prayer what one of the old poets has sung in praise of country life:

There is no man but may make his Paradise.
 And it is nothing but his love and dotage
 Upon the world's foul joys that keeps him out on't;
 For he that lives retired in mind and spirit
 Is still in Paradise.

St. Paul constantly realized this. He tells us that one of the five con-

ditions upon which the peace of God is to be maintained in the soul amid the distractions of life is this: "In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. So the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall fortify your hearts and minds."

But not only for repose but for safety's sake we must pray. If our souls are not strengthened by prayer we shall certainly fall a prey to temptation. We marvel that some mighty tree is brokeu by the blast, until we discover the inner decay. The great Origen, under fear of death, denied his Lord. The heathen were exultant. They did not know that Origen that morning had left his chamber without his wonted prayer. His last biographer denies the recantation, but his sermon in Jerusalem on Ps. l. 16, 17, seems to authenticate the fact. Even if it be not true, the instinctive feeling that it is likely is a proof of our consciousness that all our inconsistencies, every yielding to temptation, each fall, secret it may be, is to be traced up to the neglect of habitual communion with God. Let the old question come back with all its ancient force: "Will you be diligent in prayer?" For our own soul's sake, for our ministry's sake, we must be more and more men of prayer. All mighty works for God are done by His saints upon their knees. The man of prayer is the man of power in the Church of God.

Time forbids me to mention other means of establishing the inner life. I can only indicate one mode of lengthening the cords; that is, by "making ourselves wholesome examples and patterns to the flock of Christ." How often our inconsistencies have been stumbling-blocks to souls that have listened to our every word and weighed our every action! Without consistency of life our sermons are to the hearers but professional declarations. The most mighty apology for Christianity has ever been the lives of God's saints. It is not to the logic of schoolmen, but to the self-denial and love and purity and zeal and faithfulness of the disciples of Jesus, that Christianity to-day mainly owes her dominion over human hearts. Even Seneca, a heathen, could say: "Longum iter est per præcepta, breve et efficax per exempla." Aristotle in his "Rhetoric" says that "your power of persuasion will depend upon the opinion your hearers entertain of you." When George Herbert was inducted to his living he determined by God's help "to live well, because the virtuous life of a clergyman is the most powerful eloquence to persuade all that see it to reverence and love, and at least to desire to live like him. And this I will do, because we live in an age that hath more need of good examples than of precepts. And I beseech God that my humble and charitable life may so win upon others as to bring glory to my Jesus, whom I have this day taken to be my Master and Governor." St. Francis d'Assisi was tinged with superstition, but he was a burning and a shining light. The secret of his power as a preacher lay in the holiness of his life. He was a visible image of love to God and love to man; to quote the words of the Bishop of Durham, "He was, if I may so speak, a living imitatio Christi." Our influence in life depends upon grace rather than upon gifts. If we do but lengthen our cords little by little, it is astonishing how far one heart and one life may stretch at length. "They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine."

II. I must now look at a wider field. The tent, or tabernacle, is an emblem of the Church; and here we will use the command, "Spare not; lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes," in a more Catholic sense. Never since apostolic days has a Church more lengthened her cords than the Church of England in recent times. For years her history has been one of extension at home and abroad. I have no need to prove this statement. But is she strengthening her stakes? Is she building up

her people in their most holy faith? Do we not all feel the danger of time so taken up with making hurdles for our folds that we have little time for that most important of all work—the work to which we have been called—that of feeding the sheep? Forgive me if I speak out of the abundance of my heart. We are not producing the highest type of Christian life in the present day. Our sermons are losing their influence and their power. They lack instruction. “Our people are not taught,” says Dean Goulburn, “and brought on gradually towards the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.” St. Paul, when writing to Timothy, says, “Give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine.” The tendency of preachers to-day is to rely too exclusively on the *παρακλησις*, and to ignore the *διδασκαλία*. Are we surprised that so many are blown about by every wind of doctrine? “The words of the wise are as goads,” says Solomon, “and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one Shepherd.” As you know, the word “by” is not in the Hebrew. It matters not whether Solomon means that the words which are given from the one Shepherd are “masters of assemblies”—that is, that they rule and guide the audience which listens to them—or that the “masters of assemblies” are themselves the gifts of Christ to His Church—men who are diligent in selecting “words of delight”—words which shall be as goads because they rouse and impel the hearer to right actions, and as tent-pegs because they remain fixed in the memory. The fact stated is all-important, viz., the establishment of the people in Christian life and doctrine largely depends on the teaching of God’s appointed ministers.

I have stated one reason for the decline of pulpit power. Are there not others? Let us look to ourselves. I would beseech my younger brethren to realize their position as “dispensers of the Word of God.” Shakespeare in his “Henry IV.” puts the office grandly when he speaks of the minister of Christ as an interpreter of truth, the distributor of the bread of life, the “opener and intelligencer of the sanctities of heaven.”

How deep you were within the books of God
 To us, the speaker in His parliament
 To us, the imagined voice of God Himself,
 The very opener and intelligencer
 Between His grace, the sanctities of heaven,
 And our dull workings.

In the absence of ethical and religious teaching, we have no reason or right to look for the higher forms of moral and religious character. I would guard myself against three dangers in my pulpit ministrations:

1st. The danger of forgetting the only remedy for sin. All reading must be subject to this. When the mind is full of the theme, and your motto is “*Nihil humani a me alienum puto*,” and you have notes on your desk from theology, history, poetry, fiction, biography, science, and you feel and know that you can interest your people, beware! Is there a remedy for sin amongst it all? The great preacher, Richard Cecil, had serious symptoms of a dangerous disease. His wife persuaded him to consult a celebrated specialist. Both patient and doctor were men of the highest culture. They discussed music and art. They shook hands with an expression of mutual delight. Richard Cecil went home and said, “I never met with a more delightful and interesting man in my life. Thank you, dear, for mentioning his name.” The anxious wife said, “But what about the remedy? Does he give you any hope?” Doctor and patient had forgotten the object of the visit. In these days of a growing semi-socinianism let us never forget that “it is the blood which maketh atonement for the soul.” Culture may refine, but it cannot

renew. Æstheticism may be the ally of religion, but it cannot be its substitute. So long as there are four factors in the history of man—conscience, sin, sorrow, death—so long will the Gospel be needed, which can alone pacify conscience, remove sin, give peace in the hour of sorrow, and take away the sting from death.

2ndly. Let us guard against the danger of vanity. "Why is it, father," said one of the friends of St. Francis d'Assisi, "that all the world goes after you?" "Why," he replied, "even for this. The Lord saw no greater sinner in the world than I—none less wise, none vile, and so He chose me above all to accomplish a wonderful work on the earth." "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints," said St. Paul, "is this grace given that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."

3rdly. Let us not forget our entire dependence upon God the Holy Ghost, that we may not be left to our own barrenness and blindness, but that our faculties for teaching may be directed and perfected. "We have received," says St. Paul, "the Spirit that is of God, that we may know the things that are freely given us of God, which things also we teach, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth." The most eminent preachers of the Gospel are those who have been most conspicuous for simple dependence on Divine aid. On the other hand, there have been in every age of the Church men of the highest natural gifts who have grieved the Holy Ghost by a spirit of pride and self-conceit. Disappointed of success in God's appointed way—the power of the Spirit—they have resorted to the witchcraft of philosophy, and sought help from the heresies of the dead. Their power has gone, and the Philistines have found them, like Saul, amongst the slain. "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon. Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul. How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!"¹ If we do not receive the Spirit which Jesus promised we cannot rightly perform the commission which Jesus gave.

My brethren, let us give time to our sermons. Let us not offer to God that which has cost us nothing. Think of the old Italian painters—men like Fra Angelico—who prayed and worked, and worked and prayed, and gave the very best of their genius to some sacred subject that it might bring some glory to God and lead some brother in the monastery to holier and happier thoughts. It might be for some chapel, it might only be seen by a small brotherhood of men; but God saw and God knew, and the Christ had given Himself for the salvation of men.

Never be discouraged by a want of visible success. Quaint Thomas Fuller says: "Herein hath God humbled many painstaking pastors, in making them clouds to rain, not over Arabia the Happy, but Arabia the Desert and Stony."

Failure is but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days.

"The husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth." Never despond. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

Forgive me if I refer to one more stake for the stability of the Church. I refer to a point which specially bears on the relationship of the clergy to each other. I speak of the cultivation of a spirit of unity. Let us determine, by God's help, to banish that spirit of party which not only endangers our personal sanctification, but is, I believe, one of the greatest barriers and hindrances to many thoughtful minds in England to-day against the reception of the doctrine of Christ. "Now we see

¹ Spurgeon's Lectures to Students, second series, p. 20.

through a glass, darkly. Now I know in part." We must never yield an iota of our own deep conviction of truth as it has come to us; but the love of Christ is wider than party, and Divine truth coloured by the human media, by which it is refracted to us, in the combination and union of its media, approaches nearest to the pure, achromatic light of heaven. I am convinced that party spirit impedes the growth of holiness, for it intervenes between our souls and the warming beams of heaven. The corn under the hedge which separates never ripens so fast as the corn in the middle of the field. The shadows lessen as we approach the substance. Differences are minimized in proportion as we get nearer to the foundation of all truth. There shall we find the true eirenicon. "Thy watchmen shall see eye to eye when the Lord shall bring again Jerusalem." What we need in the Church of England to-day is more unity of feeling, more unity of counsel, more unity of action, more unity of purpose. Let each one of us in this year, in our place of service, "endeavour to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace."

In conclusion, hear the voice of the prophet: "Spare not." The time is short; the harvest is great; the reward is sure.

"Lengthen thy cords"—by redeeming the time, by making use of every opportunity, by going out day by day beyond thy former self. But do not forget to "strengthen thy stakes"—in thine own inner life and in the souls of the people committed to thy trust.

As we think of the great and serious responsibility of our office, we cry, "Who is sufficient for these things?" As we grasp the truth of the Apostle's answer we may face the future calmly, courageously, hopefully, for "Our sufficiency is of God." The vision of the future shall be a reality to each faithful servant: "Thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down; not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken."

JAMES WAREING BARDSLEY.

HUDDERSFIELD.

ART. III.—IMPRESSIONS OF BUDDHISM IN EASTERN ASIA.

A VISIT of a few days to Ceylon, of three weeks to Mid China, and of nine weeks to Central and Southern Japan, paid in all cases under the guidance and in the company of old and experienced missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, afforded me, in the year that has just closed, a very special and favourable opportunity, not only of observing the position and progress of missionary work, but also of understanding something of the present attitude and character of the native religions with which our missions are face to face. In all three countries the predominant religion is Buddhism. I was, of course, aware that everywhere the Buddhism of this day is very different from the Buddhism of the books or of its founder. But I was not prepared to find its development so distinct in the three great national centres of that ancient faith.

In Ceylon, where one might have expected to find it less far removed from its original, I will not say purity, but simplicity, than elsewhere, it would seem that modern Buddhism has opened its doors to the grossest and most unclean idolatries, whilst its followers cling to it rather as indissolubly interwoven with their Cingalese nationality than from any attachment to its doctrinal teachings. In the possession of that unique treasure, the tooth of Buddha, the Buddhist of Kandy has no objection to find place in the side chapels of his temples for the images of the most abominable of the Hindoo deities. There seems to be a tacit understanding that so long as the figure of Buddha retains its chief place in the centre of the sacrarium, it matters not what inferior or alien deities find shelter under his roof. I was not able to see the tooth itself, as I did not care to pay the pretty handsome fee expected on the occasion, and I had quite sufficient faith in the testimony of the many odontologists who have examined it, to believe that if it ever were in Guatama's jaws, they must have belonged to a form very different to the ordinary human type in other points than size alone. We are told that there is a great revival of spiritual life among the Buddhists of Ceylon. That there has been a quickening, or at least a stirring, of the dry bones may be admitted; but when we come to analyse it we find the movement can scarcely be called either religious or indigenious: not the former, as I have already mentioned, since the great desire seems to be to mark off the proud Cingalese race from all other Hindoo intruders; nor the latter, for both the agents and the funds are supplied from foreign sources. It is on Mr. Olcott, or Colonel Olcott, as he is called, the American antichristian propagandist, that the whole movement depends. He is received by the Cingalese with an admiration that could scarcely be surpassed were he to claim to be another incarnation of Buddha. On his entering Colombo, three days before my arrival, the horses had been taken from his carriage, and he was dragged in triumph through the city; but I failed to see many practical results of his influence. For instance, he has been for several years endeavouring to impress upon the people the danger of exposing their sons to Christian influences. Trinity College, Kandy, the Church Missionary Society's great educational centre, has been the especial object of his attacks. This college, from the high standard of its teaching, is recognised by the University of Calcutta (which is an examining, and not a teaching university), and is allowed to present candidates direct for the B.A. degree. Three years ago, when Colonel Olcott commenced his attacks, the college contained 200 students, nearly all of them the sons of Buddhist parents, and

a great portion of them boarders. Meetings were held denunciatory of the Propagandist College and all its ways, and resolutions were passed that the pupils must be withdrawn from such influences, and a college on a Buddhist, or, as agitators in England would call it, a nonsectarian, basis must be at once established. Nothing was required but the funds, and it was calculated that £30,000 would amply suffice for the purpose. Since that time there has been much writing, many meetings, and no subscribing, while the number of pupils at Trinity College, Kandy, has increased to 320, the increase being almost entirely in the sons of Buddhists, not a few of whom, month after month, have been led to seek for baptism. The antichristian propagandism of these foreigners has been, however, more mischievous in another direction. Mr. Olcott, assisted by an Irishman, who claims to have been once in English orders, edits a weekly magazine in English and Cingalese. This is industriously circulated gratis and delivered weekly at the door of every known native Christian, and has, no doubt, troubled the faith of some. I read a copy of the English edition for the week I was at Kandy, and a more shameless trading upon the ignorance of the readers I never met with. For instance, Olcott, in one of his articles, stated that the idea of Jesus of Nazareth having been an historical character was utterly and universally rejected by all persons of ordinary education in Europe, and that anyone who would venture to assert that He was anything more than an invention of mediæval priests would be laughed out of society. In another article, he told them that Christianity does not teach the most ordinary morality, excepting for immoral ends. For instance, that it does not teach us to love our parents because it is right, but simply in order to lengthen our lives. In fact, the whole publication teemed with statements which the writer must have known to be false, and which one was amazed to find indited even by one who was so utterly unscrupulous as Colonel Olcott. But these brochures are read, and many a native will say to the missionary, "We have only your word against the American's, whom all our great men honour and reverence."

Buddhism, in the country districts, seems to have degenerated into devil worship. Near Cotta, enquiring one evening the meaning of drums and tom-toms which I heard, I was invited to go and see a devil-dance, which was being held for the benefit of a man lying dangerously ill close by. The clearing in which the dance was held was marked off by ropes of freshly-twisted palm-leaves, wreaths, festoons, and garlands of flowers, the characteristics of Buddhist worship being hung about everywhere. The dancers threw themselves

into hideous contortions, and soon, like dervishes, worked themselves into a frenzy. The whole ceremony was exactly like a negro fetish dance, and, was avowedly, to propitiate the evil spirit. And yet their creed denies the existence of angel, God, or spirit. To decide how far these various idolatries and superstitions have been engrafted on modern Buddhism, or how far they are survivals of ancient idolatries, which Buddhism never really suppressed, would require much deeper knowledge of the subject than I possess; but the fact is patent that the Buddhism of Ceylon is saturated with Hindoo superstitions.

The Buddhism of China strikes the passing visitor as very different in its developments from that of Ceylon. Nor is this to be wondered at. In the first place, it encountered, on its entrance into the country, religious systems very different from the Hinduism of India—Taoism, with all its strange excrescences and superstitions, on the one side; and the lofty philosophical ideas of Confucius on the other. One cannot but perceive what a mighty restraining influence Confucianism has had on the practice and teaching of what I may be allowed to call the higher Buddhism, by which I mean that form of it to which belong the priests who have been educated in Confucian philosophy. We are told that the three great religions of China are Taoism, or Ancestral Worship, Buddhism, and Confucianism. But on inquiring further, most Chinamen appear to hold all three, more or less modified by the others; at least, they will worship as readily in one as the other. But practically it would appear to be Taoism rather than Buddha which really holds China in its thrall. The ancestral halls occupy no small part of the area of every city; the grave-mounds and scattered coffins of many generations seem to strew one-fifth part of the available agricultural land in the Yangtze districts. These are all bound up with the ancestral worship, or Taoism, and have nothing to do with Buddhism. If the latter be the prevailing *profession* of Mid-China, the former certainly rules the *social* life.

In going inland from Shanghai, or up the river from Ningpo, the country looks like one vast cemetery. Even in the very heart of Ningpo, while staying with the Rev. Jos. Hoare, I counted from my bedroom window no less than sixty-three unburied coffins. The sides of the canals, any waste corners in the busiest part of a city, are so occupied, just as the plain, or the river-side. If the family can afford it, earth is heaped on the coffin, but it must never be sunk into the ground. And, if unable to enclose it with brick or stone, or cover it with earth, the family leave it to the charitably disposed to put a straw mat covering over it. These mounds and graves

must never be cultivated, and to remove them without legal powers is punishable by death. Here and there one sees little pagodas, which are the register-houses of these burials, and which contain records that go back to 3,000 years. Frequently, at a spot where several roads meet, one sees what is called the children's tower, a small square, dome-roofed, stone building, with an aperture at one side, the use of which is very soon explained to one's olfactory organs. Yet we are told that infanticide is forbidden by law. No doubt it is; but laws that are not enforced exist in other countries besides China. However, it must, in justice, be said that by far the greatest proportion of bodies thus disposed of, are those of children of tender years, for whom it is not necessary to incur the crushing expense of a Chinese funeral. As illustrating Taoism, I may mention a visit I paid to the Ningpo Joss-house at Shanghai—a long corridor with twelve great warehouses on either side, in each of which were stowed from 200 to 250 coffins with bodies. The coffins are massive boxes, richly carved, and covered with lacquer work. All were ticketed, and awaiting a "lucky day" to be transported to Ningpo, the ancestral home of the deceased. I saw between two and three thousand coffins. A poor widow was kneeling, bitterly wailing, at the foot of that of her son. At one end of the Joss-house was what might be called a mortuary chapel, with a richly-carved figure of the devil under a canopy in the apse, with incense burning and tapers lighted before him. This is to propitiate the evil spirit that the souls of the departed may escape in peace. There is certainly no true Buddhism here. I was at Ningpo on one of the days of the great ancestral festival. Offerings are made at the tombs, and over many decaying coffins, whilst the streets were half-choked in places with tables on which were set out feasts for the spirits of the departed. These are exposed for a few hours, as the savour of the good things suffices for the spirit, and, in the evening, they are consumed by their embodied descendants and their friends. There is no Buddhism here.

Again, connected with ancestral worship is a strange superstition of the Fung Shui, a spiritual influence which I do not attempt to describe, but which prevents mining, as the tombs prevent railways, and which affords a pretext for every obstacle which Chinese obstinacy may devise against any movement or improvement. Yet all these worshippers of their ancestors are to be found in the Buddhist temples. But the Buddhist temple is generally crammed with images, large and small, both in the apse and also along the side altars. Some of these are said to represent his earlier followers and apostles, but others, local divinities, or heroes, and also evil spirits, for

whose shrines the central shrine of Buddha is comparatively deserted.

In Ningpo by far the grandest temple is neither Buddhist nor Confucian, but the temple of the city god, who is some distinguished citizen or benefactor, and who is changed every third year. The tutelary god at the time of my visit was a rich merchant recently deceased, who had been a great benefactor to his native city.

Of about twenty Buddhist temples I visited in China I did not find one which was confined to his honour only. The Confucian temples, on the contrary, have preserved their primitive simplicity. They are splendid edifices, on the same general plan as the other temples, with magnificent carvings and rich porcelain ornamentations. They are never entered from the front, but by a side door opening into a large open square (I am describing the Confucian temple of Ningpo) with inscriptions down the walls, and the verandas having gilt wooden tablets, suspended all round, with scrolls. Over the roof is a colossal inscription: "Virtue joins heaven and earth." Across this square runs a piece of artificial water, for ablution, crossed by a quaint bridge. Then, passing through a second fine hall like the last, we enter by a flight of steps the inner temple, the centre of which is open to the sky, and finely-chiselled allegorical carvings cover the basalt slabs which pave it. At the further end, or chancel, gorgeously carved in gilt, is a rich baldachino over an empty throne, with a gilded tablet overhanging it inscribed, "The soul of the spirit of the most holy teacher Confucius."

On either side of this inner hall were what may be compared to side altars, each with a similar but smaller tablet, to Confucius' most eminent followers, fourth among whom was Mencius. Two great candlesticks, without lights, stand in front of the vacant canopy. Compared with Buddhist temples, this was the high Anglican, theirs the Romanising ritual; but it is out of fashion, and all the courtyards, beautiful as they are, are grass grown, for they are only visited by the mandarins once a year, on the great national festival. I mentioned that the Confucian temples are always entered by the side, but they all have a front entrance. Before each temple is a long avenue of cypress trees, with a closed gate at the further end, which is never to be opened till a greater than Confucius appears in the world. Has He not already appeared, and may we not hope that China will soon open that gate?

My impression of Buddhism in China was certainly that it contains no internal recuperative power, that the real hold of idolatry amongst the masses of the people is in the weird superstitions connected with ancestral worship, and that the

efforts to galvanise Buddhism from without by Theosophists and Agnostics is destined to failure ; for any attempt to revive what is termed the pristine purity of Buddhism can only bring into clearer relief the superiority of Confucianism as a system of pure agnostic morality. That, again, with no appeal to the heart, against Christianity must be powerless.

Very different is the position of Buddhism in Japan. It has met there with but one rival, for Confucianism, though recognized as a philosophic system, is absolutely unknown as a cult in Japan. The writings of Confucius form the groundwork of the higher intellectual education, but are used simply as illustrating and carrying out the higher teaching of Buddhism. In Japan, if anywhere in the East, this higher teaching ought to be found. Sir E. Arnold has drawn wondrous pictures of the "Light of Asia," which highly amuse, and perhaps flatter, the national vanity of a people very open to such compliments, but which certainly are spoken of on the spot as savouring of imagination rather than of fact. Although the spasmodic attempt to galvanise into motion, by Western ideas, the dead Buddhism of the East has had a success in Japan which it certainly has not found elsewhere, owing to the higher type of the Japanese mind ; and to the fact that Buddhism, though split into scores of sects, some of which retained far more of the pure teaching of Gautama than others, yet had laid hold of the popular affection and was really a national religion ; still, the outlook of regeneration is not bright. The Buddhism that has a real hold of the people is not that of the reformer, but rather that which is obscured and overridden by a strange mixture of Shintoism and many local superstitions. It must be borne in mind that the Shinto religion has no connection whatever with Taoism or the ancestral worship of China ; but what it is, is a question not so easily answered. I have not been able to get satisfactory explanations of its leading principles even from learned Japanese professors. The difficulty, they say, is, that while Buddhism has a literature, Shintoism has none. But the Buddhism of Japan as readily admits the aboriginal faith as does that of China. I believe I have visited hundreds of temples in Japan, for I never omitted an opportunity of entering them, and yet only on one or two occasions have I found a Shinto temple without Buddhist emblems ; and Buddhist temples without Shinto emblems are equally rare.

Shintoism always struck me as being possibly a pure devolution from some primeval fire or sun worship ; originally, no doubt, it was sun worship. The pure Shinto temple contains no image, only in the holy place, where the Romanist sets up his crucifix and the Buddhist his Buddha, is suspended a circu-

lar resplendent mirror, facing the worshipper, and with long strips of white paper, slashed and nicked, suspended on either side of it. There are neither the candles nor the incense nor the flower vases so indispensable in the Romish and Buddhist rituals, and, whilst we are told that the mirror represents purity and truth, the creed teaches that the Mikado is the human representative of the divine ruler set forth in the sun. Therefore the true Shinto worshipper really worships the Mikado, as practically as the Russian peasant worships his Czar.

But in the ordinary Shinto temple, though the place of honour may be occupied by the mirror, the whole building is full of shrines not only to Buddha, but to many inferior deities. And the Buddhist returns the compliment by finding a place in his temple for the mirror. But neither the emblem of purity nor the figure of Buddha are the really popular deities of Japan; these are the devil, the god of wealth, and the goddess of mercy, whose effigies find a place in nearly every temple of the land. It is before them that the afflicted and the anxious kneel; it is into their coffers that the "rins" are lavishly poured.

"Why do you pray to him?" was asked in my presence of a poor old woman who was wailing before a very European-looking representation of the devil. "Why don't you pray to Amida?" (Buddha). "Oh," she replied, "Buddha is good; he would do harm to no one. I want to make friends with the devil that he may take away his hand from my sick son."

But there are various developments of Buddhism in Japan. Whilst the lower order of priests are ignorant, immoral, and despised, there are, amongst the hierarchy, men of much learning, and of higher and nobler aspirations. These men, many of them educated at English or German universities, have recently formed a new sect, which they claim to be a reproduction of pure, original Buddhism. One priest whom I met was an M.A. of Baliol College, Oxford. They are at the present moment erecting a sumptuous temple in Kioto in which their religion is being taught in its pristine purity. They had already collected at the time of my visit £120,000 for the building.

I met with a curious instance of the reaction of Christian influences upon Buddhism. One of these Buddhist priests had learned so much of the true spirit of Christianity that he has published a bulky pamphlet in English, Japanese, and Chinese, on "Justification by Faith the only True Basis of Morality." I read the English edition; his argument may be briefly summarized thus: True morality must be without selfishness; morality for hope of reward, or fear of punishment

is worthless; is the letter without the spirit. Faith in your own ideal to whom you owe your life is the only true spring of morals, therefore seek justification through faith in the incarnation of Amida (the great incarnation of Buddha). It is easy to see that this reformation of Buddhism, confined to the educated, fostered by foreign sympathisers with anything anti-Christian, and derived from a foreign education, is scarcely likely to breathe a new life into the dry bones of a dead faith; that, whether it be in Ceylon, or China, or Japan, the real resistance to Christianity is rather from the deep-seated superstitions of the old idolatries than from the trained and organised forces of historic Buddhism.

H. B. TRISTRAM.

ART. IV.—NOTES AND COMMENTS ON JOHN XX.

No. IV.

OUR last study closed with verse 10. We watched the departure of Peter and John from the garden to the city, as they retired with the new-born belief in their hearts that Jesus was risen, while the light of prophecy broke in on that astonishing fact and turned it into a glorious truth of redemption.

How brief, how unadorned, is the notice in the narrative; *So the disciples went back to their own abode* (πρὸς ἑαυτοῦς). Its simplicity is one of the many notes of truth in the passage. No creator of an unreal scene (writing within the first two centuries) would have thought of sending them away so quietly, with so little apparent *effect* in the story. Such simplicity, meanwhile, is quite in the manner of the fourth Gospel. It is of a piece with the extremely simple sequel of the raising of Lazarus, and again with the noble brevity of verse 21 below: *So the disciples were glad, seeing the Lord.*

Here the narrator is already occupied, so to speak, with the next great fact in the chain of events, the appearance to Mary. Peter and John have done their part, they have borne their witness to the Resurrection by telling us what they found in the tomb; now it is time for Mary's witness.

Once more we pause to observe the holy carelessness of the Evangelist about his own apostolic prominence, or Peter's, apart from the relation which he and Peter bear to Christ. The two leading Apostles, and their new resurrection-faith, are in his view merely a fragment of the witness to Jesus. And if the solitary woman left weeping by the empty cave can serve as well, or better, for the next fragment of that witness, let Peter and John move away unnoticed, and let Mary fill the scene.

“ We preach not,” and we depict not, “ ourselves, but Christ Jesus as Lord, and ourselves your bondservants, because of Jesus;” such is the uniform spirit of the Apostles and Evangelists. For our little sphere, let it be always our spirit too. If we would have it so, we must be always learning their secret; we must have for ourselves the Lord Jesus as the one grand certainty, satisfaction, joy, and hope.

The quiet self-forgetfulness of St. John’s treatment of narrative (a spirit which, indeed, appears, though in different forms, far and wide in Scripture narrations generally) is a phenomenon full of importance. Certainly it is a literary paradox, this balance, this calmness, when we remember at the same time the prodigious character of the events related. The morning of the resurrection is described with the same simplicity and absence of effort as the conversation by Jacob’s Well. How does this simple and un-anxious manner tell as an inner evidence of truthfulness? Somewhat thus, if I read aright. Had the story of the resurrection, and the whole circle of Gospel miracles, been a creation of imagination, a result merely of mental and spiritual emotion, then the emotions and impressions (to produce the results which followed) must have been very vehement experiences of highly excitable minds. And if so, if this were all, then these same minds would have been left, on the hypothesis, to work out their emotions as they might, uncontrolled, uncorrected, by the word and power of a risen Redeemer. The issue of such conditions would surely be not only hopeless divergencies but wild exaggerations. But what we have as a fact before us is at least substantial consistency of statement and great calmness of manner. To anyone who watches carefully the ways of man this is good moral evidence, not that nothing extraordinary had occurred, but that the wonderful something which had occurred had come with amplest warrant of its reality, and had become a permanent and most powerful, while elevating and calming, factor in the minds of the narrators.

The Evangelist writes of the Resurrection with dispassionate calmness because the Resurrection was an objective fact, absolutely certain; and because the Risen One had come back not merely to be seen and vanish, but to teach, to control, and to abide with His disciples’ souls for ever.

This same quietness of manner, with the same explanation, may be traced back into the narratives of the Crucifixion-time, where the Evangelists display an altogether wonderful calmness and (if I may use the word) fairness of tone in describing the conduct of the enemies and murderers of their Lord.

But it is more than time to proceed in our study of the text, from verse 11 and onwards.

But Mary was standing at the tomb, weeping, outside. So while she wept, she stooped from the side (to look) into the tomb, and beholds (θεωρεῖ) two angels, in white, seated, one at the head and one at the feet, where lay the body of Jesus. And they say to her, Woman, why do you weep? She says to them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I do not know where they have put Him. And with these words she turned backwards, and beholds Jesus, standing, and did not know that it is Jesus. Jesus says to her, Woman, why do you weep? whom do you seek? She, thinking that it is the gardener, says to Him, Sir, if you carried Him off, tell me where you put Him, and I will take Him away. Jesus says to her, Mary! Turning, she says to Him, Rabbouni, which means, Master (διδάσκαλε). Jesus says to her, Do not touch Me, for I have not yet gone up to My Father. Go to My brethren, and say to them, I go up to My Father and your Father, and My God and your God. Mary of Magdala comes, reporting to the disciples that she has seen the Lord, and that He said these things to her..

Ver. 11. *But Mary was standing at the tomb. Είστήκει*, she had taken her place, and was now there. Probably she had followed the Apostles out from the city, but more slowly. She would be left behind naturally by the pace of the two eager men, young as probably they both were; and besides, she would hurry less, as she knew the fact, which they had yet to assure themselves of, that the tomb was empty. She entered the garden after them, perhaps unnoticed by them, and not much heeding their looks and words as they entered successively and saw what the cavern had to reveal. We need not wonder at the absorbed unconsciousness of one another which those disciples, men and women, showed that morning. After all these Christian centuries, and after our personal Christian education, it is hard for us, even when we have found the Saviour with joy for our own, to realize what was the first grief for His death and the first joy for His resurrection. Those were moments which to an unknown degree threw minds and hearts back on themselves.

So, for the time, Mary was to the Apostles, and they were to her, as if they were not. Was Jesus stolen away? was Jesus risen again?—that was all.

The loving and desolate Galilean woman remains, then, as she thinks, all alone. If she just noticed the silent departure of Peter and John, it only said to her the worst—the Lord was not in the tomb, the Lord's body was gone. So she "stood," seemingly as if paralysed: not kneeling, making no gesture of

misery; standing, just as she had come, *κλαίονσα*, weeping, alone. And yet, like other sorrowful disciples since, she was not alone. Angels were just in front of her, and the Lord was just behind her. And the very thing which caused her tears, His absence from the place where she sought Him, was soon to be her blessed surprise, her sudden and endless joy.

So *Mary was standing, at the tomb, weeping, outside*. Thus the words follow each other in the Greek.

Ver. 12. *So while she wept, she stooped from the side to look into the tomb, and beholds two angels, in white, seated, one at the head and one at the feet, where the body of Jesus lay.*

Again detail follows detail with a peculiar and thrilling simplicity. While weeping, she bent her head and looked in; the look not of curiosity, but of bereaved love, which in a sad unreasoning way cares for the bare spot where the beloved has been. And now her wet eyes, gazing fixedly (*θεωρεῖ*), see two human forms in the dark place; for simply human in form, surely, all angels are in Scripture when they appear in intercourse with men; the winged aspect is seen only in symbolic or mystic surroundings. There they are, two youthful watchers, as we may suppose them to look (Mark xvi. 5, *νεανίσκοι*), seated, in quiet dignity, one at each end of the niche in the cavern-wall, where the holy body had lain in its linen folds. They were *ἐν λευκοῖς*, in white clothing, white and more than white, positively bright.¹ So we gather from Luke xxiv. 4, *ἐν ἐσθήσεσιν ἀστραπτούσαις*. We may compare the word *στῆλαι* used for the white raiment of the transfigured Lord Himself, Mark ix. 3. Such a radiance, or something like it, shone in that garden sepulchre, touching with light its rocky roof, and walls, and floor, and "the linen cloths" as they lay there. There, before this weeping disciple, this once possessed and miserable woman, sat revealed those two inhabitants of the heavenly home. And listen!—to reassure her, to tell her that it is no delusion generated by her glancing tears, they speak to her, perhaps one by one, in human words, and with gentle, I might almost say respectful, sympathy: *Woman, why do you weep?* *Γύναι*, as we all know, is a word of perfect courtesy, a word of as much possible respectfulness as *Κύριε* would be in an address to a man. Woman, lady, why do you weep?

It is a moving thing to observe the sympathy of angels with men and women, as Scripture so very often brings it out. "These things" (the salvation of sinners by the Son of God) "angels desire to look into" (1 Pet. i. 12); and indeed we find it to be so with them whenever the veil is lifted. They are

¹ See Trench on the word *λευκός* in his commentary on Rev. ii. 17.

no mere official dignitaries of the court of heaven, just stooping to hand a message of reprieve to pardoned rebels of an alien race. They come as brethren to brethren, as servants to fellow-servants, as lovers and worshippers of the Son of God to those who, in the midst of sin and death, yet love and worship Him also. Aye, they come as to those whose nature He has taken, and who do not grudge sinful man that inexplicable and inexpressible privilege, but love man for it. So Mary, this weeping child of a sinful race, all weakness, all mistake, is to these heavenly ones an object of holy sympathy. To them she is one whom Jesus Christ loves, and who loves Him, and it is enough. *Why do you weep? Whom do you seek?*

Ver. 13. But for Mary all this is, for the present, nothing. In her then state of thought and feeling, the appearances and the voices were to her as things of everyday, commonplace, indifferent. She just answers, *Because they have taken away my Lord, and I do not know where they have put Him.*

Nothing could be more curiously truth-like and truthful than this indifference of Mary of Magdala. It was quite different from the startled fear of the women when (Matt. xxviii. 5, 8) the angel appeared on the stone. That was a shock, a sudden sight, on their first arrival. Here grief had had time to deepen, and to fix itself on the absorbing fact of the absence of Jesus. And such was the bitterness of that absence, the absence (to her mind at that time) of the body which was so soon to be dust—such was the grief of its absence, because He was her Lord, that the sight of two angels, and their audible voices, were to her, wonderfully yet naturally, as nothing.

What would it be to us if our Lord, as we have learnt to know Him, were removed? What if Jesus were found absent from our heart, our life, our earth, our heaven? If He—not the slain, but the slain and living, Lamb of God, our Lord, were found to be non-existent, or existent no more for us? Would not our souls so fail as to find no rest, no remedy anywhere else? Should we not really feel that heaven itself and its inhabitants, without Him (*per impossibile*), would be blank, unsatisfying, even formidable? Yes, for heaven is not the cause of our pardon, nor the source of our life, nor is the angelic race our Saviour and King.

And if indeed He is, as He is, such that nothing can ever possibly take His place for us, what a place should His be in the heart! Henceforth we will more than ever watch and pray against even the transient pain, so heavy and so paralysing, of even seeming to find Him absent, sin having taken away our Lord, and we know not where He is gone.

Ver. 14. *And with these words she turned backwards, and beholds* (θεωρεῖ) *Jesus, standing, and did not know that it is Jesus.*

She turned backwards, bent her stooping head towards the garden, not the cavern. It is vain perhaps to ask what made her turn. Chrysostom gives a singularly beautiful explanation—that as the Lord appeared the angels did obeisance, and Mary turned to see *to whom*. Or, as some have guessed, she felt that subtle consciousness of someone near her which we have all probably felt at times. But was it not simply the aimless movement of a new disappointment? The long look into the cave has told her that Jesus is not there, and now she will look away, and go away.

St. John, we may be sure, is here recording exactly what Mary told him. “So I turned my head, and there behind me stood, as I thought, the gardener.”

And she sees Jesus, standing. The word θεωρεῖ is again used. Even here, though certainly at first sight it is less easy to read than usual, we read its distinctive meaning, the “seeing” of a deliberate gaze.¹ The look she gave was but sidelong, for see below, ver. 16, where she “turns herself” again more completely. But it was steady. She deliberately and distinctly saw someone there.

Whence the Lord had come we do not know. How long He had been there, whether up to that moment He had been visible to anyone, whether He now appeared in His familiar form—we are not told. But He was there, none the less because Mary did not know Him and so little realized all that He was.

There stood the Lord of death and life, fresh from bearing that disciple’s sins and ours, from those unfathomable and unknown sorrows of His soul (ἀγνωστα παθήματα) which went to make the ransom of our souls; just come from the unseen world “in the power of an indissoluble life” (Heb. vii. 16). There He stood before her. And He was “the same Jesus” still; the same in corporeal and spiritual identity, the very body which had been torn by the Roman scourges and nails, the very soul which had been exceeding sorrowful unto death; the same humanity under the same Personality, glorified but identical. And He was the same, too, in moral identity, the unalterable Lord Jesus in faithfulness, patience, and love. He dies for His doubting and mistaking followers; He rises for them, and finds them mistaking and despairing. They, if I may say so, are themselves, and more than themselves, in their imperfections; He is Himself, and more than Himself,

¹ See this meaning at once unmistakable, and spiritually most important, in John vi. 40.

in His perfections. He is about to deal with Mary, and with the two, and the ten, and Thomas, as, indeed, "the same Jesus," as we shall see in due time. There is strong consolation in this picture of the moral identity of the risen Lord.

But she did not know that it is Jesus. Though essentially the same, He was to her now different. Partly, no doubt, it was simply a case of imperfect sight. She did not see Him full; perhaps she did not look *in His face* at all; she was in tears. But also we have here, surely, one of the many cases (Matt. xxviii. 17; Mark xvi. 13; Luke xxiv. 16, 37; John xxi. 4) where we trace a change in the aspect of the risen Saviour, and also that it was His pleasure sometimes not to be recognised, checking the message of the eyes to the mind.

In passing I see here again an evidence of truth. A fabricated narrative would hardly have gone out of its way to say that the Risen One, after forty hours' absence, was at first not recognised. It might even seem suspicious were it not true. *All* the Gospels record this inability of the disciples to recognise their Lord at once, and then go on to show how fully the doubt was removed. And how *permanently* it was removed! After Thomas' recovery to faith we detect in the first age of Christianity no trace of the least hesitancy, no whisper of a word of retraction or of uncertainty, on the part of any one of the professed witnesses of the Resurrection. No heretic, no pagan, has preserved the faintest tradition of any after misgiving in the Church of the witnesses.

Ver. 15. *Jesus says to her, Woman, why do you weep? Whom do you seek?*¹ Blessed inquiries, from that Inquirer. When Jesus Christ asks us about our sorrows their truest comfort is already begun; when He asks about our loss, our blank, He has already begun to fill it. Happy those who, like Mary, are found by Him, even if they are found grieving for Him and missing Him. We must not fear to tell Him all our fears. There is sure to be some element of sin, however recondite, in them. There was such an element in Mary's fears; she *ought* to have remembered His many promises better, and trusted them more firmly. She *ought* to have known that, come what might, He must conquer and reign. Yes, even a Mary at the tomb had sin somewhere in her unhelpfulness. Yet the Risen Lord came in person to dispel it. And to us He is ready to come as personally to help us, not because we deserve, but because we need; because in our guilty weakness we are so disappointing, if the word may be allowed, to Him. So we

¹ "This first word of the Risen Lord to a mortal is an inexhaustible text for the Resurrection, which it is the business of the preacher to unfold. He has risen again to comfort those who mourn" (Stier).

will come and speak out, keeping nothing back, telling Him our worst misgiving, as simply as if we could hear Him say, "Why do you weep? What do you want?"

But Mary is slow to see the light of joy. Perhaps already she had turned her eyes away again. She is so little conscious of supernatural glories and joys close to her that she thought that here was—Joseph's gardener! A very homely, unsentimental conjecture it was; certainly not the thought of a *femme hallucinée* such as Renan, hallucinated, supposes her to have been. She was quite sane, though very sad, when she said to herself, "It is the gardener." In great sorrow there is sometimes a cool, prosaic consciousness of trifling or common things around, as curious as it is real; the high wrought state of the mind leaves it open more than usual to the touch of even small impressions. So Mary would seem to have rapidly *calculated*, "It is the rich man's gardener; the Sabbath is past, and they may work. Joseph did not intend my Master's body to be permanently in his fine grave, only to rest there for a while, because it was so near; and now his servant has been told to take the body away to bury it somewhere else." And then, with the resolve of a love which felt as if it could carry mountains, she thinks she will take it into her own care, lift it, carry it, bestow it in some untroubled sepulchre, if she may but have it again. *Sir*, so the helpless mourner speaks, with the deference of helplessness, *if you carried Him off, tell me where you put Him, and I will take Him away.*

"Him:"—she uses no name; no need to do so occurs to her. Jesus, even slain and gone, fills her whole thought, and she assumes that it must be so with others too.

How truth-like again in every detail; the submissive sadness of the appeal, and, on the other hand, the blind energy of love, which undertakes, in the exhaustion of grief, to do the work of a strong man, removing and burying the body.

So she plans a second interment for Jesus, while the living Jesus is there, and just about to lift her in the embrace of His manifested power and love.

Ver. 16. *Jesus says to her, Mary.* The reading *Μαριάμ*, Miriam, is, on the whole, most probable here; the specially Jewish form of the name, not Maria, its Greek equivalent. It is interesting to remember that the same Voice, at a later day, spoke to another heart by its own home-name, *Σαούλ*, not *Σαῦλε* (so in all the narratives of the great conversion). It is observable, whatever inferences we may draw, that where the Evangelists record His utterance of an Aramaic word or sentence the occasion is almost always one where a specially close and personal appeal was needed. The Aramaic of the cry from

the Cross is scarcely an exception.¹ But this is a minor point here; the all-important fact here is that He used the woman's *name*. The personal appeal, the voice to the individual, to that mysterious personality with which, as a fact, man so intimately connects his *name*—it is this we are to notice. It is no longer *Woman*, it is *Mary*. Any voice might have said the first; the speaker of this last, then and there, must be no other than the Friend who had set her free.

Turning, she says to Him, Rabboni, or more precisely, probably (some think that we have here a *Galilean* form) *Rabbouni*. This St. John at once explains; *which means Master, Διδάσκαλε*, Teacher; but, of course, with the conveyed idea (in the Hebrew) of the greatness, the venerability, of the Teacher. The termination, it would seem (*Rabbouni*) may either be the possessive suffix (*My Master*), or an appellative (*Oh Master*). Either alternative gives much the same impression of intensity and reverent endearment (v. 17). With the word, she clasps Him as He stands. In that tumult of fear, love and joy, to assure herself of the objective reality of His presence, she lays her touch, the touch which *feels* (ἅπτομαι), on His sacred person, probably on the feet towards which she bent. Compare Matt. xxviii. 9.

Ver. 17. *Jesus says to her, do not touch (feel) Me, for I have not yet gone up to My Father. Go to My brethren, and say to them, I go up to My Father and your Father, and My God and your God.* Ver. 18: *Mary of Magdala comes reporting to the disciples that she has seen the Lord, and that He said these things to her.*

The two verses, 17, 18, I thus merely translate. It would be impossible in this paper to dwell on v. 17, with its problems of reference, and its depth of truth about the Father, the Son, and the soul.

Let us for the present close with the delightful effort to place ourselves in thought beside those two persons in the calm, silent morning of that wonderful spring-time, in Joseph's garden. Looking on them we forget, as the Gospel forgets, the blessed angels close at hand; JESUS and Mary Magdalene have much more to do than they with our salvation and peace. It is indeed a place good to visit, and to visit at the moment we have studied. We stand upon the common earth; the ground of a garden near the walls of a still existent town, a garden whose last traces are, some think, still visible. We see the cavern-tomb, and its round door-stone rolled out. We look up to the common morning sky, through the garden trees. But in that quiet place and hour JESUS Himself is

¹ See this handled very ably in Dr. Alex Roberts' "Discussions on the Gospels."

making known, for the very first time, the success, the completeness, the glory of His salvation. It is HE who stands literally there, speaking to Mary, but now much more speaking to us, to you, to me, as we, too, "turn" to Him to hear His words about Himself. He points *us* to His own open grave; that is, to His accomplished victory for us, His finished atonement for our sins. He points us to His living Self, living immortally, eternally, living at this moment, and present with us, even when "we perceive Him not." He points us to the heavens above, and tells us that He is going thither, and that we, for whom He has died, and who have come to Him, and whose sins—including doubts and fears—He has wonderfully cancelled in His own blood, may be sure that that heaven is for us home. It is home for Peter, who denied Him; for the Eleven, who forsook Him; for Magdalene, who thought that His death was the end. It is home for us, unworthy; for He is there. Henceforth, the earth and the heavens are filled for us with light—the light of the redemption, the love, and the presence, of the sacrificed and risen Son of God.

H. C. G. MOULE.

ART. V.—SOME PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

No. I.

A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity.—PROVERBS xvii. 17.

IT has been well observed that the recognised ideals of a nation are a trustworthy index of its moral condition. If the public sentiment of a country demands, and its literature supplies, a high standard in the delineation of character, if its people expect and require nobility and generosity, purity and chivalry, uprightness and unselfishness in the objects of their honour and regard, if to be a hero in their estimation is to be a good man, we may safely conclude that the moral condition of that country is sound and healthy. If, on the contrary, splendid vices are admired, and a low moral type is tolerated, the taint of corruption has undoubtedly entered into the body politic.

Now, the presence of high ideals is a conspicuous trait in the sacred literature of the Hebrew people; and it serves in their case a double purpose. It is at once preservative and prophetic. Even in the darkest times of their chequered national life, the Jews were never suffered to lose sight of high and inspiring ideals of character and achievement. The heroes of their past history, the king, or priest, or prophet, who from time to time stood forth, a form of light in a scene

of darkness, to rebuke and correct the prevailing evils of his times, were supplemented and surpassed by the grand figures which peopled the glowing future of the prophets, in their work of saving the nation from utter degeneracy, and preserving in it at least a remnant for the accomplishment of its high destiny. But that which was working silently to preserve, and, in common with all the moral teaching of the Old Testament, preparing the way of Christ by keeping alive and healthy "the stem of Jesse," out of which He was one day to "come forth," was at the same time prophesying of Him. It is not only (as in our own day we have come better to understand) in those bright spots in which the golden thread of prophecy rises to the surface, those clear predictions which the New Testament claims and interprets, but in its whole woof and texture that the Old Testament is prophetic. And in no way is it more so than in regard of those high ideals in which it abounds. By them it raised and kept alive expectation. Those ideals were never then fully realized. Oftentimes their nearest approach to realization ended in the most bitter disappointment. But "God who cannot lie," was their Author, and therefore they could not be illusory. In "the last days," and in the person of the promised Messiah, the heaven-born expectation—so the faithful assured themselves—would be abundantly fulfilled.

Considerations like these have an important bearing upon our estimate of such a book of the Old Testament as the Book of Proverbs. They serve to remind us that, as a whole, by its ethical teaching, it is *preservative* for Christ. They set us on inquiring whether, by its ideals, if in no other way (and of that we may have something to say in a future paper), it is not *prophetic* of Him also.

The proverb which stands at the head of this paper seems to show us clearly that it is. However strikingly this beautiful ideal of human friendship may have been realized, in the noble examples which are found both in sacred and in secular history, it seems to admit of, if not to crave, a yet more complete fulfilment. It lends itself readily—may we not say designedly?—to that in which alone it reaches its full realization, the perfect friendship of the Perfect Man. We may well believe that the typical friendship of his father's history was present to the mind of Solomon when he wrote this proverb, if it did not suggest it to him. Yet who can doubt that a mind like his was sadly conscious of the imperfection of even that realization, as he pondered thoughtfully his own aphorism? In the sympathy and self-abnegation which come of love his father's friend had left nothing to be desired. But in the succour and protection which are the offspring of

power, how entirely had he failed! And then, too, like all things human, that friendship in its frailty, no less than in its beauty, had "come up and was cut down like a flower." Its exceeding sweetness did but add poignancy to the bitter lament over its untimely extinction:

I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan,
Very pleasant hast thou been unto me:
Thy love to me was wonderful,
Passing the love of women.

The proverb looked higher. And for those to whom it is given to retain the simple faith of their childhood, strengthened by the experience of life, and confirmed, if enlightened, by reverent and patient study; for those who from the Babel of controversy and the strife of tongues can retire into that garden in which the Lord God hath made to grow every tree that is pleasant to the eyes and good for food, and hear His voice speaking to them in the refreshing calm and coolness of its sacred precincts; for those who recognise the presence of the prescient, inspiring Spirit throughout these "oracles of God," there will be no difficulty in discovering the ultimate scope and true realization of the proverb.

It is interesting to observe how this character of indirect prophecy, which we are claiming for it, is made more clear by a rendering of the Hebrew, which finds place in the margin, though not (unfortunately, as we think) in the text of the Revised Version:

A friend loveth at all times,
And is born as a brother for adversity.

How briefly and yet how fully the words describe the motive and the cause of the Incarnation of our Saviour Christ! "A friend loveth at all times": and that Friend "loveth us"¹ with the love that knows no past and no future of His own unchanging Godhead. Before our "adversity" befell us His "delights were with the sons of men."² But when it came upon us, then was He "a brother born for" it. Then, taking our nature upon Him, did He set Himself to feel for us with a brother's heart, to speak to us with a brother's voice, to succour us with a brother's hand. And giving Himself to us in that highest, unapproachable friendship, He gave us to one another in a new friendship purified and intensified by it,³ and partaking of its eternity.⁴ In Him, then, Who has "called us friends,"⁵ and Who "is not ashamed to call us brethren,"⁶ the high ideal of the proverb has found at length its perfect realization.

T. T. PEROWNE.

¹ Rev. i. 5, according to the reading now generally accepted.

² Prov. viii. 31.

³ St. John xiii. 34.

⁴ 1 Peter i. 22-25.

⁵ St. John xv. 15.

⁶ Heb. ii. 11.

ART. VI.—THE SERVANT OF CHRIST.

NO. III.—THE DISCIPLINE OF THE IMAGINATION.

IF tears were possible to angels they must sometimes weep when they look at the clumsiness of our efforts after the godly, righteous, and sober life. What an infinite series of mistakes each of us makes! How laboriously and conscientiously we often go the wrong way to work! What a number of powerful and engrossing influences there are which keep us apart from Christ! How pathetic the docility, the patience, the perseverance, the zeal with which we devote ourselves to interests which are not the Lord's, and which will greatly hinder us instead of helping! We may, perhaps, sometimes have seen a person of small intelligence, and little taste or tact, trying to cultivate intimacy with some large, keen, and sagacious mind. We have watched the amused glance or the cold suspicion which has been the only result of these humble plans; and when the unsuccessful candidate for friendship has departed, too stupid not to be well satisfied with the issue of the misplaced and mistaken effort, we have heard the not unfriendly laughter, the not unkind disdain, which cannot help being the reward of uninstructed obtrusiveness. Too often our efforts after goodness are like this failure. We are as blind, as dull, as self-confident, as self-conceited, as mistaken as this complacent fool. The difference is that our Lord, in His infinite pity, does not ridicule or repel, but longs that we should enable Him to heal our blindness, to cover our nakedness, and to give us wisdom for folly.

What are we to do to try to avoid some of these mistakes, to give up spending our money on that which is not bread, and wasting our labour on that which cannot satisfy? What can the servant of Christ do which will enable his Master to admit him to His intimacy, the fellowship of the Father and the Son?

There is a certain class of religious people, not confined to any section of the Church, who will tell us, "Only give yourselves up entirely to the Holy Spirit. Throw yourselves absolutely into His arms. Do not wish for anything, or think of anything, or make any resolutions or plans:—only shut your eyes, and earnestly long that He will come and make you all that you ought to be. Consider yourselves as passive as clay and Him as a skilful potter. Act as if you had no will of your own, and let Him be will and mind and desire for you instead of yourselves. Be helpless, and He will be your help. Be weak, and He will be your strength. He will reveal Himself to you, and fill your soul, and make it almost im-

possible for you to sin, if only you are passive enough, and have enough faith in His Almighty power."

Now this is an exaggeration of a truth, and therefore, like all exaggerations and perversions, mischievous. It is true that we must constantly rely on the supernatural influence of the Holy Spirit which comes from the Eternal Throne to all who desire holiness and believe in God. It is most important for us unceasingly to recognise this Divine Person, to crave His guidance and inspiration, and to ask Him to assist our prayers, to warm our hearts, to purify our motives, and to take all hindrances from our way. But God has nowhere promised to supersede our wills. Nowhere has He proposed that by one act of self-surrender we should rid ourselves from all future responsibility. He has never said that He will be our mind, our soul, our desire, our determination. Help He has guaranteed, but not the extinction of our personality. Our whole life, from beginning to end, is a discipline and a trial. For every act of it we are ourselves directly responsible. We are to work out our own salvation. The Almighty has no wish that we should make things easy for ourselves by becoming machines. He has indeed told us that the stay of the Holy Spirit within our hearts, far from being an absolute monarchy, depends on our own choice and conduct. It is possible to grieve Him. And He has told us again that even when the Holy Spirit is within our hearts, not even every religious impulse comes from Him. Some are of the world, some are dangerous. To shut our eyes blindly and say that every pulse of devout enthusiasm that we feel is from God is self-deception and in the teeth of His Word. *Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God.*

Therefore it concerns us most nearly to find out whether we are being thus led aside by some other influence, and not guided by that which is divine; whether that spirit that is for the moment uppermost in our minds may not be rendering them unfit for the indwelling of the heavenly Power which should be there. We must indeed daily ask God to search our hearts; but unless we think about it ourselves, the prayer is meaningless. There is a story of a traveller who formed one of a party in a distant country, where all the arrangements for journeying were undertaken by a contractor. The traveller knew and cared so little about the events of each day that one town was actually mistaken for another. Such an undertaking might as well have been left alone. It could produce no effect on the character. The result would merely be as when the waves close behind the keel of the ship, and no furrow is left in the calm waters. So it would be with us if we tried to persuade ourselves that, without effort on our

part, the Holy Spirit would direct us with absolute force. The very laziness and indifference of such a proceeding would prove our insincerity. If that were our mental attitude towards spiritual things, then all that St. Paul and the Apostles wrote might, as far as we are concerned, have been lost. We need never open a useful book, never go to church, never try to cultivate good habits. A dreamy surrender of all the faculties and functions of our nature would be all that could be required ; and that is a denial of the first principles of the teaching of our Lord. By this refusal to inquire and search for ourselves we should be virtually excluding what we were hoping to obtain. We should be as one beating the air. We might be looking at the racecourse, but we should not have run a single step.

It is clear then that we have to act on our own responsibility, by the help of our Divine Guide. We have to discover our dangers for ourselves, with the co-operation of God's light, by painful thought, self-examination, prayer, and comparison of His word. What are some of these dangers ?

One of the spirits in contemporary life most likely to engross our thoughts, and to alienate us from the reign of the Spirit of God within us, is that prominent tendency of modern worldly ethics, the chief maxim of which is, "Follow your own imagination, and be natural." Follow the lead of your nature, it says ; throw aside all conventionality and custom ; form is the ruin of originality and genius. This naturalism desires that every single individual should be absolute independent. Nature, it says, is the best guide. Every individual is supposed to have some distinctive qualities of value which should be encouraged to develop themselves without interference, like the shoots of a wild vine. If the imagination turns the bias towards art, then let art, pure and simple, have its full unrestricted sway over the whole being ; let art be the principle of life, the absorbing interest ; let everything else give way obsequiously before art ; let art tinge the whole system and manners ; let everything be looked at from the point of view of art, whether it be painting, music, or any other branch ; let no old-fashioned notions, or competing set of principles stand in the way. Or if it be science, then let everything be seen through the glass of science ; let everything be judged by the small, narrow rule of scientific analysis ; let there be no other kingdom recognised but that of science. Or if it be æstheticism, or criticism, or the life of pleasure, or the life of adventure, or whatever else, only pursue it thoroughly, says Naturalism, and you will have gained the object of your existence. You will have arrived at excellence in your own line, and therefore will have contributed to the sum

total of human achievements. If you allow scruple, prejudice, or restraint to stand in your way you will have confused your motives, fettered your imagination, paralysed your efforts, and lost your prize. So speaks Naturalism. Such is the advice which that powerful spirit gives to our age.

It is this tendency which gives so emphatic an illustration on all sides to the truth of our Lord's parable of the heart swept and garnished, and the return of the evil spirit. The impulse of art, the absorption of science, the attractions of mere happiness even when they are wholesome, the interests of culture, or taste, or activity, can at their very best have but a temporary power of driving the evil spirit from the heart. To seek in these or other branches of mere Naturalism for the true life which alone can satisfy is hourly bringing disappointment and despair. Nature may be pure and true in herself, but we are not. We tinge all our pursuits with the idiosyncrasies of our own individuality. We cannot help bending all our studies, aims, and interests to suit our own personal tendencies and dispositions. For there is nothing in these, even in their most favourable condition, to change our hearts, or to trample under feet the worldly, earthly nature. But besides this flaw, these objects for the expansion of natural impulses in the way we human beings pursue them are not even at their best, because they are organized and determined for us by others who have all the imperfections, the corrupt affections, the perverted wills, from which we ourselves suffer. Hence art alone, without religious principle, will be sure to mislead and enervate, instead of elevating and purifying. It will minister to our earthly nature instead of eradicating it. Science, alone, will but intensify selfishness, chill the already cold heart, and make more contemptuous the superciliousness of pride. The pursuit of happiness for its own sake will always be the favourite lair of the lion that walks about seeking whom he may devour. Culture, taste, activity, these untempered, unmodified, uncontrolled by faith, will always be destructive to the higher character, the higher nature, the true life. Even if the evil spirit should for a time be driven out by these branches of naturalism, the house of the soul is only left swept and garnished. The sweeping may be very careful and perfect, the garnishing of the most sumptuous and exquisite kind; but there is no proper tenant. The unsatisfied soul longs for some absorbing influence to concentrate, direct, and guide its energies. So the evil spirit comes back. The house so clear to the outward eye, so beautifully furnished with every apparatus, is inviting. He returns with seven other spirits worse than himself. They take up their abode there. And far worse is the last state of that soul than the first.

It is from this spirit of surrender to natural impulse that those many one-sided natures come of which the nominally Christian world is so obviously full. There may not have been originally any wilful departure from Christ. But this tendency deceived and enthralled them. They did not try the spirits to see whether they were of God. And so they wandered ever farther from the quiet even walks of faith in Jesus by the green pastures and the still waters. They threw themselves into ambition, and they lost their honesty. Imagination taught them the supreme delight of a great fortune; they threw themselves into the pursuit of gain, and their hearts turned to stone. They hurried into religious partizanship; and though they gave all their goods to feed the poor, they lost sight of the Gospel. They gave themselves up with eager delight to mediæval superstition, and they lost meekness, straightforwardness, and charity, and groped and struggled in the dark caverns of idolatry. They plunged into pleasure, and became the victims of a tyrant sensuality. They sold themselves to worldliness and fashion, and they lost their modesty and grew frivolous. Luxury enticed them, and they forgot their responsibility to God. And neither art nor science, music, nor painting, nor sculpture, nor happiness, nor taste, nor culture, nor activity could do anything whatever to help them. These are some of the results of yielding to the spirit of natural impulse.

These mistakes and failures, this lawless tendency to which we are all more or less liable, point the servant of Christ with great distinctness to the old Christian duty of the discipline of the imagination. All our faculties are to be brought into obedience to the law of Christ. Faith is no mere periodic dress for the mind; it is the principle which is to penetrate and actuate every motive, every impulse, every desire, every tendency, every habit, every thought of our whole being. It is not that the business of getting to heaven is a mere department of our minds, to be carefully separated from all other departments, with its own space and ticket, strictly forbidden to trench on other departments, coldly ordered off if it claims to be something more, and for the cultivation of which the Almighty has kindly provided a proper and exclusive day, one in seven. Faith is given us for nobler ends; it is the framework of our lives, the test of our occupations, the keynote of our tastes, the law of our habits. *Whatsoever is not of faith is sin.* We cannot proclaim that great truth to ourselves too boldly. If we can realize it, it will save us endless difficulties. Wherever art, science, literature, criticism, pleasure, æsthetics, enterprise ignore faith, or act contrary to its simple fundamental rules, there they become at once those spirits of the

world which are not of God. And as it is the imagination which is the faculty that presents these objects, pursuits, and impulses of the mind as desirable, it is the imagination that is either the root of the evil, or else the source of well-being. It is from the imagination that all our follies and failures arise :

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,
And fevers into false creation : where,
Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized ?
In him alone. Can nature show so fair ?
Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men ?
The unreach'd paradise of our despair,
Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,
And overpowers the page where it would bloom again ?
Who loves, raves ; 'tis youth's frenzy, but the cure
Is bitterer still, as charm by charm unwinds
Which robed our idols, and we see too sure
Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the mind's
Ideal shape of such ; yet still it binds
The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,
Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown winds ;
The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,
Seems ever near the prize—wealthiest when most undone.

In some it is stronger, in others weaker ; some are by birth more steady and less impressionable than others. But each one of us, whether easily moved or not, has objects which are to him more congenial than anything else. These are presented to us by our imagination. They appear attractive ; the mind is inclined to rush after them, unless checked by the sober voice of a reasonable faith. It is not only the lunatic, the lover, and the poet who are moved by that strange gift ; they are only the most obvious specimens of the whole race.

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact :
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—
That is the madman : the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt ;
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination.

If there be no habit of restraint, or control, or reference to God's will, then the impulse to hurry after the enticements of the imagination grows rapidly. The object of pursuit seems constantly to increase in attractive power. It is thought more

and more desirable. A sort of hallucination envelops it. For the time it excludes other affections and interests, or at any rate makes them seem comparatively tame and dull. So the whole mind becomes inflamed and absorbed by the subtle influence that has been introduced by the imagination; and, whether the process be slow or speedy, everything gives way before such influence; and it becomes the ruling passion. The mind persuades itself that all is right. The conscience is drugged or dulled. So mighty are these influences when unchecked. They are like the false prophets in Jeremiah: "They say still unto them that despise me, The Lord hath said, Ye shall have peace; and they say unto everyone that walketh after the imagination of his own heart, No evil shall come upon you."

And, as the mind is naturally corrupt, it more easily and readily grasps the wrong ideas. When the evil spirit of unrestrained naturalism says to it: "Follow your own inclinations," the pictures presented by the imagination are far more likely to be those that are destructive than such as would be helpful. Hence, if the imagination is left alone, it is nearly sure to store itself with what is prejudicial. Here it is that the servant of Christ needs the disciplining, purifying power of the presence of the Almighty Being Himself in his heart. When every object comes before him, whatever it may be, as a matter of choice, when he has to make up his mind what he will do, what occupations he will adopt, in what habits and tastes he will encourage himself, he must earnestly desire that Divine Presence, unseen though ever near, to strengthen his reason, to clear his faith, to purify his inclinations, to guide his judgment, so as to make the right choice. He must be constantly on the watch to entreat Him never to leave him alone, so that the house of his soul may never be tenantless, and that all the pains that have been taken with it in sweeping and garnishing may not, by His absence, turn out to be only inducements and encouragements to malign spirits to assault it and choose it for their habitation. Whatever it be, art, literature, conversation, science, taste, style, dress, poetry, amusements, daily habits and occupations, the form of religious worship, the decoration of religious buildings, if He is only within, and the servant of Christ awake and sincerely desiring His aid, then the whole mind will be equipped by an orderly discipline; and when tempted by the prevalent and surrounding spirit of naturalism, or by any other spirit, to surrender to the imagination, and give it a loose rein, he will utterly refuse to give up his calm inward peace for any impulse, however plausible and attractive. When duly disciplined, imagination becomes the beautiful and winning handmaid of faith. "The

sound and proper exercise of the imagination may be made to contribute to the cultivation of all that is virtuous and estimable in the human character."¹ "A well-regulated exercise of the imagination tends to elevate and refine the character; it helps to keep us from being too much engrossed with occupation and mere sensual gratifications."² "It were much to be wished, for the sake both of our literature and our life, that imagination would again be content to dwell with life: that we had less of poetry, and that of more strength; and that imagination were again to be found, as it used to be, one of the elements of life itself—a strong principle of our nature, living in the midst of our affections and passions, blending with, kindling, invigorating and exalting them all."³

"Weak is the will of man, his judgment blind!
Remembrance persecutes, and hope betrays;
Heavy is Woe; and Joy for human kind
A mournful thing, so transient is the blaze!"
Thus might *he* paint our lot of mortal days
Who wants the glorious faculty assigned.
To elevate the more than reasoning mind,
And colour life's dark cloud with orient rays.
Imagination is that sacred power,
Imagination lofty and refined;
'Tis here to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of faith, and round the sufferer's temples bind
Wreaths that endure afflictions heaviest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrows keenest wind.⁴

When imagination is disciplined, and trained to high and noble service, then each of the surrounding influences may take its proper place, never claiming to tyrannize over us, never venturing to mislead us, never exaggerated by ourselves into that absurd and mischievous importance which makes them blameworthy, never corrupted by any ungodly associations of our own into being poisonous to our spiritual health. Far from that, with the Holy Spirit for his master, and the Word of God for his guide, and firmly fixed religious principles for his support and stay, each of these influences will become to the servant of Christ—as it ought to be—one of God's good gifts, sent for his real well-being and happiness. So he will be ever more and more able to test the spirits that are deceptive, and sure not to grieve the Presence which is the most priceless fact in his life. All other things will sink into insignificance. His conscience will be strong and well-instructed; his will trained to obey it; his imagination chaste, fresh, loyal and true to the best ideals of faith and reason.

¹ Abercrombie.

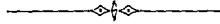
² Christopher North.

³ Whately.

⁴ Wordsworth.

The attentive mind,
 By this harmonious action on her powers,
 Becomes herself harmonious : wont so oft
 In outward things to meditate the charm
 Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
 To find a kindred order, to exert
 Within herself this elegance of love,
 This fair-inspired delight ; her tempered powers
 Refine at length, and every passion wears
 A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR.



ART. VII.—THE HOLY COAT OF TREVES.

I AM familiar with the subject of pilgrimages, relics, and modern miracles, both among Christians of the Greek and Roman persuasions and the non-Christian world of Mahometans and pagans. There was something so startlingly unique about the appearance of the Seamless Coat of our Blessed Lord, shown to the public only after long intervals, that I took the opportunity of a spare day betwixt the Geographical Congress at Berne, in Switzerland, on August 8th, and the Congress of the Romish Church of Belgium at Malines, on September 8th, to make a pilgrimage to Treves, join in one of the numerous processions, and be an eye-witness of the relic. I made two visits on two successive days. According to my practice I bought a copy of the authorized account of the Holy Robe, published under the sanction of the Archbishop of Treves in the French language, and I had the advantage of procuring a copy of the account in English by an English Romish priest, who performed the pilgrimage and communicated his views to the *Month*, a Romish monthly, under the initials of R. F. C., and has since published a separate volume, under the name of Richard F. Clarke, of the Society of Jesus, Farm Street, Berkeley Square.

Pilgrimages are the peculiar weakness of all false religions and the degraded forms of the true religion. Jerome, in his letter to Paulinus, about A.D. 416, denounced the growing weakness of the early Christians. I quote his famous passage : —“Et de Jerosolomis, et de Britannia æqualiter patet aula cœlestis.” However the practice grew, we may be thankful that no Protestant Church accepts the idea of pilgrimage. I have watched the great pilgrimages of the Hindu people to the Ganges, or the Mahometan to some local shrine, and of Christians to Jerusalem, and Loretto, and Lourdes, and Saragossa ; no doubt they are all survivals of old paganism, and cling to the skirts of even a spiritual religion.

The motive of pilgrimages seems to be threefold: 1. To visit spots of which the sacred interest is undoubted, such as Jerusalem and Palestine. 2. To visit spots where visions of the Virgin Mary are credited, such as Lourdes and Saragossa. 3. To visit spots in some way connected with our Lord's earthly sojourn, such as the Holy House of Loretto, the Sacred Stairs and the Sudarium, or Pocket-handkerchief of Veronica at Rome, and the burial-sheet, in which the Body of our Lord was deposited at Turin, the Wood of the Cross, the Nails, the Spear, the Crown of Thorns, and the Holy Coats at Rome, at Argenteuil and Treves. The pilgrimage to Treves belongs to the last-named class, and Protestants should regard the motive with pity rather than aversion. With the first class of pilgrimages they would naturally sympathize as regards the motive, and no doubt there is a spiritual advantage, or at least joy, in visiting the scenes of our Lord's earthly sojourn. As to the second class, I have in late years visited both Lourdes and Saragossa, purchased authorised descriptions of both in French and Spanish respectively, and no censure seems sufficient for those who, knowing better, lend countenance to such palpable impostures. But as regards the third class, I feel more pity and sorrow than indignation; the details are so like those with which I am familiar in Hindu and Mahometan countries. It is well said that their existence is the response of priests, whether Christian or non-Christian, to that craving of poor, weak man for something *at once tangible and super-human*, and this feeling has led professors of debased forms of faith to cling to relics as remedies against the evils and dangers that surround us. The feeling is excusable in an African and South Sea Islander; it may be tolerated in the professors of the non-Christian Book-religions; but deplored when practised by churches calling themselves Christians. It is, in very fact, fetish-worship, for it is not a personage that is being adored for the exercise of miraculous power, but it is merely a perishable article, the work of men's hands, and something akin to the shapeless idol of the savage. It is true that the Archbishop of Treves, in his opening address, remarked, "Our veneration of the sacred relic is *not* due to the fact that it is the Coat of Christ, but it is intended for Him who wore it." So learned Brahmins have explained to me the motive of the worship of idols in India; so, no doubt, the augurs of the pagan worship in ancient Rome would have expressed themselves; but the fact remains that the ignorant rural priests, and their still more ignorant flocks, take a more obvious view of the subject; that they see a coat; that they adore a coat; that the touch of that coat gives sight to the blind; that veneration of that coat gives ecclesiastical privileges and spiritual blessings of the highest order.

It is just to state that the belief in any particular relic is not an article of faith; scepticism is allowed as to individual objects; to deny the duty of venerating real relics, as all Protestants do, is heresy. I quote the actual words of the Pastoral of the Archbishop:

“Perhaps you will ask me, my brethren, whether the veneration of the holy relic which our cathedral possesses be founded on fact, whether we must acknowledge it to be the Coat without seam which our Lord Jesus Christ wore on earth. I think it is my pastoral duty to answer this question to the best of my knowledge and conscience. First of all, we must remember that in this case there is no question at all of an article of faith. It is true that a Catholic—unless his faith has suffered shipwreck—must not doubt in the least that we owe veneration to the relics of our Saviour and of the saints, and that we justly venerate these relics. But when there is a question about the authenticity of a certain relic in particular, then everybody is perfectly free to form his opinion on sound and reasonable arguments. A Catholic, who wantonly or without grave reasons doubts or rejects the authenticity of a certain relic, may appear arrogant and irreverent, but he is not for that to be considered erring in faith. The authenticity of a relic, like any other historical fact, is founded and proved on the testimony of man. The authenticity of no relic, be it the most eminent of the oldest church in Christendom, falls under any precept of Catholic faith.

“According to a decree of the Council of Trent, the Bishops are bound, before sanctioning the public exhibition of relics, to hear the opinion of pious and learned men, and then to give that decision which shall be dictated by truth and piety. Truth demands of us that we confide in the venerable and constant tradition of our diocese, that we never accuse our ancestors of credulity or fraud unless there be very grave reasons for doing so. Such reasons have never been put forward.”

This places a papist in his right to doubt the authenticity of this Coat for reasons given lower down. Perhaps some day the Church of Rome will outgrow the fetish idea and follow the example of King Hezekiah (2 Kings xviii. 4), “who brake in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made, for unto those days the children of Israel did burn incense to it.” The worship of any object or personage is a derogation from the honour due to God alone.

Let us first consider the facts. St. Cyprian in one of his writings to Donatus remarks, “When our speech is concerning the Lord God, let us rely on facts” (Extracts from “The Fathers,” p. 148). The Coat was displayed for six weeks

ending Sunday October 4th, 1891. It had been displayed for a similar period in 1844. The number of pilgrims in 1844 was 1,100,000; in 1891 it rose to 1,925,130. This is not a gauge of faith, but of facility of access arranged for convenient purposes by a Protestant Government. Besides, as would be expected, a great number of Protestant tourists swelled the total. I myself with my wife and daughter passed before the Coat one day, and I and my daughter on the second day, and the residing priest ticked us off by his counting machine each day. It is in this way that railways in India pay good dividends, for every facility is given to Hindus and Mahometans by special train to get to their place of pilgrimage.

We arrived at Treves at night, and had rooms in the hotel, secured by telegraph, and found no unusual crowd, for, in fact, the great majority of pilgrims did not frequent first-class hotels. Under our windows, well in the night, processions were passing to and from the cathedral, singing hymns and carrying torches. There was no difference between this and the usual processions of Roman, Greek, Mahometan and Hindu votaries; in the night air the voices of men and women sound melodious, whether the utterance is "Ram Ran," or "Wah Guruji," or "Hasan Hosein," "Kyrise Eleison," or "Ave Maria;" there is not much religious worship, or union of the soul with God, in either one or the other. Next morning we were early in the field, and joined one of the two great parallel lines, which advanced slowly in ambient half-circles, like the writhing of a great snake, up to the cathedral door. The scene was interesting, and such as has in all ages and all climes been witnessed, at the Ephesian Temple of Diana, at Athens during the annual Panathenaic festival; in Egypt, round all the grand old temples, and at many an old pagan shrine in Italy; for it is a mere function of filing by a dead object in the same way as soldier's file by a living sovereign or general. The good behaviour of the crowds, counting by thousands, was remarkable. The Germans are a stolid, obedient people. In an Irish procession there would have been rows and fighting; here there was not a murmur. Each parish was headed by its own priest, and I was struck by the marvellous coarseness and obesity of these priests—great red faces, stupid expressions, and inflamed noses, showing that they compensated themselves for enforced celibacy by abundant eating and drinking. The countenances of the male pilgrims were bovine, as meaningless as their oxen. There were abundance of old women, and plenty of young people enjoying the excursion. There was a warning against pickpockets on the cathedral door. There was a repetition of a hymn to the Virgin, but no

shoutings. The bloated priests strutted along with Falstaff abdominal projections, while sometimes a younger priest looked out on the crowd with a thoughtful expression of countenance, expressing some misgiving as to the reality of this devotion. There were shops selling models and relics, and rosaries, and driving a brisk business, just like the silversmiths at Ephesus, who cried out, "Great is Artemis!" What did the pilgrims know or care! All the eighteen centuries since the Crucifixion was as nothing to them. Had anyone substituted the toga of Cæsar, through which Brutus' dagger went, or the poisoned robe of Hercules, it would have been all the same. It was shocking to think that the whole affair consisted of pagan elements clinging to the skirts of Christianity. What good could the Coat do? Could it influence these poor rustics so as to encourage them to virtue, or hold them back from sin? Can they be sustained in the duties of a holy life by an article of dress, even admitting it to be genuine? There was a marked absence of the better and more educated classes, not to speak of the gentry. This clearly was a cultus of the uneducated villagers, the Pagani of modern times. They came from the neighbourhood and from the adjacent provinces, showing that they were devoted to their *local* Deity. The worshippers of the Coat at Argenteuil, in France, were clearly jealous of their German rival, and the Coat at Rome would no doubt think poorly of these provincial relics. Still, as we paced round and round in our half-circles, it was difficult to imagine any influence of soul or scene in the most enthusiastic of these worshippers. To the ordinary agriculturist the standing in a "queue" to get access to the pit-door of a theatre partook as much, or as little, of the elements of worship as this senseless meandering in front of the cathedral door. The crowded ghâts of Banâras, the courts of the sepulchre at Jerusalem, the road to Eleusis, were more cheering or suggestive of worship. For once in my life I appreciated the effect of the corybantic antics of the Salvation Army, their music, and noise, and the pirouettes of the Salvation lasses. They may be more ridiculous, but the actors seemed more in earnest.

We got into the cathedral at last, and passed along the nave in Indian file. As we passed a table covered with objects, a civil priest volunteered to draw my attention to a Nail of the Cross (I think that I must have seen in different places at least a dozen Nails of the Cross); the skull of Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine; a tooth of St. Peter the Apostle, and the body of St. Matthew. The Coat was now in sight, far up above the chief altar, and we ascended the flight of stairs on the right hand, and at length came in face

of it behind a glass, but an old priest obligingly took crosses and rosaries, etc., from the hands of pilgrims, touched the Coat with them, and returned them. I did not trouble him, but as I looked with a feeling of shame for him, I thought of the augurs described by Cicero, and the sleek, half-naked priests in a Hindu Temple, who did very much the same thing. It was only by an effort that I could convince myself that I was in the nineteenth century, and in Europe. The follies and degradation of the human race are so similar in all ages and all climes.

The Coat itself (and I write with a print before my eyes) would not be called by that name in Europe; it is, in fact, a short shirt with short sleeves. The materials, whatever they may be, seem to be of a character superior to what would be worn by the son of a carpenter, the leader of a band of wandering preachers and healers, who lived upon alms. But this matters not, and I sweep away at once the additional legend prepared for the deception of poor credulous souls, that this article of dress was fashioned and made for her Divine Son by the Blessed Virgin, *when He was a child, and that it grew with His growth*—He increased in wisdom and stature, and His coat grew with Him; and that this was the garment the touching of which healed the woman of the issue of blood.

I now pass to the second class of facts. Truth may be (1) positive, such as the fact that the sun rises; (2) founded on universal experience, such as the fact that contact with a person suffering from a contagious disease will probably convey the disease; (3) founded on trustworthy testimony. The existence of the Coat, and its being worshipped by thousands, is a fact of the first class; the testimony on which it is attempted to connect this poor perishable article of human dress with our Divine Lord belongs to the third class of positive truth.

Father Clarke writes as follows: "We know nothing of the early history of the relic; but, if we believe in Christian relics at all, we may assume that none of the memorials of the Passion were more carefully preserved than this. The absence of any documentary evidence for its possession by the Christian community in those early days is no more an argument against its authenticity than is the absence of any writ of transfer, and proof of purchase, any argument against the right of some family to the lands that they have held as an inheritance from remote antiquity. The mere fact that they are in possession, and that there is no ground for disputing their right, and that an unbroken tradition proclaims the land to be theirs, is quite sufficient."

I thank the Father for this illustration. I know a family which has held lands near Boston, in Lincolnshire, for five hundred years, since the reign of Edward III. Here is a fact which no one can gainsay, but the Peerage states that the family moved into Lincolnshire from Yorkshire, where they had resided in the reigns previous to Edward III.; of this there is no proof whatever, and no one with his senses would give it any credence. Let us assume (and as will be shown further on it is a mere assumption) that the Coat had been in the Cathedral of Treves since Helena presented the relic in the fourth century, we have still a gap of nearly three hundred years, and a geographical area of thousands of miles from Jerusalem to Treves to get over; and there is not a tittle of evidence to show what the soldier did with the seamless robe, which fell to him by lot on the afternoon of that mournful day. A perishable article of clothing passed in the usual way at the execution of criminals into the hands of a rough soldier, probably not an Italian, but a member of one of the many nations which made up the Roman army, and it disappeared. When our Lord rose from the grave upon the third day clothes were miraculously provided for Him, and of the seamless robe nothing is heard in the early centuries.

But it may be argued that it is impossible that there can be better evidence, that the necessities of human existence place a barrier against the perpetuation of evidence. Be it so. This argument cuts both ways; it shows the absence of proof of genuineness of this pretended relic. But as a fact, every traveller in Egypt has looked upon the face of Rameses II.—the Pharaoh who persecuted the Hebrews—in his garments, which are fifteen hundred years before the Christian era; if he visits the great museums of Europe he will come face to face with inscriptions which tell their own tale; the lines to record the valour of those who fell at Potidæa, B.C. 432; the Moabite stone B.C. 900; the sarcophagus of Esmunazar B.C. 400; and the Latin lines inscribed by the Emperor Adrian upon the colossal vocal statue of Memnon at Egyptian Thebes: "Ego Hadrianus divinam vocem audivi." The rocks in India in several places faithfully record the inscriptions of Asoka in the second century B.C., calling for mercy and toleration. If it had been the Divine will that the relics of the Passion should be preserved to future ages for the saving of souls of generations yet unborn, they might have been placed away in a sealed tomb, such as that of the Egyptians and Etruscans, and been brought forth to the light of day, not on the evidence of a fond, foolish and lying tradition, but surrounded by external and internal evidence, and an environment of human weaknesses and human strength. We have not to go far to find an

example, for the mutual hatreds of different nations and churches have combined under the grace of God to place the text of the Old and New Testaments beyond, outside and above, the arena of controversy.

With this Coat this has not been the case. I proceed to trace its history back from the year 1891 up to that century when we lose all trace of its existence. In the year 1844, forty-seven years ago, there was the first really great Exhibition, the means of communication having improved, and the great European Peace having commenced. There is no doubt whatever of the identity; the Coat had been safely stowed away in the cathedral, and the seals of the casket were found in 1891 unviolated. In 1810, or thirty-four years previously, it was exhibited, and there is no doubt whatever of the identity; but previous to this exhibition, during the troublous times of the Napoleonic wars, the Coat had been removed, in 1794, into Germany, to Ehrenbreitsten, Bamberg, and Augsburg, whence it was brought back. Considering that its dimensions are so small that, folded up, it would be only a light parcel, there might reasonably be raised questions of identity, especially as it had not been seen by mortal eye for 155 years, or five generations of men; for the fact must be recorded that from A.D. 1655 to A.D. 1810 it had never been exhibited. During the 140 years preceding it had been exhibited, but not on the modern scale of publicity, about eight times. The Pope had, indeed, by a bull dated A.D. 1515, ordered that it should be shown every seven years, but the troublous times that accompanied the Reformation had prevented the order being fully carried out. Three years previous to the above date, in 1512, it had been exhibited to the Emperor Maximilian, and this appears to have been the first public exhibition that ever took place; it had never been seen during the previous 316 years, or nine generations of men, since the year 1196, when Archbishop Jeane had placed it away and locked it up out of sight, and it was with fear and misgiving that the Archbishop of the time complied with the request of the Emperor Maximilian to show it to him, A.D. 1512.

These facts are not taken from hostile statements, but from the authorized books sold on the spot in 1891, and purchased by me in September. Now, if the object of a relic is to rouse a pious and moral feeling; if the pilgrimage, the sight of this relic, and the contact of rosaries and crosses with its decaying fragment, are means of grace, what shall be thought of the fact that opportunity of availing themselves of this grace had only been offered twelve times in seven centuries?

Beyond this date it is not pretended to trace the existence

of the Coat at Treves, except by mere tradition. In the "Gesta Trevirorum," the work of an anonymous author, it is mentioned, and the Empress Helena, a woman of obscure birth, in Bithynia, in Asia Minor, who at the age of eighty visited Palestine in search of relics, is said to have presented this Coat, with other relics of the same kind, to the Cathedral of Treves, a city in which her late husband, Constantius Chlorus, had held his court, when, as associated with the Emperor Diocletian, he had ruled over the provinces of Britain, Gaul, and Spain. In the absence of positive testimony for the very existence of the Coat, we have the negative testimony that Eusebius, in his sermon before the Emperor Constantine on the site of the Holy Sepulchre, in 332, never alludes to it. The anonymous pilgrim who went to Palestine in 333, and left in his diary a description of the holy places, never alludes to it. The deed of Pope Sylvester, 314-355, has not survived the criticism of its contemporary genuineness, though quoted in the "Gesta Trevirorum" 700 years later. It cannot be asserted, with any degree of certainty, or even probability, that this Coat came across the sea from Palestine, and even if this were proved, we vainly ask through whose hands it passed during the 300 years which elapsed between the Crucifixion, A.D. 33-34, and the visit of the Empress Helena to Jerusalem. It is amazing to reflect how the reason of man is darkened by fanatical prejudices and dogmatic errors.

Here comes in the necessity of supporting a weak cause by further fond inventions calculated to deceive weak minds. It is admitted that in 1810 there were no bonâ-fide miracles; in 1844 there were many; in 1891, in September, I heard of none at Treves, though I made inquiry, but the newspapers were full of them. No doubt in due time a document will be issued with religious and medical certificates of miraculous cures. This is the only form which modern miracles can assume. In the Old and New Testaments there is some variety in the manifold evolution of the Divine Power—the dead were raised, bread and wine were created, the tongues of the dumb were loosened, lunatics were restored to their senses, money was produced to pay taxes, miraculous draughts of fish took place. At places like Treves, Lourdes, or Loretto, the miraculous power shrinks to the curing of a paralytic, the staying of a running sore, the clarifying of imperfect vision, in fact, *medical* miracles, as opposed to *surgical*. At Saragossa alone I found notice of a case of a leg cut off by a scythe, and fastened on so neatly as to leave only a red ring round the injured limb. We find no mention of barren women becoming mothers: this often happens after a Hindu pilgrimage; no instance of cruel wrongs of oppression being righted; none of

the manifold sorrows and sufferings of life being assuaged. Nothing beyond the healing of a certain class of corporeal ills, and precisely those with which the modern faith-healer is so successful. In fact, the pilgrimage, the excitement, the elevation of the heart to God, the magnetic influence of hope and faith, effect the cure.

The Bishop feels this also. In 1844 in his closing sermon the good man remarked that many sick came to Treves and returned to their homes, as far as their physical ailments were concerned, none the better; but there were miracles not visible to the naked eye which in the sight of God were much more precious, the healing of the soul, the tears of pious emotion coming from a contrite heart, one single act of Christian faith, hope, and love coming from a notorious sinner, one soul converted: *these are the real miracles*. We thank the good Bishop for these words, and stretch out our hands to him across the abyss which separates a religion of Spirit and Truth from a mere empty ceremonial surrounded by a high wall of lying traditions, and downright impositions, and pray that light may be vouchsafed to the souls of his successors.

Every part of our Lord's dress seems to have been found, though really it is not clear from what source information has been derived of the kind of dress worn by the people of Judæa at that period. We read of the garments divided at the foot of the cross, the seamless robe, the purple robe, the sandals, the embalming sheet, the swaddling clothes. The seamless robe is pressed into use, an evidence of an indivisible Church. History tells us that the Church of Christ has from the earliest days been divided by hopeless schisms; the whole argument is a mere structure of hypotheses, guesses, wild assertions, and vague assumptions. One assumption is that Nicodemus, or Joseph of Arimathea, bought this coat of the soldier. The following is a fair specimen of the mode in which a theological argument may be developed:

"Just as Christ is actually the Victim offered for our sins in the mass, so we may say that Christ still virtually wears the Sacred Robe."

A Latin hymn is given by the same writer, Father Clarke, p. 323, addressed to the Coat:

O vestis inconsutilis
Pro dulci nato virgine
Arte parata textili:
Quis te sat ornat laudibus?

I am informed, but I did not myself hear it, that some of the pilgrims exclaimed, "Heilige Rock, bitte for uns."

Great stress is laid upon the opinion of a committee called to

examine and report upon the robe; it consisted chiefly of Cathedral authorities and devoted religionists. They would have been more than men if they had said a word against this relic: it would be hard to ask the ecclesiastics of Cologne to report upon the skulls of the three kings, or the bones of the eleven thousand virgin martyrs, for which that city is famous.

Let us think out the matter philosophically, for, after all, this is a question of reason, not of faith. Our Lord's words, something better than His coat or sandals, or even His crown of thorns, have come down to us, thanks to Jerome, as fresh and full of life as if uttered yesterday, thoughts that breathe, words that burn, warnings that terrify, consolations that comfort and sustain. "Never man spake as this man spake." Familiar as some among us may be with the words of the Hindu sages, the deep thoughts of the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," the sublime utterances of Buddha, Confucius, Socrates, and Zoroaster, no words that have echoed through the corridors of time and been blown round the world, warning, soothing, and correcting, are like His words. Is not that enough for the conversion of souls? To the Jew it was replied, "They have Moses and the prophets;" but the Christian has something more — "the everlasting Gospel." Shall a misguided hierarchy of blind worshippers of a dim and remote past with one hand withhold this Gospel from the people, and with the other hold up a perishing garment, such as the moth frets and the fire consumes, and the thief steals, and man puts to the miserable use of his daily life, and sing hymns to it, and offer prayers to it, and have rosaries and crosses brought into contact with it, and paralyzed arms stretched out to it, as if it contained a living virtue, derived from Him who is supposed to have worn it eighteen and a half centuries ago, and able to work a limited power of healing certain complaints, like the quack medicines which in these days are so freely advertised as working instantaneous cures?

The garments, the spear, the crown of thorns, and the nails, the knife used at the last supper, the clean linen cloth of Joseph of Arimathea, the pocket-handkerchief of Veronica, are but the mean surroundings of His mortal life, when He condescended to live among men in the form of a servant.

If Christians are to hold their own in these days against the rising tide of Scepticism, Agnosticism, and Atheism, the outcome not only of mediæval ignorance, but of nineteenth century intellectual enlightenment, they must keep clear of these germs of polytheism which are contained in the worship of the good men and women of past ages, and that form of fetichism which creates a cultus of hair, skulls, teeth, bones, and articles

of dress. If we wish to guard the belief of the miracles of the Bible, we must refuse to give credence to any of a date later than the closing book of the New Testament.

ROBERT CUST.

January, 1892.

Correspondence.

LAYMEN OFFICIATING IN CHURCH.

To the Editor of the CHURCHMAN.

DEAR SIR,—There is a short paragraph about myself in the last page of your valuable Magazine for this month, to which I feel obliged to take exception. You inform your readers that I have “issued directions forbidding laymen to deliver addresses in the churches of my diocese.” Allow me to say that this is a very imperfect representation of what I have done. I ask you in justice to myself to accept and insert the following explanatory statement :

I have recently refused, and still refuse, to allow any layman to conduct the regular morning or evening services in church on Sundays instead of a clergyman, and to read the prayers or preach a sermon as the clergyman's substitute. I refuse to allow this, because it appears to me to contradict the spirit of the 23rd Article, and to nullify the ministerial office. I have no objection whatever to a layman reading the lessons in church, because custom has long sanctioned it. Yet the strict legality of even this practice is somewhat doubtful.

Whether at *any other times* than the two I have mentioned a layman, authorized and requested by the incumbent or curate, may hold a Bible-class or teach a Sunday-school class in a church, or give an address on missions, or evidences, or church history, or a revival of religion, or any kindred subject ; whether, I say, a layman may legally do any of *these things* in a church is a totally different question, and one about which I have certainly given no directions to my diocese. Whether such use of a church is strictly legal or not is a point which I shall leave others to settle. But I am certain that most of our churches might be made far more useful than they are. Of course, all liberty is liable to abuse. But I cannot forget the old Latin saying, “*Summa lex summa injuria.*”—I remain, yours faithfully,

J. C. LIVERPOOL.

January 5, 1892,

PALACE, LIVERPOOL.

The Bishop's letter, by a mischance for which we cannot account, did not come before us until the February CHURCHMAN was printed. We at once expressed to his Lordship our regret. Upon a most interesting subject, this letter, which we gladly print, has a significance and value of its own.—ED. CHURCHMAN.

Notes on Bible Words.

No. XVIII.—“DAYSMAN.”

IN Job ix. 33, “Neither is there any daysman betwixt us,” the margin runs: Heb., *one that should argue*: or, *umpire*.¹ “Daysman,” as we see in some ancient writers, stood for “arbitrator;” or, “judge.” Thus, Spenser (F. Queene, ii., 8, 28):

For what art thou,
That mak'st thyselfe his dayes-man to prolong
The vengeaunce prest?

In 1 Cor. iv. 4 “man’s judgment” is literally “man’s *day*,” human scrutiny or trial.²

1 Tim. ii. 5. Vulg., *mediator*, μεσίτης: “one mediator between God and men, *Himself* man, Christ Jesus.” This word μεσίτης (one who intervenes between two), “arbitrator,” is found once in the Sept., Job ix. 33. The Hebrew word, מַדִּי, elsewhere to reason, reprove, decide, is in Job ix. 33 (as in Gen. xxxi. 37), “to be arbiter between.”

Short Notices.

A Cyclopædia of Nature Teachings. A selection of Facts, Observations, Suggestions, Meditations, Examples, and Illustrative Hints, from all departments, for Man with Nature. With an Introduction by HUGH MACMILLAN, LL.D., F.R.S.E. Pp. 544. Elliot Stock, 1892.

A N interesting and useful book. The author of “Bible Teachings in Nature,” Dr. Macmillan, gives it cordial commendation.

Theodor Christlieb, D.D., of Bonn. Memoir by his Widow, and Sermons. Pp. 450. Hodder and Stoughton, 1892.

Of this interesting volume the Memoir takes up eighty-four pages. There are nineteen Sermons, translated chiefly by two friends of the eloquent and honoured preacher, Canons Kingsbury and Garratt.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, we notice with pleasure, has published a second edition of the Lectures on *The Authenticity of the Gospel of St. Luke*, by the Bishop of Bath and Wells.

The volume of the *Church-Worker* for 1891, published by the Church Sunday-School Institute, contains much that is useful. We are always pleased to invite attention to the *Church-Worker*, one of the useful Magazines of an excellent Society.

The *Thinker*, No. 2 (Nisbet), is an improvement on the first number ;

¹ An aspiration for a MEDIATOR; Arbiter ad componendam causam. St. Aug. See Chalmers’s fine sermon on this passage. (*Sp. Com.*).—The Sept. runs: Εἶθε ἦν ὁ μεσίτης ἡμῶν.

² “Man’s doom.” Conyb. and H. “This use of ‘day’ is peculiar to St. Paul; so that Jerome calls it a *Cilicium*.” See 1 Thess. v. 4.

it gives a good deal of information, both as to English and American, and Continental thought. From one of the reviews in the *Thinker* of Canon Cheyne's lectures on the Psalter, we quote a brief passage. Professor A. R. S. Kennedy says:—"My third difficulty in the way of admitting that nearly a third of the Psalter is later than Alexander arises from the phenomena presented by the Septuagint version. It is true that we do not know at what date the completed Psalter was translated into Greek, but if the Pentateuch of the LXX. dates from the middle of the third century, a Greek Psalter of some sort—for is it not a commonplace that the Psalter contains the answer of the worshipping community to the demands made upon it in the law?—could not have been long delayed. Still, the ignorance displayed by the Greek translators of the meaning of so many of the titles to the psalms, which are admittedly much older than the Maccabean period, seems to argue for a greater antiquity than Canon Cheyne allows. And with regard to two psalms in particular, the LXX., in my opinion, imperatively forbids the acceptance of his views. For I cannot help thinking that one of the least successful of Cheyne's attributions is that of Ps. xlv. and lxxii. to the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, the former being a panegyric from the pen of a Jewish admirer (whose name is given) on the occasion of this prince's marriage with Arsinoe, the daughter of Lysimachus! It is admitted that such poems could not have gained admission into the canonical Psalter till the history of their origin had been forgotten and they had acquired another and higher interpretation. But even if such an eventuality were possible at Jerusalem, it must surely have been impossible in the capital of the Ptolemies. This is apart altogether from the difficulties of interpretation, and the other difficulties which this attribution involves."

In the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* appears a most interesting paper on the late Bishop Perry by Canon Hoare. We quote one passage:

I am inclined to think that few of our younger men are aware to what an extent the town of Cambridge is indebted to our dear friend.

When he was Fellow and Tutor of Trinity his heart yearned over the miserable condition of Barnwell, at that time one of the most wicked places in the country. There was there a population of 8,000, with nothing more than the Abbey Church, a small building, capable of holding not more than two hundred persons, and almost entirely empty. The advowson belonged to one who was content with this state of things; but not so our dear friend, and after much negotiation he purchased the advowson for, I think, between £3,000 and £4,000. When once he had obtained possession he set to work with the erection of two large churches, Christ Church and St. Paul's. He raised funds for their erection from his friends, and how much he contributed himself I am quite unable to state. However, the great work was accomplished, and when it was done, with the utter unselfishness which was such a marked feature of his character, he appointed an excellent man to Christ Church, which was the parish church, and himself undertook the charge of St. Paul's. Again he showed his spirit of liberality, for during the five years of his incumbency he did not take a farthing of the income for himself, but laid it all by as a fund for the erection of a parsonage. Since those days the work has been going forward. The population has increased with enormous strides, and all who see the good work that is now being carried on in the Abbey Church, in Christ Church, in St. John's, in St. Matthew's, in St. Paul's, and in St. Barnabas', must remember that it is the result of the foresight and liberality of the brilliant young Fellow of Trinity in the original purchase of the advowson of Barnwell, or, as I believe it is now called, St. Andrew the Less.

THE MONTH.

THE seventh Session of the present Parliament opened on the 9th. Among the chief measures promised are the extension of Small Holdings; the completion of English Local Government; Local Government for Ireland; relief of public elementary schools in England from the present pressure of local rates; and the Church Discipline Bill.

Mr. Chamberlain, at a meeting in Devonshire House, was chosen leader of the Liberal Unionists in the House of Commons. The right hon. gentleman promised to "subordinate his opinions on the subject of disestablishment to the interests of the Union."

The election of a Gladstonian in the Rossendale Division (Lord Hartington's) by a large majority was a painful surprise.

At a conference of agricultural labourers, called together by Conservatives, remarks were made about the "parson" somewhat similar to those in the Radical conference lately held in London.

A Committee has been formed, we note with pleasure, for the purpose of raising a memorial to the late Ven. J. P. Norris, Canon and Archdeacon of Bristol, and Dean-designate of Chichester.

Rev. R. W. Randall has been appointed Dean of Chichester.

Professor Ince, in a forcible letter, in the *Guardian*, protested against the proposal to place a statue of Dr. Newman in Broad Street, Oxford.

With sincere regret we record the death of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon;¹ a man greatly esteemed; eminent as a preacher, a writer, and administrator. The *Guardian* says:

Mr. Spurgeon's long fight with death is over. He was a man who combined an immense popularity with—what is not always united with popularity—very high claims to respect. He was thoroughly honest and thoroughly courageous. His theology was narrow, but it was genuine; and when, as in the so-called "Down-grade controversy," he thought the interests of truth demanded it, he could break away from every friend he had and dare to stand alone in defence of what he held to be the cause of God. He was no friend to the Church of England, but he was, what is perhaps rarer, a straightforward and even generous adversary.

The new chapel at Ridley Hall, Cambridge, was duly opened; the Bishop preached in the morning, and Canon Girdlestone in the afternoon.

¹ Such representative men as Canon Fleming, Dr. Maclaren, the President of the Wesleyan Conference, and the President of the Congregational Union, took part in the proceedings at the Tabernacle, and the Bishop of Rochester pronounced the Benediction at the grave. The Archdeacon of London (Ven. W. Sinclair), in St. Paul's Cathedral, said: "We cannot hear untouched that our country has lost its greatest living preacher. I use the words deliberately, because I do not believe that there are any of us who remain who, for thirty years, every Sunday during the twelvemonth, could gather together, morning and evening, more than 6,000 earnest, patient hearers, eager to receive from one untiring tongue the Word of Life. Who could help watching with strong sympathy the prolonged wrestling of such a man with death at the very brink of the pit? Analyze the gifts of that powerful evangelist as accurately as you can; measure, as closely as may be possible, the secret of his influence; but I do not believe that you will find any other teacher whose printed sermons would be read week after week, year after year, by tens and hundreds of thousands, not only all over England, Scotland, and Wales, but in the backwoods of Canada, in the prairies of America, in the remotest settlements of Australia and New Zealand, wherever an English newspaper can reach or the English tongue is spoken. The thing is absolutely unique."