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conducted the services, would tend to show that they were only measures of convenience and ancillary to the established system. If, however, churches not formally consecrated, but still practically appropriated permanently and exclusively to the purposes of public worship, were to be built; if an order of men not ordained in the regular way, but according to some newly-devised ceremonial, were to be set apart for the purpose of preaching and conducting services in them; if they were to be formally licensed by the Bishop, and recognized by the clergy; and if such a system were to assume a regular organized form—I think the Ecclesiastical Courts would be compelled to hold that the establishment of such a system was unlawful, inasmuch as it would obviously be both intended and calculated to set up by the side of the existing Church of England a completely new institution, similar in its general character, but under a new and unauthorized set of rules, and the greater the weight and authority of those who set such an institution on foot the more objectionable would it be.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to say precisely what it would and what it would not be lawful for laymen to do in the direction suggested; but I may say, in general, that for the laity to help the clergy in their ministrations appears to me lawful. As soon as they begin to supersede them, even by their own consent, I think their conduct becomes unlawful. The precise point at which the one process ends and the other begins is a question of degree which cannot be solved by the use of any general terms.

J. F. STEPHEN.

TEMPLE, December 18th, 1878.

This supplementary opinion is my own exclusively. I have not had the advantage of consulting Mr. DROOP upon it.

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## Reviews.

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*The Life and Times of St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of the Britains.* By MARTIN RULE, M.A. 2 vols. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1883.

IN reading Mr. Rule's two volumes, the first fact which forces itself on our notice—and which we do well not to disregard—is, that the author is a Roman Catholic. As such, he may perhaps be credited with a greater facility for entering into the monastic side of his hero's life than an English Churchman could lay claim to. On the other hand—and this is a source of serious detriment to the value of the work before us—it renders his views on the policy of the times not only one-sided, but absolutely untrustworthy. This is perhaps less surprising, when we remember that Mr. Martin Luther Rule (for such is his full name) was an English clergyman; he united himself to the Church of Rome, and is now filled with that zeal which characterizes every convert.

Having said thus much, it is but common justice to turn to the other side of the picture. As a whole, with the one great exception named above, the book is one that commends itself to us. Mr. Rule has evidently spared no pains during the five years which he spent upon collecting his materials, and has left no stone unturned in order to obtain correct information on his subject. His work has been honest work. He has visited the haunts and home of St. Anselm; he has endeavoured to set before us a vivid representation of what his life was at school, in the monastery, and as Primate of Britain. One thing is evident throughout; that to Mr. Rule, Anselm is no more the austere prelate of eight centuries back, than he was at the time to his devoted companion and historian

Eadmer. The writer who coldly proposed to himself a short history, chiefly consisting of extracts, as he himself tells us in the preface, developed into the ardent admirer and the enthusiastic partizan. It is curious to read, side by side, the estimate formed of Anselm by Mr. Rule, and that formed by Dean Hook. Neither, as we think, is correct; they represent the two extremes in a degree seldom to be found in biographers, both of whom write with an honest purpose and in sober good faith. We appeal from them to Mr. Freeman's more matter-of-fact account of events, and particularly to Dean Church's masterly essay, which holds so well the even balance of impartiality, while recognising to the full the merits of the man. The danger of the work we are considering, lies, indeed, mainly in the enthusiasm of the writer. He is no novice in the art of arousing the interest of his reader. The facts are grouped together, and all work towards a common centre; the sympathies are awakened, and not suffered to flag; turn to which page you will, you will find a saintly man, harassed by an ungodly persecutor; and as you close the second volume, you may feel that your admiration and enthusiasm are as great as Mr. Rule's own, even if you are not carried away into believing that he is all in the right, and that all who wrote before him are considerably in the wrong.

How is this? How is it that readers are not undeceived early in the second volume at least? The question is easily answered. We have to deal almost exclusively with personalities, with personal animosities and personal holiness, whereas the barest notion of policy, or of the results of certain actions upon later generations, is kept carefully in the background. We constantly find the "slight, pale, attenuated monk," face to face with the "robust and rubicund prince;" the "aged and gentle monk" communicating with the "young ruffian," who, by the way, is called in another place the "ferocious despot" and the "royal boor." And so, because we have to do with actors in the drama whose character and aims were entirely different, and of whom Anselm must have the advantage in personal holiness, we are forced to put out of sight the question of what was, or would have been best for the interests of England and of the English people. In this lies the great danger of the book. We see it most clearly in the great conflict between Anselm and William II., concerning the former's wish to go to Rome, in order to consult the Pope, Urban II., on the spiritual welfare of the kingdom. No doubt it was perfectly natural and right, and perfectly consistent with his own feeling of duty to the King, that Anselm should look to the pontiff for advice in troublous times. But it was at least equally natural and right that William should object to any interference from the Eternal City in the affairs of his kingdom. The event has proved him to have had the greater discernment of the two. Anselm's appeal to Rome opened the door to incessant meddling and consequent difficulties on the part of later popes. It is impossible to judge a matter of history alone, without its natural consequences, as Mr. Rule has tried to do in this case. It is not surprising that he should have done so, considering that he is an ardent papist, and regards papal intervention in the affairs of the eleventh and following centuries in the light, not of an evil, but of a wholesome check upon the rights or pretensions of kings.

Another difficulty which presents itself to us, is a result of the way in which Mr. Rule has fulfilled his part as biographer. In order that we may get a full idea of the *probabilities* of Anselm's life, we are treated to long discourses on contemporary customs or possible reasons which we discover after all cannot establish any given fact with certainty, but merely prove that a thing may have been done, or indeed that to certain people certain things happened—therefore, why not to Anselm? This is obscure history, at the best. In fact, the story, in some places,

consists more in an argument from analogy than in anything else. Thus, eight pages are devoted to the treatment of St. Hugh and others, by a tutor, from which we are intended to gather that Anselm *may* have been treated in a similar way. Again, imagination is brought a trifle too freely into play when we learn the probable architecture of Lanfranc's church at Le Bec, and are let into the secret of whom it is that Mr. Rule suspects may have been the possible architect; or when we find him suggesting the actual matters on which Lanfranc may have sought counsel of Anselm during the latter's visit to England. We see this inaccuracy very plainly brought out in the short sentence which treats of Anselm's coming to England on the journey which terminated in his acceptance of the Archbishopric. The sentence runs thus:

As an established usage no doubt forbade him to enter England for the inspection of his estates without, as a preliminary duty, paying his respects to the King, he lost no time in doing so.

Now more hangs upon those two little words "no doubt" than at first appears. They at once suggest to our minds the probability of this *not* being an established usage, little as they are intended to do so. They show that Mr. Rule himself does not at all know for certain that this was the custom. We have no intimation that on the former occasions when Anselm entered England "for the inspection of his estates," he was obliged to go through the formality of paying his respects to the King; and, if not then, is it likely that what Mr. Rule describes as a "usage" could have sprung up during the reign of the second William, and since Anselm's last visits. The answer certainly is that it is most improbable. Therefore, if there was no reason for his coming to Westminster, such as we are expected to conclude, there must have been some other equally, if not more, pressing. Viewed in the light of after events, the only reason that we can suggest is the necessity laid upon Anselm to rebuke the King for the state of his kingdom—a very different motive from the one assigned to him. This is a serious matter, and one which cannot easily be passed over; for it is almost impossible for any casual reader not to carry away the fixed idea that there existed, at that time, a custom in England which bound every foreigner coming over to inspect his estates to present himself before the King—an idea resting on no proof. It is easy to assume points such as these, and easier still to do as Mr. Rule has done in another place, namely "throw the *onus probandi* of the contrary opinion" upon those who think differently to himself—although, at the same time, he allows that there is no documentary evidence to produce on either side—and the matter remains, therefore, a mere question of personal opinion.

The author's style, though always readable, at times sinks rather into the colloquial; no very grievous sin, but still, in some sort, a blot in a work which makes pretensions to be a book of reference for future biographers. In two successive paragraphs we read of William of Veraval "hanging about" in Rome; in the translation of a speech of Anselm's to the King, we find him saying "Do you really mean to aver that it does not *square* with your consuetudo?" etc.; and again we hear of a "tearful and agitated *dowager*." These are decidedly familiar terms, even if no other name be applied to them. While we are upon the subject, we must also notice what can be but a slip of the pen on the author's part, when he applies to Lanfranc an epithet now well known in political circles, and for that very reason to be avoided, *i.e.* "the grand old man." It may also be remarked that a gentleman who has been at such pains to correct what he considers to be Dean Church's inaccuracies in translating from Eadmer's narrative, might have been one degree more particular in pulling out the beam in his own eye, before venturing to meddle with the

mote in his brother's. When we find "suasi sed non persuasi," rendered "I did much, but not enough;" "vestra paternitas," "your grace;" "dignitas," "sovereignty;" and "vestra sanctitas," first "your Eminence," and then "my Lord Cardinal," we are, to say the least, somewhat surprised. One more criticism may be allowed to us, and we put it in the form of a query. Why has Mr. Rule departed from the usual spelling of names, and transformed them into Norman-French, instead of using the English equivalents? Why do we find William of Warelvast under the name of Veraval, Walkelin altered to Vauquelin, Witsand or Whitsand to Wissant, and, above all, Robert Curthose Frenchified into Courthose?

Despite these defects and inaccuracies, however, Mr. Rule's book merits praise. It sets Anselm before us in his individual capacity. His conception of the man in Anselm brings very near to us what that man must have been in his common, everyday life. Even in his childhood, of which we know so little, the few traits that could be gathered for us from every source are carefully brought out. Above all, we are led to understand something of Anselm's mother, and of the care with which she surrounded his early years, and taught him the first elements of the beliefs he cherished so truly through life. The child was sent from home for purposes of study, and, through over-work, fell ill; on his return he was found to be timid and shy, for he had become unaccustomed to the bustle of a large household. Then we hear how Ermenberg, his mother, gave orders that none should take notice of him, so that, left to himself, the sick boy might recover the wonted balance of his mind. And the touching idea is suggested, that perhaps, even at that time, the boy was learning from his mother the tenderness which caused him, later on, to be so welcome a nurse in the sick chamber. The purpose of the boy to become a monk, and his relinquishment of it for a time, without, however, as some writers have suggested, leaving the path of virtue, is well portrayed, and we come to an important conclusion in consequence, namely, that the Sixteenth Meditation, commonly assigned to Anselm, cannot have come from his hand. This is an important point, for the arguments of those who would have us believe in Anselm's relapse into vicious habits, rest mainly upon this very meditation. Perhaps the happiest part of the book is that which describes the life at Le Bec. We have first of all an instructive account of Herlwin, the founder and abbot, with a description of the state of society in his time, followed by the story of all the difficulties connected with the building of the cloister and church. From Mr. Rule we glean that the most peaceful time in Anselm's chequered career was that between his entrance into the monastery and his elevation to the priorate, when he had his dearest friends, Lanfranc and Gundulf, at his side. His trials began immediately with his higher duties. The party against him seems to have been headed by a very young monk, Osbern by name, who harassed the new prior in every way that lay in his power. Anselm's forbearance never failed; far from treating the culprit with the harshness he merited, he gave way to him in every matter that was consistent with duty, until the wayward brother was forced to own the power of his gentleness and became deeply attached to him. Nothing is more indicative of Anselm's character than the fact that he had no sooner conquered his enemy and turned him into a friend, than he began to use a greater degree of severity towards him, and ended by making of him one of the holiest of his monks. When Osbern died, some years later, we realize that he was one of the nearest and dearest to Anselm's soul.

His ideas with regard to the teaching of children differed materially from those of his age. An abbot, whose name does not transpire, but who was accustomed to force his *nutriti* into the way of virtue with the

floggings usual in those times, is aptly rebuked through the simile of a tree, which may not be constantly hindered in its growth by being hemmed in on all sides, otherwise it will be but gnarled and crooked—and that of a babe to whom must only be given the food suited to its tender years. That the discipline should first be adapted to the constitution of each individual boy, and the boy only later on be required to conform to the severe rules in all their entirety, was Anselm's great principle.

The only thing we miss in this part, and throughout the book, is an adequate notice of Anselm's works. It is a fault to treat Anselm too much as a man of action, and too little as a man of thought.

The period during which Anselm filled the chair of Herlwin is marked by the great affection conceived towards him by William the Conqueror, apparently from the first moment of their meeting. Nor is this surprising, for they had the same end in view, and though differing entirely in character, were both bent on upholding the work of God in Normandy, and both contributed to procure for the dukedom a time of moral amendment. The attractiveness of Anselm's aspect was illustrated again in later years, when he disarmed the rude Duke of Burgundy by his simple majesty.

The subject of the archiepiscopate is an intricate, and often-contested point. Mr. Rule confesses to having met with much difficulty in elucidating the matter, such difficulty indeed as he never anticipated in undertaking the task. His efforts in one direction, at least, have proved successful. He has entered into a careful consideration of such terms as "usage," "custom," or "consuetudo" as opposed to the "lex" or law of the land, as also of investiture, homage, and simple or liege fealty. A clear understanding of all these terms is imperatively necessary before we can presume to judge either Anselm or the two Kings William and Henry. Sinning against the law of the land, or against a recently established *consuetudo*, are two very different things, and make a change in our opinion of Anselm's actions as well as of the King's. The history of those trying times is too well known to need anything but the briefest recapitulation. Anselm's disputes with William; the councils held in consequence; and the conduct of the Bishops as opposed to that of the Barons; Anselm's forlorn situation, and his determined resolve to appeal to Rome, are all told in detail. The exile's reception by Pope Urban II., his residence in Italy and his journey back into France, are all vividly depicted. Then follows the death of Rufus, and the illegitimate accession of his brother Henry to the throne, immediately preceding Anselm's return to England, and renewed difficulties between him and the King, whose character is well portrayed. Of the second exile there is but little to say except that it ended in a complete triumph for Anselm. His last days are very shortly summarized, for there is but little to tell of them.

Whether Mr. Rule was as wise as he certainly was courageous in undertaking a work in which he had such predecessors as Dean Church and Mr. Freeman, Rémusat and Hasse, is a question which each must answer for himself. At least, and notwithstanding a good many shortcomings, we can candidly say that the book is worth more than a cursory perusal from any intelligent reader. Only let him beware of entirely pinning his faith on what he reads, but rather judge for himself, and so rectify in some degree the transparent partiality of the writer.

J. H.

*Mexico To-day: a Country with a Great Future. And a Glance at the Prehistoric Remains and Antiquities of the Montezumas.* By T. U. BROCKLEHURST. Pp. 260. John Murray. 1883.

A really good book about Mexico will be welcomed by many. That

country will once more, probably, occupy a prominent position, whether the United States annex it, or a Government of its own gains strength and stability. During the last eighty years a million miles or so of Mexican territory have passed under the dominion of the Stars and Stripes; and it is probable that Mexico will remain undisturbed, as regards the United States, for, at all events, a good many years. Our cousins are in no hurry to undertake fresh responsibilities; but in the meantime an American influence of one kind or another is gaining strength in the land which is so full of silver and gold. Half the silver used at present among the various peoples of the world came from Mexico; and the supply of gold yet in its mines is probably inexhaustible. From England the Mexican Republic has borrowed large sums of money; but unhappily neither capital nor interest has been paid by the borrower. It was a sort of truism that money lent to the Government of one year might be repudiated by the Government of the following year. To pay debts, no doubt, is inconvenient; and a revolution speedily solves the difficulty. Not many months ago it was stated that the Mexican President did not think the time had yet arrived for the settlement of the English debt. Surely the time has not yet come to make another appeal to English capitalists! Since 1861 England has had no diplomatic intercourse with Mexico; but the country is once more lifting up its head, and its "great future" may be as near as the author of the volume before us appears to imagine. An agent despatched by Lord Granville recently met with a very cordial reception, and friendly intercourse between the Governments of Mexico and the British Empire will probably be resumed.

The French invasion was a terrible blunder; and the pitiable end of the ill-fated Maximilian, and the still more distressful destiny of the Empress Carlotta, are not yet forgotten on the Continent or in England. It was not, however, with Mexico alone that the Emperor Maximilian had to contend. Whether or no the mouth and chin of the Archduke betokened weakness, and gave him "a vacillating expression," it is certain that when, on French instigation, he set himself as Emperor to rule a turbulent country, he had to contend with Mexico *plus* the United States. Mr. Seward never betrayed weakness or vacillation; and the Emperor Napoleon was forced by him (and Juarez) to withdraw his army. The connection between the United States and Mexico can hardly fail to become more and more intimate. It is fitting that the Mexican railways should be made and worked with American money. Fuel will always be scarce, and it will be costly to work them. In any case, let Continental companies find the funds. Enough, and more than enough, of English money has been invested in worthless American railroads; and it is high time that our capitalists showed themselves less speculative and more shrewd.

In regard to the progress of education in Mexico, and other matters of "social science," we are not able to follow Mr. Brocklehurst. But his book is not only readable—it gives a good deal of information; and most of his statistical suggestions are probably well founded. He gives a good sketch of the Monte de Piedad, the national pawnshop, answering to the Mont de Piété of Paris. He says:

I visited the great vault, and stood in a veritable Aladdin's cave; around me in bags, made of the fibre of the maguey plant, were upwards of \$7,000,000 the funds of the bank, in solid silver and solid gold, a mine of wealth. From this vault I was led to the picture, silver plate, candelabra, timepiece, and *bric-a-brac* rooms, and I will close the sketch with the jewellery department, one of the richest and rarest collections, perhaps, in the entire world. Such pearls, rubies, emeralds, and diamonds; heirlooms descended from the times when loot was an institution in the country; some handed down from the date of the Conquest,

and at various periods deposited here, partly for safety and partly for the consideration of hard cash. The machine seems to work with marvellous precision, and the order is simply admirable. The sale-room is generally crowded, and it is no humiliation to have a little transaction at the Monte de Piedad! It is a banking affair, and everybody hies thither as to a bank, the dealings being as confidential as in Coutts's or any other London bank. It is needless to say that the Monte de Piedad is probably "fire-proof," and strongly guarded by night and by day.

In conversation one day with General Grant (the ex-President was in Mexico about railway matters), Prescott was mentioned; and the General said: "Ah! your Bulwer Lytton wrote romance, but made it history; and our Prescott has written history, but made it romance." Whatever may be said about Lytton's "romance," certainly Prescott's "history" has great charms; but a flavour of romance belongs to almost every Mexican incident. Two or three passages from the "Conquest of Mexico" are recalled to recollection by Mr. Brocklehurst's narrative, which is well-written, and full of interest. When he remarks, by-the-by, that if Prescott had but visited Mexico before his eyesight failed him, and inspected the localities of Cortes' most marvellous adventures, his book would have been of greater service to travellers in Mexico, he forgets that Prescott never visited the country. "One of our favourites rides," writes Mr. Brocklehurst, "was across some open country which eventually landed us near Tacuba, and so on to Popotla, for the sake of looking at the celebrated tree of the 'Noche Triste,' under which Cortes rested some time at the end of the memorable night in 1520, when he had to evacuate his position in the capital, and save himself and his few followers, by a retreat effected under circumstances, for deaths, distress, and dangers, unparalleled in the annals of his conquest. Chapter III. of Prescott's fifth book is headed: 'Council of War—Spaniards evacuate the city—Noche Triste, or the Melancholy Night—Terrible slaughter—Halt for the night—Amount of losses.' The tree under which Cortes halted to watch the remnant of his followers pass by is a fine old eypress, similar to those at Chapultepec. It is preserved from deprecation by an iron railing, as the tree was once set on fire by the natives, as a mark of detestation of their Spanish rulers. . . . From this tree Cortes went on a mile farther to Tacuba, or Tlacopam, as it was then called, where he endeavoured to re-form his disorganized battalion, and bring them to something like order. Here is still to be seen a portion of a large pyramid, on the top of which stood probably the *teocalli*, or temple, which he used as a refuge for his exhausted troops. The pyramid is being rapidly destroyed by brickmakers, who are working up the old material into new bricks." Of the tree of the "Noche Triste," or what remains of it, Mr. Brocklehurst has given a drawing; it stands on an open green in front of a church. That sorrowful night when the Aztecs, having risen in one final effort to shake off the hateful yoke, slaughtered an unparalleled number of Spaniards, was almost, if not the only occasion on which Cortes fairly broke down; he wept and moaned aloud.

Mr. Brocklehurst's chapter on Mexican idols has several illustrations, including one of a large stone deity, that at first sight appears composed of heads, claws, and hands. According to Señor Chavero, this monster represents Coatlicue, the translation being, the Earth at night, or Death.

The goddess represented (says Mr. Brocklehurst) was considered the progenitrix of mankind; she was worshipped in the grand temple of the City of Mexico, in a part of the building called Atlaulico, which is derived from Atlauhtli, signifying a large figure in the earth; a woman was sacrificed to her every year in the Tzacualli, which means "the place of snakes;" she appears to have had several different names, in accordance with her various attributes; and parts of the ornamentation of the statue were always introduced in the statues of Huitzilopochtli, Quetzalcoatl, and other deities descended from her.



Every treasure-trove, says our author, belongs to the State Museum of the country; and archaeological treasures are continually unearthed. The great sacrificial stone of the Aztecs, on which most of the living sacrifices were stretched, is now in the garden of the Museum. Of curious stoneyokes, in the shape of large horse-shoes and horse-collars, there are many, and none of the savants in Mexico, or in the British Museum, which contains some specimens, can explain their use. The only supposition is, that they were used in holding down the victim on the sacrificial altar; but in all the ancient pictures of human sacrifice, the victim is represented as being held by cords from the feet and hands. Referring to ancient drawings, in the Mexican National Museum, it is worthy of note that the series of coarsely-drawn hieroglyphical coloured pictures, representing the immigration of the Aztecs into the country in the thirteenth century, corroborates that the Toltecs fled before the invaders, and gave up their cities without any struggle to defend them. Where the Toltecs came from, or what became of them, is a mystery.

To Bishop Riley's devoted work in the land of the Montezumas our author makes a brief but interesting allusion. A coloured illustration of the Protestant Cathedral in the capital is given, and Mr. Brocklehurst remarks that Dr. Riley has devoted the greater part of his fortune to the good work in Mexico, over which he presides. The writings of Dr. Ryle, Bishop of Liverpool, adds Mr. Brocklehurst, "had been the principal means of extending Protestantism there; and when I visited the schools, or was introduced to the local missionaries, Bishop Ryle's name was always uppermost, and I was requested, whenever I had an opportunity, to convey to him the blessings and thanks of one and all." About four years ago, as some of our readers may remember, a sketch of the work in Mexico, as connected with Bishop Ryle, appeared in *THE CHURCHMAN*. Nothing that we have either read or heard during the interval has in the slightest degree lessened our interest in the Mexican movement, as at once truly Scriptural and worthy of the warm support of members of the Church of England.

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## Short Notices.

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*Obadiah and Jonah.* By the Ven. T. T. PEROWNE, B.D. Cambridge University Press; Warehouse, 17, Paternoster Row.

One of the best volumes of that useful series, "The Cambridge Bible for Schools." Archdeacon Perowne's Notes are what might have been expected from so sound and scholarly a divine.

*Our Master's Footsteps.* Bible Class Notes for Thoughtful Girls. By CHARLOTTE BICKERSTETH WHEELER, Author of "Memorials of a Beloved Mother," etc., etc. Pp. 400. Elliot Stock. 1883.

This volume, we can readily understand, has awakened deep, abiding interest in a Bible Class for educated girls in their teens, for whose use it was written. It is decidedly the best book of the kind—so far as our knowledge goes.

*Sunday Meditations adapted to the Course of the Christian Year.* By DANIEL MOORE, M.A., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, Prebendary of St. Paul's, etc. The Religious Tract Society.

We can most thoroughly recommend these devout "Meditations."