

Sadducees as well as Pharisees that the "One Man" must die.

Our Lord's triumphal entry into Jerusalem receives an entirely fresh light from St. John. He expressly connects it with the raising of Lazarus, and he notes that in consequence of this triumph the desirability of putting Lazarus to death was discussed also, "because that by reason of him many of the Jews went away and believed on Jesus." It is difficult to realize the extreme bitterness of the enmity which could calmly consider such a measure of opposition as this. What a strange perversion of the well-known maxim, *Salus populi suprema lex!* But further, how entirely this aspect of the case discloses the true reason for our Lord's crucifixion, and that it was an act of political expediency rather than religious animosity which brought Him to His end. On religious grounds the Pharisees must have defended the doctrine of the resurrection, and thrown the shelter of their powerful party over every person whose actions lent support to their belief. But the Pharisees themselves, in concert with the chief priests, called the council after the raising of Lazarus; and the Sadducees, who were in office, were able to command the votes of the opposition in the measures adopted against our Lord's life. From first to last, the kingdom He had set before them was "not of this world." But He could not persuade them to rise to it. The Church of Israel, which He had Himself established in Jerusalem, had now become too earthly, and His own teaching was too heavenly, to allow of any compromise between the two. Mere political Christianity in every shape is excluded from St. John's Gospel, and finds no precedent in our Lord's lifetime except among His betrayers and murderers. Space will not permit me to go into the account of our Lord's trial as given by St. John. To gather up the threads of the argument will occupy another paper. We have seen how largely the Divine Portraiture has determined *the subject-matter* of the fourth Gospel. We have seen, also, how entirely suitable it was to *the readers* for whom the Gospel was designed. We shall find that the choice of St. John as the fourth *Évangelist* was no less suitable to the *Portrait* which he was appointed to draw.

C. H. WALLER.

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ART. V.—WORK AMONG HOP-PICKERS.

"**H**OW d'ye do, Mr. Cobb; and are you quite well, sir, and the lady, and has your eye got all right, and did you shoot the dog that bit you?" "Is Mr. Bacon [Scripture Reader] coming down this year, and Mr. Grove?" (an evangelist; see

p. 95). "And," eagerly chimed in Tommy, "shall we have the tent, Mr. Cobb, and the singing, and the children's service, and the apples after it?" Such are the greetings and the string of interrogatories which we are apt to encounter on a late August or early September afternoon, as scores of parties come straggling into our little rural parish for the "hopping."

It is gratifying to be treated as old and sympathizing friends. These poor people note where their employers and the clergy and other residents take an interest in them, and they come to the same parishes again and again for years, though always with some new elements. We taste, in their case, the universal experience, that consideration and kindness find a response in the most unpromising soil.

Certainly the mass of 50,000 people who for many years have been wont to pour out of all the slums in London into our Kentish hop-gardens could not be considered originally promising. The remembrances of my early days are of swarms of people in blackish garments and with blackish faces, trooping up and down our usually calm and quiet country lanes, filling the air with ribaldry and curses, pigging together in barns and sheds, making it necessary for the farmers to watch their orchards with guns at hand day and night, and loading the clergyman's heart with anxiety on account of the corrupting influences surging all round his young people. Nor do the most competent observers fail to generalize my own early recollections. Thus, before the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, 1885, the Rev. J. Y. Stratton<sup>1</sup> gave evidence in point:

*Ques.*—H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, "Can you tell me what was the moral and social condition of the hop-pickers when you first became acquainted with it?"—*Ans.* "It was as bad as possible. Nothing could be more degraded. The common definition of the 'hoppers' of Kent (as they are called in the district) was 'half-monkey, half-tiger.'"

H.R.H. "Are they very quarrelsome?"—"No. Sometimes you see Irishmen kissing each other, and fighting the next minute possibly."

H.R.H. "They are law-breaking, I suppose, in every sense of the word?"—"Yes."

H.R.H. "I have also heard that many years ago it was almost dangerous for a clergyman to go amongst them. Was that the case?"—"It was. I have known clergymen absolutely afraid. I have been afraid myself. I am ashamed to say so, but it is true."

H.R.H. "Was it at the risk of your life?"—"No; lest something disagreeable should happen to you."

H.R.H. "Do you consider that there has been any improvement?"—"Very great improvement. We have a large number of lay-missionaries

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. Stratton is Rector and landowner in the parish of Ditton, near Maidstone, and has been for the past twenty years the chief organizer of efforts both spiritual and secular for the amelioration of the immigrant hop-pickers.

who spend their time among them, and there has been a very considerable reformation. It is now perfectly safe for a clergyman, if he likes, to take his children into a hop-garden without fear of insult."

Mr. Jesse Collings put some questions about their domestic habits. Thus :

"Are there any arrangements for washing in these places" (*i.e.*, the temporary habitations provided for them)?—"No."

"How is that carried on?"—"In the Farnham Union the inspector reports that they do not wash the whole time they are there" (three or four weeks).

Mr. Stratton, however, could and did add: "The Irish are wonderful washers. They are not particular about the basin they use, but you see them washing their faces constantly." In reply to a question by the Prince of Wales: "Are there many Irish among them?" it was stated: "There is a vast number of London Irish." There are, indeed, numbers of "London Irish;" but very few now of those Irish who used early in the century to constitute the chief element of the immigrant hop-pickers. For I need hardly remark that the pickers are of two wholly distinct classes: the villagers of Kent, Sussex, and some parts of Surrey, Hampshire, Herefordshire, and Worcestershire, where the hop is cultivated; and those who migrate into our villages for three or four weeks every autumn for the special business of picking the hops. These, as I said, used to be chiefly Irish, who came from their native bogs and mountains over the water. Of course at harvest-time, and in our fickle climate, a large force of extra hands is required to house safely the crops which our own rural population have sown and cultivated. Accordingly, about June the race of Pat and Mike used to cross over in swarms to Lancashire and Cheshire, and disperse on foot all over the country for hay-making and reaping, finally appearing in our southern counties, and especially in Kent, to help in the rapid ingathering of the critical crop of hops. I am told that they used generally to support themselves on their wanderings by mendicancy, though "*poor* Mike," who begged for a crust or potato to keep him from starving outright, used often to have a few sovereigns tied up in the foot of a stocking on his return journey, which made his winter in the Green Isle more cheerful. That, however, is a thing of the past.

One of our greatest hop-growers in Kent—Mr. Ellis, of East Farleigh—is said to have been the first to employ Londoners, and now they form greatly the majority of the "immigrant hop-pickers." Having tried it, they find the distance—from fifteen miles to eighty or so—not insuperable; and so 40,000 or 50,000 of the London poor look forward to September as their month for a holiday into the country. They have no

guineas a week to pay for their lodgings, very little expense in the way of railway fares, and none for flies, porters, or sundries. Moreover, they come with the hope to win in a pleasant way a nice little fund to pay off scores of rent at home or provide for future emergencies—or present “sprees.”

The localities they come from are as various as their callings. I may illustrate both from our Baptismal Register; for, among other things, we inquire about any who may be unbaptized, and we have the privilege of conferring the rite in not a few instances where it has been neglected, and would probably have still continued so. Thus I find as parents, hawkers from the Borough, Old Kent Road, Tooley Street, West Ham, Woodford, and Colchester; some also of the same class with no address—“migratory;” a labourer, a tanner, a chimney-sweep, and a fellmonger from Bermondsey; labourers from Old Kent Road, Peckham, Poplar, Gravesend, and Chatham; two lightermen from Rotherhithe; one engineer from Woolwich; a fishmonger from Gravesend; another from Edmonton; a parent from Whitechapel (whence we have a *great* supply of pickers); porters from the Borough and from Wapping; a brickmaker from Southend.<sup>1</sup>

Now I ask the readers of the CHURCHMAN to picture me, with my little resident population of 325, face to face one autumn day with from 1,000 to 1,200 men, women, and children suddenly brought under my ministerial supervision; or the Vicar of East Farleigh, with his 1,500, all at once surrounded by 4,000 new parishioners; Yalding the same; Horsmonden, usually 1,451, swollen in a day to 5,451. It is no wonder that many a clergyman’s heart failed him under such an appalling increase of his responsibilities, both as regards numbers and their depraved condition and unapproachable temper, until combination and experience gave encouragement and suggested plans. This has now been the case in increasing degrees through the action of three excellent Societies for the good, temporal and spiritual, of our poor “hoppers.”

All honour be to hop-growers and to clergy who, before any such combination, struggled, each according to his own ideas

<sup>1</sup> There are, of course, many other professions and localities represented in the hop-garden (notably St. Giles, Commercial Road, Notting Hill, Paddington, Soho, Marylebone, Islington, Kentish Town, Finsbury, and Westminster). In my register there is a large proportion of dealers, probably because being always on the move, they miss the benefit of pastoral supervision, and their children grow up unbaptized and untaught. This class and gipsies take the hop-picking on their annual circuits, and combine their usual avocations with hop-picking. During the day they are the most expert and successful pickers. In the evening they sell among the other immigrants.

and resources, to meet the desperate need. My revered father was one of the very first clergy to employ a Scripture Reader from London among the immigrants in his parish. He used to have a time of it! The Whitechapel gentry would pick his pocket, albeit they would allow him to find his handkerchief afterwards fluttering in the breeze at the top of a hop-pole. The Vicar of Wateringbury followed suit. I speak of thirty or more years ago. His Missionary went into the hop-garden. "Who are you?" roared out at him a bailiff. "A Missionary from the Vicar, indeed!" he added, with awful cursing. "Here, catch hold of this fellow! I'll be bound his pockets are full of our nuts and apples!" The insulted and discomfited Missionary appealed to the farmer. "Oh!" said he; "yes, he does swear badly, but it's no use; I can't stop him. He swears as bad at me."

Things have improved since then. A brother clergyman helped me this year in going to converse with the people at their work. He found sympathy in one man's heart because the picker had been in gaol as a convict and the parson as a chaplain. "Look, sir," said the picker, pointing up and down the row of bins; "these are all my family. I and they are all of them teetotalers except that young man who married my daughter. Now, if you'll convert him to join us all, I'll give you a new hat!" A very kindly and energetic clerical neighbour goes out all through the scattered habitations of the pickers in his parish on Sundays, and holds short services with them *al fresco* in the intervals of his engagements at church. Sometimes he comes upon them at meal-time, and courteously apologizes. "Oh, never mind, your reverence; we shall have done directly. Here! won't you sit down, sir, and have a hot potato?" The same brother gave a magic-lantern exhibition to a very crowded audience in the schoolroom. He laid his watch by the lantern that he might keep his time. When he had done, his watch was gone. But his parishioners very soon presented him with a far better one. The move was headed by a hop-grower who was not a Churchman.

The worst scenes left among us are of the departure of our friends, when too many of them have gone with their hands full of wages into the beerhouses, and have come to the train full of beer. One clergyman constantly attends the departure of "hopper trains" out of stations in his parish, and finds many opportunities of helping, restraining, and counselling them. Once he offered a tract to a stalwart Irish girl, who took it, and said, "Yes, but I must give you something for it," and threw her strong arms round his neck and gave him a smacking kiss! It was too much for the risibilities even of the three policemen on guard at the barricades. They, how-

ever, showed their respect for the zealous clergyman by wheeling to the right-about, so as at least to conceal their faces!

This year a vast number of starving people strayed down from London before the hops were ready, induced by newspaper reports of work begun here and there, and by fine weather; and also driven to go anywhere by hunger. I have a large old rectory garden, and it got wind that I sometimes give people thus circumstanced a job instead of giving them relief out and out. I was soon besieged, and found that the utmost I could do was to give an hour's work apiece at 3d.; and for this I had twenty or more ragged and hungry people at my gate from hour to hour, and generally managed five or six sets of eight or twelve each a day. I did not carefully note all the days, but I did nine days, and found that in them 412 had thus earned a bare loaf of bread. A few of them had been to me more than once. Of course it was impossible to watch them all day, especially as I have many nooks and corners in the garden. From all these 400 poor fellows, who often had to wait, hungry and tired, half a day before I could put them on, I never but once received a rough word. I never missed from the garden a tool, a peach, or a plum—not anything! Nor was my garden ever robbed at night, though perfectly accessible. In four cases I was asked to advance them a trifle, as 3d. would not even give a mouthful to their families as well as themselves. I did not know with any certainty they would get work in this place, and in truth I forgot what I had done till they brought the money back to me, as soon as they had earned anything, with many words of gratitude for the loan. These men do not fit the old definition of a "hopper, half-monkey, half-tiger."

I trust that my readers will bear with me in speaking chiefly of efforts in this parish, as being best known to me, and will not for a moment conclude that there are not other parishes in which more is done, and done better. In the hop-picking season I have generally had staying with me a brother clergyman to help me—sometimes from the Church Parochial Mission Society. I have also had the assistance for the whole or part of the time of two Missionaries, partly supported by one or other of the Societies for Missions to Hop-pickers. This year one was entirely supported by the hop-growers themselves. In every way these latter assist me, and so does their agent. I have also a man to work the coffee-barrow. At ten every morning I meet my staff for prayer, conference, and arrangements for the day. We disperse to different hop-gardens, where our day's work is to converse with the people at their tasks, leaving tracts where desirable. And when about noon they are "called off" for the dinner hour, two or

three of us together sing a hymn and give a brief address, repeating the little service once or twice to different groups of diners. This branch of the work is as important as any. My brother in a neighbouring parish has for years given himself to it all the hours of every day of the "hopping." We thus become acquainted with the lives and thoughts of our visitors, and try to turn our knowledge to the best account. We meet with plenty of good-humoured chaff, and sometimes make friends of fools by "answering a fool" according to his folly. Cavils which do not reach us in the study or pulpit are here freely urged, and discussed if we find those who urge them candid. It was interesting to me to be told by a *hop-picker* that "there is a stratum of society which the Church has never reached." For his own part, he preferred the Methodists, "because they made you at home, found you a seat, offered you a hymn-book, and last, not least, preached good *long* sermons." I told him that I hoped he would find kindly attentions in many a church also; and as for the long sermons, I only regretted that he was an exception to the rule in preferring them.

In all this we meet with no interruption. Tracts are sometimes eagerly sought for, but especially the small portions of the Bible. Following lady tract-distributors, I have come upon people reading the tracts. Our Missionaries have found them in the "town-houses" of our visitors when returned—sometimes sewn up together into a little book.

I do not affirm that every tract of the thousands we give hits the mark. A wealthy gentleman, spending his summer in our pretty village, was very kind to the poor hoppers. There was a dealer whose wife was ill, and this gentleman went and ministered to her personally. A few evenings after he was called out from his dinner because a hopper wished to speak to him. It was the dealer, who had brought him a haddock in gratitude for his kindness to his wife. The haddock was *wrapped up in a tract!* Perhaps the dealer had read it. Perhaps he hadn't. Perhaps he had no other paper in which to present his offering with due propriety. Anyhow, the haddock was very good for breakfast, and it won't stop us from distributing tracts.

We sometimes have William Grove for a few days, a well-known evangelist at Mile End. He is a Boanerges, and when he mounts the waggon on our village green my next clerical neighbour over the river can hear his very sentences half a mile away. The sound of his voice travels a mile. He has only to speak a few words at the dinner-hour, and you see the people coming up from every corner of the garden, looking and listening through the vistas of hop-poles. He has only to open his mouth and sing (as he does with his

whole frame), and he gets a sympathizing circle around him, whom he will not let go till they every one sing with him, and go away pretty well knowing the hymn. He knows the people; he was brought up among them; he speaks their vernacular, and talks in illustrations borrowed from their life. Many a one of them talks afterwards about what "that big black feller said." Some of us may have finer harrows and more elegant water-pots than William Grove, but none of us can carry heavier seed-bags or fling the seed so widely.

Do my readers at all understand our surroundings in these efforts? The plantations of hops we call in Kent "hop-gardens;" they are from five to twenty, or even forty acres in extent. Seen from a distance, they look like beautifully-kept woods of thick foliage—solid masses of green. Coming nearer, you find rows upon rows of hop-poles set up vertically, reaching from end to end of the garden, each row six or eight feet from the next; and now covered from the foot to the top (about seven to ten feet high) with the hop-vines (or "bines"), which are sometimes also trained along diagonal strings from pole to pole, or strings horizontal from top to top. At the summit of the poles the leafy bines swell out into an emerald crown, and fling over a cascade of flowing tendrils far and wide, forming exquisite vistas hung with festoons and pendants—crowns and tendrils and festoons and pendants, all studded with bright bunches of hops—bunches in varying size and shape, surpassing those of Italian grapes; in colour, of a light and vivid green, shining out in charming contrast from the dark foliage. And now the hops are all "coming down;" scores of "bins" have been carried in by the pickers and set in lines between the rows of plants. Each bin is surrounded by a group of men, women, and children. The bits of scarlet, white, or blue of the dresses enliven the mass of green; all are busy stripping the hops off the bines into their bins—all, even the children down to six years old. Indeed, the infants pretend to pick, or else mind the baby in the perambulator, or play with the puppy or kitten, which could not be left behind. The women pick the best, and with supple fingers strip off the hops fastest. The adults can earn from 2s. to 3s. a day on an average, and *young* children can make 6d. Some of the men are employed pulling up the poles, some for measuring the hops picked, some for booking the accounts, some for loading up the sacks (*vulgo*, "pokes") of green hops on to the waggons to take them to the "oast-house," to be dried and packed, and some at the oast-house to dry and pack them into "pockets."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Bins" are the receptacles into which the hops are picked. They are somewhat in appearance like a bier—an oblong framework of long

Think over this scene in the hop-garden—think of what has been simply a mass of vegetable life (unless, unfortunately for the hop-grower, entomological life has also entered there with its silent ravages); *now* it is full of human life and the bustle of work, and the hum and shout of multitudes of voices. There is the old man who has crawled down for the last time into the country; there is the baby at its mother's breast, as she sits down on a heap of dismantled poles to satisfy its needs; there are merry children, and there the hardly-pinched and struggling middle-aged. Some people have no shoes and stockings; some on one foot, but not the other; the majority have old clouted boots, for which they certainly were never measured. The young ladies who make slop-shirts in Spitalfields are there—very dowdy now, but they will be in bright blues and reds on Sunday; women, mostly with ragged gowns over sombre petticoats; men, either of the costermonger and lighterman type, in blue shirts; or general loafers in seedy and tattered black suits. Decency forbids that they should take off their coats; their necks look as innocent of collars as of soap. If anyone sports a collar he will be the G.O.M. of Whitechapel. Such are the people at work; such the poor things who are sending up their halfpennies to our barrow for a cup of coffee or tea, or a bun; such the multitude to whom it is our duty to tell of Him Who is the Bread from Heaven, and Who will

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horizontal poles on four short legs. A large bag of canvas hangs down inside the framework with its open mouth fastened all round to its edge. Three or four adults, besides children, generally pick into each bin, and five bins go to a "bin's company," which is under a responsible ganger called a "bins-man," who often collects his "company" in town and brings them down with him. Usually twice a day the hops are "measured," being taken out of the bin by bushels, and poured from the bushel-baskets into the "pokes." The payment is made at so much a bushel, or rather, with us, at so many bushels to a shilling. This will vary from two to eight, according as the hops are bad, or large and plentiful. In other words, 6d. is about the highest ever got for picking a bushel, and 1½d. the least. The rate of bushels to the shilling is called the "tally," and is the matter over which pickers and growers chiefly fall out. The "pokes," or sacks of green hops, are taken to the oast-house, or building for drying them. I fancy the affix *oast* must be derived from "ustus," burned. The buildings are a feature of Kent—red-brick squares, or cylinders, tapering off, as the walls rise, into several conical roofs called "kilns," and each kiln surmounted by a white "cowl." You may count fifty of them from a neighbouring hill. The drying is one of the many, and the last, of the critical processes through which the hops pass. They must be thoroughly dried, but not burned or scorched, and a good colour is all-important for sale. Our ablest agricultural labourers are employed to do the drying, and earn from 30s. to 40s. a week for the work.

give them living water, springing up in their hearts unto everlasting life.

Every here and there we come upon the smiling welcome of our own dear villagers, who, although they put by their worst bonnets and aprons for the "hopping," nevertheless are a vast contrast to the "foreigners," both in respectability of appearance and gentleness of manners. They prefer to keep all together as much as they can, and to "keep themselves to themselves."

If our immigrants have three or four fine weeks this is very nice and healthful.<sup>1</sup> If rain comes, the picture is reversed. They will pick under umbrellas (if they have them) for a time, but if it continues it is melancholy to see bare feet and sodden boots wading through the sticky mud, and wet, bedraggled garments, which perhaps will only be dried on the persons of the wearers, and at the expense of sowing the seeds of fever.

About 5.30 to 6.30 our friends are "called off" for the day, and we prepare for our evening work. Our own plan this year was to have a prayer-meeting at the Rectory every evening at seven for our workers and any neighbours who could join us. Sometimes Missionaries from neighbouring villages would drop in, and we would compare notes about our work. Last year and this every such statement was encouraging. Less opposition, less drunkenness, less bad language, greater numbers, and more attention at the services. We could not all be at the prayer-meeting. One of us must be at the church-tent getting it and the lights ready, and one or two at our *al fresco* soup-kitchen, where we sold excellent soup at a penny a quart. And this *must* be done at that hour, for it was their time for tea or supper.

At eight o'clock we went out in one, two, or three parties, according to our strength—some to the tent (procured for us and partly paid for by the Church Society for Missions to Hop-pickers), and some to more distant encampments, where they held open-air services of the usual type—singing, addresses, and short prayers. In the tent we do much the same. It will hold about 150. We often had it full, and many round the entrance. But sometimes we have to get the people in. Sometimes we go round with a house-bell to their tents and the picturesque groups round their camp-fires. Sometimes the response is, "Muffins and crumpets!" "Muffins and crumpets!" Sometimes, "All right, governor; we'll come

<sup>1</sup> I have seen the very donkeys of the costermongers down in our meadows rolling over and over, jumping, kicking, braying, and displaying every symptom of asinine delight at the change from the New Cut to the valley of the Medway.

along just now when we've had some tea, and when we've dried ourselves." Sometimes we try by a singing procession to sing them in. Sometimes we sing through several of Sankey's hymns, in the tent, before the adults come in. Members of our choir help us, and we have the school harmonium.<sup>1</sup>

I must say a few words about Sunday. We freely invite our temporary *neighbours* to come to church. Some of the children are very proud to "get theirselves washed and to come to church." A few adults drop in. I have had two or three members of the Salvation Army present themselves at the Lord's Table. After divine service ladies and the Missionaries go round with tracts. These are often eagerly sought for, especially when they have pictures.<sup>2</sup> Sometimes thirty or forty "hoppers" come into church in the evening. It is well to have vacant seats near the open doors, and to have friends looking out to invite them in. When we have a funeral from among them or a baptismal service for them we get our church full, and it is a great opportunity of addressing them on the primary Gospel truths, and telling them how welcome they will be to churches in their own neighbourhood when they go back. The last two years I had them to a baptismal service on the last night after their work was done. A great many came, and I thought it my duty to give them two or three short addresses explaining the service, and insisting on the necessity of the new birth, cleansing by the blood of Christ, a new and holy life, etc. I had a very attentive audience, though the gipsies walked out before it was over because their hour for bed had come. Before they went away the parents received a New Testament with the name of each child baptized inscribed, and the date and place of baptism. I have heard of these Testaments in succeeding years. And

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<sup>1</sup> Our audiences are not *always* attentive. A hobbledehoy will be rude and making a laugh, and we have to desire him to leave. He "cuts up rough," and goes round the outside of the tent in the dark whistling to his mates within, and throwing lumps of dirt on our canvas roofs. We must bear it, but the farm-agent does all he can for us, and that is much. A few years ago my brother had meetings of this kind in his schoolroom. Wild Irish girls used to come in "for a lark," and were a sore hindrance. One evening they all sat on one bench, and rocked it to and fro till it went over, and they all sprawled on the ground, and the whole assembly roared in boisterous laughter. Another year he had a tent. The mischiefs got into it at night, filled his harmonium with sand, and turned it upside down. If you have a tent it must be open to observation; or, still better, you must have a care-taker. Our most noisy nights have been when the pickers have fallen out about the "tally," and are on strike.

<sup>2</sup> In the afternoon we have a children's service in the tent, well attended by an impulsive audience of little ones.

I hear in the hop-garden: "See, Mr. Cobb; this is the child you baptized at such and such a time"—signs that good influences have been sustained. We try to sustain them by posting a copy of our Parish Magazine to the parent of each child baptized, with the record of the baptism, and by mentioning the cases and addresses to the clergy of their parishes.

There is more to say about open-air preaching on Sundays; more about social and sanitary difficulties surrounding these poor people, and efforts to overcome them. But I have exhausted my space, and, I fear, the patience of my readers. Perhaps they may bear with me in a future CHURCHMAN.

CLEMENT FRANCIS COBB.

TESTON RECTORY, Oct. 1.

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## Reviews.

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*Life of Joseph Hall, D.D., Bishop of Exeter and Norwich.* By the Rev. G. LEWIS, B.A., Balliol College, Oxford, pp. 440. Hodder and Stoughton. 1886.

WE divide history into reigns and periods, and for the purposes of memory the division is convenient enough. But we are apt to forget how misleading these divisions may be; that all the subjects of a king or queen do not die with their sovereign, nor even at the end of one of those periods into which it pleases our more modern historians to carve out English history. One great use of a biography is that it reminds us of the artificial character of these divisions. We are introduced, for instance, by this life of Bishop Hall to a section of history which begins shortly before the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, and ends some years after the execution of Charles I. Joseph Hall was thirteen years old when Mary was put to death, and seventy-four years old when her grandson perished on the scaffold. With every turn of the fierce controversies which filled the interval between these dates he was conversant. Again and again he was called upon to make his choice, little dreaming how far the two paths which lay before him were to diverge ere his life closed.

The war between Romanism and Protestantism absorbed Europe at the time of Hall's birth. The massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the fierce strife of the Netherlands for freedom from the Spanish yoke, were household topics in his boyish days. But side by side with this greater controversy was growing up another strife not less important, and in many respects far more perplexing. England as a nation was resolved not to submit to Roman tyranny, but it was not yet clear whether any human power was to step into the place once occupied by the Pope. Nor did the question at first present itself in this plain shape. The form which it assumed was often very complicated. Is the Bible an authority upon rites and ceremonies? Are its civil precepts binding? What does it teach us about free-will and necessity? Under these and many similar guises the real question was concealed and confused, as it so often is, in the transitory phases of daily life. But now, when we look back, we see that as the execution of Mary finally decided the freedom of England