

is generally supposed from the noise there has been about them, and exceptions, also, that tend ever to become more rare. Moreover, there has been in every quarter an anxious disclaimer amongst reformers of any wish to do away with private patronage in the Church of England. Nothing could be more emphatic in its way than the testimonies in this direction delivered at Wakefield by the Archbishop of York in his admirable inaugural sermon, and by speakers on the subject subsequently. But if this be so, is not the natural and the politic course one that would remove the scandals and abuses whilst not tending to transfer private patronage from individuals to Diocesan Boards? There are many, we think, who would be very glad to see the "Council of Presentations" disappear from the Archbishop's Bill; or, if that may not be, that the functions of the Council should be limited to advising the Bishop in cases which he may see fit to refer to it. And, perhaps, a shorter and simpler Bill, which should contain only those provisions which strike directly at corruptions and abuses, might be easier to pass. No one now ventures to defend these scandals in either House of Parliament, and if they were taken away we should probably have on the whole as good a system of patronage as we can expect in a world where everything is imperfect.

T. E. ESPIN.



ART. IV.—FRANCIS MORSE.

IN MEMORIAM.

IN one of the most delightful and characteristic papers by Dean Stanley, the sketch of Archdeacon Hare, there is a remarkable passage. The Dean observes, if a foreigner who landed in England in 1853 wished to find the man best acquainted with the philosophical and theological thought of the Continent, he would have found him, "not in Oxford, not in Cambridge, not in London. He must have turned far away from academic towns or public libraries to a secluded parish in Sussex, and in the minister of that parish, in an Archdeacon of one of the least important of English dioceses, he would have found what he sought." Ten years after this, if the same foreigner had asked, "Can I find among the working ministry of the Church of England a man who combines real learning with intense faith, and who gives himself absolutely and entirely to the duties of his office?" many who were well acquainted with the hard-working clergy of populous Birmingham would have directed his steps to the church, the school,

or the study, where for many years, in season and out of season, early and late, bright, hopeful, faithful, and enduring, the constant friend of rich and poor, such a pastor might have been found in the person of Francis Morse.

He was born in the year 1818, and was educated at the great Shrewsbury Grammar School, under Dr. Butler and Dr. Kennedy. Dr. Kennedy many years afterwards described "the boy as the father of the man." From Shrewsbury he went to Cambridge, and in 1842 appeared as a Senior Optime in Mathematics and a First Classman in the Classical Tripos. Those who knew him well in his Cambridge days speak most warmly of the great interest he constantly showed in all branches of study. His circle of friends was wide and well chosen, and his character, according to one of them, was marked by the purity of thought and feeling, the candour, modesty, and true moderation, distinctive of his whole life and career. He often dwelt in later years upon the pleasant aspects of Cambridge life, and delighted in every attempt to raise the standard of religious life in the University. For some time he was curate of North Cave, Suffolk, and of Tamworth. His sermons at Cambridge as Select Preacher were greatly prized.

The mark made by University sermons, even of the highest character, is often soon effaced. Cambridge has rejoiced, however, in the possession of preachers who had the real secret of moving souls. Julius Hare by his "Victory of Faith"—the stirring series of sermons still read with interest—made a revolution in Cambridge preaching. To the powerful strains of Henry Melvill another generation listened with eager enthusiasm. Morse had no pretension to be reckoned amongst great orators, but those who heard his sermons were attracted by the pithy language and sweet persuasion of a preacher who seemed to feel an affectionate interest for his younger brethren. Reality and vigour are the characteristics of the volume dearly prized by many, who owe to the preacher lessons never to be forgotten. Much may be expected from a volume which, it is said, he left nearly ready for the press, dealing with the Service for the Visitation of the Sick, and the purifying influences of suffering.

The great work of Morse's life began when he was appointed perpetual curate of St. John's, Ladywood, Birmingham, where he remained from 1854 to 1864.

The work which he had undertaken was one of great difficulty. There was a large and increasing district of poor; but in order to establish firmly the various institutions of the parish, it was necessary to enlist the sympathy and energies of richer neighbours, many of whom attended the church, but

who were sometimes hardly alive to the responsibilities of their position. Morse, like Chalmers many years before in Glasgow, saw what had to be done, and determined how it was to be done. He had a real deep vein of the enthusiasm of humanity within him. He had also what few had, the power of creating a similar feeling in others. In a very short time St. John's, Ladywood, became a model parish. Incumbent, curates, schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, teachers and visitors, worked together with a heartiness and energy that made some think of Rugby under Arnold, and others of the early days of Hook in Leeds, or Slade in Bolton. The teaching from the pulpit of St. John's was admirable and telling. "It is not eloquence," said a Birmingham man of great ability, "it is something far better than eloquence." The plain, direct appeal to the highest instincts of loyal faith was not in vain. The church became the refuge and the home of many cultivated and thoughtful people who had hitherto failed to find real support and nurture for spiritual life. Morse was a really helpful preacher. He showed the truest sympathy with real, earnest doubters. But the intensity of his own personal feeling for the Person and work of the Redeemer pervaded every utterance, and gave life and spirit to every address. To dwell on those days when, to the astonishment of all who knew him, at clerical meetings or at occasional gatherings, he seemed to be able to find time for theological study and acquaintance with great subjects, must always be delightful. He touched every subject in which he was interested with light and distinction, and many will remember how in a circle of friends, somewhat narrow perhaps in their sympathies, he would quietly and steadily show how some great divine, not altogether in favour in Birmingham circles, had illustrated some particular point, or cleared up some acknowledged difficulty. With brethren who found themselves in difficulties as to their work he always had the fullest sympathy, and he never wearied in his efforts to raise the standard of life and study amongst his own curates and other younger men with whom he came in contact. Like other parishes, St. John's had its own difficulties. There were strong spirits sometimes requiring gentle repression, and others who needed the stimulus of pastoral exhortation. But after a few years, one who was as indefatigable in his ministry as Morse had the satisfaction of knowing that there were some at least who had been gradually won to hearty co-operation in his many schemes, and who had at one time looked with disfavour on much that he was attempting to do.

It was his custom at this period of his life occasionally to escape from the unceasing routine of parochial work to the

kindly home of a friend in the country, where he was at all times a welcome guest. But while absent from his people, he was often in thought and in word apt to recall some experience gained from a sick-bed, or some striking thought suggested by one of his artisan parishioners. He became to many the ideal vicar of a town parish, and when the time came when he was summoned to a larger and more important sphere at Nottingham, it was felt by those who knew Birmingham best that one had departed, who had left an enduring mark upon the practical religion and higher culture of that great community. Mr. Shorthouse, in the too brief notice contributed by him to the *Guardian*, has said: "It seems to me, as I look back upon those days, that the life of every one of us is changed and exalted by our acquaintance with him. To know him was an inspiration." This is indeed high praise, but to those who knew and valued the man and his work it does not seem exaggerated. Nothing could be simpler or more natural than the way in which Morse accepted his call to work in Nottingham. He was personally a stranger to the patron of the living, Earl Manvers, who, at the suggestion of Bishop Jackson, offered him the Vicarage of St. Mary's.

In the year 1864 a new and most important stage of his ministry was commenced. He at once took his place as the principal representative of the Church in Nottingham. The sphere was changed, but the activity and energy were the same. "The Need of Christianity to Great Cities"—the title of a sermon by a sometime celebrated London preacher—he once said to an old friend who visited him at Nottingham, "is often in my heart as I pace these streets." It may be said of Morse with truth that he yearned and longed to bring working-men to God. "What more beautiful words are there in the whole Bible," he said once at the commencement of a telling and touching sermon, "than these, 'He brought him to Jesus'?" It was the motive of his life. It was impossible to be with him without feeling that the aim and object of Francis Morse was to induce all whom he had any influence over whatever to take the same interest as he did in spiritual life. He was most anxious to promote every well-meant effort to advance education and culture. He longed for a day of greater unity and fuller life; but the intense desire of his heart was to deepen in himself and others the channels of spiritual life, and he hailed with earnest enthusiasm the efforts of men who were working with the same object, although often differing from them widely in opinion. His relations with Bishops Jackson and Wordsworth, and with Bishop Ridding, the first Bishop of Southwell, were of the most kindly and affectionate nature. When he first made acquaintance with the late Bishop

of Lincoln, Morse was inclined to think that the Bishop was somewhat rigid and exacting in parochial requirements; but as he knew him more, he admired and loved him more, and those who were present at the funeral of that remarkable prelate carried away with them a touching recollection of the deep feeling manifested by Morse on that occasion. Many now regret that the office of a canonry at Lincoln most kindly pressed by Bishop Wordsworth on Morse was not accepted; but at the time when the Bishop wished him to leave his work at Nottingham he still hoped for some years of hard work. Very shortly afterwards, however, he was overtaken by a serious illness, and for more than a year disabled from active duty. It was observed by those who knew him best, when he returned to his place at Nottingham, that intensity of spiritual experience, the experience gathered in times of quiet, had imparted to his utterances a peculiar and remarkable charm. He worked as those work who feel that the days of their pilgrimage are drawing to an end; and although his increasing deafness gave a certain sadness to his expression, he seemed at times to be almost carried away by his absorbing and consuming energy. From first to last during his life in Nottingham, without any compromise of his own distinctive position, he had desired to promote unity of feeling between Churchmen and those who are separated from the communion of the National Church. When the Wesleyan Conference met in 1886 at Nottingham, Morse invited them to unite in worship at the old parish church, "where our forefathers once worshipped, and now sleep, together in Christ our Lord." The invitation was cordially accepted, and the sermon preached by the vicar on the occasion is in such perfect harmony with the whole of the teaching of the preacher's ministry, that an extract from it may well be given in this place:

We must bear with surfaces—aye, and with what is some way below the surface—different to our own. We must have patience with other views, and charity with other systems; and looking for the best, not the worst, in them, search to see if their foundation be not our foundation, our Christ their Christ, and ourselves therefore truly one in heart with them. I do not know why we do not do this more. Perhaps it is pride; perhaps it is shyness, or some of both, such as leads an Englishman so often to get into a railway carriage alone rather than with strangers. But the circumstances of the Church of Christ in the world, the cold wintry apathy of agnosticism and unbelief, which is the atmosphere round us now, should, I think, lead us who rest on the one foundation into closer communion with one another, by sending us nearer to Christ our Lord. We are travelling together as on a wintry day, and now and then, as at this your Conference, we are thrown together in a common waiting-room. Englishman-like, we are apt still to stand aloof from one another, and keep our deepest selves still to ourselves; but as we draw nearer to the fire in the circle round it, we draw nearer, whether we wish it or not, to one another. It is a true parable. The world around us is cold

and dreary in matters of deepest interest to all Christian people, and in its chilly atmosphere we travel in various ways to seek the warmth of the love of God. We know little of our fellow-travellers. We are shy and stand aloof from them, and look askance at them. But as surely as we draw nearer to the Saviour, so certainly do we draw nearer to one another. The more truly we love with the love of Christ, the more really shall we, and the more truly, love one another. And therefore, my brethren, longing as I do, and as I think you must also, for the Christian union of all Christian people that our Saviour prayed for, which will come—certainly hereafter, possibly here—I am led by such thoughts to believe that the surest way to promote it is to live as near to Christ ourselves as we can, and to manifest to others as much as we can of that humility and love and holiness which dwelt so fully in Him. And if we all do so we cannot be very far off from one another, for we shall be very close to Him. Let me endeavour to put it under another image, which just now is immediately before our eyes. The organ, which has, I trust, just been giving pleasure to us all, is composed of several instruments—the choir, the swell, the pedal, the great; and many stops, the diapason, the flute, the trumpet, the clarion—and yet is one. And the Church of Christ is one—one body. There have been, that is, and there are, scattered throughout the world, of every people, and nation, and kindred, and tongue, a people whose God is the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, whose citizenship is in heaven, whose religion “is the faith of Christ”—who, with every variety of national and individual character, and with great variety of external organization, as of private opinion, have *this* as their most distinctive feature—*this* at the bottom and foundation—“Christ in them;” and in this they are *one—one* body. We do not indeed at present *see* them all collected into *one* body. The Church is being builded, not built yet. Just as in the case of an organ, this part is being wrought out by one, and that by another, process, but every pipe has its chief characteristic in common; it is a musical instrument, and each is planned and completed, not only with reference to some others, but to the whole, which is eventually—the Builder only knows how soon—to become *one organ*.

The gradual failure of health and inability to perform the duties required of the Vicar of St. Mary's determined Morse to resign his living. The resignation had not been completed, and in September, at the residence of a friend, the end came suddenly. Failure of the action of the heart was the immediate cause of death. He was in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and had been for twenty-two years Vicar of St. Mary's. Enough has perhaps been said of the special qualities which won for him the admiration of all who knew him intimately. But there was one feature of his character so remarkable and memorable that it seems to call for special notice. He looked always at the bright side of human character, theological disputes, and political troubles. When he could say nothing very good of some particular person, or event, he preserved an effective reticence, though at times he would flash out in generous indignation at the betrayal of some great cause, or the open neglect of duty. “What a true man that is!” said Dean Stanley, when he met him on an occasion which called forth the sympathies of both men, the unveiling of a statue of

Richard Baxter, in the town where he laboured so faithfully. From the noble Church where he delivered his message so fearlessly, Morse will long be missed. It is impossible to speak of what he was to his family and friends. The English Church has had many faithful sons, many who ought to have occupied high positions, and who have adorned their humble spheres in contented resignation. But there have been few more loyal, more intense in devoted service to a Master who had all their heart and all their love, than Francis Morse.

G. D. BOYLE.



ART. V.—HAVE THE TEN TRIBES BEEN LOST?

THE ten tribes of Israel—have they been lost? To most persons the question would seem to admit of but one answer: Certainly they are lost; do we not always speak of them as the “lost tribes”? After the fall of the northern kingdom they were not only carried into captivity, as at a later period were their brethren of Judah, but, unlike them, they in course of time disappeared or in some way ceased to be recognisable as Israelites in the land of their exile. Yet Jew and Christian believe that in the more or less remote future they will equally with their brethren be restored, if not to the Holy Land, at any rate to a national existence and the Divine favour.

Now if we consider the different ways in which a people may be lost, we shall see that to reconcile these beliefs but two alternatives are possible. For if a people disappear owing to their abandonment of their own language and religion, and the adoption of those of the peoples by whom they are surrounded, their racial identity is inevitably destroyed. The preservation of the Jewish race in our midst is entirely due to their obstinate adhesion to a faith which precludes intermarriage with Gentiles, for so many as form such alliances are speedily merged in the general population, and it is in consequence of this physical impossibility of further distinguishing such mixed families that the number of Jews recognisable as such does not increase perceptibly, notwithstanding the proverbial fertility of the race. In like manner the existence of the factors of different creeds and languages preserves the identity, even in the same villages, of the numerous petty nationalities of the Ottoman empire, and it is their absence that gives a seeming homogeneity to the nations of Europe, though originally composed of no less heterogeneous elements. In Hungary alone, where on the side of the Magyars pride