

ART. III.—CHURCH ART IN RELATION TO TRUTH.¹

MR. HOLMAN HUNT, in a very suggestive paper read at the Church Congress of 1896, and published afterwards in the *Contemporary Review*, dwelt on the necessity of a readjustment of the relations of religion and the rules of sacred art. To many who are conscious of the conflict between the present vogue of religious æstheticism and advancing knowledge of Holy Scripture, it was refreshing to learn the identity of all genuine sacred art with men's realization of historical *truth*. Mr. Hunt exposed from the point of view of a true artist the degradation of his craft by some of our modern Church restorers. At the forefront of his gravamen there lay the charges of unreality and servile mimicry. Because, says Mr. Hunt, our Victorian era "has absolutely no ideas of its own," it slavishly reproduces the false ideas of five hundred years' earlier date. It delights in "quaint antiquated patterns that have no relation to the living minds of men." Its insincerity is "degrading," not only to the servile designers and craftsmen, but "to the Church-goers themselves," in whose minds, says Mr. Hunt, "the galvanized puppets portrayed are calculated to originate the idea that the *story on which their religion is founded is a mere myth*."

Grateful to many thinking men must have been this protest from such a quarter. The true archæologist has long protested against the destructive tendency of the Wardour Street régime; its reckless obliteration of countless suggestive links with the Caroline and Jacobean age; the vandalisms it has perpetrated in pursuit of its narrow mimics. The Christian teacher, with more solemn responsibilities, has resented the restoring fraternity's rehabilitation of ideals which (however significant in an age when the Hebrew Bible and the Greek Testament were inaccessible to the monastic artist) must be for more enlightened times either lifeless or mischievously false. The scholar, the historian, the preacher, for whom the sacred page breathes reality, and not romance, will surely unite in welcoming this new artistic canon—new, I mean, of course, to *our* generation of sacred artists—"that the Church was founded with the obligation to teach the full truth."

In the present paper I shall attempt to enlarge on this text from the theological standpoint. To save time, I demur

¹ This paper was originally written for oral delivery before the Woodchester Clerical Society, in the Diocese of Gloucester. This must be my apology for its imperfections of style. I have attached some notes in illustration of its argument.—A. C. J.

at the outset to any gratuitous assumption that I speak any the less as a passionate admirer of ancient art—aye, and of Patristic exegesis, too, in its own province of pietistic excellency. Dear to me as to any of my hearers are the names and works which the restoring brotherhood would fain conjure by. *Per contra*, I would suggest that there is little honour done to the mighty dead by an ignorant adoration which, while failing signally to reproduce their peculiar excellencies, does expose to all educated eyes their historical or exegetical mistakes. We injure their reputation even as we stultify ourselves when in the Pharisaic spirit we dare to call hackneyed error the “wine” and the Scripture but the “water,” and flout true and scientific interpretation with the stereotype of our ecclesiastical traditions.

From the artistic side Mr. Hunt cites but one instance of our falsity, a flagrant one enough—the stereotyped representation of the Last Supper. Because Leonardo da Vinci, painting the end-wall of a monastic refectory, completed the quadrangle of the seated company with the Saviour and Apostles sitting, even as the Milanese monks sat, this arrangement in its absurd erroneousness, and with its modern table appliances, has been perpetuated, it seems, in some five hundred varying types. Now, is the devout imagination really to be debarred for ever by one great picture from realizing this most impressive scene as it actually occurred? Must not every thoughtful teacher endorse Mr. Hunt's demand that the reclining group of that ever memorable meal should be painted truly, if painted at all, and that the circumstances under which St. John naturally “lay,” as our Authorized Version puts it, “in the bosom” of Jesus, should not be obliterated for inquiring minds by an obscurantist tradition of the studios?

Even more peremptory, I contend, is the call for truthful treatment in at least two other familiar scenes in the Saviour's life which the stained glass manufacturers repeatedly distort. There is, first, the central incident of the Epiphany story. Every moderately educated reader of the Bible can form a fairly accurate conception of what St. Matthew intends in his record of the visit of the Magi to our Saviour's cradle. Despite the mystery which enshrouds the intermediate agencies, the actors are distinct enough in their personality. They are Casdim or Magi, and probably, in accordance with the ordinary use of the term, of but moderate social rank. A Divine guidance hallows their study of natural laws, and bids them connect it with that widespread hope of the coming Eastern King which is attested for us by Josephus and Tacitus and Suetonius. They bring the gums and precious

metals which are the proper offering to an Oriental potentate. In their Providential guidance we discern God's blessing on a class of studies of which our own enlightened physical science is the outcome. And our fuller religious knowledge identifies the royalty thus adored at Bethlehem as indeed one with the Divine Power that rules the starry spheres.

Here, then, is the story and its teaching. But is it recognisable in that conglomeration of myths wherewith a bad exegesis has environed it, and which, because making a more effective picture, has long been Art's substitute for the narrative given us by Matthew, and attested (I think from other sources) by Justin Martyr¹ Because Hebrew prophecy, predicting the subordination of the world-powers to Messiah, represents kings as offering similar tokens of homage, that story was in an uncritical age torn from its true setting, and made to lend lustre to the paste of ecclesiastical myth. The Casdim transmute themselves into royalties; for do not Isaiah and the Psalmist speak of "kings" honouring Christ with gold and incense? They are three in number, and no more, and of different complexion; for is it not well to indicate the several lines of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, despite the fact that St. Matthew's Magi are obviously compatriots? Perhaps in our restorer's window they are of three different periods of manhood, too. Bede, in the eighth century, can supply the inquirer with their very names—viz., Gaspar, Melchior, Balthasar. And then we tack on to all this the Haggadah of Irenæus and of Origen (whom we do *not* follow in his really scientific exegesis), and the reasonable worshipper is bewildered as the choir of his church endorses their interpretation of the "sacred gifts of mystic meaning."²

In our heart of hearts we know these things to be untrue—as untrue as the skulls of the *drei könige*, which you may see

¹ It is noticeable that Justin uses the more precise expression, *μάγοι ἀπὸ Ἀραβίας*, no less than nine times. Here and elsewhere he probably had some authority outside the Synoptic record. But it has been shown that the phrase *ἀνατολαί* was used with such latitude that so far there is no conflict with St. Matthew. We may conceive, however, that it was just this introduction of "Arabia" that led up to the subsequent conception of the Magi being kings, the incident being, in fact, reshaped to suit the wording of Ps. lxxix. 10, which is to this day the Roman antiphon for Epiphany. I notice here that Tertullian's "reguli" (Adv. Jud. 9; Adv. Marc. 5) is the earliest surviving expression of this conception. The Western idea of the Magi being "three" is, I think, not attested till the latter end of the fourth century. The Eastern ecclesiastical tradition, on the other hand, makes the number twelve at least. Bar Bahlul is cited as giving the names of thirteen, and Bede's familiar names do not appear in this catalogue at all.

² "Hymns Ancient and Modern," No. 76.

any day for a small gratuity in the treasury of Cologne Cathedral. But, I ask, how many clergymen comprehend that the departure from realism has probably done more to impugn the historicity of St. Matthew's story than all the assaults of the modern rationalists? Practically we have degraded the Evangelist's authority to the level of the ecclesiastical gloss. Yes. "*Hoc Ithacus velit et magno mercetur Atridæ.*" Even so would the disciples of Strauss and of Renan have it.

My second case is the traditional portraiture of the boy Jesus among the Rabbis in the Temple precincts. For the scholarly commentators and their readers, St. Luke is here (chap. ii. 41-52) presenting a sublime and affecting phase of the mystery of the Kenosis. It is plain that the Evangelist depicts the Divine Jesus as seeking the Temple at this time not to display miraculous knowledge or anticipate the ministry of teaching, but to inquire and to learn. I need not add that by His quest, and His use of the authorized facilities for instruction, He has set an example to the young of all future time. But many of the Patristic writers, as you know, missed that sublime truth. And for Wardour Street, of course, it remains to this day a hard saying. "The Apollinarian fictions," as Dean Farrar very properly calls them, "of those who prefer their own pseudo-reverential fancies to the simple candour of the Evangelist," are made to override that mysterious teaching of our Lord's conformity to the ordinary laws of human intellectual development. Jesus teaching, consequently, is always the subject which our stained-glass designer strains at producing—the boy Jesus on a throne perhaps, with Hillel and Shammai and their company in rapt amazement at His feet. Here, again, I say we are in line with the worst type of rationalistic German exegesis. The historical, the salutary, may I not say the Divinely guided, record of the Evangelist is made of none effect by our tradition. We have really done as our opponents wish, and degraded the sober narrative of St. Luke to the level of the "Gospel of the Infancy."

From these two instances I pass to the larger subject of realism in the details of sacred art. It is notoriously thorny ground, and I approach it with trembling. Dare I press even the broad principle, that sacred scenes should be represented with some regard to the congruities of time and place? Those eminent church decorators, Messrs. Hildebrand and Shum, will answer me that Raphael has introduced a page in trunk-hose and other mediæval apparel at the espousals of the Virgin. Dare one even demand correct delineation? Think of the disproportion of the boats in Raphael's portraiture of the

miraculous draught of fishes. Our firm is quite competent to reproduce it, and is it not well to err with Plato? High authority, too, may be quoted, doubtless, for arming every Scripture warrior, from Joshua to St. Michael, with the accoutrements of mediæval knights. So, too, for torturing the Jewish altar of sacrifice (which lay *outside* the sanctuary)¹ into the semblance of the Christian holy table, which is quite differently located. So, too, for introducing the eleventh-century Western mitre and other late Christian habiliments, and converting the Jewish *côhén* into a curiously-apparelled pre-reformation priest.

Wide, indeed, will be the latitude allowed if Messrs. Hildebrand can claim the license we cede to the fathers of sacred art. At Antwerp, you may remember, Rubens introduces a Newfoundland dog in his "Descent from the Cross." A French poodle sometimes appears in the old masters as accompanying Noah out of his ark or Susannah into her bath. In the old Norman glass there is repeatedly seen a background of mediæval spires and châteaux to the representation of the Bible incident. Indeed, Messrs. Hildebrand may undoubtedly claim that Anglo-Chinese apology, "Olo custom," for making every domestic accessory, down to the bread men eat, what mediæval Europe was familiar with, and what the Palestine of our Scripture story certainly knew not. It may even be that our very conception of writing Semitic languages is altogether artistically wrong. I have seen in at least one modern window David represented as penning his Psalms from left to right; yet I am sure the composition was not intended to suggest a Psalmist dement, or diverting himself by writing backwards.

But this matter has its serious side. And apart from questions of realism in minor accessories, too often surely this quest of bygone ideals has taken us very disastrously far from Scripture verities. And for those who are ordained with the Bible in hand, and charged to be faithful dispensers of God's Word, all that tends to misinterpretation of the sacred scenes

¹ It is significant in many ways that the Jewish altar of sacrifice was thus located. But is it only to the anachronisms of sacred art that we should ascribe the prevalent wild confusion of thought in regard to such matters as the temple, the sacrifices, the priesthood, and the passover? An illustration is supplied by the results of a recent Scripture examination paper, wherein the senior candidates for the Cambridge Locals were asked to comment on Matt. xxiii. 35 (the death of "Zachariah son of Barachias" between the *ναός* and the altar). A large majority evidently imagined that the altar of sacrifice stood in the position of our holy table within the sanctuary, and conceived of the *ναός* as something like a nave or antechapel. The Old Testament system bids fair to be as curiously reconstrued in pre-Reformation interests as our Prayer-Book and our Articles.

is somewhat of a reproach. There is certainly nothing of true archæology in this mimicry of great masters' eccentricities; there is as little (I am now pleased to learn from Mr. Holman Hunt) of true art. Still less can religion, which is ever consistent with men's sense of truth, be alleged to justify Messrs. Hildebrand's vagaries. The more sincere our admiration of mediæval art, the more readily shall we admit that the genuine ancient glass or frescoed legend is quite competent to bear its own burden. Frequently it is a specimen of lost art and unapproachable workmanship. Always it is, at least, a link with the religious life of men of old. But Birmingham, surely, may not be suffered to manufacture apocryphal links, even as the College of Heralds supplies Sir Gorgius Midas with an apocryphal ancestry. No. The proverbial license, "pictoribus atque poetis," runs in this case foul of prerogatives of more solemn character. All reverence for the inspirations of ages past, however impugned by our knowledge of Greek or Hebrew, or by our facilities for historical research; but none, surely, we shall say with Mr. Hunt, for the mere parodist; none for the reproducer, who errs in defiance of what he knows to be the truth.

If we decline to sacrifice truth of ideal to the dulness of conventional Victorian art, we shall on like ground demur to mistranslations and misapplications of *Scripture texts*, no matter with what pretence of ancient authority they introduce themselves. A misquotation from Shakespeare, however hackneyed, would be, I suppose, discreditable on the walls or portals of a theatre. Far worse, surely, is a misquoted text from Holy Writ, claiming permanent position and special reverence, within a Christian church. It is, let us recollect, scientific scholarship, and not religious partizanship or traditional prestige that is here the arbiter. There are doubtful passages in our Hebrew and Greek Scriptures. So there are in our Greek and Latin classics. But in both cases these are the exception. Scholars are usually agreed as to the real meaning, and the Revised Version will sufficiently indicate where the Authorised Version fails to present the texts Church art requires in just and intelligible language. I have taken classical works for an analogy. Now, what, I ask, would be thought of the classical scholar who should coolly tell you he disregarded all the wealth of recovered MSS., and all the recognised exegetical positions won by modern acumen and research? What, for instance, would be thought of a Greek editor who should claim sacrosanctity for the scholiast, or the Latin who should try to bind us to the mistakes of the Delphin editions? I instance such bastard antiquarianism in view of the attempts now often made to impose upon us the barbarous

jargon of Jerome's Vulgate, when Scripture is to be inscribed on window, or reredos, or choir-screen, or stall.

Jerome deserves high honour of all scholars. In issuing his great work, he rose against that Chinese practice of honouring ancient mistake, and he incurred obloquy in his day for aiming at a new and more accurate translation. We may recognise in him a scholar who would indeed have gloried in those aids to Biblical exegesis which some of his pretended admirers so disparage. But, after all, our worshippers yearn, not for Jerome, but for the Bible itself. Why, then, are we to acquiesce when Messrs. Hildebrand and Shum impose on us these black-letter Vulgate texts in their inadequacy or actual falsity? There is a suggestion here of that pseudo-reverence that makes the old woman love that blessed word "Mesopotamia," or that leads the ladies' curate to kiss the outside of the Gospels ostentatiously in church, and neglect the intelligent study of their contents at home. But (to probe the matter deeper) is this reversion to the Vulgate to be regarded as that eminent firm's idea of archæology? Or of scholarship? Or may we ascribe it to a sneaking deference to the Council of Trent, which first defined the Roman Catholic position: "Hæc ipsa vetus et vulgata editio . . . pro *authentica* habeatur."

Let me take a few instances from a province I have lately paid some special attention to—our Church Communion Plate.¹ Of the vandal outrages that have been perpetrated by restorers in doing away with old communion-plate, I could say much; but I confine myself to what we now substitute.

The 116th Psalm, then, as being part of that Hallel or Passover Hymn which our Lord Himself used after the Last Supper, is admirably appropriate for our eucharistic citation. It gives us an excellent legend for a communion-cup in the words which our Authorised Version well renders, "I will receive the cup of salvation." But why, when some pious benefactor proposes to give a chalice to his church, are the ecclesiastical upholsterers to stultify this in the indecent obscurity of a dead language. "Calicem salutaris accipiam," I find again and again on our new communion-cups. It is not at first sight even intelligible Latin; and I must leave it to more curious scholars to explain how the barbarism "salutaris" occurs here and elsewhere in the Vulgate in the sense "salutis." But, in any case, I suppose our Church cites Scripture not as a compliment to Jerome or his Vulgate, but

¹ These experiences were in connection with a forthcoming publication on the Church Plate of Gloucestershire, for the Bristol and Gloucester Archæological Society.

because of its own worth. And what, after all, has a Hebrew Psalmist to do with Latin any more than with English ?

Another legend I have frequently found on these brand-new chalices is "Pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis." This, you know, is the Vulgate rendering of the angels' Christmas anthem. It is just the one meaning, I believe, which scholars are agreed the passage cannot bear. Probably *eûdokias*, and not *eûdokia*, represents the true text in that celebrated "crux criticorum," and "goodwill towards men" must give place to "Peace among men of God's goodwill," or "Men in whom He is well pleased," as in our Revised Version. But the one meaning which is debarred is this, which our pseudo-archæologists grub up from the Vulgate to the perplexity of simple men—"hominibus bonæ voluntatis"—"to men (that is) who choose to have it." Possibly the obscurantists will favour us in time, when John Baptist is to be pictured, with the Vulgate distich, "Facite pœnitentiam." Some of us will recollect how potent that mistranslation once was in changing the Gospel message of repentance to the sacerdotal charge to "do penance." It may be our windows will in due course revive the belief that there is a prophetic allusion to the Blessed Virgin in Gen. iii. 15, and that they will defy scholarship with the old "*Ipsa conteret caput tuum*," which I have seen many times on real mediæval glass.

"*In templo ejus omnes dicent gloriam*," I read the other day on the wall of a highly embellished country church. The intention was doubtless good. But as the 29th Psalm, whence the text comes, is a description of a thunderstorm, and the Psalmist here takes us to the natural world as God's temple, it is a particularly inappropriate text to guide men's minds to the idea of a material sanctuary. Let us hope the rustic congregation will not detect the incongruity should any clergyman preach, as I have sometimes done, on that very suggestive Hebrew psalm.

Mr. Hunt champions the cause of the "Clergy and Artists' Association" as a means of resuscitating true sacred art. And I understand that body was to some extent in evidence at the last Church Congress at Nottingham. One of the most delicate subjects such a society will have to deal with will be ecclesiastical symbols. Symbolism, as you know, was the chief expression of Church Art in the first age. We see in the catacombs the Good Shepherd with the lost sheep; Orpheus attracting the wild beasts with his strain; the Ark of Christ's kingdom encouraged by the branch-bearing dove. And we have contrasted, perhaps, that primitive attitude of genial confidence with the ever-increasing doubt and dogmatism—the prayers for the dead, the gross incorporations of the Holy

Trinity, the repulsive realistic representations of our Lord's physical sufferings—which mark the age of decadence. It is not strange if, in that succeeding age, symbolism is often materialized, often perverted to endorse a kind of exegesis from which our common-sense revolts. Now, there is one instance of this which is very dear to Messrs. Hildebrand and Shum, and which, as an example both of bad symbolism and of misapprehension of Scripture, is, in my opinion, unrivalled. It is the attempt to bring the four mystic living beings about the Eternal Throne—which we probably know best in St. John's Apocalypse, but which really first occur in Ezekiel's visions—into a forced congruity with our four canonical evangelists. The earliest church¹ I have visited where this treatment occurs is the buried portion of San Clemente's at Rome (where, by the way, I noticed that tenth-century art had so far transformed the beautiful symbolism of the catacombs that the Good Shepherd had become St. Peter!). The twelfth-century mosaics on the apse of San Clemente's give, too, in allusion to the four evangelists, the symbol of stags and peacocks and other creatures drinking from the four rivers of paradise. Its mention may justify me in making a distinction. This last, besides being symbolism of very early date, speaks, as all good symbolism should speak, the language of poetry. The conception is both innocent and affecting. None but a dullard would raise the objection that the Hebrew creation story has nothing to do in reality with the four evangelists; or (to give another instance) that the beautiful symbol of the pelican presented in later art as a type of self-sacrifice has not strict sanction from natural science. But suppose people got it into their heads that Euphrates somehow really meant St. Matthew, or Hiddekel St. John. We should then, of course, have passed from the sphere of poetry to that of pedantry and dull literalism, and the symbol would be open to reproach. Now, Patristic exegesis² has unfortunately exactly thus treated that heavenly vision, a subject whose sublime mysteriousness should have surely saved it from such trifling.

¹ The use of these symbols was, however, common, according to Mrs. Jameson, in the seventh century. Four scrolls in the angles of a Greek cross, or four books, appear to be the earliest types selected where the four evangelists were to be indicated. "The second type," remarks the same author, "was more poetical—the four rivers which had their source in Paradise" ("Sacred and Legendary Art," vol. i., p. 132).

² Probably this type of interpretation was really borrowed from the Jews. The vision of Ezekiel was first interpreted in early Jewish exegesis, reasonably enough, as figuring the four archangels Michael, Raphael, Gabriel, Uriel. Then they were made emblems of the four great prophets.

The great German Harnack has, I suppose, solved for us the mystery of the cryptogram in that same Book of Revelation, the 666 or 616, which is the "number of the beast." Whether a like elucidation will ever be given, by Oriental scholars, to the four living creatures of Ezekiel and St. John, I cannot pretend to prognosticate. But as the characteristics indicated by the symbol are Divine, and not human, I say boldly that the whole exegesis which connects them with four men writing Gospels is a degradation of the mystery. It is from Irenæus¹ that the idea first comes, though one may hope that great Latin Father intends to speak the language of metaphor rather than of serious interpretation. The passage, a well-known one, is valuable as evidence of the early severance of four canonical Gospels. But as exegesis—as bearing on what the Hebrew seers really meant by those four embodiments of animal life—it is really as trivial as if he found in the vision an emblem of St. Paul's four Epistles to individuals, or of the four great² Patriarchates of the Church. There is an M in Monmouth and there is an M in Macedon. And when I tell you that exegetical authority has run perilously near identifying³ each of the four living creatures with each of the evangelists in turn, you will see that what our Thirty-nine Articles call "grace of congruity" is here confessedly conspicuous by its absence. A key that fits all locks cannot be claimed as special property by one. I suppose the best known of these applications is that which identifies the soaring eagle with the fourth Gospel. "More volans aquilæ verbo petit astra Johannes," as some mediæval versifier puts it. At all events, Messrs. Hildebrand will certainly, in their design for our carved pulpit or choir-stall, make the eagle mean the sublime St. John. But unfortunately this is just how the most ancient Patristic authority did not interpret. To Irenæus it is the lion who is St. John; the eagle is identified with St. Mark.

That extraordinary symbolic device—really taken from heathen art—which by an unaccountable perversion of language we called a "cherub," has, I think, gone finally out of fashion, and people know that the *cherubim* of sacred vision

¹ Iren., "Adv. Hær.," xi. 3, 8.

² Since writing this, I find Lyra actually does explain the four living creatures as types of the four patriarchal churches. Corn. à Lapide, quoting him, gives the additional embellishment: "Hæ quatuor sunt in circuitu throni Dei, id est *Cathedra Romana*, in qua sedet vicarius Dei."

³ For instance, taking our four Gospels in the familiar order, the correlative ζωα may be exhibited thus: Irenæus = man, eagle, ox, lion; Victorinus = man, lion, ox, eagle; Augustine = lion, man, ox, eagle. See further, Alford, "Commentary," Rev. iv. 8.

were not truncated cupids, but fearful shapes quite unproduceable in material art. Let us hope that the Clergy and Artists' Association will banish to a like limbo of oblivion that Patristic conception of the four "living creatures."

Of one thing we may, I think, be sure—that many thoughtful minds are sickened of our reproductions of old blunders and vagaries. There is a demand that sacred art shall minister to men's realization of truth. Detestable to the eye doubtless were the diaphanous scarlets and emerald-greens of the stained-glass artists of the Georgian age. But Art scarcely rises above reproach when she substitutes for these the blurred neutral tints of a sham antiquity. And shades of all iconoclasts, from Leo Isauricus to Will Dowsing, appear to one's fancy as phantoms of the blest, when one sees the subject-matter of the most sacred of all literature obscured by these servile reproductions of erroneous gloss. It is not our part to reinstate fogs and exhalations which the ever-waxing sun of truth has for thoughtful men finally dispelled. There are obscurities enough on the pages of Scripture—aye, and of Church history too—without our contributing an artificial supply. It is for truths living and suggestive that men are to-day asking. Not for stereotypes which every boy or girl who can pass the Cambridge Locals will detect to be misrepresentations of fact; not for what someone centuries ago thought a text meant, but which we know it does not; not for a kaleidoscopic medley of Scripture realities and mediæval myth.

Mr. Holman Hunt has given us, I think, a hint which we may well remember in our Church restorations. The matter is mainly in the hands of us incumbents. The path, I admit, is by no means always a clear one, for the day of true artistic renaissance has yet to dawn. Yet surely even now it is not impossible to steer between Scylla and Charybdis. We may escape wreck on the crude naturalism of the Georgian epoch, and yet not be swept away by the meaningless mimicries of Messrs. Hildebrand and Shum.

We will admit that art has been vilely defamed by Puritans of all ages from Tertullian onwards. She is neither a *Lais* nor an *Aspasia*. Neither is she a *Hagar*, whose ambiguous connection is best settled by exclusion from the ecclesiastical tent and relegation to galleries and museums. We all accept her, I trust, as the legitimate handmaid of religion. But having made that admission, I still insist, "Let the handmaid know her place." Her mistress has realized many an economical truth, not entered as yet in art's antiquated book of recipes. Beware, I would say, of the tyranny of the old retainer. "There be many servants" nowadays, we find, that

“break away every one from his master.” And the “missuses,” I believe, report the same melancholy experience.

ARTHUR C. JENNINGS.

ART. IV.—ARCHDEACON BLAKENEY.

“**H**IS administration of Sheffield was a model to all England.” These words were used by a dignitary of the Church of his brother Archdeacon who had just passed away. It is true; and to anyone who is at all acquainted with the inner life of the great Northern city, the admiration and the respect that the looker-on feels will be more than doubled. For let us examine the facts. Here were, roughly speaking, thirty-three parishes, moulded, with but isolated exceptions, into one conception of Church life and one opinion of Church doctrine by a clergyman who did not graduate with any brilliance, who was not in the ordinary sense of the word eloquent, and who had not been in his youth brought up in England. Here was a zealous Churchman, of a family of Churchmen, revered by the great body of Protestant dissenters as if he had been one of their own spiritual heads. Here was one who, whatever else he was, would not be gainsaid as an unflinching advocate of active Reformation principles and who never tried to hide his opinions, lamented by the head of the Sheffield Roman Catholics in perhaps the most touching terms that fell from any pulpit in the city. Here was one whose intense personal devotion to his Saviour can hardly be measured even by those who knew him nearest, and who was yet, as one of them said, “as much to the Jews as he was to his fellow-Christians.” These are wonderful facts, even in this age of charity. Was the Archdeacon, then, one of those men who are tolerant because they have nothing to tolerate, and whose forbearance issues from the source of indifferent opinions? Anything but that. Principle and public profession were ingrained parts of his character. He never swerved from what his deliberate opinion had marked out as his course, but from the very fact that his own cherished convictions were so deeply rooted, he was ready to make every allowance for those of his opponents.

So much for the religious affairs of the great city. Let us examine its social side. This reveals a control on the part of the Archdeacon which is even more wonderful. The characteristics of Yorkshiremen are well known and clearly marked. Nowhere, perhaps, are they more rigidly defined than in Sheffield. The rugged determination that sometimes lapses into iron obstinacy; the outspokenness that