

Reviews.

An Eirenicon for Churchmen. By W. B. BRADSTOCK. Elliot Stock.

THIS is a singularly candid and honest inquiry into the existing circumstances of the Church of England. It is full of practical sagacity, and of that disposition to look facts in the face and acknowledge their existence which is unhappily somewhat rare amongst controversialists. And yet the remedy proposed by the author for our present troubles seems to be almost quixotically impracticable. It is "that the Bishops should make a short, collective, and unanimous declaration as to what doctrines now held more or less within the Church of England are (1) obligatory on its members, (2) alternative, (3) entirely optional, and (4) to be rejected." No doubt there are very obvious advantages in such a declaration, but who will bell the cat in the way of inducing the Lambeth Conference to draw it up? Or how do we know that the Bishops would agree? And in order for the declaration to be of the slightest use it must be unanimous, or one diocese might have different doctrines from another. Scores of objections, indeed, occur to the mind. Surely the author himself has his misgivings when, referring to the necessity of a Bishop keeping a neutral position in optional matters, he writes: "The late Bishop of Liverpool and the present Archbishop of York furnish examples of the kind of conduct which I suggest should be avoided in the future." The immediate value of this little book lies in its honest and genial tone, and the practical shrewdness and sagacity of its counsel to clergymen and laymen. Occasionally the author develops a turn for epigram—*e.g.*: "The first thing to be done is to get at the greatest common measure of your parishioners;" or this, "Dissenters ought not to be regarded as fore-cabin passengers to heaven." The following, too, is a wise caution: "If, unhappily, you have to protest, at least let it be about a vital difference." We have no hesitation in saying that, if the tone and temper of this little book were prevalent amongst Church-people, we should, at least, have more acquiescence, if not agreement.

Under Calvin's Spell. By D. ALCOCK. R.T.S.

The mere name of this story makes us think of Geneva, and it is indeed in that old town that the scene is laid. Probably Geneva under Calvin presents a unique spectacle of an attempt at a pure theocracy. He was a wonderful man, and as for the town—do we not all know it? where the Latin struggles with the Teuton in the blood of the people,

bestowing on them both German sobriety and French vivacity. What would Calvin say now if he could see the immense and luxurious hotels and the gaudy municipal Casino? He might find some consolation in the reflection that still no Roman priest is allowed to wear his distinctive garb in the streets for more than twenty-four hours; but we fear that of many Genevèse it is true that, while Protestantism has been preserved, evangelicalism has evaporated.

The story is brightly told; the history is accurate and fair. The conflict between Calvin and the Libertines, the fate of Servetus, the final absolutism of Calvin, all is there. In the purely narrative parts we are introduced to the loves of Norbert de Caulaincourt, a young French refugee, and Gabrielle Berthelier, a Genevèse girl. As Norbert's love was true, needless to say its course was not smooth; but all ends well, and the young lady turns out to be a Savoyard heiress. There is not a dull page in the book, and the general accuracy makes one regret such occasional mistakes as *Anney*, *Chambéry*, and *Farrel* (the Reformer). The illustrations are not good. On the whole, the story will prove undeniably interesting to boys and girls alike, and conveys at the same time a great mass of useful information.

Flash-lights for English Churchmen. By the Rev. W. B. RUSSELL CALEY, Home Words Publishing Office.

These "Flash-lights" are seven chapters dealing with well-known points at issue between the English and Roman Churches, such as the authority of Scripture and tradition, the denial of the cup to the laity, the seven Sacraments, etc. There is a vigorous introduction by the Bishop of Sodor and Man, and the author himself gives no uncertain sound. We do not, indeed, think that a strong case is strengthened by the use of such expressions as that of calling the Roman Church "this great masterpiece of Satanic ingenuity." No one, however, could take exception to the statements regarding the doctrine of each Church which are made in this little book; they are scrupulously fair, and the arguments by which the views of the English Church are supported are well and clearly put. We like best, perhaps, the chapter on the "Power of the Ministry"; but the book as a whole will be useful to those who do not require to go very deeply into the subject, but to gain a general grasp of the fundamental points of difference.

Philippa in her Youth and Middle Age. By MARY E. SHIPLEY. Elliot Stock.

At the close of many a story one would gladly know what becomes of the hero or heroine some ten or twenty years afterwards. In the present case the authoress is good enough to tell us on her title-page that we are to have Philippa Somerton in youth and also in middle age. And it is well that this is so, for as a girl the Rector's daughter is not altogether lovable or interesting, in spite of, or perhaps just because of, the very high opinion she has of herself. Still, there is much goodness in

Philippa, else she could not have won the affection of such girls as the Wilmots; and she tries, after all, bravely to do her duty at home, where there is no mother to guide her. The third family at Beecham introduced are the Telfers, who live at the Hall, the Lady Mary being amusingly proud of her ancestors and their titles. Cupid, who is, of course, always on mischief bent, makes Clara Telfer of the Hall and Guy Wilmot fall in love, and many a strange thing has to happen before Lady Mary can be induced to give her consent to their marriage. So the first part of the story ends with wedding-bells after all, though not for Philippa; she has been busy at home teaching brothers and sisters, passing examinations, and starting "societies" among her friends and acquaintances, for she is an ambitious young person.

In Part II. we have Philippa about forty years of age, though looking much younger and still full of energy. Upon the death of an aunt she has been left utterly alone, and is compelled to earn her own livelihood. We get a sad glimpse into the struggle where women have to fight the battle of life for themselves. But good fortune overtakes poor Philippa at last, when help seemed very far off. It comes in a truly romantic form through her early friendship with the Wilmots, and we have the pleasantest picture of what may be accomplished when sympathetic and generous-hearted folk work in harmony together. Truly one would like to have had a peep into that pretty Midland village where Mr. Wilmot started a library for Philippa's benefit—a village that promised to grow in reputation owing to the discovery of useful mineral waters. It was uphill work at first for Philippa and the young friend who joined her there, but all goes well in the end. We leave our heroine about to become the wife of Sir George Lamond, a gentleman who made good use of the library and reading-room, which were so well managed, and he had long admired the courage and energy Philippa displayed in her work. The story is admirable, and must prove a favourite with young girls. The authoress seems to have some of the charm we find in the books of Charlotte Yonge, to whom we see the story of Philippa is dedicated.

The Maid at Arms. By R. W. CHAMBERS. Archibald Constable and Co.

In "The Maid at Arms" Mr. Chambers presents us again with a romance based upon an historical subject, and, as in his "Cardigan," we have a tale full of dash and adventure. The story portrays the terrible and anxious times of the American War of Independence—terrible because the fierce Mohawks, the Oneidas, and other savage tribes had been allowed to join in the struggle. The heroine, Dorothy Varick, in keeping with her sobriquet—the maid at arms—is a girl full of the adventurous spirit which the stirring times and her upbringing have aroused in her; yet where could more tenderness and true womanliness be found than in all her relations with her cousin Ormond? For it is Dorothy's fate to love this cousin, who has come from the far South, with a love that is irresistible, although, for duty's sake and to please her

father, she has promised to wed Sir George Covert, a promise, moreover, which she means to hold sacred. Ormond, unaware that his young and fascinating cousin has already plighted her troth, has fallen as deeply in love with Dorothy, and the manner in which they endeavour remain true to themselves and to their honour under the trying circumstances is told with much charm and naïveté. The author, while carrying on our unflagging interest in the exciting and stirring scenes between the hostile parties and their scouts, and in the fortunes of Dorothy and her noble-hearted lover, at the same time gives those who read more carefully many graphic pictures of the country in which his characters play their part—the grand primeval forests and vast plains of Northern America, which in those days were traversed only by narrow tracks and pathways. The account given of the fierce battle of Oriskany reminds one only too vividly of similar scenes enacted during the late war in Africa. Mr. Chambers shows careful work in the study of the many and varied figures that flit across his pages, from Cato, the faithful old negro servant of Sir Lupus Varick, to the Huron witch, in her scarlet rags, who could race through the forests at such speed that but few could overtake her, and whose vehement harangues roused many of the savage tribes to take up the cause of the Confederacy against the British troops. We are introduced also to many of the military commanders. The tale is both stirring and instructive, and many who have but little knowledge of what led to the War of Independence in our splendid colony of America will very likely be led to look up that page in our history.

