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OUR BISHOPS AND DEANS.

VOL. I.

OUR BISHOPS AND DEANS.

BY

THE REV. F. ARNOLD, B.A.

LATE OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO

THE REV. HERBERT TODD, M.A.

OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, VICAR OF KILDWICK.

My Dear Todd,

I do not suppose in dedicating this work to you that you will endorse all its opinions. On the contrary, I imagine that when next we meet, in travel or at home, there will be some keen discussion on sundry matters connected with these pages. But you, at least, will understand how thoroughly I have striven to be Catholic and impartial, and that this work on contemporary Church history should be free from all party bias. My object has been to give a view of the present state of the Church of England, its condition and its prospects, the great names and the remarkable movements that have emerged within its borders. I have sketched out a kind of Episcopal history since

the days of the Reformation, doing so at greater length as we enter on the present reign, and meet with some great men whose careers will strongly mould ecclesiastical history. For this reason I have especially dwelt on the careers of Bishop Philpotts and Bishop Wilberforce. From this point I have advanced to a survey of the present aspect of the Church of England. I have endeavoured to give sketches of our present bishops and deans, so far as they illustrate the ecclesiastical and literary history of our day, and the remarkable phenomena of Ritualism and Rationalism. I had prepared various notes on the Irish, the Scottish, and the Colonial Episcopal churches, but, "*spatiis inclusus iniquis*," I have forborne to trespass too far on the attention of that general reader, immemorally courteous and kind, to whom I have addressed myself in these pages. The trouble has often been not so much to say things as to leave them unsaid. I have ventured to avail myself of various social and anecdotic matters suggested by my subject. Written amid the incessant occupations of a curate's life, and amid many further calls on my time, the work may not be adequately ample and complete, but I trust that it may be found of some use in elucidating contemporary history, and perhaps may have some little part in promoting necessary reforms.

It seems to me that of the three orders of the Church—Bishops, Priests and Deacons—the great body of the priesthood or presbytery is in an eminently sound condition, and efficiently doing its great work, but that both in the diaconate and episcopate, the Church suffers harm and loss. At present the deacon's office is practically divided only by a line from the priesthood, and one great want of our day is the restoration of the lay diaconates, as the best way of coping with the necessities of the time. On the other hand, we have almost lost sight of the original idea of the Episcopate, the actual overseeing by a chief pastor, of the clergy and their flocks. We have substituted for the Primitive Catholic idea an abnormal exaggeration, that of the baronial mediæval prelate. A very large increase of the Episcopate—in which rank and income shall be regarded as quite secondary to the extension of the office—and a large extension of the diaconate, so that it shall not be simply a clerical diaconate, appear to be necessary to carry out the idea of a National Church, and to meet the national wants. I venture to think also that a large Ecclesiastical Reform Act, dealing with the practical evils of the Church, will be necessary if we are to avoid an ecclesiastical revolution.

I will ask you to accept this work according to

the good old fashion of dedications, in recollection of old days and old kindnesses. I sometimes gratefully think that Providence has been very good to me, in an anxious and laborious life, in giving me the sympathy and companionship of many friends, and there is none of whom I feel this more gratefully than in reference to yourself, true priest and poet.

Yours ever,

FREDERICK ARNOLD.

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ERRATA.

VOL. I.

- Page 16, line 3, *for* "primitive" *read* "privative."
Page 52, line 4, *omit* "was."
Page 72, line 6, *for* "eaxmple" *read* "example."
Page 74, line 22, *for* "Byrne" *read* "Prynne."
Page 87, last line, *for* "cottage" *read* "college."

VOL. II.

- Page 3, line 13, *for* "synchronically" *read* "synchronistically."
Page 62, line 32, *for* "offended" *read* "affected."
Page 146, line 12, *for* "Tertullian" *read* "Tertullus."
Page 151, line 12, *for* "he" *read* "the youthful curate."
Page 316, line 19, *for* "on the" *read* "an."
Page 317, line 8, *for* "with" *read* "within."
Page 318, line 12, *for* "factors" *read* "fautors."
 " line 18, *for* "attend" *read* "reform."
 " line 27, *omit* "that."
Page 319, line 13, *for* "contrast" *read* "contact."

OUR BISHOPS AND DEANS.

CHAPTER I.

THE VICTORIAN ERA OF THE CHURCH.

ENGLAND loves Queens, and during the reigns of her Queens, the land has been free, glorious and prosperous. The epochs of Queen Elizabeth, Queen Anne, and Queen Victoria, have been ever of intensest life and activity in Church and State. Already the Victorian era, thanks to the gracious Providence that has so long continued a happy reign, has its distinctive magnificent place in the records of the human race, in the progress of intellectual life, in the magnificent development of all national resources. The religious history of the reign is inseparably intertwined with its art, literature, politics and great popular movements. A whole generation of mankind, as we count generations, has passed away since our Queen came to the throne, and it is by looking at this nearer history that we may best comprehend the signs of the present times.

In the present work, I endeavour to sketch out a view of the contemporary history of the Established Church, on the biographical method of dealing with those who, from their position, appear to be its na-

tural leaders, and who are more or less identified with those schools of thought, those progressive or retrogressive ideas, those mutations of opinion and fashion, those alterations and expansions of the Anglican system; those religious, political and literary questions with which the religious history of the Victorian era is occupied. It is a difficult and delicate matter to discuss living people in connection with contemporary history; but all such discussion will be rigorously confined within the limits conceded to contemporary writers. On the other hand, it may be an advantage to exhibit and tabulate results as they stand at present, to exhibit the living influence while it is still present with us and to project on the busy religious life around us the illumination that may be derived from the past years of this generation up to the present day. We shall endeavour, with the utmost impartiality, and from a mainly literary and historical vantage ground to give a view of current ecclesiastical history. We are well aware that at the present moment we cannot make large generalizations from ecclesiastical facts, so as to measure our own age with past eras; we cannot stand back from our own times so as to survey them in their entirety. Our knowledge of current history is necessarily loose and imperfect, for it is only the lapse of time that throws open the secret archives of public life. But even with these limitations and drawbacks we address ourselves to the task of delineating some features of our time. We shall perhaps best lead up to it by discussing some governing aspects of our own time, by surveying episcopacy in the past, and by speaking of some great dignitaries who have

passed away during the Reign, before we come to the present and vanishing names which occupy the fleeting moments of the current day. We shall also have to deal with some other names, as potent as those of the highest dignitaries, in giving shape and colour to the human destinies of the Church.

Speaking roughly there are now about a hundred and fifty bishoprics in the world belonging to the Anglican Church. The enormous expansion of the Episcopal system is one of the most remarkable features of our age. This expansion, however, has been, not in the Mother Church but in the daughters. When the Church desired a new bishopric in the see of Manchester, Archdeacon Hare thought that they might just as well ask for fifty bishops while they were about it. Unfortunately they did not ask for fifty, and the time for such asking, at least, in the present condition of things, in the present unmodified form of Episcopacy, has gone away. The earnestness of the Church in promoting Episcopacy in our Colonial Empire may eventually have a reactionary influence in the increase of the Episcopacy at home. The great landmark in this movement is the year 1841; for the previous attempt in the erection of a Bishopric of Calcutta in 1811, stood all alone for a generation. The question of Episcopacy has now assumed a larger form and presents problems that press for a solution, and though some sporadic bishoprics may be carved out, or suffragan and coadjutor bishops may be appointed, probably a new settlement of the institution belongs to the Church of the Future.

There had been a long period of comparative calm

before the great questions were sharply defined which make the conflicts of the day. It might almost seem that the Church of England itself seemed specially to deprecate any attempt to destroy the harmony that prevailed. Her heart seemed fixed on the idea of quietude and repose. In her Liturgy she prays that we being hurt by no persecution may evermore give thanks, that we may serve God with a quiet mind; and again in the third Collect for Evensong that "we being defended from the fear of our enemies may pass our time in rest and quietness." Often in the mellow afternoon when the spirit of deep peace seemed brooding over the village church, when the rustling of the leaves outside harmonised with the silvery cadences of the white-haired clergyman's voice within, did this supplication seem to breathe the very spirit and aspiration of the Church. But, alas, the Church may have to learn collectively what, as individuals, we so often find to be true, that trial, and strife, and warfare, are, after all, often the healthiest discipline for us. And yet again it may be possible for all of us to learn that there is such a thing as central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation, and whatever may be the storms of an unfriendly world, the Church has that peace which the world cannot give or take away.

Speaking broadly, there have been three principal movements in the history of the Victorian era. These are the High Church movement, the Broad Church, and the Ritualistic.* The two latter have in the

* High, Low, and Broad is a rough and ready, though convenient classification. Mr. Conybeare, in his memorable Essay, points out

course of time proceeded to an exaggerated and abnormal form. Ritualism is something very different from the Oxford movement, and the Broad Churchism of some London sensational pulpits at the present day is almost a caricature of the intellectual system of Hare and Arnold. In point of time the Oxford era is earlier than the commencement of this reign; but the outcome of the Oxford movement in the perversions to Rome did not take place till a few years after the Accession. To use a phrase of Julius Hare's, men had ogled and flirted with the Church of Rome, while submitting with a sigh to the bond which tied them to the Church of England. The ogling and and flirtation had now gone to the extent of an actual elopement. We may now, as it were, step back a few paces from the scene and contemplate the whole past movement in its entirety.

One good effect was, as Bishop Thirlwall has pointed out, that it gave rise to more valuable writings in theology than had been known for many years. The enormous extension of the Episcopate has been due more to the High Church than to any other body of men. The multiplication of churches, chapels, services, and clergy is mainly to be ascribed to them. The mind of the Church sympathized greatly with the

that each is susceptible of a triple division. His enumeration is A, Low Church (α) normal type "Evangelical" (β) exaggerated type, Recondite (γ) stagnant type (Low and Slow). B. High Church (α) normal type, "Anglican," (β) exaggerated type "Tractarian" (γ) stagnant type "High and Dry." C. Broad Church (α) normal type (β) exaggerated type, *i.e.*, concealed infidels (γ) stagnant type, C. (β) is put interrogatively as only about a score, and the "Mountain Clergy," calculated at one thousand are unclassified, as if such distinctions were too refined for them.

movement until the era of the perversions set in. It is now true that the High Church has become two houses, one division retaining its former nomenclature, while the other division, is known by its opponents and not disowned by itself, as the Ritualistic party. To this length proceeded that loyal Oxford School whose great and moderate tradition had been a steadfast adherence to the constitutional principle of Church and King. To give a formal date to this party we may say that the modern Anglican system was inaugurated by an able knot of writers who met in 1833, and solemnly pledged themselves to revive Anglican principles, and for this purpose commenced the famous "Tracts for the Times." A distinctive position was held by that famous foundation, Oriel College, Oxford.

The glory of Oriel has now, to a great degree, passed over to Balliol; but Balliol will probably never have that famous position in the progress of thought which was once well held by Oriel. A little knot of men who cared to hold high debate in the college common-room, or lingered in converse or meditation in the leafy cloister of the Broad Walks, or the parks by the banks of the Cherwell and the Isis, have gone far silently to revolutionize the ecclesiastical character of our times. The system of throwing open the great college prizes to the highest merit in the University had renewed the life of Oxford, and as its reward Oriel had gained Pusey and Newman for its common-room, the recognized leaders of what is known by the narrow name of Puseyism, or the broader name of Anglo-Catholicism. The history of the Oxford movement has often been discussed, but it may here be as well to take a

general view of it. It appears to have had, at the outset, rather a political than a religious cause. The ecclesiastical atmosphere had been calm since the time of the Nonjurors, and had hardly been disturbed by the great Wesleyan Revival. Indeed, it appeared doubtful in what direction the storm might burst that should next disturb the heavens. According to all the laws of storms, a cyclone must burst out in some direction shortly. The old troubles seemed asleep. Jacobite and Nonjuror were even as Trojan and Tyrian. The standing controversy in all clerical homes was concerning Arminianism and Calvinism, in which the disputants were often more Arminian than Arminius, more Calvinistic than Calvin. The Church of England that had once been decidedly Calvinistic became decidedly Arminian, and now contained both hemispheres of opinion. That obscure problem which emerged in philosophy long before it emerged in Christianity was one that, in those placid days was found to yield sufficient exercise to heart, intellect, and temper. Even young ladies would exchange essays and letters on this interesting subject, which would act as a gentle stimulant, or a gentle sedative. This unsettled, this insoluble problem was now to give way to one that should throw it, at least temporarily, into the shade. There were two sets of social circumstances especially which rendered agitation possible, after a vigorous and incessant fashion. These were the cheapness and the improvements that had been imported into travelling and the postal system. Railways and cheap postage, in many respects, altered the entire face of the country. The clergy were a class whose activity would be greatly heightened by

these facilities; they are now as remarkable for locomotion as they were once for being stationary. That kind of agitation which Lord Macaulay and other historians have described as occurring in the days of the Exclusion Bill and the Trial of the Seven Bishops was now rendered possible at any time, and almost on any occasion. Such a spectacle as that presented annually by a Church Congress would have been impossible under the old conditions. There was a kind of historical unity in the subject that now so prominently emerged. It was a recommencement in a new form, and under new conditions, of the old conflicts of Elizabethan and Carolinian days. The High Churchman exhibited many of the characteristics of Laud's Anglican and Charles's Cavalier, until he pushed his views to that extravagant extreme in which his faith and liberty were handed over alike to Ultramontanism.

The first of these celebrated tracts appeared on the 9th of September, 1833. It was the first movement of the ecclesiastical reaction against the predominant Liberalism that resulted from the wave of revolution which had passed over a great portion of Europe. The writer complained that the times were very evil, and yet that no one spoke against them. The first note sounded was that of Apostolical Succession. Dr. Newman tells us that he had been some years in Oxford before he was taught the doctrine by a friend as he walked with him once in the college garden; and he heard it with impatience. Bishop Blomfield contemptuously remarked that Apostolical Succession was a notion that had gone out with the Nonjurors. As an historical probability, the argument in favour of

Apostolical Successions appears to be exceedingly strong. If it cannot be demonstrated, it nevertheless appears to have powerful grounds for moral belief. The question nevertheless arises, as Macaulay acutely puts it, that supposing you have proved Apostolical Succession, what does Apostolical Succession prove? In this very first tract the hypothesis of Disestablishment was strongly put forward. The language loses nothing of its force at the present day. "Should the government and the country so far forget their God as to cut off the Church, to deprive it of its temporal honours and substance, *on what?* will you rest the claims to respect and attention which you make upon your flocks? Hitherto you have been upheld by your birth, your education, your wealth, your connection; should these secular advantages cease, on what must Christ's ministers depend?" The writer proceeds to argue that the Church is distinct from the State, anterior to the State, separable from the State, and is, in fact, strongly of the opinion that the separation would be a good thing. "Give us our own and let us go!" was their exclamation, echoed on all sides. Neither, for the last forty years, have they swerved from their principles; and many a sound Dissenter who detests Prelacy as much as Popery has been astonished to find himself in strong political alliance with men whose theology he detests, and whose office and work he vilipends.

If we look at the great religious and intellectual movements of the era it can hardly be said that they have derived much impulse from our great dignitaries. In the earlier years the Oxford movement predominated, and we have the great names of

Newman, Pusey, and Keble, not to mention Ward, Maskell, Palmer, and many others *fortisque fortisque Cloanthus*. The influence of Mr. Keble has been, perhaps, the most salutary of our age. It is, perhaps, a singular way of putting it; but there is hardly any campaign in history, with its expenditures of thousands of lives and millions of treasure all so rapidly absorbed in the sands of time, that has left such fruitful and enduring results. When all other forms of greatness pass away, literary greatness survives. To Mr. Keble the stateliest monument of our age is erected, greater than the Wellington Memorial, greater than the Prince Consort Memorial, the erection of one more stately College, to rank among the institutions of the Middle Ages. No peer or prelate ever offered Keble any promotion; he was never asked to be bishop, but he will be enshrined in grateful hearts long after the mob of dignitaries has been forgotten. Such prelates as Bishop Blomfield and Bishop Philpotts were remarkable men in their way, but their influence is pale and thin by the side of such a man as Mr. Keble.

In spite of all disclaimers, it is evident that there was some kind of unconscious fusion and understanding between the Tractarians and the Ultramontanes. Lord Houghton speaks of the extravagant expectations of the Catholics based upon the Oxford movement. He says of Cardinal Wiseman: "With some of the Tractarian party he had friendly relations, and he had been one of the first of the authorities of his Church to approach them with a sympathetic interest, and to attract them to what he believed the only safe conclusion by a kindly appreciation of their doubts and difficulties." It is interesting to compare the simul-

taneous movement which was going on in England with that in France, headed by such men as Montalembert and Lamennais. The movement for a revival of Catholic truth in France, had its point of resemblance with the Oxford movement, only England was in possession of that Catholic truth which has well-nigh died out in France. Montalembert exaggerated the nature of the Anglican movement, and was greatly surprised that so few joined the Roman Church. It appears to us that Keble himself stayed in our Church simply because on the balance of probabilities it appeared to him that it might be safest to do so. Butler's argument was always Keble's favourite mode of reasoning, as we see in his memoirs and in some of his poems. In the fourth of his "Tracts for the Times," Keble argues that adhesion to the Apostolical Succession is the safest course. His question was not so much "Which is the best Church?" as, "Shall I be safe where I am?"

It is impossible almost for the gentlest nature to avoid some approach to the *odium theologicum*. We find even Keble writing, "As things get more perplexing, I keep saying to myself it ought to make me more charitable, and then the next minute I go away and rail at those unhappy . . . without mercy." We suspect we may supply the ellipse by the words "Protestants" or "Recordites." His learned and venerable biographer confesses that he feared for him the growth of a controversial spirit. Great as was Mr. Keble as a poet, most thinking men will agree with the Bishop of Bath and Wells in declining to guarantee his more private opinions. Although Keble stayed in the Church of England when so many

of his friends went out, it would seem that he stayed by a very insecure tenure, that would be unsatisfying if this period becomes better known, as modern to most men.

As time passes on, as the inner history biographical literature increases, we are able to see how the effect and character of the movement were watched and gauged by the best opinions of the time. For the popular prejudices arrayed against it we care little. It is one of the misfortunes of Protestantism that it has always been so easy to enlist a mob-cry in its favour. There were ignorant Protestants who actually chalked upon the walls, "No forgiveness of sins!" "No Virgin Mary!" exhibiting a Protestantism that was simply Atheism. There were, however, acute and religious minds that could do full justice to the good effected by the Tractarian movement, but at the same time could estimate and criticise its effects. Take, for instance, the language of Sara Coleridge, the daughter of that great genius and thinker, whose mantle had in no small degree fallen upon her. Her admiration for Newman is great, but she clearly indicates what she considers party spirit and errors. Now, when I speak of leaguings together, of course I do not mean that Mr. Newman and his brother divines exact pledges from one another, like men on the hustings, but I do believe that there is a tacit but efficient general compact among them all. Like the Evangelicals whom they so often condemn on this very point, they use a characteristic phraseology; they have their badges and party marks; they lay great stress on trifling external matters; they have a stock of arguments and topics in common. No sooner has

Newman blown the Gospel blast, than it is repeated by Pusey, and Pusey is re-echoed from Leeds. Keble privately persuades Froude, Froude shouts the doctrines of Keble to Newman, and Newman publishes them as 'Froude's Remains.' Now it seems to me that, under these circumstances, Truth has not quite a fair chance. "The truth is," she writes to her friend, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, "you may talk as you will about your highness, but you are not very high according to the Tract standard, which places height in this—exaltation of the outward in reference to religion, with a proportionate depression of the acts of the intelligent will in the individual mind. Not but they would like reason well enough, if she declared in their favour, but they hate her as the angry king did the prophet, because he always prophesies against and not for them—that is, against their priest-exalting system."

Newman left the Church, left it with language of scathing eloquence and reproach, which might well cause the rulers of the Church to inquire carefully, what measure of justice his passionate lamentations may contain.* The Bishops, as a rule, have not been the originators of any great movement, and, histori-

* "O, mother of saints! O, school of the wise! O nurse of the heroic! of whom went forth, in whom have dwelt, memorable names of old, to spread the truth abroad, or to cherish and illustrate it at home! O, thou, from whom surrounding nations lit their lamps! O, Virgin of Israel! wherefore dost thou now sit on the ground and keep silence, like one of the foolish women who were without oil at the coming of the Bridegroom? Where is now the ruler in Sion, and the doctor in the Temple, and the ascetic on Carmel, and the herald in the wilderness, and the preacher in the market-place? Where are thy "effectual fervent prayers," offered in secret, and thy alms and good works coming up as a memorial before God? How is it, O, once holy place, that 'the land mourneth, for the corn is wasted, the new wine

cally speaking, have looked coldly upon enthusiasm. If this has saved us, as indubitably it has, from some errors of fervid natures, it has also to a considerable degree chilled the warmth of religious life.

What may be called the Low Church or Evangelical party has gone through no such phases as the High Church party in its partial development first into Tractarianism and then into Ritualism, or as the old Liberal element, first into the Broad Church and then into Rationalism. As a party it first took its rise about the first year of the present century, perhaps the darkest and unhappiest year for England that the present century has witnessed, when a small number of clergymen, with still fewer laymen, met together to concert plans which should arouse the religious life of the country and scatter the Scriptures broad-cast upon the world. There never has been a period since

is dried up, the oil languisheth. . . . Because joy is withered away from the sons of men?' Alas for the day! . . . how do the beasts groan! the herds of cattle are perplexed, because they have no pastures, yea, the flocks of sheep are made desolate. "Lebanon is ashamed and hewn down; Sharon is like a wilderness, and Bashan and Carmel shake off their fruits.

"O, my mother, whence is this unto thee, that thou has good things poured upon thee, and canst not keep them, and bearest children, yet darest not own them? Why hast thou not the skill to own their services, nor the heart to rejoice in their love? How is it that whatever is generous in purpose, and tender or deep in devotion, thy flower and thy promise, falls from thy bosom, and finds no home within thine arms? Who hath put this note upon thee, to have 'a miscarrying womb, and dry breasts,' to be strange to thine own flesh, and thine eye cruel towards thy little ones. Thine own offspring, the fruit of thy womb, who love thee and would toil for thee, thou dost gaze upon with fear, as though a portent, or thou dost loathe as an offence; at best thou dost but endure, as if they had no claim but on thy patience, self-possession and vigilance, to be rid of them as easily as thou mayest. Thou makest them 'stand all the day idle,' as the

England was England, since the time when the light of religion first permeated our islands, that an Evangelical element has been wanting. Just as the political Liberal party is not supposed to monopolize the real liberality of the country, so it is not to be supposed that the theological Evangelical absorbs and concentrates the primitive, Catholic Gospel. The word, however, serves as a useful label, however we may regret the necessity for such labels, to designate a body of men, an order of opinions, a method of working. It may be said of this school, that with some exceptions, ignoring or hardly laying due stress on the intellectual and æsthetic sides of religion, it has addressed itself in the most direct and practical way to the hearts and consciences of men, dealt plainly and strongly with the temptations and difficulties of life, and urged upon the natural man the childlike reception of supernatural truth.

very condition of thy bearing with them; or thou biddest them be gone, where they will be more welcome; or thou sellest them for nought to the stranger that passes by. And what wilt thou do in the end thereof? . . .

“And, O, my brethren, O, kind and affectionate hearts, O, loving friends, should you know anyone whose lot it has been, by writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to help you thus to act; if *he has ever told you what you knew about yourselves, or what you did not know; has read to you your wants or feelings, and comforted you by the very reading; has made you feel that there was a higher life than this daily one, and a brighter world than that you see; or encouraged you, or sobered you, or opened a way to the inquiry, or soothed the perplexed; if what he has said or done has ever made you take interest in him, and feel well inclined towards him; remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not, and pray for him, that in all thing he may know God’s will, and at all times he may be ready to fulfil it.*” We have added Newman’s striking personal reference because it has given an admirable description of the work of a good pastor or a good bishop.

The chief position of this party is its Protestantism, meaning by Protestantism not that mere negative and primitive idea which those who disclaim Protestantism love to attribute to it, but the great body of religious truth defined by the Reformers of the sixteenth century in articles and in formularies. For a long time the party had almost a missionary character; it was regarded with suspicion and dislike by the easy churchmanship of the old school. It is touching and amusing to see how the grave old clique of Evangelicals congratulated one another when some Bishop could be got to be vice-president of some of their great societies, not reflecting that the society did honour to the Bishop as much as the Bishop to the society. In time the Evangelical party could count a large quota of prelates among its members, it rose to influence and power, and at the present time is perhaps the largest element in the religious life of the nation. At the same time, men who are Evangelical in spirit are becoming increasingly slow to call themselves Evangelical in party. It might have been true at the commencement of the present century, but it has ceased to be true now, that men of this party are mainly the depositaries and teachers of Gospel truth. Whatever is simply party name and party spirit is bad, and increasingly eschewed by earnest men. Such men will rejoice if by any teachers, or in any way, Christ is preached. If the Low Church party has not undergone the violent and marked alterations of other religious bodies, it has manifested some silent and remarkable changes. While their principles have triumphed, their adherents have diminished. Those who would once have called

themselves Evangelical, now call themselves Moderate Churchmen. Moreover, the whole level of the party, as a party, has materially risen. Just as the London of the present day is built upon London after London that has passed away, and is many feet higher than the primitive "city of ships" conquered by Julius; so, while the whole nation has been rising by the purifying, elevating influence of feeling, thought, music, literature, the Evangelical party has been rising insensibly and simultaneously. Many things are now accepted almost without question which might have been abhorrent to such men as Cecil and Newton. Still the party has been ever true to its fundamental principle. It has always looked upon questions of ritual with a view to their relation to questions of dogma. Rites and ceremonies were the outworks and bastions of the heart of the citadel. In some remote districts there may be ignorant, prejudiced people who are frightened away from churches by preaching in the surplice, chanting the psalms, and by reading the Offertory sentences. But Evangelicals increasingly regard this as of little account, except, as through particular circumstances, they are related to questions of doctrines. Most of them would probably agree with Mr. Gladstone on Ritualism, if by Ritualism is simply meant the beauty and order of Church services. But they are adamant in resistance, when the whole significance of the rite depends on the doctrine which the rite is supposed to teach.

From a variety of circumstances, just as Belgium was once the cock-pit of Europe, so the Church of England has come to be the great arena of

theological conflicts. It is indeed good for the Church and for the world that in the balance of forces there should be a party that stands firmly on the old lines of the Reformation. The lines of the great Evangelical party are not drawn so rigidly as they were aforetime. There is a growing disposition to look rather at what a man *is* and *does* than at any personal or party body. Many men, who in other days would fairly take their places in the ranks of the so-called Evangelicals, are intensely Evangelical in the best sense, while standing fairly aloof both from the name and spirit of party. It may be fairly urged on their behalf, as a body, that they not only contend earnestly for purity of faith, but that they are eminently zealous for good works. They may not have daily services, nor weekly nor daily celebrations, but in the thorough organisation and working of parishes their work is admirable. In large parishes, where there are two or three daily services, the tendency is that parochial house-to-house visitation gets overlooked. Their teaching uniformly is earnest, simple, practical. In the whole field of missions, whether home missions, continental missions, or missions to the heathen or the Jew, their activity and zeal are intense. According to their last Report, the Church Missionary Society raised more than a quarter of a million. The other great Missionary Society of the Church would not be far from half that amount. That list of good works of every kind, and designed to meet every sort of evil is immense. There is a percentage to be deducted for a certain amount of mistake and mismanagement. Sometimes interested cliques have sought to shape and direct a party management, and sometimes committees, in their zeal for cash receipts, have overlooked the weightier matters of justice and

mercy; but the list is truly imposing, of all the great objects that are aimed at, and in a considerable measure achieved by the great Evangelical party. Evangelicalism is often sneered at, and Exeter Hall has passed into a by-word and a proverb, but any one who will honestly endeavour clearly to understand the one, and accurately to judge the results associated with the other, will obtain a view of the greatest machinery and the highest results known in the Church.

In contrasting these men with "Broad" and "High," we come to a different class of mind and to a different order of activities. They have not that poetic heart, those deep gifts of the elevated imagination, the piercing intellect that characterise such men as Keble and Newman. It will probably be argued that, as a rule, they have scarcely possessed the culture, refinement, breadth that have characterised some of the men who have been conveniently described as Broad Churchmen. But in the intellectual gifts of oratory they have probably left Broad Church and High Church equally behind, although considerable attempts have been made at the present day to restore the balance. Exeter Hall is almost a phrase of contempt, and St. James's Hall is fast becoming a synonym with many. Still some of the best-spoken eloquence of the age has been heard at Exeter Hall. Lord Macaulay spoke of "Exeter Hall setting up its bray," which was very ungracious of Lord Macaulay, as his first London experiment in oratory was to set up a bray of his own on the Slavery question. The old giants of the Strand are well-nigh extinct, and the new giants coming on are by no means so gigantic. The time when Exeter Hall was at its palmiest was when such men as Stowell

and McNeile poured forth a flood of eloquence, which is now a tradition with their followers. The Hall would be besieged for hours before the business of the societies began, and those who attended simply as an intellectual enjoyment, and desiring to understand the possibilities of elocution, admitted that the rapt outpouring of oratory surpassed the most sanguine expectations. We have astonished some of our greatest critics in oratory by pointing to some of the noblest passages that may be found in the eloquence of Low Church clergymen. In every direction earnest Evangelical preaching was characterised by a force and directness that had little prevailed in other instances. Henry Melvill was, after the two eminent names we have given, the third great orator of the Evangelical school, although, unlike the others, he had a constitutional avoidance of platform speaking, and concentrated his great powers in sermon-making. Vigorous exhortation was the characteristic of this school, and it was seconded generally by vigorous spiritual life. It was popularly said that their energies were directed too much to the heathen abroad, and that they did very little for the heathen at home. This is, however, altogether a popular fallacy. It is found by experience that the people who do nothing for work abroad are those who do nothing for the heathen at home. It is the impulse of a great idea, such as the Evangelisation of the whole world, that seems to lift people out of the ordinary groove of life, and elicits, almost more than any other impulse, the dormant energies and fervour of a Church.

For a long time the High Church appeared to have abdicated any great pulpit efforts. The institution

seemed to have been somewhat discredited among its leaders. The idea was that a sermon should be made brief, dry, essaical, moral or mystical. "You must not preach about doctrine," said an elder in the ministry to a younger brother; "you should give us a nice little essay about patience or something of that sort." Dr. Pusey's sermons often resembled the style of the more mystical portions of St. Augustine, though with nothing of that impressive liveliness and eloquence that belonged to St. Augustine himself. They seemed to set the fashion all through the country. Young curates of the Tractarian type adhered to one quarter of an hour, and were as "churchy" in their style as might be. The idea was to avoid everything that looked like popular preaching, and we are bound to say that the idea was extremely well carried out. Of recent years, however, a change came over the spirit of the dream. Both the High and the Broad Church have become alive to the intense importance of preaching, and have cultivated it with extreme assiduity. The orators in the High Church party probably now take the van in this direction.* We have

* Indeed the High Church preachers now combine with their distinctive doctrine some of the elements that have made preaching popular among the Wesleyans, and even among the Ranters. The old plan of crying in the pulpit is now almost obsolete. We have heard of one gentleman who by dexterously turning off the gas at an exciting portion of his sermon contrived to make a sensation. Another, by gently fainting away in the course of his remarks, has earned a very high degree of temporary success. The modern system of Missions gives an opportunity of exhibiting the most varied resources and the highest eloquence of the party. The eccentricities of oratory, which historically have wrought so much, have been used. "He loves you, my pretty dear, He loves you," coming from the venerable lips of the late Mr. Aitkin was doubtless a touch of nature that went at once to the hearts of a youthful auditory. Those who are acquainted with the Mission

by universal consent no more eloquent preacher than the avowed High Churchman.

This preaching, which is the great function of the working Church, that once in breadth and energy was well-nigh monopolised by the Evangelicals, has now been vehemently taken up both by the High Churchman and the Ritualist, the Left and the Mountain. In the same way the Evangelical party led to the development and improvement in Hymnology; the High Church long contended for Sternhold and Hopkins, and is now parallel with, if it has not outstripped, the other side. The main burden of Missions for many years lay on the Evangelicals, but now the great High Church Society, resuscitated into vigorous life, bears a noble rivalry, in which it is not left so very far behind. Similarly when any new cause is brought before the public, its merits are earliest appreciated by the vigour and zeal of the Low Church. The "High" is somewhat languid and suspicious at first, but if the cause is good it is generally taken up, though probably under a new name and different organisation.

In speaking of the Broad Church, there was one lay influence which was of paramount importance. We need hardly say that this was Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Some persons go so far as, not without good grounds, to speak of "the great Coleridge era." How many, both lay and cleric, trace up their religious and intellectual ancestry to him? He was the leading interpreter between the mind of England and the mind of Germany. From time to time we meet men with

work are aware that there is now a sensational style of pulpit eloquence within the Church of England, compared with which all former styles are tame and old-fashioned.

whom it is the happiest recollection that they attended now and then one of Coleridge's *soirées*, that they were privileged to listen to him in his chamber at Highgate, or sometimes listened in London dining-rooms to what seemed to the uninitiated unintelligible and interminable jargon. A small London surgeon gave him the effectual aid and countenance which peer and millionaire might have been immortalised by bestowing. One of the most enlightened of his disciples was Julius Hare, the frankest and ablest of the exponents of the *origines* of the so-called Broad Church. It is remarkable that with Bunsen and Hare, as with Luther before them, it was the actual personal knowledge of Rome which made them revolt from Romanism. By far among the most eminent men who laid the foundation of what may be called Liberal Theology in England were Dr. Arnold and Archdeacon Hare. The influence of Coleridge was chiefly felt at Cambridge, and it is not too much to say that Coleridge acted on the mind of Cambridge much as Oriel acted on the mind of Oxford. Hare's description of Coleridge might be paralleled with the description which Alcibiades gives of the eloquence of Socrates:—"At the sweet sound of that musical voice men seemed to feel their souls teem and burst as beneath the breath of Spring, while the life-giving words of the poet-philosopher flowed over them." Hare dedicated his great work, which has been a help, consolation, and turning-point in many lives, "to the honoured memory of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who, through dark and winding paths of speculation, was led to the light, in order that others, by his guidance, might reach that light without passing through the darkness," and described

himself as one of the many pupils who had, by his writings, been helped to discern the sacred concord and unity of human and divine truth. Side by side with Coleridge he placed the benign influence of William Wordsworth, who, while many of our contemporary stars are paling, is probably now only on the threshold of the vast influence he will wield over the better English mind.

If we take Hare and Arnold as the leading representatives of the Broad Church school, it is certainly to be said that these men stand out in marked contradistinction to many of those who claim to be his followers. Arnold was a man of singularly earnest, fair-minded, and Catholic nature; he was saturated with the literature of Germany, but his Germanism is in reality quite free from the taint that might alarm the orthodox. He was learned, he was eloquent, and the intensity of his hatred of moral evil was a central flame to give heat and light to those around him. Canon Liddon thinks that the Latitudinarianism of Arnold might have progressed further, and speaks of 'the germs of that riper unbelief from which the gifted Head-Master of Rugby was saved by an early death.' But a great leader of the Evangelical party, Edward Bickersteth, takes a kinder, milder view:—"He did not wax worse and worse, but better and better, and his last days were his best days." The Broad Church has produced many eminent men, but its latest and most extreme phase has shown a party disloyal to the Church of England, and that which is infinitely greater—the Church of Christ.

I would venture, indeed, to take the life of Julius Hare as one of an eminently typical and

representative character, one that was Catholic without being Ultramontane, Broad without degenerating into Latitudinarianism. His life, whether in college-rooms or in the retirement of his Sussex rectory, was emphatically the life of the student and the thinker, but of late years quite a broad flare of light has been thrown upon his quiet oratory.* He was the last Hare of Hurstmonceaux, of that ancient family who had for centuries inhabited the ancient place whose ivied ruins are regularly visited by tourists from Brighton and St. Leonard's. Many men's writings are greater than themselves, but Hare was greater than his writings. Above all, in these heated days of controversy, his example had an ethical and religious value of its own.

It was impossible to move Hare from his attitude of perfect fairness and Catholicity. The dwelling-house of his soul had each window unbarred and free, and was everywhere swept by the clear sunlight and the living breeze. By the structure of his intellectual and moral nature he seemed to go a certain way with each party, and to be coloured by its influence. But there was no place for vulgar party in his mind. When he appears to be taking the more advanced Liberal side, he presently falls back on the most constitutional lines of orthodoxy. In his teaching he is alike most Catholic, most Evangelical. He had the most earnest sympathies with such a man as Henry Venn Elliott of Brighton, with such men as his own kinsman, Arthur Stanley. The contemporary who most perpetuated the influence of Coleridge, and his own tastes and

* By Dean Stanley ("Quarterly Review," July, 1858); Professor Plumtre (Memoir prefixed to "Guesses at Truth"); Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare ("Memoir of a Quiet Life.")

feelings was Bishop Thirlwall, while through his curate Sterling he had alliance, though he would have little sympathy with the most advanced school of Liberal theology.

Great indeed was the shock when it became known to him that Archdeacon Manning was about to go over to the Church of Rome. It seemed to help to shatter his failing health. Thus he wrote to his clergy, and some such words have been often sorrowfully re-echoed on similar occasions, how "we have to mourn over the defection and desertion of one whom we have long been accustomed to honour, to reverence, and to love—of one who, for the last ten years, has taken a leading part in every measure adopted for the good of the diocese; of one to whose eloquence we have so often listened with delight, sanctified by the holy purposes that eloquence was ever used to promote. I can only wonder at the inscrutable dispensation by which such a man has been allowed to fall under so withering, soul-deadening a spell." A few years afterwards he passed away. With eyes raised to Heaven, and with a look of indescribable brightness, his last words were "Upwards, upwards!" He verified one of his own guesses, guesses that so often guessed right. "Children always turn to the light. Oh that grown-up men would do likewise!"

Then there are words worth recording of that great and good man, Julius Hare, to his coadjutor, Archdeacon Manning, which have since acquired an unhappy significance. "Unity, the unity of the Church, is of all things the dearest to your heart, at least only subordinate to, or rather co-ordinate with truth, without which you well know all unity must be fallacious.

If I may, without presumption, apply words which were spoken of wiser and holier men, may the survivor of us be enabled to say, as Archbishop Bramhall said of himself and Usher, who in like manner differed from him on sundry points of opinion and feeling:—‘I praise God we were like two candles in the Levitical temple, looking one toward another, and both toward the stem. We had no contention among us, but who should hate contention most, and pursue the peace of the Church with swiftest paces.’”

In John Frederick Denison Maurice we had the pupil of Coleridge, the ally of Julius Hare, a leader of Liberalism, and one of the most kindly and accomplished of English thinkers. Mr. Maurice was both a philosopher and a theologian, and in an unusual degree he gave a philosophical colouring to his theology, and a theological tone to his philosophy. He was in his youth a member of that remarkable society of young men at Cambridge, known as the “Apostles,” who have encouraged high thinking in England, perhaps to a higher degree than any similar association that can be named. He had been *littérateur*, novelist, scholar, but, most of all, he was a philosopher. Mr. Maurice had also family affinities with some of the most remarkable writers of the day. He had not that patristic learning or familiarity with German exegesis that enabled such men as Trench and Alford so prominently to set their mark on the clerical mind; but Mr. Maurice seems to have been superior to both these eminent men in philosophical culture and in breadth of intellect. His distinctive principles were only few, but he surveyed the whole world of thought in their illustration, and he was sometimes almost lost in the

illimitable fields over which he wandered. His mind was essentially of the Socratic cast; Plato-like, he would delight in the dialogues of Search and Negation; and the intellectual process of inquiry was as welcome as any of its results. He was one of those who were brought within the living influence of Coleridge, and in a transmuted form transmitted the great philosopher's esoteric teaching to a new public. Mr. Maurice had an extraordinary power of concentrating abstract thought on contemporary history. We have heard him spoken of, in the '48 times, as the Christian Socialist, and he would not then have disdained the title of Communist, if permitted to give his own definition of the term. His best sympathies, his best energies were with working men, nor would he greatly care for speculations which were untranslatable into action. His nature vibrated to every wave of current history, as he was consumed by the love of Truth and Freedom. Mr. Maurice gathered round him a band of earnest and attached disciples. His friends often loved him with a passionate enthusiasm, and looked upon "the Prophet" as an ancient school of Prophets would look on the mighty Prophet of that time. The preachingship of Lincoln's Inn, one of the great prizes of the Church, was at one time occupied by a rhetorical nonentity, while the humbler post of chaplain belonged to the ardent philosopher who often drew together the best minds of London. How many of us there are who recollect those afternoons of long ago, how we saw the light through the illuminated windows, touching, as with a glory, the noble face and brow of the preacher; we used to hang on his rich tremulous

eloquent accents, which has left on so many an ineffaceable impression.

Mr. Maurice was in those days the centre and focus of wide spiritual and intellectual interests. His conflict with Principal Jelf, on the import of the word *eternal*, lost him his chair at King's College, but perhaps deepened and extended his popularity. Nevertheless, when the First Commissioner of Works transferred him to Vere Chapel, he did not seem to retain the same hold on a more mixed assemblage which he did on the more select audiences of Lincoln's Inn. It is a comment on the popular distaste for high thinking, that one Summer morning, when we were there, about thirteen people were counted fast asleep. Subsequently Mr. Maurice surrendered this position, and fixed his abode at Cambridge. In early life he had been a Cambridge man, but had migrated to Oxford, partly from circumstances of his history, and partly, perhaps, because he had like tastes and sympathies with the Oxford course and the corresponding type of mind. His first University, however, claimed her alumnus, and he reflected immense lustre on the philosophical chair which he was called to fill, in which he succeeded perhaps a sounder thinker, the late Professor Grote, and is succeeded by a writer so clear and sincere as Mr. Birks.

Mr. Maurice himself was a writer of the *chiaroscuro* order. In fact, he had two styles: one eminently transparent, the other involved and obscure. When he had to present philosophy in historical forms, he was remarkable for clearness and precision. His four volumes on the "History of Philosophy," are perhaps his most useful and permanent writings.

On philosophic-religious subjects, invested with some degree of mysticism, some degree of metaphysics, it was often extremely hard to detect his real point of view. We have gone through some of his writings, pencil in hand, and could only very rarely, as lighting upon a definite opinion, underline a passage or turn down a page. The thought was often so vague and subtle as to elude fixity, and there are various interesting subjects on which we should be glad to be assured what Mr. Maurice's real opinions were. The intellect was splendid and lucid, but perhaps not without an alloy of what was crotchety. We confess that for ourselves obscurity of style generally augurs obscurity of thought.

Mr. Maurice's wonderful influence was to a great extent a personal influence; none of his writings have the simplicity, charm, and tenderness of his conversation. The eagerness with which he sought to promote practical, intelligible ends was fully understood by the working classes, who might be incompetent to follow the drift of his teaching. He threw himself with peculiar energy into the cause of woman's education. In the progress of our days, his efforts to procure the highest intellectual training for woman will always be gratefully recollected. He also gave some of his best teaching to working men's colleges, calling all the philosophy of history to throw light on the political question which might affect their condition and prospects. He was one of those public men—assuredly not too many—who threw all their wealth of sympathy and intellect into the side of those who were overweighted in the conflicts of life.

As the High Church has partly passed into Ritualism, so the Broad Church has in part lapsed into Rationalism. There has been a considerable advance among the "Liberals" from the views even of Mr. Maurice, and of Robertson, of Brighton. Mr. Froude says, "the clergyman of the nineteenth century subscribes to the thirty-nine Articles with a smile as might have been worn by Samson when his Philistine mistress bound his arms with the cords and withes." This may have been true of that distinguished historian when he took Deacon's orders, and of a small body of other clergy; but it is certainly not true of the mass of the English clergy. There are some who may be said to possess revolutionary views in theology; but their small though intellectual and energetic party seem constantly to be undergoing a process of elimination. Now that Archbishop Tait has carried his proposals for cheap and speedy justice in cases of errors of ritual, it might be plausibly urged that there should be some extension of it for the purpose of putting down errors in dogma. There is a large amount of passive unbelief outside the Church, which is not unrepresented within the limits of the Church itself. Theological philosophy, or rather anti-theological philosophy is a subject that turns up every now and then. The *Times* headed a review some time ago of a publication of the Duke of Somerset's, with the title "Fashionable Scepticism." Every now and then scepticism becomes exceedingly fashionable, especially when demi-semi-sceptical books are issued by a bishop, or a work directly negating Christianity, by a duke; Lord

Russell too is ready to propose a Reform Bill for theology, and might be ready to do as much for the heavenly bodies themselves. Such a work as "Essays and Reviews," or "Ecce Homo" has an immense run; the circulation rivals that of the last sensational novel; a man is thought a barbarian if he has not read it; edition after edition is issued with startling rapidity. Then the rage dies off as suddenly as it came on; the copies lie as lumber on the shelves; they are cheapened to the last degree, they are exported, they are burnt up as manure. In the meantime the steady sale of sound religious works is never diminished, and more publications are issued in theology than in any other department of literature. Now what are we to say to books of this class, which are to administer the *coup de grâce* to Christianity, as Lord Bolingbroke and various other persons of quality or no quality have attempted to do in other days. It is simply an error, constantly refuted by facts, that theology is going down, and must be rejected by all persons of sense and education. Strangely enough this opinion seems sometimes to be held within the clerical order itself. A great deal of this infidelity both in the Church and the world is more apparent than real. There are a few earnest, intelligent unbelievers, but their words are echoed by those who hardly understand them, by those who seek a cheap reputation for earnestness and ability, through trading on the efforts of earnest and abler men. We question if many of those who parade at second hand the conclusions of Dr. Darwin and Mr. Huxley, could pass the most elementary paper examinations on what those conclusions really are, or the scientific

evidences on which they are based. Still in the fashionable scepticism of these times, there are those of the clergy who have a full share. There is one clerical acquaintance who revives the heresy of Hymenæas and Philetus in saying that the Resurrection is passed already, and another who places Isaiah on a parallel with Merlin. There are those whose opinions may be called Voyseyite though they have never been ejected like Mr. Voysey. These individuals have not been prosecuted, are unlikely to be prosecuted, had better not be prosecuted. But such men have no moral or legal standpoint in the Church. The number of them is, we have every reason to believe, extremely small. Even some of these may be accredited with motives which, however mistaken, are different from the coarse, base motives of merely personal aims. Some may imagine that they are serving great political ends, by indicating the extreme limits of freedom within the church. No one who is acquainted with some clerical societies, and with the tone of conversation in some circles can be doubtful of the considerable infidelity that exists, in variously modified forms, in ordinary society, not altogether excluding the clerical. These may of course go altogether beyond the limits of the devout Liberal clergy.

These Liberal clergy, to a considerable degree, abdicate the formal notion of a sermon. Often there is no text. One of them announces, for instance, the wreck of the Northfleet for his subject, and steps at once *in medias res*; another, who might be called the Coryphæus of this set, gives a set of lectures on English poets, such as Blake, the child-man, or discusses Shelley or Byron. Another "convert,

pervert, and revert" discourses concerning Prince Bismarck. Indeed, as we glance down the columns of the *Times* that advertises the sustenance of the Sunday, we are tempted to suppose that the religious mind of London is thoroughly athirst for novelties of religion, and expects that the subjects of the pulpit should be placed on the same level with those of the lecture-room and the discussion forum. We are recalled, however, to the right bearings of the case when we recollect the hundreds of churches with overflowing congregations, where the clergy do not rack their brains for sensational topics, and their flocks find enduring sustenance in the word of Life. We have turned away from St. George's Hall, nearly empty, where the men of science have been endeavouring to feed the people with science, to some larger and well-thronged edifice, where the attempt has been "to preach simple Christ to simple man." Either the merely sensational or the merely scientific element is altogether out of place in the pulpit. That clergyman is more or less discredited who obviously desires to turn his church into what is familiarly known as "a preaching shop." It is invariably recognised that "praying's the end of preaching." Religion died out in France amid a blaze of popular preaching, and the servant of Christ, however the people may clamour for stones, will seek to give them bread. As a rule we find amid our great dignitaries points of stability that withstand the unsettledness of the times, but we have at least one or two of them whose discourses always seem to wear the *ad populum* air, or who seem to desire to make themselves tribunes of the people.

The latest and most remarkable of Ecclesiastical developments is that of Ritualism. What is very remarkable in the history of Ritualism is its sudden growth. The causes and history of the phenomenon have never yet been explored and explained. All at once, in more than a hundred churches, there suddenly appeared coloured vestments; candles lighted during the Communion in the morning, and during the Magnificat in the afternoon; a new liturgy interpolated into that established by law; prostration, genuflexion, elevations never before seen; the transformation of the worship of the Church of England into that of the Church of Rome so exact as to deceive Roman Catholics themselves in the momentary belief that they were in their own places of worship. We might add that some of the cultivated Hindoos now in London might readily believe that they were in a Buddhist Temple.

When we wish to define and describe this latest development of our times we go to the language of one of the most thoughtful of our prelates.

“Ritualism,” says Bishop Ellicott, “was probably at first only sensational and æsthetic. It arose, apparently, from more than one imperfectly-defined source, but perhaps mainly from a desire to do outward honour and reverence to Almighty God in our services, and to raise public prayer and praise into worship and devotion. At first it met with but little direct sympathy. The elder and leading members of the High Church party not only gave it no encouragement, but even to some extent discountenanced it. If my memory serves me rightly, a dignitary of the Church, who is now one of the most enthusiastic supporters of it, wrote

publicly, at the time I am alluding to, in anything but terms of approval. Definite doctrine, however, in reference to the Lord's presence in the Holy Eucharist, was soon associated with the outward and æsthetic; and then, gradually, many respected names in the Church connected with the Oxford school, directly or by sympathies, either joined the movement or gave it their tacit support. Combined with this influence, arising from Eucharistic teaching, there was and had silently existed for some little time in the Church a deep desire for union, as far as possible, with the sundered Churches of the East and the West, and with it a natural readiness to conform more and more with usages which were common to these Churches, and to exhibit the inward desire by outward manifestation. This I ventured to put forward in a sermon preached, and which I have lived to see, sadly verified in many particulars. There was one sentence which perhaps I may be excused for reproducing, as it illustrates seriously enough the present aspects of the movement. I stated my persuasion that there was then developing 'a clear desire to supplement the Prayer-book, to rehabilitate the principles of the Reformation, and to modify to some extent that ever-recurrent reference to the personal and subjective faith of the individual Christian, which was the principle that our forefathers in Christ most solemnly vindicated for us, which they illustrated by their lives and their teaching, and which they sealed with their blood.' Such was what then seemed to be the future of Ritualism—a future which the recent petition to Convocation in favour of strange supplements to the Prayer-book and of licensed confessors shows to have already come, and to be fast

passing into still more serious developments. The present, indeed, involves more than the desire merely to rehabilitate the principles of the Reformation. The desire now is plainly to reverse them. Associations have been silently formed, and combinations fostered. What is, or rather has been called, the Ritualistic movement, has now passed into a distinctly counter-Reformation movement, and will, whenever sufficiently sustained by numbers, and perfected in organization, reveal its ultimate aims with clearness and precision."

We have taken the opinion of a Bishop concerning Ritualists. It will be interesting to compare the opinions of Ritualists about bishops. "The chief executive officers of the Establishment have either forfeited, or fail to secure, the confidence of those over whom, without any expressed choice being permitted, they are placed. This fact is sorrowfully owned by those who believe in the office, but not in the person, of a bishop; is avowed by those who think highly of the person and little of the office; is perceived by those who hold neither in estimation. Catholics, Low Churchmen, and Erastians agree in this, that as bishops of the Church, the chief executive officers of the Establishment have lost their influence with those immediately in subordination to them. Such loss is real. In whatever way the fact may be accounted for by those who either possess an interest in standing well with bishops in general, or whose views and line of action accord with the wishes and opinions of some particular bishop, and however much it may seem becoming in an episcopal charge to deny the situation, or admitting its truth to explain it away—yet it is a fact

that an almost impassable gulf severs the episcopate from those whom it terms the 'inferior' clergy." Many hard things have been said against bishops in the present age, but none harder and oftener than by the Ritualistic clergy, who combine a belief in the divine right of bishops with a very human practice of scolding them. It has so happened that the famous legal decision, which was supposed to rule questions of Ritual, was given in an undefended case, and is understood to have been seriously impugned by great lawyers. This has prevented the law from being binding on the consciences of many, and the result was a practical insubordination to bishops, which caused them to fly to Parliament for power to put the laws into execution. A certain violence often has been characteristic of the school that contains so many high-minded, able, and earnest men. Exaggerated feeling and language are unfortunately characteristic of this school. One writer tells people "that documents, hidden from the public eye for centuries in the archives of London, Venice, and Simancas are now rapidly being printed, and every fresh find establishes more clearly the utter scoundrelism of the Reformers." To such language only a frank, full denial can be given; so far as these documents are made known to us in the passages of such writers as Mr. Froude and Mr. Motley, the accusation is utterly unsubstantiated. It reminds us of the cruel slander against his missionary brethren made by the same writer. Of course, we are not surprised to hear that Edward the Sixth was a "tiger cub," and that Cranmer was arrested in his wicked career by Divine vengeance, and that he will not speak of the depths of infamy into which he descended. This intrusion of

passion and controversy into the domain of history is much to be deplored.*

On the controversial history of these days we do not dwell. We deal with such controversies on the literary and historical, and not on the polemical side. All through the reign there have been a series of controversies—the Tractarian controversy, the Hampden controversy, the Gorham controversy, the “Essays and Reviews” controversy, the Colenso controversy, the Bennett Judgment controversy, the Purchas Judgment controversy. Just as all London omnibuses are known by the names of public-houses—those public-houses whose evil architecture caused Mr. Ruskin to leave Denmark Hill in despair—so the progress of Church is defined from stage to stage by those bitter waters of strife. We may now sum up the general results of all these controversies, and say that, on the one hand, the Church of England is considerably widened and liberalised, and that, on the other hand, her limits have been accurately defined. It has been well said that our Church should have all the comprehension, all the elasticity which, in the language of the Ordination service, “the will of our Lord Jesus Christ and the order of this realm” will permit. But there has always been an optimist view that all these controversies ended in the happiest way possible, that

* A clergymen of this party was walking with a friend through a great manufacturing town. As they passed a large and ugly building, “How frightful,” said his friend, “that St. Matthew’s Church is!” “Church!” exclaimed the other, “is it a church? I always took it for a Dissenting chapel, and treated it as such. I hope I may be pardoned.” “What do you mean?” inquired his friend *by treating it as such?* “Why,” replied the first, “whenever I pass a Dissenting chapel I cross myself, spit upon the ground, and say *get thee behind me, Satan*. This gentleman subsequently joined the Church of Rome.

Bishop Phillpots came to understand and like Mr. Gorham, and that the late Bishop of Salisbury, on the whole, preferred Mr. Wilson to most men. The most perfect kindness and courtesy may exist, and the culture of such a disposition is always to be sedulously attended to, side by side with a deep-rooted moral disapprobation. Despite occasional exceptions, such as we have indicated, it is increasingly felt that undue differences of opinion should never be met with the language that ought to be reserved for the condemnation of moral evil. In the present day controversial weapons are of keener temper and should be used courteously and sparingly. We echo the aspiration of a German divine that as the Catholic Church has passed, as it were, through the Petrine and Pauline stage, so we may be entering a Johannæan period of comprehension and love.

It will be seen from this rapid survey of our great ecclesiastical parties that many of the real leaders of the Church are those men who have never been dignified by stall or mitre. Looking at the past records of Episcopacy, it is to be seen that often the merely "safe men" of the Church have been promoted, while such men as Keble and Maurice have been overlooked. This is but a sample of what constantly happens throughout the Church. *Laudatur et alget* describes the lot of many of her most learned and meritorious sons. Constantly we find men, through birth, or connexion, or accident preferred to rich preferments, though destitute of ability, learning, and spiritual earnestness, while saints and scholars have been allowed to become grey-haired on country charges, and have been held in contempt by a world—"of whom it was not worthy."

Our bishops and deans might, in the exercise of their patronage have sufficed to sweep away such a reproach, but they have not done so. The crying necessity of our times is a sweeping Ecclesiastical Reform Bill, and unless reform is adopted we shall have Revolution or Destruction. We honestly believe that episcopal and cathedral patronage has been administered at least as well as any other kind of patronage—although there is at times a tacit exchange of good offices between episcopal and court appointments—better probably than that of the Lord Chancellor or the Prime Minister. But this has not been from any plan or principle, but from sheer accident or the excellence of individual character. Private patronage may present insoluble difficulties, but public patronage, the patronage of Government and certain corporate bodies, might be settled, *mutatis mutandis*, in a mode analogous to that in which the civil patronage of the country is administered. The question arises respecting our prelates, *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes*. The most pressing reforms are those which relate to the Episcopal bench itself, and refers mainly to the Episcopate and the subdivision of dioceses.

The great necessity is the christianising, purifying, elevating the masses of the people. The union between Church and State exists, not that the Church may be political, but that the State should be religious. If Episcopacy be really for the good of the Church and land, it is a primal necessity that it should exist in its simplest, most vital, most energising shape. Episcopacy is not a direct ordinance of the scripture of truth. It is, however, the outcome of apostolic, or at least of subapostolic times. In an inconceivably short time

it spread over the whole of Christendom. There was a *consensus* in its favour of all the primitive Churches. A constant tradition has assigned it to the Apostles and to the Master. The very notion of Episcopacy, the fatherly oversight of each presbyter, and the "care of all the churches," is one that is essential to good order and commends itself to every intelligent mind. The question is whether our modern system is conterminous with the line of genuine primitive Episcopacy, whether our modern facts are consistent with the original ideas, and whether any real effectual personal oversight can be exercised within such wide geographical areas, and under circumstances of social distinction and political consideration. There have been Bishops who have habitually absented themselves from the House of Lords, and if the spiritual and temporal functions came into collision it is as clear as daylight that the temporal ought to go.

Bishops, as a rule, though with some remarkable exceptions, are hardly in favour of any subdivision of dioceses, or in favour of anything that would detract from power, prestige, and patronage. We know of one Bishop who honourably said that he did not care to give up a large county that might easily have been detached from his overgrown diocese, because it would take from him a valuable part of his patronage. For the same reason they retain a patronage of some seventy thousand a year for diocesan officials who live on these pickings and pluckings of the clergy. Archbishop Tait, when Bishop of London, said that he did not find that the cares of that overgrown diocese were at all too much for him. It all depended on what amount of the cares he might

think fit to devolve on himself. If it was only a certain number of State duties, attendances at Court, clerical levees, filling up preferments, or triennial charges, ordinations and confirmations, the programme could be soon arranged, and the conditions easily fulfilled. We can only wonder that any one with a living idea of the true theory of Episcopacy, could think that he could fully discharge the work of a real father in God over the multitudes of clergy in the diocese of London.

The question of the increase of the Episcopate has been very anxiously debated among the Bishops themselves. Bishop Wordsworth has pressed for it very strongly. He quoted the words of his own predecessor, "If I were to desire to visit every parish in my diocese, and if I were to desire to spend a Sunday in each parish, it would take fifteen years to make the circuit," and stated that that state of things was substantially unaltered. But while Dr. Wordsworth was in favour of a large increase of the Episcopate, he thought the Bishops should retain their large incomes and their large houses. The predecessor alluded to, the present Bishop of London, was not at all in favour of a large increase of the Episcopate. He would like a moderate increase, but he thought that twenty or thirty would be "an extravagant demand." Yet Cranmer asked for twenty when the population of the country was hardly one-fifth what it is at present. Dr. Jackson, with great good sense, hit the exact point. If we had palaces and incomes only for our own sakes, he argued, let them go for heaven's sake. "One thing is perfectly clear that two classes of Bishops—a rich Bishop and a poor

Bishop, a Bishop who is a member of the legislature, and a Bishop who is not—could not long exist together.” Now this is the key to the whole problem. The question is whether the Bishop can be so perfectly certain. Could not the present Bishops remain with their seats in Parliament, albeit with abridged incomes, and another set of Bishops exist with smaller incomes and without seats? Would the difficulty be lessened if the Bishop of what would then be the Old Foundation should always be selected from the Bishops of the New Foundation, just as Archbishops are now almost invariably selected from the Bishops? But if there is no half-way house as Dr. Jackson insists, then if the theory of Episcopacy be really worth anything, if it be a desirable thing in the interests of the Christian Church that Bishops be multiplied, let house and land, let coin and peerage go, so that the spiritual interests of the Church of Christ are advanced. We should then be abandoning the mediæval and baronial, and reverting to the primitive system of the Catholic Church.

Those who want new bishoprics with large incomes and are unwilling that the present large incomes should be diminished, have devised various expedients for raising funds. It was suggested in several quarters that pious laymen might befriend the Episcopal order and endow bishoprics. Something like an order of Mendicant Bishops was suggested. Now if there are any laymen prepared to advance large sums of money for Church purposes, let them be entreated to weigh carefully other claims that might be brought before their notice before they exhaust their eleemosynary powers in favour of bishops. We will

engage to say that there are to every diocese, although their Bishops may not know much about them, hard-working and learned men to whom a measure of help might be offered with much more judgment and generosity. No one can think of the vast amount of clerical poverty and unhappiness; no one can carefully watch the struggling life of so many excellent institutions, and hear with any patience the suggestion that large sums of money might be devoted to the creation of further English Bishoprics. Another proposition much dwelt on in Convocation was the recommendation of the Cathedral Commissioners that in certain cases the office of Bishop of the diocese and Dean of the Cathedral should be confined in one person. The late Bishop of Winchester was apparently in favour of this proposition, but as one Bishop after another rose to fling cold water on the suggestion, his courage failed, and he eventually asked leave to withdraw his motion. The Bishop of London did not see, "supposing that Deans were useful anywhere," how their duties could be transferred to the Bishop. The Bishop of Salisbury "delighted with his whole heart and soul" in cathedral music, and would not have the strength of a Cathedral Establishment diminished by a single person. The Bishop of Bath and Wells had made himself merry with some returns of Rural Deans who had expressed a desire for the increase of the Episcopate. To the question whether it was desirable that there should be an addition of new bishops, the answer of one was that if the new bishops were to be like the present bishops, it was

very undesirable that there should be any more. To the next question how they should be appointed, the answer was that the new bishops should be as unlike as possible to the old ones; and that for the Crown to appoint the new bishops would be most undesirable. On the whole it was fully agreed that it would never do to touch the Deaneries.

Then the Bishop of Norwich arose with the most daring proposition of all, that the Bishops should touch and tax themselves. "We believe," went the terms of his resolution, "that by a moderate reduction of Episcopal incomes, considerable help would be afforded towards providing endowments of new Sees; and the want of such Sees is so urgent as to warrant such a reduction." The resolution was manfully seconded by the Bishop of Lichfield. But there arose a chorus of objections, and in less than half a column of the *Guardian* the motion was satisfactorily disposed of in the negative. The Bishop of Llandaff went into details. "If from the commencement of my Episcopate I had been put in a small house in the town of Cardiff at which I lived, not with these housemaids as Archdeacon Allen supposes, for I at least have not got them, but with one housemaid and with one footboy, and everything in proportion to a small house in the town of Cardiff, I think I should very well have been able to give a fair proportion of my income, supposing it had been £1000 instead of £4200 a year." Here the excellent Bishop just hinted at that sublime sort of self-abnegation which would so raise the Episcopal character. If St. Paul was content for the sake of a high purpose to work with his own hands, might not

a successor of St. Paul condescend to a small house with one housemaid and one foot-boy. But the Bishop says that if he is expected to "receive his clergy," &c., he could not do with a less income. It was at Llandaff that a publican applied for a spirit licence on the ground that candidates for Holy Orders lodged with him at the time of ordination. The example has not spread to Llandaff of a Bishop entertaining the candidates at his own house. Other Bishops followed on the same side though not with the same particularity of detail. The Bishop of Norwich replied, manfully maintaining his principles. It was his wish "to express an opinion that though the incomes of our Sees have been reduced from what they were, and are not at all more than adequate to meet the present demands upon them, still the wants of the Church for increased Sees are so great as to warrant further reduction." The Bishop was not, however, willing to divide unless he received general support, which was not at all likely. Finding the self-denying ordinance unpopular, the motion was "by leave of the house" withdrawn. So the Bishops having looked at the subject of the increase of their order all round, returned a sublime *non possumus*.

In spite of the *non possumus*, however, we feel sure that the day cannot be remote when we shall have a large increase of the Episcopate by the subdivision of dioceses. The new Convocation that has met simultaneously with the new Parliament will, we feel assured, take vigorous steps in this direction. Although there is no hope of a large, well-defined scheme for the restoration of the Episcopate corresponding with its true ideal and the necessities of the country, we may

well believe that some move will be made in the right direction. Very probably Lichfield will be divided into three dioceses of its three counties. St. Alban's might be carved as a diocese out of Rochester, Westminster out of London, and the long-contemplated division of the see of Exeter may take place at last. It might be suggested that in double dioceses, such as Gloucester and Bristol, Bath and Wells, there should be separate bishoprics, and a large income would be secured, very little short of the present incomes, if the office of Dean could be held simultaneously with that of bishop. To those who doubt might be commended the words of Bishop Bedell. His own words in his letters to Dr. Despotine to satisfy him in the thing were these : “ *That the example of holding two bishoprics was not canonical, but justifying the holding of many benefices by one person ; that it was an unreasonable thing of him to seek to reform heapers of benefices, being himself faulty in having two bishoprics ; that he was sensible of his own disability to discharge the office of a bishop to two churches, yea even to one. And whereas it was objected by the doctor that by parting with one of his bishoprics he should shorten his means, his answer was, that still he should have enough to live on, and leave his children more than was left him ; and Domini est terra et plenitudo eius.*” The protest against moneyed prelates comes everywhere. The President of the Congress of Old Catholics at Cologne said, “ they did not want a Church prince, a Roman grandee, but a shepherd and overseer. Once a high-minded dignitary said to me, ‘ what is a Bishop in the eyes of the people ? ’ He is a very great man who has a few thousand florins to spend, and who goes to town with six horses and ten

servants. Such a Bishop they did not require." In America Episcopacy is a living institution in constant alliance with our own Church, to whom it is indebted for its origin; and our Colonial Empire shows how easily our Episcopacy adapts itself to the modified circumstances of the present time. It has unhappily been the reproach of the Church of England that it has conciliated to itself so much of the cost and worldliness of the world. Döllinger says that in England the Church is the Church only of a fragment of the nation, of the rich, cultivated, and fashionable classes—the religion of departments, of gentility, of clerical reserve. In its stiff and narrow organization, and all want of pastoral elasticity, it feels itself powerless against the masses.

We read such language with shame and regret, acknowledging that there is a real element of truth, but at the same time believing that in a large measure such a reproach is being swept away. The message to the Apostles was "Preach to the *people* the words of this life," and whatever may be said of Sectarian bodies the existence of a National Church can only be justified by its seeking the Evangelization of the masses of the population. Every one who watches the broad current of church life must be convinced of its intense activity and fruitfulness, in word and deed, of its intense anxiety to do its duty in this generation; and, so far as may be, to overtake the neglect of past generations; but in order to do this in the most vigorous and perfect way it may be necessary to review and revive the functions of its organization, and to aim at a recasting of its present Episcopal system.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE GENERAL COURSE AND HISTORY OF EPISCOPACY,
ESPECIALLY IN ENGLAND.

THE history of Episcopacy occupies a very important chapter in the History of England, we might say in the general history of Europe. The Bishops have helped to provoke some of the great crises of our history; their names are for ever associated with great civic troubles, and none have been more deeply troubled than themselves. It is historically true that at such a season their Christian patience and moderation are most conspicuous, and they never show better than when under a cloud. They have been, as it were, the stormy petrels of the political waters; when they appear conspicuously, the vision is ominous of trouble; or, to adopt another ornithological image, we are sometimes reminded of Landseer's picture of the swannery attacked by sea-eagles, when we recollect how the lawned prelates have again and again been fiercely attacked by crowds that were not sane, and crowns that were not just.

Into the theological arguments respecting the position of bishops, it is not our intention to enter. They will be found in all the great text-books of Anglican

theology. As loyal Churchmen we feel satisfied with the Divine basis of the threefold orders of bishops, priests, and deacons. Speaking more accurately, a bishop is not ordained, but consecrated to his office, chosen a priest among priests, for the discharge of high governmental functions in the Church. Any supposed grace of orders relates to their functions, and not to their persons and characters. I am especially anxious that in some unavoidable criticism on the office-bearers I may carefully keep in view the reverence due to the office. Here the Master Himself pointed out a distinction. He taught that the Scribes and Pharisees possessed functions that were entitled to reverence and obedience. "The Scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat. All that they bid you, observe and do." But this high honour given to the office did not save the office-holders from the most awful censures. We write with reverence for the divine office, but with freedom of the very human character of the office-holders.

When we have asserted the doctrine of Episcopacy, the inquiry arises to what does this Episcopacy really amount? In the earliest chapter of ecclesiastical history, the Acts of the Apostles, the word occurs, and in no sense that is analogous with the modern sense. It is sometimes urged that the Episcopate is an extension of the Apostolate. But the idea of the Episcopate is localized authority; that of the Apostolate is evidence to the human history of Christ. In an analogical way, and in a very limited and restricted sense, this may be courteously admitted, and it is only by a violent handling of the sacred text that the theory can now be pressed any further. St. Jerome says,

“The Bishops should know that they are superior to Presbyters rather by custom than by any ministry of our Lord’s ordinance, and they ought to govern the Church in common.” The late Dean Alford was a divine of great good sense and fairness, on whose judgment most readers would feel disposed to place very considerable reliance, says* :—“The Apostolic office terminated with the Apostolic times, and by its very nature admitted not of continuance; the Episcopal office, in its ordinary sense, sprung up after the Apostolic times, and the two are entirely distinct. The confusion of the two belongs to that unsafe and slippery ground in church matters, the only logical refuge from which is the traditional system of Rome. He shows that in the Acts the elders or presbyters received the title of bishops or overseers, and is angry that a commentator, contrary to the sacred text, should endeavour to draw a distinction between them.” So early did interested and disingenuous interpretation begin to cloud the light which Scripture might have thrown on ecclesiastical questions. Our version has hardly dealt fairly in this case with the sacred text, in rendering ἐπισκόπους verse 28, ‘overseers,’ whereas it ought there, as in all other places, to have been Bishops, that the fact of elders and bishops having been originally and apostolically synonymous might be apparent to the ordinary English reader, which now it is not. The question has now been exhaustively discussed and settled in Germany by

* Acts xiii 2 v. and xx 18 v. In support of his view Alford says, “See the remarkable testimonies cited by Gieseler i. p. 115 note, from Jerome on Tit. i. 7 v., and Aug. Epist. cxxxii, and Hieron, 33, vol. ii, p. 290.

such a man as Roth, and in our own country by such writers as Dean Alford and Canon Lightfoot.

It may be taken therefore as absolutely true, as a matter on which no honest divine could cast a doubt, that the same church officer is called indifferently Presbyter and Bishop. The word "Bishop" or "overseer" (*ἐπίσκοπος*), was a well-known title among the Greeks, signifying "a commissioner," or "inspector." It is a word used by Aristophanes. It is a word frequently employed in the Septuagint version of the Old Testament, in almost identical senses. In the New Testament we have the word "presbyter" or "elder," the root of the notion being the distinction of old age, as in the Gerousia of Sparta, the Senate of Rome, the Signoria of Florence, the Alderman of England. In the Apostle's time "presbyter" and "bishop" are used as exchangeable terms, and no sacerdotal meaning attached to either term. They were the servants and officials who represented the priesthood of all Christian men. Episcopacy, as distinct from presbytery, does not belong to the region of the New Testament, but to an early and obscure chapter of ecclesiastical history. The earliest traces of an institution which afterwards overspread the whole face of Christendom, are scanty and indistinct. The patristic argument in favour of Episcopacy, to say the truth, does not amount to very much. By skilful manipulation we may often read a modern sense into an ancient writer, when that sense would not be naturally suggested to those to whose eyes or ears such language would be first addressed. Few literary controversies have been so pertinacious as that respecting the genuineness of the Ignatian Epistles,

and the secret of this literary litigation has been the Ignatian view respecting Episcopacy. A recent writer* has carefully brought together all the passages rightly or wrongly attributed to Ignatius on this subject, that the highest possible view of Episcopacy may be fairly stated. The interest and importance attaching to St. Ignatius was so strong—through the touching tradition that he was the little child whom the Saviour took up in his arms, and the undoubted acts of the martyrdom—that his statement might almost be considered final on any subject of primitive practice. But nothing that Ignatius says amounts to more than the statement that the Bishop is the chairman of the Presbytery or Council of Presbyters. The famous Epistles really say nothing to which Usher and Hall might not have subscribed on the one hand, and the famous Smectymnus confederacy on the other. His idea seems to have been that the present Episcopal sympathies, by giving a distinct headship to each church, would be a help to the maintenance of Christian unity. He says nothing in favour of autocratic and irresponsible prelacy. His sentiment echoes that language of St. Peter which we have so often to recall when reading prelatial history, that men ought not to be “lords” over Christ’s heritage.

This is how the case lies, accepting the authenticity of the famous letters. But there is a very grave suspicion that these passages are interpolations made in the interests of Episcopacy. “We are aware, as a simple matter of fact,” writes Mr. Mossman, “that there is nothing in the way of forgery or falsification,

* “History of the Catholic Church to the Middle of the Second Century.” By T. W. Mossman, B.A. 1873.

which some writers, both ancient and modern, would shrink from in support of his darling institution, thinking the while that, by thus acting, this were doing God service." Many patristic passages in favour of Episcopacy are of no greater worth than the forged Decretals of Isidore. The Tübingen school would reject the whole of the Epistles, but the probability is that they are genuine enough except for forged interpolations in the Episcopal interests. One great argument in the earliest Church history that the "seven angels" are seven Bishops, is of doubtful weight, and even if so, the seven "Bishops" of localities in close neighbourhood is something altogether different to our vast territorial prelaties.

Episcopacy appears, then, to have gradually grown up in a providential order, and in the course of the development and evolution of the Church. In the Jewish branch of the Christian Church we may recognise the Bishop in St. James, who presided over the mother-church of Jerusalem. But it is not till past the era of the destruction of Jerusalem that we find anything of the kind in the Gentile Church. Perhaps that very event evidenced the necessity, and brought forward the constitution of another order in the organization of the Church. For many years after that dread event, the Church annals were confused, but when the darkness lifted a little we find traces of Episcopacy which henceforth multiply upon us. In the "Shepherd of Hermes" we find a passage well worthy of Episcopal attention, where he speaks of "hospitable bishops, who at all times received the servants of God into their houses cheerfully, and without hypocrisy," where the word begins to hold its

latter signification. "The sequence of bishops," writes Tertullian, "traced back to its origin, will be found to rest on the authority of John. There is no reason to doubt that he acted as Bishop of Ephesus, and went about establishing other Bishops, thus consolidating churches, and appointing depositaries of truth. But before the time of St. John, very late in the first century, there is no trustworthy trace of Episcopacy in the Gentile Churches. Canon Lightfoot, in his remarkable Essay on the Christian Ministry, distinctly argues thus:—

"While the Episcopal office thus existed in the mother-church of Jerusalem from very early days, at least in a rudimentary form, the New Testament presents no distinct traces of such organization in the Gentile congregations." Again: "It is the conception of a later age which represents Timothy as Bishop of Ephesus and Titus as Bishop of Crete. St. Paul's own language implies that the position they held was temporary." Once more: "As late, therefore, as the year A.D. 70, no distinct signs of Episcopal government have hitherto appeared in Gentile Christendom." Again: "To the dissensions of Jew and Gentile converts, and to the disputes of Gnostic false teachers, the development of Episcopacy may be mainly ascribed." "In this way, during the historical blank which extends over half a century after the fall of Jerusalem, Episcopacy was matured, and the Catholic Church consolidated."

He holds that the Episcopate was formed, not out of the Apostolic order by localization, but out of the presbyteral by churches, and the title, which was

originally common to all, came at length to be appropriated to the chief of them. According to him, Episcopacy was a new idea, which took root and received a rapid development, but was an institution variously developed in different localities. Even at a comparatively late date the Bishop is spoken of as a Presbyter. A Bishop is a Presbyter, though a Presbyter is not a Bishop in the secondary sense which the word Bishop came to bear. Even in the time of Popes and Councils, a Bishop would address Presbyters as "fellow-Presbyters." And the Bishop is exhorted to give the utmost heed to his Presbytery. They are a spiritual coronal, a divine council, the chords to the lyre.

Many persons, however, would be dissatisfied with the theme of the lateral development of Episcopacy from the Presbytery, and rest simply on the Apostolical Succession. The answer is, that in one case we are on safe historical ground, we have an induction of facts; in the other case we have a theory which forms no part of the original deposit of facts, is no matter of revelation. On the other hand the arguments and evidence for Episcopacy dating from the college of Apostles, are exceedingly strong, and are of the highest degree of probability. The question is virtually this, whether the Ministry should emanate from the mass of the people, or be regarded as an office emanating from the Master. It is the tradition of the Church that during the Forty Days in which Christ spoke of the things concerning the Kingdom of Heaven, that system of Church order was indicated which would be in accordance with the Divine mind. Those nearest to the age of the Apostles recognize the Apostolical

Succession. The question is whether people may elect themselves into a Ministry, be elected from those who will be beneath them, or if they must be appointed by authority from some constituted powers above. The one is the theory of Episcopacy, of the Latin, Greek, and Anglican Churches; the other is the theory of Presbyterianism and various forms of Dissent. It may be possible for us to give a clear unwavering adherence to the doctrine of Episcopacy, that is to say, to be satisfied that the Church, having authority, did claim this form of government, or directly derived it from her Head. It is another question how far Modern Episcopacy represents the Primitive Episcopacy. Even when we have satisfactorily established that doctrine, we must be very careful not to attach to it too great a degree of importance, or to draw from it unsafe results. It is simply outrageous to hear persons denounce non-Episcopal churches as heretical. No one could forbid baptism, as we read in the sacred text, where the Spirit had been received, and none can deny the validity of any Ministry, where the gifts, and grace, and fruits of the Divine life are to be witnessed.

To go back to old English divinity this is the view which is expressed by the famous Dean Field, in his great work on the Church. Of him old Fuller quaintly said, "whose memory smelleth like a Field the Lord hath blessed," and James the First said, "This is a Field for the Lord to dwell here." The king passed him by for promotion, however, and when he heard of his death said, "I should have done more for that man!" Field's views are mainly given in the twenty-seventh chapter of the fifth book of his great work.

As the friend of Richard Hooker and Sir Henry Savile he probably represented the views of the more learned and thoughtful divines of his time. Field controverts the high views of Episcopacy set forth by the Romanist Bellarmine. He regards it as a convenient arrangement of Church government. "The Apostles, in settling the state of their churches, did so constitute in them many Presbyters with power to teach, instruct, and direct the people of God; that yet they appointed one only to be chief pastor of this place, ordaining that the rest should be but his assistants, not presuming to do anything without him; so that though they were all equal in the power of order, yet were the rest inferior-rated men in the government of the Church, whereof he was Pastor; and they but his assistants only. The dumb beasts, saith Hierome, and wilde heards have their leaders, which they follow; the bees have their king; the crows flee after one another like an alphabet of letters. There is but one Emperor, one judge of a province. Rome newly built could not endure two brethren to be kings together, and therefore was dedicated a parricide. Esau and Jacob were at war in the womb of Rebecca; every Church hath her own Bishop, her own Arch-Presbyter, her own chief Deacon; and all ecclesiastical order consisteth herein that some do rule and direct the rest. In the ship there is one that directeth the helm. In a house or family there is but one master. And to conclude, in an armie, if it be never so great, yet the direction of one general is expected. We make not the power of bishops to be princely, as Bellarmine doth, but fatherly: so that as the Presbyters may do nothing without the Bishop, so he may do nothing in matters

of greatest moment and consequence without their presence and advice, whereupon the Council of Carthage voideth all sentences of Bishops, which the presence of their clergy confirmeth not. Touching the pre-eminence of Bishops above Presbyters there is some difference among school divines; for the best learned of them are of opinion that Bishops are not greater than Presbyters in the power of consecration and order, but only in the exercise of it; and the power of jurisdiction, seeing Presbyters may preach and minister the greatest of all Sacrament, by virtue of their consecration and order, as well as Bishops For the avoyding of the peril of schism it was ordained that one should be chosen who should be named a Bishop, to whom the rest should obey, and to whom it was reserved to give orders, and to do some such other things, as none but Bishops do.”*

Very soon the Episcopacy is found to be dominant throughout the whole Christian Church, sometimes in eccentric, abnormal, and exaggerated forms. Ecclesiastical history is full of errors of government as well as errors in doctrine. In the earlier ages of

* The late Dean Goode (“Doctrines of the Church of England on Non-Episcopal Ordination”) has shown that the views of the modern extreme school were not held by the chief divines of the Church of England, even by those known as “High Churchmen.” And he quotes, in proof, the language *inter alios* of Bishops Abbey (1560), Pilkington (1563), Jewell, Archbishop Whitgift, Whitaker (Reg. Prof. of Div. Cambridge), Hooker, Hadrian Saravia (quoted however by Keble as maintaining the opposite), Bishop Cooper (1589), Dr. Richard Cosin (Dean of the Arches, 1584), Bishop Cosin, Archbishops Bramhall, Bancroft, and Usher, and Bishops Hall, Davenant, Morton, and Tomline. Dean Goode’s successor in the Deanery of Ripon, Dr. McNeile, has much reason on his side when he claims that the largest measure of obedience to Bishops is rendered by Evangelical clergymen, although they do not hold “High” doctrine about Episcopacy.

Christianity there is no land, no period where the Episcopal form of government does not prevail, whether we look at Western or Oriental civilization. When we look at Palestine and its neighbourhood, Egypt, Syria, Africa, Asia Minor, Italy, Evangelical Episcopacy is the accepted form of Church government. The institution marks a definite stage in the progress and development of the Church. Very soon, as might be expected from human frailty, the tares are springing up among the wheat, and the institution becomes vitiated by the love of pride, and pomp, and power. Before long Episcopacy becomes interwoven into the web of temporalities and royalties. It is remarkable that in Rome, where all the elements of evil eventually culminated, Clement, whom universal tradition strongly affirms to have been Bishop, never alludes to the existence of any bishopric at Rome, where he was writing; or at Corinth, whither he was writing. In some such sort of way did the territorial jurisdiction of Bishops grow up. Guizot shows that during the fourth and fifth centuries the right lay with the people to elect the Bishops, and it was only after the conquest of Gaul by the Franks that the kings frequently nominated them. For the first three hundred years, according to King, the clergy and laity jointly elected the Bishops. Even in our own Church of the Future the question of the appointment of Bishops must arise. Practically the present system may have worked as well or better than any other system that could be devised. But doubtless we have had profligate, worldly, unbelieving statesmen appointing Bishops again and again; and this incongruity may come to the point that the bitterest enemy of the

Church may nevertheless appoint its prelates. The Old Catholic movement has given us the example of the true method, and of primitive practice. Bishop Reinkens was chosen by lay as well as clerical votes; the draft of the constitution was drawn up the same way, and the constitution of the Church provided for the due mixture of orders in synods and committees. In the olden days Bishops were much more of a spiritual than of a temporal function. In the book "On the Glory of Regality," which Mr. Buckle quotes in his Common-place Book, the author says: "On the whole it appears that, whatever may have been the usage of later reigns, the doing of homage by Bishops was not a practice of antiquity." Only very gradually was prelacy brought into connection with royalty, and that alliance sprang up between the two which has so very rarely wavered, and which has, at times, assumed such a secular character. It is, however, the tendency of the Church, as it is the tendency of the human form, to revert to the primitive type. Episcopacy is only a means which has from age to age vindicated its usefulness, and should be remodelled after its primitive type; if, as in the bishopric of Rome, it should come between the individual life and the one great Shepherd and Bishop of souls.

The author of that quaint learned book "The Broad Stone of Honour," has collected some very touching and graphic notices of some phases of Episcopacy. He says: "Nor can we omit mention of that beautiful system of degree which gave rise to such humility in the higher ranks, and to such faithful submission to the lower," a system of degrees, however, which has often exhibited arrogance on

the one side and servility on the other. In the Council of Carthage (4 Can. 34) we read, "*Ut episcopus, quolibet loco sedens, stare presbyterum non patiatur.*" When Francis Castello said to St. Antoninus, Archbishop of Florence, whose secretary he was, "Bishops were to be pitied, if they were to be eternally engaged as he was." The saint replied, "To enjoy interior peace we must always reserve in our hearts, amidst all affairs, as it were, a secret closet, where we are to keep retired within ourselves, and where no business of the world can ever enter." Kenelm Digby goes on to speak of the virtuous actions of good Bishops. "Think what a spirit St. Nilamon had, who died with terror as they bore him to an Episcopal throne. What simplicity in St. Charles Borromeo and Cardinal Ximenes to visit their diocese on foot without attendants, and in the Great Cardinal of Lorraine to be constant in ardently catechising the most simple of his diocese." He is particularly struck with the virtues of one Don Bartholomew de Martyribus, "What an edifying spectacle to see him resist, till he was forced under pain of excommunication to accept the Archiepiscopal throne of Brazes, when he walked to Lisbon to pay his respects to the Queen; to see him full of sorrow and shame when shown the magnificent palace provided for him, inhabiting one room with bare walls, a deal table, and a mattress; eating of but one dish, giving the rest to the poor; rising at three in the morning to study the Holy Scriptures and the Fathers till eight; visiting his diocese in the depth of winter mounted on a mule; falling at the feet of a great lord, beseeching him to repent, choosing rather to sleep in a cabin with his people, than in the prin-

cipal house of the village called the Castle; his repeated and at length successful efforts to resign his mitre; his visiting the neighbouring villages on foot to teach the children their catechism and to relieve the poor."

We pass to the consideration of modern Episcopacy since those days of the Reformation that never disturbed its continuity. When Prelacy emerged into the wider, healthier air of Protestantism, it became exposed to very free handling, and the adverse movement was quickened as the Church of England became less Calvinistic and decidedly more Arminian. Martin Marprelate makes his ominous appearance. He brought forward the controversy respecting the theory and practice of Episcopacy more clearly than ever before. It was never known who the original Martin Marprelate was. He had a secret press which was set up in one place after another in England, until it was eventually seized. Martin spoke very highly of his own position. "I have been entertained at the court, every man talks of my worship. Many would gladly receive my books if they could tell where to find them." He was a great scourge to the prelates; he was especially severe on the famous Bishop Aylmer. This unfortunate Aylmer had once in his youthful days written a book in which he had spoken very sharply of Bishops. It is thus that the future Bishop spoke of the Episcopate: "Howl and wail, not for the danger you stand in of losing your Bishoprics and benefices, your pomp and your pride, your riches and wealth, but that hell hath opened his mouth wide and gapeth to swallow you . . . Come down, you Bishops, from your thousands and content you

with your hundreds; let your diet be priest-like and not prince-like." Those prelates must have been delighted to have unearthed such language from a Bishop of London. For once the aspiration was satisfied, "Oh that mine enemy had written a book!" "Hear, Brother London," he exclaims in glee, "I think you would have spent three of the best elms which you had cut down at Fulham, and three pence half penie besides that I had never met with your book." There are as odd stories about this Bishop Aylmer as about any Bishop of Clogher or Derry. He is said to have cut down the elms at Fulham to the extent of £6000, an enormous sum in those days. He ordained his blind gate-keeper, and gave him the living of Paddington, as a means of providing for him. The Bishop had a son-in-law, a drunken worthless clergyman, and on the plan of adjusting differences in a saw-pit, the Bishop closeted himself with his son-in-law, and taking a good stout cudgel gave him a hearty thrashing. Some valuable cloth had been stolen from some dyers in Thames Street. It was on the Bishop's lands, and the unfortunate thieves before they were executed had admitted the identity of the cloth. The owners applied for it, but the Bishop refused to surrender it except on satisfactory proof of ownership. In the opinion of his Lordship the proof was never sufficiently satisfactory. "The Bishop," says Martin, "knew as well as the owners to what good uses it could be put. It is very good blue and so would serve well for the liveries of his men; and it was very good green, fit to make cushions and coverings for tables. Brother London," he continues, "you were best make restitution, it

is plague, theft, and horrible oppression. Bonner would have blushed to have been taken in the light of it.”

The Martin Marprelate Tracts have been attributed to Penry, whose unrighteous execution is so great a blot upon Queen Elizabeth or rather upon Whitgift. Penry's great desire was that the Gospel should be preached among his Welsh countrymen. He objected, not without reason, to Bishops as being utter failures in Wales, and certainly Wales is the district where the least can be said for Episcopacy.

It is extremely interesting to find Lord Bacon taking part in these questions about the Bishops. Bacon was a man who thought deeply on religious matters, although it is to be feared that his life was hardly in harmony with his opinions. He approved of Episcopacy, but he did not hesitate to blame the Bishops. He did not sympathise with the Puritans, but at the same time he told the Bishops that their conduct towards the Puritans could not be justified. He wished the word “priest” to be laid aside. It was, indeed, only an abbreviation of the old word “Presbyter,” but it was a word that might be confounded with the sacrificing priest of the old dispensation. He was of opinion that the Bishop possessed far too great a superiority over the rest of the clergy. “There be two circumstances in the administration of Bishops wherein I never could be satisfied; the one, the sole exercise of their authority. For the first, the Bishop giveth orders alone, excommunicateth alone, judgeth alone. This seemeth to be a thing almost without example in good government, and therefore not unlikely to have crept in in the degenerate and corrupt

times. . . . Surely I do suppose that *ab initio non fuit ita*, and that Deans and Chapters were councils about the sees and chairs of Bishops at the first; and were unto them a presbytery or consistory, and inter-meddled not only in the disposing of their revenues and endowments, but much more in jurisdiction ecclesiastical. But it is probable that the Deans and Chapters stick close to the Bishops in matters of profit and the world, and would not lose their hold, but in matters of jurisdiction (which they accounted but trouble and attendance) they suffered the Bishops to encroach and usurp; and so the one continueth and the other is lost. . . . We see many shadows still remaining, as that the Dean and Chapter, *pro formâ*, chooseth the Bishop, which is the highest point of jurisdiction, and that the Bishop, when he giveth orders, if there be any ministers casually present, calleth them to join with him in the imposition of hands and some other particulars.”

It would be interesting to compare the era of the Elizabethan with that of the Victorian Bishops. Such a comparison would disclose some curious points both of likeness and unlikeness; but, on the whole, the Victorian Bishops would have abundant reason for gratitude. In the posthumous works of the late Mr. Buckle we have some collections of facts which give much information on the subject. His collections have the drawback, which is apparent in many ways, of a strong bias against the Church on the part of the collector.* The correspondence of Burleigh shows

* Mr. Buckle writes: “My ambition seems to grow more insatiate than ever, and it is perhaps well that it should, as it is my sheet anchor.” Perhaps he regretted at Damascus that he had left “the unknown and invisible future” to take care of itself.

the shortcomings of many prelates, and such a candid writer as Bishop Short is severe upon the Bishops of the Elizabethan period. Queen Elizabeth seems systematically to have sought to humble both spiritual and temporal peers. Within the first twelve months of her reign she greatly diminished that Episcopal power which, under her sister, had developed into inordinate proportions. Her hand was felt so heavily, that even Parker said: "It is our misfortune to be singled out from the rest of mankind for infamy and aversion." Archbishop after Archbishop complained grievously of the treatment each had received. Parker, according to ancient precedent, used to fell timber in certain woods. Elizabeth commenced a raid against him which brought him to subjection. Archbishop Whitgift says, "The temporalty sought to make the clergy beggars, that they might depend upon them." Archbishop Sandys says, "Our estimation is little; our authority is less." And again, "We are become in your sight and used as if we were the refuse and parings of the world." When Archbishop Grindall was unwilling to suppress the "Prophesyings," the Queen imprisoned him in the house, and brought him into abject submission. So too the Bishops. The Bishop of Winchester says his order is treated with "loathsome contempt, hatred, and disdain." The Bishop of London complained "that the authority of the Church signified little; that the Bishops themselves were sunk and lamentably disvalued by the meanest of the people." The Bishop of Ely complains "whether it was not troublesome enough that Her Majesty's priests everywhere were despised and trodden

upon, and were esteemed as the offscouring of the world."

In spite of such language, however, we find the Bishops employing a great many serving-men, and making large purchases of land. We find, however, a Bishop of Carlisle writing to Elizabeth's minister, Lord Shrewsbury, "I profess unto your honour, before the living God, that when my year's account was made at Michaelmas last, my expenses did surmount the year's revenues of my bishopric £600." Some other notes may be added. In 1574, it was brought as a reproach against Grindall that he was called Lord. He replied that, however the title of lord was applied to him and the rest of the Bishops, he was not lordly. In 1579, one of the Puritans taunted the Bishop of London that "he must be lorded, as it please your lordship," at every word. Elizabeth appears too much to have taken a hard, dry, secular view both of "bishops and curates." She thought that three preachers were quite enough for any county. Towards the Bishops she seems to have entertained feelings of absolute savagery. The Archbishop of Canterbury and some other prelates came to see her on her death-bed. "Upon the sight of them she was much offended, cholericly rating them, bidding them be packing, seeing she was no Atheist." Mr. Buckle characteristically explains that she "hated them for their meddling inquisitorial spirit, for their selfishness, for their contracted and bigoted minds." He goes on to say that at the time of Elizabeth "the inordinate pretensions of the Bishops were at length reduced to something like a rate of reason. But the process was slow and onerous. There is a concentrated energy in Ecclesi-

astical power, which renders it so tenacious of life that when at all supported by public opinion, nothing but the most resolute conduct of the civil authority will prevent it from gradually arrogating to itself the entire function of the State." Such language may seem very little applicable to our own days, but Papacy and Patriarchate have shown to what a diseased height Episcopacy may extend, and the writings of some of the greatest saints exhibit to what servility, even in noble natures, it may give rise.

It was Bancroft's famous sermon that, in this country, first claimed an Apostolic character for Episcopacy. Laud followed Bancroft's steps to some extent in the theory of Episcopacy. In the civil troubles the throne supported the Bishops, and the Bishops supported the throne. There is reason to believe that Charles himself did not hold the high Episcopal views which were prevalent in his time, and which ever rose higher and higher, as the fortunes of the Church fell lower and lower. Politically the divine right of Kings, and the divine right of Bishops ran together, but Charles was not unwilling to accept Usher's scheme for a Moderated Episcopacy. According to Usher's scheme of Moderate Episcopacy, the Bishop became the president of a College of Presbyters, differing from them in rank, not in species (*gradu non ordine*), and would act in ordination or jurisdiction by their concurrence.

But certainly the Bishops never fell so low as in the time of Charles the First. A contemporary writer says: "All are for the creating of a kind of presbytery, and for bringing down the Bishops, in all things spiritual and temporal, so low as can be done with

any subsistence; but their utter abolition, which is the only aim of the most godly, is the knot of the question." It should be mentioned, however, that it is asserted on the other hand, that the major part of the Parliamentarians, and even of the Puritans, was in favour of moderated Episcopacy. Charles the First was ultimately willing to concede the scheme of a Moderated Episcopacy. One of the earlier acts of the Long Parliament was to carry the second reading of a bill for the abolition of Episcopacy. A whole dozen of the Bishops were sent to the Tower at once, by order of the Long Parliament. We hear a great deal of the seven Bishops who were committed to the Tower by James the Second, but we hear in comparison very little of the twelve Bishops who were committed there by the Parliament. The Lower House had encouraged mob passions and popular outbreaks against them to such an extent that the Bishops were unable to attend. They accordingly protested against all that should be done in the Upper House during their absence. "A protest," says Mr. Hallam, a great Chief Justice of history, "not perhaps entirely well expressed, but abundantly justifiable in its arguments by the plainest principles of law." The whole House agreed that they should be charged with treason, except one gentleman, who said he thought them only mad, and proposed that they should be sent to Bedlam instead of the Tower. They were not even admitted to bail. Ultimately, through the Solemn League and Covenant, Presbyterianism became for several years the established religion. The persecution of the Bishops was impartially extended to the clergy. More than a fifth suffered ejection from their benefices. "The bio-

graphical collections furnish a pretty copious martyr-ology of men the most distinguished by their learning and virtues in that age. The remorseless and indiscriminate bigotry of Presbyterianism might boast that it had heaped disgrace on Walton, and driven Lydiat to beggary; that it trampled on the old age of Hales, and embittered with insult the dying moments of Chillingworth."

Thus Mr. Hallam. Take the example of Chillingworth. One winter he had gone down to Arundel Castle. The health of the great scholar had grown enfeebled, and few men had suffered more than he had in those evil days. He had hoped that the mild breezes of the Sussex downs would recruit his shattered strength, and that he might continue undisturbed in the calmness and security of the palace-fortress. These hopes were fallacious. The operations of war were suddenly transferred to Arundel Castle. The place was given up to the Parliamentary forces. Some indulgence appears to have been shown to a captive so illustrious as Chillingworth. As his health was so feeble, he was not sent up to London with the other prisoners, but was allowed to retire to the Bishop's palace at Chichester. In this dangerous state of health a worthy man, whose zeal unfortunately was not much tempered by discretion, sought him out, and attempted to argue with him on those various secondary points which have always divided the opinions of good Christian people. But the great controversialist felt that his days of controversy were numbered. He was fast going to his home, where all controversy will be lost in unclouded light and love. "I pray you deal charitably with me," he said; "for

I myself have always been a charitable man." But although his opponent states "that he ever opposed him in a friendly and charitable way," there appears reason to fear that the closing days of Chillingworth were harassed, and perhaps shortened, by the rancour of the times. Yet the last notice of Chillingworth reminds us of the substantial Christian unity which underlies the apparent differences of Christian men. The day before Chillingworth's death was Sunday, and his opponent desired that he might be mentioned in the public prayers of the day; and to this the dying scholar most willingly consented.

The great Episcopal controversy of the time was that which arose between Bishop Hall and the Smeectymnians. All the abstract arguments for and against Episcopacy may there be read at length. Hall appears to have shared in the views of Bancroft and Laud on the subject of the Episcopacy, but otherwise he was divided from such men by a whole hemisphere of thought. Hall was very angry with a certain Bishop of Orkney, who had renounced his Episcopal office and begged pardon for ever having assumed it. He was angry with all Presbyterians and all Independents, for which last "no answer was fit but dark lodgings and hellebore." Hall admitted that in the New Testament the words Bishop, Presbyter and Deacon were promiscuously used; still he thought he had a case both from tradition and the Scriptures. This, however, was a point which, although admitted by a few tolerant and large-hearted Nonconformists, has always been hotly contested by the great body of Irreconcilables.

Hall was answered by five Presbyterian divines, the initials of whose names made up the word Smeec-

tymnus.* These men would not object to be moderate Episcopalians, but they would not admit that Episcopacy was a Divine Institution. They confidently asserted the negative position—that negative which it is so proverbially hard to prove; that Liturgies and Episcopacy find no place in the Apostolic times. If Hall had admitted, they argued, that Bishop is not discernible from Presbyter in the New Testament, how could he argue that Bishops existed in the Apostle's times? Where were their dioceses? where could they find the first trace of parishes? Does not St. Paul, at Miletus, call the elders of Miletus bishops; and could that term be interpreted in the modern sense? The whole case against Episcopacy is fully and powerfully stated in this work. Bishop Hall answered by "A Defence of the Humble Remonstrances against the Frivolous and False Exceptions of Smectymnus." The Smectymnians answered Hall, and then Hall made rejoinder to the Smectymnians; and at this stage the subject appeared to be thoroughly exhausted. William Byrne—he of the cropped ears—resumed it in 1636, in his treatise "The Worshipping of Timothy or Titus. Timothy," he argued, "never was a Bishop; if so, would St. Paul have asked him 'to carry his clothes-bag, his books and parchments after him?'" He was a very young man. The Apostle told him not to rebuke an elder, and warned him against his susceptible disposition; he went about with St. Paul, or was sent about by him according as there was work to be done.

It would not be difficult to construct a biographical

* Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newman, and William Spurston.

history of the Reformed Church of England, constructed on the acknowledged memoirs of its prelates. This is, no doubt, the most human and intelligible way of writing ecclesiastical history, and insofar as this has been very rarely attempted, the most profound and interesting of any kind of history has been overlaid by obscure and difficult discussions, and has had only a very slight degree of interest for general readers. We will briefly examine a very few biographies in a consecutive series, which will give us some idea of personal character and of public interests. We shall examine either side of the picture with perfect impartiality, believing that a measure of good is to be gained even from the imperfections of the best men.

BISHOP ANDREWES.
1555—1625.

There is no worthy, to adopt a familiar and expressive term, among the great “worthies” of his age, whose memory shines with purer and serener lustre than Lancelot Andrewes. His life commanded the special reverence of Lord Bacon, and his death has been commemorated by the early muse of Milton. Unfortunately neither his life nor his writings have much chance of being familiar to the general reader. His writings are vigorous, impressive, and learned to the highest degree, and have been described as “a very library to young divines, and an oracle to consult at, to laurate and grave divines.” They still form a favourite study of careful and diligent theological scholars, but at present those pages can be scarcely popular which abound with quaint conceits and overflow with learned quotations.

In the year 1555, the terrible time of the Marian

persecution, Lancelot Andrewes was born in Thames Street, London. His father was a member of the Trinity House, and owned some land near Chelmsford, which subsequently came to his son. A worthy grocer, sheriff in his day, had some time back founded a free school at Stepney, for the education of sixty children of poor parents, and had attached to it an almshouse and chapel. Here Mr. Ward, the schoolmaster, was struck with his abilities, and persuaded his parents to continue his studies, and fit him for one of the learned professions. It is pleasing to hear that when the little boy became a powerful prelate, he took care of the son of his old schoolmaster, and gave him promotion. He afterwards went to Merchant Tailors' School, and in due time to Pembroke College, Cambridge. He was a studious young man, and his chief exercise and amusement was a solitary walk, or the walking company of some friend with whom he might discuss his different studies. He used, as he himself says, to have no love and no practice in ordinary games and recreations. He became Fellow, and at three o'clock in the afternoons of Saturdays and Sundays, the hour of catechising, he used to read lectures on the commandments. Many came to hear him, both from other colleges and from the country.

We next find him travelling with the Earl of Huntington, the Lord President of the North. He attracted the notice of Walsingham, the Secretary of State, who thought it would be a great pity if so much learning was buried in a country place. Andrewes' lot, indeed, proved to be something very different. We soon find him vicar of St. Giles, Cripplegate. In the memorable year 1588, we find him

preaching at the Spital, on 1 Tim. vi. 17—19. There is something rather curious about these Spital sermons. They were preached at a cross in the churchyard of the Augustinian Priory in Spital Fields. A bishop, a dean, and a doctor in divinity preached on the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of Easter week. The Roman controversy was very strong at this time, and Andrewes eloquently vindicates the Protestantism of this day from the accusations of the Romanists. He praises the liberality of the city of London, and makes this interesting remark: "I will be able to prove that learning, in the foundation of schools, and increase of revenues within colleges, and the poor in foundation of almshouses and increase of perpetuities to them, have received greater help within this realm in these forty years last past, since the reforming of ours from the errors of theirs, than it hath in any realm Christian, not only within the selfsame forty years, but also than it hath in any forty years upward, during all the time of *Popery*: which I speak partly of my own knowledge, and partly by sufficient grave information on this behalf. This may be said, and said truly." It was the custom of Andrewes, while he held this place at St. Paul's, to walk on stated days in one of the aisles of the cathedral, that he might give spiritual advice and comfort to any who would come and converse with him. His obligation to Walsingham in no degree impaired his independence. When Sir Francis, from state reasons, wished him to advocate some particular views, we are told "that he was not scared with a councillor's frown, or blown aside with his breath, and answered him plainly, that they were not only

against his learning, but against his conscience.”

On Ash Wednesday, 1590, we hear of his first sermon before Queen Elizabeth, an honour and a duty which henceforth he had frequently to discharge. On another occasion, in preaching before the Queen, he set before her the pattern of the Divine government, the gentleness with which the great Shepherd of Israel led his flock. His labours in his parish and at St. Paul's were so great that his health was seriously affected. His friends even feared for his life. His charities also were numerous and extensive; he did not fail to attack the selfishness of the age and the growing luxury in dress, living, and habitation. Some of these sermons were preached at Whitehall. The former Chapel was burnt down; the present is the old banqueting hall.

In 1601, he was made Dean of Westminster. He always took the liveliest interest in Westminster school. We have an interesting mention of him at this time in that famous old work, Hacket's "Life of Archbishop Williams." Williams asked Hacket everything concerning Andrewes. "I told him how strict that excellent man was to charge our masters that they should give us lessons out of none but the most classical authors; that he did often supply the place both of the head-master and usher for the space of a whole week together, and gave us not an hour of loitering time from morning to night; how he caused our exercises in prose and verse to be brought to him, to examine our style and proficiency; that he never walked to Chiswick for his recreation without a brace of this young fry; and in that way having leisure, had a singular dexterity to fill those narrow vessels

with a funnel. And, which was the greatest burden of his toil, sometimes thrice in a week, sometimes oftener, he sent for the uppermost scholars to his lodgings at night, and kept them with him from eight till eleven, unfolding to them the best rudiments of the Greek tongue, and the elements of the Hebrew grammar; and all this he did to boys without any compulsion of correction, nay, I never heard him utter so much as a word of austerity among us." He adds that this good and great prelate was the first that planted him in his tender studies and watered them continually with his bounty, and on Bishop Duppa's monument in Westminster Abbey, it is stated that he learned Hebrew of Lancelot Andrewes, at that time Dean. If any deserving scholar was not successful in obtaining an exhibition to the University, he liberally supported him there.

It is noticeable that Andrewes thrice previously refused a bishopric, and afterwards he thrice received a bishopric; so remarkable was his promotion. Christian IV., King of Denmark, came over to England to visit his sister, Queen Anne, and Bishop Andrewes preached a Latin sermon before the two sovereigns at Greenwich. At this time he was busy in writing his great book against Cardinal Bellarmine, one of the most famous controversial works in existence. We have Dudley Carleton mentioning it in one of his letters. "The Bishop of Chichester's book is now in the press, whereof I have seen part, and it is a worthy work; only the brevity breeds obscurity, and puts the reader to some of that pains which was taken by the writer." This great work, the "Tortura Torti," is a most noble defence of Pro-

testantism against the misrepresentations of the Roman Catholics.

At this time the learned Casaubon came over to England, after the assassination of Henry IV. of France, to whom he had been chaplain. King James, who, with all his faults, was a true patron of learning, invited him to this country. This great scholar had married the daughter of Henry Stephens, the great printer. He was delighted to form a friendship with Andrewes, and in his letters we find several notices respecting our prelate. Andrewes lent him the manuscript of his work, and Casaubon was greatly delighted with its method and spirit. One pleasant summer the two friends took an excursion into the country. The Bishop took Casaubon down to Cambridge. From Cambridge he accompanied Andrewes to Ely, to which diocese the Bishop had now been translated. They attended Divine service in the cathedral daily. Very early in the morning the Bishop took his guest out and showed him over the place. A few days later they went on to the Bishop's residence at Downham Market, passing through Wisbeach on the way. At Wisbeach, the Mayor and a great company on horseback met the Bishop on his entry into the town. One day, we are told that they went out on horseback to inspect the dykes. They lost their way, and, to add to the misfortune, the Bishop's horse threw him, fortunately without any harmful results. Next day, after reading some psalms together, as was their custom, they went over to the assizes, where, according to primitive custom the Bishop presided. A visit was paid to the quarry near Ely, and they rode out together

to see the country in the neighbourhood. Later in the season they went down to Royston to see the King. Casaubon relates how constantly he was with Andrewes, and the immense use which the great learning and the great kindness of Andrewes proved to him.

In 1611, the present version of the Holy Scriptures appeared. Andrewes was one of the translators. He belonged to that division to which was allotted the translation of the Old Testament from Genesis to the end of the Book of Kings. Next year we have another curious trace of bygone manners. Casaubon dined at Ely House on Maundy Thursday, and after dinner the feet of some poor men were washed. Going down into the country, Andrewes was attacked with an aguish fever from being in the open air too late in the evening. An old biographer speaks thus of his illness. "He was not often sick, and but once till his last illness in thirty years before the time he died, which was at Downham, in the Isle of Ely, the air of that place not agreeing with the constitution of his body. But there he seemed to be prepared for his dissolution, saying oftentimes in that sickness, 'It must come once, and why not here?' And at other times, before or since, he would say, 'The days must come, when, whether we will or will not, we shall say with the preacher, 'I have no pleasure in them.''" When he recovered he wrote to Casaubon, inviting him to come with his wife and revive his spirits, and exchange the great heat of the metropolis for the cooler air of Downham. He tells him to see on his way the renowned fair of Stourbridge, and what would be a more potent lure

for the great scholar, tells him that he can see the Hebrew copy of St. Matthew. Casaubon, however, was too much occupied to be able to come. But, though the Bishop recovered, his friend, the amiable and learned Casaubon became the victim of disease. Bishop Andrewes has given a short account of his last days.

The Bishop always made it a point to give promotion to deserving men. He instructed his chaplain and friends to inform him of such young men at the University as stood in need of assistance. Among others, he gave a stall in the Cathedral of Ely to the learned Boys. "At the vacancy of the prebend, he was sent for to London," says his biographer, "by Lancelot Andrewes, then Lord Bishop of Ely, who bestowed it upon him unasked for. When he had given him, as we commonly say, joy of it (which was his first salutation at his coming to him) he told him 'that he did bestow it freely on him without anyone moving him thereto; though,' said he, 'some pick-thanks will be saying they stood your friends herein.' Which prediction proved very true."

In Izaak Walton's "Life of George Herbert," we have a most interesting mention of Bishop Andrewes in connection with Herbert. "The year following, the King appointed to end his progress at Cambridge, and to stay there certain days; at which time he was attended by the great secretary of nature and all learning, Sir Francis Bacon (Lord Verulam) and by the ever memorable and learned Dr. Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester, both which did at that time begin a desired friendship with our Orator (Herbert). And for the learned Bishop it is observable that at that

time there fell to be a modest debate betwixt them two about predestination and sanctity of life; of both which the Orator did not long after send the Bishop some safe and useful aphorisms, in a long letter written in Greek; which letter was so remarkable for the language and reason of it that, after the reading it, the Bishop put it into his bosom, and did often show it to many scholars, both of this and foreign nations, but did always return it back to the place where he first lodged it, and continued it so near his heart till the last day of his life."

Andrewes was now admitted a member of the King's Privy Council. For politics, however, he had no taste and always withdrew, as much as possible, from all state affairs. He would come to the council table, and ask, "Is there anything to be done to-day for the Church?" If the reply was in the affirmative, he stayed; if in the negative, he went away. Subsequently he was promoted to the see of Winchester. It seemed also not unlikely that he might execute the functions of the Archbishop of Canterbury. For a sad accident had befallen Dr. Abbott, the worthy Archbishop. While on a visit to Lord Zouch, he unwittingly wounded one of the keepers. The wound was only a slight flesh wound, but the poor man, being under the care of an unskilful surgeon, died next day. So many friends gathered around him, that the Archbishop was considered a happy man in his unhappiness. Nevertheless it became a serious question whether Abbott, by this casual homicide, had not subjected himself to serious disabilities. There were some persons who were desirous of making this an occasion for deposing Abbott, and making Andrewes

archbishop in his stead. To this, however, Andrewes himself would be no party. There had been a serious misunderstanding between himself and the Archbishop, and it might have been expected that he would have taken an unfavourable view of the case. He, however, showed himself the Primate's firmest friend, and manfully opposed such a project. A commission was appointed to examine into the matter, and Andrewes brought them over to a favourable decision. King James was delighted with this. He told the Archbishop to regard Andrewes as the sole person to whom he owed his escape from deprivation.

Andrewes was indeed inflexibly just. He chose rather to suffer great legal expenses than perform any official act of which his conscience did not approve. He was always careful to maintain a most noble hospitality. He dined at noon, and gave his mornings to prayer and study. He was a great husbander of time. 'He doubted they were no true scholars that came to speak with him before noon.' In the afternoon he would sit for some hours conversing with his friends, or transacting the business of his diocese. He then retired to his study, where he stayed till bed-time, unless some friend took him off to supper, which with him was always a frugal meal.

In the year 1600 the great Hooker died, and he keenly felt his death. We find him writing to Dr. Parry.

"I cannot choose but write, though you do not; I never failed since I last saw you, but daily prayed for him till the very instant you sent me this heavy news. Alas for our great loss! and when I

say ours, though I mean yours and mine, yet much more the common; the less sense they have of so great damage, the more sad we need to bewail them ourselves, who know his works and his worth to be such as behind him he hath not that I know left any near him. . . . Mr. Cranmer is away, happy in that he should gain a week or two before he knew of it. Almighty God comfort us over him, whose taking away I trust I shall no longer live than with grief remember; therefore with grief, because with inward and most just honour I ever honoured him since I knew him. Your assured, poor loving friend,

“L. ANDREWES.”

On March 27, 1625, while the sermon was being preached at Whitehall, news came that James I. was dead. The King, in his last illness, had desired the presence of Andrewes, but the Bishop through illness was unable to be with him. The character of the new monarch had of late been a subject of much solicitude to Andrewes and other far-sighted men. King James had permitted his son Charles to make a romantic and profitless journey into Spain, with the view of marrying the Infanta. Such a Roman Catholic alliance would in the last degree be distasteful to the kingdom, and might possibly result in the perversion of the king. Andrewes, in prophetic spirit, said that he should be in the grave, but others would live to see the day when there would be a question of the king's life and crown. Hitherto the influence of Andrewes at court had been most beneficent. His gravity so awed King James that in his presence he refrained from that mirth and license to which he was so prone. That influence was now ended. New councils and

new councillors took their place around the youthful sovereign. It was the Bishop's earnest wish and advice that no innovation should be attempted, and no controversies stirred. This did not suit the restless spirit of Laud, and Andrewes found himself superseded. The year of Charles's accession, as had been the case with his father, was a year of plague, in which one-third of the inhabitants of London died. Andrewes was now well stricken in years, and his health was breaking up. He died in the September of 1625.

BISHOP CORBET.
1522—1635.

One of the most cheerful Bishops on record was Bishop Corbet, of Oxford, of whom some anecdotes are told not very much in accordance with the Episcopal character, but we venture to hope that they do him an injustice. Aubrey's stories, from the Ashmolean Museum, are well known, especially those about his friends Dr. Stubbins and Dr. Lushington. "Dr. Stubbins was one of his cronies; he was a jolly fat doctor, and a very good housekeeper. As Dr. Corbet and he were riding in Love Lane, in wet weather (it is an extraordinary deepe dirty lane) the coach fell, and Corbet said that Dr. S—— was up to the elbows in mud, and he was up to the elbows in Stubbins. His chaplaine, Dr. Lushington, was a very learned and ingenious man, and they loved one another. The Bishop would sometimes take the key of the wine-cellar, and he and his chaplain would go and lock themselves in and be merry; the first he layes down his Episcopal hood: 'There layes the doctors;' then he puts off his gowne, 'There lays the

Bishop;’ then ’twas, ‘Here’s to thee, Corbet;’ ‘Here’s to thee, Lushington.’” This story has a somewhat scandalous look, to speak in the mildest way, but we may trust that there is some exaggeration. Corbet was not a bad man, despite his exuberant animal spirits. Aubrey had heard that “he had an admirable, grave, and venerable aspect.” Old Fuller, who is not given to compliments, says that “he was of a courteous carriage, and no destructive nature to any who offended him, counting himself plentifully repaired with a jest upon him. He used to give away large sums to needy clergymen.” In a charity sermon of his there is a very just observation: “For the king or for poor as you are rated you must give and pay. It is not so in benevolence. Here charity rates herself; her gift is arbitrary, and her law is the conscience. He that stays till I persuade him gives not all his own money; I give half that have procured it. He that comes persuaded gives his own, but takes off more than he brought.” The brass in Norwich Cathedral says:—

“*Ecclesiæ Cathedralis Christi Oxoniensis
Primum Alumnus, deinde Decanus, exinde
Episcopus, illinc hac translatus et
Hinc in cœlum.*”

Corbet was the most poetical of contemporary Bishops, and his poetry is familiar to the lovers of the literature of the seventeenth century. One of them, the “*Iter Boreale*,” written in imitation of Horace, a journey from Oxford to Worcestershire, has some curious touches of the ecclesiastical times. They rode thirty miles before dinner, and twelve after, to the house of a cottage tenant. His wife

“Pleased as well, but yet, her husband better
 A hasty fellow and a good bone-setter.
 Now whether it were providence or lucke,
 Whether the keepers or the stealers bucke
 There wee had venison ; such as Virgill slew
 When he would feast Æneas and his crew.”

They proceeded to Daventry, which was both market day and lecture day. A sergeant with mace challenged one of the two clergymen to deliver a lecture.

“The sermon pleased, and when we were to dine
 We all had preachers’ wages, thanks and wine.”

They proceeded to Lutterworth with the pious design of finding out all they could about Wycliffe, the morning star of the Reformation.

“Yet for the church sake, turne and light we must
 Hoping to see one dramme of Wickliffe dust ;
 But we found none : for underneath the pole
 Noe more rests of his body than his soule.
 Abused martyr ! how hast thou been torne
 By two wilde factions ! first the Papists burne
 Thy bones for hate ; the Puritans in zeale
 They sell thy marble and thy brasse they steale.”

The parson of the place guided them on to Leicester. Here Corbet protested that they were cheated in their reckoning, and hoped that they will not be thought to have drunk all the liquor they paid for. “Sure your theft is scandalous to us.” At Nottingham they stayed at an inn where the Archbishop of York had stopped, and if they objected to anything, the Archbishop was thrown in their faces.

“Hee was objected to us when wee call
 Or dislike ought, ‘my lord’s grace’ answers all :
 ‘He was contented with this bed, this dyet,’
 That keeps our discontented stomackes quiet.”

They got on to Newark, where they were mightily pleased with their reception. The landlord was more desirous of praise than protest, and the Puritans would "let the organ play" if the visitors would tarry. From Newark they could discern Belvoir and Lincoln, but their horses were tired and their money was running short. Resuming their journey, they lost their way, but a chance guide conducted them to Loughborough. Next day they again lost their way in Chorly Forest, but they encounter a keeper, who brings them to Bosworth Field. Thence to Warwick and Guy's Cliff, and Kenilworth Castle. At Warwick Castle they were received by Sir Fulke Greville.

"With him there was a prelate* by his place
 Archdeacon to the byshopp, by his face
 A greater man; for that did counterfeit
 Lord Abbot of some convent standing yet,
 A corpulent relique.
 For us, let him enjoy all that God sends,
 Plenty of flesh, of livings and of friends."

From Warwick they went on to Flore, being just able to make the ends meet—those non-elastic ends which have often such difficulty in meeting. Thence to Banbury, where they found that their inn was a scene of sad desecration.

"The Puritan, the Anabaptist, Brownist,
 Like a grand sallet: Tinkers, what a town ist!"

From Banbury they get back to Oxford, but with their resources exhausted,

"Just with so much ore
 As Rawleigh from his voyage and no more."

* The prelate in question was an archdeacon. The word had not attained its more limited signification.

It should be added of Corbet's poems that they were written before he attained the Episcopate, and were never intended for publication.

JOSEPH HALL.
1574—1656

The life of Bishop Hall has always and deservedly been a favourite one among the readers of religious biography. His voluminous works are repeatedly republished in various forms. The authorities for the bishop's life mainly consist of two autobiographical tracts published after his death. The one of these is entitled "Observations of some Specialties of Divine Providence in the Life of Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich;" the other "Hard Measure," being an account of his sufferings at the unhappy period of the breaking out of the Civil Wars. Some further particulars are to be gleaned from an examination of his writings, and from contemporary history. It is thus that Bishop Hall records his reasons for writing about himself. "Not out of a vain affectation of my own glory, which I know how little it can avail me when I am gone hence, but out of a sincere desire to give glory to my God, whose wonderful providences I have noted in all my ways, have I recorded some remarkable passages of my fore-past life. What I have done is worthy of nothing but silence and forgetfulness; but what God hath done for us is worthy of everlasting and thankful memory."

Joseph Hall was born July 1, 1574, at Briston Park, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire. He tells us that his father held an office under the Earl of Huntingdon, president of the North, and had the government of

the market town of Ashby, the chief seat of the earldom. With especial love and gratitude he speaks of his mother Winifred, a person "of rare sanctity" and "saint-like life and death." Not a day passed in which she did not learn for herself and teach her child religious truth.

From the first it had been the desire of his worthy parents that he should be devoted to the sacred calling. For this purpose Joseph Hall was sent to the public school at Ashby, where, he said, that he "spent some years not indiligently under the ferule of such masters as the place afforded." When he was growing up in years, the means whereby he should be admitted into the ministry, became an object of anxious consideration. It so happened that an elder brother of his made a visit to Mr. Nathaniel Gilby, a fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, a gentleman, who was a near relation to the good minister whom we have already mentioned. This gentleman greatly interested himself in his visitor's younger brother, being a fellow-townsmen, and had had opportunities to form a good opinion respecting Joseph Hall's abilities. They both thought it a thousand pities he should enter the Church in an obscure and indirect way, and not enjoy the great advantages that could be obtained by a residence in the University. The elder brother, witnessing the halls, libraries, and chapels of Cambridge, its pleasant gardens and waters, its learned leisure, and great renown, was "won to a great love and reverence of an academical life." Upon his return home, this good and loving brother, even upon his knees, begged his father not to deprive his brother of a university education, as had been the intention, and

besought him to sell part of the land which he would in course of nature inherit, rather than his brother should be deprived of such an excellent opening. His father accordingly sent him to Cambridge, where he continued for two years. The expense, however, was still too much for his father, "whose not very large cistern was to feed many pipes besides his." A gentleman of Derby who had married his aunt, seeing how low-spirited he was at this alteration of life, generously offered to defray one-half of his expenses at the University till he should be master of arts, "which he no less really and lovingly performed." Very joyfully did Joseph Hall return to his beloved college, and continued there for some years in the pleasant paths of a learned and religious life.

When he was twenty-three years of age, he published his famous work "*Virgidemiarum*" (*a bundle of rods*), six books of Satires, the first three being entitled, "Toothless Satyres;" 1. Poetical. 2. Academical. 3. Morall; and the last three called "Byting Satyres." Hall is the first example of any note in English literature of this description of poetry, and claims this distinction for himself in his Prologue:—

"I first adventure, follow me who list,
And be the second English satirist."

Pope and Gray are perhaps the best examples of men, in English history, who have alike been great poets and great critics. Each of them held Hall's Satires in high estimation. Pope esteemed them the best poetry and the truest satires in the English language, and Gray speaks of them as being full of spirit and poetry. The celebrated critic, Warton, who has

given a masterly analysis of these satires, says that "the poet is better known than the prelate or the polemic." This, however, is a very great mistake. There are multitudes who are familiar enough with the Meditations and Sermons of Bishop Hall, but have never read the Satires, and perhaps do not know that they were ever composed. It is noticeable that Bishop Hall, in the autobiographical portion of his writings, never alludes to this early work.

Sir Edmund Bacon, the grandson of Lord Bacon, the brother of Lady Drury, who had presented him with his living, earnestly requested his company "to the spa in Ardenna"—that is, to the celebrated watering-place in the forest of Ardennes. There was an excellent opportunity of going, as they could travel in the suite of the English ambassador, the Earl of Hertford. Hall had an acute and active mind, and was eager to see and think for himself, desirous of that valuable knowledge which travel always brings to observant and thoughtful men. He, however, subordinated his travels to the service of his sacred profession, being desirous of seeing the real working of popery on the Continent. What he saw in his travels confirmed him in his affection for the pure reformed faith, and deepened his aversion to the Romish system. For this portion of Hall's life the autobiography should be carefully collated with the epistles. Popular and familiar as published letters were in France, this species of letters had never before made its appearance from the English press, and Hall had the merit of originating that splendid series of epistolary works which contains the famous letters of Pope and Cowper. The first of these letters is addressed "to Jacob

Wadsworth, lately revolted in Spain"—that is, apostatized to the Church of Rome, and who appears to have been with him at Emmanuel College. "I saw her," he says, "at the same time in her gayest dress; let my soul never prosper, if I could see anything to command affection. I saw, and scorned; you saw, and adored. Would God your adoration were as free from superstition as my scorn from impiety. That God judge betwixt us whether herein erred; yea, let men judge that are not drunk with Babylonish drugs."

In order to travel with greater safety, Mr. Hall exchanged his sober clerical dress for the silken robes and gay colours of a gentleman of fashion. He was unable, however, to restrain his zeal for truth, and was always ready to engage in eager controversy with monks and friars, where the excellence of his Latin and the superiority of his divinity must have excited a measure of suspicion. In that age, in that country, an Englishman, both an avowed and zealous Protestant, might incur the imminent hazard of martyrdom. Hall would never admit the boasted unity of the Church of Rome. In another of his letters he triumphantly quotes Cardinal Bellarmine, who enumerates no less than two hundred and thirty contradictory opinions concerning doctrine among Romish divines. At Antwerp he tells us that "the bulk of a tall Brabanter" saved him from the evil consequences that might have attended his want of reverence for a religious procession. He says that he was taught and delighted by everything he saw. At Brussels he saw some Englishwomen taking the veil. "Poor souls!" says Hall, in his pithy manner, "they could not be fools

enough at home!" Ghent commanded reverence for its age, and wonder for its greatness. "At Namur, on a pleasant and steep hill-top, we found one that was termed a married hermit; approving his wisdom above his fellows, that could make choice of so cheerful and sociable a solitariness." Thence they passed up the beautiful scenery of "the sweet river Mosa" (Maas), and thence to Liège, crowded with cloisters and hospitals. Then they came to Spa, or, as he likes to call them, the Spadane waters, "more wholesome than pleasant, and more famous than wholesome." The country surrounding Spa was then wild desert, abounding both with wolves and robbers. He then came down by the fair broad river of the Scheldt to Flushing, and being at Flushing he was anxious to visit "an ancient college" at Middleburg. This excursion proved a great loss to him. When he came back, he had the misfortune to see the ship by which he was going in full sail towards England. The wind had suddenly altered, and the master, hastily calling all hands on board, set sail. He had to make a long, sad stay before he could return home by "an inconvenient and tempestuous passage." Hall was not a good sailor, and he thus expressed his opinion on the ocean: "The sea brooked not us, nor I it; an unquiet element, made only for wonder and use, not for pleasure." He wonders why men will trust themselves to fickle winds and restless waters while they may set foot on steadfast and constant earth.

In 1612 Mr. Hall, with his family, removed to Waltham. Not long before this Sir Thomas Sutton, one of the wealthiest merchants of the day, founded Charter House. Fuller relates that this gentleman used often

to retire to a private garden, where he was once heard to say, "Lord, thou hast given me a large and liberal estate, give me also a heart to make use of it." One of Hall's epistles is addressed to him, as the title says, "to excite him and in him all others to early and cheerful beneficence, and to show the necessity and benefit of good works." About the time of his removal to Waltham, Hall took his degree of Doctor of Divinity. For two-and-twenty years Hall continued at Waltham. A numerous young family grew up about him, of whom three became ministers, and one of the three a bishop. In his "Balm of Gilead" he speaks of the cares of parents for their children, and gives the following personal anecdote: "I remember a great man coming to my house at Waltham, and seeing all my children standing in the order of their age and stature, he said, 'These are they that make rich men poor.' He strait received this answer, 'Nay, my lord, these are they that make a poor man rich; for there is not one of them whom we would part with for all your wealth.'"

Just before he came to Waltham, he had an opportunity of preaching before Henry Prince of Wales. On several other occasions he preached before the "sweet prince," who was desirous of always retaining him in attendance, but Dr. Hall thought it his duty to hold close to his village charge. The early death of this pious and exemplary Prince was a grievous disappointment to the whole nation, which had formed the fairest hopes of the happiness which would result from his reign. On New-Year's Day, 1613, Hall preached before the royal family, and spoke at length

of the grievous blow that had happened to them and to the country.

The long residence of Dr. Hall at Waltham was interrupted by three important travelling expeditions. To the subject of travelling Dr. Hall paid great attention, and has published many of his thoughts.

The first of these occasions of leaving Waltham for a time, was when he accompanied Lord Doncaster, the English ambassador, to France. Here he had a severe illness; and in travelling was obliged to creep into a litter, "in which," wrote his friend, Dr. Moulin. "you appeared to me to be carried as it were in a coffin." Having returned as far as Dieppe, he went aboard ship, but his former ill luck at sea accompanied him. After tossing about for a night and a day they were driven back to the bleak haven from which they started. The old "complaint returned upon me, and landing with me, accompanied me home." On his return, he found that King James, during his absence, had nominated him to the deanery of Worcester.

King James, a weak and ill-judging man, in whom speculative religion appears to have been little accompanied by vital godliness, was foolishly anxious to bring the kingdom of Scotland into literal conformity with the Church of England. In order to effect this object, in 1617 he made a journey into Scotland, and was pleased to command the attendance of Joseph Hall. The good clergyman appears to have been received with great attention and respect by the Presbyterians of Scotland, and this unhappily occasioned

a good deal of envy in the minds of some of his own communion. These persons tried to prejudice the king against him, but it would seem without much effect. Dr. Hall's stay was only short; he sought and obtained permission to return home before the rest of the court. To his catholic and tolerant mind, this unhappy attempt at proselytizing must have been little pleasing. Nor did he shrink, when a proper occasion came, from bearing impartial witness to the merits of his Presbyterian brethren. "For the northern part of our land beyond the Tweed," he said, in one of his sermons next year, "we saw not, we heard not, of a congregation without a preaching minister, and though their maintenance generally hath been small, yet their pains have been great and their success answerable; as for the learning and sufficiency of those preachers, our ears were for some of them sufficiently witnesses; and we are not worthy of our ears if our tongues do not thankfully proclaim it to the world."

A third and very memorable journey was that undertaken by Dr. Hall to the Synod of Dort in 1618. Four English divines were requested to attend this synod, and of these, Dr. Hall, then dean of Worcester, was one. The object of the Synod was to settle the differences that prevailed between the Calvinists and Arminians, or, as in the language of the time they were called, the Remonstrants and Counter-Remonstrants. Dr. Hall's own opinions were strongly Calvinistic, but he loved to dwell on those points on which good men agree, rather than those on which they differ. In a sermon preached before the Synod, he cautioned

his hearers strongly against the refinements common in the theology of the day, and exhorted them earnestly to Christian peace and unanimity. "What have we to do," said he, "with the disgraceful titles of Remonstrants and Counter-Remonstrants, Calvinists and Arminians? We are *Christians*, let us be like-minded. We are *one* body, let us be of *one* mind. I beseech you, brethren, by the awful name of God, by the sacred and cherishing bosom of our common mother (the Church), by your own souls, by the most holy mercies of our Saviour Jesus Christ, seek peace, brethren, and ensure it." Dr. Hall has some mention of his own health at this time, and in reference to this very sermon. "By the time I had stayed two months there" [at Dort] "the inquietness of the nights in those garrison towns, working upon the tender disposition of my body, brought me to such weakness, through want of rest, that it began to disable me from attending the Synod, which yet, as I might, I forced myself to, as wishing that my zeal could have discountenanced my infirmity. It is well worthy of my thankful remembrance that, being in an afflicted and languishing condition for a fortnight together in that sleepless distemper, yet it pleased God the very night before I was to preach the Latin sermon to the Synod, to bestow on me such a comfortable, refreshing, and sufficient sleep, as thereby my spirits were revived, and I was enabled with much vivacity to perform that service, which was no sooner done than my former complaint returned upon me, and prevailed against all the remedies that the counsel of physicians could advise me to." In consequence of this illness,

Dr. Hall left Dort for a season, and repaired to the pleasant and famous village of the Hague, the seat of the Dutch Court, encircled by woods, and stretching down to the sea. His health not improving, he was compelled to return to England. The English divines were throughout treated with marked consideration, and on his retirement the Synod presented him with a gold medal struck to commemorate their assembly. Hall wrote a treatise entitled "Via Media," by which he fondly hoped to make peace between the conflicting parties. The blessing of the peace-maker belonged to Hall, but he was unable to accomplish his noble and benevolent object, and, as is oftentimes the case, an attempt was made to put a wrong construction upon his endeavours. He says, "I was scorched a little with this flame which I desired to quench, yet this could not stay my hand from thrusting it into a hotter fire." This last refers to his controversies with the church of Rome, to which he was always a zealous and consistent opponent. Many of his writings on popery have been characterised as "among the ablest we possess," among which may be mentioned his memorable treatise "No Peace with Rome."

In 1624, the see of Gloucester was earnestly proffered to him, but humbly declined. Three years later, the bishopric of Exeter, a very poor one, was offered to him and accepted. Dr. Hall saw a particular providence of God in this occurrence. Some letters which the royal favourite of unhappy memory, the Duke of Buckingham, had sent from France, would have had the effect of hindering his promotion, but the appointment was made three hours before they arrived. Thus

humbly and sincerely does he speak of his elevation. "For me I need not appeal to heaven; eyes enough can witness how few free hours I have enjoyed, since I put on these robes of sacred honour. Insomuch as I could find in my heart, with holy Gregory, to complain of my change: were it not that I see these public troubles are so many acceptable services to my God, whose glory is the end of my being. Certainly, if none but earthly respects should sway me, I should heartily wish to change this palace, which the providence of God and the bounty of my gracious sovereign hath put me into, for my quiet cell at Waltham. But I have followed the calling of my God, to whose service I am willingly sacrificed." He also tells us of the unkind prejudice and suspicion which he had to encounter from those who looked upon him as too great a favourite of the Puritans. While he was at Exeter, he addressed to the clergy of his diocese his work, "Henoehismus; or a Treatise on the Manner of Walking with God." In his preface, he says, "I am utterly weary of, and sorry for, those wranglings by which the Christian world is miserably agitated; and I wish it could be possible to appease them by any means in my power. I say not by my prayers, sighs, or tears only, but by any labour or fatigue of mine, or even at last by my blood. . . . It is heaven we seek, but heaven will never be attained by contests and disputes, but by faith and a godly life. The articles of faith which are necessary to be believed by every Christian, in order to his salvation, are very few, nor are they difficult to be understood."

It was during his episcopate at Exeter that King Charles unhappily revived the "Book of Sports,"

which his father, King James, had foolishly issued some fifteen years before. This was a declaration to be read in churches, encouraging public dancing, diversions, and games, upon Sunday, after the hours of Divine service. Severe penalties were denounced against all the clergy who should omit to read the declaration, and a great number of the clergy, who, from conscientious motives, disobeyed the royal command, were punished by being silenced, or by being deprived of their livings. No one was thus punished in Bishop Hall's diocese; and Fuller probably refers to him when he mentions a bishop in the west who on this occasion had said, "I will never turn an accuser of my brethren." He refused also to require his clergy to take an oath which was unjustly imposed upon them. In November, 1641, notwithstanding his puritanical leanings, Dr. Hall was translated to the see of Norwich. The King probably thought that this appointment might tend to disarm the suspicion and dislike which had attended his ecclesiastical preferments.

A dark cloud was to gather over the evening of the days of "the old man eloquent." He had scarcely become Bishop of Norwich when the Long Parliament met, in the memorable November of 1641. Popular agitation against the episcopal order at that time ran higher than has ever happened before or since. Tumultuous crowds beset the Houses of Parliament, and the bishops stood in great dread of personal violence. Under these circumstances, they resolved to absent themselves, and issued a protest against the validity of anything that might be done in their absence. It was an ill-advised and unconstitutional step. The popular

party were not slow to take advantage of this mistake, and twelve bishops were at once impeached. It was about eight o'clock, one dark December evening, and a bitter frost was over the land. At such a time ten venerable bishops, among whom was Hall, were committed to the Tower, two more, on account of age and infirmities, being kept in the milder custody of the Black Rod. Bishop Hall thus speaks of this unhappy circumstance:—"We, who little thought we had done anything to deserve a chiding, were called to our knees at the bar, and charged severally with high treason; being not a little astonished at the suddenness of this crimination, compared with the innocence of our own intention."

He turned this imprisonment, as might be expected, to holy and profitable uses. He would preach in the Tower, as he had opportunity on Sunday, and also wrote a small treatise on the occasion, entitled "The Free Prisoner; or, the Comfort of Restraint." He shows how the soul is imprisoned in the body, even as the body was imprisoned in the Tower, and pities the unhappy case of those who are worse prisoners still, fettered by lust and sinful desires. There has also been published "A Letter sent from the Tower to a Private Friend," in which he speaks of his unfortunate situation:—"My intention and this place are such strangers that I cannot enough marvel how they met. But, howsoever, I do in all humility kiss the rod wherewith I smart, as well knowing whose hand it is that wields it. To that infinite Justice who can be innocent? But to my king and country never heart was or can be more clear; and I shall beshrew my hand if it shall have, against my thoughts, justly

offended either." He acknowledges that he was indeed a deep sinner before God; but, as respects man, he appeals to his well-known innocency and blamelessness in the discharge of his episcopal duties. He declares that he had always been as a brother among his clergy, teaching them and working with them as such, doing what he could for the "sons of peace that came with God's message in their mouths." When had his hand been idle? when had he desisted from constant preaching? when had he shown any regard for earthly pomp? He appeals to Him "who shall one day cause mine innocence to break forth as the morning light, and shall give me beauty for bonds, and for a light and momentary affliction an eternal weight of glory."

For some months Bishop Hall continued a prisoner in the Tower, with this preposterous but weighty charge overhanging him. When, however, the bishops were deprived of their seats in Parliament, and of the larger part of their revenues, they were liberated on giving bonds to appear when called for. Upon his release, Bishop Hall went down to his diocese, where he preached to large audiences, and was treated with marked respect. Shortly, however, the hand of persecution was again busy. The details are melancholy enough, but they should be recorded, if only to teach us a lesson of gratitude for the settled peace and order which our land now enjoys. His property was confiscated, his goods were sold, even down to the cherished pictures of his children, and but for the help of a pious woman whom he had never known or seen, and for a good clergyman, his hard condition would have been much harder still. The sequestrators of

his property first made him an allowance, but before any payment was made, this was peremptorily countermanded; eventually, however, a pittance was granted to his wife. He was repeatedly exposed to cruel insults by the rabble and the military. Early one morning, for instance, the soldiers threatened to break down his gates, and insisted, with absurd pretences, on searching his house. They took away his estates, and yet made him pay the heavy taxation to which they were liable. Finally, he was ordered to leave his home, and would have been turned into the streets, had not a kind neighbour quitted his own dwelling to give it up to the Bishop's family. Without unkind feeling, and without exaggeration, Bishop Hall in his "Hard Measure" details these cruel proceedings. To add to his griefs, his loved and venerated partner was now taken from him by death. He was enabled, however, to glory in tribulation, and to hold fast an unconquerable trust in the goodness of his heavenly Father. On this last occasion he wrote his beautiful little tract entitled "Songs in the Night."

We have now no longer the guidance of any autobiographical writings, but a few more notices are to be found, chiefly in the sermon preached upon the occasion of his funeral. He lived for his few remaining days at the hamlet of Heigham, on the western side of Norwich. He used to preach in the Norwich churches until he was forbidden, and afterwards effectually disabled by disease. The lame old bishop might then be seen—now, alas! solitary—trudging with the help of his staff to church, where the learned, eloquent, and famous prelate would meekly and diligently listen to

the youngest preacher, and seek to profit by his teaching. His heart and hope were fixed in heaven, and he had learned to take joyfully the spoiling of his goods. Poor as he now was he had something to give to those who were poorer still. To his dying day he gave a weekly sum of money to some poor widows, and "his bodily alms were constant and bountiful." He would often lament the misfortunes of others, but hardly ever would make any allusion to his own. He was a grievous sufferer in health, and men remembered how on his sick-bed, like Jacob, he would strengthen himself to bless those who sought his blessing. As his end approached, he duly "set his house in order." He died at the advanced age of eighty-two, and, according to his express desire, was buried without funeral pomp. Of the circumstances of his death we know nothing, but the preacher of his funeral sermon says that when his time drew near that he should die, he "much longed for death and was ready to bid it welcome, and spake always very kindly of it."

A large number of eminent men might be cited during the last half of the seventeenth century. The Carolinian divines are especially conspicuous for holiness and learning. Perhaps the brightest period of the learning and holiness of the English Church was at the very period of the Restoration, when all the floodgates of sin and folly appeared to be thrown open. Good men and good deeds abounded as if the very wickedness of the times elicited in such sharp days of spiritual conflict a purifying flame of goodness. We take one exemplary instance.

BISHOP BULL.
1634—1709.

The life of a great scholar is frequently obscure and uncomprehended. When it has happened that he has written on profound subjects, that most of his writings are contained in a dead language, that he has addressed himself not so much to his contemporaries as to the learned audience of Europe, that he has lived a life of retirement remote from cities,—the reward of such a life, as to literary reputation, soon fades away. The learned theological works of Bishop Bull, issued from the Clarendon Press, are especially held in reverence by the University of Oxford. It is no wonder that they are not much heard of beyond an audience “fit though few.” They are indeed remarkably destitute of all the elements of popularity and general serviceableness, but nevertheless, they will always retain a distinguished place in the library of theology, from their sound judgment, deep piety, and profound erudition. We obtain eminently pleasing glimpses of a man of primitive simplicity, thoughtful and studious in the extreme, and withal wise, patient, and charitable.

From the very first, his parents devoted him to the special service of God. When he was taken to the font, his father declared his intention and hope of bringing up his son for the ministry. This good father, however, died before his little son was more than a few years old. He was a man of good family and extraction, but as the pious biographer of Bishop Bull says: “Let the family be ever so conspicuous, the learning and piety of any branch of it addeth more to its true lustre and glory than it is capable of giving by any blood it can convey.” His son was left under

the care of guardians, with a fair patrimony. In due time, he left school and went up to Exeter College, Oxford. Bishop Prideaux was then resident there. This was the good bishop who in his last will said that he left no legacy to his children, but pious poverty, God's blessing, and a father's prayers. He took great notice of the young scholar, and by kind advice and encouragement sought to bring him forward in his studies. The execution of King Charles I. caused young Bull to leave Oxford. An oath of a republican character was then generally exacted, and he preferred to give up the university rather than take it. He retired, in common with some others and their tutors, into a country village, where they were allowed peacefully to pursue their studies. This proved a happy season to the young man. He was thrown a great deal into the company of a sister, a sensible and pious woman. He applied himself with the utmost diligence to his studies, and determined that he would take holy orders. After preparation, he went to one of the ejected Bishops. Those were times of great trouble and difficulty, and many cases were necessarily treated in a somewhat irregular manner. Mr. Bull was made deacon and priest the same day, when he was only twenty-one. The Bishop was so pleased with his examination that he said the Church wanted persons qualified as he was, and that he could not make too much haste.

A little living, near Bristol, worth only thirty pounds a-year, was offered to him. The value was so small that he thought he could accept it safely. Even in those troubled times he imagined that, under these circumstances, he could hardly be prosecuted or dis-

possessed. He devoted more than the whole of his stipend to the poor, and by constant preaching and visitation sought to do the best for his people. It was hard work. Many of his parishioners were prepared to ridicule and harass him. A curious circumstance is related, which helped to extend his influence. He used to preach from notes written on little slips of paper. When he was preaching one Sunday, in the act of turning over his Bible, his notes flew out into the middle of the church. The congregation consisted chiefly of wild seafaring people. While the quiet elderly people remained silent, and some of them collected the notes and handed them up into the pulpit, the rougher sort of people raised an irreverent laugh, and expected to enjoy the discomfiture of the preacher. Mr. Bull took up his notes, which were handed to him, and putting them into his Bible closed the book. He then, without their aid, continued his sermon with great earnestness, so that those who waited were at length affected by his words. His influence was much extended, but he was still exposed to persecution. One day, a man called out to him in the church, "George, come down; thou art a false prophet and a hireling." Mr. Bull only mildly expostulated with him, and vindicated himself from such a charge.

The lodgings he had taken were in the near neighbourhood of a powder-mill. The squire of the parish and his wife, making him a visit one day, pointed out to him the danger to which he was exposed, and begged him to come to them and make their house his home. After repeated importunity, he accepted this obliging offer. He had not removed many days

when his former residence was blown up, and at the very time when he always used to sit working at his books. The passion for study grew more and more upon him. Regularly once a year, he used to go up to Oxford for the purpose of consulting the public libraries. Living in the country, he was afraid his mind might rust, and so took each year two months' hard study.

A lady who had a great respect for the clergyman who had become Mr. Bull's father-in-law, procured him the rectory of Siddington St. Mary, in the neighbourhood of Cirencester. By-and-by he also obtained the living of Siddington St. Peter, close by. He was able to help his aged father-in-law in his decaying years, by taking his duty for him. The united value of his two livings did not exceed a hundred a-year. In the neighbourhood of Siddington, lived a lady named Nelson, with her son, to whom Dr. Bull gave regular instruction. This boy afterwards became an eminently pious man, a good writer, and the biographer of his kind tutor. "I have often heard him with great pleasure and edification," says Nelson. . . . "He enlivened his discourse with proper and decent gestures; and his voice was always exerted with some vehemency, whereby he kept the audience awake, and raised their attention to what he delivered, and persuaded the people that he was in earnest, and affected himself with what he recommended to others. By these means he laboured many years in teaching the ignorant, in confirming the weak, in quieting the scrupulous, in softening the hard heart, in rousing the sinner, and in raising the pious soul to a steady and vigorous pursuit of eternal happiness."

For twenty-seven years he was rector of Siddington: diligent in all ministerial duty—preaching, catechising, visiting. His own mode of life was a model of simplicity and order. If any of his servants could not read, he assigned the duty of instruction to some member of his own family. Always kind to his household, one thing alone provoked him—any absence from family prayer. On Sunday evening, after a goodly fashion, he added to these devotions a chapter out of the “Whole Duty of Man.” For himself, he took very little sleep, rising early and going to bed late, and devoting this time to study and prayer. Often when his family were gone to rest, they heard him in his study singing psalms and hymns. Then through the silent hours of night he pursued his studies with an unwise constancy that eventually shattered his health. His chief delight was in his books, and his study was the scene of his most exquisite pleasures. He used to declare that in the pursuit of knowledge he tasted the most refined satisfaction of which the present state of nature was capable. Even the only innocent pleasure he allowed himself was intellectual—agreeable conversation with his visitants. His hospitable temper was free from any tincture of covetousness. In visiting the poor, his prayers were always accompanied by his alms. One of his favourite ways of doing good was to keep the children of the poor at school. Kind and charitable to all, there was one class the especial objects of his care and concern—the widows and orphans of the clergy who were left unprovided for. To these he gave much, and he sought in every direction to obtain help from others. He used to say that in doing good to others we

did good to ourselves, and that it was well to obtain an interest in the prayers and benedictions of the poor.

During the twenty-seven years that Mr. Bull thus continued at Siddington, he has mentioned that he buried ten persons whose united age amounted to a thousand years: two of them were a hundred and twenty-three years each. During nearly all these years his clerical income did not exceed the scanty limits we have mentioned. He found it necessary to spend several hundred pounds on learned books for his library. In the course of time there were clever children to be supported and educated. He had some severe private losses, and added to this, he was not a sufficiently good man of business to manage the remainder in the best way. We are told that all this brought him into great straits: so much so that he was compelled to sell his patrimonial estate. The Church, as is too often the case, quite failed to provide an adequate subsistence for her worthy son who did so much in her service. Yet he was never heard to trouble the world with any complaints, and was never known to give way to discontent.

His reputation now began to enlarge its bounds, and his name became known among the learned of Christendom. Lord Chancellor Nottingham made him a prebend of Gloucester Cathedral, and in gratitude he dedicated to him his Latin work in defence of the Nicene Creed: the great man died, however, on the eve of its publication. A better living was also conferred on him. It so happened that, when the rectory of Aveing became vacant, he was staying with some

friends at a watering-place. One of them was the patron of the living; and when he heard the news, he told his friends that he had a very good living to dispose of, and described the kind of person whom he should like to appoint. Mr. Bull was present, and everyone perceived that Mr. Bull was, as it were, sitting for his portrait. He had, however, a great deal too much humility to take home the description to himself, and presently left the company for a walk. Mr. Sheppard, the patron, then declared that he had given those hints that Mr. Bull might apply for the living if he wished; but finding that his modesty was too great for him to take that step, he should offer it to him, "since he had more merit to deserve it than assurance to ask for it." This preferment doubled the amount of his clerical income. It was, nevertheless, a heavy drawback that he had to rebuild the parsonage, part of which had been burnt down just before his incumbency. The parish was so large, and his health was so much impaired by his night studies, that he was now obliged to have a curate. He proposed to his curate that they should agree to tell one another, in love and privacy, what they observed amiss in each other; this would enable him to regulate the conduct of his own life, and without offence, in the exercise of their natural liberty, to improve his friend.

Subsequently, Mr. Bull was promoted to the arch-deaconry of Llandaff, by Archbishop Sancroft. He found he had much to contend with in his new parish; especially the annual village wakes, which were conducted in a most disorderly manner, and these he succeeded in suppressing. While here, he could not but

be gratified by the language of the famous Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, who caused to be communicated to him the congratulations of all the assembled clergy of France, "for the service he had done the Catholic Church, in so well defending her determination of the necessity of believing the divinity of the Son of God." This acknowledgment by Roman Catholic divines of the service he had rendered to their common Christianity, did not hinder his publishing a vigorous little work on "The Corruptions of the Church of Rome," in which he says of Bossuet himself, "I wonder how so learned a man as Monsieur de Meaux can, with a good and quiet conscience, continue in it." The University of Oxford also about this time gave him a doctor's degree.

Merit so conspicuous as Dr. Bull's could not be ignored. It was felt that it would be a reflection on the Government if he were not elevated to the bench. This did not take place till his seventy-first year, and then he was raised to St. David's, one of the poorest sees. He himself felt his health declining, and was unwilling to accept the charge. One reason, however, that prevailed with him, was the great assistance which he expected to receive from his eldest son. He was a clergyman of thirty-five, for many years resident in Oxford, and one of its brightest hopes. It pleased God, however, to remove from him this staff of his old age, this learned and pious son dying of the small pox. He duly took his seat in the House of Lords, where he made, on one occasion, a short but sensible speech. He then went down to his diocese and applied himself, as energetically as his health and age permitted, to the

duties of his office. The following passage from one of his charges is curiously illustrative of the state of things in Wales.

“What shall be done in those poor parishes where there are as poor ministers, altogether incapable of performing this duty of preaching in any tolerable manner? I answer that, in such places, ministers, instead of sermons of their own, should use the Homilies of the Church, which ought to be in every parish. And they would do well also, now and then, to read a chapter or section out of ‘The Whole Duty of Man,’ which, I presume, is translated into the Welsh tongue. I add that it would be a piece of charity if the clergy of the neighbourhood to such places, who are better qualified, would sometimes visit those dark corners, and lend some of their light to them by bestowing now and then a sermon on the poor people, suited to their capacities and necessities. They have my leave, yea, and my authority so to do; and they may be sure the good God will not fail to reward them.”

BISHOP WILSON.
1663—1755.

It is easy enough to find huge overgrown dioceses; they are all huge and overgrown; but Sodor and Man is the only standing instance of a small manageable diocese. There are many parsons of an old-fashioned type who object to an increase of the episcopate, on the ground hardly tenable, we should think, that the bishops do not leave them sufficiently alone, and that any further interference would be intolerable. In a very small bishopric there might be a danger of over-legislation and an excessive amount of oversight. The danger of

microscopic dioceses is, however, exceedingly remote. In the life of Bishop Wilson of Sodor and Man, bishop for more than half a century, we have an example of the kind of episcopal government which may exist in a slender episcopal territory. Its population was only fourteen thousand, very much below that of many large parishes. Bishop Wilson's character was eminently saintly and beautiful, and has, doubtless, been studied by many episcopal readers. He could be a little severe upon his own order, as when he observed that ecclesiastical estates seldom remain above three or four generations in the same family. We are told that he could never be induced to sit in the House of Lords, though there is a seat for the Bishop of Man, detached from the other bishops, and within the bar, saying, "That the Church should have nothing to do with the State; Christ's kingdom is not of this world."

The great idea of Bishop Wilson's episcopacy was the enforcement of discipline in his diocese. This idea had a great fascination for the late Mr. Keble, and probably prompted him to produce his ponderous life of Wilson, and we see in his biography how he longed to reproduce it at Hursley. The wisdom of his procedure seems questionable. It is difficult at times to read of his pains and penalties without a smile. The primitive people of the little island seem to have been as violent, immoral, and dishonest as if they had belonged to the purlieus of the great metropolis. There appears to have been a zeal for raking out all offences against continence that must have had a somewhat prurient effect. Even husband and wife had to do public penance for misconduct

before marriage. The favourite punishment for frailty was to drag the offender at a boat's tail through the sea. Nor was this all. He had to pay fees. He had to suffer imprisonment. He had to stand bare-headed, bare-footed, in the porch of the church after church, year after year. Sorcery was also severely visited. One Alice Knahill had to do three Sunday's penance in neighbouring churches, and in each to make a solemn renunciation of such diabolical practices for the future. Such ecclesiastical regimen as making a notorious scold wear a bridle in her mouth might, perhaps, be advantageously revived in the present day. If the Church and the World were conterminous, the revival of such discipline might be much to be wished. But it brought Bishop Wilson into serious collision with the secular arm, and would be altogether impracticable in any diocese of the present day, whether of small or large dimensions. It seems scarcely credible that in the last century a Christian bishop should be committed to prison for nine weeks for thoroughly conscientious proceedings. This piece of tyrannical persecution happened to Bishop Wilson, who in a damp cell lost the use of the fingers of his right hand, and may sufficiently prove to us that the persecuting spirit is not laid, though the opportunities of persecution rarely exist.

Two respects may be named in which Dr. Thomas Wilson afforded a bright episcopal example. In the first place he was a large benefactor, and in later years he devoted one-half of his income to pious and charitable uses. When one takes up the reports of

our great Church societies, and perceives the contributions by prelates of a single guinea, a sum often exceeded by very humble curates, one may consider that this antiquated custom is not followed in modern times. Still more remarkable was his conduct towards candidates for Holy Orders. He would take such young students into his house for a whole year, and they would daily read the Greek Testament with him and hear his remarks. This would rather be too much of a tax upon our prelates, but many of them receive their candidates as guests during the preliminary examinations for Orders. This, however, is not universally the case. Wilson's character stood in such estimation in France that the French Ministry gave orders that no privateer should commit ravages on the Isle of Man. He disinterestedly refused preferment, and so Queen Caroline addressed a mob of bishops at her Court, directing attention to Wilson, who happened to be present. "Here, my lords, comes a bishop whose errand is not to apply for a translation, nor would he part with his spouse because she is poor." Queen Caroline's husband, George the Second, used to say that all his bishops were Atheists.

BISHOP BUTLER.
1692—1752.

Bishop Butler was one of the greatest and most original thinkers that the world has ever known. He ranks side by side with Bacon and Newton and Locke. The study of his writings forms an era in a man's intellectual life. No author who has written so little has achieved so much. A voluminous literature has gathered around writings which are easily contained

in a single volume; many illustrious writers have done themselves honour by becoming his commentators. It is not surprising, therefore, that men have eagerly searched for any discoverable incidents of that simple and studious life. These, such as they are, we now propose to bring together.

The father of Joseph Butler was an honest tradesman carrying on a substantial business as a linendraper in the town of Wantage, in Berkshire, a place memorable as the birthplace of King Alfred. Thomas Butler had eight children, of whom Joseph was the youngest, and at the time of his birth had retired from business, and occupied the Priory, at the end of the town, which is still shown to those who are attracted thither by veneration for the great author. The town of Wantage curiously possesses two churches in the same churchyard. The smallest of these was used as a grammar school, where the future author of the "Analogy" successfully pursued his studies, being designed by his father for the Presbyterian ministry. From thence he was sent to a dissenting academy at Gloucester, kept by Mr. Samuel Jones, "a man," says the present Bishop Fitzgerald, "of no mean ability or erudition, who could number among his scholars many names that might confer honour on any university of Christendom." Among these names were Secker, the future archbishop, Jeremiah Jones, the writer on the canon, Lardner, the apologist, and Chandler, author of the "Life of David." Mr. Jones subsequently removed from Gloucester to Tewkesbury. Of all his companions Secker seems to have been Butler's most intimate friend, and their warm affection continued till it was dissolved by death. When Butler was still at Tewkes-

bury, where he continued so late as his twenty-first year, he first exhibited his extraordinary metaphysical genius. The famous Dr. Clarke had recently published his "Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God," and the young student, believing that he had detected some flaws in the reasoning, addressed the author on the subject. He was modestly anxious to conceal his name, and his friend Secker undertook to walk over to Gloucester to post the letters and receive the answers. Of these letters Sir James Mackintosh says that they "are marked by an acuteness which neither he nor any other man surpassed." In one of these letters he uses this noble language, "I design the search after truth as the business of my life." Clarke was much struck by the ability, modesty, and earnestness of his anonymous correspondent, and subsequently published the letters as an appendix to his treatise. After much thought he determined to enter the Ministry of the Church of England. His father scarcely approved of this, but finding that his son had firmly made up his mind, and that not lightly, yielded his assent. He was accordingly entered at Oriel College in Hilary Term, 1714. At Oxford we find him carrying on another correspondence with Dr. Clarke, and this time in his own name.* He does not seem to be very well satisfied with Oxford, and entertained thoughts of migrating to Cambridge. "We are obliged to misspend so much time here in attending frivolous lectures and unintelligible disputations that I am quite tired out with such a disagreeable way of trifling," and he proceeds to make inquiries

* Mr. J. E. B. Mayor, in "Notes and Queries," points out these letters in the "European Magazine," for 1802.

about a college and a tutor. He entertained the idea of having Mr. Langton for a tutor, and of taking at Cambridge the degrees of B.A. and B.C.L. Finding, however, that it was very doubtful whether he would be allowed at Cambridge the benefit of his Oxford terms, he gave up the plan.

At Oxford, he formed an intimate friendship with Mr. Edward Talbot, a son of the Bishop of Durham, a circumstance which had a considerable influence on the events of his future life. It does not appear at what time he took orders, but in 1718, owing to the influence of his friends, Edward Talbot and Dr. Clarke, he obtained the honourable appointment of preacher at the Rolls Court. His income, however, was for some years so inconsiderable that he was obliged to receive support from members of his family. In 1720, his friend Talbot caught the small-pox, of which he died. On his death-bed this amiable young man earnestly recommended to his father his three friends, Butler, Secker, and Brown. The very next year he presented Butler with the living of Haughton, near Darlington. His friend Secker found him very busy over the dilapidations of the parsonage of Haughton, and about to rebuild it in whole or part, and fearing lest Butler should become embarrassed in his undertaking, begged the bishop to provide him with a better living and a suitable house. The good bishop, remembering the warm affection which his deceased son bore to Butler, and aware of the growing esteem in which the young clergyman was held, presented him to the important benefice of Stanhope.

Soon after this, Butler resigned his appointment as preacher at the Rolls, and on this occasion he pub-

lished his "Fifteen Sermons," preached at the chapel of the Court, and dedicated the volume to Sir Joseph Jekyl "as a public mark of gratitude for the favours received during his connexion with this Society." They are taken almost indifferently from sermons preached over a period of eight years: many more were most probably wrought up into the "Analogy," and many he burnt, the loss of which must be considered a serious misfortune. Respecting these sermons he makes a remark which may be applied to all his writings. "It must be acknowledged that some of the following discourses are very abstruse and difficult; or, if you please, obscure: but I must take leave to add that those alone are judges whether or no or how far this is a fault, who are judges whether or no or how far it might have been avoided—those only who will be at the trouble to understand what is here said, and see how far the things here insisted upon, and not other things, might have been put in a plainer manner; which yet," he modestly adds, "I am very far from asserting that they could not." He proceeds to make a remark eminently characteristic of a close thinker, but which would scarcely hold good in general application. "I have often wished that it had been the custom to lay before people nothing in matters of argument but premises, and leave them to draw conclusions themselves." He laments the proverbial want of attention and thoughtfulness in language, which, we fear, has lost none of its meaning in the present day. "The great number of books and papers of amusement which, of one kind or another, daily come in one's way, have in part occasioned, and most perfectly fall in with and humour this idle way of

reading and considering things. By this means time, even in solitude, is happily got rid of without the pain of attention : neither is any part of it more put to account of idleness, one can scarce forbear saying is spent with less thought, than great part of that which is spent in reading. Thus people habituate themselves to let things pass through their minds, as one may speak rather than think of them. Thus by use they become satisfied merely by seeing what is said, without going any further. Review and attention, and even forming a judgment becomes fatigue ; and to lay anything before them that requires it is putting them quite out of their way."

At Stanhope he continued for seven years. There still remain faint traditions respecting him in that place. He is described as "riding a black pony, and always riding very fast." The life he led was very secluded, and moreover very charitable, so much so that he was completely pestered by beggars, and to get rid of them he was often obliged to return to the rectory without completing his ride. People have sometimes regretted that Butler continued so long in this village obscurity. But it is such retirement that is oftenest visited by great thoughts, and great plans are therein often conceived and carried out. It was thus that Warburton wrote the "Divine Legation," and Cudworth the "Intellectual System," and Jeremy Taylor the "*Ductor Dubitantium*."

"And Wisdom's self

Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude ;
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired."

Butler was so far forgotten that Queen Caroline asked Archbishop Blackburn whether he was not dead? "No, madam," was the witty reply, "he is not *dead*, but he is *buried*." This seclusion began to prey upon his spirits, as did also the death of his father. The brother of his dear friend, Talbot, was now Lord Chancellor, and dragged him from his retreat to London, and made him his chaplain. The good Queen Caroline, who loved philosophers and divines better than courtiers and statesmen, appointed him clerk of the closet, and commanded "his attendance every evening from seven till nine." After the "Analogy" was published, it was perpetually in the Queen's hands.

It was in 1736 that the "Analogy of Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature" was first published. The language of approbation has been exhausted in reference to this wonderful work. "I have derived greater aid from the views and reasonings of Bishop Butler than I have been able to find besides in the whole range of our extant authorship," writes Dr. Chalmers. "The most original and profound work extant in any language on the philosophy of religion," says Sir James Mackintosh. "The most argumentative and philosophical defence of Christianity ever submitted to the world," says Lord Brougham, in his "Discourse of Natural Theology." It would be easy to multiply these testimonies to an indefinite extent. At the time when the "Analogy" was produced the nation seemed to be in a state of universal spiritual lifelessness. "I have lived to see," said Bishop Warburton, "that fatal crisis when religion hath lost its hold on the minds of the people." One

living man there was indeed destined to work a great revival in the land, but he was now far away in Georgia, unconscious of his noble destiny: this man was John Wesley. Infidelity in its positive and negative form everywhere abounded. Some of our greatest English writers had either openly or covertly attacked revelation,—Hobbes, Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, Hume; while the coarse infidel publications of such men as Woolston, Tindal, and Collins, were widely disseminated among the people. Thus writes Bishop Butler in the advertisement prefixed to the first edition. “It is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted, by many persons, that Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry, but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious. And accordingly they treat it as if, in the present age, this were an agreed point among all people of discernment, and nothing remains but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were by way of reprisals for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world.” In the same language of sober irony he proceeds to indicate that his book may show, in reference to religion, “that it is not, however, so clear a case that there is nothing in it.” This immortal work not only fully combated the spirit of unbelief then prevalent, but in deep critical power meets those characteristics by which in all time the spirit of unbelief may be discerned. It has, indeed, with startling power not only proved to those who are utterly sceptical about religion, that there is much more in it than they supposed, but it has a much greater than the merely negative value which has at times been attributed to it. To the deist, who in his melancholy system admits

the fundamental truth of the existence of a God, if he is of that "fairness of mind" on which Butler always lays such stress, the book proves with the irresistible conclusiveness of demonstration the truth of revelation. The elder Mill fully admitted the force of the reasoning, and could only meet it by denying the postulate of the work, the existence of God.

The calm majesty of the work is very observable, and though written in a controversial age, and with a controversial design, [it is in itself free from every trace of controversy. He does not even mention the name of the writers he is refuting, and it requires some acquaintance with the literature of those times to recognise the books which he has in his mind's eye. It is this freedom from temporary discussion which has done much to give the book its permanent value.

Lord Kames, the author of "Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion," had some correspondence with him, and requested an interview. This was declined in a manner very characteristic of his caution and modesty: "On the score of his natural diffidence and reserve, his being unaccustomed to oral controversy, and his fear that the cause of truth might thus suffer from the unskilfulness of its advocate." Lord Kames advised his kinsman, David Hume, to procure Butler's opinion on his work on Human Nature. "Your thoughts and mine," says Hume, "agree in respect to Dr. Butler, and I should be glad to be introduced to him." The introduction, however, never took place. To this universal value attached to Butler's writings one of his own family showed an exception. The Bishop had given a copy of his "Analogy" to a nephew, a rich and eccentric man, who, very much

liking an iron instrument belonging to a neighbour, and his neighbour liking his book, promptly proposed and effected an exchange.

In 1747 Butler was asked to become Archbishop of Canterbury. This he refused, and the state of matters at the time looked so gloomy that he said that "it was too late for him to try and support a falling Church." His nephew John, the one who had exchanged his work for an iron vice, could not at all understand this refusal. He thought that a want of ready money must be the reason, and implored his uncle to take it, offering to let him have twenty thousand pounds, if necessary. His nephew returned to Wantage greatly dissatisfied by his persistent refusal. Some years afterwards he accepted the important Bishopric of Durham. The feeling with which he did so is thus described in a letter to a friend: "Increase of fortune is insignificant to one who thought he had enough before; and I foresee many difficulties in the station I am coming into, and no advantage worth thinking of, except some greater power of being serviceable to others; and whether this be an advantage entirely depends on the use one shall make of it; I pray God it may be a good one. It would be a melancholy thing in the close of life to have no reflections to entertain oneself with, but that one had spent the revenues of the Bishopric of Durham in a sumptuous course of living, and enriching one's friends with the promotions of it, instead of having really set oneself to do good, and promote worthy men."

The course of his life was consistent with this language. He lived in a most frugal and unostentatious manner, and spent his income in the support of public

and private charities. He once invited a man of fortune to dine with him, and appointed a time. When the guest came there was a simple joint and a pudding. The Bishop apologised for the plain fare, but said it was his way of living; "that he had been long disgusted with the fashionable expense of time and money in entertainments, and was determined that it should receive no countenance from his example." So far was he from showing the slightest favouritism that one of his nephews once exclaimed, "Methinks, my lord, it is a misfortune to be related to you." One day a gentleman called on him to lay before him the details of some projected benevolent institution. The Bishop highly approved of the object, and calling his steward, he asked how much money he then had in his possession. The answer was, "Five hundred pounds, my lord." "Five hundred pounds!" exclaimed his master; "what a shame for a bishop to have so much money! Give it away! Give it all to this gentleman, to his charitable plan." He died worth less than half a year's income.

Of his appearance and behaviour as Bishop of Durham we have three distinct accounts. "From the first of my remembrance," says Miss Talbot, "I have ever known in him a kind, affectionate friend, the faithful adviser, which he would condescend to when I was quite a child; and the most delightful companion, from a delicacy of thinking, an extreme politeness, a vast knowledge of the world, and a something peculiar to be met with in nobody else. And all this in a man whose sanctity of manner and sublimity of genius gave him one of the first ranks among men." "During the short time," says Surtees, "that Butler held the see

of Durham, he conciliated all hearts. In advanced years he retained the same genuine modesty and native sweetness of disposition which had distinguished him in youth and in retirement." "He was," says Hutchinson, author of a history of Durham, "of a most reverend aspect; his face thin and pale; but there was a divine placidness in his countenance, which inspired veneration, and expressed the most benevolent mind. His white hair hung gracefully on his shoulders, and his whole figure was patriarchal."

One of his portraits shows an expression of painfulness, and he seems to have been subject to much melancholy and depression. He had an oval face, regular and delicate features; his forehead was expansive, his eyes full, and remarkable as expressive of extreme abstraction. His looks had a sweetness and benignity which always won affection and veneration.

The Bishop used to reside at times in London, that he might attend Parliament. He had a house at Hampstead, which once belonged to the celebrated Sir Harry Vane, adorned with painted glass representing scriptural subjects. Here he and his beloved friend Secker used to dine together every day. He attended the House of Lords regularly, but was never known to speak. He was extremely fond of music, and when he was not employed in necessary employment he would ask his secretary, Mr. Emm, to play on the organ, and found it a grateful relief to his mind, after severe application to study.

It must not be imagined that Prelacy could not exhibit a very different picture. Look at the letter which a certain Archbishop wrote to Dean Swift—Swift the Yahoo, who was almost made an Archbishop

himself:—"I conclude that a good bishop has nothing more to do than to eat, drink, grow fat, rich, and die, which laudable example I propose for the remainder of my life to follow; for, to tell you the truth, I have for these four or five years past met with so much treachery, baseness, and ingratitude among mankind, that I hardly think it incumbent on any man to endeavour to do good to so perverse a generation." An Archbishop so ungrateful to Providence must himself have been marked with treachery, baseness, and ingratitude.

It is thus that a bishop's son writes of the bishops of a generation ago:—"The popular notion, justified by the habit of many who occupied the bench, was that of a stately gentleman, of dignified demeanour, and ample income, who appeared in public on solemn occasions of confirmations and visitations, passing the rest of his time either in retired leisure, or in the society of London, or perhaps in fulfilling the duties of some other preferment which he held in conjunction with his bishopric, and whose name was remembered in his diocese rather from the circumstance of so many of the cathedral dignities being filled by those who bore it than from any permanent benefit which he had conferred upon the district of which he had the spiritual oversight." Still more severe was the language of Bishop Horsley of the clergy in general:—"We make no other use of the high commission we bear than to come abroad one day in the seven, dressed in solemn looks, and in the external garb of holiness, to be the apes of Epictetus."

The sad case of the Bishop of Ulogher may be mentioned from some striking points it presents. I am

not aware of any other clergyman against whom such fearful crimes have been brought home. There is one peculiar feature of horror in his case. His sin had been detected by a poor man in his employ. He had denounced it, and, being convicted of perjury on perjured evidence, was publicly flogged most cruelly through the streets of Dublin. This Prelate was deprived, and might have suffered from the common law of the country.*

Another singular episcopal history may be briefly glanced at. We find one of our English Prelates remarkably distinguished by curious relations with no less a personage than Alexander von Humboldt. This was Lord Bristol, the Bishop of Derry. Göthe has some very unfavourable remarks about this Prelate, and he is briefly but emphatically characterised by

LORD BRISTOL,
BISHOP OF DERRY.

* "In a letter from the Rev. C. H—, is the following remarkable account of the late Bishop of C—, who died at Edinburgh under the name of T. W—. In 1820 he fled the country to save his life. About eight years ago he introduced himself to the Rev. J. F—, under the assumed name of T. W—. Mr. F— was somewhat startled at the contrast between his personal appearance and mode of address. He had all the manners of a person of rank, which he seemed to wish to conceal. He frequently asked Mr. F— how far the mercy of God would reach? Did Jesus die for the very chief of sinners? By some means "The Sinners' Friend" had fallen into his hands. This little work (he told Mr. F—) roused him from a deathlike sleep in sin, and he saw himself in colours that made him miserable, and terrified him into reflection. One night, about three years and a half ago he broke his thigh. Mr. F— found him in extreme agony of body and mind, crying lamentably for mercy. He lived a few months after this accident, and at last found peace. "The Sinners' Friend" was his constant companion and he was always speaking about it, blessing God that it had come into his hands. After his death it became known to Mr. F— for the first time that T. W— was no other than the once Bishop of C—." —*Sinner's Friend, an Autobiography*

Göthe's biographers as "a bold free-thinker and votary of pleasure."* Humboldt, with the frankness of friendship, used to call him the "mad old lord." His Ecclesiastical bonds had sat very lightly upon the right reverend Prelate. Although a free-thinker, he was attended by an orthodox chaplain. He had visited Greece, and spent many years in Italy, and at Rome he had made the acquaintance of Hirt, the archæologist, court-counsellor at Berlin. He invited Hirt and Alexander von Humboldt to accompany him in an expedition which he projected to Upper Egypt. He also invited his chère amie et adorable Comtesse de Lichtenau, and the Countess Dennis, remarking to the former, "Jamais un voyage ne sera plus complet tant pour l'âme que pour le corps." The Bishop of Derry, writing to Hirt, says:—"We shall have two large spronasi with both oars and sails. La Dennis et M. le Professeur Hirt are to accompany the dear Countess in her boat. M. Savary, the author of the charming Letters upon Egypt, will be in mine. I intend to take with me two or three artists, not only for the rivers and the grand points of view, but also for the costumes, so that nothing shall be wanting to render the journey agreeable. Dear Hirt, will not this be an expedition worthy of your profound knowledge and your indefatigable industry? What splendid drawings may we not expect from our artists! what a magnificent work will not our united efforts furnish for publication!" The Countess says herself that this was the most foolish journey ever projected, and the King of Prussia would never have allowed her to go to Egypt.

The episcopal expedition was projected on a most

* Göthe's "Sämmtliche Werke," vol. x. p. 367.

liberal and luxurious scale. The Bishop guaranteed a kitchen and a well-provided cellar. He would have his own yacht, his own sculptors and artists, and no armed men. They were to go as far as Syene, and return by way of Constantinople and Vienna. Humboldt seems to have thought that the only thing disagreeable in the expedition was the last. "You might possibly think the society of the noble lord objectionable; he is eccentric in the highest degree. I have only once seen him, and that was during one of the expeditions he used to make on horseback between Pymont and Naples. I was aware that it is not easy to live at peace with him. But as I travel at my own expense, I preserve my independence, and do not risk anything. I can leave him at any time if he oppose me too much." This last clause is not quite consistent with a letter to another friend, in which he says that he was to be free of expense throughout, and that such a proposition was not to be declined.

It was destined, however, that the expedition should not come off. It was rumoured everywhere that the French intended to take possession of Egypt, and in that case an English bishop with suite would certainly not be permitted to go up the river. Lord Bristol's trip did not escape the eagle eye of Napoleon. A political motive, of which we may be sure that the bishop was quite innocent, was attributed to him. It was thought that his trip up the Nile was to create an agitation in favour of England against the French. Humboldt, who had been working most eagerly to gratify him and to gain all the advantages which might be expected from such a trip, was greatly disappointed, but his work was splendidly utilized for

subsequent and more important expeditions. As for the mad old bishop he came to much sorrow; when at Milan he was seized by the police, and was kept a prisoner for eighteen months. He sought, after his liberation, to renew friendly relations with the Countess, who seems to have had the art of inspiring many persons with affection and respect, but it was impossible. He was suspected of having given information respecting Germany to the French. Once he had written thus, "Mon cœur est un grand, et j'ose dire, vaste château dont le corps-de-logis est tout à vous seul consacré; chaque appartement meublé de votre nom, de votre charmante figure, et décoré de votre physionomie tendre et spirituelle." When these friendly relations were at an end, all the Bishop's regard was changed into hate. We do not pursue any further this singular history, but hasten to place in relief the spotless career of one of our saintlier prelates.

BISHOP HORNE.
1788.

There are few persons who are familiar with the sweet and solemn literature of our English sacred writers who do not hold in peculiar love and regard the memory of George Horne, the good Bishop of Norwich. The author of the most favourite "Commentary on the Psalms" was not only celebrated for his great knowledge and great attainments, but remarkable, also, for his gentle spirit and his cheerful piety. His happy, quiet lot was cast in uneventful days, and spent almost entirely in the college cloister and the cathedral close. No biography of him has been written that really deserves the name.

The life of the Bishop, so far as we are able to judge, seems an uninterrupted career of peace and prosperity. His father was a country clergyman residing at Otham, in Kent, a man of great learning, and remarkable for "the integrity of his mind against all temptations from worldly advantage." At Otham his illustrious son was born in the year 1730. His father, a man of very mild and amiable disposition, would arouse his little son from sleep by playing upon the flute, that the child might wake up in a gradual and pleasant manner; and as he grew up he had "a tender feeling of music, especially that of the church." At Oxford he soon gained the friendship of such of his contemporaries as were of good learning and good manners. During his undergraduate course the boy grew up into the young man, and was noted for his handsome appearance; but he was always so shortsighted as to be quite lost without the help of his glasses. He was not very strong, and was indisposed for active exercise; he used to take horse exercise sometimes, but so awkwardly that some amusing stories are told respecting him, and he used, with much pleasantry, to tell them against himself, having "the rare and happy talent of disarming all the little vexatious incidents of life of their power to molest by giving them some unexpected turn."

After a time he was elected Fellow of Magdalen College. We can well imagine him, as Addison before him, in those pleasant and renowned walks, embowered by the elms' overarching shade, and bordered by the murmuring Cherwell. Here he added to his classical knowledge the persevering study of Hebrew, and with friends of congenial disposition devoted much atten-

tion to music. The famous Dr. Parr was one of his contemporaries, and has given some description of him. He describes him as a man of great learning and dignified manners, who never showed the least ill-humour himself, and would gently repress it in others. He had a great deal of natural pleasantry, and as an instance it is narrated that when an undergraduate asked leave of absence, saying he was going to Coventry—"Better to go than be sent," said Horne. People would watch the good man in the pulpit while the psalm was being sung just before the sermon in the University church, joyfully beating time with his hand and joining in the strain.

Among the incidents recorded of him is the following. A poor man lay in Oxford jail condemned. He was a bad man, who had committed many robberies. This man had heard of Mr. Horne's high character for piety and humanity, and sent to beg him to come and see him. This Horne accordingly did, and found in the criminal an Irishman of gentlemanly appearance and address. The case of this wretched man lay heavily on Horne's mind. Night and day he used anxiously to think how he could best address the unhappy criminal, for, while sensible and ready on ordinary occasions, he found him deplorably destitute of all religious knowledge. To a man of his kindness of mind these circumstances proved a severe trial, and considerably affected his health for some time. Those who are acquainted with Oxford will recollect that in the first quadrangle of Magdalen there is an elevated stone pulpit inserted where the preacher in the open air used to address an open-air congregation. According to college custom, he there preached before

the University on the day of St. John the Baptist, on which occasion, according to an ancient usage, the quadrangle was furnished round with a fence of green boughs, that the audience might be reminded of St. John in the wilderness. These customs have been for some time discontinued, not without the complaints of those who fondly recollected them, and knew our forefathers were not afraid of a little wind, or sun, or rain. Horne was concerned to hear on this occasion that his hearers considered that he had "a very fine imagination;" he would have greatly preferred that they had indeed entered into the spirit and the truth of what was said; he found that they were better critics than doers, and in a private letter he laments this.

He used to regret that he knew so little of the world that he found it very difficult to discover proper objects for his beneficence, and would say, "Let anybody show me in any case what ought to be done, and they will always find me ready to do it." His alms were given away with such secrecy that people little imagined how extensive they were, but after his death, when his pensioners had to look about for other means of support, it was discovered how many pensioners he had quietly maintained.

He thus speaks of himself in 1788: "I have been more than ever harassed this year, for four months past, with defluxions on my head and breast; they have driven me to take the benefit of the Headington air this charming season, which by God's blessing will enable me to get clear for the summer, I believe: but as I grow older I shall dread the return of winter." Such was the state of his health when he was pressed

to become Bishop of Norwich. He by no means felt inclined to undertake so weighty an office, but he eventually complied. He survived his elevation for little more than half a year. The Bishop's palace at Norwich is entered by a large flight of steps. "Alas!" said the good Bishop one day, "I am come to these steps at a time of life when I can neither go up them nor down them with safety." His chaplain persuaded him to take an early walk in his garden every morning. One day he said to his chaplain, in his usual pleasant manner, "Mr. William, I have heard you say that the air of the morning is a dram to the mind; I will rise to-morrow and take a dram." In the midst of these infirmities he derived some benefit by visits to Bath on two occasions; and was on his third journey when he was struck down by a paralytic stroke. He was, however, able to complete his journey. One who was with him to the last thus writes: "Had you seen him bolstered up, blessing his children and speaking comfort to his wife, in the hope and trust of their meeting again, you would never have forgot it. I am sure I never shall; nor do I wish it."

It has been said of Dr. Horne that so rich was his conversation, that if some friend had followed him about with pen and ink to note down his sayings and observations, they would have furnished a collection as good as Boswell's "Life of Johnson," but frequently of a superior quality, because the subjects which fell in his way were occasionally of a higher nature. A collection of these "Aphorisms and Opinions of Dr. Horne" has been of late years published. Here is one anent episcopacy:

"An Italian bishop, who had endured much per-

secution with a calm, unruffled temper, was asked by a friend how he attained to such a mastery of himself? ‘By making a right use of my eyes,’ said he; ‘I first look up to heaven as the place where I am going to live for ever; I next look down upon earth, and consider how small a space of it will soon be all that I can occupy or want; I then look round me, and think how many are far more wretched than I am.’”

So rapid is the flight of the ages, so few are the necessary links that connect generation to generation, that we come to the prelates who have passed away during the present happily prolonged reign.

CHAPTER III.

THE EMINENT PRELATES OF THE REIGN.

WHEN Her Gracious Majesty ascended the throne the Archbishop of Canterbury was the mild silver-voiced Howley. He was a retiring, gentle-minded man, whose episcopacy has been looked upon as a golden age, and he himself regarded as the patriarch of the time. Old Queen Charlotte and two Princesses had attended his consecration to the Bishopric of London in 1813. This was his first see; for the first time since the Restoration an immediate appointment was made to the Metropolitan See—the precedent has been repeated in the case of Dr. Tait. His memory carries us back to the times that are now historical. His name was linked with the private history of the royal family and many great transactions of the reign. He had been entrusted with the education of the young Prince of Orange, when the plan had been formed that the young man, subsequently Prince of Orange, should be the husband of the Princess Charlotte. Again and again he was present at the dying beds of the large family of King George and Queen Charlotte; he baptised and married them, he performed royal funerals

and royal coronations. He was of the old High school, and when he opposed the Catholic Emancipation Act he did so, "dreading the designs of the Papists more than the consequences which might result from a refusal of their claims." He was a man who had his private sorrows and his public trials, but nothing impaired the even quietude of his days and the sweetness of his disposition. He lived in those old days when the Ecclesiastical Commissioners had not laid hands on the revenues of the see of Canterbury, and Dr. Howley was one of the greatest of our modern prince bishops. His hand was open as the day, and he spent at least a hundred thousand pounds on Lambeth and on Addington. A living American divine recently in this country, Dr. Tyng, of New York, wrote an account, while the Archbishop was still living, of an interview which he had with him :—

"The Archbishop crossed the room to meet me, and shaking hands with me in a very cordial manner, handed me a chair with so much meekness and kindness of manner as at once to cast off all reserve, and make me feel entirely at home with him. The distinctive traits of his manner and appearance are meekness and cheerfulness. He is so perfectly unassuming ; and I was unconsciously detained in a conversation which I might have reasonably feared would have been an intrusion in a perfect stranger. I was surprised, considering his age, station, and occupation, at the knowledge he had of many minute and subordinate matters among us. There was a remarkable moderation of sentiment in all his conversation, and nothing which savoured in any degree of an encouragement of the

strange doctrines which the men of Oxford have brought into the Church.”

The *Times*, in its Memoir, brought the Primate into personal relations with the Queen. “He had baptised the Queen; he had solemnised her marriage; he had placed the crown upon her head; he was the first ecclesiastic in the realm, and when it appeared to him, as well as to other distinguished members of the hierarchy, that in the palace of the Sovereign Sunday was observed rather in accordance with the gaiety of Continental taste than with the quiet reserve of English and Protestant habits, he did not hesitate to call her Majesty’s attention to the subject; and it has been stated that more than once during the Melbourne Ministry he respectfully tendered to the Crown advice not quite in accordance with the wishes of those who at that time surrounded our youthful and inexperienced Sovereign. Though a man of remarkably mild and unassuming manners, he was by no means deficient in moral courage, nor likely to be deterred by any set of courtiers from discharging a duty due to his Sovereign, or to the Church of which that Sovereign is the head.

We pass now to his successor,
 ARCHBISHOP SUMNER. John Bird Sumner. He was a man who held his own place deep in the affections of the great Evangelical party, and indeed of all sections in the Church. People complained at times that there was a great absence of state in the old gentleman who, umbrella in hand, would come across Westminster Bridge to attend to his business at the House of Lords. But when that good grey head

was at last laid low, there was none that did not offer a tribute of veneration and regard to the spotless memory of this truly Christian bishop. For as he himself would say, he did not for himself seek this high office; he took it as God's appointment; he besought the prayers of Christians that he might be strengthened in its faithful discharge, and he ever humbly and perseveringly sought to approve himself a useful minister in the Church of Christ. He appears to have been one of those elevated natures whom the searching heat of prosperity serves but to purify, so simple and unaffected was he in life, so pure and fervent in faith, so apostolic in practice.

His father was the Rev. John Sumner, vicar of Kenilworth and Stoneleigh, in the county of Warwick, and formerly fellow of Eton College. His mother was the daughter of a London merchant, a venerable lady, who lived to see two of her sons bishops, and who died in 1846, at the advanced age of eighty-eight. For generations the family of the Sumners had been connected with Eton, and a list of their names is carved in the "Lower School Passage." More than a hundred years ago now, his grandfather, Dr. Sumner, had been Head Master of Eton. John Bird Sumner was sent to Eton at the usual age, and continued there for a number of years. In 1798, he proceeded to Cambridge as scholar of King's College, the post awarded to the first of his year at Eton College. Those were the old days of the Eton Montem, and a considerable sum would be subscribed for the benefit of the scholar going up to Cambridge. That beautiful college, King's College, with its cathedral-like chapel, and stately grounds stretching down to the margin of

the Cam, was then regarded by university men as imparting a peculiarly happy lot to its inmates. For the scholars became fellows as a matter of course, without any further labour and competition, and in due time succeeded to the enjoyment of other advantages. In the year 1800, Mr. Sumner obtained one of the few University distinctions then open to undergraduates of King's College, namely, the Brown Gold Medal for the best Latin ode, "a prize once considered in the University as the blue riband in the Latin poetic field." The subjects of these odes frequently bore reference to contemporary political events, and the present was an instance of this. Our renowned Duke of Wellington, then Colonel Wellesley, had recently signalized himself and delighted the country by his capture of Seringapatam, the capital of Mysore, in which the debased and faithless tyrant of the country, Tippoo Saib, fell. The subject was Tippoo's death (*Mysorei Tyranni Mors*), and the young Latinist descanted on the subject in a tolerably fair imitation of Horace, characteristically concluding by reminding his readers that the lowly olive branch of peace might be fittingly blended with victorious laurels. In 1802 he obtained the Hulsean prize, and the same year took his degree of B.A.

The year following he was nominated Assistant Master of Eton College, and thereupon resigning his fellowship, he married. In 1810 he produced his first public work, entitled, "Apostolical Preaching, considered in an examination of St. Paul's Epistles." This work has gone through nine editions, and has also been translated into the French, and will most probably take a standard place in the library of the-

ology. On the title-page of the book he took as his motto the lines of Cowper :—

“ Would I describe a preacher such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
Paul should himself direct me.”

Upon this lofty exemplar—the apostolical preaching of St. Paul—the good Archbishop always sought to model his own religious teaching. In 1815, according to the will of Mr. John Burnett, of Deas, Aberdeenshire, £1,200 was given as a first prize, and £400 as a second prize for the best treatises on “The Evidences.” Such treatises were to show forth “the evidence that there is a Being all-powerful, wise, and good, by whom everything exists,” and should seek to “obviate difficulties regarding his wisdom and goodness.” The first prize was obtained by an unknown Scottish minister, and the second by Mr. Sumner. In 1817 he published this under the title of “A Treatise on the Records of the Creation, and on the Moral Attributes of the Creator.” He especially points out that Moses could not have invented the doctrine he taught, nor yet have derived it from the Egyptians. This work has been thus characterised by a friendly critic:—“This treatise of Mr. Sumner’s is well known as being in advance of his time on scientific points; and no less an authority than Sir Charles Lyell has appealed to it to show that revelation and geology are not necessarily discordant. It has gone through a great many editions, and is a most masterly performance, the one, too, on which Mr. Sumner’s fame as an author is most likely to rest. He bases his evidence on the credibility of the Mosaic records; he occupies half the space with

proofs of the existence of a God; and in the second and third part discusses with much scientific ability the attributes of God, and his wisdom and goodness, with their influences on the moral and political condition of mankind."

Many eminent men, including several Cabinet Ministers, were in his house while he was one of the masters at Eton. In 1817 he obtained the comparative leisure of an Eton fellowship, and it became part of his duty to preach to the boys. We can well imagine the affectionate earnestness with which he would address his peculiar auditory in the bright morning of their youth.

In 1818 he succeeded to the valuable Eton living of Mapledurham, near Reading, and in the county of Oxford. The next year a still higher distinction was bestowed on him. Dr. Shute Barrington, the Bishop of Durham, a man of great virtues and abilities, and also a great discerner and rewarder of literary merit, gave him a prebendaryship, and the next year one of the "golden stalls" of Durham, which last he retained till his elevation to the Primacy. In 1821 Mr. Sumner published his "Sermons on the Christian Faith and Character," which he dedicated, as a mark of gratitude, to Bishop Barrington, a work which has been over and over again reprinted. Many of these sermons had been preached in the chapel of Eton College, and must have been equally beneficial to masters and boys. In 1824 he published an important work on the "Evidence of Christianity derived from its Nature and Reception."

In 1825, Mr. Sumner preached the anniversary sermon for the Church Missionary Society. "We well

remember," says a certain writer, "that this was called a very bold step. Bishops and great men did not at that time favour the Society. John Sumner, it was said, might have looked for preferment, but *now* he could never rise; it was great self-denial, it was added, in him to have so committed himself." On the 21st of May, 1826, he preached another memorable sermon. This was on the consecration of his younger brother, Charles Richard Sumner, ten years his junior, to the Bishopric of Llandaff.

In 1828 his brother, the Bishop of Llandaff, was translated to the Bishopric of Winchester. The same year the Government of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel appointed John Bird Sumner to the Bishopric of Chester. The *congé d'élire* was issued Aug. 5, 1828. The Chester local paper (the "Courant") described their new prelate as "a most amiable man, with a strong bias in favour of those doctrines called Evangelical, and consequently a friend, and it may be a patron, of Bible and Missionary Societies." He was consecrated at Bishopsthorpe, near York, September 13th, and enthroned by proxy the following November. It was a time of great religious excitement on the Roman Catholic question, and the good Bishop took great pains to disentangle what was religious from what was purely political in these discussions. He addressed a letter to his clergy in which he endeavoured to calm the apprehensions which many good people then entertained respecting the Emancipation Act. "What," he asked, "could even fifty Romanists do to hurt the Church against six hundred Protestants? Let them hope charitably of the Romanists. The condition of Ireland

was deplorable. The upper class, the Protestant minority, were endeavouring to keep down the lower. What idea of Protestant truth was conveyed to the Roman Catholics by the favourite phrase "Protestant ascendancy?" Protestants mistook party feelings for religious zeal, and when Orangeism was too much accustomed to pass for Christianity, who could wonder if Protestantism was generally confounded with Orangeism?"

The diocese over which the new Bishop was called to preside was one of enormous area. It extended over the whole of Cheshire, a great part of Lancashire, and even reached into Wales. His labours and responsibilities were enormous. The state of spiritual destitution among the teeming manufacturing population was appalling. Although his predecessor, Bishop Blomfield, had worked with herculean energy, comparatively little impression was made upon the enormous mass. For twenty years Bishop Sumner proved himself a preaching and a working bishop. His energy, activity, and zeal were everywhere felt throughout his vast diocese. He consecrated, it is said, more than two hundred churches in the course of his Chester episcopate. So great were his labours that Sir Robert Peel in memorable language alluded to them in the House of Commons. Having eulogized the labours of the Bishop of Ripon (the new Archbishop of Canterbury) he added, "Here also it would not be just were I not to express in the strongest terms my admiration of the conduct of the Bishop of Chester, who has effected so much improvement in the diocese which has the fortune to be under his charge, and to witness his example. It is impossible

for any one to read the charge of the Bishop of Chester without entertaining sentiments of the deepest respect for that venerable prelate."

Early in 1848 Archbishop Howley died. It was known at the time that the Premier, Lord John Russell, hesitated in his selection of a successor between the Bishop of Chester and Dr. Lonsdale, the late Bishop of Lichfield. His resolution was soon taken. On the 15th of February, Bishop Sumner received a royal message to go up to London at once. On Friday, the 10th of March, he was confirmed at Bow Church, Cheapside. As he was leaving the church after the service, and passing through the crowd, a stranger emphatically exclaimed, though in a low tone, "God bless the Archbishop of Canterbury!" His Grace immediately paused, and said in a most impressive manner, "I thank you; I indeed need all your prayers." He was the nineteenth Archbishop, the see being founded A.D. 596, "by Divine providence," the style of all other prelates being "by Divine permission." We may add that in two other instances, and in only two others, have two brothers been respectively Archbishop of Canterbury and suffragan bishop. In the time of James I. the two Abbots were respectively of Canterbury and Salisbury; and in the twelfth century Radulphus and Saffredus, of Canterbury and Chichester. In no other cases have two brothers been bishops at the same time, in the course of English history.

In his primary charge to the clergy of the diocese of Canterbury he feelingly alluded to his own advanced age, in speaking of the character, courtesy, and wisdom of his predecessor. "Nothing remains for me except

to endeavour that, during the much shorter career that I can expect to run, I may act in the same spirit, and acquire the same confidence of the clergy over whom I am placed, by a faithful attention to the great interests which we are all concerned to maintain." As primate of all England and metropolitan, he showed the same qualities which shone so brightly in his long episcopate at Chester. During his primacy some remarkable events occurred that caused much trouble and discussion in the Church of England; and though the Archbishop was not remarkable for really brilliant talents, or really deep learning, he had more success than could have been hoped for with more able men. His calmness and gentleness invariably tranquillized the surrounding atmosphere. His meek and holy demeanour everywhere conciliated; and during his time Lambeth Palace was utterly divested of all the unbecoming state and sumptuous splendour by which at one time it was surrounded.

The speeches of the venerable prelate in the House of Lords would well repay a careful perusal. To the dexterity of the debater he made no pretence, and would probably consider that such was unworthy of his character and office. Still less were they concerned with any personal or political object. But they show no ordinary amount of experience, sagacity, moderation, and holiness, such as went far to dignify the debates in the House of Lords in which he took part, and commanded the instinctive respect of all who heard him. We may give a quotation or two from these speeches. Thus wisely he speaks in advocating the omission of the political services in the Prayer-Book of the Church of England. After speaking of

the duty of a nation's acknowledgment of events of great importance to the national weal, he proceeds thus:—

“The providential discovery of a plot which might have endangered our Protestant confession, the restoration of legitimate government, the establishment of a free constitution,—all these were events which could not fail to rouse the strongest emotions of which the mind is capable. You cannot be surprised if prayers and thanksgivings composed under such circumstances partook of the feelings of the times and of the composers—if they were not only vehement, but passionate, and sometimes savoured of politics as much as of religion. I hold it to be impossible, even if it were desirable, that we at distance of two or three centuries should entertain the feelings or sympathize with the expressions which are found in those services. It is very inexpedient that the people should be invited to offer up prayers and thanksgivings in which their hearts take no concern. Praise or prayer which does not issue from the heart is mockery. No doubt it is from this conviction that those services have fallen into desuetude; and it is more seemly that they should be regularly abolished than irregularly disregarded.”

When the Government of India Bill was passing through the House of Lords, the good Archbishop made an earnest speech in reference to that Missionary cause which was so dear to his heart:—

“Surely, my lords, we ought to look forward to the time when, under the Providence of God, India shall form no exception to the multitude of countries in which truth has prevailed against falsehood, and the

gospel has triumphed over idolatry and superstition ; and we shall know why a remote country like England should have been allowed to have dominion over the vast territory of India.”

Again, when in the House of Lords a peer attacked the Exeter Hall services, in which the bishops and others bore part, the Archbishop said he would only just ask whether it would be wise, even if it were possible, to check these innovations. “ He could not imagine that any greater reproach or disparagement could be cast upon the Church than to suppose it was incapable of accommodating itself to the changing necessities of the age, or allowed its dignity to interfere with its usefulness.”

One more appearance in the House of Lords ought to be mentioned. In 1847, when he appointed one of his sons to a prospective registrarship of the Prerogative Court, His Grace clearly showed that, on the doctrine of chances, the value of the office was not equal to that of the stamp ; and Bishop Tait informed the House that when the most lucrative registrarship, worth many thousands a year, became vacant, the Archbishop gave it to a perfect stranger, on condition that he personally performed the duties of the office. Might it not have been better if the two prelates had concurred to obtain the abolition of the office, or, at all events, curtail it of its excessive, unwholesome gains ? We have heard it said that to be a connection of his was nearly a disqualification for preferment.

Nothing can be conceived more pleasing than the private life of the Archbishop. He lived in the quiet, frugal manner of a country clergyman. We have been

told that he would rise early in the morning, light his own fire, and finish his important correspondence before breakfast. Pomp and show he especially avoided; with a princely income, always appearing a plain, simple man. In all relations of life—son, father, grandfather, brother—he was tender, affectionate, and engaging. He used to take the chief part in the quiet family services in Lambeth Chapel. On Sundays he was generally employed in pleading for some religious or charitable cause. One Sunday every month he was accustomed to preach in the morning at the parish church of the pretty village of Bromley, Kent, where we have listened to his simple and affectionate addresses. He baptized all the junior members of the royal family, and confirmed them all; he married the Princess Royal, and but for illness, would have married the Princess Alice. It was also his lot to bury the Queen's mother and the Queen's husband; and it is understood that, on more than one occasion, his presence was sought and welcomed by Her Majesty and the Prince Consort. In her "Sunny Memories," Mrs. Beecher Stowe relates how, in 1858, the Primate invited her to breakfast at Lambeth, and on that occasion, for the first time, he ascended Lollards' Tower to amuse his visitor.

One of his last labours was to issue a new edition of his work on the "Evidences of Christianity derived from its Nature and Reception." He designed this as the contribution of his old age to the defence of the faith against the innovating flood of modern doubt. The design was occasioned by the publication of the "Essays and Reviews," and the work is throughout "revised with reference to recent objections." It

shows abundant evidence of carefulness and thought continued to the very last.

Up to May, 1861, the Archbishop, though eighty, had shown few of the symptoms incident to so advanced an age. His first attack then occurred, from which he speedily recovered. The death of his youngest daughter proved a very trying affliction to him. He bore part in the opening of the Exhibition, being the commissioner ranking next to the Duke of Cambridge, and it is understood that the excitement was too much for so aged a man. Nevertheless, up to the 13th of August, he was able to transact business with the regularity for which he was always so remarkable; but he knew his days were numbered, and in calm, childlike faith awaited his end.

A few words may here be added respecting Archbishop Sumner's brother, the retired Bishop of Winchester, who has so lately passed away. He was not one of those prelates who by the force of character and achievement impress their name upon the history of their Church and land. His great title to distinction is this, that, as one of the first five prelates of England, he once sat in the high seat once held by Lancelot Andrewes. Adopting Shakspeare's classification he was not born to greatness, neither had he achieved greatness; but he had a great deal of greatness, with very gentle violence, forced upon him. He was not one of those prelates whose lustre of character and renown is such that an office, however dignified, only imparts an adventitious splendour to their names. Dr. Sumner, if he had not been Bishop of Winchester, would have held a very modest and

unpretending position of his own, but the Bishopric of Winchester stands for a very great deal. In this high office, he appears to have carefully and sedulously sought to fulfil his manifold important duties. The needs of his diocese seemed constantly before him, and according to the measure of his power he sought to supply them. It is perhaps to be regretted that while Presbyterians were thankful for the sympathy which they have received from him, and he was willing to act in conjunction with Dissenters and others on the widest possible platform, the great Church movement in this country received from him only a very languid measure of support. Indeed, both within and without the Jerusalem Chamber, he was noted for his steady opposition to the revival of Convocation and the synodal action of the Church. This has been, perhaps, the most marked feature of the Bishop's public life. We should refer, however, to the annual appearances which he made at the May Meetings at Exeter Hall, in which his presence might be considered to impart a degree of solid weight to any proceedings in which he participated. In private life the Bishop was a pleasant and genial English clergyman and gentleman, whose extreme urbanity of speech and manner, which was carried to a proverbial degree of polish, would be flattering to all his curates, if not rather delusive to some of them. His private tastes were so admirably carried out, that they would reflect credit on any private individual. He was a keen floriculturist and orchid grower, his conservatories were splendid, and we understand that he was quite an authority on ferns and tropical plants. These pleasant tastes were not allowed to interfere with

those higher duties, to which they furnished a graceful relaxation.

During the Bishop's life there was a curious story constantly whispered respecting the origin of his fortunes, which was openly told in the newspapers after his death, with a great deal of inaccuracy and exaggeration. The story was, that he saved a noble pupil from a *mésalliance* with a foreign young lady by the simple process of marrying her himself. In gratitude, the husband of Mlle. Maunoir was introduced to court by the powerful Marchioness of Conyngham, who lived a life of scandal, and died in the odour of sanctity, and was thus started on his episcopal career. A somewhat cruel publicity was given to supposed facts which in reality rest only on the thinnest foundation. It does not appear that the young nobleman in question, Lord Mount-Charles, then little more than a boy, was ever attached to the young Swiss lady, or that Lady Conyngham had ever promised him that if he would solve the difficulty by marrying the young lady himself, his future interests should not be disregarded or forgotten. Sir John Coleridge has stated that he himself was at Geneva in 1816. It is just half a century since this little bit of ecclesiastical romance happened, and it was he who gave the introduction to the Maunoirs. The parents of the pupil were in fact somewhat annoyed by the derangement of their plans consequent on the engagement and marriage of their tutor. So far from any promotion being given in consequence, Mr. Sumner, after holding a ministerial charge at Geneva, continued for five years in the modest position of a curate taking pupils. One of those pupils was a brother of Lord

Mount-Charles; another was Frederick Oakley, who says in the *Times* that he kept up a constant personal and epistolary intercourse with him till it was becoming more or less interrupted by his secession to Rome. The original story, if correct, would have left a slur on the late Bishop which all good Anglicans will rejoice to find removed. In 1821 Mr. Sumner visited the Conynghams at Brighton, and was introduced to the King. George the Fourth wished to appoint him a Canon of Windsor, but Lord Liverpool refused to ratify the appointment. The refusal had nothing to do with any gossip or ill-natured report, but it struck the Prime Minister as an anomalous thing that a curate should be promoted to a canonry. It might be difficult to arrange precedent between a canon-curate and his incumbent. The Premier stated that something of this kind was his only objection, but that he would recommend him for preferment as soon as there was an opening. He was accordingly soon preferred to the living of Abingdon and a stall at Worcester. Five years later he was made Bishop of Llandaff, a see whose scanty income was eked out by the Deanery of St. Paul's. The new Bishop expressed his grave disapproval of the pernicious custom of translations, at the present time almost abolished by Act of Parliament. Within a twelvemonth he was himself translated. Dr. Pretyman-Toulman—for under a double name does this choice constellation shine—passed away gorged with the spoils of Lincoln and Worcester. A late Cabinet Minister used to tell the story that when the news arrived the King exclaimed, "This will please the Marchioness." And so Charles Sumner passed to the see

considered, we believe inaccurately, the richest in England, certainly with the most splendid palace and deer-park, which he held for forty years.

The early ministerial connection of the Bishop with Geneva it was his good fortune to renew in advanced life. At the present day, every great town and watering-place of the Continent has its English minister and its English congregation. The Continental and Colonial Church Society has led the way, but the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel is following, as is most necessary, in the same direction, but with unequal steps. Things were very different in the year 1814, when the long wars of Napoleon had hardly ceased, and the thunders of Waterloo were brooding in the distance. Then it was that Charles Sumner had first gathered together one of the earliest congregations of the Continental English. In 1853, a beautiful little church, familiar to very many, especially by the disgraceful episode of the persecution of its last minister, was opened in Geneva, on land granted by the Swiss Government, the site of former fortifications. In 1853 the church was consecrated and opened by the Bishop of Winchester, who also opened the neat little church at Chamouni. On this occasion an entertainment was given to the Bishop by the committee, and the pastors of the Swiss Church sympathised and coalesced with the Bishop, and reminded him of his early connection with this town. But there was that in all this which must occasion grave regret. Was the Bishop aware of the tainted character of the Church of these pastors? Did he not know that the most illustrious divines of Switzerland, such men as Merle D'Aubigny, and Gausson, and

Cæsar Malan had left that Church on no light pretext, but on account of its Arian character? Is it true, as stated at the time, that he was informed of this serious matter, and therefore knew that there was no real union at Geneva, and that the best and holiest of the clergy had conscientiously absented themselves from this gathering? We quote a few remarks which have a sort of autobiographic interest: "What, then, must be my feelings when, after a period of thirty-eight years, I am again, under such peculiar and exciting circumstances, in the scene of my former labours, in the place where I first entered upon my public ministry? It causes me feelings of joy and humiliation—of joy at being again in scenes of so much interest to me at such a happy moment, of humiliation because I fear that in my first ministry I may not have done all the good which I might have effected. It is pleasing to recollect that amongst our old reformers who were in this city, and in other parts of Switzerland and on the Continent, there was unity of feeling on all the great points of faith which characterise our religion." The Bishop quite ignored the fact that the want of this unity was notorious at the time when he was speaking.

We have no occasion to discuss the Bishop of Winchester as an author, as he can hardly be said to have appeared in that character. In the vigorous, intellectual literature of the Church of England he has borne no part. In the House of Lords he hardly ever spoke. It is unnecessary to quote from his sermons, and one or two other publications of the sermon kind. In dedicating these to the King he begged to "avail myself of this opportunity

to express my gratitude for Your Majesty's gracious protection and condescending kindness towards me." He had become domestic chaplain to the King after his brief tenure of the vicarage of St. Helen's, Abingdon. It was while he was connected with Windsor Castle that the event occurred which, by a solitary link, connects his name with the general course of English literature. This was the editing of that recovered manuscript of Milton's, on which young Macaulay of Trinity founded his first splendid contribution to the "Edinburgh Review." The circumstances are related in the first paragraph of that brilliant series of essays which has become a *locus classicus*. Among the archives of the State Paper Office was discovered Milton's lost treatise on the "Doctrines of Christianity," which he is known to have completed after the Restoration, and to have entrusted to his friend Cyriac Skinner. How it found its way to its ultimate resting-place can only be conjectured. George IV. entrusted the editing of this precious document to his domestic chaplain. "Mr. Sumner," writes Macaulay, "who was commanded by His Majesty to edit and translate the treatise, has acquitted himself of his task in a manner honourable to his talents and his character. His version, indeed, is not very easy or elegant; but it is entitled to the praise of clearness and fidelity. His notes abound with interesting quotations, and have the rare merit of really elucidating the text. The preface is evidently the work of a sensible and candid man, firm in his own religious opinions, and tolerant towards those of others." It is singular that the retired Bishop of Winchester should thus have been connected with those great names in English literature, Milton and

Macaulay. In ages far distant, when Bishop Sumner's name is utterly forgotten, save for its casual mention on the roll of the Bishops of Winchester, Macaulay's brief sentence will be a voucher to posterity of the honourable repute in which the first editor of Milton's lost work was held.

ARCHBISHOP LONGLEY.
THE THIRD PRIMATE OF
THE REIGN.

Dr. Longley was not a man indeed who by any conspicuous action or ability has won a place in the annals of this country. He was not an author, like some of our prelates; or a great orator as others, although his pulpit addresses—earnest, affectionate, and simple—achieved the chief ends of sacred oratory; neither has he specially identified himself with any of the great practical movements of the age, although, at the same time, Dr. Bickersteth, his successor in the see of Ripon, has given an account of various great services which Dr. Longley rendered to the diocese. But he always performed his laborious duties with the utmost care and assiduity. His father was one of the police magistrates of London. The son went up from Westminster School to Christ Church, Oxford, as a student on the foundation. In his quiet scholarly career he achieved the best honours which could be obtained at the University, and in due time took his post in the cycle of college and university honours. He became tutor and senior censor of Christ Church, and his portrait is a conspicuous ornament in the great hall. He was ordained by the then Bishop of Oxford, and like various other tutors of Christ Church, he presently became perpetual curate of Cowley, in the im-

mediate neighbourhood of Oxford. He was afterwards appointed Whitehall preacher. For a single year he held the living of West Tytherley. In 1829 he obtained the dignified and influential office of head master of Harrow.

In 1836 the new diocese of Ripon was formed, and Dr. Longley was consecrated its first bishop. In Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë," we find a letter from the popular authoress, in which she describes a visit paid by Bishop Longley to her father's modest little parsonage of Haworth. "The Bishop has been, and is gone," writes Charlotte Brontë. "He is certainly a most charming bishop; the most benignant gentleman that ever put on lawn sleeves; yet stately too, and competent to check encroachments." Then we have a glimpse at the unavoidable state of a country parsonage at such a bewildering event as a visit from a Bishop. "It is very well to talk of receiving a bishop without trouble, but you must prepare for him. The house was a good deal put out of its way, as you may suppose. All passed, however, quietly, orderly, and well. Martha waited very nicely, and I had a person to help her in the kitchen. Papa kept up, too, fully as well as I expected, though I doubt whether he could have borne another day of it." Mrs. Gaskell adds, apparently from a communication received from the Bishop, that Dr. Longley was agreeably impressed with the gentle unassuming manners of his hostess, and with the perfect propriety and consistency of the arrangements in the modest household.

The new diocese of Ripon was one of a peculiar character, and requiring special energy and pains. It would present a striking contrast to the scholarly at-

mosphere, quiet and subdued, of Harrow and Oxford. The dense population engaged in mining and manufacturing; the thinly scattered hamlets on hills and wolds; the hard-headed, hard-handed character of the people; the rapid development of the resources and industries of the country, were all circumstances that would render the first Episcopate peculiarly arduous and anxious work. "His services," writes a friend who is in a condition to speak with peculiar authority, "great and valuable as they have been to the diocese of Ripon, were far more appreciable when they were rendered, nearly thirty years ago, than they would be now. His work can hardly be described in a mere narrative of acts such as are in the present age familiarized to us in the practice of the majority of the dioceses of England. None but those who witnessed his labours can really measure the amount of toil, and courage, and wisdom, and administrative talent which was required to carry them to a successful issue." A very remarkable episode occurred during his Episcopate, in the matter of St. Saviour's, Leeds. There were a number of Romish practices at this church, to which the Bishop was steadily opposed, and he refused to consecrate the church until an alteration was made. Although there was at first a formal compliance with the Bishop's wishes, yet subsequently a system of disingenuous evasion was adopted, and the Bishop was compelled to say "that their study seemed to be how far they could evade their bishop's known wishes without violating the letter of the law. . . . Exemplary conduct cannot blind me to the peril of the course they have been pursuing. Again and again have I warned them of its probable issue, but in vain. I de-

plored their infatuation, and the consequences which I knew must ensue from their self-will and insubordination; and I can, with truth, say that the execution of these acts of necessary discipline has cost me more pain than any I have ever been called upon to exercise." The worst fears of the Bishop were realized by the fact that the incumbent and four of the clergy of St. Saviour's, Leeds, went over to the church of Rome.

Another case, which occurred in the diocese of Ripon, where the Bishop refused ordination to one of the candidates, excited a good deal of public attention at the time. Some of the clergy addressed a remonstrance to him on the subject. Opinions will always differ on the point raised, but no one can peruse Dr. Longley's language without being strongly impressed with his earnestness and sincerity. The expression of his personal feelings has a strong autobiographical interest.

"I have long enough gone in and out among you to justify my appeals to your convictions that it is from no love of power and its exercise, but from a stern and imperative sense of duty alone, that I have acted as I have done in the case on which you have addressed me. I felt that a solemn responsibility rested upon me, from which I had not been absolved, and that I was bound to execute it as in the sight of God and of his church. I could, indeed, have been well content to have still pursued that tranquil course which it has pleased God to permit me for so many years to tread, 'studying to be quiet and to do my own business' in this remote part of the kingdom without attracting notoriety; but tranquillity may be purchased at too dear a price, if it be at the sacrifice of one's own

intimate convictions, and I can truly say that I would rather forego all the worldly advantages with which Providence has so richly blessed me, and begin life again at the age of nearly three-score years, than I would bear in my bosom to the grave during the few remaining years of my life the corroding consciousness that, through favour or affection towards some, or through fear of others, I had ever, knowingly, dealt unrighteous judgment."

When Dr. Longley thus wrote, he could little have anticipated that he would be called to the charge of three successive dioceses. For many years he continued in the comparative retirement of Ripon Palace, close to the shades of Studley Park and the beautiful scenery of Fountains Abbey. He worked hard, especially in the direction of church extension, and a diocesan fund, raised for this object, is still called Bishop Longley's Fund. Subsequently he was promoted to another northern diocese, that of Durham, and subsequently to York, the Archbishopate of the north. His experience and authority on the religious state of the north were now necessarily of the amplest and most extended character. As Archbishop of York he continued his career of diligent supervision and care. On one occasion we recollect his visiting a condemned murderer at York Castle, and the earnestness of his ministrations with the wretched criminal. When the lamented death of the venerable Archbishop Sumner occurred, in 1862, he went up one more step in Episcopal rank, and became Primate of All England.

In the Archbishopric of Canterbury the details of diocesan work must be considerably less than they are in the northern provinces. But, on the other

hand, the Archbishop of Canterbury is the most influential exponent of the mind of the church of England, so far as that expression is allowable. He is especially charged with the care of the doctrinal integrity and practical interests of the church. The publication of that unhappy and notorious work, "Essays and Reviews," brought eventually to the Archbishop a duty of peculiar gravity and difficulty. He was, by virtue of his office, one of the judges of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council before whom came the appeal from the Court of Arches. The decision that condemned "Essays and Reviews" was reversed, but the two English Archbishops were unable to acquiesce in the view adopted by one other bishop and by the law-lords. It was understood that among the judges the Archbishop had expressed his views with an eloquence, learning, and earnestness which had excited marked attention, and even caused some astonishment. He was precluded, however, from delivering his sentiments by the rules of precedent. The Archbishop, however, could not be content to be silent in a matter of such paramount importance. He issued a pastoral letter to the clergy of his province, and a similar letter was issued by the Archbishop of York to the clergy of the north. A few brief extracts from this important letter will hardly fail to be instructive. "The church has a right to know my mind on matters of such solemn interest to each of her members. . . . I must claim to myself the privilege of giving expression to opinions formed prior to the delivery of the judgment, and wholly irrespective of the terms in which it is couched. . . . I conceived that I was bound by the most solemn

obligations to maintain, at its exact level, the estimation in which Holy Scripture is held by our church, as shown by the tenor of her Articles and Liturgy, and to beware lest I should seem to sanction a decision which would detract one jot or tittle from the authority with which it is invested according to their language.”

The public appearances of the Archbishop were, of course, exceedingly numerous. He did not often speak in the House of Lords, but, when he did, his observations were always received with marked attention. Having been head-master of Harrow, and a prominent member of the Oxford University Commission, he spoke with peculiar authority on the subject of education at the university, and in our public schools.

The Archbishop's speeches at that most interesting of all London dinners, the dinner of the Royal Academy, had both a great deal of brevity and a great deal of wit. A picture of Mr. Millais's gave rise to a felicitous allusion. “I would say for myself, that I always desire to derive profit as well as pleasure from my visits to these rooms. On the present occasion I have learnt a very wholesome lesson, which may be usefully studied, not by myself alone, but by those of my right reverend brethren also who surround me. I see a little lady there (pointing to Mr. Millais's picture of a child asleep in church, entitled ‘My Second Sermon’,) who although all unconscious whom she has been addressing, and of the homily she has been reading to us during the last three hours, has in truth, by the eloquence of her silent slumber,

given us a grave warning of the evil of lengthy sermons and drowsy discourses. Sorry indeed should I be to disturb that sweet and peaceful slumber, but I beg that when she does awake she may be informed who they are who have painted the moral of her story, have drawn the true inference from the change that has passed over her since she heard her first sermon, and have resolved to profit by the lecture she has thus delivered to them."

We remember his holding a meeting at Lambeth to promote church extension among the poor who cluster at Lambeth so thickly around the archiepiscopal towers, and he entitled the curate's humble work as the highest, expressing his regret that his own range of duties excluded him from equal participation in curates' work.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY. Whately at Oxford was a more interesting man than Whately at Dublin. He was certainly surrounded by a brilliant galaxy of friends at Oxford, who were only faintly reproduced at Dublin. His history is chiefly to be read in the works which he published when at Oxford, which relate to his mental history, the most interesting part of any man's history, and which subsequently brought him his preferment. There is a pause in his Oxford career, between his tutorship at Oriel and the principalship of St. Alban's Hall, when he settled down as a married man, on a country living, where before long he became non-resident. St. Alban's Hall had been known as a retreat for elderly undergraduates, who were designated at times *Albani patres*. Whately did

much to raise the character of the institution, and found it necessary to build additional rooms. Among his friends were Newman and Pusey, who were subsequently, in some measure, alienated from him, through the wide divergence in their opinions. "As to Dr. Whately," says Dr. Newman in his "Apologia," "I owe him a great deal. He was particularly loyal to his friends, and, to use a common phrase, 'all his geese were swans.' While I was still awkward and timid in 1822 he took me by the hand, and acted the part to me of a gentle and encouraging instructor. He had done his work towards me, or nearly so, when he had taught me to think and use my reason. His mind was too different from mine for us to remain long on one line." It is interesting to know that, when at Halesworth, Mr. Keble visited Mr. and Mrs. Whately, and read aloud to them the manuscript of his "Christian Year." Whately strongly advised its publication, but this must have been before his mind fossilized into its subsequent indurated state. Writing to his curate about preparations for sermons and lectures—"I would think over what I had to say—sometimes two or three days before—and that often, while I was digging or shooting; different ways of studying, but no one can do his best without study." In fact, when Whately was indulging in any corporeal extravagances, he was, in fact, working out some knotty matter in his own mind.

In a letter to Mrs. Arnold, of Fox How, he gives some particulars of Dr. Arnold's election to Rugby, which might be admitted advantageously into the next edition of Dean Stanley's famous *Life of Arnold*

Criticizing the "Life," Whately says, "It might be as well to mention that he had withdrawn his name from the list of candidates, at the instance of a friend who persuaded him that it was hopeless to make head against the powerful interest that others could command; that I, having learned that Sir H. Halford was resolved to induce, if he could, the other trustees to disregard interest altogether, urged him to come forward again, and to convey to Sir H. Halford my full conviction that they would not find any one so well qualified. This made him the last in the field." It was at Dr. Arnold's that a letter came to him from Earl Grey, offering him the Irish primacy. The Earl had previously had no personal knowledge of him. It happened the same morning that Whately's climbing dog, who is rather a conspicuous personage in the earlier annals, was trotted out for exhibition before a visitor. The animal performed as usual, and when he had reached his highest point of ascent, and was beginning his yell of wailing, Whately turned to the stranger, and said, "What do you think of that?"

Visitor: "I think that some besides the dog, when they find themselves at the top of the tree, would give the world they could get down again."

Whately: "Arnold has told you?"

Visitor: "Has told me what?"

Whately: "That I have been offered the Archbishopric of Dublin."

Visitor: "I am very happy to hear it; but this, I assure you, is the first intimation I have had of it; and when my remark was made, I had not the remotest idea that the thing was likely to take place."

Thus Whately climbed to the top of the tree, and

found that, in point of fact, it was an extremely undesirable locality. It was suggested that he should exchange for an English bishopric ; but, without denying that an English bishopric would be much nicer, Whately's intrepid mind revolted from the idea of thus turning back on his troubles. Various circumstances conspired to give him great unpopularity at the outset. Before his arrival he had succeeded in directing against himself a good deal of general prejudice. It so happened that the system of national education was first brought into action in Ireland in the very month of his appointment, and it became a wide-spread, though most erroneous idea, that he had been sent to Ireland for the purpose of carrying it out. His active part on the Board greatly alienated the minds of his clergy, and nothing more conciliated the minds of his people towards him than his tardy withdrawal from the Board when he found that the directors had not scrupled to break public faith. When he created a Professorship of Political Economy in the University of Oxford, even this was construed to bear a reference to party politics. He did not possess, either, what is popularly called good manners ; his absence of mind caused him to commit blunders ; at his own table he would confuse a guest by his violent dialectics and supposed conversational triumphs ; while men who thought it worth while to study his character, and make social capital out of his weaknesses, continued, to a considerable degree, to monopolise his favours and attention.

Yet Whately was, in truth, one of the noblest and most generous-minded of men. Those who most bitterly opposed him must have undergone a strange

revulsion of feeling at the revelations which his biography contained of his inner character and motives. The Archbishop said, one day, that he had given forty thousand pounds away in charity, but never sixpence to a beggar. Only a man thus munificent in benefactions could have been justified in making that hard-hearted speech. If he had added some qualifying clause, such as *without inquiry*, the sentence would have been perfect. Such a principle, without such a qualification, would overlook many cases of severe and sudden distress. It seems that this forty thousand pounds would only very imperfectly indicate the extent of his Christian liberality. His daughter, through a very proper feeling, passes over in the biography which has done such ample justice to his memory this topic as lightly as possible. But it is only just to the memory of a great and good man, whose cross it was that he should be much misunderstood in this life, and who was refused that sympathy for which he instinctively yearned, that his acts of practical self-denying goodness should be commemorated to his honour, and be held up to our imitation. In the Irish famine he gave away about eight thousand pounds. He was anxious to strip himself of part of his revenue to endow a theological college. He frequently gave away from one hundred to one thousand pounds at a time. He often paid a curate for a poor rector, and gave hard-worked clergy the means of recruiting their health by a holiday. His agent reported that entries like these were common: "To a clergyman, two hundred pounds; to a gentleman, one hundred pounds; cash given away, fifty pounds." In fact, he appears to have given away the whole of his

revenues, except what was needed for the expenses of his office, and at his death left his family nothing but insurances, the premiums of which he had paid out of his own private income. However illogical it may be, men will judge of his character much more by his good deeds than by his amplitude of argument.

M. Guizot, in his "Memoirs," has an interesting mention of Whately: "Il devait parler le 13 Avril à la Chambre des Lords, contre l'archevêque de Cantorbéry et l'évêque d'Exeter, dans la question des biens à réserver pour le clergé au Canada. 'Je ne suis pas sûr,' me dit Lord Holland, 'que dans son indiscrete sincérité il ne dise pas qu'il ne sait point de bonne raison pour qu'il y ait, à la Chambre des Lords, un banc d'évêques.'" This really was his opinion, as expressed in a letter to Mr. Senior. He met his old friend, Dr. Pusey, at Brighton. His daughter complains that various false accounts have been given of this interview, and she gives the true one. "They met as old college associates on the most friendly terms. Dr. Pusey, in the course of the interview, asked the Archbishop's permission to preach in his diocese. The Archbishop told him candidly he dreaded his introducing novelties. 'Not novelties,' replied the other. 'Well, if you will, antiquities,' said the Archbishop. Dr. Pusey requested him to name some of these 'antiquated novelties,' and he instanced the practice lately introduced of mixing water with wine at the Communion. Dr. Pusey excused the practice by observing that at the early communions complaints had been made that the wine affected the heads of the communicants. The Archbishop exclaimed, 'Oh, Pusey, you cannot be serious!' and at last he

added, in his own account of the conversation, ‘I fairly made him laugh.’” We are not told, however, in this account whether the Archbishop did or did not commit the incredible outrage of forbidding Dr. Pusey to preach.

To the late Earl of Derby, when Mr. Stanley, he wrote on one occasion as follows: “Permit me to express the great satisfaction I feel in reading the reports of your speeches, which appear to me more uniformly the result of strong sense and right feeling than almost any others, however oratorically beautiful. The testimony must always be worth something of a man who has nothing to look to that any Ministry can give, and who, when poor and unfriended, was well known to have never deigned to flatter.” Even Lord Derby himself would have been glad to receive such testimony. It is curious to compare with this his impressions of Mr. Gladstone. He says he always neutralises his own reasoning, as the doctor who ordered ice to be warmed. It is of Gladstone, also, we think, that he complains that his mind was full of *culs-de-sac*. Thackeray he regarded with intense dislike. Speaking of the slave trade, he says:—

“Mr. Thackeray was saying at a party where I met him, that the cases of ill-usage are only here and there, one out of many thousands; and that Mrs. Stowe’s picture is as if one should represent the English as a humpbacked or a clubfoot nation. Wonderful people are the Americans! In all other regions it is thought at least as likely as not that a man entrusted with absolute power will abuse it. We jealously guard against this danger, and so do the Americans. I think the only excuse for Mr. Thackeray would have

been the supposition that he was so *very* favourable in his judgment of human character as to reckon men much better than they are; but in his works he gives just the opposite picture."

The following is a valuable remark, and is as acutely put as anything by Thackeray himself:—

"I think some censure should have been passed on Thackeray's sneer against piety and charity. He might have been asked whether he knew many instances (or any) of a person utterly destitute of all principle, and thoroughly selfish, being 'the *fast* friend' of the destitute poor. Such will, on *some grand occasion*, make a handsome donation, and join, when solicited, a bazaar; but a life *habitually* devoted to such works is not consistent with such a character; at least, I never knew an instance. And he implies that it is quite common and natural."

Archbishop Whately would frequently give an amusing story in illustration of some knotty point. In this he was right, according to the wise saying, that though reasons may be the pillars of an argument, yet illustrations are the windows which let in the light. The argument would be forgotten, but the illustration would be remembered. And thus the Archbishop won the dubious reputation of a maker of the newest jokes—the archiepiscopal Miller. For a very sensible man—perhaps the most sensible man that ever lived since Solomon—the Archbishop made an extraordinary number of mistakes. A collection of the *fallacies* of Dr. Whately would not be an inappropriate supplement to the next edition of the "Logic." Common sense is a faculty which is perhaps too indiscriminately praised by the great mass of people, who

flatter themselves that they are extremely sensible. Its natural tendency is to mediocrity, and it frequently curbs and limits higher qualities. Only when allied with sympathy and comprehensiveness, originality and insight, is it the leading characteristic of mental greatness. Whately's wonderful sense was unallied with sympathy, imagination, or much originality, and so his mind was not perfectly balanced, nor yet of the highest order. His general tone is hard, dry, and unloving; and this is the more remarkable because no words are less fitted to describe the real character of the man. He was, with all his leonine boldness, as tender-hearted as a child.

BISHOP BLOMFIELD. But there were men of far greater intellectual force and calibre than the Archbishops we have named, even than Whately himself; men who were really princes and great men, and have left an impress on Church and State much deeper than those who have occupied archiepiscopal thrones. Such men of a somewhat heroic type, and who in comparison with the men of our time look through the mist of intervening years "larger than human," were Charles James of London and Henry of Exeter. Blomfield was the most remarkable of a set of bishops who are called "Greek Play Bishops." The "Greek Play Bishops" often were men of a more robust nature than the Courtier Bishops. The Greek play was his earliest distinction, but it was not his latest or his best. His hard work at Cambridge recalled the tradition of what Paley had done when he suddenly abandoned idle ways, and settled down into the steady work which

made him Senior Wrangler. Blomfield constantly read twelve, or fifteen, or eighteen hours a day. He injured his health for life, but he obtained everything that he wanted. His natural powers were stupendous. He gave some attention to mathematics in order to qualify himself for the Chancellor's Medal and came out third Wrangler. He was one of a set of scholars who succeeded to the vacant places of Porson and Parr. Some of his contemporaries became Greek play bishops like himself. Such a one was Maltby, who loved Blomfield because Blomfield loved Greek. He took him into his house as a pupil without pay, and coached him in all the best ways of learning. Another man was Monk, who succeeded Porson in his chair, and was subsequently Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. These were among the dozen men in England who really studied the *minutiæ* of Greek scholarship. The great German scholars wrote him Latin letters, and if he took private pupils he might charge each four hundred a year if he liked. We regret to say that the learned bosoms were sometimes torn with animosities, reminding us of the mediæval scholar, who exclaimed to another, "God forgive you your theory of the irregular verbs." When the erudite Tate published his diatribe on Greek metres, our future Greek play bishop writes to another future Greek play bishop—

"O Tate, tute, what canst thou have said?"

With club of Greek I'll break Tate's tête or head."

A great broad-minded, jovial, hearty man was Bishop Blomfield, odd and generous to rashness,

somewhat imperious, but with a delicate mind, a sensitive conscience, God-fearing, law-abiding. There is more individuality about his character, more stories indicating a frank genial nature about him than about any other prelate of the era. His life, by one of his sons, is one of the best ecclesiastical biographies in the language. He had many faults and errors, there are some fierce passages in his life, but he was emphatically a good man and of as truly statesmanlike mind as any since the days of Cardinal Wolsey, to whom he was not unlike.

Episcopal charges are, as a rule, extremely unexciting. To hear them is technically to "undergo a visitation," and in that serious light they are generally regarded. But Bishop Blomfield's charge in 1842 was one of the most remarkable events, a landmark in the modern history of the Anglican Church. The great sensation excited by the charge is still a tradition among the Metropolitan clergy. Reading this charge at a distance of thirty years, it strikes us as a wise, moderate, and fair charge. At the present day its language would seem to err on the side of tenuity and moderation. But the fact is that the whole surface has been raised to a higher level within late years. Bishop Blomfield's view, which was assailed with obloquy at the time, is probably that safe and moderate one to which the Church of the future will most closely approximate. It does not however follow that the protest, unnecessary in our day, might not have been necessary at an earlier day. Those who looked upon the charge as Ritualistic would now regard it as of a pale and negative character. No congregation would now be thrown into convul-

sions by so mild an innovation as the use of the surplice. The Bishop's charge was intensely rubrical. He thought the surplice ought to be worn by preachers during the morning sermon, with several other like matters of anise and cummin. It would have been a better policy for the Bishop, and have saved him much unhappiness if he had pointed out the unimportance of such a matter, and had left it to the discretion of each clergyman and his parish as to what should be done. He laid down a hard and fast line which it was really not worth while to do, and he found himself obliged to retreat from it. He desired to impose a rigid uniformity, which was not possible and hardly desirable. The Islingtonian clergy demanded that they should not be obliged to read the prayer for the Church Militant, and to make collections through the offertory. Under the circumstances which they alleged he gave them an exemption, which broke down the hard and fast line, and which was resented by the clergy who punctually obeyed his instructions. There was something like a hurricane in the diocese, which was only assuaged by a wise moderate letter from the mild Archbishop Howley.

The Evangelicals of that day charged the Bishop with being a Tractarian; up to a certain point this was the case. He thoroughly sympathised with that zeal to do all things decently and in order, which the Oxford school had so thoroughly identified with their system. He was of the opinion that the Low Church system had weakened the Church and strengthened the Dissenters. On the other hand he thought that

the Tractarians had strengthened the estimate of the Church's authority and office, and had shown that it rested on better authority than mere Act of Parliament. Coming to a still more vital point, he would declare that the Tractarians were corrupting the simplicity of the Christian faith. He held with them formally the Doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration, and entrenched himself behind the impregnable position that this is the doctrine of the Church, as evidenced in the language of the service. In any discussion of this kind, however, it is always regarded as absolutely necessary that the meaning of this phrase should be accurately defined. But he thoroughly opposed those who would engraft whatever they could of the Romish system on the Anglican Church. He was himself loyal to Articles and Liturgy, and declared of others that they were disloyal. He would rather that they went over to Rome at once than dishonestly continue as they were.

There is no one who has filled a
BISHOP PHILLPOTTS. more prominent place in the annals
of our modern ecclesiastical history
than the late venerable Bishop of Exeter. There are few names that will suggest such mixed and angry memories. Even at this late day, many persons find it difficult to speak calmly about Bishop Phillpotts. And, truth to say, the Bishop did not lead a calm life. He was a man of war from his youth; the most militant member of the Church Militant. His whole career has frequently been made the subject of un-mixed reproach and invective. Certainly, in his time, he exhibited a greater amount of fiery churchmanship

than has, perhaps, been manifested since Hildebrand. His name has been very far dissociated from the idea of quietness and peace. It has been his fault, or his fate, to have been mixed up with all the disturbant and controversial elements of modern theology. To some he was one that troubleth Israel; to others he was *Athanasius contra Mundum*. Every detail of his public life has been subjected to pertinacious scrutiny, and has been construed with perverse uncharitableness. He was one who himself admitted many faults, chiefly faults natural to an impetuous and ardent temperament. He rallied around himself both an energy of hatred and an enthusiasm of friendship. In the minds of multitudes such a load of prejudice was attached to his name that he most probably looked to a distant generation for a calm and exact measure of justice. That stormy career had a long sunset of calm. That episcopal life covers the whole of the long and anxious period that has elapsed since the old Reform days and his death. It may even be said that the study of that career is essential for the due comprehension of the history of England during a generation of three and thirty years. We desire to look back upon it, remembering the language of his last years and his best. But in passing this career in review, very different language is recalled, a very different figure rises in the mind's eye. It is best to dwell fearlessly and justly on each portion of a public career; but perhaps both the most accurate and the most generous estimate is obtained when it is examined in its twilight light and its latest utterances.

The "Bell Hotel," at Gloucester, is the largest and most celebrated tavern in that fair and ancient city.

It is celebrated in Fielding's great work. Two celebrated men, leaders of men in diverse directions, have identified their names with the "Bell." Here George Whitfield was born. Here Henry Phillpotts was in part brought up; he was born in 1778, at Bridgewater, hard by the memorable field of Sedgemoor. His father, an energetic man, followed in succession the calling of brickmaker, innkeeper, auctioneer, land-manager. At the end of the last century he was land-agent to the Dean and Chapter of Gloucester. This latter proved a most fortunate connection to his family. From such lowly beginnings, greatly to the honour of the country where such things are possible, infinitely to his own honour, did the poor man's son win his way to a foremost place in the House of Lords and on the Episcopal Bench.

At Oxford he was the Boy Bachelor. Educated at the college school of Gloucester, under Arthur Benoni Evans, a name which still enjoys provincial celebrity, he was only thirteen when he matriculated at Corpus Christi; he then obtained an open scholarship while he might be said to be yet in his jacket. He was only seventeen when he became Fellow of Magdalen. Such early promise and attainment pointed to the highest future advancement. There was no point which might not be reached by one of such industry and such ability. The President of Magdalen College was then Dr. Routh. Between the President and the young Fellow the greatest intimacy subsisted.

He became connected, through marriage, with Lord Eldon, having married Miss Surtees, Lady Eldon's

niece. A shower of benefices rained down upon him. The Crown bestowed upon him a living in the diocese of Bath, and the year following, another in the diocese of Durham. Shute Barrington, the renowned Bishop of Durham, would be no stranger to the academic fame of this new acquisition to his diocese, who would also be provided with other and perhaps more powerful introductions. The Bishop made him his chaplain, an appointment which he held for twenty years, and proved the main architect of his splendid career. He soon fleshed his maiden weapon in controversy, by writing in defence of his patron against Dr. Lingard, who had anonymously attacked the Bishop of Durham's charge. This was the commencement of the prominent part taken by Dr. Phillpotts in the Roman Catholic question. Meanwhile, the Crown and the Bishop vied in conferring on him their richest benefices, and he continued to accept all favours with a grateful heart. The Crown substituted for the Bath and Wells living a more convenient appointment in the diocese of Durham, and the Bishop preferred him to the important parish of Gateshead. The importance of this parish can hardly be exaggerated. It is the southern suburb of Newcastle, and has a population of many thousands, chiefly of the very poor. We should have been glad to have discovered that Dr. Phillpotts' incumbency was rendered memorable by gigantic attempts to cope with the spiritual destitution of the place, such as he subsequently exhibited at Plymouth and Devonport. This, we regret to say, has not been the case. The Bishop soon preferred him to a good canonry at Durham, and the good canonry was soon exchanged

for a better. Nor was this all; a living fell vacant in the city of Durham itself. Its value was only three or four hundreds a year, and the minor canons regarded it as a peculiar claim of their own. Nothing was regarded as too minute for the voracious appetite of the great dignitary; all was grist that came to the mill. A certain minor canon, in particular, was greatly disappointed, and probably missed a home of rest and repose. A possessor of flocks and herds is generally looking after some little ewe lamb.

Mr. Phillpotts now appeared on a wider field. He commences his literary and public labours. He justifies the extraordinary load of preferment to which he has attained. He does not, however, apply himself to the extraordinary practical difficulties presented by the overgrown parish of Gateshead. Neither, it is hardly necessary to observe, does he champion the cause of hard-worked and poorly remunerated minor canons. The astuteness of that well-trained intellect, the subtleties of that lawyer-like nature, were appropriately displayed in reference to the difficulties and perplexities of the Poor Law question.

The Roman Catholic question emerged as the great question of the day. Dr. Phillpotts threw himself vehemently into the controversy. It was certainly an ecclesiastical question, but the religious interest was subordinated to the political interest. In his opening letter to Lord Grey, in that peculiar tone which subsequently reached its highest note in the celebrated letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, he assured the Earl that he had "yet to learn what the pure spirit of Christianity is." Other political events of

very painful celebrity occurred, which gave him an opportunity of doing something for the government which had done so much for him. In the evil days of 1819, fierce riots occurred in the distressed manufacturing districts. Mr. Hunt, with the natural sedition of a popular agitator, was haranguing a vast multitude, when the yeomanry cavalry, with sabres drawn, dashed among the unarmed crowd, and, in the cutting down, some were killed and many wounded. A very painful sensation was excited throughout the country by this unhappy butchery. It was certainly not the day when "crowds were sane and crowns were just." We ought to remember both the real distress of the people and the real inability of the government to remove the distress. Many great cities, the Common Council of London leading the way, denounced the deed, and a great county meeting at Durham endorsed such a condemnation. It is with great regret that we look back upon the course taken by Dr. Phillpotts at this time. A strong *primâ facie* case, in the opinion of the country, was made out against the yeomanry. A clergyman might be supposed to have something better to do than to mix himself up with the defence of this unhappy shedding of blood. Dr. Phillpotts gave his name to a famous declaration in favour of Ministers, and followed it up by a letter to the freeholders of the county of Durham. An article on this letter in the "Edinburgh Review" was the commencement of a life-long feud which subsisted between Dr. Phillpotts and this powerful periodical.

The question of the divorce of Queen Caroline was another subject which convulsed the nation. Here again Dr. Phillpotts took a prominent part, not much,

we imagine, to the advantage of his office and work. We do not ask whether he took the right side or the wrong side. Most probably he took the right side. But the subject of adultery would be as little congenial to a clergyman as the subject of murder. When the county of Durham had very emphatically expressed an opinion in favour of the queen, Dr. Phillpotts took a large share in drawing up a declaration in favour of the king. This ultimately led to a *cause célèbre*, in which Williams was indicted for a libel on the clergy of Durham, and Mr. Brougham made one of his greatest forensic efforts. These circumstances brought him into sharp collision with Lord Grey and the "Edinburgh Review." In one of these legal contests Mr. Brougham insisted that if Williams had committed a libel on the clergy of Durham, they also had committed a libel upon Williams. "A Mr. Phillpotts," says Brougham, "publishes a pamphlet in which he describes Mr. Williams as a miserable mercenary who eats the bread of prostitution, and panders to the low appetites of those who cannot or who dare not cater for their own malignity;" an early example of that peculiar style which Dr. Phillpotts subsequently brought to a very high degree of perfection.

In 1820 he was appointed to the rectory of Stanhope, we believe (with the exception of Doddington) the most valuable rectory in England. Formerly the prince Bishops of Durham used to hunt the adjacent forests, and the tenants were bound to provide for their huntsmen and hounds. At the present time it is chiefly peopled by miners, and is best known for the value of the living and the illustrious men who have held it. The ancient church is a very plain one; but

a lasting memorial of its celebrated rector is to be found in the spacious rectory, which he built at great, and his own, expense. Doddington and Stanhope are now both subdivided into parishes. The last three occupants of the living had all become prelates, Bishops Butler, Keene, and Thurlow, and there was no reason why the Bishop of Exeter also should not arrive at this desirable consummation. Each of these prelates had also held the living *in commendam* with the see. In Dr. Phillpotts' case, however, this was not allowed by the government of the day. The inhabitants presented a petition, the details of which will not bear examination; but in those days it was easy to raise, and difficult to resist, a clamour against a clergyman; and so when, ten years later, he was elevated to the bench, this appointment severed his connection with the parish of Stanhope.*

* The following extract from a letter of the Bishop of Exeter to Arch-deacon Goddard, relating to Stanhope, is very interesting, both as a specimen of the Bishop's admirable epistolary style when not engaged in a controversial correspondence, and for its brief but very valuable notice of Bishop Butler: (a)

“Exeter, January, 25, 1835.

“My dear Sir,—I earnestly wish I could justify the report made to you by the Provost of Oriel, that I could supply you with several anecdotes of Bishop Butler. The truth, however, is, that although tantalized by seeming opportunities of acquiring some information respecting the private life and habits of one to whom I have been accustomed to look up as the greatest of uninspired men, I have been mortified by my almost entire failure. In the rectory of Stanhope I was successor to him after an interval of eighty years, and one of my earliest employments there was to search for relics of my illustrious predecessor. I was assured that an old parishioner, who with a tolerably clear memory had reached the age of ninety-three or ninety-four, recollected him well. To him I frequently went, and in almost all my conversations endeavoured to elicit something respecting

(a) See Bartlett's “Life of Butler,” p. 76.

In 1825 he produced the "Letters to Charles Butler, Esq., on the Theological Parts of his Book of the Roman Catholic Church," which still continues to be the most important work that he has written. In future days, when the Oxford movement had brought forward the Roman Catholic question under a very different aspect, the Bishop was able to draw the attention of his clergy to that work as the true indication of his real sentiments. The work was written during the agitation on Roman Catholic matters, when it was the beginning of the end. Dr. Phillpotts was not prevented from entering on this employment "by an apprehension that I may be thought desirous of supporting one side of a great political question by the indirect influence of a theological argument." The next year a further letter was published to Mr. Butler.

'Rector Butler.' He remembered him well, but, as I ought perhaps to have anticipated, could tell me nothing. For what chance was there that one who was a joiner's apprentice of thirteen years of age when Butler left Stanhope, could fourscore years afterwards tell anything about him? That he was respected and beloved by his parishioners, which was known before, was confirmed by my informant. He lived very retired, was very kind, and could not resist the importunities of common beggars, who, knowing his infirmity, pursued him so earnestly as sometimes to drive him back into his house as his only escape. I confess I do not think my authority for this trait of character in Butler is quite sufficient to justify my reporting it with any confidence. There was, moreover, a tradition of his riding a black pony, and riding always very fast. I examined the parish books, not with much hope of discovering anything worth recording of him, and was unhappily as unsuccessful as I expected. His name, indeed, was subscribed to one or two acts of vestry in a very neat and easy character. But if it was amusing it was mortifying to find the only trace of such a man's labours, recorded by his own hand, to be the passing of a parish account authorizing the payment of five shillings to some adventurous clown who had destroyed a fourmart, or wood martin, the martin cat, or some other equally important matter."

These volumes belong to the library of the Roman Catholic controversy, to which they are a valuable addition. The letters are entirely free from any personal acrimony, and Mr. Butler sought the acquaintance of his opponent.

A few additional words may here be said respecting the literary character of the Bishop. It has been said that every man is a debtor to his profession, and the saying is commonly supposed to mean that he ought to add something to those stores of literature from which he has derived so much. It cannot, however, be said that this debt has been adequately discharged by the Bishop. With the exception of the letters to Mr. Butler, Dr. Phillpotts, except indirectly, has not contributed to the literature of his profession. A very remarkable correspondence ought, however, to be noticed, which passed between the Bishop and Lord Macaulay after the publication of the first two volumes of the history. It forms part of the rather considerable literature which has grown up on the subject of Lord Macaulay's work, concerning which we will venture to say that when the whole of that adverse criticism is collected and sifted it will impose, in the judgment of careful readers, a very sensible check on the popular view of that remarkable history. We must say that we think the Bishop carries his urbanity to excess. We do not think that many students of Macaulay will fully endorse such language as the following :—“ Your highest merit is your unequalled truthfulness. Biassed as you must be by your political creed, your party, and your connections, it is quite clear that you will never sacrifice the smallest particle of truth to these considerations.” To those

who know how constantly and how unfairly Lord Macaulay was biassed in all his politico-historical statements and opinions, this somewhat adulatory sentence will hardly be pleasing. Neither do we like the way in which he surrenders Archbishop Cranmer. "Of Cranmer himself, I am not much disposed to quarrel with your character, severe as it is." We trust the Bishop afterwards learned to concur in Mr. Froude's eloquent vindication of Cranmer. The Bishop's strictures mainly relate to Mr. Macaulay's view of the Church of England at the time of Cranmer. He concludes one of his letters with a personal invitation:—"Permit me to say that I should deem it a high honour, as well as gratification, if I were ever to receive under this roof, the only one beneath which will be my home, a man so distinguished as yourself by genius, and by qualities without which genius is contemptible, and its influence pernicious."

Mr. Macaulay replied in a very characteristic manner:—"I beg you to accept my thanks for your highly interesting letter. I have seldom been more gratified than by your approbation, and I can with truth assure you that I am not solicitous to defend my book against any criticisms to which it may be justly open. I have undertaken a task which makes it necessary for me to treat of many subjects with which it is impossible that one man should be more than superficially acquainted—law, divinity, military affairs, maritime affairs, trade, finance, manufactures, letters, arts, and sciences. It would therefore be the height of folly and arrogance in me to receive ungraciously suggestions offered in a friendly spirit by persons who have studied profoundly branches of knowledge to

which I have been able to give only a passing attention. I should not, I assure you, feel at all mortified or humbled at being compelled to own that I had been set right, by an able and learned prelate, on a question of ecclesiastical history." Mr. Macaulay, however, resembled those pious people who are very willing to own that they are miserable sinners in the aggregate, but who will never confess to any sins or errors in detail. "I really think that it is in my power to vindicate myself from the charge of having misrepresented the sentiments of the English Reformers concerning Church government." Again, the following is highly characteristic of Macaulay:—"I should be most ungrateful if I did not thankfully acknowledge my obligations to your lordship, for the highly interesting and very friendly letters with which you have honoured me. Before another edition of my book appears I shall have time to weigh your observations carefully, and to examine the marks to which you have called my attention. You have convinced me of the propriety of making some alterations. But I hope you will not accuse me of pertinacity if I add that, as far as I can at present judge, those alterations will be slight; and that on the great point in issue, my opinion is unchanged."

It was about the year 1822 or 1823 that a communication was made from high quarters to Dr. Phillpotts, inquiring whether there was any see in Ireland which he could be induced to take. The richest see in Ireland was then vacant. The revenue was immense, and generally set down at £14,000 a year. The last occupant, the Honourable Percy Jocelyn, had recently been deprived and deposed. The offer was understood

to come from Lord Liverpool, and though it does not seem to have been an absolute offer, appears to have been tantamount to such. Dr. Phillpotts was informed that the Government wanted, not his rich preferment of Stanhope, but himself. The rector of Stanhope declined. The Stanhope £5,000 a year was quite sufficient for his modest needs.

Between the "Edinburgh Review" and the Bishop of Exeter, there was a permanent feud. The "Review" early singled out Dr. Phillpotts by name, and Jeffrey found an equal match in the clergyman whom he assailed. His letter to Jeffrey is a fine example of invective:—"After an interval of three years, being again assailed in the same journal with equal grossness, and as I have proved with equal falsehood, I now tell the editor before the world, that on him will light all the ignominy of this second outrage. I tell him, too, that he would rather have foregone half the profits of his unhallowed trade than have dared to launch against any one of his brethren of the gown the smallest part of that scurrility which he has felt no scruple in circulating against Churchmen. To you, sir, I make no apology for addressing you on this occasion. If you are not what the public voice proclaims you to be, the editor of the 'Review,' you will thank me for thus giving you an opportunity publicly to disclaim the degrading title. If you are, it is henceforth to me a matter of indifference what such a person may think or say." Nevertheless, the "Edinburgh" spoke generously of Dr. Phillpotts in reference to his first letter to Mr. Canning. Of this letter Mr. Canning himself said, in a letter to the late Lord Lyndhurst, that it was a "*stinging* pamphlet." The "Edinburgh"*

* March, 1827.

declared of Dr. Phillpotts that he had certainly always been quite consistent, that he had always stoutly delivered his sentiments on one side, and had justly acquired the credit of being about the ablest of those who espoused that side. But when Dr. Phillpotts changed, or appeared to change, his sentiments, it of course considered that all chances of reconciliation were over, and that its opponent had forfeited its praises. The enmity of the "Edinburgh" attained its culmination in 1852, when an article of deadly import appeared, characterized by great ability, and with a set purpose to take away the Bishop's good name for all time. The Bishop himself did not read the article, and all must be glad that he spared himself that pain; but informed of its purport he wrote a letter to Sir Robert Harry Inglis, which must be considered as his formal apology for this much disputed portion of his life.

Even with the light which the Bishop has thrown upon the transaction, it remains difficult altogether to explain or understand it. The odious charge made by the "Edinburgh Review," in all its native coarseness and malignity, need not be discussed. "His bishopric was not obtained without a more arduous service. The government which carried Catholic Emancipation was a Tory government, and Tory statesmen naturally desired to avert the loss of that clerical support on which their power had so mainly depended. Accordingly, the conversion of Dr. Phillpotts was effected at this critical juncture. He wrote in favour of the bill, and he voted for the author of the bill at the memorable Oxford election of 1829. Those who are old enough to remember that exciting contest will not have forgotten that some of its most amusing incidents were

connected with the name of Phillpotts; they will remember how the print shops were crowded with caricatures of the future prelate; they will remember the indignant aspect of the rustic pastors as they crowded fast and furious to the poll; and how, one after another, when he had registered his vote against 'the traitor Peel,' rushed off to the engraver's for a picture of 'the great rat' to carry home to his parish. Nor can they have forgotten that impudent undergraduate who deliberately stopped the Dean of Chester, who was walking down the High Street, accosting him with extended right hand, and his exclamation, 'Rat it, Phillpotts, how are you?'"

So far the Edinburgh Reviewer. There can be no difficulty in disposing of the coarser charge. It had long been Dr. Phillpotts' decided opinion that Catholic Emancipation could not be withheld; but he insisted very strongly on securities, and he republished a very able letter to Lord Eldon, in which, with great political wisdom, he sketched out what these securities ought to be. He was closeted on the subject with the Duke of Wellington, and we all know that very agreeable results are wont to flow from such interviews with Premiers. The candidature of Mr. Peel for re-election by the University of Oxford brought matters to a practical test. It was generally supposed that a vote for Mr. Peel meant a vote for Catholic Emancipation, and a vote against Mr. Peel meant a vote against Catholic Emancipation. Dr. Phillpotts tried to combine these discordant views. He voted for Mr. Peel, and at the same time he declared that he could not support an Emancipation Bill unless it was accompanied by very strong securities. The securities

were never given, and Dr. Philpotts explicitly told the Duke that the measure in its adopted shape did not commend itself to his mind. Why, then, did Dr. Philpotts vote for Mr. Peel? He discarded the great question which was then agitating the minds of all men, and from the most abstract considerations on the general character of a university seat, and the general character of Mr. Peel, recorded his vote in favour of the attempted re-election. Most religious men felt that a great national issue was at stake far superior to any personal consideration for Mr. Peel, and although they might feel the highest respect for the great statesman's character and abilities, gave their votes against him as their way of settling the great issue propounded to the University. Dr. Philpotts evaded this direct issue, and tortuously gave his vote upon a side wind. Dr. Philpotts, in a published letter to Dr. Ellerton of Magdalen, said that if he was dissatisfied with the terms of the bill, "I shall not be backward in joining in any fit mode in expressing dissatisfaction." We may inquire if that promise was ever redeemed. Dr. Philpotts distinctly told the Duke of Wellington that the securities were not sufficient, and that he should oppose the bill. This was the statement made by Sir Henry Hardinge in the House of Commons, and by the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords. A great injustice was, therefore, done to Dr. Philpotts; that, whereas he had formerly opposed the measure, he had now *rat*ted and supported it. A false issue had in fact been raised. The popular cry of *ratting* was a wrong one, and the Bishop reaped the benefit which, sooner or later, meets the man who has been persecuted by

a mistaken cry. But when qualified and stated in different terms, there still remains a specific charge against the Bishop, which we at once say we do not see can be met, and which afforded some justification for the outcry raised against him. Did he oppose the bill in the only way in which the bill could effectually be opposed, by voting against the author of it? Did he agitate against the bill, as he declared to Dr. Ellerton that he was prepared to do? or did he not altogether desist from that agitation in which he had borne so great a part, while he was on the same side with the Duke and Sir Robert? He ceased to write and speak against a measure which he condemned, and the public not unnaturally assumed that, having received a deanery for his agitation, he subsequently received a bishopric for his quiescence. Some stress has been laid upon the opinion of Lord Eldon, and certainly the judgment of that wise and venerable magistrate would be of the greatest value on contemporary events. Here again, in the heat and unfairness of controversy, the simple facts are lost sight of, and the common result is obtained, that each side, by trying to prove too much, does in reality prove too little. We believe that the case stands thus. Lord Eldon did not approve of Dr. Phillpotts' procedure. It has been stated that this was notorious at the time; the Bishop appears to admit it. "For a year or two," says the Bishop, "*no intercourse* did in fact take place. I was in the country, and he did not write to me. *When* I became a bishop, and therefore resided in London, in 1831, I have no recollection of *actual* estrangement." On the other hand, it is quite clear that the illustrious kinsmen

became fully reconciled, and at the last were on affectionate and intimate terms.

In 1830 Dr. Phillpotts was appointed Bishop of Exeter. His episcopal letters were mostly dated from Bishopstowe, a handsome and well-placed Italian villa, a few miles from Torquay, close to the famous Anstis Cove. This is still one of the most beautiful portions of the Devonshire coast, and suggests still that seclusion of woods, and waters, and downs in which poets and painters so greatly delight. The Bishop laid out the glen with paths, and furnished it with seats and steps on which he would himself often sit and watch the sea. Dr. Phillpotts stated, in one of his letters to Lord Macaulay, that Bishopstowe is the only place which he considered his home. Three months of the year, also, the Bishop made his residence at Durham, as Canon Residentiary.

In 1833, he delivered his primary charge. He commenced by alluding to the gloom and darkness overhanging all established institutions. It was the year which witnessed the first meeting of the reformed Parliament, when political expectations of sweeping changes had reached the highest point, and when it was well understood that the legislature was about to deal with the temporalities of the Church. The Bishop's visitation tour, however, inspired more cheering views than those which we meet in the charge itself. In a note to his published charge, the Bishop has a sharp remark on Earl, then Lord John, Russell, who had been speaking at Teignmouth of the necessity of a more equitable distribution of Church revenues. "I cannot but refer to the case of the vicarage of Tavistock. It is well known that the

tithes and other ecclesiastical revenues of the parish—nay, by a rare, perhaps singular assumption, the vicarage itself—are impropriated to the noble lord's father, who enjoys them as part and parcel of the vast possessions which once belonged to the rich Abbey of Tavistock, granted by Henry VIII. to the same Lord John Russell, and which are thus the means of enabling the noble lord to hold up to the indignation of the freeholders of the county of Devon the enormous abuses of Church revenues." Pluralities was another subject on which the Bishop spoke, speaking, to a certain extent, leniently on the subject, and then again using a measure of severity which was very edifying in the case of one of the greatest pluralists of the age. In his next charge, the Bishop uttered a truly Johnsonian sentence about the measure affecting English ecclesiastical revenues, which he characterized as "a bill for seizing on the revenues of the Protestant Church in Ireland, and applying them to some undefined purpose of teaching morality without religion, and religion without a creed."

In the affair of the nomination of Dr. Hampden to the see of Hereford, the Bishop of Exeter took a very prominent and memorable part. On the 9th of December, 1847, the Bishop received Lord John Russell's pert answer to the memorial, signed by thirteen prelates, remonstrating against the contemplated appointment. The very next day the Bishop wrote his celebrated letter to the Premier. The letter is a perfect model in the literature of controversy and invective. Against Dr. Hampden stood the stain of the recorded judgment of the University of Oxford on the unsoundness of his doctrine. Dr. Hampden had

never altered the views on which that judgment was founded. "I retract nothing that I have written, I disclaim nothing," was the language which he used. The Bishop's famous peroration was, "Forbear, my lord, while you have yet time; persist not in your rash experiment. The bands of your vaunted statute will snap asunder like withes, if you attempt to bind with them the strongest of all strong men—the man who is strengthened with inner might against the assailant of his Church,"

In the year 1851, the Bishop adopted the plan of issuing a pastoral letter, a course which he also adopted in 1854 and 1857. "I venture to think," he wrote in 1854, "that you will not think any explanation necessary. It will enable us to enjoy what every Bishop meeting his clergy must wish to enjoy, the comfort and blessing of partaking together of the Holy Eucharist. In another particular I do not follow the precedent of my last visitation. I do not invite you to follow it with a diocesan synod. My reason is a personal one, consideration of my own physical inability to encounter the fatigue of such a meeting. Permitted to reach the advanced age of seventy-six, I must not only be thankful for the measure of strength still vouchsafed to me, but I must also be cautious not to overtask it. Certainly nothing in the experience of our last synod could have made me less anxious to repeat what can no longer be called an experiment, but a great success."

That which will most and longest affect the reputation of the Bishop of Exeter, that which shook the Church of England to the foundation, and is one of the great landmarks of its history, is unquestionably

the Gorham case. The Bishop of Exeter adopted a strongly marked line on behalf of the Oxford party, in which, according to the judgment of some, he may have advanced a step too far in the debateable ground which lay between the extreme Tractarian and the Ultramontanism of Roman Catholicism. The Bishop himself unquestionably sought to abide in the *via media*, and was ever ready to notice and check any deviation on the right hand or the left from the path defined by the Church of England. Without a doubt, the sympathies of an impetuous and high-souled man were very thoroughly on the side of the High Church party, and enlisted very thoroughly against the Low Church. But this sympathy never resulted, as in so many lamentable instances, in any disloyalty to our mother, the Church of England. He moreover sought to do justice with an even hand. In the case of Mr. Maskell, to whom he appears to have been bound by strong affection and by close ties, the Bishop admitted and took action on his errors; and Mr. Maskell vindicates the justice of the Bishop's procedure by his unhappy perversion to the Church of Rome. The Bishop's actions were guided, without favour or partiality, by rigid justice. In one of his letters, in the very outset of the Gorham troubles, the Bishop says:—"Looking back on more than seventeen years, during which I have been permitted to be your bishop, while I have rarely had reason to lament any want of kindness or respect on the part of any of my clergy—never before of such an instance as Mr. Gorham's,—I at the same time hope that I may with confidence appeal to your experience of me, whether it be likely that, in my conduct towards any

of you, I should show myself imperious, unkind, jealous of office, eager to lay hold of involuntary or light delinquency; above all, forgetful of what is due to those whom I am bound to regard as my equals, many as my superiors, in all respects, excepting that which invests me, however unworthy, with authority over them in the Lord." Our own notion is, at the same time, that Dr. Phillpotts considerably overstepped the line and example exhibited by Bishop Blomfield, who encountered in his time the wildest storm of reproach and obloquy, but whose conduct will cause his name, as Mr. Gladstone has truly said, to be blest to the latest generation. Mr. Maskell affords an instance of the manner in which the Bishop dealt, certainly most tenderly, with extremes on the one side; and Mr. Gorham how he dealt, certainly most rigidly, with extremes on the other side.

It is both beyond our space and our province to enter into the details of the Gorham case, the judgment on which, combined with the later cases of Archdeacon Denison and Messrs. Wilson and Williams, clearly establishes that the Church has no proper tribunal in matters of heresy, and that her sons may wander from Dan to Beersheba within her border. The absolute necessity for the Bishop to refuse to institute Mr. Gorham, in consequence of his denial of the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, may best be illustrated by the language of Bishop Blomfield, who was not at first disposed to consider that Mr. Gorham had overstepped the latitude permitted by the Church. "When in obedience to Her Majesty's commands," said the Bishop of London, "I attended the first meeting of the Judicial Committee, I had

not read Mr. Gorham's published account of his examination by the Bishop of Exeter, nor was I aware of the extreme opinions he avowed. I went into the inquiry with the expectation that he had not transgressed the bounds of that latitude which had been allowed or tolerated ever since the Reformation. Had such proved to be the case I could have acquiesced in a judgment which, while it recognized that latitude, should have distinctly asserted the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, in the proper sense of the words, to be the doctrine of our Church. But having read with great attention Mr. Gorham's publication, I found that it contained assertions wholly irreconcilable, as it appears to me, with the plain teaching of the Church of England and of the Church universal in all ages." A wide consternation overspread a great part of the country when the decision of the Privy Council was made known. The Bishop of Exeter issued his famous pamphlet. Of this, no fewer than four editions were sold in a single day. He formally renounced communion with the Archbishop. He accompanied his excommunication with language of satire and disrespect which it is not pleasing to peruse, and which did not serve his own or the Church's cause. From individuals, from deaneries, from dioceses protests poured in; St. Martin's Hall and the Freemasons' Tavern were crowded with monster meetings of dismayed and excited Churchmen. Many wavered in their allegiance to the Church, and sought to make the judgment a pretext for going over to Rome. No one would have felt more keenly than the Bishop of Exeter the bad logic and the bad faith of this last step. "To leave a Church," wrote

Bishop Blomfield, "which is defective, it may be, in discipline, for one which is notoriously heretical in doctrine, is a strange and indefensible inconsistency."

Bishop Phillpotts, while acquiescing in the declared law of the land, has lent the whole weight of his influence and power of his office, to cleanse his diocese of what he considers evil leaven.

The administration of his diocese, indeed, has afforded great scope to his energies, and corresponding employment to local and general critics. That part which it is most difficult to reconcile with the received ideas on such subjects is the course which the Bishop has pursued, very much upon a system, of allowing the legal time to pass away before confirming institutions, and then claiming the patronage for himself by reason of lapse. A colourable pretext was not wanting for each of these occasions. The insulting language used towards the Bishop in the House of Lords, and elsewhere, has been quoted as an *ex cathedrâ* judgment on his character. We cannot so regard it. There is a sort of practical justice in the fact that the Bishop who in his time has administered so many hard knocks should, in return, have experienced so many. Anything more unfounded, unjust, and ungentlemanlike than some of these attacks cannot be conceived. Especially it is difficult to read, without the strongest feeling of indignation being stirred up, of the uncandid, contemptuous, and selfish treatment pursued towards him by the then Lord Seymour. Unable to punish him by law, the Bishop took the ill-advised course of proceeding against Latimer, the publisher, in which an adverse verdict was recorded against the Bishop. A great

deal of stress has been laid upon the verdict of the jury in the case of the King *versus* Latimer. The Edinburgh Reviewer (supposed to be Mr. Conybeare) was very exultant on that verdict, and still more exultant on the fact that the Bishop did not dare to go before a jury of his own cathedral city of Exeter. It is unnecessary on the present occasion to descend to any bathos on the subject of a British jury, and we are sure that any person acquainted alike with law procedure and popular passions would attach much greater weight to the opinion of a judge than to the verdict of the local jury. The following was the remark of the judge when an application was made for the defendant's costs, and by the judge refused. "I do not think you would like a new trial; you were exceedingly lucky in getting the verdict. How it was given I do not understand quite. I thought it was a very wrong verdict, I assure you. Unless the jury were misled, one cannot understand it. You have a right to keep all you get, and no more."

The remarks of the Bishop of Exeter on the jury were very interesting, as must be the remarks of such an astute observer on all points of law. The jury has been the palladium of liberty, but now we have more danger to fear the tyranny of the mob than the tyranny of the Crown. His words point strongly in this direction. "If a new trial should be granted, was I prepared to go again before an Exeter jury? Had I reason to hope that another set of jurors there would be found less prejudiced, less ignorant, or less wilful than those who had pronounced against me on the trial? The very plain and glaring strength of my case—the very strength of the observations of the

judge upon it, showed, unhappily, how little confidence could be placed in such a jury. Let me not be misunderstood. I should be sorry to be supposed to believe that the majority of the citizens of Exeter are unfit to be entrusted with the sacred duty of administering the best and highest privilege of the subjects of a free State. But this I say, that in the present state of society in England, the English trial by jury, in any case in which party spirit can enter, is one of the very worst expedients for eliciting a true judgment."

In that unhesitating, unswerving adherence to a rigid system, in that direct following out of dogma to its practical and logical conclusions, in the keen impatience of the results arrived at by other minds, the Bishop appears to us to have exhibited not those statesmanlike qualities which we would desire to see associated with the episcopal character, nor yet that comprehensiveness, toleration, and catholicity which we humbly conceive to have been set before us in the words and the actions of our Lord and His apostles. But he was true to the ideal set before himself, and, through evil report and good report, has steadfastly pursued what commended itself to his mind as holy and righteous ends. In some respects he appears to have modified his views, and, like all men who have lived a crowded existence on a busy stage, would at last, perhaps, acknowledge some errors, retract some opinions, regret some actions. In his venerable old age his life and example shone with peculiar and winning lustre. His care for his diocese, the surrender of a large part of his savings to the Ecclesiastical College, the gift of his noble library, were practical

deeds of which the most worldly and callous will acknowledge the worth.

Those who abandon ease and learned leisure, and the placid dignity of place and power, to vindicate a shaken cause, and write their name on the memories of a Church and nation, may, indeed, experience some stain in that fierce heat and conflict, and bear a more chequered fame than men of meek and holy memory, but they have at least greatly suffered, greatly dared, greatly achieved, and may attain, even here, to a happy sunset from a stormy life, and may find that both their evil and their good have been cleansed and overruled to the accomplishment of what was, through all, their highest and purest aspirations.

We will rapidly refer to three representative bishops, Broad, Low, and High; Bishop Lonsdale, however, rather belonged to the very small party of those who have no party at all.

He was one of the best scholars
BISHOP LONSDALE. that Eton ever possessed, and to the last he could not hear any insinuation against that immaculate institution. Dr. Goodall said he was the best scholar he ever had, and his academic reputation, especially for his Latin, would, without a mitre, have been permanent. He was a man of a fine, broad, healthy mind, full of kindness, simplicity, and cheerfulness. He owed his elevation at the hands of Sir Robert Peel, a statesman to whom he was deeply attached, entirely to the high character he had gained in previous employments. Sir Robert's letter, offering him the employment, was handed up to him one Sunday morning while preaching at the Savoy Chapel.

He used to laugh at his right reverend brethren who owed their seats to political connexion, and had to hurry down to the House because they received notes from the Treasury. No notes from the Treasury ever came to him.

In early life the Bishop was fond of shooting; to the last year of his life he continued to fish. He relished a theatrical entertainment, and saw no reason why clergymen—and even bishops—should not enjoy it. “But so long as the world thinks it safer for young ladies than for bishops to take their chances of being corrupted by the theatre, he would by no means offend the world.” When he studiously entered memoranda at the end of his pocket-book, these were chiefly the names of flowers which he had seen in his visits, and meant to order for his own garden. He was a man with great capabilities for enjoyment, and who always looked upon life on its sunny side, with a keen sense of humour; one who liked and could tell a good story. And yet he was a man of boundless charity and self-denial; a man of deep and real sanctity of character.

His work was enormous. His son-in-law, who wrote his biography, calculates that he wrote some one hundred and twenty thousand letters during his episcopate. They relate to all kinds of subjects. One clergyman writes to him repeatedly concerning his scruples about the Baptismal service. Another clergyman, living in a rectory, wrote six sheets of paper to complain that the rector had not left sheets for his bed as he had promised. The specimens of correspondence given in the biography are remarkably meagre. We are, however, by no means surprised at

this. Comparatively speaking, in very few of these letters would he ever turn over the first page of his sheet of note-paper. We ourselves have seen various of the Bishop's letters; they have a common character, and when one or two are printed we really see them all. The Bishop excelled in writing a particular kind of letter. It was the short letter, semi-friendly, semi-official, always terse and definite to the matter in hand, and expressed in a graceful, complimentary, and even touching way. He seems to have had a kind of gratification in writing letters of this kind, similar to the gratification of penning longs and shorts in his Eton days. The letters at last became a tremendous drag on him, but he could not be persuaded to relinquish them, although we should think that they were just the kind of letters which a secretary would dash off by scores at his dictation. He was a man of singularly catholic and tolerant views; he was free from party spirit himself; and this was also very much the case with his diocese. He conciliated an immense amount of personal esteem and affection. One of his last public acts was his presiding, with singular efficacy and good taste, at the Wolverhampton Church Congress; and one of his last conversations with his son-in-law related to the controversy between the Bible and Science. The Bishop was not a scientific man; in fact, he carried his disregard of science to a regrettable extent; but, as Mr. Denison truly says, "though he did not profess to understand science, no man knew better than he did the difference between sound and unsound reasoning."

Lonsdale was originally intended for the bar, of which there are other extant episcopal instances. He

had some friendships with great lawyers, and he was often to be seen at the high table at Lincoln's Inn. He was a sound lawyer; not such a keen lawyer as the Bishop of Exeter, who might have been lord chancellor, but probably a much sounder one. Even among the lawyers he often showed himself the best man in company, socially. Here is a story which he particularly enjoyed. "A blustering man in a railway carriage said, 'I should like to meet that Bishop of ——, I'd put a question to him that would puzzle him.' 'Very well,' said a voice out of another corner, 'then now is your time, for I am the Bishop of ——' [it may easily be guessed who]. The man was rather startled, but presently recovered, and said, 'Well, my lord, can you tell me the way to heaven?' 'Nothing is easier,' answered the Bishop; 'you have only to turn to the right and go straight forward.'"

We will ourselves mention, from our own resources, a fragment of episcopal *ana* which may be taken as a contribution to the biography of the unnamed prelate. We guarantee the anecdote, which we could give with names and locality. One day the Bishop and his Archdeacon, in the course of an episcopal tour, came to the house of a country gentleman, where they were most hospitably received. We are sure of the hospitality, for our own legs have reposed beneath that excellent mahogany. At dinner the Archdeacon was to be observed engaged in a little cosy chat with the lady of the house. The Bishop, with the complaisant and graceful badinage of which he was a master, insisted on being allowed to participate in the apparent secret. The Archdeacon informed the Bishop that their good hostess, Mrs. R——, was famous for the composition

of Exeter
Story known
in 1350

of cake, and that she generally furnished him with one when he came upon his travels. Whereupon the prelate, with most winning smiles, professed himself to be a great lover of cake, and begged to be allowed to become a petitioner for the same. That most kindly lady assented with the greatest pleasure, and she and her maidens were busied in preparing one of their choicest cakes for the illustrious diocesan. The next morning, as the Bishop's carriage rolled away from the ancient residence, the right reverend foot came into collision with a parcel in the carriage. "What's this?" cried the bishop; "that woman's cake, I suppose." And leaving the unknown language to the imagination of the reader, I can only say that the unlucky cake was contemptuously hurled through the window to the earth. It so happened that the park was not cleared at the time when this act was done, and the hospitable lady was able to ascertain the fate of the kindly-meant present. I need scarcely say that there were no more hospitalities there for the Bishop, and the story will hardly ever be forgotten in that part of the country.

His biographer discusses the subject of good Bishop Lonsdale's exercise of his patronage. He greatly praises it, and yet withal he takes exception to it. The Bishop laid down a rigid rule not to promote any man who had not served in his diocese. The result of this was that he was unable to promote a man who was worthy of being promoted, and whose promotion he desired. This was a mistake. To wise men rules are aids and helps, but they do not make themselves the unreasoning slaves of rules. In other respects the Bishop's patronage seems to us to have been unsatis-

factory. He had a weakness for men of family and wealth. We remember a case where the Bishop passed over the laborious and poor curate of a parish to give the incumbency to a young man of great social qualifications. The latter became a regular absentee, and all the work was done by the poor curate. Dr. Lonsdale probably had the notion, which is said to be strong with some bishops, that they support the church by giving their preferment to wealthy men. Bishop Lonsdale most completely illustrated the wise motto of his predecessor, Hacket: "Serve God, and be cheerful."

"Little do they guess," wrote
BISHOP STANLEY. Bishop Stanley, "how engrossed I am altogether on one sole object—the spiritual and temporal welfare of the diocese. By night, in my many working hours, the work of my mind is how and what can be done by us to promote the end for which I accepted a situation for which, in every other point, I feel myself so unqualified and unfit. I accepted it with a determination not to make it a source of profit to myself, or patronage for others, it being my unshaken determination to expend not only the whole proceeds of the emoluments on the diocese, but the greater part of my private fortune also; saving little or nothing more than it was my wish to do at Alderley: that, with regard to patronage, no motives of private interest, or mere connexion or formal friendship, should sway me in giving preferments; and that the names hitherto on my list consist of individuals known to me only by respectability and fitness for the situations to which I could appoint them. Such are

the feelings with which I accepted the office of a bishop, on such I have acted hitherto ; and God grant that nothing may induce me to depart from principles which will alone justify me in entering on a line of life and arduous responsibilities, drawing me away from pursuits and tastes with which my habits were far more congenial."

Such were the views, now happily more common than they were forty years ago, with which Bishop Stanley entered upon the labours of his enormous diocese. Many still recollect the demoralized condition of things that prevailed during the rule of Bishop Bathurst. Bishop Bathurst had left a great deal of special work as an inheritance to any ecclesiastical Reformer, but beyond that Bishop Stanley went in for special work as a Liberal bishop. "I came into the diocese," he said, "not with the expectation of finding it a bed of roses, but rather a bed of thorns ; but my greatest trials arose from those of the clergy who are loudest in their cry of 'The Church in danger,' but who never do anything to keep it from danger." Bishop Stanley truly said that his heart was in his diocese, and he used to say that a bishop should always be at his post in the chief city of his diocese. He refused to take a pleasant retreat a few miles from Norwich, and was always working away among the schools and poor of the great city. He would go amid the back yards and alleys and talk with the poorest of the poor. Lord Shaftesbury says that he was the first bishop who took up the cause of the Ragged Schools. One night there was a gathering of ragged children in the depths of Lambeth, and the Bishop of Norwich came in and sat down by his side.

“I saw your name,” he said, “on a placard, and I instantly determined to attend—for wherever you go I will go too.” The Bishop made himself famous by entertaining Jenny Lind when she came to sing at a Norwich concert. When Jenny Lind retired from the operatic stage it was generally asserted that she had been induced to do so by Dr. Stanley.* It was a great instance of his liberality when he preached a funeral sermon in Norwich Cathedral on the unbaptized Quaker, Joseph John Gurney. “The funeral service of the chief of English Quakers was virtually celebrated, not at the time or place of his interment, in the retired burial ground of the Gilden-croft, but on the preceding Sunday, in the stately cathedral which he never frequented, and with the muffled peals and solemn strains of which he condemned the use. And his funeral sermon was preached on the same day, not by any favoured minister amongst his own admiring disciples, but by a prelate of that Established Church which he had through life, so far as his gentle nature permitted him, opposed and controverted.”

We hardly know a more beautiful
BISHOP HAMILTON. portraiture than that which Canon
Liddon gives us of the late Bishop
Hamilton of Salisbury. “Our Bishop, sir!” said a
resident, “lived here so long that he is less like a
bishop than one of ourselves.” In troubled times the
Bishop used to say that, however men might speak of
him elsewhere, the Salisbury people would never mis-
understand him. By a natural gradation which has
more of practical justice about it than generally falls to

* “Musical Recollections of the Last Half Century.”

such arrangements, from canon and bishop's chaplain he became bishop himself. A friend of his says, "Once before, taking leave for a longer time than usual, I remember going with him by moonlight into the cathedral and there praying that God would supply what was wanting in the Church among us, and preserve her from the perils that must beset her." It was his practice on Sunday to invite six or eight poor people to dinner. About a hundred poor people were invited to dinner on some day near to the Feast of the Epiphany, an occasion to which the Bishop and his family looked forward with delight, as they rejoiced to wait upon these humble guests. He was essentially the bishop of the poor. He recognized that they had the first claim upon the servants of Christ, and he considered that the aristocratic character of the Church, was in truth one of her misfortunes. He never left his cathedral city, unless for a short Autumn holiday, except, of course, when called away by diocesan business. The Bishop was occasionally very much perplexed as to the degree in which he ought to allow his diocesan work to be interfered with by duties in the House of Lords. It is unnecessary to say that he regarded the temporal decorations attached to his See by the State, as a mere adjunct to the great spiritual commission which he held under Christ our Lord; and that his imagination was never for one moment dazzled by the social and worldly *prestige* which may attach to a seat in the Legislature. But it was a vexed question with his conscience how far he ought to sacrifice other claims to the opportunities which were thus placed within his reach. As a matter of fact he seldom or never

appeared in the House of Lords, except when the interests of religion or morals appeared to him to be at stake. There was no danger of mistaking his house for a nobleman's residence. People thought he showed an excessive indifference to the social respect of his position. After the first year or two of his episcopate he gave up his carriage. His hospitable door always stood open to clergy and laity. While the Bishop abstained most carefully from making any outlay upon objects which might savour of personal ostentation, he carried his simple unrestricted hospitality to the very verge of imprudence, if not beyond it.

Very touching is the account of the way in which high preferment came to him. Before he passed away, Bishop Denison dictated a message to Lord Aberdeen, who was at that time Prime Minister, to the effect that in the judgment of a man, now almost in the act of dying, Mr. Hamilton would be of all others best able to carry on the work of Christ in the diocese. Lord Aberdeen felt that to yield at once might create a precedent which would interfere with the free exercise of the Crown's choice as patron. He passed a sleepless night; it was impossible to entertain Bishop Denison's petition. The See was accordingly offered to the Rev. J. H. Blunt, the eminent Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. Professor Blunt was three times urged to accept the position, but he declined on the ground that, although then in fair health, he was too old to make an efficient bishop for more than a short while. The Premier then felt himself at liberty to do that which he would have done in the first instance, if his

sense of duty to the Crown had permitted it; and Bishop Denison's dying message was obeyed. "Certainly to no one did that summons cause surprise more complete, or more unaffected and keen distress, than to the man who was concerned. The interval of painful deliberation—the determination to say 'No' at once—the influences which were brought to bear on him—that agonizing walk up and down in front of Lord Aberdeen's house—the final yielding; all these he has often described, even with tears, to friends who could sympathise and understand."

We now come to one more prelate, whose work and position in the Church were so remarkable that he claims a chapter to himself.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LATE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

THE future historian, who shall endeavour to give some conception of the career and character of the most celebrated Anglican bishop of the last two centuries, will assuredly be embarrassed, not by the scantiness, but by the multiplicity and variety of the materials. Bishop Wilberforce was in truth a many-sided man. In that active and crowded career several distinct careers are virtually comprised. In the management of two very important dioceses he exhibited an administrative ability and an energy of character which, as a rule, have not often been paralleled in the English episcopate. In the House of Lords he gave an attention to politics—using the word in the highest and most favourable sense—which has been exceeded by few of our hereditary legislators, and not by many of our trained and veteran statesmen. As a writer, his active and versatile pen was constantly challenging the attention of the English public. As one of the most prominent members of our English society, whether on the public platform or in the private drawing-room, he was a great social power. Corresponding to this variety of

characters, are those multiplied departments of current public life in which men continually recognised his presence. He published more than one volume of sermons preached before the Queen, in those early days after her accession, when his influence must have been considerable on the royal mind. He preached many sermons before the University, where many hundred men, the very crown and flower of English youth, hung upon his lips. If you make a point of studying Hansard, or even of running over the Parliamentary reports, you see how large a space he occupied in the government of the country. Now he was speaking at great public entertainments, such as the dinners of the Literary Fund or of the Royal Academy. Again, as the Squire of the village of Lavington, he was pleasantly haranguing the rustics on the green or in the tent. Now he was addressing on a week-day crowds of labourers in a church or under a railway shed. Presently he was away in the north, in Yorkshire, opening that gorgeous fane with which the zeal and piety of Mr. Akroyd have adorned Halifax. Again, he was down in Kent, preaching twice on a Sunday, at the opening of a humble district church. Again, he was busy, with superhuman energy, in his diocese, learning the details of every parish, studying the character of every clergyman, entertaining them at Cuddesden, or meeting them in Conference at Oxford. He was the lion of the great dinner party. He was the leading speaker at the public meeting. He was the ruling member of a Church Congress. He was the most active member of the Convocation of his province. He was holding a confirmation in Paris. He was consecrating a church in Brussels. In the prin-

cipal newspapers, in the reports of societies, in blue-books, in correspondence, in pamphlets, in current literature, in all contemporary history, we again and again meet him. That comprehensive mind was equally familiar with the greatest principles and the slightest details. At one time he was aiding in the attempt to uphold or destroy a ministry, or stamping the impress of his character on the debates and legislation of his country; at another time he was objurgating dull-headed churchwardens, or demolishing a libellous alderman. He was a kind of universal Bishop, an untitled metropolitan. His labours in correspondence were of a truly tremendous character. All kinds of people wrote to him, and every correspondent seemed to receive a full and careful answer. He would dictate seven letters at a time, resembling the marvellous chessplayers who can play seven games at once blindfolded. Few men, speaking metaphorically, lived more in the open air than Bishop Wilberforce. He was essentially a public man, and his history is to be read in public documents. Wherever Christian work was most animated and intense—wherever the conflict of opinions was keenest—wherever debate was most excited—wherever bold and burning speech and prompt action were most needed, there the form of this brilliant prelate was most prominently to be discerned.

It would be difficult, with facts at will, to invent a more illustrious pedigree for the Bishop than that to which he was heir. We all remember the noble lines of the poet Cowper, a man of splendid lineage—

“My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth,
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
The son of parents passed into the skies.”

No accidental distinction of birth could be so grateful and honourable as to be descended from a man whose memory will evermore be venerated and beloved throughout Christendom, William Wilberforce. The student of the "Life of Wilberforce" will remember some touching letters addressed to his sons, among which a comparison of dates will enable us to recognize those to the future prelate. Thus, on one occasion, does the "old man eloquent" express his aspirations:—"My course must be nearly out; though perhaps it may please God, who has hitherto caused goodness and mercy to follow me all my days, to allow me to see my dear sons entered upon the exercise of their several professions, if there are several. But how glad shall I be, if they all can conscientiously enter the ministry, the most useful and honourable of all human employments." His father gave him a name designing that, in the fullest sense, he should be dedicated to the Master's service. At least in respect to one of these, howbeit for a season there rested a darkness over the career of others, this wish received an ample accomplishment. At all seasons the gifted son was true to the memory of his illustrious and holy father. Ever and again in the spoken words of that son we meet, as well we may, with exultant allusion, which is allowable enough, and the absence of which would be passing strange. Who else was there in England who could say amid the testifying acclaims of an excited audience—"He who then led in every such question of humanity and of truth—my own honoured and beloved father;" or again in the pulpit of his University—"History must speak what a son's reverence would

rather muse upon in silence—who had learned to live for others, and had received from God's hands the clientship of tortured Africa." It is an association to be added to the Pitts and Cannings, those fathers and sons, worthy of the glorious hall and of the sacred abbey; his father the great ornament of the House of Commons, and the son the great ornament of the House of Lords.

We have mentioned the "Life of Wilberforce by his Sons," and those who would desire to learn those particulars of family and ancestry which are proper to a regular biography, such as we do not profess to furnish, will find some interesting particulars in that work, *e.g.*, that the line was one of an old untitled English stock settled for centuries at the village of Wilberfoss, in Yorkshire. And though Sussex became the county of his adoption—where his private estate was situated—the Bishop still claimed to be a son of that mighty county which is no inconsiderable kingdom in itself. "It is a great pleasure to me," once said the Bishop at Brighton, after distributing the prizes at a university local examination; "it is a great pleasure to me, as, through the dispensation of Providence, I am by adoption a Sussex man, to know that in these examinations Sussex has been once at the top of the tree, and has been three times second in the order of merit. But yet you must let me have a Yorkshireman's feelings when you talk about Sheffield. I am a Yorkshireman, bred from generations of Yorkshiremen, and can therefore sympathize with those sharp, struggling, hard-working, masterly Yorkshiremen." He was a native neither of Sussex nor of Yorkshire, but was born at

Clapham. It would be tempting to speak of what may be called that really great and historical Clapham, in which his youthful days were cast, but Sir James Stephen has fully done all *that* in his admirable "Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography." At Oxford, when a young man, he took high double honours, and became Fellow of Oriel at a time when to be Fellow of Oriel was one of the sublimest of University distinctions. Among those unacknowledged orders of eminence of which the University takes no official cognizance, but which are none the less real and acknowledged by University society, Wilberforce of Oriel took also foremost rank. He was one of the great lights of the *Union*, in those palmy days which have become historical. In the reports of that noble society you see the subjects on which he spoke and those which he brought forward, and the training in eloquence obtained at Oxford seldom fails a man in more advanced life. His father had carefully prepared him for public speaking in much the same way as the elder Pitt had prepared the younger Pitt. There is no subject that crops up oftener in University debating clubs than the question of the Great Rebellion, and of the execution of Charles the First. The Oxford feeling, as I well recollect, was always unmistakably loyal. William Wilberforce, against the popular feeling, spoke in favour of Hampden and against Charles the First. He also became a member of that debating club which Mr. John Stuart Mill formed on the model of the Speculative Society at Edinburgh, which became a great arena for "Tory lawyers" and "philosophic Radicals." In those days Wilberforce would rank as a "philosophic Radical,"

although ultimately his practical genius moved him far from any alliance with *doctrinaires*. A brilliant political career might have been possible for one of so many talents, and of such powerful connections. But he entered the Church, and so satisfied the longing of his aged parent. He was ordained by Bishop Lloyd of Oxford, and his first curacy was thus in his own future diocese, at the remote village of Crittenden, "where his name is still remembered with affection by the aged poor." It so happened in this exceptional case that the path of duty and devotedness was compatible with some of the most splendid human distinctions.

While with the great mass of our clergy life is very much a matter of unvarying routine, removed far from the large hopes and large excitement of the senate and the bar, often enough a struggle on petty means for petty interests, of course considered apart from those supreme interests and supreme considerations which dignify the littleness and console the unhappiness of a laborious and harassed life, other Churchmen there are who meet with as sudden and splendid gradations of fortune as can be encountered in any path of secular life. They rapidly become Very Reverend, Right Reverend, and Most Reverend; happy, indeed, if such a one is prospering as his soul prospers. It is a consoling thought, it is a sign that the Holy Catholic Church is ruled and governed in the right way, that, as a general rule, in this our age of our Church, those attain her wealth and rank who seem best fitted to withstand the heat of that fierce sunshine. The subject of this remark is an instance of such rapid advancement. Passing from

the living of Brightstone in the Isle of Wight he obtained the wealthy living of Alverstoke; he became Canon of Winchester, Archdeacon of Surrey, then Dean of Westminster, and then Bishop of Oxford. Prescription made him Chancellor of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and the favour of his Sovereign Lord High Almoner. His University made him Bampton Lecturer and Select Preacher. But he first comes very prominently before us as a public man when he relinquished his country living for the Deanery of Westminster, to be exchanged in the course of a few months for the Bishopric of Oxford.

His early work in the diocese of Winchester was very interesting, and it is remarkable how in his last days he gathered up the broken thread of his earliest. His Alverstoke work, though least before the public, was that which was most fertile in effort and most remarkable in his own history. He had just lost his wife, Emily Sargent, the heiress of Lavington, and fresh from this loss he threw himself with intense earnestness into his parish work, and his public duties as Archdeacon. On Sunday afternoons crowds of people would pour into Alverstoke Church to hear the eloquent rector. The old colours of the 44th regiment, cut to pieces during the Affghanistan war, now hang upon the monument where his pen has recorded the sufferings of the regiment, and in his last years he held an ordination here as bishop. New churches rose in his neighbourhood; there was a great church revival in Portsmouth, Portsea, and Gosport; men were anxious to become his curates; he had two future archbishops among them, and candidates for holy orders came around him to watch

his work. Amongst many memorials of him the painted east window of Alverstoke church will have a peculiar interest.

On the occasion of his nomination to the Deanery of Westminster, he delivered a parting charge to the clergy of the Archdeaconry. The relationship between them had lasted for six years. He drew a contrast between different churches which it had fallen to his lot to visit. "It is indeed a cheering sight to find, as we may in some parts of this country, in the midst of the deep recesses of agricultural seclusion, a village church, which itself the inheritance received from early piety, has been duly prized and cared for by succeeding generations. Never does such a monument of present care stand alone; in such a parish the village school ever borders on the church-way path, and the surrounding cottages are still fit to be the dwelling-places of an English peasantry." But in opposition to this was the unfavourable state of matters which prevailed in other portions of the diocese, especially in Lambeth, and Archdeacon Wilberforce dwelt practically and earnestly on the need of Church extension in these districts. It is gratifying to hear that after the charge the Southwark clergy assembled and took steps for carrying on a good work in the direction indicated. It was the same great work that he took up with renewed energy a quarter of a century later. He had not intended to have delivered his charge this Spring, as the Bishop would that year address them, and he had also charged them as Archdeacon so late as the preceding Autumn. He now took on this occasion an affectionate adieu, and could speak gratefully of the universal kindness and

sympathy which he had received at the hands of his brethren the clergy. It is from this point of time that the Bishop of Oxford strides prominently into the arena, and makes his hereditary honours most truly his own. It is said that this rapid promotion was owing to the favour in which he stood with the youthful Queen and Prince before whom he preached, so frequently and so faithfully, at Claremont, at Windsor, and at the Palace. We have heard it said that he originally attracted the notice of the Prince by the speeches which, at different times, he delivered on educational subjects. And the Prince who thus, according to his keen wonted vision, appreciated the preacher, was in turn understood and appreciated aright. And although in the course of time his name for years was much more rarely brought into connection with the Court, yet there are two remarkable sermons published which renew the old relationship, one of which was preached in the Royal chapel of Windsor on the Sunday previous to the marriage of the Prince of Wales, and one, a few months later, at the consecration of the chapel at Wellington College, in which the Prince Consort had taken such careful interest. Thus affectingly does the Bishop speak of that second memory now entwined in the memorials of the College with that of the great Duke:—

“He who so justly realised the original design; he who was its first president; who nourished with such a royal magnificence and such a wise care its first beginnings; who planned all the details of its execution; who selected even the statues which were to look down from its niches; who designed its avenues

and planted the trees which are to grow in them; he, too, is taken, and the College of his care, and especially this chapel, the foundations of which, as one of the last acts of his life of ceaseless beneficence, he himself laid, have become a commemoration of the great and good Prince, for whom this land has wept, as it weeps most seldom, and for very few."

From the lips of the Bishop of Oxford these words would fall with peculiar meaning, and have been instinct with many memories; for his knowledge of the Prince had ran parallel with all his high preferments, and was indeed well-nigh co-extensive with the period of his episcopate; he had been, too, his private chaplain, and had been selected by him to supervise the education of his child heir. It is from that time, then, when the favour of royalty sent him to Westminster and to Cuddesdon, that the public career of the Bishop, as one of the most potent voices in Church and State, begins, and henceforth his name is hanging on the lips of men. In his case the words of the poet are true:—

"Fame with men

Being but ampler means to serve mankind,
Should have small rest or pleasure in herself,
But work as vassal to the larger love
That dwarfs the petty love of one to one.
Use gave me fame at first, and fame again
Increasing, gave me use."

It is on that prolonged and versatile career we now proceed to comment. We do so neither as censors nor as apologists. God forbid we should judge it, least of all a father of the Church, whose office is rather to judge others. That career has been commented on with the most extravagant admiration and

the most unblushing invective. To urge against this prelate mistakes, blunders, wiliness, faults, is only in concrete terms the abstract proposition that he is a mortal; but we do not envy the man who can be familiar with his writings and his presence, and not acknowledge that a great and a good man is here. We believe that there has been much miscomprehension concerning the public character of the Bishop. He has been called the leader of the High Church party; and such an expression, though open to criticism and objection, has a rough general value of its own. It is often truly said that the leader of a party is not necessarily himself a zealous partisan. And the Bishop was often marked by a catholicity, and tolerance and charity, which we sometimes desiderate among those who seek to approximate to his standard. He has, in his time, exhibited as much spirit and passion as most men in the strife of parties and opinions; but in his most deliberate moments, and in his most careful publications, and in his latter and best years, there seemed to be a wider charity of wisdom, an increasing tenderness of love. His old Oxford reputation had been greatly strengthened by his Bampton Lectures. His sermons at St. Mary's had been as remarkable in their way as those of Newman himself. When Dr. Wilberforce had been appointed Bishop, in the interval between the nomination and consecration, Mr. Newman and Mr. Oakley had been received by Dr. Wiseman into the Communion of the Roman Catholic Church. The great Evangelical party had been thoroughly aroused by the frequency and facility of the remove from Oxford to Rome, and also by Sir Robert Peel's grant in aid of Roman

Catholic education at Maynooth. He became the great leading High Church bishop, watched by the Evangelical party with an incurable and not altogether unnatural suspicion, especially as they witnessed the repeated perversions in his own family. The Bishop had perhaps a greater toleration for the Evangelicals than the Evangelicals had for him. A young man was once on the eve of ordination at Cuddesdon. "And to what party in the Church," said the Bishop, blandly, "do you propose to attach yourself, Mr. P——?" "To the Evangelicals, my Lord," stoutly replied the young man. "Ah, how nice," said the Bishop. *I do so love the Evangelicals.*" The Evangelicals gave him credit for a design of eliminating them from his diocese, and as a matter of fact, they increasingly disappeared, and those who remained never gave him their confidence. One of them tells us that the Bishop once came to him and said softly, "My dear sir, are your people simple-minded?" The country parson thought that perhaps his people might ask, "Is your Bishop simple-minded?" And what answer would he have to give? Bishop Wilberforce's notion was that he would make his diocese a model diocese; and to a very great extent he certainly succeeded. The diocese itself had only recently been formed into its present state, Berkshire having been taken from the diocese of Salisbury, and Buckinghamshire from Lincoln. Of this enlarged diocese Cuddesdon was the real centre from which radiated an enormous personal influence over clergy and laity alike. He probably restrained a great many young men from going over to Rome. As Sir Robert Peel advised brilliant young men to work on committees, so Bishop Wilberforce

induced his lively curates to stick to parish work. The astute Bishop knew that, when the mind is occupied with theological problems, there is nothing like hard work for clarifying the thought and getting rid of mental fumes. The Bishop, however, placed himself in close sympathetic relationship with all his clergy, and there were those among them who clung to him as chivalrously as ever did the Old Guard to Napoleon. He did as much by his personal tact as by his wise rule and splendid eloquence. In 1860 about five hundred of the clergy—there were then about six hundred parishes in the diocese—signed an address of confidence to him. There was, indeed, something Napoleonic about the Bishop—at least, to the extent that his was a kind of autocracy, however beneficent—but the working of the diocese under him appears to have depended rather upon “personal” than “constitutional” government. He always thoroughly identified himself with, and stood up for, his work. Once when they were attacked at the York Church Congress, he defended the “boys” most heartily. At the same time he gave them sound advice and admonition. Passages from the Bishop’s writings, might, without difficulty be multiplied, in which he has given emphatic warnings against injudicious zeal, and forcibly protests against “the falsehood of extremes.” Take matters of ceremonial, how he speaks of Ritual before the days of Ritualism :—

“Vestments in the sanctuary, and the adoption in our service of rites which, however they may be justified by the letter of long-sleeping laws, are strange and novel in the eyes of our people. I have no hesi-

tation in saying to you, that it is better in this matter to acquiesce for a while in a long-established custom of deficiency than to stir our people up to suspicion and hostility by the impetuous restoration of a better use. More harm has, I believe, been done amongst us by such attempts to restore bits of a ritual to which our people are unaccustomed than by any other single error. Depend upon it, my brethren, we must, as to these matters—so trifling in themselves, so momentous as indications of a drifting current—inwardly and outwardly manifest ourselves to be men of quietness and peace.”

And again :—“ Many a young clergyman who might have preached Christ, and spread the life of his Church throughout a parish around him, has marred all his usefulness, and raised a host of enemies, by the straightness of his collar or the length of his skirt.”

This moderate and sensible language, if universally attended to, would do away with an infinity of prejudice in the popular mind, and is one index of a certain comprehensiveness of mind, to which we shall probably again find occasion to revert.

In the crowded and active career of the Bishop of Oxford, literature has occupied a considerable space. The list of the Bishop's works is of some length, and includes subjects of different kinds and varying importance. With his wide accomplishments and inherent genius there can be no doubt that Dr. Wilberforce might so have written something to after ages that they would not willingly let it die. But as a rule literature is not satisfied with a half-service. From those who would attain to her foremost ranks, and permanently mould a nation's thought and language,

she requires a concentration of energy and purpose. Two paths lay before Bishop Wilberforce. He might become a great writer, or he might become a great actor on the busy stage of the world and church. To that active and brilliant mind it appeared that the two careers might be compatible. They can only be so to a limited extent. The point is soon reached when the two paths diverge. For a time the Bishop could be both a man of action and a man of speculation, prompt on the platform with his tongue, and in the study with his pen, endowed with a restless activity for all the possibilities of practical good, and at the same time with thought, observation, and wide grasp of mind gathering in the materials for some future *opus magnum*. But *non omnia possumus omnes*. This is a truth in which the eager spirit of man is forced reluctantly to acquiesce. How large a margin must we allow to the wear and tear, the worry and friction, of human life! How few are those aspiring natures who can count on attaining to one-tenth of the objects which they propose to themselves! A man entertains ideas respecting many plans, which his powers and education render perfectly feasible and justifiable, but as time rolls on he feels that he must confine his election to a few, and this narrow circle is again narrowed, and it often happens that of two careers only one must be taken, and the other left.

We think, then, that the Bishop of Oxford might have been a great writer. But slowly and surely he unfitted himself for such a consummation. He came essentially to belong to the order of those who live history, and not to those who write it. That great administrative ability, that great oratorical ability,

that great political ability, were all fatal to his literary renown. And yet the case might have been so different. Those very powers which might have made him a great author, diverted into other channels, refuse to be at the service of his pen. The brilliancy and cogency, the pathos and humour, the imagination and eloquence, which have made him a prince among the great talkers of the age, comparatively desert him in the solitude of his study when he quietly addresses the world through pen and ink. Run over in your mind the list of the volumes which he has edited or composed. Two charming little volumes are first called to mind. We, of course, remember "Agathos, and other Sunday Stories," followed afterwards by the companion volume of "The Rocky Island." But be it remembered that these were composed at the outset of Bishop Wilberforce's career, when it was still possible to hope that their author's great powers might produce some permanent additions to our literature, and his restless and crowded public career had not yet opened fully before him. Were ever Sunday stories more beautiful than these? The youngest child may hang in breathless interest over the narratives, and the oldest man, sadly looking back upon the story of his well-nigh closed life, might find consolation and instruction in their sweet and serious wisdom. We know Canon Kingsley's "Greek Fairy Tales for my Children," an admirable work of its kind, and which approximates most nearly to these Sunday stories. They are indeed more elaborate, more of a work of art, but as respects direct serviceableness, and teaching, expanding, kindling the mind of Christ's little children, they do not enter into the comparison. The

happy father himself told these stories to his children at his own hearth; "the eldest has been fully interested by the simplest narratives, and the youngest has understood the most difficult." The answers to the questions are in some cases the very answers which he received from his children. The powers shown in these stories are not inferior to those exhibited by the great masters of Allegory, and which are perhaps found in the highest perfection in the "Vision of Mirza." What a beautiful allegory is that of the boys playing in the garden on a Spring morning, and that classification of the names Agapè, Edone, Argia, Astathes; how well they map out human life and character! Is not this imagery worthy of Addison and Bunyan:—

"Just at this time Agapè was reaching the golden gates; the sun had not quite set, but it hung just over the top of the far hills, and shot a red, golden brightness over everything. Rich and beautiful did these gates shine out before the glad eyes of happy Agapè. Now he could see plainly multitudes of heavenly creatures passing about within; wearing light as a garment, and crowns that looked like living fire. At times, too, he could hear bursts of ravishing music, which the garden seemed always to be sending up on high, and some few notes of which strayed out even into the pathway of the plain. And now he stood before the gates; full was his heart of hope and fear; a pleasant happy fear, as if too much joy lay close before him. Now all the troubles of the way were over, and as he looked back, it seemed but a little moment since he left the beautiful but deceiving in the morning, and all his troubles seemed light. The scorching of the sun,

the weary hill-side, the gin-set forest, and the lion's paws, all these seemed little now; and he only thought of them to thank the King who had brought him so safely through all. As he lifted up his eyes to the door, they lighted upon a golden writing, which was hung over the gate. So he read the writing, and it was 'Knock, and it shall be opened!' Then did he indeed draw in a deep breath, as one does before doing some great thing, and knocked with all his force; and so, as soon as he knocked, the golden door began to open, and the happy boy entered the garden. What awaited him there is not given me to tell, but from the blessed sounds which fell upon my ear as the gate rolled back, I may not doubt that he was entirely happy, for it was as if the sound of a sea of heavenly voices suddenly swept by me."

One work, and one work only, can be fairly compared with this, "The Addresses to Candidates for Holy Orders," in many respects a work of matchless value. The Bishop never appears to greater advantage than when associating with those young clergymen and those candidates for the ministry to whom his kindly counsel and countenance are of the utmost value. The Bishop by no means concurred in the general complaint that a sufficient number of men from the Universities cannot be found for the ministry, and has stated that in his own diocese the number of candidates has not appreciably been diminished. "If the standard of our Church's love and faith is maintained high and pure, we shall not, I am persuaded, lack candidates for her ministry of the right sort. The more abounding temptations of the world, its large bribes of riches and luxuries, will draw off some who

would have joined us, *but we can bear the loss of such.*" We are afraid, however, that the prevalent complaint is well founded, and that the Bishop of Oxford's case was an exceptional case. Other things being equal, there were multitudes of young men who would have preferred being in the diocese of Oxford to being in any other diocese. There were many such who entertained an enthusiastic admiration for the character of the Bishop of Oxford, and who would have willingly and anxiously put themselves under his pastoral care. All that the Bishop did for Cuddesdon College in its foundation and constant supervision, shows how well he understood the peculiar needs and cares of his younger brethren of the clergy, and the interest and affection with which he watched over them. The practical value of the "Ordination Addresses" is very great. The effect which they must have had upon the minds of those who originally listened to them must have been vast and enduring. We have heard at least of one affecting instance of the results with which they have been attended, and that effect is scarcely modified on a perusal, or rather on that repeated perusal which the merits of the work demand. These merits consist not only in the religious value and devotional tone of the work, but in the broad wisdom, the ripened experience, and the very considerable degree of literary talent which it represents. Looking back upon those books which are the memorable books of one's reading, there are not many which we would classify in the same list with this, not many which we would with equal hope and cheerfulness place in the hands of one we love, and bid him study it and think over it.

But passing away from these, and looking down

the list of the Bishop of Oxford's other publications, our recollections are mainly disappointing. Let us faithfully recall our impressions. Take the "History of the American Church." How singularly dry and unattractive does a great and interesting subject become! There is no greater testimony to the intrinsic interest of this most worthy theme than the fact that the Bishop's work has attained a third edition. He has singularly failed both in the conception and the execution of an historical work. He has neither background nor foreground. It is difficult to say to what historical school he belongs. In fact, he belongs to no school at all. He does not belong either to the pictorial school of Macaulay or the philosophical school of Guizot. There is no broad conception of the history, or vivid development of details; no pictures which haunt the imagination, no happy phrases which linger in the memory. It may also be very much questioned whether the Bishop's book would have seen the light if it had not been for Dr. Caswall's work on the same subject. The one work almost subsisted on the other. Take again the volume of "Replies to Essays and Reviews," where his name is on the title page, and the publishers speak of the Bishop as the editor. Those who have examined the work will note the vast general inferiority, both in tone and treatment, of this volume as compared with the "Aids to Faith." In what sense the Bishop of Oxford is spoken of as the editor of this volume it would, in fact, be very hard to determine. The Bishop had contemplated writing something which should be careful and critical, but he found no time. The publishers selected the different writers of the

different contributions. The Bishop did not even revise them. When he wrote his preface to the different articles he had not even read the articles. This is certainly the most unworkmanlike fashion of editing with which we are acquainted. But when the work was published, the Bishop had ceased to be an independent author, and generally confined himself to writing little prefaces to little books. The Bishop's fate with his publishers was singular. From the hands of Mr. Seeley, the representative of one extreme school, he passed into the hands of Mr. Burns, who represented another extreme school, and became a Roman Catholic pervert; his publications are now in the safe and orthodox care of Mr. Parker. Again, take his preface to Mr. Carter's (of Clewer) biography of Bishop Armstrong. It is difficult to say what that preface contains, or why that preface was written, unless for the simple purpose of bringing the Bishop of Oxford's name into the title page, where it occupies a space out of all proportion to the merits of the performance. Again, take his editorship of the "Life of Mrs. Godolphin." Though the preface is of no importance, yet the valuable fragment thus edited is of the highest degree of interest. But that interest would have been greatly and indefinitely increased if the Bishop's historical knowledge had enabled him to add something to our notions of the state of religion in English society in the days of Charles the Second. The ordinary notion, which, speaking roughly, is accurate enough, represents the age as one of unbounded profligacy and unbelief, and yet there were many thousands "who had not bowed the knee unto Baal;" personal religion shone most

brightly in most numerous instances, and it is remarkable that Charles's own ecclesiastical appointments may, on the whole, contrast very favourably with those of most other reigns. Lastly, the "Life and Correspondence of Mr. Wilberforce," though a popular and successful work, by more careful handling might have been rendered still more popular, and still more successful. Moreover, in the opinion of those competent to judge, it is liable to the imputation of a most serious blemish. For it is contended that this life is hardly a fair transcript of the life and opinions of the great opponent of the slave trade and the great reformer of manners, and that facts or documents were so treated as to give not so much Mr. Wilberforce's own point of view as the point of view from which his son and biographer wrote. We believe that the "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," now undertaken by Dean Hook, were originally undertaken by the Bishop. We only add further, we believe one or two little poems of his are to be found in the "Lyra Apostolica," under the signature of Epsilon.

To these must be added the series of Essays which he contributed to the "Quarterly Review." That renowned periodical states that he was "a frequent and regular contributor." He began to write in 1869, on a subject on natural history, and his last article, a few months before his death, was on a similar subject.* He dropped writing after his first

* One of these Essays, a very characteristic one, "The Church of England and her Bishops." He there does not hesitate to cover himself with praise, which, since Dr. McNeile called himself "a great and good man," has hardly been paralleled. He says of Bishop Blomfield

paper, for many years, and resumed it in 1860 by a review of Darwin's "Origin of Species." The volume of Essays gives a heightened view of the Bishop's literary works; but the reviewing of books is generally journeyman's work preparatory to the writing of books. That life of restless and almost fevered activity, the flying from house to house, from engagement to engagement, even writing letters in a railway carriage, conveying the impression that he was to be seen *semper ubique et ab omnibus*, and making his friends draw up admiring diaries of his performances, unfitted him for the prolonged study and quiet thought which should characterize any great work by a great Christian bishop.

Has, then, the Bishop so scanty a title to permanent literary renown? We believe that renown will in some measure be his, certainly not, however, by reason of his literary undertakings, but in spite of them. No one can diligently peruse the oral efforts which have been committed to publication without being impressed by the conviction that they frequently attain the highest point of literary excellence. The misfortune is that, though broadcast over the land for a day, these wonderful speeches frequently die in their birth, and their first breath is their last. Here is a magnificent specimen of Christian oratory, from a speech delivered in Manchester :

“ Will you, by your Church's own instrument, act that “ he had not indeed the tenacious grasp and iron logic of the Bishop of Exeter or *the sustained eloquence and varied resources of the Bishop of Oxford*. The words are omitted from the collected edition of the Essays. They were probably inserted to draw away attention from the real authorship of the article. He wrote of himself in the same way that Sir Walter Scott once reviewed himself.

company the march of your nation's civilization with the blessed seed of the Word and the Sacraments of the Church of God? Can you, as a people, expect to be maintained in your greatness, if you are unfaithful to your trust? Can that which you so give to God by any possibility be lost or wasted? You will tell me, perhaps, that the results are not commensurate with your expectations, and that they justify your coldness. If the time would serve, I think I could answer those charges. Instead of being less than anything we had a right to expect, I think I could prove to any thoughtful man that the blessing of God, as given to our labours, is infinitely greater than anything we had a right to expect, if we measure those labours by the true measure of their simplicity, their singleness, and their self-denial. Men are led astray, so far as that argument goes, in this way. They see the spread the gospel has made throughout the earth; they see it does not make the same spread now; but they forget that they are comparing, perhaps an interval of ten to fifty years with an interval of eighteen hundred years, through which the gospel has been spreading on the earth. So far from its having been a slow, I believe that in many parts of India, for instance, it has been an unexampled spread, and that if men at the beginning had judged by the same standard, they would have turned back from barbarian Phrygia, and never visited distant Britain with the healing sounds of Christ's truth. But even if it was not so—if we did not see the result—that should make no difference in our work. We work not for the results, but we work for God, and we leave the results in His hand. And when man, in his

littleness, looks out and says, 'I do not see the fruit, and so I will give up,' it reminds me, my friends, of what we see even in nature. We look at some mighty estuary which the retiring tide has left bare of the water. We go to one of your own Lancashire shores, and we see there a vast expanse of sand and mud, with little trickling rivulets wearing their scarcely appreciable way through the resisting banks of that yielding ooze; and the man who knew not the secrets of the tide, and the influences by which God governs nature, would say. 'How can you ever expect to see that great expanse covered? Look at those sand-banks—those mud-heaps; how, possibly, by any contrivance are you to cover them? You had better give up the thought, and acquiesce in the perpetual sterility and the enduring ooze.' But high in the heavens the unseen Ruler has set the orb which shall swarm in her time the tides of the surrounding ocean, and when the appointed moment comes—noiselessly and unobserved, but suddenly and sufficiently—the whole is covered by the rejoicing water; and again it is one argent surface, sandless and mudless, because the Lord hath willed it. And by the self-same power, when the appointed hour comes, His work shall be wrought in the heathen mind, and these trickling rills of a struggling Christianity which we have scarcely maintained through the mighty ooze of the opposition of fallen humanity, shall, under the unseen influences of the heavens above, so spring into a rejoicing tide, and cover with the wave of God's truth the regenerated earth. Blessed in that day above men shall the servant be

whom his Lord, when He cometh, shall find working for the result."

Well might the *Times* speak of this speech as "such eloquence as, in former days, roused nations to a sense of their independence, or sent myriads across the habitable world to the rescue of a shrine." There are often in these speeches an abundant imagery, a wealth of energy and phrase, an energetic logic, an impassioned rhetoric, which may compare favourably with the efforts of the greatest masters of ancient or modern eloquence. Careful editing might produce a volume which would find a permanent place in English literature.

Let us now endeavour to attain a view, necessarily rapid and imperfect, of the Parliamentary career of the Bishop of Oxford. It will be observed how the follower of Sir Robert Peel gradually became an ally of the Earl of Derby. In the memorable session of 1846 the Bishop of Oxford first made his appearance in the Imperial Parliament. It was the year in which Sir Robert Peel abolished the Corn Laws, and thereby for ever abdicated political power. The maiden speech of the junior Bishop was made early in the session. Maiden speeches form in themselves an interesting kind of literature, and to be really successful require much thought and care. It is a great mistake for such a speech to be ambitious; it will be recollected how Mr. Disraeli sat down speechless amid the jeers of the House of Commons. On the other hand, such a speech ought to possess substantial merits; otherwise no expectations are entertained, and no definite opinion formed of the orator. On the present occa-

sion it was not an Oxford graduate, fresh from Christ Church, and with the bloom of his college honours fresh upon him, but a man of mature years, who, humanly speaking, had forced his way to the House of Lords by the stress of superior ability and force of character. And the Bishop's first address was marked by characteristics which his speeches never lost. Here was one who was not speaking for any purely political, still less any merely personal object. The love of one's country, a zealous desire for the interests of true religion, the earnest endeavour to ameliorate existing states of unhappiness and sin, are always discernible in these remarkable speeches. Their manifest sincerity, the manifest feeling that they are delivered under an awful sense of justice and responsibility, beyond any effect of eloquence heighten their impressiveness, and must raise the character of the debates in the House of Lords. He spoke on this occasion against the existing system of transportation, and forcibly depicted the evil state of matters in Australia. The venerable Marquis of Lansdowne, who succeeded him in the debate, spoke in words of courteous welcome of the new arrival in the House: he was extremely happy to have in support of his views the testimony and arguments of the Right Reverend Prelate who had, with so much eloquence and force, and in a manner so becoming, adverted to the topics of the debate. The first little warmth in controversy was not long in displaying itself. The Government had introduced the Religious Opinions Relief Bill. The object was to sweep away from the statute-book the remnants of the penal laws affecting the Roman Catholics. The

Bishop of St. David's had complained that his Right Reverend friends had received the measure coldly, reluctantly, and unworthily. Somewhat indignantly, the Bishop, on behalf of himself and others, repulsed this imputation. He would rejoice heartily in the passing of the just and salutary parts of the Bill, but was staggered at some of the details. In the meantime the House of Commons was being torn by the fiercest political storms which had happened since the days of the Reform Bill. In due season the ministerial measure was carried up to the House of Lords. In the course of the debate on the Corn Importation Bill, the question was discussed how far the interests of the clergy would be affected by Sir Robert Peel's legislation. The Bishops of St. Davids and Exeter both spoke on this subject. The Bishop of Oxford rose later, and both spoke on the special subject and addressed himself to the general merits of the Bill. He showed himself a vehement Free Trader. It was as a working clergyman that he was for the abolition of the Corn Laws. I know that the clergy of this country believe that the state of the great mass of the labouring population and the peasantry of England is such that they cannot desire it long to continue as it is. They do not wish to see them and their families suffering from physical want, and from moral and religious destitution; they do not wish to see them living in cottages from which the decencies of domestic life are necessarily banished, and where their children are looked at in their up-growth only with the anxious feeling that there are so many, while the difficulties of obtaining food are daily increasing. Now the clergy see these things practically, and, looking round for a

remedy, they believe it will be found in anything that increases the prosperity of the country." His remarks on the condition of the agricultural labourer have an important bearing on the present condition of things. His picture of the labourers drinking the landlord's health out of empty glasses was very good.

The following was the peroration to this remarkable speech :—

“Beware, my lords, of disappointing those just and righteous expectations. Show the people of this country that your decision of this question is based on the broad, enduring principle of justice to all, not on the narrow and uncertain one of advantage to the few. In coming to this decision on these grounds, you will establish on the firmest foundations the authority of this assembly. In this assembly, I believe, is laid the main groundwork of religious liberty. Let not, I beseech you, the sure foundation be shaken by your decision here. Show that you are ready to make any sacrifice—if sacrifice there be—of that which has been only given to classes for the benefit of the people around them. Your power is indeed great; but there are some things which it cannot effect. It cannot stand, my lords, against the rising tide of a great nation's convictions. Do not be deceived, therefore, by the whispers of flatterers to think that even you can set your curule chairs on the edge of the rising waters, and bid them, on a principle of hereditary prescription, recede and fall backwards from your feet. Do not, my lords, let it be said of the House that the same body which represents the hereditary wealth, prosperity, and rank,

does not also represent the hereditary justice, wisdom, and virtue of this mighty people.”

In the course of this debate, some personalities in execrable taste were directed against the Bishop of Oxford. Some noble Lord was indignant that the junior bishop, in his opinion a very junior bishop indeed, should thus powerfully enter the armed lists of debate. The Bishop tersely declared, if he was old enough to be a bishop, he was old enough to form and explain his opinions on the important subjects which came before him as a legislator. On various other occasions he spoke that session, and the session did not close without its becoming perfectly clear that the new spiritual peer, by his statesmanlike views, his breadth of mind, and his parliamentary influence, was becoming a new influence and power in the House of Lords. From that time, in the pages of “Hansard,” his name is continually to be met in the debates of the House. At that date the Earl of Derby was unquestionably *facile princeps* among the debaters of his day, and perhaps the second place was due to the Earl of Ellenborough. But probably there was no one who, in parliamentary eloquence, approached nearer to them than the Bishop of Oxford.

We can only rapidly glance at a few of the many particulars of this parliamentary career. He acquiesced in the removal of the political services of the Church of England, but he was sure they would all “refuse to entertain this motion if they thought that, by so doing, they in any degree whatever were denying, or losing sight of, or were ashamed of owning, their continued belief in God’s superintending Providence over this nation, or were unmindful of any remembrances of his

mercies to them in times past, or of humiliation for national sins in times long gone by." The measure for admitting the Jews into Parliament was not passed without final and vigorous opposition. By voice and vote he steadily opposed the bill as heretofore, and gave the House, by his own example, a silent lecture on their inconsistency. He opposed also, and more successfully, the legalising of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. "God's law is positive," said the Bishop, at the close of an exhaustive speech on the subject, "and those who take God's law for a guide can have no hesitation in saying to the advocates of these marriages, 'We refuse you a fatal privilege, which may bring down God's curse upon you.'" Among other sharp collisions, the Bishop was once brought into direct conflict with the lay leader of the opposite section of the Church, the Earl of Shaftesbury. He spoke of "The indecency of his endeavouring to steal a march upon us by having the bill read a first time last night, when no one was here who knew what it was: a bill which, I believe, will entirely set aside the fundamental principle of the parochial system of the Church of England. This is the way in which the noble Earl thinks it perfectly fit, decent, and becoming to deal with such a subject in his own aristocratic wisdom." We should have thought, however, that Lord Shaftesbury's high character and great services to humanity might have saved him from so severe a rejoinder. He offered throughout the steadiest opposition to Lord Westbury's law for making divorce cheap and common. In this speech he made use of a sentence which gives the Anglican view of the Reformers: "The minds of great and honest

men, in the first mastery of new truths, were almost intoxicated by the greatness of the draught; in casting away a multitude of errors they were in great danger of losing hold of a multitude of truths." In this debate a controversy arose between the Bishop and Lord Lyndhurst respecting some passages in St. Augustine, and the aged law lord showed a remarkable familiarity with this important department of patristic literature. The Bishop characterised the bill as a haphazard piece of legislation, which changed great institutions without seeing the end of what it proposed. He uttered ominous words which it almost appears the unhappy current of society will ratify and confirm. "It might be long before the public would take advantage of the new law, for such changes seldom appeared in their full effect all at once; but slowly, step by step, it might change the whole moral aspect of the nation, and deteriorate the temper of the people." He always showed himself decidedly in favour of an increase of the Episcopacy by a sub-division of dioceses. He steadily resisted Lord Ebury's proposed relaxation of the Act of Uniformity. He attempted with some success an improvement of the Law for the Protection of Women. Hardly any speech is more magnificent than that against the Palmerston Government on the war with China.

We had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Wilberforce deliver his great speech on the Suspensory Bill. It was in answer to the Duke of Argyll, and we remember how characteristically he brought out the remark that over all there was writ large the word Presbyterian. The Bishop and the Duke constantly were pitted against each other, and were foemen "worthy of each other's

steel." This may be considered the last great speech that the Bishop ever delivered. His speech next year in committee was brief and languid in comparison. Reading it over in print—and you never quite take in a parliamentary oration until it appears in print—the tone appears a little too broad and farcical for such a high occasion, in which such solemn interests were concerned. But no one knew the art of debating better than did the Bishop, how a pungent phrase must flavour an argument, or a witty story illustrate it. It was a lovely afternoon at the end of June, before the dinner hour, that he made this masterly address. It was in the true debating style, the grand talk of the man of the world, who knew how to make his points, and elicit the cheer.

The attitude which the Bishop took up next year was very remarkable. He did not take part in the discussion on the Second Reading, "shut out by the accident of debate." A resolute and earnest opposition would take care that no accidents of debate should prevent itself from being felt. The Bishop of Peterborough took up the clientship of the doomed Church, and its cause was no loser from the fact that he who had hitherto been the most eminent member of the Episcopal bench was silent. The disestablishment of the Church was acquiesced in by the Bishop with resignation, not to say alacrity. It is, indeed, somewhat difficult to reconcile the language of the two speeches. In the first speech the great argument was that the time of endowment is the time of a nation's youth, and that you cannot expect in a late period of history true temporal help will be largely given towards a spiritual mission. "You might just as well,

when you see a man cutting from off an ancient oak a certain part of its branches, tell him to go and plant it in the ground and it will grow up another oak like that which sprung from an acorn, as say to me now in its age, ‘Disendow the Irish Church, and trust to the vitality of your religion to re-endow it.’” It is interesting to compare with this speech the language of the Bishop in Committee. “There is one thing of which I am convinced—that, while an Establishment is to a particular Church in many ways a blessing unspeakable, no Church which cannot stand without an Establishment is worth being established. . . . I shall believe she will prove herself to be the true Catholic Church of Ireland, raising, in the greatness of her love and learning, more than she has ever yet done, the bulk of the population.” Whenever we begin to “Hansardise,” not bishops themselves are exempt from the consequences. A great deal must be put down to the cause of perorations. Whenever a man begins to perorate, his periods lengthen, the imagination is fixed, all possible vistas are opened up, and the orator who has so far made language his instrument, when he perorates, becomes its slave.

In Parliament and on the platform the Bishop, in a popular point of view, was, perhaps, seen to the greatest effect as one of the most accomplished, versatile, and eloquent speakers of the day. His Christian oratory probably attained its highest culmination in the pulpit, where a very eminent measure of success is at the same time most difficult and most rare. Incessant demands were made upon the Christian kindness of the Bishop in multiplied requests that he would officiate in various churches; nor was this to be won-

dered at, since the presence of the Bishop frequently had the effect of doubling the amount of the offertory. And these requests were so frequently complied with, as far as human ability could extend, that most persons have a tolerably clear conception of the character of these sermons. They do not abound with those passages which the author of the "Dialogue on Oratory," perhaps Tacitus, calls *lumina* and *sententie*, bursts of eloquence, or carefully constructed paragraphs which are the different centres of a discourse whither all the other portions converge. But from first to last these sermons are intensely emotional, marked by intense energy and feeling, which are suggestive of vast and indefinite energy and feeling beyond that manifested, only held in leash by strong self-command, and a desire to allow to argument a predominance over feeling.

The wonder is how perfectly Bishop Wilberforce adapted his oratory to the various audiences he was called upon to address. His peers in Parliament might be instructed and delighted by his preaching, and assuredly have had to listen to the most plain-spoken language of reproof, to the most emphatic warnings against sensuality and selfishness, and indolence and pride, all that fungous growth of sin which is the accompaniment of a high state of civilization. Again, the Bishop was a favourite preacher before the University. That wonderful power of suasion, which is the true secret of true rhetoric, is as visible here as elsewhere, but rhetoric alone will never rivet the attention of a University audience unless it rests upon the substantial support of sound learning and sound sense. We wish those who so often harshly judge

and speak of the Romanizing tendencies of the Bishop, would study those sermons which he has expressly preached against the errors of Romanism. One of these is on the "Blessings of the Reformation," which we would commend to those English clergymen who speak of Protestantism with contempt, and lament the Reformation as the schism of the sixteenth century. Read also that remarkable sermon on the last Roman dogma of the "Immaculate Conception." Read these noble words—

"We must protest anew against this monstrous effort to corrupt by man's additions the revealed truth of God. We may not lawfully accept such new dogmas. On us, in our day, as having inherited the pure deposit; on us, as witnesses and guardians of the ancient faith; on us, as solemnly set to interpret God's Word as from of old it hath been interpreted, the duty is imperative to declare that this is not what God's Word reveals; that it is not what apostles taught; that it is not what the Church hath learned; that it is another gospel. And so this day, from the bosom of this ancient University, as the Bishop of this Church, set in trust with this guardianship, in God's name, and with you all as witnesses, I solemnly denounce it."

Surely this is a magnificent passage. We can hardly recall any passage of any sermon that exceeds its magnificent simplicity and energy. Again, once more, there was no one who was more emphatically the poor man's preacher than the Bishop of Oxford. On one occasion at least, a poor man having heard him preach, "made so bold" as to ask him to come to Derby and preach to a number of poor men, which

the Bishop promised to do, and was accordingly as good as his word.

“We were ourselves present,” writes a friend, “on one occasion in St. Pancras Church, at a special Wednesday evening service for the working-classes. The intimation that the Bishop of Oxford would preach of course crammed the church. The whole of the spacious floor was filled, mostly with the class for whom the service was intended; the galleries were set apart for others. Men in their working dresses were there by hundreds, and in all it was calculated that there were more than three thousand people in St. Pancras that evening. The Bishop ascended the pulpit; there was evidently a feeling of curiosity on the part of his rough audience, but the result was one of the greatest triumphs of real, simple, hearty eloquence that it has ever fallen to our lot to witness. For about an hour and a quarter did the Bishop continue his address, and during the whole of that long time one might literally have heard a pin drop in that vast church. His language was as plain and simple as could be; there was not a word that the most uneducated could have had a difficulty in understanding; but the secret of his powerful charm we have already stated—it was evident earnestness, the manifest heartiness and sincerity with which he preached to his hearers the message which he was commissioned to deliver.” Before passing from the sermons of the Bishop, we must be allowed to give a last extract. It is from a sermon preached in the chapel of Windsor Castle on the Sunday before the marriage of the Prince of Wales, and published by the command of Her Majesty. It both glanced at the

coming joy and dwelt on the grievous loss. The text was (Rom. xii. 15), "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep"—

"Now, startling as this may look at first sight, how deeply human is it when we gaze into it more closely! For first, how are these blended always in this world! Where can we ever find the one without the other? Where is the house of feasting in which there are not in some lone chamber or other the bitter herbs and the unleavened bread? Where is the blessed sunshine without the dark neighbourhood of some weeping cloud? Even if they seem in any life to be for awhile parted, how inevitable is the union! The sparkling cup of joy is followed evermore in sad succession by the cup of tears; and it comes surely round to each one in his appointed turn. Where is the rich inheritance of earthly love without sooner or later the deep anguish of separation? Where does not the brightness of the festal dance change, even as it is lengthened out, into the slow procession of the veiled mourners?

"Nor is this all. Even beyond it, there seems to be in ourselves, as we are here on earth, a hidden sacramental union between joy and sorrow, even at the same time in the same heart. This may not indeed be perceived in the frivolous, who weep childish tears, which dry as soon as they are shed, and laugh with an idle surface merriment in which the soul scarcely seems to join. But it is plainly marked in the working of deeper spirits. In them these highest fountain-heads of emotion lie close beside each other. In them great joy is a very solemn strain, and often finds its truest utterance in a sigh; it is a trembling

mystery, which declares itself outwardly rather by the welling over of the tear of delight than by the shallower acts of a noisy laughter. In them, if God has given to them the grace to yield themselves to his will, and to lie passive in his hands, a deep abiding grief is, not unfrequently, the best possession which life as it advances has left to them ; for like the aroma which is shed around from the crushed leaf of the spice plant, with the bruising of their heart is mingled evermore in the stillness of their resignation the fragrance of undying recollections, and the sweet breath of expectant hopes."

The Bishop often spoke to his clergy on the subject of preaching, and he was certainly not one of those who are likely to exaggerate the importance of the ordinance, and to give it an overweening measure of prominence. It must have been interesting to listen to the instructions of so great a master of the sacred art. Foolish preaching and the foolishness of preaching are two very different things. The Bishop forcibly contrasts the too frequent dulness and monotony of the pulpit with the care and vigour which characterize the leading article of the newspaper. He has expressed his opinion that simple idleness is the principal cause of poor sermons ; according to the caustic saying, " the sermon which has cost little is worth just what it cost." Idle preachers and idle hearers go together. With the greatest leaning towards *ex tempore* preaching (if indeed that can be called *ex tempore* preaching which has exacted the most careful preparation) he dwells strongly on the importance of writing one's sermon. For many years one sermon a week ought to be written. It would be

well to write a sermon carefully, and then preach from mere notes. The Bishop dwells strongly on those chief necessities of prayer and study; on the necessity of a clear statement of any theological formula involved, of reality, and of earnestness. In an image of clear poetic beauty, he teaches a precious truth:—"In secret meditation and prayer that love which is the life of ministerial power must evermore be nourished, as, on the mossy mountain top where the seething mists distil their precious burden, are fed the hidden springheads of the perennial stream which fertilizes the lower vale."

Some of the Bishop of Oxford's hints on preaching possess, in point of fact, an autobiographic interest, inasmuch as they are hints manifestly drawn from his own experience, and he himself best illustrates their use and value:—"If any thoughts strike you with peculiar power, secure them at once. Do not wait till, having written or composed all the rest, you come in order to them: *such burning thoughts burn out*. Fix them whilst you can. I would say, never, if you can help it, compose except with a fervent spirit; whatever is languidly composed is lifelessly received. Rather stop and try whether reading, meditation, and prayer will not quicken the spirit, than drive on heavily, when the chariot wheels are taken off. So the mighty masters of our art have done. Bossuet never set himself to compose his great sermons without first reading chapters of Isaiah and portions of Gregory Nazianzen, to kindle his own spirit. Study with especial care all statements of doctrine, to be clear, particular, and accurate. Do not labour too much to give great ornament or

polish to your sermons. They often lose their strength in such refining processes. Do not be the slave of your manuscript, but make it your servant."

Beyond the sermons there are several other directions in which the Bishop in his episcopal character has made religious addresses most deserving of consideration. Such as (a) Addresses to candidates for holy orders; (b) Confirmation addresses; (c) Charges to the clergy of his diocese. Of the first we have already spoken, and expressed our opinion of the great and permanent value which belongs to them. To us there is something always peculiarly interesting in a confirmation address. We think that this is generally the case; and almost invariably in his charges the Bishop dwells on the momentous importance of this epoch in the life of the young—that favourable sowing time which, haply, may yield hereafter a most abundant harvest. In one of his charges the Bishop was able to give an affecting proof of this:—"A Crimean chaplain tending, after a battle, the dying inmates of the army hospitals, found one—and at that time but one—of the wounded men whose soul was manifestly filled with the love of Christ; and he traced all his religious life to the labours and the grace of a confirmation in this very diocese." We would especially direct attention to some of the confirmation addresses delivered to the Eton boys. Once we heard the Bishop deliver a double confirmation address in Paris. We say a *double* address, inasmuch as the Bishop addressed the candidates both before and after the rite—"my sons and daughters," as he called them in earnest and affectionate terms which produced a visible effect. If we

may judge from the Paris instance, not only the female candidates, who always muster in goodly numbers, and seem sensitively alive to the solemn teaching they then receive, but the boys showed somewhat unusual signs of a good work in themselves.

The *charges* of the Bishop must have been listened to with peculiar attention by his clergy, and may be turned to good purpose by clergy and laity at large. Almost prophetically, in his primary charge, the Bishop guarded himself against future misapprehension, and besought a charitable construction of his actions. The charge generally gives a summary of all diocesan work, and a clear unwavering opinion on the most important subjects which at the time were arising in the Church. Each charge was constructed on the system that in the first division of it there should be a complete diocesan report of all the work done before the usual discussion of controversies and movements in the Church at large. In all there are eight charges. It has been truly said that if anyone will compare these charges with the contemporary charges of the Bishop of St. David's he will be able to gain a very complete view of the history of Church movements and Church thought in the present day. The final farewell charge was given in 1869, and there the Bishop sums up his work. The amount raised during his Episcopate in the three archdeaconries for churches, church endowments, schools, houses of mercy, and parsonage houses, amounted to a total of *two millions one hundred and thirty-three thousand, six-hundred and thirty-two pounds*. The total number of churches restored during the quarter

of a century was two hundred and fifty. The new or rebuilt churches were one hundred and twenty-one. The number of new or restored churches was more than half of the whole number in the diocese. Nor was the Bishop less active and successful in other kinds of work, which it would be difficult to state under a statistical form, or display in a balance sheet.

Some of the personal touches in these charges abound in interest and pathos:—"One other master feeling is present, and must find utterance, one of deep thankfulness to you, with whom the providence of God has connected me in the rule and government of His Church, for unnumbered acts of kindness. As I look around me at these gatherings of laymen and of clergymen from centre to centre in the diocese, I am moved to wonder, and to doubt whether other dioceses can yield to their bishops such a body of kind personal friends and warm-hearted and able coadjutors as God's goodness has granted to myself." At the triennial November gatherings the voids made in the ranks since the previous visitation are carefully and feelingly noticed:—"Our business, even more than that of other men, will not brook delay. From our hands surely 'the King's business requireth haste.'" Thus speaks the Bishop on one of these occasions:—"With increasing earnestness, if I know anything of myself, do I desire to be a fellow-helper of the joy of every one of you; to rule, for so God has willed, as a brother amongst brethren; to love all, to be loved and prayed for by all; to help you all without distinction or difference in your work for Christ, that so, through His grace, I and you 'may finish our

course with joy,' and the ministry which we have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." In the charge of 1863, this is his solemn and affecting language:—"The greater knowledge which time gives me of the diocese; my better acquaintance with its clergy and laity; my largely increased affection for so many of them; the disappearing from amongst us of honoured and beloved faces (twenty-eight of our incumbents gone since last we met); the more detailed knowledge which I have of the difficulties and disappointments as well as of the successes and blessings of our common ministry; an increasing sense of personal imperfection, and a growing expectation of the end of my ministry;—all deepen greatly the broad lines of care, anxiety, and solemn reflection with which season after season I meet you."

One of the Bishop's greatest services to the Church was the revival of Convocation. The service would have been greater if he had given, so far as in him lay, a fairer constitution to Convocation. It is remarkable that he never would form diocesan synods, probably thinking of his own diocese. *L'état c'est moi*. Perhaps he was warned by the example of the Bishop of Exeter, who had fought for the diocesan synod so stoutly and abandoned it so readily. He was the first bishop who urged the revival of Convocation, and, as his manner was, he one by one brought round the other bishops to his opinion. One by one Convocation has regained its rights, saved itself from premature prorogation, obtained leave to deliberate, obtained "letters of business." In the Upper Chamber, the drawing-room where some elderly prelates

address some half-dozen reporters, his influence was supreme; nothing was done till he came, and he practically to a very great extent guided the deliberations of the Lower Chamber. He used to hold Convocation breakfasts, in which he would gather all sorts of people about him, and talk them over to his opinions. No one better knew the diplomatic purposes to which a breakfast, that most conversational of meals, could be adroitly turned. At the same time Convocation was never in favour in high places, Lord Lansdowne had denounced it as novel, far-fetched, and dangerous, and the Court was bitterly hostile and greatly excited against the proposal. Strong words were used as to persistent exclusion from preferment of all who favoured the movement. The Bishop was probably aware that he was sentencing himself to be nothing else than Bishop of Oxford all his days, but he took his stand on this great question and adhered to it through good report and evil report.

That diocesan work on which the Bishop so repeatedly reports ought to be glanced at in order to give any degree of completeness to this chapter. That work embraces such a multiplicity of details, and such admirable organization, as to go far to make the diocese of Oxford a model one among the dioceses of England. The Diocesan Theological College at Cuddesdon has attained so high a character that its members are eagerly sought for throughout the country, and can only fractionally satisfy more than one half of the demands made upon it. The system at Cuddesdon is of the best type of an English college, and, so far as we can discover, does not merit that unfavourable

criticism which has sometimes been applied to these theological colleges. The Diocesan Training, at Culham, is either all but self-supporting or altogether so; its standard is raised, its numbers are overflowing, its usefulness is generally appreciated. The schoolmasters which it sends out, and who are now instructing many thousand scholars in different parts of the country, the various Lenten services in Oxford and in other chief towns of the diocese, have brought multitudes within the teaching of the most earnest and most enlightened of our clergy. Again, look at the Houses of Mercy, the Sisterhoods, established in the diocese at Clewer, Wantage, and Oxford. Or take the report of the different dioceses. It would be quite worth a man's while to purchase and study the "Diocesan Calendar," published by Mr. Parker, in order to obtain a bird's-eye view of the vast machinery for good in the three counties of Berks, Oxford, and Buckingham. There is the Church Building Society, the Spiritual Help Society, and an admirable society for raising the income of all small livings to two hundred a-year. There is a great work of Church education going on. There ought also to be mentioned the great assistance which the diocese renders to the leading religious societies of the empire. There is a constant action of the Ruridecanal Chapters; there is an annual gathering at Cuddesdon of rural deans and unpaid school inspectors. The Lent Missions which he and his company of preachers established in one place after another throughout the diocese were the precursors, the most remarkable precursors of the present Mission system. For four years there has been an annual gathering of the clergy—first at St. Peter's College,

Radley, and afterwards at Exeter College, Oxford—“for communion, worship, brotherly intercourse, and addresses upon some leading questions of theology, to be followed by free discussion on the subjects so opened.” The scheme worked admirably, and an annual volume was published, with a preface by the Bishop, giving a tolerably full account of the sermons and addresses. The Church Congresses at Manchester and Cambridge were an expansion of this, in which the Bishop of Oxford had his share, and related his Con-nemara experiences, and thus has come to pass the established institution of the Church Congress.

One of the pleasantest *souvenirs* of the Bishop's life must have been his connection with Robertson, of Brighton. Robertson had known him at Winchester, and coming back from a stay on the Continent asked him for employment. Bishop Wilberforce offered him the curacy of St. Ebbe's. It was rather odd that a man like Robertson should have gone to a man like the Bishop. He had maintained an internecine war with Tractarianism; and at a crisis of his spiritual life he writes, “Even the Tractarian heresy has vanished from my mind, amid the stormy conflicts with worldly passions and pure Atheism!” It is not to be wondered at that Robertson should go to the Bishop and frankly tell him that he did not hold and could not preach baptismal regeneration. The Bishop answered, “I give my clergy a large circle to work in, and if you do not step beyond that I do not interfere. I shall be glad, however, to hear your views on the subject.” After an hour's conversation the Bishop said, “Well, Mr. Robertson, you have well maintained your position, and I renew my offer.” Robertson ac-

cordingly went and refused his promotion to Brighton. At last he left the matter entirely in the Bishop's hands, and the Bishop told him to go.

This restless activity of the Bishop's will long remain a tradition in the Church of England. Of no other public man were the appearances so various and numerous. As a conversationalist he was unrivalled, unrivalled as a speaker, *impromptu* or prepared. He had all the newest anecdotes, and had read all the newest books. Occasionally he seems to have read new books in manuscript. How often a good anecdote would be embedded in his remarks; we will just cull a few. He was speaking of a man who objected to definite religious teaching. "A friend was walking round this man's garden one day, and he saw one spot which was eminently qualified to serve as a strawberry-bed, but it was grown over with weeds nearly a yard high. His friend, being of an economical turn of mind, said to him: 'Why do you let that beautiful ground, which would do so well for a strawberry-bed, lie waste!' Being a man of conscientious views he replied: 'Because I did not think it right to prejudice the ground in favour of strawberries. But not prejudicing the ground in favour of strawberries led to an immense crop of perfectly useless weeds, which took great pains to seed themselves and grew again time after time. So in all attempts to teach children, if you do not prejudice their minds in favour of strawberries, weeds will come in very great abundance.'" It is impossible to read his speeches without culling many a golden saying, many a brilliant illustration.

But as one who knew him well writes, "We do not care to quote *bon mots*. It was his whole con-

versation that charmed. There was such an astonishing variety about it—theory, argument, disquisition all poured out together, and all transfigured by his exquisite diction and his wonderfully flexible voice. Bishop Blomfield, Bishop Thirlwall, all the best Oxford men, lions brought down from London or elsewhere (once we met Rajah Brook), he drew out all—as a conversationalist he surpassed all. Blomfield was all but supreme as a storyteller. Samuel Wilberforce added a superior charm of grace which makes us put him first. Then those Cuddesdon College anniversaries, and the sunshine which he seemed to diffuse around him over the hundreds whom he brought together.” It must be said, however, that the hospitalities of Cuddesdon were often diffused over too wide a surface. Like other great country houses, there was often a stream of visitors pouring through it, and the life became too much mere hotel life. The guests had sometimes reason to complain that they saw nothing of their distinguished host. They might listen to the stream of eloquence and anecdote, but they found it impossible to penetrate beneath the glittering, polished surface, into that quiet, earnest home-talk that they would desire to have. Again and again have I met with persons who spoke of their intercourse with the Bishop as a great disappointment. I once heard the story of a young lady whose whole nature had been deeply impressed and moved by the Bishop’s teaching, whether by speech or publication. It was the darling wish of her heart that she might meet the great Master in Israel and receive from him some measure of direction and consolation. To her great joy, a letter came one day

from a friend, saying that the Bishop was about to stay at a certain house, and inviting her to make a visit at the same time. It was one of the Bishop's flying visits—one of the pleasantest sorts of visits—the dress day, rest day, and guest day. He was to preach on the Sunday, and be gone on the Monday or Tuesday. He came, and as usual, saw and conquered. All the little society clustered round the brilliant orb. A stream of anecdote, repartee, and illustration flowed forth from a very ocean of information

ἔστιν θαλάσσα, τίς δέ νιν κατασβέσει;

there was no suspicion of the exhaustion of such a vein. He spoke on all things, down to the "hyssop on the wall," and being a great naturalist, he would be particularly fertile on the subject of the hyssop. But there was no religious reference in all that conversation, no opportunity of ministering to an anxious and burdened mind. Sunday came, and brought with it a sermon of unexampled fervour and eloquence. Still there was no pause in the restless, eager stream of conversation; every subject had its place except the one subject which overshadows all others. The anxious lady thought she would try one last chance. The Bishop was leaving very early the following morning, long before the usual breakfast-hour, and the young lady arranged with her hostess that she should come down and give him his coffee. She had then the great privilege of a *tête-à-tête* with the Bishop. The same meteoric conversation streamed and flashed before her. She strove to attain to a deeper tone, but was unsuccessful. There seemed to be no opportunity of showing him her burden of anxiety and care. At

last the Bishop's horse was brought round to the door. With an uncontrollable impulse she advanced to the horse's head, and said, "My Lord, are you always *thus*? Are you always so brilliant and clever and amusing? Is there any time when sorrowful people may speak to you about their souls' troubles?" The Bishop started back in sudden amazement. His colour went from him. But then leaning forward, he was his best self again, and in words inexpressibly touching, he gave her to understand how in his position the world was ever about him, but gave her also to understand, that, though he might not have shown it, he was full of deep sympathy for such a case as hers. And then he rode away.*

On one occasion I remember his taking the chair at the annual meeting of that excellent institution, the London Library. The ordinary business had been transacted very rapidly, and there seemed every probability that the proceedings would come to a swift termination. Then a member rose to bring forward a motion to the effect that the Society should employ a pony and cart for the purpose of conveying books to the residences of members. Apparently there was no seconder, and the Bishop seemed very eager to close a discussion on this trivial point. There was almost a look of despair on his face when somebody or other said, "I second the motion." Then ensued a long and animated debate on this important subject of keeping the pony-cart. The poor Bishop suffered dreadfully during this infliction. He kicked his legs restlessly about, until at last we settled that we would

* I give this anecdote on authority that quite satisfied me without vouching for the exact form I have given it.

do without the pony-cart. His only way of beguiling the time was by taking stock of his auditory and incessantly inquiring who this or that individual might be.

This circumstance was illustrative of the Bishop's wonderful knowledge of faces and his masterly manner of building up personal influences. His knowledge of individuals was something extraordinary. The individuals themselves were often astonished by it. A dear friend of mine, a London curate, went down into Berkshire to fulfil a few weeks' duty as a *locum tenens*, that kind of office which has made almost a new order in the Church of England. He happened to go to an evening gathering where he met the Bishop. Bishop Wilberforce at once took him by the arm and playfully said, "Now what do you want, coming here into my diocese?" The Bishop knew all about him. I remember once meeting the Bishop at a friend's house in Paris. An American friend was with me, the late Bishop Boone. Bishop Boone asked me to introduce him. The thought of introducing two bishops to each other was really too much for my feelings. I realized Boswell's feelings in introducing Johnson to Paoli, that he was an isthmus uniting two great continents. I went to our host, and requested him to make the introduction. When Bishop Wilberforce advanced with his beaming eye and benignant manner that would give a friend the notion that he had been his waking and sleeping thought for months before, he greeted his Episcopal brother as an old acquaintance. Bishop Boone declined the soft impeachment. Bishop Wilberforce appeared to insist that he knew him well. "My lord," said Bishop

Boone quickly, "*I live in China.*" It was impossible, however, to disconcert the Bishop, who immediately rejoined, "Ah, yes; I know you by correspondence!"

The Bishop was, perhaps, not free from the drawbacks that attend a great social popularity. To his many claims on the sympathy and kindly consideration of the Church, the Bishop added that of the sanctity of sorrows. We intrude on them only so far as the facts are before the world. He lost the wife of his youth. He lost his son, dying where a father might least grudge such a death, while fighting in the service of his country. He had the keen unhappiness of seeing one beloved relative after another abandoning the communion of the Church of England for that of the Church of Rome. He himself spoke of flagging spirits worn down by deep grief. Incessant work told upon his health; and in his latter years he himself felt thoroughly the insecurity of his tenure of life. Yet when the Bishop went abroad for rest, much of his time of relaxation was devoted to arduous work. The Paris Correspondent of the *Guardian* gave an account of a sermon which the Bishop preached at the chapel of the Avenue Marbœuf:—

"Every unengaged seat was occupied nearly an hour before the usual time of service, and standing room was no longer to be had at a later period . . . Unfortunately, as the preacher's feelings rose, and his voice with them, the latter failed, having been evidently overtaken, and it seemed at one moment as if he would be unable to proceed. By an effort, which I fear must have greatly aggravated the evil, the Bishop forced himself to continue to the end; but the

edification gained by his auditors was at the price of very severe exertion to himself. Nothing could be more forcible or more in season than the word spoken on the great subject of the day, or than the allusion to the perils and distraction of foreign residence."

No imputation has been more frequently made upon the Bishop than the want of personal sincerity. Quite a collection of passages might be adduced, in which the "courtier-like" qualities of this distinguished prelate have been impugned. Many of these have been written with a disgraceful acrimony and personality which have rendered them as harmless as valueless. The subject is not an agreeable one, but it has unhappily acquired a degree of prominence which requires some remark. We are not certain that some of the Bishop's own admirable qualities—the suavity of manner, the hearty sympathy, the ready intelligence—are not partially the cause of this fundamental misapprehension of his character. The Rev. Rusticus Expectans meets the Bishop, and like all the world is charmed with that frankness, courtesy, and kindness of manner. He thinks he is thoroughly understood and appreciated in a quarter where the appreciation may help him towards that bettered clerical position which is an object of legitimate ambition. And consequently when the living of Foot-in-Clover falls vacant (val. "£480 and ho."), Rusticus Expectans thinks that his chances are better than the chances of other people, and when these are frustrated, thinks that he has a right to feel neglected and injured. We sincerely believe that our supposed example, R.E., represents only an infinitesimal minority of his clergy.

Like many men of generous and impulsive nature, the Bishop might at times employ more kindly language than he afterwards, in point of fact, found himself able to carry out practically. A parallel has sometimes been drawn between the Bishop and the late Sir Robert Peel. We should be sorry to suppose that this parallel holds entirely good. Sir Robert Peel, beyond his great historical fame, was a man of great virtues and great sacrifices, yet seems to have suffered from some obliquity of moral sense which is likely permanently to chequer his fame. Some such acts, as the procedure in the case of Dr. Hampden, which the present Bishop of Gibraltar so energetically condemned at the time, will remain a matter of controversy among those who study the character and career of Bishop Wilberforce.

But we are afraid that, on the whole, the Bishop was a disappointed man. He was a Bishop, indeed, but he must have felt and known that he was one who deserved to be Archbishop, and would give a higher character to the see of Canterbury than a man of safe and golden mediocrity. A sudden and extraordinary flush of prosperity was succeeded by a stationary position, that probably fretted him at times. In the days when he was the most popular and successful of country clergymen two curates had come to him. Each of them was a singularly accomplished and earnest man. Each, however, was destitute of the higher honours of his University. Each probably regarded it as a point of professional honour and success to be associated with such a renowned rector. The names of these curates were Richard Chevenix Trench and William Thomson. Not without a kind

of irony each curate became an Archbishop, and so far distanced the famous rector and famous prelate. Dr. Trench, after a long interval, had succeeded him at the Abbey, and it was sometimes said that in his reading he imitated his former rector's style. But Bishop Wilberforce, with characteristic generosity, set this misconception right, and said he used to consider Trench one of the best readers he had ever heard, and had rather sought to imitate *him*. By marriage the Bishop had become connected with an enterprising Scotchman whom a Snell exhibition had sent to Balliol, and whom he lived to see Archbishop of Canterbury. There is no doubt that he would have greatly wished to have been Archbishop of York. Yorkshire had been his cradle, the county for many years had been associated with his illustrious father, and many of his keenest sympathies must have been with the masterful northern folk. He had reason to hope that this high preferment would have been his, but he was disappointed. The disappointment must have been very general on the part of all his friends. He was perhaps too brilliant, too original, too masterful to be a safe Primate of All England, but the northern primacy was not more than the due of the foremost prelate on the bench, and a new vast field of labour would have given full scope to his vast powers and a welcome change from the old well-beaten paths.

The desired change was, however, years and years in coming. He did wonders during his brief tenure of Winchester, during which Farnham and the full See never came to him; but the public had hardly learned to leave off speaking of him as the Bishop of Oxford when he died, and as Bishop of Oxford he will always

be best remembered. Since the time of the great Bishop's death there has been little else than a pæan of praises on his history and his work. About the time of his death died also his great opponent in the House of Lords, Lord Westbury, probably the keenest and cleverest lawyer in England, but whose legal wit did not prevent him from blundering his testamentary arrangements, leaving as chequered a fame as his predecessors, Verulam or Macclesfield. It is remarkable how such an event as this was quite dwarfed in comparison with the mighty loss which the country had sustained in the sudden death of the Bishop of Winchester. That brilliant star of Church and State had been quenched so awfully on the ill-omened Evershed Roughs. The death of Sir Robert Peel by an accident almost precisely similar, a brute's careless tread, had not aroused a greater sensation of astonishment and sorrow. For the moment the country had little attention to give for any meaner loss. It was indeed a good sign for England that the loss of so much moral and spiritual power, such earnest intellectual life, was reckoned as something infinitely deeper than that of the wealthiest and cleverest lawyer of the age. A key-note was then struck of heart-felt sorrow, generous appreciation, hearty condonation of errors, which has ever since prevailed, and which almost makes it appear an unmanly and sacrilegious act to detract in anything from that supposed perfection of nature.

The Bishop must have known that he had won his place in the history of his Church and land, and he would least of all desire his niche to be unduly magnified or his character exaggerated by uncritical praises. His influence, intense and powerful while it

lasted, was not of the permanent type. His powers were chiefly exerted in the society in which he moved, the public life in which he played so prominent a part, and with the fading recollection and the passing away of that society his fame will vanish into a tradition. In that social life there had always been an undercurrent of stern criticism on the Bishop, imputing to him worldliness and insincerity. He was one who, in courtly polished speech, had often let his yea be more than yea, and his nay be less than nay, who had made or implied promises which, though sincerely made at the time, were perhaps incapable of accomplishment. No great struggling cause will be associated with his memory. No work of his, if we except the children's books which he produced in his country cure, will permanently take its place in our national literature. Everything he did had an immediate effect, and produced pleasure and praises. But little will remain as the permanent result of so much feverish activity. He will live for ever in the hearts of those who were brought within the magic of his eloquence, his courtesy, his wonderful charm of address, that combined the wisdom of innumerable serpents with the softness of innumerable doves. A still nobler and more enduring effect will be found among those crowds who were brought within the range of his spiritual influences, whose hearts were warmed, elevated, purified, and their lives amended by his utterances when most sacred and unselfish, at his highest and his best. These will endure, when the alloy caused by incessant contest with the world is forgotten. But for subsequent generations the legend will be true, *magni stat nominis umbra*. For us, however, in our own day

his name is one of pathos and of power, for the most brilliant and thrilling recollections of his achievements.

In the earlier part of his career it was plain sailing, comparatively speaking, with the Bishop. He thoroughly understood the whole Roman Catholic controversy, as it stands in many a tome of Anglican and Romanist theology. But he could not, in the same way, precisely understand the new signs of a new time, the new heavens studded with new constellations. The Rationalist controversy and the Ritualist controversy had assumed new, vast, and imposing aspects since the days when his theological ideas had crystallized into their permanent shape. To combat them, as he might have combated them in early life, required new weapons, new armour, which he had not proved. To the last, in the opinion of those who knew him best, he never fully understood the exact character and dimensions of those new phases of unbelief which are disturbing the Church and the world. He would mistake men for windmills, and windmills for men. He was perfectly satisfied with the great objective truths of Christianity, and firmly believed that Christianity was almost identical with Anglicanism. He fought vehemently, and at times randomly, against the new heresies which perplexed his soul. He was late in making up his mind about Ritualism, but at last he took up a firm and decided attitude. For a time he seems to have regarded it as a pardonable efflorescence of Anglicanism. It might even be said that he was not without some degree of sympathy and appreciation for a movement whose variegated blossoms might perhaps indicate real fruit. In these hopes he was bitterly disappointed, and after

hoping against hope, he was prepared to throw the whole force of his vigorous nature into the attempt to counteract the growing evil. The very last words that he uttered in the House of Lords were to the effect that he utterly abhorred the attempt to Romanize the Church of England.

It so remarkably happened that only a few days before his awfully sudden death there had been a meeting of Archdeacons and Rural Deans at Winchester House. He spoke with great freedom on this Ritualist question, and conveyed the impression that the future days of his Episcopate might present some marked differences from its earlier portion. Several of the clergy took notes, and a collation of notes has yielded pretty well the *ipsissima verba*. The Bishop seems to have spoken with the utmost plainness of speech, and with interesting touches respecting his own personal experience. He thus speaks of the Confessional:—

“Then in families, it introduces untold mischief. It supersedes God’s appointment of intimacy between husband and wife, father and children; substituting another influence for that which ought to be the nearest and closest, and producing reserve and estrangement where there ought to be perfect freedom and openness.

“And lastly, as regards the person to whom confession is made, it brings in a wretched system of casuistry. But far worse than this, it necessitates the terrible evil of familiar dealing with sin, specially with sins of uncleanness, thereby sometimes even tending to their growth, by making the horrible particulars known to those who have hitherto been innocent of

such fatal knowledge, and so poisoning the mind of priest and people alike. A fact which has of late been very painfully brought home to me.”

“Secondly, in regard to Ritualistic observances. There is a growing desire to introduce novelties, such as incense, a multitude of lights in the chancel, and so on. Now these and such things are honestly and truly alien to the Church of England. Do not hesitate to treat them as such. All this appears to me to indicate a fidgety anxiety to make everything in our churches assimilate to a foreign usage. There is a growing feeling, which I can only describe as an ‘ashamedness’ of the Anglican Church, as if our grand old Anglican communion contrasted unfavourably with the Church of Rome. The habitual language held by many men sounds as if they were ashamed of our Church and its position; it is a sort of apology for the Church of England as compared with the Church of Rome. Why, I would as soon think of apologizing for the virtue of my mother to a harlot! I have no sympathy in the world with such a feeling. I abhor this fidgety desire to make everything un-Anglican. This is not a grand development, as some seem to think. It is a decrepitude. It is not something very sublime and impressive, but something very feeble and contemptible.”

He thus speaks on the subject of Non-Communicating attendance, on which so much stress is laid by the Ritualists:—

“Then what a dangerous consequence results in *non-communicating attendance*. Pressed not even for physical reasons, it brings us back to the great abuse of coming to the sacrament to be spectators instead of

partakers, and so we have the condition of things arising in our communion which already prevails in the Church of Rome. I heard of a Roman Catholic priest triumphing greatly in the fact that he had *two male* communicants. I went to the Church of the Madeleine, at Paris, at 5.30 a.m. several times, in order to observe what was the practice. It was always the same thing, the priest communicating alone, or one or two women occasionally joining him—the whole attendant congregation satisfied to remain looking on.

“That this custom is creeping into our Church is not an accident; neither is it brought in for the purpose of making children better acquainted with the service. That would be a great help. I have found the benefit of it myself when my own father used to take me to church and leave me in his seat to read hymns which he had selected for me, while he himself communicated. That, I say, was to me a very great help. But this is recommended under quite a different impression. It is under the idea that prayer is more acceptable at this time of the sacrifice; that you can get benefit from being within sight of the sacrament when it is being administered. It is the substitution of a semi-materialistic presence for the actual presence of Christ in the soul of the faithful communicant. It is an abomination, this teaching of non-communicating attendance as a common habit.”

Those who are not utterly blinded by the worst rancour of religious party in looking back upon this wonderful career, will acknowledge that seldom a good man has been so great, or a great man has been so good. The public character of a great man ought

to be dear to all of us, and rank among the richest of a nation's possessions. Let us guard such jealously. Let us judge it charitably. Let us view it generously. Differences of opinion must needs arise, but how often does an invisible unity underlie the visible difference. The blessed sunshine of heaven is heaven's light all the same, although variously coloured according to the medium through which it streams, whether it falls through the oriel on the tessellated floor in the hues of purple, orange, or gold. It has been no part of our duty to concern ourselves with heated controversies or acrimonious personalities. It has rather been our effort to bring clearly forward the intense reality and activity of this distinguished prelate, and the great practical good which, under God, we may trust it has effected. No one can follow the manifold traces which the late Bishop of Winchester has everywhere left upon our current history, without being struck with his untiring energy, his devotedness, his great legislative, his great administrative ability—the power, the eloquence, the lore. Such a career will earn for itself a page in the history of England—a page in the human history of the Holy Catholic Church.

CHAPTER V.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

IN the moderation and many-sidedness of his character, Dr. Tait has the main requisites for an archbishop of our modern days. The days are passed when the Church required in an archbishop a strong motive-force that would change the aspect of society and shape the destinies of a country. She has no further need of an Anselm or a Lanfranc, a Beckett or a Cranmer. Such names indicate the steps and stages by which the Church has climbed into that happy estate in which it is "hurt by no persecution," and its learned chiefs enjoy the repose won by more powerful and less tranquil minds. All the elements that make up the "safe man" meet in the Archbishop. On the solid groundwork of essential Christian character he has based the catholicity and toleration of a large nature, the power of sympathy with many varying orders of mind and schools of thought, and a liberal cast of tone and taste which harmonizes very thoroughly with the modernism of the nineteenth century.

Dr. Tait is one instance out of many instances of the progress and prosperity of Scotchmen south of

the Tweed. Scotland at least will never raise a cry of Home Rule. She settles all her own affairs in a sort of quiet vestry in the House, and is able to secure in every department of public life the best prizes that England has to offer. A little while ago we had together a Scotch Prime Minister and a Scotch Archbishop of Canterbury. They occupied the seats nearest to the throne itself. We expected very much from Scotland, but we hardly expected to find it a nursery of archbishops.

On one or two occasions Dr. Tait has shown himself autobiographical. He once told the story how as a child he was grievously lamed, but was cured by a man who might vulgarly be called a quack, but in effect proved an admirable practitioner. His father combined the character of laird and lawyer, being both a country gentleman and "Writer to the Signet." His grandfather was for many years Lord President of the Court of Session. We are told, also, that he was brought up on the paternal estate of Harriestown, in the picturesque neighbourhood of Stirling Castle. His boyish studies—and he was long *Dux*—was at a school renowned throughout Scotland, which has furnished many good scholars to the universities, the Edinburgh Academy. From thence, as is often the practice with the most promising boys of the High School and the Academy, he was transferred to the University of Glasgow.

It is hardly possible that many of our readers are unacquainted with Glasgow. The first general impression of Glasgow is a miscellaneous one of mist and smoke, and ignores the palaced terraces of its west end, and the interesting antiquities of the old city. But anyone whose acquaintance

with Glasgow was at all minute, knew well the old college, which extended its sombre frontage of imposing length down a considerable part of High Street. Once the High Street was opulent and imposing enough, and some of the tenements might still befit merchant princes; but society has floated away westward, there as elsewhere, and left some few of the respectabilities stranded high and dry in their accustomed habitudes. The college has followed the example, and has been rebuilt in the Champs Elysées of Western Glasgow. Let me recall that old college as it once was. You entered beneath an arched gateway, over which was an oaken wainscoted common room, superior to most of those at Oxford and Cambridge. A wide balustered stone flight of steps led to this. The first quadrangle was the Divinity Quadrangle, which led into a second, where were the class-rooms of Natural and Moral Philosophy, Logic, and Mathematics. A passage conducted you into a third quadrangle, if we may so term a space which was not entirely closed, in which were the class-rooms of Greek and Humanity (the last being the quaint old name for Latin), and one side of which was the fine Hunterian Museum. The buildings also contained a fine hall and a library of stately proportions. On one side was a kind of square, devoted to the residences of the professors. Behind was the college green, as described in *Rob Roy*, of comparatively vast extent, which kept the country alive in the heart of the crowded city. So early as half-past seven in the morning in those days (modern degeneracy has now made the hour later), the Greek and other class rooms were open; and long before that time, hosts of students

were cutting their way to the college through the palpable fog. Their bright scarlet cloaks, and the eager faces of the wearers, might be distinguished by the abundant gas-light. It was very striking to see that large assemblage in mediæval garb, which modern degeneracy is also going far to abolish, waiting for the doors to be opened, while night was still overhanging, or the stars were beginning to wane in the first flush of dawn dimly breaking through the mist and smoke of Eastern Glasgow.

Student life at Glasgow is wholly unlike student life at the English Universities. The life is totally diverse, both educationally and socially, and for the most part the comparison is very much to the disadvantage of the Scottish system. In some respects the Glasgow system is very like that of continental universities. The professorial system is exhibited with a completeness and energy to which Cambridge can furnish no parallel, and Oxford only of late years a measure of parallel. Lectures on similar subjects are delivered almost daily for nearly six months every year at Glasgow by scholars no less learned and distinguished. But there is no regular system of periodical examination by which the studies of a period are gathered into a focus, and the men classified in their relative position. Neither are the students subjected to any supervision or control; they are all of them *commorantes in villâ*, scattered through the great city in private lodgings or with their friends. They decide the prizes by their own vote, and, though a flagrant exception now and then occurs, this custom, as a whole, works very fairly. They also have the privilege of electing their Lord Rector (why

don't they elect Archbishop Tait?) and the long roll of the rectors contains many of the most illustrious men whom the country has produced. The Glasgow system works very well for those who purpose embracing the Presbyterian church, which is the largest element among the students. The time and attention which they are obliged to give to Latin and Greek are extremely limited, but they have the vigorous intellectual training so congenial to the Scottish mind, and then they pass through the curriculum of divinity. The result of all this training is that Scottish clergymen are trained scientific divines, and that a Scottish sermon in which there is a want of close thought and biblical knowledge is well nigh an impossibility. The position of the students indefinitely varies. Some are the sons of merchant princes of Glasgow, and a few the sons of territorial magnates in the country. Sometimes there is a great notable, and it may be told you with conscious pride that the late Marquis of Breadalbane was a student here. A great proportion consists of those who are striving to struggle into a profession from a lower stratum of the social system. Young men study through the Winter who live very much like hedge teachers in the Summer, and we have heard an odd story that a learned professor recognised in a coalman, who was depositing a load at his country residence, a student who had been exemplarily diligent in attending his sessional prelections.

The University has been comparatively barren of great scholars. Of Greek scholars it has had but few, but always a respectable body of really good Latinists. Of late years it has furnished Cambridge with some of

its most distinguished wranglers. There is, however, always a knot of students who, differing from the mass of their contemporaries, study Greek and Latin year after year, and who make the university answer, as far as it can, the purposes of an English public school. There are certain glittering prizes which are the great attractions to these. There are ten Snell exhibitions from Glasgow University to Balliol College, Oxford. They are of great value. No English school is able to boast of such. They are of the unusual amount of a hundred and thirty pounds a year. They are tenable for the unusual period of ten years. They have given many an able man a lift into fame and fortune, and enabled him to plant his foot firmly on English ground. Such were Lockhart of the "Quarterly," Sir William Hamilton, and various others. To this list was added the name of Archibald Campbell Tait, the future Archbishop. We have met with strenuous Presbyterians who grievously bemoan this state of things. You take away the flower of our youth, thus argued Presbyter Amicus with us, and send them to Oxford and sometimes to Cambridge, where they at once renounce the church of their fathers for your prelatial and Erastian institution. It was first of all a matter of convenience for them, and they end by really liking and even vehemently espousing the Anglican system, and I think it very wrong and unfair. Thus argued Presbyter Amicus with us, in the days when Plancus was consul; and we rejoice to think of a certain letter which P. A.—when wiser and older he was a Presbyterian minister—wrote to us, and exhorted that we should cling fast to the dear, grand old

Church of England. Nothing is more delightful to our mind than to contemplate how the progress of Christian love, and knowledge, and tolerance, and catholicity is abolishing theological feuds and party spirit, and gradually bringing all Christian men on each side of the border into real unity, and even approximating them towards a visible uniformity. How astonished would be the old Presbyterians who raised the Edinburgh riots, which were the first step towards the Great Rebellion, if they could see the present state of their churches in Glasgow and Edinburgh! The rich decorations are dimly visible in the mellowed light of stained oriels; various preachers very closely approximate to a liturgy and make no scruple of affirming the correctness of the principle; the abomination of a written sermon, for which a pious clergyman would have been "rabbed" in the old days, is of frequent occurrence, and Glasgow Cathedral has been actually and ecclesiologically restored!

We do not know whether in those days the young Greek prizeman was Presbyterian, or whether he belonged to the Episcopalian Church of Scotland, which, hardly reformed to the same extent as our own, flourishes, a most important body, in vigorous and inherent life. In our point of view it is quite immaterial to inquire. One remark may, however, be offered. We are all of us, more or less, the creatures of our antecedents; more so than, with all our candour, we should like to acknowledge, and with all our self-knowledge we are likely to be really aware of. The decided tastes given us in our youth cling to us with the closest tenacity through advancing life. The High Church party in London, or rather, we

should say, such of them as have discussed this matter with us, complained that the Archbishop does not fully like, or understand, or sympathize with them. This was the case before the "Archbishop's Bill," and more so now. "For my own part," said the Archbishop on one occasion, "I greatly desire that all might agree with myself in loving a very simple ritual; and when they undertake self-denying works for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, in doing this work in the very simplest and least eccentric form. But if there be minds which love those very forms in things indifferent, which I dislike, and yet love God and Christ far more, I dare not seek to make my own tastes the measure of the Church's liberty." These are noble words. But the reflection certainly arises, that had Dr. Tait's younger experiences been southern instead of northern, continental instead of insular, or rather had he been brought up in Episcopal England instead of Presbyterian Scotland, he would have been able to place himself in the position of the High Churchman, and to realize the point of view he takes, and his tastes and sympathies and aspirations, in a manner and degree which his early associations, according to the mental laws which control character, have now rendered impossible. Nothing is more admirable in the Archbishop than the kindly and comprehensive manner in which he is able to reproduce for himself the thoughts and position of others, to understand their difficulties, and to make allowance for their exaggerations. With a total absence of the *odium theologicum* he can comprehend the feelings and motives of rationalists, and while earnestly contending for the faith against their errors, can speak with

tenderness and leniency of the men themselves. The discussion of all kinds of intellectual difficulties is natural enough to one of Dr. Tait's training. He can find abundance of common ground with Nonconformists, and with regard to what is at present a large section of the Church of England, the Low Church, were it not for certain "broad" tendencies, he might, for his intense sympathy with their earnestness and effort, be looked upon as their chief and representative. It appears to us, and we are simply giving our own impressions, to be taken at their worth, that his Scotch training has left a decided influence upon his character, an influence which in many respects has been happy and beneficial, but which has gone some way towards incapacitating him for a thorough appreciation of anything which at first sight might appear Romanistic, however unjustly such a term might be reproachfully applied. Broad, historical views, and a philosophical study of the complex nature of the human mind, more especially of that imagination and feeling to which Revelation so graciously condescends, will always aid in the better intellectual comprehension of those whose system differs materially from our own. But the Venusian adage is true how the generous wine evermore retains the early flavour which was accidentally imparted to it.

The names of the professors under whom Mr. Tait studied will always be recollected in Scotland—Mr. Buchanan, the late Professor of Logic, whose great ability in his chair it would be impossible to exaggerate; and the late Sir Daniel Sandford. Sir Daniel K. Sandford is only not celebrated *sacro quia*

vate caret. He used to kindle the enthusiasm of his student for the Greek language to an extent which it would be impossible to reproduce. During his lectures his class-room would be crowded with excited listeners, and it was the ambition of the Glasgow ladies to know something of that declamatory scholarship. It was the ambition of Sir Daniel to exhibit his splendid abilities in Parliament. The facile gods have overturned whole houses at their owners' wish. He was returned member for Renfrew. A great speech proved a great failure. Sir Robert Peel, the last man to be affected by the eloquence of a Greek rhetorician, vouchsafed him a very cold measure of attention or regard. Sir Daniel did not long outlive the disappointment of his political hopes. In many respects he reminds us of a very clever, but also very over-rated man, W. M. Praed. Each, brilliant and versatile, sought and obtained a seat in Parliament; each made a great failure; and each died not very long afterwards. Sir Daniel might have rested content with the great and merited reputation he possessed as Professor of Greek at Glasgow. Mr. Tait was one of his favourite and most distinguished pupils. It is impossible to over-rate the eulogium which such a statement conveys. The work to be expended on the Greek language to one who would do full justice to the Glasgow course, is of a very heavy description. If my readers should ever meet with a book, "Memoir of Halley," he will see how ardent young Scottish students, under the influence of such a professor as Sandford, will work and work on until they drop, and learn a quantity of Greek and obtain a familiarity with it which is astonishing.

Mr. Tait obtained the valuable and much-coveted Snell exhibition. It is not given away as the result of a competitive examination, but is decided by the votes of the Professors. Although personal considerations may at times influence these, yet the comparative merit of the candidates is a consideration to which great weight is deservedly attached. The young scholar speedily vindicated their choice. Within a month of his matriculation he obtained an open scholarship. We may briefly sum up that brilliant academic career by stating that in 1833 he took his first, and in 1835 became Fellow of Balliol.

He was a prominent member of the Oxford Union Club, and, if we recollect aright, became President. At present the debates of the Club are held in their own magnificent room, which, we believe, Mr. Ruskin considers one of the finest in the world, the walls of which are nobly adorned with paintings illustrative of the Arthurean cycle of romance. They were then held, we think, at the large room at the "Star." People in the country are sometimes confused about this famous club. A local newspaper writes: "Boards of Guardians sometimes do strange things. The Oxford Union has been discussing the financial policy of Mr. Gladstone." We have heard it remarked that the debates at the Union are quite as good as those in Parliament, only much shorter and considerably more animated. The *modicum* of truth contained in such an exaggeration is this, that those who make a great figure at the Union generally do very well in Parliament, if they can get there; but in most cases youthful enthusiasm is replaced by the *senatorius decor*. Bishop Tait illustrates these remarks, as also some of

his compeers at the Union at this time—the late Lord Herbert, the late Lord Elgin, the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Cardwell, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Gladstone. It is a curious incident that he was once fined for irregular conduct at the Union. A *jeu d'esprit* commemorated the circumstance,

“with thund'ring sound
Tait shook his tassell'd cap, and sprang to ground,
(The tassell'd cap by Juggins' hands was made,
Or some keen brother of the London trade,
Unconscious of the stern decrees of fate,
What ruthless thumps the batter'd trencher wait),
Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar,
Of Tait indignant, rushing to the war.
In vain the chair's dread mandate interfer'd,
Nor chair, nor fine, the angry warrior fear'd.
A forfeit pound th' unequal contest ends,
Loud rose the clamour of condoling friends.”

In the course of his further details of this curious episode in the history of the Union, we are told that next term Tait appealed to the House against his fine, but could not obtain its remission; and the late Chancellor of the Exchequer can boast to his dying day that he has made the Archbishop of Canterbury pay twenty shillings for disorderly behaviour.

What greatly raises the character of the debates at the Union is, that men speak who have completed their academical course, often with the highest honours the University can confer. Mr. Tait gave further completeness to his academical career by spending some time at a third university, at Bonn on the Rhine. A residence on the German ground can hardly fail to give greater interest and reality to the study of German theology, which has done so much to enrich our own theological literature, and to furnish and

equip the minds of some of our best writers in Divinity. Dr. Tait, in his "Suggestions Offered to the Theological Student" (1846), protests against the notion, which, though the offspring of sheer ignorance, has not yet been altogether abolished, that the writings of all German divines are tainted with Rationalism. Thus it is he writes, years after his residence at Bonn: "The author of the present volume is deeply sensible of the very limited range of his own acquaintance with the divines who are thus looked upon with suspicion; but he has thought it a duty, in order to protest against this prejudice, as well as for other reasons, to refer distinctly to the few of whose assistance he has availed himself. For it is of much importance that English readers, if they do not know it already, should learn that Germany has to boast of writers, in almost every department of theology, who unite the deepest learning with a sound and earnest Christian faith; and that it is to such writers we shall be mainly indebted if the infidelity which is commonly associated with the name of their country be smitten and overthrown."

Mr. Tait had now taken holy orders and a curacy. In his case we may be quite sure that this was done not only with that high resolve and sacred feeling which we would fain hope is well-nigh common to all candidates for holy orders, but after those broad inquiries, and that intelligent thoughtful deliberation, and that acquaintance with different churches, which necessarily can only be the case with a comparatively limited number of ordained persons. A list might be drawn of illustrious men, who, with every inducement and every desire to enter the ministry of other religious

bodies, have, as the result of deliberate judgment and comprehensive inquiry, entered the service of the Church of England. Such a list would be headed by those two illustrious school-fellows, Bishop Butler and Archbishop Secker. We understand that Dr. Tait's step of entering the English Church some years later ensured the disappointment of what must have seemed his fairest and most cherished hopes in life. Mr. Lowe, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, stated that he experienced a similar disappointment. In 1838, through the death of Sir D. K. Sandford, the Professorship of Greek at the University of Glasgow became vacant. It is a post of great honour and emolument. The duties are not heavy, and its value must not be very far from fifteen hundred a year. It, moreover, leaves the Professor at the most absolute liberty for six months of the year. Mr. Tait offered himself as a candidate; there was a peculiar appropriateness in his so doing, and the chances of his election must have been, if not certain, very considerable. But the state of the law interposed a difficulty. It was questionable whether a Clergyman of the Church of England could become a Professor of a Scotch university. And in this way the candidateship came to nothing, and the appointment went to a Cambridge man instead of to an Oxford man. This was one of those marvellous brothers whose mastery over Greek is so extraordinary that as babes they must have lisped in Greek Iambics. It must be a matter of regret that this unrivalled scholar has not yet produced any learned or original work which would give him a wider and more permanent fame than he now enjoys. It is to Professor Lushington that Mr.

Thackeray pays one of the highest of his few compliments in one of his works, and of whom Mr. Tennyson sings:—

“And thou art worthy, full of power,
 Though gentle, liberal-minded, great,
 Consistent, wearing all that weight
 Of learning lightly as a flower.”

His native country being thus, in a measure, closed against him, Mr. Tait devoted himself anew to the England of his adoption: he did manful work for his University and his Church. In conjunction with his illustrious friend, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, he issued a pamphlet on the “Revival of the Professorial System.” He had work to do as tutor of Balliol, and those who know to what a splendid state of efficiency the tutors of Balliol have raised their college, will be able to appreciate this. In 1841 he was Public Examiner. In 1842 he took his D.C.L., and we are not aware that he has ever taken a degree as Doctor of Divinity. But he was now even more active as a clergyman than as a scholar. Those were the days in which the Oxford movement was busy and came to a culmination, the days of Newmanism, as it was first rightly enough entitled, although an absurd nickname has since been given, derived from a most learned and venerable canon of Christ Church. The present generation of Oxford men hardly realise the excitement and controversy which shook Oxford. It was the “Essays and Reviews” *furor* concentrated in a local focus. But let Dr. Arnold state the case against Newmanism:—“It is because my whole mind and soul repose with intense satisfaction on the truths taught by St. John and St. Paul, that I abhor the

Judaism of the Newmanites ; it is only because I so earnestly desire the revival of the Church, that I abhor the doctrines of the priesthood. The moral fault, as it appears to me, is the idolatry, the setting up some idea which is most kindred to our own minds, and then putting it in the place of Christ, who alone cannot be made an idol and cannot inspire fanaticism, because He combines all ideas of perfection, and exhibits them in their just harmony and perfection. But it is clear to me that Newman and his party are idolators ; they put Christ's Church and Christ's Sacraments and Christ's ministers in the place of Christ's Himself." Dr. Arnold even thought that some of them deserved hanging. By-and-by Newmanism produced its numberless perversions. "Alas !" writes Bishop Tait, "the age in which we live has produced miserable examples of very many persons trained in the pure gospel teaching of our Apostolic Church, led away by excited feeling, some in the vigour of health, some in the languor of sickness and approaching dissolution, to a miserable worship of human saints, and of the Lord's human mother, into which in their sober moments they could not have believed they could ever fall."

Mr. Tait, we believe, was one of the four Oxford tutors who pointedly drew the attention of the University to Tract 90 and procured the condemnation of its doctrines. Ever earnest in his defence of the truth, Mr. Tait was always the most courteous of opponents, and for him controversy was deprived of its normal bitterness. Dr. Arnold relaxed towards the last something of the vehemence with which he opposed these errors. It is the inevitable

misfortune of controversialists that, while keenly analysing the errors of the party they oppose, they are apt to overlook that measure of the truth and good which is mixed up with or underlies that error. We are persuaded that had Dr. Arnold's valuable life been spared he would materially have modified the language which we find in his *Correspondence*. The so-called High Church party have outgrown many of their extravagances. Before the Ritualistic phase commenced there had been an elimination from their ranks of those who could not conscientiously remain in the communion of the Church of England. If we have now many more churches, and in those churches many more services; if there has been an increase of clergy, and an increase of the episcopate; if patristic literature is more thoroughly and generally studied; if there has been a growing return to primitive faith, reverence, and obedience; if men have cheerfully given the best of their lives and substance in the lavish and unselfish adornment of the House of God, rather than of their own habitations, all these have been essentially evolved by the Oxford movement. But all these are quite consistent with the simplest forms of Christian faith, and dependent on them and sanctioned by them. Surely it is not impossible that minds of comprehensive Christianity may arbitrate between conflicting and apparently irreconcilable difficulties.

On the morning of the 12th of June, 1842, Dr. Arnold died. The account of his death is the most striking chapter in the most perfect biographical work which this century has produced. He had been fourteen years the head-master, and raised Rugby to the

height of its reputation, and created for himself a pure fame, which time, as it rolls on, strengthens and confirms. Mr. Tait, by the excellence of his testimonials, the one thing which originally procured the appointment of Dr. Arnold, was appointed head-master by the trustees. The lamented death of Arnold had happened just at the conclusion of the half year. On the first Sunday of the next half year, the school re-assembled in the chapel under the new head-master, and that inaugurating Sunday was fittingly observed with funeral service. It was only a few Sundays before that the most illustrious of English schoolmasters had been stricken down by sudden death. That chapel is especially associated with his revered memory. He had claimed the right to minister there on the most precious and real of his duties, he had contributed to it its richest adornments, and he is the only head master who is there interred. Rugby sermons are now an integral part of our theological literature. Dr. Arnold's sermons rank first and highest. Dr. Tait has also published his Rugby sermons. Dr. Goulburn's various volumes of sermons have doubtless, to a considerable extent, a Rugby origin. Lastly, Dr. Temple's Rugby sermons have a special interest and value. Dr. Tait has an interesting allusion to his predecessor under "Gospel Facts and Doctrines."* "As it is sometimes implied that Dr. Arnold favoured such a view of the *unimportance of correct belief*, I think it right to record my conviction that had that great man been now living, he would have been in many ways admirably suited to destroy this most mistaken system. Few men who ever lived

* See "Dangers and Safeguards," p. 121.

have had a more ardent faith in those doctrines which he deemed essential, or have more clearly understood or illustrated how Christian doctrine, if really believed, must affect practice. Any one who reads his sermons, or follows the record of his daily life, must see that his whole soul would have revolted from a Christianity which was to furnish no positive Christian truth." In the year 1846, he published the book from which this is an extract, with a preface dated from the school-house, Rugby. The great school flourished under his days far more than under the days of his immediate successor. The incessant duties of the school, combined perhaps with a somewhat anxious temperament, brought on a serious illness, which led to a termination of his connection with Rugby. There were some remarkable scenes at the time. It is not often that a master leaves his school with such marks of affection and honour as Dr. Tait received in 1849.

Dr. Tait is now Dean of Carlisle. Lord John Russell conferred the appointment on the promotion of Dr. Hinds to the see of Norwich. Dr. Tait has subsequently stated in the House of Lords that he was a certain number of years in finding out what the duties of a dean of the Church of England might happen to be. The "Saturday Review" glibly proceeded to give a full explanation of the duties of a dean—mainly to study hard, and write great books. But it is hardly supposable that some forty deans would simultaneously become illustrious authors. It is certainly desirable enough that learned clergymen should be advanced to that position of ease and independence which would enable them to continue those studies which have already earned them fame, and

occupied the best part of life. Such persons, however, as often miss as hit the mark of a deanery. But the appointment of distinguished scholars is not in every case enough. A dean, from his position of dignity, ease, and affluence, may be of inestimable use among the clergy of a populous city, active among the foremost in all good words and works. The Dean of Carlisle soon found himself abundance of work to do. His successor, Dr. Close, has declared that he found it hard work to keep pace with his predecessor in all that he had been doing for Carlisle. In addition to all this, Dr. Tait was busy as a member of the Oxford University Commission, to which his friend, Dr. Stanley, was secretary.

We always think that Carlisle, "the City of the Army by the Wall," must be a peculiarly interesting city to reside in. The deanery itself is an interesting residence. Writers on ecclesiastical architecture speak with admiration of its roof, erected nearly four hundred years ago, of its curious square head oriel of the fifteenth century, and of its tower. The cathedral, formerly the abbey of a monastery of Austin canons, is rich in beauty and association, and, thanks mainly to Dr. Tait, is now found in renovated splendour, very different to what it was described in 1639; "like a great wild country church, outwardly, so was it inwardly, neither beautiful nor adorned one whit. The organ and voices did well agree, the one being like a shrill bagpipe, the other like the Scottish tune, the sermon in the like accent. The communion was received in a wild and irreverent manner."

As Dean, one of Dr. Tait's first cares would be connected with the sacred fabric of which he was the

principal custodian. Great restorations were effected, and about £15,000 were in this manner expended. The first view of Carlisle Cathedral is very disappointing. It has no nave, and this heavy loss irretrievably mars the whole. Nevertheless, a repeated and more intelligent examination discloses that though the exterior is unfinished and unprepossessing, the richness and delicacy of the choir is remarkable. Dean Tait and his allies did their best. The transept roof was raised, a decorated window was inserted in the north wing, Bishop Appleby's unique roof was opened and coloured under the direction of Owen Jones, and water power was applied to the organ. In the course of these repairs, a cross of the seventh century was discovered built into the transept. Dr. Tait, however, would be the last man to occupy himself entirely with the work of ecclesiastical restoration, important though it be, and to lose sight of the still greater object of building up the "temple of living stones." At Carlisle there is a large population of poor artizans, and the Dean addressed himself to their improvement in true missionary spirit. Additional pulpit service was secured for the poor, the visitation system was improved, every good educational work aided and advanced. We are informed that it was mainly through his exertions that the grammar school of the city was rebuilt, and its system of education extended and improved.

It pleased God to visit the Dean with domestic calamities of peculiarly poignant nature, which throughout the country, from our Queen to her lowliest subject who heard of them, excited heartfelt sympathy. Thus beautifully has Dr. Tait alluded to them:—"The

trials of life greatly affect our mental vision ; rightly used, they make us more sympathizing, more considerate, more tolerant, but they also more deeply convince us of the priceless value of truths which have been our soul's only stay in terrible emergencies. Few mortals pass any great length of time without sickness and sorrow ; and if a man has looked death in the face, or, while well in his own bodily health, has been stunned in mind by seeing fond hopes vanish, he will naturally cling with a firmer tenacity to the great religious truths which bore him up when all else failed, and will be more jealous of any attempt to tamper with those truths than he was when he defended them in earlier life on grounds of mere speculative orthodoxy, having not yet learned to prize and love them through—what must be to each practically the surest test—their tried value to his own spirit.” It has been said that Her Majesty's personal sympathy for Dr. and Mrs. Tait led to the elevation to the See of London. If this was the case it was only incidentally so. For one who had been in succession Fellow of Balliol, head-master of a great public school, and dean of a cathedral, to be promoted to a bishopric was very much a matter of course, especially in the case of one whose labours in the Oxford University Commission would alone have quite sufficed to bring prominently into notice.

Upon the passing of the “Bishops of London and Durham Retirement Act,” in 1856, the vacant See of London was conferred upon Dr. Tait. The appointment was received with general satisfaction, which widened and deepened as the character of the new bishop became better known and appreciated. His

Episcopal career has been one of incessant usefulness and activity, varied only by well-earned seasons of travel or repose. In 1868 he was raised to the Primacy.

The Archbishop appears, like Dr. Arnold, to regard the divisions of the Church as irreparable, the restoration of the Church as almost impracticable, and to "cling," as he expresses himself in one of his letters, "not from choice but from necessity to the Protestant tendency of laying the whole stress on the Christian religion, and adjourning his idea of the Church *sine die*."* Or rather, we should say, he refuses to regard the Church under any lower definition than "the blessed company of all faithful people." The primary charge of the Bishop was delivered in November, 1858. It was a day which will not soon be forgotten. The charge must have been a heavy trial both for those who heard and for him who delivered it; it occupied no less than five hours. It treated extensively the most pressing ecclesiastical matters of the day. It excited great attention everywhere throughout the country. The Bishop everywhere did the work of an Evangelist: one day we find him preaching in the open air in Covent Garden market; another day he is preaching to the Bethnal Green weavers, who met on a week-day evening in their working clothes; on another day he is addressing the London omnibus-drivers and cabmen in a stable-yard at Islington. In the meanwhile the Bishop developed administrative talents of the highest order, although it may be an open question, as in the case of St. George's-in-the-East, how far their particular application was fully successful.

* Stanley's "Life of Arnold."

As a preacher, the Archbishop of Canterbury hardly calls for any special remark. But even in a critical point of view, Dr. Tait has one distinguishing merit, which may ensure more substantial good than mere showy qualifications. When Demosthenes said that the first, second and third requisite for an orator was action, we apprehend that what Demosthenes meant, was not action, in our modern notion of the word, but earnestness. And this earnestness the Bishop possesses to the fullest extent; it overflows in tone, manner, language, and never fails in being impressive, never fails in producing that effect of reality which mere rhetoric would be powerless to produce. Hardly subject to enthusiasm himself, he is hardly capable of arousing the enthusiasm of others, and we should be surprised if those who ask for his willing aid in preaching a sermon for a charitable purpose, succeed in the object of obtaining a very full congregation or a very full collection; and if he is reading his sermon to a hardly average congregation, the sermon would be considered, if men were discussing a less distinguished dignitary, as decidedly monotonous. This objection would be modified, if not totally obviated, if in the supposed case the Archbishop was delivering not a written but an extemporaneous discourse. There are, however, certain occasions on which the sermons of the Archbishop, both in matter and manner, rise to an unusual and very remarkable degree of excellence. We are thinking of the special services held in St. Paul's Cathedral or in Westminster Abbey. The inspiring associations of the place and scene, the solemn gathering of listening thousands, possibly the knowledge that next morning

the press will be scattering a *précis* of his sermon wherever the English tongue is spoken, most certainly the prospect of doing much good on a large scale, have caused the preacher to give most careful preparation to his sermon, and to evince an earnestness that produces the best effects of absolute eloquence. And on these occasions the preacher addresses himself not only to the heart, but directly to the intellect, the information, and the good sense of his listeners. The sermons then become really model sermons, which every preacher might study with advantage. They do not exhibit the mistakes of many well-meaning but imbecile persons, whose sermons are a miscellaneous collection of tracts strung together by obvious truisms. Least of all do they exhibit the mistake or sin, much less frequent and far more pitiable, of ambitious language and oratorical display, out of mere vanity. The robust sense, the interesting reference to past or current history, the close logical argument that makes men think, the kindly and pointed appeal which makes men feel, all are found in the better order of the Archbishop's speeches and addresses.

Extremely unaffected, but exhibiting more learning and elaboration, are the sermons preached before the University of Oxford. These may be found in a volume published in 1862, entitled "Dangers and Safeguards of Modern Theology," dedicated to the Master and Fellows of Balliol College, "in remembrance of much kindness received, and many years of pleasant intercourse." The immediate cause of the publication of this volume was the "Essays and Re-

views." "Of two out of the seven Essayists it is impossible for him to speak without affectionate regard, connected as he is with them by a friendship of more than twenty years." The "Essays and Reviews" produced a literature of their own; the number of books and pamphlets connected with them may be stated in round numbers at a hundred. Few of them will attain a prominent place in the library of theology, and the "Dangers and Safeguards" will scarcely be among the number. Critics and practised readers would naturally be impatient of a work of which the more important part was published fifteen years before the controversy, and the remainder of which simply consisted of miscellaneous sermons. The work has a certain positive and constructive value, but in the same way that "Scott's Commentary," or Leslie's "Short Way with the Deists" possesses such; they all of them supply a teaching which, if faithfully received, may be a "Safeguard" against "Dangers;" but the Archbishop's work has only this indirect value in reference to the difficulties for which, according to its letter, it would seem to arbitrate.

The Archbishop has not unfrequently spoken in the House of Lords, where he at once obtained a seat. These speeches have been almost entirely ecclesiastical; such as the Exeter Hall services, subscription, the burial service, the condition of the clergy, union of benefices, church extension, and latterly there has been much speaking on the Public Worship Regulation Bill. These are subjects on which he of course speaks with authority; but, firm, sensible, and practical, the Archbishop would on any question make an excellent debater. He has a great variety of offices and duties to

attend to, and he does his work well, apparently delighting in it. He is of course a Privy Councillor, which at times has imposed onerous duties. It fell to his lot as Bishop of London, to decide judicially on the appeal in the "Essays and Reviews" case. As a judge, he coincided in the decision that reversed the judgment of the court below. It has excited considerable criticism and comment—the fact that Dr. Tait did not unite in the protest of the then Archbishops. We do not believe that the Archbishop has any sympathy with the views of such writers; but it has been his lot to be intimate with men of many and most varying sentiments, and to be familiar with this conflict of opinions in a degree greatly beyond the lot of most men. He is friendly to the utmost freedom of thought and decision, and looks mainly to the personal element in each case, the real earnestness, purpose, and prayerfulness of a man, and, when these are present, does not so greatly regard the logical consequence of theological speculations. This tenderness and leniency contrasts, however, somewhat forcibly with the unhesitating judgment in any cases in which "Puseyite" preachers are concerned. As in the instance of St. Barnabas, it will be remembered that, when he preached the consecration sermon of "All Saints," Margaret Street, his sermon, singularly able and faithful in many respects, refrained from the least expression of sympathy with or congratulation on the energy and self-sacrifice and devotion of the heart to God which had raised that sumptuous pile—merely expressing a hope that the church might prove "a fresh help to those whose tastes it gratifies."

It is in the direction of practical labour indicated by

such a sentence that Dr. Tait's strength mainly lies. His great scheme (one in which our Royal Family is taking a warm interest) for raising a million of money within ten years, or rather three millions, for supplying the spiritual destitution of the diocese of London, was the great event of his career, and his best title of remembrance. Bishop Blomfield had been indefatigable in this good work, and laid the foundation of all that was to follow. The subject was mooted in the primary charge, and we believe it was in 1860, when his physicians had confined him to his room in consequence of illness brought on by overwork, and had interdicted all ministerial duty, that Dr. Tait framed and issued his address to the laity on the subject of providing additional church accommodation, especially for the poor. Since then the scheme has grown, and is now one for the complete organisation of a church system in London, which, so far as the irrevocable past will allow, will atone for the neglect of ages.

There are many insulated points in Archbishop Tait's career that might be taken up for discussion. We will briefly quote a remarkable speech which he made at a meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, which was made remarkable by the vigorous response which the Hindoo gentlemen made. That very answer, however, served to give force and point to the Archbishop's remarks :—

“ It is now almost easier to go to a distant heathen land than it was in the days of our grandfathers to travel from Carlisle to London. The whole world has been brought wonderfully near. In old times if you wished to stir up men's zeal for the missionary cause

knowing that the sight was far more powerful than what we merely hear of—it might be necessary to send them to distant lands that they might see specimens of the heathen. But now, take a return ticket to London in the middle of the season; go either to Her Majesty's levée or the Lord Mayor's banquet, or walk even through the streets, and what do you see? A cavalcade of some six carriages bearing the Burmese ambassadors—absolute heathen, who have come to do their homage to the greatness of England in the centre of England. Go to the Temple, where the familiar sight of our barristers with their peculiar costume used formerly to be the only thing we saw, and we find some sixty Hindoos members of the Temple or Lincoln's Inn, still remaining Hindoos and heathen, in the centre of English civilisation. Go, again, to another quarter of the city—to the East end of London—to what is called the Oriental Home, where every specimen of the heathen of the East is gathered together in consequence of our merchandise with the East, living here for months, mixing with our people; or follow Mr. Dickens into the Chinaman's shop, and see there men smoking opium as if they were in the centre of China; or go elsewhere and meet a whole troupe of Japanese, and you will see that a man no more requires to go to the extremities of the earth to be convinced of the claims which the heathen have upon us, and that in our own metropolis we are brought so near heathenism of the worst class that, unless we take some steps, instead of converting the heathen the heathen will be converting us. For this is not merely an imaginary idea. I am almost afraid to say it, but I cannot help thinking that this great

proximity of the East to ourselves has somehow or other infected the philosophy on which the young men feed in our great seminaries of learning, and that men of learning, from rubbing shoulders with men who altogether disbelieve in Christianity, have more toleration for that denial than they had in the olden times; and that systems which have existed for centuries in the extreme lands of heathenism are finding some sort of echo even among the literature and philosophy of this Christian country."

It will be recollected how Dr. Tait overworked himself, and brought on an attack of dangerous illness. In the life of Dean Alford there is an interesting letter from the Archbishop to Dean Alford, dated from Mentone, which only arrived at Canterbury a day or two before the Dean's funeral:—"I write to beg you to give yourself immediate and lengthened rest. Let my example be a warning to you. But I suspect your literary work has been a greater strain than my necessary occupations of business in London, and in my first nine months of Lambeth and the Cut. I earnestly hope that we shall soon hear that you are quite well. If you have never read, read at once Sir B. Brodie's 'Psychological Researches,' and see what amount of literary work he thinks the human frame can stand. I think you are severe on St. Remo, which, if we could only have found beach walks, we should have greatly enjoyed. We stayed there a month, and had many most lovely drives. Will you not come here and refresh yourself at once? What can we look forward to before it is time to turn our faces towards England? The fear of passing through France oppresses us. The French who are here seem resolved

not to believe that any real evil can happen to Paris, and bear as good a heart as possible on the sad state of things. Would that the love of Christ had so taken possession of men's hearts that wars were impossible."

Everyone who knows anything of Archbishop Tait speaks heartily of his pleasant, courteous, kindly ways. Amid all the gravity and care that his high office has brought him, he has still the keen perception of wit and sense of the humorous. There is a singular benignity and whole-heartedness about him; a more Catholic-minded man does not exist. Some measure of criticism might be bestowed on his administration of patronage. He is a man who always takes care of friends; he is devoted to them, and, as a consequence, they are devoted to him. Chaplain after chaplain has been made bishop, or has had a bishopric offered to him. Livings have been distributed to all within the charmed circle. He not only takes care of his friends, but of his friends' friends. Sometimes he puts round pegs into square holes, and square pegs into round holes; as when he has sent men of severe learning and retired, studious habits into the incumbencies of vast poor parishes, as the readiest means of providing for them. Sometimes he has made the popular appointment of nominating to a parish a curate of many years' standing to succeed its deceased incumbent. But we are not aware of any instances in which the Archbishop has sought out any scholar of eminence, or curate of prolonged services, unless a popular cry or powerful interest had been brought to bear on the selection.

The most remarkable point in the career of the Archbishop, by which he will be longest recollected is

his origination of the famous Bill for the Regulation of Public Worship. He was much criticised for the scanty reverence he bestowed on Convocation. But the somewhat Erastian Archbishop thought that even in such matters Convocation must not necessarily have a priority over Parliament. The weak point in the Archbishop's plan was that he proposed to administer a law that is itself uncertain and ill-defined. The Ritualistic party maintain, and allege high legal authority for the assertion, that had the Purchas case been fully argued out, there would have been a different kind of decision. Anyhow they do not appear to consider that it is a judgment that is binding on their consciences. We are afraid that any kind of judgment that condemned their proceedings would equally fail to bind their consciences. Still it is clear that a new judge and a new tribunal have to administer an unsettled law. The Archbishop's strong point lay in his personal narrative of the thousands of pounds spent, and the many years consumed in the ordinary course of ecclesiastical litigation. His case rests on the fundamental axiom that the administration of the law ought to be cheap and speedy. He took great pains in explaining to an ecclesiastical conference the simplicity and honesty of his aim, so supplementing anything left unsaid in his place in Parliament. One criticism that arises is, that this bill was originally expressly levelled against the Ritualistic Ministry in the Church, and was not intended to apply to all parties; and another adverse point was that it dealt with offences against form, and not against morality. If it be truth that the administration of law should be cheap and speedy, it is equally

true that the law itself should be clear and unambiguous, so that whosoever runs may read. The question really narrows itself to this: should you attend first to your tribunal or your laws? have a judge to administer the law, or is the law for a judge to administer? will you put the cart before the horse, or the horse before the cart? If it be settled that we must first ascertain and define the law, it will then be agreed that the law should be settled by Church and State, by Convocation and by Parliament. This brings before us that much-contested subject of Convocation. It cannot be said that Convocation represents the Church in the same way that Parliament represents the country. Convocation does not represent the parochial clergy, who are swallowed up in the vast preponderance of the cathedral clergy. The curates, who form the great mass of the working clergy, are not represented at all. Once an eccentric Archdeacon opposed their admission, but, consistent in his uniform inconsistency, he voted against his own motion. Convocation, until there is some sweeping measure of reform, cannot be held to represent the voice of the Anglican Church. The reform of Convocation is practically the key to the whole position. When Convocation fully and adequately represents the Church, then it will frame the legislation which will meet the Church's needs, and which will obtain Parliamentary sanction. If the Archbishop had worked upon the line indicated, he might have met the just views of all parties, and have framed the legislation that would have settled the peace of the Church for centuries. A decided movement is made in this direction by the letters of business which

authorize a Revision of Rubrics by Convocation. But Convocation itself stops the way. Until Convocation is reformed, its legislation must prove unsatisfactory.

It must be a matter of great congratulation that a sufficiently distant date has been fixed for the operation of the Bill, to afford the hope of some settlement of rubrical law, and that the main criticism to which it was exposed is to a considerable extent obviated. When it is generally understood we hope it will be generally obeyed, and that the law-abiding instincts of the clergy will do away with the scandal that has generally attached to their colourable disobedience. The Bill, such as it is, will set the Archbishop's mark upon his time, and show that, while mild and moderate, he is not to be reckoned among the prelates who are merely mild and moderate, and have made the seat of St. Augustine a golden sinecure, or a least, a place of dignified repose for the first subject in the kingdom. Sagacious, polished, experienced, with a love of work, and an enjoyment of leisure, he is one of the most successful and famous of the northern legion who have wandered to the south of the Tweed, and carried away fame and fortune among the Southerners.

CHAPTER VI.

ARCHBISHOP THOMSON.

ASSUREDLY there is no "upper chamber" consecrated to the services of religion more beautiful and beloved than the little chapel of the learned and honourable society of Lincoln's Inn. In bygone years it was the duty and delight of this present writer, in flying visits to town, to attend these services. We enter on Sunday mornings through a postern gate from the largest and most renowned of London squares, into the green lawn, islanded amid "the dusky purlieus of the law." Then you ascend a stone staircase, as if about to consult some learned counsel, and find yourself at the entrance of the *ὑπερῶνα* the little chapel, as indeed you might gather by the burial tablets of distinguished lawyers. The atmosphere is dim, and your first impressions are indistinct. Every one of the windows is of painted glass; the religious gloom is perfect, and magnificent radiations of colour play over the chancel and above the bowed heads of the worshippers. Behind you is a noble organ, worthy of the magnificent voices which you will recognize

among the white-robed choir. Those ancient carved oaken pews, that fine old pulpit, that falling echo, harmonize well. It is as a little college chapel, as a section of University life, settled down "hard by roaring Temple Bar." The lawyer from the Universities easily realizes the fine lines of our poet—

" And heard once more in college fanes
The storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder-music rolling shake
The prophets blazoned on the panes."

And when Mr. Preacher ascends the pulpit—he is Mr. Preacher here, just as the head of the bar is Mr. Attorney, and the head of the chapter is Mr. Dean—the old University impression continues strong. We listen to the noble "bidding prayer," only we miss the customary formula: "And, as in private duty bound, I desire your prayers for the ancient and religious foundation of Queen's College," with the enumeration of pious founders and benefactors. It is just possible, too, that the very sermon you are listening to, you have heard already in the University pulpit of St. Mary's. And if this is the case, you are really very glad; it is the very thing you could have wished; your chained attention had hardly been able to take in fully the whole of what you had heard before, and you would willingly gather up completely all the points of that remarkable discourse. It has been a full cathedral service, the anthem most nobly given, only the prayers have been read and not intoned, and you perceive that our cathedral service bears this alteration very well. But then the reading, in the days of which I speak, was the magnificent reading of Mr. Maurice, so singularly earnest and

impressive, and Lincoln's Inn Chapel was renowned indeed at the date of which I speak, when Dr. Thomson was its preacher, and Mr. Maurice its chaplain. Dr. Thomson preached in the morning during term time, and Mr. Maurice in the afternoon; and the full congregation included some of the most distinguished, and thoughtful, and learned men in London.

Mr. Preacher has left his pew opposite the reading-desk, and has ascended the pulpit. In those days he was a man still young, dark, and rather heavy-looking, until his face became lit up with characteristic expression. His pulpit characteristics have never wavered. Quiet, with very little action, with not much force of delivery, but grave, earnest, devotional; such is the general and never-failing impression he conveys. There is no doubt in the world about *his* meaning. Each clear sentence gives a clear sense; and the sermon is deeply and definitively impressive. It is always a practical sermon, and always one nicely adapted to his auditory. Here is an educated man addressing educated men. He takes a good deal for granted. He need not hesitate about alluding to a Greek author, or combating some new dogma in philosophy. He assumes a certain mental equality between himself and his hearers. But whatever may be the general mental direction of the sermon, and some have a relation to historical and some to mental science, it is evermore a practical sermon. Here is a dying man speaking to dying men. Here is a company gathered together, and whatever may be the social and intellectual grade of each, they all are alike in sinfulness, in liability to temptation, in responsi-

bility, in eternal hopes and fears. And all that may concern Christian faith and practice, either the nicest intellectual difficulty that may beset Christian faith, or the most flagrant sin that might violate Christian practice, come within the domain of preaching, and of this preacher, and are touched upon in the clear final language of authority and plain speaking. And so whatever may be the secondary and subordinate impressions left by the sermon, the leading idea is essentially practical and direct. The auditor is struck by the rare command of epithet and phrase; by the marshalled array of arguments and facts; by the logical exposure of fallacy and sophism; and often the music of some beautiful and perfectly constructed sentence lingers in the memory, but first and chief, above and beyond all, is the manifest attempt to lead men in the paths of prayer and faith and holiness. Dr. Thomson is a master of keen, robust reasoning; he belongs to that school of which Bishop Butler is the most conspicuous example, and the late Archbishop Whateley the most memorable recent instance; and like them, his power lies in his logic, and does not, as with Mr. Maurice, extend into the domain of metaphysics. United with these solid and substantial excellences is the great and rare literary excellence that Dr. Thomson has in reality achieved, and created for himself his own peculiar and independent style. Archbishop Thomson has himself, in one of his speeches, drawn attention to the importance of style, and to the fact that all great authors have their distinctive style. His own writings are an excellent commentary on his own words. I think it is Buffon who says that the style is the soul of a book; it is

certainly not only the dress of thought, but the body of thought. A perfect style is like the atmosphere of some southern heaven which makes all things visible, and is invisible itself. Now Dr. Thomson's style very nearly conceals his style, although there are abundant indications that the accomplished writer on Logic has a strong natural affinity for Rhetoric. He has a horror of exaggeration in language and style; his business is with his work, and with the language which instrumentally will best do his work. It is in this respect that Dr. Thomson differs from such an eloquent and admirable pulpit orator as the late Mr. Melvill. He has an earnestness that amounts to eloquence, but not that kind of spoken eloquence which causes oratorical fame, and never even approximates to those examples of eloquence, worthy of Bossuet and Bourdaloue, which we so often find in Mr. Melvill's earlier sermons. But Mr. Melvill's style is not free from the imputation of rhetorical artifice; he trained his hearers to look anxiously to each customary climax, and his fixed principle of making the text his climax sometimes causes him to give the text an untenable meaning or application. Those who have studied these most splendid specimens of the modern eloquence of the English pulpit will, we believe, be induced to concur in this stricture. The Archbishop is beyond a suspicion of anything of the kind. Nevertheless, this very defect probably helped Mr. Melvill in arriving at his remarkable and almost unparalleled popularity. Presbyterian ministers have tried to obtain a "call" by preaching without acknowledgment these wonderful sermons; and we have been informed that even members of Parliament have industriously

trained themselves upon his model. To hear Mr. Melvill was almost to produce a Melvill fever, and an impatience of hearing any one else. "I would not wish one preacher to disgust us with all others," says Fénelon; "on the contrary, I seek for a man who shall inspire me with such a love and respect for the Word of God that I should be but the more disposed to hear it everywhere." We believe that Mr. Melvill's sermons have in their time accomplished an infinity of good; but Dr. Thomson, with some likeness to him, has avoided that fault of mannerism, for such it ultimately becomes, which is not an excellence, but a blot upon excellence. Dr. Thomson in his style, habitually toned down and grave, to which his manner harmoniously corresponds, affords only a faint parallel to Mr. Melvill's magnificent declamation. The resemblance lies in this. In each we have an example of what I believe the critics consider the most finished style of oratory, where there is a union of the closest and really scientific reasoning with a certain measure of imagination and poetry. This has been the characteristic of the greatest masters of written or spoken eloquence, such as Bacon and Burke. Thus flowerets grow upon the brink of Alpine precipices, and rose-flushed lights bathe the cold crowns of Alpine snows.

These "Lincoln's Inn Sermons" of Dr. Thomson have been gathered up into a volume. A second volume of sermons, which includes some published in the first volume, has lately been added. We imagine that many of our readers have placed it on those favourite shelves on which are laid the bright and favourite volumes of our best modern writers. We

recognise one or two that we have heard, and miss one or two that we would willingly have seen printed. They gain upon a perusal, and even more upon a repeated perusal. We had intended to have quoted our favourite passages, but we have pencilled so many favourite passages, and turned down so many pages, that all limits of fair quotation would be transcended. We have lately been reading Büngener's well-known work "The Preacher and the King," an admirable work, evidencing the same knowledge of his period as that possessed by Victor Cousin or St. Beuve. It is the work of a man who has failed to attain to any particular success as a preacher in the Reformed Church of France, but who has the soundest and most enlightened conception of his subject, which is, virtually, sacred eloquence. He takes the phrase of Cicero as the true theory of the sermon, "*Effloruisse penitus videatur* ; let it spring from the text as the stem of a flower springs from the centre and depth of the plant." Again, "St. Bernard compared God in relation with man, to a writer or painter who guides the hand of a little child, and only asks one thing of it—that it will not move its hand, but will allow it to be guided. Here is the image of the evangelical preacher." Archbishop Thomson fully complies with these requisites, and shows that the exhibition of the simplest evangelical truth is not inconsistent with the highest mental power and the best mental culture.

We are not writing a "Retrospective Review," and therefore can hardly venture to comment on this volume with the fulness that would be desirable on some grounds. Here are a pair of sentences which remind us of the audience to whom they were ad-

dressed:—"That in the nineteenth century, in the midst of the monotony of our civilisation, here in London, here in this little chapel, the presence of the same divine spirit in those who love God is as sure as the presence of the air they breathe, as the light wherewith they see one another; this is a proposition which has something startling even for us who profess to admit it." "With many of us the calls of a hard profession may consume our days and nights, and the time we give to it and that which we give to our spiritual concerns, may bear no proportion to each other. And yet we know that the passions of suitors are matters of a moment, and the words in which we try to do them justice, eloquent and ingenious words, fall dead without an echo, whilst the soul is an heir to eternity. But so has our Maker allotted us our share of duty. . . . Compare the great realities that we have been looking at to-day with the all-engrossing business that draws our attention off them. The subtlest tongue will be silent before long; the most eager strife will cease; the wisest decision will be quoted no longer at most than the kind of right it relates to shall subsist. But we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; and at that bar the issue that is decided is for eternity. May He that judges us, plead our cause also." In these sermons there is a vein of literary allusion, slight but of exquisite kind, which for many must possess a great charm and great impressiveness. "There was a city visited by the plague long since; and whilst death was busily visiting every household, a few frivolous men and women sought out a pleasant retirement, and there they spent their days in weaving love-tales and

playing with compliments, and while the plague was cutting off hundreds at their gate. Just so do we act under our greater plague. Oh, my friends, it is not by hiding our heads, like a silly bird pursued by hunters, that we can escape the keen eye of our pursuer." The Archbishop has read the "Decameron" to better purpose than most men. Dr. Thomson does not scruple to make use of the theologians of other countries, such as Julius Müller and Athanase Coquerel. We have occasional reference to current systems of philosophy, and to the more thoughtful passages of our great modern poet. Here is the briefest and most complete refutation of Mr. Buckle's "Law of Averages" with which we are acquainted. "This average, which is supposed to rule the will like a rod of iron, is itself the most variable. It yields under the hand like tempered clay. It is not the same in London and in Paris; it varies even in the adjoining counties; it alters with time and circumstance. We ourselves may alter it. We are doing so in teaching our poor, in finding them employment, in protecting female chastity, in checking male intemperance. I do not see how that which our will is now acting upon, which varies in different countries because the will of man has made different laws there, can be conclusive against the doctrine of free will. The average of human conduct is only the expression of the results of many human wills; we have made the giant which, according to this ingenious writer, is to fall and crush us. The study of the law of averages, so far from paralysing philanthropic exertions, will only assure us of the wide scope allowed us for success, and if it shows us a regularity

and certainty in the recurrence of evil, it will encourage us to think that the same regularity will appear in the good results that may follow from honest endeavours after good."

One remarkable sermon was preached before the Queen at Buckingham Palace, in 1858, entitled "The Night cometh." If, as is sometimes said, there has been strong Palace influence in favour of Dr. Thomson, such a sermon enables us to perceive how worthily it has been obtained. It is a kind of sermon which, we may believe, is peculiarly attractive to the Royal mind. It very much resembles the famous sermon "Religion in Common Life," which Professor Caird preached before Her Majesty at Balmoral. A sermon containing very much that Professor Caird said, is to be found among the sermons of Dr. Arnold, and this one of Dr. Thomson's may compare favourably with Dr. Caird's. But Dr. Caird gave his royal listeners one of his old sermons; we have heard him preach it a long time before, and were of the opinion that in several particulars it was inferior to others of his sermons. Christian activity is the subject both of the English and Scotch divine. "No one," says Dr. Thomson, addressing his Palace audience, "but will pardon a few plain words on a subject which, if it has been handled by ten thousand preachers, can never, so long as the safety of souls is knit up with it, be thought obsolete." Let us quote a few sentences, as examples of truthful speaking, some of which have now a significancy of which the preacher could have hardly thought. "That friend or neighbour with whom we take sweet counsel, let us learn from him all we can, let us pour out for him all the

truth we know, and let heart strengthen heart, as iron sharpeneth iron; for we may see him again no more for ever, *and in his stead nothing but recollections shall remain overshadowed with the night of a grievous loss.* Teach the child while he is spared you, for the angel may gather that flower into one of his sheaves to plant him again in the radiance of the Divine Throne, leaving you to the trial of a numbed and benighted affection. . . . God has placed us upon this narrow island of time with the waters of eternity all around us; and every inch of ground is more precious to us than gold or rubies; for, as our dealings with time are, so our choice of immortality will be. And we can make no terms with Him to grant us a longer season to finish the work *He* has sent us to do. The night cometh, and it shall overtake the thinker before he has matured his discovery, *and the ruler in the midst of plans of order and improvement."*

Two years after the delivery of this sermon, Dr. Thomson was made Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. From 1855 to 1862 were "the seven good years" during which he attained to more numerous and rapid promotions than we remember in any similar instance. The commencement of those seven years saw him the fellow of a college, the repute of which was at low ebb, and lately a diligent provincial curate; the end of the seven years found him Primate of England. One Holy Week he paid a visit to his birth-place, Whitehaven, on the Cumberland coast. The town did honour to the prelate who had done so much honour to the town. A congratulatory address was presented. The Volunteers formed a guard of

honour. The Archbishop acknowledged all this in his usual kindly and honest language. He might indeed have indulged a very allowable feeling of gratification. It rarely indeed happens that a man in the prime of his years and strength returns to the obscure locality of his birth, father and friends yet living, having attained to one of the highest distinctions to which it is in the power of a subject to aspire.

He was born at Whitehaven in 1819, where his father was engaged in the local commerce of the place, and was one of the directors of the local bank. He received his education at the renowned school of Shrewsbury, but his name is not found in the *Sabrinæ Corolla*. "I do not consider him to have been a clever fellow at school, when I was there," has remarked a clerical friend. But our friend—who belongs to a rustic parish and whose mind has partially run into turnips—may not be the best judge of such a point, and perhaps forgot that many of the best minds flower late. As a North countryman, Queen's College offered the best prospects to a scholar who came from Whitehaven. A worthy ecclesiastic, Confessor to Queen Philippa, pitying the unhappiness and disorganization into which the long warfare between English and Scotch had thrown the border counties, founded this college to make atonement, in the best way which suggested itself to his mind, for the injury which the youth of Cumberland and Westmoreland had sustained. Secure in the rigid legal construction of a certain *cæteris paribus* clause in the Founder's Statutes, the Cumberland and Westmoreland men snugly succeeded to close fellowships. In

the present instance the old close system worked well. For the modest degree of third class attained in this case would hardly, in the present position of things, have secured him who gained it that University *status* which is the starting point for distinction. But in those days the fellows of Queen's rarely took more than thirds, and it was rather creditable if even so much was secured. But from such a one as "Thomson of Queen's" something better might be expected.

It is certainly remarkable that Dr. Thomson's class was no better than a third. Nevertheless, a list might be drawn up of really learned and brilliant men, to whom the good sense of their friends has instinctively assigned a first class, and yet who have not obtained it. We believe that in nothing did the future prelate fail more signally than in his Logic papers. Now here is the noticeable point. It is by no means remarkable or uncommon that a young man of great talents and attainments should fail to satisfy the University Examiners in his Logic paper. He might be a very clever man, and moreover an exceedingly good reasoner, for all that. But it is very remarkable that the young bachelor of arts, instead of making a holocaust of Logic books and papers upon taking his degree, as is very commonly the case, should set to work and produce a book upon logic, which is one of the best books on the subject extant. This is the Archbishop's "Outlines of the Laws of Thought," of which the publishers have issued repeated editions. It is a book which, for the purposes of the schools, Oxford men hold in high value. I remember finding myself in a room full of under-

graduates, some of whom were about to go through their Moderations, which various others had passed. Various experiences, cheerful or dismal, were related. "Look you here, you fellows," said one philosophical undergraduate, "I will tell you how to get a second in Mods. You can learn enough logic in a fortnight to be up to the logic work of a second in Mods. I began my logic just a fortnight before I went in, and took my second. I got up my Whateley all right; and then I worked away through Thomson's Logic, nothing like it, and got my second." All listened with admiration, and rushed away to get the celebrated "Laws of Thought."

He took a curacy at Guildford, and for four years was busily engaged in the practical work of the Church. Then his college recalled him to Oxford. There was, we are told, an absolute dearth of men who by their learning and character were suitable for the office of college tutor. Queen's was at a very low ebb in those days, a position which its new tutor did much to retrieve. His appointment as Bampton Lecturer made his name better known, and gave him a position of greater influence. He continued at Oxford until he married the daughter of our consul at Aleppo, with whose family the Earl of Carlisle has made the public acquainted by his "Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters." Then came his appointment to the living of All Souls, Langham Place, through Lord Carlisle, we believe. His fellowship was of course vacated by his marriage and his preferment. His connection, however, was not to be severed with Queen's College, but to be drawn closer in his year of grace, the extra year which the benevolent custom of many colleges

accords to fellows become Benedicts. He was a metropolitan rector for only a few months. His preaching was considered of a much more genial character than that of his predecessor, and was greatly liked. We are told that he became very popular among the many lawyers that attended the church at Langham Place, and these ultimately secured his election to the Lincoln's Inn preachingship. He had only held the living for a part of his year of grace when the Provost of Queen's College died, and to the vacant headship he was elected. By and by the office as preacher at Lincoln's Inn became vacant. This has always been a coveted appointment. The preachingship of Lincoln's Inn has often been the high road to a bishopric. It may be remembered that Reginald Heber was preacher of Lincoln's Inn when the See of Calcutta was offered to him, and his friend, Mr. Wynn, who offered him the appointment thought that he had better prospects in England—that an English mitre was within his reach. One or two interesting notices respecting the preachingship of Lincoln's Inn occur in Heber's "Correspondence." "I hope in my anxiety to obtain the preachingship of Lincoln's Inn, the idea that I may be useful in such a pulpit, and with the sort of audience which I may expect to see round me there, has been no inconsiderable part. I feel by no means sanguine of success, as Maltby is, in all respects, a formidable opponent. . . . I do not exactly know whether Maltby's Whiggery is for or against him. It may, and doubtless will, deprive him of several votes; but on the other hand, the

Whigs are numerous and mighty in the list of benchers now lying before me; and a man of their own party has claims upon them, which I, who have no party character at all, can only oppose by private friendship and interest. I trust the decision will be made during this term, as even defeat is more endurable than suspense." Heber gains the preachingship, and afterwards gives his friends some description of it. "The chambers appropriated to the preacher here do not, indeed, lay claim to the character of a house; they are, however, more convenient than I expected to find them, and, though small, will hold my wife as well as myself very comfortably during the Summer terms. The two others I shall come up as a bachelor. The situation in all other respects, of society, etc., is a most agreeable one. . . . I am now at work on my sermons for next term. I foresee already that, if I mean to do any good, or to keep whatever credit I have got at Lincoln's Inn, I must take a great deal of pains, and bear in mind that I have a very fastidious audience." We imagine that such extracts embody pretty accurately the experience of any Lincoln's Inn preacher. The preacher at Lincoln's Inn ranks socially as one of the benchers.

It was at first said that Dr. Thomson would hold both his London living and his Oxford headship. This he promptly disavowed, and remained at Oxford until Lincoln's Inn again gave him a metropolitan pulpit. With the undergraduates of his college, and some others, he was hardly popular; nor is this to be wondered at. There was disagreeable work to be done, and it was done without shrinking. New reforms had

to be carried out, and discipline, which had grown somewhat lax, to be effectually restored. The University made him select preacher. There is no better criterion of the estimation in which a man is held than the audience which gathers to hear him in the church of St. Mary's. With "the awful auditory of the University," as good Bishop Hall calls it in his autobiographic sketch, the Provost of Queen's College always stood well. The gallery devoted to the undergraduates was generally crowded. Once or twice indeed he might preach to empty pews, but this would only be the result of accident. Such an accident might arise thus. Some one else might have been announced to preach, and at the last hour something might lead to this arrangement being altered, and the select preacher would take his place. Every clergyman who is M.A. knows that after the lapse of a certain time he may be called upon to preach before the University. A clergyman, of not much intellect or culture, who may have been accustomed for years to minister to the bucolic mind, may be called upon in his turn to preach before the University. If he is a sensible man, he will give some simple, earnest, practical sermon, which is never out of place for any description of audience. But if he has any spark of clerical ambition, that spark is inflamed. A discourse, magnificent, or meant to be magnificent, is produced; at the last moment the preacher becomes very nervous, or makes himself very ill: and in this way it comes to pass that a punctual undergraduate, who laudably makes it a point of conscience to attend every University sermon, may go to St. Mary's expecting to hear a preacher of no celebrity, and instead of that listens to a preacher

of the greatest celebrity. I remember such a one telling his friends how much they had missed. He had gone expecting to hear a stranger, and the Provost of Queen's had given a sermon which had impressed him very greatly.

On the translation of Dr. Baring to the see of Durham in 1861, Dr. Thomson was appointed to the vacant see of Gloucester and Bristol. He was only ten months in that diocese, but during that period he won golden opinions. Extreme men might be annoyed by the incident of his ordering the removal of a floral cross before he would proceed with the consecration of a church, but notwithstanding this, the new bishop stood aloof from all party. None more than the candidate for holy orders had reason to appreciate the thoughtfulness and kindness of the Bishop, who exercised freely the truly episcopal virtue of hospitality, and gave them admirable hints and instruction for their preaching, which his own experience would make of great value.

Of all the bishops on the bench, Dr. Thomson best merits the character of a literary man. He is not indeed a great historian, like the late Bishop of St. David's, or a great philosopher, like the late Bishop of Hereford. But he has read, thought, and written much on mental science, and has assiduously devoted himself to the cultivation of the literature of his sacred profession. We have already mentioned the "Laws of Thought," the "Bampton Lectures," and at greater length the "Lincoln's Inn Sermons." We would now speak of some other publications. In 1855 the first volume of the "Oxford Essays," shortly followed by a companion volume of "Cambridge Essays," made

its appearance. In this design Dr. Thomson, then simply Fellow of Queen's, co-operated. The series continued for four years, and then ceased to appear. He only contributed to the first volume, and his contribution is by far the shortest in the book. It is a paper on "Crime and its Excuses," which may still be read with interest and instruction. He especially deals with the question of unsoundness of mind in criminal cases. He makes a large use of "the fascinating pages" of the "Journal of Psychological Medicine." Here is a striking sentence: "Before the throne of Zeus, says Hesiod, Dikè weeps whenever the earthly judge decides wrongly. No wonder that ingenious sculptors, on county halls, represent her with bound eyes—she has gone weeping-blind." His argument goes to a length which would acquit a criminal where the intellect is in no wise or hardly impaired, but where the moral perceptions are wrecked. There would certainly be great difficulties in the application of such a principle, inasmuch as all great crimes, by their very nature, indicate a wreck of moral perception. There is throughout the paper a vein of characteristic philanthropy.

Dr. Thomson separated himself from these allies. In time he took up a position of decided antagonism to them. For the Oxford and Cambridge Essays eventually resulted in the Essays and Reviews. Innumerable were the pamphlets and articles which that unhappy work elicited. After a brisk and incessant discharge of musketry, the heavy cannonade began. That is to say, that various heavy controversial works were published in reply. Amid that voluminous literature there was one volume, and one volume alone, of

very conspicuous merit, which will probably attain a standard place in the library of theology. This was the "Aids to Faith," a series of essays by several writers under the editorship of the then Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. The plan of the work is very admirable. We rarely find the weapons of controversy, and they are very sparingly used. To this rule the editor himself is the chief exception. The plan adopted was that each essay should assume the form of an independent treatise, and thus, by a synthetic, constructive method, a right view of a subject should be asserted, from whence the opposing errors might be clearly discovered and definitely answered. The editor's own essay gives in a simpler, clearer form, stripped of the critical apparatus of learned authorities, and perhaps with more definite expression, the sum and substance of the "Bampton Lectures."

In one other literary and theological undertaking, the result of multifarious learning and the product of many minds, Dr. Thomson has taken a conspicuous share. All his articles possess an essential unity of treatment and design, and we should be glad to see them disengaged from the literary strata in which they are imbedded, and published in a separate form. It is to be regretted, in reference to "Smith's Dictionary of the Bible," that the great learning and piety by which that magnificent work is characterized should be indefinitely marred by the inefficient editorial supervision which has admitted within its pages some papers of a very contradictory description to those of the great bulk of the volume. We suspect that the Archbishop of York has only a scanty sympathy with some of his coadjutors.

Dr. Thomson has been successful, with others, in effecting some great benefits for the University and country. He has done much for promoting that intelligent study of the Word of God which is the best foundation of knowledge and character. It had been the plan of the University of Oxford to refuse her honours to those who did not possess the required knowledge of the Bible, but not to reward any proficiency that might be displayed in the same way that she rewarded other kinds of excellence. This procedure was unquestionably founded on the unwillingness of the University to make sacred subjects a matter of gain and advancement, but at the same time it was manifestly unjust that men who had given a careful instead of a hurried attention to these subjects, should be the losers by this disposition of their time. This has been now amended, and the marks now obtained in this way count up in the general result of the examination. It has been the same with the middle class examinations. Dr. Thomson strongly urged, and in a measure brought about the present state of affairs, by which the Bible is made an integral subject of study, and obtains a substantial recognition in the distribution of honours in the institution of a theological school.

On the death of the venerable Archbishop Sumner, Dr. Longley naturally "went up a step," and the archiepiscopal see of York became vacant. After a long delay, the appointment was conferred, contrary to all precedent, on the youngest bishop on the bench, on one who had not yet been a twelvemonth bishop. It is unnecessary now to discuss any of the controversies which the appointment then evoked. The

Archbishop has, however, assuredly vindicated the selection by arduous practical work. Like most literary bishops, he has ceased to write. There was a Pope who flung away the crutch after it had gained him the tiara. As we are only concerned with the literary aspect of the Archbishop's character, our remarks cease now that it has become merged in a public career.

The Archbishop has given the public some of his episcopal experiences :—

“ There is no doubt, in the regular education many of us have received, a great advantage; but this I know, and I do not exaggerate, and I speak from papers that have passed under my own eye, and I say again, that the papers in divinity which I have read from boys of sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen, would have done credit to any undergraduate of the University, who has spent his whole time in the most careful education; and I will go further now, with my present experience, and say they would have done credit to any candidate for holy orders, and I should not have been sorry to have kept by me some of the best of those papers, and produced them and said, ‘ Now you see what a schoolboy can do; you who are going to teach others must go beyond that.’ ”

We believe that bishops do not unfrequently feel this. We were one day talking to a young lady, who told us that a distinguished clergyman, now also one of our archbishops, had been examining her class at a good London boarding-school. “ In the Bible, of course,” I said; “ and were you very frightened at the great man?” “ A little; but the great man seemed rather frightened at us also; such a lot of girls

seemed something quite new to him." "I hope, young lady, that you and your friends pleased him." "Indeed we did," was the answer. "He told us that he was examining chaplain to a bishop, and would be very glad indeed if you men from Oxford and Cambridge would give as good answers to his questions in Bible history as we school-girls did."

He thus remarks in his last charge:—"Seven years of labour are now completed; who, in my position, would be so hardy as to reckon on seven more? Through your ready help, they have been fruitful years. To God on high be the thanks and the praise. But whilst we are allowed, for our encouragement, to take note of what has been done, we must not pause too long in the retrospect, for the time is short, and the ways before us long and steep. I will say, for myself, that during the past years I have endeavoured, as my strength would permit, and sometimes a little beyond it, to show myself *servus servorum Dei*, the servant of God's servants in doing the work of our Lord."

The Archbishop is a man who fairly puts his mind to any great question of the day that may emerge, and argues out his case vigorously and acutely. He took a considerable part in the Public Worship Regulation Bill, and all heard with regret that he was suddenly called away from his Parliamentary duties to the bedside of a dying brother.

Once in speaking on public education the Archbishop used some rather strong language. The Dissenters did not at all appreciate being called "bats and owls" from Birmingham. A prelate is an object of attraction or rather of perturbation to the Nonconformist

mind, and a Dissenting review regretted that this mode of speaking prevented the Archbishop from doing the services which, from his ability and position, he ought to render to the cause of truth. But a further procees of vilipending might be resorted to. "No one who has ever seen Dr. Thomson can suppose that he will ever sacrifice an iota of the consideration and authority which he is entitled to claim." The periodical also considered that he "lacks both originality and sympathy. He is a hard worker, but he is nothing more. . . He has an exalted idea of his episcopal authority. Those who have watched him closely have marked a perceptible change in his tone and deportment since his accession to his present high dignity. . . . If we are to judge from his public addresses, we do not think the Bench has improved him. Perhaps there are not many men whom it really does improve. All their surroundings are against it." It is a true proverb, *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*, but at the same time there is a manifold spitefulness in the criticism.

So far from Dr. Thomson not rendering the services which he might to the cause of truth, there is no prelate who has rendered more distinctive service. He manfully entered the lists against the wide-sweeping doctrines of Huxley and Darwin, pointing out the gaps in their chain of evidence, and the great sweeping deductions which have been built up on uncertified theories. He has been covered with abuse in the *Fortnightly* and kindred periodicals; but those who have followed the controversy with care, will probably think that his keen vigorous logic had the best of it. The Archbishop's lectures show how thoroughly and

earnestly he has followed the whole ramifications of the modern materialistic argument, and he is by no means devoid of a keen sympathy that enables him to realize the intellectual and moral standpoint of earnest unbelief. The unbelief that is earnest is very different from the unbelief which has only the affectation of earnestness. Any man who is really troubled by the doubts and problems of modern days, and simply desires in a frank teachable spirit to search out the absolute truth, will find himself greatly helped by such papers as those which the Archbishop read before the Christian Evidence Society. In the labours of that active useful modest association, an organization which seeks to deal with the whole gamut of unbelief throughout the length and breadth of the land, the Archbishop has taken a leading part, so that he not only seeks to combat scepticism and secularism on their speculative side, but also with the instinct of his strong practical character, he directly combats the growing mischief which he deplors. He is the one prelate on the bench, before any other, who is familiar with all the intellectual phenomena of unbelief, and encounters them with honesty and sympathy and real intellectual force.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BISHOPS OF LONDON, WINCHESTER, AND DURHAM.

BISHOP JACKSON. **A**T that point where London fades into the country and indicating pretty exactly the point of demarcation, is Fulham Palace, connected with some stirring epochs in English history and with various associations of great and good men. From far remote days it has been the seat—old authors called it “the summer residence”—of the Bishops of London. It better deserved this last title once upon a time than it does now. In the Tudor days it may have been merely an old manorial dwelling, a veritable “moated grange,” embossed in its elms, and fronted by the then “silver” Thames. In the hush of a calm day there might come almost indistinguishable murmurs from the old city in the distance, dimly echoing beyond the village which is now Charing Cross, and the meadows which are now Oxford Street and Piccadilly. But now suburban villas and busy thoroughfares and driving trade bind Fulham to London with continuous links. If the overgrown city thus continues to expand westward, Fulham Palace will indeed be *rus in urbe*—a country domain amid a wilderness of brick houses. The pleasant illusion of the old country days is, in

many respects, still retained. Walking the Bishop's Walk or the Bishop's Avenue, or musing amid the lawns and gardens, there is such quiet and repose that we might imagine that the long arms of London had not reached Fulham, and that things remained even as they were in "the spacious times of great Elizabeth."

The Palace and grounds are situated near the old parish church of Fulham, very near also to the wooden bridge. If you go directly up the lane, you will come to the large gates adorned with the armorial bearings of the See, fronting the avenue. Or you may turn aside to the left, and passing along a shady walk between the moat and the river, so reach the porter's lodge. Near the lodge is a row of limes of great age, which were very probably planted by Bishop Compton soon after the Revolution of 1688, which he had taken so active a part in bringing about. It was then the fashion to plant long avenues of limes according to the Dutch mode which William III. introduced into England, and with which Londoners are so familiar from the examples at Hampton Court. Several of the bishops have lavished great pains and great expenditure on the security and adornment of their little territory. Thus they raised the embankment against the Winter rains, and beautified it with extensive shrubberies. The land consists, an old topographical writer tells us, "of about thirty-seven acres, including the garden and the large field called the Warren, and the whole is surrounded by a moat, over which there are two bridges." The present edifice is in various respects comparatively modern. About a century and a half ago, Bishop Robinson sent in a petition to

the Archbishop of Canterbury, setting forth that his palace was grown very old and decayed; that part of the building was absolutely ruinous, and the whole too large for the revenues of the bishopric. Some commissioners were accordingly appointed to examine the premises, among whom were the illustrious Sir Christopher Wren and Sir John Vanbrugh. The commissioners reported that after a considerable amount of demolition there would remain fifty or sixty rooms besides the chapel and hall. A license was accordingly obtained, and the other buildings pulled down. The principal entrance into the great quadrangle is on the west side, through an arched gateway. The building is of brick, and consists of two courts. As we enter the old quadrangle, we see a kind of resemblance, only something homelier, to a smaller college of Oxford or Cambridge. It was built by Bishop Fitzjames in the reign of Henry VII., as appears by the bishop's arms on a stone over a door, leading from the offices in the south wing. The palace is, however, of a much further antiquity than this date; although in the course of ages the building must several times have perished and been renewed. In the year 1141, during the war between King Stephen and the Empress Maud, Geoffrey de Mandeville, the King's general, came to Fulham, and seized Robert de Sigillo, Bishop of London, then "lodging in his own manor place." An old writer says that Henry III. was often at this palace. In the early part of the fourteenth century Bishop Baldock was Bishop of London; and, according to the custom of those days, also held the high office of Chancellor. From old official documents we learn that this bishop discharged many of his public

acts at Fulham. The last bishop who thus held a high state office was Juxon, Bishop of London. He was appointed Lord Treasurer, apparently much against his own wishes, through the overweening interest of Laud, his predecessor in the See, and then both Archbishop and virtual Premier. Lord Clarendon, in his "History," tells us how greatly this alienated from the King the minds of that class from whom the holder of such high office is generally selected, and formed one of the preludes that led to the civil war. He was himself a humble, unambitious man, and we have no doubt happy enough when the time came to lay down the weight of his secular office. His name will always be associated in history with his unfortunate master, Charles I., with whom he stood on the scaffold, on the sad morning of the execution, when we trust that the words then spoken were fulfilled, that he passed "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown."

Several of the bishops have, so to speak, left their personal impress on the present structure. Osbaldeston bequeathed a thousand pounds for repairs. Part of this money was devoted by his successor to the enlarging and embellishing of the chapel on the north side of the inner court. A new and beautiful chapel was erected in the time of Bishop Tait, in great measure through contributions made by clergy ordained in the diocese. There is some very fair painted glass at Fulham, and on the different windows are the various coats of arms of different prelates; the windows also contain other and sacred subjects. The "Hall," a noble room, is especially associated with Bishop Sherlock, whose arms are over the chimney-

piece. In one of the rooms is placed a bust of William Pitt. The great statesman was a near relative of the Bishop of London, having a villa at Putney on the other side of the Thames. Fulham Palace, from its vicinity to London, must often have been the scene of gatherings of illustrious men. In the Memoirs of Hannah More we see that the good lady was often a guest at Fulham while Dr. Porteous was Bishop. She wrote a little poem on an incident which occurred at Fulham. There used to be a great wooden chair in the palace, and the tradition ran, that on this chair Bishop Bonner used to sit when passing sentence on the heretics. Bonner is reputed to have belaboured the heads and ears of the obstinate Protestants brought before him. His chair was removed into the shrubbery, and good Hannah More wrote her little poem about it. There were a great many traditions about Bonner. I believe it is true that he used to carry heretics off to Fulham and turn them to profitable account by making them work on the grounds. I have only heard of one tradition which is at all to Bonner's credit. It is said that he afforded an asylum to John Byrde, one of the deprived Protestant bishops. "Upon his coming," says old Wood, "he brought his present with him, a dish of apples and a bottle of wine." I should like to see this story confirmed; Byrde, we are told, was the last provincial of the Carmelites, and this may have had something to do with it.

Hannah More's friend, Bishop Porteous, is the first bishop, so far as I am aware, who has left on record an account of the enormous spiritual destitution that prevailed in his diocese. Nearly a hundred years before, Addison had drawn attention to the same thing

in the *Spectator*. In one of the delightful Sir Roger de Coverley papers, the good old knight takes the water, and looking at London from what has been called the noblest of London streets, remarked how fifty more churches would mend the prospect. This allusion is probably connected with a parliamentary measure in the reign of Queen Anne, by which a considerable sum was voted in aid of fifty new churches. I have close by me the Bishop's "Lectures on St. Matthew." He is speaking of the centurion, "who loveth our nation and hath built us a synagogue," and thereon subjoins a note. "There is a most dreadful want of this nature in the western part of this great metropolis. From St. Martin-in-the-Fields to Marylebone Church, inclusive, a space containing about two hundred thousand souls, there are only five parish churches—St. Martin's, St. Anne's, Soho, St. James's, St. George's Hanover Square, and the very small church of Marylebone. There are, it is true, a few chapels interspersed in this space; but what they can contain is a mere trifle, compared with the whole number of inhabitants in those parts, and the lowest classes are almost entirely excluded from them. The only measure that can be of any essential service, is the erection of several spacious parish churches, capable of receiving very large congregations, and affording decent accommodation for the lower and inferior, as well as the higher order of the people." I do not know if Bishop Porteous did much towards remedying the evil which he deplored. I believe he left behind him a very large fortune—two or three hundred thousand pounds—which in itself almost forbids the hope that he did much for the wants of his diocese. Much, however,

has been done since his time, and much yet remains to do. The two last Bishops and the present Bishop of London have been indefatigable in the same cause.

I regret that Thackeray has attacked Porteous in his "Lectures on the Four Georges," for flattery to George III.; unjustly, inasmuch as Dr. Porteous only expressed the feeling which pervaded the whole nation about the good king.

There is an excellent library at Fulham, bequeathed by Bishop Porteous. It is the heirloom of the See, handed down to bishop after bishop. There were also "manuscript treasures" preserved,—hardly, we imagine, of the same extent and importance as those at Lambeth, but still of much interest. Part of them relate to the old jurisdiction which the Bishops of London used to exercise in spiritual matters over the colonies. This jurisdiction was of an informal and almost inoperative character, and very scantily sufficed to foster, control, or encourage the Episcopalians of the American "plantations." In 1685 the then bishop of London sent out one Dr. Blair as his commissary to Virginia, who continued in that position for more than half a century. Many interesting letters are preserved at Fulham, giving an account of the state of religion in the early history of America. How the Bishops of London came to exercise this jurisdiction is quite uncertain. In a legal point of view, no form of religion was established in America. It most probably originated in the hearty concurrence of the Bishops of London in the plans formed by the Virginia company for the promotion of religion among the settlers. Thus their first clergy were nominated from Fulham or London House, and thus there grew up a some-

what indefinite notion that these American clergymen belonged to the diocese of London. In the Fulham manuscript, as quoted by Bishop Wilberforce in his "History of the American Church," we find Bishop Compton writing thus : "As the care of your churches, with the rest of the plantations, lies upon me as your diocesan, so, to discharge that trust, I shall omit no occasions of promoting their good and interest." When Dr. Gibson became bishop, he suspected that this notion was insubstantial. He was told that an order in council, in the reign of Charles II, made the colonies a part of the See of London. Upon investigation, however, no such order in council was discoverable. Bishop Gibson consequently declined to exercise any jurisdiction. Under these circumstances, a special commission was issued by the crown, conferring this authority upon him. The good bishop resolved faithfully to exercise the pastoral charge over his distant people.

It seems, however, that any official connexion between Fulham and the American States came to an end long before the epoch of the Revolution. Yet we find constant evidence of the Bishops of London taking the most earnest interest in the spiritual condition of America, and vehemently urging upon the government of the day the necessity of taking measures to provide for the religious welfare of the people. The Bishop of London, we should here say, includes in his diocese all the clergy labouring on the continent of Europe.

In an American writer we find a notice of a visit in former days to Fulham Palace : "When we returned from the chapel," says Jacob Bailey,* "we were con-

* Quoted from "Life of Bishop Boss of Massachusetts." New York, 1859.

ducted into a vast large hall, entirely composed of the finest marble. It was arched overhead, and was at least twenty feet high. All the walls, as well as the grand canopy, were covered with the most striking figures, so that this spacious apartment might be truly said to be fine without hangings, and beautiful without paint. In the middle stood a long table covered with silver dishes. We sat down with his lordship of Rochester, the Bishop of London's lady, and several others, in all twenty-one. We had the servants to attend us, and were served with twenty-four different dishes, dressed in such an elegant manner that many of us could scarce eat a mouthful. The drinking vessels were either of glass or solid gold." We imagine that there is a little transatlantic exaggeration in this sketch of such unapostolic display. The days, we trust, are for ever passed away, when a display of worldly grandeur and wealth were considered indispensable to the character of a Christian bishop.

We have thought it worth while to make these notes on the metropolitan Episcopal palace. When we have mentioned the time-honoured connection with America, the peculiar tie that connects the Bishop of London with Anglican clergy on the Continent, and the great effort made to christianize that vast metropolis, compared with which every other metropolis is only a provincial city, we have summarised the great duties and interests that belong to the See of London. The Bishop of London has a political and ecclesiastical importance only second to that of the holder of the See of Canterbury. However quiet and retiring, such a man has greatness forced upon him, his acts deal with the largest interests ; his words have

a judicial weight. Dr. Jackson is not a son of Boanerges; he has not the oratorical or statesmanlike powers of Blomfield, or the instigated force in his successor Dr. Tait; he seems to rest on the *bene vixit qui bene latuit* theory; but the holder of such a see is necessarily a power in Church and State.

On two occasions only have I been privileged to hear the Bishop of London. It was when he ruled the diocese of Lincoln. The two occasions combined, gave a very fair idea of the calibre of the man. On one occasion he was preaching before the University of Oxford; on the other occasion, he was addressing some young children who had just been confirmed in a remote village in Nottingham. The Bishop exactly and evenly filled his place on each occasion. The first address was thoughtful and learned; the second was simple and practical. You could hardly have imagined that the erudite academic divine could so have understood and adapted himself to the hearts of youthful villagers; you would hardly have thought that one who with such sweet persuasiveness addressed these villagers, could have so impressed "the awful auditory of the University."

I have heard that Dr. Jackson's elevation was quite accidental, if we may with propriety apply the term "accidental" to such circumstances. The living of St. James's, Piccadilly, which has so often proved the avenue to a bishopric, fell vacant; and it was offered by the then Bishop of London to a clergyman who esteemed himself too old for the appointment. But he advised the Bishop to step round to a neighbouring church to hear the Rev. John Jackson, and so pleased was the Bishop with the preaching and demeanour of

the strange clergyman, that he speedily gave him the living which led to the bishopric. The Bishop keeps up the great state of Fulham in the old seignorial fashion. He does not often appear in public life, but he is noted for the firmness, wisdom, and moderation of his rule.

The Bishop is not to be found among those who take a part in great movements, who place themselves at the head of vast organizations, and who interest themselves in the political and philosophical discussions of the day. But he has his own earnest quiet say on the matters that come nearest to the very springs and sources of Christian life and character. St. James's Church, Piccadilly, is the parish church of the Bishop of London, and under the auspices of its kindly incumbent, immense congregations have been drawn to listen to such teachings as those of Dr. Liddon and Dr. Jackson. There is perhaps no more useful and popular books than those which contain Dr. Jackson's sermons on *Repentance and Little Sins*, dealing with those infirmities of character, those vexities of the religious life, on which all earnest men have to ponder solemnly and often, and where they gladly welcome any real help to aid them in their progress over perplexed and thorny ground. What gives the main interest to this enormous diocese is the reflection that London is the great focus, the seething centre of religious thought and energy. It is very important that we should have an accurate knowledge of what is really done in the diocese of London. Several attempts have been made to gauge certain religious work done in London, both on the orthodox and on the unorthodox side. But a degree of attention has been given

to the unorthodox side entirely disproportioned to the real measure of its importance. We may just take some examples of this. The Unitarians are the most intellectual of Dissenters, and the Church may well grudge them such ministers as Mr. Martineau and Mr. Bland. Their theology is always coloured by the current philosophy of the day. Many persons embrace Unitarianism who are, in fact, Deists, or belong to that very narrow debateable tract between Deism and Atheism, but who still wish, from inferior secondary motives, to profess to maintain some form of creed. On the other hand, there are many who are only divided from orthodoxy by the same line as Arius of old. It can hardly, however, be said of modern Unitarians that they possess a creed; and they always speak and write of the orthodox as a body separate from themselves. They have been utterly unable to arouse in London the same enthusiasm that the Arians once did in Alexandria. They have not got many chapels in London, and their influence is a declining influence all over the country. The Quakers are decidedly a moribund body. Their numbers in London are perceptibly thinning. In the course of the last century and a half they have showed a progressive decline, both in this country and in America. One of their leaders has frankly admitted that if other Churches had declined as we have done, Christianity must have died out. And when Christianity has been supposed to die out, and a teaching of human knowledge has been substituted, one may see a few sporadic audiences drawn together to listen to a Gradgrind gospel of facts and figures.

London is a world in itself, and has a collection

of all the Churches and all the sects. Some of them are noticed in the press in a way altogether disproportioned to their importance. If we may judge by advertisements, they absorb the parish, but as a rule the Churches do not advertise. The results shown by these eccentric bodies are so trifling and insignificant that they are not worthy of any formal enumeration.

There are minor sects and extreme secularists, "advanced religionists" and "schools of thought," as I believe the slang goes, which have perhaps their solitary chapel, a chapel not half filled, or filled with a very low order of persons, which have no organization for the promotion of good works, and where there is generally a tariff of prices for admission, extending from twopence to half-a-crown, with a reduction if tickets are taken by the course or by the year. It is curious to observe how the penny papers will dwell on all those abnormal developments of "religionism" as something of great moment, and even class the most devout and orthodox Dissenters under the title of Unorthodox London, as if to represent a depth and variety of revolt against the received doctrines of religion which, as a matter of fact, does not really exist, while of that vast constant quantity, the working of the Church, hardly any account is given—none that represents the full, deep, humble, devout life of those who have grown up or numbered themselves in the faithful ranks of the Church. There has been more mention made in the newspapers of Mr. Voysey's queer conventicle than of a hundred parish churches, each with its thousand of worshippers and carefully-tested organization. Quiet,

healthy, vigorous life is generally ignored by the journal whose professed work it is to notice what is abnormal or diseased. We do not say, using that rough-and-ready money taste, which, after all, is not an unsafe one, that the Church in London, as evidenced by the returns of Hospital Sunday, does all that it ought to do, does anything like that which is done by Presbyterian congregations in Scotland, or Calvinistic Methodist congregations in Wales, but it did by far the larger part of what was done. All this vast reputable body of Episcopalians acknowledges the Bishop of London as its titular head. It is thus that he is as much removed from any individual Churchman as if he were Patriarch of Constantinople, but still the occasion may arise for any one when he is to be seen, to be heard, and to be talked to, and on such occasions a Churchman feels that there is something real and valuable in Episcopacy.

It is very interesting to glance at a farewell sermon which Bishop Jackson delivered in Lincoln Cathedral when he was leaving his old diocese for the diocese of London:—"It is much more than fifteen years since I first took my seat in this cathedral and preached from its pulpit. It would not be humility, but ingratitude, to look back over this period without thankfulness—albeit a very *humbling* thankfulness; for there is the strong contrast which the Apostle so often draws between man's feebleness and God's work. On the one hand there rises only too readily to memory a long array of imperfections, errors, shortcomings, of duties neglected or only half performed, of opportunities lost, of faults of temper, of misapprehensions and hasty judgments, of timid shrinkings from

what was right, and a dwarfed and unstable standard of ministerial obligation and labour—for all which I entreat you, brethren, to ask pardon for me when we kneel together. On the other hand, the retrospect shows progress and life in the Church and its work for which we may well thank God. Twenty-four new churches and seven mission-houses built, sixty-one churches rebuilt, and more than two hundred restored, at a cost of above four hundred thousand pounds, bear testimony to no small amount of liberality and self-denial; while the greater care and reverence with which Divine worship is conducted, witnesses, while it assists, the growth of more devout habits. Single services on the Lord's Day, once so common, have become almost confined to certain benefices having two churches—the very few exceptions having the excuse, if not the justification, of very small populations, of illness, or old age. The frequency of the administration of the Holy Communion has greatly increased, although in too many parishes still below the duty of the pastor and the needs of his people. Schools have multiplied in number and improved in efficiency; a stimulus and aid is afforded by a system of voluntary but able inspection; and an excellent Training Institution provides for a supply of well-taught and well-principled mistresses. The secondary causes of this progress are not far to seek. There was the long and patient tillage of my predecessor, whose wise and gentle administration continued to bear fruit long after he had been called to his rest and reward. There was the gradual but certain operation of the statutes which his prudence assisted to frame, under which the evils of non-residence and

plurality have all but disappeared. There has been the remarkable development in our country of a taste for music and architecture which has found suitable scope for its exercise in the fabrics of our churches and the worship of the congregation. There has been the onward march of a great theological movement, which, whatever conflicts it may have occasioned, and whatever evils may have accompanied it, has broken up the slumbers of uninterested routine, and has made multitudes think and act who might otherwise have been content to do nothing for themselves and others. And without instituting any boastful comparison with our predecessors, who have often left us examples of simple habits, quiet faith, and high-toned piety which might be profitably followed in these days of ceaseless questioning, of display and unrest, there has been a wider and deeper sense of ministerial responsibility issuing in a healthy growth of ministerial activity. And above all, employing or overruling all these causes and influences, there has been the living Spirit of God blessing man's efforts far beyond his deserts, and breathing into His Church a life and power which it owes only to Him.

“This is not the place to speak of closely-knit family ties which must hereafter be stretched by distance, nor of the pain of leaving scenes endeared by years of tranquil happiness, and spots hallowed by lasting though hopeful sorrows. But many other bonds of union have been woven by the work and companionship of above fifteen years, which need not, I trust, be severed, but must needs be weakened now : friendships cemented not by respect merely and esteem, but by affection and brotherly love. A

bishop's office, brethren, at least in these our days, must ever be an office of anxiety and difficulty; but never surely did any one on whom this burden has been laid, find it so lightened as I have, by kindness, patience, forbearance, ready sympathy, and active, self-denying co-operation.

“There is enough before me, brethren, to make me earnestly desire your prayers in my behalf. Labours, more heavy and various than in other dioceses probably, to be undertaken in advancing years and with failing strength; the spiritual oversight of nearly two millions of souls; the Church of the metropolis, in which must necessarily be exhibited on the largest scale all the good and the evil which is found elsewhere—the manifold forms of ill with the warfare of the gospel against them; the various schools of thought and sections *within* the Church, pushed more often to their extremes; and *without*, indifference, scepticism, and hostile sects, armed with the keenest weapons of educated intellect; a position exceptionally exposed to observation, in which errors must be most mischievous, misapprehensions most frequent, and incapacity most certain to be detected;—all this constitutes a charge from which anyone might be pardoned from shrinking, and which, if ever charge did, requires the daily guidance and the grace of God.

“Nor, indeed, am I sure that it would be right to ask your prayers, were such a post self sought, or assumed under the inducement of the social advantages which it possesses, or may be supposed to possess. To seek responsibilities uncalled is very near the sin of tempting God. But if it be allowable

to think that a clergyman, like a soldier—unless some physical or other serious obstacle interpose—is to go where he appears to be sent, notwithstanding that the post is difficult—or rather, perhaps, *because* it is difficult—then let me earnestly ask your prayers, brethren, as we take our farewell,—first, that if I have mistaken God’s will, He will in His mercy pardon me, and not permit my involuntary error to be hurtful to the Church or to myself; and then, that in the untried duties which lie before me, He will never leave me to myself, but will hold me by the hand, and guide me with that pure and gentle wisdom which cometh from above.”

Such a passage as this appears to us to be truly valuable, so to speak, it enables us to see the Bishop’s inner mind, it gives us a clear rapid view of Church progress in one of the largest of English dioceses, it shows the character and principles of action of one of the chief rulers of the Church. Bishop Jackson is not a man who, to use an expression which might be applied to some other bishops, wears his heart upon his sleeve, and Londoners who have read this touching farewell sermon gain a touching insight into the character of the Bishop of London.

BISHOP HAROLD
BROWNE.

Not the least remarkable features of the diocese of Winchester are that it owns such a magnificent cathedral, and such a magnificent episcopal abode as that of Farnham Castle. Winchester, one of the great historical cities of England, and for some space of time its metropolis, has a cathedral that might well rejoice the heart of its bishop. From more than

one point seven chantries and chapels are visible, and seven great prelates repose therein. Horace Walpole has mused on this episcopal *memento mori*—"How much power and ambition under half a dozen stones! I own I grow to look on tombs as lasting mansions, instead of observing them for curious pieces of architecture." The first of the chantry chapels is that of Bishop Edingdon, who has recorded the grateful experience of many opulent prelates, and though "Canterbury be the higher rank, yet Winchester has the deeper manger."

From the cathedral to the episcopal palace, to which Bishop Browne has just succeeded, is a natural transition. There are now abundant popular associations with Farnham, from its vicinity to Aldershot, and the abundant hop plantations of jocund memory. But the most numerous and the highest class of associations cling to the ancient episcopal castle. The terraced lawn, shadowed by its cedars, in front of the ancient keep, looks far and wide on a noble English landscape, with valleys and wooded hills, the river Wey wandering through its midst, and the old town of Farnham climbing its opposing banks. The Park is one of the most stately and beautiful in England. Formerly there was a Great Park, as well as the New or Little Park. The former has been disforested since the days of the second Charles, and parcelled off into farms and homesteads; but the so-called Little Park has nearly three hundred acres, and is nearly three miles in circumference. On the north-east side is a noble avenue of elms, extending three-quarters of a mile. The present modern arrangement is greatly due to Bishop Brownlow North,

whose fine statue by Chantrey is the greatest ornament of that renowned Lady Chapel in Winchester Cathedral, which was the scene of the ominous nuptials of Philip of Spain and Mary of England. The shattered keep was apparently hexagonal, and being now entirely unroofed the area has been laid out as a flower-garden, in which a veritable tea-tree flourishes in the open air. In some parts the keep is covered with luxuriant ivy, and there are indications of some dungeons, to which we descend by very old steps. The servants' hall, with its circular pillars, is part of the ancient structure. The house itself is modernized, of red brick. The library is a long, low, narrow room. The chapel is small, and—which is hardly an ecclesiastical adornment—has festoons of fruit and flowers carved by Gibbons. The outer walls of the castle used to be fortified with square bastions, which still partly remain, and were surrounded by a wide and deep moat, which is now a path for cattle, and where fine oaks and beech-trees flourish.

The episcopal castle has always been a favourite with English royalty. We have even heard a rumour that there was once an intention to take measures to convert it into one of the abodes of Queen Victoria. When another great Queen once visited it, Queen Elizabeth, she met the Duke of Norfolk at the dinner board just before Babington's conspiracy, and while plotting his own marriage with Mary Queen of Scots. The Queen pleasantly but ominously advised him to be careful on what pillow he laid his head, a speech prophetic of the block. This place was the delight of James the First. It has its own eventful history in the time of the civil wars. It was taken and re-

taken, and became the head-quarters of four thousand troops. Hither came King Charles on his last melancholy journey from Hurst Castle to London, and was received with great humanity. But Farnham has its recollections of still more illustrious visitants. Hither came holy Ken to console the last moments of the illustrious and munificent Bishop Morton, who after the Restoration built up the waste places which Puritanism had destroyed. Once a bishop, while addressing candidates for orders, quoted some lines of this illustrious inmate of the Castle, Bishop Ken—lines which admirably describe the offices both of bishop and priest:—

“A father’s kindness, a shepherd’s care,
 A leader’s courage, which the cross can bear;
 A ruler’s awe, a watchman’s wakeful eye,
 A pilot’s skill the helm in storms to ply.
 A father’s patience and a labourer’s toil,
 A guide’s dexterity to disembroil;
 A prophet’s inspiration from above,
 A teacher’s knowledge, and a Saviour’s love.”

The following description of Farnham Palace refers to the days of the long Episcopate of Bishop Sumner :

“Some five and twenty miles from the cathedral city stands the Bishop’s Palace, a building, in all its features, still bringing back to remembrance its Norman origin, in the depth and massiveness of its towers, walls, and windows; although the hand of successive generations has been busy with its front and gables, its rooms and chimneys. Placed upon a swelling eminence, it looks abroad upon a park, studded with giant trees of a remote date, whose forked heads and hollowed trunks, together with long and fantastic arms, bared at the end and twisted, give truthful evi-

dence that they saw the day when the bishop trod upon the neck of princes; and have survived until princes tread with impunity upon the neck of bishops This is the Saturday Evening, the Ordination is the next day. The small town, with its picturesque church, lies in a hollow, poorly planted out, and poorly protruding itself upon the Episcopal mansion; while the broad battlemented tower of the church *will* be seen as though it had a right to frown its mediæval frown upon the lawn sleeves and simple college cap of an Anglican bishop. . . . The grim old Norman tower frowns even more gloomily on the Sunday morning, although the peal of bells rings merrily, and swings a Sabbath music over the valleys to the distant world, where the shepherd listens to its bidding and wonders why on Sundays the stillness of that solitude should seem more still; or when broken by the continuous vibrations of these soft bells, why it should seem to partake more of heaven than earth. The parishioners are walking through the avenues of yews into the western porch; while the Bishop, his two chaplains, his lady and family, his household, and twenty-three candidates for ordination, are seating themselves in that same private chapel which, attached to the palace, has witnessed the daily clippings of the Prayer-Book. . . . The chapel is plain in its furniture, with an untidy air in the hassocks, curtains, and prayer book; a seraphine stands in a 'convenient place,' no doubt in this instance as directed by the 'ordinary.' The spirit of the Church yields to the savour of the Conventicle, and the unhappy Oxonian goes home to his flock with a thorn rankling in his bosom." This extract is taken from a now forgotten

work, *Speculum Ecclesie*, and not unfairly represents the view which would naturally be taken under similar circumstances by many minds. It must be stated, however, that the writer speaks of his discontented Oxonian going over to Rome.

It so happened that just about the time that Dr. Browne was exchanging Ely for Winchester, a great occasion arose in the diocese; there was a great celebration in the Cathedral that very fitly closed the chapter of his Ely episcopate. This was the twelve hundredth anniversary of the foundation of a monastery at Ely by Saint Etheldreda. The occasion was a memorable one, of a most suggestive character; and its full import was admirably worked out by the distinguished men who took part in the services. The accomplished and learned Dean made an address redolent of the scholarship and historical genius for which he is renowned, and reached some of the highest tones of sacred eloquence. The Bishop of Peterborough poured forth one of those resistless tides of eloquence which make his oratory a marvel and a delight. Canon Kingsley, as was his wont, was pathetic, earnest, and picturesque. But no sermon showed more nobleness and intellectual power than the Bishop's, the very last sermon which he preached in Ely Cathedral, as Bishop of Ely. As an historical argument and discussion it might have adorned the best days of any of our best periodicals. But at such a time the Bishop's autobiographical references must have been of the deepest interest to his auditory. On one occasion the Bishop alluded to a kind of work which, it is hardly too much to say, he has made peculiarly his own, which is in strict accord with the best spirit of our modern days,

and which the Church of England must maintain if she would maintain her existence as a Church. "Above all, I have had it at heart to promote greater unity, and to break down that isolation, that wall of separation, which divides one clergyman from another; and the clergy in general from the laity of the Church." The Bishop also alluded to his efforts in establishing Deaconesses in his diocese, one of the most interesting and important of our modern Church movements; and the employment of Mission women. Every kind of affection and friendship was, on this occasion, manifested towards the departing Bishop. "You have been so kind," he said, "as to remember what little I have been able to do for the interests of the Church in this diocese; but what I have most in mind are my own shortcomings and failures. I feel that a man of more power, of more physical and mental strength, would have done a vast deal more than I have been able to effect."

The Bishop of Winchester's great work is that on the Articles. The ninth edition (1871) of this bulky work is now before us. It may be said to have superseded every other, and even to have thrown such a work as Hey's into undeserved neglect. This is, in many respects, the most thoughtful and considerable work in theology that has been produced by any bishop of the Victorian bench, and one on which we should chiefly rely for the credit of pure divinity in England. The work is perhaps chiefly used as a text book for clergymen, but it also deserves a place among those books which no gentleman's library ought to be without; books which, we are afraid, are as a general rule the most neglected of all. Any his-

torical student might read with interest and profit the section on the "History," which is prefixed to the discussion of each article. The work is dedicated to Bishop Thirlwall, "in affectionate gratitude for unsought and unexpected kindness, and with deep respect for profound intellect and high Christian integrity." The general reader will hardly advance beyond two dozen pages of the introduction; but it is to be hoped that he will at least read that much to become acquainted with the writings of a foremost prelate of our Church, and to know something of a work which, in its own way, has obtained a unique degree of success. The last lines of that Introduction may be cited as an example of the tolerant, and, at the same time, the devout orthodox spirit in which the Bishop writes: "To sign any document in a non-natural sense seems neither consistent with Christian integrity nor with common manliness. But, on the other hand, a national Church should never be needlessly exclusive. It should, we can hardly doubt, be ready to embrace, if possible, all who freely believe in God, and in Jesus Christ whom He hath sent. Accordingly our own Church requires of its *lay* members no confession of their faith, except that contained in the Apostles' Creed. In the following pages an attempt is made to interpret and explain the Articles of the Church which bind the consciences of her clergy, according to their natural and genuine meanings, and to prove that meaning to be both Scriptural and Catholic. None can feel so satisfied, nor act so straightforwardly, as those who subscribe them in such a sense. But if we consider how much variety of sentiment may prevail among persons who are, in the main, sound in the

faith, we can never wish that a National Church, which ought to have all the marks of Catholicity, should enforce too rigid and uniform an interpretation of its formularies and terms of union. The Church should be not only Holy and Apostolic, but as well One and Catholic. Unity and universality are scarcely attainable where a greater vigour of subscription is required than such as shall ensure an adherence and conformity to those great Catholic truths which the primitive Christians lived by and died for." We may compare with this the language which Dr. Browne wrote about himself in a letter to the Bishop of Melbourne: "I call myself an old-fashioned English Churchman, and I find more to repel me in any one of the extreme schools in England than I do in anything I have seen or heard of the Old Catholics. Now I do not wish to expel from my own communion any of the adherents of the three schools within it. The Church ought to hold them all, or it will become a sect. *A fortiori* I would gladly welcome to Christian brotherhood men so much to be loved and honoured as Döllinger, and those who have escaped from errors for which I fear some within our own body have too much sympathy."

In the recent debates on the Public Worship Bill, the Bishop of Winchester took a considerable part. He especially took an active part in the discussion at the end of the Session on the Commons amendment that there should be a power of appeal from the bishops to the archbishops. The two archbishops naturally voted in favour of giving themselves very large additional powers, and such of the bishops as voted were quite as naturally adverse to the implied

slur on their judgment and authority. The archbishops took a somewhat Erastian view, but the High Church prelates, who clung together in a cluster, took the high *jus divinum* view of Episcopacy. They urged that Episcopacy was a divine institution, but, as for the making of Metropolitans, that was only a human institution. On this occasion Dr. Harold Browne used some remarkable language, in which he clearly defined the points at issue in respect to the theory of Episcopacy, and showed how acutely he felt the practical consequences which flowed from the doctrine. He asked the assent of their Lordships to the proposition that the Episcopacy was a Divine institution. There was as strong scriptural authority for the government of a bishop in his diocese as there was historical authority for the fact that Cæsar governed Rome. If he did not believe that the Episcopacy was a divine institution he would give up his episcopate, and trample his robe on the ground, because unless there was Divine authority for the Episcopacy, it would be a most schismatic act for the Church of England to maintain it when large religious bodies had felt themselves obliged to give it up, and now looked upon it as being unlawful. Unless the Church of England believed the Episcopacy to be a divine ordinance she was acting now schismatically when, by throwing it off, she might bridge over a gulf which was between her and many other religious bodies. We believe the Bishop afterwards wrote to say that he had used, or intended to use, the word "historical" instead of "scriptural." This is, in point of fact, placing the question on that historical basis for which we contend. Sir William Harcourt answered this language

very vigorously in the House of Commons. But Bishop Browne's language appears in a way that was not noted to be likely to lead to some confusion of thought. We hold it to be strictly scriptural that there should be overseers, ἐπίσκοποι, who should take oversight, that is, exercise Episcopacy over the churches. But the question remains whether the Episcopacy of the Divine thought is the Episcopacy of the English State-Church. It can hardly be urged that it was the Scriptural doctrine that bishops should hold seats in Parliament by a baronial tenure. It can hardly be urged that it is Scriptural doctrine that the bishops should be lords over Christ's heritage. Bishop Wordsworth, who followed him, truly enough said that Episcopacy was an institution of God himself, independent of statute law. But the comfortable human accident of Episcopacy was the result of statute, and it is rather an ingratitude to speak disparagingly of that statute law which has made such splendid arrangements for prelates.

It is now a number of years since the late Lord Ossington, then Evelyn Denison, suggested the idea of the "Speaker's Commentary." It was some seven years afterwards before the first volume appeared. The first portion of the first volume was the composition of the Bishop of Winchester. It will be well indeed if the rest of this gigantic work corresponds with this commencement. Dr. Harold Browne's portion consisted of the general introduction to the Pentateuch, and the Book of Genesis, with Introduction, Commentary, and Notes. The chief interest of such writings for the general reader will be that this ground is the stage of conflict between supposed state-

ments in Scripture and the conclusions of modern science and criticism. We believe it will be a comfort to many persons to read the Bishop's extremely careful and moderate language. His point of view was "that a miraculous revelation of scientific truths was never designed by God for man. The account of the Creation is given in popular language; yet it is believed that it will be found not inconsistent with, though not anticipatory of, modern discovery. . . . Let us suppose that it had pleased God to reveal to Moses the fact that the earth revolves round the sun, a fact familiar now to children, but unknown to astronomers for more than three thousand years after the Exodus. The effect of such revelation would probably have been to place the believer and the astronomer in a state of antagonism. The ancient believer would have believed the truth; yet the observer of the heavens would have triumphantly convicted him of ignorance and error. We can see plainly that the wise course for both would have been to suspend their judgments, believing the Bible, and yet following out the teaching of Nature. A Galileo would then have been not feared as a heretic, but hailed as a harmonist. There appears now to some an inconsistency between the words of Moses and the records of Creation. Both may be misinterpreted. Further researches into science, language, literature, and exegesis may show there is substantial argument where there now appears partial inconsistency. It would evidently have served no good purpose had a revelation been vouchsafed of the Copernican system, or of modern geological science. Yet there may be in Scripture truth popularly expressed concerning the origin of all things, truth not

apparent to us because we have not yet acquired the knowledge to see and appreciate it. Certainly as yet nothing has been proved which can disprove the records of Genesis, if both the proof and the records be interpreted largely and fairly."

We have some very sensible language addressed to candidates for orders which go a great way in reconciling ecclesiastical and secular society, and would prevent the obvious danger of the clergy becoming a mere caste:—"The skilful artist knows that he can never take a true portrait unless he can catch the subject of that portrait off his guard. And every layman, not least the poorest of our parishioners, is in this respect an artist by nature. . . . A firm acquaintance with secular subjects with which your parishioners have much acquaintance, helps to make them esteem you and to give just opinions weight with them in all things. Especially try to be in some measure men of business. Ignorance of common business often brings clergymen into difficulties, and not unfrequently into debt. . . . To young men with any degree of refinement some measure of shyness is almost inevitable. Shyness is one of those inexplicable defects of our nature which belong almost exclusively to the civilised, the educated, the refined, generally the amiable. A young man who is wholly without it, should have some very sterling qualities instead of it, to save him from being utterly odious. It is generally most apparent in the society of the rich; but it is the most misconstrued by the poor. . . . The peasant has often as clear an appreciation of what is really good breeding as the prince. If you wish the poor to respect you, you must respect them.


They deserve your respect. 'Honour all men' is a rule that is general; but 'honour the poor' is a rule which may be equally deduced from the teaching, if we have it not in the words of Scripture. When you enter a peasant's hut, do not keep on your hat, do not use any of the airs of a superior; speak always kindly, even if you should be bound to speak sometimes sternly; shake him by the hand as an equal; sit at his table, or, if he be sick, by his bed, as a friend. You will never find that he takes undue advantage of such actions. He will honour you because you have honoured him."

The Bishop is very noticeable for his intense interest in the Old Catholic movement in Germany. He wishes Englishmen to understand, appreciate, and support the movement. The Bull of 1870 was the logical outcome of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, promulgated in 1854 by the See of Rome. Pius the Ninth has now established an absolute ecclesiastical Cæsarism. The Pope is a Perpetual Dictator. He was even styled "the third incarnation of the Deity." When the small yet influential minority of the Vatican Assembly yielded to pressure there were still some learned, thoughtful, and influential men who resisted, chief of whom was Döllinger, the darling of Munich. They considered that they represented the true old Catholic cause. They had not so much departed from the Papacy, as the Papacy had departed from them. Therein was the true Catholicism. Those who admitted the new decrees had in truth departed from the Council of Trent. We need not tell the reason how the Old Catholic resistance moulded itself into an ecclesiastical body,

and obtained Episcopal consecration for Dr. Reinkens, from the old Catholic Church of Holland, better known by the title of the Jansenist Church, a term of which they assuredly need not be ashamed. They have now held two great congresses, at Cologne and at Bonn in 1874. "I was present," said Bishop Browne, "only on the first day of the meeting at Bonn; but I can testify to the general good feeling and sober piety which pervaded the whole assembly, and especially to the learning, wisdom, gentleness, conciliatory and yet decided spirit of the grand old man who presided over our councils." These two councils have exhibited the greatest practical steps towards the unity of Christendom that have been known for ages. They have cultivated friendly sympathies not only with the Greek and Latin Churches, but with Anglicans, Americans, Scandinavians, and the Lutherans, and Evangelicals of Germany, France, and Switzerland. They have succeeded in awakening a thrill of genuine Christian sympathy throughout Christendom. There was a time when the Anglican Church was pointed to as of all Christian bodies the fittest to serve as an instrument of unity. But our own aggravated dissensions," says the Bishop, "and the suspicion with which Continental Roman Catholics regard all Continental Protestants (clubbing Anglicans with them) as being only infidels in disguise, make our position increasingly less hopeful." The Bishop of Ely, like Dr. Wordsworth on other occasions, made a manful exhibition of his sympathy, for which he has had to endure some amount of sharp criticism. "Hitherto they have made a noble stand against

tyranny and falsehood, and have not been hurried into error and unbelief. All Christendom stands in jeopardy; all faith is on its trial, all churches are shaken. Surely it is the part of wisdom, of charity, and of piety to give a fair field to those who are throwing themselves into the thick of the battle, and hazarding the loss of all things for the truth and love of Jesus Christ." The Old Catholics simply adopt the three creeds as their faith, and even yield the *Filioque* clause, which was the main cause of the separation between Church and State.

Bishop Baring appears to have
 BISHOP BARING. set the evil precedent of being the
 bishop of a party rather than of a
 diocese. He never disguises the fact that he is a party man, and that all his prejudice and patronage go alike with a particular class of men. We have heard the story that when he first went to Gloucester, the citizens accustomed to the stately ways of old Bishop Monk, were scandalized by seeing the Bishop carrying his own carpet-bag from the terminus to the palace. It would be well if there were no more serious stricture than on manly simplicity of character. But Durham is fast winning itself the character of being the most perturbed diocese in the country. The good point in itself that the Bishop, although from a merely intellectual point of view, he has singularly falsified the expectations excited by a brilliant career at Oxford—is a singularly earnest, devout man, bent on fulfilling with all his energies his own conceptions of his duty. But the remark has been made, well illustrating the nearness of extremes that the Bishop



has constructed a sort of theory of Episcopal Infallibility. One of the grave defects of our present laws, one of the matters that vehemently call for Church Reform, is that the Bishop possesses a tyrannical power over the curates of his diocese, whom he can dismiss and inhibit, without any cause shown, by a wave of the hand, a stroke of his pen. This power is generally allowed to lie dormant, but it is at any time liable to be executed in a vindictive and indiscreet way. Unsatisfied by the immense power he possesses, the Bishop has aimed at its expansion by demanding written pledges both from incumbent and curate, which they are unable to give. The Bishop then lays the parish under an interdict, refusing the aid it urgently requires, and coolly remarking "that it is almost invariably the result of any transgression of the law that the innocent are involved in the consequences, and often suffer more severely than the offender." The Bishop would say, and also some other like bishops who have arrived at a similar determination, that this is almost their only weapon to restrain clergymen who will not listen to their admonitions, and refuse to obey the law.

The Bishop of Durham in the course he has pursued has been able to conciliate for himself an extraordinary amount of sympathy and support among the laity of his diocese. This has taken the unusual practical turn of presenting him with a guarantee fund of upwards of seven thousand pounds, and knowing what is known of the extraordinary expenses of ecclesiastical suits, it is hardly likely that the sum expended will fall short of the sum guaranteed. The sum was raised by a very large number of

persons, between three and four thousand laymen in the diocese. It may be added as a new indication of woman's rights, that amid all the gentlemen there was just one lady who insisted that her name should be put down, and would take no denial. Bishop Baring has very honestly said that he is a party man, and does not claim to be anything else. He is perhaps the most distinct Low Church Bishop on the bench; but there are distinct High Church Bishops as well, although the avowal may not be so frankly made, and there is great value in such a representative man being found on the Episcopal bench.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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