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

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

CLEMENT FRANCIS COBB.

TESTON RECTORY, *Oct.* 1.

Reviews.

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

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

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

from the Papacy, so the execution of her grandson really decided the question of liberty of conscience in England.

It may be doubted whether Hall ever understood the whole meaning of the great controversy of his time, or saw beyond the lesser conflicts into which the great battle resolved itself. He had not the genius of the general, but was found to be a very useful officer to conduct the defence or assault of subsidiary positions. He was, in fact, though his biographer will not allow it, somewhat deficient from his own point of view in insight and in moral courage. Mr. Lewis belongs to the hero-worshipping order of biographers. He sees in Bishop Hall a good Churchman, who fought his way out of the darkness of Calvinism into sound doctrine upon Episcopacy, ritual, and other cognate points. He loves to think that Bishop Hall would have had the good sense to agree with himself in these quarrels of the frogs and mice. He fails, therefore, to see, though he has the candour to relate, the time-serving conduct of his hero in more than one important crisis. Hall had not the gifts of a leader of thought; for this we do not blame him, though it necessarily makes his biography less interesting. Nor was he the thorough-going partisan, whose devotion to a lost cause may enlist our sympathy, even while we condemn his errors. His mind was rather contemplative, critical, and fanciful. He could write satires, meditations, and polemical tracts. But he had not strength of character to make his own view prevail, even where it was the right view, and some of his writings, as we now have them, represent rather what Laud allowed him to say than that which he conscientiously believed. In short, he was the creature of his times, and it is from this point of view that his life is really interesting. Mr. Lewis, in trying to represent Hall as a master-mind, has turned out a rather dull piece of work; for the life of the good Bishop in itself is devoid of incident, and his dogmatical utterances, which his biographer especially affects, are tedious and inconclusive. The general reader would have been better pleased to hear more of Hall's "Satires" and of his "Contemplations," and could well have spared his dissertations upon doctrine—at least in the form in which Mr. Lewis presents them.

In early years Hall was entirely surrounded by Calvinistic influences. He was destined apparently from childhood for the ministry, but there were two ways in which he might be educated for the office. He might either pass through the university, or serve an apprenticeship of seven years under some godly minister. The latter course had already been chosen, when at the earnest representation of Hall's elder brother his father was induced to send him to Cambridge. That first choice, humanly speaking, was a momentous choice for the young lad. Under the godly minister who was to have taken charge of him in Leicester he must have been brought up to be one of the most quaint and delightful, but no doubt one of the most strict, of our Puritan divines. The dialectical skill which he afterwards displayed in the service of Laud would have been ranged on the side of Milton, and the Nonconformists were robbed of a brilliant and valuable controversialist.

Yet there was no intention of removing the lad from his old moorings. He was sent to Emmanuel College, a new foundation then, designed "as a seminary of learned men for the supply of the Church, and for the sending forth as large a number as possible of those who shall instruct the people in the Christian faith." Queen Elizabeth roundly taxed the founder with having erected a Puritan college—an impeachment which he evaded rather than denied. Among the *alumni* of the college were numbered Harvard, the founder of Harvard College in America, Bradshaw the regicide, and Henry, son of Oliver Cromwell. In building the college, pains had been taken to insult, as it were, the older house of Preaching Friars, upon the ruins of which it stood. The old chapel was

converted into the hall; the fireplace was the site of the high altar; the new chapel faced north and south. Not only was the old order set at naught, even the new was disregarded. The college used its own form of service. "In Emmanuel College they receive the Holy Sacrament sittinge upon forms about the Communion Table, and doe pull the loafe, one from the other, after the minister hath begon. And soe the Cupp, one drinking as it were to another like good fellows, without any particular application of the saide words, more than once for all." Surplices and hoods, even cap and gown, were contemned, and supper-parties given on Fridays. Whatever college influence could do to make Hall a Puritan was undoubtedly done.

As Hall's early literary essays were not theological, but poetical, it is not easy to say how far he imbibed the teaching of his college, and how far that of the new school of Arminian divines, who were beginning to obtain a footing at Cambridge. At least he heard both sides, and it is not impossible that he divined which of the two schools of teaching was likely to become more fashionable. He would certainly not be the first young man who learned at the University the exact opposite of what he was intended to learn. Every day the controversy with Rome was becoming sharper, and the efforts of Rome to regain lost ground were more zealous. Hall, having now left the university, and accepted the living of Halsted in Essex, was determined to see the Romanists upon their own ground, and visited the Continent in the company of Sir Edmund Bacon, a grandson of the great philosopher. This journey proved to be full of interest and instruction, though he went no farther than the Netherlands. On all sides were ruined churches, flourishing Jesuit seminaries, and pilgrimages to miracle-working shrines. It is remarkable that the miracles at these shrines were alleged as a convincing proof that the Church of Rome was the true Church, and attempts were made upon pilgrims, and upon Hall among the rest, to pervert them to Rome on the ground of these miracles. It might serve as a caution to some modern travellers to Lourdes and other places to read how the local doctor, after professing his belief in these wonders, and failing in debate upon them, handed the travellers over to a Jesuit Father; how ceremoniously the Father received them, and how reluctant he was to let go of them. Fortunately, Hall was more than a match for Roman controversialists, primed, we may suppose, by his early training. Finally he left the Continent, disgusted not a little with the irreverence which he had witnessed; as, for instance, at Antwerp, where, during a celebration of the mass, the church was full of meat, of butchers, of buyers, some kneeling, most bargaining, most talking, all busy." Travellers who are content to observe, and not to imagine, what they see, may notice not a little of the same irreverence still. How often will the apparently devout worshipper rise suddenly from orisons, and be transformed into the volunteer guide or the sturdy beggar! The British tourist is not the cause of all the irreverence which he may witness in a day's journey in Belgium. In later years Hall wrote a book—the "Quo Vadis"—for the express purpose of deterring Englishmen from foreign travel. It is clear that in his days no opportunity for effecting perversion was more commonly used by Rome.

It is not our purpose to follow each step of Hall's preferment. It is not in these that the chief interest of his life centres. Suffice it to say that he was made Chaplain to Henry, Prince of Wales, the elder brother of Charles I., Vicar of Waltham Abbey, and Dean of Worcester, before he reached the Episcopal throne. While Prince Henry lived there was still some hope in the Church of England for the opponents of Laud. The Prince was exemplary in life, "an attentive hearer of sermons, and distinguished such as excelled, a strict attender on public worship, a

watchful guardian of his somewhat large household, which, before he was eighteen, numbered about five hundred, and, unlike his august father was never heard to indulge in an oath." His great ambition was, when he should come to the throne, to reconcile the Puritans to the Church. Whether such reconciliation were possible he was not permitted to try. He died in 1622, and while King James did not even pretend to grieve for his death, nor put the court into mourning for him, he was more lamented by godly men than princes commonly are.

But while holding his chaplaincy to Prince Henry, Hall contrived not to fall out with the dominant party in court. He was no doubt considered a "moderate" man, and as such became the tool of designing men who were the very reverse of moderate. Under some such circumstances he was selected with Andrews and Laud to accompany James on his foolish expedition to Scotland in 1617. James had just instituted the *Tulchan* Bishops, and was determined to lend them the weight of his royal presence. Organs were sent to Scotland; gilded images were disembarked at Leith; service was said after the English fashion, or rather sung by surpliced choristers. Possibly it was hoped that the "moderate" Hall would reconcile the Scotch to these innovations. But their indignation knew no bounds. The ministers tried to protest. The protest was torn in a struggle outside the door of the King's bedroom, and not even the presence of the King, who had rushed out undressed, calmed the disputants. Hall wisely obtained leave to return to England before the controversy should rise to more dangerous heights. But he was not destined to escape without giving an opinion. Appealed to by a Scotch divine for guidance, and warned by the King to answer carefully, Hall set himself to study ritual—may we say, as Mr. Gladstone recently set himself to study Irish history? The result of the studies might have been foreseen. Hall emerged from them convinced that the theology of the court party was the more sound.

Yet he could not break with his old friends, and consequently a still more crucial test awaited him. The Synod of Dort was assembled in 1618 to pronounce upon the controversy between Calvinism and Arminianism, or rather to condemn the Arminians and to formulate Calvinistic doctrines. Now, James had taken a leading part in the persecution of the Arminians abroad, while at home he was beginning to bestow favours upon them. Most perilous, therefore, was the position of his English ambassadors. They were "to endeavour to moderately lay down such positions as might tend to the mitigation of heat on both sides." Theirs was to be the unenviable lot of moderators in a bitter theological strife, exposed to the furious assaults of either faction. Hall again found safety in flight. He was ill, and obtained leave to return home; and, lest the synod should, in too great value of his services, seek to retain him, he *sent* in his resignation. So it came to pass in after years, when his antagonists wished to bind him by consistency to the resolutions of the synod, it was found that he had never been party to them. Mr. Lewis evidently places faith in his hero's illness. We have no wish to disturb his faith; but we feel bound to point out that circumstances, whether wilful or accidental, placed Hall once more in a position far from heroic.

The death of Prince Henry snapped the last tie that bound Hall to the Puritans. Henceforward he began to draw more closely to Laud, though he found no little difficulty in coming up to the standard of his patron's rigour. Every day controversy waxed more rife, and the central point was still the question of free-will and predestination. Political and ecclesiastical parties ranged themselves on either side of this line, and promotion at court or disfavour with Parliament depended upon the view which a man might profess of this abstruse mystery. Each side strove

to silence rather than to convince the other. Hall, shortly after his elevation to the Bishopric of Exeter, made various attempts to publish such moderate opinions as might satisfy Laud without giving offence to Parliament. We need not wonder that the attempts were unsuccessful, and that their only practical result was the imprisonment and well-nigh ruin of Hall's printer, who, for the better sale of his book, ventured to publish a passage which Laud had expunged. On the next occasion of difference with Laud, Hall himself barely escaped the heavy hand of the Primate. The Puritans made great use of lecturers, without any parochial charge for the dissemination of their doctrines; Laud, therefore, was determined to suppress them. But Hall, either for the sake of peace, or because he found that these men were his best agents in withstanding the never-tiring energy of the Jesuits, refused to act with vigour against the lecturers. "The billows went so high that he was three several times upon his knees before the King to answer these great criminations . . . . and plainly told the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury that rather than he would be obnoxious to those slanderous tongues of his misinformers, he would cast up his rochet." It is not less to Hall's credit that he refused to proceed against any of his clergy for not reading the "Book of Sports." Hall could remember the profanation of Church and Sabbath in his youthful days; how

> The wilde heades of the parish flocking together chuse them a graunde capitaine of mischiefe, whom they innoble with the title of my lord of misrule . . . in this sorte they go to the church (though the minister be at prayer or preaching), dauncing and swinging their handkerchiefs over their heads, like devils incarnate, with such a confused noise that no man can heare his owne voice. Then the foolish people, they looke, they stare, they laugh, they fleere, and mount upon formes and pewes to see these goodly pageants solemnised in this sort. Then after this aboute the church they go againe and againe, and so fourthe into the churcheyard, where they have commonly their summer halls, their bowres, arbours, and banqueting-houses, . . . and there they spend their Sabbath day.

Recollecting these wild scenes, and knowing full well how much the Puritans had contributed to the sanctity of the day, Hall was not likely to lend himself to be an instrument in its desecration. Yet he must have been so, had he forced his clergy to exhort their people to spend the latter half of each Sunday in dancing, leaping, vaulting, and other recreations. His resistance to Laud in this matter was as commendable as his yielding would have been disgraceful to an alumnus of Emmanuel College.

We must pass over some eventful years, and hasten on to Hall's last promotion to the Bishopric of Norwich, from which he passed almost at one step to the Tower. With the events of these days, and the fury of the Long Parliament, all readers of English history are familiar; but the following description of the desecration of Norwich Cathedral from the pen of an eye-witness helps us to realize how mere rioting at last obtained the upper hand:

> There was not that care and moderation used in reforming the Cathedral Church bordering upon my palace. It is no other than tragical to relate the carriage of that furious sacrilege, whereof our eyes and ears were the sad witnesses. . . . Lord! what work was here! what clattering of glasses! what beating down of walls! what tearing up of monuments! what pulling down of seats! what wresting out of irons and brass from the windows and graves! what defacing of arms! what demolishing of curious stonework, that had not any representation in the world but only of the cost of the founder and skill of the mason! what tooting and piping upon the destroyed organ-pipes! and what a hideous triumph on the market-day before all the country, when in a kind of sacrilegious and profane procession all the organ-pipes, vestments, both copes and surplices, together with the leaden cross which had been newly sawn down from over the greenyard

pulpit, and the service-books and singing-books that could be had, were carried to the fire in the public market-place; a lewd wretch walking before the train in his cope trailing in the dirt, with a service-book in his hand, imitating in an impious scorn the tune, and usurping the words, of the Litany used formerly in the church. Near the public cross all these monuments of idolatry must be sacrificed to the fire, not without much ostentation of a zealous joy in discharging ordinance to the cost of some who professed how much they had longed to see that day. Neither was it any news upon this guild-day to have the cathedral now open on all sides to be filled with musketeers, waiting for the Mayor's return, drinking and tobacconing as freely as if it had turned ale-house.

The good Bishop survived these tragic scenes for some twelve years, and lived on in Norwich supported by a small pension allowed to him out of the revenues of his see. To those who know him only from his "Contemplations" we cannot hope that this account of him will be very pleasing. He was a good man, but not a strong man. In quiet, easy times his devotional writings embalmed in his beautiful English would have won him a name second to few of our divines. Posterity, more kind to him than Mr. Lewis, has treasured the best part of his work, and buried the rest. Had his biographer been content to claim for him the praise of steering his way conscientiously on the whole through most troublous seas, he would have produced a more pleasing, perhaps a more truthful portrait. But the desire to represent Hall as a "good Churchman" and a worthy predecessor of modern ritualists in the technical sense of the word has resulted in bringing into painful prominence the weaker side of Hall's character.

We cannot conclude this notice with words that are to us more characteristic of the author of the "Contemplations" than these:

> O God, bless Thou mine eye with this sight of a blessed eternity! I shall not forbear to sing in the night of death itself: much less in the twilight of all these worldly afflictions. Come, then, all ye earthly crosses, and muster up all your forces against me. Here is that which is able to make me more than a conqueror over you all. Have I lost my goods and foregone a fair estate? Had all the earth been mine, what is it to heaven? Had I been the lord of all the world, what were this to a kingdom of glory? Have I parted with a dear consort, the sweet companion of my youth, the tender nurse of my age, the partner of my sorrows for these forty-eight years? She is but stept a little before me to that happy rest which I am panting towards, and wherein I shall speedily overtake her. . . . Am I afflicted with bodily pain and sickness, which banisheth all sleep from my eyes, and exercises me with a lingering torture? Ere long this momentary distemper shall end in an everlasting rest.

E. A. KNOX.

A History of Greek Literature from the Earliest Period to the Death of Demosthenes. By FRANK BYRON JEVONS, M.A., Tutor in the University of Durham. Pp. 500. Charles Griffin and Co.

THIS is a companion volume to Mr. Cruttwell's "History of Roman Literature," published some years ago, and now most deservedly in a fourth edition: and it is a very worthy companion. We hope that Mr. Jevons will imitate Mr. Cruttwell and follow up the present excellent work with a volume of "Specimens of Greek Literature" to illustrate the criticisms contained in the book before us. Even in the case of well-known authors one sometimes wishes to have a few of the passages which best illustrate what is so justly remarked about them: and in the case of out-of-the-way writers, whose works are not by any means on every student's shelves, quotations are almost indispensable. Mr. Jevons is quite right in not burdening the present volume with such things; but a volume of well-selected specimens is imperatively needed, if this

"History of Greek Literature" is to do its proper work. It is thoroughly intelligible and interesting as it stands, but the student ought not to be left to swallow conclusions wholesale, without knowing something of the facts on which they are built. Even Lord Macaulay's schoolboy would have to confess ignorance of a large number of the writings discussed by Mr. Jevons.

But we should be sorry to convey the impression that this volume is of interest only, or even mainly, to schoolboys competing for places and prizes, or preparing for the University. Not only undergraduates reading for Honours, but those who have to instruct them, will find a great deal that will be of the utmost service to them. And, although there is a great deal of learning involved in the production of such a work, yet the book is by no means a "learned" one, in the sense that it interests no one but professed students. The general reader, who wishes to know something about one of the grandest literatures which the human race has ever produced, and who finds translations of classical authors absolutely unreadable, will find much not only to instruct but to delight him in Mr. Jevons' pages.

Poetry is, as usual, divided into epic, lyric, and the drama; prose into history, oratory, and philosophy. The first five of these six divisions receive from five to eight chapters apiece; which is very adequate treatment. Greek philosophical literature is dismissed in a single chapter! We suspect the publishers of having limited the author to five hundred pages: and as the first five sections almost reached this limit, the philosophers had to receive rather curt treatment. No doubt they are best able to bear it. Every here and there a chapter has a useful Appendix to discuss some special topic. One of the most interesting of these is the one on "Reading, Writing, and Publication in Classical Greek Times," appended to Chap. III. "Classical Greek Times" is a phrase which strikes one as almost as vague as "the time of the Romans," but we have no fault to find with the essay which it covers.

A few details may be singled out for special notice. Mr. Jevons, we are glad to see, believes in one Homer to whom may still be attributed both the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," each in its integrity. The "Birds" of Aristophanes is pronounced to be neither political nor personal, but to be written without any purpose other than that of getting away from contemporary Athenian life with its restless associations and its stifling political atmosphere. That a law was then in force rendering it penal to caricature anyone by name on the stage hardly settles the question. It is easy enough to caricature individuals, parties, and projects, without committing one's self to anything that a prosecutor can get hold of. And it is at least possible that the "Birds" is intended to convey an indefinite condemnation of the Sicilian Expedition. Nevertheless, we suspect that Mr. Jevons is right in the view which he adopts. There may be passing allusions here and there; but in its main plot and execution this play is as devoid of a moral as "Alice in Wonderland." We are glad to see that Mr. Jevons has a word about the beauty of the lyrics. We had looked to see whether he had given Aristophanes a place among the lyric poets. He has not done so; but such an arrangement would not have needed much defence. Can any poet be named who excels Aristophanes in this form of poetry?

We are inclined to think that Mr. Jevons is at his best in the section on the historians. Every intelligent reader, whether he knows the originals or not, will enjoy the chapters on Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon. The charming story about Thucydides in early life listening in rapture to the recitations of Herodotus, Mr. Jevons seems disposed in one place (p. 313) to reject as an invention of grammarians. But in

another (p. 328) he accepts it as probable, if only the young Thucydides is allowed to be twenty-five years of age. That we believe to be the right solution. Stories of this kind, which give so much life, and reality, and tenderness to history, should not be rejected excepting upon very conclusive evidence. And there is nothing about which memory is more treacherous than dates and places. Stories may be quite true, although the chronology and geography are sadly muddled. Mr. Jevons does not think it worth while to discuss the authorship of the eighth book of Thucydides: on the other hand, he does discuss that of the "Anabasis," and decides quite rightly, as we believe, for Xenophon.

In thanking the author for this solid contribution to a great subject we add one word of special gratitude for the retention of the traditional spelling of proper names. There are no concessions to pedantry.

Short Notices.

"The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges." *The Epistle to the Ephesians*, with Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. H. C. G. MOULE, M.A., Principal of Ridley Hall, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. University Press Warehouse.

This is a valuable little volume. The Introduction, though brief, is full, and very clear, while of the expository portion of the work we can hardly speak too warmly. Mr. Moule's scholarship is precise and patient; and his Commentaries are not only deeply spiritual, but suggestive and strong. Sound teaching is given plainly, without hesitation, and in small compass. We had marked many inviting paragraphs with a view to quotation; but we recommend our readers—lay as well as clerical—to get so good a Commentary on this great Epistle. The unlearned may enjoy it without fear of Greek.

Mr. Moule pleads, we observe, for "the whole family" (iii. 15). Much is to be said, no doubt, for "every family" or "every fatherhood;" but Dean Alford did not convince us, and we were pleased to notice Mr. Meyrick in the "Speaker's Commentary" supporting the A.V. Mr. Moule's remarks about the Greek article in the N.T. are of weight.[1] He says that there "*may* be communities in the heavenly world to which the idea of family may attach. But if so, this is the solitary hint of it in Scripture." And he observes that the context as a whole makes for the idea of *oneness*. Render "the *whole* family," and this passage presents the great truth so characteristic of the Epistle, the spiritual oneness of the holy Community. The R.V., of course, has stimulated inquiry, and many students, we think, would welcome a worthy discussion on so interesting a passage. Mr. Moule's statement (in his Introduction) as to the Argument here, may well be quoted:

14-19.—And now [returning to the imagery of Temple and Shecinah] he tells them of his prayer to the One Father of the great spiritual Family. It is that He would apply His Divine resources, in granting to them, by the immediate action of the Holy Spirit, power to welcome into their hearts, without reserve, evermore, Christ as the Indweller [power personally to accept all that His Pre-

[1] ii. 21.—A.V., "All the building": R.V., "Each several building." Mr. Moule's Note here is excellent. We recall that Professor Grimm, in his grand Lexicon, holds the idea of the A.V.