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also hanging about the word in dispute. Rav and Rav Acha are discussing the clause "when His wrath is kindled," and one says, "It is like a king who was angry with his subjects; they go and persuade the king's son that he may persuade the king. When he had been pacified by his son, the subjects go to thank the king; but he says to them, 'Do ye thank me? go and thank my son.'"

The application of the term "son" to the people of Israel does not concern us; but the story may be alleged as evidence that the disputed word was accepted in the sense of "son." And when we remember that the high Israelitish authority who is here called Rav is described by Wolf as the last of the sages of the Mishna, that he was teaching in the Jewish schools at the close of the second century after Christ, and that he actually died in the year 243, the fact that he could understand the controverted word in the sense of "son" at least may serve to relieve us from the taunt that such a meaning is foreign to the usage of the Hebrew language, and has, in fact, only been invented in order to meet the needs of Christian exegesis.

H. T. ARMFIELD.

(To be continued.)

ART. II.—DR. BOYD'S REMINISCENCES.

THE second volume of Dr. Boyd's Reminiscences will be eagerly read by many admirers. It abounds, like its predecessor, with anecdotes of distinguished persons, chiefly ecclesiastics, all told in A. K. H. B.'s kindly and genial manner. And opportunities enough had the author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson" of gathering together his interesting materials. He is constantly receiving distinguished visitors at St. Andrews, and constantly staying in delightful houses away from home. He is now at Selsdon Park, in Surrey, the guest of the "beloved prelate," Bishop Thorold; now at Glamis Castle with Canon Liddon; now at Windsor visiting Hugh Pearson, and walking round the cloister with Dean Wellesley; now at the Deanery of Wells with Dr. Plumptre; and now at Westminster, delighting in the companionship of Arthur Stanley.

"When a friend is made a bishop, you lose your friend," said someone to Dr. Boyd. But Dr. Boyd has not found it so. Fourteen times after Dr. Thorold became Bishop of Rochester did our writer visit him in his stately home at Selsdon. And no visits were more keenly enjoyed. The long walks in the

beautiful country, where the blaze of primroses made acres of underwood yellow with pale gold, in company with the "most lovable of prelates," or with Alexander, a cousin of the poet-bishop of Derry, whose early death was mourned by many in South London; the quiet Sundays; the confirmation rounds; the happy evenings, ending with a solemn service in chapel—all are noted with evident satisfaction. But one thing jarred on A. K. H. B.'s literary perception. The hymn-book used was "The Hymnal Companion," which abounds in serious examples of injudicious and unwelcome alterations. In the new edition these emendations have been wisely discarded. When Cardinal Newman's beautiful hymn, "Lead, kindly Light," was put into the Scottish Hymnal, a good Ayrshire minister wrote that he "would as soon put in a hymn by the devil as one by Cardinal Newman." For, the good man added, Newman had induced many souls to "go to perdition with the speed of an arrow shot from a giant's bow."

Tulloch used to tell A. K. H. B., half seriously, that he had "a morbid appetite for going to church." Here, at any rate, is the record of a Sunday in London. In the morning to the Temple Church to hear Dr. Vaughan for the first time. The church crowded, the music magnificent, the sermon "altogether admirable." In the afternoon to the Abbey to hear Farrar. This is the criticism: "An excellent sermon, with immense go. The vast crowd listened eagerly. For popular impression on a chance-gathered multitude there can be no question as to the preacher's telling power. But though greatly admiring James Montgomery, I somewhat demurred in spirit when I heard him called 'the grand old poet.' Something short of that, surely. That is for Milton." In the evening to St. Andrew's, Wells Street, where "the sermon was really very bad, and I think I never heard a worse." Another Sunday Dr. Boyd betook himself to St. Alban's, Holborn, for the eleven o'clock service. It is interesting to notice how the service struck a Scotch Presbyterian:

"At eleven exactly the procession came: the celebrant in a cope, and two attendants in cassocks, and surplices to a little below the waist. The imitation of Rome was very close, but there was no incense. A sermon was preached by Mr. Stanton—most admirable; it could not have been better. It kept up breathless attention. There was an immense amount of manner; but the impression was of simple and devout earnestness. . . . No mortal could hear that sermon and not be the better for it. The solitary thing that jarred some little was the surplice reaching to the waist. One could not help thinking of the pictures of Mrs. Squeers. . . . Then the Communion service went on. The consecration prayer was

said inaudibly: the congregation with their heads near the ground. Only two communicants received out of that crowd. A clergyman next me said, 'We ought to receive the Sacrament.' We went up and knelt down. But the good man who had celebrated (it was a sweet but weak face) came to us and said that 'all the Hosts were consumed.' We had to go."

Who, asks Dr. Boyd, in summing up his experiences of St. Alban's, would meddle with such a congregation, gathered in such a place? I remember, he adds, Archbishop Tait speaking, with his sad smile, of the "eccentricities of St. Alban's"; but he acknowledged very solemnly "the work that was being done there for Christ."

This noble and generous way of regarding differences—indeed, the entire breadth and enlightened liberality of A. H. H. B.'s religious opinions—was in striking contrast with the "Christianity" of some of his countrymen. One austere saint severely said to him that "No one who knew the truth as it is in Jesus could read Shakespeare." Some presumptuous preachers ventured to assert that the terrible Tay Bridge accident was a judgment on the sin of Sunday travelling. "I can but say," adds Dr. Boyd, "almost in the language of John Wesley, that the God in whom such persons believe is *not* the God I believe in at all. Indeed, their God approximates awfully to my devil." One day he said to a clerical neighbour at Edinburgh, "It is very sad that that poor woman is to be hanged." "No," answered this cleric of fire and brimstone, "it is not a bit sadder that a woman should be hanged than a man. *God will damn a woman just as soon as a man;* and therefore in what you say you are accusing God and going against the standards of the Kirk." Another minister of the same loving opinions told his unhappy congregation that he had satisfied himself that just one in every seven hundred and seventy-seven persons would be saved. Coming out of church, he found his congregation gathered together under a tree in high debate. They had calculated that, according to the preacher's arithmetic, exactly three souls in the parish would escape the torments of hell. The great question was, who those three souls should be. "They stated their perplexity to that preacher of despair, and mentioned a good many names that had been suggested. But a fine effect was produced upon the mind of that ferocious fatalist by the fact that not one individual had mentioned his!"

In October, 1879, Dr. Boyd was staying with Liddon and Malcolm MacColl and Miss Alderson, the hymn-writer, as the guests of the Earl of Strathmore, at Glamis Castle. One morning, at breakfast, the conversation turned upon the famous haunted room. It has been put about that the mention of it

is painful to the family. "Never," says our author, "was ranker nonsense. In the morning, the first question of the delightful Countess to her guests was, 'Well, have you seen the ghost?' The Earl treated the subject more scientifically, in a fashion yielding practical counsel. He told us that some years before an excellent dignitary, who was always collecting money for church-building, had just gone to bed, when of a sudden the ghost appeared, apparently a Strathmore of some centuries back. With great presence of mind, the clergyman took the first word. Addressing the ghost, he said he was anxious to raise money for a church he was erecting, that he had a bad cold and could not well get out of bed, but that his collecting-book was on the table, and he would be extremely obliged if his visitor would give him a subscription. After this, the ghost vanished, and has never come back any more."

The walks and conversations with Liddon were delightful. There was, of course, much talk of presbytery and episcopacy. Liddon expressed his great regret that Bishop Lightfoot, of Durham, had written a well-known passage admitting that presbytery was the primitive form of Church government. It is well to note this, as doubts have in some quarters been circulated that this was not the great Bishop's meaning. Liddon went on to express his firm belief in the *Divine* institution of Episcopacy. Later on he wrote to his friend as follows, and the words are worth quoting, as showing the great preacher's attitude towards the question:

"Of course," he says in a letter dated October 17, 1881, "I do not forget that you would not agree with me as to the worth of the evidence in favour of the Episcopal constitution of the Church of Christ. But I must frankly say that if I did not believe that evidence to be decisive, *I do not think I should belong to an 'Episcopal' communion*. The Episcopate, if not necessary to the Church, is surely a wanton cause of division among the Reformed Christian communities, to say nothing of the evils of ecclesiastical ambition which it sometimes occasions."

And again:—"If I believed the Episcopate to be a matter of human institution, I should earnestly desire its abolition. As it is, I see in it a Divine gift, rejected or—worse still—abused by the passions or the selfishness of man; but about retaining which I have just as little discretion as about retaining the Gospel of St. John."[1]

One other incident in connection with the visit at Glamis Castle must be recorded. As the guests were enjoying the

[1] Dr. Liddon's dilemma does not seem to be exclusive. The usual view held by Church of England divines has been that Episcopacy is of the *bene esse*, not of the *esse* of the Church.—EDITOR.

glorious prospect from the top of Hunter's Hill, Liddon suddenly said, pointing to a double field-glass which Mr. MacColl was carrying, "That's the glass through which we saw the impaled body." All the world knew the story then, and many declared it to be false. Thinking that Liddon might possibly have been mistaken, A. K. H. B. said to him, "Show me how far off that pole is." He indicated a tree close at hand. "I turned the glass upon it," says our writer, "and could have seen anything at that distance just as distinctly as I do the paper on which I am writing. Next, to test the beloved man's sight: 'Tell me the hour on the clock at the castle.' The castle was more than a mile off. Liddon told it to a minute; and there were two eye-witnesses. Of course the story was true, and those who contradicted it most loudly knew it to be true."

Among Dr. Boyd's most valued friends was Arthur Stanley, of Westminster. He found him, as indeed all found him, the most charming of companions; and a visit to the deanery was an occasion to be remembered. His sympathy was unbounded. "I remember how touched Stanley was when I told him of a parting I had seen. A lad of twenty, very well known to me, died. He left a widowed mother, a sister, and two brothers younger than himself. He had been their main support, and was full of anxieties as to what should become of them. His last words were, holding the hand of the brother next himself in years, and looking at the poor sobbing woman, '*Try and do as weel's ye can.*' The great Dean thought them grand and all-comprehending words." The last occasion on which A. K. H. B. visited the Deanery was to read a paper on "The Treatment of Heresy in Scotland," before the C. C. C. Society. The society consisted of some forty of the London clergy, of whom Archdeacon Cheetham was president for the year. Among others present were such well-known men as Mr. Llewellyn Davies, Mr. Freemantle, Mr. Harry Jones, Mr. Brooke Lambert, and Mr. MacColl. "But," says our author, "the brightest and the most lifelike of all was Dean Stanley, who just on that day seven weeks was to pass from the world." The subject of the paper was one which we can easily understand was congenial to Stanley. And as with the subject, so apparently with the treatment of it. "For every now and then," we are told, "Stanley uttered a yell and clapped his hands. The final words, which as I left the Deanery I heard Stanley's voice say, were, 'Yes, I'll preach for you on a Sunday in August.' But that was not to be. The Sunday came, but A. P. S. had gone away. He died on Monday, July 18th."

Among other distinguished men met in London is noted Mr. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, the famous American preacher.

A. K. H. B. was struck with his appearance. A great, burly man, frank and friendly, but not a trace of clerical attire. He was dressed like a "respectable gamekeeper," or the like. "Afterwards, when I came to know him better," says our author, "I revealed to him my perplexity at his appearance, but he said that on the street at home he was merely a citizen —when he entered into church he was duly arrayed. And he confessed a frank disapproval of professional dress, and of other things, notably of palaces, equipages and purple liveries in connection with the hierarchy." And now Phillips Brooks has gone away, too.

Once Bishop Boyd Carpenter, at the invitation of the students, came to preach in their fine chapel in St. Salvator's College. He made a profound impression, Beside preaching on Sunday both morning and afternoon, he lectured on Dante in St. Salvator's Hall on Monday afternoon. "His fluency and memory appeared quite marvellous. . . . He left with one the impression of great brightness and vivacity, and of great amiability. Surely a sweet-natured man, and absolutely without pretension."

With one more story, told by Dr. Boyd himself, we will conclude. "In July, a country member, much concerned in matters agricultural, came to me one afternoon in the club, and informed me that by far the greatest compliment had been paid the humble writer that ever had been, or ever could be. An animal of extraordinary value and beauty appeared in the published record of high-bred cattle as bearing my odd initials. I was somewhat startled, and liked it not. 'Don't you know,' he said, with indignation, 'that the Marchioness of A. and the Duchess of B. are proud to have their names in that book? You don't understand things at all.' I certainly remarked, for a while after, that my namesake got many prizes at shows. But the last mention of him was tragic. The murrain got into that unpurchasable herd, and they had to perish. A paragraph said, 'A. K. H. B. is still alive, but he is to be killed to-morrow.' I heard no more."

JOHN VAUGHAN.

ART. III.—ROMAN CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS FOR THE WORKING CLASSES IN FRANCE.

IT is a striking feature of the policy of the Church of Rome in the present day that both their clergy and their laity are devoting so much attention to the social and moral welfare of the operative classes. The Papal Encyclical of May, 1891,