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sorry bungle of a version in the tangles of which the unwary may all too easily lose his way.

One consequence, it may be hoped, will accrue from a study of one or all of the books on Hegel noted at the head of this review. Henceforth it should be impossible for people to aver, with Tennemann, that Hegel's philosophy is a product of empty thinking, revolving upon a pivot of abstraction in a colourless void and divorced from experience and reality. A philosophy which does this sort of thing is no philosophy at all; it is but the merest cobweb-spinning. Now, as to *genuine* philosophy, the very opposite is the case. Hegel's own words surely disclose, if anything, the close connection of his philosophy with the world of reality. "The real world," he says ("Philosophy of Right," E.T., p. xxvi.), "is in earnest with the principles of right and duty, and in the full light of a consciousness of these principles it lives. Philosophy is an inquisition into the rational, and therefore the apprehension of the real and present."

E. H. BLAKENEY.

SANDWICH.



ART. V.—ARCHBISHOP MAGEE.

"THE LIFE OF ARCHBISHOP MAGEE." 2 vols. By John Cotter Macdonnell, D.D. Isbister and Co.

WILLIAM CONNOR MAGEE, Dean of Cork, Bishop of Peterborough, Archbishop of York, the wittiest of all his contemporaries, and the greatest orator of his day, either in the pulpit or in the House of Lords, was born at Cork, December 17, 1821. His father, John Magee, had a church in Drogheda, and died of fever, caught in pastoral visitation, when William was only fifteen. His grandfather, William Magee, was widely respected as Archbishop of Dublin. On his mother's side the boy was Scottish; she was the daughter of John Ker, an incumbent in County Longford.

The official events of his life may be briefly summed up. His career was one of steady and brilliant progress. In 1838 he was scholar of Trinity College, Dublin; obtained the first Archbishop King's prize in 1841; was B.A. in 1842, M.A. and B.D. in 1854, and D.D. in 1860. His first curacy was at St. Thomas's, Dublin, 1844-1846; his next at St. Saviour's, Bath, 1847-1850. He was Minister of the Octagon Chapel, Bath, from 1851-1856; Incumbent of Quebec Chapel, London, for a short time in 1856; Rector of Enniskillen from 1860-1864; Dean of Cork from 1864-1868; Dean of the Chapel

Royal, Dublin, 1866 and 1869; Bishop of Peterborough, 1869-1891: select preacher at Oxford, 1880-1882; Archbishop of York, 1881. He died, a victim to the influenza plague, on May 5, 1891, in his seventieth year.

Of his schooldays, a schoolfellow, Mr. Pilkington, thus writes:

"He never joined in any of our games, but stayed indoors, generally reading French books (with which his father supplied him), especially Molière's comedies. To them he paid devoted attention, and on a wet day repeated hundreds of lines to me and others, always supporting the characters with as much individuality as a regular stage expert. He had a great love for the inside of books, but a mischievous non-appreciation of the outside of them.

"His father used to send him beautifully-bound copies of the most popular books, and when he received them he at once tore off the covers, to make them fit into extemporized pockets, which he had made by cutting the linings of his jackets right across on the inside to the breadth of the book. As these pockets were made on both sides, or, rather, insides, of his jacket, he often looked like a small portable packing-case.

"His power of concentration was most remarkable. In the long winter evenings he would sit up on a desk, with his feet on the form, and there he would pore over some favourite volume, utterly independent of the most violent noises.

"He was a great chess-player for so young a boy. One of the day-boys used to bring a chess-board and men. This was left in Magee's desk until the play-hours, and, if the weather was fine, the two boys adjourned to the lower seat in the dark walk, and fought out their battle without much interruption.

"The one great drawback in his school-life was, there was no boy in the school who was capable of discussing general literature with him in a conversational manner. This want forced him in a great measure into solitary reading, and so left the majority of his schoolfellows quite in the dark as to his great mental capacities."

A lady contemporary gives the following picture of him:

"I knew William Magee as a boy, and a more mischievous boy was never seen. He was most amusing, for he was as full of fun and mischief as he could possibly be. He was passionately fond of fishing, and he used to rise early and go to fish in one or two lakes on my father's property. Years afterwards, when I met him at Bath, he used to enjoy a chat with me about those old times.

"In one of our conversations we happened to speak about charity. He said, 'I shall never forget the best lesson I ever had in my life about charity. It was when my father

was Vicar of St. Peter's, Drogheda. One day I met a little ragged, miserable Roman Catholic child, who was begging for help. Touched by his wretchedness, I made my way to my father's study and told him about the boy, and asked him to give me something for him. Looking up from his books and papers, he said, "Indeed I cannot. I have all our Protestant school-children and our own poor to help, and I really cannot do anything for the lad." However, as I turned crestfallen to the door, he called after me, "Willie, if you like to go without your own dinner, and to give it to the boy, you may; and go ask your mother to find some old things to clothe him in!" Off I went delighted, and gave the lad my dinner. And now, when I hear of large sums given in so-called charity, I think of my father's words, "Willie, if you like to go without your own dinner, you can give it to the lad." "

He had a wonderful memory, and this is how in early days he prepared his sermons:

"Magee's first sermon after his ordination as deacon was preached at St. Thomas's Church. Some of his old College Historical Society friends went down to hear him. They all returned greatly pleased with their 'auditor' in the pulpit. This sermon was carefully written out, but he soon gave up reading from a manuscript. His system for many years was to help the process of thinking out his subject by writing down his thoughts. Then he seldom looked again at what he had written, except for the purpose of making notes of it. He often entirely inverted in these notes the order and arrangement of his subject, but he never either copied or committed to memory any of his written MSS. But it was marvellous how, without doing so, whole sentences and paragraphs were delivered almost verbatim as he had originally written them. After hearing one of his sermons in those days, I asked him for the original manuscript, and found, as I have said, whole paragraphs which seemed to me to be an accurate report of what I had just heard, but the arrangement was different, and he assured me he had never read it over after writing it, though the sentences came in the same form to his lips."

He preached for his friend, John Cotter Macdonnell, the editor of these two volumes of letters, to whom the great majority of them are addressed, in 1846, at Fenagh, County Carlow, on Isa. l. 10, 11. No one who heard that sermon, says the biographer, could doubt that he would be one of the greatest preachers of the day.

He made the same impression at Bath, when his great illness of 1846 and 1847, in spite of a long convalescence in Spain, made it evident that he must not remain in Dublin:

“‘I remember,’ said a lady, ‘hearing his first sermon as a curate at St. Saviour’s. I saw a plain little man mount the pulpit stairs, but directly he opened his mouth he poured forth such a torrent of eloquence that we were all perfectly astounded.’ Another friend remembers the first sermon she heard from him on the words, ‘Curse ye them, saith the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.’ ‘I came away,’ she said, ‘not thinking in the least of the *man*, but of the *words* he said. I had heard good preaching before, but never such words as these.’”

Mr. Peach, of Bath, says of this period :

“If there was a pulpit habit Dr. Magee scorned and avoided more than any other, it was that of cushion-thumping and anecdote-mongering in the pulpit. His manner as a preacher, from his earliest days at St. Saviour’s to his latest period at the Octagon, was characterized by a gravity, an earnestness, and dignity, from which he never departed. And this character lent a special impressiveness to his eloquence, than which nothing could have been more perfect. His action was wholly in unison with it. With his small Bible poised in his left hand, he would, as each well-balanced sentence fell from his lips, touch the book with the first and second fingers of his right hand, so that it seemed to give additional force to his argument; and when he became impassioned, he would put down the book, lean forward on the pulpit (from which he had banished the cushion), and pour ‘the flood tide of eloquence along.’”

Although very unobtrusive, it did not take long to make him known. In 1859, when minister of the Octagon, Lord Auckland, Bishop of Bath and Wells, made him Prebendary of Wells. After a brief tenure of Quebec Chapel, London, he had a useful experience of four years as Rector of Enniskillen. His influence here amongst the neighbouring clergy was lessened by the fact that he did not support the campaign of the Irish Church Education Society, but preferred Government schools with a conscience clause.

His theological position at this time he thus sets forth to his friend, with reference to a proposed volume of essays :

“In one word, our task would be to attempt to harmonize all that is really true and sound in Evangelicalism with all that is really true and sound both in High and Broad Churchism; and to show the outsiders—the intelligent, thoughtful laity, who are now wearied and disgusted with the parrot-like iteration of stock phrases by narrow-minded ‘Gospel preachers’—that these phrases, in their right place and connection,

involve great truths—truths which can be left out of no system of theology, and which really they themselves unconsciously hold under other forms; and at the same time to show such men that men, mainly Evangelical, and writing from the Evangelical standpoint, can understand and sympathize with their doubts and difficulties, and can do more for them than merely yell them down from the pulpit or in fifth-rate magazine articles and letters in newspapers.

“Again, I know there are moderate and thinking men among the Evangelicals, who are not represented either by the — or the —, who would gladly accept such a setting forth of Evangelicalism without cant, at once broader and deeper than what they get in the ‘Sound Gospel’ tracts and sermons of the day.

“Lastly, I think our aim should be to oppose some correction to the Dissenting leanings of our Evangelical clergy, endeavouring to set out an Evangelical Churchmanship, in which, by the way, the writings of the earlier Evangelicals—Simeon, Venn, and Wesley, too—would largely help us.”

Gratifications now began to encourage him.

“A lecture on Scepticism, delivered before the Young Men’s Christian Association in Dublin, was as great a success as that on Baxter a few years before had been. A great surprise and pleasure was in store for Magee in connection with this lecture. Writing to me on May 24, 1863, he says:

“‘I have just had a letter from Amsterdam to say that the Young Men’s Christian Association there are translating my lecture on Scepticism into Dutch, with a preface by a certain Professor von Ostensee! And so, you see, ‘We, too, are somebody.’”

And in March, 1863, he writes from London after the Prince of Wales’s marriage:

“I preached at St. Paul’s last Sunday evening to nearly 7,000 people!—the largest congregation yet known there. Numbers coming down to see the Danish Prince, who did not attend, and to hear ‘God save the Queen’ sung after the sermon, which was certainly one of the grandest things I have ever heard or witnessed; I say witnessed, for that vast multitude standing up to join in it was a sight to be remembered. Dean Milman told me I was ‘perfectly heard’ by all—a thing I can hardly believe. . . . It is a tremendous effort for mind and body, one of those sermons.”

He had already become conscious that promotion was now not improbable; but he was always pessimistic both as to private and public matters, and his forecasts were seldom correct. Thus, in September, 1863, he writes:

“As for me, my chances of promotion of any degree, never

very great, diminish yearly. I lose English friends by death and absence. I have no Irish friends. Shaftesbury gives the greater appointments, and Carlisle will naturally give the minor ones to his personal and political friends. Shaftesbury dislikes me, and Carlisle neither likes me nor dislikes me, while I have no party at my back to puff me, and am unpopular with the Church Education clergy.

“*Ergo*, I am fixed in Enniskillen for my natural life, and mean chiefly to grow cabbages, also, when the season suits, onions, likewise mangel and turnips!”

Here is his opinion of Archbishop Whately, who was then dying :

“Alas, for the brave old man whose race is so nearly run ! With all his weaknesses and eccentricities, he was a giant among pigmies here. His death is at this crisis ‘a heavy blow and great discouragement’ to the Irish Church. He was a link, and a strong one, between us and England ; and we shall feel the loss of him in the coming struggle.”

Lord Carlisle, the Viceroy of Ireland, had really wished Bishop Fitzgerald, of Killaloe, to succeed Archbishop Whately at Dublin, and Magee to be Bishop of Killaloe. In January, 1864, Lord Carlisle made him Dean of Cork and one of his own chaplains.

Bishop Tait and the Bishop of Bath and Wells wrote as follows :

“FULHAM PALACE, S.W., *January 16, 1864.*

“MY DEAR DR. MAGEE,

“I write to express my congratulations on your announced appointment to the deanery of Cork. I hope the post is such as will be agreeable and suitable.

“Yet I regard it only as a step in the direction of the Bench. Mrs. Tait joins in very kind regards to Mrs. Magee.

“Ever yours truly,

“A. C. LONDON.

“P.S.—I have endeavoured to procure your services for St. Paul’s and Whitehall.”

“THE PALACE, WELLS, *January 16, 1864.*

“MY DEAR DR. MAGEE,

“It was with the greatest pleasure I read this morning of your appointment to the deanery of Cork—the least thing that you could have expected from the Government. But I trust it is only a stepping-stone to something better. I assure you that the appointment gave great satisfaction to

a large party assembled at Cuddesden, amongst whom was the new Archbishop of Dublin.

“I remain, my dear Magee,

“Yours very truly,

“AUCKLAND, BATH AND WELLS.”

In 1864 he made a great speech at the Bristol Church Congress on the question of the Irish Church.

“He was followed by a speaker who had evidently a very tender regard for the Church of Rome, and who said in the course of his remarks that though he had a deep love for his *mother* the Church of England, he had also a great regard for his *grandmother* the Church of Rome. ‘Tell him,’ whispered Magee to me, as I was to speak afterwards, ‘that it is not lawful for a man to marry his grandmother.’”

At the end of the year he writes :

“I have been sorely tantalized by a request from the London C.M.S. to preach their anniversary sermon this year. This is the ‘blue ribbon’ of the Evangelical pulpit, and it would have been an identification of myself with the best of Evangelical Churchmanship, and a kind of *testamur* from them that I should have been glad of. I mean with respect to usefulness among the Evangelicals, who I hear are accusing me in England of deserting them.

“I have had, however, to forego this. But Venn has booked me for 1866.”

In 1866 he was appointed by Lord Kimberley Dean of the Chapel Royal, Dublin Castle, in addition to the Deanery of Cork. The Ministry going out soon afterwards, the new Lord-Lieutenant was Lord (afterwards the Duke of) Abercorn. Here is Magee’s first meeting with “Old Splendid,” as his friends always called him :

“And now for a really good joke. The A.D.C. told me his Excellency was out in the grounds, but he would bring me to Lord Hamilton. He brought me into the study, and after I waited there a little he came, a young, slight-looking, handsome man, apparently thirty-five, or it might be forty years of age, ‘who was happy to make my acquaintance,’ and with whom I shook hands very affably, and then sat down and chatted over my business very familiarly and pleasantly, and rather confidentially. I took my leave and told my wife when I came back how pleased I was to meet such a very agreeable and gentlemanlike official as Lord Hamilton seemed to be. Presently I go over to do ‘flunky’ at the reception. I form up in the hall, with the other head servants; up drives a carriage and out steps Lord Hamilton! Very odd, say I; where is Lord Abercorn? On we go to the council-room, and

again my friend Lord Hamilton comes forward to make his declaration that he does not believe in Transubstantiation and has no particular respect for the B.V.M. This was past a joke! My Lord Hamilton was the Marquis of Abercorn, and I had paid him the compliment of mistaking him for his eldest son! If I had been the most subtle of courtiers I could not have made a better hit."

He was now one of the foremost men in the Irish Church.

"The certain information," writes Canon Macdonnell, "that he was marked out to succeed to the Bishopric of Meath, and that, if the Ministry had stayed in for three weeks longer, or if the aged Bishop Singer had died three weeks earlier, he would have been the bishop was naturally trying; and the trial was unintentionally aggravated by his friends, who could not help expressing their disappointment, and so rather irritating the sore they wished to heal. The very unusual occurrence took place of three vacancies among the twelve Irish Sees in the one year 1866. Magee felt that it was only the natural course of things when Dr. Graves, a man of great learning, who had for a long time been Dean of the Chapel Royal and the personal friend and adviser of more than one Lord Lieutenant, was nominated to fill the first vacancy, that of Limerick. But when his appointment to one of the two Sees (Meath and Tuam) which fell vacant very soon after was stopped by the sudden change of Ministry, he felt the disappointment acutely, though he seldom said a word on the subject even to his most intimate friends. . . . He little thought what a revolution in his life and prospects was to take place two years later, and how much the vicissitudes of his life and his incessant occupations of various kinds were acting as a discipline and preparation for higher duties."

The year 1866 was also marked by great sermons at Armagh Cathedral, at the reopening of St. Andrew's Church, Dublin, and at Scarborough, as well as by a magnificent address on Dogmatic Teaching from the Pulpit, at the York Church Congress, following his friend the Dean of Emly, now Primate Alexander of Armagh.

He did not wish to be thought a party man :

"I have just refused going to a meeting of 'Evangelical' clergy at Southport, to give an address on the Church of England doctrine of the Sacraments.

"Oh my! if I had gone and said my say, in how many little pieces should I have been sent home to my sorrowing wife and bereaved orphans!

"I have also declined lecturing on Ritualism in London for the National Club. I fear to the end of my days I shall be reckoned amongst the Evangelicals; why, I cannot imagine."

In 1867 the question of the Irish Church Establishment became burning, and this was Magee's candid view of the situation :

"I did say that it is very much in the position of a Colonial Church, and so I think it is, and always has been, and will be, spite of all Dr. Lee and Stopford may take out of old records to prove that ecclesiastically we are the National Church of Ireland. It is the simple fact that the Irish Established Church never has been since the Reformation, or, indeed, for long before it, the Church of the nation.

"It has been all along the Church of the pale and the Church of the Anglo-Celtic colony in Ireland.

"Outside that pale lay, and lies still, the Celtic population. To that population the Irish Church Established ought to have been missionary. It was not.

"It remained the Church of the English colony in Ireland ; and it is that, and nothing else, at this moment.

"It is mere folly to talk of it, or to try to defend it, as *de facto* the Church of the Irish nation. As the Church of the Anglo-Celtic colony in Ireland, paid as it is by *these colonists* almost exclusively, and entitled as they are to English support for having held Ireland loyally for England, it has a perfectly valid ground of defence."

In 1868 he was full of important work : sermons before the British Association at Norwich, 1868, in Dublin Castle Chapel Royal, at Whitehall, Cambridge and Oxford ; the preparation for the Dublin Church Congress, and the impending troubles of the Irish Church.

"Eighty subjects for Church Congress have come in answer to our request for suggestions, amongst others 'tenant right.' 'It is a mad world, my masters.'

The times are out of joint. Oh, cursed spite
That Cork and Cashel cannot put them right.

SHAKESPEARE *Variorum.*"

The Dublin Church Congress, with Magee's famous sermon of the "breaking net," showed the Irish Church at its best, and was immediately followed by a most unexpected result, prompted by the desire of Disraeli to have in the House of Lords the most able defender of that Church against the coming onslaught of Mr. Gladstone.

"I forget what happened upon the intermediate day," says Canon Macdonnell, writing of the close of the Congress, "but I remember well that I had promised to speak at a meeting for the S.P.G. on the Monday following. Dean Magee came in and took his seat upon the platform, and waited till I had made my speech, and then whispered to me to go out with him, as he had something to tell me. We went out together into

the street, and he looked so pale, and like a man who had received a sudden shock, that I expected some very sad news. He then told me that he had received a letter from the Prime Minister that morning, saying that he had recommended him for the vacant See of Peterborough to the Queen, and that her Majesty had given her consent. It was so unexpected, and so far beyond his hopes, that he seemed quite paralyzed by the news. He had wished so much to get back to England that he had been induced to write to the Premier, asking him, when filling up the Deanery of St. Paul's, to give him one of the appointments that might be made vacant in so doing. He never dreamed of getting the Deanery itself, still less an English bishopric.

"There is a touch of humour in the way the Premier arranged his letter, beginning with a refusal of the Dean's modest request on the first page, and then making the offer of the bishopric when he turned over the leaf.

" 'From the PRIME MINISTER to DR. MAGEE.

" '10, DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL,

" 'October 3, 1868.

" 'VERY REVEREND SIR,

" 'I regret that I cannot comply with your request, for I felt it my duty to recommend her Majesty to nominate you, if agreeable to yourself, to the vacant See of Peterborough.

" 'I hope you will accept that eminent post, which will afford, in this trying hour, an ampler opportunity for the exercise of the great gifts with which God has endowed you.

" 'I have the honour to remain,

" 'Very reverend sir,

" 'Your faithful servant,

" 'B. DISRAELI.

" 'Very Rev. the DEAN OF CORK.'"

The Irish Church Bill came on with the accession of Mr. Gladstone's Government. All the details of this time are exceedingly interesting, and Magee was consulted by all parties; but there is no room here for more than glimpses:

"It is open to Gladstone, if he wants our help, to bid for it, and I have given him the hint to do so. Cantuar fears the English prelates weakening their own position in England by any coquetting or manœuvring now. He quite accepts the idea of post-Reformation endowments as the line of compromise, and scouts with indignation the idea of a Suspensory Bill.

"Altogether, I am deeply impressed with his perfect honesty and calm sagacity. He really is a *man*, every inch of him."

Of Magee's great speech in the House of Lords against the Bill, Lord Derby said two nights afterwards :

"Even now there are ringing in my ears, as I doubt not in those of your lordships, the words of a right reverend Prelate who, on Tuesday night, kept your lordships entranced in rapt attention to a speech, containing within itself the most cogent and most conclusive arguments upon the merits of the question, while its fervid eloquence, its impassioned and brilliant language, have never in my memory been surpassed, and rarely equalled, during my long Parliamentary experience."

And Lord Ellenborough told Lord Chelmsford that he considered Bishop Magee's speech "superior, not in degree, but in kind, to *anything* he had *ever* heard in either House, with the sole exception of Grattan and Plunkett."

He was a little too fond of ticketing people epigrammatically. Not all the guests in the following description would admit his labels :

"February 13, 1873.

". . . I went to dinner duly at the Grosvenor Hotel. The dinner was certainly a strangely interesting one. Had the dishes been as various we should have had severe dyspepsia, all of us. Archbishop Manning in the chair was flanked by two Protestant Bishops right and left—Gloucester and Bristol and myself—on my right was Hutton, editor of the *Spectator*—an Arian; then came Father Dalgairns, a very able Roman Catholic priest; opposite him Lord A. Russell, a Deist; then two Scotch metaphysical writers—Freethinkers; then Knowles, the *very* broad editor of the *Contemporary*; then, dressed as a layman, and looking like a country squire, was Ward, formerly Rev. Ward, and earliest of the perverts to Rome; then Greg, author of 'The Creed of Christendom,' a Deist; then Froude, the historian, once a deacon in our Church, now a Deist; then Roden Noel, an actual Atheist and red Republican, and looking very like one! Lastly, Ruskin, who read after dinner a paper on miracles! which we discussed for an hour and a half. Nothing could be calmer, fairer, or even, on the whole, more reverent than the discussion. Nothing flippant or scoffing or bitter was said on either side, and very great ability, both of speech and thought, was shown by most speakers. In my opinion, we, the Christians, had much the best of it. Dalgairns, the priest, was very masterly; Manning, clever and precise and weighty; Froude, very acute, and so was Greg; while Ruskin declared himself delighted 'with the exquisite accuracy and logical power of the Bishop of Peterborough.'"

Here is a little grumble against the predominant personality of Archbishop Tait :

“February 1, 1876.

“The weather just now looks squally for the Church. The Archbishop has cut the ground from under our feet as regards the Burials Bill by his unfortunate and ill-timed utterance at Canterbury. He so entirely believes in Parliament, and so entirely ignores the clergy, that he is really becoming, with all his noble qualities and great practical sagacity, a great peril to the Church. He regards the clergy as a big sixth form, and the outer world as the parents and trustees of the big school, the Church, and acts accordingly. He and our dear brother of Lincoln, with his ultra-clerical sympathies on the other side, have between them pretty nearly carried the Burials Bill. Neither of them in the least realizes the effect on the *imagination* of men of the acts of those in power; and yet ‘C’est l’imagination qui gouverne le monde’ was Napoleon’s wise saying.”

This, however, he afterwards modified :

“It will, I am sure, please you to know that a week before the Primate died I received from him, in reply to a few words of farewell from myself, a message of ‘affectionate thanks with his blessing.’ Remembering, as you probably do, our one public and painful collision, and remembering, as I do, the several and not rare occasions in which I, almost alone of the Bishops, ventured to differ from and oppose him in private conference, this farewell from him to me is touching and to be remembered. He never could endure opposition well; but, on the other hand, he never bore malice. He was a good man, and in some respects a great one, and yet just now we need a different stamp of man for our chief—one who will conciliate the *clergy* as much as Tait did the *laity*, without alienating the latter.”

In a letter to Mr. Shaw Stewart, in 1876, there is an outspoken delineation of his own ecclesiastical position :

“I am of no other party than that of the Church of England, as I find her in her Prayer-Book and her history. I tolerate—I hope *largely*—all that, even by a stretch of charity, I can fairly see to be within these limits. I am *utterly* intolerant of all on any side that goes beyond them.

“Now, I cannot even with the utmost charity help seeing that the extreme Ritualists go, and avowedly aim at going, beyond these limits.

“I see and *know* of the deliberate adoption of *distinctly* Roman doctrines, practices, rites, ceremonies, devotions, and even phrases and turns of expression. I see this joined with deliberate and insulting defiance not of the merely legal

authority of Bishops, but, as I personally know, of their earnest and paternal remonstrances and entreaties, far more frequently resorted to than we are given credit for.

“I see, therefore, clearly and plainly, a determination on the part of some men to Romanize, or failing that, to revolutionize, our Church. I see, too, with deep pain, the great historical High Church party—partly from generosity, partly from a certain amount of theological sympathy with what they regard as only exaggerations of their own views, partly, I fully own, from disgust at the fatuous impolicy and bitterness of many of the opponents of those men who strike at High Churchmen through them—more and more identifying itself with men who are utterly untrue to its best traditions, and who sneer at and vilify its noblest names, and scout its ‘*miserable Anglicanism.*’

“Seeing and deploring all this as I do, I cannot identify myself with—still less hope to lead or champion—those High Churchmen who, though themselves truly loyal to our Church, throw their shield over those whom I *cannot* honestly regard as loyal to her.

“On the other hand, I shrink with unconcealed dislike from the vulgar, bitter, ignorant Puritanism that is engaged in the persecution of these men. I see that by their incredibly foolish attacks on things perfectly harmless and dear to many a loyal Churchman (*e.g.*, the eastward position), they are forcing on that alliance between the High Churchmen and the extremest Ritualists which a common danger naturally impels to.

“I see how narrow, how schismatical, how uncatholic is their line of action. I have opposed it and denounced it, and been bitterly reviled by them for so doing.

“But I see also one thing more, that in this bitter strife of parties both distrust and hate the bishops, mainly, I do believe, because they honestly endeavour to be just to both in turn.”

The interest in the life of the intrepid, eloquent, independent and clear-headed Irishman, vigorously governing his East Anglian See, and taking full part in all the life of the Church, increases as we follow him through the controversies on Church Patronage, the Public Worship Regulation Act, the Temperance Question, Ecclesiastical Prosecutions, the Confessional, the Burials Act, Church Reform, Agnosticism, Betting, Gambling, Socialism; the Lambeth Conferences of 1878 and 1888; the Navvies' Mission; the Church Congresses at Leicester and Manchester. On all these matters his opinions are shrewd, frankly and pungently expressed and worthy of consideration. Every page of the two volumes bristles with epigrams, estimates, judgments, sallies of wit and humour. But it would be beyond the limits of this paper to narrate, however

briefly, the whole of his brilliant career. The object of the paper is to give a sketch of him as he was—fearless, candid, warm-hearted, sometimes rash, often despondent, generally high-spirited, the protagonist of the Church of England in the House of Lords, the favourite of the pulpit and the platform, the marvellous orator, the philosophical preacher, building up the faith of multitudes, the firm friend, the acute theologian, the loyal and faithful member of the Reformed Church. He fell a victim to influenza, May 5, 1891, only five months after his appointment, with universal acclamation, to the Archbishopric of York. His biographer concludes his estimate of him with equal point and truth :

“ But let me impress upon those who only knew him in his public life that neither his great natural gifts, nor his assiduous cultivation of those gifts, nor the long discipline of his chequered life, in sorrow and sickness, as well as in joy and success ; nor his varied experiences of Church life, both in England and Ireland, from curacies in Dublin and Bath to the Sees of Peterborough and York—that none of these could have made the William Connor, Archbishop of York, whose loss we mourn, any more than the chemist could have made his marvellous brain out of the phosphorus and carbon and other materials into which he could have resolved it by his art. If it needed that God should breathe upon such earthly materials before ‘ man became a living soul,’ so did all the gifts of heart and intellect, and genius need a higher inspiration to make the spiritual preacher and wise ‘ Father in God.’ Had the Archbishop chosen the bar as his profession, he would assuredly have found his way into the House of Commons, and risen to the highest offices in the State. But he was something greater and better as a servant of Him whose ‘ kingdom is not of this world.’ Let us thank God that he was spared to us so long, and not lament that he was too soon cut off ; and let us pray that others may be raised up to do the work which he might have accomplished if he had been spared longer to the Church.”

Canon Macdonnell has performed his task as editor and biographer of this very remarkable man with the affection, respect, and intimate knowledge of a life-long friend. If the discretion of publishing some of the letters may be questioned, he has good reason in the earnest and unanimous wish of the Archbishop's family and friends. We see him exactly as he was, though we do not perhaps get all his maturer judgments. It is a rare fortune for a man to have all through his life a congenial friend to whom he unreservedly unbosoms himself. And the Church at large, to its great advantage, is now admitted as a third partner in that interesting alliance.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR.