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P R E F A C E.

THE contents of this volume show, we think, that the promises which we made a year ago, at the commencement of a new series of THE CHURCHMAN, have been fairly kept.

Papers have been contributed by the Deans of Canterbury, Peterborough, and Salisbury; the Archdeacons of Lewes, Norwich, and Dromore; Canons Bernard, Espin, Stewart, and Wynne; Dr. Plummer (Master of University College, Durham), Principals Moule and Waller, Prebendary Deane, and other representative clergymen.

Among the lay contributors may be named Professor Stokes (of Cambridge), Mr. Sydney Gedge, M.P., Dr. R. N. Cust, Mr. Chancellor Dibdin, Hon. P. Carteret Hill, and Captain W. Dawson, R.N.

The articles and reviews, Expository, Ecclesiastical, and Evangelistic, of which the volume mainly consists, will be found to possess, we believe, an abiding interest and value.

To all who in any way have aided us we tender hearty thanks.

THE
CHURCHMAN

OCTOBER, 1886.

ART I.—FEAST OF TABERNACLES AND INGATHER-
ING. WHAT IT MEANT.

NOW, in the fall of the year, the Old Covenant was wont to celebrate its final Feast. In answer to this the Church has made no sign. The undistinguished Sundays after Trinity pass uninterrupted along.

Only in Harvest Festivals we obey its call to natural thankfulness, and interweave some of its generous exhortations and picturesque accessories with these now familiar celebrations. So, without assistance from the Prayer Book, we act on the suggestions of the Law of Moses, and recur to the customs of Israel. It is a happy recurrence; for we need the lessons of the Old Testament, which make our relations with God in nature the foundations of our relations with God in history, and of our relations with God in grace.

So far, the Feast of Tabernacles, as the Feast of Ingathering, reappears among us in fainter outlines, and mingles its memories with the autumns of our years.

But the three great Festivals of the Jewish Calendar were not only agricultural thanksgivings: they were also historic records and prophetic types; and in these characters the Feast of Tabernacles alone has now no counterpart. We have our Christian Passover and Pentecost. Easter and Whitsuntide celebrate the historic facts, and announce the spiritual fulfilments of the New Covenant. But for the last Feast the Christian Calendar shows no substitute, and to its typical prophecy the Church makes no response.

What does this silence mean? Why, it may be asked, should it mean anything? But no one will ask that question who believes in the typical character of the Old Testament economy, who observes the cohesion and symmetry of its typology, and sees one of its most prominent and significant features in its scheme of annual feasts. Then, the ascertained bearing of the first and second of these solemnities will be a

sufficient argument, that the reference of the third must be no less precise; and its co-ordinate or, perhaps, superior dignity will assert a corresponding grandeur for the fulfilment which it forecasts.

And what, it has been said, can this be but the birth of Christ? Christmas alone ranges in dignity with Easter and Whitsuntide, as the Feast of Tabernacles with Passover and Pentecost; and so the Feast of the Nativity is the counterpart we seek.

Mede, as chief author of this opinion, argues it thus:

Of what thing concerning Christ to come it was a type, it is not in this case so express as in the former. But by that which St. John says (i. 14), "The Word was made flesh and *tabernacled* in us" (for so signifies *ἐσκήνωσεν*), by this, I say, St. John should seem to intimate that, as the Passover was a type of His Passion, Pentecost a figure of the sending of the Holy Ghost; so should the Feast of Tabernacles be for a type of His Incarnation, when the Divine Nature tabernacled in our flesh, and the Word of God became "Emmanuel, God with us." For it is incredible that this principal Feast should not be for a type of some principal thing concerning Christ, as well as the rest; it being as solemn as any of the former two, nay, rather the chiefest of the three, as having a more extraordinary course of sacrifices than either of the other; yea, one day's more continuance, this having eight festival days, the other two but seven. And there is nothing but His Incarnation and Nativity which can be applied thereto; and it may be, therefore, the eighth day was added as figuring the time of His Circumcision. (Discourse 48.)

He adds, as confirmation, "the use of a kind of Litany, in which the people continually cried Hosannah"—as pointing to the mystery "which made Him to be our Saviour, and us to cry 'Hosannah.'" Then, turning to the objection, that the times of the celebrations do not coincide, "Give me leave," he says, "to relate, not mine own, but the opinion of the most learned chronologers; the sum and conclusion whereof is that the birth of Christ was in September, at the time of the Feast of Tabernacles, and not in December, as the memory thereof is now celebrated." Calculations and citations follow in support of this contention.

The interpretation, however, is inadmissible. The instinct of the Church has not recognised it. The Scripture has not authorized it, as it has done in the case of Passover and Pentecost by careful notations of time and sequence. Neither is there any real correspondence of *idea*. If the Feast had been ordained in remembrance of the Holy Tabernacle being reared and occupied by the Divine Presence, the resemblance would have held; but that event occurred at another time of the year, and is nowhere mentioned in connection with the Festival, which is expressly stated to be a memorial of the tabernacle life of the people themselves: "Ye shall dwell in booths seven days . . . that your generations may know that I

made the children of Israel to dwell in booths, when I brought them out of the land of Egypt" (Lev. xxiii. 42). But the decisive objection is that the Feasts are a connected scheme; and this interpretation dislocates it, by reversal of their relative positions. The Feast of Tabernacles is the last of the series, the end of the harvests, always spoken of in the Law as the concluding solemnity; always regarded by the Jews as, in the words of Philo, "the last of the year, and a conclusion specially fixed and holy."¹ It is inconceivable that the *close* of the typical celebrations should be meant to correspond with the *commencement* of the historical fulfilments, and that the relation of the types to one another should be precisely the reverse of those of the antetypes.

Certainly it is a just argument that this Feast, like the others, must have its corresponding celebration in virtue of accomplished facts; but the celebration is not yet held, because the facts are not yet accomplished. We (to use the words of our Lord) "go not up yet unto *this* Feast." Typically it describes a time which is still before us, whether we regard it in its agricultural or its historic sense.

These senses are combined in the scheme of Festivals; and the combination of them throws out their typical significance more distinctly. These are not two sets of unconnected ideas, accidentally conjoined by positive ordinance, but two sides of one idea—that of covenant relation to God, as Lord of the Land, and as Author of the national existence; each Feast marking an instalment of the material supply, and also a step in the historic progress.

Taking these two senses separately, they lead concurrently to the interpretation which we seek.

To the Passover was united the "*Feast of First-fruits*," in the month of Abib (green-ears), when the earliest use of the fruits of the earth was sanctified. "Ye shall bring the sheaf of the first-fruits of your harvest to the priest: and he shall wave the sheaf before the Lord to be accepted for you . . . ye shall eat neither bread, nor parched corn, nor fresh ears, till ye have brought the oblation of your God" (Lev. xxiii. 10, 14). The handful (*δράγμα*) of just ripened barley waved before the Lord, as the first produce and pledge of the coming crops, gave in later times the name by which the Feast was commonly known.²

Seven weeks were numbered, when larger labours were

¹ τελευταία γὰρ ἐστὶ τοῦ ἐνιαυτοῦ, καὶ συμπέρασμα σταθερώτερον καὶ ἀγιώτερον.
—"De Septenario et Festis Diebus," ix.

² ἑορτῆ—ἥτις ἀπὸ τοῦ συμβεβηκότος ὀνομάζεται Δράγμα.—"De Septenario," etc.

needed, and a more perfect harvest was ready. "The Feast of Weeks" was also "*The Feast of Harvest*," *i.e.*, of the wheat harvest, which in its turn was sanctified by the offering of its first-fruits, but marked by a significant difference. Before, it was a handful of ears in the earliest stage in which they could be used; now it was wheat in its final state of preparation, "two wave loaves of two tenth parts, of an ephah, baken with leaven" (Lev. xxiii. 17).

Lastly, at the autumnal equinox came the "*Feast of Ingathering*," which is in the end of the year, when thou hast gathered in thy labours out of the field" (Ex. xxiii. 16). "Thou shall observe the Feast of Tabernacles seven days, after thou hast gathered in thy corn and thy wine. Because the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all the works of thy hands, therefore thou shall surely rejoice." (Deut. xvi. 13-16). This then is the high festival of completed labours, and of the various harvests gathered and secured. Yet no representative part of the produce of the earth was then brought into the Holy place to be waved before the Lord. No first-fruits could be offered now. It was not a consecration of that which was begun, but a thanksgiving for that which was completed.

Thus we pass through three stages of advance, two tied to each other by calculated weeks, and marked by the character of commencement; one more remote, expressive of completion. The typology is consistent, for such is the story of the Church, constituted at two moments of commencement, waiting for the appointed season of completion. If the Sheaf of the Passover typified the risen Lord, "Christ the first-fruits;" if the leavened loaves of Pentecost typified the maturer state of the Church, when instinct with the Spirit, and when its harvest began; then, by clear consequence, the gathered stores and fuller gladness of the last Feast must typify the time, when the promise of the spiritual first-fruits shall have been realized, by the accomplishing the number of the elect, when labours shall be ended, and their results secured, when the field shall be empty and the garners full.

In its higher character of an historic commemoration the Feast demands a like interpretation, and prophecies to the same effect. It is the last in the series which marked the salient points and recalled the decisive moments in the history of the Old Covenant.

The Passover celebrated the deliverance from the bondage of Egypt, when the oppressing power was struck to the heart, and the chosen nation started into life, as the redeemed people of God.

Pentecost followed after a week of weeks. Thus attached to the preceding Feast, and, unlike the other two, consisting but

of a single day, it seems to indicate the perfecting of what went before. It does in fact synchronize with the event which completed the redemption from bondage by admission to the service of God. It fell, as careful calculation shows, and as has been noticed by the earliest commentators, on the day on which the Law was given from Mount Sinai. Eminent Rabbinical authorities assert, that it had that reference in the mind of the people, as the Feast of the Giving of the Law. But in the silence of Scripture, Philo, and Josephus, we can only cite the fact, that Passover and Pentecost coincided, as to time, with the departure from Egypt and the covenant at Sinai.

By these two events the nation was constituted. It wanted nothing but its home. The entrance on the promised land and "purchased possession" was the remaining step in completing the Divine intention, placing the chosen people in possession of their liberty, their law, and their land. Of this last great change the Feast of the seventh month was the memorial.

It may be said, Why? Was it not a memorial of the very contrary—of the unsettled life—the transition state? It was ordained "that your generations may know that I made the children of Israel to dwell in booths when I brought them out of the land of Egypt" (Lev. xxiii. 43). Yes, it was a memorial of that *whole pilgrim* life, though it has been attempted to exclude this larger reference. Dean Stanley has observed on the name *Succoth*: "Always habitations of man or beast, made of leafy boughs. The Feast of Tabernacles, so called, was celebrated in such huts, and is always designated by this word, thus showing that *it did not commemorate the tents in the wilderness*, but probably the booths of the first start" ("Sinai," etc., Appendix, 515). But those booths could have no interest, except as the commencement of the life which followed. The English name "Tabernacles" (maintained in R.V., which places "Booths" in the margin) is derived from the LXX., which adopts the word *σκηνή—ἐορτή τῶν σκηνῶν*. And Philo says plainly it was "a remembrance of the long journeying of their forefathers in the deep wilderness, where, as they moved from one station to another, they dwelt in tents for many a year" ("De Sept.," ix.). These authorities (and perhaps they knew best) evidently thought that in keeping this Feast themselves, *they did therein commemorate the tents in the wilderness*.

But why celebrate this remembrance? The mere fact of having lived in tents is no reason for a perpetual ordinance of joy. But when this was recorded by the people in their land, their cities, and their homes, they had abundant cause for gladness, in the contrast between the pilgrim state and the end to which it had conducted them. Their joy was that **having** once lived in tents, they had ceased to live in them;

that, having once wandered, they now rested; that "the church in the wilderness" was now a church at home.

In accordance with this view, the occasions when this Feast is specially mentioned are those which represent the ideas of settlement, possession, and rest.

Though not mentioned in the story, a celebration "in the days of Joshua the son of Nun" left a long-enduring remembrance. "Then the Lord had given Israel all the land which He swore to their fathers; and they possessed it, and dwelt therein" (Neh. viii. 17).

The reign of Solomon is the era of consummation, possession, and peace—"and Judah and Israel dwelt safely, every man under his vine, and under his fig-tree." More especially it was the time of building; and the last relic of the Tabernacle-life was obliterated by the passage of the Ark from under curtains into the solid structure of the Temple. That act took place "at the feast of the seventh month;" and the rites of dedication were immediately followed by the celebration of the Feast of Tabernacles.

Long afterwards the dispersed and ruined nation begins to reappear, under the energetic administration of one man, "by the good hand of his God upon him." The Temple is rebuilt; the walls are finished; order and security are established. "In the seventh month the children of Israel are in their cities;" and the Feast of Tabernacles is celebrated after long cessation, with special gladness and a zealous revival of its most characteristic ceremonies (Neh. viii. 14-17).

One more remarkable reference occurs, not in history, but in prophecy. Zechariah, the prophet of the restoration, in his last chapter, predicts that the remnants of all nations, once enemies to Israel, "shall come up to Jerusalem to worship the King, the Lord of Hosts, and to keep the Feast of Tabernacles" (xiv. 16-19). Through the visionary twilight we have discerned the last conflicts and their issue. Then comes the time when the Lord shall be King over all the earth; "one Lord and His name one:" and "the land shall be lifted up and inhabited in His place," and "men shall dwell in it, and there shall be no more utter destruction, but Jerusalem shall be safely inhabited." Then comes the Feast on which the nations must henceforth wait. The reason why this, and no other, here represents the final joy and worship of the City of God, is found in the significance which it had to the prophet and his countrymen, as being the celebration of possession and rest, of wanderings ended, conflicts terminated, and promises fulfilled.

Other points may be noticed, telling the same result.

The moon, which at the full shone on the rejoicing nation,

had at its first appearance been greeted as the great new moon, and the silver trumpets had proclaimed a new civil year begun. These divine arrangements tally with things in a greater cycle of time. The sacred year represents the history of the Kingdom of God. The event which is called the "Coming of the Kingdom" falls far on in that history. It is the event of the seventh month. Yet at its arrival a new dispensation of external circumstances, a new age, a new world will have begun. The Scriptures, announcing that great transition, recall to our thoughts that ancient ordinance of the Feast of Trumpets, which marked the commencement of the month, which was the seventh and yet the first. "The trumpets shall sound, and the dead shall be raised" (Cor. xv. 52). "He shall send His angels with the great sound of a trumpet" (Matt. xxiv. 31). "The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven . . . with the trump of God." "The seventh angel sounded, and there were great voices in heaven, saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ" (Rev. xi. 15). These are the heavenly echoes of the trumpets, which preceded and introduced the Feast of Tabernacles.

Lastly, this was in an especial sense the Feast of Gladness. It was specially marked by more particular directions to "rejoice." Its peculiar symbols, the "boughs of goodly trees, and the branches of palm trees," have been ever the natural ornaments of days of joy and triumph, and in this case they bore a greater significance, where the memorials of life in a desert were woven from the groves and bowers of a rich and cultured land. Fresh tokens of joy, fresh reminiscences and associations were added in later times. The ceremony of drawing water, the antiphonal chanting, the expressive ritual, the animated scenes, have been often described, and are now familiar.

It was at the consummation of them "on the last day, the great day of the Feast, that Jesus stood and cried, If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink" (John vii. 37-39). Immediately after the water-pouring, the chanting of the great Hallel, the responsive Hosannas, the waving of the Lulabh towards the altar, "*then*,"¹ when silence had fallen on the people, there rose, so loud as to be heard throughout the Temple, the voice of Jesus. He interrupted not the services, for they had for the moment ceased; He interpreted, and He fulfilled them."

But in their final significance He has yet to fulfil them. He knew what that Feast prophesied, and that the time was not

¹ Edersheim's "Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah," vol. ii., p. 160.

yet. Surely there was a deeper meaning than the purpose of a few days' delay in that answer to His brethren—"I go not up yet unto *this* Feast, for My time has not yet been fulfilled."

Professor Westcott's note may be cited as leading up to the truth:

The sense may be, "I go not up with the great train of worshippers." Nor, indeed, did Christ go to the Feast as one who kept it. He appeared during the Feast, but then as a prophet suddenly in the temple. Perhaps, however, it is better to give a fuller force to the "going up," and to suppose that the thought of the next paschal journey when "the time was fulfilled" already shapes the words. The true reading "not yet," and also the exact phrase "*this* feast," give force to the interpretation. The Feast of Tabernacles was a festival of peculiar joy for work accomplished. At such a Feast Christ had now no place.

But He will celebrate it some day, and His people with Him. As truly as He fulfilled the *Passover* by Passion and Resurrection; as truly as He answered *Pentecost* by the outpouring of the Holy Ghost; so certainly will He come again to celebrate the ingathering of the spiritual harvest, and to hold the true *Feast of Tabernacles*. This is the cheering prospect set before us, who are still "in the earthly house of this tabernacle," who are still journeying in the wilderness, with our souls often "much discouraged because of the way, and who are not yet come to the rest and the inheritance which the Lord our God giveth us." Not yet; but the distance is not far; the time is not long. Let the pilgrims go forward with hopeful heart and expectant prayer, each for himself, and for his companions in the way.

Remember me with the favour that Thou bearest unto Thy people:
O visit me with Thy salvation;
That I may see the prosperity of Thy chosen,
That I may rejoice in the gladness of Thy nation,
That I may glory with Thine inheritance.

(Ps. cvi. 4.)

O sweet and blessed country, the home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country, that eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us to that dear land of rest:
Who art, with God the Father, and Spirit ever bless'd. Amen.

T. D. BERNARD.



ART. II.—NEW TESTAMENT SAINTS NOT COMMEMORATED.

INTRODUCTORY.

UNDER the above title it is proposed to publish in **THE CHURCHMAN** a series of short papers, on some of the less prominent characters in the Apostolic Church. In the exercise of a sound discretion the Reformers pruned the Calendar with

a vigorous hand, and with rare exceptions reserved for Apostles and Evangelists the dignity of being *commemorated* by a special Festival. But by retaining the Festival of *All Saints' Day* they commended to us the example of all true Saints of God, whether commemorated by name in the Services or not, and bid us, by implication, study that example, that so we may understand how to "follow them in all virtuous and godly living."

It cannot be doubted that even from the brief memoirs of those to whom, though they did not attain to the first or even second rank of eminence in the Apostolic Church, a place however humble in the sacred records is accorded, instruction and profit were intended to be derived. They, too, are helpers to that kingdom of God which "cometh not with observation." In them, too, the Church may "glorify God."¹ Of them, Christians still may seek to be "imitators," as they were of Christ.² In some respects, indeed, their example is of peculiar value to us. To the majority of Christian people it lies nearer than the more august examples of Apostles and Prophets and Martyrs. If the light be less brilliant, it is less dazzling also. An easier and a lowlier step is laid for us, by which our faltering feet may essay to reach at length the height of the Perfect Example of a holy life.

The history, for instance, of Aquila and Priscilla, gathered from brief and scattered notices in four different books of the New Testament, shows forcibly how the grace of God can dignify the meanest worldly calling, and consecrate to highest ends the most apparently untoward outward circumstances. Wandering Jews, with no settled dwelling-place, exiles alike from their native and their adopted home, gaining a livelihood by "unskilled labour of the commonest sort," by a trade which was "both lightly esteemed and miserably paid,"³ they were yet the friends and "fellow-workers in Christ Jesus" of St. Paul himself, and earned by their devotion and self-sacrifice the gratitude not only of him, but of "all the Churches of the Gentiles."⁴ To them it was given to "expound the way of God more carefully" to one of the most eloquent and successful Evangelists of the Apostolic age. In their case, as in that of Lydia, the first convert at Philippi, the truth that the providence of Almighty God is evermore the handmaid of His grace, moulding the plans and pursuits and accidents of our common life to highest issues, is strikingly illustrated. How much of earth, and yet how much of heaven, was there in their first meeting with St. Paul at Corinth, as of hers at Philippi!

¹ Galatians i. 24.

² 1 Corinthians xi. 1.

³ Farrar, "Life of St. Paul," i. 23.

⁴ Romans xvi. 4.

How human, and yet how divine, were the circumstances that led to both!

Nor is it in their spiritual and devotional aspects alone that these histories may be studied with advantage. Not only do they confirm our faith by approving themselves to our most careful scrutiny as being in perfect keeping with the great whole to which they belong, as though we recognised the skill and wisdom of some great architect in the minor details of the vast building which his genius had created; but they frequently contribute to a wider knowledge and more intelligent appreciation of the more important parts of that whole. The character of St. Paul, for example, becomes better known to us through his relations with comparatively obscure Christians. They reflect as well as catch the light as they traverse his orbit. Facts, too, in his history, incidents in his life, we derive, as it were at second-hand, from what is told us of them. To his connection with Aquila and Priscilla we are indebted for a knowledge of the particular trade by means of which, as in more than one touching passage he informs us, he supplied, labouring sometimes day and night at it, the wants of himself and his companions.

Some critical and exegetical questions also arise for consideration, within the limits of the field on which we are about to enter, and some information as to the constitution and growth of the Early Church may be gathered from it. The brief notices of Epaphras, for instance, raise more than one such question. Not to mention the question which has been opened, but which can scarcely be seriously maintained, of his identity with Epaphroditus of Philippi, does St. Paul, we may ask, speak of him as the faithful representative of himself, as a preacher of the Gospel, to the Colossians, or as their faithful representative to him as a minister to his temporal necessities? In other words, are we to adopt the reading, *ὑπὲρ ἡμῶν*, or *ὑπὲρ ὑμῶν*, *i.e.*, "for us," or "for you," in Colossians i. 7? And if the former reading be adopted, what light does it throw upon the ministerial relation of St. Paul to Churches which he had not himself founded? In what sense, again, does the Apostle apply to Epaphras the title, unique so far as his Epistles are concerned, of *συνδούλος*, or fellow-servant? Or again, is the Silvanus of St. Peter's First Epistle to be identified with the Silas of the Acts of the Apostles and of St. Paul's Epistles, who was a chief man among the brethren? And is it not, again, worth while to notice, as teaching us that "the family religion is the true starting-point, the surest foundation, of the religion of cities and dioceses, of nations and empires," how "the Church in the house of Aquila and Priscilla loses itself in the Churches of Ephesus and Rome?"¹

¹ Bishop Lightfoot, "Philippians," pp. 56, 57.

Such is something of the nature of the subject before us, which it will be sufficient briefly to have indicated in the present Introductory remarks, reserving for future papers the consideration of individual *New Testament Saints not Commemorated*.

Be it ours to study in humility, to imitate by grace, till we

“Soar those elder saints to meet,
Gather'd long since at Jesus' feet,
No world of passions to destroy,
Our prayers and struggles o'er, our task
all praise and joy!”

T. T. PEROWNE.



ART. III.—THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN.

PART I.

EVERY observation that is made respecting any of the four Gospels can be brought under one or other of the following heads:—(I.) The Evangelist; (II.) The Gospel itself; (III.) The readers for whom the Gospel was designed; (IV.) The Portraiture of our Lord which each Gospel severally displays.

Of these four, the last, if it can be distinguished with any certainty, is immeasurably more important than the other three. If the Gospels are what the Christian Church has always taken them to be, it is this Divine Portraiture which has determined all the other circumstances and surroundings of the Gospel, and made them what they are.

I have found the greatest help in the study of the Gospels, by keeping continually before me their several relations to the fourfold living Creature that was seen “under the God of Israel” by the seers and prophets of the Old Testament, and under His throne in heaven by St. John in the Apocalypse of the New Testament. When men have been permitted to “behold His glory” the vehicle has been always of the same form.¹ The Gospels are no exception to this statement.

The analogy has been thought fanciful, chiefly, I believe, because it has been variously (and therefore sometimes incorrectly) exhibited. The form it has generally taken in church

¹ Compare the description given in full, Ezek. i. and x. with the partial descriptions found in Exod. xxiv. 10, Isa. vi. 2, and the account in Rev. iv., where the song of the seraphim heard by Isa. is combined with the faces seen by Ezek. Note also the “firmament” in Exod. xxiv. 10 and Ezek. i. 22, and the name “God of Israel” common to Exod. xxiv. 10 and Ezek. x. 20.

decoration is not the one which is best supported by the facts of the case.

The right arrangement, as it appears to me, after close and continued examination, is that which brings the four Gospels as they stand in the New Testament into the same order with the four living creatures presented in the Book of Revelation : (iv. 7)—“And the first was like a lion, the second was like a calf, the third had a face as the face of a man, and the fourth was like a flying eagle.”¹

The characters associated with these forms throughout the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are taken up in the same order in the fourfold Gospel, and displayed in the Person of our Lord.

The Lion of the tribe of Judah is the symbol that best befits Him Who was “born King of the Jews” (St. Matt. ii. 2), and is constantly set forth to us by St. Matthew as “the King.”²

The continual labours of St. Mark’s narrative, from “the beginning of the Gospel” throughout its pages, to the great sacrifice, and the work still prolonged in heaven (xvi. 20), “the Lord working with them,” are entirely suited to the creature whose life is the chosen symbol of the Gospel workman. “Thou shalt not muzzle the *mouth of the ox when he treadeth out the corn* ;” and “the labourer is worthy of his hire.” Is not this the very figure of Him Who was chief in labour and sacrifice; “Who came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many”? Not that the other three Gospels are silent on these topics. But St. Mark is silent upon almost everything else.³

That the face of our Lord in St. Luke’s Gospel is the “face of a man,” seems beyond all doubt when we collect the details of humanity which are here furnished, from the swaddling-

¹ This is the arrangement adopted by Mr. Jukes in his little book on the Gospels, which is one of the most useful of his works.

² Note the frequent presentation of our Lord in this Gospel as the Judge of all, and the many allusions to the rewards and punishments of the last day—ch. v. 22, 26 ; vi. 2, 4, 6 ; vii. 22, 23 ; viii. 11, 12, 29 ; x. 15 ; xi. 22, 24 ; xii. 36, 41, 42 ; xiii. 30, 41, 42, 49, 50 ; xvi. 27, 28 ; xviii. 8, 9, and 23-35 ; xix. 28-30 ; xx. 8 ; xxi. 5, 41, 44 ; xxii. 11-13 ; xxiv. ; xxv. especially verses 34, 40 ; xxvi. 64 ; xxviii. 18. Some of these are common to other Evangelists, but many are peculiar to St. Matthew. And in no other Gospel do these references accumulate as they do in the first.

³ I cannot but feel that St. Mark’s Gospel has suffered recently from the non-recognition of its true place among the four. It is too often treated as though it were no more than a first edition of the oral Gospel when committed to writing ; and the two other synoptic Gospels are made a kind of development of it. And the “synopticon” recently constructed is made to furnish proof of the theory. To my mind this mode of treatment is profoundly unsatisfactory. But it is not a subject that can be dealt with in the compass of a note.

bands at Bethlehem to the agony in Gethsemane, and the intensely human scenes and pictures of Easter Day. The parables of this Gospel are human; the prayers are human; the close similarity between the records of the birth of our Lord and His forerunner make Him a prophet "from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me." His growth "in wisdom and stature," His constant sympathy as here displayed, belong to the same picture: and it is the portrait of the Son of Adam which was the Son of God.

The symbol which belongs to St. John has, I believe, never been disputed. The man, the lion, and the ox have been variously assigned. But the eagle has been uniformly associated with St. John. Comparing this with the three former symbols, and exchanging the symbol for the thing signified in each case, we obtain the following arrangement: Our Lord is first depicted to us, by St. Matthew, as THE KING; next, by St. Mark, as THE SERVANT of His people; St. Luke sets Him before us as MAN, the Son of Man; and St. John as GOD, of GOD (*Θεὸς ἐκ Θεῶν*). I do not forget, in regard to the living creatures seen by Ezekiel, that "*they four* had their faces and their wings." They were distinct, but not separate beings. All that they had belonged to all of them. So, every aspect of our Lord's work and Person belongs to all the Gospels. But, if we ask which aspect is prominent in each Gospel, the answer must, I think, be that which I have given here. In this observation I am thinking more especially of St. Mark i. 1, where we read of "the Gospel of Jesus Christ, *the Son of God.*" The first verse of St. Mark seems to me to be intentionally antithetical to St. Matt. i. 1. A similar antithesis may be noted in St. Luke ii. 2, with St. John i. 1. The God-head of Him Who took the form of a servant, and the dignity of Him Who was born in Bethlehem, may not be forgotten. Still, the two first Gospels contrast Him in His offices and labours; the last two contrast Him in His two natures, the human and the Divine.

But in what way is the eagle fitted to be the expression of this character among the four? We can see that the lion of the Scripture is king and conqueror, the ox unmistakably fitted for service and sacrifice, and the face of man befits man. But how is the eagle especially suited to the character of God?

The answer in the light of the Old Testament is clear enough. To Moses and the children of Israel, the Lord was graciously pleased to describe Himself as the eagle in relation to her young. So He said at Sinai: "I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto Myself" (Exod. xix. 4). So again in the last prophetic utterance which He gave to Moses (Deut. xxxii. 11, 12), "As an eagle stirreth up her nest,

fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange God with him." So, once more, in the Psalm which follows the "prayer of Moses the man of God" in the Psalter, "He shall defend thee with *His wings*, and thou shalt be safe *under His feathers*."¹ In the prophets the symbol is not used so directly, but there is a passage in Ezekiel where, after describing the protectorate of the Kings of Babylon and Egypt over Judah, as the work of two great eagles in relation to a vine, the Lord Himself says, "I also will take of the highest branch of the high cedar, and will set it;" as though He were the true Eagle of Israel still.

The description of this creature given by the Creator, when "the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind," can hardly be overlooked in the interpretation of the symbol. "Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high? She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, on the crag of the rock, and the strong place. From thence she seeketh the prey, and her eyes behold afar off. Her young ones also suck up blood, and where the slain are, there is she" (Job xxxix. 27-30). The eagle in Hebrew is masculine, and we might, if needful, go nearer to the original, and say "Where the wounded are, there is He;" and note that "He was *wounded* for our transgressions" (Isa. liii. 5) is a sentence belonging to the Most High. And this is not the only part of the description that can be read two ways. Like our Lord's pregnant saying, "Wheresoever the body is, thither will the eagles be gathered together,"² it seems hardly possible to deny that the description in Job may have two meanings, and that the natural meaning enfolds the other like an enigma, or "dark saying," not by direct analogy, but by the associations connected with Scriptural terms.

Leaving this for those who care to follow it, I may point out what is undeniable, that the description of the eagle in the Old Testament directly illustrates a certain relation of Jehovah to Israel, which forms the subject of a great part of the Gospel according to St. John. Although this Gospel is acknowledged to have been written after the destruction of Jerusalem, and to have been more directly intended for the Christian (as

¹ Ps. xc. has been shown by internal evidence to bear out its title, "A Prayer of Moses the man of God." There is some reason to think that Ps. xci. is by the same hand. The fact that Satan answered our Lord's reference to the writings of Moses, by citing Ps. xci., is not exactly a proof that Moses was the author of the Psalm; but it at least suggests the possibility, and adds some force to the argument.

² πῶμα, "carcase," in St. Matt. xxiv. 28; σῶμα, "body," St. Luke xvii. 36—a suggestive distinction.

distinct from Jew or Gentile) than any other of the four,¹ yet it is here that we have the clearest account of our Lord's pleading with His own people who received Him not. Nowhere else can we so clearly trace the first beginnings of hostility, the excitement of Jewish prejudice on the one side, and the exact steps which aroused it and might have removed it on the other. We can see the "Eagle" "stirring up His nest" again and again, in full knowledge of the difficulty and reluctance which would be experienced by those whom He sought to make partakers of His most lofty flight. We see Him driven away once and again by the disobedience of Jerusalem, and as often returning to hover over the nest once more. And side by side with this, we see everywhere in St. John's Gospel our Lord's tenderness in dealing with individuals. It is very remarkable how large a portion of the Gospel is taken up with the private history of our Lord's disciples. Scarcely a chapter passes which does not contain an instance. The two disciples and Nathanael, in ch. i.; Nicodemus and the woman of Samaria, in chs. iii. and iv.; the man healed privately and privately instructed, in ch. v.; the miracle seen by the twelve, and concealed from all others, in ch. vi.; the words spoken to His brethren, in ch. vii.; and to one listener, in ch. viii.; the blind man's first recognition of the Saviour, in ch. ix.; the private intercourse with the Sisters of Bethany, in ch. xi.; and its bearing on Mary's wonderful act of worship, in ch. xii.; the long discourse with the eleven disciples, in chs. xiii. to xvii.; the private examinations before Annas and Pilate on His trial; the words spoken to His nearest and dearest on the Cross; the private interview with Mary Magdalene, on Easter morning, and the personal appeal to Thomas on the next Lord's Day; the miracle wrought almost in the early twilight before seven disciples, in ch. xxi.; and the personal prophecies concerning St. Peter and St. John, with which the Gospel is brought to a close — all are characteristic of the same personal and individual care. All this is thoroughly in harmony with what He Himself said of the Eagle in the prophetic song: "So the Lord alone did lead Him, and there was no strange God with Him." And, having thus far demonstrated the strict analogy between the symbol in the Law and the narrative in the Gospel, may we not proceed to illustrate the "*flying eagle*" of the Apocalypse by some of those sentences in the Lord's answer from the whirlwind, which describe that lofty flight?

"Is it at thy word" (literally, *upon thy mouth*) "that the

¹ See Bishop Ellicott's note in the introduction to the "Life of Christ."

² Note especially the unanswered query in verse 25—"Rabbi, when camest Thou hither?"

eagle soareth, and that she setteth her nest so high?" No, indeed. But what of His mouth, of Whom they said in this Gospel, that "Never man spake like this man"? Nowhere else is the language so lofty, the utterance so sublime. "The cliff is her dwelling and her abode" (by night especially), "upon the point" (Heb., *tooth*) "of the cliff, and the fortress." It is not here the rock easily smitten, but the cliff that can hardly be climbed.¹ Is it possible to read the words in this light and not be reminded of "the Son of man Who is in heaven," Who said, "He that sent Me is with Me; the Father hath not left Me alone?" "From thence she hath spied out meat" (Heb., *okel*; cf. the Greek *βρώσις* and *βρώμα*), the meat of Him Who said, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of;" "and her eyes behold afar off." What a long train of passages in St. John's Gospel might be brought to illustrate this last feature, from the story of Him Who saw Nathanael "under the fig-tree," and "knew what was in man" at the beginning, to Him Who foretold St. Peter's death, and more than St. John would venture to interpret of his own future at the end.

Can it be an accidental coincidence that "her young ones also suck up blood" is the next clause of the description, while St. John's Gospel alone supplies the report of that discourse where "the flesh of the Son of man" and "His blood" are shown to be meat and drink to His children? Here we have no *analogy*, it is true; but the natural saying, as an enigma, contains the spiritual. The eagles that are gathered together unto Him must learn to soar before they can thus be fed. And that thought, at least, is no new one to the Church of Christ.

All these details suggest to us, in the Lord's own language from the Book of Job, the Personal life of our Saviour as described by St. John quite as truly as the details gathered from the Pentateuch suggest His life in relation to His own, both the few who received Him and the many who received Him not.

It is on these lines that I propose to examine the fourth Gospel; working from the centre to the surroundings, and not *vice versa*. I do not think that the state of the Church and the peculiar form of Gnosticism then prevailing gave to this Gospel the form which we see. That St. John supplied

¹ Note the distinction between the *Tsar* in Exod. xvii., which Moses was commanded to smite, and the *Selagh* (cliff) in Num. xx., which he was bidden to invoke, but not to climb, far less to smite it. For want of attending to this distinction, and the emphasis in the original of Num. xx. 10, "Must we fetch you water out of this cliff?" the story and its interpretation are constantly spoiled.

exactly what was then needed I do not doubt. "The Eagle" had not ceased to "stir up the nest" and stimulate the flight of the nestlings, even when He had left the society of the "wounded" for His seat on the pinnacle above. But the glory of Christ was the guiding principle which completed the fourfold chariot that was under Him in this special form. That the Eagle Gospel came last was not unbecoming. It was not till the disciples had time to think of the Ascension and to reflect on the wonders that had passed so rapidly before them, that they could properly appreciate such a portrait of their Lord as this. The Jewish question demanded His presentation as the King of the Jews (St. Matthew). The missionary question called imperatively for the record of His missionary work (St. Mark). The fulness of the Gentiles who flowed in cried out for the sympathies of His humanity (St. Luke). All alike called loudly, and none could be denied. The thronging multitudes must be first healed and quieted and fed before the disciples could sit down calmly and look upward from the dust of the earth to the throne of the Majesty on high. The three synoptic Gospels, in the order in which we have them, responded in turn, and gave the right answer to the needs of the new-born Church, when the nestlings of the eagle cried for food. But it is the fourth Gospel that calls them to spread their wings and mount up where He has gone before. The time had come when they might well be invited thus to rise. And what "other disciple" was so well fitted to invite the effort as the beloved St. John? None of them had enjoyed a closer intimacy with the Lord on earth, a longer intercourse with Him in the Spirit on the Lord's days that had since intervened. And, in view of the first great conflict with heresy that the universal Church must presently begin—the dispute concerning the precise nature of the Divinity of our Lord—the Gospel of St. John was needed to teach His followers that belief which they must presently confess with one voice, unanimous throughout the world. It would have been far too late to begin St. John's Gospel if it had been delayed until the Arian heresy. But we may safely say that the deep-rooted belief in the Godhead of our Master, which all Christ's living servants hold unquestioned, rests more on this last Gospel than on anything else in the world. We cannot doubt for ourselves Who He is, whatever men may say of Him, or whatever arguments they may ask us to meet. The "pinnacle of the cliff" where He is seated is also the "fortress" of the Church. We mount at His command, and take our seat with Him in the heavenly places; and we cannot hesitate as to what or Who He is, because we can see where we ourselves are.

Let me not be misunderstood here. I am not saying that the doctrine of our Lord's Deity was developed after His ascension. The fact was confessed, the faith of His disciples bound up with it, while He was on earth. But it is one thing to confess a truth in words, and even put the right words together; and another thing to realize all that the words mean. The example of St. Peter will at once occur to every one. He confessed the Godhead of his Master in the borders of Cæsarea Philippi. And it was a truth that even then "flesh and blood" had not revealed to him, but "My Father which is in heaven." Just so, St. Paul declares that "none can say that Jesus is the Lord," and put together the two words, *Κύριος Ἰησοῦς*, "but by the Holy Ghost." Yet will any one venture to say that St. Peter as fully realized the truth his lips confessed, as did Thomas after the resurrection, when he said, "My Lord and my God"? May we not say that, if our Lord's presence on earth enabled those who companied with Him to feel that God had indeed become man, some experience of the dispensation of the Spirit was needed in order to bring the truth home to them, of the taking of the Manhood into God. It was not that the truth itself was new, but the apprehension of the truth was enlarged; and I suspect this enlarged apprehension was due as much to the fourth Gospel as to any other means.

C. H. WALLER.



ART. IV.—THREE WEEKS ON A HIGHLAND MOOR.

"I SAY, station-master, where in the world are those porters?" "Oh, he'll no be ferra lang the noo, surr," with which consolation, exit the station-master, knowing, what we do not, that "ferra lang" has a very different meaning in Scotland, and especially in the Highlands, from that usually attached to it by our matter-of-fact English minds. So we wait in our saloon carriage at the little station for another twenty minutes, being already a comfortable two hours and a half late. The rain is pouring down; we have piles of luggage, including a goodly hamper, on which our hostess keeps her hazel eye; everything is soaking wet, and we have nothing but an open conveyance, with a seven-mile drive before us. A dreary prospect at the best, not improved by a twenty-two hours' journey and a sleepless night preceding it.

Seven weary miles. How we tried in a gloomy way to be cheerful, and pretended that we rather enjoyed the streams

which trickled off other people's umbrellas down our backs. How polite we were, and how often we said with a forced smile that we were "quite comfortable, thank you," as our next-door neighbour, worse luck to him, moved round to ask us how we were getting on, letting in as he did so a rush of cold air, twisting the rug off our knees, and sending a few insidious drops well inside the collar of our ulsters. Should we ever be warm again? One alone of our party knew the shooting lodge which had been taken by our three gentlemen in concert.

I saw in my mind's eye a long, low, white-washed house, a kind of cheerless-looking shanty. Inside there was a rather stuffy smell. The drawing-room and dining-room were carpeted with glorious coloured flowers, woven on a ground of bright crimson; the curtains were of ancient green rep, the horsehair chairs were ranged with studious precision round the walls, with a table exactly in the centre of the room, covered with those charming crocheted mats which we all admire. On the chimney-piece were some fine specimens of red and blue glass wares, with one green one in the middle, price one shilling. The fireplace rejoiced in a flaunting mass of coloured paper and tinsel, crocheted white cotton antimacassars; and an oil portrait of an ancestress in corkscrew ringlets, done by a local celebrity, completed the picture.

What a disappointment! We were ushered into a room filled with carved cabinets, an Erard piano hallowed by associations with Albani, brackets, blue china, easels, screens, draperies, soft muslin curtains, and a Wilton pile carpet, everywhere showing signs of taste and care for our comfort. In short, there was everything which we—I believe I am right in speaking for the rest of the party—had not expected, and nothing of what we had. A fire was blazing in the grate, and we soon had tea ready, despite the remonstrances of the gentlemen, who, as is their wont, first sneered at us for being the slaves of tea, and then found it necessary, *pace* their dinner, to have a cup or two themselves. That was how we arrived at "home," as we soon learnt to call it.

We were a party of eight in all, for two other friends soon joined us, and we began to settle down together very comfortably. I must show them in the light of after-days, when we all began to know a little more about each other than the others thought we did. It was quite curious how, as the days went on, our little family party advanced in intimacy.

The big man of our party was what Fraser the keeper called "a splendid mon;" at least tradition assigned the phrase to him, with the alternative of "a magneificent gentleman." He weighed fifteen stone ten when he came, and a little more when he went away. His particular hobby was fishing, of which

more anon. Some of us used to call him "the silent man," but woe betide you if you made a slip; the silent man was down on you in a second, and had cut your little theory to pieces in his quiet way before you knew where you were. Those silent men are "just awfu'," and if there was a row, nobody but he was in the midst of it. Our driver was just the same, the most sedate gillie of the lot, taciturn as the grave, never known to say more than "Yes, surr," or "No, surr," except under extreme provocation. Yet he managed to turn the head of our cook before the three weeks were out, and had to be sent post-haste about his business.

Then there was the Radical, who, I need hardly say, was in reality quite as conservative in things pertaining to his own house and grounds as any Tory of the lot. "What would you do if your land were divided into small allotments and given to squatters?" I asked him once. "Buy them out," he answered promptly, in the true spirit of the landgrabber. He was a Home Ruler too, but he kept his political opinions wonderfully quiet. Indeed, what was he to do, when we were all lying in wait for him round the corner, ready to pounce upon him if he showed the cloven hoof.

As I write, I hear a voice saying: "I think I won't, thank you; I am not very well this morning." That was the sarcastic gentleman, who kept us all in order. He never was quite well when he didn't want to do a thing. Perhaps, however, it was not very surprising, as he lived a good deal on sardines, raw tomatoes, cucumber, and sweet cake, with a judicious admixture of grouse. I believe he used to think that he took us all in, with his quiet, cynical smile and sarcastic tone; but we saw his good points, despite his careful hiding of them. He acted the part of guide-book to the surrounding country, with commentary.

Our host for the time was a friend of the sarcastic gentleman, though why they were friends I never could make out, for they were utterly different in character. Our host was a romantic man. So at least he said himself; whether he meant it or not is a very different matter. It was his cheery voice which, with its "Right you are, captain, right," always smoothed away the least shadow of a difficulty. He used to appear on shooting-days very like a Californian brigand sometimes, with a wide, flapping hat, and generally fierce appearance. His peculiarity was the possession of two shadows: one, may it never grow less, something shorter and stouter than himself, which dogged his footsteps remorselessly, and ruled him with a rod of iron—his faithful body-servant; the other even shorter and stouter, his old black retriever, Diver, as faithful a creature as ever crunched a bone.

Next comes our acting hostess, not the wife of our host, but of the magnificent gentleman mentioned above. She kept us well looked after. Even the sarcastic one, who terrified us all, shrank before her piercing glance. We chaffed her and worried her unmercifully, but we all respected her and loved her, for her unselfishness and thoughtfulness for others.

The wife of the Radical was much troubled by the midges, which used to surround her head like a sort of halo. She came with a very poor appetite, but the Highland air soon drove that difficulty away, and I think we sent her back all the better for her holiday. She was a wonderful worker, with a pair of slippers which grew visibly under her needle.

Our other young lady I always envied. She invariably had on the right sort of dress, and had it well put on, too. She was never discontented or out of temper, got on well with everybody, and had her own ideas and stuck to them.

Lastly, myself, a somewhat bellicose individual, who did her best, often unsuccessfully, to keep clear of treading on other people's toes.

"Our moor" sounded enormous, but I believe it was not a large one as moors go. It extended over 18,000 acres of ground. The view from the house was very fine. We had a large loch stretching away for miles on each side, with lesser ones close by, within a quarter of an hour's walk. The heather-covered hills sloped down gently to the water-side, while the prospect at both ends was bounded by the far blue mountains. I say blue, but in reality it is hopeless attempting to describe the ever-changing shades which passed over them, and rendered it impossible to seize any distinct impression of colour. The trees were gathered together mostly in sheltered places out of reach of the wind, or straggled away in twos and threes down the hill-sides. Stunted birches were the only ones which seemed really to flourish. Their gnarled and twisted stems showing unmistakable signs of age, gave a character to the place, and, crowned by their deep foliage, were always welcome to the eye. Every now and then a gaunt line of bare white trunks, once forming part of a hedgerow, gleamed out upon the hill-top, driven sidelong by the fierce south-west winds, looking like ghosts, the relics of their former selves.

But out, away upon the moors—desolate, wild, awful in their loneliness—was the real place to enjoy one's self. There is a wonderful feeling of restfulness in being out of sight and sound of a human creature or a human dwelling. The grand old mountains speak to you a language of their own, and you understand them, because just for once you are in harmony with them. The heather under your feet springs up elastic as soon as you have passed. Now and then a startled covey

of grouse scares you by whirring away in front of you ; a frog jumps out almost from beneath your feet ; or a lizard scuttles off under the stones. Away down towards the lake, the sea-gulls are flying heavily, and the curlews are uttering their shrill melodious cry. A blue hare or two scampers off, scarcely taking the trouble to simulate fear. A wild gust of wind sweeps down suddenly, and you look across to the hills ; they have vanished, blotted out by the drifting mist. A moment ago all was sunshine, but now you are enveloped in a cloud of soft, warm rain, and the heather is bowing before the blast. Never mind ; you press your shooting-cap a little more firmly on your head, button your ulster tighter, and in ten minutes the rain is over and the wind has calmed. On you go, stepping from stone to stone of the tiny burns, whose broad beds show tokens of what they can do in a "spate" when the water comes roaring down them in haste to reach the loch. Every now and then you see the staff set up to guide you to where a spring bubbles up, clear and cold, from its peaty bottom. But you must walk warily ; one incautious step, and you are landed in wet, oozy ground, if not in a veritable bog. Where the sphagnum grows greenest, and the yellow asphodel flourishes best, or where the black bottom looks firmest, beware. The heather is a place of safety ; but the beautiful treacherous green, with its waving banners of cotton-grass, its changing shades of golden and crimson, stretching away in the distance, invites you on, only to betray you. The oozing, black bog-water with its accompaniment of peat, steals silently down your boot ; before you can withdraw your foot, it is soaked to the skin, and you stand wet, dirty, and dragged, thankful if you can reach the firmer heather without wading in knee-deep. Courage, you have learned a lesson ; and you stride cheerfully forward, coasting round the bog. How is this ? The ground seems to give way under your feet, in the midst of the heather, leaving you nearly two feet lower than you were a moment before, with a sharp twist in your ankle. It is only one of the small drains dug by the sheep-farmers, and grown over by the heather ; and you have only made your dress unfit to be seen for the rest of the week. Well, it is all your own fault. Why were you wandering along with your nose in the air, watching those two hawks as they wheeled, then poised, and dropped down swift as lightning towards the earth ? You ought to have learnt that lesson a day or two ago, when you fell full-length over a stone, because you were looking for rare flowers on every side of you.

It is good to lie under the birch-woods, where the trees are coated with grey lichen, the bracken is turning a golden

brown, and the lastreas, hard ferns, yellow lichens, and red fungi light up the whole place with colour; and under the branches you get a far view up the blue loch. There are adders about, so you must be careful. We killed one, and brought him home one day. He hung for a long time by a boot-lace round his neck, from a pipe in the backyard; after which he turned out to be a common snake, and was, I think, dismissed on account of being odoriferous. The number of birds, of all kinds, fairly astonished me. Grouse, teal, wild duck, golden plover, peewits or green plover, swans, woodcock, snipe, blackcock, hawks, curlew, gulls, black-backed divers, cranes, herons, and cormorants were constantly to be seen.

The flora, too, was interesting, on the moorland and in the bogs. I found the marsh-cinquefoil, Alpine butterwort, the insectivorous sundew, bog-asphodel, black bearberry, cloud-berry, and bilberry; and, on the higher ground, the beautiful stag's-horn moss and foxglove moss, so called on account of its soft texture. Down by the loch the yellow mountain-saxifrage clothed the bare stones, while white lilies and graceful lobelia peopled the water. Under the trees grew the rare wood cow-wheat, and by the side of the road the field-gentian. Higher up again, the grass of Parnassus, mountain avens, and stone-ramble flourished together, with ferns and mosses simply innumerable. Privately, I believe that the only flower ever sought by any member of the party, beyond myself, was the white heather, and that was eagerly hunted for high and low, on account of its mysterious luck.

I never quite made out how our days were passed, or why they went so quickly. We rarely seemed to be doing anything out of the common; but the day was no sooner begun than it was ended. "Of course," I had said to myself, as I packed my possibles into my trunk before starting, "we shall have plenty of time for reading: what a grand opportunity it will be!" So I took with me a miscellaneous selection of Macaulay, Prescott, Kant, Carlyle, and a translation of "Plato's Dialogues." I never finished one of them. We boated and walked and fished in the morning, and drove and boated and fished in the afternoon. Generally we went out to luncheon with the shooters. There was a little difference of opinion about that matter, between the romantic gentleman and the sarcastic one—the question was, ladies *versus* shooting. Now, if you *will* let the ladies come out to luncheon and walk with you afterwards, you can't give your undivided attention to the grouse; and if you do not, your game-bag will suffer. So we went to luncheon with the romantic gentleman, leaving the other to his cucumbers on the lonely hill-side.

Grouse-shooting, from a lady's point of view, is very good

fun, when there is plenty of sport, not otherwise. Three shooters, a keeper, a gillie and a boy with the spare dogs, another gillie leading the pony which carries the game, all look exceedingly imposing, but fall a little flat if they are unsuccessful. "You must find a good point for the ladies, Fraser," said our magnificent gentleman on the first day when luncheon was over. "I will do my best for that, surr, whatever," he answered, smiling. I must say that, for the moment, I thought we could do that for ourselves. There were plenty of points about from which we could get a very good view of the shooting. However, I kept counsel, and was rewarded by discovering that a good point had to do with dogs and birds instead of with hills. Secret congratulation on my part, followed by a conviction that all the other ladies were as ignorant as myself. Be that as it may, I never told on myself; it is a mean thing to tell tales. We were lucky that day; for the dog was working well, and there were plenty of birds. Shot followed shot, the grouse fell, and the gentlemen came home well pleased with themselves. The gillies, it was reported, rejoiced over their safe return, on account of the gentleman who was "turrible new to his gun."

One thing struck me about these shooting luncheons, and on various other occasions, about the middle of the morning or towards evening after shooting; and that was, how wonderful are the properties of whisky! If any of our party complained of cold, out popped a flask from one of those many large receptacles which form part of a man; generally, indeed, two or three were produced at the same time. Fatigue, I found, could be cured by this general health-restorer, while there was nothing better for keeping out the wet than not being too dry inside. It seemed, in short, to be a cure for all diseases, this "natural wine of the country." The historic Peter when asked what he thought of its properties, answered with warmth, "'Deed, and I feel it to be a kind of company all day, wambling in my inside." I suppose they found it so too. The only thing was, that it seemed to get dull after a time, and wanted fresh additions of like-minded spirit.

Some days we went fishing in the lochs for pink-fleshed trout. It was very odd that, whoever went out fishing, if he or she came in with a poor show of fish, or with none at all, as was sometimes their sad lot, it was invariably the fault of the day. How often I have heard them say, in excuse for putting down one very small dirty fish with an air of dejection (always on the very spot where people were most likely to be sitting afterwards), "There was not a chance to-day—not a ripple on the water. I knew it was no go when I went out." Or, if it was a fine breezy day, the tale was—"The wind stirred up the

bottom of the lake ;" or the sun was too hot, or it was getting late in the season. The best thing I heard was on the day when a big fish ran away with the whole of the tackle, and then I found that it was the fault of the fish for being too big. That was the only thing I could not calculate for. I came in time to know exactly the right consolation to administer.

There was one lovely day, when the magnificent man and I went out fishing—he to fish, that is, and I to row, as I had never fly-fished in my life. We went to the big loch. It was a breezy day, and the loch was covered with waves, like a miniature sea, so that we had to be careful of our steering ; it was hard pulling, too, against the wind out in the open. In the many little creeks and bays there was calmer water, and we accordingly shaped our course for these. "Aha!" said I to myself, as I watched the expert angler throw his fly gracefully over his head and into the water at the first cast, "that looks pretty difficult." We were paddling quite slowly on, resting on our oars, so that we had plenty of time to look about us, for the wind kept the boat in sufficient motion. "Steady," I heard suddenly from the stern, and I saw the line being rapidly pulled in, while I privately thought what a nice tangle that man would have to undo, as he dropped it recklessly into the boat. A fine fish was landed, the hook was removed, and a blow on the spine settled him. "Rather nasty," said I to myself, and looked the other way very carefully. The tangle seemed somehow to undo of its own accord, and twenty minutes of silence followed. Then another fish was hooked, and barely landed, so slight was his hold. Fish number three was a still nastier business, for he got caught in the side, so that the hook had to be cut out. I took a glance every now and then during the operation, seeming not to see. "This is no good ; we must try back again." So we tried back again, into the first bay. The line flying over our heads looked decidedly mysterious, and I could not understand how it managed to evade me in its sweep. However, after two or three hours I began to make it out, and by the time we had got eight or nine fish, I felt that I knew all about it. There was a peculiar turn of the wrist—a very graceful one, too—but after all that was nothing particular, and I thought that fly-fishing was really a much simpler matter than I had had any idea of.

We ate our luncheon of cold grouse, hard-boiled eggs, and "parking," or gingerbread, on shore, on an eminence overlooking a small bay. It was a lonely place. The hills ran down to a stony shore. In old times there had been a limekiln hard by, the lime being shipped on barges for transportation to the small town six miles away. In those prosperous days

some enterprising man had built a small jetty of stones and wood, on to which the trollies loaded with lime could run, emptying themselves direct into the barges. But times had changed, and the limekiln had fallen into disuse. The poor old jetty stands there still, but it is fast crumbling away from the action of the water and the fierceness of the storms. The stones lie heaped together in a shapeless mass; the water splashes silently against their base. As for the trollies, they remain, overturned, broken or rotting, some in the loch itself, others on the jetty, seeming to wait as of yore for their loads; others again used to form a part of the rough wall down to the shore. Nothing could look more forlorn than that deserted pier and those mouldering trollies, decay instead of busy life. One solitary cottage overlooking the scene, with a ragged dog and a bent woman gazing from the open door on the intruders into their solitude, added to the desolate, eerie feeling. I asked Colin, our gillie, about these trollies. "Oo, I dinna ken," he said; "they're jist left." The curse of the Highlands is that phrase. If an old house begins to give way, it is "jist left" until it is tumbling down. The large huts used at the time of the attempted reclamation of the land are "jist left" to decay. So are the good steam ploughs, which stand out in the rain and damp until they are covered with rust and fit for nothing. It is a kind of let things be, devil-may-care policy.

All that afternoon we spent in the dreary bay, with little excursions to neighbouring inlets. Not a fish would bite—I forget what the excuse was. Time passed on, but ever steadily the line flew backwards and forwards with its graceful sweep, and ever as steadily the fish refused to rise. Not a word was spoken, except to give the necessary orders. Yet there was a kind of fascination about it all. The dull water plashed on over the grey stones, the boat rocked gently on the waves, the colours changed on the hills, the dreary bay grew more and more dreary, our spirits sank lower and lower. No one but a fisherman can realize the feeling of blank dreariness which invades the unsuccessful angler after three hours' incessant toil with no results. He cannot tear himself away, for at every fresh cast he feels a moral certainty that he will retrieve his bad luck. There he sits, watching his line, gloomy, silent and morose. There I sit, having mastered the art of fishing—in theory—thinking how well I could do it myself, but equally gloomy and silent. As we walk up to the lodge together, when fate at length compels us to give in, we say never a word.

The next day I started out on my own account, determined to catch a fish—always provided that the wind was not too strong, or the sun too bright, or the water too clear, or any other little unforeseen difficulty. (N.B. I told everybody that

I expected to get nothing.) The first thing that happened was on the way down, when the rod seemed unaccountably to fly back in my hand, resisting all attempts to make it advance, having caught in a tree. Then I nearly snapped it in two, by digging it into the earth as I jumped down a bank. However, I got to the boat at last, pushed it into the water with infinite trouble, got in myself, and rowed out, after dragging all my skirts in the water, to an eligible spot. The rod was rather heavier than I expected, as I held it up, unhooked the fly from the reel, and payed out the line. All right so far. Now for the first cast—but the hook end of the line had suddenly and swiftly disappeared. What was worse, after looking on all sides I could not find it. However I discovered, by repeated pulls, that it was securely fastened in the back of my ulster; so, after nearly dislocating my neck in attempting to see down my own back, I dislodged the hook, and set to work again. This time I made a fair cast, that is to say, my line reached the water, as did also the end of my fishing-rod, with a plump. My wrist seemed a little stiff, and the rod grew heavier and heavier, as that peculiar graceful turn receded into the dim distance, giving place to a vigorous action from the shoulder. Presently I felt a tug—a fish? Well, not exactly, unless it had got under the boat, where my hook was firmly fixed. There was nothing for it but to kneel down and thrust my arm into the water, nearly upsetting the boat, and wetting my sleeve up to the elbow. I got it out though, and immediately caught all the three hooks in my fingers one after the other. Next I hooked a weed, got my tackle into a mess, and had to sit down for ten minutes to undo it again. That happened twice, the hooks showing a positively vicious pleasure in entangling themselves in each other. Then the line got mixed up at the top of the rod, and I did not know how on earth to get at the mess. In laying down the rod the other part got twisted in the rowlock, and one of the oars floated away. I was getting by this time, in a space of some thirty-five minutes, not morose, but actively violent, when at last the hook caught again in a weed, I saw a commotion in the water, and felt a fresh tug at the rod. It was a real live fish. What a triumph if only I could land him! First I payed out about six yards of line (I don't know what for), then I pulled him up sharp, which caused the thin end of the rod to bend in a truly alarming manner. After that I got a lot of the tackle in a heap at the bottom of the boat; and there was I at one end of the line and the fish at the other, never likely to get any nearer to each other. I said a sad good-bye to him in my mind, and thanked goodness no one could see how foolish I

looked. After which, somehow or other, though neither of us ever knew how, he and I met at the bottom of the boat. I don't recollect feeling the killing of him at all nasty, even though his red blood did spurtle on to my hand as I banged him with quite unnecessary violence against the seat.

Never a fish have I caught from that day to this, though I have tried and tried again. I never find that it is a very good day for fishing when I go out.

The most amusing time we had was spent on a driving tour up to the far north. There were seven of us and the driver in a large open vehicle, popularly called a "machine," fitted with two seats parallel to the box, and room for the luggage behind. Wet or fine we had no chance of sheltering on the road. We were away from the lodge five days, including a Sunday; so that we must have done some hundred and fifty miles by the time we got "home." Indeed, our nags were so tired on the last day that we could scarcely get them along, and we appeared at the lodge ignominiously walking up the hill. The country through which we passed was a mountainous one, as wild as any in Scotland, and as fine to boot. Every now and then as we wound slowly down some steep pass, a loch would come into view, the mountains rising steep from the black waters, hundreds of feet in depth. Close to the edge, on the side sheltered from the wind, the birches grew in profusion, or dark willows like the olives of the Riviera hung over the water, garlanded with honeysuckle. Rocky islands dotted the surface of the loch. Above, the clouds rested on the rugged mountain-tops, while half-way down a few sheep, like stones on the hillside, snatched a bare subsistence from the scanty grass. It was a barren soil, with mile upon mile of moorland, bog, and mountain. Along the roadside huge poles, ten feet in height, told a tale of heavy winter snows. They are set there for the guidance of travellers, when in winter the snow drifts into one field of dazzling whiteness, obliterating every landmark.

Sometimes our road wound above the sea-cliffs, where we could hear the thud of the waves as they broke and moaned upon the shore, and see the countless gulls, startled from their hiding-places in the rocks by our approach.

As for the hotels, they were the most laughable part of our gipsying. At our first resting-place we were met by a horrified waiter who entirely declined to give us a sufficient number of rooms, though ordered beforehand. In the end he relented so far as to admit us, and we were shown our apartments. Mine, shared by one of the other ladies, was only attainable through the kitchen and scullery and past "the bar," up a flight of tiny wooden stairs. Some of the others

fares worse. The great difficulty was about baths. "Number 10 has got it," was the only answer the little rough maid could or would give to our inquiries after every individual bath in the hotel, till it seemed to us as though "Number 10" had collected in her room at least five baths of all shapes and sizes. Those baths haunted us. We were so large a party, and so persistently and doggedly cleanly, that we never had enough to get on with.

The waiter at that place was exactly like the Cheshire cat in "Alice in Wonderland," for his face was one perpetual grin. I was always expecting him to disappear, leaving the grin behind him. It seemed as though I had gone back to the happy days of childhood and school-feasts as I saw him pass slowly down the table at breakfast with two large kettles, serving out of them tea and coffee by turns. A funereal ceremony is a *table d'hôte* dinner in England. There is no conversation, for that would be inconsistent with the dignity of our island pride; but at intervals a solemn question is asked and answer obtained. There is always a professor or two, a vacant-looking youngish man, a general or other military man (retired, of course), an old maid, a very stiff mother with some flabby children who are incessantly referred to dear papa at the other side of the table, and a few inconsiderable nonentities; and what they all come for, goodness only knows. It is interesting to listen in the pauses between the remarks, and catch the sound of the dishes going round the table. "*Rhubarb and rice*," it begins at the farther end; "*Rhubarb and rice*," it draws near in insinuating tones; then when you least expect it, "RHUBARB AND RICE!" is thundered into your own ear, and before you have time to say "Yes," it has already passed you by, and is finishing its *decrecendo* on the other side of the table. If you happen to be the wrong end of the table, it is exciting to watch who partakes of the dish and who does not, as on that alone depends your chance of ever getting any rhubarb and rice. Should you happen to have a particular fancy for it, it is invariably finished by the old maid who sits three away on your left.

There were other difficulties, too. In one place the sheets were not of the freshest; in another, one of our party had to stand with her head out of window, in order to get room to dress. Once we were sent to sleep in the village, the hotel being full. Always we were reduced to sitting outside after dinner, because of stuffy rooms or other little drawbacks, which only made us the merrier.

From nine in the morning till six or seven o'clock at night, we never entered a house. Our luncheon was eaten on the hillside, in some spot which was declared each day to be the

prettiest we had yet seen. They were happy days, and we all enjoyed them.

Crossing the ferries was a great excitement. The carriage had first to be got on board, then the horses, who rebelled greatly against their fate; finally we ourselves embarked, not always an easy matter. One old boatman, who with his brother had worked the ferry-boat over an arm of the sea for the last fifty-four years, was most entertaining. "Ye will please to mind yerself, surr," said he to a gentleman who attempted to help us down the steep stair into the boat. "I was always a great hand at managing the leddies. I can look after the leddies, and I can talk as well as any of them. Pit her aboot, Wullie—pit her aboot, mon! keep her up a wee, till I get the sail away from the leddies; we mun take care of the leddies." The old fellow must have been between seventy and eighty years of age. He was very strong on the Crofter question, which he was of opinion "would no be settled but jist by the sword." The shore on one side was lined with crofters' holdings, while on the other bank a large sheep-farm, so he told us, had been made, by the wholesale and compulsory emigration of some eighty families. "Some hae too much, and some too little," he said, "and I wad like to see the land divided equally." The large sheep-farms have no doubt been the ruin of the crofters in these parts. Now, under the Crofters' Act, a more equitable settlement has been made, regulating the inheritance of the holdings, and enabling the crofters, where the landlord refuses a fair demand for small additional grants of land, to obtain it by applying to the new Commission.

Among our gillies, too, one was a great politician—a Radical of course. He had written letters to Mr. Gladstone, to the papers, and to several of her Majesty's judges, on the state of the country, and of the poorer people. He was popularly known as "big John," in distinction from "wee John," another of them, who himself was not much under six feet in height.

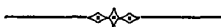
The days and weeks fled by. The magnificent gentleman shot a stag, and thought of nothing else, sleeping or waking, for the next week or two. We laid out a tennis-ground on the gravel, and marked the lines with blacking dripped from a pail. We shot with a rifle at a target which some of us never hit. We met our landlord and were charmed with him, contrary to the usual custom; we bullied each other and Diver on every possible occasion. We whistled and hummed old tunes, until we were all heartily sick of them. We feasted on grouse to our heart's content; we were unmercifully eaten by the midges and burnt by the sun; we did all sorts of things which will never be known outside the walls of the lodge. We rubbed against each other, and were all the better for it.

And then, having lived so much and seen so much and done so much together, the time comes for us each to go our different ways. We make the partings short, because of the unspoken sadness which we are all conscious of, but which we carry off with a jaunty little air, as our hands, English fashion, do duty for our hearts, and betray us at each clasp. You cannot live for three weeks with people and not catch something of themselves, while a part of yourself too seems to remain with them. We all wonder a little what they have said and thought of us, and hope against hope that they think half as much good of us as we do of them.

Well, of course we know that we shall never all meet again in the happy freedom of these three weeks. It is not easy to go back to our "daily round," but we resolutely set our faces towards our work, take our courage in both hands, and the thing is done.

Then, later on, when things go wrong, as they will do now and then, when household cares lie heavy on us, when business makes too urgent claims on a wearied mind, when the weight of the London whirl oppresses, when life seems hard, and perhaps just a trifle dreary, as it does to most of us at times, we look back rather wistfully to those days of comradeship, when we took things simply, and when the clouds on our horizon for the time were no bigger than a man's hand. We do not forget, though we bury our memories deep, and seldom bring them to the light, for fear of tarnishing their lustre. And after all they are the great measure in the lives of most of us: "*Le temps n'est que l'espace entre nos souvenirs.*"

ALBINA BRODRICK.



ART. V.—SOME OF THE MESSIANIC PROPHECIES OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

I HAVE in a former paper (CHURCHMAN, vol. xiv., p. 270) considered a few of the more important of the Messianic passages of the Old Testament, with reference to the changes which have been introduced into them by the recent revision. I propose in this paper to resume the subject, and I shall begin with that passage which has always been regarded as the earliest of the Messianic prophecies, the Protevangelium, the promise given to Adam and Eve in Paradise of man's final victory over the Tempter. It is not a passage, indeed, where any change has been made by the Revisers in the text, but it is one to which a marginal note has been added which may require some explanation. The verse (Gen. iii. 15) reads in the

R.V. as in the A.V., "And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." But in the R.V. there is a marginal note on the word "bruise:" or, *lie in wait for*: and to this an objection has been taken, as tending to obliterate or at least to lower the Messianic sense. I believe this to be an entirely groundless objection. Let us look at the facts.

In the first place, considerable uncertainty attaches to the meaning of the Hebrew verb *shūph*, rendered "bruise" in the text. The verb occurs only twice besides in the Bible, in Job ix. 17, where both the A.V. and the R.V. have "he *breaketh* me with a tempest;" and in Psalm cxxxix. 11, where the A.V. has, "If I say, Surely the darkness shall *cover* me," for which the R.V. substitutes, "shall *overwhelm* me." Now if in the former passage God may be said to "break" Job with a tempest in the same sense that a man crushes the head of a serpent with his heel, it is quite clear that in the latter the Psalmist did not intend to describe the darkness as "bruising" or "crushing" him, although strangely enough the LXX. have rendered the verb by *καταπατήσει* ("shall trample upon"), in the Psalm, and by *ἐκτριψή* ("shall crush"), in Job, while in Genesis they have *τηρεῖν* ("watch for"), in both clauses of the verse. But it is obvious that some ambiguity must attach to the use of a word which can be used indifferently of the "crushing" of a serpent's head, of the serpent's "lying in wait for" or "biting" the heel of man, of God's "breaking" a man with a tempest, and of the darkness "overwhelming" him. At the most it can only be said that some idea of hostility or violence is common to the verb in all the instances in which it is employed.

This indeed has been felt so strongly in the passage under consideration (Gen. iii. 16), that a large number of interpreters, both ancient and modern, have given a different rendering to the verbs in the two members of the verse. Thus, for instance, the Syriac has in the first clause, "it shall trample on," and in the second, "thou shalt strike;" Saadyah in the first, "it shall break," and in the second, "thou shalt bite;" Jerome has, "*Ipse conteret caput tuum, et tu insidiaberis calcaneo ejus*;" and Luther has in the first place, "Zertreten," and in the second, "in die Ferse stechen." It is evident that our own Version in endeavouring to find a word which should suit both clauses, has not been quite successful. The verb "bruise" cannot be used in exactly the same sense in both. He who tramples on the serpent's head may certainly be said to "bruise" it, but the serpent does not in strict propriety of language "bruise," it "wounds" the heel in which it fastens its fangs.

Of the ancient interpreters, two have kept the same rendering in the two clauses, but with a difference of meaning. The Samaritan has in both "strike through;" the LXX. (as I have already said) in both, "watch," or "lie in wait for," *αὐτὸς σου τηρήσει κεφαλὴν καὶ σὺ τηρήσεις αὐτοῦ πτέρναν.*

Between these two senses, to "crush," or "bruise," on the one hand, and to "watch," or "lie in wait for," on the other, it is not easy to decide. For the derivation from the Aramaic root *shāph* or *shōph*, to "bruise," there is much to be said, though it obviously applies in all strictness only to the trampling on the serpent's head in the first member of the verse, and is not applicable to the act of the serpent in attacking the heel of its antagonist. On the other hand, the derivation from another root, signifying "to long after," "strive at," "to watch with hostile intent," is applicable to both, but denotes rather the struggle itself than the result of the struggle. But the point on which I wish to insist, is, that if following the most ancient authorities, the LXX., the old Latin, and Onkelos, we adopt the rendering "lie in wait for," which is given in the Revisers' margin, we do not destroy the Messianic character of the passage. Even if there were any peril of this, it must be bravely met. Honesty is the first consideration, and simple fidelity to the text; weighed in the balance with these, traditional interpretations are altogether lighter than vanity itself. But here the Messianic interpretation, rightly understood, is not endangered. The proof on this point, as it happens, is peculiarly clear and decisive. The earliest interpretation of the passage in any ancient writer is to be found in Irenæus, and Irenæus knew nothing of Hebrew, and his comment consequently turns wholly on the Greek version of the LXX. That version, as we have seen, gives the rendering, "lie in wait for." But how does Irenæus explain it? In his great work, 'Against Heresies' (lib. iv., cap. xi., § 3, *ad fin.*), after quoting the verse as it stands in the LXX., he writes, "And this enmity did the Lord sum up in Himself, having been made man of a woman, and having trampled upon his (the serpent's) head." So also in a previous place where we have only the Latin translation (lib. iii., cap. xxiii., § 7), he says:

Wherefore he put enmity between the serpent and the woman and her seed, as watching one another (*observantes invicem*): the one who had his heel bitten having nevertheless power to trample on the head of his enemy; and the other biting, and injuring and obstructing the steps of man, until He, predestined to trample upon his head, should come, which was the son of Mary, of whom the Prophet says, "Thou shalt walk upon the asp and the basilisk; and the lion and the dragon shalt thou tread under foot."

Once more Irenæus expounds this verse, and once more he expounds it in the same sense :

Summing up, therefore, all things He summed them up (in Himself) both waging war against our enemy, and crushing him who in the beginning had led us captive in Adam, and trampling upon his head, as you find in Genesis that God said to the serpent, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed ; he shall watch for (*observabit*) thy head, and thou shalt watch for his heel." For thus, He who was born of a woman that was a Virgin, after the likeness of Adam, was prophesied of as watching (*observans*) the serpent's head.

Such, then, is the earliest interpretation of the passage ; not the less clearly and emphatically Messianic that it rests upon the rendering "lie in wait for." And it requires, indeed, only a little reflection, a little pondering of context and of history to see how this is. First of all, we note the significant fact that the enmity of which the text speaks is one of Divine appointment. The serpent had approached the woman under the specious guise of friendship ; had instilled into her heart the thought that God was her enemy. God will not suffer the unnatural alliance. He says, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman." But an enmity that is of God's appointment can have but one issue. Man, having God for his ally in the contest, must in the end come off victor. And then, yet further, there was the solemn curse pronounced upon the serpent, "Cursed shalt thou be above all cattle, and above every beast of the field : upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life." The creature on which God's curse rests is a degraded thing ; it carries in its grovelling form the sentence of its degradation ; and man watches for it that he may crush it beneath his heel. It is easy, then, I think, to see how even a writer who, like Irenæus, had only the reading of the LXX. before him, nevertheless was led inevitably to give a Messianic interpretation to the passage. Yet it is, also, not a little remarkable how many centuries passed before this interpretation became current in the Church.

Luther, who notices this fact, attributes it to the obscurity of the passage, especially in what it tells us of the serpent and its punishment. This, he says, is perhaps the reason why a passage which ought to have been one of the best known had never been carefully and accurately explained. "I often wonder," he says, "what Fathers and Bishops were about, who, whilst they were engaged in governing Churches and driving away heretics, did not bestow more pains on the explanation of passages of this kind."¹ And he then observes

¹ *Enarr. in Gen.* (Ed. Elsperger, tom. i., p. 233). He adds characteristically : "I don't mean *our* Bishops ; they have nothing but the name,

that this neglect of the passage, and its inadequate explanation by those who did touch upon it, was due, as in the case of Augustine, to the misrendering of the Latin version. The old Latin had indeed the correct rendering, *Ipse*, as we see in the Latin translator of Irenæus, but this had been superseded by *Ipsa*,¹ which was the reading that Augustine had, and which led him to refer the promise to *the Church*, of which he held Eve to be the figure. Luther, as might be expected, indignantly denounces the misapplication of the passage by the Church of Rome to the Virgin Mary, and does not spare even Lyra, who, he says, although not ignorant of Hebrew, suffered himself to follow the current, and to explain the text "of the Blessed Virgin, by means of whom, through the mediation of her Son, the power of Satan was broken." He thanks God that the passage has now been set in its true light, and its true meaning vindicated; and he proceeds to expound it thus: "Thou, O Satan, by means of the woman hast assailed and seduced the man, that thou mightest be, as it were, head and lord of both, because of sin. And I, on the other hand, will lie in wait for thee" (*tibi insidiabor*) "by means of the same person. I will tear the woman from thy clutches, and I will give her a seed, and that seed shall crush thy head. Thou didst corrupt flesh, and make it liable to death by reason of sin; but I from that very flesh will bring forth a Man who shall trample on thee and all thy powers, and put thee to flight." Thus, he says, the promise and the threat are at once most clear, and yet most obscure; for the devil must henceforth look upon every woman who becomes a mother with suspicion, lest she should become the mother of the promised seed. And, in the same way, men would look forward with hope to the fulfilment of the promise, whilst they, too, would be in uncertainty as Eve herself was, who supposed that her first-born son was the promised seed.

It is noticeable here that Luther, although in his Latin version he has *conterere* in both clauses, in his² paraphrase uses

and may more truly be called devastators of Churches than watchmen or overseers. I am speaking of those of old time who were strong in holiness of life and doctrine: there is not one of these [he must have forgotten Irenæus] who has explained this passage as it deserves. Perhaps they were too deeply involved in affairs which are very often a serious hindrance to rulers."

¹This is not a deliberate falsification by the Church of Rome. It is due to the habit, common to the early copyists, of writing pronouns and adverbs ending in *e* with a diphthong *æ*: e.g., "*Ipsæ dixit, et facta sunt*;" "*Superbæ loqueris*;" "*Stultæ egisti*," and the like. But *ipsa*, which Augustine referred to the Church, Romish expositors interpreted of the Virgin.

²In his German Version as we have seen, he has a different verb in the two clauses.

indifferently the verbs *insidiari*, "to lie in wait for," and *conterere*, "to crush." And in point of fact, both lend themselves, as we have seen, to the Messianic interpretation, though the one does so more directly and more obviously than the other.

But keeping to the rendering "bruise," only so far modifying the verb as to give it in the second clause the general sense of "attacking" or "injuring," let us try to ascertain the exact scope of the promise.

First of all there is the lower and primary reference. There is to be a perpetual hostility between men and serpents. There is a natural antipathy between the two. Man shudders and recoils from the serpent, and crushes it; the serpent lies in wait for man. But this war in the world of nature is the speaking sign and symbol of a deeper spiritual conflict. The serpent is the representation in the natural world, the hieroglyph, as it were, of the power of evil, and man is here encouraged to believe that, though he has been the victim of that power, he is not left hopelessly its slave. As there is undying enmity in the natural world between men and serpents, so there is undying enmity in the spiritual world, by God's own appointment, between man and the power of evil. As the serpent, notwithstanding all his wiles and all his fascination, lies in the dust a grovelling thing, carrying upon his prostrate form the sentence of degradation, so the power of evil is a degraded thing. It may lift itself up to assail man, but its doom is upon it, and man shall triumph over it. This is the primary sense of the words. The much-vexed question whether any change passed on the serpent in consequence of the Divine malediction need not trouble us. The words, taken in their obvious and natural sense, imply a change. On the other hand, the palæontologists assure us that the pre-Adamite serpent did not differ in form or physical structure from the serpent which is coëval with man. It has always been the same—the only vertebrate animal without feet. But we are not dealing with a problem in natural history, we are looking on a picture full of moral and spiritual meaning. The picture is a hieroglyph, and the hieroglyph is to be interpreted as "the degradation of the power of evil." So far we have no *direct* Messianic promise. Ought we to stop here? Ought we not to interpret "the seed of the woman" as the future Deliverer? Does not the phrase "seed of *the woman*," suggest and even demand this? I answer with that great master of interpretation, Calvin: "I would willingly adopt this view did I not feel that this is to strain the meaning of the word 'seed;' for how can the collective noun be understood of one man? As the enmity is to be perpetual, so through a long series of ages victory is promised

to the human race. I therefore understand by the seed of the woman her posterity generally. But, as experience shows that all the children of Adam are very far indeed from winning this victory, we must remember that the victory can only be won in and through Him Who is the true Head of humanity.¹ In this sense the promise is Messianic, for man cannot prevail except through Him Who, in the highest and most emphatic sense, is the true seed of the woman, Who alone has in His one person crushed the power of evil, and Who, having taken upon Him our nature, makes us partakers of His triumph. The seed is many, but the seed is also One, because the many are summed up in the One.

In further confirmation of the correctness of this mode of interpretation, it should be observed that the promise runs not, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between her seed and thee," but "between her seed and thy seed." Now, the seed of the serpent cannot be an individual: it must mean the whole serpent brood, the whole power of evil as manifesting itself in various forms throughout human history. By analogy, therefore, the seed of the woman must mean all who are born of woman. And although it is true in the next clause we have the individual serpent, "It (the seed) shall bruise thy head, and *thou* shalt bruise his heel," yet this only confirms the interpretation I have given. There is in each case the race. There is in each, too, the summing-up of the race, the collective many in the individual One. ^{Ἀνακεφαλαιώσατο}, as Irenæus says, Christ summed up, gathered into Himself the whole conflict, and, as the Head of human nature, for ever crushed the serpent—man's deadliest and most determined foe. The promise therefore pertains to the race, but only because the race is summed up in Him Who is the Head of the race. Man triumphs, but only in Christ.² Thus, as it has been well said, "General, indefinite, obscure, like the primitive time to which it belongs, an awe-inspiring Sphinx before the ruins of a mysterious temple, this promise lies wonderful and holy at the threshold of a lost Paradise; whence proceeds the great historical march and development wherein the promise of the grace of God, ever becoming more definite and more special, is first limited in Shem to a particular race,

¹ I have merely given the substance of Calvin's remarks on the passage; I may add, however, that Calvin also, like Luther, supposes Satan to have made use of the serpent as his instrument in beguiling our first parents.

² So in the Jerusalem Talmud, the seed is interpreted generally, but the fulfilment of the promise is looked for in the days of the Messiah: "For **them** (the seed) there shall be healing, but for thee (the serpent) there shall be none: they shall hereafter accomplish the crushing (of the serpent) in the time of the end, in the days of King Messiah."

in Abraham to a particular nation, in Judah to a particular tribe, in David to a single family," till at last it finds its great consummation in Him, who is the Hope, the Crown, the Saviour, not of Israel only, but of all mankind.

II. The next passage on which I shall comment is also one in the Book of Genesis, and one which has provoked no little controversy: I refer to the celebrated text in the blessing of Jacob (Gen. xlix. 10). This stands in the A.V., "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come: and unto Him shall the gathering of the people be." In the R.V. it runs: "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor the ruler's staff from between his feet, until Shiloh come: and unto Him shall the obedience of the peoples be."

It will be observed that so far as the rendering of the words "until Shiloh come" is concerned, no change has been made. The changes which have been made in the text are the substitution of "ruler's staff" for "lawgiver" (though the latter finds a place in the margin), and of "obedience" for "gathering," and "peoples" for "people" in the last clause. But that considerable doubt attaches to the words "until Shiloh come," which have been suffered to remain in the text, is shown by the different renderings in the margin;¹ and the importance of the margin here, as in so many other places, can hardly be exaggerated. For the rendering "until Shiloh come" is against the whole body of ancient tradition and interpretation, and is, moreover, philologically untenable.²

None of the Ancient Versions, as we shall see, takes Shiloh as a proper name, and not one of them reads it as the present Massoretic text does, with the *plena scriptio* (שִׁילֹה). All of them regard it as an old form of the relative combined with the personal pronoun, and paraphrase accordingly. The first trace of any *apparent* recognition of Shiloh as a designation of the Messiah is to be found in a well-known passage of the Babylonian Talmud (*Synh.* 98*b*), and even this, it will be seen when the whole passage is cited, will not bear the stress which has sometimes been laid upon it. The passage runs thus:

Rab. said, The world was created only for the sake of David: Samuel said, It was for the sake of Moses: R. Yochanan said, It was only

¹ Or, *Till he come to Shiloh, having the obedience of the peoples*; or, as read by the Sept., *Until that which is his shall come*, etc. Another ancient rendering is, *Till he come whose it is*, etc.

² It has been abandoned by some of the most orthodox interpreters and Bishop Wordsworth admits that it has no ancient evidence in its favour.

for the sake of the Messiah. What is his name? Those of the school of R. Shila say, Shiloh is his name, as it is said, "Until Shiloh come." Those of the school of R. Yannai say, Yinnon is his name, as it is said (Ps. lxxii. 17), "Let his name be for ever, before the sun let his name be perpetuated" (Heb. *Yinnon*). Those of the school of R. Chaninah say, Chaninah is his name, as it is said (Jer. xvi. 13), "For I will give you no favour," (Heb. *Chaninah*). And some say, Menachem is his name, as it is said (Lam. i. 16), "For comforter (Heb. *Menachem*) and restorer of my soul is far from me." And our Rabbis say, The leprous one of the school of Rabbi is his name, as it is said (Isa. liii, 4), "Surely he hath borne all our sicknesses and carried our pains, though we did esteem him stricken (i.e. with leprosy), smitten of God and afflicted."

No inference can really be drawn from this passage beyond the fact that the verse in Genesis was regarded as having a Messianic sense. It is obvious that neither the verb *Yinnon* nor the noun *Chaninah* were names or titles of the Messiah, and they could hardly have been cited as such in the discussion. The pupils of different Rabbis intend merely to compliment their several masters by connecting their names with a title of the Messiah, extracted for the occasion from passages supposed to have a Messianic bearing. The reference to Jer. xvi. 13 shows how far-fetched this manner of quotation might be. "The exegetical value of such interpretations," says Dr. Driver¹ very truly, "is evidently *nil*: the authority of the admirers of Shila is of no greater weight in determining the true sense of Gen. xlix. 10 than that of the admirers of Yannai in determining the true sense of Ps. lxxii. 17. It is, however, in this doubtful company that 'Shiloh' is first cited as a name of the Messiah, though we do not know how the word was used, or what it was imagined to signify."

Dr. Driver has given at length the history of Jewish interpretation, and has shown clearly that although Gen. xlix. 10 was interpreted generally both by Jews and Christians in a Messianic sense, yet that this sense was not "bound up with a personal name *Shiloh*, but with the context of the verse, legitimately interpreted, and with the promise of supremacy which it seemed to contain." Many of the Jewish expositors, indeed, understanding the phrase "from between his feet" as meaning descendants ("his sons' sons," as Onkelos expresses it), also explained Shiloh as "his youngest son," as the Targum Pseudo-Jonathan does. The first interpreter who actually substitutes *Messias* for Shiloh is, it would seem, Sanctes Pagninus, in his Latin Bible of 1528. Luther, who had previously expressed his preference for the Jewish rendering,

¹ In the *Journal of Philology*, vol. xiv. I gladly take the opportunity of admitting that I was wrong in supposing (*Contemporary Review*, May, 1886) that Dr. Driver had not fully considered the bearing of this passage when he mentioned that the now current interpretation of Shiloh as a name of the Messiah dates from the sixteenth century.

“his son,” in his German Bible of 1534, has “Der Helt,” with the note “d. i. der glücklich sein und frisch durchdringen sollte.” Seb. Münster (1535), by his rendering “quousque veniat Silo,” took Silo as a proper name, and probably as a name of the Messiah. The English Versions (except Coverdale, who has “the worthy one”) seem to have followed Münster, as they all of them—the Great Bible, the Genevan, the Bishops’, and the A.V.—have “Shiloh,” the Genevan adding a note of explanation, “the giver of al prosperitie.”

But, again, Shiloh, if it be intended as a title of the Messiah, must be a significant title; it must contain in it a meaning which shall answer to some office or characteristic sign of the Messiah; it must be a prophetic title. It would doubtless be this if it could be regarded, like the name Solomon (Heb. *Sh'lomoh*), for instance, as a derivation from a root signifying “peace” or “prosperity”—if it could mean “the Bringer of Peace,” or “the Giver of Prosperity,” as the Genevan Version expounds it. But this is philologically incorrect. In the first place, there is no analogy for the formation of such a word as Shiloh from a root *shlâlâh*; and in the next place, the meaning of the root “to be at ease” is unsuitable, and would not justify the interpretation put upon it as “Giver of Peace.”¹

The rendering, then, “until Shiloh come,” has neither tradition nor philology in its favour.

J. J. STEWART PEROWNE.

[*To be continued.*]



ART. VI.—THE PROSPECTS OF CHURCH REFORM.

IT is perhaps too soon to discern any special characteristics which the new House of Commons may possess. The ordinary work of an ordinary session is required to bring out its tendencies and to test its temper. I use the latter word in a wide sense; for so far as mere capacity for wrathfulness is concerned, the monotonous consideration of Irish affairs must be admitted to have given an abundant opportunity for the

¹ This is not the place to enter into the philological question at length. It will be found fully discussed in the commentaries of Tuch and Delitzsch. The Arabic-Samaritan Version makes *Shiloh* equivalent to *Sh'lomoh* (Solomon), seeing the fulfilment of the prophecy in Solomon, not in the Messiah. In 1 Chron. xxii. 9, Solomon's name is interpreted as meaning “a man of rest,” and the Messiah is called “Peace” (*Shâlom*) Mic. v. 4; and “Prince of Peace,” Isa. ix. 5. But the root is *Shalam*, not *Shalah*.

display of personal antipathies, and with large results. Probably no House of Commons has ever contained, in its first days of ingenuous youth, so large a proportion of members who hate one another. But this solitary note, the note of irascibility, does not suggest anything very definite as to the prospects of Church Reform. If we may assume that at some time or other the present Parliament will be allowed to occupy itself with matters which do not directly concern Ireland, it may, without rashness, be further assumed that Church affairs will, in some shape or another, come under consideration. Of course the great strength of the Conservatives renders legislation in the direction of Disestablishment impossible. The majority of the House is friendly, or at least considers itself friendly, to the Church. On the other hand, the Liberationist group, which was undoubtedly reinforced in the Election of 1885, has not been materially reduced. There are about one hundred and twenty M.P.s who may be relied on to fight the Church of England as and when they see opportunity. Most of these are Gladstonians; and without attaching too much weight to the persistent rumours of an actual compact between the Liberation Society and the National League, it may be taken as certain that, for the present, the Parnellites will support the Liberationists, and *vice versa*. No doubt some very important Disestablishers, such as Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain, are Unionists, and not likely in this Parliament to join in a serious attack on the Church: but they form a small minority.

The Liberationist group, although themselves powerless to act, will be effective enough in opposing the action of others. Their policy will be defensive. So far, we can tell pretty accurately what to expect. We have the past to guide us. Church Bills will be obstructed, delayed, mutilated, and, if possible, defeated by the central band, the *corps d'élite*, of the Liberation Society, who will not lack suitable support for dirty work from the followers of Mr. Parnell. But I believe there are a great many Disestablishers—how many, events alone can prove—who will decline to pursue this policy. The agitation of last autumn, the exposure of the Liberation Society tactics, and the influence which the Church question exerted over the Election, have not been forgotten. The feeling of the country was clearly shown to be not unfriendly to the Church. I do not think we are warranted in saying more. The enthusiastic zeal of many districts was not half so remarkable, or, in my judgment, half so satisfactory, as the far more widely-spread disposition to see fair play, and to resent underhand conspiracy. The attack on the Church failed, not so much because it was weak, as because it was

unfair. If Disestablishment comes, it will be because the bulk of Englishmen have made up their minds that the Church is incapable of fulfilling the responsibilities of establishment. The electors have shown that in their view this is not a foregone conclusion. Here lies, I think, the distinction between the Liberationist view and that of the electors. With regard to Church Reform it is fundamental. While the country would give full scope for needful improvement, the irreconcilable anti-churchman regards all schemes of Reform alike, as useless or mischievous; useless if they fail, and mischievous, because retarding Disestablishment, if they succeed. Thus, I venture to think, there may be many Members who, although themselves Disestablishers in theory, may yet from a generous sympathy with public opinion, or at least an accurate discernment of its drift, refuse to participate in a factious policy. Moreover, mere obstruction to Church legislation has been so thoroughly exposed, that it is discredited. It must be borne in mind that even the most thorough-going Liberationists are under restrictions which do not hamper the Parnellites. Respectability is, for them, essential. It is a concession to the professedly religious character of the cause which cannot well be surrendered. There are, therefore, clearly defined limits to the obstacles which the anti-Church party are likely to throw in the way of Reform. With many there will be no desire to impede honest attempts at improvement; with the rest there will be the wholesome restraint of public opinion.

I confess I think the advocates of Church Reform have at least as much to fear from the friends of the Church in the House of Commons, as from her enemies. What will be the attitude of the replenished Tory benches towards changes which to be practical must be considerable, and must excite a good deal of opposition? Security makes men lazy, and Conservatives have, it must be admitted, a tendency to accumulate in office a powerful *vis inertiae*, which they only succeed in shaking off when the opportunity for action has passed away, and they are relegated to the cold shades of opposition. The old Tory spirit of immobility is perhaps no longer predominant, but it sensibly influences the proceedings of the party; and unless the leadership of Lord Randolph Churchill brings about a wholly new departure in Conservative policy, we can hardly expect to see very energetic measures of Church Reform initiated by the Queen's present Ministers. Nevertheless, though they may not initiate, they may support. It is well known that under the exigent conditions which attended the last Government of Lord Salisbury, Church Reform found a conspicuous place in the Ministerial programme. That was under the influence of popular agitation, and there seems no reason to

doubt that if the Government could be satisfied of receiving sufficient support outside, and they should have the opportunity, they would still respond, and not unwillingly, to the cry for Church Reform.

The prospects of Church Reform depend quite as much upon what goes on outside Parliament as inside. If there is a steady and coherent demand in the country for legislation on fairly definite and practical lines, the men to formulate the wishes of the multitude and work them out in sections and clauses of Acts of Parliament, and the time to discuss such matters, will soon be found. Ministers will not be slow to take up topics which they perceive to have become "interesting." In these days the ear of Parliament is always open to any voice which makes itself audible in the country. What chance is there, then, of the pressure of public opinion being exerted with sufficient force and persistence to rivet the attention and direct the action of Parliament in favour of Church Reform?

As to the great mass of Englishmen, they count for almost nothing when we are considering the forces which urge forward the cause. They are benevolently neutral, determined that the Church shall have a fair chance, but deem it no part of their duty to interfere actively, and are probably slowly coming to the conclusion that if the Establishment cannot be mended now, there will be no help for it but to end it. Public opinion will not hinder—at a critical moment it may decisively help—the cause of Church Reform; but for the motive power to bring matters into a sufficiently advanced condition for a crisis to be possible we must look elsewhere. There is a large and, with thankfulness be it added, a rapidly growing body of laymen keenly interested in the Church and its concerns. The future of Church Reform depends very greatly upon their action. Through the various Diocesan Conferences, the House of Laymen, and the Church Congress, the lay voice has abundant opportunities of being heard. I have listened to it with some attention, and the impression left on my mind is that amongst this class there is a strong feeling in favour of Reform—a disposition to assist with hearty goodwill in any practical effort to increase the efficiency of the ecclesiastical administration, but withal a sense of bewilderment and uncertainty what to do, which is rapidly crystallizing into a conviction that useful action is impossible, and that the only thing to be done is to do nothing. There are too many schemes and plans and proposals, or rather they are all too much on the same level. It is naturally difficult to induce a body of men so accustomed to isolation and trained in individualism as the English clergy to pursue a common object by the same road; but with laymen there is no corresponding impediment. I am sure that

those who have had most experience in organizing and using lay help in Church work will agree with me when I say that, apart from any special disturbing element, such as a parochial feud or ritual trouble, active lay Churchmen are as a class remarkable for the readiness with which they follow the guidance of their clergy. But in the matter of Church Reform this very docility creates difficulty. The laity are like a battalion in which each individual obeys the captain of his own company, but neither captain nor men pay any attention to the commanding officer. Lay Churchmen want leading. They want to see one plan plainly predominant over all the rest, either by reason of its obvious superiority, or by virtue of the authoritative position of its movers. The Bishops are sometimes blamed for doing too little, sometimes for doing too much; but I believe the prominent position which, long before the recent agitation, the Upper Houses of Convocation took up with reference to Church Reform has been gratefully appreciated by the laity. We are fortunate in having an Archbishop who, while inheriting from his great predecessor a policy of caution, is young enough not to be daunted by the novelty and length of the task before him. The Patronage Bill is, it is generally assumed, the first instalment of a comprehensive scheme, in promoting which the Primate will take the initiative. It will be well if it is so. Next to a wise plan, what is wanted is a firm hand in pushing it to the front. I believe there need be no fear of any lack of support. The laity will follow just in proportion as the Archbishop leads—strongly if he is strong, hesitatingly if he hesitates.

Perhaps the most important factor in the problem before us is the attitude of the clergy. I confess I find it difficult to conceive under present circumstances that any real measures of Church Reform can be carried in the face of a widespread clerical opposition. I have already referred to the tremendous influence which they exercise over the laity, *i.e.*, the earnest-minded laity. Again, they are the only people who as a class understand the conditions of the case. To the average layman such a question as Patronage is, or was until recently, perfectly unknown and dark. So with other kindred subjects. The clergy are the only class who possess anything like adequate information. Finally, the clergy have a financial interest in the Church which is peculiar to them; and despite the gospel of rapine taught by politicians of the modern predatory school, the country still retains a large share of the old spirit of fair play which would tend to restrain the adoption of changes, against the will of those primarily affected. Of course, when we speak of the attitude of the clergy towards Church Reform, we refer to something which has no existence,

any more than the attitude of a team of horses. There are scores of attitudes. There are many excellent men, men whose praise is in all the churches, who have spent long lives in loving, devoted, and successful service, to whom the very word "Reform" has an unwelcome sound. Whether ostensibly so or not, they are, in fact, opponents of Church Reform altogether. If you speak of the scandals of the trafficking in cures of souls, they will tell you that the evils have been grossly exaggerated, that the proposed remedies are worse than the disease, and that the opening of the door to change is in itself a peril the full extremity of which can only be measured by those who possess a maturity of experience such as theirs. If you speak of the inequalities of clerical incomes, or the abeyance of Church discipline, or the powerlessness of the laity, or the farce of *congé d'elire*, it is all the same; and no doubt there is much to be said from their point of view. If all clergymen were like these clergy, and all livings were like their livings, and there were no other interests to consider but those of the clergy, we might well consent to let things alone.

A far larger class, however, have given their consent to changes rather because they consider change inevitable than because they like it. These are the men who ask what is the minimum that must be given to appease public opinion, in the spirit of travellers beset by wolves selecting the least-valued baby to throw out of the sledge. They are apt, too, to draw lines beyond which the tide of Reform must not rise. I confess—although, remembering the number and the authority of those who have thus spoken, I hesitate to say so—I have read with regret and concern the decisive, point-blank condemnation which has on almost all sides been passed on the very idea of Parochial Councils established by Act of Parliament. I regret it, not because I have seen any plan for such Councils which struck me as at all practicable, but because it is surely premature for anyone to say that no such plan will ever be discovered, and the more so as Parochial Councils lie immediately in the road along which all real Reform of the National Church must travel. "Thus far and no further" has been frequently said in the history of the world; but more often than not it has had to be unsaid. Besides the impolicy of laying down metes and bounds which may speedily have to be renounced, there is the further mischief of conveying an impression of hostility, or at best of enforced compliance, which is greatly to be deprecated.

I have already referred to the variety of views entertained by those who are agreed as to the necessity of some Reform. It would be absurd for me as a layman to set to work to lecture

the clergy; and I do not propose anything so audacious. But I may, I trust without impropriety, venture to express a very strong conviction that the prime necessity of the moment, if the cause of Reform is to prosper, is a large measure of agreement amongst the clergy, as to plans, a determination to accept the scheme which has the best chance of being generally adopted, rather than that which individual ingenuity has devised, and in consequence individual taste prefers; and finally, a reluctance to say *non possumus* or to set up as vital, principles which, when looked at a little less hastily and more closely, might be seen to be nothing of the sort. A great advance has already been made in this direction. Early in the year, when the cry of Church Reform was first raised, there was a perfect Babel of competing schemes and plans. Those who ventured to point out that everything could not be done at once, and that very few of the subjects thus suddenly brought forward were ripe for treatment, were considered dull and unsympathetic. Now, however, not only is the sound rule of "one thing at a time" recognised, but we are all agreed that the one thing to be done first is the Reform of Church Patronage. That represents a great step in advance. The next, which, despite the correspondence columns of the *Guardian*, is I trust in progress, consists in the adoption of the Archbishop's Bill, as a plan which, however it may be modified in detail, is in principle not only good, and the best that present circumstances render possible.

It is to the clergy that we must mainly look to push forward, and keep forward, the subject of Church Reform. The University professors and other distinguished clergymen who signed the Cambridge Manifesto were then only beginning their work. If any good is to be done, they must go on. It is only the clergy who have the necessary knowledge or influence or opportunities. The first wave of agitation has spent itself. Left to themselves, friends and foes alike will let the matter drop, and we shall go on as before, until another storm bursts upon the Church and finds us no better prepared to meet it. I suppose there are very few optimists so thoroughgoing as to think that the conflict of last autumn will never be renewed. What is passing in Wales at the present time is a significant indication not only of the source from which trouble may at any time arise, but also of the actual method of its infliction. The tithe-war now raging over a few Welsh farms is the cloud no bigger than a man's hand, which may one day overshadow all England. I will not commit the rashness of unauthorized prophecy, but it is impossible to witness the utter disintegration of the Liberal party, the rapid dying out of the Whigs, and the feuds of the Radicals,

without perceiving the need of some great cry to unite the scattered battalions, and without wondering whether that cry may not be "Down with the Church!" But when the struggle comes, it will be under different conditions from those of which we have had recent experience. The great central public opinion, which is neither Church nor Liberationist, but decides between the two, leant last autumn to the Church's side, partly, as I have said, because it revolted against the unworthy trickery of her foes, but still more in order to give opportunity for reform which would obviate the necessity—to Englishmen the always unwelcome necessity—of revolution. But if, when the conflict returns, it finds the old abuses unremoved, the old inequalities unadjusted, and the old anachronisms still surviving, it is by no means certain, nay, it is not likely, that the same course will be followed again. If the country determines to rend asunder Church and State, it will not be because it is in love with Liberationism, but because it is in despair of the Establishment.

I have carefully abstained from confusing my attempt to note the prospects of Church Reform with any discussion of Church Reform itself.

Yet so many and such inconsistent ideas are classed under this one title, which has become a kind of nickname for every man's pet whim in matters ecclesiastical, that in order to make myself intelligible, it seems essential I should explain in general terms what is meant in this paper by Church Reform. First, I mean the removal of admitted abuses, such as those connected with Church Patronage, and I must add, although the prejudices of a lawyer rebel while I make the admission, the pretended election of Bishops. But secondly and principally, I mean the gradual infusion of the democratic principle into the administrative machinery of the Church of England. I am afraid I shall startle and perhaps shock some readers who may have acquiesced in all that has been said hitherto. But, nevertheless, I am only putting into language the underlying principle of the various plans for giving power to lay parishioners, which figure more or less conspicuously in all our programmes of Church Reform. The Church of England must in the near future choose whether she will become much more national in fact, or much less so in pretension. Do not let me be misunderstood. I am not thinking of doctrine or even ritual, or referring in the most distant manner to the spiritual side of religion. Its laws are independent of the shifting currents of human opinion and fashion. To speak in mathematical phrase, they are of other dimensions, and are not to be expressed in terms such as I am using. But the ecclesiastical shell of religion, the external organization of a National

Church, is necessarily human in its arrangement, and is susceptible of modification at the hands of man. No doubt opinions will differ as to the exact position of the line of demarcation between the spiritual and external, the human and the divine, but all will admit that the line exists, and that is sufficient for the present purpose.

What is it that we who believe in the possibility of a National Church are aiming at? We desire that the Church of England should possess the hearts and influence the lives of the whole nation. We want the Church, without sacrifice of the truth, to have as great a body of Englishmen as possible for her true sons. That is surely the conception of a National Church. We want the Church and the nation, as they have grown together in the past, so to be united in present interest and sympathy. In the days when ministers of State were generally Bishops, when the police business of the country was done by the ecclesiastical courts, and membership of the Church was an incident of citizenship, Church and State were united after a very real fashion. Government both in Church and State was of the same kind, conceived after the same model. The practical absolutism of the king had its counterpart in the autocracy of every parish priest over the services of his church, and the administration of its affairs. But times have changed; power in the State has passed into the hands of the people. We may not like the new order of things, we may think that in the long-run it will work less well for England than the old, yet we cannot prevent it. Most of us have long ago made up our minds to accept the situation, and to make the best of it. Instead of crying over spilt milk, we are trying to test the capabilities of the democratic *régime*, and are rapidly discovering that if it has drawbacks, it has also grand possibilities.

While this is so in the State, the Church remains where she was. The clergy govern, they receive the endowments, and they administer ecclesiastical affairs, at any rate so far as they are parochial. Churchwardens, who are the theoretical representatives of the laity, have, practically speaking, about as much or as little power as the House of Commons under the Tudors. Now, it is a characteristic of our English temperament that we do not trouble ourselves greatly with what does not concern us. When we have duties to perform, responsibilities to discharge, above all, money to receive or to pay, then we are interested. If, therefore, the interest of the country in the Church of England is to be reinvigorated, it seems to me it must be by giving to the laity a greater share of power, a more effectual control over the machinery of ecclesiastical administration. The Church must not be governed for the nation, but by the nation, if we wish it to be, and to remain, National. In other words, the

harmony between Church and State must be re-established. The democratic principle, irrevocably accepted in the one, must be admitted in the other. I do not pretend that there will be no difficulties, no friction, no breakdowns. For the clergy it means a real surrender of power (never a pleasant thing to contemplate), with the added anxiety of uncertainty as to how that power will be used by those to whom it is transferred. It is, no doubt, a serious matter to meddle with so venerable a thing as the constitutional relation of Church and State. Men may well shake their heads and say that to attempt to cut out a stone here and a timber there will inevitably bring down the whole building about our ears. It is likely enough—perhaps more likely than not—that it will never be done; that the risk of doing irretrievable mischief will outweigh the danger of doing nothing. But do not let us deceive ourselves. If the present condition of things remain unaltered, the separation of Church and State, as of two institutions which, having grown together for centuries, have at last divided, and are getting wider and wider apart every year, must inevitably come, sooner or later. On the other hand, we may be pardoned if some of us refuse to give up our faith in the possibility of a true National Church, and our conviction that in a firm and faithful policy of Reform, cautiously planned and courageously prosecuted, lies our best hope of being able to win the rich harvest of spiritual blessing, of which every year seems to give to the Church of England larger and larger promise.

LEWIS T. DIBDIN.



ART. VII.—THE FOREIGN TRANSLATION COMMITTEE
OF THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN
KNOWLEDGE.

THE good work done by the venerable Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge is well known. Though no longer occupied in direct Missionary work to the heathen, it renders services of extreme value by supplying Christian literature, maintaining a Training College, making grants of printing presses, assisting in the erection of chapels and schools, maintaining scholarships, supplying passage-money to Missionaries, and making presents to them of useful books. All this work is performed by the General Committee.

But there is a special Foreign Translation Committee, the members of which are appointed for life by the Primate, and are not subject to annual re-election. So far they are inde-

pendent of the General Committee, but, as their usefulness depends entirely upon the funds placed at their disposal, and they are assisted in their proceedings by one of the chief secretaries, they are, in effect, as entirely subsidiary to the General Committee as any other of the Sub-Committees.

Their business relates to Translation only, and the disposal by grants of the books translated. They are at liberty to take in hand all books, which are on the Society's chief or supplemental catalogue, without further reference; but, when a new work is submitted for translation, it must be submitted in English to the Tract Committee for approval on its merits, before it can be undertaken. As a fact, however, Commentaries of the Bible, and Hymns and Prayers, in the vernacular languages of Asia, America, Africa, or Oceania are accepted upon the signature and approval of the Bishop of the Diocese. Translations are made of Bibles, the Book of Common Prayer, Prayers, Hymns, Selections, Commentaries, Vocabularies, Grammars, Picture-cards, Tracts, Catechisms, esteemed English works, and original works specially prepared. As a general rule, applications for work to be done, or grants to be made, must come supported by the Bishop of the Diocese, or one of the great Church of England Missionary Societies; under any circumstances, assistance is only given to members of the Church of England. The needs of the Church have never been more varied or pressing. The progress of the Missionary Societies has been very marked in every part of the world, and the demand for vernacular works has been far beyond the supply, and no other institution exists for their supply. The British and Foreign Bible Society restricts itself entirely to Bibles without note or comment; the Religious Tract Society has never turned its attention to this particular field. The Christian Knowledge Society is therefore unique in its labours.

Owing to the multiplicity of its operations the annual report would require very close study, before the nature and extent of the work done in the Foreign Translation Department could be fully appreciated. It must be recollected that the Society not only conducts such operations entirely through its own printers, but it makes grants of round sums to assist such operations by others, and by its branch associations in India and elsewhere. Thus there is a great variety of the work done, and a great variety of the agency employed. I propose only to indicate briefly the languages of the world in which by the agency of this great Society books have been published, considering the subject by Continents and Language-families; and the reader must recollect that not only there is a multiplicity of distinct languages and dialects, but such a multiplicity of

forms of written characters as would astonish and even dismay anyone who was not familiar with the subject. In some instances the same work has been published in two or three different characters, for the convenience of different classes of readers; and as the subject of written characters is often in the minds of men not sufficiently kept separate from the subject of the language, I will dispose of the written characters first.

Written characters may be ideographic, syllabic, or alphabetic. Of the first class the Society has published tracts in two forms of the Chinese written characters. Of the second class publications have been issued in the Cree Syllabaries, a new and, in my opinion, injudicious invention of the Missionaries. It has the effect of cutting off the tribes which use it from all literary communication with the outer world. We accept the Chinese ideographs because they exist, but we are attempting to substitute to some degree the Roman alphabet in several districts of China; it is therefore a distinctly retrograde step to introduce the use of a syllabic form of writing, which obviously requires a very large number of forms to represent separately every possible combination of a single vowel with a single consonant.

All the alphabets used in the world at this moment, however different they may appear, are derived from one common mother, the Phenician alphabet. This is a generally received fact of science, and a properly constructed alphabet represents all the possible sounds which can be produced by the vocal organs. In many countries, such as India and Indo-China and the Indian Archipelago, there exists a multiplicity of scientifically constructed alphabets. In Africa there are only a few, in America and Oceania there exist none. In Europe the Greek, Roman, and Slavonic alphabets prevail. Now, where a tribe or nation is provided with an alphabet, it would be very injudicious to introduce a new one; but where none exists, an improved and enlarged form of the Roman alphabet is usually adopted. The majority of the known alphabets of the world are represented in the books on the shelves of the Society.

I now pass on to languages, and notice each Continent separately.

In Europe the great Arian or Indo-European family is the most important. It has four branches: Kelt, Teuton, Slav, Greco-Latin. Of the first the Society has published in Welsh, Gaelic, Manx, and Irish, within the British Dominions. Of the second branch, German, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, and Norwegian are represented. In the third, I notice only the Russ, Wend, and Pole; and in the fourth, the French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Greek, and Latin. This by no means exhausts the linguistic resources of Europe, as of the Ural-

Altaic family one branch, the Finn, is entirely, and the other, the Turki, all but unrepresented, as well as the two isolated languages of the Basque and Albanian. In the family of the Arian, I look in vain for many important names.

Passing into Asia, I find the Semitic family represented by the Hebrew and the Arabic, with one dialect of the latter, the Maltese. Of the Arian, or Indo-European family, there are two branches in Asia, the Iranic and the Indic. Of the Iranic the Society has published books in Persian and Armenian. The Indic branch is represented by works in Kashmíri, Hindi, and its great dialect Hindustani or Urdu, the *lingua franca* of India; Bangáli, Assamese, Sindhi, Marathi, and Sinhalese, the language of the lower half of the island of Ceylon. All these languages are spoken within the British Dominions, and one or two in addition. Of the non-Arian languages of British India, two subdivisions are represented, but inadequately, the Dravidian family by Tamil, Telugu, and Rajmuháli, alias Malto, and the Kolarian Group by the Sontál.

In Further India, or Indo-China, one only language, the Sgau dialect of the Karén is found on the shelves of the Society. Of the great Malayan family, I notice, the Malay language of Malacca and Sumatra, the Malagási of the Island of Madagascar, and a dialect of the Dyak, "the Sea-dialect," in the Island of Borneo. China is represented in two languages: that known as the Mandarin, the *lingua franca* of North China, and the Hang-chau colloquial. Specimens of Japanese works complete the library of Asia.

Of the five subdivisions of the languages of Africa four are represented. The Amháric, one of the languages of Abyssinia, belongs to the Semitic family, and is of importance. The Koptic, or Hamitic, language is dead, liturgical, and useless. Turning to the West Coast, I notice in Susu portions of the Scriptures, a language spoken on the Rio Pongas, and the vehicle of teaching used by the West India Mission. Following the Coast I reach the Mende tribe, and their language is represented. On the Slave-Coast is Yariba-land, and some books have been published for that tribe in Yariba. The basin of the Niger has been supplied with books in the Ibo, Igbera, Hausa, and Nupé, and these books have been compiled by Missionaries who are pure negroes: and one of their number has supplied a book of vocabularies of Niger languages, with which two languages of the Gold Coast have been bound up. South of the equator is the great region where all the tribes speak varieties of one family, the Bantú; in South Africa the Society supplies books in the Xosa—commonly called Kafir—Chuána, Suto, and Zulu. From the East Coast I pass my hands on contributions to the knowledge of Swahíli, the great

lingua franca, Boondei, Nyika, Kamba, Ganda of Victoria Nyanza, Nyamwézi, Megi, Yao, and Kúa. Many of these are unique representations of the language, the work of scholars like Bishop Steere and his brother Missionaries; they are but the preludes of a much greater supply, which is coming into existence each year.

Strange as these names may appear, America supplies specimens of names still stranger. The Society has not been wanting here also, and on its shelves has specimens of the Eskimo language from the Arctic Coast, and Tukuludh from the Province of Alaska; of Shimshi, and Neklakapamak, and Kwa-Gutl from the Pacific Coast; of Chipewán and Slavé from the Athabaska Territory; of Beaver from the Beaver River, and Cree from Saskatchewan and Rupert's Land; of Ojibwa from Lake Superior, and Munsí from the Delaware. In South America books have been published in Karib, Akkaway, *alias* Accawoio, Arawak, and Warau in Guiana.

The world is generally considered to consist of the four continents above alluded to, but a fifth is acknowledged by geographers, consisting of four subdivisions: Polynesia, Melanesia, Mikronesia, and Australia. Unfortunately the two last are totally unrepresented. In Polynesia I handle with pleasure a book in the Maori language, spoken in New Zealand, and the Hawaii of the Sandwich Islands, far north of the equator. In Melanesia I come upon the track of two great Missionaries: Selwyn, Primate of New Zealand, and Patteson, Bishop of Melanesia. The language of Sugarloaf Island, *alias* Mota, of the group of Bank Islands, is the *lingua franca* of the Mission, and is represented by translations of the Bible. In the Solomon Islands the languages of Florida and Ysabel have been similarly honoured.

Here ends the tale of work done up to 1886; but the members of the Translation Committee have their eyes open to the north and the south, the east and the west, and are looking out for fresh business in every part of the world.

Now let us reflect what an enormous amount of good has been done by the money spent in the manner above described. The Bishops and the Missionaries come home year by year with their manuscripts, the result of long tedious years of labour, and seek an opportunity of publishing, so as to carry back copies to their flock. The Society steps in, prints without cost under the superintendence of the authors, and presents a supply of printed matter to the delighted applicant. Who can say that such is not pure Missionary work, and of the highest kind? The Missionary Societies acknowledge with deep gratitude the relief to their funds by having this special work done by a special Society, specially fitted to do it

well and quickly. The branch Societies in different central stations, and the Missionary printing presses, are doing the same good work with the help of grants from the same great Society. All lovers of Mission-work appreciate the value of the printing press; and it is interesting to reflect that the children of cannibal tribes are, by the grace of God, acting through Missions, becoming type-setters, proof-readers, and even translators. Art and Science fight on the side of Religion.

ROBERT N. CUST.

Short Notices.

History of the Reformation in England. By GEORGE G. PERRY, M.A., Canon of Lincoln and Rector of Waddington. Longmans, Green, and Co.

CANON PERRY is known as an able author—judicious, erudite, and of a clear and pleasing style. His present work, one of a series (“Epochs of Church History”) referred to in the last CHURCHMAN, is likely to meet with a very general welcome. Here and there a critic of this or that type among loyal Churchmen will say, perhaps, “We should add a sentence,” “We should alter a few words;” but, taking the work as a whole, it will commend itself to the reasonable as both fair and full. As a specimen of the book we may quote what is said of Cranmer:

For more than twenty years the Archbishop had been the chief mover of reformation in the English Church, and though he had committed many faults, he had also been the cause of a vast amount of good. In the time of Henry VIII., too subservient to the King’s imperious will; in the time of Edward, too forward to act without waiting for the due and deliberate consent of the Church; Erastian in his views on Church government, unstable in his theology, he cannot be placed among our greatest prelates or divines. But he was mild, tolerant, moderate and fair; an earnest seeker for truth; with a burning zeal to benefit others, and a sincere spirit of devotion; not a resolute nor clear-sighted man, he was still in his generation a great benefactor to his Church and country.

Letters of Frederic Ozanam. Translated from the French by AINSLIE COATES. Pp. 300. Elliot Stock. 1886.

To Frederic Ozanam, Professor of Foreign Literature in the Sorbonne, M. Guizot, speaking in the Academy after his death, referred as “model of a Christian man of letters: dignified and humble; ardent friend of science, and firm champion of the faith; tasting with tenderness the pure joys of life, and submitting with gentleness to the long expectation of death.” F. Ozanam was born in 1813, and died in 1853. The correspondence in the volume before us comes down to his marriage in 1841; a second volume is promised, and may secure readers. The letters of a cultured Frenchman, “very Catholic,” and yet liberal, have of course a certain interest. Some of them are abridged. The Abbé Lacordaire, in 1839, wrote to Ozanam, in reply to a request for a copy of the Rule of the Preaching-Friars: “The end of your letter, where you speak to me of the persevering instincts which impel you to serve God, has greatly touched me.” We should have been glad to read more about this. Mr. Coates, in his biographical sketch, tells us that Ozanam felt, as he looked

round for providential indications, that "only the sternest persuasion that God called him to a 'religious life,' as it is called, would excuse the turning aside from existing engagements." At all events, to "serve God" in the sense of Lacordaire (*i.e.*, to become one of the "Religious") he did not give himself. Ozanam is best known, perhaps, from his "Dante." Silvio Pellico, in 1839, wrote: "Your book on Dante pleases me." Mr. Coates's translation appears to be good. Two or three little matters perplex us. On p. 295, *e.g.*, we find: "the rôle of César," "the dialogue of Sylla and Eucrate," and "St. Thomas of Aquin."

The Slave Girl of Pompeii. A Tale of the First Century. By EMILY SARAH HOLT. John F. Shaw and Co.

Miss Holt's "Tales of English Life in the Olden Time" are happily well and widely known. Many will welcome a Tale of the primitive Church; it is very readable and highly informing.

The Trial and Death of Socrates. The Euthypron, Apology, Crito, and Phædo of Plato, translated into English by F. J. CHURCH, M.A. Macmillan and Co. 1886.

This is a charming little volume. The book was intended principally—says the preface—for "the large increasing class of readers who wish to learn something of the masterpieces of Greek literature, and who cannot easily read them in Greek." Many will welcome and enjoy it. Plato's description of his great master has touches of singular beauty; and the dialogues, as a whole, have an undying interest. Mr. Church's rendering is not unworthy of the original. His Introduction, sufficiently full, is also excellent.

We have often in these pages invited attention to the *Foreign Church Chronicle* and especially in connection with the Old Catholic movement. (Rivingtons). The latest issue (September) contains letters from Prebendary Meyrick, on the "Methods of the Neo-Eucharistical System," referring to the *Church Times* and *Church Quarterly Review*.

A charming little volume is *Resignation*—extracts in prose and poetry (Griffith, Farran, and Co.).—The *Ethics of Aristotle*, by Rev. I. GREGORY SMITH, M.A., LL.D. (S.P.C.K.), is a very good piece of work.—We have pleasure in commending *Livingstone Anecdotes*, by Dr. MACAULAY, a new volume of the admirable "Anecdote Series" of the R.T.S.

We have received from the Religious Tract Society a new and revised edition of Dr. Green's *Scottish Pictures*, and also an early copy of a new volume of this delightful series, *viz.*, *Australian Pictures*. Our notice of these charming volumes must be postponed.

From Messrs. Shaw and Sons, the well-known Law Printers and Publishers, of Fetter Lane, we have received a copy of the fifteenth edition of that standard work, Dr. Prideaux's *Practical Guide to the Duties of Churchwardens*.

The Antiquary, Vol. XIII. (January to June, 1886), contains many readable papers. For instance, "The Black Assize at Oxford in 1577," "Beatrice Cenci" (pointing out that one of the darkest stains in that story is unwarranted), "The Scandinavian Elements in the English Race," and "The Introduction of the Potato into England." As in other volumes of this Magazine, there is a large amount of antiquarian information, given in small compass, and as a rule in a very interesting form.

* * * Some Reviews and Notices are unavoidably postponed.

THE MONTH.

THE debates in the House of Commons, on Irish questions and on Supply, have been very tedious. Lord Randolph Churchill, as leader of the House, has shown dignity and tact.

The anti-tithe agitation in Wales, supported by sectarian as well as political forces, has shown much lawlessness, and is of evil omen.

In recent correspondence, and comment, touching the payment of tithe, not a few appear to forget that, with corn at so low a price, the parson (rector or vicar) is suffering as well as the farmer.

In an article on Home Missions, the *Guardian* strongly supports the suggestion that "diocesan" Mission Preachers should be generally appointed.¹ The *Guardian* says :

Several letters in our columns during the last few weeks have testified to a certain vague feeling of uneasiness as to the state of the Church in country places. This feeling has, we imagine, been greatly stimulated by the revelations which the late elections have made of the alienation, to say the least, of the agricultural labourer from the Church. . . . It is not, however, only on political grounds that we may infer that the work of the Church in country places is far from satisfactory. On every side we are told of the religious ignorance and the immorality that are so terribly rife in our villages, and we are compelled to ask what the Church has done, or is doing, to remedy this state of things. Of course we know that there are bright exceptions, or perhaps it would be fairer to say that the worst cases are exceptional, and that there is a very fair average of work maintained in most of our country parishes. But we imagine that the average is not so high as it ought to be, and that the worst cases are very much worse than they ought to be. The letters in our columns testify to the fact, and give some explanation of the cause. The country clergy are discouraged by the solitariness of their position, by the physical difficulties of their work, by the want of variety in their own surroundings, and in the teaching which their people receive. They wish, therefore, to find some means of coping with one or other of these difficulties. Some appeal for help in building mission chapels ; these will partly supply some of the accommodation which is lacking in large and straggling rural parishes. Others suggest that the services of lay readers should be more frequently utilised, and that open air preaching, perhaps at the old churchyard cross, should be revived. But the best and most hopeful suggestion, because it has already been tested by experience, is that diocesan Missioners should be generally appointed, and that when their services are not required for actual Mission preaching they should afford some help to the single-handed and over-worked clergy of country parishes.

Rev. H. E. Ryle, Fellow of King's, Cambridge, has been appointed Principal of St. David's, Lampeter.—Archdeacon Bardsley, esteemed throughout the diocese of Liverpool, has felt himself unable to accept the Vicarage of Islington.

A *Lancet* article on "Clergymen's sore throat" gives cautions against "hanging the head" while reading or preaching.

At the eighth Synod of the Old Catholics in Austria (*Times*, Sept. 8), it was resolved to request the British and Foreign Bible Society to supply the body with Bibles.

The returns about Pews have been published in a parliamentary paper. Interesting as this paper is (and it contains much curious matter), it will probably do little towards passing the Parish Churches Bill.

Other proposals to celebrate the Queen's jubilee have been withdrawn in favour of the scheme for a Church House adopted by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The *Record*, in an excellent article, speaks warmly of the arrangements made for the Wakefield Church Congress.

The death of that pious and generous philanthropist, Mr. Samuel Morley, has called forth due tributes of respect.

¹ See THE CHURCHMAN, vol. viii., p. 374, "Diocesan Mission Services," by Rev. W. O. Purton.