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A table of contents for *The Churchman* can be found here:

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## Reviews.

*Reminiscences of Many Years, 1796-1873.* By Lord TEIGNMOUTH.  
2 vols. Edinburgh: D. Douglas.

LORD TEIGNMOUTH bears an honoured name as the eldest son of Sir John Shore, a Bengal civilian whose merits recommended him for the high office of Governor-General of India, near the end of the last century. But it was Lord Teignmouth's highest distinction to have been the first President of the British and Foreign Bible Society. His eldest son was born in Calcutta in 1796, and was two years old when he quitted India. His father purchased a large mansion at Clapham Common, which had belonged to Mr. John Thornton, the friend of Newton and Cowper, who devoted so large a portion of his great wealth to objects of Christian philanthropy, and particularly to the purchase of livings, for Evangelical clergymen. He may, in point of fact, be regarded as the originator of what is now called, 'The Simeon Trust.'

"Clapham," says Lord Teignmouth, "was at this time the scene of an unsuccessful experiment." A considerable number of young negroes, the children of African chiefs, had been brought from Sierra Leone by the then Governor of that colony, Mr. Zachary Macaulay, at the charges of a gentleman, who had undertaken to have them educated in Scotland, and sent back to Africa, in the hope that some of them might, under God's blessing, be fitted for Christian missions. This plan was changed, and their education was placed under the supervision of the leaders of "The Clapham Sect." A Yorkshire schoolmaster, Mr. William Greaves, was selected by Mr. Wilberforce; but our inauspicious climate proved as fatal to many of the young Africans as their own climate had proved fatal to British missionaries. The African school was, therefore, given up, or rather converted into another establishment, where, in company with six surviving negroes for their companions, the future Lord Teignmouth received the elements of scholastic education, along with the sons of Wilberforce, H. Thornton, Macaulay, Stephen, and others of the Clapham residents. The future Lord Macaulay was one of their younger trio when the number of the school had reached thirty.

Lord Teignmouth having left Clapham in 1808, his son was placed with the Rev. Mr. Jerram, the curate of Chobham, of which parish the Rev. Richard Cecil, of St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, was then incumbent.

In 1815 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, as a nobleman, which entitled him to a degree without examination, and he had thus a better opportunity of "studying character" than mathematics. In 1815 the Evangelical Dr. Milner, the President of Queen's College, and younger brother of Joseph Milner, of Hull, towered far above most of the other Dons of Cambridge. But indolence was his great drawback, after the Senior Wrangler had attained his great University position, and finally his deanery. "Dr. Milner's conversation was easy, rapid, and embracing by its ever-ready versatility scientific or more general subjects. He possessed in a marvellous degree the faculty of bringing abstruse subjects within the reach of ordinary and youthful comprehension."—P. 62.

The chief of the other Evangelicals at Cambridge, when Lord Teignmouth went up to Trinity, were Charles Simeon and Professor Farish; but at that time Evangelical religion was at a heavy discount, although just beginning to emerge into life. The low estimate in which it was then held is strikingly exhibited in the description of Mr. Simeon's cha-

acter, published after his death, by his cotemporary and schoolfellow at Eton, Bishop Bethell. The Bishop exaggerates all his foibles, dwelling especially on his natural vanity and egotism, besides depreciating all his hallowed labours and abounding excellencies. In the following sketch Lord Teignmouth exhibits the verification in Mr. Simeon's character of the inspired truth—"them that honour Me I will honour."

Charles Simeon, Incumbent of Trinity parish, had worked and fought his way from the commencement of the century, through good and evil report, opposition, scorn, and contumely, to a position from which he could not be dislodged. A few years previously he had been so unused to encouragement that the sight of a Trinity fellow-commoner (John Thornton) at his church drew tears from his eyes. Now he could reckon on a large number of listeners and adherents, and on some of the most distinguished men in the University as his warm supporters. On revisiting Cambridge, in 1823, I found that attendance at Simeon's church had become fashionable, and that the designation of Simeonite was no longer used as a term of reproach. In 1836, at the installation of the Marquis Camden as Chancellor, it was very gratifying to observe the cordial respect evinced towards Simeon, when, as senior fellow, he held a levée on the lawn of his college, welcoming the guests invited to a dinner at King's—among whom were members of either House of Parliament—or discharging with dignity and urbanity the duties of chairman. In the same year the whole University assembled to pay the last tribute to his memory when his remains were consigned to the college chapel. That Simeon should have presented to the world two different aspects may be readily conceived by any one aware of the intensity of feeling excited by the religious controversy in which he took a prominent part, and the peculiarities of his personal deportment. He derived much advantage from the zeal and energy of his predecessors, Venn and Newton and Scott (the only time I ever saw and heard the externally unpolished commentator was in Simeon's pulpit), who had in a manner smoothed the way for his success. Simeon, wherever he went, was encircled by friends, admirers, and followers. Providence had bestowed upon him means of influence possessed by few, if any, of his brother clergy, supplied by family connection and wealth. He consequently rode the best horses, stocked his cellars with the choicest wines, exercised ample hospitality, and practised boundless munificence.

We may remark on the last sentences in Lord Teignmouth's sketch, that considering how Mr. Simeon was "encircled by friends, admirers, and flatterers," it is a signal token of the grace bestowed on him, that a man of his natural temperament was not more spoiled by admiration. Like Bishop Bethell, Lord Teignmouth, although in a more kindly spirit, glances on "his horses" and "his cellars of choicest wines;" but in regard to these things there is much exaggeration, as well as in what is said of his "wealth." In the "Life of Mr. Simeon," Canon Carus has published Mr. Simeon's own memorandum, where he shows that in 1816 his chief dependence was on the income derived from his college, and that, on the death of his brother Edward, he had accepted a legacy of 15,000*l.* only to fill up the gap that would otherwise have been made in his gifts for the Lord's service and for the poor by the loss of 700*l.* or 800*l.* which for many years his brother had supplied up to the time of his death. At an earlier period Canon Carus states that Mr. Simeon's whole income in 1780, the second year of his residence in college, was only 125*l.*; and after gradually increasing for fourteen years, it became, in 1793, 300*l.* per annum, and it is added, "it seems to have been his plan regularly to dispose of *one-third* of his income in charity."

Lord Teignmouth says of Mr. Simeon in the pulpit:—"In preaching his manner was earnest and forcible, impressive but eccentric. His gesticulation was grotesque, and listeners unaccustomed to his delivery could scarcely repress a smile." Lord Teignmouth's honorary degree of M.A. was granted in 1815, in time to allow him to make a visit to

Lord Hill's head-quarters in the Netherlands, in company with his family connection, Sir Francis Hill, just before the battle of Waterloo. In his letters he mentions his having been at the Duchess of Richmond's celebrated ball on the eve of the battle of Quatre Bras; and he also tells of the panic that visited Brussels on the evening of the great day of Waterloo. Lord Teignmouth, writing immediately after the victory, says: "You know the details of the action better than I do." Lord Teignmouth had seen Lord Hill in military command in Belgium. He next saw him "resuming his place as a younger son under the roof of his venerable sire, Sir John Hill, at Hawkstone, in Shropshire." Mr. Wilberforce characterised the humours of the house as "Hillism." A pleasant picture is given of the piety, zeal, and intrepidity of Lord Hill's uncle, Rowland Hill, as well as of his dignified but kindly bearing and irrepressible drollery.

The winter of 1818-19 was spent by Lord Teignmouth at the Castle of Dublin, with Mr. Charles Grant, the Chief Secretary, afterwards Lord Glenelg. He saw many distinguished characters at the Castle, and also accompanied his host on a visit to the late Earl of Roden, then Viscount Jocelyn. The following is Lord Teignmouth's photograph of this eminent nobleman:—

**THE EARL OF RODEN.**—Morally, no less than physically, he was one of the noblest among many noble specimens of the Irish aristocracy; his lofty stature, stalwart frame, and countenance beaming with honesty, courage, and generosity, marking him out for influential if not commanding power. A "travelled Thane," he now discharged the duties of several important posts, whether representing his own county, Louth, in Parliament, or taking his place as a courtier in the Royal household, or in command of his local regiment. But nowhere was he more at home (for both he and his lady had become very religious) than when presiding at his chapel and teaching in his Sunday-school. . . . Fearlessly did Lord Jocelyn maintain as a staunch Protestant his position in the neighbourhood deeply infected by religious discord. Striking proof of our host's beneficence not being confined to members of his own denomination, was given by the fact of his carrying on his own shoulders to the hospital a poor, fever-stricken Roman Catholic whom none else dared to approach.—P. 176.

We regret that we cannot afford space for the description of old Mr. Grant, the father, to whom India probably owes more than to any other human instrument in the hands of God. It was through Mr. Grant that Mr. Simeon was enabled to send out so many Evangelical chaplains to India, and amongst the rest Dr. Claudius Buchanan, Henry Montjoy Thomason, Browne, Gover, and Dealtry. Lord Teignmouth thus describes the termination of old Mr. Grant's invaluable life:—"His great object had been the promotion of Christianity in India; and 'full of years and honours and of the remembrance,' in all Christian humility, of services far beyond the scope of any human record, rendered to God and his fellow-creatures, Mr. Grant survived till 1823, when, at the age of seventy-eight, he literally died in harness sitting at his writing-desk, yielding up his spirit to his Maker as he sat working at his desk. To borrow the words of his son Robert, 'he was not, because God took him.'"

We must pass over many interesting sketches, but we must not omit the following:—

**REMINISCENCES OF WILBERFORCE.**—My reminiscences of him recall the great and unceasing kindness which I received from him, and the help of all kinds to the discharge of private and public duties. I remember when a child first seeing him at Broomfield, on Clapham Common, and, ere I went to his school, his giving me a seven-shilling piece, which led to my father prohibiting me accepting pecuniary presents from any one but himself. In person Mr. Wilberforce was slightly deformed; his profile, his shoulders being thrown back,

exhibiting, notwithstanding the stoop of his head, the convexity of a bent bow, a defect aggravated perhaps by the weight of books and papers with which his capacious pockets were stuffed.

Mr. Wilberforce usually carried an inkstand in his waistcoat-pocket, applying to it so vigorously on one occasion in the House of Commons, that he jerked it over the nankeen trousers of my informant, Sir Thomas Baring, who sat beside him. On perceiving his misfortune, Mr. Wilberforce started up, and in his distress cut such capers on the floor of the House as to attract universal observation and provoked a roar of laughter, amidst which Sir Thomas walked forth to change his dress. Against such casualties Mr. Wilberforce was proof, as he invariably wore black clothes, sometimes till they had become quite dingy, for he ignored his outer man, never, as his valet intimated, when he dressed at our house, making use of a glass. At Highwood Hill I saw him garnish before breakfast every button-hole of his coat with flowers, whose freshness sorted ill with the faded hue of his almost threadbare garment, till the heat of a summer day had produced assimilation no less singular than the previous contrast.

The latter part of the first volume is occupied with travels in France, Ireland, and Scotland. In the second volume there are also interesting reminiscences of Norway and Sweden.

In 1834, at the installation of the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor of Oxford, Lord Teignmouth, who had then recently succeeded to his father's peerage, received an honorary D.C.L. We are informed that—

The Duke entered Oxford in an open carriage, accompanied only by Mr. Croker, who informed us at the Exeter College dinner that the Duke, on approaching Magdalen College, asked its name. "That is Magdalen," was the reply, "against which King James broke his head; and should any one venture to infringe on the rights and liberties of the University, he would find a Hough in every college." When the Duke made his appearance on the floor of the theatre, the tumult of applause was rapturous. His white head shook vividly with emotion, and whilst there was a simultaneous inclination of the heads of the vast assembly towards the object of their homage, the scene reminded me of some of the pictorial representations of the stoning of Stephen. By his side sat or stood the Duke of Cumberland, to whom, notwithstanding his staunch Toryism and impassioned opposition to Catholic Emancipation, the University refused a degree, looking, whilst his martial figure was set off by a splendid hussar uniform, grimly defiant. The individuals who received degrees were cheered by the good-humoured assemblage, and none more heartily than Lord Winchelsea, who, whilst the public orator, Phillimore, pronounced his eulogy, stood forth, massive and erect, face to face with the Duke, by the friendly grasp of whose hand he was about to be welcomed.

The Duke was unfortunate in his quantities on this occasion, pronouncing *Carolus Jacobus*, *Carólus Jacöbus*. But his Latin was said to be very fair, having been furnished by his physician.

In a review in the *Record* the name of the Duke's Peninsular physician, Dr. Hume, was mentioned as probably the physician alluded to; but this statement was corrected in the following short but interesting paragraph:—"We learn on high authority that the physician alluded to was Sir Henry Halford, the uncle of Dean Vaughan, the Master of the Temple. Our informant writes:—'The Duke of Wellington's Latin secretary was not Dr. Hume, whom I knew well, and who I feel assured had forgotten every syllable of the classics; but it was Sir Henry Halford, who wrote Latin verse as often as he wrote prescriptions, and who would repeat his lines to me by a dozen at a time.'"

Lord Teignmouth also recalls Bishop Barrington, of Durham. We quote a paragraph, as follows:—

At his London dinners he was scrupulously observant of early hours. As he was on very friendly terms (says Lord Teignmouth) with my father and his zealous coadjutor in support of the Bible Society, I shared his invitations. Aware of his extreme punctuality I endeavoured to make a point of arriving in due time on my first dining with him, but most unexpectedly found myself ushered into the

dining-room, where all the other guests were assembled standing round the table in their appointed places waiting till the clock struck five, when we sat down.—P. 178.

This worthy prelate died in 1826, in the ninety-first year of his age, attributing his longevity in part to the regular exercise—walking and riding—which he never failed to take until long after his eightieth year, and in part to his always rising from table with an appetite.

In 1836 Lord Teignmouth was the guest of Canon Sumner, of Durham, who had then been also for eight years Bishop of Chester, and was afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. He found him to be, as he always continued, affable and kind. Adverting to later days, he says—

I found him on one occasion in a railway carriage bound for Crewe on episcopal duty. He intended walking from the station, bag containing his canonical habiliments in hand, some miles to his destination, and returning the same day to Chester. Much did he commend the facility of diocesan visitations afforded to bishops by the railway, contrasting with his own trifling expenses the cost of his predecessor, Dr. Law (father of the present Dean of Gloucester), who travelled for the same purpose in his carriage, drawn by four horses—the post-boys clad in his livery—and was obliged to pass a night away from home. The Bishop induced me to accompany him so far as Crewe, whence, having introduced me to the noble owner, he trudged forward on his solitary pilgrimage.—P. 183.

Lord Teignmouth naturally cherishes with much satisfaction the reminiscences of his election for Marylebone, in 1838, one of the few Conservative triumphs in the metropolitan boroughs. He recalls many of the leading notables then in Parliament, and some who had passed away. We can only notice a few.

Of Lord Palmerston he says that he reminded him of one of our magnificent steamers, composed of so many different compartments, that should one or more spring a leak, the rest would sustain the gallant ship afloat and buoyant wherever winds might waft or waters roll.

Of Lord Ashley, before he became Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Teignmouth observes:—"Lord Ashley, though seemingly pledged by previous and prospective tenure of office to a high official career, never compromised the independence which better suited his spirit and temperament. It would be difficult to conceive a public man, eminently qualified though he was for the transaction of business, less disposed to submit to the trammels of subordinate official routine. Already a far wider and less frequented field of enterprise had opened on his view, and as he realised its growing expansiveness, he was ready bravely to endure and triumphantly to overcome the opposition, scorn, and obloquy to which his early philanthropic effort exposed him. The prestige which he derived from his exalted social position no doubt materially promoted his success, more especially as he consecrated to the loftiest purposes any advantages accruing to him."—P. 245. Lord Teignmouth adds—

If there was somewhat of stage effect, there was much of practical wisdom in the assignment of the respective parts of mover and seconder of the resolutions annually brought forward on behalf of factory reform to Lord Ashley and Mr. Feilden; the one the refined and dignified representative of an old, historic, noble family; the other the plain, honest, and unpretending self-raised burgher; the one the *beau-ideal* of aristocratic, the other of plebeian worth.—P. 246.

We may observe that although Lord Shaftesbury's social position as "the dignified representative of an old, historic, noble family," was one of the gifts providentially bestowed on him which could not fail to aid the wonderful success of the energetic and persistent efforts with which he consecrated all his talents to the loftiest purposes; yet it was not for the sake of "stage effect" that Mr. Feilden's name was coupled with

Lord Ashley's. The real purpose was to show to the public that it was not a landed representative and future proprietor of the soil, who undertook the work alone; but that Lord Ashley was supported by a man who was then "the largest mill-owner and most extensive cotton-spinner in the whole world."

Of that distinguished and Christian statesman, Sir George Grey, we are told that even when in a subordinate position, not being in the Cabinet, he was a main prop of the Government. Estimable in the private relations of life, distinguished at his University, professionally trained as a lawyer, and having enjoyed considerable Parliamentary experience, he would probably have been elevated, had there been an opportunity, to the post for which he would have been fitted, not only by such qualifications, but by his universal popularity—that of Speaker. Persevering in his official career, to which he had been early introduced, he discharged the duties of Home Secretary during a longer period than any of his predecessors in that office. His personal appearance and deportment, together with family connections, were much in his favour. The effect of his vigorous eloquence was occasionally "diminished by the surpassing concatenation of his long sentences and almost breathless rapidity of his delivery, seemingly indicative of want of self-confidence and of overweening, and in his case uncalled-for, anxiety respecting the attention of his audience."

Connected with Sir George Grey we should have liked to see a notice of his venerable parent, the late well-known Dowager Lady Grey. Her position as the wife of the Hon. Sir George Grey, for many years Chief Commissioner of the Portsmouth Dockyard, gave to that gifted lady an opportunity of exercising in the Navy an influence for good that can hardly be exaggerated. Lady Grey's name might well be enrolled amongst those honourable women to whom the Apostle Paul alluded as "the beloved Persis, who laboured much in the Lord," or those "other women whose names are in the Book of Life."

There was one distinguished naval officer who was wont to acknowledge his deep spiritual obligations to the honoured and venerable lady, who so long laboured at Portsmouth Dockyard for the welfare of British sailors—we mean the late Captain J. E. Gordon, of whose success in the House of Commons Lord Teignmouth makes honourable mention. After noticing Captain Gordon's zeal for pronounced Protestantism as a member of the Hibernian Society, "Captain J. E. Gordon," writes his Lordship, "thorough-and-ready champion of an uncompromising cause, a genuine Salt, found ample scope for his combativeness in the cause of the Reformation Society, which he founded, and in the Irish Missions, which he supported; and more especially in the mission to Ireland with Baptist Noel, the one the Luther and the other—the gentler colleague—the Melancthon of a second Reformation. The late George Finch, of Burleigh-on-the-hill, M.P., who married a daughter of the pious Duchess of Beaufort, accompanied them on this mission, and conveyed them in his carriage from place to place on their itinerating tours."

There are many other interesting reminiscences which we are obliged to omit; but we cannot but thank Lord Teignmouth for recalling to notice such a number of the eminent men with whom he has been brought in contact during his prolonged life. It is pleasant to observe how lightly he carries the weight of fourscore years and three.

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*Movements in Religious Thought.* I. Romanism; II. Protestantism; III. Agnosticism. Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge in the Lent Term, 1879. By E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D. Macmillan & Co.

DR. PLUMPTRE, Professor of Divinity in King's College, London, is known as a writer of ability, independence, and scholarship. His recent University Sermons, the volume before us, with an attractive title, promised, as we thought, reading of some interest and value. We must confess, however, that, taking them as Sermons rather than Essays, we have been disappointed; and, further, we have been compelled to consider certain passages, both in the preached language and in the added notes, likely to do much mischief. The opening words, indeed, disappointed us. The text was Eccles. vii. 10—"Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these. . . ." And the Preacher proceeds to suggest that Ecclesiastes was written when men were "drifting away, under the pressure of new problems and new thoughts, from the moorings of their ancient faith." Whether the Book "represents the conflict in the mind of the historical Son of David, from whom it purports to proceed, between the traditional faith which he had inherited from his fathers, and the largeness of heart which came from contact with other systems of belief and worship; or belongs, as some have thought, to a far later period in the history of Semitic culture, when the teachers of the Garden and the Porch had brought before the mind of some restless thinker other thoughts of God and life, and the chief end of life, than those which had sustained the souls of an earlier generation," Dr. Plumptre does not stay to "inquire." The question of the authorship of Ecclesiastes, however, is not left, in this Book, with a mere passing reference, for in a foot-note Dr. Plumptre remarks:—

The dates that have been assigned to the Book take a sufficiently wide range from circ. B.C. 992, on the assumption of Solomonic authorship, still maintained by many critics, to B.C. 200, as fixed on independent ground by Hitzig and Mr. Tylor.

Now, without discussing the date of Ecclesiastes, about which, however, we have a decided conviction, we must express our deep dissatisfaction with Dr. Plumptre's treatment of this question. He tells his readers, on page 3, that Mr. Tennyson's poem, "The Two Voices," with his "Palace of Art," is, "practically, the best commentary on Ecclesiastes;" and we are inclined to think that some, at all events, of his undergraduate readers may be encouraged in their disinclination to study distinctly Christian commentaries on that Scripture by his language concerning "Semitic culture." "We learn," to quote Dr. Plumptre's own words, page 6, alluding to the drift of what is termed modern thought, "We learn to talk of Semitic tendencies where before we accepted a revelation from the Lord." A Preacher of the Gospel who speaks of the "dim uncertainties" of the future (page 8) can hardly be successful, surely, in seeking to convey to "individual souls" the assurance of faith, when, at the same time, in expounding a verse of Holy Scripture, he speaks of "Semitic culture."

Dr. Plumptre's protest against Romanism is, in some respects, satisfactory. "We protest," he says, "against errors of doctrine, and corrupt worship, and unfounded claims, and unscrupulous intrigue." At the same time, however, he objects to such Protestant "phrases" of our Prayer Book as "Idolatry to be abhorred of all faithful Christians" . . . "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits." Further, in referring to the "so-called Catholic revival of the last fifty years," he observes that it has led men "to feel that the ministry of souls involves something more than sermons, however earnest, and calls for the personal contact of



mind with mind and heart with heart, for the outpouring of the confession of the sin-burdened soul, and the words of comfort and counsel that bring home to the penitent the assurance of pardon and absolution." The language is loose; and we hardly know what it is meant to imply, especially as in a foot-note Dr. Plumtre observes that he looks upon ("Confession and Absolution") "this element in the work of the ministry as belonging to its prophetic rather than its priestly character." To ourselves, however, the Preacher appears to confuse the Auricular Confession of Romanism and of Ritualism, with that opening of grief recommended, in special cases, by the Reformed Church of England. In regard also to "personal contact" between a Pastor and his people, and visiting from house to house, to "Mission-work at home and in far-off lands," and other matters, Dr. Plumtre might well have been expected to refer to Evangelical Churchmen rather than to so-called Catholics. We are not surprised, however, at his reference to Ritualistic teaching in regard to the "wider hope than our fathers dared to cherish" concerning those who have passed away impenitent. He mentions Dr. Farrar's unhappy work, with others, on this subject; and, no doubt, such "Broad" doctrines tend in the same direction as Rome's doctrine of purgatory and Ritualistic teaching concerning prayers for the dead. We will add only, upon the question of lawless semi-Romanism, that Professor Plumtre, evidently referring to the Church Association, looks with "a half sad, half contemptuous wonder on the organised action of an Association which *exists only for the purpose of promoting prosecutions about the 'mint, anise, and cummin,' of obscure and obsolete rubrics.*"<sup>1</sup>

The following passage in the Sermon on Protestantism we quote with pleasure:—

Are we to condemn as schismatic those who have been alienated from us at least as much by the frowardness of our fathers, as by the perverseness of others? Are we to confine our sympathies and efforts at reunion to the far-off Churches of the East, or the corrupt communion of the Latin Church, while we shrink from contact and co-operation with the more energetic and evangelic life of the Reformed Churches of Western Europe, or with the communities to which it would be hard, on any new test principles, to deny the name of Churches that exist among ourselves? We, as Churchmen, need not shrink from following Cosin in holding communion with "the Protestant and best Reformed Churches" of France and Germany by recognising the validity of their ordinations, in declaring that "in what part of the world soever any Churches are extant, bearing the name of Christ, and professing the true Catholic Faith, and worshipping and calling upon God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, with one heart and voice, if anywhere we be now hindered actually to be joined with them, either by distance of countries or variance amongst men, or by any hindrance whatsoever, yet always in our mind and affection we should join and unite with them." We may well be content to walk in the steps of Sancroft in urging on the clergy "that they have a very tender regard to our brethren, the Protestant Dissenters. . . . persuading them, if it may be, to a full compliance with our Church, or, at least, that 'whereto we have already attained, we may all walk by the same rule, and mind the same thing;' praying for the universal blessed union of all Reformed Churches, both at home and abroad, against our common enemies."

Such remarks, as we have said, we quote with pleasure.<sup>2</sup> We are here thoroughly at one with Dr. Plumtre; but when he proceeds to refer to "the Communion in Westminster Abbey, in June, 1870" (of the Revision Companies), and declares that the act "witnesses of a higher unity than that which is *limited by outward uniformity in dogma* or in

<sup>1</sup> Foot-note, p. 52. The italics, of course, are our own.

<sup>2</sup> The Convocations of the Church of England have often accorded to non-episcopal communities the name of Churches.

ritual" (the italics are ours), we must decline to follow him. And, further, we must confess our inability to understand what he means, in connection with a declared and determined Unitarian, by the words "an outward uniformity in dogma."

*Within the Precincts.* By Mrs. OLIPHANT, Authoress of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," &c. &c. In 3 vols. Smith, Elder & Co. 1879.

**H**UMAN life was never intended to be monotonous. The changeful face of Nature, the alternation of day and night, the varieties of the seasons, even the vicissitudes of the weather, provide against the stagnation which is alike morally and physically unhealthful. It is not often noticed, but it is not the less true, that the only people who ever had a Divine legislator were enjoined to take change of air and scene, involving much exhilarating social intercourse, three times in every year. For the Feasts of the Lord, though pre-eminently religious services, were always celebrated with mirth and gladness; and as the long processions of friends and neighbours wound through the glades of Galilee, threaded the flowery passes of the hill country, came up from the thickets of Jordan, or crossed the rolling plain of Esdraelon, converging from every direction to the city beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, they unconsciously drunk in all the subordinate temporal benefits to mind and body, intellect and heart, which were mixed up with their obedience to the command to appear before the Lord in Zion. We need have no question, therefore, that He who knows what is in man sanctions the desire for recreation which is so deeply seated in our nature—a desire, however, which in our fallen state opens the door to many dangers and temptations.

Indiscriminate and inordinate indulgence in the perusal of works of fiction is, no doubt, one of these. But the occasions are many when they may afford seasonable change and refreshment which are not otherwise attainable. Life was not meant to be monotonous, but it often is so. Poverty, sickness, the overgrown cities in which multitudes are compelled to pass almost their whole existence, increase the evil, and a pleasant book which, without putting a strain on faculties already unduly taxed, refreshes the mind with a new current of thought, is a boon to be received, like our daily bread, with thankfulness to Him who gives us all things richly to enjoy. The power to produce such books is a responsible talent in the present day. The land is flooded with light literature, and the demand increases with the supply. Happily we are not without distinctly Christian writers who recognise that this is a field of labour where such as are "wise-hearted" may weave threads of imagination and present mirrors to life and fact which will not be useless, even for the service of the sanctuary. One of these, whose gifted pen is gradually acquiring fresh power and facility, is Mrs. Marshall, of whom it has been truly said, that her illustrations of the effect of Divine love upon the characters of her stories are drawn with delicate discrimination without recourse to homilies and reflections, but, as it should be in a story, by means of straightforward narrative and natural and graceful dialogue.

Mrs. Oliphant's new work, "Within the Precincts," does not witness to such high aspirations. It shows the hopeless involutions of the labyrinth of life rather than the clue by which they may be threaded; the forlornness of the tempest-tossed bark rather than the means of weathering the storm in safety; the hollowness of the world, the disappointments of "Society," the derelictions of the Church, rather than the ways of pleasantness and the paths of peace into which the door stands open.

But there are plenty of suggestions to be gathered from the book, and, on

the whole, as a work of art it maintains Mrs. Oliphant's reputation. For while there are no sensational passages, the interest never pauses; not a scene is included but conduces to the progress of events; and the story, if it does not exactly end well, at least leaves the heroine in sight of a haven, which the reader, all along better instructed than herself concerning the unsubstantial foundation of her dreams of happiness, is glad to persuade himself she eventually enters. Yet, however true to nature, and however skilfully inwrought into the fabric of the plot, are the episodes connected with the heroine's vulgar stepmother, they awaken in the reader's mind, like the details of many a Dutch interior, a sense of wonder that it was ever considered worth while to introduce such specimens of the grotesque and unattractive.

There are two ideals which ought to be fulfilled by a Cathedral or Abbey Church with its capitial body. The first is the perpetual celebration of the Service of Song, in which prayer and supplication rise into praise and worship. And this has not been lost sight of. All down the tumult and turmoil of the ages, the long-drawn aisles of these quiet sanctuaries have echoed to the sweet melody of the Psalms of David, to the visions of rapt Isaiah, to the angelic strains of glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and goodwill towards men. The second ideal seems to suggest a fortress and garrison of the Church militant, whence supplies and ammunition should continually be available for the use of the whole line; where the defenders of the faith should be ever forging new weapons against its assailants, whence assistance should be given in emergencies to the needs of overgrown parishes, as well as where rest and refreshment should be provided for the declining years of those who have well borne the heat and burden of the day. This ideal has not been realised as it might have been, though we may hope that "Within the Precincts" gives us a picture of its failure, not often to be matched.

The Dean of Mrs. Oliphant's story "was of a great family, and belonged not only to the nobility, but, higher still, to the most select circles of fashion, and had a noble wife, and such a position in society as many a Bishop envied; and among his canons were men not only of family, but possessed of some mild connection with the worlds of learning and scholarship. The minor canons were of humbler degree; they formed the link between gods and men, so to speak, between the Olympus of the chapter and the common secular sphere below." But Mrs. Oliphant does not cover her canvas as Mr. Trollope has done, with descriptions of clerical life. We may remark in passing, it is distressing that so keen an observer as he is, seems never in his whole life to have come across one worthy specimen of the order of men whose portraits he has so frequently drawn. "To no such distinction," pursues our authoress, "can these humble pages aspire: our office is of a lowlier kind. On Olympus the doings are all splendid, if not, as old chronicles tell, much wiser than beneath, amid the humbler haunts of men. All that we can do is to tell how these higher circles looked to eyes gazing keenly upon them from the mullioned windows which gave a subdued light to the little rooms of the Chevaliers' lodges on the southern side of St. Michael's Hill."

These Chevaliers are a supplementary order of pensioners, consisting of elderly half-pay officers in the army, among whom Captain Despard, the father of the beautiful heroine of the tale, has obtained admission when not much more than fifty years of age.

The story of this girl, during the eventful months on which her future career depends, is, as we have intimated, powerfully told. She has a magnificent but untrained voice, and the organist urges her to cultivate it in order to adopt singing as a profession. From this suggestion she revolts, and when the proposal is first made to her, replies with indignation, "I don't suppose that you mean to insult me; but you forget that

I am a gentleman's daughter." Her father is, however, a very disreputable sort of gentleman; her half-educated brother is incapable of passing any competitive examination, and at last she seems to recognise the necessity under which she is thought to be placed. But she has never heard an opera, and the music which kindles her genius is always Handel's. When she was first induced to try her own power to render in the Dean's drawing-room, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "she sang she could not tell how, forgetting everything, though she saw and felt everything, penetrated through and through by the music and the poetry and the sacredness. Oh, how did she dare to sing it, how could those commonplace walls enclose it, those men stand and listen, as if it was *her* they were listening to?" Among her auditors was a young gentleman, an Earl's younger son, who, having failed in all other enterprises, wished to set up a new opera company, and thought he had found his prima donna in Lottie Despard, she, poor girl, believing all the while his devotion was paid to herself, not only to her voice. As she sang, "by-and-by the Dean laid down his paper. Rollo [the pseudo-lover who afterwards broke her heart], gazing on her at first, in pale anxiety, then with vexed disapproval (for what did he want with Handel?), came nearer and nearer, his face catching some reflection of hers as she went on. And when Lottie ended, in a rapture she could not explain or understand, they all came pressing round her, dim and blurred figures in her confused eyes. . . . When she came to herself, she would not sing any more. A mixture of guilt and exultation was in her mind! 'I ought not to have sung it! I am not good enough to sing it. I never thought what it meant till now.'"

We have quoted this passage because it awakens sympathy for the living, breathing women, of whom this songstress of fiction is the representative.

There is another class of workers, young dressmakers, to whom Mrs. Oliphant introduces us. The idle brother of the heroine is supposed to enliven their toil and quicken their diligence, with the connivance of a forewoman who had her own ends to serve, by reading romances aloud to them. Does not this incident supply a hint to the managers of Christian Young Women's Associations? Would it be impossible to obtain permission from right-minded employers to allow the visits of lady readers to their work-rooms, at proper times and under proper regulations?

We have been led to notice the work before us as a specimen of the literature of the day; not with any intention to recommend it as worthy to be accounted one of the books of refreshment to which those who, with Bishop Butler, have learned to look on the world as God's world, would desire to give a place in their libraries.

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*Impressions of Theophrastus Such.* By GEORGE ELIOT. Second edition. W. Blackwood & Sons.

NOT a novel, but a collection of note-book sketches, some portions of which, apparently, were intended to be set in a novel, "Theophrastus Such" will be praised by a large number of persons, probably, as a readable book, while from not a few readers it is likely to receive much higher praise. And if we ourselves could consider it from what is termed a strictly literary point of view, we should join in the chorus of commendation. The book abounds in epigrammatic, sparkling sentences; and its literary power is not unworthy of "Scenes of Clerical Life" and "Adam Bede." Some sentences in the essay on the destiny of the Jews—the argumentative portion of the work—are, in a religious point of view, truly remarkable; they follow out the line of thought in "Daniel Deronda" as to the tenacity of the Hebrew race. If, however, we regard

the book, as a whole, in relation to revealed religion, it seems melancholy and perplexing. Concerning the "ethics of George Eliot's" writings, we observe, there has been lately some discussion; and the *Nonconformist* reviews a work which actually commended her books as teaching the "doctrine of the Cross." The *Nonconformist*, however, observes:—

If we have read her at all aright from the side of Positive teaching, nothing is more certain than that the high inducement she holds forth for self-sacrifice is not rooted in any idea either of a personal Saviour or of a personal immortality.

The drift, at all events, of the teaching, so far as her works afford "religious" suggestions, will generally be admitted to be humanistic. Certainly, the self-sacrifice inculcated in them is not the self-sacrifice taught in the Word of God; it is not "the doctrine of the Cross." On the contrary, it looks extremely like, to say the least, a Positivist merging the individual in some "ideal whole" ("Theophrastus Such," p. 340). The truth is, one finds it difficult to understand the religious teaching of several writers in these days; they take New Testament ideas and common religious expressions, but they do not apply the ideas of Scripture upon Scriptural truths, the great facts through which religious principles have power. Hence, much of their language is perplexing to the last degree.

Oh may I join the choir invisible

sounds like a Christian prayer; but what must be said of such verses as the following:—

Oh may I join the choir invisible  
 Of those immortal dead who live again  
 In lives made better by their presence. So  
 To live is Heaven. . . . .  
 To make undying music in the world  
 Breathing us beauteous order, that controls  
 With growing sway the growing life of man.  
 So we inherit that sweet purity  
 For which we struggled, groaned, and agonized  
 With widening retrospect that bred despair.  
 . . . . This is life to come  
 Which martyred men have made more glorious  
 For us to strive to follow. May I reach  
 That purest heaven, and be to other souls  
 That cup of strength in some great agony.

Such verses must be dismissed as worthless rhapsody. What is meant we cannot tell. But assuredly here is no echo of a Christian hope. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: their works do follow them." This is the promise, the fact, of Holy Scripture. "The love of Christ constraineth us" to a life of holy usefulness, a life of hope, a life of sure reward. For this, Comtist talk about the enthusiasm of humanity and the instincts of "sociology" is, indeed, a miserable substitute.

## Short Notices.

*The Student's Commentary on the Holy Bible: founded on the Speaker's Commentary.* Abridged and edited by J. M. FULLER, M.A., Vicar of Bexley. Vol. II. Murray.

It is truly said that "the Speaker's Commentary" has won for itself a recognised place as the foremost work of its class available to English readers. The "Abridgment," in six volumes, of which the second volume is before us, will, no doubt, be similarly successful. It acquaints the reader with the conclusion of learned investigations, and supplies him with