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which the Welsh counties are divided, marriages at churches exceed those at Nonconformist chapels; and the total marriages at church throughout Wales exceed those in chapel in the ratio of four to three.

A feather shows which way the wind blows, and the incidents which I have enumerated, though trivial in themselves, sufficiently indicate that the Church still maintains a strong hold on the minds of the Welsh people. I believe that a great future lies before her. I believe she is a power among the people, and that her power is on the increase; she has capabilities for doing good which the various sects of Nonconformity do not possess, and I am much mistaken if those capabilities will not be hereafter developed in furtherance of true religion and virtue, to an extent beyond anything we have yet witnessed. The late Bishop of St. David's—Dr. Thirlwall—once said, in a sermon I heard from him many years ago, of the Church in Wales—that "there was no wrinkle on her brow, or faltering in her step"—a sentiment I fully endorse.

In my next Paper I hope to take a review of her position and prospects in the fulfilment—amidst conflicting sects—of her mission among the people.

J. POWELL JONES.

Reviews.

Word, Work, and Will. Collected Papers. By WILLIAM THOMSON, D.D., F.R.S., F.R.G.S., Lord Archbishop of York. Pp. 332. London: John Murray, 1879.

The Papers here collected have appeared, two of them at least, as portions of larger works, and others separately and in a minor form. The Most Rev. Prelate has conferred a boon upon many in thus republishing them. The contents of the volume are, "The Synoptic Gospels," originally published in the Speaker's Commentary—"The Death of Christ," one of the treatises in "Aids of Faith," an important and useful publication in answer to the notorious *Essays and Reviews*—"God Exists"—"The Work of Life"—"Design in Nature"—"Sports and Pastimes"—"On the Emotions in Preaching"—"Defects in Missionary Work"—and lastly, "Limits of Philosophical Enquiry," an address to the Edinburgh Philosophical Institute.

A glance at this series of titles will make it sufficiently clear that in every one of his Papers the Archbishop is dealing with no effete or buried controversies of the past. The questions of which they treat are every whit as rife and momentous now as when the Addresses and Papers were first made public. The Gospels are still the centre of a conflict of which the issue is not doubtful, though, such is the vitality of scepticism, and such the prolific character of modern criticism, the end of it may yet be distant. The student of God's Word will find here a thoroughly reliable and original *résumé* of the grounds on which we confidently accept the Synoptic Gospels as genuine, authentic, and inspired histories of Jesus Christ, and with it a condensed and masterly criticism of the

subtle and mischievous theories of Tubingen and similar schools of thought, whether German or English.

With equal acumen and learning, and with something, too, of the fervour and force of his natural style, the Archbishop in the "Death of Christ," deals with the modern attempts to upset our faith in the crucified Christ, as the vicarious and expiatory sacrifice for human sin. Since this Essay first appeared, several works have been published bearing on the subject, some of them in great part an expansion of the Archbishop's line of argument, but it will still be referred to as a calm, candid, and careful defence of the orthodox doctrine.

From the paper on the existence of God we extract the following striking passage—but one indeed among many with which the volume teems—as an illustration at once of the clear and incisive logic with which the Archbishop vindicates the position he has taken up, and of the charm and grace of style with which he is able to invest one of the profoundest of subjects :—

Perhaps, after all, not use but beauty and harmony are the chief ends of created things. We may one day understand that already one great end of creation was answered, when "God saw that it was good." All created things are ends as well as means. The fragrant rose, the leaping brook, the spotted leopard, *are*, because it is good that they should be. And though no man shall ever inhale the perfume of the flower, or drink of the brook in the way, or possess the flecked and glossy skin—they shall not have been made in vain.

How then does it stand with the arguments from design at present? Science tells us that the earth was once a globe of white fire, without life upon it of plant or beast. Long ages passed over; it became a dwelling for Homer and Aristotle, for Dante and Shakespeare. As no one alleges a change of purpose in the world's upbuilding, we must assume that in that liquid ball of scathing fire all the beauty of nature, all noble deeds and great thoughts of mankind, and mankind itself, were potentially contained. That was the fiery bud, this is the expanded flower. There was in that no life of plant nor animal, no wise discourse, no moral order, and yet the germs of them all must have been there, undiscernible. Geology writes, as well as she can, the first chapter of the account of that growth. Then history takes up the wondrous tale—history, which Augustine calls a beautiful poem decked out by God's own hand for man. The most wonderful epic of creation, full of grand surprises, of patient waiting, of skilful construction, of glorious adornment. Each stage of growth was wonderful, until the next surpassed it. Each had in itself some completeness, yet each laid the foundation for higher forms of beauty and for fresh traces of living beings. Of the cause of this growth there are but two opinions, to speak broadly and roughly: one of which is that a Being of infinite wisdom contrived and effected it; and the other is, that it evolved itself with no thought or contrivance at all, and that the thought that can understand and appreciate its marvels came first into being when man appeared—that, in a word, there is no conscious thought or wisdom but in man.

Now I will ask you to give your attention, and to decide between these two. Thought, and all that it includes, place man at the head of creation, and constitute his true nobility. A thinking man, as Pascal truly says, amid the brute and senseless forces of nature, feels superiority to those forces even whilst they crush him, for he can understand them, and think them. Is he, then, the only thinking being that exists? Did something or other—call it fate, call it nature, call it energy—make thought, having itself no thought? Did the blind make eyes, and the deaf ears? Were conscience and duty evolved by themselves without assistance, out of seething slime? I am challenged to demonstrate the contrary. From this one argument of the wisdom of creation I confess I cannot demonstrate. There was Kant's success. He proved that the arguments from design could not amount to a demonstration. But there, too, his success ended. We are free to decide what is probable—what is practical. Well, it is not probable that the world was prepared for life by a

power that knew not life; for thought by a power that could not think; for law and duty, and love of God, by a force to which those ideas are as alien as they are to the weathered brows of the stony Memnon, whose sightless balls pretend to look over the Egyptian wastes. Pp. 199-201.

Several other passages we had marked for quotation, but we will content ourselves with heartily recommending the Archbishop's volume as an admirable repertory of argumentative weapons for all who are either assailed by the modern scepticism, or called to stand forth in more prominent defence of God's truth.

Sister Dora: a Biography. By MARGARET LONSDALE. Eighth Edition. Pp. 260. C. Kegan Paul and Co., 1880.

Dorothy Wyndlow Pattison was born at the village of Hauxwell, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, January 16th, 1832. Her father, the Rev. Mark J. Pattison, was for many years rector of Hauxwell; and Dorothy was the youngest but one of Mr. and Mrs. Pattison's twelve children. From her mother she inherited beauty of feature, and from her father a well-proportioned figure and fine bearing. Petted as a child on account of her ill-health, not allowed to "do lessons" regularly, she was not spoilt. After recovering from a very severe illness at the age of fourteen, she became fond of riding, and by active exercise in the open air her health greatly improved. By the time she was 20 years old Dora, as she now liked to be called, had lost every sign of delicacy, and had become a tall, strong, healthy woman. Her never-failing spirits made her the life of the house; the "bright, bonnie maiden," as a neighbour termed her, was called by her father "his sunshine." She had a strong power of personal influence, and an indomitable will.

After she had reached the age of 20, there were yet nine years which she passed, to all outward appearance, quietly at home. She had learnt a good deal from her sister, and still more from her elder brother, Mr. Mark Pattison, now Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. Her mental qualities were remarkable. But she was eager to be out in the world working; and when Miss Nightingale's work during the Crimean war excited such enthusiasm, Dora's spirit of adventure was roused. She implored her father to let her join the band of women who went out as nurses. He reminded her that she was untrained, and she submitted, but apparently the disappointment left her exceedingly restless. After the death of Mrs. Pattison, her main occupation at home—nursing—having been taken away from her, she craved for change; the quiet village life became more and more distasteful to her. Mr. Pattison did not approve of her becoming a "sister of mercy;" but her wilfulness was strong and showed itself in many ways. On her death-bed, twenty years later, she said, referring to her behaviour towards her father, "I was very wilful; I did very wrong." The end of it was, that in October, 1861, Dora left home, not to join the Sisterhood at Redcar, as she had desired, but to become a village schoolmistress. At Little Woolston she remained three years, toiling hard, much respected, but apparently not happy. After an attack of pleurisy, she went to Redcar to recover her health. The associations of that place revived in her "the old longing for regular work and training," and at length she became attached to the Sisterhood of Good Samaritans. "Her father neither gave nor withheld his consent, but Dorothy knew only too well that none of her family approved of what she had done."

Of her almost morbid restlessness, the biographer makes mention, and at the same time of her painful doubts. She had fallen, it appears, under the influence of an intellect more powerful than her own; *whose* intellect we are not told; and "her mind was filled with doubts relating

to the authenticity and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures." A desire to deepen her devotion to Christ, apparently, and thus to gain the victory over Broad Church doubtings, led her to the servile obedience of an extreme High Churchism.

Of this obedience we may quote a few illustrations. We read, p. 23:—

The Sisterhood of the Good Samaritans was one of those communities which are called "secular;" a term meant to express that the members of it are not contemplative, but active, and that they take no vows, either openly or secretly, excepting the vows of obedience to the clergyman who calls himself their "pastor," and to the person whom he may appoint out of their number to the office of "Sister in Charge," commonly called "Mother Superior." "Sister Dora," as Miss Pattison now became, was put through a course of severe training, which was as distasteful to her as anything in the shape of work could possibly be. She made beds, cleaned and scoured floors and grates, swept and dusted, and finally became a cook in the kitchen at Coatham. At first, she literally sat down and cried, when the beds she had just put in order were all pulled to pieces again, by some superior authority, who did not approve of the method in which they were made. Sister Dora, already aching in every limb from the unaccustomed strain upon her muscles, had to pick up the bedclothes from the floor, where they had been thrown, and begin her toil over again.

Again, p. 35:—

Towards the middle of December she was ordered by the Sisterhood to go and nurse a private case in the south of England. The committee at Walsall were told, at the same time, that another Sister would be sent to take charge of the hospital, but they were persuaded that they had got the right woman in the right place, and were not at all disposed to give her up without a struggle. They wrote and remonstrated with those in authority at Coatham, but before a final answer came, Sister Dora received a letter from her own home, telling her that her father was dangerously ill, and desired to see her at once. After the orders she had received, she did not consider herself at liberty to go to Hauxwell without communication with Coatham; she therefore telegraphed to the Home, telling the condition in which her father was, and his earnest longing for her presence, begging them to send another nurse to the private patient, and thus to leave her free to go home without delay. The almost incredible answer came back immediately, "No, you must go at once to Devonshire."

With a strangely mistaken sense of duty, Sister Dora set off to do the bidding of her self-chosen masters. She had scarcely reached her destination when she received the tidings, forwarded from Walsall, of her father's death. Then came from the Sisterhood a tardy permission to attend the funeral, if she pleased. She wrote back, in bitterness of spirit, to the effect that as when he was alive they would not allow her to go to him, now he was dead she no longer cared to go. Even the urgent representations made to her by her family, that she ought to attend her father's funeral, produced no effect, and she returned to Walsall, but almost broken-hearted, and with no spirit to face the work which there awaited her.

Comment is needless. No wonder that resentment sprang up in her mind; the breach between her and the despotic direction of the Sisterhood went on widening for years.

In Walsall, to which she had been sent in 1865, was to be her work to the end of her days. Before coming to Walsall an offer of marriage had been declined. "Her affections were not deeply enough engaged," says the biographer, "to furnish her own mind with a sufficient excuse for leaving the life of active usefulness to which she had pledged herself by entering the Sisterhood." We have quoted the words "*pledged herself*;" but what kind of pledge, or vow, she had thus given, does not appear. At all events, according to the biographer, Miss Pattison seemed to feel herself somehow bound. Towards the close of her life, however, she regretted that she had adhered to celibacy. "A woman ought to live

with a man, and to be in subjection," she said; and further, "her love, almost amounting to a passion, for children," was never satisfied. Another offer of marriage, it may be here mentioned, was declined, during her residence in Walsall; he who sought her having "no faith in revealed religion."

Into the unceasing round of hospital work "Sister Dora" threw herself; not without hopes, we read, "that in this work she might stifle the uneasy voice within her." She desired, indeed, at one time to enter some Ultra-Church Sisterhood, in order that she might bind herself strictly to lead a single life; restless, with a strong will, and not satisfied with her spiritual state, she wished to surrender her will to some Director. During several years indeed, her notions of Christian freedom, it is obvious, were sadly imperfect. But, as time went on, she seems to have grown in the grace and knowledge of the Saviour. The study of Holy Scripture, we read, was a habit of her life. She always carried in her pocket a small Bible. Of the work of the Holy Spirit, we should judge, her views were defective.

Of her labour in the Walsall hospital many deeply interesting incidents are related. Thus, *e. g.*, page 54, we read:—

A fine, healthy young man was one night brought in with his arm torn and twisted by a machine. The doctor pronounced that nothing could save it, and that he must amputate it at once. The sufferer's groan and expression of despair went to the sister's heart. She scanned the torn limb with her quick, scrutinizing glance, as if she would look through the wound to the state of the circulation below, and then measured with her eye the fine healthy form before her. The man looked from one face to the other for a ray of hope, and, seeing the deep pity in her expression, exclaimed, "Oh, Sister! save my arm for me; "it's my right arm." Sister Dora instantly turned round to the surgeon, saying, I believe *I can* save this arm if you will let me have a try?" "Are you mad?" answered he. "I tell you it's an impossibility; mortification will set in in a few hours; nothing but amputation can save his life." She turned quickly to the anxious patient. "Are you willing for me to try and save your arm, my man?" What would he not have been willing to let the woman do, who turned upon him such a winning face, and spoke in tones so strangely sympathetic? He joyfully gave consent. The doctor was as angry as he was ever known to be with Sister Dora, and walked away saying, "Well, remember it's your arm: if you choose to have the young man's death upon your conscience, I shall not interfere; but I wash my hands of him. Don't think I am going to help you." It was indeed a heavy responsibility for a nurse to take upon herself, but Sister Dora never shrank from a burden which seemed to be cast upon her. It was by no means the first time that she had disagreed with the surgical opinion; often and often had she pleaded hard for delay in the removal of a limb which, she ventured to think, might by skill and patience be saved. On this occasion, her patient's entire confidence in her was sufficient encouragement. She watched and tended "her arm" as she called it; almost literally night and day for three weeks. It was a period of terrible suspense and anxiety. "How I prayed over that arm!" she used to say afterwards.

When the doctor at last saw her work, his astonishment was great. He saw the young man's arm, no longer mangled, but straight and healthy. "Why, you have saved it!" he exclaimed. Long afterwards, when she was very ill, this young man used to walk over from his place of work, eleven miles away, when he could, to inquire after her. As he heard the tidings, he would say to the servant, "Tell the Sister that's *her* arm that rang the bell!" She seems to have been exceedingly clever in dressing and tying up wounds. One day came to the hospital a boy, who had just chopped off one of his fingers. "Where's the finger?" she asked. "It's at home," replied the boy. "Go and fetch it this moment, and mind you are quick." On his producing it she set it skilfully, and it healed.

In the year 1874 all connection between Sister Dora and the Good

Samaritan Sisterhood finally ceased. A friend who asked her about this had for answer, "I am a woman, and not a piece of furniture!" For the nursing at Walsall, henceforward nominally, as she had been for some years practically, she was responsible. In 1875, while taking charge of a Small-pox Hospital, during an epidemic, she wrote a letter to the patients at her Cottage Hospital, in which one paragraph runs thus:—

Have you been singing to-day? You must sing particularly, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and think of me. Living or dying, I am His. Oh, my children, you all love me for the very little I do for you; but oh, if you would only think what Jesus has done, and is doing for you, your hearts would soon be full of love for Him, and you would all choose Him for your master. Now whilst you are on your beds, read and study His life; see the road He went, and follow Him. I know you all want to go to heaven, but wishing will not get you there. You *must* choose *now* in this life, you cannot choose hereafter when you die. That great multitude St. John saw round the throne *had* washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb, which was shed for each one of you. God loves you; I know it, by His letting you get hurt and bringing you to the hospital. "As many as I *love* I rebuke and *chasten*." Think over these things, my dear children.

During the winter of 1876-77 she found a difficulty in lifting her patients. From a medical man whom she consulted, she learnt the existence of that dread disease, cancer, and after a short struggle she made up her mind to refuse surgical aid; she would allow the disease to take its natural course; and, further, nobody should know of it. For a long time none of her family or of her friends, not a single soul in Walsall, had the slightest idea that she was not in good health. In August, 1878, she left Walsall for a long holiday. Exceedingly ill, with a distressing cough and continual pain, she returned to Walsall to a hired house, not to the hospital, on October 8th. There was a wilfulness in her determination to keep the disease a secret. People thought she was dying of consumption; and the biographer speaks of her "proud and wilful reticence." The natural self-will remained; even the greater part of her weeks of agony she would endure in loneliness; none should pity her. She passed away on December 21st. The closing scenes were in some respects painful. We gladly note that she "spoke most decidedly against the idea that we need any one to go between the soul and Christ." With "a bright and beautiful smile" she listened to the words, "he that believeth in Me hath everlasting life," and she said, with the deepest earnestness, "That is just what I want."

The report that she was baptized by Monsignor Capel on her death-bed is declared to be untrue. "She received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper from the hands of a clergyman of the Church of England, more than once, after the date of the visit of a Roman Catholic priest, with whom she had been acquainted in former years, and from whose visit to her on her death-bed the report most probably originated." It is right to add that some of the warmest testimonies to her great work in Walsall, where she was honoured and esteemed by all classes, were contributed by Nonconformists.

Memoir of the Right Rev. Robert Milman, D.D., Lord Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India, with a Selection from his Correspondence and Journals. By his sister, FRANCES MARIA MILMAN. Pp. 390. London: John Murray, 1879.

WIDELY as we are constrained to differ from Bishop Milman on certain questions, it is impossible to withhold a tribute of admiration to the unresting industry and Christian devotion which

characterised his Indian Episcopate. The evidences of this crowd the pages of this memoir. In truth, the narratives of the Bishop's journeyings to and fro, up and down the country in all directions and in all weathers, of his confirmations and preachings, and of his visits to Mission Stations, large and small, make up the staple of the volume, and impart to it an almost monotonous tone. The impression often left on the mind in reading the later chapters, is one not of freshness but of repetition. To the Bishop and his companions, and to personal friends and relations, many of the details of what he himself described as "perpetual travelling," possessed, no doubt, a special interest, but to the general readers it is a matter of no concern whether horseback, dauk, gharri, elephant, or boat was the mode of conveyance. As to all this, it must suffice to say that the Bishop seems to have been almost ubiquitous. Whether greater results might not have been achieved by a more careful husbanding of strength and less busy-ness about outside minor matters, is a question on which much might be said. But, certainly, while we have here much that would be well in place in the report of a Missionary, we search in vain for the statesmanlike and comprehensive views of mission work in its nature, methods, and prospects, which we should have expected from a man of Bishop Milman's antecedents and general character.

The Bishop had a facility for learning languages which stood him in good stead, and materially assisted him in his intercourse with the educated natives. It was not only that he preached in Hindustani with great power, but that he could lecture in that language with fluency on secular subjects which demanded an accurate knowledge of scientific and historical terms. Resolved to do his work thoroughly, he worked, we are told, at the rudiments of grammar, and put himself in the hands of teachers like the veriest schoolboy. He established at the Palace a series of *conversaziones*, at which the native gentlemen were invited to meet the European society of Calcutta, and which appear to have been very popular. The visitors would see there not only the Viceroy and State officers, natives of rank, rajahs, princes, Hindu and Mahommedan, but also native Christian ladies in white veils, Armenian and Greek priests, Parsees and strangers from many parts of India, or even the far East. And these, in their gorgeous dresses and splendid turbans and jewels, formed a striking and brilliant scene in the beautiful house, with its wide verandahs, which the liberality of Bishop Wilson had given to the See of Calcutta.

A story told by one of the missionaries affords a curious little illustration of the esteem in which these parties were held among the native gentlemen. The missionary had remonstrated with one of the large zemindars, near Calcutta, about the cruel way in which one of his agents treated the ryots. He could not persuade him to dismiss the man till he said, at last, "Well, I shall tell Miss Milman, and I am sure she will never invite you again to any of the parties at the palace." This threat was enough, and the man was dismissed."

Bishop Milman was well known as a High Churchman when he was appointed, and this character he maintained to the end. His opinions as to Evening Communions, his reference to Cuddesdon and its teaching, and to the Purchas judgment, his disappointment when he learnt that Mr. Benson, "the Superior of the Cowley brothers," could not come out to him, his hankering after the establishment of brotherhoods and sisterhoods, his ecclesiastical terminology, his sympathy with priestly confession and recommendation of it, so long as it was not made a *necessity*, and his adherence to the eastward position, are all characteristic. At the same time, the volume before us abounds with illustrations of his readiness to appreciate and honour the labours of those from whom, as to these

and some other things, he was separated *toto cœlo*, and also of his anxiety to discourage anything like what he calls "the overdoing and overvaluing of these externals."

The notices of mission work which pervade this volume are occasionally of a very interesting character, and cannot fail to impress the reader with a deep sense of the extent, the reality, and the success of the work. The increase of the Episcopate in India was an object of much solicitude to him, and naturally so, considering the enormous amount of time which he expended every year in his long journeys, extending at one time to British Burmah, and at another to Bombay and Madras, which he "visited" as Metropolitan. The formation of the dioceses of Lahore and Rangoon, and the consecration of Drs. Caldwell and Sargent, were events which would have cheered him had he been spared to see them, while the subdivision of his own diocese must have materially lightened the labours which eventually, no doubt, cut short his life.

Short Notices.

Recollections of Ober-Ammergau in 1871. By H. N. Oxenham, M.A. Pp. 80. Rivingtons, 1880.

These "Recollections" are reprinted from the *Guardian* of October 4, 1871. They form one of the best of the many accounts of the *Passionspiel* which have appeared since 1850, when the attention of the English public was first directed to this subject. We cannot at all agree with the author about the Ober-Ammergau performance. It may be that Handel's "Messiah," on its first appearance, about a century ago, had a powerful effect in checking the Unitarian tendencies of the age; but the Passion Play in 1880, in our judgment, is much more likely to increase the degrading materialism of semi-Romanist tourists than it is to counteract scepticism. To real religion, according to the New Testament, its spirit and its truth, "dramatizing the Passion"—we quote Mr. Oxenham's words—is, as we judge, flatly opposed. Concerning the effect of this decennial performance on the villagers themselves, Roman Catholics, who get their bread by carving crucifixes and such like, we say nothing. But as to the performance itself, a "Play" representing our Lord's Passion, including "*the Crucifixion scene*," it seems to us inexpressibly shocking. On the last page of Mr. Oxenham's narrative occurs the statement that the "drama" is "a real though minor fulfilment of the apostolic injunction to shew forth the Lord's death till He comes again." We are surprised to see a scholar thus refer to 1 Cor. xi. 26, in which the Greek verb (according to the English version "*shew*") signifies *declare*, announce, or proclaim. The word is commonly perverted as justifying the mystical representation of the Passion in the Mass. Again, on the title-page of this book Mr. Oxenham quotes, οἷς κατ' ὀφθαλμοὺς Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς προεγράφη ἐν ὑμῖν ἐσταυρωμένος; and these words are translated in our Version, "before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth, crucified among you." But the verb of Galat. iii. 1, προγράφω, is simply *to write*, either "first," "before," or "openly," *i.e.*, in public; and, whatever shade of meaning be given to the word, this Scripture gives not the slightest sanction to the *Passionspiel*. St. Paul's thought was of prior written or verbal description. To suppose that the great Apostle would have countenanced a man on a platform *playing* Christ upon the Cross is worse than an absurdity.