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out whether those who sit in the most distant part of the church, or at least in that part of the church, were able to hear. It is evident, from what we have just now said, that there are certain points, such as distinctness of articulation, &c., to which some attention must be paid while we are engaged in reading, especially when we are not sure that we have acquired the right habits. These, then, form an exception to the general rule as to drawing off attention from the voice and manner; but still the rule holds good, as a rule, and should be strictly adhered to.

We are now approaching the end of our subject, but we cannot quite conclude without warning our lay readers against a fault which the perusal of a Paper like the present may perhaps tend to foster—*i.e.*, that of listening to the reading of the Church service in a critical rather than a devotional spirit. Of course, they cannot help forming an opinion as to the manner in which that service is conducted, or occasionally noticing palpable mistakes (if such occur) in the accentuation of certain passages. But they should not set themselves to criticize. Their business is to pray and to listen in a devout spirit to the reading of God's Word. *Our* business is not to lay ourselves open to criticism, and to render the service as impressive as possible, and the rules laid down are the most calculated to produce this effect, both on ourselves and others. Do not let us think that the end to be aimed at is an unimportant one; it well deserves careful attention, labour and prayer.

E. W. WHATELY.

Reviews.

The Evangelical Revival, and other Sermons; with an Address on the Work of the Christian Ministry in a Period of Theological Decay and Transition. By R. W. DALE, Birmingham. Pp. 286. Hodder and Stoughton. 1880.

IN this ably written volume appear many passages which Evangelical Churchmen will read with pleasure. The author is known as a theologian of considerable intellectual grasp; his writings show research and independent thought, as well as an eloquent and vigorous Protestantism. Nevertheless, we put down his present work, not without sympathy, but with painful regret. We have felt ourselves unable to understand the author's doctrinal position, or, rather—to express our thought perhaps more precisely, we doubt whether he has not been moving farther from the old theological landmarks than he is sensible of. We may, indeed, be doing him an injustice in these remarks. It is known, however, that upon one important doctrine he has separated himself from orthodox Nonconformists; and he states his conviction, in the present work, that "the Evangelical theology—not the Evangelical faith—

is passing through a period of transition." In his preface he lays stress on the "extent to which the theological theories of the Evangelical leaders have been surrendered by modern Evangelicals" [he refers, though he does not say so, to Evangelical *Nonconformists*]; and one Address, in this book, relates to "The Work of the Christian Ministry in a Period of *Theological Decay and Reconstruction.*" It is true that in behalf of certain great doctrines he writes with force and fervour. But, at the same time, he protests against a "policy of reserve," and declares that Congregationalists should not be too particular as to the dogmatic form in which even the central articles of Christianity are presented. That we may not, in any wise, on such important matters, misrepresent him, we quote his own words. "The work of theological reconstruction," he says, "must be done":—

> Meanwhile, and this perhaps is the lesson of the hour, all Evangelical Churches should frankly recognize that the Evangelical theology—not the Evangelical faith—is passing through a period of transition. We should not rigorously insist on the acceptance either of the subordinate details of our creed, or of the scientific forms in which we are accustomed to state even its regal and central articles. It would be treason to truth to trifle with the immortal substance of the gospel of Christ; it would be treason to charity to refuse to receive as brethren those who may differ from us about the theological forms in which the substance of the gospel may be best expressed.

While we read these and other such passages the thought comes to us —This language about decay, reconstruction, and theological theories, does not breathe the tone and temper of that Evangelical Revival which Mr. Dale admires and magnifies.

To turn, however, to the essay, or "sermon," on this subject. It was written in July, 1879, and contains several quotations from Mr. Gladstone's article in the *British Quarterly*, which was reviewed in the first number of the *Churchman*. Mr. Dale differs, of course, from Mr. Gladstone, in regard to the Tractarian movement. He says:—"No doubt the Evangelical fire has spread; it burns .... on altars served by priests in strange vestments and celebrating strange rites..... That the 'priests' of to-day are completing the work of the 'Evangelists' of a hundred years ago does not seem clear. To my mind the work is being undone." Again, he justly remarks that the innermost tendency either of Evangelicalism or Ritualism cannot be determined by revival earnestness. Again: "The negations of Evangelicalism demonstrate that the Evangelical Revival was the direct heir to the Protestant Reformation; and the rejection, the vehement, scornful rejection, of these negations by the Ritualists, is a decisive proof that instead of aiming to complete the Revival, they are promoting a sacerdotal or Romish reaction."

In regard to the present leaders of Evangelical Nonconformists, we read that Mr. Spurgeon stands alone "in his fidelity to the older Calvinistic creed;" but what Mr. Dale means by "the older Calvinistic creed" is not explained.[1]

It may be, as Mr. Dale remarks, that "the decay of Calvinism among Evangelical Nonconformists has been largely due to the influence of Methodism." We are inclined to think, however, that one of the factors has been an unhappy regard for German religious "culture." Something

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[1] Mr. Dale, we observe, states that "the Evangelicals of the Established Church have been, as a rule, firm Calvinists." He is aware, no doubt, that the Calvinism of Evangelical Churchmen is of a moderate type, and that the difference between the Prayer-Book and the Westminster Confession, on "Calvinistic" points, is very great. Among even the new school Independents and Baptists, a moderate Calvinism probably still prevails to some extent.

more has been abandoned than "the severe and rigid lines of Calvinism." Mr. Dale's own statements about "decay" are serious. It has been reckoned a fine thing to be "fearless," and to leave as "open questions" not a few long-cherished doctrines. Now, the Methodists, as a rule, have kept on preaching the simple gospel; their work has been mainly among the uneducated and the poor. It was not to the Methodists, we take it, that Mr. Spurgeon alluded in his often-quoted remark that while the Established Church was honeycombed by Sacerdotalism, Dissent was honeycombed by Scepticism. Mr. Dale points out, indeed, that the Independents, or Congregationalists, have been exposed to peculiar dangers. He says, in a remarkable passage, page 22, that they have been "exposed to the storms of modern controversy and the keen winds of modern doubt, *unprotected by the shelter of a strong and venerable theological system.*" These words recall to our remembrance the thoughts with which we read Mr. Dale's "Lectures on Preaching," some three or four years ago. In that work mention is made of the difficulties of a preacher who goes into the pulpit not knowing what he believes or what he ought to teach. And here (p. 22) Mr. Dale remarks that Congregationalist Ministers have no satisfactory scheme of theology. "One scheme after another has been rapidly run up, but they were not strong enough to stand the weather. The revolt against Calvinism, in fact, encouraged a revolutionary spirit," and led Congregationalists "to suspect every part of their creed!" We will only add that, although Mr. Dale refuses the shelter of a strong system, he seems nevertheless to appreciate it. Great storms, he thinks, are coming upon us all. For our part we are thankful for the shelter of the Catholic creeds and an ancient long-proved National polity.

In one section of the essay on the Evangelical Revival, Mr. Dale remarks that the Evangelicals (he here includes Nonconformists) have been ineffective in developing the idea of the *Church;* and he agrees with Mr. Gladstone that the "peculiar bias" of Evangelical Churchmen towards "individualism in religion" is their "besetting weakness." Mr. Dale then proceeds to remark that Individualism involves a suppression of "half the duties by a surrender of half the blessedness of the Christian life." We thoroughly agree with him; but we must observe that he does not define Individualism. So far as regards loyal love for "the Church," the grand old Church of England, founded in Apostolic truth, and purified at the Reformation, the great mass of those Churchmen who accept the title of "Evangelical" are not behind the highest of "High" Churchmen. "Religious isolation is alien to all their healthiest instincts," to quote Mr. Dale's own words. "Individualism," however, by other Churchmen is weighed in sacerdotal scales. What Mr. Dale protests against is an imperfect realization of Church fellowship—communion, in fact, in any particular congregation. He envies, *e.g.*, the class meeting of Wesleyans. But in one sense of the word, at all events, Individualism is the besetting weakness of those who, like Mr. Dale, are *Independents.*

We have pointed out that in two or three statements of this work, important sentences, the author has not distinguished between Evangelical Churchmen and other Evangelicals, the orthodox Protestant Dissenters for whom he has a special right to speak. Thus, in his Preface, he says, without any explanation, that "modern Evangelicals" have surrendered "the theological theories of the Evangelical leaders." As a matter of fact, this statement has no force in relation to the Evangelicals of the Church of England. To show why, for one reason, we make this observation, we will quote a very remarkable passage from Mr. Dale's sermon on "the Forgiveness of Sins" (p. 161).

"How is it," he says, "that the dread of the Divine anger and the

"passionate longing for the Divine forgiveness has disappeared? Our "moral nature has, perhaps, become flaccid and sluggish. . . . . But the "deepest reason of all seems to me to be this—in these last times we "have broken with historical Christianity; we have largely departed from "the Christian tradition; we have invented a new kind of religion—a "religion which may claim the merit of originality; at least *there is "originality in supposing that it is the religion of Christ. We have invented "a religion without God.*"[1] "We like to hear prayers: but prayers "without God—prayers that are so sympathetic and touching that they "soothe and quiet the heart that listens to them, and make Divine "comfort unnecessary. We like to sing hymns: but hymns about our-"selves, not about God. . . . We like to have religious sentiment: we "can get it without God and we are satisfied." The Preacher then points out that there is a forgetfulness of God's *Righteousness*. Men are careless about the Divine Forgiveness because they disbelieve in Divine anger against sin. The Preacher thus concludes:—

In our very religion God has a secondary place. We have made ourselves the centre of our religious thought. We are conscious that we ourselves are alive, but He has ceased to be the living God, with an infinite fervour of joy in righteousness, which is obedience to his will; and an infinite fervour of hatred for sin which is the transgression of his commandments. In morals we think of our own conscience, not of God's law; of our self-respect, not of God's approval: and we are distressed by self-reproach, not by God's displeasure and God's anger. We fail to recognize in conscience the minister of a more august power, and the echo of a more awful voice. In our sorrow we expect to find consolation not in the Divine compassion, but in the soothing influence of religious meditation; and strength, not in the inspiration of God, but in the depth and vigour of religious emotion we may be stirred by noble thoughts concerning life and duty, or by the bold and heroic temper of a sacred song. In our very worship we are chiefly solicitous for the Epicurean indulgence of religious sentiment, and are satisfied with whatever awakens it. We are touched by the pathos of a prayer, instead of being filled with wonder and devout fear by the presence of God, and with infinite hope in the wealth of his love. A Church which has lost its God, what is it worth? Where is its power? Brethren, we must try to find God again. When we have found Him, and not till then, we shall know something of the agitation and fear with which the penitent of all ages have trembled in the presence of his anger, and something of the surprise and rapture with which they have listened to these words of Christ—that in His name the remission of sins is to be preached to all nations. We shall recover our communion with the saints of all centuries and of all churches. We shall be conscious that we, too, are built upon the foundations of the apostles and prophets, and that we are living stones in that majestic and glorious temple which has been erected by the courage, the purity, the devoutness of every succeeding generation. We shall verify the last and highest claim of Christ as the Redeemer of mankind, and having received from his lips the forgiveness of sins, shall be able to testify that He is the way to the Father.

Twenty years ago, Mr. Dale informs his readers, he used to preach against Calvinism; but the time has come, he thinks, for considering "the Idea which is now in the ascendant." This "idea" is a mistaken notion of the Divine Fatherhood. Mr. Dale states what was the faith of the Congregationalist "fathers" as to the love of God for "His own;" and he adds: "This was the faith of our fathers; would to God it were ours!"[2]

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[1] In a footnote Mr. Dale qualifies these statements:—"If the paragraphs are interpreted as describing a *tendency*, they will convey my exact thought."

[2] From a Radical politician and a "Liberal" theologian, the following words have a significance. Mr. Dale says:—"If in politics, if in speculation, we could

Endymion. By the Author of "Lothair." 3 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. 1880.

MR. FERRARS, the father of "Endymion," was the son of a successful Minister, who as a clerk had attracted the attention of Mr. Pitt and risen to a pension and a privy councillorship. William Pitt Ferrars was to enjoy all the advantages of education and breeding. "For him was to be reserved a full initiation in those costly ceremonies which, under the names of Eton and Christ Church, in his time fascinated and dazzled mankind." The son realized even more than his father's hopes. "He was the marvel of Eton and the hope of Oxford. As a boy, his Latin verses threw enraptured tutors into paroxysms of praise; while debating societies hailed with acclamation clearly another heaven-born Minister." The name of Ferrars figured among the earliest double firsts. He left the University only to enter the House of Commons:—

There, if his career had not yet realized the dreams of his youthful admirers, it had at least been one of progress and unbroken prosperity. His first speech was successful, though florid, but it was on foreign affairs, which permit rhetoric, and in those days demanded at least one Virgilian quotation. In this latter branch of oratorical adornment Ferrars was never deficient. No young man of that time, and scarcely any old one, ventured to address Mr. Speaker without being equipped with a Latin passage. Ferrars, in this respect, was triply armed. Indeed, when he entered public life, full of hope and promise, though disciplined to a certain extent by his mathematical training, he had read very little more than some Latin writers, some Greek plays, and some treatises of Aristotle. These, with a due course of Bampton Lectures and some dipping into the *Quarterly Review*, then in its prime, qualified a man in those days, not only for being a member of Parliament, but becoming a candidate for the responsibility of statesmanship. Ferrars made his way; for two years he was occasionally asked by the Minister to speak, and then Lord Castlereagh, who liked young men, made him a Lord of the Treasury. He was Under-Secretary of State, and "very rising," when the death of Lord Liverpool brought about the severance of the Tory party, and Mr. Ferrars, mainly under the advice of Zenobia, resigned his office when Mr. Canning was appointed Minister, and cast in his lot with the great destiny of the Duke of Wellington.

The story opens with the death of Canning. In the month of August, when it was whispered that the Minister was lying on his death-bed, there was a conversation between Mr. Ferrars and Sidney Wilton. Mr. Wilton thought that the country was on the eve of a great change, and he did not think the Duke was the man for the epoch.

"The country is employed and prosperous, and were it not so, the landed interest would keep things straight."

"It is powerful, and has been powerful for a long time; but there are other interests besides the landed interest now."

"Well, there is the colonial interest, and the shipping interest," said Mr. Ferrars, "and both of them are thoroughly with us."

"I was not thinking of them," said his companion. "It is the increase of population, and of a population not employed in the cultivation of the soil, and all the consequences of such circumstances, that were passing over my mind."

Mr. Ferrars had left out of his reckoning the trading and the manufacturing interest—a growing power.

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only remember that our fathers and grandfathers were not all fools; that the human intellect did not begin to be active till fifteen or twenty years ago—that while in the knowledge of the last generation there were some errors, there must have been a great deal of truth . . . . we should escape many follies in religion which are fruitful in grave evils."

Again. "Zenobia," the queen of London, of fashion, and of the Tory party, asks a certain great personage "how the country can be governed *without the Church?*"

"If the country once thinks the Church is in danger the affair will soon be finished."

"The King's friends should impress upon him not to lose sight of the landed interest," said the great personage.

"How can any Government go on without the support of the Church and the land," exclaimed Zenobia. "It is quite unnatural."

"The newspapers support it," said the great personage, "and the Dissenters who are trying to bring themselves into notice."

The great world at that time, we read, "compared with the huge society of the present period was limited in its proportions, and composed of elements more refined though far less various. It consisted mainly of the great landed aristocracy, who had quite absorbed the nabobs of India, and had nearly appropriated the huge West India fortunes. Occasionally, an eminent banker or merchant invested a large portion of his accumulations in land, and in the purchase of parliamentary influence, and was in due time admitted into the sanctuary. But those vast and successful invasions of society which have since occurred, though impending, had not yet commenced. The manufacturers, the railway kings, the colossal contractors, the discoverers of nuggets, had not yet found their place in society and in the senate."

The new system of Society, after a great convulsion, was at hand. As yet, the pressure of population had not opened the heart of man; the sympathies of Society were contracted. The fashionable world, says Lord Beaconsfield, "attended to its poor in its country parishes, and subscribed and danced for the Spitalfields weavers when their normal distress had overflowed; but their knowledge of the people did not exceed these bounds, and the people knew very little more about themselves. They were only half-born."

Right Hon. politicians, and great Countesses, of the old school, leaders in the Senate and in Society, knew nothing of the moral and religious condition of the masses; and the oncoming tides of political revolution, they fancied, might be stayed. Even in small matters, Society was blindly Conservative. Zenobia, for example, mourned over the concession of the Manchester and Liverpool railways in a moment of Liberal infatuation. She flattered herself that any extension of the railway system might be arrested.

"I have good news for you," said one of her young favourites as he attended her reception. "We have prevented this morning the lighting of Grosvenor Square by gas by a large majority."

"I felt confident that disgrace would never occur," said Zenobia triumphant.

In the frame of the Ministry a great change took place. Mr. Ferrars did not become a Cabinet Minister; but he was consoled by the thought that the Tory party, renovated and restored, had entered upon a new lease of authority. Zenobia convinced him that all was for the best. The Tory party was to stamp its character on the remainder of the nineteenth century, as Mr. Pitt's school had marked its earlier and memorable years. And yet this very reconstruction of the Government led to an incident which, in its consequences, writes Lord Beaconsfield, "changed the whole character of English politics, and commenced a series of revolutions which has not yet closed":—

One of the new Ministers who had been preferred to a place, which Mr. Ferrars might have filled, was an Irish gentleman, and a member for one of the most considerable counties in his country. He was a good speaker, and the

Government was deficient in debating power in the House of Commons; he was popular and influential.

The return of a Cabinet Minister by a large constituency was more appreciated in the days of close boroughs than at present. There was a rumour that the new Minister was to be opposed, but Zenobia laughed the rumour to scorn. As she irresistibly remarked at one of her evening gatherings: "Every landowner in the county is in his favour; therefore it is impossible." The statistics of Zenobia were quite correct, yet the result was different from what she anticipated. An Irish lawyer, a professional agitator, himself a Roman Catholic, and therefore ineligible, announced himself as a candidate in opposition to the new Minister; and on the day of election, 30,000 peasants, setting at defiance the landowners of the county, returned O'Connell at the head of the poll, and placed among not the least memorable of historical events the Clare election.

This event did not, however, occur until the end of the year 1828, for the state of the law then prevented the writ from being moved until that term, and during the whole of that year the Ferrars family had pursued a course of unflagging display. Courage, expenditure, and tact combined, had realized almost the height of that social ambition to which Mrs. Ferrars soared. Even in the limited and exclusive circle which then prevailed, she began to be counted among the great dames. As for the twins, they seemed quite worthy of their beautiful and luxurious mother. Proud, wilful and selfish, they had one redeeming quality, an intense affection for each other. The sister seemed to have the commanding spirit, for Endymion was calm; but, if he were ruled by his sister, she was ever willing to be his slave, and to sacrifice every consideration to his caprice and his convenience.

The year 1829 was eventful, but to Ferrars more agitating than anxious. When it was first known that the head of the Cabinet, whose colleague had been defeated at Clare, was himself about to propose the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, there was a thrill throughout the country; but after a time the success of the operation was not doubted, and was anticipated as a fresh proof of the irresistible fortune of the heroic statesman. There was some popular discontent in the country at the proposal, but it was mainly organized and stimulated by the Dissenters, and that section of Churchmen who most resembled them. The High Church party, the descendants of the old connection, which had rallied round Sacheverell, had subsided into formalism and shrank from any very active cooperation with their evangelical brethren.

The English Church, continues Lord Beaconsfield, had at that time "no competent leaders among the clergy. The spirit that has animated and disturbed our latter times seemed quite dead, and no one anticipated its resurrection. The bishops had been selected from college dons, men profoundly ignorant of the condition and the wants of the country. To have edited a Greek play with second-rate success, or to have been the tutor of some considerable patrician, was the qualification then deemed desirable and sufficient for an office which at this day is at least reserved for eloquence and energy. The social influence of the Episcopal Bench was nothing. A prelate was rarely seen in the saloons of Zenobia. It is since the depths of religious thought have been probed, and the influence of women in the spread and sustenance of religious feeling has again been recognized, that fascinating and fashionable prelates have become favoured guests in the refined saloons of the mighty; and, while apparently indulging in the vanities of the hour, have re-established the influence which in old days guided a Matilda or the mother of Constantine."

The Duke of Wellington, we read, applied himself to the treatment of the critical circumstances of 1830, with that blended patience and quickness of perception to which he owed the success of many campaigns. Under ordinary circumstances his strategy might have been successful. But the death of King George IV. necessitated a dissolution; and the Duke's efforts to rally and reinvigorate the Tories, and, at the same time

to conciliate the Whigs, needed time. It is not improbable, however, that the Duke might have succeeded, but for the French insurrection of 1830. A triumph of civil and religious liberty was boasted of; the Liberals seized their opportunity, and, in the heat of a general election, the phrase "Parliamentary Reform" circulated with effect. In the southern part of England the people in the rural districts had become disaffected.

Amid partial discontent and general dejection came the crash of the Wellington Ministry. Ferrars, who had stood on the threshold of the Cabinet, was ruined. He had lived beyond his income, and his debts were great. His whole position so long and carefully, and skilfully built up seemed to dissolve. From the brilliant life of the fashionable "world" he retired—on what seemed a mere pittance—to live in an old hall at the foot of the Berkshire Downs.

In this remote residence the Right Hon. William Pitt Ferrars, his wife, and two children, Endymion and Myra, passed some years. Occasionally he contributed to the *Quarterly Review;* and parcels and proofs came down by the coach, otherwise their communications with the outer world were slight and rare. It is difficult for us who live in an age of railroads, telegraphs, penny posts and newspapers to realize how uneventful was the life of an English family of retired habits and limited means only forty years ago.

With Farmer Thornberry, of the Manor Farm, Mr. Ferrars liked now and then to have a chat. The pride and the torment of the Farmer's life was his son Job.

"I gave him the best of educations . . . . and yet I cannot make head or tail of him. . . . . He goes against the land. . . . . I think it is this new thing the bigwigs have set up in London that has put him wrong, for he is always reading their papers."

"And what is that?" said Mr. Ferrars.

"Well, they call themselves the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, and Lord Brougham is at the head of it."

"Ah! he is a dangerous man," said Mr. Ferrars.

"Do you know I think he is," said Farmer Thornberry, very seriously—"and by this token—he says a knowledge of chemistry is necessary for the cultivation of the soil."

"Brougham is a man who would say anything," said Mr. Ferrars, "and of one thing you may be quite certain, that there is no subject which Lord Brougham knows thoroughly. I have proved that, and if you ever have time some winter evening to read something on the matter, I will lend you a number of the *Quarterly Review*, which might interest you."

"I wish you would lend it to Job," said the Farmer.

Mr. Ferrars found Job not so manageable as his father. Job thought the Farmer was a serf as much as his men:—

"For the sake of the country I should to like see the whole thing upset."

"What thing?" asked Mr. Ferrars.

"Feudalism," said Job. "I should like to see this estate managed on the same principle as they do their great establishments in the north of England. Instead of feudalism, I would substitute the commercial principle. I would have long leases without covenants; no useless timber and no game."

In their Berkshire home special friends of the Ferrars family were the Penruddocks. Mr. Penruddock was the rector of the parish. Of his son Nigel's tendencies and aspirations a fair idea may be formed from the following dialogue:—

"In my opinion there is only one thing for a man to be in this age," said Nigel peremptorily; "he should go into the Church."

"The Church!" said Endymion.

"There will soon be nothing else left," said Nigel. "The Church must last for ever. It is built upon a rock. It was founded by God; all other governments have been founded by men. When they are destroyed, and the process of destruction seems rapid, there will be nothing left to govern mankind except the Church."

"Indeed!" said Endymion; "papa is very much in favour of the Church, and, I know, is writing something about it."

"Yes, but Mr. Ferrars is an Erastian," said Nigel; "you need not tell him I said so, but he is one. He wants the Church to be the servant of the State, and all that sort of thing, but that will not do any longer. This destruction of the Irish bishoprics has brought affairs to a crisis. No human power has the right to destroy a bishopric. It is a divinely ordained office, and when a diocese is once established, it is eternal."

"I see," said Endymion, much interested.

"I wish," continued Nigel, "you were two or three years older, and Mr. Ferrars could send you to Oxford. That is the place to understand these things, and they will soon be the only things to understand. The rector knows nothing about them. My father is thoroughly high and dry, and has not the slightest idea of Church principles."

"Indeed!" said Endymion.

"It is quite a new set even at Oxford," continued Nigel; "but their principles are as old as the Apostles, and come down from them, straight."

"That is a long time ago," said Endymion.

The general election in 1834–5, though it restored the balance of parties did not secure Sir Robert Peel a majority. Sir Robert, however, had confidence in his measures, and he never displayed more resource, more energy, more skill, than he did in the spring of 1835. "But knowledge of human nature," writes Lord Beaconsfield, "was not Sir Robert Peel's strong point, and it argued some deficiency in that respect to suppose that the fitness of his measures could disarm a vindicative Opposition." Mr. Ferrars hoped and waited; and he went up to town to be ready to take anything that was offered. Lord John Russell brought affairs to a crisis by notice of a motion on the appropriation of the revenues of the Irish Church. Mr. Ferrars, in despair, was almost meditating taking a second-class governorship when the resignation of Sir Robert was announced. He was able to get a clerkship for Endymion, and that was all.

It was three years since Endymion had come down to Hurstley. "Though apparently so uneventful, the period had not been so unimportant in the formation, doubtless yet partial, of his character. And all its influences had been beneficial to him. The crust of pride and selfishness with which large prosperity and illimitable indulgence had encased a kind, and far from presumptuous, disposition had been removed; the domestic sentiments in their sweetness and purity had been developed; and he had acquired some skill in scholarship and no inconsiderable fund of sound information; and the routine of religious thought had been superseded in his instance by an amount of knowledge and feeling on matters theological unusual at his time of life."

Among the acquaintances made by Endymion while he was a junior clerk in Somerset House was Mr. Vigo, the celebrated tailor. Mr. Vigo took an interest in the handsome young man, and foreseeing his success, pressed on him credit:—

"I have known many an heiress lost by her suitor being ill-dressed," said Mr. Vigo. "You must dress according to your age, your pursuits, your object in life; you must dress, too, in some cases, according to your set. In youth a little fancy is rather expected; but if political life be your object, it should be avoided, at least after one-and-twenty. I am dressing two brothers now, men of considerable position; one is a mere man of pleasure, the other will probably be a Minister of State. They are as like as two peas, but were I to dress the dandy and the Minister the same, it would be bad taste—it would be ridiculous.

No man gives me the trouble which Lord Eglantine does; he has not made up his mind whether he will be a great poet or Prime Minister. 'You must choose, my Lord,' I tell him. 'I cannot send you out looking like Lord Byron if you mean to be a Canning or a Pitt.' I have dressed a great many of our statesmen and orators, and I always dressed them according to their style and the nature of their duties. What all men should avoid is the 'shabby genteel.' No man ever gets over it. I will save you from that. You had better be in rags."

After the death of Mr. and Mrs. Ferrars, Myra, the twin-sister of Endymion, becomes the companion and friend of Adriana Neuchatel. She marries Lord Roehampton. Endymion, who finds plenty of friends, is made a Private Secretary, and takes several steps on his way to the Premiership. He goes on a mission to Manchester, to inquire about the Corn Laws and the manufacturing interests. Here he meets Mr. Thornberry now a wealthy manufacturer. They had not seen each other for some years. Mr. Thornberry, in conversation, said he liked reading Encyclopædias. The "Dictionary of Dates" was a favourite book of his, but he sometimes read Milton. Mrs. Thornberry said that all she wanted to see and hear in London was "the Rev. Servetus Frost; my idea of perfect happiness is to hear him every Sunday. He comes here sometimes, for his sister is settled here; a very big mill. He preached here a month ago. Should not I have liked the bishop to have heard him, that's all! But he would not dare to go; he could not answer a point." "My wife is of the Unitarian persuasion," said Thornberry. "I am not. I was born in the Church, and I keep to it; but I often go to chapel with my wife. As for religion generally, if a man believes in his Maker and does his duty to his neighbour, in my mind that is sufficient."

Pictures of London Society at this time are given by Lord Beaconsfield. In the sketch of Mr. Bertie Tremaine, for example, appear some clever passages. Thus, we read:—

In the confusion of parties and political thought which followed the Reform Act of Lord Grey, an attempt to govern the country by the assertion of abstract principles, and which it was now beginning to call Liberalism, seemed the only opening to political life; and Mr. Tremaine, who piqued himself on recognizing the spirit of the age, adopted Liberal opinions with that youthful fervour which is sometimes called enthusiasm, but which is a heat of imagination subsequently discovered to be inconsistent with the experience of actual life.

Of a Radical *doctrinaire*, Mr. Jawett, Mr. Bertie Tremaine says:—

His powers are unquestionable, but he is not a practical man. For instance, I myself think our colonial empire is a mistake, and that we should disembarrass ourselves of its burthen as rapidly as is consistent with the dignity of the nation: but were Jawett in the House of Commons to-morrow, nothing would satisfy him but a resolution for the total and immediate abolition of the empire, with a preamble denouncing the folly of our fathers in creating it.

The description of Lord Montfort, an Epicurean magnate, who is "bored" with society, and needs above all things to be amused, is—in literary ability—not unworthy of the author of "Lothair."

"How can he find amusement in the country?" said Lord Roehampton. "There is no sport now, and a man cannot always be reading French novels."

"Well, I send amusing people down to him," said Berengaria to Lady Montfort. "It is difficult to arrange, for he does not like toadies, which is so unreasonable, for I know many toadies who are very pleasant. Treeby is with him now, and that is excellent, for Treeby contradicts him, and is scientific as well as fashionable, and gives him the last news of the sun as well as of White's. I want to get this great African traveller to go down to him: but one can hardly send a perfect stranger as a guest. I wanted Treeby to take him,

but Treeby refused—men are so selfish. Treeby could have left him then, and the traveller might have remained a week, told all he had seen, and as much more as he liked. My lord cannot stand Treeby more than two days, and Treeby cannot stand my lord for a longer period and that is why they are such friends."

"Vanity of vanities!" is the worldling's cry now as it was in Solomon's days.

A conversation between Endymion and the Tractarian Rev. Nigel Penruddock, is worth quoting. Endymion confessed that in religious as in secular matters, he inclined to what is moderate and temperate.

"I know nothing about politics," said Nigel. "By being moderate and temperate in politics I suppose you mean being adroit—doing that which is expedient and which will probably be successful. But the Church is founded on absolute truth, and teaches absolute truth, and there can be no compromise on such matters."

"Well, I do not know," said Endymion, "but surely there are very many religious people who do not accept without reserve everything that is taught by the Church. I hope I am a religious person myself, and yet, for example, I cannot give an unreserved assent to the whole of the Athanasian Creed."

"The Athanasian Creed is the most splendid ecclesiastical lyric ever poured forth by the genius of man. I give to every clause of it an implicit assent. It does not pretend to be divine; it is human, but the Church has hallowed it, and the Church ever acts under the influence of the Divine Spirit. St. Athanasius was by far the greatest man that ever existed. If you cavil at his Creed, you will cavil at other symbols. I was prepared for infidelity in London, but I confess, my dear Ferrars, you alarm me. I was in hopes that your early education would have saved you from this backsliding."

"But let us be calm, my dear Nigel. Do you mean to say that I am to be considered an infidel or an apostate because, although I fervently embrace all the truths of religion, and try, on the whole, to regulate my life by them, I may have scruples about believing, for example, in the personality of the Devil?"

"If the personality of Satan be not a vital principle of your religion, I do not know what is. There is only one dogma higher. You think it is safe, and I daresay it is fashionable to fall into this low and really thoughtless discrimination between what is and what is not to be believed. It is not good taste to believe in the Devil. Give me a single argument against his personality, which is not applicable to the personality of the Deity. Will you give that up: and if so, where are you? Now mark me; you and I are young men—you are a very young man. This is the year of grace 1839. If these loose thoughts, which you have heedlessly taken up prevail in this country for a generation or so—five and twenty or thirty years—we may meet together again, and I shall have to convince you that there is a God."

And here we must close our notice of this brilliant book. We have quoted the chief passages in which reference is made to religion. The tone of the novel is worldly, and too great a stress is laid upon successful ambition, while the sketches of fashionable society, clever and amusing as they are—true to life, no doubt—are unlikely to leave upon many readers a salutary impression. Nevertheless, the ideas of the great Statesman's political career, remarkably exhibited in some of his works of fiction, are not absent from "Endymion." As to the characters, we need say little. The illustrious author has evidently taken no pains to distinguish Lord Roehampton from Lord Palmerston, except in the details of private life. The Rev. Nigel Penruddock is the Anglican Mr. Manning, the Cardinal Grandison of "Lothair." Mr. Job Thornberry is, to a great extent, Mr. Cobden. Mr. Neuchatel is one of the Rothschilds. Colonel Albert is Napoleon III. Count Ferol is Prince Bismarck, and Zenobia is Lady Jersey.

Ballads and Other Poems. By ALFRED TENNYSON. Pp. 180. C. Kegan Paul & Co.

WITH Mr. Tennyson's latest volume, readers of very varied tastes may be well pleased. Certain of the pieces which it contains are familiar to the reading public; but one is glad to have all these Ballads, Sonnets, Translations, and Poems combined together.

The volume opens with "The First Quarrel," a pathetic, painful story. In certain respects this poem falls short of the "Queen of the May," but it is equal to others in Mr. Tennyson's rustic sketches.

Doctor, if *you* can wait, I'll tell you the tale o' my life.
When Harry an' I were children, he called me his own little wife;
I was happy when I was with him, an' sorry when he was away,
An' when we play'd together, I loved him better than play;
He workt me the daisy chain—he made me the cowslip ball,
He fought the boys that were rude, an' I loved him better than all.
Passionate girl tho' I was, an' often at home in disgrace,
I never could quarrel with Harry—I had but to look in his face.

After marriage, a quarrel; and she was passionate, and bitter. Then came a separation:—

An' the wind began to rise, an' I thought of him out at sea,
An' I felt I had been to blame; he was always kind to me.
"Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it'll all come right"—
An' the boat went down that night—the boat went down that night.

The second piece, "Rizpah," in the same metre, is even more tragic. It contains some fine touches.

In "The Northern Cobbler," which follows, the idea is admirably worked out. The northern dialect will to many readers be a special charm. A cobbler, a confirmed drunkard, hit upon a method of conquering his enemy, a method both original and remarkable: he kept a gin bottle right in front of him, he looked; and resisted, and triumphed.

"What's i' tha bottle a-stanning theer?' I'll tell tha—gin.
But if thou wants thy grog, tha mun goä fur it down to the inn.

The teetotal cobbler describes his visitors:—

An' Doctor 'e calls o' Sunday an' just as candles was lit.
"Thou moänt do it" he says, "tha mun breäk 'im of bit by bit."
"Thou'rt but a Methody-man," says Parson, and laäys down 'is 'at,
An' 'e points to the bottle o' gin' "but I respecks tha fur that;"
An' squire, his oän very sen, walks down fro' the 'All to see,
An' 'e spanks 'is 'and into mine, "fur I respecks tha," says 'e;
An' coostom ageän draw'd in like a wind fro' far an' wide,
And browt me the booöts to be cobbled fro' hafe tha coontryside.

XVI.

An' theer 'e stans an' theer 'e shall stan to my dying daäy;
I 'a gotten to loov 'im ageän in anoother kind of a waäy,
Proud on 'im, like, my lad, an' I keeäps 'im cleän and bright,
Loovs 'im, an' roobs 'im, an' doosts 'im, an' puts 'im back i' the light.

XVII.

Wouldn't a pint a' sarved as well as a quart. Naw doubt;
But I liked a bigger feller to fight wi' an' fowt it out.
Fine an' meller 'e mun be by this, if I cared to taäste,
But I moänt, my lad, and I weänt, fur I'd feäl myself cleän disgräced.

"The Revenge" follows, a splendid ballad in praise of which it is needless to write a word.

For "The Sisters" we confess we do not care. The story is commonplace; the pathos and poetic grace of the language do not make it pleasing.

In "The Children's Hospital" are some striking verses. A Hospital Nurse speaks thus:—

> One doctor had called in another; I had never seen him before;
> But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw him come in at the door:
> Fresh from the surgery schools of France and of other lands,
> Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big merciless hands!
> Wonderful cures he had done, O yes; but they said too of him
> He was happier using the knife than in trying to save the limb.
> And that I can well believe, for he looked so coarse and so red,
> I could think he was one of those who would break their jests on the dead,
> And mangle the living dog that had loved him and fawn'd at his knee—
> Drench'd with the hellish oorali—that ever such things should be!

This new Doctor, a vivisectionist, said to the Nurse "roughly," of a poor lad caught in a mill and crushed:

> "The lad will need little more of your care."
> "All the more need," I told him "to seek the Lord Jesus in prayer;
> They are all His children here, and I pray for them all as my own."
> But he turned to me, "Ay, good woman, can prayer set a broken bone?"

The succeeding verses are as felicitous in thought, as in language: they show the power of prayer.

From "Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham," a soliloquy, we take the following lines:—

> ——Fast—
> Hair shirt and scourge, nay, let a man repent,
> Do penance in heart; God hears him. Heresy,
> Not shriven, not saved! what profits an ill priest
> Between me and my God? I would not spurn
> Good counsel of good friends, but shrive myself—
> No, not to an Apostle.

In "Columbus," a remarkable poem, occurs a reminiscence of his meeting the priests of Salamanca; they called his idea of a new world "guess work":—

> No guess-work! I was certain of my goal;
> Some thought it heresy, but that would not hold,
> King David call'd the heavens a hide, a tent
> Spread over earth, and so this earth was flat:
> Some cited old Lactantius: could it be
> That trees grew downward, rain fell upward, men
> Walk'd like the fly on ceilings? and besides,
> The great Augustine wrote that none could breathe,
> Within the zone of heat; so might there be
> Two Adams, two mankinds, and that was clean
> Against God's word: thus was I beaten back,
> And chiefly to my sorrow by the Church,
> And thought to turn my face from Spain, appeal
> Once more to France or England; but our Queen
> Recall'd me, for at least their Highnesses
> Were half-assured this earth might be a sphere.

Of the "De Profundis," and "The Human Cry," we hardly know what to say. But it will be generally admitted, probably, that had they been

written by anybody else, some of the verses at all events would be dismissed as incoherent or perplexing verbiage. We quote "The Human Cry:"—

Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluiah !
Infinite Ideality.
Immeasurable Reality,
Infinite Personality,
Hallowed be Thy Name—Halleluiah !
We feel we are nothing—for all is Thou and in Thee;
We feel we are something—*that* also has come from Thee;
We know we are nothing—but thou wilt help us to be.
Hallowed be Thy name. Halleluiah !

A translation from the eighteenth Book of the Iliad, "Achilles over the Trench," will be thought by many one of the Tennysonian gems. The lines to Dante, written at the request of the Florentines, close the volume:—

King, that hast reigned six hundred years, and grown
In power, and ever growest, since thine own
Fair Florence honouring thy Nativity,
Thy Florence now the crown of Italy,
Hath sought the tribute of a verse from me,
I, wearing but the garland of a day,
Cast at thy feet one flower that fades away.

Notes, chiefly Critical and Philological on the Hebrew Psalms. By William Roscoe Burgess, M.A., Vicar of Hollowell. Vol. I. Williams and Norgate. 1879.

THIS volume is an instalment of a work which, in many respects, deserves the careful consideration of students of the Old Testament Scriptures. We are far from committing ourselves to an acquiescence in many of the criticisms which it contains. On the contrary, we are of opinion that it indulges too freely in those conjectural emendations of the Hebrew text which are characteristic of a school which numbered amongst its inherents many learned men during the latter part of the last century, but which, and, as we think, for sufficient reasons, has not found equal favour, either at home or abroad, in our own times. It is impossible, however, to examine the work of Mr. Burgess, and not to perceive that he has not propounded or adopted these emendations carelessly or thoughtlessly, but that he has brought before the notice of his readers the results of honest labour, combined with a more than ordinary amount of Hebrew scholarship. The original object of this work was not to serve as a Commentary upon the Book of Psalms in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but to be used "as a supplement to the many and valuable Commentaries that have appeared of late years." With this end in view, Mr. Burgess intended, in the first instance, merely to put together the results of many years' study of the harder places of the Hebrew Psalms. On further consideration, and in accordance with the advice of friends, the original design has been somewhat extended; but although, in the opinion of Mr. Burgess, every passage which seems to require annotation has been annotated, we are disposed to look upon this work rather in the light of a supplement to, than in that of a substitute for, the more complete and methodical expositions of the Psalter which, of late years, have become very numerous. The supplemental character of the work is particularly manifest in the "Prolegomena." In the place of such Introductions to the Book of Psalms as are generally met with, in which their

authenticity, their inscriptions, their liturgical use, and their distinctive characteristics are discussed, Mr. Burgess has presented his readers with an able and interesting disquisition respecting the special relationship in which the writers of the Psalms stood towards God. With a view to ascertain this relationship, he has entered into a very elaborate investigation of the relation of the *asham*—"*trespass offering*," or rather "*guilt offering*"—to the other sacrifices of the Patriarchal and Levitical dispensations. We will endeavour to convey to our readers in a few words the outline of the results to which Mr. Burgess has arrived on this very interesting and important subject.

He considers that we may safely assume that two principal ideas found expression in every sacrificial act—viz., the ideas (1) of expiation, and (2) of satisfaction by self-surrender. The idea of expiation by blood-shedding found its expression in the *zebach* or piacular sacrifice; that of self-surrender in the *olah*, or whole burnt-offering. We find mention of both of these kinds of sacrifices before the giving of the law (Ex. x. 25). After the giving of the law the one piacular sacrifice, the *zebach*, as contrasted with the *olah*, was split up, as Mr. Burgess thinks, into two—viz., the sin offering and the trespass, or guilt-offering,[1] and he accepts it as "a well-founded position that of the two forms, in which from the time of the giving of the law piacular sacrifice appeared, the one pointed to the sacrifice of Christ, as to a fulfilment of the promises made to Abraham and to his seed, and therein to all nations of the earth, and that the other pointed to the same sacrifice as the expiation of disobedience to the law, the fulfilment of all its requirements, and thus, the deliverance from the curse" (pp. 36, 37). Mr. Burgess maintains that "the trespass-offering was the sacrifice allowed for the expiation of all offences against the express commandments of the law; that is, of all such offences against the law as admitted of expiation at all, and that the sin-offering was the continuation in the Levitical ritual of the sacrifice of the Abrahamic covenant."

Mr. Burgess's exposition of Psalm xl. 7, affords a crucial illustration of the practical use which he makes of the theory which he has propounded in regard to the *asham;* and we refer to this portion of his work the rather inasmuch as he has selected his emendation of the verse in question as being "attested by demonstration as conclusive as, in such matter, is possible." (Pref. pp. 4, 5.) Mr. Burgess observes that "in this verse every one of the Levitical sacrifices is mentioned, with the single exception of the *asham*, or trespass-offering." He then proceeds to explain why the trespass-offering is not classed with these sacrifices—viz., "because *these* are the sacrifices of righteousness which could not be approached by the Psalmist until an *asham*, or trespass-offering, had been accepted in his behalf." Hence, Mr. Burgess argues that we must expect some mention, direct or indirect, of this *asham*. This mention he finds by a proposed emendation of the Hebrew word אזנים, *ears*, a word which he describes as "doubtful and unmeaning." For this word he would substitute אשם, *asham*, trespass-offering, a substitution which, as he alleges, is obtained by "the smallest stroke of the pen, connecting the lower parts of the letters ז ו נ." We are willing to admit the ingenuity of the proposed emendation; but although we possess a certain amount of familiarity with Hebrew characters, and have had some practice in their formation, we confess our entire inability to accomplish the task which appears to Mr. Burgess so easy, even by repeated strokes of the pen, and

[1] We think that Mr. Burgess would have avoided much ambiguity had he adopted the rendering *guilt-offering* for *asham* instead of trespass-offering, inasmuch as he has frequent occasion to use the word *trespass* as the rendering of the Hebrew word *maal.*

by the connection of the *upper* as well as the *lower* parts of the letters in question. We will only add, in reference to Mr. Burgess's interpretation of the verse in question, that we are equally unable to follow him in his elaborate attempt to prove that the rendering of the LXX. and of Hebrews x. 5—viz., σῶμα, body, is "a word designedly chosen, and well chosen, to denote the spirit, rather than the letter of the Hebrew text" as thus amended (p. 235). We must now take our leave of a volume which exhibits indications of much diligence and patient research, and which contains many criticisms which appear to us well deserving of the consideration of future commentators upon the Book of Psalms. We trust that when Mr. Burgess resumes his pen and gives us the fruits of his examination of the later Psalms, he will give fuller scope to his critical scholarship, and curtail the number of his proposed emendations.

"*Honor.*" By Miss E. M. Alford. Tinsley Brothers. 3 vols.

THIS is an eminently readable, lively, and graceful story of modern life, remarkable rather for delineation and development of character, than for depth of plot or for surprising incident. In the name of the authoress we recognize the niece and frequent correspondent of the late Dean of Canterbury, and his co-operator in the production, some years ago, of a clever story entitled "Netherton-on-Sea." Miss Alford writes in a bright and clear style; her conversations are generally natural and amusing; and her two principal characters, which are carefully and skilfully wrought out, are not only life-like and individual, but actually not without originality! We proceed to sketch a brief portion only of the story.

Before its commencement, a gallant Indian officer, Sir Charles Rowe, had left his widow, with three daughters, in very moderate circumstances. Lady Rowe, a scheming matron, has succeeded in "getting off" the eldest girl, Blanche, by driving or cajoling her into a marriage with a Sir John Rodney, a wealthy young Baronet, but worthless, dissolute, and a gamester; and the results of this unhappy match form an episode in the story, tending to develop and fix the character, and influence for good the conduct, of the heroine, Honor. To her we are introduced at the opening of the story—somewhat *blasée* with two seasons in London capable of higher things, and impressed by the accessories attendant on Blanche's course, Honor is visiting the family of a schoolfellow, Grace Armstrong, whose brother Ralph, a barrister, comes down from his London chambers for a day or two at his father's country house, but declares he would not have arrived if he had known there was "a strange girl" there. Ralph is a good sketch; plain in person, homely in dress and appearance, brusque in manner, he is yet both a gentlemen and a clever fellow. The germs of love early develop themselves in both breasts. But Ralph has ambitious views; and has hardly returned to town from his rural visit, when he is marched off to a contest for a seat in Parliament, which he wins. The expenses and incidents of the fight involve him in a series of difficulties and false positions through which we leave the reader of the book to follow him, as we are confident most readers will. Meantime, Honor has a battle of her own to fight, "and since 'tis hard to conquer, learns to fly." She has to "endure hardship," and learns under it to be a "good soldier of Jesus Christ." The book is pervaded by a quiet, cheerful tone of Christian life and joy, seldom brought into prominence, but manifested generally by the "livelier green" which "betrays the tenor of its secret course" in the conduct of the several personages, though in two or three brief passages it is permitted to emerge into daylight, and reflect the pure heaven over it. We may add that the book which is

wholly destitute of "murders, stratagems and spoils," ends happily for all parties; and that the accomplished authoress kindly does us the unusual favour of a pleasant glimpse, during two or three terminating chapters, of the domestic happiness enjoyed by these two pairs (for there is a second) of married lovers.

Songs in the Twilight, by CANON BELL, mentioned in our last impression, we heartily recommend as an admirable New Year's Gift Book. It contains many sweet and soothing "songs," suggestive as well as deeply spiritual. From the *In Memoriam*, or expository elegiac verses, written by Dr. Bell on the death of Prebendary Wright, we take the following:—

His life, though brief, was not in vain;
He lived to do some noble deeds,
He lived to sow some precious seeds
Which shall bear fruit in ripened grain.

Rich benedictions oft he had.
For kindly deeds, and thoughtful care,
And children's love, the poor man's prayer,
With blessings of the sick and sad.

God reckons not our life by days;
Rather by all we live to do,
By hours redeemed for all things true,
Things just and worthy of all praise.

To doubt is sin—God reigns on high,
Above the sorrow and the strife,
Above this dark mysterious life,
And hears our helpless human cry.

To doubt is wrong—our God is Love,
Although His ways are hid from sight,
Although in vain we search for light,
And in the deep His footsteps move.

O Peace! The shadows soon shall pass,
And we the darkest ways shall trace,
The veil removed, and face to face
Shall see: not dimly through a glass.

Faith shall give place to clear-eyed sight,
And we, to fullest manhood grown,
Shall know all things as we are known,
And understand that all is right.

So doubts fall from us one by one,
We see the good in seeming ill,
We bow to God's most holy will
Content that His, not ours, be done.

Short Notices.

A Popular Commentary on the New Testament. Edited by P. SCHAFF, D.D., LL.D. In 4 vols. Vol. II. The Gospel of St. John and the Acts of the Apostles. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1880.

A fair specimen of the style of the Introduction in this volume, to which we shall return—in the meantime heartily recommending it—we give a quotation from the Introduction to the Book of the Apostles:—