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investigating the facts of the case. Our allegiance, too, is due to our own Liturgy, and not to any other. With this objection before me, I am reminded of a story of a Bishop and a young clergyman. Some usage, which the Bishop did not approve, was in question: and the young clergyman quoted St. Augustine as his authority; to which the Bishop replied, "I am your Bishop, and not St. Augustine." Yet, lest these sentences should seem too dogmatic, I will end as I began, with a reference to this Diocese. Those who are minutely acquainted with it would easily select two among its Clergy, who, taken together, are, for venerable age, for varied opportunities, for wide observation, for learning and acuteness, unquestionably pre-eminent; and they altogether agree with the view which I have endeavoured to make clear, though for the laying out of the argument I alone am responsible.

But finally, this aspect of oblation at the Holy Eucharist, though negatively it may have little connection with some Liturgies of early ages, is, when viewed on its positive side, in strict harmony with Holy Scripture: and harmony with Holy Scripture is surely of more vital consequence than resemblance to liturgical forms, which, though ancient, are subsequent to the time of the Apostles. No Church in Christendom declares more emphatically than ours that the offering of our substance is properly a part of Divine worship; for not only is the act of giving made customary during our most sacred service, but it is associated with the most expressive liturgical language. We are admonished in this way that our gifts are to be viewed, not merely as a result of human charity, but as a sacrifice to Almighty God. In no way could we better fulfil such precepts as those which we read in the Epistles: "On the first day of the week let every one lay by him in store, as God has prospered him:" "To do good and to communicate, forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."

J. S. Howson.

Art. II.—CHRISTMAS EVANS.

In the articles on "The Church in Wales," which appeared two years ago in this Magazine, written by Canon Powell Jones, mention is made of Rowlands of Llangeitho, Williams of Pantycelyn (the poet), Peter Williams (the commentator), Howel Harries of Trevecca, Griffith Jones of Llanddrownor, Charles of Bala, Jones, Rector of Llangan, and other eminent Christian workers in the Principality. Griffith Jones, Rector of Llanddrownor, was the first and foremost among the Welsh

revivalists of the last century; he is called, indeed, the "Morning Star of the Revival." Ordained by Bishop Bull in the year 1708, he devoted himself with earnest zeal to the duties of the Ministry, working on the lines of his Church. He was a powerful preacher, an able writer, and a great promoter of elementary schools; he catechized as well as preached, and he took as the basis of his instruction the Church Catechism.[1] In literary attainments not one of the Welsh revivalists can be compared to him, except the Rev. Thomas Charles, of Bala, one of the founders of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Charles was born in 1755, six years before the death of Griffith Jones. These two good men belonged to the same revival, and had caught the same flame which kindled their hearts; but they laboured upon different lines; and the effect of the divergent courses which they pursued is felt in Wales at the present day. The manual for catechising, published by Mr. Jones, was an exposition of the Catechism of the Church of England; but Mr. Charles, in his manual, cut up for himself fresh ground, and chose a new path. Wherever the influence of Mr. Jones has remained, there a connection exists between the Church and the people, but wherever the teaching of Mr. Charles is in the ascendancy, the link is broken and the connection lost.[2]

Griffith Jones, as we have said, died in the year 1761. Christmas Evans, the great Welsh preacher, whose biography, just published, is now before us,[3] was born in 1766. The author of this biography, Mr. Paxton Hood, an esteemed and able writer, one of the most eminent Congregationalist preachers of the day, deals mainly, as is natural, with the features of the Welsh revival, which may be termed, for lack of a better word, Noncon-

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[1] He was the honoured instrument of the conversion of Daniel Rowlands. Rowlands, a Curate, at that time a proud and self-sufficient young man, assumed a defiant attitude in the crowded church; but the prayer of the Preacher went home.

[2] The successors of Griffith Jones in the great revival did not follow in his footsteps. Their position with regard to the Church, indeed, was different to his: they encountered greater opposition from the Bishops and clergy. Also, they did not possess his peculiar gifts, his learning, his statesmanlike sense and judgment, his administrative powers. Of the blind bigotry of the Bishops and clergy, and of the gentry, one cannot read even in the present day without indignation, shame, and amazement. For the separation of the Methodists from the Church of their fathers the Lay and Clerical Churchmen of influence throughout the country were undoubtedly responsible.

[3] "Christmas Evans: the Preacher of Wild Wales. His Country, his Times, and his Contemporaries." By Paxton Hood, Author of "Thomas Carlyle," "Robert Hall," "Vignettes of the Great Revival," &c. Pp. 410. Hodder & Stoughton.

formist. Of the far-famed Daniel Rowlands, who loyally loved the Church of his fathers, and throughout his life continued attached to her services, he says very little; concerning the Rector of Llanddrownor, Griffith Jones, we have noticed an incidental line. Of the twelve chapters in the book, three are devoted to eminent Welsh preachers, contemporaries of Christmas Evans—viz., Williams of Wern, John Elias, and Davies of Swansea. In another chapter, headed "The Preachers of Wild Wales," we find brief sketches of Howell Harries, Ebenezer Morris, Davies of Castell Hywel, the first Pastor of Christmas Evans, and others. As a picture of the Welsh revival, Mr. Paxton Hood's work, as we have pointed out, is not, historically speaking, quite complete. It is, however, a graphic and very pleasing portraiture of the preacher and the period to which the author has devoted himself; it is, in fact, a biography, but it fairly answers to its title, "Christmas Evans: his Country, his Times, and his Contemporaries."

Preaching is, in Wales, the great national characteristic. This is the key-note statement of Mr. Hood's introductory chapter. The state of mind in Wales, he says, is a state of "feeling, and of poetry, and of subtle questionings, high religious musings, and raptures. This state has been aided by the secludedness of the country, and the exclusiveness of the language, not less than by the rugged force of masculine majesty and strength of the language,[1] . . . a language admirably fitted to move like a wind over the soul, rousing and soothing, stirring into storm, and lulling into rest. Something in it makes an orator almost ludicrous when he attempts to convey himself in another language, but

[1] On the expressiveness of the Welsh language, Mr. Hood makes some just and pertinent remarks. And those who have studied Welsh, or listened to its speakers and singers, will agree with him, probably, that it yields to no language in softness and sweetness. It is a curious fact, that the Welsh language possesses a poem of eight lines in which there is not a single consonant. An epigram on the Spider, dating from the 17th century, stood thus:

O'i wiw ŵy i weu e â, o'i au, O'i wyau y weua;
E wywa ei we' aua', A'i weuai y'w ieuau ia.

The Welsh language, it must be remembered, has seven vowels, both *w* and *y* being considered and sounded as such. To the above lines the great Gronwy Owen added a kind of counterchange of vowels, and the translation has been given as follows:—

From out its womb it weaves with care
Its web beneath the roof:
Its wintry web it spreadeth there—
Wires of ice its woof.

And doth it weave against the wall
Thin ropes of ice on high?
And must its little liver all
The wondrous stuff supply?

very powerful of impression in that." Again, it must be remembered, that, "until very recently, the pulpit in Wales has been the only means of popular excitement, instruction, or even of entertainment." The Welsh have dwelt among their own people; they have possessed no popular fictions, no published poems, no published emanations, either of metaphysics or natural science. Yet there was a large consciousness; uneducated as they were the people had strong religious instincts. It may be said, therefore, "that religion, as represented through the men of the pulpit, has made Wales what she is."

Three-fourths of any amount of power which the Revivalist preachers obtained over their countrymen and countrywomen arises, says Mr. Hood, from the fact that the Welsh possess, in an eminent degree, what may be termed a religious nature; they are very open to wonder: they have a most keen and curious propensity to enquire into the hidden causes of things: the Unseen Universe is a mystery over which they cannot but brood. "When, therefore, the earnest voice of their native speech became the vehicle for unfolding the higher doctrines of the Christian life, the sufferings of the Redeemer, and their relation to eternal laws and human conditions, probably a people was never found whose ears were more open, or whose hearts were more ready to receive, and to be stirred to their utmost depths. Their religion—evangelical religion—became the very life of the land of Wales."

"Within my memory," writes our author, "religion was the one topic upon which you might talk intelligently anywhere in Wales: with the pitman in the coal-mine, with the iron-smelter at the forge, with the farmer by his ingleside, with the labourer in his mountain shieling; and not merely on the first mere elementary lessons of the catechism, but on the great bearings and infinite relations of religious things."

No person can have heard anything of the Welsh religious life without having heard also of the Association Meetings, a sort of great movable festival, annually held in Wales. At these annual gatherings twenty thousand people will sometimes come together; and by this immense congregation an eloquent preacher might be regarded as a "Sacred Bard."[1]

Wales has been for ages the land of bards; and these Association Meetings were a kind of religious Eisteddfodd, where the great Welsh preacher was a kind of sacred bard; he knew nothing of written

[1] Great Welsh preaching, says our author, is very often a kind of wild, irregular chant, a jubilant refrain, recurring again and again. The people catch the power of it: shouts arise—prayers! "*Bendigedig*" ("blessed"—"bless the Lord") Amen! "*Diolch byth!*" "*Gogoniad!*" (glory!) and other expressions rise and roll over the multitude.

sermons; he carried no notes nor writings with him to the pulpit or platform, but he made the law and doctrine of religious metaphysics march to the minstrelsy and music of speech. On the other hand, he did not indulge himself in casting about wildfire; all had been thoroughly prepared and rooted in his understanding; and then he went with his sermon, which was a kind of high song, to chant it over the hearts of the multitude.[1]

The hearts of the greatest preachers, however, had been prepared for their work by spiritual as well as by intellectual preparation. They were emphatically men of prayer; they preached "Christ crucified," with a yearning earnestness; they were "spiritually-minded;" and their pulpit or platform "power," as they well knew, was in the Presence of the Sovereign Spirit. An anecdote told of one of them, Gryffyth of Caernarvon, brings out this truth with a pleasing persuasiveness:—

Before preaching one night, staying at a farm-house on the spot, he desired permission to retire before the service began; he remained in his room a considerable time; the congregation had assembled, still he did not come; there was no sign of his making his appearance. The good man of the house sent the servant to request him to come, as the people had been for some time assembled and waiting. Approaching the room she heard what seemed to her to be a conversation going on between two persons in a subdued tone of voice, and she caught from Mr. Gryffyth the expression, "*I* will not go unless *you* come with me." She went back to her master, and said, "I do not think Mr. Gryffyth will come to-night; there is some one with him, and he is telling him that he will not come unless the other will come too; but I did not hear the other reply, so I think Mr. Gryffyth will not come to night." "Yes, yes," said the farmer, "*he* will come, and I warrant the *other* will come too, if matters are as you say between them; but we had better begin singing and reading until the *two* do come." And the story goes on to say that Mr. Gryffyth did come, and the other One with him, for they had a very extraordinary meeting that night, and the whole neighbourhood was stirred by it, and numbers were changed and converted.

Christmas Evans was born on Christmas Day—and hence his Christian name—in 1766. His father, a shoemaker, died when

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[1] Some of the great preachers repeated the same sermon many times To Christmas Evans a pert young preacher said, "Well, you have given us an old sermon again to-day."

"What then, my boy," said the Master of Assemblies; "had you a new one?"

"Certainly," was the answer.

"Well, but look you," said the unblushing old culprit, "I would not take a dozen new sermons like yours for this one old sermon of mine."

"No, nor I," chimed in a gruff old deacon. "Oh yes, and look you, I should like it to hear it again; but as for *yours*, I never heard it before, and I do not want to hear it again."

he was a child; and for six miserable years Christmas stayed with an uncle, a cruel, selfish drunkard. At the age of seventeen he could not read a word. There is an erroneous impression that in the days of his youth he was a boxer, and that he lost his eye in a fight. The truth is, however, he lost his eye after his conversion; some of his former companions set on the young man, beat him unmercifully, and one struck him with a stick over the eye. In after years, when some one was jesting before Robert Hall at Welsh preachers, upon his mentioning Christmas Evans, the jester said, "And he has only one eye." "Yes, sir," answered Mr. Hall, "but that's a piercer; an eye that could light an army through a wilderness in a dark night."

When he was about seventeen years of age, at which time he became a member of a Church, almost Unitarian, but originally Presbyterian, he began in a humble way to read and study. After a time, he made an attempt at preaching; and his first sermon was taken from Beveridge's "Thesaurus Theologicus," borrowed probably from his pastor. Mr. Davies went home and found the sermon; but he said that he had still hopes "of the son of Samuel the shoemaker, because the prayer[1] was as good as the sermon." The spiritual life of the young man was deepening; he heard, from able preachers, evangelical expositions of Christian truth. Afterwards, his "convictions as to the meaning and importance of the rite of Baptism," became changed. When he was twenty years old he applied to the Baptist Church at Aberdare, where he was in due time received.

The early years of his ministerial life, it appears, were seasons of spiritual depression. A nervous imagination is sometimes very exhausting, and brings the physical frame very low. His ideas and ideals were exalted. Himself he deemed a mass of ignorance and sin. He thought by committing his sermons to memory he forfeited the gift of the Holy Spirit; and from one or other humiliating trouble he came to the conclusion that God would have nothing to do with him as a preacher. Nevertheless, though unconscious of the powers within him, Evans was feeling his way; and as he was learning in the school of submission he passed on to eminence and usefulness.

Lleyn, a hamlet near Caernarvon Bay, was the first place where he seems to have felt his feet. He was ordained as a missionary to work among the humble churches of that obscure district. A new life of faith began to glow in him; and a wondrous power attended his preaching. He tasted the first

[1] "Perhaps he would not have thought so hopefully of the young man had he then known," says Mr. Hood, "that the prayer, too, was very greatly committed to memory, from a collection of prayers by a well-known clergyman, Griffith Jones of Llanddrownor."

prelibations of a successful ministry; and the blessing was as a draught of pure old wine. The fame that a wonderful man of God had appeared, spread through South Wales on the wings of the wind. He went on a preaching tour through the more remote parts; and the news that Christmas Evans was to preach was sufficient to attract thousands. He frequently preached five times a Sunday and walked twenty miles. No wonder that such labour and incessant excitement told upon his health; it was even feared that he might sink into consumption. But he was not to remain long at Lleyn. At a certain Association Meeting, from a hitch in the arrangements, Mr. Evans was called upon to preach; he showed himself an orator; and the thousands carried home with them the memory of the "one-eyed lad." From that day he was one of the most famous preachers in the Principality.

In 1792, when twenty-six years of age, he left Lleyn.[1] He was summoned to serve the churches of his order in the Island of Anglesea; his stipend was seventeen pounds a year; and for the twenty years during which he performed this service he never asked for more. He went forth in an apostolic spirit; and like St. Paul, he had learnt "to be content."

"On his arrival in Anglesea," says Mr. Hood, "he found ten small Baptist Societies, lukewarm and faint; what amount of life there was in them was spent in the distraction of theological controversy, which just then appeared to rage, strong and high, among the Baptists in North Wales. He had not a brother minister to aid him within a hundred and fifty miles; but he commenced his labours in real earnest, and one of his first movements was to appoint a day of fasting and prayer in all the preaching places; he soon had the satisfaction to find a great revival; and it may with truth be said, 'the pleasure of the Lord prospered in his hand.'"

In this Anglesea village Evans passed his days in real Christian happiness; and to his great pulpit eminence and his simple daily life[2] have been applied, not unnaturally, the fine lines of Wordsworth:—

> So did he travel on life's common way
> In cheerful lowliness; and yet his heart
> The mightiest duties on itself did lay.

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[1] While at Lleyn he married Catherine Jones, "a member of his own Church, a pious girl, and regarded as in every way suitable for his companion."

[2] His cottage seems to have been a very poor shanty or windy shieling: it stood on a bleak exposed piece of ground. A stable for the pony formed a part of it; the furniture was very poor and scanty; the one room served for living-room and study. Nevertheless, to apply to his student and preacher the words of Jean Paul Richter, "The pain of poverty was

One extract, at least, we must give from the sermons which he preached during this period. In a sermon on the demoniac of Gadara, after a brief and simple introduction, we read, the preacher broke loose from all relations of comment and explanation, and seemed to revel in dramatic scenery :—

"I imagine," he said, "that this demoniac was not only an object of pity, but he was really a terror to the country. So terrific was his appearance, so dreadful and hideous his screams, so formidable, frightful, and horrid his wild career, that all the women in that region were so much alarmed that none of them dared go to market, lest he should leap upon them like a panther on his prey.

"And what made him still more terrible was the place of his abode. It was not in a city, where some attention might be paid to order and decorum, though he would sometimes ramble into the city, as in this case. It was not in a town or village, or any house whatever, where assistance might be obtained in case of necessity; but it was among the tombs, and in the wilderness, not far, however, from the turnpike road. No one could tell but that he might leap at them, like a wild beast, and scare them to death. The gloominess of the place made it more awful and solemn. It was among the tombs, where, in the opinion of some, all witches, corpse-candles, and hobgoblins abide.

"One day, however, Mary was determined that no such nuisance should be suffered in the country of the Gadarenes. The man must be clothed, though he was mad and crazy. And if he should, at any future time, strip himself, tie up his clothes in a bundle, throw them into the river, and tell them to go to see Abraham, he must be tied and taken care of. Well, this was all right; no sooner said than done. But, so soon as the fellow was bound, although even in chains and fetters, Samson-like, he broke the bands asunder, and could not be tamed.

"By this time, the devil became offended with the Gadarenes, and, in a point, he took the demoniac away, and drove him into the wilderness. He thought the Gadarenes had no business to interfere and meddle with his property; for he had possession of the man. And he knew that 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' It is probable that he wanted to send him home; for there was no knowing what might happen nowadays. But there was too much matter about him to send him as he was; therefore he thought the best plan would be to persuade him to commit suicide by cutting his throat. But here Satan was at a nonplus—his rope was too short. He could not turn executioner himself, as that would not have answered the design he has in view when he wants people to commit suicide; for the act would have been his own sin, and not the man's. The poor demoniac, therefore, must go about to hunt for a sharp stone, or anything that he could get. He might have been in search of such an article when he

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to him only as the piercing of a maiden's ear, and jewels were hung in the wound." Mr. Hood fitly compares with him Felix Neff, and terms Evans the Pastor of our English Engadine.

returned from the wilderness into the city, whence he came, when he met the Son of God.

"Jesus commanded the unclean spirit to come out of the man. And when he saw Jesus, he cried out, and fell down before Him, and, with a loud voice, said, 'What have I to do with Thee, Jesus, Thou Son of God Most High? I beseech Thee, torment me not.' Here is the devil's confession of faith.

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"Jesus commanded the legion of unclean spirits to come out of the man. They knew that out they must go. But they were like Irishmen—very unwilling to return to their own country. They would rather go into hogs' skins than to their own country. And he suffered them to go into the herd of swine. Methinks that one of the men who fed the hogs kept a better look out than the rest of them, and said, 'What ails the hogs? Look sharp there, boys—keep them in.' . . . .

"One of them said, 'They are all gone!'

"'No, sure not all gone into the sea!'

"'Yes, every one of them, the *black hog* and all. They are all drowned! the devil is in them. What shall we do now? What can we say to the owners?'"

The concluding portion of this sermon is very beautiful. There is a pathetic picture of the restored maniac's returning home, Mary embracing her husband, and the children crowding round with gladness and praise.[1]

When Christmas Evans was about sixty years old, clouds of trouble thickened around him. "It often seems that trouble, in the ministerial life," says Mr. Hood (in one of his many suggestive sentences), "comes exactly at the moment when life is least able to stand, with strength, against it." Certainly, in the life of Christmas Evans, sorrows multiplied at one time. In the year 1823 he lost the beloved companion of all the Anglesea life—his pious and devoted wife. The societies which he had formed grew restive and self-willed: burdens were laid upon him which he ought not to have been called upon to bear: there was injustice among the people, and ingratitude; moreover, he suffered from the jealousy of Ministers greatly inferior to him both in mind and character.

In the year 1826 he left Anglesea, and settled in the village of Caerphilly. Here his ministry, says Mr. Hood, was "gloriously successful." From all the inhabitants in the neighbour-

[1] In any account of Welsh preaching, it is well said, the place, the scenery, must not be forgotten. Christmas Evans preached some of his noblest sermons amidst ruins, or on the slope of a gorse-covered hill in the neighbourhood of tumbling torrents. In many ways, of course, Wales has changed since the great preaching period, 1730–1830.

hood he received marks of great respect; and he always after remembered this period of his life with gratitude.[1]

When sixty-seven years of age, Mr. Evans moved to Caernarvon. He was invited to take charge of a Church which consisted of about thirty members, chiefly of the lowest class; the chapel was £800 in debt. At a ministerial meeting in Cardiff, the question of Mr. Evans's returning to the North was being discussed, and the matter was virtually settled, when a young minister spoke up in the conference, and said to the venerable man, "Yes, you had better go to Caernarvon; it is not likely your talents would suit; but you might do excellently well at Caernarvon." This impudent speech astounded all the ministers present; but, after a pause, Mr. Evans opened his one large eye upon his adviser, and said, "Ay, where hast thou come from? How long is it since thou didst chip thy shell?" Some gentleman facilitated his return by giving him a gig, so that he might travel, with Mrs. Evans, at his ease, and in his own way. His horse, Jack, had been his companion for twenty years. The horse knew from a distance the tones of his master's voice; and the pair were very fond of one another. The old man bade farewell to Cardiff in the year 1832. As he was coming down the pulpit-stairs on a July Sunday evening, in the year 1838, he said: "*This is my last sermon!*" And so it was. That night he was taken very ill; and on Friday his fifty-three years of ministerial life were ended. He spoke of Christ crucified, repeated a verse from a favourite Welsh hymn, and then, as if he had done with earth he waved his hand, and exclaimed, "*Good-by! Drive on!*"

Art. IV.—CONTUMACIOUS CHRISTIANS AND LORD BEAUCHAMP'S BILL.

A BILL was introduced at the end of last Session into Parliament, avowedly for the purpose of getting the Rev. S. F. Green, of Miles Platting, out of the Lancaster gaol. With considerable alteration, introduced in the House of Lords, the Bill was sent down to the Commons, and was there counted out. We must expect, however, that the same Bill will be reintroduced into Parliament next session; and, inasmuch as it most nearly concerns the interests of the Established Church, it is highly desirable that good citizens should make themselves acquainted with the proposal in all its bearings. We print the Bill itself

[1] Mary Evans, the old and faithful servant of himself, and his departed wife, was summoned from Anglesea to Caerphilly; and he married her in the parish church in which George Whitefield was married.