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

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_churchman_os.php

A HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

"WE GIVE THANKS TO THEE FOR THY GREAT GLORY, O LORD GOD."

"The redeemed of the Lord shall return and come with singing unto Zion."

ISAIAH li. 2.

We bless Thee, ever Bless'd,
 For Thy great glory, Lord ;
 Almighty Father, Holiest,
 By earth and heaven adored :
 O God, from everlasting ages Thou
 Inhabitest an everlasting Now.
 O Christ, O Lamb of God,
 Who on the cross didst bear
 The world's insufferable load
 Of sin and woe and care ;
 O Lord, be merciful, is all our cry,
 As clinging to Thy pierced feet we lie.
 O Holy Ghost Supreme,
 Well-spring of life and love,
 Of light the uncreated beam,
 The overshadowing Dove ;
 Come at our humble prayer, Great Spirit, come,
 And make our contrite hearts Thy lasting home.
 With all the heavenly Host,
 With all Thy saints in glory,
 O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 We worship and adore Thee :
 Here at Thy footstool let us rest awhile,
 Our heaven on earth the sunshine of Thy smile.

E. H. EXON.

December, 1885.

Reviews.

Wanderings in China. By CONSTANCE F. GORDON CUMMING. Author of "At Home in Fiji," "A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War," "Granite Crag," etc., etc. Two vols. W. Blackwood and Sons.

CHRISTMAS Day and New Year's Day in Hong-Kong. Of these experiences Miss Gordon Cumming gives an interesting account in the charming volumes before us. Her letters home, as we have often remarked, while welcoming her books of travel, are in every way admirable. And this is how she begins a letter written in Victoria, Hong-Kong, on Christmas Day: "Certainly fortune has favoured me, for we reached 'this most lovely city early this morning, and have had a most enjoyable 'Christmas Day. I had not the remotest conception that I was coming 'to anything so beautiful; so, when with the earliest light of dawn, we 'slowly—very slowly—steamed into this exquisite harbour, its beauty, 'so suddenly revealed, left me mute with delight. Perhaps the contrast 'between these encircling ranges of shapely hills and the dead level of 'the Shanghai coast helps to make these seem more impressive. Certainly 'I have seen no harbour to compare with this, though I suppose Rio 'Janeiro claims the palm of beauty above all others.

"This is like a great inland lake, so entirely do the jagged mountain-

"ranges of the mainland and the island of Kowlung seem to close around this Rocky Isle, whose great city bears the name of England's Queen, and from whose crowning peak floats the Union Jack. The said peak is really only 1,825 feet in height. Though it looks so imposing, it is simply the termination of the ridge which forms the backbone of the isle, and along whose base extends the city—a granite city, hewn from the granite mountains, with granite fortifications, granite drains to provide for the rush of the summer rains; everything seems to be granitic, but yet there is nothing cold in its appearance, for all is gilded by the mellow sunlight. All the principal houses have lovely shrubberies, with fine ornamental trees, which soften the effect, and make each terraced road seem delightful.

"There is so very little, if any, level ground, save what has been reclaimed artificially, that steep streets of stairs lead from the business quarters on the sea embankment, right up the face of the hill, the lower spurs of which are all dotted over with most luxurious houses and shady gardens, now gay with camellias and roses and scarlet poinsettias. And in the midst of it all is the loveliest Botanical Garden, beautifully laid out, and where all rich and rare forms of foliage, from tropical or temperate climes, combine to produce a garden of delight, whence you look down upon the emerald green and dazzling blue of this beautiful harbour, where a thousand vessels, and boats and junks without number, can ride in absolute safety.

"I had a glimpse of it all this afternoon, but indeed it would be difficult to obtain a more entrancing view than from this house itself, which really belongs to Sir John Small, the Chief Justice, but, in his absence, is tenanted by Mr. Snowden, the acting Chief Justice, who, on the strength of a letter from Sir Harry Parkes (one of the many acts of kindness for which I am indebted to him), came to offer me a welcome to Hong-Kong, and to this lovely home."

The address at the head of this letter, "City of Victoria, Isle of Hong-Kong," may appear to some readers needlessly elaborate; but the author quotes a little conversation which she overheard soon after her return to England. Said a young barrister to the wife of an English M.P.: "Didn't Miss G. C. say she was staying with the Chief Justice of Hong-Kong? How do we come to have a Chief Justice there? Isn't it somewhere in Japan?" Said the lady: "Well, really I never thought about it before, though we have relations there. But now you come to mention it, I think you are right!"

The Cathedral, says Miss Gordon Cumming, though "not to be compared in beauty with that at Shanghai, is a fine roomy church." There was a surpliced choir, "a full congregation, and a nice hearty service, with sermon by Bishop Burdon." Mr. Snowden's house, it seems, is beautifully situated some way up the hill, overlooking the whole town and harbour. The crowded business parts of the city—the Chinese and Portuguese quarters—built in terraces along horizontal streets, are connected with one another by steep streets of stairs. Through this crowded centre our author went on to a very different scene, namely, the beautiful gardens. "Here," she writes, "we revelled in the fragrance of flowers bathed in sunlight, and as we wandered through shady bamboo groves, or stood beneath the broad shadow of great banyan trees, at every turn we caught glimpses of white sails floating on the calm blue harbour far below us, reflecting the cloudless blue of heaven—a scene of most perfect peace, with never a jarring sound to suggest the busy bustling life, and all the noise of the city." She adds:

I have already seen enough to convince me that it would be difficult to find more fascinating winter quarters than this oft-abused city. As to climate,

although in the same latitude as Calcutta it is far cooler, and whatever it may be in June or July, to-day it is delicious and balmy, like the sweetest summer day in England; and I am told that this is a fair sample of the whole winter at Hong-Kong, and that for five consecutive months there will probably not be even a shower.

The following letter, January 1st, opens thus: "This has been the perfection of a lovely New Year's day. The climate here at this season is quite delicious, like a soft, balmy English summer, redolent of flowers. You can walk comfortably at any hour of the day; but the mornings and evenings are pleasantest, and then the lights are most beautiful." The letter proceeds: "In the early morning there was a very nice service at the Cathedral, the Bishop giving a short and practical New Year address, followed by celebration of the Holy Communion."

Hong-Kong society, it appears, has adopted the American custom of converting this day into a social treadmill. All ladies sit at home the livelong day to receive the calls of all gentlemen of their acquaintance, while these rush from house to house, endeavouring to fit in the whole circle of their visiting list. "Here"—Miss Gordon Cumming writes—"the stream of callers began soon after breakfast, and continued all day, including all the foreign consuls, and others of divers nations—Japanese, Portuguese, Indians, French, Italian," etc.

Each day convinced her more and more that it would simply be impossible to find more delightful winter quarters:

Morning, noon, evening, and night (she writes) are all beautiful and all pleasant, and there is the delight of continuous fine weather, which is warranted to continue throughout the five winter months, without the slightest chance of rain, or the faintest possibility of snow. Some days are just a trifle too cold, just enough to make us welcome a cheery fire in the evening; but all day there is bright sunlight and a cloudless blue sky. The climate is semi-tropical, and has rewarded the care of many gardeners by transforming what, forty years ago,¹ must have been a very barren rock, into a succession of pleasant shrubberies, so that all these palatial houses (which cover the hillside to a height of 400 feet above the sea) are embowered in rich foliage.

To-day we have been sitting in the garden of this pleasant home, beneath the cool shade of large thick-leaved indiarubber trees—noble trees, with great stems and spreading branches—which look as if they must have reigned here for centuries, so rapid has been their growth. And the camellia trees are laden with snowy blossoms, while the air is scented with roses, mignonette, and jessamine, and now and again a faint breeze shakes the fluffy yellow balls of the sweet *babool*,² and floats on laden with a perfume that seems like a dream of Indian jungles and Hawaiian isles and far-away English conservatories.

In this city "there is a very large, agreeable European society—naval, military, and civil—with surroundings of quaint Chinese men and women—the former with their long plaits, the latter with wonderfully dressed, glossy hair. Judging from my own experience (our author proceeds), I can never again pity anyone who is sent to Hong-Kong—at least in winter. I am, however, assured that there are two sides to the picture, and that we who rejoice in a thermometer which now never exceeds 65° in the shade, can scarcely realize how different life is when, in the close, murky rains of summer, it stands at 90°, and the peak, which is now so clear, is all shrouded with heavy clouds, which overhang the city like a thick pall, and prevent the stifling atmosphere from rising." Other matters

¹ Another forty years bids fair to transform the island into a forest, as, in the hope of improving the climate, Sir John Pope Hennessey has most literally obeyed Sir Walter Scott's injunction to "be ye stickin' in a tree," and in the course of 1880 and 1881 he planted nearly 1,000,000 young *Pinus sinensis*, and about 60,000 other useful trees.

² *Mimosa*.

must be considered. The water-supply, for instance, is miserably defective. The population of the city is 130,000; the proportion of men to women (omitting the Chinese boat-population) is 76,000 to 19,000. Forty years ago the level ground at the base of the mountain, a narrow strip, was inhabited only by a handful of Chinese fishermen.

The distance from Hong-Kong to Canton is about 95 miles; an eight hours' trip by an American daily steamer. Our author's third letter, dated Shameen, the Foreign Settlement, Canton, January 9th, describes passing the Bogue Forts, and the old town of Whampoa, and more fortifications. "Steering an intricate course through an innumerable crowd of junks and sampans, we noted the richly cultivated lands and market-gardens, which provide not only for the 1,500,000 inhabitants of Canton (some say 2,000,000), but also for the markets of Hong-Kong. The shores are dotted with villages, in each of which stands one conspicuous great solid square structure of granite, lined with brick, about four stories high. It looks like an old Border keep, but it really is the village pawn-shop, which acts as the safe storehouse for everybody's property.¹ As we approached nearer to the city, the number of these great towers multiplied." Except these towers, the very imposing Roman Catholic Cathedral, and the fortifications, our author saw little, save a moderate amount of smoke, to suggest that she was approaching a mighty city, so entirely are its low level streets concealed by the forest of masts of innumerable junks and vessels of all sorts. Among the crowd assembled on the embankment to watch the arrival of the steamer (we read) "I noticed a group of chair-coolies in pretty uniform, bearing a resplendent palanquin, which I supposed to contain some great man-darin, and was considerably taken aback on learning that it had been sent for me, being the special property of my hostess—the equivalent of a carriage in England. I must honestly confess that my ideas of life in Canton were altogether *bouleversées* by this first glimpse of the luxuries of foreign life up here. I had imagined that a few exiles from Hong-Kong, who could not help themselves, had, owing to the exigencies of business, to live here, picnic fashion, in the dirty city itself, which I supposed to be much on a par with the native town at Shanghai, only more picturesque. I dare say I ought to have known better, but I didn't. So it was a most startling revelation to find myself in a very smart, purely foreign settlement, as entirely isolated from the native city as though they were miles apart, instead of being only divided by a canal, which constitutes this peaceful green spot an island.

"Here is transplanted an English social life so completely fulfilling all English requirements, that the majority of the inhabitants rarely enter the city! They either walk round the isle, or up and down the wide grass road, overshadowed by banyan-trees, which encircles the isle (a circuit of a mile and a half), and which is the 'Rotten Row' of the island—the meeting-place for all friends; but in place of horses and carriages, its interests centre in boats without number, and from this embankment those who wish to go further, embark in their own or in hired boats.

"A handsome English church, and large luxurious two-storied houses of Italian architecture, with deep verandas, the homes of wealthy

¹ Here in winter are deposited all summer garments, and when spring returns they are reclaimed; and as the winter garments which are then left in pawn are more valuable, the owner sometimes receives an advance of seed for sowing his crops. Here there is no prejudice against the pawning of goods. It is a regular institution of the country, and even wealthy people send their goods here for safe keeping. Some foreigners thus dispose of their furs in the winter season.

"merchants, are scattered over the isle, embowered in the shade of their own gardens; and altogether this little spot—washed on one side by the Pearl river, and on the other by the canal—is as pleasant a quarter as could be desired.

"It is hard to realize that, previous to the capture of Canton, in 1857, a hideous mud-flat occupied the place where this green isle now lies."

Our author's descriptions of Canton—the streets, temples, and other wonderful sights—are excellent; clear, graphic, and very enjoyable. In her letter dated Jan. 14th we have an account of a long day in the city with Dr. Chalmers of the London Mission. Dr. Chalmers, having been at work in Canton for a quarter of a century, and a keen observer interested in native customs, was, we can readily understand, a delightful companion.

Turning to another portion of the work we meet with Dr. Edkins and Dr. Dudgeon. Miss Gordon Cumming writes, June 6th: "Up to this moment I had been in some anxiety regarding my destination on reaching Peking, where travellers are as yet so scarce that nothing of the nature of an hotel for foreigners exists, consequently the new-comer is wholly dependent on the hospitality of the residents. It was therefore with much relief and great pleasure that I found a most kind letter from Dr. and Mrs. Dudgeon, of the London Medical Mission, awaiting me at the Legation, and inviting me to their home (the house of all others which is to me the most attractive, as the centre of many special interests). So, after a halt at the Legation, my baggage and I were once more stowed in the depths of the blue-covered cart, which carried me across the Tartar city through blinding dust-clouds, till I reached this most interesting spot—once a Chinese home adjoining a heathen temple, now the chief centre of Christian work in this city—the Temple of the God of Fire being now the hospital wherein many thousand sufferers have been healed of divers diseases, and have first learnt something of Christian love. Here the kindest of welcomes very quickly made me feel at home with all the party, which I am delighted to find includes the Rev. J. Edkins, D.D., who is not only a noted Chinese scholar, but also the great authority on all matters of archæological interest in this place." It was Dr. Edkins's account of the worship conducted by the Imperial High Priest at the "Temple of Heaven," which inspired our author with so great a desire to see the place with her own eyes. Her visit to the Temple was thoroughly successful, and her description of it is one of the best bits in this volume.

Of the high value, in a *Missionary* sense, of her letters, we need hardly make an observation.

The existence of slavery as a recognised institution in Chinese domestic life was to our author an altogether new idea. There is "a system of absolute, hereditary slavery, from which there is no possibility of escape for three generations, though the great-grandson of the original slave is entitled to purchase his freedom if he can raise a sum equal to the price at which his master values him." We read:

The slave market is supplied from the families of rebels and of poor parents, who in very hard times are driven to sell their sons and daughters. Many also are the children of gamblers, who are sold to pay gambling debts. A large number have been kidnapped from distant homes, and though this offence is criminal, it is constantly practised. Under pressure of extreme poverty, girls are sometimes sold for about £1, but the average price of both sexes ranges from £10 to £20, according to health, strength, beauty, and age. Before a purchase is effected, the slave, male or female, is minutely examined, and made to go through his or her paces, to prove soundness in all respects. Should the result prove satisfactory, the purchaser becomes absolute owner of soul and body. He can sell his slave again at any moment, and for any purpose, or should he see fit to

beat him to death, or drown him, no law can touch him, for his slave is simply his chattel, and possesses no legal rights whatsoever. Instances have actually come to light in which ladies have thus beaten their female slaves to death but the action is looked upon merely as an extravagant waste of saleable property. In wealthy houses, where there are generally from twenty to thirty slaves, kindly treatment seems to be the general rule; but in smaller families, where only two or three are kept, the treatment is often so harsh that slaves run away, whereupon the town-crier is sent through the streets to offer a reward for the capture of the fugitive. He attracts attention by striking a gong, to which is attached a paper streamer on which all particulars are inscribed. Sometimes street placards are pasted up, with a full description of the runaway. Here, as in other slave-owning communities, parents have no rights whatever to their own children, who can be taken from them and sold at the will of the master. So the system of slavery is absolute, and its victims may be the children of fellow-citizens, and in the case of gamblers, of boon companions.

We might cull interesting passages from other letters, here and there; but we have given enough to show the character of this very readable and highly informing work.

We should add that the volumes are admirably printed, in clear type, and contain many illustrations. They will bear reading a second time; they are good to lend, and to keep.

The Vaudois of Piedmont. By the Rev. J. N. WORSFOLD, M.A., F.S.S. New and enlarged edition. Shaw and Co.

The new edition of Mr. Worsfold's work on the "Vaudois of Piedmont" contains a great deal of fresh matter, both useful and interesting. The author's aim has been to make it serve the purpose not only of a history, but also of a handbook for those who intend to visit the Piedmontese valleys; and we think that such persons would do well to purchase a copy, the more especially as there is no other work on the subject which exactly answers this purpose. The book is of a moderate size, and might be carried about without the slightest inconvenience. It contains, besides a sketch of the history of the Vaudois, a good deal of other matter which the tourist might find very serviceable to him, such, *e.g.*, as directions about inns, information respecting the climate of the different valleys, and the places particularly worth visiting, etc. The descriptions given of the various beauties with which those regions are so richly adorned, are alone sufficient to attract a lover of the picturesque. But they have other attractions beyond those which mere inanimate nature can bestow. The history of the inhabitants is as romantic as the scenery which surrounds their dwellings, and spreads over both the one and the other a halo bright with heroic deeds, and wonderful, almost miraculous escapes. Truth, it is said, is sometimes stranger than fiction; and the history of the Waldenses is an instance of this. It is clothed with all the colours of romance, though indeed some of the pictures it presents to us are dark enough. It is not, however, of these that we can now speak. We will pass on to notice a few points which Mr. Worsfold has investigated as carefully and as fully as could be done in so short a work, and about which some readers may not be fully informed. In chapters iii. and iv., the question as to the antiquity of the Waldensian people and the early purity of their worship is discussed, and to our mind pretty well settled. With regard to the much-contested question, whether they owe their origin as a pure separate Church to Peter Waldo (the reformer of Lyons), who lived in the twelfth century, that is a matter on which Mr. Worsfold tells us in another work ("The Life of Peter Waldo") the Vaudois of the present day do not consider as a question of prime importance, though interesting as a matter of historic truth. That which (he says) they regard as a subject for especial thankfulness is that in

spite of their feebleness, they maintained the soundness of their faith for centuries before the Reformation. This fact, however, is one which (as far as we know) was never doubted. But we cannot regard the other more disputed question as a point of mere historical interest. For every century in which we can prove that the Waldensian Church existed as a pure and uncorrupted Church adds additional weight to the testimony which it bears to the truth; and the testimony of one man who honestly examines Scripture without resigning his private judgment, must be of more weight than that of a hundred Romanists. We are not going to detail all the evidence which goes to prove the antiquity of this Church; suffice it to say that we have sufficient proof to make it at least highly probable that this people were singled out by God to bear a lasting and unbroken testimony to pure Evangelical truth, from the days of the Apostles down to our time, and we trust also it will be so down to the time of Christ's appearing. It is to be regretted that St. Leger, the historian, who collected together all the documents he could find relative to the early history of this people, was deprived of them during his imprisonment, for they might have settled the question beyond dispute. But enough is known about the Waldenses to show that they were a people especially beloved of God, and hated of the evil one and all who acted as agents in carrying out his designs. And we cannot doubt that for many centuries, and, we may add, for as long as anything has been distinctly ascertained respecting them, they have remained like Gideon's fleece, wet with the dews of heaven, while all around them was dry. That they have had, like all other Churches, their seasons of coldness and deadness, cannot be denied; but whenever for a time sleep has overtaken them, God has always raised up faithful Evangelists, who have been the means of quickening their half-expiring life. Among the most conspicuous of these are Peter Waldo, who has been already mentioned, and who flourished in the twelfth century; and in the later days, Felix Neff, who sowed a seed which was afterwards watered by others, *e.g.*, the Rev. Dr. Gilly, prebendary of Durham, and General Beckwith, the ever revered benefactor of the valleys. The history of this people ought to have a peculiar interest for those who delight in tracing the workings of God's providence. For however much we may feel surprised at the terrible sufferings which (of course for wise reasons) God allowed His people to undergo, we have sufficient proofs that He was with them. Their many deliverances, some of them almost miraculous, and wrought at times when they were on the verge of total annihilation as a nation, show that they were never really forsaken of God. Indeed when we consider the danger and sufferings to which they were exposed, and the wonderful manner in which a remnant of them was always preserved, and that sometimes by means which they could not have calculated upon, and which they had no hand in bringing about, it would almost seem as if God had said with respect to them as a nation, what He said with respect to Job as an individual, "Behold he is in thy hands, but spare his life." Only (if we may be allowed to conjecture on such a subject) we can hardly suppose that Satan was allowed to be aware of this restriction any more than his agents were. For he tried every means of destroying them as a people; or if that were not possible, of putting out their light as a Church—that light which had so long shone in the midst of darkness. He tried to effect these ends in almost every conceivable way—by force, by bloodshed, by guile, by disease, and lastly by the infusion of a spirit of coldness and deadness into the souls of men. But all was in vain. The Waldensian Church has been well compared to the bush which burned but was not consumed. We may now, however, reasonably hope that the fires of persecution will never again burn, at

least not with the violence that they once did. But those fires have not been without their uses. They have prepared the way for a great and important work which is now going on in Italy through Waldensian agency. As Mr. Worsfold says, "This little Church, so often attempted to be destroyed by the virulence of its foes, lives on, yea, is developing a more vigorous, pure and fruitful Christian life in all its valley parishes, as well as in its mission stations" (p. 145). He adds, "Under God, the evangelization of Italy depends on the wise management of this little historic Church; its progress, in my view, can only be safe by the strictest regard to its past traditions," etc. (p. 146). It may be said also that its progress depends in a great measure on our liberality and exertions in its behalf, and let us recollect that besides other inducements we have a character to keep up. When the fires of persecution were hottest in the valleys, England was the foremost (during Cromwell's protectorate) in aiding the afflicted Church of the Waldenses; let us then not be backward in helping her now that she is in comparative prosperity, and let us recollect that this prosperity (at least in a spiritual point of view) depends (under God) in a great measure on our countenance and support.

EDWARD WHATELY.

Tiresias and other Poems. By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, D.C.L., P.L. Macmillan and Co.

As to the Poem which gives its title to Lord Tennyson's new volume, *Tiresias*, it will be remembered, was cursed with the loss of his eyesight, and made to foretell what nobody would believe. It is a noble poem, impressive, stately, with much of Tennysonian beauty. It opens thus:

I wish I were as in the years of old,
While yet the blessed daylight made itself
Ruddy thro' both the roofs of sight, and woke
These eyes, now dull, but then so keen to seek
The meanings ambush'd under all they saw,
The flight of birds, the flame of sacrifice,
What omens may foreshadow fate to man
And woman, and the secret of the Gods,

My son, the Gods, despite of human prayer,
Are slower to forgive than human kings.

In a secret olive-glade, he tells, Pallas Athene, disturbed, angry, laid on him that dreadful ban:—

Son, in the hidden world of sight, that lives
Behind this darkness, I behold her still,
Beyond all work of those who carve the stone,
Beyond all dreams of Godlike womanhood,
Ineffable beauty, out of whom, at a glance,
And as it were, perforce, upon me flash'd
The power of prophesying—but to me
No power—so chain'd and coupled with the curse
Of blindness and their unbelief, who heard
And heard not, when I spake of famine, plague,
Shrine-shattering earthquake, fire, flood, thunderbolt,
And angers of the Gods for evil done
And expiation lack'd—no power on Fate
Theirs, or mine own! for when the crowd would roar
For blood, for war, whose issue was their doom,
To cast wise words among the multitude
Was flinging fruit to lions; nor, in hours
Of civil outbreak, when I knew the twain
Would each waste each, and bring on both the yoke

Of stronger states, was mine the voice to curb
 The madness of our cities and their kings.
 Who ever turn'd upon his heel to hear
 My warning that the tyranny of one
 Was prelude to the tyranny of all ?
 My counsel that the tyranny of all
 Led backward to the tyranny of one ?

"The Ancient Sage" has also many beautiful passages, rich in imagination, forcible, finely expressed, well showing the Poet Laureate's genius. Here is a specimen. "Let me read," he asks :

"How far thro' all the bloom and brake
 That nightingale is heard !
 What power but the bird's could make
 This music in the bird ?
 How summer-bright are yonder skies,
 And earth as fair in hue !
 And yet what sign of aught that lies
 Behind the green and blue ?
 But man to-day is fancy's fool
 As man hath ever been.
 The nameless Power, or Powers, that rule
 Were never heard or seen."

If thou wouldst hear the Nameless, and wilt dive
 Into the Temple-cave of thine own self,
 There, brooding by the central altar, thou
 Mayst haply learn the Nameless hath a voice,
 By which thou wilt abide, if thou be wise,
 As if thou knewest, tho' thou canst not know ;
 For Knowledge is the swallow on the lake
 That sees and stirs the surface-shadow there
 But never yet hath dipt into the abysm,
 The Abysm of all Abysms, beneath, within
 The blue of sky and sea, the green of earth,
 And in the million-millionth of a grain
 Which cleft and cleft again for evermore,
 And ever vanishing, never vanishes,
 To me, my son, more mystic than myself,
 Or even than the Nameless is to me.

And when thou sendest thy free soul thro' heaven,
 Nor understandest bound nor boundlessness,
 Thou seest the Nameless of the hundred names.

And if the Nameless should withdraw from all
 Thy frailty counts most real, all thy world
 Might vanish like thy shadow in the dark.

"And since—from when this earth began—
 The Nameless never came
 Among us, never spake with man,
 And never named the Name"—

Thou canst not prove the Nameless, O my son,
 Nor canst thou prove the world thou movest in,
 Thou canst not prove that thou art body alone,
 Nor canst thou prove that thou art spirit alone,
 Nor canst thou prove that thou art both in one :
 Thou canst not prove thou art immortal, no
 Nor yet that thou art mortal—nay, my son,
 Thou canst not prove——

And so, thou shouldst *believe* ! How far this suggestive poetry, here and elsewhere, teaches faith according to Scripture, is a question we may touch on hereafter.

Many of the poems in this volume—it need hardly be observed—are reprints.

In the poem "Despair" appear the complainings and confessions of a miserable man, distraught and blasphemous, rescued from the sea by a Dissenting minister whose chapel he had been accustomed to attend :

Have I crazed myself over their horrible infidel writings ? O yes,
For these are the new dark ages, you see, of the popular press,
When the bat comes out of his cave, and the owls are whooping at noon,
And Doubt is the lord of this dunghill and crows to the sun and the moon,
Till the Sun and the Moon of our science are both of them turn'd into blood,
And Hope will have broken her heart, running after a shadow of good ;
For their knowing and know-nothing books are scatter'd from hand to hand—
We have knelt in your know-all chapel too looking over the sand.

He had lost "faith in a God." We doubted whether such verses would do any good ; and we are sorry to see them in this volume.

A very touching poem, with many Tennysonian felicities, is "Flight." On the night before her wedding-day a girl addresses her sister, who is sleeping by her side :

I.

Are you sleeping ? have you forgotten ? do not sleep, my sister dear !
How *can* you sleep ? the morning brings the day I hate and fear ;
The cock has crow'd already once, he crows before his time ;
Awake ! the creeping glimmer steals, the hills are white with rime.

II.

Ah, clasp me in your arms, sister ! ah, fold me to your breast !
Ah, let me weep my fill once more, and cry myself to rest !
To rest ? to rest and wake no more were better rest for me,
Than to waken every morning to that face I loathe to see :

III.

I envied your sweet slumber, all night so calm you lay,
The night was calm, the morn is calm, and like another day ;
But I could wish yon moaning sea would rise and burst the shore,
And such a whirlwind blow these woods as never blew before.

IV.

For, one by one, the stars went down across the gleaming pane
And project after project rose, and all of them were vain ;
The blackthorn-blossom fades and falls and leaves the bitter sloe,
The hope I catch at vanishes, and youth is turn'd to woe.

V.

Come, speak a little comfort ! all night I pray'd with tears,
And yet no comfort came to me, and now the morn appears,
When he will tear me from your side, who bought me for his slave ;
This father pays his debt with me, and weds me to my grave.

The "Charge of the Heavy Brigade" has true Tennysonian force and fire ; the Epilogue is fresh, delicate, and very pretty :

IRENE.

Not this way will you set your name
A star among the stars.

POET.

What way ?

IRENE.

You praise when you should blame
The barbarism of wars.
A juster epoch has begun.

POET.

Yet tho' this cheek be gray,
 And that bright hair the modern sun,
 Those eyes the blue to-day,
 You wrong me, passionate little friend.
 I would that wars should cease,
 I would the globe from end to end
 Might sow and reap in peace,
 And some new Spirit o'erbear the old,
 Or Trade re-frain the Powers
 From war with kindly links of gold,
 Or Love with wreaths of flowers.
 Slav, Teuton, Kelt, I count them all
 My friends and brother souls,
 With all the peoples, great and small,
 That wheel between the poles.
 But since, our mortal shadow, Ill
 To waste this earth began—
 Perchance from some abuse of Will
 In worlds before the man
 Involving ours—he needs must fight
 To make true peace his own,
 He needs must combat might with might,
 Or Might would rule alone ;
 And who loves War for War's own sake
 Is fool, or crazed, or worse ;
 But let the patriot-soldier take
 His meed of fame in verse ;
 Nay—tho' that realm were in the wrong
 For which her warriors bleed,
 It still were right to crown with song
 The warrior's noble deed—

“To-morrow” will specially attract some admirers of Tennyson :

IV.

Och, Molly Magee, wid the red o' the rose, an' the white o' the May,
 An' yer hair as black as the night, an' yer eyes as bright as the day !
 Achora, yer laste little wishper was sweet as the lilt of a bird !
 Acushla, ye set me heart batin' to music wid ivery word !
 An' sorra the Queen wid her sceptre in sich an illigant han',
 An' the fall of yer foot in the dance was as light as snow on the lan',
 An' the sun kem out of a cloud whiniver ye walkt in the shreet,
 An' Shamus O'Shea was yer shadda, an' laid himself undher yer feet.

There is much in such verses to admire, of course. Molly, it should be stated, saw—after forty years—the body of her lover, whose farewell word had been “to-morrow”:

Arrah now, here last month they wor diggin' the bog, an' they foun'
 Dhrownded in black bog-wather a corp lyin' undher groun'.

There are some charming verses on Early Spring. The first runs thus :

Once more the Heavenly Power
 Makes all things new,
 And domes the red-plow'd hills
 With loving blue ;
 The blackbirds have their wills,
 The throstles too.