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THE

CHURCHMAN

A Monthly Magazine

CONDUCTED BY CLERGYMEN AND LAYMEN

OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

VOL. VII.

LONDON
ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW
1883

THE

CHURCHMAN

OCTOBER, 1882.

ART. I.—THE THAMES CHURCH MISSION.

"The success of a Mission must, under God, depend greatly upon the earnest, faithful co-operation of praying and believing people."

HAVING been asked, as one of the oldest members of the Thames Church Mission, to make a few remarks on its origin and progress, I have much pleasure in doing so; though, on comparing its small beginning in 1844 with its present extensive operations, I feel it will be difficult to do justice to the subject within the limits of a short article.

My first acquaintance with Mission work on the Thames was in the year 1835, when, for some years, I had the privilege of being associated with my late excellent friend, Capt. R. J. Elliot, R.N., as an Honorary Secretary of "The Episcopal Floating Church Society," whose vessel, the *Brazen*, a sloop of war kindly lent by the Admiralty, was moored not far from the Tower, and was known as the "Floating Church for Seamen."

After fifteen years of indefatigable persistence,[1] Captain Elliot found it impossible to persuade seamen to attend the services, for if on leave they preferred remaining on shore, and if afloat many of them were ship-keeping and unable to leave their duty; and so in this respect the *Brazen* proved a failure. In a higher sense, however, she was successful, as an anecdote will prove.

After the last Annual Meeting of the Thames Church Mission an aged sea captain introduced himself to the Secretary, stating that forty-one years ago he attended the *Brazen* service one Sunday night on his return from the West Indies. God met with him there; the gospel preached by the officiating clergyman

[1] On one occasion, when going to a vessel at night, he fell overboard, and narrowly escaped drowning.

reached his conscience and heart, and he left England a changed man, "to live no longer to himself, but to Him who died for him and rose again." Here is a practical commentary on the text, which has been the Society's motto—"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

In the year 1844, several members of the *Brazen* Committee—viz., the present Marquess of (then Lord Henry) Cholmondeley, and the late Admiral the Earl of Waldegrave, Admiral Sir Henry Hope (then Capt. Hope, of *Endymion* celebrity), and Capt. Elliot (founder of the Sailors' Home), deeply impressed with the spiritual destitution of the immense seafaring population on the Thames, met for prayer, and to consider what further steps could be taken to meet the desperate need of sailors entering the Port. They determined *that if the sailors would not come to the floating church, the Gospel should be carried to them by a cruising church.* Their prayers were shortly answered by the Admiralty placing at their disposal a cutter named the *Swan*, which had seen service in the Baltic. She was forthwith specially fitted, and with a resident chaplain, licensed by the Bishop of London, and a crew of five pious men, she sailed forth—as the old Report expresses it—"to do battle for the Lord of Hosts against the powers of darkness for the soul of the sailor." For many years the *Swan* was a familiar object as she cruised between London and Gravesend, or lay alongside the tiers of collier brigs waiting to be unloaded in Bugsby's Reach.

The work increased and extended greatly, and the services of the staff being required in various directions, it was found necessary to supplement the *Swan* by two smaller vessels, in which a Chaplain or Lay-Missionary cruised up or down the river to visit the large emigrant or convict ships, while the "Church" remained at her moorings.

Ultimately the construction of vast docks, with twenty miles of wharves, furnishing accommodation for 1,200 vessels, totally changed the conditions of river traffic; and in 1874, the *Swan* being no longer seaworthy, was gratefully returned to H.M. dockyard, and since that time the visitation has been conducted in boats from the shore. The *Swan* cannot, however, be dismissed without a tribute to the long and faithful services of her master, William Hancock. In 1844 he was coxswain to the late Capt. Charles Rowley, R.N., on board H.M.S. *St. Vincent*, and was on his strong recommendation appointed to the command of the "Thames Church." He is now pensioned, but continues to attend the monthly prayer meetings, and manifest a keen interest in the work in which he was at one time so much blessed.[1] Capt. Rowley himself, when residing near Greenwich,

[1] Hancock was a quarter-master on board the *Dreadnought* between the time he served under Capt. Rowley and his taking command of the

frequently visited the hospital ship *Dreadnought*, and was the means of several conversions among the quartermasters and patients. But especially should be mentioned the valuable work of our late esteemed Honorary Secretary, Capt. E. Littlehales, R.N., whose retirement two years ago, in consequence of ill health, was the more regretted because it was undoubtedly attributable to his unceasing and excessive devotion to the cause, for upwards of twenty years.

The work is being zealously prosecuted under the present Secretary (Mr. E. J. Mather), by a Chaplain (resident at Gravesend), an Assistant Chaplain, six Lay-Missionaries, and eight Scripture Colporteurs, not merely from the "Pool" to Gravesend, as formerly, but from Putney Bridge to the North Sea fisheries—indeed to the *world's end*—for who can calculate the influence of the blessing carried forth from these shores by truly Christian sailors or emigrants? A former chaplain, when questioned by a brother clergyman as to the extent of his parish, very truly replied, "the whole world!"

Services are held by the chaplains on the Lord's-day, and Bible and confirmation classes during the week on board the cadet ship *Worcester*, and the training frigates *Arethusa*, *Chichester*, and *Cornwall*, whose captains speak in the highest terms of the spiritual results upon their youthful crews. In a recent letter one of the captains remarked: "Never has there been such marked and decided spiritual work on board this ship as during the past two and a half years." And let us hope the eighty *Worcester* cadets, and the 170 boys from the other ships, who annually enter the merchant service, carry away in their hearts the precious seed which has been sown, to bring forth fruit for God in their after lives.

The senior chaplain's sphere of visitation has been considerably extended east and west of Gravesend Reach, through the placing of a steam launch on that station, the liberality of friends having enabled the committee to purchase a fine suitable vessel (40 feet long). She has been named the *Swan*, by way of perpetuating the memory of the old "Thames Church," and in several instances her appearance has attracted the attention of officers and men who, years ago, attended the services conducted on board her larger namesake. For example, the mate of a steamer exclaimed: "Oh! the old *Swan!* Ah! I used to go on board many years ago to the service when I was apprentice in a collier brig. I shall never forget the old *Swan*. But I am not converted yet, sir. But my mother, eighty years old, is praying for it every day. I hope I shall

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Swan, and he was the means of conversion of those mentioned in the text, aided, no doubt, by Capt. Rowley's frequent visits.

before long." Another incident is more gratifying, and illustrative of the truth of that text already quoted, which so many years ago filled the hearts of the founders of the Thames Church Mission with faith and hope, and which has been the Society's motto in all its subsequent operations. The missionary stationed at Northfleet boarded a ship for Melbourne and held a meeting with twenty-five passengers, after which one of them, an old Colonist, said: "Twenty years ago I served my apprenticeship in the coal trade, and was often present at the services on board the *Swan* Thames Church. Of course you remember the old *Britannia*, and her two apprentices Harry and Billy, with whom you took so much pains? You fetched them to the *Swan* each time they came up the river, and often spent half the night talking and praying with them after you had taken them back to their own ship. Harry is now one of our best preachers in Melbourne, and Billy is preaching to the blacks in the West Indies."

It is not for us to know the full result of all this holy work and warfare until the sea shall "give up the dead which are in it;" but God in His mercy, and for our encouragement, allows us to see *some* of its good effects even now. Many are the pleasing incidents related by various members of the staff at our monthly prayer and committee meetings, some proving, like the one just cited, that the good seed had been sown in the heart by the kind yet forcible preaching of a chaplain, lay-missionary, or colporteur. I furnish a few instances from the Journals:—

Last Lord's day evening Mr. —— accompanied me on board the —— (the captain of which is a Christian) and gave an address in the cabin to about twenty-eight hearers. Most had listened with considerable attention to the old, yet ever new, story of Jesus and His love, when the attention of the speaker was drawn to two men who were evidently there only to mock. One especially showed plainly that he cared for none of these things, and that apparently all the seed had been sown in vain as far as he was concerned. Seeing this, he said, "during my address to-night I have observed with pain some here appearing quite careless about their souls, and I ask you (turning to myself) to spend one hour to-night in prayer to God for these men." Then, turning to the captain, he made the same request, which was heartily granted, promising to do the same himself.

On returning home, he shut himself up for one hour, crying to God for the scoffers on that ship, and feeling assured that God would, in His own way, hear and answer the prayers. The captain and I did the same. On the following Tuesday we met again. "I have something good to tell you," said I. "I prayed as you asked me, and felt very happy in doing so, and this morning being near the ship, I was hailed when passing in the boat by one of the crew. I went on board and there found one of the men in an agony of soul. He had seen me

passing, and had called me to speak to him about Christ. I need hardly tell you how gladly I did it, and before I left the man was a rejoicing believer." The ship has just sailed for the north, but she has on board of her at least one witness that God hears prayer.

It is deeply interesting to find nine months later the following entry:—

Boarded the ——. Was warmly greeted by one of the men, but was obliged to confess that I didn't remember his face. "Oh, but I know *you*," said he, "and what's better, I know the Lord Jesus as my Saviour." "Thank God for that," I exclaimed; "but tell me how it came about." "Simply thus," he replied. "It has all resulted from the service held on board the —— last summer, when the preacher asked you and our skipper to spend an hour praying for us. When I heard him say that, I thought it was quite time I should begin to pray for myself."

Thus it pleased God to answer the prayers of His servants in the case of two poor fellows who previously had been living "without hope and without God in the world."

The labours of the colporteurs are important, and have furnished abundant cause for thankfulness, many cases having occurred of conversion to God from the simple reading of His holy Word. For example:—

Fourteen months ago I went on board a Norwegian vessel, and persuaded one of the men to buy a Bible. During the voyage the Holy Spirit applied the Word to his heart, and on my visiting her a few days ago the poor sailor caught hold of me and almost kissed me, saying, "I am happy, I am happy; Christ is in my heart; Oh, I am a happy man." The mate also testified of the great change in this man. "Oh, it was that Bible that you sold me that did it, you said it was a sure guide. I did not read it at first, but threw it into my chest, and it would have been there till now, only when we were becalmed out at sea I read it for want of anything else. Oh, it is my compass now and my chart, and if I had a pound I would give it to your Society; you shall take all the money I have. I will give it, for God has saved my soul." He then gave me two Mexican dollars in proof of his gratitude.

A second case:—

In visiting the s.s. —— a few days ago, I had occasion to speak to the chief officer with reference to the time of sailing, in order that I might get a supply of books for crew and emigrants.

After a little conversation he said, "I have some recollection of your face." Then thinking for a moment he said, "Oh, it was on board the —— I saw you. Don't you remember bringing sixteen Bibles on board from your Mission?" I replied I did. "Well," he said, "those Bibles were made a great blessing on that ship. Mr. ——, the chief officer, formed a Bible-class with those books, also held service regularly. And I am glad to tell you that it was the means of my con-

version; it turned me right about. I am a happy man now, Sir, and belong to a church at Hackney." I replied, "You feel then that godliness is profitable unto all things?" "Oh, yes, I do," he said; "but I have great difficulties to contend with on board, yet the Lord sustains me. Another great blessing has resulted. My wife also has given her heart to the Saviour, and is a member of the same church. I do bless God that ever you came on board with those Bibles, also that I ever had the company and advice of the then chief officer, Mr. ——; he has another ship now and is captain. I know he would like to see you again. If all is well he will be in London in a short time; try and see him. Tell him that his old mate is a happy man serving the Lord, also that he was the chief instrument in God's hands of my conversion."

Again:—

Got our boat out early, and went up the river before the wind rose too heavy. Spent many hours among the windbound craft. The first I boarded was a barge. The master came out of his cabin *with his Testament in his hand.* I remarked, "You have begun early with the good book then." He replied, "Yes, I was just going to see what the Master had provided for me to-day. I cannot read much. I have only learned to read a little this last three months since I was converted. You see this is one of your fourpenny Testaments. I can just spell down a chapter." This man seemed very much troubled because his mate would not join him in prayer. I had a few encouraging words with the young fellow, and got him below and had a nice little meeting, for which the master was very thankful.

Once more:—

Held a service in the cabin of the ——, barge. After which the master remarked he went from school into a barge, and could read very well when he went, but never troubled about books for a long time, and lost all his reading. He could scarcely spell a word until he bought a Testament out of our boat, and that Testament had been his schoolmaster ever since. He was thankful to say he could read anything now. He said it was over twenty years since he bought his Testament. He showed it to me. It was well worn, and one of the covers off, but he seemed to value it more than a new one.

From a recent paragraph in the British and Foreign Bible Society's *Monthly Reporter* it will be seen how warmly the Committee of that great Institution appreciate what has been effected. The *Reporter* says:—"The Thames Church Mission has grown into a vigorous and important agency for practically obeying the text which it takes as its motto: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.' It is, in fact, one of those valuable Home Societies which enable the British and Foreign Bible Society to put the Scriptures into wide circulation, just as the great Missionary Societies do abroad."

I should be occupying too much space were I to multiply these interesting extracts, and would beg the readers of THE CHURCHMAN to peruse for themselves the Society's Report[1] for the present year; it shows very clearly how the work is permeating all classes, from the humblest boatman, or bargeman, to the officers in command of our stately ocean steamers, plying to all parts of the world.

The war in Egypt, too, has given occasion for special activity, the Mission Staff having been authorized by the Admiralty to visit every transport conveying troops from the Thames, and to proceed in the vessels from the docks to Gravesend. By this means these devoted workers have had ample opportunity for conversation with the men, besides presenting each soldier with a copy of the New Testament, and books or tracts. In this way upwards of 18,000 Testaments and 25,000 tracts have been distributed, additional provision being made on board the hospital ships.

In conclusion, I would refer to the most recent addition to the sphere of the Society's operations—the North Sea fisheries. Comparatively few persons know even the *locality* from which many thousands of tons are annually drawn to supply both the metropolitan and provincial fish markets, or realize what a multitude of persons are engaged from year's end to year's end in the terribly hazardous deep-sea trawling. The writer of a very excellent article in the *Daily Telegraph* remarks:—

> I once wrote in this journal an account of a voyage in a smack to the North Sea. One such journey is enough for a lifetime, and the recollection of it makes me here declare—and I am sure there is not a sailor living who will contradict me—that of all the several forms of seafaring life there is absolutely none comparable in severity, exposure, hardship, and stern peril to that of the smacksman. His vessel is a small one; his cabin a little darksome hole; his working hours are full of harsh toil; he has to give battle to the wildest weather, to struggle on for bread through storm and snow and frost, through the long blackness of the howling winter's night, through the grey wilderness of a foaming ocean swept by winds as pitiless as the hand of death. No legislation can alter these conditions of his life. Philanthropy will have its cod and sole and turbot. The fish must be caught, but caught in such a manner that those who shoot their trawls for them catch other things besides—a wild roughness of bearing, a defiance of civilized instincts, a sense of outlawed and neglected life that brings with it a fixed conviction of social immunity.

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[1] *Thirty-seventh Report of the Thames Church Mission Society*, 31, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C., 1882. May I venture to suggest to the clerical readers of the CHURCHMAN that congregational collections on behalf of the Mission would be most gratefully acknowledged? At present we receive offertories from only a few churches.

"I'm a fisherman myself, Sir," a man once said to me; "and I'll allow that there are many well-mannered, sober, steady men among us; but, taking us all round, you'll not find a coarser set of human beings in the world; and, if you want to know the reason, you've only got to look at yonder smack, heading away into the North Sea, where, maybe, she'll be heaving and tossing about for weeks, with ne'er a proper influence in the shape of books or company for the men to come at."

To these poor fellows, then, the Thames Church Mission are now sending out "the Word of Life," and most gratefully have the missionaries been received. The "Short Blue" fleet, the largest fishing fleet in the North Sea, belonging to Messrs. Hewett & Co., had over twenty years ago its rendezvous at Barking, and at that time the agents of the Mission laboured regularly amongst the crews. On the introduction of steam fish carriers the fleet migrated to Gorleston, as more convenient to the fishing grounds, and from that time the work of this Society ceased to reach the fishermen. Now, however, in a remarkable and clearly providential way, God has led to the resumption of this labour, and has provided a trim little smack, the *Ensign*, to be used as a Mission vessel in connection with the "Short Blue" fleet. Under the command of a godly fisherman, who is not only honorary agent of the Thames Church Mission, but also of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church of England Temperance Society, and the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, this smack is now cruising with the fleet, affording opportunity for regular Mission work. The *Ensign* carries a lending library (who will volunteer to increase the number of volumes?), a harmonium, kindly given by a gentleman whose sympathies had been aroused by the published accounts of this interesting effort—and, by no means least important, a medicine chest, "A Thank-offering" from a dear Christian lady, on her recovery from a very dangerous illness. Some cases of barbarous cruelty to smack apprentices, too painful for quotation, have lately appeared in the newspapers; and can anything, I need scarcely ask, be so likely to prove an efficacious remedy, or preventive, as the spiritual and philanthropic work now so happily inaugurated—prayer for the influence of the Holy Spirit, the diffusion of Scriptural knowledge through the distribution of copies of the Word of God, and the affectionate appeals of the Missionaries?

There are many ways in which the Society's work for God can be materially assisted; but beyond all other means which the readers of THE CHURCHMAN in their kindness may adopt, I plead for that of which this closing extract so touchingly tells:—

Amongst the many vessels boarded was the ——, steamer, where I held a most interesting service; twenty hearers were present. A

the close, one of the sailors said to me, "Did you feel much of the Lord's presence on Sunday? My reason for asking is this: whilst at Hamburg on Sunday, a sailor came into this forecastle and invited all us chaps on board of a Guernsey brig to a prayer-meeting. Two men with myself went on board, and entered into the brig's cabin, where there were about fourteen sailors collected together. The master of the brig (who was the preacher) said, 'Those of us who will, may offer up prayer. Let us earnestly beseech the Lord to abundantly bless the labours of that excellent Society the Thames Church Mission, for there are some of us here have to thank God that ever it was instituted.'"

We greatly value the help of prayer.

FRANCIS MAUDE (Capt. R.N.).

ART II.—LONGFELLOW.[1]

WE lost in the early months of the present year one of the truest, and purest, and sweetest poets of this century. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow died on the 24th of March, "the roaring moon of daffodil and crocus," and his death cast a shadow on many a home on both sides of the Atlantic, and indeed in all countries where the English language is spoken. Wherever his poems had reached—and where had they not?—a sincere sorrow was felt by all who could estimate sincerity and dignity, simplicity and goodness; and even little ones mourned for the gentle poet who had given a voice to their hopes and fears, and who showed how much he loved them in his beautiful poem of "The Children's Hour." The inhabitants of Cambridge, near Boston, which had been his home for some years, were first apprised of the poet's death by the tolling of his age—seventy-five years—upon the fire-alarm bell; and long before the sun went down the tidings of a great loss had been carried far and wide. In a sonnet which appeared in the *Spectator* since his death, he is justly styled—

> The bard
> Whose sweet songs, more than aught beside,
> Have bound two worlds together;

and England, equally with America, has sorrowed over the loss

[1] "Ultima Thule." By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Second Edition. London: George Routledge & Sons. 1880.
"In the Harbour." By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. London: George Routledge & Sons. 1882.

of a noble man and poet whose gracious presence has passed away from earth.

It is pleasant, when thinking on the high character and eminent gifts of Longfellow, to remember his descent from the Pilgrim Fathers of Plymouth, Massachusetts; five of his ancestors being among the passengers in the first memorable voyage of the *Mayflower*. The great-grandfather of the poet was Stephen Longfellow, who was born at Newbury, in 1685; and it is interesting to know, in view of the popular poem of "The Village Blacksmith," that he was the blacksmith of the village, and also an ensign in the militia of the town. On his mother's side the poet was a descendant of John Alden, who had also been a passenger in the *Mayflower*, and she was also connected with that Priscilla Mullen, whose significant answer: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" has been preserved in the well-known poem of "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

Longfellow entered Bowdoin College in his fourteenth year, and graduated in 1825. He early developed great literary taste, read all the great masters of song, of whatever age or nation, and had a cordial and catholic appreciation of their genius. Several of his poems were written during his college career, and among them "The Hymn of the Moravian Nuns," "The Spirit of Poetry," and "Sunrise on the Hills." From these we not only gather his love of Nature, but find that love expressed in language musical, simple and sincere. We give a few lines from "The Spirit of Poetry":—

> And this is the sweet spirit, that doth fill
> The world; and in these wayward days of youth,
> My busy fancy oft embodies it,
> As a bright image of the light and beauty
> That dwells in Nature: of the heavenly forms
> We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues
> That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the clouds
> When the sun sets.

We discover a sentiment very similar in the closing verse of "Sunrise on the Hills":—

> If thou art worn and hard beset
> With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget;
> If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
> Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep,
> Go to the woods and hills! no tears
> Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

After taking his degree, Longfellow entered his father's office that he might study law; but being offered the Chair of Modern Languages in Bowdoin College, in 1828, with leave of absence for travel and study, he left America for the continent of Europe.

He visited France, Spain, Italy and Germany. Remaining some time at the University of Gottingen, and returning through England, he entered on the duties of his professorship in 1829. In 1831 he married Miss Mary Storer Potter, daughter of the Hon. Barrett Potter, of Portland, who died at Rotterdam, in 1835, during a tour with her husband in the northern countries of Europe. She was a woman of great beauty and accomplishments, lovely alike in person and character; and it is her memory that he has enshrined in the touching little poem called "The Footsteps of the Angels."

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

. . . .

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only,
Such as these have lived and died!

This is poetry of the heart, tender and peaceful; regretful, yet hopeful; yearning, yet resigned.

Longfellow's residence in Europe was devoted to work as well as to the pleasures of foreign travel; and he so mastered all the principal modern languages as to make himself familiar with the greatest works in all. In "Outre-Mer, a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea," he has left the records of a tour in Europe, and in it the reader finds a fresh and true description of the soil and scenery, the habits and feelings and modes of life of the places he visited, and the people whom he saw. The whole is imbued with the colours of the scenes which passed under his poet eye, and is redolent of the warm and romantic atmosphere of France, and Italy, and Spain. His records of Nature and Art, as seen in those historic countries of the Old World, alike charm and instruct, as he lingers over what is most characteristic in the traditions and genius, the literature and art of the country that for a season was his home.

In 1839 he published "Hyperion," a romance full of fancy and delicate humour, and charged throughout with poetical feeling;

and containing, moreover, some fine and appreciative criticism. The hero of the book, Paul Flemming, is an American traveller, who sets out on his tour under the dark shadow of a great sorrow. His wife and her infant lie in the churchyard, and the husband and father goes forth alone, with a heart torn with anguish, and seeking some consolation in change of scene. Composure comes with time; grief chastens the traveller, and resignation forbids despair. New duties call for exertion, new achievements demand fresh energy; and with these new hopes begin to dawn over the night of his sorrow. Love once more sheds a brightness on his path; and the beauty, and virtues, and accomplishments of Mary Ashburton win upon a heart keenly sensitive to excellence and grace. "Hyperion" is in some respects a revelation of the poet's inner life. The original of Miss Ashburton was Frances Elizabeth Appleton, daughter of Nathan Appleton, a distinguished citizen of Boston, and her remarkable graces of person and of mind could not fail to charm the young poet's heart. He wooed and won the beautiful girl. The rejection of Paul Flemming's suit in the romance was, happily, not realized by Longfellow in his more fortunate courtship, and he was married to Miss Appleton in 1843, when he was in his thirty-sixth year. This noble woman, beautiful as a bride, and, it is said, more beautiful still as a matron, was burnt to death before his eyes on the 4th of July, 1861. Her light muslin dress took fire from a lighted match; and though her husband attempted to extinguish the flames, it was all in vain: she never recovered from the injuries received. The sorrow was a cruel one, the memory terrible, the loss irreparable. But the poet did not question or complain. "He was dumb, and opened not his mouth." There does not appear to be a single reference to the agony of that terrible hour in any of his published poems; the grief was hidden away from sight in the inner recesses of the heart. And yet, however he may have schooled his mind to submission, and have disciplined his will, not doubting the goodness of God, were there not times when he too could cry, in the words of his brother poet:—

> But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still.

The first volumes which Longfellow published were received with delight, became soon widely known and admired; and it was felt that a new poetic star had swam into men's ken. The "Voices of the Night" (1839) and "Ballads" (1841) at once became popular, and gave him a high place among contemporary poets. There is not one of them that is not familiar to the reader, and comment on their grace and rhythm, their sentiment and emotion, would be superfluous. "A Psalm of Life,"

"Footsteps of Angels," "The Light of Stars," "The Beleaguered City," and "Flowers," are all greatly and deservedly admired. Every one will recall the vigour and pictorial power, as well as the touching pathos, of "The Wreck of the Hesperus," the fine imaginative beauty of "The Skeleton in Armour," where every picture is a separate work of art, and where the sound of the north wind, and the roar of the rushing waves seem to form an appropriate accompaniment to the chant of the rude Viking,—

Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane
Bore I the maiden.

The late Mr. James T. Fields, so well known in the world of letters on both sides the Atlantic, and whose acquaintance with Longfellow was long and intimate, contributed an interesting reminiscence of the poet to the *Boston Daily Globe* of March 25 in this year:—

"The Psalm of Life" came into existence on a bright summer morning in July, 1838, in Cambridge, as the poet sat between two windows, at a small table in the corner of his chamber. It was a voice from his inmost heart, and he kept it unpublished for a long time; it expressed his own feelings at that time, when recovering from a deep affliction, and he hid it in his own heart for many months. The poem of "The Reaper and the Flowers" came without effort, crystallized into his mind. "The Light of Stars" was composed on a serene and beautiful summer evening, exactly suggestive of the poem. "The Wreck of the Hesperus" was written the night after a violent storm

had occurred, and as the poet sat smoking his pipe the *Hesperus* came sailing into his mind: he went to bed, but could not sleep, and rose and wrote the celebrated verses. The poem hardly caused him an effort, but flowed on without let or hindrance. On a summer afternoon in 1839, as he was riding on the beach, "The Skeleton in Armour" rose as out of the deep before him, and would not be laid. One of the best known of all Longfellow's shorter poems is "Excelsior." That one word happened to catch his eye one autumn evening in 1841, on a torn piece of newspaper, and straightway his imagination took fire at it. Taking up a piece of paper, which happened to be the back of a letter received that day from Charles Sumner, he crowded it with verses. As first written down, "Excelsior" differs from the perfected and published version, but it shows a rush and glow worthy of its author.

There is nothing in the above-mentioned poems which is beyond the conventional in subject, or the commonplace in sentiment, but they are full of grace and picturesqueness, harmonious in utterance, and simple in expression. It was the graceful form of the poems, and their perfect simplicity of thought, that at once caught the public ear and made them popular.

"The Spanish Student," which appeared in 1843, is an attractive story cast in a dramatic form, containing much that is poetical in emotion and powerful in diction, but is a play more fitted for the closet than the stage.

The poems on Slavery were published in the same year, and there can be no doubt that these pieces, full of indignant feeling, and charged with an intense sympathy with the oppressed, helped much to form public sentiment on a question which was then in its moral phase, and at a time when the Pulpit and the Press were both shamefully silent on the national disgrace and curse, and some twenty years before the country was plunged in a civil war. "The Slave Singing at Midnight," "The Quadroon Girl," "The Witnesses," "The Warning," all betray an enthusiasm for liberty, a faith in justice, and a confidence in the issues of the struggle, which do honour alike to the head and the heart of the man. When we think of the final appeal that was made to arms—as though the great national wrong could only be washed away in blood—how the poet becomes the seer, and utters what proved to be a prophecy? Read the last stanza of "The Warning":—

> There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
> Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of steel,
> Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
> And shake the pillars of this Commonweal,
> Till the vast Temple of our liberties
> A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

During the war the poet retired into his study, took no part in the bitter strifes and terrible controversies of that sad time; his person was seen on no platform, his voice heard at no meeting; but all men knew that his fullest sympathies were with those who were on the side of charity and right. His friends were amongst the most eminent of the abolitionists—Ralph Waldo Emerson and Charles Sumner. On Sumner's lamented death, Longfellow wrote a beautiful and touching "In Memoriam," weaving a poetic chaplet for his grave:—

His was the troubled life,
The conflict and the pain,
The grief, the bitterness of strife,
The honour without stain.

Longfellow was a man of peace—gentle, simple, religious. "The fact is, I hate everything that is violent," said he to a friend who had been with him during a thunderstorm, and to whom he was apologizing for the care with which he was endeavouring to exclude from his house the tokens of the storm. And this love of peace, this longing for a time when the desolations of war should pass, and the world should be at rest for ever, comes out in a fine poem, "The Arsenal at Springfield":—

Down the dark future, through long generations
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease,
And like a bell, with solemn sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace."

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

It was no doubt a spirit naturally restful, and "hating everything that is violent," that made him shrink from harshness as from a positive sin. It is the prerogative of the poet to give pleasure; but it is the critic's province to give pain. Speaking of criticism, he said: "I look at the first few lines, and if I find that the article has been written in a pleasant spirit, I read it through; but if I find that the intention is to wound, I drop the paper into my fire, and so dismiss it. In that way one escapes much annoyance."[1]

"Evangeline," which was published in 1847, decided Longfellow's position among modern poets. The popularity of that beautiful idyl was great and immediate. Everybody who cared for poetry read the pathetic story of the Valley of Acadia, and followed with unceasing interest and moistened eyes, the adven-

[1] *New York Tribune*, March 30, 1882.

tures of the lovely heroine and her betrothed. The story is full of sweet pictures of innocence and peace—of pasture-lands, of orchards, and cornfields; the sounds from the farmyard; the whirr of the busy wheel, and the noise of the shuttle, and the song of the maidens as they spin the golden flax for the gossipping looms. An undefinable charm and grace of description runs through the poem, and the light of a gracious piety illuminates the whole. The greater part of the poem brings back the golden age with the colour of fruits, and the odour of flowers, radiant morns, and mellow moonlights, and the gladness of the villagers, and the feast of betrothal; and then comes the sad change—His Majesty's command that all their lands and possessions should be forfeited to the Crown, and that the people should leave their happy valley, and seek a home in another province. And then there is the departure from Grand-Pré; the separation of the lovers; the weary wandering for years in a fruitless search for one another, and their meeting at last only when the angel of death had set his cold seal on Gabriel's brow. The tale is one of touching sadness, but redeemed from hopelessness by the religious feeling throughout.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank Thee!"

The hexameter has seldom been employed so happily as in this poem. The measure, unless used with great skill, and with a nice attention to the cæsural pause, glides into a sing-song, and becomes intolerable to the ear. Longfellow uses it with a rare felicity, which reconciles us to a metre more fitted to the language of Homer and of Virgil than to that of Shakespeare and Milton; but the movement of the verse in "Evangeline" is as musical as it is suited to the subject. We may apply the exquisite lines of Coleridge on "the Homeric Hexameter described and exemplified," to this poem:—

Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,
Nothing before, and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.

Take, for example, some of the lines in the poem.

Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.

Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden glimmering vapours,
Veiled the light of his face, like the prophet descending from Sinai.
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness,—
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.

Other poems followed from Longfellow's fertile pen—those under the title of "The Seaside and the Fireside," comprising "The Building of the Ship," "The Ballad of Sir Humphry Gilbert," "The Fire of Drift-wood," and "The Sand of the Desert in an Hour-glass." All of these are distinguished by vigour and poetic associations; by touching tenderness, and by that purity of style and grace of sentiment in which Longfellow excelled.

In 1851 appeared the "Golden Legend," a poem which takes us back to the Middle Ages, and which is remarkable for its dramatic force and power, and for the daring manner in which the poet introduces the evil spirit on the scene,—a daring more than justified by his treatment of his theme. It is a delightful poem, striking throughout, and well maintaining the character, and colours, and thoughts of the mediæval legend of the young maiden who willed to lay down her own life in order to save the life of her prince.

The poem we should place the foremost of all the poet's writings, "Hiawatha," was given to the world in 1855. Here he is at his best. It is his master-piece,—full of artless dignity and an inimitable grace. We remember how some critics condemned it at first because of the strangeness of the Indian names which so often recur throughout the poem; but even these were found to form an attraction to the reader, and to give it a local colouring; no one could help being charmed with the exuberance of fancy, the humour and the pathos, and the childlike spirit with which it is pervaded. The description of natural scenery: the rivers and the forests, the icebergs and snowdrifts, the simple customs and religious myths of the departing race—the wild life of the children of the woods, are all told with simplicity and yet dignity in the poet's melodious verse. The legends are full of a singular interest; and if the wooing of Hiawatha, and his wedding-feast, leave an impression as of sunshine on the mind, a tender joyous feeling—"The Ghosts" and "The Famine" are fraught with the most touching pathos, and we leave Minnehaha "underneath the moaning hemlocks," with eyes

Wet with most delicious tears.

Will the reader pardon an extract, somewhat lengthy—to make it shorter were to spoil it—from "The Famine?" "The

Ghosts," with its intimations of a spiritual world as yet hidden from Hiawatha, but to be revealed to him by the coming of the pale-faced prophet, is too long for quotation :—

Wrapped in furs, and armed for hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.
"Gitche Manito, the mighty!"
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
"Give your children food, O father!
Give us food, or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!"
Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant,
Rang that cry of desolation,
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
"Minnehaha! Minnehaha!"
All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of summer,
Of that ne'er-forgotten summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward,
From the land of the Dacotahs;
When the birds sank in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said, with voice that did not tremble,
"I will follow you, my husband!"
In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests that watched her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.
"Hark!" she said, "I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!"
"Look," she said, "I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam,

In the land of the Dacotahs!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'Tis the smoke that waves and beckons!"
"Ah," she said, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness;
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"
And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"
Over snowfields waste and pathless,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing,
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"
And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him;
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

* * * *

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labour,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

It is not our intention to dwell at length on Longfellow's many poems: to mention one or two of the most striking is

enough to recall them to the mind—and to whom are they not familiar? "The Courtship of Miles Standish," with the story of the old Colony days, and the noble and womanly love of the Puritan maiden; the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," in which we find the vigorous poem, "Paul Revere's Ride;" the pathetic tale of "Sir Federego and his Falcon;" and the fine ballad of "King Robert of Sicily;" with some impressive versions of Talmudic legends and the Sagas of the fierce and martial Scandinavian race.

Among the shorter poems, may we not recall the musical and pathetic song, "The Old Clock on the Stairs," with its impressive refrain, "For ever, never;" "The Children's Hour," tender, almost sacred in its feeling; "The Rainy Day," melancholy, yet hopeful; "Blind Bartimæus," perfect in expression and treatment; "God's Acre," through which gleams the light of the Resurrection; and that very touching little poem of four stanzas, called "Weariness." In this last, as well as in "The Children's Hour," we have his sympathy with the little ones, his love for the young. We shall, we are sure, be forgiven if we quote it in full:—

WEARINESS.

O little feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
  Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I, nearer to the Wayside Inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
  Am weary, thinking of your road!

O little hands! that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
  Have still so long to give or ask;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
  Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
  Such limitless and strong desires;
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned,
  Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
  Direct from heaven, their source divine;
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
  How lurid looks this soul of mine!

Besides being a national singer, Longfellow made, apart from his translation of Dante, as many as forty-nine or fifty versions

from nearly every European language, and from writers otherwise little known. He excelled in a work so difficult as translation. He caught the very spirit of the poem he wished to reproduce in English; and giving it all the needful value of accent and rhythm, made it in a sense his own. "The Bird and the Ship," "Whither," "King Christian," "Beware," "The Happiest Land," "The Castle by the Sea," all read like original inspirations more than mechanical or literal translations. His translation of Dante is considered by eminent critics to be

> free alike from the reproach of pedantic literalness and of unfaithful license. His special sympathy and genius guide him with almost unerring truth, and display themselves constantly in the rare felicity of his rendering. In rendering the substance of Dante's poem, he has succeeded in giving also, so far as art and genius could give it, the spirit of Dante's poetry. Fitted for the work as few men ever were, by gifts of Nature, by sympathy, by an unrivalled faculty of poetic appreciation, and by long and thorough culture, he has brought his matured powers in their full vigour to its performance, and has produced an incomparable translation—a poem that will take rank among the greatest English poems.[1]

It is said that

> he spared no pains to make his work perfect. As it went on, friends were called in whose judgment as scholars, men of taste, poets, could be relied on, and to them the cantos were read in English; they comparing the version with the original, which they held in their hands, and making suggestions as the reading proceeded. Thus the utmost accuracy was obtained. In this way every line, every word, was tested by those most competent to pass judgment.[2]

Longfellow continued to compose and publish almost to the last. His "Ultima Thule" was published some two years before his death, and since that lamented event a volume called "In the Harbour," containing some short poems and translations, has appeared. His "spirit" and his pen were active up to the end. These volumes, if they do not increase, at least sustain the reputation of the honoured author, and add another flower to the garland that wreathes his brow. "The Bells of San Blas" was the last poem that he wrote. It was composed on March 15, 1882; but one of the finest things in "In the Harbour" is the sonnet, "Victor and Vanquished," which gives sonorous expression to exalted emotion and elevated thought. We shall conclude our extracts from the poet with quoting this sonnet, although another very fine one, and marked by the same qualities, is the sonnet entitled "Chimes":—

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[1] Professor Charles Eliot Norton, in the *North American Review* for July, 1867.

[2] O. B. Frothingham, in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

VICTOR AND VANQUISHED.

As one who long hath fled with panting breath
Before his foe, bleeding and near to fall,
I turn and set my back against the wall
And look thee in the face, triumphant Death.
I call for aid, and no one answereth;
I am alone with thee who conquerest all;
Yet me thy threatening form doth not appal,
For thou art but a phantom and a wraith.
Wounded and weak, sword broken at the hilt,
With armour shattered, and without a shield,
I stand unmoved; do with me what thou wilt:
I can resist no more, but will not yield;
This is no tournament where cowards tilt;
The vanquished here is victor of the field.

The preface to the little volume, "In the Harbour," tells us that it "contains all of Mr. Longfellow's unprinted poems which will be given to the public, with the exception of two sonnets reserved for his biography, and 'Michael Angelo,' a dramatic poem, which will be published later."

In considering Longfellow's place among the poets, we cannot claim for him the position of a very great or original poet: he is surpassed by the greatest in splendour of diction, grandeur of imagery, and brilliancy of thought. Though entitled to a place in the foremost rank, no one would seat him beside Milton, or Byron, or Wordsworth, or Keats, or Tennyson. He may be as popular in the ordinary sense of the word as any of these; but his popularity is due to the simplicity of his style, and to that clearness of thought which gives to his verse much of its charm. He is never obscure. No future generation will ever establish a society for the better understanding of his poetry: it is as clear in thought as it is in expression. And happily so. Poetry ceases to be poetry where it becomes a mathematical problem which needs to be worked out before it is understood. It was not given to Longfellow to throw any new light on Nature, or to reveal things which are hidden from the world at large; it was rather his mission to clothe in tender and beautiful forms thoughts that lie very near the surface, and by a vivid fancy and a scholar-like touch to invest ordinary subjects with loveliness and grace. If his sentiments were at times commonplace, they were always elevated by an exquisitely simple and often stately expression. No poet has appealed to a wider variety of tastes. In whatever relationship he stands to the poets of the Old World, he was the most popular poet that America has produced, although she can justly boast of poets of such genius, as Bryant and Whittier, Wendell Holmes and Lowell. Had America a Poet Laureate,

there can be little doubt that Longfellow's brow would have worn the bays.

There is one meed of praise which he richly merits—a soul of moral purity inspires all his work. "Whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report," formed the subject of his verse. His art was, in the truest sense, moral and religious. With him the sensuous never passed into the sensual. There is nothing in his poems, nothing in his love for the beautiful, to convey a taint to the imagination, or to degrade the soul. When in his company we always breathe a pure and healthy atmosphere far removed from the unwholesome sentiment which lies at the heart of too much of the poetry of the present day,—poetry which may be described as "earthly, sensual, devilish." It is true of Longfellow, if of any poet, that "he left no line that dying he would wish to blot." A spirit of religion breathes through all his poems; he really loves goodness, and therefore the highest moral beauty finds its expression in his words. There is no paganism or pantheism in his poems. He is intensely Christian. He ever sees behind the natural and moral universe not only a Divine Presence, but also a loving Redeemer. A friend of many years has beautifully said of him, "The man was more and better than the poet." "He was such a man that London working-men thought it an honour to kiss his hand."

The present writer had the great pleasure of seeing Longfellow in his home at Cambridge in the autumn of 1879. He was most cordially received, as indeed all visitors, and Englishmen very especially, were. The poet's home is well known as an historic mansion. It was built nearly a hundred and fifty years ago by Colonel John Vassal, whose family stone in the Cambridge Churchyard bears only the goblet and the sun, "*vas*"—"*sol*," the family arms. The house passed to Colonel Vassal's son, who forfeited all in the Revolution; and after him it was occupied by Washington, and became for a time his headquarters. We found him in his library,—a picturesque figure among picturesque surroundings; and his face lighted up with benevolence and beauty as he showed us several objects of interest in the room, and took us round his garden, where many a bright flower adorned the beds, and the trees were in the splendour of their autumnal foliage. He pointed out to us his famous inkstand which belonged to Coleridge, and bears his name upon an ivory plate. He possessed another which belonged to Crabbe, and which was given to the poet, as was also Coleridge's, by Mr. S. C. Hall. On the walls were some crayon portraits, and a good bust of Professor G. W. Greene adorned the room. Here also was a fine carved bookcase containing a priceless literary treasure,—the various editions of his works; and, what was far more valuable,

the successive manuscripts of each carefully preserved and bound under his direction, and often extending to three separate copies: the original MS., the MS. as revised for the printer, and the corrected proofs. He showed us the armchair made from the wood of "The Village Blacksmith's" Chestnut Tree, and presented to him by the children of Cambridge on his seventy-second birthday. It was this gift that called forth the poem published in "Ultima Thule," beginning :—

Am I a king, that I should call my own
This splendid ebon throne?
Or by what reason, or what right divine
Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song
It may to me belong;
Only because the spreading Chestnut Tree
Of old was sung by me.

His conversation, it is needless to say, was full of interest. He talked of England and America, literature and art, the poets, our impressions of the New World, and the beautiful scenery of "the White Mountains." It may be permissible to say that he had seen a small volume of the writer's, and had requested permission to insert some of the poems in a book he was then editing, called "Poems of Places." He spoke on composition and publication. It was a good way, he said, to publish short poems in magazines and periodicals, and then collect them into a volume. After the poems had appeared in print, he deprecated any alteration, as he thought by over-elaboration strength was often sacrificed for the sake of smoothness, and the verse, robbed of its vigour, suffered in consequence. So he talked, now in words of kindly encouragement, and now in kindly advice, his beautiful face beaming the while, and the simplicity and sincerity of his manner exercising a sort of fascination on those privileged to listen to his conversation, and to come within the reach of his sympathies.

But it is time that I bring these words upon this most gracious singer to an end. His reputation is world-wide; his memory has this peculiar fragrance, that, when he died, all felt—and the children, to whose hopes and fears he gave a voice, felt it not the least—that a friend had gone from earth. The merit of his works, their high moral sense, their deep religious beauty, their affinity with all that is noble in manhood and pure in womanhood, is attested by their immense circulation, and by the common verdict of men of letters and taste in every land where literature is cultivated and understood.

We cannot end this paper better than by quoting a few lines,

which the poet has put into the mouth of Walter, the Minnesinger of "The Golden Legend:"—

> His gracious presence upon earth
> Was as a fire upon a hearth.
> As pleasant songs, at morning sung,
> The words that dropped from his sweet tongue
> Strengthened our hearts; or, heard at night,
> Made all our slumbers soft and light.

CHARLES D. BELL.

ART. III.—THE SILENT SISTER.

"SPEECH is silvern and silence is golden," has only a partial and occasional application. It would be almost as true, and only a few shades more inaccurate, to reverse the proverb, and to declare, amid the applause of Irish obstructives, and with the tacit approval of even Mr. Gladstone, that silence is silvern and speech is golden. Proverbs seldom, after all, tell more than half the truth, or paint more than one side of the shield.

The term "Silent Sister," as applied to the time-honoured College University across the Irish Channel—applied, I believe, in the first instance by the two great English Universities of Cambridge and Oxford—is a term not so much of reproach as of good-humoured badinage. Dublin was not always as famous for her literature as for her learning, if "literature" is a correct term to apply to the publication of books and tractates, as distinguished from the study and knowledge of books and tractates. The income of her Senior Fellows, and even of her Junior Fellows, increased as it is by the tutorial payments of undergraduates, and exceeding, as it so considerably does, the income of the Cambridge and Oxford Fellows and Tutors, may have had something to do with the quondam literary "silence" of the "Sister" University of Dublin. That reproach, if reproach it ever was, has now passed away entirely, as not only the scholarship but the scholarly literature of the Irish Sister has come to the front; but the not ungracefully descriptive title remains. The writer remembers having been asked many years ago, by the head of one of our great public schools of the second rank, whether "they 'do' Greek in Dublin," an inelegant question inelegantly put, by a gentleman who probably would have been offended if the head of one of our great public schools, of the first rank, had asked him whether "they" are able to "do" Greek in, let us say St. Nemo's School. That

question, certainly not asked in an underbred or uncivil way, asked with an appended "ne" for simple information, represented the utter unacquaintance of an educated man with the *tertia inter pares* rank of Dublin University scholarship and status, as compared with that of Cambridge and Oxford. The "Silent" Sister was to him, though not to his own University, one of the unknown forces in the education of the day. He had never heard of Provost Travers, the friend of Cartwright and indefatigable opponent of Hooker; had never read the life of saintly Wilson of Sodor and Man; or of Sir W. Temple, the patron of Johnson. Bishop Chandler's "Defence of Christianity" was of course unknown to this head of a great school, Goldsmith was perhaps a stranger to him, and probably his scholars did not know who wrote the "Burial of Sir John Moore." Had he ever heard of Ussher, and whence did he suppose came Ussher's Greek? Everybody is aware of the dissenting minister's query, "Did Paul know Greek, and if he could do without it why cannot I?" The dissenting minister and the schoolmaster were alike ignorant or alike forgetful, and neither the "Greek" of the apostle Paul, nor that of the University of Dublin, would be questioned by many dissenting ministers or Church schoolmasters of average information and reflection. By-and-by, and perhaps very soon, the question of Greek or no Greek will become really intelligent and interesting, and will be asked in quite another fashion. Parents seeking training of a mercantile sort for sons, impatient of mere abstract learning, will inquire, "Do they still 'do' Greek in Oxford?" But the inquiry will be couched, perhaps, in not so "raw" and crude a style, and will signify modern development rather than structural inferiority or incompleteness. The Irish University will probably be one of the foremost bodies to respond to the call of the age, inasmuch as she has never once "lost touch" with the intelligence and refinement of the cultured and culture-seeking classes of contemporary society. This is rather, however, an introductory parenthesis than a substantial argument.

The actual position of Dublin among Universities is almost unique, inasmuch as it offers to students their own option of residence or non-residence. This is, indeed, its specialty. There is another specialty, of which more anon, in that it actually has, contrary no doubt to the intent of its original foundation, only one College, and that therefore the College discipline and the University discipline of Oxford and Cambridge, which in those Universities merely overlap and interlace, become almost identical in the "University of Trinity College," as it is sometimes not quite accurately denominated by Englishmen more intelligent than the ex-headmaster of St. Nemo's, but who do not quite grasp the situation. That, however, is

rather a matter of detail than of principle. The option of non-residence is a matter of principle, and of very valuable principle.

The option in question is not, I am aware, an unmixed benefit either to the University or its students. It has, or at least it is apt to have, and is only by the genius of its executive and administrators prevented from having, a "confusing" effect upon examinations, as regards the University; and as regards the students, the *esprit de corps*, tone, manner, and perhaps even ethos of the non-resident undergraduates being as a rule not quite up to the mark which residence and the discipline of residence tends to produce, has a somewhat deteriorating effect upon the whole body. The Irish students, with whom Dublin is naturally "our University," are mostly resident, and the large admixture of English students, with whom Oxford and Cambridge are "our Universities," but who by pecuniary or other reasons are debarred from the education afforded, are mostly non-resident, on the banks of the Liffey, until at least such of them as intend to take Holy Orders reach the "Divinity Lecture" period of their undergraduate career. Then they are obliged, by the requirements of English and Irish bishops alike, to reside for the two academic years during which those Lectures continue.

This feature of optional non-residence it is which attracts so large a proportion of English students to Dublin. No doubt London University offers the same sort of advantage in a still more liberal spirit, and with fewer examinations, but then (1) the London University matriculation "exam." is probably more severe and searching, and covers a wider field than the matriculation "exam." of any other University anywhere; and (2) the social prestige of a London degree is considered, reasonably or unreasonably, farther remote from that of Oxford and Cambridge than is a degree from Dublin. There is also more connection, not necessarily but as a matter of fact, between the Church of England and Dublin University than between the Church of England and London University. The three Universities, called, in the old books of Common Prayer, "our Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin," and till recently the only recognized Church and State Universities, and the only Universities represented in the House of Commons, till Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill so properly admitted others, are still the chief sources of the supply of clergy, as the tables supplied in "Crockford's Clerical Directory" abundantly testify. Of 23,612 English clergy Cambridge furnishes 8,615, Oxford 7,682, and Dublin 1,751, to which, if the Irish clergy be added, who are nearly all Dublin graduates, it will be evident that Englishmen and Irishmen seeking Holy Orders, and being unable to

compass the residence required by Oxford and Cambridge, turn more generally if not more naturally, to Dublin than to London, which supplies only 176 of the 23,612 clergy above mentioned.

There is also in Dublin, what there is not in London, the admixture of resident and non-resident students. London provides no discipline for her alumni, and is merely an examining institution; Dublin provides the discipline, but never enforces it. It is worth while, as so many English readers are unaware of the extent of this liberally and maternally provided discretion offered by the University of Dublin to her children, to sketch out very briefly what it is, what are its limits and its liberties.

In Oxford and Cambridge, as everybody is aware, before a degree can be taken, so many terms must be kept by actual seven or eight weeks' residence per term within either a college of the University or an authorized lodging in the town. In Dublin terms are "kept" either by residence or by examination. Dublin is, in fact, both a teaching University by lectures to resident students, and an examining University to both resident and non-resident students. A non-resident student must pass nine examinations, commencing with matriculation; proceeding by one or two examinations in the first or "Junior Freshman" year; two examinations in the second or "Senior Freshman" year, if two have already been passed in the previous year, and three if only one has been passed in that first year; one or two examinations in the third or "Junior Sophister" year; and two or three in the "Senior Sophister" or last year. A resident student has to pass only half this number of examinations, but it is obligatory on him to pass the Michaelmas Term Examination of the Senior Freshman year, which may be called a University examination, the previous three, as also the matriculation, being rather "College" examinations, only binding on non-resident undergraduates. This very convenient option may well suit the sons of English clergymen in these days of disputed tithe, lowered glebe rent, and high rates and taxes. Such clergymen, often with large families as well as slender means and considerable parochial responsibility of a pecuniary kind, find the comfort and advantage of being able to send sons to Dublin, coaching them themselves, or with the help of a curate at home, and merely being put to the expense of two annual journeys to Dublin, and the tutorial fees of sixteen guineas per annum. There are no doubt various openings in Oxford and Cambridge to poor gentlemen in the way of scholarships, sizarships, servitorships, exhibitions, and Bible clerkships; but many of these presuppose exceptional abilities and attainments, local qualifications of birth or school, or some other such restrictive conditions.

The ordinary curriculum of study in Dublin does unquestionably involve quite as much work and brain-power as the ordinary curriculum at Cambridge and Oxford, and in the opinion of some of the best judges who are able to compare the three courses, that of Dublin is the most severe of all, not only in theory but in actual, practical reality. That men failing in Dublin go through Oxford or Cambridge without discredit means nothing to the point; because it is equally true that men failing at Cambridge find Oxford tolerably easy, and that others failing at Oxford pass through Cambridge without a single approach to the dreaded "plough," and even with a certain amount of credit. But it will be evident, probably, to any Oxford or Cambridge examiner carefully observing the course as prescribed in the Dublin University Calendar for an ordinary degree, that even an ordinary degree means quite as much honest reading as an ordinary English degree in any University except London, of which the degrees have more mental, intellectual, and "industrial" significance than have the *ordinary* degrees of any University. The educating power of the Dublin course is very considerable, and forms a happy combination of the Cambridge and Oxford systems of study, with judicious additions and equally judicious subtractions of its own. Any reader wishing to form his own judgment on this point, and not being in the way of consulting a Dublin University Calendar, could not do much better than expend the very moderate sum of six shillings on a book which, to the writer and to many of his friends seeking accurate and trustworthy information on educational matters, has been of much service. I allude to Messrs. Cassell's "Educational Year Book," which is really an epitomized Calendar of every University, as well as an almost exhaustive description of every important school, and a sketch of nearly every other school, in the United Kingdom.

The special courses of professional study, such as Divinity, Engineering, Medicine, Law, Music, branch off, like the seven Champions of Christendom, after going on together for a time in the earlier part of the "Arts" course. Even for the degree of Bachelor of Arts a student has his option, after a time, of "taking up" either Classics, Language, Experimental Physics, or Natural Science, in addition to the always indispensable Mathematical Physics, Logics, and English Composition. Divinity students are compelled to begin residence a year before they graduate, and to continue it a year after, when they obtain a Divinity Testimonium which, on the testimony of English and Irish bishops alike, is one of the most reliable and valuable certificates produced by ordination candidates, as having not merely mechanically attended a certain number of Lectures of Archbishop King's Lecturer and of the Regius Professor, but

as also having been examined on, and tested in, the subject of such Lectures. Dublin graduates ordained, as is sometimes the case, without their Divinity Testimonium and the two years' residence which it implies, find it much harder work to satisfy the examining chaplains of the present day.

After all, a University should not aim at being a mere training school for any one or for any seven or more professions, and especially not for the vocation of clergyman, whether in a country where Church and State remain connected, or in another where they have been permanently separated. Mr. John Stuart Mill's definition of the functions and ends of Universities is, especially in such a country as ours, somewhat visionary and unpractical. "To keep alive philosophy," he says, "is the end above all others for which endowed Universities exist or ought to exist." "To rear up minds with aspirations and faculties above the herd, capable of leading on their countrymen to greater achievements in virtue, intelligence, and social well-being; to do this, and likewise so to educate the leisured classes of the community generally, that they may participate as far as possible in the qualities of these superior spirits, and be prepared to appreciate them, and follow in their steps." This is surely mere philosophical "tall talk," sailing in the Socratic and Academical balloon far over the heads of those on whose behalf national Universities were projected, founded, and endowed. Universities were never intended to be mere academies, but educational guardians of the national life, stimulating its progress and development, and placing themselves in the van of its intellectual and philosophical achievements, and not, it is true, degenerating into the professional, still less the mechanically industrial, schools of Professor Goldwin Smith's ideal, but laying the foundation of professional, artistic, and by-and-by, perhaps, the higher sorts of mechanical training. Mr. Mill, somewhat inconsistently, but very sensibly and practically, brings this out in an "Inaugural Address" where, being face to face with a body of students other than "leisured classes" and eclectically "superior spirits," he no doubt felt that the mere critical and reviewing faculty had better be subordinated to the practical good sense which elsewhere he had seemed to disconnect from Universities, as an element of their studies, objects, and pursuits. "Universities are not intended to teach the knowledge required to fit men for some special mode of gaining their livelihood." Insert some such word as "primarily," "mainly," or "principally," after the word "intended," and few would dispute Mr. Mill's assertion, however dogmatically put forth. "Their object is not to make skilful lawyers, or physicians, or engineers, but capable and cultivated human beings." Surely because their object is to make men capable and culti-

vated, therefore that object is to make more conscientious lawyers, more skilful physicians, more erudite and careful engineers, more learned divines, more candid reviewers and critics, more cultured and widely travelled architects, by-and-by more highly educated artisans and mechanics.

But, leaving this more extended though not altogether inapt or "non-gremial" subject, caused by the perusal of a review of Professor Sedgwick's Discourse on the Studies of the University of Cambridge, with the single remark that the course of education prescribed in Dublin tends very decidedly and very considerably not only "to make capable and cultivated human beings," but intelligent clergy, doctors, lawyers, engineers, and other professional men, it is time to remember that this paper is upon one University in particular, and not upon Universities in general.

Trinity College was in contemplation, and even in embryo, many years before the reign of Queen Elizabeth; but it was undoubtedly that far-sighted and shrewd-minded sovereign who actually, on March 3, 1591, founded it, not as a University but as *Mater Universitatis*, the mother or first and parental college of a University, after the pattern of Oxford and Cambridge, and not at all of the Scottish Universities, not then popularly known in England or Ireland. The actual style was *Mater Universitatis, pro educatione, institutione, et instructione juvenum et studentium in artibus et facultatibus, perpetuis futuris temporibus duraturum, et quod erit et vocabitur Collegium Sanctæ et Individuæ Trinitatis, juxta Dublin;* showing that its foundress was of a more practical and less philosophical turn of mind than Mr. Mill, or, at least, contemplated a more practical and less philosophical University than the ideal University of that eminent writer. A religious and a Protestant University, and, doubtless, a Church of England University, was also thus founded; and it must occasion the Unitarian gentlemen who graduate in Dublin, even more than it occasions Presbyterians and Nonconformists, some stirrings of heart, when, after declining the "catechetical examinations" on "Secker," &c., they claim a degree from "Queen Elizabeth's" Church of England College of the "Holy and Undivided Trinity!"

"Juxta" Dublin! It was only "near" Dublin then; it is in the very heart of Dublin now, and is loyal to the core, "silently" but not less unflinchingly true to England and the Union. It has educated the Irish nobility, gentry, and large sections of the middle class into cultivated, capable, and loyal human beings for several centuries, training them less into being "superior spirits" than into doing their duty in the station of life to which it has pleased God to call them. And a University which does that is not far off from fulfilling its functions and discharging

its responsibilities to its endowment, the nation, and the world at large.

Like Oxford and Cambridge, setting in this respect an unhappy example which London has creditably refused to follow, Dublin gives her M.A. for money without examination. That eminently becoming dark-blue hood, which the Queen's or Royal University has had the questionable taste to adopt as also *her* badge of M.A., ought to mean something more and better than so many pounds sterling. It is, of course, true that M.A. implies B.A. and the examinations which precede B.A., but the higher degree ought undoubtedly to imply the higher examination. If men have not the leisure to prepare for it, or the brains to pass it, they should be able to do without it. London tells them this, and so enlarges the knowledge and raises the intellectual culture of others than "superior spirits" and "leisured classes" very appreciably.

It is pleasant to note that even the more able and cultivated portion of the Parnellite press of Ireland appreciate and are proud of the great Irish University. The *Freeman's Journal* gave utterance last June to some graceful and discriminating sentiments, which were worthy of the better days of that once truly national and respected organ of intelligent public opinion in the sister island. Dublin University "hath charms to soothe" even the *Freeman*.[1]

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[1] The Honorary Degrees conferred at the Dublin University Commencements yesterday were fairly and discerningly distributed through the various fields of literary and scientific eminence. Cambridge was well and worthily represented in the persons of Archbishop Trench and Mr. Munro; Oxford was represented by Mr. Ellis, Astronomy by Professor Brunnow, Electricity by Mr. Siemens, and Biology by Mr. Wallace. It was a capable, comprehensive, and sympathetic selection; and the University derives its own share of honour from the honours which it appreciatively conferred. The most attractive feature in these comitia for some years past has been supplied by the Latin speeches of the public orator, Dr. Webb, and probably he never spoke more classical Latin than he spoke yesterday. Some of his allusions and tropes were, perhaps, somewhat strained, and pitched into too high a key, and it was a bold rhetoric that undertook to introduce Lucretius in bodily presence for a T. C. D. degree. Dr. Webb, however, speaking out of his own classical culture, said of Mr. Munro, as Lucretius Redivivus, no more than what every classical scholar in the three Universities will endorse. Mr. Webb made a sort of graceful apology for the University's long delay in conferring its degree on Archbishop Trench, and we must add that the delay has always seemed to us unaccountable. Dr. Trench, English by education, is Irish by descent; and it is no false flattery to say that his writings have honoured both his birthplace and his education place. What the University, speaking through its eloquent public orator, has discovered now, the whole republic of letters knew more than thirty years ago: and how Trinity College happened to be so late in the discovery we cannot pretend to explain. Late it is, but better late than

The number of degrees conferred at this Commencement, which is only one out of five in the year, was seventy-two B.A.'s, fifty-three Bachelors of other Faculties, including two Bachelors of Engineering, most ingeniously rendered by the authorities as *Ars Ingeniaria*, on the "canting" heraldic style, or simply punning ordinary style; one Licentiate in Medicine; one Master *in Arte Obstetricia;* forty-two Masters of Arts; one Doctor of Music; six Doctors of Medicine; nine Doctors of Law; and seven Doctors of Divinity; making a total at this one Commencement of 192, besides the six *Honoris Causâ* degrees. In addition to these honorary degrees, the University grants *stipendiis condonatis* degrees to men less widely known who have done good work, more valuable than obtrusive, for God and man in various fields of missionary and other labour. English Universities might well follow so noble an example.

The Silent Sister has also trained many of her *alumni* in the "silvern" arts of parliamentary and preaching oratory, as will readily be admitted in memory of such names as Burke, Sheil, Cairns, Magee (Bishop of Peterborough), McNeile, and a hundred others who, out of no disrespect to their *Alma Mater*, the quondam "silent one," have made parliament houses, platforms, and pulpits ring with their "speech." It has been reserved for a graduate and professor of the University of Dublin to turn a deaf ear to all this pulpit eloquence, and to write about the "Decay of Preaching." Surely Professor Mahaffy, forgetful also of parliamentary glories, might with equal inaptitude write of the "Decay of Oratory;" or others, ignoring the Professor's musical and historical knowledge, which the world at large is so willing to acknowledge, might write of the "Decay of Historical Lectureship," but that the shade of Kingsley would frown; or of the "Diminution of Musical Taste," but that such an essay would seem to savour too much of "words, words." And all graduates of Dublin should, in writing papers and articles, especially beware of mere "words, words," and make even an abrupt conclusion rather than yield to any temptation to indulge in them.

S. B. JAMES.

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never. Dr. Trench was born, the "Peerage" says, in 1807, and we suppose we may venture the conjecture that he is the oldest man that ever received either an ordinary or an honorary degree from the University of the "Holy and Undivided Trinity near Dublin."—*Freeman's Journal*, June 30.

ART. IV.—CHURCH DIFFICULTIES CONSIDERED IN THE LIGHT OF THE FIRST EPISTLE OF ST. JOHN.

WE live in very difficult times. The minds of men are in a state of unrest and agitation. There are difficulties both without and within; difficulties in politics, and difficulties in religion; difficulties abroad, and difficulties at home; difficulties outside the Church, and difficulties in the very heart and centre of it. Now, these Church difficulties are often the cause of the greatest perplexity to Christian minds. They harass Christian people more than those in politics. People do not see what they think they ought to see in the Church of God. They meet with grievous errors boldly taught by those who are the Church's officers, and who are sworn to maintain its truth; and, even amongst those who are faithful to the truth, they are constantly meeting with very sad defects. Now, if we had been led by the Scriptures to expect a perfect Church, consisting only of perfect men, we might well be disturbed by all we see; for we must all subscribe to the words of David, "I have seen an end of all perfection." We have to consider, therefore, whether this is the teaching of the Scriptures, and examine carefully what is the description there given of the true, Catholic, and Apostolic Church.

With this view, let us examine into the first Epistle of John the Apostle. The date of the Epistle is not accurately known, but it is supposed to have been written about the year A.D. 81, and to have been one of the last, if not the last, of the Apostolic Epistles. It may give us, therefore, an insight into the state of the Apostolic church towards the close of the Apostolic government; and may also teach us important lessons as to the manner in which the Apostles treated the difficulties prevailing in their times. Let us study, first, the difficulties in the days of St. John; and secondly, the manner in which he treated them.

I. *The difficulties.*

(1.) There were great doctrinal heresies in his day, and these of the most alarming character. They did not merely affect nice points, or refined distinctions, but they struck at the very foundations of the faith. They were cankers on the root of the tree, and were of such a desperate character as to destroy the whole Christianity of the Gospel.

There were some who denied the *Messiahship* of our Blessed Saviour, and actually went so far as to maintain that Jesus was not the Christ, or the Messiah. To these St. John refers in ch. ii. 22 and ch. v. 1.

Who is a liar but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ? He is antichrist that denieth the Father and the Son.

Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God: and every one that loveth him that begat loveth him also that is begotten of him.

There were some who denied the *Incarnation*, and maintained that our Blessed Saviour had not really come in the flesh. To these he refers ch. iv. 2, 3, and 2 Epistle 7.[1]

There were others who denied His *Divinity*, and who did not believe in Him as the Son of God. To them he refers ch. iv. 15, and v. 5, 10.

(2.) Here, then, were three great terrible, doctrinal heresies, any one of which was sufficient of itself to destroy the whole foundation of Christianity. But this was not all; for in addition to this there was a terrible and most dangerous heresy in practical life.

The great heretics of those days were called, and, I believe called themselves, Gnostics. According to Bishop Wordsworth, writing on the authority of Irenæus (i. 6, 20), "They alleged that by reason of the spiritual seed in them, and of their superior spiritual knowledge and communion with the light, they were free to act as they chose, and were not polluted thereby, and were not guilty of sin." It was against this terrible, practical heresy that the Apostle aimed the main force of his Epistle. From one end to the other he is occupied in maintaining the practical results of true knowledge, or true light. To take one example, refer to that often misquoted passage in ch. iii. 6, &c.[2] The one object of that passage is to show that if we have a blessed hope in the Lord Jesus the effects must be practical. Throughout the passage the word used is in the present tense, indicating habit. The sixth verse describes two habits in contrast one with each other, the habit of abiding in Him, and the habit of sinning. The word rendered "commit," or "committed," is the same as that employed in John vii. 19: "None of you keepeth the law." So that the whole point of the passage is that when there is a new birth there will be a new life; that he that *doeth* righteousness is righteous, and not merely he that talketh about it, or he that claims to have a certain spiritual knowledge, or γνωσις, raising him above the claims of practical conduct; that there is a clear, marked, visible, practical, difference between the sons of God and the sons of the devil; for that in practical and habitual life the one class do right, and the

[1] I would throw out in passing the consideration whether the doctrine of transubstantiation is not a virtual denial of the reality of the manhood of our Lord.

[2] "Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not: whosoever sinneth hath not seen him, neither known him."

other wrong. So he says, verse 10: "In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil: whosoever doeth not righteousness, is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother." The passage, therefore, has not the slightest reference to the theory of the sinless perfection of the believer, but is aimed point-blank at the fatal Gnostic heresy, that if a man had light and knowledge he was raised by them above the claims of practical conduct, so that by virtue of the light that was given him, his practical misconduct would not be sin in him.

Now, I fully admit that we have a great many evils in our dear old Church of England. We have Rationalism and Ritualism, and ever so many other isms perpetually cropping up amongst us, and no one deplores them more than I do. Could we not all weep fountains of tears at the cruel unfaithfulness by which the dear old Church of England, the faithful old witness for truth, has been disgraced and dishonoured by many of her sons? But is the Church of England now in a worse position than the Church of the Apostles in the days of St. John? I venture to express the strong opinion that our position, instead of being worse, is not nearly so bad. We have heresies taught amongst us, I fully admit. But are they worse than those in the days of St. John? Have we anything worse than the three great denials, that Jesus was the Christ, that Jesus had come in the flesh, and that Jesus was the Son of God? If we were to give up those three great truths, the Messiahship, the humanity, and the divinity of the Lord Jesus, what should we have left? And so again with reference to sin and sinlessness. We have had, I know, strange ideas put forth in modern times; but not worse than those of the Gnostics, though, I must say, apparently very much the same. We learn, therefore, with reference to *difficulty*, that there is nothing new under the sun. There was heresy then, and there is heresy now. There was Gnosticism then, and there is something very like it now. If there is any difference between the year A.D. 82 and 1882, it is rather in favour of the latter date, and it is not for the wise man to be unsettled, alarmed, and panic-stricken, because the old enemy is still at work with his old weapons. For 1800 years he has been using them with all his power, but he has not yet succeeded, and, as I firmly believe, he never will. So we are not to be terrified, as though some new thing had happened to us; but should calmly, peacefully, and hopefully buckle on our armour, and be prepared to contend resolutely for God.

II. Such being the difficulties in the days of St. John, our next business is to consider how he treated them, and so endeavour to learn lessons of practical wisdom as to our own conduct in these difficult times in which we live.

It is very plain that he did not act on the "do nothing" principle, but thought it his duty to contend with all his power for the faith. It was to this sense of active duty that we owe the existence of this Epistle.

Nor did he act on the "run away" principle. He did not say that because heretics had got into the Church therefore he must go out, and so launch forth into empty space, compelled to stand alone because he could find no church in the world in which there was no possibility of the inroad of a heretic. But as a vigorous and well assured witness for Christ he remained where he was, and faithfully contended for the truth.

With this in view, let us rapidly glance over a few points in the Epistle.

(1.) St. John laid down clear, strong, decisive statements of sound doctrine.

He makes the most unqualified statements as to the person of our Blessed Saviour, as to His humanity, ch. iv. 2, and His divinity, ch. iv. 15; while in the opening verse of the first chapter he gives an account of the solid evidence of personal acquaintance on which his convictions rested: "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of Life."

He is as clear as possible on the subject of Atonement. He aims straight at the Gnostics, and points out the true safety of the believer. He shows that our safety consists not in a fancied sinlessness, but in the full propitiation through the precious blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. "If we say we have no sin," *i.e.*, in our hearts, "we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." "If we say that we have not sinned," *i.e.*, in our practice, "we make him a liar, and the truth is not in us." But "if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: And he is the propitiation for our sins."

He is equally clear respecting the new birth. He did not consider Christian victory to be the exclusive privilege of those who fancy that they have attained to what they call a "higher life;" but he laid down the great broad principle, and laid it down as plainly as words can express it, that wherever there is a real new birth there then is victory, for he says with the utmost decision, "Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world" (ch. v. 4).

(2.) He boldly denounced error. In all these matters he laid down a clear basis of solid scriptural truth. But he went further than this, and spoke of error in a manner exceedingly contrary to the fashion of our own day. The modern fashion is to be so liberal as to suppose that those who differ from us on great, essential, clearly revealed truths are right as well as ourselves.

But there was none of that pseudo-liberality to be found in St. John. He was, what the world would call "bigoted" enough to believe that the opposite to truth was falsehood, and he spoke of such falsehood in language that we who are not inspired men should scarcely venture to employ. For example, in ch. ii. 22, he plainly said that whoever denied that Jesus was the Christ was a liar. In ch. iv. 3, he declared that if any one denied the real manhood of the Lord Jesus, he was the spirit of Antichrist. And in ch. v. 10, that if a man did not believe the divine testimony to the Son of God, he thereby made God a liar. This was strong, plain language, and utterly opposed to those modern ideas which appear to imply that men believe in no such thing as distinctive truth.

(3.) The Apostle taught very clearly, as I have already shown, that true knowledge, and true light, must lead to practical conduct. Read the Epistle carefully through with this Gnostic heresy in your mind, and you will find a flood of light thrown on numberless passages, as, for example, such as ch. ii. 29 and iii. 3.[1] But the point to be particularly observed is the standard of this practical conduct. The Gnostics made their own knowledge their standard. They claimed to have light and knowledge, and to be right in all they did according to their own light. But against this most delusive notion St. John aimed his heaviest battery. He showed perfectly clearly that there is only one standard, and that that one standard is not our own light, or our own knowledge, or our own fluctuating attainments, according to which the same thing may be right to-day and wrong to-morrow; but that it is one fixed and unchangeable standard, being nothing else than the *Commandments of God.* Now St. John is often spoken of as the Apostle pre-eminent for spirituality. People tell us, though I utterly differ from them, that St. James is pre-eminent for practical character, and St. John for spiritual life. We must not stop to debate the question. We may accept it as the creed of Christendom. Now what is the teaching of this most spiritual Apostle? of him who was beloved of the Lord, and who undoubtedly taught us more than any other, of the doctrine of mystical and loving union with the Lord Jesus? I venture to reply that there is not one of the Apostles, not St. James, or St. Paul, nor any other, who made such a point, as he does, of the commandments of God as the one standard of practical conduct. It is true that in ch. iii. 3, he teaches that the perfect character of our Blessed Lord is our standard, for he there says: "And every man that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself,

[1] "If ye know that he is righteous, ye know that every one that doeth righteousness is born of him."

even as He is pure." But there is no real difference, for the life of the Lord Jesus was the perfect fulfilling of the law of God. There is not an Apostle who spoke more clearly of the complete propitiation as the one foundation of hope, or of the commandments as the one standard of life and practice.[1] If, therefore, we desire to contend for the faith as he did, we must never accept any lower standard, nor for one moment be content with our own light as our guide. According to St. John, if the commandments of God are broken then there is sin, whatever we may think of it, for "sin is the transgression of the law." And so, on the other hand, if we desire the mind of the Lord Jesus Christ, and if there be real love of God in our hearts, we must not be content to go floating about wherever we may fancy that love leads us; but we must be guided simply by His own revealed will as given in His own inspired word, for there we read, "This is the love of God that we keep His commandments; and His commandments are not grievous."

(4.) In dealing with error, he showed very clearly his own confidence in truth. Believers will be powerless against error if they cannot themselves answer the question, "What is truth?"

Our Lord said to His disciples (Luke xii. 29), "Neither be ye of doubtful mind;" and we may all be perfectly certain that so long as there is a doubtful mind in ourselves we shall never be the means of helping others to the assurance of faith. Thus the Epistle of St. John abounds in declarations of his knowledge. The word γινωσκω, to know, from which the Gnostics derived their name, occurs not less than twenty-five times in this Epistle, and if you examine your Cruden's Concordance, you will find the words, "We know," occurring no less than sixteen times in these five short chapters. St. John did not say "we feel," or "we think," but "we know." And if my readers look at the character of this knowledge, they will find that it was not merely the result of inspiration, but the consequence of the calm consideration of well-established evidence. According to i. 1, the ear, the eye, and the hands were all called in as witnesses. He had heard the teaching of our Lord; he had witnessed His miracles, and he had handled his risen Saviour; and so, after having weighed the evidence, and thoroughly considered the facts, he was brought to an unchangeable conviction, and might have said, as St. Paul did, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day."

Now, this is the kind of assured trust that we all require in

[1] As this may surprise some of my readers, let them turn to one or two passages, ch. ii. 3, 4; iii. 24, v. 3.

these difficult times. We want to learn the lesson which St. Paul taught the Thessalonians (2 Thess. ii. 2), "That ye be not soon shaken in mind or be troubled, neither by spirit, nor by word, nor by letter, as from us, as that the day of Christ is at hand." We want not merely to know the truth, but to know that we know it. We want to be kept in calm repose on the rock, in the full persuasion that the truth is clear, and the evidence for that truth impregnable. We do not want to be driven hither and thither by every wind that bloweth; or to be hurried into wild extravagance by every new fancy that arises. But we do want to be firmly assured that what is written in the Scriptures, that is sufficient, and that what God has revealed, that is infallible; that so we may be able to use the clear language with which this Epistle concludes (v. 18, 19, 20):—

We *know* that whosoever is born of God sinneth not.

We *know* that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness.

We *know* that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know Him that is true, and we are in Him that is true, even in His Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God and eternal life.

EDWARD HOARE.

ART. V.—THE LATER HISTORY OF JERUSALEM.

1. *Coins of the Jews.* By FREDERIC W. MADDEN, M.R.A.S., Member of the Numismatic Society of London, &c. With 279 Woodcuts and a Plate of Alphabets. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.
2. *Le Temple de Jérusalem, Monographie du Haram-es-Chérif, suivie d'un Essai sur la Topographie de la Ville-Sainte.* Par le Cte. MELCHIOR DE VOGUÉ. Paris: Noblet et Baudry. 1864.
3. *Stirring Times; or Records from Jerusalem.* Consular Chronicles from 1853 to 1856. By the late JAMES FINN, M.R.A.S., Her Majesty's Consul for Jerusalem and Palestine from 1849 to 1863. Two vols. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1878.

THE Biblical interest of Jerusalem is of such paramount importance, it is so sacred, so manifold too and various, comprehending, as it does, both the Old Testament and the New, that very often it is viewed as exhausting the subject. Moreover the destruction of the Holy City by the Romans—in fulfil-

ment of prophecy and in punishment of Hebrew sin—isolates the city's later history from the past, and separates off that past from all succeeding generations. And, once more, Christianity is not a local religion; and we have no reason now for looking upon Jerusalem with the thoughts and feelings which on every pious Israelite were anciently imperative.

Thus it is sometimes forgotten that Jerusalem, since the time of its living association with the Bible, has been by no means a dead city, but has held, and still holds, a very great, and even central, place in the history of the world. Again and again, and in divers ways, it has been the focus of warm and affectionate enthusiasm, and the fulcrum of great military and diplomatic movements. Hence a slight and rapid sketch of its later annals may not be without its use; and such a sketch may indeed be the more useful by reason of its being slight and rapid, because thus the whole of this series of centuries, so full of diversified interest, will be seen at a glance.

It will be true to the facts of the case, if we connect the successive periods of this long range of time with the names of eminent men; while in this method there will be the further advantage, that a biographical aspect of the enumeration of events will prevent it from being dull. These names, too, are all really great names; and if each had a distinct personal connection with Jerusalem, as was certainly the case, this is enough to show that Jerusalem is a pivot for history from the declining days of the Roman Empire to the rise of what is termed "The Eastern Question" in the Levant. The names are those of Hadrian, Constantine, Jerome, Justinian, Chosroes II., the Khalif Omar, Godfrey of Bouillon, Saladin, Solyman the Magnificent, Mehemet Ali, and the Emperor Nicholas. They will be here taken separately and in succession; but in looking over the list as a whole, one general thought, full of deep sadness, oppresses the mind; for we see here the first arrival, and then the settling, of the dark Mahomedan cloud, upon the sacred city of the Hebrew Church.

(i.) Beginning with HADRIAN we make a sudden plunge; and this is really an advantage for us in beginning to take a survey of a period of history which is sharply separated from the past. Since the close of the Jewish War under Titus, there had been an absolute cessation of the existence of Jerusalem, as a home for a community of living men, during more than fifty years. Such a silence, so to speak, in the history of Jerusalem, is a very solemn fact. Hadrian was a great traveller, and a great builder. The incidents of his stay in Egypt are chronicled on the Barberini Obelisk, now to be seen in Rome. The gateway, which bears his name in Athens, is so placed as still to give us a very definite notion of the suburb which he built and

adorned there; while the name of Hadrianople, memorable in connection with recent struggles of the Russians and Turks, is a record of his presence and influence in another part of the Levant. On no place did he impress himself more definitely than on Jerusalem. One feeling of his day was an extreme hatred of the Jews, who had manifested a determined tendency to rebellion; and this feeling was expressed by Hadrian in the building of a thoroughly Roman city on the site of Jerusalem, with Temples dedicated to Jupiter and Venus on the most sacred spots, in making the place a "colonia," like Philippi, and in calling it "Ælia Capitolina," after his own family name and the name of the Capitol in Rome. This attempt to link Jerusalem with the secular history of the great world-power had no lasting effect. The Holy City refused this combination, and like the Holy Land has held itself aloof, with extraordinary tenacity, from being merged in the general fortunes of mankind. The place had indeed lost its continuous association with the Biblical past; but in a new and unexpected way it connected itself immediately with Revealed Religion. Certainly no great love of Christianity was mingled in Hadrian's mind with his hatred of Judaism; but Bishops of Ælia immediately appear, as taking their place in ecclesiastical councils and in the administration of the Church.

The science of numismatics furnishes us, in two ways, with most lively illustrations of that resumption of the history of Jerusalem with which we are now occupied. A word must be said here on each side of this illustration. Mr. Madden has recently published, under the title of "Coins of the Jews," what is virtually a new edition of his former work, entitled "History of the Jewish Coinage and Money in the Old and New Testaments." Neither work is limited to the period of the Biblical annals only; and there are no more interesting parts of his work than the chapters on the money struck during the revolt of Barchochab, and on the Imperial Colonial coins minted at Jerusalem during the reign of Hadrian and afterwards. As regards the latter, which continues down to the time of Valerian in the middle of the third century, and specimens of which down to Elagabalus are in the British Museum, it is a curious study to mark the strictly Roman types on these coins—as for instance the architecture with the round arch, indicating the above-mentioned heathen temples, and the old mythological figures of the she-wolf with Romulus and Remus—especially when we remember that this attempt to merge the history of Jerusalem with the history of Rome was quite nugatory.

The other series of contemporary numismatic illustration has perhaps even a greater interest for us. The revolt of Barchochab,

the son of a star,[1] in the reign of Hadrian, had a decisive effect upon the subsequent fortunes of Jerusalem. In this revolt was a gallant two years' resistance. "The exasperation of the Romans knew no bounds; and their fury was especially directed against the scholars and their disciples, so that many of them died under cruel torments." Among them was Akiba, who, while torn to pieces by red-hot pincers, continued to cry, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord is our God: the Lord is God alone." Mr. Madden gives engravings of the series of coins, which were minted under Barchochab, and which remain to this day an eloquent memorial of this brave, but unsuccessful struggle of Hebrew nationality. The types on these coins are such as the following:—the palm branch—the Beautiful Gateway of the Temple, with a star above—the three-stringed lyre—the bunch of grapes—the two trumpets—with "the deliverance of Jerusalem," and the second year of the deliverance of Israel," as the mottoes. The vine was always viewed as characteristic of Judæa: a vine of metal was above the great entrance of Herod's Temple: wine is named as part of the supply to the Tyrian workmen at the building of Solomon's Temple; and the same is implied at the rebuilding under Ezra. The two trumpets were a warlike emblem with allusion reference to the instruction given in the Book of Numbers.[2] Among these coins one of the most interesting is in the British Museum, where emblems of this kind have been over-struck upon a silver coin of Trajan, minted at Antioch.

(ii.) With the reign of CONSTANTINE we come suddenly to two vital changes in the annals of Jerusalem. At this point the history of it as a Christian city begins: and this new period of history begins with the idea of localization in religion. Jerusalem now resumes its position as the sacred city of revealed truth; but under an aspect distinctively Christian, and not in the least degree Jewish. Again the old local feeling reappears on this sacred spot; but under conditions totally new. This is an absolute revolution in the manifold illustrious career of this city.

To enter here into the details of the famous story of the Invention of the Cross would be quite out of the question. It is enough to say—while it is very essential to say—that this story coloured a large part of the literature of the earlier Christian centuries, and helped to give character to a large part of the feeling of the Middle Ages.[3] Nor will any attempt be

[1] This title was given to him in allusion to Numb. xxiv. 17. Afterwards the Jews called this false Messiah "Bar-Chozba," the son of a lie—just as Bethel, in olden times, was named Bethaven.

[2] Numb. x. 2.

[3] All that can be said on this subject, and all that need be said, will

made here to solve those architectural questions, which have their beginning in Jerusalem at this point of time.[1] This only may be said with confidence that the great church built by Constantine's mother, over the supposed place of our Lord's burial, like the great church built by her at Bethlehem over the supposed place of His nativity, was of the Basilican type. The age of the Byzantine architecture, with the cupola which became characteristic of the East, was not yet come. The edifices which we see in Rome, at Ravenna, and indeed at Bethlehem itself, enable us to picture to ourselves the general character of the first Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The point of supreme importance for the history of Jerusalem in this period is that the great question of the "Holy Places," which has been so prolific since of pilgrimages, crusades, and modern wars, then and there took its beginning.

(iii.) In the course of a journey through the Holy Land there is no more interesting moment, short of the paramount interest attaching to directly Biblical subjects, than a visit to the place associated with the life and labours of ST. JEROME. In one sense, indeed, this association is strictly Biblical: for at Bethlehem he executed the Vulgate translation; and one of the pictures in his grotto there represents him as occupied in this great task. The point of importance, however, to which we are now coming, is that with him we reach the epoch of pilgrimages; and the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem is a distinct memorial of this. The central interest of this topic is, of course, at Jerusalem—though from this point of view, as indeed from any point of view, the place of our Saviour's birth may be viewed as a suburb of the Holy City. The significance of this era of pilgrimages, and its close connection with Jerome, are so well set forth by Dean Milman, in both sections of his great historic work, that it is quite worth while to quote a few sentences from each. In the "History of Christianity" he describes thus the change which had taken place:—

> Jerome's example, though it did not originate, strengthened to an extraordinary degree the passion for pilgrimages to the Holy Land; a sentiment in later times productive of such vast and unexpected results. In the earlier period the repeated devastations of that devoted country, and still more its occupation by the Jews, had

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probably be found in Mr. Sinker's article in the "Dictionary of Christian Antiquities."

[1] Of the change effected in Jerusalem generally Dean Milman says: "Constantine, by the advice of his mother Helena, adorned with great magnificence the city which had risen on the ruins of Jerusalem. It had become a place of such splendour, that Eusebius, in a transport of holy triumph, believed that it was the New Jerusalem foretold by the prophets."—*History of the Jews*, iii. p. 11.

overpowered the natural veneration of the Christians for the scene of the life and sufferings of the Redeemer. It was an accursed rather than a holy region, desecrated by the presence of the murderers of the Lord, rather than endeared by the reminiscences of His personal ministry and expiatory death. The total ruin of the Jews, and their expulsion from Jerusalem by Hadrian; their dispersion into other lands, with the simultaneous progress of Christianity in Palestine, and their settlement in Ælia, the Roman Jerusalem, notwithstanding the profanation of that city by idolatrous emblems, allowed those more gentle and sacred feelings to grow up in strength and silence. Already, before the time of Jerome, pilgrims had flowed from all quarters of the world; and during his life, whoever had attained to any proficiency in religion, in Gaul, or in the secluded island of Britain, was eager to obtain a personal knowledge of these hallowed places (vol. iii. pp. 191, 192).

Dean Milman adds that Jerome himself was the most influential pilgrim to the Holy Land, and that the general and increasing desire to visit that land may be traced to his writings, which had opened a free and constant communication between the East and the West. In his "History of Latin Christianity" the author returns to the same subject, and points out how "during the following centuries pilgrimages became the ruling passion of the more devout." Indirect consequences of a good kind followed from this. The drawing up of itineraries must have promoted the knowledge of geography. The establishment of hospitals along the pilgrim-roads was an opportunity for the exercise of charity.[1] But, on the other hand, the mischievous notion grew up that pilgrimage was an expiation for sin, and the traffic in relics became a fraudulent trade. The perils of this passion were in some degree perceived at the time.

It is remarkable to find among those who yielded in other respects to the more materializing influence of the dominant Christianity, some who attempted to maintain on this point a lofty spirituality. Gregory of Nyssa and Augustine remonstrated against the dangerous and unnecessary journey to such remote lands; dangerous to the virtue especially of the female sex; unnecessary to him who might worship God with equal fervour in every region. Others of the Fathers during the fourth century strongly offered the more sublime tenet of the divine omnipresence to the sanctity of peculiar places; the superiority of a quiet holy life in any part of the world, to the wandering over sea and land, east or west, to seek more assurance of the Divine presence (vol. iv. pp. 168, 169).

Even Jerome himself "dissuades his friend Paulinus from the voyage," declaring that "heaven is as accessible from Britain as

[1] Some reference was made to the early travellers in the Holy Land in a paper on "Central Palestine," in the March number of the CHURCHMAN.

from Palestine." The example, however, of Jerome, adds Dean Milman, "was more powerful than his precept."[1]

(iv.) The reign of JUSTINIAN was a memorable and well-defined epoch of the later Empire; and some of its results have been far-reaching and permanent. We have here to do with it only so far as it can be shown that any really important movements of that time turned upon Jerusalem. This reign, great as it was in itself and in its extent, seems at first sight to have but little connection with Palestine, if we except an interference between Jews and Samaritans by some pedantic rules regarding the use of language. Yet in one sense this reign is of the most cardinal importance for a true picture of Jerusalem as it was in the Middle Ages and as it is now. We need not think here of the famous system of jurisprudence which is connected with the name of Justinian, or of the scandalous life of the Empress Theodora, or of the reconquest of lost provinces. The reference here is solely to Architecture. From this point of time begins that divergence of the Basilican and Byzantine modes of church-building, which has resulted in such contrasted impressions of the West and East. The lofty spacious cupola of St. Sophia at Constantinople introduced an architectural change almost as great as that which was brought into the world by the Roman arch. We need not believe the fable that an angel revealed the new form of structure to Justinian, though it is quite possible that it may have been suggested, more or less, in a dream. Nowhere is the result more palpable than in Jerusalem. As we "gaze from Olivet" on the scene beyond the Kedron—

> Where Tower and Dome in one wide prospect rest—

the two structures on which the eye dwells most eagerly are the Dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the Dome of the Rock, popularly called the Mosque of Omar.[2] They differ very much in form, but each of them may most correctly be called a memorial of the reign of Justinian.

(v.) The intrusion of the Persians under CHOSROES II. into the regions near the Mediterranean is only an episode in the annals of that sea. Still even this presents to us Jerusalem as a pivot-city in important historical movements of the world. This eminent man, therefore, and his temporary conquests, and

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[1] There is a noble sentence in one of Augustine's sermons: "Noli longa itinera meditari: ubi credis, ibi venis: ad Eum enim qui ubique est amando venitur non navigando."

[2] This designation of the famous building which rises in much grandeur on or near the site of the Ancient Temple, has obtained currency in almost all books of Eastern travel. This mosque, however, was not built by the Khalif Omar, but by one of his successors.

his final defeat by the Emperor Heraclius, must have a place in our enumeration.

His taking of Jerusalem is a fact which, regarded merely in itself, cannot be passed over. It was one of those violent occupations of the city, in which it has been doomed, age after age, to be the scene of struggle and suffering. When the Persian monarch invaded the Byzantine Empire, after taking Antioch, he himself moved towards Constantinople, while one of his generals marched on Jerusalem, then a Christian city. The Jews, believing that their hour of vengeance was come, rallied in large numbers round the Persian army and stirred up their brethren in Damascus and Cyprus. A vast number of Christians were slaughtered; and ruin came upon the sacred buildings erected by Constantine and Helena and all other churches in the city. To use Gibbon's phrase, "the devout offerings of three hundred years were rifled in one sacrilegious day." Such an event cannot be omitted in a summary of the prominent facts in the later history of Jerusalem. It is true that Heraclius threw off the invader and reconquered Jerusalem, and made it Christian again, and himself visited it as a pilgrim. But even this is one of those strange alternations, to which our careful attention must be directed.

And in another way the time of Chosroes and Heraclius comes before us as a period of critical change for Jerusalem. We are now, so to speak, within the *penumbra* of the great Mahomedan eclipse. The historian of the "Decline and Fall" says that the second Chosroes "prepared that revolution of the East which was speedily accomplished by the arms and religion of Mahomet."[1] And this is illustrated by a curious anecdote. When the Persian monarch was in the full career of his success, a letter came to him from the Arabian prophet, then "an obscure citizen of Mecca," inviting Chosroes to acknowledge him as the apostle of God. The invitation was rejected, and the letter torn, which caused Mahomet to exclaim, "It is thus that God will tear his kingdom." Gibbon concludes his forty-sixth chapter with the following words:—

While the emperor triumphed at Constantinople or Jerusalem, an obscure town on the confines of Syria was pillaged by the Saracens, and they cut to pieces some troops who advanced to its relief: an

[1] This is made more articulate by Mr. Freeman. "The great campaigns of Chosroes and Heraclius made no lasting difference in the map, except so far as, by weakening Rome and Persia alike, they paved the way for the greatest change of all." In connection with the extraordinary speed with which the Saracens pressed their conquests, he adds that, "with the Mahomedan religion they carried also the Arabic language, and what we may call Eastern civilization as opposed to Western." —*Historical Geography of Europe*, vol. i. pp. 109, 110.

ordinary and trifling occurrence, had it not been the prelude of a mighty revolution. These robbers were the apostles of Mahomet; their fanatic valour had emerged from the desert; and in the last eight years of his reign, Heraclius lost to the Arabs the same provinces which he had rescued from the Persians (viii. p. 263).

Thus we are now in direct contact with that mysterious change, which coloured all Eastern Christendom and seriously endangered the Christendom of the West. And this change is of paramount moment in our present sketch of history; for, not to make mention of it under any other aspect, Jerusalem was the point of struggle between Saracen and Crusader.

(vi.) The spirit of the Crusaders has remained very tenaciously among the French. They never willingly reconcile themselves to the thought of losing their hold on Palestine and the Levant; and some of the authors who write the most warmly and eagerly on questions connected with these regions are those who write in the French language. Among recent authors of this class a high place must be assigned to Count de Vogüé, who, besides a very elaborate and beautiful work on the ancient churches of Syria, has published the book named at the head of this article. From Arabian sources he gives an account of the KHALIF OMAR'S entry into Jerusalem, which, though it relates to a very serious event, is extremely entertaining. The Saracen conqueror, leaving his camp on the Mount of Olives, entered the city quietly and modestly, and was met by the crafty Christian Patriarch Sophronius. Omar asked to be taken to the Temple of David, concerning which he stated that he had seen a vision, which would easily enable him to identify the place. Sophronius took him first to the Church of the Resurrection. "This," said Omar, "is not the Temple of David." Then the patriarch conducted him to the Church on Mount Sion. "Neither is this," said the Khalif, "the building which I saw in my vision." Then, after some difficulty, an entrance was procured to the area, where the Great Mosque now stands. Here the recognition was immediate. "Here is the Temple of David, of which the prophet gave me a description." Sophronius said (in what language, or whether audibly or not, we are not informed), "This is indeed the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, standing in the Holy Place." Thenceforward Jerusalem became a sacred city of the Moslems, as it had been a sacred city of the Hebrews in one sense, and of the Christians in another. In fact, as Count de Vogüé remarks, this visit of Omar made the site of Solomon's Temple a Moslem sanctuary of the first rank. Biblical events have so great a place in the Koran, that it could not be otherwise.

It is to be observed that the Saracen occupation of Jerusalem,

notwithstanding the magnitude of the change which it involved, was by no means attended with the carnage that accompanied its capture by the Romans, the Persians, or the Crusaders. Large privileges were granted to the Christians. Toleration was accorded to the exercise of their religion. But it was the toleration of ignominy. For this time "the iron entered into the soul" of the Christians of Jerusalem and Palestine. They were thenceforward an abject and humiliated caste. As to their religion, no bells were to be rung, no cross was to be exhibited, no sacred processions seen in the streets. As regards their private and social life, the rules made for their costume, their names, their very gestures, reminded them perpetually of the dishonour into which they had sunk. It is probable, too, that their consciousness of the secret exultation of the Jews added another bitter ingredient to the bitterness of their cup. What was true of the Christians of the Holy Land was true likewise of all the Christians of the East, wherever the Mohamedan power had overshadowed and crushed them: and a keen sense of shame and sympathy penetrated Western Christendom.

(vi.) But, above all, the Holy Places were now in the hands of the Infidels. The greatness of the place of Jerusalem in mediæval history is seen in this one fact, that it gave occasion to the Crusades. This was the most conspicuous movement of that period, the fullest of enthusiasm and heroism, cruelty and folly; the fullest of far-reaching consequences for all future time. English tourists at Brussels, when they are enjoying their comfortable quarters at one of the two principal hotels near the statue of GODFREY OF BOUILLON, hardly consider how near their thoughts are, or ought to be, at such a time, to Jerusalem.

The very magnitude of the subject imposes brevity on this part of our historic summary. When we read Tasso, there are two passages of his "Jerusalem Delivered" on which we pause especially. These are the descriptions of the first view of the city obtained by the Crusaders from the east and of their taking of it from the north. In the early part of the poem the description of the position of Jerusalem and its geographical relations is remarkably accurate; and we see clearly how well the Western mind had been made acquainted with it through the reports of the pilgrims. As to the feeling of the Crusaders we need not attenuate its fervour and earnestness; and the description of their emotion after first coming in sight of Jerusalem is probably true:—

> Al gran piacer che quella prima vista
> Dolcemente spirò nell' altrui petto,
> Alta contrizion successe, mista
> Di timoroso e riverente affetto.

And regarding Godfrey himself, we certainly need not doubt the deep and honest devotion with which he spent time in prayer and gave orders for religious observances before the last assault:—

> Del dì, cui dell' assalto il dì successe,
> Gran parte orando il pio Buglion dispensa;
> E impon, che ogni altroi falli suoi confesse,
> E pasca il pan dell' alme alla gran mensa.

Yet the shock is very great, when we compare all this either with the savage and indiscriminate cruelty of the massacre, when Jerusalem was taken, or with the quarrels and low ambitions of the Crusading princes themselves during the Latin occupation of the East.

The numismatic illustrations of the Frankish kingdom of Jerusalem are of extreme interest, though the surviving coins of its kings are, as might be expected, scanty in number. We must especially note the representations of three buildings which appear on these coins. On those of Baldwin the Second, Third, and Fourth, we have what is called the Tower of David, and which seems to represent that very tower which still remains in the highest part of Jerusalem, and is very familiar to all Eastern travellers. Coins of Guy Lusignan (1186-1192) exhibit the cupola of the "Temple," which is in fact the "Dome of the Rock," mentioned above as built by one of the early Khalifs, while those of Amurath I. show the "Church of the Holy Sepulchre" with a round conical roof and arches below, and apparently in the form which it presented before the fire of 1808. No coins of Godfrey himself are known to exist, and probably none will ever be found. It is not likely that he who refused to wear a crown of gold where Christ had worn a crown of thorns, would put his effigy, or use any titles in honour of himself, on the money of his kingdom. Of this numismatic series none brings the struggle of Saracen and Crusader more forcibly before us than one struck, from metal taken from the churches, during the very siege by Saladin.

(vii.) From Godfrey of Bouillon the progress of history brings us very rapidly to SALADIN. The inevitable course of events is well put before us by Count de Vogüé:—

> The kingdom of Jerusalem could not possibly last. Notwithstanding prodigies of valour and perseverance, it was doomed to yield to the attacks of the Arabs and to the elements of dissolution which it carried in its own bosom. The struggle which it maintained was not an equal one. The West had not then that superiority over the East, which has now been assured to it by the development of Christianity and the progress of civilization. The moral andm aterial conditions were at this epoch nearly the same in the two camps. The military valour, the religious ardour, the political constitution, the armament,

were the same on one side and on the other. Thus, other things being equal, victory was sure to remain with that one of the two adversaries which fought on its own soil. The advantage of ground was against the Crusaders, forced as they were to supply their commissariat from the sea by the help of an imperfect fleet, at an enormous distance from their base of operation, while the centre of Asia furnished an inexhaustible source to the fleet of their enemies, which renewed itself continually. We know the brilliant part which the Templars played during this struggle of a century. They postponed, without preventing the final catastrophe. The day came when they were obliged to quit Jerusalem and the famous fortification, the name of which, made young by their sword, was thenceforth ever to be associated with the memory of the highest military virtues (p. 78).

The biography of Saladin is of surpassing interest, and ought to be better known. Like Abraham, he came from Mesopotamia; and, like Abraham, "he went down into Egypt;" the footsteps alike of the great Patriarch and the great Saracen were in early life by the Euphrates and the Nile—though in no other respects would it be easy to find a resemblance between the careers of the two men. Saladin won his spurs in Egypt in conflict with the Franks of Palestine (1166–1168). He defended Alexandria against them. This is one of the last appearances of that city as an important place, before it was overshadowed for long centuries by the greatness of Cairo. He became virtually sovereign of Egypt, owning a nominal allegiance to the Khalif—herein presenting a curious anticipation of the present condition of that country. He finally quitted Cairo in 1182; and thenceforward he is identified with Syria, Palestine, and Jerusalem. His sway extended from Tripoli in Africa to Damascus, with the interruption only of the small Latin kingdom the capital of which was still the Holy City. The battle of Hattin in July, 1187, decided the fate of the Christians in Palestine. Jerusalem was taken in October of the same year, after having been eighty-eight years in subjection to the Franks.

The third and fifth crusades must not be forgotten—the former on account of the memory of our King Richard Cœur de Lion, the latter because of the temporary resumption of Frankish rule in Jerusalem under the Emperor Frederic II. The siege of Acre is not likely to be forgotten, at least by Englishmen who have travelled from Carmel to the Lebanon. Saladin died at Damascus when King Richard was in his Austrian prison.[1] The expedition of the young German Emperor under the order of his guardian, Pope Innocent III., takes us back to Jerusalem

[1] One of the most remarkable sights in Damascus is the tomb recently erected in the great mosque to the memory of Saladin. It is an indication of that Mahomedan enthusiasm, which is one of the most serious factors of the Eastern Question.

once more. But the new Latin kingdom here was ephemeral. The privileges obtained for the Christians were before long extinguished; the sacred buildings of Jerusalem lost their Christian characteristics, and became Mahomedan once more; and the title of its Christian kings faded into a mere shadow of the past on the coins of Cyprus and Savoy.

(viii.) Travellers who describe Jerusalem (and they have been very numerous, perhaps too numerous) seldom refer to the extraordinary interest of the walls of the city. Let her walls, then, in this slight account of her later history, receive their true position of honour.

In the first place, the instances are very rare in modern times, when one can walk all round the wall of a fortified city without being interrupted by outlying suburbs. This can be done now at Jerusalem—and done far more easily than when Nehemiah took his famous ride by night, "going out by the gate of the valley," examining the whole circuit of the walls, and entering by the same gate again.[1] And it ought to be done with very great care and attention; for we have in the circuit of these walls, whatever may have been the changes in their actual masonry, a memorial both of the late Roman and of the Crusading times. But besides this, the existing walls (and in the walls the gates must be included) are of extreme dignity and beauty. Their stone-work is excellent; its colour has a very peculiar charm; and the combination of the masonry with rock, whether this natural stone forms part of its basis, or is exposed to view with a small interval between, is very striking. This last characteristic attracts attention particularly on the north side, in the neighbourhood of the Damascus gate. But, above all, it is to be remembered that the present aspect and condition of the walls of Jerusalem are to be connected with a great historic name.

The builder was SOLYMAN THE MAGNIFICENT, the second Khalif and Sultan who reigned at Constantinople. How great this monarch was, how worthy of his title, will be seen by help of a very brief enumeration of facts. And it is the more incumbent on us to take note of him because we are now living in the period of the decay of the Turkish Empire. It is to be remembered that in reaching this Sultan we have passed from the Saracens to the Turks, from a period of Mahomedan history, which, as we view it now, is brightly coloured by romance, to a dismal reality with which we are too sadly familiar. Solyman II., however, stands out very nobly in the annals of his time. He was a really great monarch in an age of great monarchs. As to his date and his relation to other rulers, it is useful to recollect

[1] Nehem. ii. 11–15.

that he came to his throne almost exactly at the time when Charles V. was crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle, and that his alliance with Francis I. was the first instance of such a combination between Turkey and any Christian power. In this way Turkey was in fact brought into the modern States-system of Europe, as an incongruous element indeed, but a very important one. It was precisely at this time that the Ottoman Empire of Constantinople reached, not indeed its widest extent, but its highest eminence of military power. The Turks were then a terror to Europe; the pirate Barbarossa was sweeping the commerce of the Mediterranean; and one of our Collects for Good Friday stands as a memorial of English feeling on this subject in its Christian form. To return to Solyman the Magnificent, his conquests extended from Belgrade to Bagdad; he drove the knights of St. John from Rhodes; he besieged Vienna in person. But it is more to our purpose to say a word of his character. He was so great a legislator, that his Mahomedan title is drawn from this circumstance. One of his noble sayings was (as if in sarcastic anticipation of the Turks of the present day) that he wished those who administered justice under him to be "like those rivers which make fruitful the lands through which they flow, not like those streams which tear away all the ground in the neighbourhood of their courses." He was a poet and a mathematician. A famous mosque at Constantinople attests the splendour of his views of architecture. He diligently made roads and bridges. The point to which all these remarks in the present instance are leading up, is this, that to Solyman the Magnificent are due the strength and the aspect of those walls of Jerusalem, with which every modern tourist is familiar.

(x.) From his name to that of MEHEMET ALI is a deep descent; but we must come by this sudden fall to the next personage in our catalogue. The whole range of modern history—three hundred years in duration—lies in this interval, though indeed the fifty years which have passed since the day of Mehemet Ali have, in one sense, generated more history than all the preceding time, especially as regards scientific discovery and invention. Jerusalem has lain meanwhile immovable under the heaviest part of the Mahomedan cloud; and yet, when we think of it, we are conscious that it lies in the very heart of the great Eastern Question, which was stirred so vehemently in the days of Mehemet Ali. We feel, in looking back on those days, the beginning of the storm which broke out so seriously in the Crimean War, and the beginning too of what is happening at this moment. It was a time of great movements throughout the world. It was immediately after the passing of the Reform Bill in England, and after the emancipation of Greece by the Battle of Navarino,

that Mehemet Ali endeavoured to secure the independence of Egypt; and this would have been done but for the interference of the European Powers, the arresting of Ibrahim Pasha on his march to Constantinople, and the bombardment of Acre by our own ships. The mention of this last event seems to bring that time with a very fresh remembrance into the mind, while the presence of von Moltke in the battle of Nizib is a most curious link between those days and ours. The point before us is the condition of Jerusalem and of Palestine in regard to the world at large. The Holy City and the Holy Land cannot be viewed, in discussions such as these, separately from one another. Now this may be said with truth, that, notwithstanding the excitement of the period, they seemed to lie mysteriously in a kind of sacred isolation, waiting for the future. And this has occurred again and again through the long lapse of history. Palestine was like a bridge for the Egyptians and Turks, as it had been in the times succeeding Alexander the Great for the armies of the Ptolemies and Seleucidæ. Mehemet Ali felt, as Napoleon felt, some five-and-thirty years later, that Jerusalem did not lie on the line of his operations.[1] It is most remarkable that, so to speak, the Holy City and the Holy Land refuse to be secularized, and still stand apart for a destiny of their own.

As we pass on to our conclusion, it must be added that there is one very unexpected aspect, under which Jerusalem appears as the influential centre of what may truly be called a great movement. Cardinal Newman has told us, in his "Apologia," that the establishment of the Anglo-German Bishopric in Jerusalem was one of the events which most decisively broke his link with the Church of England. This indeed may appear a very small matter to some students of contemporary history. But, perhaps, when the whole significance of the annals of this country is fully known, no movements will be seen to be really more important than those which have been connected with such names as those of Chevalier Bunsen and Dr. Pusey.

(xi.) We end with the Crimean War, the strong personality associated with that passage of modern history being the EMPEROR NICHOLAS. Those were indeed "stirring times," to use the title of the book written by the late Mr. Finn, our highly esteemed consul at Jerusalem. Nothing in the history of the world is more strange than that the question of the possession of a silver star and of a key at the place of the Nativity of our Lord should have convulsed Christendom, cost multitudes of precious lives, and changed the boundaries of States—and this too in our own scientific, industrial, unromantic day. But that

[1] See a paper on "Southern Palestine," in THE CHURCHMAN for September, 1881.

star was adorned with the arms of France, the patron of Latin Christianity in the East; and that key locked or opened one of the Holy Places to the Greek Christians who looked to the Russian Emperor as the chief source of their strength, as he looked to them to further the extension of his influence in Turkey. Other events too conspired to bring on the acute phase of the Eastern Question. Especially it was at this time that the President of the French Republic became Emperor.

Mr. Finn's book, published by his widow and introduced to us by a preface from Lady Strangford, is of great value, because it presents to us the state of feeling in Jerusalem and Palestine, with all sorts of miscellaneous information, at the critical time of the Crimean war. In consequence of the variety of its topics, it is a somewhat difficult book to read; but all those topics are worthy of our careful attention. The very gossip of Jerusalem at that time is instructive.

Mohamedans are for ever expecting wars between Christendom and Islam; and to them Christendom is Eastern Christendom. . . . . But they expect the day of final triumph after a contest more sanguinary and desperate than any which have preceded it—a real Holy War, in which all the forces of both sides will at last be arrayed against each other. . . . . It was amusing to hear the bazaar-talk in Jerusalem at the beginning of the Russian War, and afterwards when an alliance between Turkey and some of the European nations was first mooted, ... it was gravely said that the Sultan, being attacked by the Christians (Russians), was about to call upon his vassals for aid in money and by arms. Was not the Sultan the Khalif-Allah? Did he not give permission to the French kings and queens to put on their crowns and swords after they had first made submission to them on their accession? Did not each king and queen take oath to come and fight for the Sultan when called upon? And now he was going to call upon the Queen of England, as his friend (and vassal), and upon the Latin kings, or at any rate upon their leader, the French Emperor, because the enemy was leader of the Greek Church, and the Latin Church must from duty and from policy come at the call of their suzerain and fight till the offenders had been chastised. If they, the vassals, came when summoned and did their duty—well; if not, why, they must be supposed to have made common cause with the enemy. And then? why, then the Green Flag must be unfurled, the Holy War proclaimed against all Christians—in Circassia and Asiatic Russia, in Algeria against the French, in India against the English. All true believers would rise as one man; and it would not be long before the last great triumph, the coming of Mohammed, and victory for ever to Islam (vol. i. pp. 344-346).

This was the popular Mahomedan talk at Jerusalem at the opening of the Crimean War. If to this we add the popular Christian talk, with a remembrance of the various nationalities and churches represented there, we obtain some important views

of the complication of the Eastern Question. The book opens with an animated account of the departure of the Turkish soldiers from Jerusalem on Sept. 19, 1853. The close of the war was signalized by a peculiarly fierce conflict of Greeks and Latins in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; for then, as during the present year, the Greek and Latin Easter came together. Nothing could be more humiliating than such conflicts. Still these facts remain before us, that Jerusalem was the pivot upon which the Crimean War turned, and that the Eastern Question, centralized there, awaits its solution.

In thus reviewing the vicissitudes through which Jerusalem has again and again been "made a heap of stones," and again and again become a centre of power and influence in the earth, no wonder in the mind is greater than the speculation as to how it is possible that on this site—and the site has always been the same—the city can have been at various periods so large and so splendid. No reference is here made to the magnificence of Solomon and Herod. Their periods were anterior to the survey we have been taking. But since the taking and destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, it has been a large and splendid city as Ælia or Roman Jerusalem under Hadrian, and its successors, as Christian Jerusalem with the grand churches of Helena and Constantine, as the place of the noble Mahomedan mosques of the Khalifs, as the metropolis of the Eastern kingdom of the Crusaders, with a glory still attested by remains of fine Gothic architecture. The site, bounded by the ravines of Hinnom and of the Kedron, seems too small for the architecture and the population required by such facts. We wonder, as we roam through the poor narrow squalid streets (if streets they can be called) of modern Jerusalem. This is only part of the general surprise created by the smallness of Palestine; and the experience of the traveller is precisely the same in Greece. Great events have often been enacted, and great principles illustrated, within scanty limits of space and time. "A thousand years are with God as one day, and one day as a thousand years;" and we wait for the full understanding of all that He means when He says: "The Lord doth build up Jerusalem; he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel."

J. S. Howson.

ART. VI.—THE ARMENIAN CHURCH: ITS PAST AND ITS PRESENT.

ARMENIA and the Armenians, though little known to most English readers of history or theology, will yet well repay the research of the student in any branch of investigation. The rugged mountain region, forming roughly a circle, the circumference of which touches the Caspian, the Euxine, and the Mediterranean, and embraces the head waters of the Tigris and Euphrates, nurtures a people who claim to be the oldest Aryan race in the world; within their confines somewhere are the cradle of the human race, the site of the Garden of Eden and the resting place of Noah's Ark. Physically, they are superior to most of their neighbours, tall, with fine chiselled features, somewhat fuller than the classical model, and more muscular, as becomes mountaineers, while their women have a reputation throughout the East—not undeserved—for their peerless beauty. So far as a stranger can judge, they possess many of the characteristics of the Scotch and the Swiss. In fact, they are the Swiss of Western Asia. They are thrifty, patient, industrious, intensely devoted to their families, passionately attached to their country, yet always ready to leave it, everywhere retaining their distinctive nationality, while absorbing a large part of the commerce of the East, and surpassing even the Jews in shrewdness and enterprise. They boast of an historical nationality reaching further back than the history of any other people save the Chinese. They were a kingdom when history began; they made alliances and treatises of commerce with China and Persia on the one side, and with Rome in the zenith of her power on the other, and the roll of her monarchs does not close till the end of the 14th century after Christ. Their language is as isolated and peculiar in its structure as that of the Basques, the old Iberians; they have their old ecclesiastical dead language in which exists all their literature, unintelligible to the uneducated; and their modern vernacular. The structure of this language seems further removed from the Greek than any other Aryan tongue, though it certainly belongs to this family, but is like some long shoot which has run up in a straight line from near the base of the main stock, and has sent forth no lateral branches, but during the whole of its lifetime has remained distinct. While most peculiar in its structure, the Armenian has borrowed names and words freely from the Zend and all the surrounding tongues. Many words from the Zend are retained, while lost in the original tongue. But none of these accretions have in any degree modified the structure of the language.

Thus race, language, religion, as well as country have combined to keep the Armenians a distinct and marked people. Yet their fate has been that of Poland. They are the Poles of the East. Like the Poles, they lost province after province, the western ones falling to Turkey, Kurdistan to Persia, Circassia and the whole of Georgia ultimately to Russia. There has been a tripartite partition, by these three powers, in which Russia has absorbed nearly two-thirds of the kingdom, Turkey almost a third, and Persia much less than a third. But this annihilation of Armenia, except as a geographical expression, has not shaken or affected the union of the race; of whom, according to their own accounts, there are eight millions. Can we wonder that a people whose nationality has been so completely suppressed, while the fire of patriotism burns fiercely in their breast, should cling with the intensest devotion to their national church, round which are clustered their whole literature, all the proud memories of their history; and should be ready to sacrifice anything rather than the distinctive features of that church? What link, what tie, either with their past history, or with their fellow countrymen, can they have except that of their old historic church?

Ecclesiastically we may look on that Church as the "Ultima Thule" of the East. It is true that primitive Christianity spread at a very early period beyond the Euphrates into Persia, but it was soon crushed by paganism and fire-worship, and was finally exterminated by the Sassanidæ in the fourth century. But it never lost its hold on Armenia, though, as primitive Roman Christianity in our own country was driven into Wales, so for a short time the Gospel light in Armenia glimmered only in the inaccessible valleys round Ararat. In this, as in many other particulars, there is a remarkable parallel between the histories of the English and Armenian churches. Both were re-planted, and the resuscitation of Armenian Christianity by Gregory the Illuminator, A.D. 301, has many points of resemblance with the mission work of Cuthbert and his predecessors in the north, and Augustine and Paulinus in the south of England. As the English church long resisted the encroachments of Rome, so for centuries the Armenians held out against the superstitions of her Greek neighbours. Both churches claim, in the first instance, an Apostolic founder, and the claim of the Armenians to have received the Gospel from Thaddæus and St. Thomas seems to rest on an historical basis.

For, with whatever legendary accretions the tradition may have been invested, it is impossible to disprove, and difficult to doubt, the statements corroborated both by Armenian and Greek authorities. We all know the legend of Abgarus, King of Armenia, his letter to Christ, and the fable of the handker-

chief sent in response, which retained the impression of the Saviour's features. Now, that Abgarus should have heard of the fame of Jesus is more than probable. The seat of his kingdom was at Edessa, the ancient Ur of the Chaldees, and now again known as Oorfa. At that period, it must be borne in mind, the Armenian kingdom had pushed to the southward, and although Edessa is geographically in Mesopotamia, its king was the recognized monarch of southern Armenia, or rather had transferred thither his seat of government, the spurs of the Taurid mountain range coming down to within two days' journey of the place. The Armenians claim that the Greeks, who came to Philip just before the feast, wishing to see Jesus, were the delegates of King Abgarus, and this is quite in accord with the long account given by Eusebius (Hist. Eccles. i. 13) of the mission of Abgar, overlaid though it be with fable. We must not forget that the historian very categorically asserts the existence of inscriptions attesting the mission to Christ, down to his day at Edessa. Nor, when we consider the constant commercial intercourse between that part of the Euphrates valley and Syria, the high state of civilization, and the travelling propensities of the Armenian race, need we be surprised to find them hearing so soon of the great Teacher who had arisen in Judea; especially as we learn from other sources that Abgar had sent an embassy into Syria to the Roman General Marinus to deprecate some suspicions of Tiberius of his having intrigued with Persia.

But soon after the death of Abgar (and we are now on historic ground), the infant church was assailed by continuous persecution, stimulated chiefly by Persia. Still the light was never utterly extinguished, and when Gregory the Illuminator, the great patron saint and founder of the present Armenian Church arose, he found the soil prepared, and the 7,000 in Israel ready to come forth and avow their faith. He had been saved from the massacre of his family when an infant, and was baptized, educated, ordained and married in Cæsarea of Cappadocia. He baptized Tiridates III., founded the cathedral of Etchmiadzin, still the religious metropolis of Armenia; and, like our own Bede, devoted many years of his life to the translation of the Scriptures into the vernacular of his nation. Tiridates, and the nobles of his kingdom, proclaimed, at Edessa, Christianity to be the religion of Armenia. The date of this national profession of Christianity is disputed, some Armenian authorities placing it as early as A.D. 276, which is manifestly too early, the more probable epoch being A.D. 302, when Gregory was consecrated by the Bishop of Cæsarea, to the See of Armenia, the present Armenian Orders being thus derived from the Greek. But whatever the exact date, the boast of the Armenians must be

admitted to stand on indisputable grounds, that theirs was the first nation which ever made a public profession of Christianity, and adopted it as the religion of the State; for this national re-conversion occurred, at latest, several years before Constantine emblazoned the Cross on the banners of the Roman Empire.

The Patriarchate, or rather the Katholicate of St. Gregory, descended to his two sons in succession, and thence to two of his grandsons, one after the other. Many and marvellous are the traditions of the Armenians as to the labours and sufferings of Gregory. It was one of his sons who attended the Council of Nicæa to represent his church, in A.D. 325, and to him also is ascribed the invention of the Armenian alphabet, the Syriac characters having been previously used; but this change was really much later, about A.D. 400, by St. Isaac. Gregory accepted at once the Nicene Creed, which is in daily use in his liturgy, with the anathema appended, but before which stands a rubric—"Thus far the symbol of faith." He added, also, what is called "the Confession of St. Gregory," always recited after the Creed, and to which the Armenians attach great importance. "And we also glorify Him Who was before all worlds: we worship the Holy Trinity and the one Godhead, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, now and for ever, world without end—Amen." The tradition of the Uniat Armenians, that St. Gregory visited Rome, does not seem to rest on any historical basis.

Again, the fires of persecution tried the Armenian Church through the tyranny of the conquering Sassanian dynasty of Persia. During this troublous epoch, the most conspicuous name in the ecclesiastical annals is that of St. Isaac. One thing was secured by the Persian domination, the complete independence of the Armenian Church from the Patriarchate of Constantinople. During this period also was held the Council of Chalcedon, the decrees of which have never been accepted by the Armenian Church, which has consequently been deemed by most orthodox writers to be heretical and to have adopted the monophysite heresy.

But, as I have often heard Armenian ecclesiastics earnestly plead, at the time of the sitting of that Council, A.D. 451, their country was in such a state of intestine convulsion, consequent on the Sassanian invasions, that the attendance of their bishops was impossible; that as a matter of fact they were never summoned; that, from their ignorance of Greek, they could have been of little use there; and that finally the refusal of the Armenians to receive the decree of Chalcedon is simply based on their maintenance of the great principle that no Church can be called on to accept as binding on her the decrees of a Council in which she was not represented, and that, so far as Armenia is concerned, the Council of Chalcedon was not œcumenical. They deny,

however, any rejection of the doctrines laid down by that Council. This denial is scarcely borne out by facts; for though at first the Armenians declined to receive the decrees, as being contrary to the anti-Nestorian declarations of Ephesus, and persisted in their refusal when, ten years afterwards, the Archimandrite Barsumas sent a delegate to urge their acceptance; yet thirty years later the national Armenian Council went further than this, and in A.D. 491 anathematized the Council of Chalcedon. The question whether the Gregorian Church (as the old Armenian is rightly called) does hold the Eutychian heresy, may, so far as we know from her formularies, be answered in the negative:—that practically the educated clergy do so absorb the manhood in the Godhead, as to lose sight of the sacrificial character of redemption, so far as an outsider, unable to converse with them in their native language, can ascertain, is true. But, so far as any dogmatic declarations go, the commonplace charge of heresy, so glibly uttered by Greek and Roman partisans against *all* the ancient independent churches of the East, is in this case at least, without sufficient proof. Because Armenia rejects the authority of a Council, that is not to say she affirms the doctrine condemned by that Council. Various other charges of heresy have been brought, one, *e.g.*, because the national Council of Tiben, A.D. 535, interpolated into the "Ter Sanctus," in the Liturgy, the words "who was crucified for us," as applied to all the persons of the Holy Trinity. But this interpolation does not appear in Malan's translation of the Liturgy, nor in Dr. Neale's, nor in Langlois, and Armenian prelates have assured me the charge is without foundation. Yet there can be no doubt that the Council of Tiben did introduce the words. The other items of indictment on the score of heresy are, the keeping of Christmas on the day of the Epiphany, the use of unleavened bread and of wine unmixed with water in the Eucharist. These latter will weigh but little with English Churchmen. In the main, the Armenian Church holds, and has ever held fast, the great verities of the Christian faith.

The ecclesiastical hierarchy of Armenia is peculiar. The highest title, that of Katholicos, has no parallel in any other church. There are two Katholici, of Etchmiadzin and of Sis, the northern and southern provinces. There are also Patriarchs at Constantinople and Jerusalem, but these are rather civil and political, than spiritual dignitaries, and are later additions, induced by the national circumstances of the Armenian people. A Patriarch cannot consecrate a Katholicos, but must be consecrated by a Katholicos. Their archbishops are numerous, as in the Greek Church, and have all the spiritual prerogatives of their ecclesiastical superiors. There are at present nineteen archbishops, most of whom have from two to six dependent

bishops in the towns of their province, but the succession of individual Sees has not been preserved with the same care as in the Greek or Roman Churches.

From the period of the final separation of the Armenian from the other Oriental Churches, its annals are scanty in the extreme. For centuries pressed politically between the upper and nether millstones of Persian and Tartar on the one side, and the Ottoman on the other; ecclesiastically, between the ruthless persecution of Mohammedanism, and the bitter and intriguing enmities of the Greek and Latin Churches, the story of Armenia is one long tale of suffering and oppression, borne with indomitable endurance. The libraries of Etchmiadzin and Sis contain many manuscripts which have never been printed, nor even read by any Western scholar. The Greeks laboured with but indifferent success to induce the Armenians to observe their ritual and observances, until the advent of the Crusaders opened a field for Romish aggression.

The Armenian kingdom had gradually but steadily been pushed from its northern fastnesses to the southern slopes of the Taurid, until in the twelfth century it comprised little more than the ancient province of Cilicia, with Marash as its metropolis. Attacked by the Ottomans politically, and by the Greek Empire both politically and ecclesiastically, the King, Rupen II., and the Patriarch Gregory, took the fatal step of invoking help from Rome, A.D. 1184. The Papal Court made no definite promise, but never lost an opportunity of dangling hopes of assistance on condition of submission to the claims of Papal supremacy. The astuteness of Rome was so far rewarded, that on the Pope's pledge to use his influence with Spain, Genoa, and Venice—then the great commercial powers in the East—several very important changes were made in the Armenian ritual, which up to this epoch had remained the most primitive and purest of all the liturgies of Christendom. We have no trace of the worship of images or eikons before this date, nor of the insertion of the Virgin's name as a co-mediator, nor of invocation of her or of saints. The doctrines of purgatory and of transubstantiation also now appear for the first time in the Armenian Church. But on one point the Armenians remained firm. They would not acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope, and consequently, when Rome found she could gain no more, she threw off the mask, and abandoned the hapless victims to their fate. An historian, certainly not prejudiced against the Church of Rome, briefly passes over this period with the remark, that in these transactions the proceedings of the Roman Court will not bear investigation.

But the efforts of Rome were successful in creating a schism which remains to the present day. Vast numbers of Armenians

had left their country, perpetually harassed and devastated by invading hordes, and had settled in the seaboard towns of the Levant and elsewhere, where they proved most successful traders. These the Dominicans laboured, not without success, to detach from their national church, offering the protection of Spain and Venice to all who would recognize the supremacy of the Pope, with the concession that they should retain their own orders, the marriage of their clergy, and the use of the Armenian liturgy, modified and interpolated to meet the requirements of Rome. Shall we wonder that men bereft of a country, homeless in the world, should accept the offer? Hence arose what is called the Church of the Uniat Armenians, now numbering about 150,000 souls, very few of whom, however, are to be found in the country itself, but chiefly among the emigrants on the Mediterranean seaboard. The headquarters of this schism, for some time fixed at Modan, in the Morea, then Venetian territory, were removed, in A.D. 1715, to the island of Lazaar, close to Venice, where they still remain, under the name of Mechitarists, from their founder, Mechitar. Here is the only Armenian press of any importance, and to this convent of schismatic Uniats, the Gregorian Church of Armenia is still chiefly indebted for all its literature. The liturgy used by the Uniats, and first printed at Rome, now at Venice, is full of Romish interpolations, as may be seen in Malan's translation; but I have frequently found Venetian printed liturgies in use in Gregorian churches, professing to be those of the old Gregorian rite, yet incorporating many Romish additions. So ignorant are many of the native priesthood, that they do not discriminate at all between the various editions, orthodox and corrupted.

But the efforts of Rome did not cease with the Uniat schism. Leo VI., the last King of Armenia, had married a princess of Hungary, and, attacked by the Egyptian Khalif, a last effort was made to secure western aid on any terms. While the Armenians hesitated to yield to the absolute demands of Rome, the country was overrun and Leo captured, A.D. 1375, and his kingdom was finally destroyed. After several years of captivity he was released, retired to Europe, became reconciled to the Pope, and finally died an exile in Paris, whither he had gone to seek aid in liberating his country, in 1393.

From that date the history of Armenia resolves itself simply into the lists of its Katholici. The Turks, into whose hands the fruits of the Egyptian conquests soon fell, left the Armenians the free exercise of their religion, subject only to the extortion of large bribes on the appointment of their Patriarchs and chief Ecclesiastics, whose election must be ratified by the Porte. But meantime the whole of northern Armenia had become absorbed by Russia, and the well-known machinations of the Muscovite

power have made greater inroads on the Gregorian adherents than all the violent outbreaks of Moslem fanaticism.

The Armenian Church, isolated, despoiled, and oppressed, had sunk at the commencement of the present century into a state of ignorance and poverty equalled in the case of no other church except the Nestorian Jacobites. She was without the means of educating her clergy, excepting at the small convents of Etchmiadzin and Sis; and the Armenians have never had nuns, and have shown little taste for monasticism, the only monasteries they possess being simply educational colleges. They possessed no printing presses, and for their theological teaching were much at the mercy of the Uniats of Venice. So absolute was their dependence, that it is said, though I cannot vouch for its truth, that copies of the liturgy, with the Procession of the Holy Spirit from the Son inserted in the Creed, have been found in use in Gregorian churches.

Since Armenia has ceased to have a national existence, had it not been for the wonderfully strong hold maintained on the race by its national Church, it must have become completely absorbed among its great and Moslem neighbours. Yet such is the power of that Church, that while there is no people except the Jews so universally dispersed as the Armenians, from China westward to America, yet nowhere have they lost their nationality, or been absorbed among the people where they sojourn.

We cannot have these facts too strongly impressed upon us, if we are to take a just view of the present and future of the Armenian Church, its attitude towards reform and towards Protestant missions; and the previous pages of historical resumé are really necessary in order that we may grasp the peculiar position. The struggles of the last four centuries may be passed over as, in this regard, unimportant.

The first direct effort to do anything to aid the Armenian Church in reformation, was made by the Basle missionaries in 1821, when they obtained the permission of the Russian Government to visit Russian-Armenia and Georgia. They extended their researches into Persian Armenia, and the story of their labour at Shamakhi and Shoosha is most interesting. Their only object at first was the evangelization of the Moslems, but finding them inaccessible, they listened to requests of the Armenians, who urged, "Why do you pass us by, and go to the Moslems. Come to our aid; establish schools for us." This they did for a time with most cheering results. Their object was not to proselytize, but to enlighten. In their own words, "to direct all their labours, in enlightening and reforming the Armenians, to the simple point of bringing them to be coadjutors

in the great work of converting the Mohammedans." They aimed "to enlighten the Armenian Church without drawing away its members, and for this end to lay the fundamental doctrines of redemption by Jesus Christ, justification by faith alone, and sanctification by the Holy Ghost, simply and clearly before individuals as often as opportunity should present." In this spirit the Basle Mission did a great preparatory work, both educational and by the circulation of the Scriptures, to which it must be remembered the Armenian Church has no objection, for it is to Scripture, of which they hold the Church, to be the witness and keeper, and not to the Church, that they refer as the ultimate arbiter in all matters of faith.

Thus the ground was in no small degree prepared when, in 1830, the American Board of Missions took up the work, which they have since carried on with a vigour and an employment of resources, and, we may also add, with a success scarcely paralleled elsewhere in missionary annals. But what were the views and principles of Dr. Eli Smith and Dr. Dwight, the pioneers of that mission? In their own words—

> So many barriers are set up by prejudice against foreign influence, that neither foreign missionaries alone, nor converts who have united with them, and thus come to be viewed as foreigners and apostates, can hardly expect to effect the entire reformation of the Armenian Church. The work must be done by enlightened persons rising up from the midst of the Church itself; and the greater the amount of light that is diffused through the nation before it is attempted, the more sure and complete will be the result. The missionary, therefore, instead of aiming to make proselytes to his own communion, although he may receive individuals who wish, or are forced, to come, should shape his measures so as to draw as few as possible.

Would that the Mission had been carried on always in this spirit!

The American Congregationalist Mission has steadily increased and expanded its operations. It has now in the Armenian country six important central stations, Aintab, Marash, Harpoot, Mardin, Van, and Erzeroom. It has good educational establishments at Marash, and I believe at other centres, and a noble college at Aintab, with a strong and able staff, there being a medical department also attached, the value of which is simply inestimable to the natives. They have many congregations, some of them self-supporting. But all these are entirely drawn from the Gregorian Church. There is no direct effort whatever made by them against Mohammedanism, and though largely supported by the Society called, by a strange misnomer, the *Turkish* Missions Aid Society, the Turks are not looked on as within the scope of their work. The missions have practically become exclusively missions for drawing Oriental Christians

into Congregationalism. No one will for a moment deny that they have done a great work, both in quickening spiritual life, and, above all, educationally. But there can be no doubt the work would have been much greater, had a spirit of toleration been cultivated; had the prejudices of the Orientals been considered; and had it been carried on in a more large-hearted spirit. It is for want of this that no impress worth speaking of has been made on the members of the Oriental churches. The door of friendly intercourse with Greek, Armenian, and Syrian prelates, which is still quite open to English churchmen, is closed to the Americans. Nor can this be wondered at, when episcopacy, the use of a liturgy, the wearing of surplices and stoles is inveighed against with the same vehemence as Mariolatry, and the Church of England denominated the half-way-house. To the fact that the Presbyterian American Missions in Syria have adopted a much more catholic tone, may be ascribed the more friendly feeling towards them entertained by all Oriental Christians, except of course the Latins.

Those readers who have weighed the above summary of Armenian Church History will surely at once appreciate, ay, and sympathize with, the intense devotion of Armenians to their own ecclesiastical system, and the importance of any effort at reformation being made *on their own lines*. That they are not averse to reformation is certain. The eagerness with which they all seize on opportunities for education, their natural intelligence, the frank way in which the leaders of their hierarchy welcome English aid, ay, and guidance, in endeavouring to secure higher education; the fact that their Church places no obstacles on the diffusion of Scripture, that they are not hampered by monastic or other religious orders; that they acknowledge that many of the parts of their system against which we protest were forced upon them by Rome in the darkest hour of their country's need; all these things facilitate reformation. That they need reformation is surely as evident to every English churchman who will stand by the principles of his own reformation. The invocation of saints as mediators, the adoration and invocation of the Virgin, the teaching of purgatory, the practice of masses for the dead, the adoration of eikons, the practical teaching of transubstantiation, the employment of a dead and unknown tongue in all their public services—these things, if not all incorporated as articles of faith into their formulas, are all held in practice. To quote the words of the Archbishop of Canterbury—"I cannot understand how any one who holds the doctrines of the English Reformation, and is grateful for the work of our Reformers, can withhold his sympathy from a movement for the reformation of the Armenian Church."

And such a movement there is at present. About sixteen years ago Martyn Migherditch, Armenian Archbishop of Aintab and Vice-Katholicos of the Convent of Sis, was referred to for information by some of his own people, who had got into controversy with the American Protestants. By the direction of the Patriarch, he accepted a challenge from the latter to defend the dogmas of invocation of the Virgin and of the saints and purgatory. In order to support his views, he began to study carefully the Word of God, and found to his grief and horror that the Americans were right and he was wrong. He frankly stated his difficulties to the Patriarch, but the only advice he received was to trust his Church, and to remember that he was likely to succeed to the Katholicate. At this time he knew nothing of the Church of England, he had only heard of it as one among many Protestant sects. For three years he remained in a state of painful mental conflict, but at length he determined for truth's sake to abandon his ecclesiastical dignities and to retire into private life. There were parts of the Congregational system from which he shrank, especially the rejection of episcopacy, the disuse of a liturgy and all forms of prayer, and their restriction of infant baptism to the children only of those few who were admitted by the missionaries into full communion. About this time he heard of some of his people who were meeting in private and using a service-book of which they had become possessed. It seems that a missionary of the Jews' Society, travelling to Hamadan, had left behind him a Turkish version of the English Prayer Book. This had come into the possession of those Armenians who had been educated in the mission schools, but would not leave the Church of their fathers. This book he borrowed and studied. It supplied the need he felt; and as he had been compelled to quit his dignities, because he insisted on using the vernacular in public worship, he at once adopted this book, until such time as he could have a translation of St. Gregory's liturgy, purged from the Romish interpolations of the fourteenth century. But now the ecclesiastical authorities commenced a severe persecution and refused to listen to all terms of compromise. He was then led to apply to Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem for intercommunion and recognition. After frequent communication with him, he went to Constantinople, and had much personal intercourse with the Rev. Dr. Köelle, the well-known missionary to the Moslems, who more fully instructed him in the doctrines of the Church of England. Finally, he was received into intercommunion by Bishop Gobat, signing the "Thirty-nine Articles" as his provisional confession of faith (excepting such only as are of a local character), until such time as the Gregorian Church shall have reformed her own doctrines and practices in accordance

with God's Word. He has ever since maintained his position, and about 300 of the Armenians in Aintab have continued steadfast in their attachment to his ministrations. The late Bishop Gobat, to the day of his death, generously maintained the Archbishop, and supplied him with the necessaries of life from funds at his disposal. By the generous aid of the late Rev. W. Newton, Vicar of Rotherham, a central site for a church for the Archbishop was secured in Aintab, for the erection of which a firman was, after three years' delay, granted by the Porte, and the walls of which have, through funds recently collected, been raised to the wall plate. But the progress of the building is now arrested by the exhaustion of all available funds. The site is vested in trustees — viz., the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G., J. McGregor, Esq., and the writer; and the deeds deposited in the Archives of the Embassy at Constantinople. By these the building is confined to the use of those in *Armenian* orders, using either the liturgy of the Church of England, or such liturgy of the Armenian Church as is in harmony with its teaching. The great object is to present to the thousands of Armenians who are dissatisfied with the superstitions of their own Church, but value its Catholic usages and traditions, a type of what a reformed, yet Catholic, Orthodox Church, may be, without ceasing to be Armenian.

The death of Bishop Gobat, and so soon afterwards of his like-minded successor, Bishop Barclay, and also of Mr. Newton, have deprived Archbishop Migherditch of almost the only friends he had left, who knew, by personal observation, the state of ecclesiastical affairs in Southern Armenia; and meanwhile he is left absolutely destitute, save for such a pittance as the writer has been able from time to time to remit to him. His own people are all of the poorest—hand-loom weavers and labourers.

Meantime, the movement for a Reformed Armenian Church has spread with marvellous rapidity. Nothing has contributed more to its success than the circulation of an edition of the Prayer Book of the Church of England, translated by the Archbishop himself into the Turkish vernacular of Southern Armenia, and printed in the Armenian character, the only character read by the people. This was printed in 1880 by the S.P.C.K., and most munificently presented at the sole cost of that venerable Society. A similar grant of Bibles has been made by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The writer made a lengthened visit to the country last year, and found congregations or groups of adherents in almost every one of the twenty or thirty towns he visited. Not only did he find Armenian priests using our Prayer Book out of church, and even reading the scriptural lessons in church in the vernacular, but he found a yearning among many of the native Protestant con-

gregations for a reunion with a Reformed Church of their fathers. Several Protestant pastors had earnestly sought episcopal orders from Archbishop Migherditch, and some were using our Prayer Book. At the same time a new danger is assailing Armenia. No less than 400 French ecclesiastics of the various orders expelled from France have betaken themselves to Asiatic Turkey, and are already spread through Syria, Asia Minor, Armenia, and Mesopotamia, studying the languages, and preparing themselves for an onslaught on Oriental Christianity, reformed and unreformed alike.

The evidence that there is a widespread and deep-seated desire throughout the whole Armenian Church for reformation on the lines of the Church of England is absolutely overwhelming. And this movement needs only to be judiciously fostered in order to produce vast results at no very distant day.

Exception was taken by some of the American missionaries to any sympathy shown by English Churchmen to the native and national reformers, on the ground that it would be an intrusion into their field. In reply, the promoters of the movement have repeatedly and emphatically repudiated any desire to interfere with the Americans in their work; but can they turn a deaf ear to the cry of thousands yearning for light, but who, having had the congregational system before them for years, determinedly decline to accept it? As Churchmen, they would be false to their principles if they repelled these people; as Reformed Churchmen they would be equally false, if they bid them be content to rest in superstition, so long as the Gregorian Church practises the worship of images, the adoration of the Blessed Virgin, the invocation of saints, the adoration of relics; teaches the doctrines of purgatory and of transubstantiation, and offers animal sacrifices.

Independent testimony to the truths of the statements already published have come in from all quarters. H.B.M. Consul at Aleppo, Mr. Henderson, writes that the movement is "real, spontaneous, indigenous, and rapidly spreading." And again, "I hope you will succeed in getting a large subscription, and that two or three assistants may be sent out from England, who could have the protection of British subjects."

Mr. Hormuzd Rassam writes to the *Times*, 25th of October, 1881: "Of course all Armenians and other Christian sects in Turkey prefer the Episcopalian principles, but hitherto no Anglican Society has extended to them the hand of fellowship."

The Bishop of Gibraltar admits in a letter to the *Morning Post*, dated 11th of February, 1882: "There is a singular concurrence of independent movement on the part both of the Greeks and the Armenians towards the English Church."

Mr. Morrison, the agent of the British and Foreign Bible

Society, in writing from Tiflis to Dr. Tristram in confirmation of his letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, encloses a letter from G. J. Zarian, of Diarbekir, whom he knows, and whom, along with Mr. Carapet (ordained by Bishop Gobat), he speaks of as having "favourably impressed him as earnest truthful men."

Zarian writes from Diarbekir to Mr. Morrison—

You will be very glad to hear the news of the prosperity of the Gospel and progress of our Church. Especially in these days we see superstitious people being converted day by day unto the true and Christian right way; many are ready to leave all their superstitious and wrong doctrines and join our Church. In a special manner, the Armenians and Syrians in our country prefer the Episcopal Church more than any other Protestant Church which has no episcopal order or institution for its establishment. Our Church can take large paces in advance, but unfortunately it is in want of assistance, and has no sufficient means to manage all wants of its progress. Now there is more progress than before. Every Sunday our chapel is full of Armenians, Syrians, and Roman Catholics. Many people are now awakened from their sleep, and come to hear the preaching of the Word of God. Last Sunday, two men, two youths, and a woman were added to the number of our membership, and became partakers of the Holy Communion. Our school has twenty-five boys, who are learning reading, writing, and Christian education; but our work is imperfect while we are outside the care of any mission society or bishopric. We have no power and assistance to keep both the school and church, and the other necessities which favour the progress of the Church. . . . . In these days, there are also Church movements both in our city and in neighbouring towns. A week ago we received two letters, one from Mosul, the other from Mardin, fifteen hours distant. These letters ask for assistance from our Church. We did what we could. We sent them Prayer Books and Bibles; we gave them instructions how to conduct Divine service according to the Prayer Book, and we advised and encouraged them to continue in that manner. . . . . Please to mention our Church, and present it to our episcopal brethren, who will have sympathy and love for Christ's Church in Diarbekir, so that through their favour many people may enjoy the same Christian blessings which they have, "that we all of one mind may hold the faith in unity of spirit in the bond of peace."

The following extracts are from a letter to Dr. Tristram, from the native pastor of the self-supporting congregation of Oorfa (Ur of the Chaldees):—

There is a new danger coming out. When we look at it as men of reason, it seems as though it would swallow up the whole of the Gospel work in this country.

The Jesuits, 400 of whom, when excluded from France, turned to Asia Minor, are learning Oriental languages, especially Armenian. In a short time they will make their stations in the chief cities of Turkey, and by their enormous expenditure and their instructions

they will convert the people to Popery. How can a man of reason believe that such a feeble and superficial Congregationalism will be able to stand against this gigantic enemy? . . . . .

We are exceedingly sorry to say that, with a very few exceptions, neither the native pastors nor the missionaries have any depth of knowledge of Armenian literature and ecclesiastical constitution. On the contrary, they abuse the Armenian language, and try to make profane Turkish the theological and literary language for the Armenian Christians. Their secret resolve is by this means entirely to separate the Armenian Protestants in their ecclesiastical and national relations from their great stock.

Another thing, which is a sadder, though more absurd, matter, is that the Episcopal Church is explained by the missionaries to be a Popish Church. From this it is clearly seen that these persons are ignorant of Church History, and of the fact that the Episcopal Church is the greatest branch of the Reformed Church.

We cannot understand the reason why the noble English nation has not before now largely begun her missionary work in this country, for it is more than evident that the English nation is much loved in Oriental countries, both for her national and ecclesiastical character, and there are many educated persons who are ready to help the work, and they wait in that hope.

The following are extracts from a letter addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury by Mr. Boyajian, the well-known native pastor of Diarbekir:—

My Lord Archbishop,—In the interview which your Grace favoured me with at Addington, last August, I promised at your request to write concerning the movement among the Armenians towards the adoption of the system of the Church of England. After leaving England I have been constantly travelling, and so occupied in various ways, that I have had no time to fulfil my promise, and for this I beg to offer to your Grace my sincere apology.

With regard to the movement, while in Constantinople, I met several clergymen, amongst them a bishop, the most learned and enlightened of the Armenians, who were very anxious that the Churchmen in England should assist in the introduction of the Church of England formula among the people, and they have assured me that the great mass of the Armenians will be most ready to adopt it.

In the interior the case is the same. There are already communities in connection with the English Church at Aintab, Marash, and elsewhere, formed under the care of Bishop Migherditch.

Since my arrival here, which is about six weeks, I have received letters from Bitlis and Kharpoot, telling me that there are several hundred families among Armenians in those places who are Protestants in heart, but decline to adhere to the American missionaries on account of their Church policy (Congregationalism), being earnestly desirous of union with the Church of England, and they have appealed to me either to send them some one, or to go myself, to guide, advise, and admonish them. There is also another appeal from Mar-

din, a large town to the south of Diarbekir. Thus, your Grace will see that the statement of Canon Tristram is not a fiction, but rather within than beyond the limit of the true state of the case. I am very anxious that something should be done to forward this movement, which I seriously consider to be for the highest benefit of the Armenians. . . . .

The Armenians generally are inclined to the reformed form of Christianity, but not to Congregationalism. *The Church of England system is the most suitable to them, and I believe that its introduction will cause the reformation of the Armenian Church at a not far distant time.*

The above-mentioned appeals are sent to me on account of my connection with England, and they know how strongly I favour and advocate this great work; but I know not how to help it effectually, for, as your Grace may remember my telling you, I am the pastor of a large Protestant community here, who, though independent of missionaries, still keep the form of the Church organized by them; nevertheless, the majority are in strong sympathy with the Church of England. I intend for the present to write and admonish those who appeal for help, promising to lay their desire before your Grace.

With such evidence before them, the committee, recently formed to carry out this work,[1] confidently appeal to the sympathies of all members of the Church of England, who are attached to the principles of the Reformation, to aid them, 1st. In completing the still roofless church of St. Gregory at Aintab. 2nd. In affording assistance to Archbishop Migherditch. 3rd. In sending out immediately two clergymen—one to be a means of communication with England, to be with the Archbishop at Aintab, to assist in organization, and generally to exercise a directing and controlling influence. Such an one it is believed is willing to go—one, whose name and qualification would at once commend him as eminently fitted for the work. The other is needed as an itinerant preacher, to visit the towns and villages, and to look after the congregations where there is either no reforming Armenian priest, or none capable of preaching. This one, too, is ready, in Rev. A. Garbooshian, himself an Armenian by birth, and a Cambridge graduate, whose chaplaincy in Cyprus, under the Colonial and Continental Society, has been lately suspended for want of funds, and who earnestly desires to devote himself to work among his countrymen. He can preach in Armenian, Turkish, and Arabic, and is in the full vigour of youth. It would indeed be a mistake to let slip such an opportunity.

English Churchmen have contributed many thousands of pounds to the American Congregationalist Mission, through the

[1] The trustees of the fund are the Archbishop of Canterbury, Rev. F. E. Wigram, Hampstead, Rev. Canon Tristram, D.D., Durham, Hon. Sec.

Turkish Missions Aid Society, and otherwise. Is it too much to ask that when the aid of their own Church is invoked, and there is a fair prospect of reforming the most ancient and venerable of the churches of the East, the response should be prompt?

The sum of £1,000 a-year would meet all demands. The case comes under the purview of no existing society. There is no time to be lost, for the harvest is fully ripe.

H. B. TRISTRAM.

Short Notices.

The Pulpit Commentary.—Deuteronomy. Exposition, by the Rev. W. L. ALEXANDER, D.D., Editor of Kitto's "Biblical Cyclopædia:" Homiletics, by the Rev. C. CLEMANCE, B.A., D.D.: Homilies by various Authors. Pp. 580. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1882.

IN reviewing several volumes of "The Pulpit Commentary," edited by Canon Spence, and the Rev. Joseph Exell, we have readily done justice to the work, as almost unique; admirably planned, and carried on with ability, reverent care, and good judgment. The volume now before us merits hearty praise. The Introduction by Dr. Alexander is exceedingly good; and of the exposition, homiletics, and homilies, so far as we have examined, we can write with confidence. Here and there, in the exposition, occur some specially choice paragraphs; but the whole is clear, forcible, and fresh. The book is a big one; in some respects, perhaps, too big; but from many teachers, at all events, there will be no complaint on this score. Full and suggestive, it is a valuable Commentary. The printing, on good paper, is excellent.

In his Introduction, Dr. Alexander replies to Dr. Robertson Smith. We quote a specimen passage of his able argument:—

> The aspect and attitude of the writer, both retrospective and prospective, are those of one in the position of Moses at the time immediately before the entrance of the Israelites into Canaan. . . . . These allusions are so numerous and precise that it may with justice be said, "If Deuteronomy is not the work of Moses, there is here the most exquisite of literary frauds, and that in an age which had not as yet acquired the art of transporting itself into foreign individualities and situations" (Hengstenberg).
>
> The passage just quoted suggests a weighty consideration in favour of the Mosaic authorship of this book. If the book is not by him, if it is the production of a later age, it must be regarded as a forgery. For beyond all question, the book not only contains discourses alleged to have been uttered by Moses, but also claims to have been written by him (cf. ch. i. 1; xxix. 1; xxxi. 1, 9—11, 24). Are we, then, to pronounce this book a forgery? If so, the book cannot be regarded as one of the *ἱερὰ γράμματα*, the sacred writings—as really belonging to the *γραφὴ Θεόπνευστος*, as being a book given by Divine inspiration. For the religious consciousness recoils from the thought that God would either originate or sanction a deliberate untruth. We may admire the genius of the man who could produce so consummately skilful a fiction; but we can never believe that it was by Divine direction and with help from above that he composed it, or that it was sent forth with the authorization of him "all whose words are true." Nor is it easy to conceive how what must have been known to be a fraud could have found acceptance and been reckoned among

the sacred writings of the Jews. It has, indeed, been pleaded that there was no fraud in the case; that, as all knew that the book was not written by Moses, none were deceived by the ascription of it to him, any more than those who heard Herodotus read his history at the Olympic games were deceived by the ascriptions to his heroes of the speeches which he had himself composed. But on this supposition, how are we to account for the author of the book ascribing it to Moses at all? Herodotus made speeches for his characters, and inserted them in his history, merely to give completeness to his story and as a display of literary skill. But no such motive could have induced the author of Deuteronomy, supposing him to be some prophet or scribe of a later age, to have ascribed his work as a whole to Moses. He could do this only in the hope of thereby investing it with greater authority, and procuring for it a more ready acceptance and deferential regard. But for this it was essential that the book should be *believed* to be by Moses; the moment it was known not to be by him, the author's design would be wholly frustrated. The author must, therefore, have *intended* it to be accepted as really the work of Moses; and if it was not so accepted, it must have been repudiated as a too manifest forgery to be endured. Its acceptance by the Jews and its place in the canon is thus utterly unaccountable on the supposition that it is the production of a writer of an age later than that of Moses.

The Abbey Church of Bangor. By the Rev. CHARLES SCOTT, M.A., Incumbent of St. Paul's, Belfast. Pp. 45. Belfast: Baird, 10, Arthur Street.

Bangor, the Bangor of Mr. Scott's interesting pamphlet, which we gladly recommend, is the pleasant watering-place on the shores of Belfast Lough. It was called Bangor Mor, or the Great, to distinguish it from Bangor in Wales; and it has a claim on every student of Irish history. (The word Bangor, which in other parts of Ireland takes the form Banagher, means rocky or pointed rocks.) About eighty-four years after the landing of St. Patrick, St. Comgall, who was the founder of Bangor, Mr. Scott tells his readers, was born at the place now called Magheramourne, on the shores of Larne Lough. This district produced two of the most eminent Irish saints of that century; for Ciaran, the founder of Clonmacnoise, though born in Meath, was sprung from the tribe Latharna, a word still preserved in the name Larne. Comgall studied at Clonard, Glasnevin, and Clonenagh, then celebrated schools. The learned author proceeds:—

At Clonmacnoise or, more probably, at Connor, he was ordained priest by Bishop Lugidius, for the Church of St. Patrick did not believe in the pariety of ministers, but, with the whole Primitive Church, recognized the distinction of the ministry into three ranks, bishops, priests, and deacons. Like many other earnest and ardent Christians of his time, he desired to go over as a missionary to Britain, and it was only after a good deal of persuasion that he remained at home. After teaching for some seven years in Ulster, he settled in the year 558 at the place then, as now, known as Bangor. He built a church and established a monastery, that is, a Christian settlement, comprising not merely a church but a college and schools, a mill, and everything else that was needed for the support of the community. In fact, an Irish monastery was just like a modern missionary station in Africa or North America. Ireland at that time was divided into numerous tribes, continually at war. Each great church, with the people, men, women, and children, that gathered around it, formed thus a tribe, too, under the charge of the principal minister; he was called their chief, and they were called his people. Comgall's settlement grew from year to year, until, it is said 3,000 souls were under his care. He framed rules for the guidance of his community. Its fame spread far and wide. We find that Cormac, King of South Leinster, came to Bangor, joined the community, and there died.

Of Columbanus, Mr. Scott says:—

Columbanus was a very remarkable man, and like his namesake Columbkille, hardly ever out of hot water. He rebuked sin wherever he found it, and nearly suffered the fate of John the Baptist for a somewhat similar cause, from a weak king and an infuriated queen. He wrote most boldly to the then Pope, Leo the Great, and wound up with this remarkable statement—"Error can lay claim to antiquity, but the truth which condemns it is always of higher antiquity still." To Pope Boniface he wrote as strongly—"For we are disciples of St. Peter and St. Paul, and of all the disciples who wrote by the Holy Ghost, the divine Canon, thorough Irishmen are we, inhabitants of the very ends of the earth, but, however, men that receive nothing beyond the teaching of the Evangelists and Apostles." Such was the teaching received in old Bangor long ago. These missionaries from Bangor carried with them the institutions of Bangor and the *Cursus Scottorum*, or Irish order of Divine Service.

Comgall, was an intimate friend of another great Ulsterman, Columbkille, the founder of Iona. He visited him at Iona, and travelled with him through Scotland.

Popular Commentary. Vol. III. Edited by P. SCHAFF, D.D. *Commentary on the Epistles of St. Paul.* With Illustrations. Pp. 628. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1882.

The second volume of this Illustrated "Popular" Commentary, edited by Professor Schaff, was reviewed in the CHURCHMAN nearly two years ago. The first volume had been noticed in these columns a little while before. We were able to commend the work as an admirable addition to our store of sound and interesting commentaries; on general grounds, we thought this illustrated Popular Commentary would stand a comparison with its predecessors and contemporaries, and it merited praise on account of its own peculiar features. The volume before us we can also warmly recommend. As regards illustrations, we may remark, the first volume surpasses the second and the third. But the three volumes, as a whole, form a valuable work, and the concluding volume, which Messrs. Clark announce as to be published at an early date, will be worthy, no doubt, of ranking with its fellows. The type, printing, and general "get-up" of the work deserve special mention. The demand for such volumes as these is a cheering sign of the times. Of critical Commentaries for scholars and theologians, English and translated German, we have now enough; of expository and illustrative Commentaries for the use of intelligent and thoughtful students, who know no other tongue but English, Commentaries up to date, as regards both controversies and discoveries, the store is not too large. The present work of the eminent Edinburgh publishers will have, we trust, the large circulation which it deserves.

The Epistles to the Romans, Galatians, Ephesians, and Colossians, are the work of the Editor, Dr. Philip Schaff, and Dr. M. Riddle; Professor Lumby undertook Philippians and Philemon; Dr. Oswald Dykes, Dr. Marcus Dods, Principal David Brown, and Dean Plumptre, are the other commentators.

In the exposition of the Epistle to the Romans we had marked several passages for notice; but we have no room. In the Introduction to the Epistle to the Philippians, Professor Lumby discusses briefly, but with sufficient fulness, the organization of the earliest Christian Churches. "We can see," he says, "that the two titles, 'bishop' and 'presbyter,' were for some considerable time employed as interchangeable."

In the exposition of the Epistles to Timothy, Dean Plumptre refers, of

course, to the same question. He says that the position which Timothy occupied was that "in modern phrase, of a vicar-apostolic," exercising an authority over bishop-presbyters, and deacons. He had to sit in judgment over men who were older than himself (1 Tim. v. 1, 19, 20); to appoint the bishop-elders and deacons of the church (1 Tim. iii. 1–13); to regulate its almsgiving and the support of its widows, as a sisterhood partly maintained by the church and partly working for its support (1 Tim. vi. 9, 10). In regard to "*widows*," 1st Ep. v. 3–13, the Dean writes that these women, like those of Acts vi. 1, ix. 39, were dependent on the alms of the church, not necessarily deaconnesses or engaged in active labours.

The Temple. Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. By Mr. GEORGE HERBERT. First Edition. 1633. Fac-simile Reprint. Third Edition, With Introductory Essay. By J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE, Author of "John Inglesant." London: T. Fisher Unwin, 17, Holborn Viaduct. 1882.

This is a very interesting volume; in its way a *gem*. Prepared from the copy in the British Museum, this edition of "The Temple," says a prefatory note, is "wholly a *typographical* reproduction, and for this purpose many special punches have been cut and ornaments engraved. The volume is as close an imitation as possible of the original in size, in binding, and in the colour and texture of the paper." An introductory essay by the author of that remarkable novel "John Inglesant" deserves, in a literary point of view, unstinted praise. Upon his opinion of George Herbert's position, and influence, on another opportunity we may make some criticisms. At present we remark that in his opening sentences Mr. Shorthouse twice writes "altar," a term which he cannot find in the Prayer Book.

The Faiths of the World. A Concise History of the great Religious Systems of the World. Pp. 430. William Blackwood & Sons. 1882.

This volume contains twelve lectures, delivered in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, and in the Cathedral, Glasgow, last winter, by leading clergymen of the Church of Scotland; Principal Caird, Dr. Matheson, Professor Milligan, Dr. Burns, Professor Flint, and others. That these lectures are able, interesting, with much that is new and with a good deal that is old, yet newly set and suggestive, we need scarcely remark. With every lecture, considering both what is said in it and what is left unsaid, we cannot say we are satisfied.

Voices from Patmos. By Rev. WILLIAM BURNETT, M.A., Author of "Sidelights of the Bible." Pp. 134. S. W. Partridge & Co.

Simple, faithful, and affectionate expositions of the benedictions to the Seven Churches: a little book we can heartily commend.

A Manual for the Social Science Congress. By J. L. CLIFFORD-SMITH, Secretary of the Association. Office of the Association, 1, Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C.

In commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science it has been thought well to issue a narrative of past labours and present results. This Manual, cleverly compiled, is a readable little book, with a good deal of useful and interesting information. We quote a specimen paragraph:—

CANAL AND RIVER POPULATION.[1]—The subject of the social and sanitary condition of the canal and river population was considered by the Health Com-

[1] *Transactions*, 1876, p. 614; 1877, p. xxxvi.; 1880, p. 622; 1881, p. xxxviii. *Sessional Proceedings*, vol. x. pp. 21, 312; vol. xiv. p. 143.

mittee and by the Council in 1877, when representations were made to the Home Secretary urging the necessity of early legislation with a view to the prevention of overcrowding, the spread of infectious diseases, the evasion of the Acts for the registration of births and deaths, and vaccination, the neglect of education, and the deterioration of morality. The Canal Boats Act of 1877, warmly and mainly promoted by Mr. George Smith, of Coalville, was passed shortly afterwards. In 1880 the Health Committee instituted an inquiry into the working and operation of this Act, issuing to all the authorities charged with its administration a series of questions as to the number of boats registered, the system of inspection adopted, &c. The replies received were afterwards presented in a tabular statement which gave interesting and valuable information as to the working of the Act, and practical suggestions for its amendment.

With the Prophets Joel, Amos, and Jonah. Church and Home Lessons from three Minor Prophets. By ALFRED CLAYTON THISELTON, Minister of the Episcopal Chapel, Upper Bagot Street, Dublin. Pp. 318. Nisbet. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers, and Walker, Middle Abbey Street. 1882.

A good book. The author is known to some of our readers, no doubt, as the Honorary Secretary for Ireland of the Colonial and Continental Church Society; his "Church and Home Lessons from Hosea" we had the pleasure of reviewing at the time of its publication.

The Great Roman Eclipse; with the visions of the Locusts and Horsemen. An Exposition of the 8th and 9th Chapters of the Apocalypse. By the Author of "The Little Horn of the East." Pp. 400. Elliot Stock. 1882.

This book will be read with interest by many students of prophecy who cannot concur with the Author's conclusions. We may give an examination of it, hereafter, in connection with other good prophetical works, but at present we simply remark that while the author accepts the general English interpretation of the first four trumpets, he differs from it in some particulars, and especially in regard to the *eclipse* (not *extinction*) of the Roman Sun. The book is well printed on good paper.

The Church Missionary Society *Report* for 1882 (C. M. S., Salisbury Square), contains many valuable and interesting passages, on which, had we space, we should gladly comment. The encouraging Report of the Palestine Mission—*e.g.*, by Canon Tristram and Mr. Bickersteth, is particularly inviting. Our affection for this noble Society grows stronger year by year; and we are thankful to note how its excellent publications are edited, with good judgment, literary ability, and reverent care.

"It is evident that we want additional work of all kinds both in our "town and large rural parishes, mission chapels, open-air preaching, ser- "vices suited to untrained tastes, and a larger army of workers from every "class, as lay-readers and district visitors. *It is difficult to see how by any "other mode than the extension of the ministry by an unpaid diaconate the "present spiritual destitution of the country can be completely met.*" We quote these sentences from the Church Pastoral Aid Society's *Report for* 1882. (C. P. A., Temple Chambers, Falcon Court, 32, Fleet Street.) This 47th Report of a most important Society deserves to be read, and lent, and recommended, more—a good deal more—than as we fancy at present is the case. The sentence which we have put in italics, has an especial interest just now. No "party" feeling, happily, has been felt, as yet,

among the advocates of a change as regards the Diaconate. The movement is growing stronger, slowly, but surely. For ourselves—the remark may be excused—we rate the question as among "Church Reforms" of the highest importance; and in the pages of THE CHURCHMAN, from the first, this reform has been urged. Representative men, High, Broad, and Evangelical, plead in its favour; but, as we think, the traditions and the principles of Evangelicals should make them prompt in coming to the front.

Of *The Revolt of Man*, a clever work of fiction (Blackwood & Sons) a new edition has appeared. Mr. BESANT'S plot is that in the order of things which certain irreligious *doctrinaires* have seemed to wish for, women were masters; but the men revolted, and the monstrous woman-rule, with Socialistic ideas of marriage, was swept away.

We received in due course from Messrs. T. & T. Clark, the first issue of their Foreign Theological Library for 1882. *Dorner's System of Christian Doctrine*, Vols. III. and IV. These volumes should have been noticed in an earlier number. For those students who know how to use it Dorner's work is of high value.

Messrs. Silver, the well-known outfitters, have published several colonial handbooks. The volume before us, *Handbook for Australia and New Zealand* (S. W. Silver & Co., Sun Court, 67, Cornhill), a third edition, seems an exceedingly good one; complete, clear, and correct; a *handy* book, besides, not too big. The Map shows the latest discoveries.

We have received some pleasing packets of new floral Cards from Messrs. Campbell and Tudhope (45, St. Paul's Churchyard), cheap and good, suitable for Sunday Schools. It seems early for the Christmas and New Year's Cards; but it is well to be in time.

The Preacher's Analyst, a monthly Homiletical Magazine, edited by the Rev. J. S. BIRD, B.A. (Elliot Stock) is a good fourpenny-worth; after the fashion of the *Clergyman's Magazine*, it contains original articles and sermon notes, original and selected. Its tone is all that we could wish.

In the *Foreign Church Chronicle* (Rivingtons), an interesting number, appears a review of Dr. Littledale's *Plain Reasons*. The *Chronicle* therein says:—"One thing is very striking in the work—that instead of being, as so many former works on Roman controversy were, an attack, it is really a defensive work. It does not aim at proving the Church of England to be a true living branch of the Catholic Church, and the Church of Rome to be a withered branch, and to show how far she has fallen from the faith, so much as to plead that there is no sufficient reason to leave the one for the other. Its attacks seem as the desperate sallies of men from a beleaguered fortress, rather than the confident assault of a victorious army.

THE MONTH.

THE interest of the war in Egypt speedily shifted from Alexandria to Ismailia on the Suez Canal, Kassassin on the Freshwater Canal, and the earthworks at Tel-el-Kebir. Sir Garnet Wolseley has proved a prudent commander, with qualities of the highest order of generalship. The war is over. Loyal subjects throughout the British Empire have abundant

cause for congratulation; and believers may mingle thanksgivings with their prayers for "unity, peace, and concord."[1]

The revolt of the Dublin Metropolitan Police has been wisely met by the firm yet conciliatory attitude of Lord Spencer. In resisting requests of various kinds for the commutation of the sentence on F. Hynes,[2] the Lord-Lieutenant has shown that the Government mean to govern.

Cetewayo is on his way to South Africa.

Why is Mr. Green still in prison? The answer, says the *Record*, is easy:—

> Sir T. Percival Heywood, the patron of Miles Platting, is the sole impediment to the release of his friend Mr. Green. Mr. Green and the English Church Union, of which he is the tool, have in the most formal manner announced their determination to resist deprivation just as they have resisted suspension. We know what this means. It means that if Mr. Green were set at liberty to-morrow, he would at once return to Miles Platting and re-enter into possession of the living from which the law has ejected him. At the present moment there is nothing whatever to prevent this being done if the prison doors were open. Sir T. Percival Heywood, the patron, would encourage and assist Mr. Green, and as he carefully abstains from appointing a successor, there would be no rival rector to encounter. But suppose this manœuvre successfully carried out, and Mr. Green once more installed at Miles Platting, indulging in all his old practices and superstitions, what remedy would there be? Actually none, except fresh proceedings, ending in a fresh imprisonment.

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[1] Between four and five o'clock on Wednesday morning, the 13th, the Egyptian troops were roused from their slumbers by Sir Garnet's soldiers. The earthworks at Tel-el-Kebir were found to be very extensive, but the defenders, taken by surprise, were panic-stricken when they found themselves at close quarters with the dreaded British bayonet. The contest was over in about twenty minutes. The enemy fled "in thousands," pursued by our cavalry, and their loss was very heavy. Arabi escaped on horseback in the direction of Zagazig, and then by railway to Cairo. The British forces consisted of 11,000 bayonets, 2,000 sabres, and 60 guns. The Royal Irish Regiment particularly distinguished itself. Zagazig was occupied later in the day by General Sir Hugh Macpherson, in command of the Indian contingent. The forces at Cairo and Kafr-dowar surrendered without delay.

[2] A special jury convicted Hynes, the murderer of Doloughty, and the *Freeman's Journal*, the property of Mr. Gray, M.P., High Sheriff of Dublin, inserted letters and articles accusing the jury of drunkenness and levity, reflecting on the justice of the trials under the Act, and on the mode by which the jury were summoned. Mr. Justice Lawson considered that these articles constituted Contempt of Court, and condemned Mr. Gray to three months' imprisonment, a fine of £500, and to find two securities of £2,500 each, besides giving security himself for £5,000 to keep the peace for six months, in default of which he would be subject to three months' further imprisonment.

To this the *John Bull* feebly replies :—

The *Record* throws the blame on the Patron; it is his duty to present, and when the benefice has another incumbent Mr. Green may be released. But Sir Percival Heywood has no more faith in Lord Penzance than we have; and is Mr. Green to suffer for the Patron's "contumacy" as well as his own? How long is the vicarious imprisonment to endure?

In commenting on the year's Report of the Education Department (a report which records a steady and satisfactory progress of educational work and efficiency) the *Guardian* says :—

There is about it a certain air of common sense, a frank recognition of practical possibilities, as contrasted with mere ideals, a tone of cordiality towards the existing voluntary system, and a freedom from inordinate terror of what is called "denominationalism," which are not always found in official documents. We trust that we may take it as an indication of the prevalence in the Education Department, under Mr. Mundella's auspices, of a spirit of true liberality, as contrasted with the intolerance of non-official agencies, which is not unfrequently associated with so-called Liberalism.

The *Record* also says :—"We have found in the Circular to Inspectors proofs of a determination on the part of the Department to secure in the inspection of schools justice to all concerned."

Professor Mountague Bernard[1] has passed away. Mr. Bernard was one of the small knot of Oxford men who set up the *Guardian* newspaper.

Bishop Steere died of apoplexy at Zanzibar.—Sir George Grey, who has been for some time in a precarious state, died on the 8th. The Right Hon. Baronet, an able administrator, was Home Secretary under Lord John Russell in 1848.—The Bishop of Grahamstown (Dr. Merriman) died on August 18th, after a severe accident.—The Hon. and Very Rev. G. V. Wellesley, Dean of Windsor, died on the 18th, after a short illness. He was in the 73rd year of his age, having been born in 1809.—Dr. Pusey fell asleep on the 16th.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, after a severe illness, we note with deep thankfulness, has made some slight progress. Many fervent prayers throughout the Church were offered for his recovery.

The harvest in many parts of the country has been much better than at one time was expected.

The Bishop of Ripon, we are happy to hear, has materially improved in health of late.

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[1] In its first column, under the heading "The Week," the *Guardian* (Sept. 6) says :—It is with deep regret we announce the death, after an illness of some months, of the Right Hon. Mountague Bernard, at Overross, his home in Herefordshire. For the first thirteen years of the *Guardian* he was the leading contributor of this column—setting a high example of truth and purity of language to those who have followed him.