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THE

CHURCHMAN

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ART. I.—GEORGE HERBERT'S LIFE AND CHARACTER.

TO understand George Herbert's characteristics as a Churchman, a Clergyman or a Poet, we must first endeavour to appreciate his qualities as a man. A due apprehension of the general tenour of his life, and of the experience which he brought to the service of the Church, throws a vivid light upon his work in the Ministry; and the following sketch is mainly directed to illustrate this relation between his earlier and his later career. The chief sources from which we derive our knowledge of him are, first his own writings, and secondly the well-known Life by Izaak Walton The latter is a singularly beautiful sketch, particularly in its latter part, describing Herbert's life in his country parish; but it needs to be read with one caution, which applies perhaps to all Izaak Walton's writings. He is "The contemplative angler," and his love is for those aspects of life which harmonize best with the quiet scenes of that gentle sport. There is a reference to George Herbert in his "Complete Angler," which exactly illustrates this tendency of his mind. "And now, scholar," says the angler, "my direction for fly-fishing is ended with this shower, for it has done raining. And now look about you, and see how pleasantly that meadow looks; nay, and the earth smells as sweetly too. Come, let me tell you what holy Mr. Herbert says of such days and flowers as these, and then we will thank God that we enjoy them; and walk to the river and sit down quietly, and try to catch the other brace of trouts." Then he quotes the poem on Virtue, which begins, "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright—the bridal of the earth and sky;" and the scholar replies, "I thank you for the sweet close of your discourse with Mr. Herbert's verses; who, I have heard, loved angling; and I do the rather believe it, because he had a spirit

suitable to anglers, and to those primitive Christians that you love, and have so much commended."

That is an exact reflection of Walton's disposition. Accordingly, in his pictures of the men whom he has commemorated he is always on the look out for these sweet days in their lives, "so cool, so calm, so bright;" and he is not so apt to observe the rougher and sterner aspects of their careers or characters, still less to dwell on them. He prefers to contemplate Hooker in his country retirement and his calm meditation, rather than in his rough battle with Travers at the Temple. Similarly, although Herbert did not become a country clergyman till he was thirty-six years of age, and died in three short years, Walton's whole picture of him is coloured by the graver religious light of those closing days. The effect produced by his narrative is illustrated by the graceful but, as it seems to me, very imperfect sketch of Herbert's character and influence which Mr. Shorthouse, the author of "John Inglesant," has prefixed to Mr. Unwin's beautiful reprint of "The Temple."[1] Mr. Shorthouse has selected "exquisite refinement" as the main characteristic of George Herbert, and has said that the peculiar mission of Herbert and his fellows was that "they showed the English people what a fine gentleman who was also a Christian and a Churchman might be." This refinement certainly was an essential element in the man; but his main interest consists in far different qualities, in sterner stuff, and a deeper experience; while the service he rendered to the Church is to be clearly distinguished from that of those friends of his with whom Mr. Shorthouse associates him, and was of a much wider and more comprehensive kind. To appreciate those other elements in his character, we must pay more attention to the earlier, or rather to the larger, portion of his life, and to his natural disposition.

Mr. Shorthouse has, however, very justly observed that to understand George Herbert we must study the character of his elder brother, Lord Herbert of Cherbury. We see, at all events, in the life of Lord Herbert, and in the account he gives of his family, what were the natural foundations on which the character of his brother George was built up. He sprang from a distinguished Welsh family, the Herberts of Montgomeryshire, to which also the Earls of Pembroke belonged. Lord Herbert is proud to mention that his great-great-grandfather, Sir Richard Herbert of Colebrook, was "that incomparable hero who (in the history of Hall and Grafton, as it appears) twice passed through a great army of Northern men alone, with his poleaxe in

[1] Mr. Elliot Stock has also published an interesting fac-simile—in type, paper, binding—of the sole known exemplar of some undated copies of the first edition, which appear to have been printed by Nicholas Ferrar as gift copies for friends.

his hand, and returned without any mortal hurt, which is more than is famed of Amadis de Gaul, or of the Knight of the Sun." The posterity of this Sir Richard Herbert and of the Earl of Pembroke, his brother, were united in Lord Herbert and his wife; and it is a curious illustration of the manners of the times that, to ensure this union of the two kindred houses, Lord Herbert was engaged at the age of fifteen to his wife who had reached the age of twenty-one, and they were married when he was seventeen. George Herbert himself, though he and his wife had long heard of each other, was married three days after he first met her; and there are many other instances in that day which show that Lord Bacon was not entirely alone among his friends and contemporaries, in thinking that "they do best who, if they cannot but admit love, yet make it keep quarter." But in this Sir Richard Herbert, taller by a head than anyone in the army at the battle of Edgecot Hill, cleaving his way with his poleaxe through a great army of Northern men, and at another time offering to forfeit his own life in the place of a prisoner to whom he had pledged his word, but whom the King wished to execute, we have no inapt type of the general character of the Herberts. For generations they appear to have been marked by a high-minded chivalry, tinged with a dash of Don Quixotism, and spurred on by a fiery restlessness which is somewhat characteristic of their countrymen of the Principality. Lord Herbert's account of his brothers is one of the most curious records which could well be found of a fighting, not to say rather quarrelsome, race.

"My brother Richard" (he says) "after he had been brought up in learning, went to the Low Countries, where he continued many years with much reputation, both in the wars and for fighting single duels, which were many, insomuch that, between both he carried, as I have been told, the scars of four-and-twenty wounds upon him to his grave." ... "My brother William, being brought up likewise in learning, went afterwards to the wars in Denmark, where he distinguished himself in single combat." Henry, "after he had been brought up in learning as the other brothers were, was sent by his friends into France, where he attained the language of that country in much perfection; after which time he came to Court, and was made gentleman of the King's privy chamber and Master of the Revels, by which means, as also by a good marriage, he attained to great fortune for himself and posterity to enjoy." He had also given several proofs of his courage in duels and otherwise. Thomas, a brave commander at sea "also fought divers times, with great courage and success, with divers men in single fight, sometimes hurting and disarming his adversary, and sometimes driving him away." Lord Herbert himself, being made a

Knight of the Bath, took deeply to heart the oath administered to him, "never to sit in place where injustice should be done, but right it to the utmost of his power, and particularly in the case of ladies and gentlewomen that should be wronged of their honour, if they demand assistance."

Accordingly he tells us how, besides other occasions, he offered to fight with a French cavalier, and at another time with a Scottish gentleman, who had presumed to snatch ribbons from young ladies' heads. "These passages," he says, "I have related... that it may appear how strictly I held myself to my oath of Knighthood; since for the rest I can truly say, that though I have lived in the armies and courts of the greatest princes in Christendom, yet I never had a quarrel with man for mine own sake: so that although in mine own nature I was ever choleric and hasty, yet I never without occasion given quarrelled with anybody, and as little did anybody attempt to give me offence, I having as clear a reputation for my courage as whosoever of my time. For my friends often I have hazarded myself, but never yet drew my sword for my own sake singly, as hating ever the doing of injury, contenting myself only to resent them when they were offered me."

The chivalrous sense of honour which prevailed in the family receives a vivid illustration in another statement of this Lord Herbert. His grandfather accumulated a large landed property; but Lord Herbert is careful to say that he did this without doing anything unjustly or hardly, "as may be collected," he says, "by an offer I have publicly made divers times; having given my bailiff in charge to proclaim to the country, that if any lands were gotten by evil means, or so much as hardly, they should be compounded for, or restored again; but to this day, never any man yet complained to me in this kind."

Such was the blood which flowed in George Herbert's veins —the blood of as generous and noble a gentleman as could well be found in that day. He was the inheritor of long traditions of chivalrous conduct in war and in peace, in public battle, in private feud, and in all social relations. We are therefore not surprised to find that he had one characteristic which would hardly be guessed from Walton's placid narrative, but which is duly recorded in a touching account of him by his brother. "My brother George," says Lord Herbert, "was so excellent a scholar, that he was made the public Orator of the University in Cambridge, some of whose English works are extant, which, though they be rare in their kind, yet are far short of expressing those perfections he had in the Greek and Latin tongues, and all Divine and human literature; his life was most holy and exemplary, in so much that about Salisbury, where he lived beneficed for many years, he was little less than sainted. He was not exempt from passion and

choler, being infirmities to which all our race is subject; but that excepted, without reproach in his actions."

Such then was the natural disposition with which George Herbert started in life, and these are the influences which he inherited. We have now to consider the circumstances in which these elements were developed. He distinguished himself at Westminster School, and went from there to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was elected fellow in the year 1614, at the age of twenty-one. His father had died when he was young, but his mother maintained a strong influence over him. It would seem that from the first she discerned what was the true bent of his nature, and his real destiny, and that it was always her wish that he should enter into holy orders. A poem which he sent to her at the age of seventeen shows that his heart was early touched by the deep piety which afterwards possessed it entirely, and that he realized what was the use for which his literary and poetical gifts were intended. "I need not," he says, "the help of the Muses to reprove the vanity of those many love-poems that are daily writ and consecrated to Venus; nor to bewail that so few are writ that look towards God and heaven. For my own part, my meaning, dear mother, is, in these sonnets, to declare my resolution to be, that my poor abilities in poetry should be all and ever consecrated to God's glory; and I beg you to receive this as one testimony." But notwithstanding this, it was not until fifteen years later that he was induced to take holy orders; and four or five more passed before he could make up his mind to proceed to priest's orders, and accept the full duties of a clergyman. The interest, and to some extent the riddle of his life, consists in the history of his mind during those twenty years, which occupied so large a part in his short career. Walton treats them briefly; but with the aid of his sketch, and what Herbert himself tells us, it seems not difficult to form a clear and interesting view of the course of his mind and heart.

It appears, in the first place, from Walton's account, that he was very conscious of the family honours he inherited. We are told that the Master of his College "was a cherisher of his studies, and such a lover of his person, his behaviour, and the excellent endowments of his mind, that he took him often into his own company, by which he confirmed his native gentleness; and if, during this time, he expressed any error, it was that he kept himself too much retired, and at too great a distance with all his inferiors; and his clothes seemed to prove that he put too great a value on his parts and parentage." This was his disposition when he was appointed Orator of the University, and it must be remembered that the position was then one of much greater distinction than in the present day. George Herbert himself gives an account of it in a letter to a

friend, which at once describes its importance, and illustrates the attractions it had for him. "The Orator's place," he says, "that you may understand what it is, is the finest place in the University, though not the gainfullest; ... but the commodiousness is beyond the revenue; for the Orator writes all the University letters, makes all the Orations, be it to king, prince, or whatever comes to the University. To requite these pains he takes place next the Doctors, is at all their assemblies and meetings, and sits above the Proctors, is Regent or non-Regent at his pleasure, and such like gaynesses, which will please a young man well." He was evidently very anxious to obtain the office, for this letter presses his friend to procure interest for him. "I long," he says, "to hear from Sir Francis. I pray, sir, send the letter you receive from him to me as soon as you can, that I may work the Heads to my purpose. I hope that I shall get this place without all your London helps, of which I am very proud; not but that I joy in your favours, but that you may see, that if all fail, yet I am able to stand on mine own legs." His two immediate predecessors in the post had both attained to important public employments. The first, Sir Robert Naunton, was made Secretary of State; and the second, Sir Francis Nethersole, not very long after his becoming Orator, was made secretary to King James's daughter Elizabeth, the Queen of Bohemia.

Here then, it will be seen, was an opening only too well fitted to fire the ambition, and if not to turn the head, at least to divert the heart, of a young man with George Herbert's enterprise and position. A gentleman of high birth, somewhat choleric in his temperament—like the rest of the Welsh family to which he belonged—master of the best learning of his day, fully able to hold his own with any person of distinction who might come to the University, whether prince or scholar, and succeeding two persons who had both been promoted to high office, possessing great interest at Court, alike through relations and through friends, one brother being constantly at Court, while another was in high diplomatic employment abroad, becoming at length Ambassador from King James to the Court of France—With all this, is it wonderful if George Herbert was dazzled by such opportunities, and if his inclinations were diverted for some years from the more self-denying though lofty work to which in the best moments of his youth he had thought of devoting himself?

King James came very often to hunt at Newmarket, and was almost as often invited to Cambridge, where, we are told, "his entertainment was Comedies suited to his pleasant humour, and where Mr. George Herbert was to welcome him with Gratulations and the Applauses of an Orator; which he always performed so well, that he still grew more into the King's favour, insomuch that he had a particular appointment

to attend his Majesty at Royston." Another year King James was attended "by that great secretary of nature and of all learning, Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam." Lord Bacon put so high a value on Herbert's judgment, that he usually desired his approbation before publishing any of his books; and Herbert translated for him into Latin a part of his "Advancement of Learning." Bishop Andrews came to Cambridge at the same time; and it is evident that Herbert was still studying Divinity, since we are told that, in consequence of a discussion between them on Predestination and Sanctity of life, Herbert "did not long after send the Bishop some safe and useful aphorisms in a long letter, written in Greek; which letter was so remarkable for the language and the reason of it, that the Bishop kept it near his heart till the last day of his life." Bacon, too, dedicated to him a translation of some of the Psalms into English verse, on the ground that, as the subject was a combination of divinity and poetry, Herbert was a peculiarly fit person to receive it.

But, nevertheless, the attractions of the public career which seemed opening before him overpowered for the time other influences; and Walton tells us plainly of his hopes, that,

"as his predecessors, so he might in time attain the place of Secretary of State, he being at that time very high in the King's favour, and not meanly valued and loved by the most eminent and most powerful of the Court nobility. This, and the love of a court conversation, with a laudable ambition to be something more than he was, drew him often from Cambridge to attend the King, wheresoever the Court then was, who then gave him a sinecure, ... that Queen Elizabeth had formerly given to her favourite, Sir Philip Sidney, and valued to be worth £120 per annum. With this, and his annuity, and the advantage of his College, and of his Oratorship, he enjoyed his genteel humour for clothes, and court-like company, and seldom looked towards Cambridge unless the King were there; but then he never failed; and at other times left the management of his Orator's place to his learned friend, Mr. Herbert Thorndike."

It would thus seem as if worldly ambition had for some time gained the mastery of other and higher impulses in Herbert's soul; but we cannot do him justice unless we appreciate, as these considerations may help us in doing, the singular strength of the temptation to which he for a time, and partially, succumbed. Nor will any generous mind regard it as more than an example of the weakness of the best human nature if, at this critical moment, it was the hand of God, rather than his own strength, or any human influences, by which he was checked in his course, and led back to his true destiny.

But at this very time, when his favour and his prospects were at the highest, "God," says Walton, "in whom there is an unseen chain of causes, did, in a short time, put an end to the lives of two of his most obliging and most powerful friends, Lodo-

wick, Duke of Richmond and James, Marquis of Hamilton; and not long after them King James died also, and with them all Mr. Herbert's Court hopes." Herbert withdrew into the country, and in this time of retirement had, we are told, many conflicts with himself, "whether he should return to the painted pleasures of a Court life, or betake himself to a study of Divinity, and enter into Sacred Orders, to which his dear mother had often persuaded him." "These," says Walton justly, "were such conflicts, as they only can know that have endured them; for ambitious desires, and the outward glory of this world, are not easily laid aside; but, at last, God inclined him to put on a resolution to serve at His altar." The struggle which had been going on in his mind and heart for so many years was thus decided for him, and he felt in his inmost soul that it had been decided aright. After this he never wavered, and though it was still some time before he felt himself fitted for the full work of a clergyman, he never looked back. And now having brought him to this point, let us read one of his poems, in which he seems to review all this experience, all these fascinations and temptations of the world, and to express his deep and grateful conviction that a Divine hand, and not his own wisdom or strength, had led him out of the labyrinth in which he had been entangled.

THE PEARL.

I know the ways of learning; both the head
And pipes that feed the press, and make it run;
What reason hath from nature borrowed,
Or of itself, like a good housewife, spun
In laws and policy; what the stars conspire,
What willing nature speaks, what forced by fire;
Both the old discoveries, and the new-found seas,
The stock and surplus, cause and history:
All these stand open, or I have the keys:
Yet I love Thee.

I know the ways of honour, what maintains
The quick returns of courtesy and wit:
In vies of favours whether party gains,
When glory swells the heart, and mouldeth it
To all expressions, both of hand and eye,
Which on the world a true love-knot may tie,
And bear the bundle, wheresoe'er it goes;
How many drams of spirit there must be
To sell my life unto my friends or foes:
Yet I love Thee.

I know the ways of pleasure, the sweet strains,
The lullings and the relishes of it;
The propositions of hot blood and brains;
What mirth and music mean; what love and wit

Have done these twenty hundred years, and more :
I know the projects of unbridled store ;
My stuff is flesh, not brass ; my senses live,
And grumble oft, that they have more in me
Than he that curbs them, being one to five :
Yet I love Thee.

I know all these, and have them in my hand :
Therefore not sealed, but with open eyes
I fly to Thee, and fully understand
Both the main sale, and the commodities ;
And at what rate and price I have Thy love ;
With all the circumstances that may move :
Yet through the labyrinths, not my grovelling wit,
But Thy silk twist let down from heaven to me,
Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
To climb to Thee.

We cannot but observe the openness and manliness of the confession. He had felt, as this poem says, not the mere vulgar temptations of the world, but all the noblest and finest, all that could best appeal to great spirits; and he frankly owns the immense fascination they had possessed for him. He had never, indeed, yielded to the degrading temptations of life. Not only had the high and generous spirit he inherited kept him above them, but he had been protected from them by the deep Christian feeling which we discern in him from the first. All that can be said in blame of him—and in candour and in due appreciation of his character I think it must be said—is that he had, for a while, listened to the suggestions which tempted him to fly from the comparatively obscure, but sacred vocation, for which his inner nature told him he was destined, and to which the voice of his mother was ever leading him. His life, during this first stage of his career, is that of a Christian gentleman and scholar of the highest possible type, knowing, as he says, all the ways of "learning, honour, courtesy and wit," sensible of all the temptations of pleasure, but constantly resisting them, and, even when his aims were not those for which he was specially destined, still aiming high. To know his character at this time of his life we have only to read the first and most considerable of his poems, "The Church Porch," describing the conditions of character which may be regarded as preliminary to an admission into the innermost shrine of Christian life and truth. It may well be doubted whether, in the same space, there is an equal amount of the truest and most generous wisdom in our own or in any other language. It is the concentrated essence of the wisdom of the wisest age of the English nation—the age of Hooker, of Bacon, and of Shakespeare, the age when

the great foundations of the grandeur of this country were laid. There are some obscure expressions in it which make one wish that it could be edited with a good commentary; but if one were asked to provide a young man—aye and a grown-up man—in short compass, with a summary of the Christian wisdom of life, he might well be commended to this poem. The good sense of men of the world, the grace and tact of the courtier, the generosity of a true gentleman, the religious morality of the Christian, are all combined in about eighty stanzas of some of the most masculine English which our literature can exhibit. It is sufficient to read this poem in order to be satisfied of the imperfection, to say no more, of the suggestion that "exquisite refinement" is the main characteristic of George Herbert. Refinement he had, no doubt, but the refinement is but the polish of a masculine intellect and a manly Christian morality. None but a man who had lived in the great world, who had mixed with men largely, and who had striven to live up to a noble standard, amidst the greatest difficulties of active life, could have written such a poem. There are expressions in it worthy of the best masters of our language.

> Who keeps no guard upon himself is slack,
> And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.
>
> Command thyself in chief. He life's war knows,
> Whom all his passions follow, as he goes.
>
> A sad wise valour is the brave complexion,
> That leads the van and swallows up the cities.
>
> Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high,
> So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be.
>
> In brief, acquit thee bravely, play the man;
> Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.

The poem begins with the main temptations of youth, leads a man through the chief experiences of life; and whether we regard its order, or its substance, or its expression, it is one of the most precious inheritances of our race.

But we have still to see Herbert's real greatness. Even though his hopes of high state preferment had for the moment gone, it was a great sacrifice for a man in his position to devote himself entirely to the work of a country clergyman. He had more than sufficient means; and he might have lived, even after he had taken priest's orders, with many of the luxuries of his former position. But having made his choice, he made it absolutely, and it would almost seem as if he took a pleasure in making amends for the tardiness he had shown in yielding himself to the call of his Master. The completeness

and cheerfulness of his renunciation of the world is expressed, with a characteristic simplicity, wit, and directness, in a little poem entitled the "The Quip":

THE QUIP.

The merry World did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together, where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me.

First Beauty crept into a rose;
Which when I pluckt not, "Sir," said she,
"Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?"
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and clinking still,
"What tune is this, poor man?" said he;
"I heard in music you had skill;"
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
In silks that whistled, who but he!
He scarce allow'd me half an eye;
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be short, made an oration;
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of Thy design
To answer these fine things shall come,
Speak not at large, say, I am Thine,
And then they have their answer home.

Fully to understand him in this respect we must perhaps recur once more to the associations of his early life, and to the traditions he inherited. The old principles of personal devotion to a King and Master still survived, and were potent among the men of his day. His brother, Lord Herbert, describes how, on one occasion, when he heard some of the guests in a hotel speaking disrespectfully of King James, he felt bound on his honour to get up and offer to fight them all; instead of which, however, they all preferred to drink King James's health. But such was the spirit of the great men of the day. There was an idealism in their devotion to the Master or the Mistress they served. The late Professor Brewer has described, in one of the most beautiful passages of his "English Studies," (p. 286) the spirit which animated the men of that era. He says:

"The men of this reign were the growth of this reign; we catch not a glimpse of them before, and they disappear when this reign comes to an end. I mean not merely the Burleighs, the Walsinghams,

the Leicesters, and the Howards, but that class of worthies who even more than these are characteristic of the reign of Elizabeth; the Sidneys, the Essexes, the Raleighs, the Carews, the Grevilles, and the like. One is inclined to ask, whence did these men come, and how did they grow? How did they manage to stamp their image so strongly on this reign? What was the secret of that influence? Look at them, as they appear in the pictures of that century, with their high, oval piled foreheads, their delicate lips, their clear olive complexions, and their lofty and somewhat Spanish bearing. Look at their exquisite hands and long tapering fingers, neither too white as indicative of effeminacy, nor too coarse as indicative of low breeding. Look, too, as a type of their minds, at their lace ruffs and gold-studded corselets; strength, beauty, and grace united, not without a spice of foppery. What is it that these men cannot do? For what of valour, of strength, of agility, of grace, of wit, of wisdom, of poetry, of policy, are they not sufficient? At their ease in Queen Elizabeth's presence-chamber, dancing a corranto in pearls and murrey-coloured velvet, exquisite in the falls of a ruff and the adornments of the last new sword-belt, more than a match for the bench of bishops in scholastic theology and abstruse divinity, competing with Spenser in all the varieties of English metre and rhythm, slicing up wild Irishmen under Sir Arthur Gray, and seeking the bubble reputation across the Spanish Main; wits, warriors, and gentlemen, dutiful sons, passionate lovers, firm friends, and ready—aye, ready, if Queen Elizabeth only looks upon them, to carry her name and her colours on their sleeve to the utmost corners of the earth."

Now these were the qualities and this the spirit which George Herbert henceforth devoted to the service of his Master, the Lord Jesus. "My Master" was his favourite phrase; and it had not that half-sentimental sense which it has sometimes conveyed, but meant that he surrendered himself to that Master's service, and transferred to Him all the energy and devotion, and, if you will all the pride which he had formerly been willing to devote to the service of an earthly Master. The enthusiastic self-sacrifice of his race, all the fervour and devotion which they had lavished on the ideals of chivalry—all this, and infinitely more than this, as called out by a nobler object, Herbert lavished upon his new Master.

I have thus endeavoured to sketch the chief phases of this noble character, as represented by his various writings. In his "Church Porch" we have the summary of all the wisdom of a Christian gentleman in the greatest age of English life. In his "Temple," besides his maturer spiritual meditations, we have a record, as he himself states, of the struggles which, through long years, prevailed with him before he could induce himself to yield completely to the call of his Divine Master. And finally, in many of the poems in the "Temple," and in "The Country Parson," we have a description of a great spirit, refined, it is true,—not, however, by any mere

æsthetic influences, but by the stern experience of life, by all its wisdom and all its conflicts, and sublimed by a pure spiritual devotion to the cause of the Saviour, his Master. The whole range of life seems to be touched by him, and to be harmonized under the calm and mellow light of heaven.

And now, if this picture has in the main been truly drawn, we may, perhaps, see that George Herbert fulfilled a far higher mission in the Church of England then that which Mr. Shorthouse has been content to assign him. He created, no doubt, that ideal of an English clergyman, and particularly of an English country clergyman, which has since been prominent in the best days of our Church. But its great characteristic was not refinement alone, it was not holiness alone, it was not learning alone, it was not wisdom alone; but it was wisdom, learning, experience, refinement—in a word, all the great and gracious influences which were anywhere at work in English life—all fused and sublimed by the fire of sanctity, and devoted in their combination to the service of the Church and of its Master. To appreciate the greatness of this service we must realize the peculiar crisis at which it was rendered. The Church of England, as a reformed Church, adhering at the same time to primitive doctrine and discipline, was then, it is not too much to say, an experiment. It had practically been established in this form for the first time by the great statesmen and prelates of Queen Elizabeth's day. Until then, there had seemed to be only two alternatives—that of the old Roman Catholic system, or that of the Puritan model which prevailed in different forms in all other Protestant countries. The question was whether the new creation could be given a form, a life, and a spirit of its own. Could a married clergy combine the virtues of the poor parson of Chaucer's poem with the wider learning and the larger interests which were opening before men in Elizabeth's time? Could the various elements of the national life be united in the service of the national Church, and at the same time remain true to the loftiest types of the best men of the middle ages and of primitive times? The grand service, I would suggest, which George Herbert rendered, was to answer this question with a clearness and a persuasiveness which did as much for the ideal of the pastoral life of the English clergy, as Hooker did for the reformed theology. Herbert showed, and placed on record, in his poems and still more in his "Country Parson," how high ancestry, and high temper, and experience of the world, and fine scholarship, and an acquaintance with natural science, and a sympathy with new philosophy,—in short all the qualities which he had inherited and acquired, could be united in one beautiful life, and be placed at the service of the sanctuary. He thus represents in an eminent degree that

which has been the glory, and perhaps to some extent the salvation, of English religion and of the English Church—the capacity of the office of the clergyman for harmonizing all the elements of our nation. An English clergyman who is a true disciple of the "Country Parson" of George Herbert will regard every gift, whether of body or of mind, of birth or of fortune, as having its proper place and influence in his work. Herbert's fellows, to whom Mr. Shorthouse refers, did not, at least in any similar degree, render the Church this service. They preferred to seclude themselves from the world, and sought their ideal in a dim and monastic way of life. Perhaps there are tendencies in our time which also point in too great a degree to the separation of the profession of the clergyman from English life as a whole. Against such a danger George Herbert will ever be the best, and we may hope a sufficient, antidote. As the weaknesses of men are turned by God to His own purposes, so we see cause to be thankful that George Herbert was allowed for a while to yield to the temptations of Courts and of Universities, in order that, in his mature age, he might not so much renounce them all, as show how it is the glory of the Church of England to turn to account all the lessons they can give, and to weave together in one holy bond the best elements of our life.

HENRY WACE.

ART. II.—ON THE USE OF THE TURBAN AND VEIL IN HOLY SCRIPTURE.

SOME places in the Old and New Testaments, relating to the covering and treatment of the head, have been encumbered with a mass of misapplied learning from want of closer attention to the actual usages of the time and country. The "Speaker's Commentary," with all its excellencies, has not supplied all the advantage in this particular that might have been expected from modern criticism. The Revised Version, too, perpetuates in one place a mistranslation of really mischievous effect, which could hardly have occurred with proper attention to the well-known head-dress of the Asiatic Jews.

The turban was certainly in use among the Hebrews before the time of Moses. The mention of the costly turbans of kings, nobles, and ladies by no means warrants the inference that in other classes "the head was usually uncovered" ("Bible Dictionary," i. 767). Some defence against the Eastern sun must always have been necessary. The ancient Egyptians are depicted with thick caps and *wigs*. The Bedouins of the

Desert still wear handkerchiefs. The wide-spread usage of the Jews and civilized Moslems point to the turban as the traditional head-dress of the sons of Abraham.

Western Art, while representing our Lord and His disciples in a conventional attire of Oriental aspect, almost invariably omits the turban which they certainly wore. Mr. Holman Hunt's picture restores it from modern life on the Rabbis of the temple. Probably then, as now, the several classes and professions had their distinctive uses. By the shape and colour of his turban St. Paul would be known in the synagogue as a Rabbi (Acts xiii. 15). So, too, our Lord Himself (Luke iv. 16); but we are not obliged to imagine them disfigured by the hideous rolls depicted by Mr. Hunt.

Let us now proceed to examine a few of the explanations given in the "Speaker's Commentary":

1. Gen. xli. 14.—The Bishop of Winchester observes that "the Hebrews cherished long beards, but the Egyptians cut both hair and beard close (Herodotus, ii. 36). Joseph, therefore, when about to appear before Pharaoh, was careful to adapt himself to the manners of the Egyptians." The inference appears to be that Joseph shaved off his *beard*. According to Herodotus, the ancient Egyptians shaved both head and body all over; and this is confirmed by the monuments. Foreigners, however, are depicted with beards; and as Joseph was known to be a Hebrew (xl. 15), he would hardly be required to sacrifice his national distinction. The shaving would appear to be imperative only on priests and slaves. The Pharaohs themselves are represented with beards—generally supposed to be false. If so, they may imply, like their wigs, some dissatisfaction with the native African growth in comparison with the luxuriant tresses and beards of their Asiatic neighbours. In any case, there could be no objection to Joseph appearing before the king with his beard. What he did was just what an Oriental Jew or Moslem would do in similar circumstances now—he shaved his *head* and put on a clean turban.

2. Job xxix. 14.—The "diadem" (Heb. *tsaniph*, "wound round") is explained by Canon Cook to be a "turban of costly shawls." The word itself implies nothing of the material: it is rendered "hood" in Isa. iii. 23, "diadem" in Isa. lxii. 3, and "mitre" in Zech. iii. 5. The last we know was of fine linen: ladies would wear silk or muslin, and the rich nobles shawls. These luxurious articles naturally challenged attention; the attire of the humbler classes passed without remark. It seems likely that the ancient turban (like the modern) was often composed of two parts: a stiff skull-cap and a roll of stuff wound round and concealing it. Sometimes, however, the cap rises in a cone above the roll. Other turbans are twisted together so as

to form a cap in one piece. Jewels and ornaments of precious metals are still worn in the turbans of the wealthy.

3. Exod. xxviii. 37, 40.—Aaron's "mitre" (Heb. *mitsnepheth*, a cognate word with the last) is described by Canon Cook as "a twisted band of linen coiled into (round?) a cap, which in modern usage would be called a turban." The "bonnets" or (as he prefers to render) "caps" of his sons were "caps of a simple construction, which, according to a probable explanation of the name, seem to have been *cup-shaped*" (*migbaah*). A cup-shaped cap could only be a *skull-cap*, the foundation of the turban. Josephus, who was himself a priest, describes the head-dress, both of the high-priest and the common priests, as "made of thick swathes coiled round many times, and firmly fixed on the solid part of the head not to fall off during the service of the sacrifices." "The high-priest's mitre," he says, "was wrought like that of the other priests:" the difference being that his turban had an upper (perhaps smaller) coil of blue encircled with a golden tiara, out of which rose the calyx of a flower in gold (Ant. iii. 7). If the turbans of the second rank were crowned with a less costly ornament of the same kind, it might account for their being named from a *cup*. The Hebrew doctors, quoted by Bishop Patrick, say the *migbaahs* came lower down on the forehead than the *tsaniph*, "and rose up higher like a hillock." Both were probably caps round which the coils of fine linen were bound: a common form of turban in India at the present day.

The writer in the "Bible Dictionary" (i. 766) thinks the sacerdotal vestments the earliest notice of any covering of the head among the Hebrews, and infers that the practice was limited to the priests: an inference equally applicable to every other vesture. It is far more likely that the priests wore the usual articles of attire, enriched and adorned for "glory and beauty," than that new garments were devised for their special use. The uncovering of the head in Numb. v. 18 means removing the woman's veil; and the leper's "bare," or rather "neglected," head (Lev. xiii. 45) is quite consistent with the ordinary use of the turban.

4. Lev. x. 6.—In like manner the turban explains the command to Aaron and his sons not to uncover their heads at the death of Nadab and Abihu. The original word, "set free" or "loose," is better understood of dashing off the turban, in a transport of grief, than of letting the *hair* go dishevelled ("Speaker's Commentary"). As the priests (at least) wore turbans, their hair must have been close-clipped. As shaving the head with the razor was forbidden to the priests, we may perhaps infer that the scissors were generally employed by the Jews, as by the Moslems in India at the present time. The

Hindoos shave the whole head, or the fore part and top of it, with the razor.

5. Numb. vi.—Shaving the head is found only in connection with the vow of the Nazarite, properly Nazirite—one "separated" or consecrated to God. The separation was performed in the courts of the sanctuary, and during the period of it "no razor was to come upon the head." The turban being laid aside, the growing hair is termed the "consecration of his God upon his head" (verse 8). His abstaining from wine, like the priests, probably denotes a partaking with them in the service of the sanctuary. At the close of the retreat the head was shaved with a razor, and the hair burned in the fire under the sacrifices of the peace-offerings. Some commentators, misled by heathen precedents, mistake this for the fire on the altar, and imagine a prefiguration of eucharistic communion ("Speaker's Commentary"). No such offering was admissible on the altar of Jehovah. The fire, as Bishop Patrick shows, was in the court of the women, on which the peace-offering was boiled. The locks of hair were not sacrificed, as by the heathen, but simply disposed of in the fire *under* these vessels; much as with ourselves the remnants of the Holy Eucharist are reverently consumed in the church. The oblation was the free growth of the head *before* the shaving. Hence the "undressed" vine, left to grow of itself in the Sabbatical years, is in the original a Nazirite (Lev. xxv. 5, 11). The illustrations adduced by commentators from the heathen poets are all irrelevant and misleading.

It is to be observed that the tonsure took place at the *conclusion* of the vow: there is nothing to support the conjecture that it was preceded by a similar act. The direction to shave the head when the separation was interrupted by accidental defilement (verse 9), marked the conclusion of the broken period, not the commencement of another. From the *Mishna* "it seems that the act of self-consecration was a private matter, not accompanied by any prescribed rite" ("Bible Dictionary," ii. 471).

The law is silent also on the period of the consecration. The usual time is said to have been thirty days, sometimes extended to sixty or a hundred. Josephus has a story of Helena, Queen of Adiabene, who took a vow for seven years, and on arriving at Jerusalem to offer the sacrifices, was informed that time spent out of the Holy Land did not count, and she began another term at Jerusalem which, by an interruption through defilement, was eventually extended to twenty-one years in all (Ant., xx. 2).

6. Judges xiii. 7.—Samson was a Nazirite for life dedicated by his parents before his birth. So probably Samuel (1 Sam.

i. 11) and John the Baptist (Luke i. 15). Though the word is not used of either, the first two have the long hair mentioned, and the last the abstinence from wine. Samuel is the only one dedicated to the *sanctuary*, which may account for his acting as a priest, since the Nazirites are said to have shared the priestly privilege of entering the Holy Place. In the case of Samson the hair was the symbol of strength, spiritual and physical. The same peculiarity appears in Elijah, the "lord of hair" (2 Kings i. 8). All these would discard the turban, the use of which by Elisha elicited the epithet of "bald head" from the youths of Bethel (2 Kings ii. 23).

7. Sam. iv. 7, 8.—According to Gesenius, De Wette, and other modern writers, the appellation of Nazirite is here given to the young princes of Israel in the same sense as to Joseph in Gen. xlix. 26; cf. Deut. xxiii. 16. This is disputed by the Dean of Canterbury ("Speaker's Commentary"), but may perhaps receive confirmation from the example of Absalom (2 Sam. xiv. 26). The hair, as the visible sign of the separation, was the Nazirite's "crown of glory." A similar distinction might be affected by those whose rank placed them above the exposure to the sun, which necessitated the turban. In itself the hair is a proof of health and vigour, and an object of admiration. A singularity which marked the piety of the true Nazirite would have attractions of another kind to the high-born cavalier.

8. Acts xviii. 18.—The question whether it was St. Paul or Aquila who "had a vow" was probably raised to avoid ascribing to the Apostle a transaction which the commentators were unable to explain. The natural and most obvious view will hardly be doubted, when the incident is disembarrassed of the conjectures of the commentators.

Whitby, observing that St. Paul alone continued the journey to Jerusalem, while Apollos was left at Ephesus (v. 19) concludes for St. Paul; adding, "This is certain, that it was the vow of Nazaritism *now finished*, and which by Philo is called the 'great vow,' which caused this votary to shave his head." These remarks are curiously contradictory. The Nazirite's vow could only be completed at Jerusalem, where the head was shaved in the Temple. This is the reason for ascribing the vow to St. Paul, who went to Jerusalem; but if the vow was finished at Cenchrea, it could not be the Nazirite rite, and there is nothing to decide between the Apostle and his companion.

Dr. Espin writes in the "Speaker's Commentary" (Numb. vi. 18): "St. Paul is said to have 'shorn' (the word should have been 'polled') his head at Cenchrea because he had a vow. The vow can hardly be that of a Nazirite, though that mentioned in Acts xxi. 23 no doubt was so." The verbal

correction is meant to mark the use of the scissors in distinction from the razor, but this is the true meaning of "shorn" (comp. 1 Cor. xi. 6). The rare word "polled" properly means "shaved," and is so rendered in one of the three places where it occurs in the Authorized Version (Micah i. 16).

In the Acts it is not said that the head was shorn *because* he had a vow. This is *inferred* from the vow being supposed to be the Nazirite, and there is certainly no authority for imagining any other vow. All the forms named by Josephus are manifestly developments or corruptions of the Nazirite, and neither St. Paul nor Aquila are to be suspected of will-worship, or superstition.

The Bishop of Chester is unable to explain the nature of the vow, nor to determine "whether the cutting off of the hair was the commencement or the termination of the period of the vow. The locality and the absence of the prescribed offerings show that it could *not* have been the Nazirite vow" ("Speaker's Commentary," Acts xviii.). Why then should the tonsure denote either the commencement or the termination of the period, or indeed be at all connected with the vow? In fact the Bishop suggests another reason for it, which will presently be considered. The "shaving" first adduced in proof of the Nazirite vow is shown on closer examination to be proof to the contrary. But if the tonsure turns out to be not "shaving," and to be in no way connected with the vow, it proves nothing on either side; and no other vow being known, the older view returns on a better footing.

Bengel, still clinging to the inveterate prejudice connecting the tonsure with the vow, takes it to mark the commencement of the vow, in the sense that St. Paul then undertook a self-obligation to proceed to Jerusalem to perform the Nazirite rite. This is a satisfactory account of the vow; only the self-obligation must certainly have been undertaken before leaving Corinth for the voyage, and therefore could not have been connected with the tonsure at the port of embarkation. To "vow the vow" of a Nazirite required no tonsure or other ceremony; the act of self-consecration might be undertaken at any time or place. To speculate on the *cause* of such a resolution is as irrelevant as to inquire into the motives of a clergyman joining a modern retreat. All that St. Luke says is that "he had a vow." He does not say it was the cause of having his head shorn, any more than of taking leave of the brethren. The Authorized Version and Revised Version translate one of these acts by a verb and the other by a participle, but in the Greek both are aorist participles in construction with the verb "sailed;" the vow is the subject of another verb "had." The vow was the

cause of his leaving Corinth, and so of all the incidents of his embarkation, but there is no hint of any special relation to the tonsure. We find the Apostle proceeding with all speed to Jerusalem, refusing to stay at Ephesus, where he landed his companions, in words distinctly implying an imperative obligation at the Temple (Acts xviii. 21). If the Revised Version is right in omitting these words, still the obligation is apparent from the facts. That nothing is recorded at Jerusalem is consistent with St. Luke's method, if nothing more took place than the completion of a purpose already mentioned: if anything happened to defeat the intention we should expect to hear of it. Our conclusion is, that the vow which St. Paul had on him at sailing from Cenchrea *was* the Nazirite vow, and was duly fulfilled at the Temple in accordance with the law. The rite in Acts xxi. was a second retreat of the same kind, and, as before, we find notices of a previous "vow" or self-imposed obligation (Acts xix. 21, xx. 16-22, xxi. 24). It must have been a strong sense of religious obligation to warrant a perseverance in the face of such warnings of the Holy Ghost (xxi. 4, 11).

It remains to inquire into the true reason of the Apostle's head being shorn at Cenchrea? The Bishop of Chester, referring to 1 Cor. xi. 14, thinks, "that wearing his hair long must have been humiliating to his feelings." But why wear his hair at any time longer than he liked? And why delay the relief to the port of embarkation? Bengel answers the question, without knowing it, when he says that in leaving Corinth for Judæa—probably in a Syrian ship—the Apostle resumed the Jewish habit. In other words, having worn his hair in Greece according to Greek usage, he cut it close on leaving Europe to *resume the national turban.*

9. 1 Cor. xi. 4.—This strange obliviousness of the turban has made the Apostle say in both Versions, Authorized and Revised, that "a man praying or prophesying with his head *covered* dishonoureth his head." The Greek means "covered with a fall, or veil," and the passage has reference to the face, not the head, which the Jews always covered with the turban in the Temple services. Throughout the East the mark of reverence is to cover the head; to expose it in public, or in presence of a superior, is a gross indecency. The tradition remains with the Jews in Europe, after abandoning the turban for ages. They wear their hats in the synagogue, and put them on to kiss the book in our courts of justice. Yet our missionaries in India, misled by the false translation, make their people take off their turbans in church, to the effectual dishonour of their poor shaven pates. Ludicrous as this appears to a visitor, the missionaries are outdone by the learned

Bengel, who, after observing that our Lord and His disciples worshipped with the head covered after the manner of the Jews, solemnly inquires how far the Apostle's prohibition applies to the use of *wigs*! He observes that the covering forbidden to the man is enjoined upon the woman; if the injunction is not satisfied by wearing a wig, why should the prohibition be violated by it? His determination is, that a modest imitation of nature in supplement of natural defect, and for health more than ornament—perhaps his own case—is permissible; but a large bushy periwig, with flowing curls unlike anything in nature, and the offspring of luxury and vanity, is decidedly unlawful. This is hard upon our English judges. On the whole, he concludes that if St. Paul could be consulted, he would forbid wigs altogether, though he might not go so far as to deny them to those with whom they were in actual use.

Hardly better than this solemn trifling is the dispute raised by the commentators on the "head" to which the dishonour is done by the presence or absence of the covering. Professor Evans follows Whitby in maintaining that it is the "metaphorical" head; *i.e.*, Christ in the man's case, and the man in the woman's. Bengel, returning to his usual good sense, is for the natural head, and Alford combines the two. The Professor thinks it a "strange idea that a man's head should be put to shame," but surely that was the very punishment of the pillory; and the "shame of my face" is a familiar expression. Of the woman the Apostle expressly says her hair is *her* glory (not the man's), and the absence of it her shame. It should follow, that by parity of reason, the covering is the man's shame, not Christ's. The dishonour is naturally referred to the part which occasions it.

In the case of the woman, the Revised Version gives the proper words, "veiled" and "unveiled." The veil is enjoined to the woman, and forbidden to the man, in "praying and prophesying;" *i.e.*, plainly in public worship, and (as Whitby notes) in the church. To avoid an imaginary contradiction with 1 Cor. xiv. 35, Leclerc and other commentators suppose that the reference is not "to the full congregation, but to less formal meetings for devotion; *e.g.*, in a church held in a house where they are allowed to pray aloud, and to utter inspirational discourses."[1] Surely the publicity of the assembly is the whole reason for the veil; in the "house" it was laid aside. Moreover the mention of the "angels" in verse 10 is admitted to refer to their "unseen presence in the holy congregation." If so, it at once disposes of a gloss, which would allow the woman to be *unveiled* in the church. What is forbidden in 1 Cor. xiv. 34, 35, is "speaking

[1] "Speaker's Commentary;" so Bengel, but with some confusion.

in the church;" *i.e.*, making a speech to the congregation. Women might *join* in the worship, as they do still by responding to the prayers and singing, "keeping silence" during the sermon. "Discourses" would hardly have been delivered anywhere from behind a veil.

The wealth of learning accumulated on the meaning of the veil is something prodigious. The commentators tell us it is "a badge of subordination in the wearer, worn by an inferior when he stands visible before his visible superior. Angels in the presence of God veil their faces: woman veils her face in the presence of man, her visible superior; but man does not veil because Christ, his immediate superior, is not visibly present. For a veil is a symbol *seen* of subjection to one who is seen" ("Speaker's Commentary"). All this is purely *gratis dictum*. The Apostle has not a word of subjection, or of symbolism, or of the distinction between a visible and invisible presence. Moreover, the facts are the other way if angels veil their faces in the presence of God (which is, perhaps, not proved by Isa. vi. 2). In a passage cited by Bengel from Jac. Faber Stapulensis, it is argued that angels and men address God *un*veiled, because immediately created by Him; but the woman must have a veil as the symbol of her creation, *mediante viro:* and he interprets the *propter angelos* of verse 10, as meaning that the angels would be offended at her presumption in equalling herself with them. Moses took off the veil when "face to face" with Him in the tabernacle, and wore it only in the visible presence of his *inferiors*. So, too, the woman when face to face with her husband lays aside her veil; she wears it to avoid being seen by those who have no right to approach her. Neither is it easy to think that "visibility" would have weighed so much with the Apostle, whose rule was to look not at the things which are seen, but to those which are not seen. His own explanation is that "man is the image and glory of God, but the woman is the glory of the man" (v. 7). This implies nothing of the subjection or inferiority which the commentators harp upon. The woman no less than the man is the image and glory of God (Gen. i. 27), and Christ is equally her Head. The two sexes are one species, and neither is without the other in the Lord (verse 11; comp. Gal. iii. 28). But the woman has an additional privilege of her own: she is the glory (not the image) of the man, made out of him and for him, a help meet for him (Gen. ii. 20). To be made *out* of man, who was formed of the dust of the ground, is no proof of inferiority, nor is it anything but a glory to be made *for* him. The glory of God is revealed in the face of Jesus Christ (2 Cor. iv. 6). It is not a transitory glory, as in the face of Moses, who put on a veil to hide its

departure (2 Cor. iii. 13), but a glory that remaineth (ibid. verse 11). Hence the man, representing the species of which Christ is Head, "ought not to veil his head," but with "open face" show forth the glory of God. The spiritual liberty of the woman is no less; but being comprehended in the man, it is sufficiently expressed in him. To her the "open face" is forbidden by her being the glory of the man. This glory is *not* revealed; it derives all its brightness from privacy, and is destroyed by publicity. A woman without a veil might as well be shaven or shorn. "For this cause ought the woman to have power on her head." It is indecent to appear without it. The "power" is undoubtedly the veil: "authority" (R. V.), with the interpolation "sign of," are needless changes, and the marginal rendering, "have authority over her head," is quite erroneous. The word is of frequent occurrence in this Epistle; and in chapter ix., Canon Evans gives the true translation—"privilege." The privilege, as in all other cases, belongs to the person who bears the symbol. To convert it into a badge of inferiority, the commentators invent a "correlation of cause and effect" by which the veil is made a sign of the man's authority over the woman. This "*contorta ac nimis arguta interpretatio*" (Schleusner) is admitted to be uncommon; it might well be said, unprecedented. The example given from Macbeth, "present him eminence both with eye and tongue," fails in the very point of comparison. The eye and tongue of the courtier denote the eminence of the prince; but when did a diadem denote the subjection of the wearer? The Apostle says the woman's hair is "a glory to her, *because* it is given her for a covering" (verse 14). For the same reason the veil is a glory to her; and is always so accounted by those who use it. It is a mark of rank and distinction, of a delicacy and refinement above the vulgar gaze. As a token of modesty, it is one of the honours of the weaker sex; not less an honour because it also shields the most valued prize of man. Like the natural covering, the veil is the glory of the woman, *because* she is the glory of the man.

In short, it is not a question with St. Paul of the equality of the sexes, but of decency and decorum. All raiment is for "glory and beauty" (Ex. xxviii. 2; cf. Matt. vi. 29). If any be contentious, the Apostle overrules argument by a peremptory decision; nothing is suffered in the churches of God that offends against the established rules of propriety. These being always conventional, there can be no thought of "a Ritual law expressive of the moral" ("Speaker's Commentary"). If the *tallith* which is said to have been worn by the Jews (Lightfoot, Hor. Heb.) by a corrupt following of Moses, or the purple veil which the Roman sacrificer used to shut out a hostile face (Æn. iii. 405), could be objects of imitation in the Church at

Corinth, the Apostle's ordinance would be so far anti-ritualistic. The Greeks, however, sacrificed bareheaded, and this is more likely to have been followed by the Corinthian Christians. St. Paul himself dispensed with his turban in compliance with Greek usage. In regard to the sex more immediately intended in the ordinance, it is well known that the Jewish women were veiled in public (Tert. de Cor. iv). The Apostle's appeal to their own sense of propriety shows the custom of the Corinthians. The "contentious" were innovating on local usage no less than that of the "Churches of God. *Their* plea may have been the equality of the sexes in Christian privileges; but the Apostle takes another ground. When his words were quoted as applying to married women only, Tertullian in refuting the gloss, alleged that "throughout Greece and certain of its barbarian provinces, the majority of churches keep their virgins covered" (De virg., vel. ii.). At Cenchrea, also, the veil was worn by unmarried women "out of church" (ibid. xiii.). The ordinance was for "every woman," married or single, (children only excepted); but, like St. Paul, Tertullian rests it on the rules of modesty, rather than of "ritualism." The interpretation of the "angels" (verse 10) as *evil* spirits, though followed by Whitby, is now generally rejected; as well as that which would understand the word of heathen *spies* (comp. Gal. ii. 4). The Apostle means, of course, the holy angels; but the reference to Isa. vi. may well be doubted, since their example would be more binding on men than women. The presence of angels in the public worship of God is often alluded to, both in the Old and New Testaments (comp. Ps. cxxxviii. 1; Eccl. v. 6; 1 Cor. iv. 9; Eph. iii. 10) as implied in the presence of God. St. Paul here adverts to it as another reason for preserving the strict rules of decorum, "for God is not the author of confusion but of peace, as in all the churches of the saints (xiv. 33, comp. 26).

The passage is best illustrated from 2 Cor. iii. 12-18. If the allegory of the "open face" had been used in St. Paul's oral teaching at Corinth, it may have afforded ground for the pretence of the contentious. The Apostle seems to keep it in mind as regards the man, with respect to whom there was no controversy; but in regard to the woman, the actual point of the contention, he sets the practical laws of modesty above all mystical considerations. No spiritual privilege can justify their violation, just as inspiration itself is not to bring division into the Church (xiv. 33).

It follows that nothing either of a ritual or moral nature is contained in the Apostle's ordinance; it is simply a prohibition against disturbing the established laws of propriety and reverence on pretext of spiritual privileges.

GEORGE TREVOR, D.D.

Art. III.—MRS. BARRETT BROWNING.[1]

ENGLAND has had many great poets who have enriched the language with "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn"—stars differing from one another in glory—but only one great poetess. This is asserted even with the full remembrance of Joanna Baillie and Mrs. Hemans, Miss Landon and Mrs. Norton, and such sweet songstresses of a later day as Jean Ingelow, and Christina Rossetti. Each of these ladies possesses a true and delicate accomplishment of verse, and is the author of some beautiful lyrics, which give much pleasure and receive well-deserved admiration. Sweet and graceful as are many of their poems, yet they are not suggestive of the highest poetical power; the more fastidious taste of this critical age looks for deeper thought and more intellectual aim. Though Mrs. Norton was called by a Quarterly Reviewer "the Byron of our modern poetesses," and though she wrote out of the depths of a sad and passionate heart, yet Mrs. Browning excels not only her, but all the sisterhood in power and pathos, and in thoughtful, earnest work. She is, what none of the others were, the equal of our best poets in high aspirations, noble aims, and fulfilled purposes. Always sincere and reverent, her art was a part of her life. A woman of fine genius and varied accomplishments, she brought all her powers, natural and acquired, to illustrate the thoughts to which she wished to give "a local habitation and a name." A scholar of rare acquirements, she found one of her greatest pleasures in the study of Greek poetry and philosophy; and with a love that was with her a passion she read Homer, the tragedians, and also the poets of a later age, especially Theocritus. She was one, moreover, who "learnt in suffering what she taught in song," as we gather from verse that is often profoundly sad; and this is not surprising, as we are told that a great part of her early life was spent in ill-health, and the retirement of a sick-room. Many of the most beautiful efforts of her muse bear evidence of her having passed through the furnace-fires of sorrow. Some fine lines taken from "Aurora Leigh," her greatest work, show that her art was conceived and born in the throes and travail of pain.

> Act
> Sets action on the top of suffering;
> The artist's part is both to be and do,
> Transfixing with a special central power
> The flat experience of the common man,

[1] Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Poetical Works. Twelfth Edition.—In five volumes. London: Smith, Elder and Co., 15, Waterloo Place.

And turning outward with a sudden wrench,
Half agony, half ecstasy, the thing
He feels the inmost: never felt the less
Because he sings it. Does a torch less burn
For burning next reflectors of cold steel,
That he should be the colder for his place
'Twixt two incessant fires—his personal life
And that intense refraction which burns back
Perpetually against him from the round
Of crystal conscience he was born into,
If artist-born? O sorrowful great gift
Conferred on poets, of a twofold life,
When one life has been found enough for pain.

Miss Mitford, who was very intimate with Mrs. Browning in her early years, has some delightful allusions to her friend scattered through her letters; and we learn from her much that is interesting not only about the private life, but the personal appearance of the youthful poetess. It is thus she writes in one of her letters: "A sweet young woman whom we called for in Gloucester Place went with us—a Miss Barrett—who reads Greek as I do French, and has published some translations from Æschylus, and some most striking poems. She is a delightful young creature, shy, and timid, and modest. Nothing but her desire to see me got her out at all; but now she is coming to us to-morrow night also." Again: "My first acquaintance with Elizabeth Barrett commenced about fifteen years ago. She was certainly one of the most interesting persons that I had ever seen. Everybody who then saw her said the same, so that it is not merely the impression of my partiality or my enthusiasm. Of a slight delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large tender eyes, richly fringed by dark eyelashes, a smile like a sunbeam, and such a look of youthfulness that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend in whose carriage we went together to Chiswick that the translator of the 'Prometheus' of Æschylus, and the authoress of the 'Essay on Mind,' was old enough to be introduced into company—in technical language, was '*out*.'"

Miss Barrett, having broken a bloodvessel on the lungs, was ordered to spend some time at Torquay. To this Miss Mitford refers in the following letter:

I should like you to see a volume of poems called "The Seraphim," by Miss Barrett, one of the most wonderful things, or rather *the* most wonderful, ever written by woman. She herself is, I fear, going rapidly to a better world. Dr. Chambers has ordered her to Torquay, as the best chance of saving her life; but I fear she is one of those who are too

sweet and gracious, as well as too wise and lovely to be long spared to earth. Next to my father, she is the creature whom I best love ; and if it were not for my duty to him, I should go to Torquay to be near her. Her sweetness of character is even beyond her genius.

Here an event full of sorrow occurred which had an injurious and permanent effect on Miss Barrett's health, and painfully affected her imagination. Her brother, with two friends, were drowned one summer's day, their boat having gone down in crossing the bar, apparently without cause, and within sight of the house where she lived. "I told you," writes Miss Mitford, "of the death of her favourite brother, who, giving up every other object to reside with her at Torquay, went out in a sailing boat, which sank in sight of the house, the body not being recovered. Of course this terrible catastrophe not merely threw her back in point of health—for some months she was on the very verge of the grave—but gave her a horror of the place, so that, reviving a little this summer, she insisted upon returning home to Wimpole Street, accomplished the journey by stages of twenty-five miles a day, in one of the *invalide* carriages, where the bed is drawn out like a drawer from a table—one of her reasons for wishing to get to town being the desire to be within reach of me."

"This tragedy," says Miss Mitford, "nearly killed Elizabeth Barrett. The house that she occupied at Torquay stood at the bottom of the cliffs, almost close to the sea ; and she told me herself that during the whole winter the sound of the waves rang in her ears like the moans of one dying." For four or five years afterwards she lived in a darkened room, seeing only her own family, and her most intimate friends, reading all books that came in her way, translating Æschylus, and writing some of those poems which have given her a place among the true and gifted poets of all time. In one of her beautiful "Sonnets from the Portuguese" (xxvi.), she alludes to the time when she was living the life of a hermitess, shut out from the outer world, and thus throws open to us the doors of her sick-room :

> I lived with visions for my company,
> Instead of men and women, years ago,
> And found them gentle mates, nor thought to know
> A sweeter music than they played to me.

The state of her health naturally told on the imaginative powers of the young poetess, and influenced alike her tone of thought and choice of subject. Her early life of seclusion accounts for the want of sunshine in many of her poems, and the absence of cheerfulness, and also, perhaps, for the mystical music of some, and for the undertone of sadness that underlies the music of others. Her creative fancy often controlling,

instead of being controlled by, the strength of her intellect, she failed at times in subordinating her imagination to the service of her genius; and more than one poem fails of the fullest inspiration because it is lacking in that simplicity which is the charm of the greatest verse. Her friend Miss Mitford acknowledges all this in one of her interesting letters:

I like best those poems, "The Island," "The Deserted Garden," that on her own pet name, and "The Sea Mew," which combine more of simplicity and cheerfulness, and less of the mystical and the far-reaching. As a composition, she has done nothing half so fine as "The Romaunt of the Page;" and if she be spared to the world, and should, as she probably will, treat of such subjects as afford room for passion and action, you will see her passing all women, and most men, as a narrative or dramatic poet. After all, she is, in her modesty, her sweetness, and her affectionate warmth of heart, by far more wonderful than her writings, extraordinary as *they* are. Were not Mr. and Mrs. A. much struck by the preface to "The Seraphim"? It is an astonishing piece of writing.

Miss Barrett's father was the proprietor of considerable estates in Jamaica, and of Hope End, in Herefordshire, where her childhood was passed, within sight of the Malvern Hills, and amid scenes of a beauty peculiarly English; pleasant meadows and green lanes, leafy woods and rich orchards and gardens, which in the early summer are one sheet of fragrant blossom. It was such scenery as the poetess has reproduced in many of the exquisite passages which may be found in "Aurora Leigh." The Malvern Hills had not only these happy memories for the poetess, but also associations very attractive to a mind like hers. It is thus she writes in her criticism of a volume called "The Book of the Poets," writing in prose as rhythmical and sonorous as her verses, of the early poets of England, and their tuneful achievements. "Genius was thrust onward to a new slope of the world. And soon, when simpler minstrels had sat there long enough to tune the ear of the time—when Layamon and his successors had hummed long enough, like wild bees, upon the lips of our infant poetry predestined to eloquence—then Robert Langlande, the monk, walking for cloister 'by a wode's syde,' on the Malvern Hills, took counsel with his holy 'Plowman,' and sang of other visions than their highest ridge can show. While we write, the woods upon those beautiful hills are obsolete even as Langlande's verses: scarcely a shrub grows upon the hills! But it is well for the thinkers of England to remember reverently, while taking thought of her poetry, they stand among the gorse—that if we may boast now of more honoured localities, of Shakespeare's 'rocky Avon,' and Spenser's 'soft-streaming Thames,' and Wordsworth's 'Rydal Mere,' still our first holy poet-ground is there."

Miss Barrett very early began to write verses, and published a volume in her seventeenth year. These in after-life she would have willingly allowed to die and be forgotten, but Mr. Herne Shepherd, without any sanction from those to whom the fame of the poetess was dear, nay, to their great displeasure, reissued them on his own responsibility. They are in no sense remarkable, and there is little in them prophetic of the imaginative power and the intellectual greatness which distinguish the poems of her maturer years. The first volume, which contained work in which she confidently appealed to the judgment of the public, was called "The Seraphim, and other Poems;" and it was welcomed, not only for its own intrinsic worth and beauty, but as affording proof that another great poet had arisen of whom England might be proud. "The Seraphim," which Miss Barrett calls in a letter to Miss Mitford "rather a dramatic lyric than a lyrical drama," describes the victory of Christ over evil as consummated by the one all-sufficient sacrifice on the cross. Two Seraphs hover aloof from the rest of the angelic host during the Passion on Calvary, and converse together on that Divine Love which is "stronger than death," and which "many waters cannot quench." It abounds in passages as profound in thought as they are striking in expression, and is full of a pathetic tenderness. Its conspicuous fault is a lack of simplicity in the conception of the poem, and in the language in which it is clothed. There is an over-elaboration of imagery and a straining after originality of expression, which is gained at the expense of that clearness and simplicity which are so charming in themselves and are so essential to beauty. In an age which has produced no great religious poem, it would be but scanty praise to say that "The Seraphim," and its companion poem, "The Drama of Exile," though at times obscure in thought and extravagant in diction, are for sustained thought and fervour superior to any religious poetry since Milton.

A passage or two from "The Seraphim" will be sufficient to prove its general power and beauty. Take this description of the two dying robbers, the one penitent, the other hardened to the last:

Zerah. For one
Is as a man who sinned, and still
Doth wear the wicked will—
The hard malign life-energy,
Tossed outward, in the parting soul's disdain,
On brow and lip that cannot change again.
Ador. And one——
Zerah. Has also sinned.
And yet (O marvel!) doth the spirit-wind
Blow white those waters?—Death upon his face

Is rather shine than shade—
A tender shine by looks belovèd made.
He seemeth dying in a quiet place,
And less by iron wounds in hands and feet
Than heart-broke by new joy too sudden and sweet.

Is not this very beautiful? We seem to see "the shine" on the face of the robber who is at peace now with God and man, and who is so apart, so beyond the tumult and the angry cries that surge and swell round the cross, that he seems to be "dying in a quiet place."

Another passage must be given from the same poem: it is the description of the moment when, amidst the darkness that shrouded the cross from the sixth to the ninth hour, the cry of the "forsaken" Son went up direct to God:

Ador. The pathos hath the day undone:
The death-look of His eyes
Hath overcome the sun,
And made it sicken in its narrow skies—
Is it to death?
Zerah. *He* dieth. Through the dark,
He still, He only, is discernible—
The naked hands and feet, transfixed stark,
The countenance of patient anguish white,
Do make, themselves, a light
More dreadful than the glooms which round them dwell,
And therein do they shine.

There are passages of equal beauty in "The Drama of Exile," though its want of simplicity in the language, the demand which it makes on the attention, and the elaborate machinery of the story, if we may so speak, has no doubt interfered with its popularity. It repels rather than attracts the reader who only reads for pleasure, and prefers thought that lies on the surface to the labour of digging patiently for the rich gold that lies underneath. It is, however, a poem full of tenderness, and throughout the heart of the woman is heard audibly beating in responsive chime to the melody of the verse. An extract or two is all that our space will permit.

Adam and his wife flee from the fiery terror of the Cherubim's sword, and Eve, heartstricken and weary, sinks down, and appeals to her husband to strike her dead, that, the curse exhausting itself in her, he may be happy once more.

Eve. O Adam, Adam! by that name of Eve—
Thine Eve, thy life—which suits me little now,
Seeing that I confess myself thy death
And thine undoer, as the snake was mine—
I do adjure thee, put me straight away,
Together with my name!

To this Adam replies:

My beloved,
Mine Eve and life—I have no other name
For thee or for the sun than what ye are,
My blessed life and light! If we have fallen,
It is that we have sinned—we: God is just;
And since His curse doth comprehend us both,
It must be that His balance holds the weights
Of first and last sin on a level. What!
Shall I who had not virtue to stand straight
Among the hills of Eden, here assume
To mend the justice of the perfect God,
By piling up a curse upon His curse,
Against thee—thee——
Eve. For so, perchance, thy God
Might take thee into grace for scorning me;
Thy wrath against the sinner giving proof
Of inward abrogation of the sin!
And so, the blessed angels might come down
And walk with thee as erst.

Some of the words of Christ inspiring hope into the bosom of the fallen, and filling them even in prospect of their exile with a new gladness, are as full of poetry as of Scriptural truth:

Adam. Thy speech is of the Heavenlies; yet, O Christ,
Awfully human are Thy voice and face!
Eve. My nature overcomes me from Thine eyes.
Christ. Then, in the noon of time shall one from heaven,
An angel fresh from looking upon God,
Descend before a woman, blessing her
With perfect benediction of pure love,
For all the world in all its elements;
For all the creatures of earth, air, and sea;
For all men in the body and in the soul,
Unto all ends of glory and sanctity.
Eve. O pale, pathetic Christ, I worship Thee!
I thank Thee for that woman.
Christ. For, at last,
I, wrapping round Me your humanity,
Which, being sustained, shall neither break nor burn
Beneath the fire of Godhead, will tread earth,
And ransom you and it, and set strong peace
Betwixt you and its creatures. With My pangs
I will confront your sins; and since your sins
Have sunken to all Nature's heart from yours,
The tears of My clean soul shall follow them,
And set a holy passion to work clear
Absolute consecration. In My brow
Of kingly whiteness, shall be crowned anew
Your discrowned human nature. Look on Me!

As I shall be uplifted on a cross
In darkness of eclipse, and anguish dread,
So shall I lift up in My pierced hands,
Not into dark, but light—not unto death,
But life—beyond the reach of guilt and grief,
The whole creation. Henceforth in My Name
Take courage, O thou woman—man, take hope!
Your graves shall be as smooth as Eden's sward,
Beneath the steps of your prospective thoughts;
And, one step past them, a new Eden-gate
Shall open on a hinge of harmony,
And let you through to mercy.

Some of the lyrics introduced into "The Drama of Exile," and put into the lips of "the spirits of the harmless earth," have a pathetic charm and beauty, and a silvery cadence of sweetness which lingers on the ear; but for these we must send the reader to the poem itself.

In 1839 Miss Barrett published "The Romaunt of the Page," a poem cast in the mould of the old ballads. It is the story of a woman's unrequited, self-sacrificing love. In 1844 followed two volumes of poems, containing much that is very beautiful and thrilling—much to touch the heart, as well as to take captive the imagination. In these we find the graceful little poem, "The Romance of the Swan's Nest," the first of her poems which the present writer had read, and which set him on the quest for more treasures from the same pen; the grim ballad, "The Romaunt of Margaret;" the vivid ghostly fantasy, "The Lay of the Brown Rosary;" and the impassioned and tender (and may it not be called sacred?) poem of Isobel's child. A mother watches by the side of her child, hoping against hope, and praying that the young life may be spared:

Motionless she sate;
Her hair had fallen by its weight
On each side of her smile, and lay
Very blackly on her arm
Where the baby nestled warm;
Pale as baby carved in stone,
Seen by glimpses of the moon
Up a dark cathedral aisle:
But, through the storm, no moonbeam fell
Upon the child of Isobel—
Perhaps you saw it by the ray
Alone of her still smile.

The mother's prayer, wrung out of the agony of a loving heart, how beautiful it is!

"Dear Lord, dear Lord!
* * * *
Thou, Who didst not erst deny

The mother-joy to Mary mild,
Blessed in the blessed child,
Which hearkened in meek babyhood
Her cradle-hymn, albeit used
To all that music interfused.
In breasts of angels high and good;
Oh, take not, Lord, my babe away—
Oh, take not to Thy songful heaven
The pretty baby Thou has given;
Or ere that I have seen him play
Around his father's knees, and known
That *he* knew how my love hath gone
From all the world to him.

The prayer seems to be answered. The infant sleeps, and the happy mother begins to question her darling as to its wishes for the future. As if it lay in her power to grant its desires, she asks what it will have.

"Wilt thou lean all day and lose
Thy spirit with the river, seen
Intermittently between
The winding beechen alleys?"

Again, she asks:

"Or, baby, wilt thou think it fitter
To be eloquent and wise?
One upon whose lips the air
Turns to solemn verities,
For men to breathe anew, and win
A deeper-seated life within?"

The babe awakes. "The moonshine on its face," and something in its looks sends a thrill of fear through the mother's heart. It speaks:

"O mother, mother, loose thy prayer!
Christ's Name hath made it strong!
It bindeth me, it holdeth me
With its most loving cruelty,
From floating my new soul along
The happy heavenly air!
* * * *
Is your wisdom very wise,
Mother, on the narrow earth?
Very happy, very worth
That I should stay to learn?
* * * *
Mother, albeit this be so,
Loose thy prayer, and let me go
Where that bright chief angel stands
Apart from all his brother bands,

Too glad for smiling.
* * * *
He the teacher is for me—
He can teach what I would know—
Mother, mother, let me go !

The baby dies.

The nurse awakes in the morning sun,
And starts to see beside her bed
The lady, with a grandeur spread,
Like pathos, o'er her face : as one
God-satisfied and earth-undone :
The babe upon her arm was dead !
And the nurse could utter forth no cry—
She was awed by the calm in the mother's eye.

" Wake, nurse !" the lady said ;
" *We* are waking—he and I—
I on earth, and he in sky !
And thou must help me to o'erlay
With garment white this little clay
Which needs no more our lullaby.

" I changed the cruel prayer I made,
And bowed my meekened face and prayed
That God would do His will ! and thus
He did it, nurse : He parted *us*.
And His sun shows victorious
The dead calm face : and *I* am calm :
And Heaven is hearkening a new psalm.

" This earthly noise is too anear,
Too loud, and will not let me hear
The little harp. My death will soon
Make silence."
And a sense of tune,
A satisfièd love, meanwhile,
Which nothing earthly could despoil,
Sang on within her soul.

Oh you,
Earth's tender and impassioned few,
Take courage to entrust your love
To Him so Named, who guards above
Its ends, and shall fulfil ;
Breaking the narrow prayers that may
Befit your narrow hearts, away
In His broad, loving will.

In these volumes were also such eloquent poems and full of such lofty purpose as "The Runaway Slave at Pilgrim's Point," and "The Cry of the Children," which must have roused men to take up the cause of the little ones, overwrought, even unto death, in our factories. The voice of the

woman, uttered in indignant song, and springing from a heart which felt the anguish of the children, reached no doubt many consciences, on which the words of the then Lord Ashley, urgent as they were, might have fallen in vain. Miss Barrett did her part in stirring up the nation to a sense of justice—in undoing the heavy burdens, and letting the oppressed go free:

Do ye hear the Children weeping, O my brothers?
Ere the sorrow comes with years,
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young Children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

"Bertha in the Lane," a poem full of the most touching pathos, is the story of man's inconstancy, and woman's constancy and self-abnegation. The speaker in the poem is a loving woman who has been forsaken by her betrothed for a younger sister whom he had not seen when his vows were plighted to the elder; and hiding away her grief, she cares only for Bertha's happiness, and dies of a broken heart. What the struggle to give up all that made life sweet for her sister's happiness cost her, is told in an appeal to the dead mother, who when dying

Said with accents undefiled,
"Child, be mother to this child!"

'Tis thus she speaks:

"Mother, mother, up in heaven,
Stand up on the jasper sea,
And be witness I have given
All the gifts required of me—
Hope that blessed me, bliss that crowned,
Love that left me with a wound,
Life itself, that turneth round!"

In the last verse, as the end draws nigh, and "The hosannas nearer roll," her thoughts turn to Him whose love was complete in sacrifice:

"Jesus, Victim, comprehending
Love's divine self-abnegation,
Cleanse my love in its self-spending,
And absorb the poor libation!
Wind my thread of life up higher,
Up through angels' hands of fire!
I aspire while I expire."

The whole poem is beautiful, and to our mind greatly superior in tenderness, interest, and pathos, to Tennyson's poem of "The Sisters," which is very similar in subject.

"Lady Geraldine's Courtship" is another remarkable poem, full of splendid passion and dramatic power, and the reader is swept along on the flowing current of thought, sentiment, and music (for all are here) to the happy end of the story. It is a tale in which a rarely-endowed and high-born lady gives herself, trampling on the world's scorn, to the lowly-born poet, who, conscious of his riches in all moral and mental worth, aspires to her hand. It is well, perhaps, to remember when reading it, that we are moving in the region of poetry and not of prose, of romance and not reality. How such a courtship and such a marriage would answer in the life of realities and not of dreams, or tend to happiness, we cannot say; but there is not a thought of inconsistency as we read; and we rejoice when Bertram, after what he supposed to be a love scorned and a suit rejected, received at last the assurance of a love that is returned, and the gift of a heart that has long been his own. Fain would we quote some of the stanzas of this poem, which are as strong as they are melodious, and especially of the verses of the wonderfully beautiful conclusion with its flowing cadences, musical as "the rippling of the river" heard by the poet in his waking trance; but we must send the reader to the poem itself. We have always admired the subtlety of the authoress, who weds the noble lady to the humble poet, in placing Bertram alone, so far as regards relations in the world. There is nothing from without to bring a jar into this musical life. Is not this indicated in the first stanza of the poem, where Bertram says to the friend to whom he is writing, and after he thinks that Lady Geraldine has rejected his love:

"I am humbled who was humble! Friend, I bow my head before you,
You should lead me to my peasants; but their faces are too still?"[1]

"The Rhyme of the Duchess May" is a very remarkable ballad, which none but a true poet could have written, and is a striking proof of the genius of this noble-hearted and tender-hearted woman. The ballad is the story of a wife's devotion—of a love that triumphs over death, and which becomes sublime through the very strength of its passion. The Duchess May, an heiress, has been betrothed, when a child, to Lord Leigh, the churl, her guardian's son; but when she reaches womanhood, she refuses to fulfil the contract, and bestows

[1] Miss Mitford tells us in her "Recollections of a Literary Life," that "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" was "written (to meet the double exigency of completing the uniformity of the original two volumes, and of catching the vessel that was to carry the proofs to America) in the incredible space of twelve hours."

her hand where her heart is already given, on Sir Guy of Linteged. The marriage is solemnized, and the bridal train rides off at midnight through storm and rain, pursued by the Leighs, and makes for the Castle of Linteged. How picturesque are the following lines, and how there rise up through them the fearlessness and confiding love of the lady:

And the bridegroom led the flight on his red-roan steed of might,—
Toll slowly.
And the bride lay on his arm, still, as if she feared no harm,
Smiling out into the night.

The Castle is reached in safety, and for three months their life glides on in unbroken happiness; but then Lord Leigh comes and storms the fortress where they made their home, and after besieging it for a fortnight, is on the point of taking it. The Castle can hold out no longer. Lord Leigh swears to wed the Duchess May, though he can only reach the marriage altar across the body of her husband. The lady laughs his proud menaces to scorn, and bidding her bower-women attire her in gorgeous robes, she looks down from the wall, and unaware of her peril, defies his boasting.

"It is three months gone to-day since I gave mine hand away,—
Toll slowly.
Bring the gold, and bring the gem, we will keep bride-state in them,
While we keep the foe at bay.

On your arms I loose mine hair; comb it smooth and crown it fair,—
Toll slowly.
I would look in purple pall from this lattice down the wall,
And throw scorn to one that's there."

Sir Guy, seeing there is no hope, resolves to sacrifice his own life that wife, and sister, and followers may be safe, for he hopes that the Duchess May will soon forget her sorrow, and that his foes, conciliated by his death, will "soothe the fair widowed bride, whose sin was love for him."

"She will weep her woman's tears, she will pray her woman's prayers,—
Toll slowly.
But her heart is young in pain, and her hopes will spring again
By the suntime of her years."

Resolving nobly that no more lives shall be lost for him—"life-blood falls too heavily"—and that his friends shall pass out free, and shall bear with them his memory, he binds his men by a solemn oath not to strike that night one blow, either for vengeance or for right. Then

"One last boon, young Ralph and Clare! faithful hearts to do and dare!—
Toll slowly.
Bring that steed up from his stall, which she kissed before you all;
Guide him up the turret-stair."

His faithful men bring the horse, and goad him up the turret-stair; and as they do so the lady comes out of her bower-chamber, and ask what they do. They answer:

"Get thee back, sweet Duchess May! hope is gone like yesterday,—
Toll slowly.
One half-hour completes the breach, and thy lord grows wild of speech;
Get thee in, sweet lady, and pray."

When she hears his stern resolve,

Low she dropt her head and lower, till her hair coiled on the floor,—
Toll slowly.
And tear after tear you heard fall distinct as any word
Which you might be listening for.

Her tears fall no more. Her mind is made up. Her husband's fate shall be hers too.

Then the good steed's rein she took, and his neck did kiss and stroke,—
Toll slowly.
Soft he neighed to answer her, and then followed up the stair
For the love of her sweet look.

On the east tower, high'st of all, there, where never a hoof did fall,—
Toll slowly.
Out they swept, a vision steady, noble steed and lovely lady,
Calm as if in bower or stall.

Down she knelt at her lord's knee, and she looked up silently,—
Toll slowly.
And he kissed her twice and thrice, for that look within her eyes
Which he could not bear to see.

He prays her to leave the strife, and mounting the horse, he would fain urge it over the battlements alone; but she clings to him with a clasp like death, and will not be parted, though twice or thrice he wrenches her small hands in twain. As the breach is made in the walls, and the foemen pour through the crash of window and door, and the shouts of "Leigh and Leigh!" and the shrieks of "Kill!" and "Flee!" are heard clear in the general roar

Straight as if the Holy Name had upbreathed her like a flame,—
Toll slowly.
She upsprang, she rose upright, in his selle she sat in sight,
By her love she overcame.

Then there follow these grand verses, with the terrible picture of the horse. And I know of nothing more wonderfully real in the range of poetry than the whole description, which thrills us as we read.

And her head was on his breast, where she smiled as one at rest,—
Toll slowly.
"Ring," she cried, "O vesper bell, in the beech-wood's old chapelle!
But the passing-bell rings best."

They have caught out at the rein, which Sir Guy threw loose—in vain,—
Toll slowly.
For the horse in stark despair, with his front hoofs poised in air,
On the last verge, rears amain.

Now he hangs, he rocks between—and his nostrils curdle in!—
Toll slowly.
Now he shivers head and hoof—and the flakes of foam fall off,
And his face grows fierce and thin!

And a look of human woe from his staring eyes did go,—
Toll slowly.
And a sharp cry uttered he, in a foretold agony
Of the headlong death below,

And "Ring, ring, thou passing-bell," still she cried, "i' the old chapelle!"—
Toll slowly.
Then back-toppling, crashing back—a dead-weight flung out to wrack,
Horse and riders overfell.

The "Dead Pan" is a fine Christian poem, in which in lyric mood the singer triumphs in the passing away of the creed of Paganism, and the establishment of the religion of Jesus in its stead. It is an eloquent and musical revolt against Schiller's lament for the old faiths of the heathen world, called "Götter Griechenlands." Mrs. Browning's poem is founded on a well-known tradition, mentioned in a treatise of Plutarch (*De Oraculorum Defectu*), according to which, at the hour of the Saviour's agony, a cry of "Great Pan is dead!" swept across the waves in the hearing of certain mariners, and the oracles ceased. "It is in all veneration," she says, "to the memory of the deathless Schiller, that I oppose a doctrine still more dishonouring to poetry than to Christianity. "The Dead Pan" is a noble lyric, marred, perhaps, by some false rhymes which would be fatal to a poem where the thought was less fine, and where you were not so swept along by a grandeur of conception, that leaves little or no time for criticism on musical defects. Mr. Horne, in a correspondence between himself and Mrs. Browning, maintains that the fact was, "whether the poetess intended it or not, that she was introducing a system of rhyming the first syllable, and leaving the rest to a question of euphonious quantity." We have no space for quotation, but must just find room for two exquisite stanzas:

O ye vain false gods of Hellas,
Ye are silent evermore!
And I dash down this old chalice
Whence libations ran of yore.
See! the wine crawls in the dust
Wormlike—as your glories must!
Since Pan is dead.

Truth is fair: should we forego it?
Can we sigh right for a wrong?
God Himself is the best Poet,
And the Real is His song.
Sing His truth out fair and full,
And secure His beautiful.
Let Pan be dead!

There are many other poems which we can only mention in passing, and which would have made a poetic reputation for any writer, but which, in Mrs. Browning's case, may be reckoned among her minor songs. Some of these, too, are very generally known. Need I recall "Cowper's Grave," "The Sleep," "The Deserted Garden," "The Lost Bower," and "Crowned and Buried"?

In 1846 Miss Barrett married Robert Browning, one of the great poets of this century, and a poet whom his many ardent admirers regard as the great intellectual teacher of the age. There is no doubt of Mr. Browning's power or tenderness, or his sympathy with the doubts and struggles of the age in which his lot is cast. Though too careless of popularity (a very rare fault), he hinders it in a measure by a method too often unmusical and rough. Still, with him, as often in the case of his wife, the beauty of the thoughts triumphs over the ruggedness of the measure. It was to him that the celebrated "Portuguese Sonnets" were addressed, and which, three-and-forty in number, appeared at the end of the second volume of Mrs. Browning's poems in the edition of 1853. They are love-sonnets, and thrill with passion. Though written before marriage, and while a lover worthy of her heart and hand was wooing her, these sonnets, we understand, were only known to exist, and were seen for the first time by, the happy man to whom they were addressed two or three years after Miss Barrett had become Mrs. Browning. When they were seen and read, it was thought, and properly thought, that such beauty and power should not be kept from the world at large, and they were printed at the urgent entreaty of one who had acquired a right to make his voice heard in the matter. All lovers of true poetry must be grateful for the influence which broke through the reticence, and gave these poems to the world. It would be pleasant to enrich the pages of THE CHURCHMAN with some of these beautiful and tender sonnets; but it is better that "the silver iterance" of the whole be read consecutively, and not broken, as they follow one another in a perfect sequence of thought and connection. So, instead of detaching one or two of these pearls from the string, we refer the reader to the sonnets themselves, which may be read again and again, and always with fresh pleasure.

Some of Mrs. Browning's sonnets may stand beside any in the language, and need not fear comparison with those of Milton and Wordsworth. She adopts the sonnet not merely to express the sentiment of love, for which it was chiefly employed by our early poets, but for great purposes in other directions. We give the reader three sonnets of great beauty, and interpenetrated with the spirit of Christianity:

CONSOLATION.

All are not taken; there are left behind
Living Belovèds, tender looks to bring,
And make the daylight still a happy thing,
And tender voices to make soft the wind.
But if it were not so—if I could find
No love in all the world for comforting,
Nor any path but hollowly did ring,
Where "dust to dust" the love from life disjoined,
And if, before those sepulchres unmoving,
I stood alone (as some forsaken lamb
Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth),
Crying "Where are ye, O my loved and loving?" . . . .
I know a Voice would sound, "Daughter, I AM.
Can I suffice for HEAVEN, and not for Earth?"

SUBSTITUTION.

When some belovèd voice that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence against which you dare not cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease and new—
What hope? what help? what music will undo
That silence to your sense? Not friendship's sigh,
Not reason's subtle count. Not melody
Of viols, nor of pipes that Faunus blew.
Not songs of poets, nor of nightingales,
Whose hearts leap upward through the cypress trees
To the clear moon! nor yet the spheric laws
Self-chanted—nor the angels' sweet "All hails,"
Met in the smile of God. Nay, none of these.
Speak THOU, availing Christ!—and fill this pause.

COMFORT.

Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
From out the hallelujahs sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so
Who art not missed by any that entreat.
Speak to me as to Mary at Thy feet!
And if no precious gems my hands bestow,
Let my tears drop like amber, while I go
In search of Thy divinest voice complete
In humanest affection—thus, in sooth,
To lose the sense of losing. As a child,

Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,
Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth,
Till, sinking on her breast, love reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

We should also like to transfer to these pages three other remarkable sonnets—"The Two Sayings," "The Look," and "The Meaning of the Look"—on the subject of Peter's denial of our Lord, but our space will not permit us to do so.

Mrs. Browning's marriage, bringing with it new happiness, new hopes, and new duties, was the source of new strength to both body and mind, and in that maturity of power which she had now reached, she gave to the world poems which it will not willingly let die. Miss Mitford thus writes of the poetess shortly after her marriage with one in all respects so worthy of her friend:

Gradually her health improved; about four years ago she married Mr. Browning, and immediately accompanied him to Pisa. They then settled at Florence; and this summer I have had the exquisite pleasure of seeing her once more in London with a lovely boy at her knee, almost as well as ever, and telling tales of Italian rambles, of losing herself in chestnut forests, and scrambling on mule-back up the sources of extinct volcanoes. May heaven continue to her such health and such happiness!

Her residence in Italy gave to Mrs. Browning's poetry a fresh vigour and a new inspiration, for she entered with sympathy into the great hopes of that nation, and she yearned as much as one of themselves for their independence, and unity, and freedom. It was no doubt her love for Italy and the Italians that gave her such enthusiasm for Napoleon III., for she looked on him as the deliverer who should emancipate the people from their bondage, and make that beautiful country free. The Emperor of France became idealized in her imagination, and when he crossed the Alps to strike the first decisive blow in behalf of Italy, she hailed him as one who should introduce a new era for that land, and give it a place once more in the broad life of nations. Her aspirations for Italy, her sympathy with its struggles for unity, her scorn for the Pope and the Papacy, are eloquently expressed in her poems, "Casa Guidi Windows," "Poems before Congress," "Napoleon III. in Italy," and "A View across the Roman Campagna." She has celebrated some of the most heroic and touching incidents of the war in the poem, "The First Recruit," and "Mother and Poet." In what burning and eloquent words she rebukes the party who resisted the interference of England in the cause of Italy's freedom, on the plea of the sacredness of peace!

What! your peace admits
Of outside anguish while it keeps at home?
I loathe to take its name upon my tongue.

'Tis nowise peace; 'tis treason, stiff with doom,—
'Tis gagged despair, and inarticulate wrong,—
Annihilated Poland, stifled Rome,
Dazed Naples, Hungary fainting 'neath the thong,
And Austria wearing a smooth olive-leaf
On her brute forehead, while her hoofs outpress
The life from these Italian souls, in brief.
O Lord of Peace, who art Lord of Righteousness,
Constrain the anguished worlds from sin and grief,
Pierce them with conscience, purge them with redress,
And give us peace which is no counterfeit!

Italy has shown herself not ungrateful to the memory of the poetess, and has placed an inscription over the door of the house in which she lived at Florence.

We must pass by many other of this gifted lady's poems, but one extract from a letter from Mr. Ruskin to Miss Mitford will show the opinion of this great critic and poet on their merit:

I have had one other feast, however, this Sunday morning, in your dear friend's poems—Elizabeth Browning. I have not had my eyes so often wet for these five years. I had no conception of her powers before. I can't tell you how wonderful I think them; I have been reading "The Valediction," and "The Year's Spinning," and "The Reed," and "The Dead Pan," and "Dead Baby at Florence," and the "Caterina to Camoens," and all for the first time! I only knew her mystical things—younger, I suppose—before.

Mr. Ruskin has called "Aurora Leigh" "the greatest poem which this century has produced in any language;" and though many will dissent from this criticism, yet all, we think, will agree that it contains passages as beautiful as any other poem which the century has produced. In dedicating it to her "dearest cousin and friend, John Kenyon," she describes it as "the most mature of her works, and the one in which she has expressed her highest convictions upon life and art." It is a novel in verse, a story in nine books; and the whole forms a very striking poem. It treats largely, as Tennyson's poem of "The Princess" does, with the position of women in the world. The plot is not very probable, and some incidents in the tale, especially those connected with Marian Erle, are very painful. It is, however, a wonderful poem, and was written, we have heard, amid interruptions from her child at play, or at work about the room, and at a word from the boy the book would be put aside. It is full of beautiful passages, descriptive and otherwise, and contains many delicious descriptions of scenery, many lovely thoughts and rhythmic cadences, that flash like jewels in the verse, set there "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Alas! our extracts must necessarily be few. Here is one descriptive of the pastoral beauty of England.

But then the thrushes sang,
And shook my pulses and the elms' new leaves,—
And then I turned and held my finger up
And bade him mark that, howsoe'er the world
Went ill, as he related certainly
The thrushes still sang in it. At which word
His brow would soften, and he bore with me
In melancholy patience, not unkind,
While, breaking into voluble ecstasy,
I flattered all the beauteous country round,
As poets use . . . the skies, the clouds, the fields,
The happy violets hiding from the roads
The primroses run down to, carrying gold—
The tangled hedgerows, where the cows push out
Impatient horns and tolerant churning mouths,
'Twixt dripping ash-boughs,—hedgerows all alive
With birds and gnats and large white butterflies
Which look as if the May-flower had caught life
And palpitated forth upon the wind,—
Hills, vales, woods netted in a silver mist,
Farms, granges, doubled up among the hills,
And cattle grazing in the watered vales,
And cottage chimneys smoking from the woods,
And cottage gardens smelling everywhere,
Confused with smell of orchards. "See," I said,
"And see! is God not with us on the earth?
And shall we put Him down by aught we do?
Who says there's nothing for the poor and vile
Save poverty and wickedness? behold!"
And ankle-deep in English grass I leaped,
And clapped my hands, and called all very fair.

But one more, striking in its contrast, as in their outward aspects are England and Italy:

I felt the wind soft from the land of souls;
The old miraculous mountains heaved in sight,
One straining past another along the shore,
The way of grand dull Odyssean ghosts
Athirst to drink the cool blue wine of seas
And stare on voyagers. Peak pushing peak
They stood: I watched beyond that Tyrian belt
Of intense sea betwixt them and the ship,
Down all their sides the misty olive woods
Dissolving in the weak congenial moon,
And still disclosing some brown convent tower
That seems as if it grew from some brown rock,—
Or many a little lighted village, dropt
Like a fallen star, upon so high a point,
You wonder what can keep it in its place
From sliding headlong with the waterfalls
Which drop and powder all the myrtle groves
With sprays of silver. Thus my Italy
Was stealing on us.

Mrs. Browning died in 1861, in the fulness of her powers, and too soon for the perfect maturity of her rich, if sometimes unchastened, genius; and her death brought sorrow into many a home where the woman, though personally unknown, was loved because of the pleasure she had given, and of the noble thoughts she had expressed in melodious and eloquent verse. The author of the present paper owes her a deep debt of gratitude for many an hour calmed and brightened by her noble and tender and elevating poems, which are always read by him with a new pleasure, and with a sense of fresh strength and refreshment. Would that he could weave a chaplet more worthy to be laid on her honoured grave!

In 1862 Mrs. Browning's "Last Poems" were published posthumously; and some of these equal, perhaps excel, anything she has written. The volume was inscribed "To 'Grateful Florence'; to the Municipality, her Representative; and to Tommaseo, its Spokesman, most gratefully."

Among these "Last Poems" we find poems of such beauty and passion, such tenderness and force, such emotion, and such depth of feeling, as "Bianca among the Nightingales;" "My Heart and I;" "Where's Agnes?" "The Forced Recruit;" "Parting Lovers;" "A Musical Instrument;" and that perfect Christian hymn, "De Profundis."

This paper may well be brought to a close by a few stanzas from the last-named poem; and if it has made any acquainted with a great, a striking, an original poetess—if, indeed, there be any to whom the lady whom we "delight to honour" is unknown—then its purpose is fulfilled. There are some poems in her volumes which no one can read without feeling the stronger and the better for the perusal, and what praise can be higher than this?

He reigns above, He reigns alone;
Systems burn out, and leave His throne:
Fair mists of seraphs melt and fall
Around Him, changeless amid all,—
Ancient of Days, whose days go on.

He reigns below, He reigns alone,
And having life in love foregone
Beneath the crown of sovran thorns,
He reigns the jealous God. Who mourns
Or rules with Him, while days go on?

By anguish which made pale the sun,
I hear Him charge His saints that none
Among His creatures anywhere
Blaspheme against Him with despair,
However darkly days go on.

Take from my head the thorn-wreath brown!
No mortal grief deserves that crown.
O supreme Love, chief misery,
The sharp regalia are for THEE
Whose days eternally go on.

For us, whatever's undergone,
Thou knowest, willest what is done.
Grief may be joy misunderstood;
Only the Good discerns the good.
I trust Thee while my days go on.

Whatever's lost, it first was won:
We will not struggle nor impugn.
Perhaps the cup was broken here,
That Heaven's new wine might show more clear.
I praise Thee while my days go on.

I praise Thee while my days go on;
I love Thee while my days go on:
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms, and treasure lost,
I thank Thee while my days go on.

And having in Thy life-depth thrown
Being and suffering (which are one),
As a child drops his pebble small
Down some deep well, and hears it fall
Smiling—so I. THY DAYS GO ON.

CHARLES D. BELL, D.D.

ART. IV.—MEANING OF THE WORD "OBLATIONS" IN OUR BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

A REPLY TO CANON SIMMONS.

IN a criticism of a paper on "Alms and Oblations," which was printed in THE CHURCHMAN at the beginning of last year, Canon Simmons remarked, a few months afterwards,[1] that while we have often voted together in Convocation at York, we have sometimes voted against one another, but always with mutual goodwill and regard. This is quite true: and it is pleasant to be sure that no difference of opinion regarding the subject now under consideration, or any other subject, is likely to disturb this feeling. If such an impossible thing were to happen, it would be my fault, not his.

[1] See THE CHURCHMAN for January and June, 1882. Each paper was afterwards reprinted and published separately with corrections (Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row).

Before I proceed to examine his criticism, two remarks of a general kind may be made. The first is this: that certain parts of my argument have—perhaps through lack of space—not been noticed by him. Hence they retain whatever force they had before the paper was written, and they will here be briefly reiterated. And the second general remark is this: that Canon Simmons really concedes a very large part of that for which I contended. Hence I claim him as, upon the whole, upon my side.

My contention is that in our Prayer Book of 1662 the phrase "alms and oblations" is a collective phrase, which cannot properly be divided; that the whole must be used if any part of it is used; that the direction upon the subject is clear, and that we have no right to disobey it. And further, I contended that, the "oblations" being collected along with the "alms" from the congregation that may then be in the church, together brought to the priest, and by him presented—and this whether there be an actual Communion or not—the word "oblations" cannot refer in whole or in part to the Bread and Wine. And these views I endeavoured to confirm by various arguments, verbal and historical. Let me add here, once for all, that there is satisfactory evidence that this question was not settled at random in 1662, but after much debate and careful consideration.[1]

Now, to take the second of these two general remarks first, Canon Simmons agrees with me in thinking that the two parts of this collective phrase must be used together. He holds, indeed, that the word "oblations" is inclusive of the Bread and Wine when there is a Communion, as well as of the "other devotions" which, at the Offertory, may be collected along with what are more distinctively regarded as "alms;" but he holds that the phrase is indivisible. If there be no Communion, yet he contends that there may be "oblations" as well as "alms," and that the rule which is given to us ought to be observed. If there be a Communion, then he thinks that the word "oblations" comprises in its meaning not only these gifts of the congregation which are co-ordinated with the "alms," but also the unconsecrated Bread and Wine. Now this is a very large concession. As regards usage, it yields all that I contended for. In practice there is no difference between us. But it must be added, that in making this concession Canon Simmons rejects a prevalent theory, and condemns a custom which is very widely spread among our Clergy—many of whom, with-

[1] That the word "offer" was proposed for the act of placing the Bread and Wine on the Holy Table, and was ultimately rejected, is certain. See the note in Cardwell's "History of Conferences," p. 390.

out any authority, in reading the prayer for the Church Militant, when there is an Offertory but no Communion, say only "alms," whereas they are directed to say "alms and oblations"—and this, even on occasions when the offerings of the people have no reference whatever to the relief of the sick and the poor. I certainly think that a change in this practice should be made, and Canon Simmons evidently thinks the same. To those who hold a different opinion his argument must be unwelcome.

The point of debate, then, between Canon Simmons and myself is simply this—whether the word "oblations" is, when there is a Communion, inclusive both of gifts collected from the congregation at the Offertory and also of the Bread and Wine made ready for the Eucharistic Sacrament. I ventured in a note to say that this inclusive theory is the worst of all. Perhaps this was an ill-chosen expression; and if it was, I apologize for it. I knew that some persons held this theory; but I thought they were very few. That which I have been accustomed to meet with in antagonism to my own opinion is the view that the word "oblations" refers to the Bread and Wine only, *exclusive* of gifts at the Offertory—though how this was to be reconciled with obedience to the rule of the Prayer Book I never could understand. However, in writing that note I did not intend to impute moral blame to anyone; I only meant that I thought this view the *most illogical* of all. The opinion against which I was contending was clear enough. It seemed to me simply a direct contradiction of the rule, whereas this seemed to me utterly confused and confusing. The word "oblations," on this theory, is to be taken in two different senses, according to the occasion, without any indication being given that it was expected to do double duty, and to transform itself from time to time; this, too, when it would have been extremely easy to have provided for *two* oblations—one, of the gifts co-ordinated with the "alms," to be used always when there is an Offertory—and the other, of the Bread and Wine, to be used only when there is a Communion.[1] But let us see more precisely how the case stands.

The Bread and Wine are "provided" beforehand, as a matter of preliminary arrangement for the service; the "oblations" are the gift of the worshippers in the course of the service. The Bread and Wine are supplied by the parishioners, many of whom, it is quite certain, will not be present in the church; the "oblations" come specially and exclusively from those who are actually present. The Bread and Wine are secured as the result of a legal order; the "oblations" are, in

[1] This was virtually done in the Scotch Book of 1637.

the strictest sense, voluntary. In the case of the Bread and Wine the priest places on the table as much as he shall think sufficient; that which determines the amount of the "oblations" is the spontaneous devotion of the congregation. The Bread and Wine are "placed" on the table at a separate time, in reference to the coming Communion; the "oblations" are reverently brought and humbly presented along with the alms, and this, too, whether there be a Communion or not. The Bread and Wine are laid on the Table by the priest's hands quite irrespectively of any action by the worshippers; the "oblations" are presented by them, through him, as an act of worship. The latter are in the "basin," the former not. That which remains of the unconsecrated Bread and Wine is to be had by the curate to his own use; that which is collected at the Offertory is applied to pious and charitable uses.[1] Surely it is very surprising that the common word "oblations" should be inclusive of such incongruities. An argument to this effect seems to me like the image in Nebuchadnezzar's dream, which rested partly on iron and partly on clay. Such an argument cannot stand before even the slightest logical attack. Canon Simmons says that I have found fault with the Bishops and Revisers of 1662 for confusion and want of care in this matter; but really I have done no such thing. I think that their work was very carefully and thoroughly done, and that the result is perfectly consistent and clear. I find fault with Canon Simmons for having placed those good Bishops, and those painstaking Revisers, in an absurd position.

Now, to pass to the second of the above-mentioned general remarks, and without following any very precise order, I may say that my friendly critic has omitted from his criticism some things on which I laid considerable stress; and in other cases —perhaps because of some defect in my mode of writing—has not precisely caught my meaning.

Among the things omitted are the relation of the "alms," at our present Offertory, to the "poor man's box" of earlier days;[2] and the relation of the "oblations" to the "offering days," when such gifts were made to the Clergy. There is in this case, so to speak, a distinct genealogical connection, which is of high importance in the argument. These two old customs lead on straight, each by a separate path, but harmoniously, to our present rubric, in which the gifts of these two classes are

[1] See the rubrics at the end of the service, which were introduced into the Prayer Book at the same time as the Offertory Rubric and the directions attached to the Prayer for the Church Militant.

[2] The "poor man's box" is described in the 84th of the Canons of 1604. Specimens of such boxes are still to be found in various parts of the country.

brought together and made a sacred offering—an act of worship during the time of prayer and praise. I claim for our Revisers a most religious purpose and signal success in bringing about this concurrence; and if this view is correct, it has evidently much to do with the meaning which they attached, and which we are bound to attach, to the word "oblations" in our Book of Common Prayer.

Probably, as I have said, they took, in this matter, a hint from the Scotch Book of 1637, in which, for the first time, gifts of this kind were made an act of worship. My friend treads very lightly over the part of my argument which is connected with this circumstance, just as a man might reasonably move as quickly as possible over hot pieces of iron likely to burn his feet. I will, therefore, repeat some part of what I quoted from this book before: "While the Presbyter distinctly pronounceth some or all of these sentences for the Offertory, the Deacon or (if no such be present) one of the Churchwardens shall receive the *devotions* of the people then present, in a basin provided for the purpose; and when all have *offered*, he shall reverently bring the said basin, *with the oblations therein*, and deliver it to the Presbyter, who shall humbly present it before the Lord, and set it upon the Holy Table." Here it is evident that the "oblations" are synonymous with the "devotions" of the people; that they are collected from the congregation then present and from them only; that they are received and presented in the basin provided for the purpose, and that they are absolutely exclusive of the Bread and Wine.

This is the positive part of the argument; and it is strongly confirmed by the rubric which we find at the close of the service for the distribution of the monetary oblations thus collected. But there is a negative part of the argument, which, to my apprehension, weighs very strongly against the view of Canon Simmons. It is this. In the Scotch Prayer Book there is *a separate oblation of the Bread and Wine*, which does not appear in our Prayer Book. This Scotch Book, which conveyed in one respect a most important suggestion readily adopted, was in another respect not allowed to influence the work of 1662. It surely cannot be contended that because the placing of the Bread and Wine on the Table is *not* allowed to be called an "offering," therefore this idea with regard to them is to be included in the "oblations" presented in the basin.

The case of Bishop Cosin's service for the consecration of his chapel is likewise one in regard to which my main point has been missed. In this service there are virtually three oblations. First, the Bishop "offers" his act of consecration; then the Bread and Wine for the Communion; then his own

"alms and oblations." With the first of these acts we have nothing to do, for it had reference to the special circumstances of the moment; the third strictly corresponds with what we find in our present Prayer Book; the very phrase "alms and oblations" is that with which we are so familiar. It cannot be supposed that the word "oblations" at this point (and we find it at no other) includes the Bread and Wine; for there is an intermediate "offering" of the Bread and Wine, which would make that inclusion unmeaning. How it was that Bishop Cosin used here the word "offer," which was not accepted at the Revision, we must leave undecided; but the very fact that he did use it, renders it impossible to include the elements within the meaning of the phrase "Alms and Oblations," which is used separately, and after the offering of the Bread and Wine has taken place. Mere antiquarian and chronological questions are of no account here, as I said in my former argument.[1] The usage of words in this service seems to me clearly against the view of Canon Simmons.

In the earlier paper I laid some stress upon the remarkable difference in character which we observe in our Prayer Book between the rubric which precedes the "placing" of the Bread and Wine for Communion, and the "reverent bringing" and "humble presenting" of the oblations contributed by the congregation in the service; and to my comments on this subject Canon Simmons replies with care and energy. But he misses my main point. He appeals to me as to whether I think that the simplicity of the word "place" is any real objection to the view that it might be used to describe a solemn oblation; and he further points out that in strict ecclesiastical precedent this word has been so used, and may very properly be so used. To make this appeal the more forcible he refers to the strong simplicity of the Old Testament in regard to the Shewbread, "Thou shalt set upon the Table the Shewbread before Me always," which is an exact reflection of what we find alike in the Septuagint and in the Vulgate.

Now I am altogether in accord with Canon Simmons both as to the adequacy of the word "place" for the purpose in question, and in his preference for simplicity of language in sacred things. It is often a cause of serious regret to me that a fanciful deviation from such simplicity is very common in our day. The multiplication of adjectives is supposed to add to

[1] Either this service was used before 1662 or after 1662. If before, it cannot be an illustration of new rubrics introduced at that date. If after, it is clear that Bishop Cosin did not regard the phrase "alms and oblations" as adequately inclusive of the Bread and Wine; otherwise he need not have introduced the word "offer" in reference to them.

the claim which Divine things have upon our reverence. I may bring forward as an illustration the fashion of using the word "holy" on all sorts of occasions. This is not the manner of the Bible and the Prayer Book. As to the perfect fitness and sufficiency of the word "place" in the instance before us, this is well shown by the language used in the Bible in reference to the Shewbread, and the language of the Liturgy of St. Chrysostom in reference to the Eucharist. But this does not really touch the argument. The point which I urged was this: that while our Revisers, according to the fashion of their day, employed very full and emphatic language to describe the reverence they wished to associate with the presentation of money offerings, they deviated and started aside from such language when they spoke of the placing of the elements for Communion. Canon Simmons speaks rather severely of "the sententious expletives of the Laudian period." Why then, if this kind of language was carefully adopted in the one case, was it carefully avoided in the other? This could not have been accident. It is the *contrast* which constitutes here the point of the argument.

Among the new materials which Canon Simmons has brought into this discussion may be included his strong language regarding the wide possible usage of the meaning of the term "oblations," and the fact that this word has often been used in respect of the Bread and Wine at Communion. But really there is no difference between my critic and myself in reference to either of these points. Our own Communion Service, even in the declaratory part of the Prayer of Consecration, employs this term in the very highest and most awful sense of all; while I fully admit that it may most properly be used for the very smallest part of any of the poor service which we render to God. Nor, again, can there be any doubt as to the application of this word in various ages to the Bread and Wine in the Eucharist. Not only can instances be adduced, as by Canon Simmons, from Anglo-Saxon and Mediæval times, but we find the same usage at this day in the Scotch and American Prayer Books. But the question before us is not what the word *might* mean under various supposable circumstances, but what it *does* mean in this particular part of our Communion Office. This must be determined by the help of historical comments: and especially I invite attention again to what my friend does not notice—viz., that, in regard to matters of this kind, there was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries a well understood and customary manner of using this word "oblation." To enforce this point I have brought forward the authority of Sir Robert Phillimore, which must be admitted to be weighty authority. I quoted the poet Herrick,

who, in describing the furniture of his "Fairy Temple," not only names the "free oblation," but the very "basin" which stands upon the board "to receive it." I might similarly have cited George Herbert:[1]

Yet thy favour
May give savour
To this my poor oblation,
And it raise
To be Thy praise
And be my salvation.

But, in truth, illustrations of this fact could be produced in abundance;[2] and what I simply urge is this, that in a case of this kind the predominant and customary ecclesiastical usage of words would probably be followed.

The Abbey Dore Service, which has been adduced by Canon Simmons in favour of his argument, I confidently claim as on my side. I have referred elsewhere to this service, and in connection with another subject;[3] and I have shown that it is really of no argumentative value for the purposes on account of which it is sometimes cited. The service was drawn up for a Church-consecration, in 1635, when Wren had just been made Bishop, and therefore can be of no weight at all in illustration of the new rubrics in the Prayer Book of 1662. It may, however, be of value in exemplifying the use of words. After the invitation to "such as desire to communicate," that "they come up to *the holy Oblation or Offering*," then the Bishop "*offers*, and lays upon the Table his Act of Consecration," after which the Chaplain "reacheth the Bread for the Communion, which standeth ready at the south side of the chancel, and the Wine after it, and delivers them to the Bishop, who *offereth* them also. Lastly, the Priest setting the basin, or the paten of the chalice, the Bishop *offereth* for himself and so returneth to his seat again. The Priest treatably proceeds to read other of the Sentences, especially those that are for the *Oblations*, and not for the Alms. All this while, the Chaplain standeth before the Table, and receiveth the *oblations* of all that *offer*, which that

[1] "The Temple"—an Offering.

[2] In Canon Bateman's "Clerical Reminiscences" mention is made of the *oblations* in his church having been given for some time to the priest of his parish, because of his poverty, during the reign of Philip and Mary. A friend informs me that in the parish of Solihull there is in an ancient MS. book, written by Henry Greswold, a learned Rector of that parish (1660—1781), a note to this effect—"*Oblations*, called after Qu. Elizabeth's days Charity Money."

[3] "Before the Table": An Inquiry into the true meaning of the Consecration Rubric in the Communion Service of the Church of England, Appendix, p. 171.

they might do with due reverence and submission, he causeth at the beginning a cushion or pesse to be laid before him, on which they kneel when they *offer*." Then follows the prayer, in which the Almighty is besought mercifully to accept the *oblations*. Now could there be a stronger and more emphatic proof of the customary and recognised use of this term at that period? This use, too, is precisely reflected in the Prayer Book of 1662. It is quite true, as Canon Simmons urges, that in the Abbey Dore Service the Bishop "offers" the Bread and Wine, and that this was an oblation; but this act is not reflected in our present Prayer Book; and in the service before us the actual word "oblations," is clearly exclusive of the Bread and Wine. It is worth while to add, and it is very interesting to observe, that we have here that distinction of Offertory Sentences, as applicable to alms and oblations respectively, which is conspicuous in Bishop Wren's subsequent liturgical notes, and to which I referred in my previous essay.

The same general conclusion is easily reached on an examination of the Coronation Service, which likewise Canon Simmons adduces, though really it makes against him. Whenever, indeed, this service is brought forward to help an argument in reference to our Prayer Book, I always suspect that the argument is felt to be weak: for this service was never sanctioned by Convocation; the basis on which it rests is thoroughly Erastian.[1] But even if this service were a part of our Book of Common Prayer it would not serve the purpose for which it is here quoted. The argument is stated thus: The Queen "offers Bread and Wine for the Communion;" then she offers her "*second oblation*," consisting of a purse of gold; then follows a prayer for the acceptance of the "oblations:" the word "oblations" is in the plural: hence it includes the Bread and Wine. But, in fact, if the service is carefully examined, it will be found that the "*first oblation*" is strictly defined, and is something quite different. It consists of a pall and a wedge of gold; and it seems to me that, by the very structure of the service, the word "oblations" is made expressly to exclude the Bread and Wine.[2]

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[1] Thus when the word "altar" is under discussion, and discomfort is felt because of the fact, from which there is no power of extrication, that this word has been most carefully removed from our Prayer Book, the Coronation Service is often quoted. But is not this really an appeal to the State against the Church?

[2] Maskell's "Monumenta Ritualia," (2nd ed., vol. iii, p. 137). It is to be observed that in this service the Archbishop has already prayed that the Bread and Wine may be sanctified to the use to which it is devoted, before the purse is *placed in the basin* and the special prayer offered for the acceptance of the Queen's *oblations*.

Canon Simmons lays some stress on the fact that both before and after the Restoration there were many in the Church of England who desired to have an express oblation of the elements in the Communion Service. Of this fact there is no doubt. There has always been such a school of thought within the Church of England. Bishop Patrick, whom Canon Simmons adduces, is a notable example. In his "Mensa Mystica," and still more in his "Christian Sacrifice," he is very clear and emphatic. "The alms," he says, "signifying that which was given for the relief of the poor, the oblation can signify *nothing else* than the bread and wine presented to God." But here it is to be observed that Bishop Patrick's view differs altogether and most seriously from that of Canon Simmons. The former, of course, omitted the word "oblations" in the case of an Offertory without a Communion: the latter contends that on all occasions when there is an Offertory that word must be used. Thus Canon Simmons and I combine in opposing the theory of Bishop Patrick. But, after all, the question is not what was the opinion of individual divines, whether they were bishops or not, but what was the decision of Convocation and Parliament combined? And, moreover, it is easy to furnish counter-testimonies as to the existence of opinion of a contrary kind. I will bring forward only two.

Dean Comber's "Companion to the Temple" is a book of recognised value;[1] and certainly the honoured author's place was among the High Churchmen of his day. Now, on an examination of his manner of dealing with the Offertory in his instructions for the meditation of communicants, it does not appear that he contemplated the "oblations" in any other sense than that which is here advocated. On the one hand, he regards this meaning as very large and very rich in devotional suggestions; and on the other, he does not give it any turn whatever towards the Bread and the Wine. Thus he says, "The *oblation of alms*, which is at other times commendable, is at the time of this Sacrament of Love necessary and by no means to be omitted:" he refers to the "liberal offerings of our pious ancestors," to their "noble donations offered at the Holy Table," adding that "these *oblations* sufficed to maintain the Bishops, Priests, and Deacons; to provide all necessaries for Divine administration; and to feed and sustain orphans, widows, and all the Christian poor—yea, some of the heathen also likewise." He analyses the Offertory Sentences, laying special stress on the oblations which should be made to the Ministers, in consequence of "the custom of the Priests sharing in the *offerings* at church being laid aside." In a note he

[1] The edition from which I quote is the third, dated 1681.

says, "If the congregation be large, and the alms long in gathering, you may profitably read all or most of these sentences to enlarge your hearts and quicken your charity; if *the offering* be short, yet read some of them before it come to your turn; and then prepare *your own oblation*, and the next section will teach you how to present it." In commenting on the words "alms and oblations" in the Prayer for the Church Militant, Comber's words are strictly in harmony with those which have preceded. The reader is left to draw his own conclusions as to what this devout writer includes under the phrase "alms and oblations," and also as to what he excludes from it; and he is invited to consider how large a religious benefit was gained by the change made in our service at this point during Comber's life.

Among those writers who, fifty years later, were highly valued for their useful comments on the Prayer Book, was the Rev. T. Bennett; and from him the following passage may be quoted: "'Tis most highly reasonable, as well as agreeable to ancient practice, that when we come to partake of the Lord's Supper, we should offer unto God according to our ability for the relief of the distressed. And while *the collection of these oblations* is made, the Church has very prudently enjoined that the following sentences should be read, whereby the congregation is encouraged to *offer* freely as a matter of bounty, and not of covetousness. Some of these sentences, I confess, do respect the Clergy, who had in former times, and still have in some few places, a share of the *offerings*. But where that custom is not retained those sentences are never used."[1] Questions of considerable interest arise here as to the relations of the support of the Clergy to the Offertory at different periods; but these questions do not affect the argument here presented for the meaning of the phrase "alms and oblations."

During the months that have elapsed since the beginning of last year—the subject having been from time to time under careful attention—some new facts, new illustrations and new arguments have presented themselves to my mind; and, so far as I see, they are all on my side.

With regard to one part of the rubric which directs the "placing" of the Bread and Wine, I must confess that my original view has been to a considerable degree modified. This is the meaning of the word "*then*." I had argued that this word indicates, not only that the Bread and Wine are to

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[1] "Paraphrase with Annotations upon the Book of Common Prayer," p. 164.

be placed on the Table by the hand of the Priest, about which there can be no doubt, but that this must be done during that particular part of the service which intervenes between the saying of the Nicene Creed and the saying of the Prayer for the Church Militant. On comparing, however, this rubric with the corresponding rubric in the Baptismal Services, I more than doubt whether the view is correct. In the Office for the Public Baptism of Infants it is ordered thus: "And the Priest coming to the Font (which is *then* to be filled with pure water) and standing there, shall say;" and it is said previously in the same rubric, "and *then* the Godfathers and Godmothers, and the people with the children must be ready at the Font." Here the word "*then*" appears undoubtedly to refer to the preceding phrase, "*when thereare children to be baptized,*" and not to contain any direction as to the particular moment at which the Font is to be "filled with water."[1] Hence, reasoning by analogy, and remembering that at the last revision many rules of this kind were added, for instruction in manual acts, and in order to secure due order in the services, it seems natural to infer that in the rubric before us, the word "*then*" simply refers to the preceding phrase, "*when there is a Communion,*" or, as it is given in Durel's Latin Version, "*Quoties Sacra Communio celebrabitur.*" This view of the matter was first set before me by a learned friend in Cambridge; and, the more I have reflected upon it, the more it has commended itself to my conviction. And this opinion is strongly corroborated by two remarkable facts, namely, that alike in the Greek Version of 1664 and the Welsh Version of 1665, to both of which further allusion will be made presently, there is no word that corresponds to the English word "*then.*"[2] If this reasoning is sound, then a new argument of very great force is furnished for removing the Bread and Wine at the Communion altogether out of the range of what is included in the term "oblations."[3] The placing of Bread and Wine on the Table, like the filling of the Font with water, is no part of

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[1] Compare also a rubric after the Service for the Communion of the Sick, "*When* the sick person is visited, and receiveth the Holy Communion all at one time, *then* the Priest," etc.; and another preceding the Service for the Private Baptism of Infants, "But *when* need shall compel them to do so, *then* Baptism shall be administered on this fashion."

[2] The same impression is conveyed to me by the form of rubric in Durel's French Version: "Et quand on fera la Sainte Cène, alors le Ministre mettra sur la Table autant de Pain et de Vin qu'il jugera être nécessaire."

[3] If this aspect of the matter is correct, it will account for the simple and even meagre language of the rubric for placing the Bread and Wine, as compared with the rubric which follows.

the Sacramental Service at all, but merely a preparatory act for reverence and convenience.[1]

The mention which has just been made of Durel's Latin Prayer Book leads us upon new ground where it is incumbent upon us to pause for a moment, for the purpose of observing its direct bearing upon the subject under consideration. And for general reasons it is desirable to make pointed mention of this version; for a historical and critical account of this Latin Prayer Book of Charles II. has lately been published.[2] It will be convenient first to state briefly the value and authority of this book, and then to exhibit the light which it throws upon the meaning of the word "oblations."

A remark made by the Rev. J. H. Blunt regarding this book is quite enough to arrest our attention: "Dean Durel's Latin Version is a most excellent one, whether it is viewed as to scholarship, theology, or loyalty to the Church of England."[3] Such a comment, coming from such a quarter, suffices to show that Durel was no Puritan. In fact, he was one of the "High Churchmen" of his day, and a well-known writer against those who tended towards Puritanism. The chief facts of his life, and the chief circumstances of the publication of the Latin Prayer Book, may be thus briefly summarised from the recently-published commentary.

John Durel was born in Jersey, and in 1640 became a member of Merton College, Oxford. His reputation in regard to the University and the Church is clearly made known by Anthony à Wood, who says that "his fame was so well known to the Academicians, especially for the great pains he had taken in the Church, that they could hardly propose anything to him in which they would not be willing to prevent him;" and that he was one "who dared with an unshaken and undaunted resolution to stand up and maintain the honour and dignity of the English Church when she was in her worst and deplorable condition." When a congregation at the Savoy was established by the King, "wherein divine service should be performed in French according to the book established by law," Durel preached the opening sermon. In 1663 he became Chaplain to Charles II.; and in 1677 he was made Dean of Windsor, in which office he remained till his death in 1683. As to his Latin Prayer Book, it is to be observed, in the first place, that provision is expressly

[1] Obviously this affects the question of the necessity of any shelf or table for the elements before they are placed on the Holy Table.

[2] "The Latin Prayer Book of Charles II.; or, an Account of the Liturgia of Dean Durel," by Charles Marshall, M.A., Chaplain to the Lord Mayor of London, 1849—1850; and W. W. Marshall, B.A., late Scholar of Hertford College. Oxford: James Thornton.

[3] "The Annotated Book of Common Prayer," p. 586, Appendix.

made for such a version in the Act of Uniformity of Charles II. Steps were taken in Convocation for the fulfilling of this intention, first by committing the task to Pearson, afterwards Bishop of Chester, and Earle, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, and then to Dolben, Dean of Westminster. But the work was actually done by Durel. Great pains were devoted to the task by him, and considerable time; and two very important elements for enabling us to come to a right decision regarding the value and authority of the book are, first, his dedication to the King; and, secondly, the fact that the sheets before publication were submitted to Archbishop Sancroft.

We may now proceed to inquire how the Offertory Rubric appears in this authoritative translation. The best course to be adopted is simply to quote it. "Dum ista recitantur, Diaconi, Æditui, aliive ad hoc idonei, quibus illud muneris demandatum est, Eleemosynam in pauperum usus erogatam colligent, ut et alias populi *oblationes* in pios usus in Amulâ[1] seu lance idoneâ a Parochianis in hunc usum comparatâ, eamque ad Presbyterum reverenter afferent, ab illo autem gestu modesto ac humili super sacrâ Mensâ collocabitur." Here we see at once the view of Durel at this critical time of our Church history, and the view of those eminent Churchmen by whom he was surrounded. The other "devotions" of the people of our customary Prayer Book is here rendered by the word "*oblationes;*" and it is evident that it must have the same meaning here which it has immediately afterwards in the Prayer for the Church Militant, where the phrase is "*eleemosynam atque oblationes.*" And let it be remembered that Durel was Chaplain to the King, and that then strong views regarding the Royal Supremacy were mixed up with public Church-opinion. Let it be remembered, further, that this Latin Prayer Book had the sanction of Sancroft, who himself (as I remarked in my earlier paper) asked, in his Visitation Articles of 1686: "When the Holy Communion is administered amongst you, are the *alms and oblations* of devout persons duly collected and received? Are they constantly disposed of to *pious and charitable uses* by the consent of the Minister and Churchwardens: or, if they disagree, by the appointment of the ordinary?"

In writing a few years ago on another subject I had occasion to refer to the French version of the Book of Common Prayer,[2]

[1] "Amulæ dicuntur quibus offertur devotio sive oblatio" is the definition in Ducange. A phrase used in early times was, "amula offertoria." Durel was probably well acquainted with the old ecclesiastical vocabulary for such subjects.

[2] "The Position of the Priest during Consecration in the English Communion Service," pp. 37, 67.

which French version was likewise executed by Durel. This work was done with less care and perfection than the other. It appeared, however, under the sanction of a royal ordinance, and with the imprimatur of Dr. Stradling, Chaplain to the Bishop of London—Stradling having been one of those who were appointed to affix their signatures to the Sealed Books. Hence its testimony is of some value. He employs "nos aumosnes et nos oblations" in the prayer, as synonymous with "aumosne," used generically in the margin—thus clearly regarding the word "oblations" as denoting an offering of money, and as excluding the "Bread and Wine." The phrase "alms for the poor, and other devotions of the people" in the preceding rubric is rendered by him "les aumosnes pour les povres et les autres charitez du peuple."

The Act of Uniformity of Charles II. prescribed likewise the preparation of a Welsh Prayer Book: and this Welsh Book may similarly be put in evidence with the same result. I will not presume to quote any words from this book. I believe that all Welsh scholars will tell us that the term for "oblations" is simply the plural of the term for "offertory." Hence it denotes a monetary payment. This is illustrated by a curious custom in some of the older parishes of the Principality, where "offerings" in money are given to the clergyman at funerals, the very same word being employed in this case as in the other.[1]

A slight reference must be made to one other contemporary version, which, though not having the same official authority as the Latin and Welsh Books, approached very near to such authority. This is the Greek translation by Duport, who, after having been Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge, was made Dean of Peterborough. The book is dedicated to Archbishop Sheldon. It is enough to say that Duport includes the specific term προσφορὰ (or oblations) in the generic term ἐλεημοσύνη (or alms). If there is no ἐλεημοσύνη, the word προσφορὰ is to be omitted. It is evident then that προσφορὰ did not, in his opinion, refer partially or wholly to the Bread and Wine.[2]

In bringing this reply to a conclusion, it seems to me important to remark on the simultaneous introduction (in 1662) of several rubrics bearing upon this point. In writing before, I observed that one circumstance in favour of the view which I advocated was that it exhibited all things in the Prayer

[1] I cite this illustrative fact from Mr. Marshall's book.

[2] Put into English, the directions, attached to the Prayer for the Church Militant in Durel's French and Duport's Greek versions, stand thus: "If there be no alms then shall the words, 'of receiving our alms and oblations,' be omitted." If, then, there is a Communion, and if "oblations," includes the "Bread and Wine," we are compelled to speak of the Bread and Wine as "alms."

Book which relate to this subject as consistent with one another, whereas on any other view there is confusion and the appearance of carelessness and haste. The present observation is to the same effect, though in another form. Let all the new rubrics which can be brought to bear upon this point be examined, and it will be seen how carefully they have been arranged with one end in view, and how completely they meet the case.[1]

I have written with no doctrinal intention. I have no animosity against the notion of an oblation of the unconsecrated elements for the Eucharist. If there were such an oblation in the Prayer Book I should very readily accept it; but since it is not in the Prayer Book, and since the evidence is clear that in the Revision of 1662 the matter was very carefully considered, I think I am bound in loyalty to believe that there are very good reasons for its exclusion. Still less do I dream of bringing any accusation of false doctrine, any accusation of Romeward tendencies, or the like, against those who see in the word "oblations" as used in our Book of Common Prayer, either an exclusive reference to the unconsecrated Bread and Wine, or comprehension of them on occasion with offerings in money. I certainly think that both these views are wrong; but I have attempted to argue the case on its merits. Suspicions and recriminations entangle a discussion of this kind, and hinder the truth from being clearly seen.

In conclusion, I may repeat what I said before, that this aspect of oblation in our Eucharistic Service is in harmony with what we are taught in Holy Scripture. Nothing is there said of any offering of Bread and Wine in the Eucharist after the manner of the Hebrew sacrifices. The blessing of the Holy Communion is there represented as a gift from God, of

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[1] In one part of his essay (p. 8) Canon Simmons says that I have given an incorrect account of the Durham book, the Bodleian book, the Photozincographic Facsimile, to which I had occasion to refer. I so fully recognise that his knowledge of such subjects is superior to my own, that I do not for a moment question his verdict. Since, however, this point does not affect the argument, I will not dwell upon it further. I am tempted, however, to allude to another remark which he makes in reference to these books. I had expressed a wish that, for the sake of minute comparison in details, the Durham book and the Bodleian book might be brought side by side. This, Canon Simmons says, has been done by Mr. Parker. That Mr. Parker has carefully examined both books, as I have, admits of no question. But if he has brought the Durham book to Oxford, or the Oxford book to Durham, he has succeeded, where I have failed. I hope I may be allowed to add an expression of regret that Mr. Parker, in his comparative view of our successive Prayer Books, has arranged all later books like satellites round that of 1549, as though that were of present authority; whereas, like the rest, it has been superseded by the book of 1662.

which we are the recipients.[1] Canon Simmons, near the end of his paper, speaks of the bringing back of "the Eucharistic Sacrifice of the Apostles' time, with its visible and vocal oblation." But what does he mean by "the Eucharistic Sacrifice of the Apostles' time?" The evidence of any such thing must be sought in the times of the Apostles—or, in other words, in the New Testament. The sacrifice of our goods, of our charity, of ourselves, is there made very conspicuous and very imperative. It is impossible, too, that the Lord's Supper should not be accompanied by our praise and thanksgiving. But nowhere in the New Testament is the Eucharist represented as a sacrifice. Here, however, we are on the confines of serious doctrinal questions; and this paper has been regarded throughout as not involving any such questions. I thank Canon Simmons for his courtesy; and I set a high value on the large agreement of opinion which subsists between him and myself. If he and I were to argue together in our Northern Convocation in favour of the literal observance of the rule laid down in our Prayer Book regarding the indivisible phrase "alms and oblations," I believe it would be very difficult for any member of either the Upper or the Lower House to refute us.[2]

J. S. Howson.

Art. V.—THOUGHTS ON SOCIAL SCIENCE. (Part III.)

The proposal of Government to introduce an Affirmation Bill, for the scarcely disguised purpose of admitting into the House of Commons one who unblushingly proclaims his disbelief in the existence of a God, is a climax to the instances already given of atheistic tendencies telling upon a nation in its legislative capacity. Even though the Bill be rejected, the bare proposal of such a measure by Government is unmistak-

[1] See "The Catholic Doctrine of Eucharistic Sacrifice," by Mr. Tomlinson, a book which deserves to be widely known and carefully studied.

[2] I have been asked what the exact line is which I draw between "alms" and "oblations." To this I answer that though the literal original meaning of the two words is plain enough, no absolute line can be drawn between them in their liturgical use. In fact, the terms, when thus employed, overlap one another. Oblations may be of various kinds; and alms, when offered to God, become oblations. One great advantage of the collective phrase, "alms *and* oblations" is that it includes all things that may be fitly collected at the offertory, whether according to strict definition they be "alms *or* oblations."

ably significant. The true nature of this new departure was plainly indicated by the Prime Minister. In an early debate on this subject he is reported[1] to have said:

> We have been driven from the Church ground, we have been driven from the Protestant ground, we have been driven from the Christian ground, and now it appears there is to be a final rally upon this narrow and illogical basis of Theism. That will go whither your Protestantism and your Christianity have gone.

But there is another phase of national life more sensitive to change than the Statute Book, and therefore more valuable for our purpose. There are laws, many of them unwritten, which are observed in the management of public institutions, and there are customs which are continually and by almost imperceptible degrees changing according to the times, in other words, changing in obedience to prevailing tendencies. These form no inconsiderable part of the life of a nation.[2] Here, also, the same atheistic tendency is telling. There is, for instance, a meeting held at the Mansion House in London, or in a Town Hall in the provinces, for some philanthropic purpose; the occasion is one of national magnitude, such as the persecution of the Jews on the Continent, or some local catastrophe—an explosion in a coal-mine—any circumstance, in short, of sufficient interest to justify an appeal to the public. At such a time what commencement could be more appropriate than the acknowledgment of the hand of God, an appeal to Him for help, and ask for His blessing on the forthcoming effort? It used to be so as a matter of course. So again at the laying of the foundation-stone of any public building, and at the completion of the fabric—the very instance[3] given in God's Word for teaching us to "acknowledge Him in all our ways"—prayer was wont to be made. Committees used officially to act in obedience to the command, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God." But of late years (and increasingly so) though the business even be such an one as the management of a school, prayer is oftentimes not on the agenda. When Board Schools were first established there was an effort made, notably in London, to secure the use at least of the Lord's Prayer at the meetings of managers; but the atheistic tendency has prevailed in many places to the exclusion of this, so slight an acknowledgment of our dependence upon God. Nay, more, where the school is denominational, and where the *raison d'être*

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[1] *Times*, April 23, 1880.
[2] Arnold's *Lectures on Modern History*, p. 18.
[3] Ps. cxxvii. 1.

of its existence is for the purpose of securing religious teaching, it requires constant watchfulness, and sometimes more than watchfulness, to secure this so suitable a mode of commencing business.

A natural consequence of this neglect of prayer is the neglect of thanksgiving. Reports of schools, orphanages, hospitals, and other public institutions are not unfrequently issued in which full expression is given of thankfulness to all other benefactors (men, women, and children), but not a word is there to indicate any sense of indebtedness to God! Similarly in certain changes that have taken place in our customs, the same atheistic tendency may be observed. It is not a mere accident that disestablishment of the National Church is often the first step in this downward course. For example, at a public dinner the next toast after the "Queen" always used to be "Church and State." This has for some time given place to the "Bishop, Clergy, and Ministers of all Denominations," an act of courtesy to the latter, but for all that an act of disestablishment. It happens occasionally, now, that the toast is altogether omitted. So, also, a difficulty is occasionally felt, both on public occasions and in private life, as to the person who ought to be asked to say grace, and this leads very easily to its omission. An instructive instance of this occurred at a Social Science dinner; it was given in a private house to Lord Brougham. The master of the house, according to old fashion, said grace. The Vicar was one of the guests, and Lord Brougham intimated somewhat bluntly that the Vicar ought to have been called upon; but he, overhearing the remark, promptly replied, "Not so, every man is priest in his own house." The Vicar was right. If it had been a public dinner Lord Brougham would have been right. But Vicars in these days are not wont to teach the people so; and mark the consequences—when there is no clergyman present, grace is left unsaid; when two or more are present, a difficulty is often felt as to who ought to be called upon. The difficulty is solved sometimes in a ludicrous manner by a choir who sing a Latin grace, even after one has been said in English. At the conclusion of the dinner another hitch occurs. The cloth used to be withdrawn, and at least two words, "Thank God," were uttered before the guests sat down again to dessert. But now, all is put on the table at once, so that the time for returning thanks is not easily determined. This, unless care is taken, is enough to cause that grace *after* dinner be not said. Let no one laugh at these things as trifles; straws indicate the direction of the stream. When once attention is given to such "little" matters, so different to what used to be in our fathers' time, it is only too plain that this atheistic tendency is telling. In every station and

circumstance of life, extending to the households even of those whose personal piety is unquestionable, it is more and more necessary to be on the watch, it is more and more difficult to withstand the God-denying spirit of the age in which we live.

A yet more emphatic proof that "tendencies tell" upon nations remains to be mentioned. The changes that have taken place in Church-life furnish the most striking proof of all, because that it should be so in such an instance as this is naturally so little expected. This, therefore, gives so far presumptive proof that we are dealing with a law.

Faber[1] has observed how subtly the Church is affected by the movements that are prevalent in the world. They are reproduced in her; the forms are modified, but the substance is there. The idea that the Church can be affected by an atheistic tendency is one from which at first the whole soul shrinks with abhorrence. Each one will say, "Impossible—least of all in the Church to which I belong." He will assume that an atheistic tendency, though prevailing in the world, can operate upon the Church only in one way, viz., as a stimulus to call forth champions of the faith. Undoubtedly it has been so to some extent. God-deniers have been met and overthrown by God-defenders. But this does not touch more than the surface of the inquiry. To revert to the illustration given in the previous article. A person is ill of an eruptive fever; the eruption may be dealt with, and even checked, but this does not necessarily touch the disease. In like manner defenders of the truth may arise and defeat its assailants without reaching, perhaps without even discovering, the "fons et origo mali."

In this appears the value of Social Science as a science. It does not wait for proof. It assumes as certain that the prevailing sentiment of a nation operates upon every department. If the nation, therefore, is affected by an atheistic tendency, the Church *must be* affected too. Moreover, Social Science knows no distinction in this respect between one Church and another.

If one Church is affected all must be affected, the National Church, and the so-called[2] free and independent Churches—Baptist, Congregational, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Plymouth, Roman Catholic, Wesleyan—all without exception, only not all equally. The difference between one Church and another will be only one of degree. This or that Church may by constitution be presumptively affected more than another, but of none can it be assumed that it is an exception; least of all

[1] "The Creator and the Creature," p. 394.
[2] "The Dead Hand in the Free Churches."

would such an assumption be allowed in respect of the National Church.

It is an ungracious task to draw attention to the fact that the Church of England is affected by an atheistic tendency. Would that it were more difficult of proof! There is a difficulty in making such an assertion; but it is not the difficulty of proving that it is true. The difficulty is in giving proof without seeming to make the charge against individuals. But both as an act of simple justice, and also, which is still more important, to make possible a thorough and impartial investigation, it must ever be borne in mind that Social Science deals not with individuals but with communities. In the last paper a policy was characterized as Jesuitical, and a special caution was added against the conclusion being drawn that the individuals who supported such a policy are Jesuits—a conclusion not justifiable even against the prime movers. In like manner certain laws of the nation, and certain practices and customs, have been specified as atheistic without thinking it necessary to defend from the charge of atheism even the originators of those laws, or those who adopt those customs. So now, when the proof is given that an atheistic tendency is at work even in the Church of England, it cannot be necessary to do more than repudiate, which I do in the strongest possible terms, the inference that there are in the Church of England, or, indeed, in any other Church, individuals who themselves are atheists. Let me repeat, that such an inference would be both unwarrantable, and, further, would effectually close the eyes of those, whom it most nearly concerns, against a truth which, if it be substantiated by facts, imperatively claims their serious attention.

Proof has already been given by implication of the truth of this charge. The changes indicated in the Statute-Book; in the disuse of special days of national humiliation and thanksgiving; in the modes of conducting public business; in customs both of public and even of family life, have all of them taken place without any protest, worthy of the name, being made by the Church of England. Other Churches may plead in excuse, with some force, the inaction of the National Church: but even so an excuse is a tacit admission of the truth of the charge.

The most noteworthy, in fact the only, public request for a day of humiliation made by the Church of England of late years, has been the resolution proposed and carried in the Lower House of Convocation by Canon Wilkinson, now Bishop of Truro (May, 1882), on the occasion of the assassination of Lord F. Cavendish. Even this was weakened by the addition of a proviso in case of failure. Sir Wilfrid Lawson does not

thus anticipate defeat when he urges local option. And, after all, what has become of the resolution? Did the Upper House present it, or put it into their waste-paper basket? In regard to the Education Act, the Church of England tried to get the Catechism recognised as a school-book; but when this was found impracticable, there was no further stand made. Even now, after ten years' experience of the working of the Act, when an amendment has been called for, the voice of the Church of England is not raised against the continuance of this God-dishonouring system. Matthew Arnold points out that we cannot afford to exclude the Bible because of its pre-eminent literary merit; but the Churches, National and Nonconformist, say not a word upon the religious aspect of the question. In like manner the changes that have been made in the Prayer Book, if not originated by the Church itself, have been accepted by it with full approval. The shortened services, too—shortened by five minutes, or ten at the most—have savoured as much of disestablishment as anything else. The prayer for the Queen, for the Royal Family, and for the Houses of Parliament—are the prayers left out! The same acquiescence on the part of Churchmen and of Nonconformists attends the omission of the hitherto customary recognition of God on all public occasions. Occasionally an old-fashioned gentleman, more often a layman than a clergyman, makes a stand, and if possessed of tact and perseverance he may succeed.

But these, again, are only symptoms: the root of the evil lies deeper; and with this one observation I conclude. By all who have eyes to see, it will be admitted that the Church has become of late years more and more churchy. Churchmen must be churchy-men or they are said to be "bad Churchmen," "three parts Dissenters," and so forth. The latest programme[1] issued may be tersely expressed in three sentences:

1. There is much to be done which is left undone;
2. All work worth doing had better be done by the Church; and,
3. All Church-work ought to begin with the Bishop.

This means practically, *the Church* to which you belong *is to take the place of Christ;* and *the voice of the Church is to be your guide instead of God's Word under the teaching of His Holy Spirit.* Let anyone who disputes this make the experiment. Let him attempt some good work that wants doing, simply in the name of Christ, in preference to adopting what is euphemistically, but often most absurdly, called working on Church-lines. Even secular work is being gradually drawn

[1] *Church Congress Report* (Newcastle). Paper by Mr. Spottiswoode.

into this ecclesiastical net. Other Churches, if only in self-defence, follow the same line of action. In one word, the form of a tendency which in a nation is atheistic, is in its churches anti-christian.[1]

The effect of this upon the Churches is most disastrous. They are occupied, they are overwhelmed with business, good in itself and even necessary; but which would be done as well, Social Science would say better,[2] if the Churches would let it alone. But further, their own work—the spiritual needs of their members—is proportionately, and of necessity, neglected; and worse still, that which is done, though it no doubt makes more show, is of a lower spiritual type. The effect upon the outside world has been sufficiently set forth. It is to exclude God.

W. OGLE.

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[1] This identity between atheism in the nation and churchy-ness in the Churches is a sad discovery; but it were worse that it should remain, as heretofore, undiscovered. There is, however, no ground for despair, nor for the yet more fatal policy of compromise. There have been before this times as bad in Church and State, and God raised up deliverers. There were "children of Issachar that had understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do" (1 Chron. xiii. 32). When "the holy seed had mingled themselves with the people of the land, the princes and rulers being chief in the trespass, Shecaniah" could discern ground for "hope in Israel," and at his instigation "Ezra arose" (Ezra ix. 2; x. 2, 5). When also "the wall of Jerusalem was broken down, and the gates thereof were burned with fire," and "the remnant that were left were in great affliction and reproach," Nehemiah "prayed before the God of heaven" (Neh. i. 3; ii. 4), and said, "Come, and let us build;" and the people responded (ii. 17, 18), neither discouraged by the "laughter" of Sanballat the Horonite, and Tobiah the Ammonite, and Geshem the Arabian, nor cowed by their "wrathful conspiracy" (iv. 2, 7, 8), nor ensnared by their invitations to "come and take counsel in the plain of Ono" (vi. 2). To doubt that there are children of Issachar, Shecaniahs, Ezras, Nehemiahs, now living, as well as Sanballat and his friends, is to distrust God's providence; and we have the same God to whom to make our confessions and supplications. Also this very same Social Science, by which the disease has been found out, and by which concealed batteries have been unmasked, and the crooked policies been brought to light, can teach those willing to learn what, under God, are the most successful modes of treatment, both curative and preventive; and can point out the most effective means both of defence, and if need be, of attack.

[2] According to the law of singleness (THE CHURCHMAN, March, p. 418).

Review.

Journal of a Lady's Travels Round the World. By F. D. BRIDGES. With illustrations from sketches by the author. Pp. 410. John Murray, 1883.

We opened this volume at a description of "The Happy Valley"[1] and Little Thibet: we read steadily through it with unabated interest. A more suggestive and pleasing description of Kashmir and Thibet we have never seen: we should rather say, perhaps, that this is decidedly the best. Every portion of it is at once attractive and informing.

In the "Lady's" journal, under the heading *Murree Pass, March 25th*, we read of the two travellers on their way to Kashmir. Their Kit-muggar and John and the Syce were afraid to face the journey (the weather was stormy, and the land of their route had suffered from famine); but Ageeza, a fat youth who could do a little cooking, and Ahmed the Bheesty remained faithful. "We were determined to go on," writes Mrs. Bridges: "we started, with our baggage packed on five mules, to walk by easy stages into Kashmir. The snow was still lying in patches on the tufts of maidenhair fern in the sheltered nooks, and storms of cold rain swept occasionally down the hills; but it was a pleasant walk for ten miles to-day, with a glorious view over the snowy ranges and down the steep valleys. Spring flowers have scarcely appeared as yet, only a few blossoms of Alpine violets, and a hardy yellow jessamine make the banks gay. Yesterday, not far from Murree, a group of crimson rhododendrons, just bursting into bloom, was a gorgeous sight: one stem was five feet in circumference."

Again, in the journal, *Chakoti, April 1st*, we are told what is the first thing to be done on arriving at the tumble-down "rest-house" after the daily march. The travellers "pitch one of the small tents (the beasts of prey indoors being too much for me), and get a room swept out by a low-caste native, representing the early non-Aryan races of the country, or, as is pretty often the case, get a few twigs and do it one's self; while Ageeza, who could not pollute himself by cleansing anything, calls loudly for the *lumbardar*, the head-man of the village, to bring milk, eggs, and firewood. Alas! often the only answer he gets is the echo of his own voice through the mountains; there is little to be had in this desolate and almost deserted country, where it is believed that 150,000 people have perished by famine within the last two years. Sometimes we get a lean fowl, which at last I have made the fat youth understand we like killed the day before eating it: this he considers ridiculous; however, he hands me the frying-pan, and sits in the doorway with his turban awry, and his beloved pipe not far off, proceeding in a leisurely manner to take the feathers off the 'murghi,' which I afterwards grill with some slices of bacon, Ageeza looking on at the cooking of the unholy food. It is curious how local customs work their way even in spite of religious distinctions: he is a Mussulman, to whom the Hindoo superstition of caste ought to be nothing; but the genius of the country proves too strong

[1] "The Happy Valley," THE CHURCHMAN, 188.

even for its conquerors, and does not allow him to eat a potato peeled by a Christian knife, or wash even a dish-rubber."

On April 4th our travellers reached the famous "Vale of Kashmir." The first impression was that of disappointment. From the top of a short steep pass the valley lay like a map at their feet, completely encircled by snow-capped mountains. But everything looked desolate; the spring was late; the tall poplars and magnificent plane-trees were still leafless. The disappointment, however, was transient. On the 5th they embarked; and the Kashmiri boatmen, after one attempt at imposition, were very civil. It was pleasant—one can easily understand—thoroughly enjoyable, after a march of 170 miles, to lie on rugs under the thatched roof of the boat, gliding by the grassy banks fringed with willows and splendid plane-trees; sometimes by farm-houses, standing in orchards. On the 7th they reached Srinagar, a curious city of wide-eaved houses overhanging the water, a Venice built of wood. Srinagar is picturesque, as every traveller says, especially when seen from the water; temples, bridges, and tumble-down houses built of unpainted wood, which takes lovely tints from age, and great plane-trees and old pear-trees, white with blossom, hanging over the river, here covered with boats full of sedate-looking Hindoos—the favoured race, though the Mussulmans form more than two-thirds of the population. The English Resident is called, in deference to the feelings of the Maharajah, the "officer on special duty at Kashmir." Dining with the Resident, writes Mrs. Bridges, "we met the two excellent missionaries who are doing so much good here—in fact, saving the lives of thousands of the population. They employ 14,000 coolies at a very small sum, just enough to sustain life on, in useful works, such as repairing the tracks—there are no roads in Kashmir; the native Government consider such things ridiculous and unnecessary—in spite of much secret opposition on the part of native officials." Whether the remark of Mrs. Bridges that "conversion is not attempted; to do so would be worse than useless," is correct, as regards this branch of the work of the missionaries, we cannot say. Civilizing influences, she adds, "are brought to bear on the 400 orphan or neglected children in the mission school,[1] rescued by the missionaries from starvation." The influence of the Medical Mission is wide-spread, and much may be hoped from it. In the Kashmir Valley, we may add, the Church Missionary Society has an *evangelistic* missionary.

Our author pleasingly describes the sights and scenes in this Oriental Venice. The Kashmiri women, she says, "are very good-looking; their dark eyes and hair and bright complexions are set off by the fillet of scarlet cloth worn round the head. Men and women alike muffle themselves in shapeless white garments, and have not the independent bearing of our late friends the Pathans." Six Kashmiris paddled their boat swiftly through crowded canals and curious "floating gardens." These "gardens" are made of the matted roots of water-plants; melon-seeds are sown on a thick coating of mud.

After a few days the travellers left Srinagar, making their way to the Himalayan mountains on the farther side of Kashmir. There were six servants and twenty-eight coolies to carry provisions. On the morning

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[1] The orphanage for the famine children, having done its beneficent work, has been closed. Its 400 inmates are now scattered over the Kashmir Valley. "Let us hope," writes Mr. Doxey, "that they will not readily forget the religious instruction given them, and that the knowledge of the Saviour and the texts of Scripture they learned, and the hymns they were taught to sing, may with God's good blessing and in His own good time bring forth fruit."—*Church Missionary Society's Report*, 1882.

of the 18th (*Wurdwan Valley*) they started at five o'clock to cross the pass, 11,600 feet :

> The sun had scarcely risen over the white peaks, and the black pine-forests below were still lying deep in shadow, as we followed our coolies, who, like a line of ants, threaded their way over the snow up through great boulders left by the avalanches. In about two hours we had reached the summit of the pass, and found ourselves on a far-stretching snow plateau ; we put on snow-spectacles, for, as Suddick (one of their servants) says, " the snow burn him eyes." . . The grass-shoes we all wear are safe things for snow-walking . . we trudged along till we found ourselves again among birch-trees and scanty junipers, under which the lovely blue gentian peeped out.

Ibex could not be found ; and the bears were still enjoying their winter sleep. Two musk-deer supplied a dinner for the party : the meat was something like roe-deer in flavour.

Bhutkhal Pass (14,500 feet) took three days to get through it. One day was a very hard march ; and sometimes they sank up to their waists in drifts of new-fallen snow. " Take plenty care, Mem Sahib !" cried out Suddick, with good reason. A glacier-river rushing out of a great ice-cave was amazingly cold, and the current was sometimes very trying. At length they reached a spot below the steepest part of the pass, where on a spur of the mountain a few bushes were growing, and the snow had been blown away :

> It was getting dark, the coolies were far behind, and a snow-storm was coming on, so " H." and I, with two of the servants, took refuge close to a rock, shivering from cold and wet. Luckily, under a few stunted bushes covered with snow, we found some dead branches, with which Kamala made a large fire beneath the shelter of a boulder ; we sat round and warmed our feet while the snow fell thickly on our shoulders, till, as the night fell, the long line of coolies—reminding us of the pictures of Arctic travels—made their way across the glistening slopes to us. Our sleeping-tent was soon pitched, and the coolies sent in every direction to pull wood from under the snow for our fires.

The omelette and hot tea, quickly provided, were delightful ; and much tea was called for. We used to laugh at the Russian Tartars, says Mrs. Bridges, " for drinking numberless cups of very hot tea, but now we know from experience how refreshing it is."

In the Sooroo Valley (10,000 feet) a little rest was very agreeable. They were then in Little Thibet, and a change of carriers had to be made. The coolies sat round in a circle to receive the well-earned rupees, which were given them before returning to their native valley. Many of them were shading their eyes (snow-blindness) while blinking happily at the silver portrait of the Empress of India. The coolies for the next portion of the upward journey were skin-clad, flat-capped, high-cheek-boned Mongols ; an ugly, cheery company, talking a strange, uncouth jargon.

Climbing by degrees to the " roof of the world," as people on the high table-land of Central Asia call their country, our travellers reached Leh, nearly 12,000 feet up on the world-roof, on the 24th of May. At Itchoo, on the 11th (somewhere about 12,000 feet), an ibex was shot ; and on the 23rd they crossed the Indus, not the mighty river they had left down in India, but a wide, deep mountain torrent, which they crossed by a bridge between two high rocks, whose upper waters have never been explored by Europeans. At Leh their camp was pitched under some tall poplar-trees ; after shaking off the dust of a thirty miles' ride they dined, and spent a pleasant evening with the Political Commissioner.

In Leh the Journal touches on matters political. Ladakh, where the

writer now is, once formed part of the independent kingdom of Thibet, ruled by native rajahs, owning spiritual allegiance to the Grand Lama at Lhassa. About forty years ago, however, native rule was suppressed; and the Maharajah of Kashmir is now in possession. "One of the few wise things the present ruler ever did" was to make an able Anglo-Indian, a distinguished scientific explorer, Governor ("Wuzeer"). Of the 23,000 inhabitants of this large province, about a fourth, it seems, are Lamas. The people are lightly taxed, and look happy and contented—different, in this respect, from their unfortunate neighbours, the dwellers in the "Happy Valley." Each man grows his patch of barley, ploughing it up yearly with the help of his yaks, and clothes himself comfortably with the homespun wool of his lanky mountain sheep. "Chung," a rough spirit prepared from barley, is drunk by the Bhotas; and some of them drink a good deal too much.

Our author's pictures of life in Leh are cleverly drawn. Here is one, of a polo-game gathering:

> In front were half a dozen native musicians sitting on their heels, making music on "tom-toms" and large trumpet-shaped flutes. . . . Below us, in front of their shop, sat on a gaily-coloured carpet a tea merchant and his family from Lhassa. His wife was really a pretty woman, and looked as if she had just walked off a Chinese teapot. A little further on were a party of Yarkandi merchants, in gorgeously-flowered and wadded dressing-gowns of Bokhara silk, and high Russian leather boots; and beyond, a group of Kashmiri shop-keepers, with Persian cast of features and cunning look. A few red-clothed Lamas, turning their prayer cylinders, wandered about amongst the crowd.

An interesting sketch is given of a great Lamasary, at Hemyss, a huge pile of buildings erected A.D. 1644. Around the courtyard of this Lamasary ran a sort of cloister, lined with prayer-wheels; on one side opened the church porch, on the other stood an enormous prayer-cylinder, capable of being turned by water-power. The choir, all Lamas, had drums, flutes, cymbals, trumpets, and bells. There were various shrines and chapels: the vestments were gorgeous, including some "really lovely satin brocades;" and incense was swung in a very fine brass censer. Below some of the images a light was kept perpetually burning. At the visit of our author was held a *function*. In the courtyard a sort of miracle-play was exhibited, a middle-age "mystery," performed by "church mummers;" but together with the gorgeous ritual there were magical incantations. Lamaism may be correctly described, perhaps—to quote our author—as "Buddhism saturated with the wild and dark creeds of ancient demon-worship." Of Lhassa, the city of the Grand Lama, a tea-merchant gave the English travellers a glowing description. A thousand Lamas reign with the Grand Lama at Lhassa in luxurious quiet: tea and chung flow without check. In one Lamasary alone, said the merchant, there are 5,000 monks. Lhassa is almost the only place which is still forbidden ground to the traveller; only one Englishman, it seems, a Mr. Manning, has ever been inside its walls: that visit was paid in 1774. Lhassa is a three-months' caravan journey from Leh.

On June 14 the Political Commissioner and "H." set out for Yarkand, a hazardous expedition. Mrs. Bridges remained at Leh, occupying the Commissioner's bungalow. No Englishman had been at Yarkand since the Indian Government resolved to open trade with the Ameer of Yarkand and Kashgar. Sir Douglas Forsyth's expedition seemed of good promise; an English officer was appointed to look after British interests, and the Central Asian Trading Company was established. The Queen and Ameer exchanged civilities, and a vast amount of expense was gone to. It was found, however, that trade did not circulate with the expected ease over the forty-two days' march—crossing passes 18,000 feet high—

between Leh and Yarkand. Sir D. Forsyth found the Kashgar Valley a flourishing Mussulman kingdom; but about two years before "H.'s" visit to Yarkand, the Chinese marched in and took possession of their old province. The Chinese *Aruban* (Governor), it seems, is a Roman Catholic from Pekin, one of the few Chinese Christians in power; he was civil enough to the English officer and "H." And here our notice of this charming volume must conclude. We have touched upon only one portion of the Lady's Journal; but every other portion which we have given ourselves the pleasure of perusing is equally enjoyable. Within the last few years that large and increasing section of the "general-reader" class which delights in books of travel has welcomed several works; and with the well-written and instructive works of Miss Bird, Lady Brassey, and Miss Gordon-Cumming will rank (in nowise inferior, as we think, to the very best) the Journal now before us. It may be added that this book, as to type, paper, binding, and illustrations, is delightful.

Short Notices.

Romanism. A Doctrinal and Historical Examination of the Creed of Pope Pius IV. By the Rev. R. C. JENKINS, M.A., Hon. Canon of Canterbury and Rector of Lyminge, Hythe. Pp. 346. The Religious Tract Society.

WE heartily recommend this ably-written and interesting book. Canon Jenkins has, in every part of his "examination," exhibited good judgment, and with the tone and temper of the whole no candid critic is likely to find fault. It is a really good book, full and clear: here and there it might be made a little more crisp. A few lines may be quoted from the preface:

> Nearly two centuries have passed away since Dr. Valentin Alberti (a maternal ancestor of the writer of these lines), at the command of the Elector of Saxony, wrote his defence of the Confession of Augsburg against the Bishop of Neustadt, and his "Examination of the Tridentine Profession of Faith," in reply to the famous "Exposition" of Bossuet (A.D. 1688-1692). The latter of these writings was a brief but incisive criticism of the Additional Articles of the Creed of Pius IV., which form the basis of the present treatise.[1]
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> The modern treatment of such a subject must, however, on account of the almost Protean changes which the Church of Rome has undergone, even in our own days, be essentially different from that which was adopted by our forefathers. Our arms, both of offence and defence, must be adapted to the great changes which have taken place in those of our opponents. And as the new theory of development, though not outwardly accepted by the Papacy, is indirectly countenanced in the Bull *Ineffabilis* and the Vatican Definition, and presents itself to too many minds with an almost fascinating influence, it is necessary to prove historically that modern Romanism is neither the "faith once delivered" nor the natural outcome of that faith, but rather a development of those germs of spiritual disease which led the great Apostle to declare, "The mystery of iniquity doth now already work."

[1] *Augustana et Anti-Augustana Confessio* (Lips. 1688), *Examen. Prof. Fidei Tridentinæ* (Lips. 1692). In the former year Dr. Michael Altham wrote his treatise "On the Additional Articles of Pope Pius's Creed," while Bishop Stillingfleet "disproved by tradition" the decisions of the Council of Trent.

A Reply to the Secret Book of the Salvation Army, a vigorous pamphlet by the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., "Home Words" Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, E.C., has excited much attention, and we do not wonder at it. The proceedings of the Salvation Army during the last few months are the natural—it might be said the inevitable—result of the organization of the Army, such as it is known to be, although the whole truth is not yet revealed; and many who at first were inclined to take a favourable view of the Army have been led to change their opinion. Mr. Kitto's article in the July CHURCHMAN last year, kindly but discriminating, did good service; and his repeated protest, last January, against the irreverence, extravagances, and sensationalism of the Army, has by recent events been amply vindicated. In many rural districts it is nothing less than a scandal that at an hour when people are on their way to church or chapel a marching detachment of noisy lads and "Hallelujah" lasses, with cymbals and so forth, should break the Sabbath quiet. The irreverence, in many places, is painful, and full of mischief; it is rant run wild. But it is to the *system* that Mr. Bullock draws attention in this pamphlet — the teaching of the General, and the organization—of which he is the author and the absolute head. "Much that has been kept secret has lately been brought to light; and it would be impossible to me," says Mr. Bullock, "to express too strongly my amazement at the unscriptural character of much of the teaching, and the absurd and Jesuitical nature of the organization."

In the *National Review* for April (W. H. Allen and Co.) are several articles of ability and interest above the average; the periodical appears to have made a good start, and to be likely to increase its influence as time goes on. The first article, "Our Critics," is very clever. Mr. Raikes, M.P., gives some timely thoughts on "The Redistribution of Political Power," with reference to the county franchise and redistribution of seats. Lord Lytton writes on Montaigne, and Mr. Balfour, M.P., concludes his essay on Berkeley. One of Mr. Balfour's sentences may remind or inform some of his readers as to the term *Low* Church in Berkeley's day: "The Low, or as we should now say Broad Churchman, was denounced as a Latitudinarian."

The *Church Quarterly Review* (Spottiswoode and Co.) has reached us too late for notice in the present CHURCHMAN. Our notice of the *Quarterly Review* (J. Murray), a very good number, for the same reason, must be deferred. From an admirable review of that remarkable book, "Life of Lord Lawrence," we must give one extract. The *Quarterly* says:

"One word before we close as to the religion which was rooted deep in "John Lawrence's spirit, as it was in Henry's. In this fundamental spring "of character, too, there was steady growth; in regard to it we shall quote "from one of the closest and most valued friends of his later years, "Captain Eastwick:

From the earliest period of my acquaintance with him he was a decided Christian; a simple, God-fearing man, who, to the best of his ability, translated into daily practice the precepts of the Bible, of which sacred volume he was, to my certain knowledge, a daily, assiduous, and meditative reader. I have often seen him, when his sight had grown too dim to allow of his reading other books, spelling out slowly, with his finger on the page, a few verses from a New Testament printed in large type. His majestic countenance wore a mournful yet resigned expression, and when I thought of the deprivation it must be to a man of his strong will and independent nature, my heart was so full that I could hardly refrain from tears.

Lord Lawrence gave the impression as of one walking in the presence of an Omnipotent, All-merciful, All-just Master, to whom he solemnly believed he was to render hereafter an account of the deeds done in the body. . . He had a great aversion to that peculiar phraseology which some well-meaning people use in speaking on religious matters. But, when treating such subjects, his tone was simple, unaffected, and eminently religious. It was evident that they were familiar to his mind and thoughts.

"'I never knew' (said a clergyman from the North,[1] previously un-
"unknown to him, but who, when engaged in advocating the claims of
"the distressed operatives during the 'Cotton Famine,' was asked by
"Sir John to make Southgate House his head-quarters)—'I never knew
"anyone so simple, so prayerful, so hard-working, so heroic. He is one
"of the few men whom, when I come to die, I shall thank God that I
"have known.'

"He took to his bed on Wednesday the 25th of June, 1879, and on
"Friday night he died. That morning it was obvious that the end was
"drawing near:

The once strong man lay helpless on his bed, seldom opening his eyes, and apparently unable to speak or to recognise anyone. "Do you know me?" whispered his wife. "To my last gasp, my darling," he replied, quite audibly; and as she bent down to give him her last kiss, she felt the last pressure of his lips and hands. "I am so weary;" such were the words which those who stood around his bed heard the most indefatigable of workers murmuring to himself as he was entering the land where the weary are at rest.—(Vol. ii. p. 654.)

"Lady Lawrence writes, looking back to her visit with her husband to
"the Lucknow Residency:

My heart turns to another scene, and contrasts the last hours of dear Henry, in all the tumult of war and agony, with the peaceful passing away of my beloved husband, surrounded by those who so deeply loved him, and who, while thankful that his entrance into life was so calm, are left to bear the burden of their life without the loving heart and guiding hand which had never failed them. —(Vol. ii. p. 531.)

"Happy life; happy death! The great Abbey holds no dust more
"worthy of honour than his. And, to end with the Tennysonian lines
"which our author somewhere quotes:

"'Whatever record leap to light,
He never shall be shamed.'"

THE MONTH.

THE Convocation of the Northern Province assembled on the 3rd. Before passing to the business of the day the President called attention to the losses which the Convocation had lately sustained from the hand of Almighty God. The Archbishop referred to Dean Close, and Archdeacons

[1] The Rev. J. Smith, now of Lyme Regis.

Boutflower, Prest, and Hey. Touching the Revised Version the Dean of York's amendment was carried, with four dissentients: "That this Convocation, while declining to express at the present time any opinion as to the Revised Version of the New Testament, desires to give sincere thanks to the Revisers for the arduous and conscientious labours which they have devoted to that work." In returning thanks the Bishop of Durham said that the Revisers had not at all been surprised at the storm of criticisms which they had encountered. "For himself, he must say the outcry had been much less than he had expected." To Canon Trevor's motion for "canons in aid of the domestic jurisdiction of the Bishops over the Clergy," an amendment suggested by the Archbishop was agreed to unanimously, viz.: "That it is most desirable that the domestic jurisdiction of the Bishops over the Clergy should be strengthened with a view to prevent unnecessary litigation."

There was an interesting discussion on the Report of the Committee on the Diaconate (a document to which several references have appeared in THE CHURCHMAN), and Canon Jackson made a very telling speech. Our readers will be glad to have the honoured Canon's important speech in full, and we quote it from the *Guardian* as follows:

In moving the adoption of the Report, Canon Jackson said he deeply regretted the absence, through illness, of the Bishop of Manchester, who had promised to take charge of the subject. He also had to claim indulgence on his own behalf, for he had risen from a sick bed to be present on this occasion (cheers). The matter dealt with by the report was of the very gravest importance. Indeed, he did not think it possible to exaggerate its importance, for it was really the state of religion in this country. The growth of the population, during the last ten or twelve years, was about three and a quarter millions; and at least twenty millions sterling would be required to make the ordinary spiritual provision for that number of souls. Besides the increase in the ten years he had named, there was, so far as could be ascertained, an annual increase in population of from 300,000 to 400,000 for which spiritual provision was also required. To meet the annual increase, leaving out the arrears, would require something that was perfectly—he was going to say—astounding. It ought not to be astounding, considering the wealth of the country, but he was obliged to regard the facts. If they were not likely to provide either for the arrears or for the annual increase by the ordinary provision of endowing incumbencies, could they do it by increasing the number of stipendiary curates? He hardly need put that question to the house. Anyone who had considered the position of stipendiary curates in this country, and looked to facts and to coming events as foreshadowed, would hardly be prepared to say that it would be possible to get in that way the amount of help necessary for the spiritual wants of the population. We had many curates now half starved, and many waiting twenty years for an incumbency, but waiting in vain. Recently a mutinous feeling had been evinced among those

who ought never to have shown such feeling; but it was an indication of the deep dissatisfaction which existed. But more than that. Not only would they be getting a miserably paid body of men kept in a compulsory state of celibacy and poverty, and in some cases of debt, but they might have to take men for their clergy so wanting in learning and so deficient in social *status* that a very serious injury might be inflicted upon the general character of the greatest and most venerable Church in the world (cheers). He had been mixed up with things of this kind for fifty years, and he did not believe it was generally known to what extent a great number of the parochial clergy were suffering from the inadequacy of means. He had been applied to again and again for assistance to keep the very chairs and beds in their houses from being sold, and through no fault of theirs. Sickness and loss of property and the obligation to keep up the position of gentlefolks and attend to a large population had brought them to a condition where they could hardly get their own daily bread (cheers). He thought, therefore, it must be allowed that they could not get the necessary assistance, either by increasing the number of small incumbencies or by stipendiary curates. Let them look at the matter as practical business men. Taking the state of the existing population, taking the existing spiritual accommodation, taking the arrears existing, and which were annually increasing—taking these along with the state of things among the poorer beneficed clergy and the stipendiary curates, the danger of lowering the *status*, educational and social—taking all these into account, he appealed to the house if they did not demand their most thoughtful, most sorrowful, and most prayerful consideration (cheers). It had been suggested that they should endeavour to meet the emergency by calling into exercise the agency of laymen. He was almost the first to arouse attention in Leeds to the large amount of help ready to come forward if they would only call upon it. He believed strongly that every baptized person, by the fact of his baptism, and still more by the reimposition of his solemn engagements at the office of confirmation, was bound to advance the kingdom of Christ and the salvation of souls. But there were duties the laity could not do. They wanted help, not only in the way of Sunday-school teachers, district visitors, and in catechetical work, but in other ways. The late Dean Hook at the Norwich Church Congress said that except in the administration of Holy Sacrament, in the performance of divine service in houses of prayer which were limited to the consecrated ordained minister, and in preaching in churches, there was nothing for the spiritual good of their fellow-men that laymen and laywomen in their own sphere of labour could not discharge. He (Canon Jackson) held the like opinion. But lay help would not do what they wanted. They wanted help in their churches. They could not get this help by an extension of the parochial system, which was already stretched almost to the point of breaking down. Sub-deacons had been proposed. All he could say to that proposition was, the Church of England knew nothing of sub-deacons (cheers). She knew them before the Reformation, but not since. Then there were the Scripture-readers. But if the voluntary agency of the laity would not meet the emergency, the paying of men £60 a year would not do it. Much value as he attached to Scripture-readers as a body, no enlargement of their number would

meet the wants of the Church. They wanted ordained men, and yet they could not afford to pay them, nor could they afford to have their educational and social *status* lowered. As far back as 1851, when acting as secretary to a committee in the rural deanery of Leeds for considering this question, of which committee Dr. Hook was chairman, he was brought into correspondence and afterwards into personal intercourse with the late Archdeacon Hale, from whom he learned that, after a long metropolitan experience and careful consideration, he came to the conclusion that the only way to meet the growing and imperative wants of the population was to enlarge the diaconate (cheers). Excluding the trading classes, they would be able to get from amongst country gentlemen, physicians, half-pay officers of the army and navy, retired merchants, barristers, and others, such a number of candidates as would to a large extent meet the emergency (cheers). But besides these he did not think the business difficulty should stand in the way. In the case of the clergy it was largely inoperative, for it was held that a clergyman might be a partner in any firm where there were more than six partners. In one of the largest ironworks in England, where there were six partners, five were clergymen (a groan). In his own church in Leeds he could present to the Bishop of Ripon four persons not the least touched by the statute regarding trade, and in every way fitted, whom his lordship might admit to the office of permanent deacon with the greatest advantage to the Church. If they got but one man in every two parishes—he had four in his own church, and he could find fifty in Leeds—they would have an increase of 7,000 clergy at no expense (cheers). At present they were ordaining scarcely sufficient men to fill vacancies. How, then, could they, under the present system, meet the ever-accumulating arrears arising from the growth of population? And remember—though he did not wish to say much on that view of the matter—if they increased the diaconate in the way suggested they would be sapping Dissent at its very root. They would be taking from Dissent those who hitherto had found no place in the Church of England—namely, the men who made the best of the local preachers among the Methodists, and the best of the leading men in the Congregational churches (cheers). They could not keep this Church the National Church if they allowed the nation to drift away from them (cheers). They could only be the National Church whilst they at least endeavoured to meet the spiritual wants of the nation. He was an old man, had seen a great deal, and felt that a change was threatening them, as the Church of Christ in the realm, of the gravest possible character. Let a little while pass over; let certain things which let be taken out of the way, and we should have a movement for disestablishment and disendowment compared with which Ireland would be but a faint copy. A note had been struck, and struck by their enemies, and they were in earnest. It was well, therefore, that they should put their house in order, so that they might have the ramifications of their grand old English Church so fast in the democracy of the land that they might be able, God helping them, not only to maintain their position, but largely to extend its limits and influence (loud cheers).

In seconding the motion the Dean of Chester said that they had heard a speech, which they were not likely to forget, from

the man who knew more about the subject than any other in England. Archdeacon Long moved an amicable amendment:

That Convocation, having considered the report of the committee on the diaconate, resolves that the subject is worthy of further consideration, and that the President be requested to communicate with Convocation of the Southern Province and request it to appoint a committee to confer with a joint committee of this Convocation, to consider what steps may be taken in the present emergency for providing an additional number of clergy by the institution of a permanent diaconate, or otherwise, as may be found expedient.

Canon Jackson said he would accept this amendment. At the same time he pointed out that the plan he had proposed came before them as having been accepted by the diocesan conferences of Ripon, Truro, Exeter, Winchester, Rochester, Hereford, and Bath and Wells. It had also been formally adopted by the Church of Canada, which had enacted a canon to give it effect. Something must be done, and the Church must do that something or else she must surrender her position. The question was, what should be done? If the plan he had proposed would not do, in heaven's name let something else be found (cheers).

After an interesting discussion on Cathedrals and their Reform, a resolution suggested by the President, "That, while this synod desires to recognise thankfully the increased work done by cathedrals, it considers that changes which shall bring them into closer relation with the work of the dioceses will be welcome to this House of Convocation," was adopted unanimously.

The Convocation of the Southern Province met on the 10th. In memory of the late President graceful tributes of respect were paid. After an interesting debate on the Salvation Army the Committee was discharged. The Bishop of Hereford and other prelates quoted from Mr. Bullock's lately published pamphlet, "A Reply to the Secret Book." The following proposal of the Bishop of Exeter, seconded by the Bishop of Norwich, was carried unanimously:

That in view of the present unsatisfactory spiritual state of large masses of the population, especially in large towns, and the various methods of reaching them, a committee be appointed to consider what methods are best calculated to reach the masses.

The resolution of the Convocation of York on the Diaconate was referred to the Committee; and this most important subject will now, we trust, be fully considered.

On the 12th, in the House of Lords, the Duke of Somerset called attention to the cruelties committed in West Africa in 1877 by two negroes who had been in the employment of the Church Missionary Society. Lord Cairns made an admirable reply: and Archbishop Benson, in an impressive maiden speech—full of promise—heartily and happily vindicated the great Society.

Several men have been arrested on what is virtually a charge to blow up London with nitro-glycerine. An evidently needed measure, the Explosive Substances Bill, was introduced by the Home Secretary, and passed through both Houses on one day; it received the Royal Assent the next day.

Despatches from the United States reveal the temper of some leaders in the Irish agitation. The Irish-American dynamite conspirators show the same spirit as the Continental Anarchists. Special earnestness surely, just now, should characterize the prayer for "the safety, honour, and welfare of our Sovereign and her Dominions."

The Durham and Northumberland Clerical and Lay Conference, we gladly note, has proved a great success. The president was Archdeacon Long; and the readers of papers were the Rev. J. M'Cormick, Mr. T. Crosby, Canon Money, the Rev. R. J. Knight, and the Rev. Gordon Calthrop. A Report, we hope, will be published.

The Fifth Synod of the Church of Ireland was opened at Dublin on the 3rd. The venerable President—having made affectionate reference to the late Archbishop Tait, as "a wise counsellor and a true friend" to the Irish Church—took a survey of the history and troubles of the Church from the seventeenth century onward, drawing encouragement from the progress made during the present century, and the fortitude and resolution with which the shock of disestablishment had been met and withstood.[1]

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[1] "However dark and threatening may be the aspect of the present time," said his Grace, "our experience of the past gives us confidence in the future. We have still, as a Church, our difficulties to contend with, but what are they in comparison to those we have already overcome? The incomes of our clergy are far below those of men of equal education and intelligence in any other profession, and are sometimes accompanied by the discouraging element of uncertainty; but the momentous importance of upholding our Church and its essential connection with the best and highest interests of our community give us assurance that, though far greater efforts and sacrifices were necessary to maintain it than those already made, in the day of need they will be forthcoming. We will, with the Divine blessing, hand down to our children what our fathers have bequeathed to us—a Church, though not as rich in worldly honours as it was in their days, yet still rich in all the blessings of the fulness of the Gospel of Christ."