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THE

CHURCHMAN

JULY, 1883.

ART. I.—THE CHURCH OF IRELAND.

THREE years have now elapsed since the "new departure" in Irish policy was initiated by the present Government. More than thirteen have passed away since Mr. Gladstone tried his first experiment on the Irish Church. Ample time has therefore been given to test the results of measures which, whether for good or for evil, have affected so materially the social condition of the sister island. So far as the Land Laws are concerned, the original changes were, by the confession of their authors, crude and imperfect, inasmuch as within ten years they felt themselves compelled to execute a change of front. But, apart from political considerations, the time has now arrived to "take stock" of the net results of the so-called policy of conciliation, and to examine what has been the true effect of the "healing measures" which were tendered as an Eirenicon by the Prime Minister and his colleagues.

The time is not yet come when it is possible to speak impartially of the attitude assumed by the Irish Irreconcileables, or of the wisdom of such measures as the Protection of Life and Property and the Crimes Act. No one would assert that the existing temper of the Irish masses is satisfactory, or that the attitude of the Nationalists is consistent with the flimsiest pretence of loyalty to their sovereign. Ministers themselves would confess readily enough to disappointment in these respects. What is desirable is to take a retrospect of the position of the Protestant Church in Ireland now, as compared with that which it occupied in 1868, and to see how it has been affected, not only directly by disestablishment and disendowment, but also indirectly by the successive measures which have dealt with the tenure of land in Ireland.

Those who have read the comments of the late Bishop

Wilberforce on the state of the Irish Church on the occasion of more than one "progress" which he made through that country, will have noticed the critical tone in which he speaks of its clergy and organization. Sometimes, indeed, he has done scant justice either to individuals or to the system. But, in the main, the difficulties under which it laboured are clearly pointed out, and the blots hit which were inherent in its somewhat anomalous position. As the Primate observed on one occasion, the Irish Nation, up to 1830, meant the Protestants of Ireland; now it means the numerical majority of Ireland, who are undoubtedly Roman Catholics. In the ownership of land, in all the liberal professions, and in most positions of trust and control, they are a minority. Counting heads, they probably outnumber all other denominations in the ratio of about three to one. Curiously enough, one of the reforms introduced to strike at the root of nepotism and pluralism in the Established Church of Ireland, had really operated in an opposite direction to that intended. The old "unions" of parishes, which grouped localities in which the Protestant population was sparse, were gradually broken up during the last half century of the existence of the Church. The change was made with a laudable object. Its real effect was to reduce the influence of many able men to a minimum, by allotting to them cures without congregations, and confining them to a limited area, instead of placing them in a position to superintend and organize the labour of others. Thus it happened that the number of the Protestant clergy of Ireland was in many districts out of all proportion to that of their congregations. No doubt the gain, from a social point of view, was considerable. The presence of a Christian gentleman and his family constituted a centre of education and of culture in every parish, and notably so in those districts in which the sphere of direct labour was the most limited.

On the other hand, the clergy themselves were too often either not fully employed, or devoted themselves, in the absence of their more special work, to the humbler office of "serving tables" and becoming the almoners of a population to whom they were precluded by circumstances from otherwise ministering. A redistribution of parishes and of parochial stipends, following the lines, not of an ecclesiastical organization which had become obsolete, but of the present spiritual needs of the country, would have been desirable. In place of this, the Irish Church Act looked only to the compensation of the clergy for their vested interests, taking no account of those of their flocks. The result has been that while existing incumbents, and, to some extent, their curates, are fully provided for by the terms of the Act, they alone escaped from the

general disaster which befell the Church of Ireland. The provision which the Legislature made for her future has been inadequate to meet her requirements, even had the Irish Church Act been the sole blow dealt to the Establishment. This, however, as we shall show hereafter, has not been the case.

The first step to be taken was a return to the old system of unions of parishes. Owing to local prejudices and personal considerations, this could only be imperfectly carried out in the first instance. Much, therefore, still remains to be done in this direction. Many scattered Protestant families could be far better dealt with by providing their minister with the means of locomotion in the week, and themselves with those of coming once to church on Sundays, than by awarding to them a separate minister and service. From an economical point of view, such an arrangement worked better, while it secured to them the benefit of remaining members of a *congregation*. But the stipends assigned to future incumbents were inadequate for the purpose. Two hundred and fifty a year, with a house often too large for such an income, is not an adequate remuneration for an educated gentleman who has little to look for in the way of promotion, and no means of increasing his income. The generous liberality of Mr. Goulding, the late member for the city of Cork, in formulating a scheme for the endowment of "prize parishes" with £500 a year, would have done much to lessen the tension of the situation had it met with more imitators. As it is, there is a deficiency in candidates for Orders, both in the quantity and quality of the applicants. A young man, unless he possess exceptional earnestness and self-denial, shrinks from entering a profession in which he must remain for many years a subordinate, and can look forward only to a pittance when he succeeds to a parish. Even then it is never quite certain that his parishioners, if he happen to offend them, will make up the quota of their assessment. He may, therefore, find his narrow stipend still further diminished by the petulance or parsimony of his flock. It is no answer to reply that he has the richer members of the community at his back, while the Roman Catholic priesthood are maintained by the contributions of the poor. No one has ever yet denied the cheapness of a celibate priesthood, while the "dues" of the "Parish Priest" can be exacted in a way which is not open to the Protestant Rector.

This brings us, however, to the threshold of another branch of the subject, the effects of the subsequent changes in the Land Laws upon the disestablished Church of Ireland. This is a point the full bearings of which are very little understood on this side of the Channel. Yet the simple truth is, that

whether that legislation was justifiable or not, from a political point of view—a question which we are not now considering—it has meant nothing short of ruin to the smaller resident landowners of Ireland. These men, already far too few in number to form a substantial middle-class population, with incomes ranging from £400 to £1,200 a year, have been either blotted out altogether, or almost hopelessly impoverished. This fact comes out strongly in the returns of the Commissioners of Intermediate Education, and in the decline of all local colleges and schools. A case is before us in which an old-established educational institution, with a former average of seventy boarders, can now boast seven only. The decadence commenced with the inability of the Irish clergy to give their sons an education costing some sixty guineas a year, and was completed by the spread of the same malady among the local gentry since the days of the Land League. As a rule, the land of the smaller proprietors was highly rented, judged by the new official standard, in comparison especially with the great absentee estates. Very often they were subject to heavy family charges bearing a high rate of interest. These proprietors had not only to bear the full brunt of an investigation the present effects of which were avowedly directed against those who could not afford to meet them; they had to see their rents heavily reduced before their eyes, and to meet the exceptional expenses entailed upon them by valuations and by actual litigation. And all this just at a moment when the chief portion of the expense of maintaining the services of their Church had been thrown upon them, and when they were expected to be "cheerful givers" out of funds which had been so cruelly attenuated. It is an undoubted truth that the immunity from such demands which they had enjoyed for generations had left many of them much to learn in the exercise of a Christian liberality. But it is equally true that no more unfortunate moment could have been selected for the inculcation of such a lesson than the one at which, for a "political necessity," incomes which had never been large were so grievously depleted. In these cases the fall in rents averaged from twenty to twenty-five per cent., in a country where few avenues of money-making are offered to men brought up as most of their class had been. The result is a woeful tale of shortcomings in the way of "parochial assessments," and a prospective increase in the number of "parochial unions."

For the next ten years, at all events, the financial position of the Irish Church must remain exceptionally critical. The whole science of organization, of economical management, and, above all, of self-sacrifice, has had to be studied from its earliest rudiments by men who had never had any occasion to turn

their attention to it before. The difference is already remarkable between the financial position of those dioceses in which funds have been administered skilfully and those in which the reverse has been the case. The mysteries of "commuting and compounding" are not to be mastered in a day, involving as they do somewhat abstruse calculations. Until a certain proportion of the annuities have dropped, the actual financial position of the future must remain somewhat dubious. Everything depends upon the ability and willingness of the parishes to keep up their assessments; and both of these conditions are in some districts very problematical. As the personal influence of the old incumbents disappears the task does not become an easier one. Many of those who would have been contributors have either left Ireland altogether, or have retired to Dublin and its environs. The economy of a house without any surroundings is preferred under existing circumstances to the uncertain demands upon the purse of country life. In some cases it has not been safe to reside at home; in others, the breach in the old social relations between the squire and his dependents has engendered a distaste for the old neighbourhood. Everywhere there is a scarcity of money, and times are bad. Above all, the drift of recent legislation—so totally at variance with the traditions of the past—and the constant admission of the doctrine of political necessity, have produced such a feeling of insecurity, that all arrangements have a tendency to be regarded as provisional. There is little scope for liberality when there is no certainty that funds contributed may not be diverted at an early period from the purposes for which they were intended.

A further amalgamation of parishes must, as we have already stated, take place within a reasonable time. This would not be in itself an unmixed evil, if judiciously carried out. Small congregations of from twenty to one hundred individuals damp the energies of a minister, and are a simple waste of power. The true economy would be to found centres of parochial work, with an adequate endowment for a man of energy and experience, and proper stipends for a sufficient number of assistants. That there are funds in Ireland available for such a purpose, and that those who own them are not always unwilling to devote them to Church work, is proved by the costly restoration of the two metropolitan Cathedrals and of that at Cork. As usual, money is much more readily forthcoming in aid of such tangible objects than for the less ostensible but still more important work of endowment.

By degrees, and especially if the Land Agitation settles down, it may be hoped that individuals will recognise in all its fulness what has been well termed the "luxury of being

spiritually superintended by a social equal." Certain it is that, unless such a conviction forces itself upon the minds of those members of the Church of Ireland who can afford it, they must be content to see the ablest and most zealous of the Irish Clergy drift over to the other side of the Channel. However much attached a man may be to his own Church, the claims of family, of education, of the advancement of children in life, must result in weaning him gradually from an allegiance to a branch of the Protestant Communion, the members of which are not prepared to offer inducements to men of culture to remain in their midst.

There is, however, much to be done. Both the clergy and laity of Ireland have a great deal still to learn before the relations which ought to exist between them can be placed upon a proper footing. Mutual self-respect and forbearance have to be cultivated, greater earnestness must be infused, in many places, into the services, and a much more constant and regular attendance at public worship should be enjoined. The scattered character of the Protestant population, the distance from a place of worship, and, it must be added, a sort of traditional laxity in the matter of observances, which is "racy of the soil," have all had something to say to this state of things. New habits have to be formed, and new lines of thought inculcated. And all this takes much time, and needs the exercise of much tact and patience—two qualities by no means indigenous in Ireland. Better seasons may do something. But better seasons will not restore to landed proprietors that management of their own affairs which the State has recently usurped. When it is left to Government officials to fix the rent of a holding, to limit the term for which it is to be leased, and to define the class of man who shall be accepted as occupier, little interest is left to an owner in the management of an estate the rents of which have been invariably lessened. He has every inducement to become an absentee. If he remains at home, he has an excellent excuse for shirking any additional pecuniary responsibilities. If he does not, his interest in services which he does not attend is apt insensibly to diminish.

Considering the gravity of the crisis through which it has been passing, the present position of the Church of Ireland is probably quite as good as could have been anticipated by those who had an opportunity of knowing the facts. Legislation, agitation, bad seasons, the inexperience of her supporters, lay and clerical, have been grievously against her.

But the lessons of adversity have not been without their uses, and in some dioceses, at all events, they have borne substantial fruits. The main difficulty will be that of keeping up

the standard of the candidates for Holy Orders. Where, as in three provinces out of the four, the ministrations of the Clergy are mainly confined to the upper and middle classes, it is essential that the Clergy should be gentlemen. We have already pointed out the obstacles which stand in the way of securing this indispensable qualification. But as the question is simply a money one, a way out of it ought to be found. There are plenty of earnest-minded young men, sincerely attached to a country which they love in spite of its faults, who would be willing to devote themselves to the good work if they could see their way to a competence. A beginning has already been made in the right direction, and it has been attended with the best results. No doubt, there are rocks ahead, and chief among them is the general financial depression which has fallen upon all the best supporters of the Church.

Whatever may have been the intentions of the framers of the Land Act, what they have done is to bring about a substantial reduction of rents, on all estates, under all circumstances, and however long they may have been paid without remonstrance. This reduction, too, while it takes effect immediately, remains in force for fifteen years at least, even if seasons, prices, and the demand for land should all have a steady upward tendency. Apart, then, from an increased spirit of liberal giving, nothing can be expected from an improvement in the circumstances of those upon whom the Church will have in future to depend. This points to the necessity of exercising a rigid but judicious economy of time, labour, and material resources. Organization may do a good deal; so also can personal influence—always an important factor in Ireland. The duty of supporting their own Church is a new one to the Protestants of Ireland, and has not yet been thoroughly naturalized there. Much remains, therefore, to be done in that direction. But there is a strong and reasonable claim also on those English Churchmen to whom God has given the means to help. A little aid here and there, judiciously distributed, will make the whole difference in bridging over a trying time.

As we have said before, the period has not yet arrived when the history of the last fifteen years of Irish legislation can be written with impartiality. The many "burning questions" which have arisen are still too recent to be stirred. Human nature will scarcely permit those who have committed errors of judgment to confess that their hopes have already been disappointed. But when that time does come, as come it most assuredly will, no praise will be too great for the few self-denying individuals who threw themselves into the breach, and cast in their lot with the Church in which they had been brought up. Many

of them might have sought and obtained preferment elsewhere. Some of them, like Canon Jellett, actually refused it. If the Irish Church is to hold her own, it will be due, under Providence, to the courage and constancy of these faithful few. The story is familiar to us of the Roman leader who, returning from a lost battle, was met by his countrymen, not with reproaches for a catastrophe which he had been powerless to prevent, but with gratitude because he had not despaired of the future of his country, and was still at her disposal. Surely less justice ought not be meted out to men who, through evil report and good report, have tried to do their duty. To their unwearying and unselfish exertions Ireland owes it that she still retains energy and utility in her Church after a succession of blows as unavoidable as they were unprecedented.

MIDLETON.

ART. II.—THE MOUNTAIN RANGES OF CALIFORNIA.

MOST of us can remember how, in our early school-room days, we were taught to generalize the great mountain ranges of Western America under the comprehensive name of "The Cordilleras"—the name given by the Spanish settlers to describe the many chains of mountains which trend north and south from Patagonia to British America, forming the sinews of the vast continent. In South America, these mountain cords were defined as Cordilleras of the Andes, that grand simple range usurping the supremacy beyond all question. But the Cordilleras of North America comprise a great number of ranges, intricate as the cordage of a ship.

Nearest to the shores of the Pacific lies the Coast Range, which is composed of a multitude of subordinate ranges, most of which bear the name of some Christian saint, bestowed on them by the early Spanish-Mexican settlers. This region is described as a sea with "innumerable waves of mountains, and wavelets of spurs." It is a comparatively low range, its highest points not exceeding 8,000 feet; while those near San Francisco are only about half that height. Mount Hamilton, the highest point visible from San Francisco, is 4,440 feet high. The charm of the range consists chiefly in the beauty of its slopes and fertile valleys, and of their rich vegetation, including the magnificent forests of redwood cedar, the *sequoia sempervirens*, which belongs exclusively to the Coast Range, and which, in the majestic beauty of its stately growth well-nigh rivals that of its mighty brother the *sequoia gigantea*, which

is found only in the Sierra Nevada. The southern part of the Coast Range offers special attractions to such as seek a pleasant region in which to make a home. Its park-like slopes are dotted with splendid evergreen oaks, its soil is productive, and its climate delightful. It has no winter, six months of delightful spring are followed by a long summer of unvarying brilliancy; but the blazing sun is tempered by sweet sea breezes, not always, however, free from fog. In summer the land becomes burnt up and yellow, but in the spring its fresh beauty is unsurpassable. The northern part of the range is less favoured. In winter, snow generally lies for some days, and occasionally for weeks. Part of the range is a dreary waste—a wilderness of ridges all so densely covered with chaparral, that even sportsmen shrink from attempting to penetrate it. I may mention that chaparral is the name given in California to dense brushwood made up of low shrubs, such as the scrub oak, with its cruel thorns, and the still more dreaded poison oak (*Rhus toxicodendron*), which is the upas-tree of the region. It is a scraggy little shrub, rather resembling a holly than an oak. Woe betide the rash hand which is tempted to pluck its rosy young leaves. A drop of its innocent-looking milky sap, or a scratch from a prickly old leaf, may produce most painful sores and boils; indeed some people are utterly prostrated by merely inhaling the air too close to it. It is needless to say that the thickets where it abounds are not inviting! We must, however, in justice allow that, in the hands of the physician, it becomes a good friend, its leaves being used in medicine, in cases of paralysis and chronic rheumatism.

The next "cord" is the mighty Snowy Range. It is separated from the Coast Range by the Great Valley, *i.e.* the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys, which run north and south for a distance of about 500 miles. But at either end the two ranges meet, and blend in a perfect labyrinth of ridges, and form innumerable deep valleys and ravines, most bewildering to the explorer.

The Sierras are, as it were, strands in the mightiest of the Cordilleras. The name applies to the western belt (about eighty miles wide) of a vast wilderness of mountain chains, built up in intricate ridges, on the great plateau, a thousand miles in width, which forms the water-shed of the continent. The Sierras trend north and south through the States of Washington, Oregon, California, and Mexico. The great plateau includes Oregon, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, and Arizona. The parallel mountain chain, on the eastern edge of the plateau, is known as the Rocky Mountains. It is a belt 700 miles in width, and trends through the States of Montana,

Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, and New Mexico. As compared with the Sierra Nevada, the Rocky Mountains lose much of their dignity from the fact that they rise from a base 6,000 feet above the sea-level, and this high pedestal is reached by an almost imperceptible ascent, the prairie sloping gently upwards, all the way from the Mississippi—a distance of 600 miles. So, although the mountain summits do rise to 12,000 and 14,000 feet, half their apparent height is lost, as it were buried, in this deep deposit. The Sierras, on the other hand, are within a hundred miles of the sea-board, and rise at a far more abrupt gradient, thereby gaining vastly in apparent height. But if the Rocky Mountain summits fail to impress a full sense of their true height, there is one respect in which they stand pre-eminent—namely in the stupendous canyons which seam them in every direction—gigantic, ghastly chasms, the existence of which is attributed to the ceaseless rushing of mountain torrents, wearing for themselves ever-deepening channels. These gruesome gorges wind about apparently in the very bowels of the earth, and the bold explorer who tries to follow the course of the waters, looks up two perpendicular rock-walls, several thousand feet in height, to a narrow strip of sky, far, far overhead, well knowing how hopeless would be any attempt to reach the upper earth. Fearful and thrilling have been the adventures of prospectors who, in their determination to find the mountain's hidden treasures of gold and silver, have dared to face every danger that could be combined—hostile Indians, hostile Nature, and most appalling hardships.

Undoubtedly the thirst for gold has done good service to geographical research in the vast barren tracts of mountainous country. In themselves most uninviting, they offer such possibilities of mineral wealth as induce a large number of adventurous men (to whom danger and hardships are as second nature) to undertake the most perilous journeys, in order to explore the inhospitable, desert, and hungry regions of these western wilds. These men have traversed every mountain and valley, and have examined the soil of every creek and gully, and the sand of every river in the most inaccessible regions; and there are few who could not, if they chose, tell of hair's-breadth adventures and deeds of daring. Some have been left sole survivors of their party, escaping from wild Indians to find themselves lost in awful canyons and chasms, from which escape seemed impossible, and where starvation stared them in the face.

Yet by some means or other, and by the exercise of almost superhuman endurance, they have found their way back to the haunts of white men, and have added their hardly-earned

knowledge to that of a multitude of other explorers; and so little by little the nature of the country has come to be pretty well defined.

Probably the greatest chasm in the known world is the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River (the Rio Colorado Grande), which is a gorge upwards of 200 miles in length, and of tremendous depth. Throughout this distance, its vertical crags measure from *one* to *upwards of six thousand feet in depth!* Think of it! The highest mountain in Scotland measures 4,418 feet—the height of Niagara is 145 feet—and here is a narrow tortuous pass, where the river has eaten its way to a depth of 6,200 feet, between vertical granite crags. Throughout this canyon there is no cascade, and though the river descends 16,000 feet within a very short distance, forming rushing rapids, it is nevertheless possible to descend it by a raft, and this has actually been done in defiance of the most appalling dangers and hardships. It is such a perilous adventure as to be deemed worthy of note, even in the Great West, where every prospector carries his life in his hand, and to whom danger is the seasoning of daily life, which without it would appear positively monotonous.

No river in the world, I suppose, passes through scenery so extraordinary as does the Colorado River, in its journey of 2,000 miles, from its birthplace in the Rocky Mountains, till, traversing the burning plains of New Mexico, it ends its course in the Gulf of California. Its early career is uneventful. In its youth it bears a maiden name, and, as the Green River, wends its way joyously through the upper forests. Then it reaches that ghastly country known as the "*mauvaises terres*" of Utah and Arizona, a vast region (extending also into Nevada and Wyoming) which, by the ceaseless action of water, has been carved into an intricate labyrinth of deep gloomy canyons. For a distance of *one thousand miles*, the river winds its tortuous course through these stupendous gorges, receiving the waters of many tributary streams, each rushing along similar deeply-hewn channels.

In all the range of fiction, no adventures can be devised more terrible than those which have actually befallen gold-seekers and hunters who, from any cause, have strayed into this dreary and awesome region. It was first discovered by two bold explorers, by name Strobe and White, who being attacked by Indians, took refuge in the canyons. Preferring to face unknown dangers to certain death at the hands of the enemy, they managed to collect enough timber to construct a rude raft, and determined to attempt the descent. Once embarked on that awful journey, there was no returning—they must endure to the bitter end. On the fourth day, the raft

was upset; Strobe was drowned, and the little store of provisions and ammunition was lost. White contrived to right the raft, and for ten days the rushing waters bore him down the frightful chasm, seeing only the perpendicular cliffs on either side, and the strip of sky far overhead, never knowing from hour to hour, but that at the next winding of the canyon the stream might overleap some mighty precipice, and so end his long anguish. During those awful ten days of famine, a few leaves and seed-pods, clutched from the bushes on the rocks, were his only food. At length he reached a wretched settlement of half-bred Mexicans, who, deeming his escape miraculous, fed him, and eventually he reached the homes of white men, who looked on him (as well they might) as on one returned from the grave. The life thus wonderfully saved was, however, sacrificed a few months later, when he fell into the hands of his old Indian foes.

The story of White's adventure was confirmed by various trappers and prospectors, who from time to time ventured some little way into this mysterious rock-labyrinth, and it was determined to attempt a Government survey of the region. Accordingly, in 1869, a party commanded by Major J. W. Powell started on this most interesting, but dangerous expedition. Warned by the fate of a party who attempted to explore the country in 1855, and who, with the exception of two men (Ashley and another), all perished miserably, the Government party started with all possible precautions. Four light Chicago-built boats were provisioned for six months, and, with infinite difficulty, were transported 1,500 miles across the desert. On reaching their starting-point they were lowered into the awful ravines, from which it was, to say the least, problematic whether all would emerge alive. The dangers, great enough in reality, had been magnified by rumour. It was reported, with every semblance of probability, that the river formed terrible whirlpools; that it flowed underground for hundreds of miles, and emerged, only to fall in mighty cataracts and appalling rapids. Even the friendly Indians entreated the explorers not to attempt so rash an enterprise, assuring them that none who embarked on that stream would escape alive. But, in the face of all such counsel, the expedition started, and for upwards of three months the party travelled, one may almost say, in the bowels of the earth—at least in her deepest furrows—through canyons where the cliffs rise sheer from the water to a height of three-quarters of a mile! They found, as was only natural, that imagination had exaggerated the horrors of the situation, and that it was possible to follow the rock-girt course of the Colorado through all its wanderings. Not without danger, of course. In many

places the boats had to be carried. One was totally wrecked, and its cargo lost, and the others came to partial grief, entailing the loss of valuable instruments and almost more precious provisions. Though no subterranean passage was discovered, nor any actual waterfall, there were, nevertheless, such dangerous rapids as to necessitate frequent troublesome portage, and altogether the expedition had its full share of adventure.

The ground was found to vary considerably. In some places the rock is so vivid in colour—red and orange—that the canyons were distinguished as the Red Canyon and the Flaming Gorge. Some are mere fissures of tremendous depth, while in other places, where the water has carved its way more freely, they are broad, here and there expanding into a fertile oasis, where green turf and lovely groves are enclosed by stupendous crags, miniature Yōsemités, which to these travellers appeared to be indeed visions of Paradise.

I do not hear of any canyons of this description in the Sierra Nevada, a term which is generally applied to the whole range extending from the Tejon Pass in Southern California, to Mount Shasta in the north—a distance of about 550 miles. Some geologists, however, do not admit the use of the term farther north than Lassen's Peak, which is a grand volcanic snow-capped mountain, beyond which a great volcanic plateau stretches to the north.

On this grand base is built up Mount Shasta, which is the Californian counterpart of Fuji-yama, the Holy Mountain of Japan, and, like it, is a perfect volcanic peak, standing alone in its colossal might, and sweeping upwards from the plain in unbroken lines of faultless beauty, to a height of 14,444 feet. There are few days in the year when this glorious mountain is to be seen without its snowy robes, or at least a snow crown. Hence the name by which it is known to the Indians—the White Pure Mountain. As a volcano it has long lain dormant, but there are boiling sulphurous springs within a few feet of the summit crater, while jets of steam and sulphur fumes rise from many a fissure, and have proved the salvation of rash mountaineers who have been storm-stayed and benighted on the freezing summit. Below these symptoms of hidden fire, and the cone of loose volcanic ash, lie ice-fields and still moving glaciers.

Three distinct glaciers are accessible, from one of which, on the eastern slope of the mountain, flows a stream known as Mud Creek, which shortly disappears in the earth; and though the thirsty traveller is tantalized by the murmur of snow-fed waters gurgling beneath and between the loose rocks, he may

march right round the cone, a circuit of 100 miles, without finding a spring or crossing a stream.

Whether that glacier stream really deserves such a name as Mud Creek, I cannot fathom; but in its next appearance it bursts from the ground in a great volume of water, clear as crystal and cold as ice, and rushes seaward, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, between the rocky walls of a deep canyon. In this second stage of its existence it is known as the McLeod River, or sometimes, far more poetically, the McCloud,[1] a worthy name for the stream, which, like its god-mother, is a true

> "Daughter of earth and water,
> And nursling of the skies."

It is a stream abounding in trout and salmon, the former sometimes weighing as much as three pounds. A red-spotted trout, known as "Dolly Varden," which is found only in glacial streams, is also abundant, and runs from one to twelve pounds. Sportsmen speak of this region as a most happy hunting-ground. Deer are abundant, so are elk and antelope, also cinnamon, brown, and black bears, but no grizzlies. The absence of the latter does not appear to be a matter of deep regret, as they are ugly customers. Mountain quail and Californian grouse abound; and to the north of Mount Shasta, in Oregon, mountain-sheep are found, and an occasional puma, or Californian lion; also wild-cat and lynx. These mountain-sheep[2] are described as most graceful, active creatures, about double the size of an average domestic sheep, and clothed in a great-coat of straight, glossy, dark-grey hair, covering the under-coating of soft fleecy white wool. In general form they resemble strongly-built, stately deer, having only the head and horns of a sheep. Both the ewe and the ram have horns, the former of modest dimensions, the latter very large and handsome, increasing in size to the age of eight years. A good head may measure two and a half feet across the horns, each of which might measure three feet, following the grand simple curve, and about sixteen inches in circumference at the base.

These "big-horns," as they are called, are brave, fearless creatures, wonderfully agile and sure-footed. They contrive to scale the smoothest glacier-polished granite domes (where an experienced cragsman can scarcely make his way), by means of a series of little stiff skips; they never miss their footing, never slip or slide, nature having furnished them with a soft springy pad, acting in some measure like the sucker-foot which enables flies to walk on glass.

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[1] Child of a Cloud.

[2] Caprovis Canadensis.

Thus provided, the mountain-sheep roam in glad freedom among inaccessible crags, where the frozen snow lies chill on the high wind-spent ranges, from 10,000 to 13,000 feet above the sea-level. And here the mountain-lambs begin their hardy lives, in grim cradles of rock and snow, far above the eyries of the mountain-eagles. The mother-ewe selects a spot somewhat sheltered from the chilling winds, but commanding such an outlook as to guard against possible surprise, and here she scrapes herself a bed of crumbling granite, and gives birth to her lamb, who soon grows strong and fearless, and lives a joyous life in the high pastures, starred with daisies and blue gentians.

Sheep-stalking in these regions is apparently its own reward —a pleasure quite apart from the mere bloodthirsty or covetous instinct of shooting a creature because it is rare, or wild, or beautiful. But whether animate or inanimate nature be the attraction, everyone who has visited that district speaks of it with rapture as a region of beauty and delight. The mountain rises from a magnificent belt of forest, which clothes its slopes to a height of about 10,000 feet, where it meets the snow-line. Travellers ascending the mountain spend at least one night camping in the upper forest. They say that the view from the summit is magnificent, taking in a radius of nearly 500 miles— a circle including the whole of Northern California, from the Coast Range to the Sierras, and also a considerable part of Oregon.

The region abounds in mineral springs, differing chiefly in their degrees of unsavouriness. Some are strongly effervescent, and contain iron, salts, and soda. People who are not intent on climbing the mountain to obtain a widely-extended view, generally prefer the autumn, when the atmosphere is invariably clouded by smoke of burning grass or forest.

Mount Shasta forms a grand junction for the Sierras and the Coast Range, which there combine and merge in one great ridge, known as the Cascade Range, which trends northward through Oregon and Washington, gradually losing level till it sinks into comparatively low spurs. It is a purely igneous region, and, from Mount Shasta right up to Pugin Sound, a series of great volcanic cones tower many thousand feet above the basaltic beds from which they spring. In short, this crest of the Sierras was a vast volcanic chain, of whose former activity proof still remains in the immense area covered with lava, an area which geologists estimate at 20,000 square miles. Now the volcanic forces are dormant, and the existence of a number of hot springs, and an occasional earthquake, alone survive to tell of the slumbering fires. The most violent earthquake shock of recent years occurred in 1872, when the

dwellers in Yōsemité Valley declare that even the mighty crag El Capitan rocked like a cradle.

The largest amount of volcanic material is found to the north, where it covers the whole of the range, forming one vast plateau, crowned with many cones, with clearly defined craters. Professor Whitney, the State geologist, recommends the summit of either Mount Hoffmann or Mount Dana, which are both in the neighbourhood of the Yōsemité, as excellent points whence to obtain a good view of the almost inaccessible volcanic region lying between the Tuolumne River and the Sonora trail, where great lava beds, in some places 700 feet thick, rest on the granite, at an elevation of 3,000 feet above the valley, the dark lava-flow showing conspicuously in contrast with the dazzlingly white granitic masses.

One of the most remarkable mountains in that district has been named Tower Peak. It rises in steps like a series of truncated pyramids piled one above the other, forming one of the grandest mountain masses in California. Mount Dana itself is a mass of slate, part of which lies in bands of bright green and reddish brown, forming a mass of rich colour, pleasant to the eye which has been wearied by the continuous panorama of cold grey or white granite. This belt of metamorphic rock extends a long way to the north, giving a rounded outline to the summits (some of which are upwards of 13,000 feet in height), in striking contrast with the jagged peaks which chiefly distinguish the granitic belt.

The latter gradually widens as it passes through Southern California, where it has a breadth of about forty miles. This is the highest part of the Sierras, some of its peaks being about 15,000 feet in height. Here lie the chief traces of the presence of the Frost King, in highly polished granite slabs, and the moraines deposited in all the valleys. On Mount Dana, also, the traces of ancient glaciers are distinctly visible, at a height of 12,000 feet and in the gap south of the summit there is evidence of a mass of ice, fully 800 feet thick, having lodged for many a long year—a chilling guest! While each gorge and canyon had its own special ice-stream, a giant glacier appears to have passed by Mount Dana and filled the great Tuolumne Valley to a depth of fully 1,000 feet, that is to say, 500 feet higher than the pass which lies below the Tuolumne River and the Tenaya Lake.

By this pass, the ice-lake overflowed into the Tenaya Valley, where the ridges are so worn and polished by its action that they afford slippery footing, and men and horses slide pitifully as they pick their way over the broad, smooth slabs of rounded granite. At the head of Lake Tenaya there is a conical knob of granite 800 feet high, so smoothly polished by glaciers,

that not a blade of grass finds a crevice in which to nestle.

While the overflow thus left its mark for all time in the Tenaya, the great glacier passed on its slow, silent way down the Tuolumne Valley—an ice-river, 1,000 feet deep, and a mile and a half in width. Everywhere the rocks bear witness to its passage. They are grooved and scratched and scored by the grinding of the gravel and the rocks crushed beneath that ponderous weight, while at the other parts, long parallel lines of *débris* lie just where the melting of their ice-carriage left them.

Professor Whitney says that this region of the Upper Tuolumne is one of the finest in the State for the study of traces of the ancient glacial system of the Sierra Nevada. He tells how at that part of the valley called Grand Canyon, the whole surface of the rocks for a distance of about eighteen miles is all glacier-polished. Just at the head of the canyon he found an isolated granite knob, rising to a height of about 800 feet above the river, beautifully polished to its very summit, and on climbing this he obtained a wonderful view of the valley. Below him lay outspread smooth glittering surfaces of granite, telling of a far-distant past, while above the steep pine-clad slopes lay the great dazzling snow-fields, crowned by the Unicorn Peak and a multitude of nameless spires. Farther up the valley he had found a granite belt worn into many knobs, some of them about 100 feet in height, and separated by great grooves and channels worn by ice. But in general, he was chiefly struck by seeing how little effect the ice has had in shaping the land. The rough-hewing has been the work of fire, and other agents, while frost has done its part chiefly in rounding and polishing the pre-existing forms. Descending the Tuolumne Canyon till he reached the beautiful Hetch-Hetchy Valley (which is almost the counterpart of Yōsemité, though on a smaller scale), he there found clear proof that the great glacier had passed through it, the rocks being all ice-grooved to a height of 800 feet above the river, while a moraine was observed fully 400 feet higher.

This has a special interest from the fact that in the Great Yōsemité Valley no trace of such glacial action has been found. Apparently the magnificent amphitheatre of high mountains which formed the cradle of the Tuolumne Glacier favoured the formation of so vast a body of ice that it descended far below the line of perpetual snow ere it melted away. On the other hand, the plateau whence springs the Merced River did not allow of the formation of a glacier sufficiently massive to reach the Yōsemité Valley, so that its course could only be traced to the Little Yōsemité, above the

Nevada Falls, and to the spurs at the head of the valley. There it seems to have melted away, and only the quaintly poised blocks, perched on the rounded granite slabs, tell of the chill ice-river that flowed thus far, and perished.

Wonderful is the fascination experienced by those who, making their temporary camp-house in some green oasis in this vast wilderness, can thence climb to some high point overlooking the distant ranges, and try to picture the scene in remotest ages, when the Fire-King was forging these mighty ribs of the earth, or when the Frost-Giants held it frozen in their icy grasp.

While I was living at Yōsemité, a party of young men returned from a most successful camping expedition in the High Sierras. They had been absent about three weeks, having taken with them pack-mules to carry the very rudest of mountain-tents, blankets, cooking-pot and kettle, and as many stores as could be compressed into a very small compass. The Sierras supplied them with abundance of ice-cold water, and they were able occasionally to replenish the larder by a lucky shot. I think they bagged two deer and a bear, and found that steaks of the latter, grilled on a camp-fire, were not to be despised by hungry men. They returned jubilant, having enjoyed every hour of their mountaineering, and having acquired a sun-browned look of perfect health, very different to their pale complexion when they arrived from the Eastern States. The condition of their clothes, all tattered and torn, and especially of their once strong boots, spoke volumes for the hard work they had undergone in climbing and scrambling. Yet they said they had had no hardships to speak of, and had enjoyed uninterrupted fine weather. They camped some nights in grassy valleys, beside limpid streams, and at other times in magnificent coniferous forests, at a height of about 7,000 feet above the sea. They found that a few carefully-laid young boughs of the red fir make a couch as fragrant and as springy as any weary man need desire; and then the stillness of the Great Sierras and the solemn gloom of the forest, canopied by the wondrously blue starlit heavens, had an indescribable charm.

One of these gentlemen, who has travelled a good deal in the Swiss Alps, says there is no comparison between them and these Californian Alps in point of picturesque beauty, they are of such different types. The former are by far the most attractive. Their ice-fields and snows give them a character which is wholly lacking in the Sierras, where glaciers proper have long ceased to exist, though they have left abundant traces of their work in the mighty rocks, polished till they

glisten in the light, and the great moraines, all strewn with the boulders and gravel deposited by the ice-rivers.

Then these valleys, beautiful though they be, are sunk so deep between precipitous gorges as to produce little effect in a general view from any high point, and the vast ranges of cold grey granite, only relieved by the sombre green of pine-forests, become somewhat monotonous, however grand. Truth to say, the Sierras are seen rather at a disadvantage, from the very circumstance which renders travelling in them so delightful, namely, the unvarying fine weather of the summer months. All mountain scenery owes so much of its glory to the gloom which is only born of stormy skies—and here even a passing thunder-storm is a rare event during the glorious summer months.

These gentlemen started from the Yōsemité Valley by a zigzag trail which leads to the summit of the Great Falls, thus reaching an upper world about 7,000 feet above the sea-level. There they struck an Indian track, which brought them to Porcupine Flat, a grassy plateau, where they camped for the night, and next day ascended Mount Hoffmann, a bare mass of granite, towering upwards of 10,000 feet above the sea, and terminating in a mighty precipice. It is the crowning-point of a range dividing the streams which feed the Yōsemité from those which flow to the Tenaya. The former spring from a group of small lakes which lie just at the foot of the mountain.

The ascent of Mount Hoffmann was an easy matter, and the view from the summit was very striking, owing to the number of ridges and peaks visible from thence, especially the beautiful group known as the Merced, because the River of Mercy has its sources among these cold mountains. Descending from Mount Hoffmann, the camping party very soon made their way to beautiful Lake Tenaya, a quiet mountain tarn about a mile in length. They found delightful night-quarters beneath a group of pines at the head of the lake, and there made as cheery a camp as heart could desire. From here they looked across a valley glittering with beautiful little lakes, each surrounded by quaint granite pyramids and spires, to a very wonderful square-cut granite mass, apparently measuring about 1,000 feet in every direction, and crowned at one end by a cluster of pinnacles towering several hundred feet higher. This is very appropriately named the Cathedral Peak, and, as seen from Lake Tenaya, the likeness to a grand Gothic cathedral is most remarkable.

Still following the trail by which the Indians annually travel to Mono Lake, the travellers next found themselves in the Tuolumne Meadows, which are watered by a clear sparkling

river. They lie in a most picturesque valley, fully 9,000 feet above the sea, and surrounded by peaks and ranges of from 12,000 to 13,000 feet in height. On the north side, about forty feet above the river, there are some chalybeate waters, called the Soda Springs, rather pleasant to drink. Near these they pitched their little tents, and indulged in soda-water to any amount. Their next object was to reach the summit of Mount Dana, upwards of 13,000 feet. This also was accomplished without difficulty. The mountain is a mass of reddish-brown slate, not difficult of ascent, and the climbers were rewarded by a magnificent view. On the one side, 7,000 feet below them, and at a distance of six miles, lay the Great Mono Lake —the Dead Sea of California, the waters of which are so strongly charged with mineral salts, that no living thing can there exist, except the larvæ of a small fly, which contrives to thrive and multiply to a very unpleasant extent. Beyond this lake lies the barren, desolate wilderness of snow-clad ranges and naked granite peaks which compose the region known as the Great Basin—a tract so dry and sterile that it has offered small temptation to encroaching white men. So here many Indians, original owners of fertile lands to the south, have been driven to work out hard problems of existence in the hungry desert. In the opposite direction lies Mount Lyell, which disputes supremacy with Mount Dana, the former claiming to have upreared his crest ten feet higher than the latter.[1] Mount Lyell is crowned by a sharp granite pinnacle which towers from a crest of eternal snow, and its base presents vast faces of precipice. The high snow-fields thereabouts bristle with hundreds of jagged granite peaks and rock needles, averaging 12,000 feet.

Beyond Mount Lyell lies a magnificent peak which has been named Mount Ritter; and a little farther on the same mighty ridge bristles with majestic pinnacles of glittering white granite, known as the Minarets. All these peaks and minarets are considered inaccessible, which I should think was the sole reason which could possibly inspire anyone with a wish to climb them.

The travellers did not seek a nearer acquaintance with the Lyell and Merced groups, though somewhat tempted by hearing that that district is accounted one of the wildest and grandest in the Sierras; but their chief anxiety was to visit a beautiful valley of the same character as the Yōsemité, called the Hetch-Hetchy Valley. It has only recently been discovered, having been one of the sanctuaries of the Pah-Ute

[1] The height of Mount Dana is said to be 13,227 feet; that of Mount Lyell is 13,217 feet.

Indians, who reckon on always finding there an abundant acorn harvest. This valley is quite easy of access from the lower end, a cattle-trail having been made the whole way from Big Oak Flat. From the upper end it is a difficult, but very beautiful, expedition, and this was naturally the route preferred by the young men, to whom a little extra climbing was no objection.

So from Mount Dana they returned to their former camping-ground at Soda Springs, and thence started on a twenty miles' march down the Tuolumne Canyon—a deep and narrow gorge, through which the river rushes between precipitous granite cliffs over a bed of glacier-polished rocks, making a rapid descent, without any great falls, but forming a succession of most beautiful shelving rapids and foaming cascades. There are two perpendicular falls which, in any other country, would be accounted worth travelling far to see, one of them being upwards of 200 feet in height (no trifle when the river is full, and pours its flood of melted snow in a grand cataract); but here these low falls are scarcely considered worth noticing.

Of course no quadruped could attempt such a scramble as this expedition involved, over rocks so smooth and polished as to make walking disagreeable and rather dangerous, so the pack-mules were led round by a trail which strikes off at Lake Tenaya, and enters the Tuolumne Valley at a beautiful point known as the White Cascades, where the river falls rapidly in sheets of dazzling foam. A little farther down the canyon they found a lovely little meadow, "Green pastures beside still waters;" for the river here runs level for about a mile, and lies in quiet reaches, as if resting after its feverish turmoil. Here they camped for the night, greatly to the satisfaction of the mules, who revelled in the abundance of all good things. As they could not possibly be taken farther, they had the privilege of remaining in these pleasant pastures till the return of their masters, who, carrying with them only necessary food, dispensed with such superfluities as even blankets, and proceeded on their scramble down the canyon.

It varies greatly in width, being in some places simply a gorge hemmed in by almost vertical cliffs upwards of 100 feet in depth, seeming to touch the sky on either side, while the river rushes on in a succession of lovely cascades and rapids, similar to those which they had passed on the previous day.

At other points the canyon widens and forms a green valley, where pines and firs have found shelter and grow in stately beauty. But in the narrower gorges there is not a vestige of soil, only the smooth shining slabs of granite, polished and scratched by the great glacier which once filled the valley to

the depth of 800 or 1,000 feet, up to which height its markings are clearly visible on the cliffs.

At length they reached the exquisite Hetch-Hetchy Valley, where a beautiful stream flows through rich green meadows enclosed by vertical granite cliffs about 2,000 feet deep. This green oasis is about three miles in length, by half a mile in breadth. It receives the waters of falling streams as beautiful, though not of so vast a height, as Yōsemité, to which, after their three weeks' absence, the explorers returned, to console us with the assurance that in all their wanderings they had seen nothing to compare with the loveliness of the green valley where we had made our summer home, among the thickets of fragrant wild azaleas.

C. F. Gordon Cumming.

Art. III.—THE GRACE OF GIVING.

GIVING TO GOD, ITS TRUE MOTIVE AND MEASURE.

IN one sense it is impossible to give anything to God which is not already His, for He is the possessor as well as the Creator of all; but it is one of the laws of Divine government that He permits His purposes of goodness, mercy, and truth for the human race to be accomplished by the intervention of human means. Of course He can—and sometimes does—dispense with these means, but, as a general rule, He is pleased to use them; and it is here that our power of giving to God comes in. Acting in accordance with this law, it is plain that we can, if we desire to do so, help to enlarge the scope of these means, and in a human sense render them as efficient as possible. This we can do either directly, by engaging in the work ourselves; or indirectly, by gifts of money, time, labour, or influence. But it can scarcely be expected that anyone will, in this sense, give to the furtherance of these purposes of Divine goodness who has not himself in some way felt his indebtedness to God, and experienced, in a measure at least, the constraining power of His love; for it is in this way alone that the responsive feeling within is evoked, and it will be in direct proportion to the strength of this feeling that we shall give and work for His glory. The important question therefore which we have to consider is this, How is it possible to kindle, preserve, and increase the spirit of Divine love in our hearts? And the answer to such a question is surely not far to seek. If it be true that love begets love, then it follows that the realised

exhibition of the unparalleled love of God in Christ must be the great motive-power. Once convince a man of the reality of that redemptive work by which we have been delivered from the vices in which we were once plunged, and reinstated in the Divine favour; once show him that in Christ his sins are blotted out, that mercy has triumphed against judgment, and that he is heir of a glory brighter than the primeval heritage lost in Adam. Let such facts as these by the Spirit's power take possession of his soul, and immediately there will spring up a desire in some way, however inadequately, to express the gratitude he feels for such undeserved mercy; and the deeper the sense of this gratitude the stronger will be the desire to give and work for God. And when in addition the further thought is realized, that in such work he is identifying himself with God, and moving in the path which He has marked out, the dignity and honour thus conferred will be sure to stimulate still further, for to be accounted a 'worker together with God' is certainly no ordinary privilege. In our own country to be connected with the Queen's service is esteemed an honour, but to be engaged in the service of the Ruler of the universe—to be a helper, however humble, in the great scheme of a world's redemption, is dignity indeed! It is to be placed in the ranks with the angel messengers—those blessed ministering spirits, whose all-absorbing desire is to "do His pleasure;" nay, it is more, it is to share the spirit, and to walk in the footsteps of our loving Lord, whose very meat and drink was to do the will of His Father, and to finish His work.

In all our efforts, then, love to God should be the underlying motive, and this will blossom, in due course, in love to our fellow-men; for "he that loveth Him that begat, loveth him also who is begotten of Him." It is true that much of the work done for the benefit of our fellow-creatures is carried out upon lower motives. Civilization has a humanizing tendency: natural benevolence and kindly feeling will of themselves induce men to give and to do much for the good of others, but, as a general rule, it will be found that the objects upon which these efforts are expended are mainly of a social, a material character for the good of the bodies, rather than the souls, of men; and inasmuch as the followers of Christ will not overlook such work, it follows, from the very nature of things, that the circle of givers to these objects will be larger than that which contemplates the higher work of spiritual good. It is important, therefore, that those who are influenced by the nobler motive of love to God should, in their gifts and efforts, continuously lean more towards this latter goal. The contributions to hospitals and asylums will always be more numerous than those given for purely spiritual work, whether that work be at

home or abroad. The main strength, therefore, of the spiritually minded giver should be directed towards these latter objects.

But it is not merely necessary that we should distinguish between objects which are of a material and social, and those of a spiritual character; we should also endeavour to estimate, as far as we are able, the relative importance of the claims of those objects which are alike spiritual. Some of these are necessarily limited and circumscribed in their action, while others—as, for example, the cause of missions to the heathen—are world-wide in their range; the extent, therefore, in each case should be carefully considered, and the amount of our practical sympathy should be proportioned accordingly. But it may be said, Are we not called upon to take special notice of the objects which lie nearest our homes, even though they are limited? Are we not specially responsible to help in such cases? Assuredly; for it should ever be remembered that our personal surroundings are not the product of chance, they are the manifest expression of the ordained will of God; and the very proximity of the need is in itself an appeal which should not be lightly overlooked. But charity, if it begins at home, is not to end there; and it is a curious fact, and one which shows the elasticity of Christian love, that those who do and give most at home almost invariably contrive to do and to give most for God's work in foreign lands. The one does not interfere with the other, but rather seems to help us to discharge our duty in regard to that other with more efficiency. And in respect of missionary work we should ever remember that the lesson which Christ teaches with such special emphasis is this—that "God hath made of one blood all nations that dwell upon the earth," and that, however far geographically they may be removed from us, we must still consider them brethren, objects of a common Father's love, and, as a consequence, also of our sympathy and care.

We all admit that the spiritual condition of multitudes in our country is sad indeed; but however dark the picture, it certainly does not present all those terrible features of hideous deformity which the state of the heathen so abundantly reveals Moreover, our home-heathen at their worst are always within the reach of Christian effort, while the others, who are far away, unless we send and support the missionary, must remain for ever unrescued and unsaved. The need also in such a case it is simply impossible to overstate. The piteous cry which comes up from those dark habitations of cruelty when thoroughly realized is simply irresistible! Our gifts, therefore, and efforts should, as a consequence, be proportionally large and strenuous. The argument then, prosecuted thus far, seems to lead to this conclusion—that the true motive of giving

is "the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost;" and for the maintenance and increase of this love God has provided the double stimulus—(1) From the exhibition of His love in Christ constraining us; and (2) The real need of our fellow-men, understood in its deepest and widest sense.

We now proceed to inquire what should be the measure of our giving. From the earliest times there is evidence to show that the custom of tithes extensively prevailed. Its adoption is not to be confined to Abraham and his posterity, for we have numerous instances of its contemporaneous existence amongst heathen nations. But the important fact to be borne in mind in regard to it is this, that, under the Mosaic economy, the custom was systematized. There appears to have been a double yearly tithe. The first was appropriated to the priests and Levites, and the second to the sacred festivals. On every third year this latter tithe was shared by the Levites and the poor. In addition to this, there was an ample margin for voluntary gifts and offerings. Thus it appears that the Levitic Law prescribed that at least one-fifth of the yearly produce should be given to God; and this definite proportion is in perfect harmony with the elaborate system of precept which characterized that dispensation: but under the Gospel, as we might naturally expect, no exact proportion of the income is specified. The settlement of the question is left to the inner principle of love working upon an enlightened conscience. But since Christianity is an advance upon Judaism, the inference is inevitable, that, under ordinary circumstances, at least a like proportion of our income should be dedicated to God.[1] I am well aware that the complex nature of modern civilization puts upon many an exceptional strain. There are those, too, amongst us, who have calls of a private character which must be responded to. The social position, also, and surroundings of some render it hard for them to forego things which others look upon as unnecessary luxuries; but when we have made every such allowance, we must not forget that the working of the inner principle differs from the external precept in this—that it calls for the exercise of self-denial in our giving to God's work and service. To give out of a superfluous income is a very different thing from giving as the poor widow in the Gospel. We should endeavour to curtail our expenditure, to limit our gratifica-

[1] If at the construction of the Tabernacle the gifts of the people were so large and generous (Ex. xxxv.) that there was "more than enough" for the purpose, and if at the erection of Solomon's Temple a similar spirit of generosity prevailed, surely, under the blessed light and love of the Gospel, the work of hewing out and building up the great spiritual temple of His Church in the world should not be impeded for lack of funds.

tions, in order that we may give. And as the saintly life progresses, there ought to be a growth in those special graces of self-denial, and love; and with this growth there should be a corresponding advance in the matter of giving, which is one of the forms in which these graces express themselves in the world (unless, indeed, there are special reasons to prevent it); and to leave room for the exercise of this growth is, I believe, one of the reasons why no definite proportion is prescribed under the present dispensation. But giving, I fear, in this sense, is confined to the few. Notwithstanding the name which England has secured for generosity, the circle of real loving, self-denying givers is comparatively small. The same names occur over and over again in all our charitable appeals. As a country, we spend about half a million yearly in missionary work; but our drink bill for the same period amounts to upwards of £140,000,000. "The mere taxes on our tobacco are six-times as much, and on our spirits forty-four times as much, as our whole expenditure upon missions."[1] This ought not so to be. If the great harvest of opportunity which is at present before the Church in this country is to be reaped, we must make greater efforts in this matter. Every parish should have its missionary association, and even children should have some knowledge of mission work. It is only in this way that we can educate our people in the all-important matter of Christian giving. We live in an age of luxury, and the typical Englishman, if he is not fond of money, is at least fond of that which money can procure. No thoughtful person can have failed to notice how constantly the grasping spirit of selfishness and greed grows with our years, unless arrested by the grace of God. When we pass the middle period of life, when youthful passions become less strong, the desire for accumulation expands and gradually occupies the vacant space, until, like a giant weed, it absorbs our whole nature.

Before my mind rises the memory of a wealthy merchant in the north. I remember sitting by his bedside and telling him I thought one of his besetting sins was this spirit of greed. He admitted it; he shed tears, and felt a certain amount of agony of soul. But when he had sufficiently recovered to get up, the old passion reasserted itself, and he died as he lived. One of the saddest things in life is to see an aged man, while the world is rapidly slipping from his grasp, endeavouring with his bony fingers, as it were, to clutch the wealth he cannot hold! To subdue the greed of getting we must cultivate the grace of giving, and it will be found, like other graces, to grow

[1] Archbishop of York, "Word, Work, and Will," p. 303.

and develop by practical exercise; and the opposing selfishness, by being accustomed to submit, will become less and less, until at length a noble habit of generous self-sacrifice and devotion is established, and that which at first cost us a struggle becomes the sweetest privilege of our lives.

Our giving should be performed with thought and judgment. There are few things more injurious than the indiscriminate, thoughtless way in which some people bestow their charity. It encourages the pushing and unworthy, while it discourages the modest and deserving; and it is mainly from this cause that many of the most noble, self-denying efforts of Christian love are left to languish, while others which are of a doubtful character are, so far as funds are concerned, in a flourishing condition. Scarcely one of us who must not sometimes plead guilty in this respect. A collector calls; we are busy, and, sooner than be disturbed, we give, not so much for the good of the cause, as to relieve ourselves of the intruder. Now we cannot give to everything; therefore the objects of our choice should be wisely selected. It is well to keep an account of our donations, with the date attached to each, as I have often noticed a curious habit which prevails with some, of remembering the donation of the previous year with such keenness as to bring it within the limits of the existing year!

We ought to be systematic in our gifts, but not slavishly so. Room should be always left for exceptional appeals; for it is only thus that the spirit of love, which (while it recognises the value of law and order) is itself free, can be kept fresh and powerful. To give under the power of impulse is bad; but to eliminate all heart and feeling is far worse, for it reduces that which should be a grace of the Spirit to a cold perfunctory discharge of duty, and so the heart gradually becomes shrivelled up and the character hard and forbidding. In a word, the measure of our giving is left purposely undefined, because the power and growth of love upon which it rests is unlimited. Increase the love, and you increase the volume and fragrance of a Heaven-descended charity. Christ loved, and therefore gave; we love, and therefore give.

John Wesley used to say that he "never believed in a man's conversion until his pocket was converted!" If while "the world passeth away, and the lust thereof," not even "a cup of cold water, given in the name of a disciple, shall lose its reward," then it follows that what we keep we lose, and what we give we have, and that, too, with interest.

Let us, then, stimulated by the love of Christ, use our gifts and opportunities for His glory; let us consecrate our lives, our substance, ourselves, to the Lord, and so endeavour to reflect, with increasing power, the Spirit of Him who "gave

Himself for us," and who, "though He was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be rich."

J. EUSTACE BRENAN.

ART. IV.—PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF AMERICA AND AMERICANS.

FOR the man whose brain is overworked, and whose nervous system is consequently below par, a trip to America will do more in the way of recuperative power than all the drugs in the Pharmacopœia put together. I should advise any man who feels out of harmony with himself, and possibly with the world around him, to pack up his portmanteau—let it be a small one—and secure a "state cabin" on one of the first-class steamers which leave Liverpool two or three times a week for New York. From the moment he arrives at Prince's Dock in Liverpool he will experience a new train of associations. The hum and bustle at the landing-stage, arising from the heterogeneous assemblage of passengers, porters, sailors, servants, mingled with the shrill and discordant note of steam-whistles on every side of him, will at first, perhaps, produce a little bewildering excitement. Piles of "baggage"—Americans never call it luggage—of every conceivable shape, and secured by an endless variety of locks, straps, and cordage, are being skilfully stowed away on the deck of the "tender;" and after a prolonged and final warning, off they go to the big ship lying in the Mersey. The moment you put a foot on the steamer's deck you begin to breathe freely, assuming that you are an overtaxed man, and all your great and little cares and worries insensibly ooze out at your fingers' ends.

For about half an hour there is an indescribable hurry-scurry on board. Some are looking for their sleeping apartments, others for their seat at table—a luxury often of very short-lived duration, as they know to their cost whose sailing qualities are not very pronounced—others are taking leave of their friends, while the captain is signing the ship's papers, and is discussing topics connected with the business department of the company with one or two of the directors. We are under weigh before we are aware of it; and the waving of handkerchiefs, the moistened eye and trembling lip, indicate that the returning tender is taking back those who have come to see the last of the friends outward bound. By-and-by a visit of inspection is paid to the state cabin, which for nine or ten days is to be the principal place of rest of the tourist, in

company with some person or persons hitherto unknown whom chance has directed to be his fellow-occupant of the same apartment. If you are lucky enough, and are blessed with more money than you want for your ordinary purposes of life, you have managed to secure the cabin of the captain, or one of the officers for extra consideration; but if not so fortunate, you must take your chance for better or for worse in the ordinary cabin, which contains two, four, or six passengers. The present rate is thirty, thirty-five, or forty-five guineas on the Cunard Line for a return ticket. On my first voyage I was very unlucky, as I could get no place on board except in the stern near the "screw," and in that part of the ship where the light was dim, and the motion, especially in a stiff gale, far from agreeable, and yet it cost me twenty-six pounds for a single voyage. My companion was a Russian gentleman, attached to the Embassy at Washington. That voyage was his first acquaintance with "life on the ocean wave." The first thing which caught my eye on entering my cabin was a full-sized violoncello in its bulky case lying full length on the floor. It was anything but a satisfactory arrangement; but my Russian copartner of the cabin so courteously entreated to be allowed to retain it that I willingly consented.

Twelve days and nights were passed in the good old ship *Cuba* with the varying fortunes of life at sea, when, on the 8th of September, we arrived at New York. It was my singular good-fortune to meet with some very agreeable American companions, between whom and myself there has ever since existed an intimate friendship. American hospitality is proverbial. There is a whole-heartedness about it not often experienced in our colder clime. I shall never forget my earliest impressions of New York. The day was bright with sunshine, not a cloud to be seen, yet not too hot. Everything seemed to me so new and interesting that it was like going back to the days of one's youth, when "the wild freshness of morning" tinges every object around us with that delightful sense which springs up from the enjoyment of mere existence. Soon after landing I was conveyed, with three others, in an old-fashioned roomy carriage, horses and all, on a ferry-boat across the river, a fact of which we were not conscious till getting to the New York side. Within a few minutes I found myself located in the "Brevoort House," Fifth Avenue, the proprietor of which was universally esteemed by the general citizens, and valued by the friends who had the privilege of knowing him in private—the late Mr. C. B. Waite. He was not merely the proprietor of an hotel in a business point of view, but the considerate host of all his guests. He sank the man of business in the friend, and he studied the interests of travellers with the most unselfish and disinterested

feelings. The untoward death of his eldest daughter, by the sinking of the ill-fated steamship *Ville de Havre*—in which his eldest son, the present proprietor, and I, had taken our passage in 1873—so affected his spirits that his health gave way, and, though a man of Herculean bodily frame, his sensitive nature never recovered from the shock.

He was the most successful American who ever "ran an hotel." He seemed intuitively to understand what travellers wanted, and especially English travellers. After tossing wearily for many days and nights on a very treacherous ocean, it was like entering Paradise, after life's "fitful fever," to enjoy the peaceful repose and pleasant surroundings of the "Brevoort House" in the Fifth Avenue.

American hotels are institutions unlike anything of the kind in Europe. There are two kinds. As a rule they are called "houses"—such, for example, as the "Brevoort House," the best hotel *facile princeps* in the world; the "Revere House" in Boston; the "Sherman House" in Chicago; the "Lick House" in San Francisco. Some are conducted on the American system, others on the European. In the first, such as the "Fifth Avenue Hotel" in New York, you pay from four to five dollars, inclusive of everything except wine. Meals are at fixed hours, and if you do not attend at the appointed time you must pay extra. The other hotels are on the European plan: you dine and breakfast *à la carte*. In that case you can have what you please, and regulate your own expenditure; to an Englishman this plan is infinitely preferable to the other. I spent ten days on my first visit, and three weeks to a month subsequently at the Brevoort House; and before I had been there a week I had begun to experience the invigorating influences of the bright clear bracing atmosphere of New York, considerably assisted by the hospitable attentions of the proprietor, and the unusually attractive *cuisine* under his special management. After ten days' residence in this home of luxury and repose I started out West, and arrived just in time to witness the "big fire" of Chicago. That was the most awful, and at the same time the grandest, spectacle of its kind that I ever witnessed. It would take more space than I can command to give a description of it, and therefore I must content myself by remarking, that to see a city on fire, about four and a half miles in one direction, and a mile and a half in another, was a sight unusually impressive.

After spending four months wandering over the United States and Canada, partly with the desirable object of "prospecting," with the view of the possible settling of young men—personally interesting to me—as members of my own family, in some fairly remunerative position, I came to the conclusion,

after considerable reflection, aided by facts and the matured advice of old-established Americans who had acquired colossal fortunes, that if a young man can be sent to an English university, and afterwards to a profession, it is a far better provision for him than to send him out on a haphazard venture to America, with the prospect of leading a Bohemian life on some wild but fertile prairie; or running the gauntlet between working in a "store," following sheep on a "mustang" all day long, planting vines, digging mines, cattle-ranching, or some other of the manifold varieties of American employment which so temptingly present themselves to young men of an ardent temperament and love for physical excitement. We hear only of the successful adventurers; those who have collapsed are seldom, if ever, mentioned. I am now alluding only to young men of capital, who have the means at their disposal of entering a profession at home. If they have no money, and that their object is to procure a livelihood by hook or by crook, then, no doubt, America offers a wider field for that purpose than Great Britain. It has, moreover, the additional advantage of enabling a man to earn his bread in positions where he can be self-reliant, without shocking the feudal sensibilities of his "respectable" friends and relations. The dignity of labour is nowhere more fully recognised than in America. It makes no difference what may be a man's occupation; nothing is considered by sensible people menial or undignified provided it makes and keeps a man honourable and honest. Young men of very good families in this country will do many things in a foreign land to earn their bread from which they would indignantly shrink in England from a feeling of family pride—false pride. They will consider no form of manual labour disreputable which enables them to maintain a position of self-respect based on self-reliance. I have been the guest of the nephew of a baronet on the lonely prairie of Illinois, and I saw him and his "chum," the son of a London rector, working in the field like "common men." They milked the cows, fed the pigs, cleaned the stables and the pigsties, drove their carts to market, sowed the corn, and afterwards "husked" it with their own hands; and uncommonly hard work husking is for delicate hands. In a word, they were their own proprietors, and their own farm-servants. They had one man, an emigrant from Devonshire, who "helped" them at thirty dollars a month and his "keep." He had been day-labourer in England, but in Illinois he sat with his masters at the same table, and took his share with them in the work of the farm. There was no difference that I could see, except that the gentlemen put a little more heart into their service, and made more frequent "spurts" to finish up some heavy job.

My young friends were very happy. They worked all day, from light to light, and, when supper was over, they sat round the fire drinking uncommonly good coffee, and smoking in moderation some uncommonly good tobacco. Their bodies were as hard as nails, their faces bronzed like Red Indians, their appetites fit for an alderman, and their sleep as sound and sweet as a day of healthy labour in the most delightful of climates could secure for honest working-men.

Their farm consisted of 360 acres, of which about 200 were under cultivation. They had quite enough of land for their manual resources; and unquestionably, if a young man, educated amid the refinements of life, could content himself with such a mode of existence, cut off in a great measure from the sympathies of human nature and of society around him, the prairie farm offers many solid advantages. The difficult knot to cut in all such cases is the prospect of family relationship. Marriage with a young "squaw" would hardly be according to the fitness of things; and to ask a young English girl to face the realities of a prairie home would involve grave responsibilities. Some few young ladies have dared to leave a comfortable English home for the free-and-easy life of the prairie homestead—what will not love do?—but I fear that the resolve was taken in a moment of illusion, and that "the fairy hope" took wings at the moment of disenchantment.

I have seen with my own eyes stern facts in the far Western States—in California, Colorado, etc.—where, with every possible advantage of soil and climate, life was not all plain sailing, as the advertisements announce to intending emigrants. Hard work—work of the hardest kind, amid much that was unpleasant and little that was hopeful—often tries the temper and sours the disposition. Incessant toil, which only gives the *modus vivendi*, but not much margin in the way of savings, after a time tells its tale on the mind. Many who at home were surrounded by the softening influences of social amenities, after a year or two become restless and discontented. The fact which struck me as most worthy of notice was the paucity of American-born citizens in any occupation involving manual labour. I never knew a native American engaged as coachman, or "driver," as they call him, or as day-labourer on a farm. They are too well educated for the competition of muscle against mind, unless on their own account. They take higher flights than farm service or hotel waiters, and find employment as mercantile clerks or assistants in dry-goods stores, or conductors on railways, while they leave "the hewing of wood and drawing of water" to the newly-arrived emigrants from the Old World who can neither read nor write, or, at least, who are insufficiently educated.

I should strongly advise any young man, without capital, not to go to America in order to settle down in the wild unsociabilities of the Western prairies. Better far to remain in the large cities and obtain some mercantile post, with the view of acquiring an independent position, than to work in the Rocky Mountains at thirty dollars a month and his "board." I have known Cambridge men, near Denver City, engaged as "helps" on those terms, with little or no prospect of ulterior advantages, and bitterly they deplored their error in going there without capital. It is no doubt a wild life of excitement while it lasts; but without money it is a *cul de sac* —it leads to nothing of a permanent or lucrative character.

I am constrained to say, that in several instances which came under my immediate observation, it would seem that English parents are much to blame for allowing their sons—provided they have any control over them—to enter upon such a wild-goose chase without carefully weighing the consequences. It is to be feared, and it is painful to say it, that there are parents whose object seems to be attained if only their sons are off their hands, even though it be in some wild, rough occupation, anywhere out of Europe. Week after week I read advertisements, from some agricultural company, purporting to secure employment for gentlemen's sons, on the moderate outlay of £50 for passage-money; and, on arrival at the farmer's house, they are to be lodged and boarded and taught farming, besides receiving, in our money, £12 a year to enable them to buy clothes. It reminds me of the old advertisement of a rival barber, who, in order to attract customers from his neighbour's shop, ostentatiously announced on his sign-board: "What do you think? I'll shave you for nothing, and give you some drink." The idea of any respectable farmer undertaking to pay a raw lad so much a year, and at the same time "find him in everything," is no doubt a tempting bait to parents with a large family. But the fact simply stated, means, in plain English, that it is a cleverly disguised "dodge" to procure farm-servants at a very small outlay. Of course they teach their *employés* something. They can see how farms are managed, and they can have the additional privilege of being permitted to work with their own hands as much as they please, and to discharge all those offices which at home would be done by a day-labourer. I am glad to think that I have opened the eyes of some parents in this country to the folly of such a mode of provision for their sons, before they had finally come to terms with the plausible agents of these farming associations. If a young man wants to learn agriculture, there are plenty of well-to-do farmers of repute, who, for a fair consideration, would be willing to take a gentleman's son

to live in his family, and treat him properly. But the idea of paying a lad so much a year, instead of the lad paying so much by way of "fee" to the farmer, only suggests the idea of Grecian tactics—"*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*"

Education in American schools is becoming every day more and more consolidated. Any American citizen can procure for his son the very best education, from first to last, without costing him a single cent for books, stationery, or anything. On the same form, side by side, may be seen the son of a bricklayer's labourer and the son of some rich banker or successful merchant prince. Whether for evil or for good, American institutions are already influencing the atmosphere of the social and political life of Old England. Little by little American notions are moulding the thoughts of the lower classes in Great Britain, and in Ireland too. Republican sentiments are already working their way among the masses at home. Like the shadow on the dial, which we cannot see actually in motion, but by taking a segment of the dial-plate and marking the progress made in the course of a few hours, we can easily perceive that the shadow has moved—so, by comparison, we can trace a marked alteration in popular feeling as to education and political opinions, if we go back, say thirty years ago, and note the progress of events. By taking certain breadths of time we can, without difficulty, ascertain that a very great change has come over the minds of the English public in the direction of assimilation with American ideas.

There can be no doubt that the Americans are a prosperous people, and their country is destined to play a very important part, if, indeed, it is not now doing so, in the future history of the human race. The young Republic has rapidly risen into power, and already it has entered into successful competition with England in commercial activity and manufacturing industry. The importation of cattle from America has injured the farmer at home. Prices for cattle have been kept down, although strangely enough the price of meat has gone up. But this is mainly owing to a combination among the retail dealers. In New York or Philadelphia, in the meat-market, one must pay at least thirteenpence a pound for prime joints of beef; and if so, cattle will always find a ready market in America without interfering unduly with the markets in England. The cry is, "Still they come!"

The Americans have not only utilized the improvements of European ingenuity, but they have considerably enlarged the sphere of inventive genius, from the very nature of the circumstances attendant on the development of the varied resources of their country. It is only when Englishmen have

visited America, and by personal experience have become familiar with the everyday life of the people, that they are competent to form a definite opinion upon this subject. Too often conclusions are arrived at from very insufficient or inaccurate data. From the standpoint of actual observation, after mingling freely with Americans and seeing them, not as prejudice supposes them to be, but as they really are, it is impossible to withhold from them the praise which is so justly connected with energy and perseverance under more than ordinary difficulties.

Just conceive that here is a nation which has started into vigorous existence within a century, and that during this brief period the offscourings of all nations have, like a mighty tide, been incessantly flowing into every part of it. No doubt some of the Old World's social ornaments have also found their way thither, but the poverty-stricken—the uneducated and ignorant—have formed the staple commodity of the emigrants. This influx of people to the United States resembles the description given by the Roman historian when alluding to the character and the condition of those who flocked around the standard of Catiline. The discontented, the needy, the lawless, those in debt, the men who could not work because they would not, came, says Sallust, pouring into Rome. Now, *mutatis mutandis*, America is, in the same way in a great measure, indebted to the surplus population of the Old World. For, although, all along, many men of good position and high attainments have migrated to the far West, and from the very first have secured a certain social status, and made their influence felt, still these persons are the exception and not the rule. It is well known that in England a few years ago, when some "*young gentleman*" had run a wild and restless career of extravagance and folly—wearing out the patience and almost the affection of his family—the climax of his erratic conduct was reached by going to America. A sum of money, sufficient to carry him across the Atlantic and keep him from starving for a few weeks after his arrival, was placed at his disposal, and then this luckless scion of respectability was shipped off to another soil.

The number of such emigrants has been considerable. And when viewed in its true proportions this almost forced captivity in a foreign land has effected a double blessing. The young adventurer relieved the feelings and the sensibilities of his friends by voluntary exile, where he could no longer occasion heart-burnings by publicly tarnishing the traditions of feudal pride; while he greatly benefited himself by the merciful arrangement of being compelled to do something to earn an honest livelihood.

When will Englishmen learn to respect the dignity of honest labour, and to feel that there is no condition of life low or menial, if it only tends to make and keep a man honest and trustworthy? The feudal system, though a great benefit in many ways, has, with regard to the disparagement of honest though humble industry, a good deal to answer for. A lord who cannot pay his debts is flattered because he is a lord, while the hard-working tradesman who keeps "a dry-goods store," and never is indebted to any man, is looked down upon with an air of cold exclusiveness. And yet, by a strange anomaly, when that very tradesman has made a large fortune and retired from business, he, in his turn, will be permitted to enter the magic precincts of respectability, provided he can be found in any way useful to the ornaments of society.

I knew a West-end tradesman who was the architect of his own fortune. He began life without a shilling, but afterwards became a millionaire. He could hardly speak his mother-tongue correctly, and it was with difficulty he could write it without doing violence to the plainest rules of grammar. But he kept "open house"—and a very fine house he had—gave grand entertainments, subscribed largely to all charities, and was most liberal every way. One or two of "the Upper Ten" in time patronized him, and soon others, like a flock of sheep, went upon the same "run," and his house became a rendezvous for rank and fashion. His humble origin and defects in orthography and grammar were no bar to his adoption by people of rank—people who, apart from his great wealth, would look upon him a very far off indeed!

There are many instances of well-born young men who would have died in England rather than engage in hard work for their living, yet they unhesitatingly have undertaken very humble employment in America.

The largest proportion of emigrants has been from the ranks of the humbler classes of the Old World. They have gone thither in the hope of "bettering themselves." Without any fixed plan, they have thrown themselves at haphazard on the shores of the far country to do their best. Unable to read their mother-tongue, or even to speak it correctly, these uneducated classes came to their new homes as pioneers in the field of labour.

It is very remarkable to notice the effect which is produced even in the second generation of the most boorish of the Old World's population. Men who forty years ago wore smock-frocks in Old England, and were starved out from want of work and the imperious exigencies of a large and increasing family, are now rich and respectable, while their sons are still richer and filling some of the most important positions in the

country. The writer has become acquainted with several Americans, whose traditional history in England for centuries past may be summed up "in the short and simple annals of the poor." One case, which may be selected as a type of a large class, admits of the following description: A poor labourer in Somersetshire left his home in the year 1840, as a steerage passenger in one of the old emigrant ships. He could neither read nor write—a mere serf, like so many of his race in the old country. He settled in the State of Ohio, and, "after many a toilsome step and slow," he raised himself to a position of honourable independence. His son, born in America in the same year in which his father arrived there, is now in his forty-first year, and yet he has amassed what in England would be considered an enormous fortune.

But the pecuniary portion of this young man's history is not the most singular feature of the case. It is the complete alteration, both physical and moral, that is presented by him. He is the second generation, and yet there does not exist a single feature in his physique of the well-known Anglo-Saxon type. He is tall, thin, lanky, sallow, and, in short, thoroughly unlike in every respect what he would have been had he been "raised" in the South of England on his father's cottage-floor. But he is transparently intelligent, and he is fitted to do the world's work in the best possible manner in which it can be done. Already he has acquired by his own industry and perseverance a capital of £500,000. And there was really nothing very peculiar in his career beyond the fact that at eleven years of age he began to work, and, after the fashion of American enterprise and perseverance, he won his way, climbing from branch to branch, till he finally reached the top of the tree—an eminence to which he never could have attained in the surroundings of his father's home in England. It is this scope for the development of the inventive and intellectual faculties, or even of the mere material forces of physical muscularity in necessary labour, which opens up to men of every caste, condition, and constitution the almost boundless resources of the great American Continent.

Under ordinary circumstances in the old nations of the world, the influx of such a multitude of heterogeneous characters could hardly fail to do mischief. Not so in America. Whether the new-comer be German, French, Italian, Scotch, English, or Irish, after a brief sojourn in the United States he generally lays aside his distinctive badge of nationality, and, both in name and nature, is identified with "the people" in the land of his adoption. All nationalities are fused in one crucible, and the mass on cooling is unmistakably American. This is one source of the strength and vastness of the American

Republic. If to this be added the universal diffusion of education among the masses, we have the real solution of the whole problem connected with national prosperity and cohesion. It is the experiment of government on the co-operative principle. The variety of these nationalities being merged in the unity of a common government, not only animates them with a common impulse, but confers upon them the dignity and personal responsibility of American citizens. Thus the merchant risks, the lawyer pleads, the soldier fights, the scholar studies, and the mechanic toils, feeling that all ranks and classes are moulded into singularity by the plastic hand of reciprocal interests. The cement which binds this fortuitous concourse of nationalities together is "the government of the people by the people, and for the people." The old feudal element—which places an impassable barrier between the peasant and the peer, making the former little better than a mere serf—has no recognised existence in America. The result is that the poor emigrant feels, after breathing the free air of American independence, that he is no longer a mere cipher in the world. He is free to think and speak as he likes, provided that he keeps within the bounds of law and order. There is no class legislation. Hereditary caste has no existence. Rank at last seems to him to be but the "guinea's stamp—the man's the gold for a' that." This free growth of true manhood is one of the most powerful ingredients in the strength of the commonwealth. A man is a man if he be willing to toil, and there is nothing degrading in any position in life, however humble. Labour has a dignity which reduces all men to the level of a common brotherhood.

Owing to various causes there are doubtless the same tendencies to exclusiveness, the same desire at isolation of class or "set," the same hankering after the formation of artificial boundaries between an aristocracy of wealth and the commonalty. But there are checks and barriers erected against the inroads of social despotism that prevent the arrogance of any one section of society.

If the high social standard, the refined taste, the easy, well-bred gentleness of manners, and the delicate and dignified reserve of Englishmen and Englishwomen be not as frequently witnessed on the other side of the Atlantic, yet there certainly is more friendliness, more unselfish hospitality, and more personal attention to strangers than in the Old Country. The American is more abrupt and less formal in his address than an Englishman; but he is also more susceptible, more impressionable, more prone to take offence, and quicker to resent it. From the fact that there are larger demands upon the nervous system in the New World than in the Old, the people

are more emotional, but they are also more whole-souled in everything they undertake. The religious Americans are, for this reason, apparently more religious than Englishmen. They make everything bend to the ruling passion. Everything gives way to it—no half-measures, no mere idle talking about it. Look at their churches, schools, public institutions, missionary societies! These results of a healthy tone of public religious feeling speak for themselves. The English are more solid, slower, probably more reliable; but unquestionably if America had been to this hour dependent upon the Old Country we should see comparatively little progress, and nothing of that self-reliant dash and venture which, with their obvious drawbacks, are nevertheless, under proper restraints, the very life-blood of American enterprise and success.

In very many cases the married life of wealthy Americans, especially those who, by speculation, have been suddenly enriched, is somewhat anomalous. What we allude to is the want of that domesticity of feeling and that reciprocity of interest which makes the homes of Old England so enviable. The result is, that in a great many instances, in the large cities at least, the husband is hardly anything more than a boarder in his own house; he is so absorbed in the distractions of business, and is so acted upon by that nervous apprehension often connected with great undertakings, that he seldom sees his wife and children during the day. He leaves home early and generally returns late. The little ones are in bed. The lonely watcher is left to her own thoughts during long and weary hours. Her husband has his gentlemen associates, whom he meets at the club, while his wife and children are left alone too much. Many husbands in New York have but one meal a day at home; they breakfast at their house, but all their other meals are away from home. Their personal ambition is very great. The one overmastering influence which shapes their character and gives it individuality is eagerness for getting money—to be rich honestly, if possible; if not, anyhow. But to be rich, and in a very short period, that is the cankerworm at the heart of many men of business. Thus the wife is left too much to herself. She is expected to train up the children, to see about their schooling—in fact, to do everything for them. Her responsibility is not shared as it ought to be by her husband; he is too busy; he has other thoughts which engross his time, and hence American wives are forced into an independence ill-suited to the gentler character of women, and which, in the end, gives them a hardness which sits inelegantly upon them. These husbands of whom I speak are not unkind to their wives, far from it. They tell them to dress well—very well, probably too well; they keep a carriage for them; they

indulge them "to the top of their bent;" but it is only as a doll—a living marionette, a pretty show thing of whom they are proud, just as a piece of furniture to look at or to be admired. But all this time the wife knows nothing of her husband's affairs; how much he makes or loses, or anything connected with his commercial career.

During the panic in 1873 one of these kind of men lost $50,000 in one instance, and yet his wife knew nothing of it except through the little whisperings of a female friend. Now all this secrecy, designed or undesigned, this absorption of soul in business, this life spent away from the cares and caresses of home, and wife, and children, sooner or later brings forth bitter fruit. A woman, a true woman, must have affection; she lives for it—it is her ruling passion. The great want of her nature is an untiring fondness and fidelity for her husband. She no doubt likes dress, and jewellery—"Can a woman forget her jewels?"—and carriage, and a grand house, and anything in which she can hold her own with other women and other wives in her own sphere. But far above all these material blessings the true woman will be miserable if she has not her husband's undivided allegiance and sympathy in home-life. This is the missing link in too many American homes. And what happens? As time rolls on from the wedding-day, when the novelty and first poetry of married life have settled down into the prosaic routine of everyday existence, the wife often finds relief in travel, or, at all events, in being much away from her husband's society. He does not seem to miss her very much; things begin to explain themselves. She will try change of air and scene in Europe, or perhaps in America. Money will be freely given her; and it is no uncommon thing for an American wife to leave her husband for six or even twelve months spent in foreign residences in some of the capital cities of the Old World. A neglected wife is an interesting thing. There are persons who understand this, and practise on their knowledge. Gradually the wife, finding the hopelessness of expecting her husband's love, but finding some spiritual affinity with some one congenial, in spite of her better nature, her pride, her self-respect, and all the other bulwarks of female character, she imperceptibly, and with unwilling heart, slowly drifts into loving some one else, in whom she finds, or thinks she finds, that reciprocity of feeling which she cannot have from him whom alone she ought to love. Thus there is a process of gradual estrangement of heart between her and her husband; and while all the decencies and proprieties of life are ostensibly kept up between them she is thoroughly wretched, because she has to keep up outward appearances which are so different from the real sentiments of her heart. Without, by any means, suggesting

that any positive act of dishonour or of infidelity may be the result of this platonic affection, still there is enough of misery in a woman's heart when she becomes convinced that between her and her real or ideal happiness there exists the tie of a present marriage, which nothing but death or dishonour can dissolve. Is it any wonder that all sorts of abnormal institutions have sprung up in America connected with the relations of the sexes? Thus we have the abominations of the Mormons and the Free-lovers; the unnatural but mistaken, yet the well-meaning efforts of the Shakers; and the too facile and almost tempting escape from married life by the various State laws for procuring divorce.

The rich American is generally a man of a profuse disposition. He is fond of novelty and splendour—of splendour, because he loves it; of novel splendour, that it may seem to be his own. This being so, it is no wonder that in his own dwelling-house, and in the house of God, everything should appear to be new and beautiful. Nothing can be seen but fancy woods, and paintings, and gilding, and gorgeous furniture, and statuary, and articles of *vertu* bewilderingly beautiful, in his private house; while in the places of worship everything that art and the skill of cunning workmen can accomplish, contributes to impress an Englishman with the idea of something too florid for the simplicity of divine worship.

There is one difficulty which besets a writer who undertakes to criticize American institutions. No two cities have exactly the same standard of social position. In New York it is decided mainly by money; in Philadelphia, by moral worth; and in Boston by intellectual calibre. Or, in other words, in New York the question is, "What have you?" in Philadelphia, "What are you?" and in Boston, "What do you know?" There is no respect of persons so far as theory is concerned, but in actual life the same instincts which in the Old World decide the social position of a man, assert their supremacy even in the model Republic. There is, and there must always be, an unconscious testimony to moral worth, wealth, and intellect. The only difference is that no man is looked down upon because he is poor or humbly born. And yet there is no country in the world where the spirit of toadyism is so prevalent as in America, or where titled people and men with handles to their names receive more incense or flattery than among the advocates for the equality of man and man? A young lady in the Great Republic will fall down and worship a Russian nobleman, or an English lord, without much inquiry as to his personal character or the probability of future happiness in domestic relations. A young, clever, handsome, and accomplished American girl will hazard her chance of future

happiness for the doubtful advantage of becoming a lady of title in the Old World—a Russian or Italian countess or grand duchess!

Time, which tries all things, will test the stability of present institutions in America, and it may be that, in the future history of the Republic, the country may be divided into East and West, instead of North and South, as the once abortive attempt suggested. The Atlantic and the Pacific are boundaries too distant to be governed from Washington, unless under a limited population. But when the States are duly represented by their full complement of people, and wealth, industry, and capital develop the almost boundless resources of the country to the west of the Rocky Mountains, it may be found expedient, if not necessary, to form two co-ordinate Governments, whose mutual interests may preserve the Union intact, and by the principle of reciprocity maintain a cordial understanding between all parties in the Great Republic.

G. W. WELDON.

ART. V.—CHRISTIANITY PARCEL OF THE LAW.

THE result of the summing-up of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, in the recent trials of "The Queen *v.* Bradlaugh" and "The Queen *v.* Ramsay and Foote," has been described as "nothing less than an epoch in legal history;" and this is true in more ways than one. It is, indeed, impossible to hide the gravity of the new construction which Lord Coleridge has given to the Common Law of England, and equally impossible to foresee or to measure the mischievous effects which can hardly fail to follow, so long as this view of the law remains unquestioned.

It is not too much to say that the *dicta* of Lord Coleridge relating to the legal *status* of Christianity are absolutely novel, and derive their force wholly from the fact that they are the judicial utterances of a Lord Chief Justice of England. In view of the vital importance of the questions at issue, it may be well to briefly recapitulate the facts and to carefully limit the discussion to the principles at stake. Questions of this moment are very easily obscured by extraneous matter being imported into them, and it would be far from difficult to give the *dicta* of Lord Coleridge a wider meaning than can properly be attributed to them.

It will be remembered that the defendants in these prosecutions were indicted for publishing certain "blasphemous libels"

in an obscure print, which it is satisfactory to know is admitted to have been carried on at a loss by its proprietors. The upshot of the trials was that Mr. Bradlaugh was acquitted, the evidence as to his own personal liability for the publication failing to convince the jury; while, in the second trial, the jury disagreed, and further proceedings were abandoned. As a matter of fact, indeed, these prosecutions would have been absolutely barren of result but for the summing-up of the Lord Chief Justice, in which the whole law of England as to blasphemy was reviewed. It will be necessary, in order to understand the views of Lord Coleridge upon this question, to refer at some length to his own words, which were reported very fully in the *Times* of April 16th and April 26th.

The law of blasphemy is neither so intricate nor so opposed to the principles of common sense as some would have us believe. Its scope and tenour have for centuries been very fully understood. It may be divided into two parts—(1) blasphemy as a common law offence, and (2) blasphemy as a statutable offence; and, at the same time, it is desirable to consider whether, or how far, the statutes relating to offences against religion affect the common law. In the present case, however, we are more especially concerned with blasphemy at common law, since it was under the common law that the defendants in these prosecutions were indicted; and it is the truth of the common law principle that "Christianity is part and parcel of the law of the land," which has been doubted. It has long been a recognised legal rule that the first grand offence included under the generic name of slander and libel, is "speaking or writing blasphemously against God, or reproachfully concerning religion, with an intent to subvert man's faith in God, or to impair his reverence of Him." The dual nature of this offence has, too, been ably expressed in the following words: "Blasphemies against God and religion may be regarded, spiritually, as acts of imbecile and impious hostility against the Almighty, or, temporally, as they affect the peace and good order of civil society." The culpability of blasphemy as an offence against the law of the land rests upon the rule that "such impieties tend to weaken and undermine the foundation on which all human laws must rest;" and therefore, by necessary inference, it is included in the same category with all acts of "public mischief." It does not in any sense depend upon any notion that it was necessary for human laws to be framed to avenge the insulted majesty of God. But it was because religion and morality are the foundations of Government, that it was held to be an offence punishable in the temporal courts to attempt to bring them into disbelief or disrepute. The denial of the truth of Chris-

tianity has hitherto been regarded as an offence at common law, because Christianity was part and parcel of the law. It was, too, an offence at common law to ridicule Scripture, because, in the words of the 34 Hen. VI., c. 40, "*Scripture est common ley surquel touts manieres de leis sont fondues.*" The obligation of the law of the land to the law of God, as revealed to man in Holy Scripture, and the paramount necessity of preserving the recognition of that obligation in the interests of civil society, has down to our own times been evidenced by a long line of judges, whose reputations as learned and upright men can never be surpassed, and whose *dicta* upon many other principles of law have never been called in question.

We have now to consider to what extent the value of these judicial utterances has been impaired by the new rule of interpretation of the common law. Definitions are necessarily always unsatisfactory, and the growing tendency to formulate them and to give them legal sanction is greatly to be deprecated, but at the same time we feel constrained to add here some of the leading definitions of blasphemy. Mr. Justice Stephen, in his "Digest of the Criminal Law," gives the following alternative rules as to the present state of the law with regard to the offence of blasphemy:

"Every publication is said to be blasphemous which contains (1) matter "relating to God, Jesus Christ, the Bible, or the Book of Common Prayer, "intended to wound the feelings of mankind, or to excite contempt and "hatred against the Church by law established, or to promote immorality. "Publications intended in good faith to propagate opinions on religious "subjects which the person who publishes them regards as true, are not "blasphemous (within the meaning of this definition) merely because "their publication is likely to wound the feelings of those who believe "such opinions to be false, or because their general adoption might tend "by lawful means to alterations in the constitution of the Church by "law established.

"(2) A denial of the truth of Christianity in general, or of the "existence of God, whether the terms of such publication be decent "or otherwise. Any contemptuous reviling or ludicrous matter relating "to God, Jesus Christ, or the Bible, or the formularies of the Church "of England as by law established, whatever may be the occasion of "the publication thereof, and whether the matter published is, or is "not, intended in good faith as an argument against any doctrine or "opinion."

These embrace all the offences which can come under blasphemy at common law or by statute, and it will probably not be disputed that their correctness has now been questioned for the first time. Lord Coleridge, however, denies that a direct attack on Christianity in general would necessarily be blasphemous, because Christianity is no longer part of the law of the land.

The passage in "Starkie's Law of Libel" relating to this offence, which was referred to in terms of approval by the Lord Chief Justice during the recent trials, runs as follows:

"It is the mischievous abuse of this state of intellectual liberty which calls for penal censure. The law visits not the honest errors but the malice of mankind. A wilful intention to pervert, insult, and mislead others, by means of licentious and contumelious abuse applied to sacred subjects, or by wilful misrepresentations, or artful sophistry calculated to mislead the ignorant and unwary, is the criterion and test of guilt. A malicious and mischievous intention, or what is equivalent to such an intention in law, as well as morals—a state of apathy and indifference to the interests of society—is the broad boundary between right and wrong. If it can be collected from the circumstances of the publication, from a display of offensive levity, from contumelious and abusive expressions applied to sacred persons or subjects, that the design of the author was to occasion that mischief to which the matter which he publishes immediately tends, to destroy or even to weaken man's sense of religious or moral obligations, to insult those who believe by casting contumelious abuse and ridicule upon their doctrines or to bring the established religion and form of worship into disgrace and contempt, the offence against society is complete." (Folkard's "Starkie," pp. 599, 600.)

Lord Coleridge, when summing up the case to the jury in "The Queen *v.* Bradlaugh," said that he entirely concurred in this statement of the law, and added that there were, he knew,

those who took a stricter and more severe view of the law on the subject, and who thought that any attack upon the great truths of Christianity—any discussion hostile to the inspiration or purity of the Hebrew Scriptures—however respectfully conducted, was against law and would be the fit subject of prosecution. But he did not assent to that view of the law, which was founded, as it seemed to him, on misunderstanding of expressions in the judgments of great judges in former times, who had said that Christianity was in a sense part of the law, and the law assumed the truth in some sense or other, and the inspiration, in some sense or other, of the Hebrew Scriptures, and anything which assailed the truth of Christianity, or the purity or inspiration of the Scriptures, was a breach of the law. He failed to see that the consequence followed from the premises. Because if to attack anything that was part of the law was punishable as a misdemeanour, no reform—no improvement in the law could be advocated without a breach of the law. Monarchy is part of the law; primogeniture is part of the law; and on the principle supposed the most respectful and argumentative discussion of the first principles of government, or of the law of inheritance, would be an indictable offence. The consequence, said the learned judge, is so extremely untenable as to show that the premises must be insufficient to support it, and I prefer the law as laid down by Mr. Starkie.

Again, in "The Queen *v.* Ramsay and Foote," Lord Coleridge

reviewed the law upon this point at still greater length. In his own words:—

"Now, you have heard with truth, that these things are, according to the old law or the *dicta* of the old judges, undoubtedly blasphemous libels, because they asperse the truth of Christianity. But, as I said on the former trials, for reasons I will explain presently, I think that these expressions can no longer be taken to be a true statement of the law of the present day. It is no longer true, in the sense in which it was so when these *dicta* were uttered, that Christianity is part of the law of the land. At the time those *dicta* were uttered, Jews and Nonconformists, and others under disabilities for religion, were regarded as hardly having civil rights. Everything almost, short of punishment by death, was enacted against them, not, indeed always by name, and thus the exclusion of Jews from Parliament was in a sense by accident (though, no doubt, if anybody had supposed that they were not excluded, a law would have passed to exclude them), but historically, and as a matter of fact, such was the state of the law. But now, so far as I know the law, a Jew might be Lord Chancellor—certainly a Jew might be Master of the Rolls—and but for the accident that he took the office before the Judicature Act came into operation, that great and illustrious lawyer, Jessel, would have had to go circuit, and might have sat in a Criminal Court to try such a case as this, and he might have been called upon, if the law be really that 'Christianity is part of the law of the land,' to lay it down as the law to the jury, some of whom might have been Jews, and he might have been bound to tell them that it was an offence against the law, as blasphemy, to deny that Jesus Christ was the Messiah, a thing which he himself did deny, and which Parliament had allowed him to deny, and which it is just as much a part of the law that any one may deny as it is your right and mine, if we believe it, to assert. Therefore, to base the prosecution on an aspersion of the truth of Christianity, *per se*, on the ground that Christianity is in the sense in which it was said by Lord Hale, or Lord Raymond, or Lord Tenterden, part of the law of the land—is in my judgment a mistake; it is to forget that law grows, and that though the principles of law remain, yet (and it is one of the advantages of the common law) they are to be applied to the changing circumstances of the times. Some may say that this is retrogression, but I should rather say that it is the progression of human opinion. And, therefore, merely to discover that the truth of Christianity is denied, without more, and to say, that thereupon a man may be indicted now for blasphemous libel, is, as I venture to think, absolutely untrue, and I for one, until it is authoritatively declared to to be the law, lay it down as law, for historically I cannot think that I should be justified in so doing, since Parliament has enacted laws which make that old view of the law no longer applicable; and it is no disrespect to the older judges to think that what they said in one state of things is no longer applicable now that it is altered."

We have now reached the real points at issue. All the *dicta* of the old judges have been disposed of by the Lord Chief Justice in a couple of sentences. It seems to be assumed that these were merely extra judicial expressions of opinion made in accordance with the spirit of the times in which those who spoke them lived; and, as the Lord Chief Justice expresses it, to accept them as binding now is "to forget that the law grows." We are accustomed to hear a good deal about modern

progress, but it will probably be news to most people to hear that "the progression of human opinion" is already so far advanced that we must regard as obsolete a rule of law founded, not on the mere opinion of a single judge, but on, and coëval with, the very same principles on which the constitution rests. The history of our own country has, indeed, for so long a time been so closely connected with Christianity, that we have been beguiled into a fancied security, and a belief that this fundamental truth was impregnable, and that the obligation which our laws owe to the teachings of Christ would only cease to be acknowledged when Christianity itself ceased to exist in the land. It has, however, been reserved for a Lord Chief Justice of England to cast doubts upon the legal *status* of Christianity, and to pronounce from the bench, with all the force and dignity with which the honourable traditions of centuries have surrounded his high office, that it is no longer actionable to asperse the truth of Christianity because Christianity is no longer part of the law of the land. It is very possible that Lord Coleridge himself was innocent of enunciating a rule of law which should do more than proclaim the advent of an epoch of "liberty of thought;" but it must be obvious to the most careless observer that the inevitable result of this novel *dictum* is to throw doubts upon Christianity possessing any national character, and to place it virtually on a par with all those other creeds which are tolerated in this kingdom. If the religion established by law has no longer any sanction from the laws, and no longer casts any lustre on the laws, we have, indeed, progressed far on that downward path which can only end in our national abasement. But are these things so? If Christianity was ever in any sense part and parcel of the law of the land, when did it cease to possess legal validity? We may, thank God, search the Statute Book in vain to find any record of the national apostasy. We may ransack the whole mass of English jurisprudence, and underlying the excrescences with which generations of judges and legislators have surrounded them, we can find the immortal principles of law still as pure and unchangeable as when they emanated from their only possible source—the great Lawgiver. If we study the story of the growth of the English constitution, in spite of the admission of Jews, infidels, and heretics to civil rights, we find that the basis of the throne is still founded on Christianity, and that King, Lords, and Commons are the visible embodiment of a Christian commonwealth. If we read the annals of the history of liberty of conscience we find nothing to prove that the established religion of the country is otherwise than Christian. Toleration is not establishment; and all the sects outside the pale of the Church of England exist merely on

sufferance, and have acquired no such sanction that their existence and their privileges can be logically said to involve a vital change in the function and the sphere of the laws of the land.

Blasphemy is an offence which stands alone. The consideration of the reasoning upon which it has been declared a crime must be exclusively directed to the history of the offence itself; and it is merely ingenious to attempt to overload the subject by the enumeration of antiquated offences which have long become obsolete. Sophistries of this kind are, however, terribly apt to furnish material for retort. Thus the whole category of ecclesiastical crimes has been referred to in the same breath with blasphemy. Again, witchcraft has been instanced as a parallel offence; thus there is a passage in the Lord Chief Justice's summing up in "The Queen *v.* Ramsay and Foote" which is liable to be misunderstood, since it suggests that "Lord Hale condemned persons to be burnt as witches, because of the passage in the Bible." The only possible inference from this reasoning is, that witchcraft was held to be punishable with death from the fact that that penalty receives Biblical sanction. It is scarcely necessary to say that witchcraft was never an offence at common law, but was within the exclusive jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts, until in 1553 certain kinds of witchcraft were made felony by the 33 Hen. VIII., c. 8. Witchcraft had, indeed, nothing in common with blasphemy, and is wholly unknown to the common law; and we have fortunately no obligation to defend the wisdom of certain old statutes in order to justify the existence of a strict penalty against blasphemy. In the same way various ecclesiastical crimes, which were cruelly punished, and were due to the superstition and religious fanaticism of the age, can readily be distinguished from blasphemy at common law. The whole history of religious persecution is entirely beside the question; and even the offences of heresy and blasphemy, as they came before the cognizance of the old ecclesiastical courts, were distinct from those indictable at common law. It is, for instance, contended by Mr. Justice Stephen, in his "History of the Criminal Law,"[1] that the writ *de hæretico comburendo* did not lie at common law, and that the decision in Sawtre's case was merely an attempt to give the Continental Canon Law validity as part of the laws of England. It seems, indeed, to be pretty clear that heresy was only an ecclesiastical offence, except in those cases in which it was so maintained as to tend to the disturbance of the public peace, when it was punishable by fine or imprisonment in the temporal courts. It is true, however, that

[1] Vol. ii. pp. 463, 464.

the courts claimed for the King very extensive power in ecclesiastical matters, as his by the ancient prerogative and law of England; and there is no doubt that much was done under colour of this power which possesses no shadow of legality. The long list of statutes relating to heresy and apostasy do not in any way show that the common law ever had any jurisdiction in these matters; but enough has been said to indicate the distinction which must be drawn between ecclesiastical and common law offences.

"The fourth species of offences more immediately against God and religion," says Blackstone, "is that of blasphemy against the Almighty, by denying His being or providence; or by contumelious reproaches of our Saviour Christ. Whither also may be referred all profane scoffing at the Holy Scripture, or exposing it to contempt or ridicule. These are offences punishable at common law by fine and imprisonment, or other infamous corporal punishment, for Christianity is part of the laws of England."[1]

Blackstone's authority for this is Taylor's case,[2] in which the defendant was indicted at common law for applying certain opprobrious epithets to Jesus Christ, and for saying that "religion was a cheat, and that he feared neither God nor the devil." He was convicted, and Sir Matthew Hale, admittedly one of the most distinguished judges that ever sat on the bench, said:

> "That such kind of wicked blasphemous words were not only an "offence to God and religion, but a crime against the laws, state, and "government, and therefore punishable in this Court. For to say religion "is a cheat is to dissolve all those obligations whereby the civil societies "are preserved; and that Christianity is a parcel of the laws of England, "and therefore to reproach the Christian religion is to speak in subversion "of the law."

Lord Coleridge, in commenting upon this case, said that Lord Hale merely directed that the words in question were blasphemous and punishable as crime, but that "he did not say that a grave argument against the truth of revelation was so punishable, but 'such kind of wicked, blasphemous words.'" It may, however, be appropriately pointed out that Lord Hale gave the reasons for his decision, and that these are certainly an integral part of it. It is immaterial that Lord Hale should have limited his observation to the single case before him, if he enunciated principles of universal application. The next important case is that of Woolston, who was prosecuted in 1728 for "publishing five libels wherein the miracles of Jesus Christ were turned into ridicule, and His life and conversation vilified

[1] Bl. Com. Bk. iv., ch. iv.

[2] "Ventris," p. 293.

and exposed." The Court declared that "they would not suffer it to be debated whether to write against Christianity in general was not an offence of temporal cognisance," and further, that "the attacking Christianity in that way was attempting to destroy the very foundation of it; and though there were professions in the book to the effect that the design of it was to establish Christianity upon a true foundation, by considering these narratives as emblematical and prophetical, yet these professions could not be credited."

This case has been relied upon by Lord Coleridge, since the Court expressly stated that they did not intend to include "disputes between learned men on particular controverted points" under blasphemy. But although the stress laid by the Court upon the words "Christianity *in general*," as expressed in the indictment, certainly indicates that there was no wish to close the door to learned controversy, the case is, as Mr. Justice Stephen points out, remarkable on account of the emphatic way in which it makes the matter and not the manner the gist of the offence. In a word, Woolston's case clearly lays down the law that any writing against Christianity in general is a temporal offence.

We now come to the case of "R. *v.* Waddington,"[1] which was tried before Lord Tenterden, and afterwards came before the Court of King's Bench, consisting of Lord Tenterden, Mr. Justice Bayley, Mr. Justice Holroyd, and Mr. Justice Best. The defendant in this case had "denied the authority of the Scriptures, and one part of the libel stated that Jesus Christ was an impostor, and a murderer in principle, and a fanatic." Before the verdict was pronounced, one of the jurymen asked the Lord Chief Justice whether a work which denied the divinity of our Saviour was a libel. The Lord Chief Justice answered that a work speaking of Jesus Christ in the language used in the publication in question was a libel; Christianity being a part of the law of the land. On the motion for a new trial, it was urged that the Lord Chief Justice had misdirected the jury, by stating that any publication in which the divinity of Jesus Christ was denied was an unlawful libel, and that since the 53 Geo. III. c. 160 was passed, the denying one of the Persons of the Trinity to be God was no offence, and, consequently, that a publication in support of such a position was not a libel. Mr. Justice Bayley laid down that the 53 Geo. III. c. 160 removes the penalties imposed by certain statutes referred to in the Act, and leaves the common law as it stood before. "There cannot be any doubt," he added, "that a work which does not merely deny the Godhead of Jesus Christ, but

[1] 1 B. & C., 26.

which states Him to be an impostor and a murderer in principle, was, at common law, and still is, a libel." Mr. Justice Holroyd concurred, and Mr. Justice Best prefaced his remarks by saying that the 53 Geo. III. c. 160 had made no alteration in the common law relating to libel, and that if previous to the passing of that statute it would have been a libel to deny in any printed work the divinity of the second Person in the Trinity, the same publication would be a libel then. The 53 Geo. III. c. 160 is an Act to relieve persons who impugn the doctrine of the Trinity from certain penalties and to repeal in part the 9 & 10 Will. III. c. 32, which, amongst other things, made it penal to deny the Trinity. Mr. Justice Best further laid down that the 9 & 10 Will. III. c. 32 itself in no way affected the common law relative to blasphemous libel. "It is not," he added, "necessary for me to say whether it be libellous to argue from the Scriptures against the divinity of Christ, since that is not what the defendant professes to do. He argues against the divinity of Christ by denying the truth of the Scriptures. A work containing such arguments published maliciously (which the jury in this case have found) is by the common law a libel; and the Legislature has never altered this law, nor can it ever do so whilst the Christian religion is considered to be the basis of that law." Referring to this case, Lord Coleridge says:

> This is the case which is often cited (surely by those who cannot have read it) as an authority to show that merely to deny or dispute the truth of Christianity is an offence against the law, because it is said Christianity is part of the law of the land. The law, therefore, when we come to consider the cases, is different now from what it has ever been supposed to be; and I doubt whether it can fairly be said that the old cases, when properly considered with reference to the facts, have been overruled, or were so absurd as it has been sometimes supposed that they were. Still, the argument I have already addressed to you remains good —that Parliament has altered the law on the subject, as it is no longer the law that none but believers in Christianity can enjoy civil privileges. Things, therefore, are no longer in the same condition as they were in when those *dicta* were uttered, which have, I think, been strained beyond their fair meaning and effect.

This must in every way be regarded as a most remarkable utterance, and it is greatly to be regretted that the matter must for the present rest where it is. Apart from the curious divergence of opinion between the present Lord Chief Justice and all other judges who have ever had to consider the law of blasphemy, upon the effect of the old cases, it is certainly a novel assertion that "Parliament has altered the law upon the subject, as it is no longer the law that none but believers in Christianity can enjoy civil privileges." It is impossible to avoid the temptation to retort that it is a little

difficult to see how the consequence follows from the premises. Lord Coleridge, moreover, makes two points which must be regarded as alternative and antagonistic—(1) that the law has been altered by necessary implication since these *dicta* were uttered; and (2) that the *dicta* themselves have hitherto invariably been misunderstood; or, as he says elsewhere, "The principle of the law is laid down in Starkie; and I think it right to say that my study of the cases has not satisfied me that the law ever was laid down differently from the way in which Starkie lays it down." It is to be regretted, in view of this fact, that Lord Coleridge did not confine himself to this line of argument, without questioning the principle which, as he himself admits, influenced the decisions of the old judges, viz., that "Christianity was part of the law of the land;" and it is, on the other hand, not a little curious that they should have arrived at the right result by the wrong reasoning.

Nor does the matter rest there, for many subsequent cases have proceeded on precisely the same principle. We can only enumerate some of these. In 1797, in "R. *v.* Williams,"[1] Lord Kenyon signified his adhesion to the *dictum* in Woolston's case, that the Christian religion was part of the law of the land; and in giving judgment upon the defendant, who was the publisher of Paine's "Age of Reason," Mr. Justice Ashurst said that attacks on Christianity are crimes—

"inasmuch as they tend to destroy those obligations whereby civil "society is joined together, and it is upon this ground that the Christian "religion constitutes part of the law of England; but that law without "the means of enforcing its precepts, would be but a dead letter: when-"ever those infamous works appear, they are the proper subject of prose-"cution; for if the name of our Redeemer were suffered to be traduced, "and His holy religion treated with contempt, the sole merits of an "oath, on which the due administration of justice depends, would be "destroyed, and the law stripped of one of its principal sanctions—the "dread of future punishments."

Again, in 1819, in "R. *v.* Carlile,"[2] it was decided that the statute 9 & 10 Will. III. c. 32 does not affect the common law relating to blasphemy. In "R. *v.* Hetherington,"[3] Lord Denman directed the jury that if they thought the publication tended to question or cast disgrace upon the Old Testament, it was a libel; while in "Cowan *v.* Milbourne,"[4] which was decided in 1867, Sir Fitzroy Kelly told the jury that Christianity was part of the law of the land, and that the proposition, "The character and teachings of Christ; the former defective, the

[1] 26 St. Tr., 653.
[2] 3 B. and Ald., 161.
[3] 5 Jur. 529.
[4] L. R. 2 Ex., 230.

latter misleading," could not be maintained without blasphemy. Lord Bramwell was of the same opinion.

"This last decision," says Mr. Justice Stephen, "is strong to show that the true legal doctrine upon the subject is that blasphemy consists in the character of the matter published, and not in the manner in which it is stated."

We must leave the matter here. We have endeavoured to place it fairly before the public. The vital importance of the principles at stake certainly entitles them to the careful consideration of all Christian people. Nothing could be more mischievous than the notion that "the law grows," unless strictly limited to its only true sense. The immortal principles of justice remain as unchanged and unchangeable as their Divine Author, and such are the true foundation of the common law of England. The statute law of man's construction is, it is true, fitted to the needs of the times; and what a helpless jumble of inconsistencies it is! But the Common Law of England, which is founded on the law of God, knows no such changes, and one of its immortal principles is, as judges old and new have said, that "Christianity is part and parcel of the law of England." In this connection the words of Blackstone have great significance:[1]

"The preservation of Christianity as a national religion is, abstracted "from its own intrinsic truth, of the utmost consequence to the civil "state: which a single instance will sufficiently demonstrate. The belief "of a future state of rewards and punishments, the entertaining just "ideas of the moral attributes of the Supreme Being, and a firm per- "suasion that He superintends and will finally compensate every action "in human life (all which are clearly revealed in the doctrines and forcibly "inculcated by the precepts of our Saviour Christ), these are the grand "foundation of all judicial oaths; which call God to witness the truth "of these facts, which perhaps may be only known to Him and the party "attesting: therefore all confidence in human veracity must be weakened "by apostasy and overthrown by total infidelity."

A Barrister-at-Law.

Art. VI.—JOTTINGS FROM MONASTIC ANNALS.

THERE is not much difference of opinion among Church History writers of any school as to the original value of monasteries. The hermit life attempted in the deserts of Egypt very soon had to be abandoned; and the recluses were drawn together into communities for the sake of mutual help, comfort,

[1] "Hist. Crim. Law," vol. ii., p. 474.

and instruction. The idea of the common life was at once eagerly welcomed and widely practised by the Church. Then began to show themselves the natural consequences of the association of good and bad in such communities; abuses began to appear. The good Benedict, from his home at Monte Cassino, endeavoured by his rule to repress the eccentricities and regulate the lives of those who had given themselves to the "religious" life; but in those wild and disturbed days the influence of his rule spread but slowly. We know that it scarcely reached England at all before the time of Dunstan, and what English monasteries were before that period we may learn from Bede. In his letter to Archbishop Egbert, Bede describes the monasteries of his day as the homes of all sorts of luxury and licentiousness. It became a favourite practice with a great lord or lady to found an establishment of this sort, of which they constituted themselves the superiors. The "rule" observed was simply their own will. In return for giving a shelter and support to the inmates they treated them just as they pleased. Morality was but little regarded. Drunkenness and unchastity were the common conditions of these houses—in fact, the charges brought against the religious houses of his day by Bede were quite as strong, or even stronger, than those afterwards brought against monasteries in the time of Henry VIII. The Reformation, introduced by Dunstan, got rid of most of these scandals; but what monasteries were—or what, at least, many of them were—in the eleventh century we may learn from St. Bernard. "I am struck with amazement," writes that devout ascetic,

as to how such excess in eating and drinking, in clothing, in bed-furniture, in equipages, in buildings, could become prevalent among monks. Now frugality is held to be avarice; sobriety, austerity; silence, moroseness. On the contrary, a loose way of living is held discreet, extravagance is called liberality, loquacity passes for affability, laughter for pleasantness, luxury and pride in dress and horses for an honourable sign, excessive decking of the couch is called neatness. No attention is paid to the Scriptures, jokes and merriment are all the care. As much as the jaws are occupied with the viand, so are the ears with idle talk. Dishes are heaped upon dishes to make up for the sole abstinence from flesh. Then there is a double supply of huge fishes. So great is the art of the cook that you may devour four or five dishes, and yet be not satisfied. The palate is cheated by new seasonings gradually to pass from one flavour to another with continual appetite. To mention eggs alone. Who can number the modes in which they are twisted and plied, with what zeal they are twisted this way or that way, now fried, now boiled, now stuffed, now mixed, now simple? The eyes are fed with colours, the palate is tickled with flavours. Why should I speak of water-drinking when even wine mixed with water is not tolerated? You may see at one dinner three or four times a half-filled cup carried round, so that

by the smelling and tasting of different wines and by careful proof, that one which is the strongest may be chosen. For clothing there is sought not what is most useful, but what is most fine in texture. I have seen an abbot with sixty horse or more in his train. Then they carry with them napkins, cups, basins, candlesticks, embroidered coverlets, designed not so much for covering as for ornamenting the bed.

This huge luxury St. Bernard endeavoured to check by means of the Cistercians, or White Monks. This order was intended to be very ascetic, to work hard in the fields, to have very plain buildings and churches, and to be rigidly abstemious in diet. Singularly enough it is to this ascetic order that we owe all our grandest monasteries and churches, such as Fountains, Tintern, Furness, and Vale Royal; and it was by the Cistercians that monastic luxury was carried to its greatest and most refined development. In the twelfth century lived a witty archdeacon of Oxford, named Walter Mapes; he devoted a great part of his rhyming energies, which were considerable, to satirizing the new order of White Monks, and some very hard things does he say of their avarice, their hollow pretences, and hypocrisy.

The popularity of the Cistercians was, however, very great; and for a long time almost every monastic house founded in England belonged to this order. The chief reason of this was that the Cistercians were entirely free from all episcopal superintendence; they were visited and governed exclusively by abbots of their own order. They might defy the bishops, many of whom had very little liking for monks, as they had, through the influence of St. Bernard, obtained the fullest exemptions from the Papal See. Even when a Papal interdict was on the land, and all other churches were shut up, the Cistercians might celebrate divine services. This brought upon them the especial vengeance of King John in the time of the great interdict at the beginning of the thirteenth century. As it was the boast of the Cistercian that, by the labour of his hands, he could dominate and subdue the most stubborn soil, the abbeys of this order are usually built in picturesque and secluded spots. Many of our readers are familiar with the picturesque ruins of Rievaulx, but some perhaps have never heard the story of the touching incident which gave birth to this beauteous pile in the Yorkshire Wolds. The famous Norman knight, Walter Espec—whom the Chroniclers describe as "active and fair to behold"—married in early manhood a beauteous wife named Adelina; this lady bore him one son, a boy who resembled his father in beauty of person and devotion to manly sports. The youth's especial delight was to ride the swiftest horses at the most headlong speed. One day, when he was rushing along at a mad pace, his horse fell with him "near the

little cross towards Frithby," and he broke his neck; the father, overwhelmed with grief, and having no heir for his numerous manors, founded, as a mark of his contrition under affliction, three religious houses, two of them for monks of the Cistercian Order. These two were Rievaulx and Wardon, both of which became very famous among monasteries. Then the baron prospered mightily; another son was born to him; his riches increased. He gave great dowries to his three sisters, married to famous knights, and lived for thirty years in the greatest prosperity; then in his old age he put on the Cistercian habit, and died as a Rievaulx monk in the odour of sanctity. Such is the story of the foundation of Rievaulx. What version of it the English proprietors of the soil, who had been dispossessed by the Norman baron, adopted we are unable to say. The circumstances of the birth of the glorious pile of Fountains are, perhaps, still more interesting. The house of the Black Benedictines of York had become luxurious and negligent of its rule. The monks passed their time in amusement and recreation, and addicted themselves to "luxurious dishes, a great variety of pleasing drinks, and a costly fineness of apparel;" this suited the majority of them well enough, but there were some whose consciences were uneasy. Then came the news to the rich and luxurious abbey of St. Mary's of the hard life and coarse fare of the White Monks of Rievaulx. To thirteen of the brethren of the former the news came like a message from heaven. They determined to leave their pleasant quarters at York, and to go forth and settle in some wilderness; but the abbot, "an aged man, and not very learned," derided their scruples and opposed their secession. They sought out the archbishop. He was an impetuous person, and told the monks they should go whether the abbot liked it or not. He came to the abbey with his train. The abbot rallied his monks who were on the unreforming side, and a free fight took place within the walls of the abbey; the archbishop and his train were driven out, but he carried with him the thirteen monks who sought to be allowed to leave the walls. His object now was to get rid of them as quickly as possible, and so he conferred upon these ardent spirits "a place never inhabited in former times; a place overgrown with thorns, among steep mountains and jutting rocks, more fitted for the lairs of beasts than for the use of man." Here they lodged under a spreading elm tree, living on roots and herbs and any chance gifts of food, until they could rear some humble sheds and become affiliated to the new order then rapidly rising into popularity. In five years' time they had so prospered that they were sending parties to found affiliated houses.

What Fountains became we may all see for ourselves. At

the Dissolution its wealth was enormous. Its manors were to be reckoned by the hundred. Its plate was valued at £700, equal to fully £10,000 of our money. Its farm supported 2,356 horned cattle, 1,326 sheep, and 86 horses. Its buildings covered a space of twelve acres. Sometimes the endurance and self-denial of the early Cistercians did not prove equal to the manifold difficulties which beset them on founding a settlement. To a cause like this the beautiful abbey of Ford owed its existence. A Cistercian colony had been settled at Brightley, by Richard, Lord of Oakhampton. Their patron had erected buildings for them; but the land was so bad, or the monks were so unwilling to labour, that the whole party agreed to abandon the place and return to Waverley, their mother-house. In solemn procession, with their cross borne before them, the brethren passed on their way through the manor of Ford, and in sight of the manor-house, where dwelt Adelicia, the sister of the Lord Richard who had now succeeded to the estate. Hearing the cause of the migration, the lady was struck with contrition on account of the poorness of the gift which had been made by her brother. Straightway she offered to the brethren her own manor-house and the rich domain of Ford. This they were contented to accept, and dwelt there comfortably until an abbey was built for them. It soon, indeed, began to be discovered that the Cistercians were not specially devoted to barren spots and hard living. Thus the settlement at Otmoor abandoned their position for Thame, and that of Haverholme migrated to Louth Park. Pipewell, the famous Northamptonshire abbey, around which grew noble groves of oak, was, after some 200 years of occupation, held to be too poor a spot for the order, which by that time was well steeped in luxury. It is worth noting in what way the alleged poverty of the place had been brought about. "First of all," says the good monk who wrote the account of the abbey, "the brethren loved their fine trees as a mother loves her only son. They carried away the thorns and underwood in carts, or loaded upon the backs of their servants, for the purposes of fuel, but spared the fine timber. But afterwards, growing careless, they began to lop the branches and cut away the roots of the oaks for that purpose. Then everyone, whether layman or parson, who wanted to build a house in the neighbourhood, got an order for cutting timber in these woods; and the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages boldly made raids into the forest and cut and carried away the trees. Certain of the abbots also made a good thing of selling the timber, and clearances were made for arable and pasture land." These monks, who seem to have been of a rather unscrupulous character, were often involved in quarrels with the neighbour-

ing gentry, of which some amusing accounts will be found in Dugdale.

We turn now to a famous monastery of the unreformed order—the original Black Benedictines—and find some curious chapters of history. The Chronicle of Evesham has been published in a volume by itself, in the Rolls Series, and well deserves the care which has been bestowed upon it. It is, indeed, a most remarkable history; and as written by a man of no mean abilities, Thomas of Marlborough, who was monk and ultimately abbot there, is a most authentic story of a mediæval abbey. The unfortunate monks of this abbey were subjected, at the beginning of the twelfth century, to an abbot who was an utterly profligate reprobate. He oppressed them in every possible way, defrauded them of their food, kept them almost without clothes, allowed their buildings to fall into utter decay, while he himself revelled in luxury and all excesses on the proceeds of the abbey lands. At one time his persecutions had reached such a head that the monks seceded in a body; but the abbot pursued them with a posse of armed men, and after a fight drove them back again into the monastery. They appealed against him in every direction, but he managed always, by unblushing perjury, to thwart their complaints. At length, however, there came into England a Legate of the Pope who was not so easily to be baffled. Hearing of the state of things at Evesham, he repaired thither in person, and ordered the monks, in the presence of the abbot, to tell him the truth. Then at length the monk Thomas told his tale:

So scandalous (he said), is the life of our abbot, that it would be a sin to refuse to denounce it. Our sufferings have been so great that almost all regard for our rule has perished from among us. We do not observe the silence which St. Benedict enjoins, but we are continually employed in murmurs and lamentations. Our usual food is bread and water, and our bread is such that none of the pampered servants of the abbot would touch it. In summer we are often made to fast till noon, in winter till evening; never do we sit down to a meal in which some part of our proper fare is not lacking. Sometimes we have no ale, sometimes no salt, so that if perchance we get a few eggs, we are obliged to send one of them into the town to get a little salt to eat the rest. So much for our fare. But what is still worse, our religious services in the church have ceased, because we have neither frocks nor hoods nor other garments. In fact so destitute are we of clothes that we can go neither to the church, the cloister, nor the refectory, but remain in the infirmary. We cannot celebrate mass for want of breeches for the celebrant to wear, and it is not long since that the abbot, desiring to have a mass sung, was obliged to furnish the chaplain with a pair from his own wardrobe. The statutes of the order are quite disregarded by us. We are obliged to run through the country begging, and the name of our monastery is everywhere loaded with opprobrium, and the most evil accusations made

against us. There is no hospitality exercised in the abbey, for we have nothing to give when we ourselves and our servants are perishing for hunger. There is not a roof in the abbey that will keep out the rain, of which your holiness will have practical proof should it rain before your departure. The rents assigned for repairs have been embezzled by the abbot. This man hesitates not to commit simony by selling his patronage for money; he has committed murder, having caused a certain lay-brother who had left the house, to be seized and flogged to death in prison; he gives away the abbey lands to his relations as he pleases; he has involved the convent in debt to support his own extravagances. I grieve to say base things which I ought rather to conceal, but I am obliged to testify of his notorious incontinency, women being constantly with him in his chamber, and he having been guilty of unchastity not only with women married and unmarried, but also even with nuns.

This terrible chapter of accusations was found by the Legate to be strictly true, and the abbot was accordingly deposed and imprisoned. Probably, indeed, this case of Evesham was a very exceptional one; but taking merely the statements of monks themselves, and not trusting to outsiders for, perhaps, prejudiced accounts of them, we find some very remarkable things happening in monasteries. As the Cistercian Order declined in popularity, probably through the tendency towards easy living which they displayed, another order rose to great favour in England. These were not called monks, but canons, though in reality they differed scarcely at all from monks, save that they let the beard grow and wore a cap. In one other point they also differed. Monks might be, and usually were, laymen; canons must be in orders. The Augustinian, or Austin canons, became the favourites in England, and very many houses of them were founded in the fourteenth century. The annals of one of these, viz. Dunstable, have been recently published, and they disclose an extraordinary state of things as to the relations of this religious house with its neighbours. The canons were in a constant state of feud, not only with the townspeople of Dunstable, but with many of the landed proprietors round about. Their constant object seems to have been, either by fair means or foul, to get hold of the advowsons of churches. Being a community of priests, they could undertake the service of a church, while the revenues of it went into the common fund; or, if the incumbent was a foreigner and non-resident, they would "farm" the church for him, giving him so much annually, and getting what they could from the parish in return for the performance of the church services. The minute account given in this chronicle of the series of conflicts between the priory and the town is highly amusing, if not very edifying. The prior had obtained seignorial rights over the town, and so mercilessly were the people fleeced, that at length they rose in a general rebellion.

The prior called in the aid of the bishop, who ordered excommunications to be pronounced; but the people profanely replied, "They were excommunicated already, and they would rather remain so, and even go to hell, sooner than give way in the matter of the taxing."[1] At one time the people of Dunstable were seriously deliberating as to quitting their town altogether, and building themselves another habitation out of the reach of these persecuting neighbours.

To illustrate further the relations between monks and their neighbours, we turn to the Chronicle of Bartholomew de Cotton, a monk of Norwich. Under the year "1272," this monk has a sad tale to tell of the troubles which befell his monastery:

On the day of SS. Peter and Paul, at the hour when the convent sang Prime, there was a mighty storm of thunder and lightning, and the tower of the Church of the Holy Trinity in Norwich was struck with such force that huge stones were torn out of it in a way terrible to behold, and hurled to the earth. All the brethren fled in terror from the choir, except three, one of whom fell to the ground as though dead, and the others struggled hard to keep up the psalm until the remainder returned. It was thought by most that these things happened as a presage of the greater misfortune which was to follow. For, on the morrow of St. Laurence, the citizens of Norwich surrounded the monastery, and not being able to force an entrance, applied fire to the great gates to which a certain parish church adjoined, and burned them together with the church, and all its fittings, and images, and contents. At the same time they applied fire to the great alms-houses, to the gates of the abbey church, to the great bell tower; all of which, together with the bells, were burned. They burned the dormitory, the refectory, the guest-hall, the infirmary with its chapel, and almost all the buildings of the court. Very many belonging to the house, some of them sub-deacons, some clerks, some laymen, they slew in the cloister and within the precincts of the monastery; some they dragged out and put to death in the town, some they threw into prison. Entering into the monastery, they plundered all the sacred vessels, books, gold and silver, and vestments, which had not been consumed, and put to flight all the monks except two or three. For three days they continued their attack, burning, slaying and spoiling.

Of course vengeance was taken for this ferocious outbreak; but the time was the weak reign of Henry III., when justice was scarce in the land. A few insignificant criminals were dragged at the tails of horses and hanged, but the opulent citizens, who were most in fault, procured immunity by bribes; and turning the tables against the prior, accused him of many evil practices, so that he was committed to the bishop's prison, and the estates of the monastery were taken into the hands of the King. A similar outbreak to this at Norwich, occurred

[1] "Ann. de Dunstap." p. 122.

about the same time at the abbey of St. Swithun's at Winchester, when some of the monks were slain, and part of the monastic buildings consumed by fire. It is hardly, however, to be inferred that, as a rule, monasteries were unpopular with their neighbours. On some occasions we find the people taking up arms to defend them when attacked. This was the case in Bishop Grosseteste's assault on the famous abbey of Bardney. Here the abbot had become indebted to a certain clerk, and the creditor had applied to the archdeacon to recover the debt for him. The archdeacon summoned the abbot into his court; the abbot, standing upon his dignity, refused to appear. Then the bishop was appealed to, and the abbot, still declining to appear and plead, was excommunicated. Then the bishop sent a body of his people to take possession of the abbey. The doors were shut against them, and as soon as their errand became known there was such a general concourse of the people of the neighbourhood arming themselves for the attack that the bishop's party were forced to fly for their lives. One great source of influence with the great and powerful which the monasteries possessed, was the associations connected with their burial-grounds. It was held a thing much to be desired to be buried among the monks; and as the families of those who were thus buried were naturally interested in the religious house which had given a resting-place to their friends or ancestors, the monasteries eagerly sought to be allowed to pay the last honours to any distinguished or wealthy persons. The most violent rivalry sometimes arose on this point between the religious houses contending for the privilege of burying a deceased magnate. We have an amusing instance of this in the annals of Worcester Abbey, which illustrates also the bitter rivalry which existed between the old orders of monks and the new orders of friars, who differed altogether from the monks in their rules and manner of life. In the year 1289 died a certain wealthy citizen of Worcester named Henry de la Poche; the Franciscan Friars, who were very busy about death-beds, especially those of the rich, had been attending this man in his last illness, and when he died they claimed the right of interring his body in their cemetery. But it was well-known to the monks of the Benedictine Abbey of Worcester that the good citizen had often expressed his desire to be buried within the abbey cemetery; and so when the Franciscans endeavoured to obtain possession of the body the sacristan of the abbey appeared with a strong force, drove them away—probably not without inflicting some severe chastisement on them—carried away the corpse, and interred it in the abbey graveyard. But the Franciscans just at that time were dangerous persons to offend. The Archbishop of

Canterbury was of their order, and to him at once they carried their complaints. The archbishop wrote angrily to the bishop that he could not allow the friars to be thus maltreated; that for the blows and violence offered them recompense must be made. At the same time he laid it down as a general rule, that the bodies of the dead should be carried to the cathedral church, and a mass said for the repose of their souls; and then, if the friars can show that the corpse has been bequeathed to them, they shall have it for burial, "provided always that the church (of the abbey) loses nothing." Such was to be the rule for the future; but in this case, because of the violence of the monks, the body of De la Poche was to be exhumed and handed over to the friars for burial, and the prior and monks were to be cited to appear before the archbishop. Upon receiving this missive the bishop held an inquiry, and found that the latest wish of the defunct citizen was to be buried in the cemetery of St. Mary (the cathedral); and that no violence had, in fact, been offered to the friars other than the pressure of the crowd around them. The archbishop, however, insisted on the body being exhumed and given up. The friars promised that they would carry it away as quietly as possible; the monks yielded. But, lo and behold! instead of a quiet deportation the treacherous friars invited all the people as to a spectacle, and with "great pomp and much noise, boasting to all the people in English of the privilege thus given to them, to our utter confusion and shame, they carried the body with triumphant hymns and much rejoicing to their cemetery."[1]

The Franciscans, or Grey Friars, by a series of sturdy lying had brought people in general to believe that there was no way of passing out of the world so satisfactory, and so certain to lead to good results, as dying in the habit of St. Francis. Of the monks they had but a poor opinion, and could hold out but little hope of any who were weak enough to put on the black habit of a Benedictine instead of the brown frock of the Franciscan. Thus in the Lanercost Chronicle, which is the composition of Franciscan Friars, and is full of amusing stories of their miracles, we have an account of the dreadful apparition after death of one "clothed in the dress of a black monk," who reduces everything to ashes which he touches, and against whom darts and arrows are of no avail. It is not to be supposed, however, that the attacks were all on one side. If we turn to the pages of the Benedictine Matthew Paris, we shall find the most vehement declamations against the iniquities of the friars. In fact, between monks and friars there was always a very

[1] "Ann. de Wigorn." p. 504.

pretty quarrel, as also between both and the secular parochial clergy. It was partly this latter feeling, and not altogether the consciousness of having abuses in their houses which might bring down censure upon them, which made the monks so extremely dislike and so constantly resist the visitations of the bishops. The bishop, indeed, had often been a monk, but in his episcopal character he stood in a new relation to the monastery; the monkish character had been swallowed up and ceased to exist, and the bishop came as the representative of an external and secular power. An amusing anecdote is preserved by William de Dene, the Rochester chronicler, of a visitation sermon before the bishop when he came to visit the Rochester monastery. The monk took for his text the words in which Jesse orders David to visit his brethren. "Yes," he said, "brethren, not subjects. Those of this house are the bishop's brethren. If he had not been one of them he could not have been bishop;" adding, rather profanely, "The bishop can't say, 'You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you,' inasmuch as it was we who made him." "And so," says the chronicler, "he filled his whole sermon with scornful words of the bishop. And indeed not without reason for it, for the brethren had agreed before to give him a bottle of wine if he would say all these things."[1]

Should the bishop come down sharply upon the monastery with a severe injunction, the monks had an almost certain remedy by an appeal to the Pope. It was always the policy of the Papal See to take the part of the regular as against the secular clergy, and the rights of the diocesan bishop were never highly appraised at Rome. Thus, in the long and fierce struggle between the monastery of Christ Church, Canterbury, against the archbishop backed by the King, the monks, with Rome to support them, proved too strong for the national authorities. Archbishop Baldwin did not hesitate to resort to the severest measures to reduce the monastery to obedience. The monks were kept in a state of imprisonment for eighty-four weeks; but such was the popularity of the shrine of St. Thomas, that pilgrims from all parts flocked to it, and by their gifts kept the imprisoned monks in comfort and luxury. They were so well fed that 200 strangers were daily fed with the superfluous contributions. Fish, vegetables, and cakes were supplied to them without stint, and even poultry was presented for the use of the sick.

The Popes granted arbitrarily exemptions to special monasteries, so that in addition to the privileged orders which were never subjected to bishops, as the Cistercians and the military

[1] "Ang. Sacra," i. 372.

orders, there were here and there among the old Benedictine monasteries houses over which the diocesan had no power. The first abbey which obtained this anomalous privilege was that of St. Alban's, and it came to it through some very strange circumstances. A youth, named Nicholas Breakspear, had sought admission into the abbey as a monk; but he was found, upon trial, to be so grossly illiterate, that the abbot refused to admit him. Upon this the said Nicholas betook himself to Paris, and giving himself earnestly to study, rose, through various promotions, until he became Pope, by the title of Adrian IV. During his Popedom, the Abbot of St. Alban's, believing himself to be oppressed by his ordinary, the Bishop of Lincoln, appealed to the Papal See, but with some misgivings, as he thought the Pope might possibly not feel very kindly towards St. Alban's. On the contrary, however, the Pope considered that the abbot had done him a great service by making him feel his ignorance and apply himself to study. In gratitude for this salutary rebuff, his Holiness granted to the abbey some most exceptional privileges, exempted it from episcopal control, and made the abbot himself a bishop, in all save consecration, constituting him thus the first of the mitred abbots of England. St. Alban's was thus left to govern itself. What it became under this freedom we have unfortunately very melancholy evidence. In the fifteenth century Archbishop Morton addressed a rescript to this abbey, in which the charges brought against it for open and unblushing immorality are so terrible, that had they been written by a Reformer, or by one who was opposed to monastic institutions, we should have simply dismissed them as infamous slanders. Coming as they do from a thoroughly Papal prelate, we are compelled to believe them. Truly, nothing worse was ever written in the Black Book which was got up by Henry VIII.'s commissioners as a preliminary to the suppression of monasteries, than is to be found in the letter of the archbishop, touching one of the most conspicuous abbeys of England. That the case of St. Alban's was, however, exceptional, we are quite disposed to believe. Even the commissioners of Henry VIII. acknowledged that in the great abbeys "religion was well kept." Nothing, probably, could have been more orderly, more dignified and grand, than Glastonbury under Abbot Whiting—Glastonbury, the oldest and the noblest of the English abbeys, the origin of which dates back to British times, which gave no less than seven primates to the English Church before the Conquest. There is no sadder chapter in monastic history than the infamous trial and judicial murder of Abbot Whiting, in order that the vast wealth of this ancient abbey might enrich the profligate spoiler.

That monasteries had ceased long before the time of their suppression, to be, in the general opinion of Churchmen, of any practical value, is shown by the fact that for 150 years before the Reformation scarcely one had been founded. The benefactions of the faithful in the fifteenth century were directed towards colleges. Monasteries had done a good work in their day; but they had become obsolete, and the requirements of the advancing growth of the nation made their abolition necessary. They held about one-fifth of the land of the country, and caused the exemption of all this from State burdens, thus throwing an unfair weight upon the holders of the rest. They took up and isolated from the active service of the country a large number of active and vigorous men and women, which was an impediment to progress; and by their vows of chastity they interfered with the natural growth of the population. Putting aside the religious question altogether, it is evident that monasteries were doomed.

G. G. PERRY.

Reviews.

The Golden Chersonese, and the Way Thither. By ISABELLA L. BIRD (MRS. BISHOP), author of "The Hawaiian Archipelago," "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains," etc. With map and illustrations. Pp. 380. John Murray, 1883.

MISS BIRD'S "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan" was reviewed in THE CHURCHMAN at the time of its publication, and it was recommended as interesting and informing in a high degree. The volume before us—the last instalment of her travels in the Far East—is a companion of that charming work; and those of our readers who desire to put up a first-rate book of travels for a Swiss, Scotch, Norwegian, or American run this summer, cannot do better than purchase this. The accomplished author has several gifts which are really rare; and her works, all of which have been warmly commended in these pages, well repay reading. Certain passages in "The Golden Chersonese" have just now a special interest, describing as they do "unbeaten tracks" in colonies, important from a commerce which is growing, and attractive withal, yet about which few English people know anything, and the general reader nothing. But the whole book, from beginning to end, is ably written, bright, instructive, and eminently real; free from a touch of either sensationalism or flippancy—its tone, indeed, is thoroughly reverent.

The *Aurea Chersonesus* of Ptolemy, the "Golden Chersonese" of Milton, the Malay Peninsula of our day, has no legitimate claim to an ancient history. The first definite statement about it seems to be in a letter from Emanuel, King of Portugal, to the Pope; and he states that

his General, Albuquerque,* had captured this city of Malacca, and slaughtered the Moors (Mohammedans) who defended it. As a result of this triumph, by the year 1600 the commerce of the Straits had fallen into the hands of the Portuguese. In 1641 their empire in the Straits was seized upon by the Dutch. Towards the end of the eighteenth century the East India Company acquired Pinang and Province Wellesley; in 1823, Singapore; and in 1824, Malacca. In 1867 these colonies were consolidated into one government under the Crown; and at present "the Straits Settlements," prized as among the most valuable of our possessions of the Far East, though merely small islands or narrow strips of coast territory, have exports and imports over £32,000,000! Besides these bits of British territory, there are also on the western side of the Peninsula the "protected" States of Perak, Selangor, and Sungei Ujong. Of the centre and of the east side of the Peninsula scarcely anything is known: more than half of it, indeed, has not at all been explored. The Malays are not the Aborigines of this singular spit of land. A population of "Wild Tribes," several thousands in number, called by the Malays *Orang Benua*, or "men of the country," roam about in the central districts and in the forests of the chain of mountains which run down the middle of the Peninsula. It is by the energy and capital of the Chinese population, which is rapidly increasing, that the resources of the Peninsula are being developed. The Malays are strict Mohammedans; they are a settled and agricultural people, to some extent educated, and living in houses more or less tasteful. Of the flora and fauna of the Peninsula, of its productions and climate, our author gives very interesting information. The descriptions of life and scenery in this gorgeous tropic land are very graphic. It is only of those territories which are under British rule or protection that her letters treat, although in order to make the book more useful, statements as to the whole Peninsula have been added.

Open this volume where one may, something attractive is sure to meet the eye. Two or three descriptions of life in Malacca may be given as specimens; but first let us see how the author voyaged to that city from Siagapore.

The *Rainbow* (she writes) is a very small vessel, her captain half Portuguese and half Malay, her crew Chinese; and her cabin passengers were all Chinese merchants. Her engineer is a Welshman, a kindly soul, who assured Mr. —— when he commended me to his care, that he "was a family man, and that nothing gave him greater pleasure than seeing that ladies were comfortable;" and I owe to his good offices the very small modicum of comfort that I had. . . . . The wore their pigtails coiled round their heads, and loose blue cotton trousers. We deck was packed with Chinese coolies, on their way to seek wealth in the diggings at Perak. They were lean, yellow, and ugly, smoked a pipe of opium each at sundown, had slipped our cable at Singapore because these coolies were clambering over every part of the vessel, and defying all attempts to keep them out, so that to "cut and run" was our only chance. . . . I am the only European passenger, and the

* The romantic exploits of Albuquerque, who conquered Malacca in 1511, were apostrophized in the *Lusiad*—

* * * * * * *

Though poisoned shafts their ponderous quivers store,
Malacca's spicy groves and golden ore,
Great Albuquerque, thy dauntless toils shall crown.

only woman on board. I had a very comfortable night lying on deck in the brisk breeze on the waveless sea.

Later on was done this sketch :

There is a long bay with dense forests of coco-palms, backed by forests of I know not what, then rolling hills, and to the right, beyond these, a mountain known as Mount Ophir, rich in gold. Is this possibly, as many think, the Ophir of the Bible, and this land of gems and gold truly the "Golden Chersonese"? There are islets of emerald green lying to the south, and in front of us a town of antiquated appearance, low houses, much coloured, with flattish, red-tiled roofs, many of them built on piles, straggling for a long distance, and fringed by massive-looking bungalows half buried in trees. A hill rises near the middle, crowned by a ruined cathedral, probably the oldest Christian church in the Far East.

The *Rainbow* was surrounded by a crowd of Malay boats, with rude sails made of mats, and by one of these the lady's card and note of introduction were sent to the Lieutenant-Governor. Soon after, the captain and engineer went ashore, and she was left among a crowd of Chinamen and Malays, without any possibility of being understood by any of them. "At last," she writes, "when very nearly famished, and when my doubts as to the wisdom of this novel and impromptu expedition had become very serious indeed, a European boat appeared, moving with the long, steady stroke of a man-of-war's boat, rowed by six native policemen, with a frank-looking, bearded countryman steering, and his peons in white, with scarlet and gold hats and sashes, in the bow." As this boat swept up to the *Rainbow's* side, a man in white stepped on board, and introduced himself to her as Mr. Biggs, the colonial chaplain, deputed to receive her on behalf of the Governor, who was away on a little trip in the country. Quarters were ready for her in the Stadthaus, close to the Government bungalow.

I was introduced to my rooms (she writes) with their floors of red Dutch tiles, their blue walls, their whitewashed rafters, their doors and their windows consisting of German shutters only, their ancient beds of portentous height, and their silent and haunted look, and then went to tiffin with Mr. and Mrs. Biggs. Mr. Biggs is a student of hymnology, and we are soon in full swing on this mutually congenial subject. . . . The Government bungalow, in which I spend most of my time, is a comfortable little cottage, with verandahs longer than itself. In the front verandah, festooned with trailers and orchids, two Malay military policemen are always on guard, and two scornful looking Bengalis in white trousers, white short robes, with sashes of crimson silk striped with gold, and crimson and gold flat hats above their handsome but repellent faces, make up the visible part of the establishment. One of these Bengalis has been twice to Mecca.

"The Governor's bungalow being scarcely large enough for the Governor's family," writes Mrs. Bishop, "I am lodged in the old Dutch Stadthaus, formerly the residence of the Dutch Governor and which has enough of solitude and faded stateliness to be fearsome, or at the least eerie, to a solitary guest like myself, to whose imagination in the long dark nights, creeping Malays or pilfering Chinamen are far more likely to present themselves than the stiff beauties and formal splendours of Dutch ascendancy. The Stadthaus, which stands on the slope of the hill, and is the most prominent building in Malacca, is now used as the Treasury, Post Office, and Government offices generally. There are large state reception rooms, including a ball-room, and suits of apartments for the use of the Governor of the Straits Settlements, the Chief

Justice, and other high officials, on their visits to Malacca." Our author continues, as follows:

The worst of my stately habitation is, that after four in the afternoon there is no one in it but myself, unless a Chinese coolie, who has a lair somewhere, and appears in my room at all sorts of unusual hours, after I think I have bolted and barred every means of ingress. However, two Malay military policemen patrol the verandahs outside at intervals all night, and I have the comfort of imagining that I hear, far below, the clank of the British sentries who guard the Treasury. In the early morning my eyes always open on the governor's handsome Mohammedan servant in spotless white muslin and red head-dress and girdle, bringing a tray with tea and bananas. The Chinese coolie who appears mysteriously attends on me, and acts as housemaid, our communications being entirely by signs. The mosquitos are awful.

Malacca, we read, is a land where it is "always afternoon"—hot, still, and dreamy. Two Chinese steamers make it a port of call, but except that they bring mails, their comings and goings are of no interest to the very small English part of the population.

From a charming letter on Klang, we may make a brief quotation.

Klang looks as if half the houses were empty. . . . Yesterday evening we had service in the hall, the whole white population being "sounded up" for it; seven men and two women, three of whom are Roman Catholics. The congregation sat under one punkah, and the Resident under another, both being worked by bigoted Mohammedans! . . . We had one of the most beautiful of the Ambrosian hymns, and possibly Dr. Bonar may like to hear that his hymn "I heard the voice of Jesus say" was sung with equal enjoyment in the wilds of the Golden Chersonese.

We have made quotations from one portion of this delightful book, but every letter is equally well written and full of interest. We should add that a capital map makes the track of the journeys through this *terra incognita* easy to be followed, and that there are several good engravings.

Annals of the Parish of Almondbury, Yorkshire. By CHARLES AUGUSTUS HULBERT, M.A., Vicar, Honorary Canon of Ripon. London: Longman and Co.

THE title of this book might lead us to expect to find little of general interest, though there might be much local information. Reading it, we find it far otherwise. The history of Almondbury is, in fact, that of a large and populous district, including its topography, antiquities, families, and celebrities. While what is commonly called Church progress is fully described, the history of the Church spiritual is the thread which runs through the book. During the last fifty years we find that the number of churches in the ancient parish has increased from four to nineteen, and it has possessed, and still possesses, a large body of Evangelical clergymen. Not only the antiquary and the lover of history, but the general reader will find in these annals much to interest him; and he who loves to observe the true work of the Church will derive much satisfaction. The book contains four parts, which have been published separately. The first is devoted to the Parish Church; the second to the Halls, Grammar School, and Family History; the third to the Ancient Chapels, District Churches, Local History and Records; the fourth to Biography and Illustrations. An immense amount of labour has been bestowed upon the work, and we learn from the preface that the venerable author has been collecting materials for forty years.

The Rural Deanery of Huddersfield consists of four large parishes of

which Almondbury is one, and contains forty-two distinct parochial districts. All the incumbents of the mother churches have for many years been Evangelical men, and by the appointments they have made to their daughter churches and their zeal in church extension they have had a very important influence on the religious life of the neighbourhood. The church at Almondbury is thought by some antiquaries to have been founded by Paulinus, though on the neighbouring Castle Hill, where are the earthworks of an ancient fortress some of which are possibly Roman. The nave and tower of the present church belong to the early sixteenth century; the chancel being much older. A remarkable inscription runs round the painted oak ceiling of the nave, to which the name of Geferay Doyston is attached, and date 1522. The Saviour is supposed to be addressing the sinner. In the course of it are these words: "Thou man unkynd have in thy mynd my blody face, my woundys wyde on every syde for thy trespas. Thou synner hard turn heder (hither) ward behold thy Savyor fre. . . . For thy trespas my passion was to rede (rid) the from the fende (fiend)." Using the author's words, "The date is remarkable, as being just previous to the Reformation, indicative of sound doctrine even at that time in this church."

Mainly through the energy of the Vicar this interesting church has been restored at a cost of £9,000, all of which has been paid off. Among the contributors were Sir. J. W. Ramsden, the Earl of Dartmouth, and many of the leading manufacturers of the neighbourhood. The author has given many curious extracts from the churchwardens' accounts and registers. In the former is an item of 2s. 6d. on May 9th, 1705, "For walking in ye Church on ye Sunday to keep people from sleeping, and whipping of ye doggs." There is an item in 1698, "Wine for Communion for the whole year £16 3s. 3d." This a remarkably large sum, since further on we find that in 1712 the price was 1s. 6d. per quart. The mother church appears to have supplied wine to district churches. It would appear, however, that it was deemed necessary in 1727 that "Wine remaining unconsecrated be locked up duly in sight of all the Churchwardens then attending, and the key delivered to the Vicar." The following curions regulation of the vestry appears, made in 1778, "Vicar or Curate one quart (of wine), whenever he officiates, in lieu of any allowances which the Rubrick has appointed to the officiating Clergymen in celebrating the Communion Service. Churchwardens, on Easter Sunday, each one pint of wine for his proper use." This shows that the wine consumed was hardly due to the large number of communicants in those "good old times."

There are "frequent payments for Foxes' Heads, and Foomards' or Polecats' heads." There are payments for "Perambulations in Rogation Week." In 1713, for "Ye poore persons in Yorke Castle." In 1764, "Cloth for Communion Table and for a Pennance Sheet," "for a bason for the use of the Church to christen at Communion Table." The Registers go back to 1557. They contain dismal details of the ravages of the Plague in that neighbourhood in 1588, also a notice of the Plague in London, 1563. Many deaths by accidents and suicides are recorded, interspersed with prayers and godly remarks by the then Vicar, Robert Staynton. There is a record of a marriage in 1559, when the "Ministration of the Holy Communion in connection with the solemnization of

matrimony was desired by the bridegroom." Among the family records we find a full account of the family of Kaye of Woodsouse, from whom the Earls of Dartmouth derived their family estates. An extract is given from the life of Oliver Heywood, a distinguished Nonconformist, from which it appears that his preaching was seriously, and apparently unjustly, interrupted by the Sir John Kaye of the time, 1673, "who was zealous against Nonconformity." The history of the district churches wonderfully illustrate the zeal and liberality which is the result of wholesome religious influence. It contains records of many holy clerical and lay Churchmen, "whose works doth follow them." Among the biographies is that of Thomas Scot de Rotherham, Archbishop of York, who endowed a college at Rotherham with the rectory of Almondbury, providing for a vicar. An extract from his will, 1485, is given, where he makes his bequests out of gratitude to "Jesus, Whose name, O, if I had loved it as I ought and would." Conspicuous among the modern Vicars of Almondbury appears Rev. Lewis Jones, who was there for forty-four years. He found in the parish one church and three parochial chapels; he left "eighteen churches with districts assigned, parsonages, schools, burial-grounds, and endowments added or enlarged, and the spiritual interests of his flock were promoted by the appointment of able and faithful ministers." Eight of these churches are in the patronage of the Vicar, and two others of the Vicar and a layman conjointly. The difficulties Mr. Jones had to encounter, and the perseverance with which he overcame them, are very remarkable. There is an interesting notice of Rev. George Hough, who was the founder of the "Almondbury Clerical Society" in 1828, and for fifty years its secretary. The testimony of his consistent life and sound Evangelical teaching will not soon be forgotten. Canon Hulbert has added a list of the gravestones in the church, and much useful information of a local character.

The volume contains several photographs and lithographic illustrations, which add much to its interest, including a portrait of the esteemed author. It is well printed, and there is a good index. Conciseness is rarely arrived at in histories which must deal with so many subjects, and it is not easy for an author of such a book to exclude matter which cannot interest the world at large, though very important to his neighbours. Considering these difficulties, Canon Hulbert has been unusually successful in bringing out a readable book. A kindly Christian spirit runs through the record, and good work, by whomsoever done, receives its due acknowledgment. In giving a truthful record of his own parish, a clergyman cannot omit to state what he has himself been enabled to carry out, and our author is no exception to this; but in doing so he does not omit to make plain his obligations to others. We trust that the book may, by its circulation, fully accomplish the objects for which it has been written.

Short Notices.

Among the Mongols. By the Rev. JAMES GILMOUR, M.A., London Mission, Peking. With illustrations. The Religious Tract Society.

This is one of the very best books of the kind. It aims to represent whatever is most interesting in the manners and customs, occupations and surroundings, religious beliefs and practices of the Mongol tribes. The author has travelled with natives through the desert, shared the discomforts of their tent-life, and enjoyed the hospitality of their homes; he has gone in and out among them during the greater part of twelve years, noting, studying, and gaining experience; he writes like a man of sense and judgment, and his book is highly informing, while it is very readable and enjoyable from beginning to end. To quote the titles of some of his chapters, and give a couple of extracts will show the character of the work. "A night in a Mongol's tent," "Dining with a Mongol," "Doctoring the Mongols," with chapters on Marriage, Thieves, Prisoners, Native Whisky, Wolves, etc., may be named. From the chapter on the Mongol Mecca, Wu T'ai Shan, the great sacred place of Mongol pilgrimage, we quote the following:

On the altars before the images (writes Mr. Gilmour) were numerous little lamps trimmed and burning. The butter for the lights is supplied from the gifts of devout pilgrims. . . . The lamas of this temple were educated men, and we found them engaged in copying a large sacred book, in letters of gold on blue cardboard. The Mongols believe that to write out a sacred book in black ink brings much merit, to write it in red ink brings more merit, but to write it in gold brings most merit.

Among the other temples which we visited was one with a large tope or mound. At the base of the tope were mounted more than three hundred praying-wheels, which the worshippers set in motion one after the other as they passed round. Inside a building of the same temple, we came upon an immense praying-wheel about sixty feet high, containing shrines, images, books, and prayers. To the devout Mongol such a wheel is a most useful invention. It is filled with books and prayers which would take him a lifetime to read and repeat. Most likely he cannot read, or if he can read, he cannot find time to read so much, so he comes to the temple. Two or three together go down to the cellar, lay hold on the hand-spokes, and with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, round goes the wheel, and each one of them believes he gains just as much merit as if he had read the books, repeated the prayers, and knocked his head to all the gods that grin from the shelves and shrines of the wheel. No wonder that the Mongols travel hundreds of miles to reach so quick a method of making merit!

But the temple of all the temples at Wu T'ai is P'u Sa T'ing. It stands central among the others, and in it lives the Zassak Lama, who rules all the other lamas. The P'u Sa T'ing is built along the ridge of a hill, and is reached by a very steep path, at the top of which rises a flight of over one hundred steps. We climbed up and entered. We found a street lined on both sides with houses built in the Tibetan style, and evidently crowded with lamas and pilgrims. The houses and the people did not look clean, and the street looked worse than either, being partly blocked up with piles of wood and argol, to be used as fuel. We were taken to the room of the attendant of the great lama, and a snug room it was, being clean, comfortable, and kept warm by a charcoal fire in a well-polished brass brasier. Near the ceiling, just above the charcoal fire, hung a paper cylinder, like an inverted wheel of life, which kept constantly turning. This also was a praying-

wheel, and was kept in motion by the hot air ascending from the fire. In this way, whether the lama slept or ate, was at home or abroad, entertained his friends or attended to his superior, the wheel kept continually turning, and merit was always coming to his abode. Such was his idea.

"A night in a Mongol's Tent" is well described: "We had been "travelling, uncertain both as to the time of day and the proper direc- "tion of our route. If we could have seen the sun," continues the author, "we should have known both the time and the points of the compass; "but the air high up was loaded with very fine dust, which hid the sun "and covered the earth with a dull twilight. At last the darkness began "to thicken, and we knew night had come, and a short time afterwards "we struck the great road, and my guide assured me we were not far "from tents. Both our camels and ourselves were fairly tired out, and "the hope of rest soon seemed pleasant; but on and on we went, and "still no tents.

"My guide, being mounted on a swift young camel, kept so far ahead "of me that I could just distinguish a dark mass away before me. After "following the road a long time, I urged my camel on, overtook the "guide, and asked him where these tents were; he simply pointed forward, "and said, probably they were there. This was little comfort, but it was "all that was to be had; his swift camel soon drew ahead again, and left "my old animal far behind. Still no tent; still the distant black mass "loomed in the darkness before, and I felt convinced that my guide "knew little more about the tents than I did. Suddenly the black mass "seemed to become broader. Was it the camel with his length across "the road? Then it moved a little to the right. Had my guide spied "tents? A very little urging now brought my camel alongside of his "swifter companion.

"We had left the road, certainly, but where were the tents? Some "distance off there was a streak slightly blacker than the rest of the "darkness. The quick eye of the Mongol had noticed this. As we "approached it, dogs began to bark, tent-doors opened, and fires gleamed. "We had found inhabitants at last. We were soon seated by the bright "fire of a Lama's tent. The Lama was about twenty-seven years of age, "and lived with his mother, an old woman over fifty, and another little "Lama, about fifteen. They were just at dinner, which seemed to con- "sist of boiled millet, flavoured with a very acid kind of sour milk. The "old woman urged the two Lamas to finish their dinner quickly, that she "might heat some tea for the two travellers. After snuff-bottles had been "exchanged, and the customary questions asked and answered about the "personal health and comfort of our host, and the peace and prosperity "of his flocks; and he, on the other hand, had been informed who we "were, where we were going, and how our cattle stood the journey; my "Lama guide ventured to ask if there would be room for us to sleep in "this tent.

"Our Lama host did not seem altogether pleased at the request, and "answered, '*I am afraid not.*' His fear seemed quite natural. The tent "was small, and pretty well filled up round the north part with boxes, "and the altar, on which a butter-lamp was then burning. Most of the "west side was taken up by a lamb-fold, and the east side, in addition to "the usual quantity of pots, water-holders, milk-vessels, that cumber "that part, had a thriving calf tied up, which, for lack of something "better to do, kept licking with evident relish everything it could reach. "There seemed to be little enough room for three people to sleep, how "then could other two find room?

"My Lama, nothing daunted, replied that I was not proud or trouble- "some, and could do with very little room; and it was finally settled "that I should sleep where I was, and my guide should sleep in a neigh-

"bouring tent. This arranged, we drank our tea, the neighbours came "in to see us, our Lama host soon thawed, and he and I engaged in con- "versation, while my guide superintended the cooking of our dinner.

"Our host proved more intelligent than Lamas usually are, and could "read Mongolian—a very extraordinary thing for a priest. When I "produced my satchel of gospels, catechisms, and tracts, he handed me a "book he had been reading just before dinner. It was not printed, but "written in a small character, and much thumbed and worn. It was "some old historical legend, and the Lama pointed to the place where he "had been reading, and asked me a word in it he could not make out. "He next asked me to read the whole passage, which I did. It ran thus: "'The hero (I forget his name), stuffing the mouth of the hole with his "white bonnet, took a large stone, and "toong, toong," beat the ground "above. The fox, alarmed, rushed out, and ran off with the white bonnet "on its head.' I had got thus far, when a neighbour came in to let "me see a Mongol prayer-book, used in presenting offerings to the god "of the fire. I had to read a piece of this also, and then our dinner "was ready.

"While we ate, our host applied himself to the Gospel I had given him, "and he could make it out very well indeed. He asked many questions "about Christ and our religion, and this gave ample opportunity of ex- "plaining to him and to all in the tent the way of salvation through "Christ.

"After a good deal of interesting conversation on this subject, the "time for sleep arrived. My guide went off to the other tent, and my "host pointed out my place of rest between the lambs and the fire. I "rolled myself in my sheepskin blanket, and found that the place given "me was just large enough; no more. I could see no place for the Lama "to sleep; and on asking him what he meant to do, he said he had to sit "up and watch a cow that was expected to calve. The cold is so great, "even in April, that a newly-born calf exposed all night is frozen to "death. The Lama settled himself on the south-east of the fire, took "the Gospel in one hand, and with his other hand from time to time "kept throwing argols on the fire to keep up light enough to read with. "Though very tired, I could not sleep except for a few minutes at a time; "and always when I woke up there was the Lama reading slowly away "at the Gospel, and always adding a few more argols to keep up the "light. Happily, the book was printed from wooden blocks by a China- "man in Peking. This made it less neat than movable type would have "been, but at the same time made it much larger and rounder, and much "better adapted for the bad eyes of the Mongols and the dim light of "their tents. All night through this Lama kept reading, going out at "intervals to see his cow; and when dawn began to come and people "from the other tents began to move about, he went off to sleep, and we "got up and prepared to depart.

"While the old woman was boiling tea for us, I read a chapter in Mon- "golian, and when I had finished this, and we were drinking our tea, the "Lama roused himself and asked why we called the Gospel 'the Joyful "News.' The reason, I told him, was that all men are sinful. This he "admitted at once. I then reminded him of how the Mongols sought to "wipe away sin, and escape hell by penance, pilgrimages, fastings, offer- "ings, and other difficult works. Now this book says that when a man "wants to get rid of his sin, he has only to look to Christ and his sin clears "away; that when he wants to escape hell, he has only to come to Christ, "and Christ saves him by making him meet for heaven. Is not the book, "then, rightly named 'the Joyful News'? He at once assented, got up, "expressed many friendly wishes, escorted us beyond the range of the "dogs, and made me promise that if I came back that way I would call

"on him. As I left his friendly abode I could not help feeling that, not-
"withstanding the cold reception at first, the lambs on the one side, the
"fire on the other, and the sleeplessness, I had spoken the truth, when,
"in reply to the pleasant Mongolian salutation on waking, I replied,
"'Yes, I *have* spent a good night.'"

A Memoir of the Right Hon. William Page Wood, Baron Hatherley. With selections from his correspondence. Edited by his nephew, W. R. W. STEPHENS, M.A., Prebendary of Chichester, and Rector of Woolbeding. Two Volumes. R. Bentley and Son, 1883.

We are glad to have, at length, a Memoir of Lord Hatherley. These two volumes are readable and instructive. One-third of the first volume is taken up by an autobiographical sketch, hurriedly written in 1863; it breaks off abruptly, with the words, "I really can write no more." Selections from the letters to his life-long friend, Walter Farquhar Hook, beginning in 1818, and ending in 1875, compose the main portion of the work. As to the value of these letters, many readers will agree with the Editor; certainly, they contain much that pleasingly recalls the events of bygone days, and a memoir which traces "the career of one who by great ability, persevering industry, and singular purity of goodness, steadily found his way to one of the highest official positions in the country, although he never made it the object of ambitious pursuit," can hardly fail to be read with interest and profit. Religion is the principal matter. Page Wood was a consistent Christian, deeply reverent, sober and staunch. He was besides a Radical in politics, while as a Churchman his views were "High." His political principles do not lessen the interest or the value of the Memoir. It is most important in these days, while treating of Christian truth and Christian living, to keep free from political prejudice and party spirit. Again, as to the Church of England, Radicals as well as Tories may merit praise for loyalty and love. It would be an evil day for the Church did it come to be generally believed in the country that thorough-going Liberals in politics could not be worthy and devoted sons of the Church. We agree with a remark of Mr. Stephens upon this point. The example of Page Wood's "long and consistent advocacy of the most advanced Liberal measures in politics, combined with his steadfast fidelity to the teaching and practice of the Church of England, will be deemed by many to be especially valuable in the present day, when the best guarantee for the preservation of the Church as a national establishment consists in her proving that she can be the common home of men of all political parties."

William Page Wood was born in 1801, in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate. His parents were Matthew Wood (then carrying on business as a hop merchant) and Maria, daughter of the Mr. John Page, of Woodbridge, surgeon, to whom the poet Crabbe was in his early years apprenticed. William was the fourth child. Western, sometime M.P. for the City of London, who died in 1863, was the fifth; and the eldest brother, Sir John Page Wood, Bart.,[1] was Rector of St. Peter's, Cornhill, and Vicar of Cressing in Essex. Sir John's fifth son, Henry Evelyn, says Mr. Stephens, has achieved at the early age of forty-four a very

[1] A baronetcy, offered by Lord Melbourne, was accepted by Alderman Wood. A large fortune was left to Sir Matthew by an eccentric banker, who had admired his conduct in regard to Queen Caroline.

high military reputation; but not higher than was confidently expected and predicted by his uncle, who watched his career with extraordinary interest from the beginning, when he distinguished himself, at the age of sixteen, in the Naval Brigade before Sebastopol. William Page Wood passed much of his childhood with his maternal relations, and in 1808 went as a day scholar to the Free School at Woodbridge. In 1809 he was placed as a boarder at Dr. Lindsay's school, near Bow. Dr. Lindsay was a highly respected Presbyterian minister; but although William's father had been originally brought up as a Dissenter, all the children were baptized as members of the Church of England, to which Mrs. Wood belonged, and were trained pursuant to its doctrines. In 1812 he was removed to Winchester, where he formed a friendship with W. F. Hook which lasted throughout life. Hook was three years older than Wood; but he had devoted himself so much to English literature that he fell below him in the school. After the famous Gabell rebellion in Winchester, in 1818, Wood was sent to Geneva, where he was well taught. A year before this his father, the well-known Alderman Wood (and Lord Mayor), had been elected member for the City. In 1816 he was elected mayor for the second time, the first instance of the kind since the days of Whittington; he sat in Parliament as member for the City till his death in 1844, a period of twenty-eight years. All through Alderman Wood was strongly Liberal; and his son William, the future Lord Chancellor, imbibed his political opinions. It is curious that while W. F. Hook was at Winchester the bosom friend of W. P. Wood, the Tory *John Bull*, under T. Hook's guidance, was attacking Alderman Wood with bitter satire. In 1820 young Wood returned to England, in the suite of Queen Caroline; and shortly afterwards he went with the Chevalier Vasselli,, one of her Italian suite, to collect evidence in Italy to establish that ill-fated queen's innocence. In 1820 he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he became acquainted with Macaulay, who was two years his senior, with Airey and others who have since become distinguished. Through ill-health he failed to take the place in the final examinations (January, 1824) which he had a right to expect: he came out 24th Wrangler. In the same year, 1824, the examinations for honours in classics were first held; and he went again into the Senate House, but the cold marble floor made him so ill he was obliged to retire from the examination. To his great surprise, in October, 1825, he was elected to a College Fellowship; he had been entered at Lincoln's Inn, in the Trinity term of 1825, Henry Brougham and Thomas Denman signing his recommendatory paper. After a tour on the Continent with a nephew of Bishop Philpotts, he settled down to his legal studies under Mr. Tyrrell. He was called to the Bar November, 1827; and without long delays was engaged in steady business as a conveyancer and equity draftsman. In 1829 he became engaged to Charlotte, daughter of Major Moor; and in January, 1830, he was married; for fourteen years they lived in Dean's Yard, Westminster. On his political and judicial career we need not touch. In the year 1878 his wife was taken from his side. The beautiful Latin couplet, which the present Bishop of St. Andrews wrote after the death of his wife at Winchester, may serve to describe the spirit in which Lord Hatherley bore his loss:

"I, nimium dilecta, vocat Deus; i, bona nostræ
Pars animæ, mœrens altera disce sequi."

Our Eastern Sisters and their Missionary Helpers. By HARRIET W. ELLIS, Author of "Toils and Triumphs," etc. The Religious Tract Society.

A really good book. Of work in Singapore, Egypt, Orissa, Persia, Burmah and other missionary fields, there is a well-written account, interesting and instructive. "Are missionary prospects bright?" was once asked. "Bright!" was the answer; "they are as bright as the promises of God!" We delight to recall this anecdote of a veteran; and this is the tone of the book before us.

Illustrations and Meditations. Flowers from a Puritan's Garden, Distilled and Dispensed by C. H. SPURGEON. Pp. 270. Passmore and Alabaster, 1883.

"Manton's sermons are not so sparkling as those of Henry Smith, nor so profound as those of Owen, nor so rhetorical as those of Howe, nor so pithy as those of Watson, nor so fascinating as those of Brooks; and yet they are second to none of these." So writes Mr. Spurgeon, one of the greatest preachers of this time, whose religious writings have had a circulation almost unparalleled. In his high estimate of Manton we agree with him; and we gladly commend this charming little book, in which some of Manton's figures are used as texts for brief meditations. The meditations are devotional.

Lectures and other Theological Papers. By J. B. MOZLEY, D.D. Pp. 300. Rivingtons. 1883.

The greater number of the original papers contained in this volume have been selected from the Lectures delivered by Canon Mozley in the Latin Chapel, Christ Church, as Regius Professor of Divinity. The article on Dr. Newman's "Grammar of Assent" appeared in the *Quarterly Review* of July, 1870. The paper on "Physical Science and Theology" was read at the Dublin Church Congress in 1868. A lengthy notice of such a volume is unnecessary. We are pleased to increase our store of this distinguished divine's writings.

The Church, the Ministry, the Sacraments. Five Sermons preached in Peterborough Cathedral, by J. J. STEWART PEROWNE, D.D., Dean of Peterborough. Nisbet and Co. Deighton, Bell and Co. G. C. Caster: Peterborough.

In heartily recommending this pamphlet (with which, in most respects, we thoroughly agree, and the arguments of which, from the undoubted learning and liberality of the author, will bear weight with many) we cannot do better than quote a passage from his Sermon on the Holy Communion. He shows what is the plain, positive teaching of the Prayer Book; he reminds his readers that "every expression which implied a real and proper sacrifice" was carefully weeded out; in the Second Book every allusion to an "altar" or to a material sacrifice was finally got rid of; at the last revision, when Bishop Cosin proposed to insert as a Rubric "the Priest shall *offer up* and place upon the Table . . . bread and wine" (although this offering up must have been that of the unconsecrated elements), the proposal was rejected:

And yet, in spite of all this (continues the Dean), we find the deliberate and disingenuous attempt made to obliterate this broad and palpable distinction between the two Churches. English clergymen do not hesitate to speak of the Lord's Supper as the Sacrifice of the altar or the Mass. Prayers from the Canon of the Mass are interpolated into the service which the priest is to say secretly; instructions are given how he is to consecrate the elements and pour water into the chalice, and how he is to make the oblation, viz., by placing the paten on the top of the chalice, and raising the latter with both hands whilst he says secretly, "O Holy Trinity, accept this Oblation which I, an unworthy sinner, do offer to

the honour of Thy Name, making mention of Blessed Mary and All Saints for the pardon of my sins and offences, for the salvation of the living and for the repose of all the faithful departed—In the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be this new Sacrifice acceptable to Almighty God."[1]

English Churchmen are taught to pray after receiving the Sacrament:

"I thank Thee, O my good Jesus, that not only Thou art become my food, but also in the Blessed Sacrament offerest Thyself a continual sacrifice for my salvation to the Eternal Father."

"I thank Thee, Divine Priest, for that every day Thou dost offer Thyself upon our altar in worship and homage to the most blessed Trinity, and dost supply for our poor and miserable worship."

"I thank Thee, O my Saviour, because continuing in this daily sacrifice the very sacrifice of the Cross offered on Calvary, Thou dost satisfy the Divine justice for us miserable sinners."[2]

What are we to say when we thus find Romish doctrine transplanted in all its unscriptural repulsiveness into our own Church? What are we to say when, in a Manual of devotion, recommended in a volume published with a preface by the Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology at Oxford, it is asserted that so soon as the words of consecration are pronounced by the priest, "Jesus our wonderful God is *present upon the altar*, that there is a continual offering and continual consumption of the Lamb without spot," and consequently prayers addressed "to the spotless Lamb of God as seen on *the heavenly altar*" (a most gross perversion of the scene in the Apocalypse); or again, when in the "Altar Manual," the Sacrifice in the Lord's Supper is declared to be "a sin-offering," that it is one of "propitiation," that it consists of "the true Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ," and that it is "part of the same offering" which He Himself made![3]

"These Sermons," says the Dean, in his preface, "are published in compliance with an earnest request addressed to me by a considerable number of those who heard them preached. They were not written with any view to publication, but I have the less hesitation in publishing them because they deal with subjects concerning which, as I believe, a vast amount of false teaching is current. A theology is become popular and dominant in the Church which I am fully persuaded is neither in accordance with Scripture nor with the plain teaching of our Prayer Book. This theology professes to rest upon the teaching of the Fathers, but picks and culls from their often-discordant testimonies such passages as only suits its purposes. It leans to Rome, and changes the meaning of language to put upon Protestant formularies a Romish interpretation. Against this disingenuous theology no protest can be too clear or too emphatic. We must blot out history, we must evacuate the language of our greatest divines of all meaning, we must suppose that they were 'fighting with shadows, understanding neither what they defended nor what they assailed,' if we are to believe that there is no vital difference between ourselves and Rome. This difference does exist; it cannot be obliterated. The idea of the Church, the nature of the Ministry, the virtue of the Sacraments—on all these points the distinction is broad and palpable. This I have endeavoured to show in the following Sermons.

"I have asserted that theory of the Catholic Church which was maintained and acted upon by our Reformers, and some of our greatest divines, which is expressly maintained by Hooker in his 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' which is over and over again asserted in the plainest language by our own Church. In the words of the Bidding Prayer in our Canons, I

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[1] "English Priests' Vade Mecum," p. 49.
[2] "English Catholics' Vade Mecum," p. 57.
[3] Pp. 10, 12, 157, 161.

hold that the Catholic Church is 'the whole congregation of Christian people dispersed throughout the world.'

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"The explanation which I have adopted of the doctrine of the Lord's Supper is that which Dr. Vogan has maintained with so much learning and ability in his 'True Doctrine of the Eucharist.' Though different in formal statement it agrees essentially with the views of Waterland.

"The teaching of the Oxford School looks Romeward, and is conspicuously modern. It is certain that it is not primitive. Even if it had the support in antiquity which is claimed for it, I should still say, Scripture is before the Fathers, and the Church of England is not bound by them. But it has not; the earliest evidence is the other way."

The Dean proceeds as follows:

It will be said that in my recoil from Rome I have made too large concessions to Nonconformity. I am not afraid of the charge. I believe firmly that the Church of England, both in her Liturgy and in her Articles, is much nearer both to the Reformed Churches abroad (as has been again and again acknowledged by Bishops and Divines at and since the Reformation), and to the great Nonconforming communities at home, than she is to the Romish Church, or to the Greek Church. I believe that unity of doctrine is more than unity of government, and unity of faith and life more than unity of ritual and ceremonies. And if "the hideous sin of schism" be held up to startle and terrify us when we would draw near to these our brethren who have departed from us, forgetting the mother that bare them, then I say, the sin of schism may not be theirs only, but ours also; there may be a divided responsibility; we may not have quite clean hands. And if Protestant dissenters have been guilty of schism, Romish dissenters have been not less guilty. And further, we know that an impassable gulf separates us from the Church of Rome; whereas no impassable gulf separates us from the Nonconforming Churches. We can meet on common platforms for common ends; we may acknowledge freely the bond of a common faith; and if we cannot unite in all things we may at least forbear one another in love. So long indeed as so-called religious newspapers[1] keep alive the spirit of intolerance and animosity, we shall be kept asunder. But thank God there is a nobler spirit abroad.

The Philosophy of Music considered as an Imitative Art is an interesting lecture delivered in connection with the Southwell Literary Institution, by the Rev. A. C. GARBETT, M.A. (Southwell: T. Whittingham); well worth reading.——*The Gown in the Pulpit: is it Legal?* (Stock)—ten pages—is worth reading.——"The Mission Pulpit" *A question that Must be Settled*, and other discourses, by the Rev. HAY AITKEN (J. F. Shaw), form a series of which many will be glad to hear.——*Meet for the Inheritance* is a sermon on Coloss. i. 12, by the Rev. HENRY BRASS, M.A., a well-known Surrey Incumbent (Redhill: H. Sutton). The sermon is, we need hardly say, spiritual and vigorous. One passage of the exposition or application, new to ourselves, may be quoted, thus:

The man who dies (as did the penitent thief on the cross) an hour or two after he has truly received Christ, enters Paradise because he has the Title, and the

[1] It would be vain to look for a Christian spirit or even ordinary courtesy and fairness in certain papers, which carry conspicuously the name of 'Church' on their forehead. Happily there are others whose tone towards Nonconformists is neither bitter nor contemptuous. I know less of the Nonconformist press, but I have been painfully struck by the want of charity manifest in some portions of it, by the desire to exaggerate the defects and failures of the National Church, and almost to exult over her difficulties. I ought, however, to add that I have never seen any indications of this spirit in the Wesleyan or Methodist press.

New Nature required to make him "meet" for it, but *he enters on his Inheritance as a babe.* That friend of yours, suddenly taken away, who gave sufficient evidence of his conversion, and of some progress in the Christian life, but who yet was very far short of the standard Christ has set before us, he has entered on his Inheritance as *a child* or youth. But yon experienced Christian (he may be young in years, though old in grace), who has drunk in the Spirit of his Master, whose life has been consecrated to Christ, and the posture of his soul "waiting for the Coming of our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. i. 7), he enters on his Inheritance *in full age*, with all powers of "spirit, and soul, and body" developed, and adapted to its full enjoyment!

An ably-written and very interesting *brochure*, may be recommended as likely to be of much service with many readers. The Rev. W. ANDERSON'S *Scriptural Miracles and Modern Scepticism* (Bath: D. McWatters, Savile Row). Mr. Anderson is known as an independent thinker, and a vigorous writer of no small power. The preface to his present work, a real "multum in parvo," contains letters from Canons Liddon and Heartley concerning Miracles. Canon Liddon writes: "It is said, I know, that in the present state of men's minds you want the Gospel to warrant the miracles instead of miracles to warrant the Gospel. But this, I feel sure, is a passing phrase, produced by the singular effect which physical studies have exercised in a particular direction upon the imagination, as distinct from the reason, of large classes in the educated world. The suspension of physical law, whether through the intervention of a higher law, or in whatever other way, will surely in the long-run connect the voice of Him who speaks in conscience with the voice of Him who speaks through nature."

A book likely to be useful with many is *The Master's Service* (Religious Tract Society), "a practical guide for girls." To the chapters "Ladies' Work among Soldiers and Sailors," "What our Girls may do," is appended the name Alice King. Lady Brabazon writes upon "Rest and country air for the wearied and ailing." Other ladies discuss Savings Banks and Clothing Clubs, Sunday School Treats, and so forth. There is a good tone about these papers; they are really "practical," and—it may be added—are very readable.

Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. have published several useful little books as the "Long Life Series;" well written and cheap at a shilling. Dr. MANN'S *Familiar Lectures on Food and Drink* (Lectnres delivered at the Battersea and Chelsea Training College) are very suggestive.

A cheap little book is *The Amethyst*, "a selection of Temperance Readings," by Mr. SHERLOCK (Wells Gardner, Darton and Co.).

Guides and Goads (Rivingtons) is a tiny, tasteful volume; selections from the Fathers and others, by Bishop CHR. WORDSWORTH. Some words are the Bishop's own. Here is a pithy saying: "On travaille trop pour la gazette."

A selection from some of his former works which have been for some time out of print has been sent forth by the Rev. F. WHITFIELD,—*From Cana to Bethany* (Nisbet and Co.): a very cheap little book, which may prove a helpful gift to many. "Gleanings from our Lord's Life on Earth" is the second title.

Christian Liberty is a recent Westminster Abbey Sermon, preached by Canon ELLISON; a reprint (price one penny) from the *Church of England Temperance Chronicle.*

In the *Quiver* the Rev. Dr. TRESTRAIL writes:—"To confine praise to a select few formed into a choir, however skilful they may be, is not worship. The proper function of a choir is to lead—to stimulate others to unite with them—and to secure the harmonious blending of the voices of all. When this is done there will be heartiness, sympathy, and power.

Nothing so thoroughly unites a numerous gathering of people as praise. Those who have good voices, who have cultivated their gifts, should be foremost in this exercise, instead of sitting silent as they too often do. It would be a great advantage if they took their place in the choir. Somehow, a feeling is abroad among us that this is scarcely respectable. We seek the best for the pulpit. No one is too cultivated or too respectable for that. And why should the choir be almost invariably occupied by those who move in the humbler walks of life? It is next in power to the pulpit itself. We should esteem it an honour and a privilege to assist in rendering praise more effective."

Bradshaw's Illustrated Handbook to Paris (W. J. Adams, 59 Fleet Street) is a well-known "Guide." Many of our readers are just now ordering a Continental "Bradshaw;" and *Bradshaw's Handbook to France* may be found very useful. All these books are carefully got up, and worthy of trust.

A review of the second volume of *The Old Testament Commentary for English Readers* (Cassell and Co.)—a very good volume—is unavoidably postponed, with notices of several other books.

The following hymns were written by Canon SAUMAREZ SMITH Principal of St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead. There are not many good Baptismal hymns. We gladly publish these two.

"And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them."

1.

LORD, this child we humbly lay
In Thine arms of gracious love;
Earnestly of Thee we pray
Richest blessings from above.

2.

Take him, Lord, to Thine embrace;
Put Thy hand upon his brow,
Healing hand of might and grace,—
Seal him, save him, even now.

3.

Saviour, unto Thee is known
All the future of his life;
Make him from the first Thine own;
Strengthen him mid sin and strife:

4.

May he live and die in Thee,
Always know Thee as his friend,
Hold Thy banner manfully,
Faithful soldier to the end! AMEN.

"Into the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

1.

FATHER, this child we give to Thee,
Whom Thou to us hast given;
And pray Thee that his path on earth
May be the path to heaven.

2.

To Thee, O SON of God most high,—
Who didst to earth come down
To bear for us the bitter cross,
And win the heavenly crown,—

3.

We give this little one, and pray
That he may ever be,
In valiant fight, and faithful work,
True follower of Thee.

4.

O HOLY SPIRIT, Fount of life
And purifying power,
To Thee we give this child, and pray
That, from this sacred hour,

5.

All that is good may grow in him,
All that is evil die,
Until the life on earth be changed
For perfect life on high.

6.

O FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST,
Great God, whom we adore,
Receive this child, and in Thy NAME
Keep him for evermore. AMEN.