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

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_expositor-series-1.php

DORA GREENWELL.

A MEMORIAL SKETCH.

PART II.

IT is the pure in heart who see God. Blessed are those in the sanctuary of whose hearts Love Divine shows itself unveiled! But it is theirs also to see more clearly than others the ugliness, the humiliation, the pains of sin, and to be filled with interceding love towards the slaves of sin and the outcasts of the world. They would, like the good St. Vincent, stretch the hand to "the most forgotten soul in purgatory"; and they do reach those who are separated from them, intellectually and morally, by an abyss. "I have touched depths of suffering in my own nature which makes me able to draw near to the worst," Dora Greenwell once said. And she told me that she had sat with a murderer's hand clasped in hers, and felt no fear and no horror. She worked all her life, and steadily, for some of the most difficult and hopeless philanthropic causes, for the outcasts of society among women, for prisoners, for oppressed and tortured animals. Her volume of *Essays* on these subjects, which read now, twenty-five years after their publication, show a penetrating insight into questions still unsolved, and give suggestions which may be instructive at a later date than even our own. An article in the *North British Review*, written by her on the "Education of the Imbecile," has in it matter enough for several ordinary magazine articles. It points to discriminations as to the moral differences among idiots, which might help to direct practical work. The *Liber Humanitatis*—Essays "on various aspects of spiritual and social life"—teems with ideas. But it is the thinking of a woman—one never withdrawn from human touch; one, who even

while reasoning with clearness, is full of pity and tenderness. Her spirit was indeed at times bowed under the burden of what man inflicts on man;—the fact that this short span of life should be used by some to make their fellows sigh and grieve, and to rob them of the little peace and joy that come to all. It was the moral degradation in all this which touched her deepest, and which also raised her indignation and zeal. Wearied and ill as she might be, I never knew her refuse to do her best for any cause that was struggling against wrong, and made an appeal to her. The very last work she did in life was to write with much of her old energy in the cause of humanity outraged by the practices of scientific vivisection. Let it be remembered that this woman, gifted so largely in heart and brain, condemned with unwavering decision all arguments in favour of extending human knowledge—the doubt remains whether it does extend it—at the price of cruelty and oppression. One is indeed astonished as one recalls how much she wrote on themes requiring expenditure of high thought and feeling, on which she put a stamp of originality. Like Mrs. Browning, like Charlotte Brontë, she suffered all her life from incessant ill health—the ill health and distress of a body incapable of meeting the requirements of the ardent soul within; not having strength for the day's work, but with the day's work inexorably and urgently demanded.

She sometimes said her being could be summed up in the word "inadequacy." She had the power to enjoy the glory of life with intensity and passion, but she had to resign herself to contemplate it only. Exertion was paid for by reaction and prostration. Even the common business of life laid a tax on her strength, and every unusual exertion—all literary work—made agonizing reprisals. "My life," she says somewhere,[1] "had been so assailed by the sharp realities of pain, and my senses so haunted by

[1] *Colloquia Crucis*, p. 10.

visions of beauty, that it seemed to me as if I had learned *all* that either had to reveal."

"Where there is most feeling, there is most martyrdom," says truly Leonardo da Vinci. But this "martyrdom" seems often the means of reaching an otherwise hidden knowledge of divine and human things. In none of Dora Greenwell's writings are there personal plaints or introspective details of suffering. But the reader feels most certainly that what wisdom he finds there has been bought with a high price. Every sentence bears the stamp of individual life. No one else could have written a verse or a page. She might have repeated the cry of Bossuet, "Even so, O Sovereign Truth, *I* have not withheld from Thee the sweat of my brow—Thee to whom *I* have devoted my very blood." In reading the *Patience of Hope*, *Colloquia Crucis*, and her other books we may remember what they *cost*—remember it gratefully and tenderly.

In her usual intercourse with others no complaint or even comment on her health ever left her lips. Courtesy, and perhaps even more, the dignity which is wounded by any lapse from self-control prevented this. The old standard of manners, which made it possible for a well-bred person to die, but not to be ill, was hers. Never, even when suffering pain and oppressive languor, did she fail to meet smile with smile and preserve the serenity of entire self-mastery. It is true that, in the series of letters, of which I now give one or two, she often speaks of the weight of suffering which she endured. But the reason is plain; she is striving to help and encourage a friend who suffered in like manner, urging upon him the remedies and alleviations which she has used herself. These letters, covering a space of fifteen years, were written to a young man of considerable attainments and literary accomplishment, cut off by ill health from active life and happiness. They were returned to Miss Greenwell after his death, and were given

by her to me, to use or destroy as I saw fit. In placing one or two of them here, I feel that the reflex record which they give of the mind of the gentle scholar to whom they were written, must be pleasant to all who knew and loved him. The three, which lack of space alone allows me to give here, are not the most interesting, but such as best bear being taken out of the connected series of the correspondence.

DURHAM,
Nov. 30th, (1858.)

MY DEAR T.,—

. . . I am so glad you were pleased with the Longfellow I sent you, partly by way of a letter, and because some of those marked passages expressed so fully what we have both felt and feel, I for my part, in a way which is even physically painful, and might become agonizing,—the pain and bliss of the ideal,—this inner, sweeter, nether world which woos and beckons us. The outward part of me seems now so very weak that I dare not give myself up as I would to these deep overpowering thoughts. You know what Goethe—I think it is—says about an acorn planted in a china jar which, as it grows up, must shatter its frail tenement. This is what I fear and fight against, and I think I must in some of my letters have alluded to the great and singular change which has come across me lately—that of delighting in beauty, and even more I think in greatness for *its own sake*, of which I knew nothing when I was younger; and this has introduced a difficulty, sometimes even an agony, into my spiritual life. "The glory of the celestial is one, the glory of the terrestrial is another. When I was younger, and more likely, it would have seemed, to be led away by all that in which the eye and heart delight, my spirit was so chastened by ill health, and this of a continued and wearing kind, which always kept me a good deal under the shadow of looked-for early death, and afterwards, when I first knew you in Lancashire, kept under by outward crosses and family difficulties, that I seem only to have learnt lately how strong on many points is the opposition between grace and nature. Do you know one of George Herbert's quaint and lovely pieces in which he speaks of being able in certain moods to contemn the pride and glory of the world as dust; but one day happening to see the two originals drawn up together, and seeing how infinitely the world outshone that of Him in whom there is no outward beauty to be desired, this very dust *flew up into his eyes* and his Christian philosophy was shaken? I feel this—a strong almost irresistible attraction towards a rich yet perilous region. I know—and I can speak this humbly and

confidently, that I shall in the end be a richer and stronger, more useful and helpful Christian for what I am now going through. You know what a *thinness* there is in many religious books, and in much religious talk, because it is so exclusively spiritual, because you know that the writer or speaker knows nothing, and allows nothing, for "that which is natural." So that it is like talking on a scientific subject with some great principle left out. What I miss in these I find in the Bible, that human-hearted book; also, above all, in the human person of our Lord—He who alone knows *whereof we are made*; knows how fearfully and wonderfully. Therefore, above all things, I covet to see more, know more, have more of Him, the *living Christ.* These surely are the days to which *a Man* shall be more precious than gold. The rational, sensitive part of us has grown—so, as it were, outgrown that on which it has to feed—that humanity without Christ is like a flower or fruit too heavy for the stalk it grows on; the richer it is the lower it is dragged and trailed in the dust.

I have often wished to ask you how you feel on this great subject, but the time never seemed fully come; and I have always such a fear of winding up my own or any other spirit to heights which "it is competent" to win, but perhaps not "competent to keep." I feel now however as if it would be well to be *en rapport* with you on this as on other subjects when our feelings meet so entirely. Persons, I think, who for any reason are off the track of life have a peculiar need of Christ, also a peculiar claim upon Christ. They have been called out of the crowd, perhaps, to be healed and blessed by Him. They above all others can appeal to Christ out of the depths, and into the depths of His human nature,—can say with the blind man, "Jesus, *Thou Son of David*, have mercy on me." "Come unto Me, ye that do *not* labour, yet are heavy laden." Are not these words addressed in a peculiar manner to the broken in spirit or in life? Do not such indeed experience the continual tenderness of God in mitigations, in finding from time to time a door opened? Yet still a time comes when more is needed—the substantive, objective Christ and felt communion with Him. Above two years ago I began to seek this earnestly—the claiming of that great promise in John xiv., the reward (is it not so?) of faith and obedience, the more inner revelation of Christ to the believing soul. I have spoken upon it from time to time to some of my most attached friends, and have found *many of them*, like myself, waiting for a life-renewing change, desiring what we may call the natural life in Christ, of which He is at once the mainspring and the end—conscious of their want of spiritual affections, yet conscious also that it was not in themselves to be different. The spirit must *turn* the heart, even as the rivers of waters are turned. We took the 3rd of Ephesians 14th verse to the end, for the basis of a daily prayer, between

the hours of five and six, setting the *lifting up of Christ*, the extension of His kingdom, (deepening and extension,) before us as a quiet, persistent aim, to be pursued without any marked change in outward life. We have now taken the evening of Thursday as our principal time. It has grown, although few of the members are personally known to each other, into a little secret association which is very dear to the hearts of many, and has already been blessed and answered in many ways. When you write again, you can just put in a word to say, "If thy heart is as my heart, give me thy hand." I do not wish to make this the basis of our correspondence, and may not perhaps allude to it again, because I feel the easy, unexciting, yet interesting, pleasingly exciting tone of our present correspondence is so peculiarly safe, happy and good for us. We can return to our flowers, yet feel that they are blooming beneath the shadow of the Rock of salvation—the great Rock in a weary land.

. . . I commend you to the Father, Son and Spirit in many faithful prayers and desire the same from you.

Your affectionate friend,

DORA GREENWELL.

Tell your dear mother and R. how fully I congratulate him and wish him every good. His wife, I am sure, is a happy woman if ever there was one to be found. I am going to write to W., and was in doubt whether to trust my felicitations to him or to you.

T.	W.
poet,	poet,
artist,	artist,
musician.	*metaphysician.*

This last is so much worse than anything which you are, that a proper message is safest with you.

She writes at the same time of a case she is deeply interested in—"deeply, ardently interested," as she says. "Captain G. is remembered by many of my friends in this neighbourhood, who knew him before he went out to India as a pleasing, thoroughly amiable man; and oh! how does my heart yearn over such a case of awful, unmitigable suffering. His fearful malady, (altogether unknown in Europe,) has increased to an extent, (so a private letter informs me,) which renders his state and aspect such as the mind refuses to dwell on. His wife nurses him with heroic affection. They seem almost without resources. He has been so long ill that I suppose he may have exhausted all that relations and dear friends can do. So we are trying to make his case known a little more widely. He has been unfortunate in money matters—*without blame*—from a bad investment of which I know the

whole history, chapter and verse. However, you are not of those who will need to have every item of misery separately proved to you, or who would have asked how it was that Job and Lazarus came to be so badly off—Job especially, who once had a considerable property."

DURHAM,
July 18th, 1864.

I have thought of you so much since I had your last letter. I know so well what that protracted nervousness is, especially in one fearful characteristic, that it seems, in some strange way, to preclude the action of divine grace upon the soul; so that some of the most blessed texts in Scripture, speaking of affliction as a gain and a good, become a mockery. "Unite my soul to fear Thee, prays the Psalmist; but when restlessness, and that weariness which longs as for something consciously unattainable, and a dreadful involuntary play of the nerves last a long time, it is impossible to fix the mind on any spiritual object, and natural life is made a blank. For I think it is one peculiarity of this state to *submerge* the whole life, to leave memory as little as it leaves hope. The mind fixes only on what is painful, and represents life as having always been what it is now. Oh, my dear T., I sometimes wonder, when I hear religious friends exalt suffering, (and certainly the gospel *does* place it very high,) and even pray for it as a means of grace, if they have ever known real anguish. I do not mean of the heart (for out of that, however keen, one always comes, often with a sense of blissful relief,) but physical, passing into mental, and lasting till pain becomes the note and pulse of life. I have long agreed with Faber that there is no suffering so great as physical suffering—so dumb, obscure, and unalleviated. My own health has for long and long been depressed in this way to the lowest limit. Sometimes I get a sensible lift; but while this cross endures, even the Cross seems scarcely to comfort me—the blessed Cross, the light and comfort and strength of every happy, every endurable hour. At times when, I suppose from some pressure of the brain, without being visibly ill, it seems scarcely possible to live, only one thing comforts me,—the Will of God. All else, even His love, seems only words; but this bare, naked sense of His will being fulfilled in me, stays the soul.

And so your dear mother is better. My best love to her. What a recovered treasure she must be to all your hearts! I send two little books. The Romish ones (poems) in Father Faber are rubbish, the good ones altogether lovely. I have little time for writing now, but am ever,

Your affectionate friend,

DORA GREENWELL.

DURHAM,
April 14*th*, 1858.

MY DEAR T.,—

I start to-morrow for London. My journey has been so often put off that it has assumed a magnitude in my eyes, much like what it might have done in the days of my great grandfather. I have had so many goodbyes and last words, and last thoughts, that I can only just now find a moment for you, which I feel you ought to take as a great compliment, the best part of my heart—though it appears not quite all of it—being packed into my large trunk, which has absorbed my contemplations all day long. I was enchanted to find from your last letter that you are getting on so well in Spanish. I am ambitious for you to be a thorough scholar, and after that to be versed in the literature. When in London I will try to pick up any information for you that comes in my way. "Fray Luis de Leon,"—you must become intimate with him, the Fra Angelico of Sacred Song. His name is to me as music. When I come back, I intend, if all is well, to give myself up to literature, and then you may expect to hear my voice often calling to you across the green, flowery meadows. I hope we may make and exchange many "treasure-troves." I want you to cultivate prose. I am sure you have it *in* you to be an excellent writer. Your letters are to me full of interest independent of personal regard, and perhaps, if you carry on photography, you may find it useful to express all you want to say fully. I have found great good from keeping a diary—not a morbidly anatomical one, but endeavouring to seize and detain whatever struck me deeply. A sunset, for instance, a landscape, even a dream. If you write down an interesting thought, or sum up the impression a book makes upon you, you find it is *yours*; you have gained something. I wish I knew more of the structure of language. Tell me if ever you come across anything good in this way. "A Letter to a young Philologist," in Niebuhr's Life and Whately's *Rhetoric*, an excellent book, are the only helps I ever had, but one finds out little secrets for oneself by a sort of rule of thumb. I have an exquisite delight in good writing. "The style is the man." A style, of course, forms itself and cannot be acquired formally; one begins, I think, by labouring too much. (I see that in my *Present Heaven*.) Simplicity and grace come with freedom. . . .

I quite agree with you about the *Theologia*. I have a weariness of that sort of religious writing. Contending with the "I" and trying as Goethe, I think, says, to jump off one's own shadow. It wants too the central idea of renewed life—the objective Christ. It is all diving in and out of self. Do you know Herbert's poem of "Aaron"? It is worth a hundred such books.

No more now, from your affectionate friend,

DORA GREENWELL.

No date.

MY DEAR T.,—

I have been a long time in writing to you, and this has been because your letter has struck a chord to which my own life responded feelingly, and I longed for a little time to spare to commune with you fully and freely. These fail, however, and are likely to do for some time to come; as, for these few summer months, we are embarked on the ocean of *friendliness*, and I can scarcely snatch a moment for anything connected. Never at any time of my life did I feel my heart and mind so drawn to that rich world of thought and fancy which is ever near and around us; also my spirit is led in a peculiar manner to rest and live upon the great objects of Christian Faith. I think I mentioned this to you in a former letter, telling you also how my spiritual and mental life were in that connected, that in each a love grows upon me for that which is fixed and external to myself. Do you know what Baxter says of himself in youth? "I then wished to know how I was to attain to heaven, but *now* I had rather hear and read of these things themselves than any other. *I perceive that it is the object which altereth and elevateth the mind; the love of the end* is the poise or spring which setteth every wheel agoing." Dear T., I must again quote this (to me) seraphic doctor, and in allusion to a passage in your letter which touched deeply, where you speak of the disappointed aspirations after excellence as "a robbery" through which you may possibly be enriched in a higher kind of treasure. My own heart has been deeply exercised to receive that classical saying, "hindrances are from the gods," so much so that I can at least *understand*, if I do not fully receive, those deeper sayings of revelation which tell us of the "losing of life" so that it may be saved unto life eternal, and the laying down of life so that it may be taken up again. Baxter says, many things in life are like frost and snow, enemies to the flower, but friendly to the root. Oh, how I can realize this saying, in my own case and yours, for instance,—a little more of one thing, or a little less of another,—less nervous susceptibility, a fuller share of animal spirits, and the energy that goes along with them, would have made us probably far happier and more (apparently) valuable people—would have given us a bloom and charm of life which we have missed. The flower might have been fairer, but how would it have been with the root—that germ of true, imperishable life? I can only answer for myself, but that answer is certain. Knowing how easily, even as it is, my heart is drawn away and absorbed in the rich and enjoyable part of life, in so far as it opens upon me. How would it have been had I not had a restraining, *disenchanting* discipline? It is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. That saying does not only apply to worldly possessions, but to all that in which the natural heart naturally delights. These things absorb, fas-

cinate, and deaden spiritual discernment; therefore our Lord especially calls the broken in heart—may I not also say the *broken in life?* You will understand what I mean—those in whom there is a discord (*mal accordo con la vita*) to Himself. "Come unto Me." There is something in us which He must shatter and break in pieces before the fair structure of renewal in His likeness can arise. Therefore we must rejoice—a solemn joy, yet a true one—in afflictions, in disappointments, in all that perchance we would fain have otherwise. Dear T., does your heart go along with mine in all this? I often feel that we are fitted in a peculiar manner to understand and, *therefore*, to help each. Write to me whenever you are able, and be *generous*, as just now I cannot correspond. I think Quintana overrates the merit of the sonnet. Luis de Leon's piece is sweet, but does not altogether content me. . . . With all that is kindest,

Ever your affectionate friend,
DORA GREENWELL.

Beside revealing the depth of suffering out of which Dora Greenwell emerged to give hope and help to others, these letters show the resolute cheerfulness with which she caught at any healthy interests falling in her way, and surmounted the limitations of her life. And they tell of the practical philosophy which held her outward life together,—the recognition of the truth that, as Wordsworth says, "life requires an art."

> "Not to fancy what were fair in life,
> Provided that could be, but finding first
> What may be, then find out to make it fair,
> Up to our means."

The courage "to make the best of things," rather than show mere resignation under them. She would not have called this philosophy religious faith; but it was certainly the result of it. Spiritual life for her rested on the immovable foundation of truth. In that, for her, centred all. But she recognised the worth of intelligent method in dealing with ourselves, and she spent neither time nor strength in those interior struggles so common to mystics. "I see in the Christian life," she said, "freedom,

expansion, variety." And so seeing it, she laid hold of what of enjoyment remained to her, and ranged with a free step and open eye, cheering and comforting herself with what books, music, and friendly converse could give her. To her, Christ was the "Restorer," even in this life, "of all that the world withers." She possessed what is called the temperament of genius, the quickness of heart and mind which responds to every touch of the outer world. All her writings show this. Many of her poems glow with a sort of purple depth of feeling, and the images in them are all gathered from the glorious and resplendent aspects of nature.

"Bring me no snowdrops cold,
No violets dim with dew,
But flowers of burning hue,
The rose, the marigold,
The steadfast sunflower bold
Before His steps to strew.
Bring flowers of fragrant scent,
Grey lavender and musk;
With clinging woodbines dusk.
Bring jonquils, and the frail narcissus bent.
Bring odours, incense bring,
That I may rise and sing
A song which I have made unto my Lord the King."[1]

Scientific writings also, especially those studies which throw light on the nature of man himself, were to her a source of stimulus and interest. She felt keenly the attraction of what may be called the "new knowledge," which is being poured upon our time like another Renaissance, and was eager to claim all it could give her. But while using all that life offered, she knew well,—no ascetic who has stripped himself of every earthly comfort and joy knew better,—that below the surface of sense and fancy on which these bright earth spirits of poetry and beauty play,

[1] L'Envoi to *Carmina Crucis*.

there is a depth which they cannot reach, and that from this depth arises a cry which they cannot answer; and that no more could the problem of man's spiritual destiny be solved by science. To her the response to that cry of the heart, and these questionings of the soul, was Christ. What she wrote, but, beyond all, what she *was* herself, showed how one, filled with the artist's passion and joy in beauty and life, and believing that she might use these gifts as part of her heritage and right, saw beyond all the sweetness of created things, the immortal beauty of God; and how all this love for the rich, ardent, and resplendent side of nature and life was brought under the yoke of Christ, not by ascetic renunciation, but by ceaseless, often agonized dedication. It is not often that such a soul's progress is revealed.

In spite of the antagonism between the life of nature and the life of grace in the human heart, of which she so often speaks, she believed that all human things must ultimately be brought under this law of Christ. Development, democratic progress, wider rule of the material world, all were guided by a Redeeming Power, and meant to fulfil his ends. God in Christ was to her the key to all truth, that which reconciles all conflicting truths. The redemption by Christ was an entire system, embracing all others, interwoven with the whole moral fabric of the world, subtle and inherent as "natural law," discernible to the human heart, exacting from it submission, and, in return, uniting it to God, and bringing it into new relations of fellowship and understanding with the otherwise discordant creation. As the sun in our natural system holds all together and pours life through multitudinous channels, causing life, growth, destruction, and rebirth, so Christ, the centre of the moral world, rules, restores, and destroys. "Christ is the Key to that secret which nature and humanity alike spread before us, of loss, of waste, of suffering even unto

death, of victory working through them all."[1] The names given to her works, as well as all in them, show that the Cross lay under her very life itself: *et teneo et teneor*, is the motto stamped on all that she did or was. I have seen the bare thought of the crucifixion suddenly arrest her spirit, and before it her face was bathed in tears. *The Patience of Hope* is a long contemplation of Christ, breathing a high but sober comfort with almost angelic authority. *The Covenant of Life and Peace*, The *Colloquia Crucis*—a communing of two friends, tender as the words of St. Francis to his beloved Philothea—have the same theme. It is the thinking of a solitary, but a solitary in full sympathy with the men of her time. Hers are the valid utterances of a saint of to-day, whose soul is never withdrawn, but rather rushes out into the thick of the struggle full of passion and eagerness.

Yet the style in which her books are written is chiefly notable for its sobriety and restraint. It has an elevation and precision unusual in English, recalling some of the excellent qualities of French writings. Its felicities are rather those of purity and directness than grace or colour. It owes no charm to vague picturesqueness. There is no graceful and skilful hiding behind metaphor; but some sentences have a delicacy and force which make it seem as if the truth they tell was expressed for the first and last time.

Nowhere does the worth of this style appear more than in the *Life of Lacordaire*. It is written from beginning to end with the swiftness and directness of a writer who is *one* with his subject, but whose desire to edify is less than his desire to speak the truth—a spirit often absent in religious biographies where the reader is, from a sense of justice, often turned into the *advocatus diaboli*. Here is the truthful picture of the man of exalted enthusiasm, who burned with two passions equally—love of liberty, love of the Catholic

[1] *Colloquia Crucis.*

faith—who, after a life of unexampled austerities, devotion and activity as priest, monk, journalist, died, to use his own words, "a penitent Catholic, an impenitent Liberal." The writer pierces into the recesses of that impassioned soul, isolated with God, yet bound to his kind with such intensity of moral sympathy, whose "great felicity" is the consciousness of the communion of souls, which he has bought by the renunciation of all the warmer ties of the natural life. A Frenchman of Frenchmen, a priest of priests, a monk of the order of St. Dominic, Lacordaire is revealed in these pages with penetrating and living sympathy, remarkable at any time, more remarkable as coming from the hand of a woman.

The group of men, Lacordaire's first disciples as Dominicans, or friends of liberity, are sketched here also with delicacy and discrimination. Ozanam, the man of learning and of the world, of saintly life and purest domestic virtues; De Lamennais, who left the struggle silent and defiant, passing into solitude to study the *Divina Commedia*, Dante's spacious and sombre genius fit companion for that lonely spirit; Madame Swetchine, the firm and tender friend, whose letters show the lightness of touch, and tact in human intercourse which seem the almost incommunicable gift of noble Frenchwomen; Montalembert, his gallant and ever faithful friend in the world. In reading the copious note on Ozanam, one wishes that Dora Greenwell had written the life of this married scholar, as a pendant to that of Lacordaire the priest.

There is no space here, nor am I competent in any way to discuss the question as to what were Miss Greenwell's exact theological opinions. But with reference to them one sentence must be noted, after speaking of the depth of her sympathy in dealing with Lacordaire the Dominican, it is right to add what she says with regard to Dominic himself, under whose banner Lacordaire was enrolled as an

obedient soldier. "I believe the best that can be said is, that he was a harsh fanatic, with a savage thirst for personal martyrdom, even courting it in the fire and sword he was so ready to send through the land. But this, far from being admirable, seems only another phase of a diseased and cruel imagination." Of the position of a Roman Catholic, she says (in the same letter to Professor Knight, which I have just quoted and which appears in Mr. Dorling's *Life of Dora Greenwell*): "To be a Roman Catholic,—a Papist,—is to abnegate all power of moral discrimination. You are committed to something which moves altogether, like Wordsworth's cloud, if it moves at all." This moral freedom is the very source whence all her poems and all her writings flowed. That which drew her heart in sympathy towards the Church of Rome—so it seems to me—was not those things which are counted by some as its invincible charm. It was neither grandeur of ritual—high ritual never touched her—nor imposing antiquity, nor perfection of organization. It was the uplifting of Christ as an objective, ever-present and living sacrifice, which the Church of Rome has ever held as the life of her life; and that other doctrine, which strikes deep into the heart and conscience, whereby the Church of Rome permits the Christian to *join* in the work of redeeming love, and declares that voluntary dedicated suffering of man or woman is accepted of God, and permitted by Him to lift the burden of pain from others, to give strength to the tempted, and rest to the afflicted. If this were true, surely it would offer the highest hope or aim towards which the human soul could strain. Altruism, enthusiasm for humanity, philanthropy, must seem but shadows compared to an awful reality of faith, which permits the believer to work with God in the sanctuary of His power, and with Christ bear the cross of redeeming love.

These words, even as I write them, fall on my own heart

like balm. Did not that soul of which I have written, which loved, which endured, which hoped through the long pain, and gathering shadows of life, did it not lift and strengthen other hearts? Did it not bring benediction?

> "Facesti come quei che va di notte,
> Che porta il lume dietro, e sè non giova,
> Ma dopo sè fa le persone dotte."

AGNES MACDONELL.

SURVEY OF RECENT LITERATURE ON THE NEW TESTAMENT.

INTRODUCTION.—Even from the Cambridge University Press no more beautiful specimen of the printer's art has ever been issued than *The Witness of Hermas to the Four Gospels*, by C. Taylor, D.D., Master of St. John's College, Cambridge. The form of the book, the paper, the printing and the binding, are as delightful to the eye as a fine picture. Dr. Taylor too has given us such proof of his aptitude for the kind of work here undertaken, that his researches are sure to be eagerly followed and his conclusions scrutinized with expectation. Readers of this present volume, however, must not look for the substantial results and booty of learning they found in the Author's *Sayings of the Jewish Fathers*, and *The Teaching of the Twelve*. Dr. Taylor's aim is to show that in the *Shepherd of Hermas* there is strong and convincing testimony to the Gospels, although that testimony does not lie on the surface. Indeed what first strikes the reader of the *Shepherd* is that it is very surprising the words of our Lord should be so little referred to in a devout Christian work which dates from the last decade of the earlier half of the second century. In the Apostolic Fathers great use is made, if not of the Gospels as we now have them, of the sayings of Jesus, but this Bunyan of the early Church could scarcely have made less allusion to these sayings had he never seen a Gospel. But Dr. Taylor proposes in this volume to show that Hermas "says in effect that the number of the Gospels was actually and necessarily four, as Irenæus said after him; and that Irenæus