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the Scriptural, the Patristic,¹ the Reformed doctrine of the Lord's Supper (as upheld by such men as Andrewes and Cosin, and Jeremy Taylor and Bull) than that to which we are led by those words of St. Augustin and that teaching of Fulbert, on which De Villiers in vain set the stigma of heresy? Let the reader be asked to mark the saying and to ponder it well: "Facinus vel flagitium videtur jubere: figura est ergo, præcipiens passioni Dominicæ communicandum, et suaviter atque utiliter recondendum in memoriâ, quod pro nobis Caro Ejus crucifixa et vulnerata est" (De Doct. Christ., iii. 16).

N. DIMOCK.

ART. IV.—BISHOP WORDSWORTH'S "ANNALS."

Annals of my Early Life, 1806-1840. By CHARLES WORDSWORTH, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of St. Andrews, and Fellow of Winchester College. Longmans, Green and Co.

THE volume which the venerable Bishop Wordsworth has given to the public will be read with great interest. It is, indeed, a real contribution to the memoirs and autobiographies in which English literature is rich. There is a certain charm in the pleasant record of individual experiences, and the admirable English for which Bishop Wordsworth is so remarkable may claim a place for this volume near the graphic narratives of Hume, Gibbon, and the less known but most striking story of Gifford, the first editor of the *Quarterly Review*. In recent years we have had interesting volumes from Sir Henry Taylor and Sir Francis Doyle. Bishop Wordsworth's introduction, written in a vein of true piety, distinguishes it entirely from the literary reminiscences of the writers we have mentioned, and his appeal to the candour of his reader is in a high and noble strain.

Everything connected with the Wordsworth family is full of interest. Literature and theology seem to have exercised a real spell over this remarkable brotherhood and sisterhood. All students of the poet Wordsworth's life know what a debt he owed to the admirable Dorothy. A new generation has succeeded, and the present gifted Head of Lady Margaret Hall at Oxford, daughter of the late Bishop of Lincoln, and sister of the learned Bishop of Salisbury, has shown, in her recent study of the poet's life, that pure style, and true appreciation of all that is distinctive and beautiful in the world of

¹ Not that there were no approaches being made in Patristic Theology to subsequent erroneous and superstitious views—chiefly, perhaps, in the direction of the doctrine commonly associated with the name of Rupertus Tuitiensis. But of this we may have occasion to speak in a future paper of this series.

poetry, are still the possession of her family. One of the most remarkable features of the Bishop's volume is the extent of his accomplishments, and the grasp he has always maintained over classics and general literature. He has been known for many years as a first-rate scholar and a deep and independent divine. There are many, however, who are hardly aware of the interest and vigour of his edition of Shakespeare's historical plays, and his charming volume on that poet's "Use and knowledge of the Bible." It is, indeed, a satisfaction of no ordinary kind to find in one of the Bishop's advanced age a keen relish for all that is highest and best in literature, united to an intense desire for the union of Christians in divided Scotland, and, as his last Charge witnesses, a true instinct as to the gravity of the critical questions which are now being raised regarding the books of the Old Testament.

Bishop Wordsworth's mother was one of a well-known Quaker family of Lloyds. The account of the Bishop's early days is full of interest. There is a story told of the care with which Mrs. Wordsworth's memory was cherished in her Essex home, which shows her to have been a person of remarkable character. The Bishop's father, the well-known Master of Trinity, was, indeed, fortunate in his three sons, all possessing the same aptitude for study. The Bishop was at Harrow, and from his connection with Cambridge enjoyed some special advantages. Bishop Claughton, comparing the Oxford and Cambridge systems, wrote to his life-long friend, "You have been nurtured in both soils, one may say; I hope you have the good of both, and the harm of neither, and I think it is so." The history of the Bishop's Oxford days is a history of academical triumphs. In 1830 his name appeared in the first class, and his uncle the poet's letter to him on this occasion will be read with great interest. After giving some valuable advice, there is a charming passage about a walk with his wife across Kirkstone: "Down hill we tripped it away, side by side, charmingly; think of that, my dear Charles, for a Darby and Joan sixty each."

Very soon after he had taken his degree, Mr. Wordsworth commenced his work at Oxford as a private tutor. He had, indeed, a remarkable list of pupils. James Hope Scott, W. E. Gladstone, Henry E. Manning, Francis Doyle, and Walter K. Hamilton were no ordinary men. To these were added Lord Lincoln, Sir Thos. D. Acland, and Charles J. Canning. The memorials of this remarkable group are a prominent feature in this volume. Opinions and faiths divide men greatly in these days, but men never forget the obligations they owe to the "coach" under whose care they increased their knowledge and formed their taste, and it is

no secret that every one of the Bishop's pupils has again and again expressed his sense of the benefit derived from his pure and high-minded power of inspiring his pupils with a love of all that is finest and noblest in classical literature.

We cannot but regret that Bishop Wordsworth, who arrived at Abbotsford on the evening of the memorable day on which Yarrow had been revisited by the two poets, had not an opportunity of being present at the interview which has been made immortal in the poem of "Yarrow Revisited." The short account of his stay at Abbotsford makes us long for more. The Bishop does not seem to have been aware, however, that the false quantity on poor Maida's statue was a slip of Lockhart's, not Sir Walter's.

Maidæ marmoreâ dormis sub imagine Maida,
Ad januam domini: sit tibi terra levis.

So stands the epitaph. The Bishop, with his keen Oxford eye, detected an error, and wrote:

I am afraid I was *priggish* enough not to think quite so well of Sir Walter when I had observed, quite conspicuous at his front door, a *false quantity* engraved upon the base of a statue of a favourite dog. I forget the former line of the distich, containing the dog's name. The latter ran thus:

Ad iānuam Domini: sit tibi terra levis.

The correction would have been easy—*i.e.*, *ante fores* or *ad portam*.

The verses written by Sir Walter, in Dora Wordsworth's album, have been printed before. Although showing the imperfection and cloudiness of Sir Walter's mind, the first stanza, alluding to his early acquaintance with Wordsworth, has a peculiar pathos. The exquisite sonnet of Wordsworth on Sir Walter's departure for Italy was the result of this, the last meeting of these two great men. Few portions of this volume will be read with more interest than the Bishop's account of his experiences in Germany. We wish, indeed, that he had kept a journal, with minute record of the lectures of Schleiermacher and Neander; men who have influenced greatly the thought and theology of their time.

In the second mastership of Winchester the Bishop was fortunate in finding a most desirable sphere for his energies. His fame as an athlete was only equalled by his fame as a classic. In Bishop Moberly he had a fellow-worker of the very highest ability, and the full account of their joint labours to improve and elevate the condition of Winchester is feelingly and forcibly described by the Bishop. The Bishop is of opinion that Dr. Moberly, in his memorable letter contained in Stanley's "Life of Arnold," hardly did justice to the movement which had been initiated at Winchester, and in other public schools besides Rugby. The truth is, that in many public

schools, especially at Eton, when Archbishop Sumner was an under-master there, much had already been done, and at Winchester, as the sermons of Moberly and Wordsworth testify, there was a real current of life and religion, as at Rugby under Arnold, elevating and purifying boy-nature. In Bishop Wordsworth's two volumes, "Christian Boyhood at a Public School," there are many noble passages, written in the purest English, well worthy of standing by the side of Arnold's Rugby sermons, of which the Bishop says, in a most pleasing note, "Some ten years ago I read nearly the whole of his Rugby sermons for the first time, and I wished I had read them sooner."¹

At Winchester the first wife of the Bishop died. She was laid in the college cloisters, and a tablet bearing a most touching inscription was placed there :

M.S.
 Coniugis dulcissimae
 CAROLETTÆ WORDSWORTH,
 quae,
 vixdum facta mater,
 ex amplexu mariti
 sublata est
 nocte Ascensionis Domini
 Maiæ X., MDCCCXXXIX.
 Aetat. XXII.

I, nimium dilecta, vocat Deus ; I, bona nostrae
 Pars animæ : moerens altera, disce sequi.

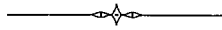
A translation by the late Lord Derby may be new to many :

Too dearly loved, thy God hath called thee : go,
 Go, thou best portion of this widowed heart :
 And thou, poor remnant lingering here in woe,
 So learn to follow as no more to part.

¹ What can be more admirable than the following extract from the first volume of "Christian Boyhood"? "I say that you must not choose to occupy your minds—no, not for a moment—with anything that is evil, for this is inconsistent with the law of God. What books are evil you must either inquire of others, or you must judge for yourselves. But I may so far assist your judgment as to give you this one rule: *Have the Bible always, as it were, at your right hand, and let the book that is at your left hand be no unfit companion for it.* If you cannot pass with a safe and with a pure conscience from the reading of the one to the reading of the other, be sure the book has no tendency to God's glory; and as such is not fit entertainment for the mind of one who desires to love God wholly and sincerely. And as you will read nothing that is plainly at variance with God's law, so you will judge of all that you do read by the standard of that law; you will be pleased or offended, you will approve or condemn, according as God's law requires, that so, 'by reason of this use,' as the Apostle speaks, 'you may have your senses exercised to discern both good and evil.' And that you may be able to do this, I need scarcely say, you must be very conversant with that law; you must not only set the Bible, as I have said, at your right hand, but you must make it a main portion of what you read."

This volume brings the Bishop's life down to the year 1846, and we shall look with great interest to the conclusion, which we trust he will live to finish. We have no space to notice the very interesting review of the Oxford movement, and especially the keen analysis of John Henry Newman's changes. Bishop Wordsworth has always been in a position of remarkable independence. From his father he inherited a true love for the great giants of English theology. He is now, in his old age, anxious to discover points of contact with those who do not accept the service and discipline of the Church of England. He longs for the reunion of England and Scotland in one united communion, and his earnest labours, though not productive of immediate fruit, will tell, and are telling, on many who are panting for reconciliation and longing for peace. We commend this volume with its varied contents most heartily to our readers. It is the work of a strong intellect and a firm faith.

G. D. BOYLE.



ART. V.—NOTES AND COMMENTS ON ST. JOHN XX.

II.

IN the previous paper mention was made of the "three days" which came between the Lord's death and His resurrection, the silent interval referred to in the $\delta\epsilon$ of our ver. 1. Let us so far return to that point as to remind ourselves of the extreme importance to us of that interval from one particular point of view. "The third day I will rise again"; that promise of delay was pregnant with many mercies. Putting aside all thought and question (never by us on earth to be answered with certainty) what the Lord Jesus Himself might have to do in that mysterious time, we see at once that the interval was momentous, not only for our greater assurance of His literal death, but—this is the point here in my mind—for our better appreciation of the real state of mind of His followers. Their blank surprise, their despair, their mistakes, their broken faith but not broken love—all are before us now, for all had time to come out. And thus we are able to estimate better the massive solidity of the evidence of the resurrection, looking at the absolute contrast between the former and after states of the disciples. The disciples between Friday and Sunday—the disciples after the Sunday, thenceforward for ever—what a difference! Before, all is misunderstanding, bewilderment, helplessness; after, all is one strong consistency (if we except a passing check in the case of one person, Thomas) of holy certainty, peace, energy, and joy.