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Reviews.

Spent in the Service: a Memoir of the Very Rev. Achilles Daunt, D.D., Dean of Cork. By the Rev. F. R. WYNNE, M.A., Incumbent of St. Matthias, Dublin. Second Edition. Hodder and Stoughton.

A BRIEF notice of the first edition of this Memoir has already appeared in our columns. Inasmuch, however, as amongst the many able and devoted Ministers of Christ who have adorned the annals of the Irish Church, few have surpassed Achilles Daunt in ability, and still fewer, if any, in zeal and devotion, we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity which is afforded by a second edition of "*Spent in the Service*" to say something more respecting its subject.

Whatever profession he had adopted, Achilles Daunt was a man who was destined to make his mark in the world, and to produce a powerful impression upon his contemporaries. The late Dean of Cork possessed those qualifications, both moral and intellectual, which need only the favourable concurrence of external circumstances in order to ensure for their possessors professional distinction or literary fame. After obtaining high honours at Trinity College, Dublin, where abundant evidence was given of his wide sympathies, his refined taste, and his sound scholarship, Achilles Daunt wavered for some little time in regard to the choice of his future profession. The fondly-cherished hope and desire of his parents was that he should take holy orders. His own inclinations and aspirations were in the same direction. On the other hand, he had many misgivings respecting his qualifications for the ministry, and other influence was brought to bear upon him by those who thought that his talents, combined with his family interest, would ensure him success at the bar. The struggle does not appear to have been of long duration. In the year 1855, when Achilles Daunt was twenty-three years of age, he was ordained to the curacy of St. Matthias, Dublin; and from that time a life-long friendship commenced with its incumbent, the Rev. Maurice Day, the present Bishop of Cashel. Within a few months of his appointment to this curacy, he was presented by Lord Carlisle, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, to the living of Rincurran, adjoining Kinsale, and close to the family estate, on which his father and mother were then living. Here, as in his curacy at Dublin, the young rector threw his whole soul into the work of the ministry, and his energies of mind and body were absorbed in his efforts to promote the moral and spiritual welfare of his parishioners. Much of his time was devoted to the religious education of the young. He laboured diligently amongst the soldiers of the garrison at Charles Fort, to which he was appointed chaplain, and also amongst the sailors of the crowded harbour of Kinsale. In addition to his three Sunday services, he held frequent meetings in different parts of his parish for the exposition of the Scriptures and for prayer, and he devoted much of his time to parochial visitation and to classes for confirmation candidates and for servants. After spending upwards of ten years in Rincurran, Mr. Daunt accepted the proposal of the Bishop of Meath to become his domestic chaplain, and to hold the living of Stackallen.

He had not been long rector of Stackallen, however, when he was urged to succeed Mr. Day as the incumbent of the important church of St. Matthias. At first Mr. Daunt hesitated, but after consultation with his father, to whom he had committed the decision of his future destiny, he wrote, on the 2nd August, 1867, formally accepting the offer.

It was here that the great work of the late Dean of Cork was accomplished. He was, in the highest sense of the word, an Evangelist. The church, which had been uniformly well attended during the incumbency of Mr. Day, was now crowded to overflowing, and the aisles were blocked with men who stood throughout the whole of the service. Shortly after the appointment of Mr. Daunt, the first Church Convention met at Dublin, and the city was filled, not only with the most influential of the clergy and laity of the Church of Ireland, but also with the delegates from the country and their friends. The accommodation provided in the church of St. Matthias, which was a plain structure, proved utterly insufficient, and it was resolved to improve and enlarge it. The second concert-hall in the Exhibition Palace was, in the first instance, secured as a temporary arrangement whilst the alterations were going on. After a few Sundays it was found necessary to remove to the large concert-room, which was capable of accommodating three thousand people. Every available seat was at once occupied, and when the hymns were given out the burst of sound almost drowned the great organ. Men who would have shrunk from entering a church felt much less dread of a music-hall. Many Roman Catholics were found amongst the congregation, some of whom sought spiritual aid in private from the preacher. The labours of Mr. Daunt at this time were unceasing. After the exhausting services of the Sunday, he was in the habit of receiving a number of young men belonging to Trinity College to spend the remainder of the evening; and the freshness and charm of his society predisposed them to receive the more readily the words which he addressed to them on the one subject which was ever uppermost in his heart. In the sick-room Mr. Daunt was as welcome and as successful as in the crowded church. He came as a messenger from God, and, whilst his voice was soft and his manner gentle and winning, he never shrank from the faithful delivery of his message. Beneath his abundant labours, his strength soon began to give way. "My life," he used to say, "will not be long, but I must work while it is day."

As soon as the new Constitution of the Disestablished Church came into action, Mr. Daunt was appointed one of the diocesan nominators. He was also chosen to be the representative canon in St. Patrick's Cathedral for the united diocese of Dublin and Glendalough. In 1871 he was appointed to the Deanery of Cork by his old and highly-valued friend, Bishop Gregg, who was most anxious to secure the near presence and active co-operation of one whom he had long known and loved. Here he engaged heartily in every religious work connected with the Cathedral. He succeeded in attaching to himself the choir, both men and boys, and in throwing into the stately services of the Cathedral all the fire and fervour which had characterised the services of St. Matthias.

The days of Achilles Daunt were now visibly numbered. Brain and heart were seriously affected, and entire rest and quiet were imperatively enjoined; but the Dean of Cork had learned the lesson of waiting as well as of working. Much of his time was spent in the enjoyment of domestic society, and in correspondence with his friends. Occasionally he ventured to address a meeting or to preach a sermon; and though at times he found "waiting" to be "hard work," as he expressed himself when writing to a friend from Hastings in the autumn of 1877, nevertheless he learned to submit with patience and resignation to the chastening hand, and he "longed for the Home where there shall be no going out, no variability nor shadow of change."

On Sunday, the 31st of March, he preached at Whitehall, and expressed himself as "happy in the privilege of doing angel's work." On the 11th of May he returned to Cork after an absence of twelve months. On his way through Dublin he preached in the Church of St. Werburgh, and

took part in the services of St. Matthias, but the exertion was too much for him, and he was compelled to sit down, overcome by emotion. When he reached Cork he found the aged Bishop on his death-bed; and, on the 26th of May that honoured and faithful servant of God entered into rest. The first part of the funeral service was performed in the Cathedral, and the Dean preached an impressive sermon. This sermon was his last. In vain he was begged not to proceed to Dublin, where the body of the Bishop was to be interred. He thought it his duty to go, and when the voice of duty seemed to Achilles Daunt to call, no earthly motives or considerations had power to restrain him. On the 9th of June he took part, for the last time, in the administration of the Holy Communion. On the following Sunday he was confined to his bed, when part of the service for the day was read to him, and he asked for the general thanksgiving and the hymns, "Rock of Ages" and "Jesu, lover of my soul," and was heard repeating several of his favourite passages of Scripture, ending with "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." The following day he lost consciousness, and after a few hours, during which he breathed with difficulty, but apparently without suffering, his spirit passed from the body. His funeral was a spectacle such as Dublin has rarely witnessed. Roman Catholics and Protestants, Churchmen and Dissenters forgot their differences, and followed side by side the remains of one whose heart's desire for his brethren was that they might be saved, and whose life was spent in promoting the temporal and eternal welfare of all who were brought within the range of his influence. It was thus that the sun of Achilles Daunt went down while it was yet day, and the light in which so many had rejoiced to walk was extinguished upon earth, to be rekindled on that day "when they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains. BY ISABELLA L. BIRD, author of "Six Months in the Sandwich Islands," &c. Pp. 290. Second Edition. Murray. 1879.

MISS BIRD wrote, a few years ago, a series of letters from the Sandwich Islands, which were published, and form one of the best works of the kind; and the letters in the volume before us, which will have no doubt a large circulation, are full of interest. A lady's journal, like Mrs. Brassey's, a record of travelling experiences which is chatty and familiar, rather than formal and polished, is sure to be read, provided always that it be graphic, lively, and original. Miss Bird's letters are never dull; incident and description of scenery are happily mingled; and the style is simple and attractive. Each day's or each week's narrative is not dressed up after the fashion of the well-known incident in Dr. Johnson's "Tour to the Hebrides." Her letters from a log cabin read really like the letters of one who is roughing it in the Rocky Mountains. That Miss Bird roughed it her letters show. Once she was thrown by a horse as a grizzly bear came out of the tangle just in front of her; one night a beast (fox or skunk) rushed in at the open end of the cabin, and on another the head and three or four inches of the body of a snake were protruded through the chink in the floor close to her. She killed a rattle-snake close to the cabin; deadly snakes, and snakes "harmless, but abominable," were plentiful. In this said cabin there was no table, no bed, no basin, no towel, no glass, no window, no fastening on the door; the roof was in holes, the logs were unchinked, and in one wood wall there was a great hole. Here, the other people slept under the trees; there was neither lamp, nor candle, only the

unsteady light of pine knots. To spend eight hours and a half in the broiling sun, lost on the prairie; to be thrown by a half broken-in horse on the hard gravel, and kicked into the bargain; to be kept awake by the claw-sharpening of a skunk whose lair is under the logs of the sleeping-hut, and who must on no account be disturbed for fear of the dreadful odour, which could be smelt a mile off; to lie all night wrapped up in a roll of blankets by a pine-log fire at the foot of a snow-topped mountain, and now and then to listen to the noises of wild animals prowling near; to help to drive to the *corral* a thousand head of half wild cattle; to write letters when the ink-bottle has to be kept close to the fire to prevent it from freezing; to be reduced to lower than half rations from long-lasting snow falls—these form part and parcel of the healthy and exciting pleasures of roughing it settler fashion in the Rocky Mountains.

The climate in Colorado, it appears, is something delightful. Its curative effect, indeed, can hardly be exaggerated. Of the settlers high up in the health-giving mountains, Miss Bird writes:—

All have come for health, and most have found or are finding it, even if they have no better shelter than a waggon tilt or a blanket on sticks, laid across four poles. The climate of Colorado is considered the finest in North America, and consumptives, asthmatics, dyspeptics, and sufferers from nervous diseases, are here in hundreds and thousands, either trying the "camp cure" for three or four months, or settling here permanently. People can safely sleep out of doors for six months of the year. The plains are from 4000 to 6000 feet high, and some of the settled "parks," or mountain valleys, are from 8000 to 10,000. The air, besides being much rarefied, is very dry. The rainfall is far below the average, dews are rare, and fogs nearly unknown. The sunshine is bright and almost constant, and three-fourths of the days are cloudless. The milk, beef, and bread are good. The climate is neither so hot in summer, nor so cold in winter, as that of the States, and when the days are hot, the nights are cool. Snow rarely lies on the lower ranges, and horses and cattle don't require to be either fed or housed during the winter. Of course the rarefied air quickens respiration.

In travelling through the Territory, extensively, as she did, Miss Bird found that nine out of every ten settlers were cured invalids. Statistics of medical works on the climate of the State (as it now is), represent Colorado as the most remarkable sanatorium in the world. But for persons who have a small capital, and no agricultural experience, to try to make a living by farming in Colorado is a great mistake. Some settlers lead a life of dreary drudgery. Miss Bird mentions the case of a Dr. H., a physician in good practice in England, who was threatened with pulmonary disease, and emigrated. He did not know how to saddle or harness a horse. Mrs. H. knew nothing of house work. They were cheated in land, goods, oxen, everything; they could not afford a "hired man;" grasshoppers destroyed the crops; and "smartness" took advantage of the struggling gentleman-farmer in every bargain.

A letter written from Denver gives some information about this "smartness." Miss Bird writes:—

The truth of the proverbial saying, "There is no God west of the Missouri," is everywhere manifest. The "almighty dollar" is the true divinity, and its worship is universal. "Smartness" is the quality thought most of. The boy who "gets on" by cheating at his lessons is praised for being "a smart boy," and his satisfied parents foretell that he will make a "smart man." A man who over-reaches his neighbour, but who does it so cleverly that the law cannot take hold of him, wins an envied reputation as a "smart man," and stories of this species of smartness are told admiringly round every stove. Smartness is the initial stage of swindling, and the clever swindler who evades or defies the weak and often corruptly administered laws of the States, excites unmeasured admiration among the masses.

These remarks, writes Miss Bird, in a footnote, would be endorsed, with shame and pain, by the best and most thoughtful among Americans. It is right to add, however, that the picture of morality in the Western States is not without cheering colours. In districts where liquor is prohibited there is no crime. In several of the stock-raising and agricultural regions through which Miss Bird travelled, where whisky was practically excluded, the doors are never locked, and the miners leave their silver bricks in their waggons unprotected at night. "There is no danger and no fear." Women are everywhere respected.

From Miss Bird's book, together with "Wanderings in the Western Land," by Mr. Vivian, M.P., recently reviewed in these columns, a very clear idea may be drawn of the districts now being opened up to English tourists.

The Philosophy of Jesus Christ as unfolded in the Physical Aspect of His Miracles. By the Rev. RICHARD COLLINS, M.A., late Principal of Cottayam College, Travancore. Elliot Stock. 1879.

THIS is a small book on a great subject. Among the mountains of Ceylon the author penned pages worthy of most serious consideration here in Europe. He lays no claim to originality, yet he has shewed how profitably diligent thinking may work an almost unnoticed vein of knowledge. The treatise is religious, as might be expected from the writer's position; it is not less truly scientific, for his acceptance of "science" is the only sound one—namely, the "*knowledge of fact.*"

The central argument is that the miracles wrought by the Son of Man give us evidence of the origin of matter and force, that Nature cannot give this evidence, that the recognition of these as facts is needed in the interest of true science.

It is regarded, at the outset, as a serious error that some writers, Archbishop Trench for one, have used the word Nature so as to include the supernatural. Another error is held to be the overlooking the physical aspect of the miracles, as if there were nothing to be learned from it, the moral and religious being counted as the whole value of the mighty works. Here our author commends himself to reason and ought to command general assent. The first error leads to endless confusion of thought, the term Nature being employed with such widely differing extensions of signification. And the second error is really both irreverent and unscientific—irreverent because it treats as valueless the manner in which the great Teacher dealt with things material. Not thus ought His actions to be slighted who in all things had reasons for His doings, and whose lightest word and smallest particular of method had significance for those who would heed and learn. Clearly and temperately the partial and faulty ways of philosophers, ancient and modern, are demonstrated, and the ground prepared for drawing out in forcible contrast the manner in which our Lord manifested His power. The following will give a good sample of the style:—

What Christ did was to hit the blot on all previous systems, both physical and ethical; and this He did with an authority that struck all His followers. . . . It is with His physical teaching alone that we have to do here. His method was not by dialectics or criteria; but by illustrations, by acts, by facts, which could reach man's understanding at once, and in a way that admitted of no discussion. He took men by the hand, and led them into the very arcana of Nature, and showed them there, not by word of mouth, but by facts which appealed at once to their five senses. Just what man wanted to know, to keep his science in harmony with his ethics and his religion, was revealed in Jesus Christ's philosophy. Beyond this there was no need. . . . But there was a need that man should know, what the cosmos itself could never reveal, the origin of matter and force; and that was the one lesson of Jesus Christ's

physical philosophy. . . . He put it before men's eyes, so that it might admit of no question, that matter, force, vital force, are the outcome of and are subject to WILL. He established that as the axiom of the universe; and it is only by faithfulness to that axiom that science can be God-like as well as human. That was the axiom without which all the deep thinkers of old were working in the dark. Socrates and Plato seem, indeed, to have seen it afar off; and even Anaxagoras touched it by his doctrine of *Nous* as the moving force of all, notwithstanding that he still held to the doctrine that creation, generation, and destruction of matter were impossible. That is the axiom which, if accepted to-day, would suffice to reconcile Science and Religion.

As there have been in God's works natural great truths lying before men's eyes waiting to be noticed, yet remaining for ages practically unseen, so in His word there are truths which are passed by without their existence being heeded. The book before us is fitted to do good service in calling those who hurry to and fro to stand still and pay due attention to what is very nigh unto them. Many a chemical and metallurgical discovery has been made by more careful examination and treatment of what had been thrown aside as worthless. Thus in the neglected *physical* aspect of Christ's miracles may be found what will richly repay all labour; and Mr. Collins, as one who has sought and found precious metal, invites others to be fellow-workers.

We cannot follow him in this brief review in his application of the principles laid down to the cases adduced, especially the miracle at Cana, where the water was made wine. Suffice it to say that he presses the argument home to establish the supremely important position that Jesus did in that miracle actually show Himself as Creator. Now, if this can be reasonably made good by the evidence contained in the history, it must cut the roots of all shallow materialism, and, further, must convict of unscientific errors those who have talked the most loudly of the unthinkableness of creation and of the inherent potencies of matter.

Turning from the physical to the moral and spiritual, we see that while our author, for his particular purpose, dwells so much on the former, he does in fact prepare a stage for the better exhibition of the latter in its supremacy. Remembering the beginning of Genesis and the beginning of John's Gospel, it is only what might be expected that when "the Word was made flesh" and dwelt among us, and manifested forth His glory, He should show Himself to be not only Redeemer, but also, as He was in the beginning, *Creator*. In an unscientific age, and among an unscientific people, as we understand the word "scientific," the physical aspect of His mighty works was but little heeded; now, in this time of exacting systematizing investigation, Christ's miracles must be either denied, which is infidelity and unreason, or they must be accepted with all their accompanying lessons and consequences, in which latter case the position will be reached which our author has already taken up, and around which he has traced with skilled hand lines of defence which go far to make it proof against assault. His arguments will bear much extension. He has sought rather to be clear than copious and his pages are worthy of all the attention they will receive from those who are concerned for the progress of true science, which cannot be severed from the knowledge of Him by whom and for whom are all things.

Supernatural Revelation; or, The First Principles of Moral Theology.

By the Rev. T. R. BIRKS, Professor of Moral Theology, Cambridge.

Pp. 240. Macmillan & Co. 1879.

THAT a notice of this ably-written work has not appeared in THE CHURCHMAN before the present date we regret; it was our intention to review it, in an early number, at some length, while strongly recommending it. A brief notice, however, may serve to show its character.

In the main it is a reply to the anti-supernaturalism of that notorious work misnamed "Supernatural Religion," but it also deals with Mr. Mill's posthumous essays, and various sceptical writings.

In an interesting Preface Professor Birks remarks:—

For forty-two years I have had the great privilege of unfolding and maintaining the great truths of the Word of God both by speech and writing, as a clergyman of the English Church. For the future I expect to be restricted chiefly to the second means alone. The obligation to maintain and unfold Christian truth through the Press is thus increased; especially since I hold the office of Professor of Moral Theology in the University of Bacon, Newton, and Milton. Attacks have been made and are still in progress on Christianity and on all the foundations of our Christian empire, by three allied systems of error—Ultramontan-ism, Agnosticism or Secularism, and the Liberationism which would banish the name of Christ from the whole world of politics.

The learned Professor then quotes the caution of St. Paul concerning "profane and vain babblings," a caution which applies with equal force to the varieties of unbelieving thought in our days as to the Gnosticism of the first century. He proceeds:—

One great duty of Cambridge at this crisis, is in the study of nature to abide steadfastly by the inductive principles of the philosophy of Bacon and Newton, so well carried out by many Cambridge students of these later times. But this implies the further duty to refrain from that unbridled license of the imagination in scientific subjects, which leads many to dignify plausible or even un- plausible conjectures with the name of science.

Conjectures in science, adds the Professor, have great use, but this depends on our never confounding them with proved facts. Again, this same principle of careful and inductive search, he says, must be applied to the study of Scripture:—

The Word of God will else be overlaid with ambiguities, uncertainties, and partial misconceptions, human traditions, distortions, and corruptions of its genuine meaning, which not only obscure its heavenly brightness, but are liable to become a great encouragement to the assaults of open unbelief.

In the fourth chapter, "Reason and Supernatural Revelation," Pro- fessor Birks shows how the claim of Christianity is to supply fresh facts, with full evidence, centering in a unique Person:—

The words and acts of such a Person are supernatural only in this sense, that they lie outside the very narrow and limited bounds of the previous experience of individual men in their brief earthly lifetime. Instead of lying outside the domain of Reason itself, they are those added experiences which raise man out of darkness into a region of dawning light.

The tenth chapter, "the Constant Element in Nature," and the eleventh, "the Miraculous Element involved in the whole Course of Nature," vigorous, clear, and full of matter, will well repay a careful study. The concluding chapter, "the Revelation in the Old and New Testaments one Harmonious Whole," is, we think, particularly good; its remarks on the two forms of German Rationalism, the mythical and the naturalist, which contradict each other, and its sketch of doctrinal Rationalism, are clear and effective. One note of this valuable work, indeed, is that it supplies a summary of the most remarkable sceptical objections during recent years, together with—a fundamental point—a closely reasoned and thoroughly Scriptural reply. We quote three or four striking sentences of comment on the fancy that a supernatural revelation is needless:—

A few jackdaws in Christian countries may strut about in borrowed feathers, and may boast of an "absolute religion," which they have stolen from the Bible, and then carved and mangled till it is no better than a bleeding corpse. This residuum is a law without any sanction, a morality without life; the

worship of a Being wholly unknown, without any remedy for conscious guilt, or any clear hope of life beyond the grave, or of any deliverance from the dark despotism of death. There is in fact no myth so purely mythical as the dream of some philosophers in their dotage, that the light of man's reason has made all supernatural revelation superfluous.

Plain Reasons against Joining the Church of Rome. By R. F. LITTLEDALE, LL.D., D.C.L. Pp. 196. S. P. C. K. 1880.

THIS book may be regarded as a sort of sequel to the famous Capel-Liddon controversy; it is significant of a change in the attitude of Ritualists towards Rome. During the last few years "Catholics" in the Church of England have to some extent shown themselves Protestants. The stream of perversions, apparently, has almost ceased; and in newspaper and magazine discussions on such questions as Why do not the Ritualists become Romanists, Ritualists have not exhibited an excess of tenderness. Roman Catholic controversialists, in fact, have of late been hard put to it. Mr. Gladstone came into the lists, particularly against Ultramontanism, a few years ago. The Roman Catholics voted against him on the Irish University Bill, a Bill which would have placed the higher education of Ireland, to a great extent, under Ultramontane rule; and the right hon. gentleman's three pamphlets against Ultramontaniam formed his reply to the wire-pullers of the Vatican. And now Dr. Littledale comes to the front. Notorious for his attacks upon the Reformers, he may be regarded as a leader among the Ritualists; and his present action is, in its way, a sign of the times. The Ritualists are tired, no doubt, of being alternately patronised and rebuked by Romanists. At the time of the Capel-Liddon controversy, we thought that Mgr. Capel made a little mistake; either his judgment or his temper was at fault. At all events, ultra-Churchmen—entirely excepting, of course, the unexplainable Dr. F. G. Lee—are now attacking Popery. Dr. Littledale, who, whatever else may be said of him, is a controversialist of considerable ability, writes these *Plain Reasons* against Joining the Church of Rome; and his attack is evidently no feint; he strikes hard, and with a will. He says, it is true, that his book is "defensive, and not aggressive, in design;" he addresses—not born Roman Catholics—but those who have seceded or are tempted to secession. Nevertheless, his book, as we have said, is an attack upon Romanism, earnest and bitter, as well as clever. It is, indeed, a remarkable work, and in many respects satisfactory. That it is so we proceed to show.

First, however, we must remark, though perhaps this is scarcely necessary, that the work has serious defects, and is not altogether free from error. Dr. Littledale's silence on certain points is significant. Weighed in the balances of a sound and sober Protestantism, his book is found wanting. We mention two points, and these are vital—viz., the Mass, and the Confessional.

To show the character of the work we give a few extracts.

In the section headed "Roman Creature Worship," it is stated that in direct rebellion against the plain letter and spirit of both the Old and New Testaments, the Roman Church practically compels her children to offer far more prayers to deceased human beings than they address to the Father or to Christ:—

It is not true, as is often alleged in defence, that the prayers of the departed Saints are asked only in the same sense as those of living ones, with the added thought that they are now more able to pray effectually for us. The petitions are not at all limited to a mere "Pray for us;" but are constantly of exactly the same kind and wording as those addressed to Almighty God, and are offered

kneeling, and in the course of Divine Service, which is not how we ever ask the prayers of living friends.

Dr. Littledale gives some specimens from the "Raccolta" (Eng. Trans., Burns and Oates, 1873), a collection of prayers specially indulged by the Popes, and therefore of absolute authority in the Roman Church. We quote one of these prayers, as follows:—

"Guardian of virgins, and holy father Joseph, to whose faithful keeping Christ Jesus, innocence itself, and Mary, Virgin of virgins, were committed, I pray and beseech thee by these two dear pledges, Jesus and Mary, that being preserved from all uncleanness, I may with spotless mind, pure heart, and chaste body, ever most chastely serve Jesus and Mary. Amen."

Dr. Littledale also gives some extracts from Liguori's "Glories of Mary," and he adds, with justice,—

If this be not blasphemy against the Lord Jesus Christ, and a formal denial of His power to save and His being the way to heaven, there are no such sins possible. Yet, even before Pius IX. made Liguori a "Doctor of the Church," the Congregation of Rites decreed in 1803 that, "In all the writings of Alphonso de' Liguori there is not one word that can be justly found fault with."

One quotation from Liguori is shocking in the extreme; and we give it with reluctance. "At the command of the Virgin, all things obey, even God"!!! *Imperio Virginis omnia famulantur, etiam Deus.*

In the section headed "The Blessed Virgin more Worshipped than God or Christ," it is shown that in practice she receives not only the same in kind but more in quantity. We quote one proof paragraph:—

One of the most general private devotions in Roman Catholic countries is the Angelus, recited thrice daily, with three Hail Marys in each recitation, so that she is addressed at least nine times a day in prayer.

Again, Dr. Littledale observes that—

When special altars of Mary are erected, when hundreds of priests belong to orders, such as the Marist Fathers, peculiarly vowed to her service, when votive gifts and offerings, such as were of the nature of sacrifice in pagan times, as lights, incense, and flowers, are incessantly made to her, and when, finally, the Mass itself is celebrated again and again in her honour, and her Litany is usually sung before the Sacrament in the rite of Benediction, surely, "the Mass is converted into Worship of the Blessed Virgin."

We note with pleasure, we may remark in passing, that Dr. Littledale here rebukes—we have italicised the words—the offering of "lights, incense, and flowers." Lord Beaconsfield, in "Lothair," has written of Popery as "medieval superstitions, which are generally only the embodiments of pagan ceremonies and creeds." And his "Mr. Phœbus," who asserted that true religion is the worship of the beautiful, and set up the statue of a nymph in a favourite grove of his island, spoke of the Greek Church peasants there as performing unconsciously the religious ceremonies of their pagan ancestors. It is worthy of note that a Ritualist refers to sacrificial lights and incense as quasi-pagan votive offerings.

Concerning the Roman worship of "St. Joseph," Dr. Littledale gives some striking facts. It is not yet claimed for Joseph, we read that he, like Mary, rules our blessed Lord in heaven; but his cultus, too, has been forced on of late years, and—

That dogma is already seen in germ in Faber's hymns, and elsewhere:—

With her Babe in her arms, sure Mary will be,
Sweet spouse of our Lady, our pleader with thee;

so that here Christ Himself, as well as the Blessed Virgin Mary, intercedes with St. Joseph, who is thus set positively above God Himself. This goes even beyond the new Trinity substituted for the old one;—

Jesus, Mary, Joseph, I give you my heart and soul ;
 Jesus, Mary, Joseph, assist me in my last agony ;
 Jesus, Mary, Joseph, may I breathe forth my soul in peace with you ;

a prayer indulgenced with 300 days, in the "Raccolta." St. Joseph has now been "granted the title of universal patron, guardian, and protector of the whole Church."

The sections on "The Mass Traffic" are interesting. It is shown that the Church of Rome lies justly under the accusation of being what is called, in France, *La Religion d'Argent*, and that the necessary result of the shameful system is to encourage rich people to continue in sinful courses.

In writing on "Roman Untrustworthiness," Dr. Littledale remarks:—

The Roman Church, which professes to worship Him who has said, "I am the Truth," is honeycombed through and through with accumulated falsehood; and things have come to this pass, that no statement whatever, however precise and circumstantial, no reference to authorities, however seemingly frank and clear, to be found in a Roman controversial book, or to be heard from the lips of a living controversialist, can be taken on trust; nor accepted, indeed, without rigorous search and verification.

Proofs of this assertion are adduced; and, after referring to the received principle of the Roman Church that no faith need be kept with heretics, Dr. Littledale adds—"the controversial and theological writings of Roman divines *perfectly swarm with falsehoods.*" Such language from an out-and-out Protestant would probably be reckoned too strong by some Reviewers who are nominally Protestant; but Dr. Littledale gives chapter and verse, and he is not likely to be sneered at as an Exeter Hall polemic. We give a single specimen of his proof-quotations:—

Perhaps the most curious example of all is a French New Testament, printed at Bordeaux in 1686, with archiepiscopal approval. Here are two instances of its renderings: "He himself shall be saved, yet in all cases as by the *fire of purgatory*" (1 Cor. iii. 15). "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter days some will separate themselves from the *Roman Faith*" (1 Tim. iv. 1). The outcry at this audacity led to the destruction of the edition, now excessively rare; but there is a copy in the Library at Lambeth and another in the Chapter Library at Durham.

On the "Moral Failure of Roman Catholicism," Dr. Littledale writes strongly, but he has reason on every point. With the statistics concerning crime and immorality in Roman Catholic countries, published some years ago by Mr. Hobart Seymour in, if we remember right, *The Christian Advocate*, he is probably not acquainted. He quotes Ravenstein, however, as to England, showing that in this country Roman Catholics contribute from "three to five times their fair share of crime." And, as to holy Rome itself, he observes that it is Rome which has "*sunk lowest, longest, and oftenest.*" The fact is that Romanism is at its worst where it has had entire liberty and long monopoly. It winks at vice, and considers ignorance the mother of devotion:—

While the weapon of excommunication, with all the awful penalties attached to it, is freely employed to punish anything which seems to involve lack of submission to the hierarchy, it is never wielded against adultery, brigandage, murder, or other great crimes against God and society; such, for example, as agrarian conspiracy in Ireland, which has often found sympathisers among the Roman Catholic clergy.

One other point we may touch upon, although our space is already exhausted—viz., the suppression in popular Roman catechisms of "that part of the Ten Commandments which forbids the making of graven images for the purpose of religious honour." In the new edition of his book Dr. Littledale has altered his language upon this point. The facts remain,

however, that in many Romanist catechisms the commandment against image-worship is not to be found, and that not one Roman Catholic in a million knows that image-worship has been forbidden by the Word of God. Dr. Littledale writes:—

Even in Schneider's "Manuale Clericorum," a popular Jesuit book in Latin, for the use of students for the *priesthood* (Ratisbon, Pustet, 1868), where there is a very full set of questions for examination of conscience on the Decalogue, extending over pp. 403-411, there is no hint whatever at the Second Commandment, which is entirely suppressed; but the first question under the First Commandment is, "Has he believed everything which the Holy Roman Church believes, or held an opinion contrary to the Roman faith in any matter?" Bellarmine's Catechism cuts out the Second Commandment entirely.

In the *Guardian*, while we write, we observe a letter which gives a popular French catechism from which the Second Commandment has been excluded.

Short Notices.

The Maidens' Lodge. None of Self and all of Thee. A Tale of the Reign of Queen Anne. By EMILY SARAH HOLT. Pp. 250. Shaw and Co.

There are few modern works of fiction which we rate as highly as those written by Miss Holt. "Margery's Son," "Clare Avery," and "The White Rose of Langley;" tales of the Marian Persecution, of the Tudor times, and of the Lollards; all deserve warm praise, as carefully studied and admirably written. From a purely literary point of view, indeed, these writings may claim to have many charms; but the aim of the gifted writer, we feel sure, has been throughout distinctively and decidedly Christian. With the volume before us, a tale of Queen Anne's reign, we are greatly pleased. Its sketches of life and manners are graphic, and not a stage in the story is in the least degree dull. The key-note of the work is given in the Huguenot strain—

Mon sort n'est pas à plaindre,
Il est à désirer;
Je n'ai plus rien à craindre,
Car Dieu est mon Berger.

Cetshwayo's Dutchman. The Private Journey of a White Trader in Zululand during the British Invasion. By CORNELIUS VIJN. Translated from the Dutch, and edited, with Preface and Notes, by the Right Rev. J. W. COLENSO, D.D., Bishop of Natal. With portrait of Cetshwayo. Longmans.

The title-page explains, sufficiently well, the character of this work. Mr. Vijn is a young Hollander, who for some three years traded in Zululand; and his statements have an interest of their own. Dr. Colenso's preface is, in the main, a bitter attack on Sir Bartle Frere.

The Acts of the Apostles, I.—XIV. With Introduction and Notes. By J. RAWSON LUMBY, D.D., Norrisian Professor of Divinity. Pp. 188. Cambridge Warehouse, 17, Paternoster Row.

A valuable little volume, one of the best of that useful series, "The Cambridge Bible for Schools." Professor Lumby's notes are terse and suggestive. On verse 1 he calls attention to the word "began;" St. Luke's second "treatise" is still an account of what the Lord does and teaches. The note on ix., verses 4 and 7, brings out the force of the accusative and genitive after *ακουειν*, as in xxii. 9; St. Paul's companions heard a sound,