

**JAMES
RITCHIE**

THE LONDON
PULPIT

James Ritchie
The London Pulpit

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Ritchie J.

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J. Ewing Ritchie

The London Pulpit

Dedication

TO JOHN R. ROBINSON, ESQ

Dear Robinson,

In dedicating to you this edition of a Work, the contents of which originally appeared under your editorial sanction, I avail myself of one of the few pleasures of authorship. Of the defects of this little Volume none can be more sensible than myself: you will, however, receive it as a trifling acknowledgment on my part of the generous friendship you have ever exhibited for an occasional colleague and

Yours faithfully,
J. EWING RITCHIE.

Finchley Common,
Nov. 7, 1857.

the RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS of london

‘Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto,’ said Terence, and the sentence has been a motto for man these many years. To the human what deep interest attaches! A splendid landscape soon palls unless it has its hero. We tire of the monotonous prairie till we learn that man, with his hopes and fears, has been there; and the barrenest country becomes dear to us if it come to us with the record of manly struggle and womanly love. This is as it should be, for

‘The proper study of mankind is man.’

In pursuance with this axiom, we have devoted some little time to the study of one section of modern men deservedly worthy of serious regard. There is no subject on which men feel more intensely than they do on the subject of religion. There are no influences more permanent or powerful in their effects on the national character than religious influences. We propose, then, to consider the pulpit power of London. There are in our midst, men devoted to a sacred calling – men who, though in the world, are not of it – who profess more than others to realise the splendours and the terrors of the world to come – to whom Deity has mysteriously made known his will. Society accepts their pretensions, for, after all, man is a religious animal, and, with Bacon, would rather believe all the fables in the Koran than that this universe were without a God. For good or bad these men have a tremendous power. The orator from the pulpit has always an advantage over the orator who merely speaks from the public platform. Glorious Queen Bess understood this, and accordingly ‘tuned her pulpit,’ as she termed it, when she sought to win over the popular mind. We deem ourselves on a level with the platform orator. He is but one of us – flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone. The preacher is in a different category: he in his study, we in the rude bustle of the world; he communing with the Invisible and Eternal, we flushed and fevered by the passing tumult of the day; he on the mount, we in the valley, where we stifle for want of purer air, crying in our agony,

‘The world is too much with us; late or soon,
Getting or spending, we lay waste our powers.’

We feel the disparity – that there ought to be an advantage on the preacher’s side – that there must be fearful blame somewhere, if his life be no better than that of other men.

Before we begin our subject, we will get hold of a few facts and figures. According to the very valuable Report of Horace Mann on Religious Worship, it appears that there are, in England and Wales, 10,398,013 persons able to be present at one time in buildings for religious worship, and that, for the accommodation of such, 34,467 places of worship have been erected, leaving an additional supply of 1,644,734 sittings necessary, if all who could attend places of worship were disposed to do so, the actual accommodation being 8,753,279 sittings. In reality, however, the supply more than keeps pace with the demand. ‘Returning,’ says Mr. Mann, ‘to the total of England and Wales, and comparing the number of actual attendants with the number of persons *able* to attend, we find that, of 10,398,013 (58 per cent. of the whole population) who would be at liberty to worship at one period of the day, there were actually worshipping but 4,647,482 in the morning, 3,184,135 in the afternoon, and 3,064,449 in the evening. So that, taking any one service of the day, there were actually attending public worship less than half the number who, as far as physical impediments prevented, *might* have been attending. In the *morning* there were absent, without physical hindrance, 5,750,531; in the *afternoon*, 7,213,878; in the *evening*, 7,333,564. There exist no data for determining how many persons attended twice, and how many three times, on the Sunday, nor, consequently, for deciding how many attended altogether on *some* service of the day; but if we suppose that half

of those attending service in the afternoon had not been present in the morning, and that a third of those attending service in the evening had not been present at either of the previous services, we should obtain a total of 7,261,032 separate persons, who attended service either once or oftener upon the Census Sunday. But as the number who would be able to attend at *some* time of the day is more than 58 per cent. (which is the estimated number able to be present *at one and the same time*), probably reaching 70 per cent. – it is with this latter number (12,549,326) that this 7,261,032 must be compared; and the result of such comparisons would lead to the conclusion that, upon the Census Sunday, 5,288,294 able to attend religious worship once at least, neglected to do so.’

The non-attendance appears to be greater in towns than in our rural populations; and in this respect London is not unlike other places. It is difficult to classify its religious developments; but the principal denominations may be stated as follows:

PROTESTANT CHURCHES

BRITISH:

Church of England and Ireland.

Scottish Presbyterians:

Church of Scotland.

United Presbyterian Synod.

Presbyterian Church in England.

Independents or Congregationalists.

Baptists:

General.

Particular.

Seventh Day.

Scotch.

New Connexion, General.

Society of Friends.

Unitarians.

Moravians, or United Brethren.

Wesleyan Methodists:

Original Connexion.

New Connexion.

Primitive Methodists.

Wesleyan Association.

Independent Methodists.

Wesleyan Reformers.

Bible Christians.

Calvinistic Methodists:

Welsh Calvinistic Methodists.

Countess of Huntingdon’s Connexion.

Sandemanians, or Glassites.

New Church.

Brethren (Plymouth).

FOREIGN:

Lutherans.

German Protestant Reformers.

Reformed Church of the Netherlands.

French Protestants.

other christian churches.

Roman Catholics.

Greek Church.

German Catholics.

Italian Reformers.

Catholic and Apostolic Church.

Latter-Day Saints, or Mormons.

JEWS.

In all, 35; of these 27 are native, and 8 foreign. These are all, or nearly all, the bodies which have assumed any formal organization. There are, in addition, many isolated congregations of religious worshippers, adopting various appellations, but none of them sufficiently numerous to deserve the name of a sect.

Of course, the chief of these various denominations is the Church of England. In the Handbook to Places of Worship, published in 1851, by Low, there is a list of 371 churches and chapels in connexion with the Establishment. Some of them have very small congregations, and every one confesses it is a perfect farce to keep them open. In some of the city churches, thirty persons form an unusually large audience. But most of them are well attended. To these churches and chapels belong, in round numbers, 700 clergymen. The appointments of ministers to the parish churches are, in most cases, under the control of the vicars or rectors of their respective parishes. In the case of private chapels, the party to whom the property belongs has, of course, nominally the right of appointing the minister; but, eventually, that appointment rests with the congregation, for to thrust in an unpopular preacher against their wishes would be to destroy his own property. For the parish churches, again, the right of appointing the clergymen is vested in various hands according to circumstances, which it would require too much time and space to explain at sufficient length to make them understood. The patronage is, in a great many cases, invested in the Crown; but the Bishop of London is also a large holder of metropolitan patronage. The Archbishop of Canterbury is patron in several cases, and, in some instances, holds his patronage conjointly with the Crown. In such cases, the right of appointment is exercised alternately. The Lord Chancellor is sole patron of four or five livings in London, and in six or seven other cases exercises the right of patronage alternately with the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Bishop of London, with private individuals, and with the parishioners. The parishioners possess the sole right of patronage in only three or four instances; and, in one or two cases in the City, particular corporations possess the right of appointing the clergy. The doctrines of the Church of England are embodied in her Articles and Liturgy. Her orders consist of bishops, priests, and deacons. Besides, there are dignitaries – archbishops, deans and chapters, attached to cathedrals, and supposed to form the council of the bishops, archdeacons, and rural deans. The average income of a beneficed clergyman is £300 a year; of a curate, £81. The number of church-sittings in London and the surrounding districts, according to Mr. Mann, is 409,834.

Next in order are the Independents or Congregationalists, who differ from the Church of England more in discipline than doctrine. They maintain the independence of each congregation – that a church is simply an assembly of believers. Only two descriptions of church officers are regarded by them as warranted by Scriptural authority – bishops or pastors, and deacons; and the latter office with them is merely secular. Amongst them the deacon merely attends to the temporal affairs of the church. In the Episcopalian Church, the deaconship is the first step to the priesthood. In London and its neighbourhood the Independents have about 140 places of worship. Mr. Mann's return does not give them so many, but he states the number of sittings to be 100,436.

The Baptists have much in common with the Independents. Like them, they believe in the unscriptural character of state churches; and, like them, believe each church or assembly of faithful men to be able to manage its own affairs; but they differ from nearly every other Christian denomination on two points – the proper *subjects* and the proper *mode* of *baptism*. According to

them, *adults* are the proper subjects of baptism, and *immersion*, not sprinkling, is the proper mode of administering that rite. As an organized community, we find them in England in 1608, about thirty years after Robert Brown had begun to preach the principles of Independency. The Baptists have many subdivisions. The Particular Baptists preponderate: they are Calvinistic. A remarkable unanimity of sentiment has always existed among them, except on one particular point – the propriety of sitting down at the communion table with those who reject adult baptism. Mr. Horace Mann gives the general body 130 chapels; Mr. Low, 109. The Census returns give them accommodation for 54,234.

The Methodists have, in all, 154 chapels in London, the larger number of which belong to the Wesleyans, who are Arminians, who are governed by a Conference, and whose ministers are itinerant. Mr. Mann tells us they seldom preach in the same place more than one Sunday without a change, which is effected according to a plan generally re-made every quarter. London is divided into ten circuits. Then there are the Calvinistic Methodists, who were originated by the labours of George Whitfield, aided by that devoted Countess of Huntingdon whose name yet lives in connexion with one of the most remarkable revivals of religion in our land. There are several sub-divisions besides. The original Wesleyan body has suffered much of late in consequence of the operations of the Wesleyan Reformers. It is stated that, by this division, the connexion sustained a loss of 100,000 members. In London, the Methodists, including, as in the case of the Baptists, six or seven sub-divisions, have sittings for 69,696. Of the number of attendants it is calculated about 12,000 are church members, or communicants. It may be as well to mention here, that, with the exception of the Irvingites, and, of course, the Roman Catholic Church, which only admits priests to the celebration of the Lord's Supper, and of the Quakers, who do not profess to observe that ceremony at all, there are two classes of persons attending all churches and chapels – the common hearers, and the smaller class who profess to be converted and regenerated men. In the Church of England the theory is, every baptized man is this; and therefore every one has a right to approach what is called the Table of the Lord. In the Church of Scotland, we presume, it is the same. An anecdote, which was told by Mr. J. Haldane, implies this: – that gentleman stated that once he was present at a Highland parish church on a sacramental occasion, when there was a pause, for none of the people seemed disposed to approach the tables; on a sudden he heard the crack of sticks, and, looking round, saw one descend on the bald head of a man behind him. It was the ruling elders driving the poor Highlanders forward much in the same manner as they were accustomed to pen their cattle. Among Dissenters only a certain class are supposed to have this right – that class consisting of those who profess to have become in their natures changed and sanctified to God, who are considered to be 'a chosen generation – a peculiar priesthood!' They are received into the church after, generally, a careful scrutiny as to their motives and convictions and character, and, at any rate, amongst Dissenters are generally considered as *the Church*, for whom a Saviour died, and on whom he devolves the conversion of the world.

The remaining divisions of the church and chapel goers of London may now be disposed of.

The Presbyterians have 23 chapels, some in connexion with the Church of Scotland, and some not. The number of chapels thus connected is 5, and the number of Scotchmen settled in London being about 130,000, it is more than probable that Sawney is not the church-going animal abroad, he most undoubtedly is when he is at home. It seems that the Scotch attending Presbyterian churches in London, even if they occupy every sitting, are not more than 18,211; and, if Sawney were not proverbially an economical fellow, one would be inclined to hint that you will catch him taking a cheap railway excursion on the very day in which, in his 'land of the mountain and the flood,' it is deemed sinful to do more than walk from one's home to the nearest kirk.

Next, as regards numbers, come the Unitarians, who have 9 chapels in London, and about 3300 sittings.

By-the-bye, we ought to have mentioned before this the Roman Catholics, who have 35 chapels, and of whom there were, on the Census Sunday, 35,994 worshipping at one time. In no case do the

Census returns give us the real attendance. We have merely the number of sittings, or attendants, morning, afternoon, or evening. In the case of Roman Catholics, we have given the number of persons attending in the morning, there being this difference between them and other sects, that with the latter, the number of sittings will be generally much greater than that of the attendants, whereas with the Roman Catholics the reverse is the truth, as they get more out of their chapels than any other denomination can.

It seems the mild, drab-coloured men, who call themselves Quakers, and wear broad-brimmed hats and square collars, and say ‘thee’ and ‘thou,’ of whom Belgravia knows but little, but who, nevertheless, are foremost when some great good is to be done, and some outcast class is to be reclaimed and saved, are but a feeble folk, as far as numbers are concerned. The ‘youngest of the four surviving sects which trace their origin to that prolific period which closed the era of the Reformation,’ they promise to be soonest extinguished. In 1800 they possessed 413 meeting-houses; in 1851 they had but 351. Mr. Low gives them 9 chapels; Mr. Mann but 4, with sittings for 3151. This latter number, small as it is, appears to be considerably more than is required for their services. The real truth, probably, is, that Quaker worship is too calm and phlegmatic for this bustling go-a-head age. In George Fox’s time, men held communion with the Invisible and Eternal – with Him who dwells in the light to which no man can approach. There are but few who care to do so now, and therefore is it that that race of practical philanthropists was far larger in George Fox’s time than ours. As to the other sects, it is scarcely necessary that we do more than take a very hasty glance at them.

The Moravian Brethren, who date from 1772, with Count Zinzendorf at their head (and who have no reason for their separate existence save the fact that, when they appealed to the lot as to whether they should join the Lutherans or not, the lot was against the junction), have 2 chapels and 1100 sittings.

The Jews have 11 synagogues and 3692 sittings.

The remaining congregations, with the exception of the Mormonites, who have now 33 places of worship, are almost exclusively isolated.

There are 94 chapels that thus defy classification; nor can we be surprised that such is the case. Our boast is, that every man is free to worship God according to the dictates of his own heart – that religious inquiry is unfettered amongst us – that every man who chooses may form a sect for himself. The advantages of this state of things preponderate over its disadvantages. The philosopher may despise, and the Christian of a generous heart and catholic aspirations may regret, that such should be the case – may think it better that men had wider views – better that we should stand on a broader platform than a sectarian one: but we may not quarrel with the conditions of religious existence. We must feel that these sects and schisms denote religious life and thought – that their absence would be death – and that, as the world grows and the truth becomes clearer, they will, one by one, disappear.

‘Thus star by star departs,
Till all have pass’d away;
And daylight high and higher shines,
Till pure and perfect day.
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven’s own light.’

The 94 chapels we have referred to, belonging to the New Church, the Brethren, the Irvingites, the Latter-Day Saints, Sandemanians, Lutherans, French Protestants, Greeks, Germans, Italians, have accommodation for 18,833. Of course some of these people have but little reason to give for the faith that is in them. Actually, in this age of intelligence – in these days of cheap literature and cheap schools – there are men and women so sunk in ignorance as to credit the absurd pretensions of Joanna

Southcote or Joe Smith; but these people we must include. We sit in judgment on none; and thus we give the church and chapel goers, as follows:

Church of England	409,834
Congregationalists	100,436
Baptists	54,234
Methodists	60,696
Presbyterians	18,211
Unitarians	3,300
Roman Catholics	18,230
Quakers	3,157
Moravians	1,100
Jews	3,692
Isolated Congregations	18,833
	691,723

According to the last returns, we have the following population: Finsbury, 323,772; Lambeth, 251,345; London (City), 127,869; Marylebone, 370,957; Southwark, 172,863; Tower Hamlets, 539,111; Westminster, 241,611; and with other places not classified, in all, 2,362,236. If we compare this with the figures I have given, we shall see that, if all the accommodation that exists were used, rather more than a quarter of the London population frequented public worship. In reality, the number is less. Yet, perhaps, the returns show as much religious observance as we could expect.

By way of contrast, let us see how the London world that is not religious spends its Sabbaths. A very large and complicated organization would be required to collect the statistics of the habits of the population of London on a Sunday, but an attempt was made on August 16, of the present year, to throw some light upon the subject by a few gentlemen accustomed to observe and estimate large numbers of people. The outward passenger-traffic by the railways during the morning appeared to be about as follows: —

Great Western, by the 8 and 9 o'clock trains	1900
Ditto, by the afternoon trains	2400
South Western, by the two early excursion trains	2500
Ditto, parliamentary	2800
Ditto, afternoon train	5000
London and Brighton, with South-Eastern, North Kent, and other lines at London-bridge:	
By morning trains	10,500
Afternoon	6000
Great Northern:	
Morning	1500
Afternoon	2000
Eastern Counties:	
Morning	1800
Afternoon	4500
North Western:	
Morning	1800
Afternoon	1000

The steam-boats above and below bridge were crowded, and the various public gardens, &c, on the sides of the river, were also crowded. About 14,000 persons passed down the river, and about 6000 upwards, beyond the ordinary river traffic. In Greenwich Park there were about 80,000 persons, and Gravesend and Woolwich were also crowded by visitors, estimated at 10,000, including the patrons of Rosherville gardens, &c. At 5 o'clock there were nearly 2000 persons in Cremorne Gardens, and at 8 o'clock fully four times that number. Hampton Court was scarcely as crowded by visitors as on

some previous days, but the numbers there and the excursionists to Kew have been already estimated by the boat and train. In the Regent's Park the numbers have not been counted at any time during the summer, though some of the "penny-a-liners" have given the exact number. There was an immense crowd listening to the people's subscription band in the Regent's Park, and at a low estimate the numbers considerably exceeded a hundred thousand. In the Victoria Park, where another people's band played from five till seven o'clock, there were about 60,000 persons present at one time. The aristocracy had a very large number of carriages in the Hyde Park, and about 8000 entered Kensington Gardens during the afternoon. From these estimates, intended to be free from all exaggeration, it would appear that out of the population of London, about one quarter of a million were engaged in what has been characterized as the "public desecration of the Sabbath." If we include servants, omnibus-drivers, cabmen, &c. – persons who follow on the Sunday the usual avocations of the week, of course this number is considerably increased.

It is cheering to think that the pulpit has advanced; and to feel, if it have not its lights, such as Chalmers, or Irving, or Hall, it has become almost freed from the buffooneries by which at one time it was disgraced.

'T is pitiful
To court a grin when you should win a soul;
To break a jest when pity should inspire
Pathetic exhortation; and to address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales
When sent with God's commission to the heart!

Huntington, the S. S., or Sinner Saved, used to stop in the middle of his sermons with exclamations such as – 'There, take care of your pockets!' 'Wake that snoring sinner!' 'Silence that noisy numskull!' 'Turn out that drunken dog!' Rowland Hill once preached as follows:

'The mere professor reminds me of a sow that I saw an hour since luxuriating in her sty, when almost over head and ears in the mire. Now suppose any of you were to take Bess (the sow), and wash her; and suppose, after having dressed her in a silk gown and put a smart cap upon her head, you were to take her into any of your parlours, and were to set her down to tea in company: she might look very demure for a time, and might not give even a single grunt; but you would observe that she occasionally gave a sly look towards the door, which showed that she felt herself in an uncomfortable position; and the moment she perceived that the door was open, she would give you another proof of the fact by running out of the room as fast as she could. Follow the sow with her silk gown and her fancy cap, and in a few seconds you will find that she has returned to the sty, and is again wallowing in the mire. Just so it is with the unrenewed man. Sin is his element.'

Could anything be weaker or in worse taste than that?

The pulpit has ceased to offend by any such exhibitions. The men in the pews have advanced, and the men in the pulpit have had to do the same. Men of science and of intellect and literature must have men of science and of intellect and literature to preach to them. It is power the ministry lacks. It fails because it is of the past – uses the language of the past – prays the prayers of the past. Instead of seeking a revival in the churches, it had better seek its own revival. We have some twelve hundred clergy (Church and Dissent) in this great Babylon, and yet the devoutest worshipper can scarce name a dozen as superior men. Yet preaching is not the difficult thing ministers affirm. Literary men, enterprising merchants, sharp attorneys, aspiring barristers, honourable M.P.s, work infinitely harder, though professing infinitely inferior aims. A popular actor certainly seeks no richer

reward than a popular parson; but the former will throw into his performance a life of which the latter appears to have no idea. For the men who care not for the manner but the matter, the pulpit has still less to offer. Where, then, is the wonder that in London, where men are not driven to church or chapel – where they do not lose caste because they do not observe the required customs of respectable society – the mass are beyond the reach of the preacher's voice, listening, it may be, to the sermons on our stones and in our streets – the sermons the world's great ones and illustrious leaders preach, when they worship railway kings, or erect statues to royal debauchees? What wonder is it then that in life's busy scene the still small voice of the pulpit grows weaker every hour?

POPULAR PREACHERS

Church of England

THE REV. J. C. M. BELLEW, S.C.L

One of the wonders to us, looking back upon the middle ages, rich in all the experience they lacked, is their faith in heathenism as a fact, long after heathenism as a theology had given way to the victorious Cross. It seems not only as if many Christian churches were erected on what were once pagan temples, but as if, under new names, the old pagan superstitions still lingered, as if their hold on the heart of man were too firm to be driven out by any doctrine, however new or true. In the middle ages, before a Bacon had led forth the sciences from their house of bondage – before men had ceased to theorize, and to believe alone in facts, and the truths facts utter, what confidence, for instance, was given to that pagan science, or jargon, for it ought not to be called a science, named astrology. The old heathen gods still remained. Jupiter and Mars, Saturn, and Venus, and Mercury, were still the arbiters of human destinies. Take up the great philosopher of that age – Cardan for instance – and you shall read in him more of the mysterious influences of the heathen’s Jupiter than of the Christian’s God. Every educated man exclaimed in language as plain, though not, perhaps, so poetical, as that of Max Piccolomini, that —

‘Still

Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend; and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down, and even at this day
'T is Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings everything that's fair.'

Something like this in the Christian world prevails. Thus is it the Old Testament binds with iron grasp men who profess to take their religion from the New. They tell you the law was the schoolmaster – that it was the shadow of good things to come, and yet for all that they do and plan, the Old Testament is their perpetual precedent. Instead of the recognised version, ‘All Scripture is given for instruction,’ some of the good people we have referred to seemed as if they read confusion. The old Commonwealth men blundered terribly in this way; but every age has had men guilty of similar blunders. Poor Granville Sharpe had an interview with Mr. Pitt, to plead the cause of humanity, and wasted the golden opportunity by attempting to explain to that great Minister – to whom the explanation was all unintelligible – the meaning of the little horn in Daniel. In spite of Christianity, men still cling to Jewish rites and Jewish creeds, as if the Temple of Solomon still wore its ancient splendour, as if the seed of Abraham still enjoyed their sacred birthright, as if the sceptre had not departed from Judah, and Shiloh had never come. Go into the churches of the metropolis any time you like, and the probability is that in more than half the texts will be taken from the Old Testament, and the certainty is, that in almost all, all the arguments and illustrations will have a similar source. Thus we have a composite order of preaching. It seems as if the preacher knew not on which side to take his stand, under which king to speak or die. The hand is Esau’s, but the voice is Jacob’s. You

hear as much of David as of Christ, as much of the ceremonial of a worship of form and ceremony, as of the simplicity introduced by Him who was born in a manger, and had not where to lay his head. To break free from all this – to act in the living present – to let the dead past bury its dead – to speak to the men of to-day in the language of to-day, is a great advantage to a preacher, even if it require, on his part, a little extra care in the composition of his sermons; and no one knows this better than the popular Assistant Minister of St. John's, Waterloo Place, Regent Square, London – the Rev. Mr. Bellew, formerly of St. John's Cathedral, Calcutta.

To give a man the position Mr. Bellew has acquired, however, something further is needed. Peculiar qualities of thought or utterance, especially the latter, are essential to a man if he would be talked of on all sides – run after by fine lords and ladies – in request all over London for charity sermons – and admitted to plead in the august presence of Lord Mayors and Princes of the blood. In the first place, then, it must be remembered that Mr. Bellew preaches with all the studied earnestness of the actor, and every syllable tells as distinctly as if it were Macready declaiming on the stage. Then he is an Irishman, and what Irishman is not fluent and born to drive in the pulpit; and what is wonderful, though an Irish Protestant, Mr. Bellew avoids the *rôle*, somewhat overdone, of a McNeile, or a McGee, or a Maguire, and does not commit the absurdity of making his every sermon a wearisome protest against Popery and the Pope. Why should Irish clergymen get wild on this head? It is not, says Goëthe, by attacking the false, but by proclaiming the true, that good is to be done. And it is the same in religion; the Irish Protestants have little to complain of – their history is written in the tears and blood of millions whom they have wronged for ages. By the violation of all right – by means that will ever stain the Irish Protestant Church with shame – by laws the most infamous the malice of man could devise, have they got to be where they are; let them take the goods the gods provide and be thankful. If anything could make a man sympathize with Roman Catholics, it would be the history of the Protestant Church since its first establishment there by the strong arm of law. On all other matters Mr. Bellew seems equally to avoid the errors of partisanship; he ignores the foolish ceremonial disputes of his own Church – the petty doctrinal discussions, which are the more fiercely agitated the more trivial and worthless they in reality are. His Christianity is something proud, and majestic, and divine, – a universal remedy for a universal disease, – not a skeleton of dead doctrine, or a bone of contention, or an obsolete word, but a living, healthy, beneficent power.

But Mr. Bellew has other attractions. Not only are his sermons broad and catholic in tone, – not only are they enunciated with oratorical effect, – not only are they heightened by the charm of a commanding presence, – but they are in themselves highly polished, full of passages of rare eloquence, and retain the attention of the hearers. They all open well, the exordium is always spirited, and its tone is maintained to the end of the discourse. Thus one commences as follows, “Eternity is the answer to life's question – immortality is the hallowed reward of life's holy works.” Another has, “Life is the expression of religion.” In another we get a quotation from Tacitus pregnant with meaning, “Truth is established by investigation and delay.” Then the circumstances of the text are well brought out. If Paul speaks at Corinth, we see that licentious city with its groves and temples; if on Mars' hill he proclaims an Unknown God, the orator, with a lustre on his face brighter than any genius could bestow, is in our midst; around him are the restless Athenians, and in the background, the marble statues of their deities – of silver-eyed Minerva, and Apollo, lord of the silver bow. If some divine word of the Great Teacher himself is the subject of discourse, then the Hebrew landscape is painted as only those can paint who have trod the steps – as Mr. Bellew has done – where, more than eighteen centuries ago, the Christ and his sorrowing disciples trod. Occasionally a little pompous verbosity may be detected; instead of simply telling us how the earth's great ones are despised too often by the world, Mr. Bellew says, ‘My experience of life, and the more I read from all history, sacred and profane, modern and ancient, is this – the veritable heroes of humanity have generally been decorated with the epithets of popular insult.’ This is a little too much in the mouthing vein, and reminds us of the singular encomium on Mr. Bellew in the *Morning Herald*, to the effect that our

preacher ‘unveils the plan of salvation in the most *graceful* and *attractive* manner’ – as if Mr. Bellew was a Madame Mantilini, and the plan of salvation was the last new fashion. Perhaps for this singular criticism Mr. Bellew is in some part accountable. Our readers may have seen a caricature of two popular preachers, under the title of Brimstone and Treacle. Brimstone is supposed to represent the youthful hero of the Surrey Music Hall: the pulpit Adonis, curled and scented and lack-a-daisical, called Treacle, is supposed, though very wrongly, for Mr. Bellew is no man-milliner, to typify the subject of this sketch. In spite of grey hair and sallow cheeks, Mr. Bellew has somewhat too much the appearance of a lady’s man, and his Christianity is evidently that which will do credit to the best society; nor is this to be wondered at. Has he not an uncle a Bishop, and has he not the *élite* of the *beau-monde* to hear him?

THE REV. THOMAS DALE, M.A

In the good old times, before the Reform Bill was carried and the Constitution destroyed, at a period long prior to the introduction of cheap ’busses and penny steamers and the new police, stood an old church in the north of London, in which the parishioners of St. Pancras were accustomed to meet for public worship. In spite of its unadorned appearance, it was a venerable pile. According to some, it was the last church in England where the bell tolled for mass, and in which any rites of the Roman Catholic religion were celebrated. In its burying-ground twenty generations now sleep the sleep of death. Grimaldi the clown, Woollet the engraver, William Godwin, Mary Wolstonecraft, Walker, immortalized by his Pronouncing Dictionary, Woodhead, the reputed author of the ‘Whole Duty of Man,’ Jeremy Collier, the writer against stage plays and the successful combatant of Dryden, Ned Ward, author of the ‘London Spy,’ Theobald, the hero of the early editions of the ‘Dunciad’ and the editor of ‘Shakspeare,’ Boswell’s friend, the Corsican Paoli, here await the resurrection morn. What passions, what hopes, what virtue and vice, what loved and loving forms, what withered anatomies, have here been laid down! Tread gently! – every bit of dust you tread on was once a man and a brother. Tread reverently! for here human hearts bursting with agony – the mother weeping for her children, the lover for his bride – have seen the last of all they hoped for under the sun. You may hear a good sermon here from the old text: ‘Vanity of vanities,’ saith the preacher, ‘all is vanity.’ Such is the lesson we learn here – that all the shows of the world are poor and little worth – that false is

‘ – the light on glory’s plume,
As fading hues of even.
And love, and hope, and beauty’s bloom,
Are blossoms gather’d for the tomb —
There’s nothing true but heaven!’

But we may not linger here. Time came and went, and, as usual, wrought wonders. St. Pancras ceased to be St. Pancras in the fields. It was laid out in broad streets and handsome squares. It was lit up with gas. It echoed to the roll of carriages. It witnessed the introduction of flunkies, with glaring livery and tremendous calf. Upon its broad pavements flaunted, in all their bravery, city lords and city ladies. Of course, the old church would not do for such as they. Early Christians might worship God in a barn, but modern ones, rich and respectable – of course, if they are rich they must be respectable – would not for the life of them do anything so ungenteel. So a new place – the first stone of which was laid by a Royal Duke, notorious for his debts and his connexion with Mrs. Clarke, – was built, with a pulpit made out of the old well-known Fairlop oak, on the model of a certain great heathen edifice, and the St. Pancras new church reared its would-be aristocratic head. Alas! alas! it was on the unfashionable side of Russell-square. That difficulty was insurmountable, and so the

church has to stand where it does. However, the frequenters try to forget the unpleasant fact, and to make themselves as genteel as they can.

Take your stand there at eleven on the Sabbath morning. What a glare of silks and satins – of feathers – of jewels – of what cynics would call the pomps and vanities of the world! With what an air does that delicate young female – I beg her pardon, I mean young lady – foot it, with Jeames behind carrying her Book of Common Prayer! United Belgravia could hardly do the thing in better style. Enter the church, and you will see the same delightful air of fashionable repose. If the grace that is divine be as common there as the grace that is earthly, Mr. Dale's charge must be a happy flock indeed. With what an air does it bow at the name of Jesus! with what a grace does it confess itself to consist of 'miserable sinners!' One would hardly mind, in the midst of such rich city merchants and their charming daughters, being a miserable sinner himself. Such opulent misery and fashionable sin seem rather enviable than otherwise. At any rate, the burden of such misery and such sin seems one easily to be borne.

But prayers are over, and yon immense congregation has quietly settled into an attitude of attention. All eyes are turned in the direction of the pulpit. We look there as well, and see a man rather below the average height, with fresh complexion, mild grey eyes beneath light-coloured eyebrows, with a common-place forehead, and a figure presenting altogether rather a pedantic appearance. This is the Rev. Thomas Dale, M.A. He looks as if the world had gone easy with him; and truly it has, for he is a popular Evangelical preacher – perhaps, next to Mr. Melville, the most popular preacher in the English Church. He is a popular poet – he is Vicar of St. Pancras, and Canon of St. Paul's.

Mr. Dale reads, and reads rapidly; his enunciation is perfectly distinct; his voice is somewhat monotonous, but musical; his action is very slight. You are not carried away by his physical appearance, nor, as you listen, does the preacher bear you irresistibly aloft. His sermons are highly polished, but they are too invariably the same. There are no depths nor heights in them. They are all calm, subdued, toned down. They do not take you by storm: you miss the thunder and the lightning of such men as Melville and Binney. Mr. Dale's sermons are, like himself and like his poetry, polished and pleasing. All that man can do by careful study Mr. Dale has done; but he lacks inspiration, the *vis vivida*, the vision and the faculty divine, which, if a man have not, 'This brave overhanging firmament – this majestical roof fretted with golden fire' – 'is but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours.' Yet Mr. Dale has an immense congregation. I take it that he suits the level of the city magnates that crowd his pews. Philosophy, poetry, passion are quite out of the reach of such men, whose real god is the Stock Exchange, and whose real heaven is the three per cents.

Another and a better reason of Mr. Dale's immense congregation is, that his charity is unremitting – given in the best way, in the shape of work instead of alms – and irrespective of the religious sect of the recipient. I have heard of several such cases that do him much honour. And, after all, in the pulpit as well as elsewhere, conduct tells more than character in the long run. Hence his personal influence is great; and, of course, that helps to fill the church. Nor can we much wonder. What eloquence is stronger than that of a holy, a useful, a devoted life? Acts speak stronger than words. I see more power in an act of charity, done in the name of religion and of God, than in the passionate and fascinating gorgeous rhetoric of an hour.

Mr. Dale is a good Greek scholar, and has translated Sophocles. It is easy to see why Sophocles should better suit him than Æschylus or Euripides – the polish of the one would please him better than the wild grandeur of the others. Of him, as a poet, I cannot speak very highly. His versification is correct – his sentiment is good. To the very large class of readers who will accept such substitutes for poetry as the real thing, our divine is a poet of no mean order. 'What we want, sir,' said a publisher to me the other day, 'is a lively religious novel.' Mr. Dale's poetry answers to these conditions: hence its success.

His poetry was a great help to his popularity. When he was rector of the parish of St. Bride's, and evening lecturer at St. Sepulchre, he was more intimately connected than at present with literary

pursuits, and was much run after. About that time Annuals were the rage, and Mr. Dale edited a religious Annual called 'The Iris,' and young ladies learnt his verses by heart, or copied them into their albums. At one time Mr. Dale was Professor of English Language and Literature at the University College, in Gower Street. However, as a Tory and a Churchman, he seems to have found himself out of his element there, and left it for King's College, Strand, at which place he held a similar appointment. It was thought that church preferment had something to do with this; that his chances were, in consequence, in danger; that in high quarters the University College was regarded with an unfavourable eye: so Mr. Dale threw it overboard. Such was the rumour at the time. Of course, to some men, such conduct may seem only wise – prudent; but if ministers of religion thus shape their conduct, with a view to worldly success, what chance have they of regenerating the world? If such things be done in the green tree, what may we not expect in the dry? A teacher of living Christianity surely should be the last to desert a cause, merely because it is weak, and unfashionable, and poor!

As a writer, Mr. Dale has been most untiring. His first poem came out in 1820. It was the 'Widow of Nain,' and was read with delight in religious circles. In 1822 he published another poem, called 'Irada and Adah, a Tale of the Flood; with Specimens of a New Translation of the Psalms.' About this time the poetic inspiration appears to have died, for since only a few occasional verses have appeared from Mr. Dale's pen, and henceforth he seems to have betaken himself to prose. In 1830 he published a volume of 'Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical;' in 1835, 'The Young Pastor's Guide;' in 1836, 'A Companion to the Altar;' in 1844, 'The Sabbath Companion;' in 1845, 'The Good Shepherd: an Exposition of the 23rd Psalm;' in 1847, 'The Golden Psalm, being an Exposition, Practical, Experimental, and Prophetical, of Psalm xvi.' Besides these publications, he has printed several occasional sermons. He has now attained a high position in the Establishment, which certainly can boast few more faithful or laborious men. Originally not intended for the Church, his subsequent success has justified his devotion of himself to her service. Altogether his lot has been cast in 'pleasant places,' and he has had 'a goodly heritage.'

THE HON. AND REV. R. LIDDELL

St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, has done what it is a very hard thing to do, created a sensation in this our phlegmatic and eating and drinking and money-making and merry-making age. It professes to be a Puseyite, and not a Protestant, place of worship. Puseyism, says a red-haired Saxon, foaming with indignation, is next door to Roman Catholicism, and a Puseyite Church is half-way to Rome. True, my perturbed brother – true. But what of that? Some are inclined to think that Church of Englandism is akin to Roman Catholicism, and that all its churches are halfway to Rome. That brutal old tyrant, Henry the Eighth, was a Roman Catholic at heart, and had faith in himself as an infallible Pope. His genuine daughter did the same. Laud, who lacked the discretion of that strong-minded woman whose

'Christ was the Word that spake it,
He took the bread and brake it,
And what the Word did make it,
That I believe and take it,'

is a splendid specimen of ingenious mystification on the *vexata questio* of transubstantiation, – I question whether Charles James Bloomfield, Bishop of London, could have returned a more confused and unmeaning response, – died for his Roman Catholic tendencies. To this day England remembers who it was, with red, swollen face, and brown apparel, and collar with a spot of blood on it, made his maiden speech in Parliament by indignantly informing the House that Dr. Alabaster had preached flat Popery at St. Paul's, and in our own day Mr. Gorham has failed in obtaining a legal decision against the Roman Catholic doctrine of baptismal regeneration. The mistake is, in supposing that the Church

as by law established is Low Church. If it were so, then, of course, out ought to go the whole crop of Puseyite priests, in spite of the tears and hysterics of female piety. On the contrary, the Church of England is like the happy family in Trafalgar-square. Beasts of the most opposite description there dwell together in peace and unity. Dogs and cats there sleep side by side. In the prospect of a common maintenance natural enmities are forgotten. Conformity is impossible. I cannot use my brother's words with his exact meaning. I must put my own interpretation on the creeds and articles to which I subscribe, and so long as the State Church is a chaotic mass of heterogeneous materials – so long as it has no definite voice, nor law – so long as bishop clashes with bishop, and at times with himself, – for we may have here a Puseyite, there an Evangelical, here a fox-hunting divine, – there must be everywhere heart-burning and scandal, and the degradation of Christianity itself. But, exclaims my vehement red-faced Saxon friend, you are making Papists by letting the Puseyites remain. I don't know that. Papacy is alien to human nature, or it is not. If it is not, you cannot get rid of it. If cut down to-day, it will sprout up again to-morrow. It springs from a tendency, I take it, in the human heart. In a mild form, that tendency gently blooms as Puseyism. A cold in one man may, by means of gruel, be removed in a week. In another man, it may deepen into deadly decline. Puseyism may retain as many in the English Church as it may send to Rome. Your Low Churchman may say the Puseyite has no business in the Church at all. Well, the other may say the same of him, and there is no one to decide as to who is right. King James II. said, Hooker's Apology made him a Papist, but Hooker was not responsible for this, and is still rightly looked on as one of the brightest ornaments of the Church of England as by law established. Men make strange leaps. Many a convert to Rome has been won from the ranks of Methodism. Many an infidel has been born and bred in the very bosom of the Roman Church. A Puseyite may become a Papist, but he also may not, and so may other men. Some people say there is Popery everywhere. I listen to a Wesleyan Reformer, for instance, and he tells me that the Conference is Popish, and that the President is the Pope. If so, it is hard to blame the Puseyites for exhibiting the priestly tendency, more or less apparent, as some affirm, in all priests.

I imagine the crime of Puseyism, in the eyes of most churchmen, is the crime of a pretty woman in an assembly of haggard crones. The Puseyite place of worship is always neat and clean, and worth looking at, and it attracts when others fail to do so. The causes of it must be various. Why does one graceful woman robe herself in simple muslin, and another dazzle you with her gorgeous attire? You may be a philosopher. If that woman can be your companion, can feel as you feel, and love as you love, you care not for her attire. But she knows that the world has a different opinion. The Puseyite becomes an object of interest. On a small, very small scale, he is a hero. True, to fight about little ceremonials argues the possession of a brain of but limited power, but his opponents are in a similar position. If you deny worship to be the simple genuine feeling of the heart – if you make no provision for that – if you turn it into a form, why then, possibly, the more of a form it is the better. I confess the way in which they intone the service at St. Paul's is pleasant to listen to. It is not worship, I grant. Neither is mumbling the thousandth time over a printed form of words worship. What a dull thing an opera would be, read, and not sung. It is true people do not make love, or do business, or address each other in music, in real life, but in an opera they do, and the effect is great. So it is with the Church of England service. Intoned it may be unintelligible or theatrical, but it is attractive nevertheless. It is not natural, but what of that? The soul bowed down with a sense of sin, yearning for peace and pardon, in its agony and despair will vent itself in broken sentences, and will turn away from all ceremony – from even the sublime liturgy of the Church of England, as poor, and cold, and vain, inadequate to the expression of its hopes and fears. But why those who go to church as a form find fault with the people of St. Paul's because their form is a little more attractive than their own, I confess I cannot understand.

But I have forgotten the Hon. and Rev. R. Liddell, M.A., a man of small mental calibre, who has done the next best thing to achieving greatness, and has achieved notoriety. In a letter he wrote to the late Bishop of London (in which he wickedly told his lordship if he had 'any *distinct* wish upon the subject, he is ready to comply with it,' as if Charles James ever had any distinct wish with reference

to Church matters), he styles himself a loyal son of the Church. At any rate, he is a brother of Lord Ravensworth, and perhaps that is almost as good. His public career is now of about twenty years' standing. Originally, he was curate of Barking, Essex; thence he removed to Hartlepool; and when it was found desirable to send Mr. Bennett to Frome (not Rome), Mr. Liddell was selected to fill his vacant place. It is questionable whether any successor could have been appointed more agreeable to Mr. Bennett. Mr. Liddell has certainly followed most religiously in the steps of his predecessor. St. Barnabas is what it was pretty nearly in Mr. Bennett's time. In St. Paul's a little more discretion is shown, and if you are struck with any difference in the manner of *performing* divine service at St. Paul's to that used in other places, you draw a comparison in favour of the former. The congregation is exceedingly wealthy and aristocratic. You are struck as much with its air of high life as with its High Church appearance, and having thus a double charm, I need not add that St. Paul's is crowded in every part. If success be a true test, Mr. Liddell is most indisputably in the right.

As a preacher, Mr. Liddell does not shine. Pale, with light hair and complexion – rich, for the place is worth £1500 a-year at the least – he would all through life have remained an obscure, gentlemanly man, had he not fortunately fallen in with the Puseyite tendencies of a large and influential section in the English Church. His voice is clear but not full; and, as one of his bitterest opponents told me, he can preach a good sermon when he likes. But his teaching is not that which can do the man much good. Eschewing the common evangelical doctrines, and holding views inconsistent with free inquiry and the growth of manly thought, he has but little left him to do in his discourses but to expatiate on the sanctity of the priestly office, and the mysterious powers possessed by the Church. These are his favourite topics. To win the truth – to lead a god-like life – to bring back man, the wanderer, to heaven and to God, seem minor matters at St. Paul's, so long as the pillars are wreathed with costly flowers, and that the service is intoned. And to this teaching the world of fashion in its unfathomable puerility submits, and men who are our legislators, men who are high in rank and influence, men whose example is law all over the land, take it for truth. Mr. Liddell styles his congregation highly educated and devout. He is right in that statement. Men who have sat under him and his predecessor, who have believed them with unshrinking reverence, who have taken every statement as the truth, have been highly educated, but in a wrong direction. Granting that Mr. Liddell is right, what avails his teaching? Is not his mission grander and more comprehensive than he deems it? Has not man something better to do than to learn to bow, to intone, to admire flowers, and to look at painted glass? In the universe around him, can the priest find no voice more audible than his own? Does not his own Church convey to the listening ear sublimer revelations? If it be not so, Puseyism is a thing worth fighting for – worth dying for; if it be so, the minister and the 'highly educated' and devout congregation at St. Paul's have made a terrible mistake – a mistake which the friends of pure and undefiled religion may well mourn and lament.

THE REV. F. D. MAURICE

'If I saw,' wrote John Sterling to Archdeacon Hare, in 1840, – 'if I saw any hope that Maurice and Samuel Wilberforce and their fellows could reorganize and reanimate the Church and the nation, or that their own minds could continue progressive without being revolutionary, I think I could willingly lay my head in my cloak, or lay it in the grave, without a word of protest against aught that is.' Since then Wilberforce has become a bishop, and there is no danger of his becoming revolutionary; Maurice has gone on seeking to reanimate the Church, and the Church now raises the cry of heresy, and the Council of King's College deprive him of the Professor's Chair.

The real difficulty – which Sterling deemed invincible – which has proved too strong for Professor Maurice, is that, whilst there is such a thing as development in religion, the Church of England is not the place for it. The Church of England was a compromise; but it was a compromise between Geneva and Rome, and a compromise now dating three hundred years. It was never deemed

that it would require a wider platform, or that it would have in its pulpits men of larger vision or of more catholic view than the men it had already. If it had a view at all, it took, like Lot's wife, a backward glance to the tabernacle and its service – to the law delivered amidst thunder and lightning on Sinai's sacred head. It looked not to the future. It knew not that there were,

‘Somewhere underneath the sun,
Azure heights yet unascended, palmy countries to be won.’

It made no provision for the growth of man's free and unfettered thought. Consequently it is the Church of England only in name. Out of its pale, divorced from it, there is more of intellectual life and independent thought than there is in it. This is the condition of its existence. It is associated with certain creeds and articles and rites: harmonizing with them, you have a position in society, you have a certain yearly stipend, and chances of something better, as Samuel of Oxford knows well. The Church of England was never meant to be the nursery for thought. You have made up your mind immediately you matriculate at her Universities. Your career for the future is to maintain those articles. In a word, you must conform. The task has been hard, and few great men have stooped to it, and fewer still have done so and lived.

But a man must not quarrel with the conditions he has imposed on himself. You have your choice. You wish to preach the truth. Well, you can do so, in the Church or out of it; but in the one case you are more or less tied. You may preach the truth; but it must be Church's truth, if you take the Church's pay. Of course, this is a disagreeable position to an independent man; at the same time, it is not without its corresponding advantages. You get into good society, you have a respectable living, you may marry an heiress, or become tutor to a Prime Minister or a Prince. Outside the Church men of intellect generally have taken their stand, for it is perilous to tamper with convictions in order to maintain a position.

It is easy to see how, in Maurice's own case, what power has been thrown away in this tantalizing task. Had he started fresh, with no creed for him to conform to, with no position to maintain, he would have been a far more vigorous thinker than he has ever been. But he has ever had to come back to the Church – to the doctrines and teachings of men. A Church that shall embrace the religious life and thought of England, coëxistent with the nation, after all is but a dream. Were there such a Church, Maurice would hold no mean rank in it. But the State Church is not such, and cannot be such, unless its articles and creeds be glossed over with a Jesuitry not more ingenious than fatal to all moral growth. But each generation tries the hopeless task. The men of intellect and purpose in the Church have felt themselves in a false position, and have laboured to get out of it. They have trusted to one and then another. For a long time Mr. Maurice has been the coming man. The Church was once more to be a power – to have the nation's heart – to enlist the nation's intellect on its side. Writing in his usual bitterness, Carlyle says:

‘The builder of this universe was wise,
He plann'd all souls, all systems, planets, particles!
The plan he shaped his worlds and *æons* by,
Was – Heavens! – was thy small Nine-and-Thirty Articles.’

Mr. Maurice has accepted this language as sober truth, and has made that truth the pole-star of his ministerial life.

Most of our readers know Lincoln's-inn-fields. It abounds with lawyers. In one part of it surgeons are plucked, and in another, clients. It has a small chapel not far from Chancery-lane, and if the residents of Lincoln's-inn-fields attended it, there would be but little room for strangers. However, this is not the case, and thus I managed to get in. It is a curious old place. It was built by Inigo Jones;

and the then popular and admired, but now forgotten, Dr. Donne, preached the consecration sermon. The walls have reëchoed to the oratory of Secker and Tillotson. The windows are of stained glass, and one of them, containing St. John the Baptist, was executed at the expense of William Noy, the famous Attorney-General of Charles I. In the crypt, underneath the chapel, are buried, Alexander Broome, the cavalier song-writer; Secretary Thurloe, who had chambers in the Inn; and that stern Puritan, William Prynne, who wrote about 'The Unloveliness of Love Locks.' During Term time this chapel is open for worship every afternoon at three; and the preacher is the Rev. Mr. Maurice.

Considering the position Mr. Maurice has attained, and the notoriety attaching to his name, your first feeling is one of wonder that he has not a larger congregation. After writing more books on theology than any other clergyman of the day – after teaching more youth – after mixing up himself more with the working classes than almost any other man I know of – one is surprised that Mr. Maurice's audience is not larger; and I can only account for it by supposing that his task is impossible, and that he is fighting a hopeless fight; or on the supposition that, after all, Mr. Maurice's place is not the pulpit, but the professor's chair: yet that he has a numerous class of followers, the sale of his books is an unanswerable proof – a sale, however, much commoner amongst Dissenters, I have good reason to suppose, than amongst the clergy of the Established Church. Mr. Maurice has the true appearance of the professor – short dark hair, sallow face, precise manner: all indicate the man of study and thought. His voice is clear and agreeable, though not strong. His reading is very rapid, but, at the same time, emphatic. As to action, he has none. He aims more at what he says than how he says it; and, if you listen, you will find food for thought in every phrase. You can hardly imagine that the man before you has been charged with heresy, he seeming to differ in no other respect from other clergymen, save in his superior power of ratiocination and in the wider inductions on which he bases his doctrines.

What Mr. Maurice's opinions are he has taken full care to place before the world. He is a churchman in the fullest sense of the term. 'I have contended,' he writes in his 'Kingdom of Christ,' 'that a Bible without a Church is inconceivable; that the appointed ministers of the Church are the appointed instruments for guiding men into a knowledge of the Bible; that the notion of private judgment is a false notion; that inspiration belongs to the Church, and not merely to the writers of the Bible; that the miracles of the New Testament were the introduction of a new dispensation, and were not merely a set of strange acts belonging to a particular time; lastly, that the Gospel narratives must be received as part of the necessary furniture of the Church.' One would have thought such churchmanship as this would have satisfied any one. However, the cry of heresy has been raised, principally, it seems, because he denies the doctrine of eternal damnation – an awful doctrine, we do not venture to affirm or condemn here. Because he has done this, he has been branded with infidelity; and *The Record*, and *The Morning Advertiser* – neither of them journals distinguished for talent, but rather the reverse – hounded on the public indignation against Mr. Maurice, forgetting that no man has so earnestly laboured to Christianize – not the dark tribes of Polynesia, for then these journals would have been redolent with his praise – but the savages with white faces and dark hearts that we meet in our streets every day.

It is melancholy to think that wretched theologians may aim their small shot at such a man, merely because his idea of God and Christianity may be less fearful, more loving and humane, than their own. Surely a man may love God and his neighbour as himself – may believe Christ suffered for the sins of the world – without being hooted by every ignorant or unreasoning fool, because, on other matters – matters merely speculative – matters too dark for man ever to fully inquire into or completely to understand – his opinions differ from their own. Proud as we are of our press, yet such exhibitions should make us mourn, that at times it can so far forget Christian charity and common sense, and descend so low. One thing is clear, that there is no tribunal in the Church that can satisfactorily settle the question of heresy; and another thing is clear, that whilst so many men differing so widely from each other are in the Church, the question with the majority of them cannot

be one of principle but of pay. Churchmen should be the last to raise the cry of heresy, for it is a revelation to the world of what must ever be their weakness and their shame.

Mr. Maurice, after all, is thrown away where he is: all his life he has been in an uncongenial position. The son of a dissenting minister, the habits he acquired have clung to him from his earliest youth. Hazlitt tells us how a man so nurtured grows up in a love of independence and of truth; and such a one will find it hard to retain a connection long with any human organization and creed. Then, as the brother-in-law of Sterling, Maurice would naturally be led to modes of thought and action other than those the Church had been in the habit of sanctioning. Eminently religious, he never could have been what he was to have been, a lawyer; but as an independent writer on religion, as a co-worker with Isaac Taylor, of Ongar, for instance, what might he not have done? Another mistake of Maurice's is, that his mission is to the poor. His style is the very last that would be popular with such. In the pulpit or out, Maurice preaches not to the public, but to the select few – to literary loungers – to men of ample time and elevated taste – to men of thought rather than of action – to men freed from the hard necessities of life, and who can leisurely sit and listen to his notes of 'linked sweetness long drawn out.' Hence is it that he is more a favourite with intellectual dissenters than with churchmen, and that I believe at Lincoln's-inn-fields his congregation is made up more of the former than the latter. They love his efforts at self-emancipation; they admire his scholarship, his piety, his taste. They eminently appreciate him, as he, like the intellectual power of the poet,

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