

## FALKLAND.

BY HENRY BEERS.

IF our methods of studying history are open to criticism, it might be not unjustly said that they too often cause us to leave a very desirable object out of account. We are not taught to be sufficiently diligent and careful to find the link that really connects other times and other men with the present and ourselves. We are thankfully conscious of great improvement in the methods of historical science. Almost within our own day the necessity of measuring perspective has for the first time come to be clearly understood and reckoned with. True, we often measure it wrongly, but that is no great matter, for our mistakes can be corrected: the great thing is our having learned that we must measure it at all. But while we are, as I say, thankfully conscious of this benefit among many, we must also be conscious of the duty that is in some measure consequent upon it. It is not enough that by the aid of this improved science we should see things more nearly as they are, that we should see men in more nearly true relation to their circumstances, that we should reach nearer the true significance of certain critical periods. If we sincerely desire to increase the practical value of this most valuable study, we should also, as we survey these men and circumstances and critical periods, clearly mark what it is that they have specifically *for us*; what they offer us that we can profitably use to aid us in adjusting ourselves to our own conditions. This duty is no doubt quite regularly ignored; and because it is ignored, perhaps a practical good is often done, not by making a detailed description of epochs and characters, but by the less ambitious task of extracting and exhibiting what it is that these present that will really help and serve us. To such a task this essay is addressed: it is meant to draw attention to a noble but neglected man by showing how he belongs to us, by showing the relation that he maintained with the future, with ourselves.

The fatal taint in the Stuart blood which earned Rochester's pitiless epigram, had precipitated the inevitable contest between Church and Dissent. The hateful mixture of religion and politics, which ruins both, was being busily compounded. The noble religious spirit of the earlier Puritans as it appears in their protest against loose and vicious living, had given way to mere partisan political bigotry and bitterness. *Jure divino* Episcopacy was met by *jure divino* Presbyterianism. Laud was at Canterbury and Mainwaring in the pulpit. Shakespeare and Spenser were gone, and in their place were Davenant and Milton. *Comus* was followed by *Lycidas*. Puritanism was jealous of the Establishment, and the Establishment was vexing Puritanism: and in the intensely political aspect that organised religion took on, one could see a certain forecast of the day approaching,—hastened by the reverses that Protestantism had just been experiencing in France and Germany,—when any other aspect that religion might be thought to have would be impenetrably veiled; a day of clouds and thick darkness; a day of ill-conceived, hasty, and random action, and of rancorous temper.

Placed between these two forces, both quickened to the utmost energy of fanaticism,—an unintelligent and intolerant High Church royalism on the one side and an unintelligent and intolerant Puritanism of considerable popular strength on the other,—was a man who has somehow lived to see our day,—Falkland. We do not know him. Knox we know, and Laud we know; Pym and Hampden, Baxter and Montague we know, but this name does not sound familiar. Clarendon speaks of Falkland at length. Hume gives him a paragraph. His name is barely mentioned once or twice in the more compendious of our ordinary histories. Yet it is hard to see how Falkland could take a larger place in such works as our English histories commonly are. Their necessary limitations allow them hardly a line of digression. Much of their space must be devoted to the ins and outs of politics, and Falkland was no politician. They must notice strenuous men of action, and Falkland was not strenuous. They must trace the progress of military affairs, and Falkland, though brave, was not distinguished as a soldier, even to the degree of having an independent command. Falkland was a student, a man of letters; but the few trifles of his writing that are preserved are hardly above literary mediocrity. In his personal appearance he was undersized and homely, and his voice was unpleasant. He died at the age when most of us are only beginning to ripen,—thirty-four. What claim can a man who

accomplished apparently so little, whose share in epoch-making was apparently so small, who left so light an impress upon his own time,—what claim can such a man have upon us? Let us go deeper into the little that is known about his life.



Sir Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, was born about 1610, educated at Dublin and Oxford, and seems also to have been for a time at Cambridge. At twenty-one he married the sister of his friend Morison; a marriage which brought upon Falkland the severe displeasure of his father, by reason of the lady's compara-

tive poverty. Falkland withdrew into Holland, looking for an opportunity to take military service; but finding none, returned to England and applied himself seriously to literary and philosophical pursuits. The death of his father in 1633 interrupted these, but Falkland resumed them as soon as he could. His usual residence was the manor of Great Tew in Oxfordshire, about ten miles from the University. In 1640 he entered Parliament as member for Newport in the Isle of Wight. Eighteen months before his death he became Secretary of State, and entering the royal army at the outbreak of the Civil War, was killed in the undecisive battle of Newbury, Sept. 20, 1643. The record of his burial, dated three days later, is found in the register of Great Tew church.

Seven years of literary leisure, three years of uneventful public life, a violent and untimely death,—this is all. It is true that during his public career great events took place; but Falkland had almost no part in them. Beside the Straffords, the Cromwells, and the Iretons of the period, we might regard him as hardly more than an onlooker. He did his work faithfully in public office, and did it exceedingly well: but in the world of politics as in the world of society and religion, his attachments were nearly always to the losing cause. In short, he was unpopular and unsuccessful.

Let us now turn to what has been said about Falkland. The first thing we notice is that for an unpopular and unsuccessful man who cut so small a figure on the public stage, he is most extravagantly praised. Extravagantly, because it seems if he really deserved the encomiums he received, he could not help counting for more than he did: and the sober verdict of history is that he hardly counts at all. His praise is sung in verse by Ben Jonson, Sir Francis Wortly, Suckling, Waller, and Cowley, in a strain amounting to panegyric. But these were friends, and something must be allowed for the amiable weakness and partiality of friendship, and something perhaps, as well, for the current fashion of compliment and ceremony, which would now seem possibly a little strained and Oriental. Clarendon, however, may be taken more nearly at his face value. He speaks of Falkland's death as "a loss which no time will suffer to be forgotten and no success or good fortune could repair." He praises Falkland's abilities and accomplishments, and says all that can be said about the worth of his public services: but that Falkland could not live by these is as evident to Clarendon as it is to us. There is a strain, however, running almost continuously through this account, which shows that Clarendon had seized and fastened upon the characteristic that justifies

all the praise of Falkland, that makes him eminent, that makes him really ours. In the first ten lines of Clarendon's account this strain appears. Barely does he mention Falkland's "prodigious parts of learning and knowledge;" before he sets forth his "inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, his so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, his primitive simplicity and integrity of life." And it is to this view of Falkland that Clarendon perpetually recurs. He says, "his disposition and nature was so gentle and obliging, so much delighted in courtesy, kindness and generosity, that all mankind could not but admire and love him." Again; "His gentleness and affability, so transcendent and obliging that it drew reverence and some kind of compliance from the roughest and most unpolished and stubborn constitutions, and made them of another temper of debate in his presence than they were in other places." Recounting the attempts made upon Falkland by the Church of Rome, he tells us that "he declined no opportunity or occasion of conversation with those of that religion, whether priests or laics. . . . He was so great an enemy to that passion and uncharitableness which he saw produced by difference of opinion in matters of religion, that in all those disputations with priests and others of the Roman Church, he affected to manifest all possible civility to their persons and estimation of their parts. . . . He was superior to all those passions and affections which attend vulgar minds. . . . The great opinion he had of the uprightness and integrity of those persons who appeared most active, especially Mr. Hampden, kept him longer from suspecting any design against the peace of the kingdom: and though he differed from them commonly in conclusions, he believed long their purposes were honest."

When a bill was proposed to exclude the bishops from the House of Lords, Falkland supported it. He regarded the conduct of the clergy as a nuisance. He thought they aroused discontent and disturbed the public peace. He perceived that the things which interested them were entirely beside the mark. "The most frequent subjects," said he, "even in the most sacred auditories, have been the divine right of bishops and tithes, the sacredness of the clergy, the sacrilege of impropriations, the demolishing of Puritanism." The chief concern of the clergy in Falkland's view should be with religion; and with all this, he clearly saw, religion had nothing to do. "*Love, joy, concord, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, trust, mildness, self-control,*"—these were the things that interested Falkland, these the things that he believed religion should

promote. And he saw that so far from promoting this *grace and peace*, religion, tainted by its debasing admixture of politics, was then bringing forth only confusion and every evil work. Laud, busily countering on the most inveterate prejudices in his effort to maintain a theory of the priesthood, repelled him. He went out of his way to profess admiration for the Archbishop's learning and talents, but his mind was large enough to know that religion is a *temper*, an inward life, and that Laud had clean missed it. He saw that the object of religion is not a theory of the priesthood, nor has religion anything to do with a theory of the priesthood; he saw that the object of religion is *grace and peace*. Nor did the enterprise of the Puritans, the effort to organise a spiritual democracy, attract him more; for the object of religion, again, is not an organisation, but *grace and peace*. But the largeness of mind that enabled him to see all this, also condemned him to stand alone.

We find Falkland, then, advocating the removal of the bishops from the House of Lords, as an available measure for turning them back upon their proper business. But when an attempt was made later to abolish Episcopacy, Falkland stood out against it. For this he was promptly taxed with insincerity and vacillation by Hampden, as was natural. It would be too much to expect from a man of Hampden's narrow range of mind that he should understand how Falkland could repudiate Laud's *jure divino* notion of bishops, and yet not be for going to the opposite extreme and doing away with bishops altogether. Falkland was out with the Laudian clergy for his action on the bill for the removal of the bishops; he was out with the popular party for refusing to aid in abolishing Episcopacy; he had to face the charge of inconsistency from both, he was disliked by both. But alas for Laud and Hampden alike, this inconsistency of Falkland's was simply *seriousness*! Falkland was grandly serious, he saw things as they are. He saw that Episcopacy was a great and venerable institution that had collected about it an enormous accretion of sentiment and poetry, and was therefore not lightly to be put away, for it had in it an immense power that should be used and used rightly; but he saw also that before this power could be used rightly, the institution itself must be transformed and brought to a better sense of its original intention. He opposed Laud and the High Church clergy, yet refused to concur in abolishing their order; which means no more than that he saw so many good reasons for maintaining Episcopacy that he disliked to see so much made of a bad one. He saw that Laud's contention and the Puritan contention were alike devoid of any real solidity,

that they were not *serious*; and that between the triumph of either there was not a pin to choose. The triumph of *jure divino* Episcopacy meant that the form of Church government which Falkland really thought the best possible,—and in the long run, religion itself,—would be brought into disrepute: while the triumph of the Puritan spiritual democracy held no better prospect for religion, and in an ecclesiastical way meant merely the triumph of each man for himself, the unchecked sway of individual self-assertion, crudeness, and vulgarity. Hence he was not for helping on the triumph of either, but he was for the renovation and transformation of both. In his speech on the London Petition for abolishing government by bishops, he said: “Mr. Speaker, I do not believe them to be *jure divino*; nay, I believe them not to be *jure divino*; but neither do I believe them to be *injuria humana*. I neither consider them as necessary nor as unlawful, but as convenient or inconvenient. But since all great mutations in government are dangerous, even where what is introduced by that mutation is such as would have been profitable upon a primary foundation; and since the greatest danger of mutations is that all the dangers and inconveniences they may bring are not to be foreseen; and since no wise man will undergo great danger but for great necessity; my opinion is that we should not root up this ancient tree, as dead as it appears, until we have tried whether by this or the like lopping of the branches, the sap which was unable to feed the whole may not serve to make what is left grow and flourish.”

O happy country of England, which could at this time suffer so much as one voice of clear reason to be raised above the hootings of her maddened mobs!

The practical disadvantage of establishing a thing upon a false basis is that sooner or later people find it out: and when they have found it out, they rarely exercise the calmness and patience to take what is valuable in the thing itself and reestablish it rightly. More often in their disappointment they let the good go with the bad and make a clean sweep of both together. To appear under this disadvantage is a fault; and it is a fault which disfigures and vulgarises much of our apologetic literature. Archdeacon Brown—now, I believe, a bishop in some Western diocese—writes a book called *The Church for Americans*, in which he seeks to recommend the Protestant Episcopal Church, largely by examining its historical claims. This, in itself, is excellent, for by following out a line of investigation such as Archdeacon Brown proposes, some at least, of the real power of that history is bound to be felt. But

when Archdeacon Brown begins to account for this power by applying the *jure divino* notion of Apostolic Succession, the reader of to-day feels that thereby he does no more than show an uncommon gift of seeing into a millstone. The reader of ten years hence will simply close the book at this point, saying that it cannot possibly benefit him. And yet, Archdeacon Brown appeals to a very real sense,—a sense of the vast and beneficent influence of a great institution. But he encourages us to account for that influence in a way that is not *serious*: he would have us think that if his way of explaining that benefit turns out to be erroneous, the benefit itself is a delusion,—and this is levity.

The biographer of Cowley says that the poet was especially attracted to Falkland by two things: the generosity of his mind and his neglect of the vain pomp of human greatness. Falkland's fortune descended directly to him from his maternal grandmother: and when he contracted the marriage that brought upon him the displeasure of his father, he at once proposed to make over the whole of it to his parents and accept an allowance, meanwhile withdrawing himself from his father's sight. As Secretary of State he refused to countenance two practices which he found established,—the employment of spies and the opening of letters. Horace Walpole criticises this conduct as “evincing debility of mind.” Hallam speaks of Falkland as an excellent man, but intimates that his early training and habits unfitted him for public service; and so much is also admitted by Clarendon who rather naïvely puts it that “his natural superiority . . . made him too much a contemner of those arts which must be indulged in the transaction of human affairs.” That is, he was no courtier. He disliked the court: he saw there far more intrigue and pettiness than suited him. He hated his appointment as Secretary of State because it bound him too closely to the policy and fortunes of the court. But for his conscientiousness he would have refused it. The tragedy of Falkland's life was that of one who finds himself in a situation from which there is no escape. As the Civil War drew on, he could plainly see that little good could come from the triumph of either side,—he feared the success of the king almost as much as he feared the success of the Puritans, for neither cause had any real stability,—and yet he was powerless to mend matters and give them a better direction, for there was no one else who could see what he could. He supported the crown because it was the best approximation he could find to his notion of what was needful, but no one knew as well as he the enormous disparity between the ideal



monarchy and the government of Charles I. Despairing of peaceful transformation, which he knew to be the only fruitful reform, he went into battle and owned defeat by losing his life, happy only in being taken away from the evil to come. Hume says of his death, quite in the familiar vein of Clarendon, that it was a regret to every lover of ingenuity and virtue throughout the kingdom.

The Puritans won the day and set up their banners for tokens. They established their civilisation without let or hindrance. Let us survey this for a moment. Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, in the first of his charming *Studies in History*, praises it with no uncertain sound. "It is no longer necessary," he says, "to enter into argument to show that Oliver Cromwell was the greatest soldier and statesman combined that England has ever produced; that John Hampden is, on the whole, the finest representative of the English gentleman, and John Pym one of the greatest, as he was one of the earliest, in the splendid line of English Parliamentary leaders. *The grandeur of the period which opened with the Long Parliament and closed with the death of the Protector is established beyond the possibility of doubt.*" Well, this would depend, we would think, upon what one's notion of grandeur is: but Mr. Lodge proceeds: "During that period Church and crown were overthrown, a king was executed, great battles were fought, Scotland was conquered, and Ireland pacified for the first and last time." Of course, if one chooses to regard this in itself as grandeur, he may call it so if he likes; but perhaps most of us would have misgivings about applying the name without considering more closely the upshot of events like these. Overthrowing a Church and crown merely to see them fall, without replacing them by something better; executing kings because they are kings, and fighting great battles for the sake of fighting,—all this, while stirring work, would hardly merit the name of grandeur. I hope I shall not be suspected of representing Mr. Lodge as standing at any such extreme as this, for his fairness and candor are so remarkable that they disarm any unfairness of criticism; yet there are indications that Mr. Lodge does not limit his use of the word grandeur precisely as we would. "*Ireland was pacified for the first and last time.*" True, but how, and with what result? The French writer Villemain, in his *Histoire de Cromwell*, describes the general effect of Cromwell's policy of pacification thus: "Ireland became a desert which the few remaining inhabitants described by the mournful saying, *There was not water enough to drown a man, not wood enough to hang him, not earth enough to bury him.*" An interesting survival of this pacification of Ireland

appears to-day in the common speech of Irishmen. Mr. Lodge need have met no more than two or three of the race to learn that *the curse o' Crum'll* is one of the bitterest that is ever invoked upon an enemy. As to Cromwell's policy itself, we might almost think we were following the later career of the other great Nonconformist, Mr. Chamberlain, when we read how the thirty persons left alive out of the town of Tredagh were condemned to the labor of slaves. After this exploit Hugh Peters, a chaplain, wrote: "We are masters of Tredagh; *no enemy was spared*; I just come from the church where I had gone to thank the Lord." Wexford and Drogheda shared the same fate with Tredagh at the hand of Cromwell. And yet in spite of efforts like these, which certainly did not err on the side of moderation, to recommend the religion and civilisation of Puritanism to an unprepared people, we find the Protestant Archbishop Boulter, of Armagh, writing in 1727 to the Archbishop of Canterbury, that "we have in all probability in this kingdom at least five Papists to every Protestant," and testifying that when the most rigorous laws were in force against popery, the number of conversions from Rome to Protestantism was far exceeded by those from Protestantism to Rome.

But Mr. Lodge is possibly prepared to think that the Puritan system as Cromwell brought it in was an improved and effective substitute for the system which it displaced. Some such conviction perhaps ought to be assumed to explain his placing himself in what turns out to be an extremely awkward situation. Regarding the Puritan system as highly as Mr. Lodge does, the question must occur, If it was so good, why did it so soon collapse? And why, above all, did it collapse as promptly in New England as in Old England? Mr. Lodge raises this question himself, faces it squarely, faces it with his customary ability; but his explanations serve only to embarrass the reader, because they are a good deal embarrassed themselves. A glance at one of Cromwell's speeches such as can be found in Milton's State Papers, a glance at Hampden occupied with his favorite exercise of *seeking the Lord*, will supply the true answer,—indeed, Mr. Lodge himself unconsciously supplies it in the essay following the one we have quoted, entitled "A Puritan Pepys." Between the lines there quoted from the diary of the New England Puritan Sewall, we can read the reason of Puritanism's failure. But we gain perhaps the clearest insight from a note in the fifty-sixth chapter of Hume's history, in which he gives the names of a jury that was empaneled in the county of

Sussex in the full blaze of Cromwell's protectorate. Here are some of them :

<i>Accepted Trevor,</i>	<i>Stand Fast on High Stringer,</i>
<i>Redeemed Compton</i>	<i>Fly Debate Roberts,</i>
<i>Faint not Hewit,</i>	<i>Fight the good Fight of Faith White,</i>
<i>Kill Sin Pimple,</i>	<i>More Fruit Fowler.</i>

Now, what permanence could possibly be expected for a civilisation, more than for a religion, so narrow, so grotesque, so utterly fantastic and hideous, as these names reflect it? "Cromwell," says Hume, quoting Cleveland, "hath beat up his drums clean through the Old Testament. You may learn the genealogy of our Saviour by the names of his regiment. The adjutant hath no other list than the first chapter of St. Matthew."

Hume here undoubtedly puts his finger on the element in Puritanism that was its undoing,—its onesidedness, its unloveliness. But he does more. He goes on to relate in a kind of allegory the verdict that humanity has passed on Puritanism itself. All this, strange to tell,—the answer to the question that so troubles and perplexes Mr. Lodge, and the fate pronounced upon the Puritan ideal by the clear reason and judgment of mankind,—all this may be extracted from Hume's footnote as from some wonderful horn of plenty. Cromwell's first Parliament is commonly known as the Barebones Parliament, from the name of a leather-seller of London who made himself prominent in its councils, and who was called *Praise God Barebones*. Now, this Praise God Barebones had a brother who was called *If Christ had not died for thee, thou hadst been damned Barebones*. "But the people," says Hume, "tired of this long name, retained only the last word, and commonly gave him the appellation of *Damned Barebones*." There it is. Puritanism had plenty of strength, plenty of energy, plenty of resolution, but it had no beauty, it was unamiable, unattractive, hideous. And in the unhappy fate that overtook this poor man, one can see humanity turning the pretentiousness of the Puritans into a byword, looking unmoved upon their very virtues and saying that it would not care to have them at the price. Mankind, sooner or later, demands the whole of life and refuses to be satisfied with less, refuses a civilisation that offers less. It refused the civilisation of the Puritans because it felt with George Sand that for life to be fruitful, life must be felt as a joy, and the Puritans had nothing to offer that could be felt as a joy. Finally, after repelling the rest of mankind, the dulness and hardness of Puritanism reacted on itself, wearied itself, and Puritanism disintegrated.

No, we must dissent from Mr. Lodge's conclusion that Hampden is on the whole the finest representative of the English gentleman. Nor can we find in either Laud or Baxter a wholly satisfactory model of religion. If we are to look to those times for an example of the best that appears in social life, or for a true, adequate, and solid conception of religion, let us find it in Falkland. Falkland lives by his temper, by his "setting free the gentler element within himself." At a time when all the concerns of religion were given over to the most infatuated levity, Falkland was serious. Amidst a riot of the worst passions and the meanest prejudices, Falkland saw that "there are forces of weakness, of docility, of attractiveness or of suavity, which are quite as real as the forces of vigor, of encroachment, of violence or of brutality." Nay, he saw that these are the permanent, the constructive, the transforming forces, against which there is no reaction, and he allied himself with them. Falkland was against onesidedness and incompleteness; he was for adjustment, for the harmoniousness and balance of all the claims and the full, free play of all the qualities that are properly human. We see in Falkland, too, an abundance of the sentiment that overthrew Puritanism,—there were other forces working to the same end, but this was the force that really beat it,—the sentiment in favor of beauty and amiability, the sentiment against crudeness and dismalness. The lesson that the Commonwealth has to teach us is the plain one which history is perpetually teaching, but which we somehow never learn,—that *man doth not live by bread alone*; that man revolts, sooner or later, against being offered a part of life under the pretence that it is the whole of it. The Puritans presented a part of life, quite the largest part, quite the best part, but still a part and not all of it. For a time they persuaded men that it was all of it: and the indignant reaction against this deception brought forth the Buckingham and Sedleys, the Wycherleys and Rochesters of the Restoration, brought forth Thomas Hobbes and the Deists in religious philosophy and Ashley Cooper in politics,—and the triumph of Falkland's ideal was set back a generation.

Here at last we find the hold that Falkland had upon the future. It is in his testimony that an ideal of civilisation which does not include the whole of life, cannot be permanently maintained, for a community attempting to maintain it is fighting against nature and will one day be found out; and then the old story of rebellion, reaction and readjustment has to be gone through. Let us see what this has to do with us. Mr. Matthew Arnold said that America had

solved the political problem and the social problem, but that it had not solved the human problem. Mr. Matthew Arnold nods as seldom as does Homer himself, but he has here contrived to make a surprising blunder; surprising, because Mr. Matthew Arnold spent a fruitful lifetime in teaching line upon line that the human problem comes first. It is the essence of Mr. Matthew Arnold's doctrine that when the human problem is solved, the political and social problems will not need to be solved, for they will disappear: but that until the human problem is solved, the others can never be. What America has done towards solving the political problem, we are all rather easily aware. What it has done in the direction of the social problem, we can best grasp perhaps by imagining Mr. Matthew Arnold himself obliged to associate with such as are commonly taken to represent our social life, and thinking what insufferably bad company he would find them. As to the human problem, the civilisation that creates large industrial fortunes, that makes our social life what it usually is, that gravely tinkers with the outside of the Westminster Confession, that gravely refuses the Christian Scientists of Pennsylvania a charter, not because Christian Science is *nonsense*, but because it is a *business*; the civilisation that creates the peculiar phase of political Socialism which is abroad in the land,—nay, the civilisation whose herald and prophet, according to weighty foreign authority, is Walt Whitman!—the civilisation that brings out a literature like the novels we all read, that creates faces like the faces we all see and voices like the voices we all hear: why, this has never seriously attacked the human problem, it does not know that there is a human problem. It offers humanity a part of life,—not the largest part nor the best,—and loudly asserts that it is the whole of it.

This is what America signally fails to do; and hence it does not really touch the human problem. But it was primarily the human problem that interested Falkland, and he addressed himself to it and solved it. When one lives as nearly a human life as possible, and helps others all he can to live likewise, he may be said relatively to have solved the human problem. Thus Falkland solved it.

Finally, and above all, everywhere about him Falkland saw a dismal, illiberal temper manifesting itself not only in a dismal, illiberal life but also in a dismal, illiberal religion. There were opposing forces, each tied to its narrow, onesided, and mechanical notion of religion and the Church; forces that were really complementary, that ought to be united. And he saw that what was needed to unite

and heal them was simply the understanding of religion as a *temper*, an inward condition. Now this is precisely the situation that we have to meet. We look into the soul of denominational religion as it commonly appears, let us say, in theological seminaries; often in pulpits, in the religious press and in the public utterances of representative men: and we see there self-edification, self-assertion, jealousy of watchwords, notions, speculations,—a whole phantasmagoria of images so dull, so unreal, so alien to religion itself, that we are loth to examine them. “*Who would not shun the dreary, uncouth place?*” Keble might well ask. But let us consider one practical measure. The reunion of Protestantism is a vast undertaking, and our generation can perhaps take no more than the preliminary steps towards it; but as a beginning, let us think of the increased strength that would accrue to Christianity from the union of as much as two Protestant bodies, the Presbyterians and the Episcopalians. What hinders this union? Simply the Laudian notion and the Puritan notion of the nature of the ministry; and both of them from the standpoint of religion itself, sheer levity. The Presbyterian Church declares its basis in Church order; but at present it is hardly up to the Reformation contention that Episcopacy is sinful. There is an uneasy sense of the lack of seriousness in this contention that weakens it, and many now are for placing their main stress elsewhere. Among the Episcopalians, too, to a degree, but most of all among the Christians who are outside the Churches, there is the spirit of increasing seriousness; the increasing reluctance to account for things in ways that involve palpable extravagance; the increasing distrust of fancy-sketches. The only wise way to deal with this spirit is to deal with it truly.

But some one may ask, does this wise and true dealing mean that the Protestant Episcopal Church should at all loosen its hold upon Episcopacy? Emphatically, no. It means no more than the giving up of so much of an opinion about Episcopacy as is found to be unsound and untenable. It means the substitution of a good reason for Episcopacy in place of the bad one that has been given all along. The reason for Episcopacy assigned by Laud did not and does not commend itself to most clear-sighted persons, because it lies within no one's experience, it is not sound, it is not serious, it is a pure fancy-sketch. The reason assigned by Falkland does commend itself, because not only is it sound and serious, but any one who will may prove by experience that it is so. Episcopacy in Falkland's view is a development of Christian antiquity, having the same bearing and power as Christian liturgies, music, and

architecture,—the power of sentiment and imagination. It goes to satisfy that sense in man which is a real and legitimate sense and must be satisfied,—the sense of beauty and poetry.

Falkland's spiritual children were Whichcote, More, Cudworth, and John Smith; and the later generation of churchmen that included Tillotson and Stillingfleet. One of these, Ussher, Archbishop of Armagh, made a proposition concerning Episcopacy, which deserves careful reëxamination at the present time. It was substantially renewed by Stillingfleet. By it, the English Presbyterians were to be included in the Church without reordination of their present ministers; but subsequent ordinations were to be made only by the bishops, who were regarded ecclesiastically as the presidents of diocesan boards of presbyters. Such a measure as this, because it is reasonable, because it is conciliating, because above all, it springs from a true and not a notional conception of what religion really is,—such a measure would be wonderfully fruitful now. It would wonderfully help the understanding of Christianity as a temper. Well might it therefore interest for once the legislative authorities of the Episcopal Church: much more worthily, one would think, than most of the irrelevant trifles that have latterly been posed before that Church as “burning questions,”—such as the Provincial System, changing the name of the Church, and whimsies about divorce and marriage with a dead wife's sister.