

that Jesus was THE COMING ONE, and that they were NOT to look for another.

III.—IS IT CORRECT TO TRANSLATE $\nu\tilde{\nu}$ δὲ ἐκρύβη (Luke xix. 42) “BUT *now* THEY *are* HID”?

It makes little difference whether we translate the commencement of this passage as an unfulfilled wish: “Would that thou too hadst known, at least in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace!” or adopt, with the English versions, an aposiopesis at the end of the protasis: “If thou too hadst known at least in this thy day the things which belong to thy peace”! . . . (I translate from Tischendorf’s text of 1878.) The difficulty lies in the following words: $\nu\tilde{\nu}$ δὲ ἐκρύβη ἀπὸ ὀφθαλμῶν σου. These literally translated would run: “But *now* they *were* hid from thine eyes,” which is a contradiction in terms. It is a great liberty to take with the ordinary past tense of single action to translate it, “they *are* hid,” just to bring it into consistency with the $\nu\tilde{\nu}$ preceding. But is there any necessity for this, or even any excuse for so doing? $\nu\tilde{\nu}$ δὲ has not necessarily any reference to present time or even to time at all. It is frequently used in the sense, “But as the fact is,” “whereas.” Indeed “whereas” is, in nine cases out of ten, the best and most vivid rendering of this non-temporal $\nu\tilde{\nu}$ δὲ, although in the tenth instance it will not do at all; and we must content ourselves with, “But, as the fact is” or something of the kind. And I am happy to find that the very passage I am discussing is placed in Thayer’s new edition of Grimm’s Greek-Testament Lexicon among the passages, in which this meaning of $\nu\tilde{\nu}$ δὲ is exemplified.

Let us then boldly translate: “Would that thou hadst known at least in this thy day the things that belong to thy peace! WHEREAS they WERE hid from thine eyes.”

“This thy day” is considered as so close to its conclusion, that it is treated as practically over; and it is stated that, during the whole of it, the things which belonged to the peace of Jerusalem had been hid from her eyes. Surely this is more consistent with both sense and grammar than to render ἐκρύβη “*are* hid.”

A. H. WRATISLAW.

ART. III.—BISHOP CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

THE Memoir¹ of the late Bishop of Lincoln, the joint production of Canon Overton and the Bishop’s accomplished daughter, who presides over the Lady Margaret Hall at Oxford, is in many respects a remarkable book.

¹ Christopher Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln. Rivingtons.

We must begin by expressing our regret at the double authorship. There is a certain want of unity and proportion perceptible throughout, and in more than one instance a difference of treatment has led to a partial, not to say one-sided view of certain events in the Bishop's career. We wish, too, that the Canon and Miss Wordsworth had allowed the subject of the biography to disclose himself more fully in familiar letters. The method of Dean Stanley—a combination of narrative and selected letters—has always seemed to us well worthy of imitation. But the present volume has some admirable characteristics of its own. It is not too long. It gives an excellent account of the literary labours of the Bishop, and those who have regarded his long, single-minded, and most remarkable labours, with constant interest and attention, will not be disposed to find fault with the eulogy, which is perhaps more pronounced than general readers will expect to find.

Christopher Wordsworth was born in 1807. He was the third son of the poet's brother, himself no inconsiderable divine, and for many years Master of Trinity, Cambridge. Truthfulness and single-mindedness came to the Bishop as a natural inheritance. His mother, Priscilla Lloyd, was one of a remarkable family, and the account of her careful tendings of her three distinguished sons, who all achieved the highest academical distinction, will be read with great interest. She died before Christopher had reached his eighth birthday, and was long remembered by her husband's parishioners.

At Winchester and at Cambridge the career of Christopher Wordsworth was one uniform and continuous success. He was an enthusiastic lover of books. His scholarship was careful and searching. The extracts from his journal give delightful evidence of the freshness of his tastes, and his sympathy with earnest and thoughtful men. He owed much to the influence of his uncle, the poet, and it is not too much to say that the "plain living and high thinking," so characteristic of the Bishop, from first to last, must have received many an impression from the life at Rydal. A very full and complete life of the poet may soon be expected from Professor Knight of St. Andrew's, who has already done much to make the poetry and character of Wordsworth familiar to this generation. The letters of Sir Henry Taylor have lately given to the world more intimate revelations of the poet's domestic life, and it may be asserted with safety that few great men have ever stood the test of a searching scrutiny better. What William Wordsworth was to his own family, the two brief notices in the Bishop's memoir fully disclose. The letter on the religion of France, written to his nephew in 1828, is a most remarkable one. It is interesting, too,

to find that five years before the poet's death, he objected to some expressions upon Romanism in two pamphlets of his nephew's, as being too harsh and severe. Readers of the Bishop's controversial writings, admirable and incisive as they often are, will, we think, be inclined to wish that he had sometimes moderated the severity of his utterances, even although they never altogether obscured the working of a loving heart.

Christopher Wordsworth soon became an admirer of that sober-minded school of theologians which was represented by H. J. Rose, J. J. Blunt, and other Cambridge men less known to fame. In his early letters, there are many indications of the high standard of religious excellence he aimed at. "He is a high-souled young man," was the description given of him by an eminent Cambridge don in 1831, and Dean Blakesley, shortly before his own decease, said to one of the Bishop of Lincoln's children: "The three most magnanimous men I ever knew in real life, were your father, your grandfather, and your great-uncle (the poet)."

The first great disappointment in a life, tolerably free from anxiety, was the failure to obtain the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Cambridge. His career as Head Master of Harrow was not successful. The reforms which he carried out, somewhat too stringently, made him unpopular. The numbers of the school fell away, and it is clear that he did not possess the peculiar combination of qualities now rightly demanded from the head-masters of great schools. But there are those still living, who delight to tell how the earnest exhortations of Christopher Wordsworth to search the Scriptures and never neglect private prayer, awoke within them thoughts and feelings which have never perished. The same intensity which made a careless member of Parliament, after hearing one of the earnest Abbey sermons, resolve to read his Bible as he had never read it before, impressed its mark on some Harrovians in unmistakable fashion. With his appointment to a Canonry of Westminster in 1844, a new and important field of labour opened to him. His intellectual energy was untiring. The list of his publications is really an extraordinary one. He had already made his mark as a great scholar, and his early publications on Greece indicate the accuracy of his mind and its fresh interest in classical studies. He edited the *Correspondence of Bentley*, and the book has a special value, as containing a brief but admirable memoir of his brother John, a scholar of rare merit, who, had he lived, would have shown the same genius for scholarship and literature, so remarkably manifested by the venerable Bishop of St. Andrew's, the only surviving brother, who in his old age finds time, even

in the midst of his generous desire to reunite the English and Scottish Churches, for the pursuits which gave him unique distinction at Oxford. Dr. Wordsworth, when he accepted the Canonry of Westminster, seems to have set before him the high standard of study in theology, which men like our elder divines Bull, Pearson and Butler, succeeded in attaining. But he never neglected the practical interests which his residence at Westminster aroused. It is impossible to say how much good has been effected by the Westminster Spiritual Aid Fund, of which the Canon was the life and soul. Many who lived near him during these years caught his noble enthusiasm for the relief of the spiritual destitution of Westminster, and the account given in the Memoir of his labours for the fund, might be largely supplemented by those who knew the full extent of his self-denying exertions. His sermons in the Abbey, though sometimes too long, greatly increased his fame as a preacher and theologian. Those were eventful days in the history of the Church of England. The secession of Cardinal Newman shook many minds to the foundations, and it was certainly most fortunate that the pulpit of the Abbey should have been occupied by one who was in all respects able to encounter the subtleties of the Theory of Development. Fault has been found with the tone and temper of the letters to Monsieur Gondon, and there can be no doubt that the polemical vigour is often most unsparing. Yet these letters did good service in their day. Christopher Wordsworth had a real insight into the grave issues of the controversy with Rome, and although at times he may have seemed too favourable to the old interpretation of the Apocalypse, and too little mindful of the practical piety, still fortunately to be found in the Roman communion, he is a champion of whom the English Church may well be proud. There is a most interesting note to be found at p. 400 of the Memoir, which gives an account of the impression made upon the Duke of Wellington,¹ by the Diary in France, a book which had a real effect in 1845, in disclosing the religious condition of the Continent. From that time its author seems to have taken a most particular interest in every attempt at religious revival in France and Italy.

¹ *Letter from Dr. Wordsworth, Master of Trinity, to W. Wordsworth, Esq.*—By the way, you will not be sorry to hear what the Duke of Wellington's opinion is of Christopher's "Diary." "What, my Lord Duke, is your opinion of the state of matters on the Continent—in France, Germany, etc.—in respect particularly to religion, etc.?" So asked Gerald Wellesley, the clergyman, one morning at breakfast. "Think," replied the Duke, "I think very ill of it. I think they are in a very sad condition. But I have been reading a book by Dr. Christopher Wordsworth—his 'Diary'—and I like it much. You must read it, and then you will see what I think and what you ought to think."

It was fortunate that, in the year 1850, Dr. Wordsworth resolved to accept the charge of a Berkshire parish. At Stanford he worked with his usual energy. Few men who accept livings between forty and fifty are capable of throwing themselves with vigour into parochial work. But the interesting letters from old curates give a delightful picture of the reality of his work in his parish. He won the respect and love of his farmers, and took a fatherly charge of his school-children. It was at Stanford that he commenced his commentary on Scripture; and there is nothing more remarkable than the way in which he harmonized the work of a student with his ordinary pastoral labours. We cannot help wishing that there had been a fuller detail of this portion of his life, for, in these days of haste and bustle, the attempt to combine active work with study is not as common as it ought to be, and our younger clergy often need to be reminded that the life of a pastor can be something else than a mere round of services and preaching excursions. The Canon of Westminster felt it to be his duty to express his feelings as to Dr. Stanley's theological views when the appointment to the Deanery of Westminster was made. Whatever may be thought as to the wisdom of this action, no fault could be found with the tone of the Canon's remonstrance, and, in after-years, differences were forgotten, and the intercourse of Dean and Canon was of the most delightful nature. The Dean is known to have said, on one occasion when the Bishop preached a remarkable sermon on a subject with which he was not in cordial agreement: "The close of that sermon made me feel that the mantle of Hooker and Sanderson had fallen on Christopher Wordsworth."

The history of the controversies which arose out of the publication of "Essays and Reviews," and the attitude of the Bishop of Natal, as it is represented in the debates of Convocation, is full of instruction. The perusal of that portion of the Bishop's life has led us to refer to these well-nigh forgotten debates, but we feel confident that all who perused them can have but one opinion as to the fearlessness and tenderness towards individuals which Christopher Wordsworth displayed. He spoke like a man who felt that a necessity was laid upon him, and throughout the long and protracted struggle, he maintained an admirable temper and most careful regard for the interests of the Church. Sometimes he may have taken a somewhat stiff position; and it is true to say that he did not always appreciate the judicial suspense of men like Bishop Thirlwall and Dean Blakesley, yet he won the reverence and honour of opponents and friends. There is a delightful letter from the Bishop of Peterborough, from which we must make one extract. The Bishop is speaking of his experience in

Conference, and it is certainly seldom that we find such words as these, expressive of true and genuine feeling, in matters when it is not always possible to preserve equanimity: "He used to defer to the opinions of the youngest and least experienced of his brethren with a sweet old-world courtesy and graciousness that could only have come from a lowliness of heart that esteemed others better than himself. He may perhaps have possessed powers of sarcasm—he certainly was by no means wanting in a sense of humour—but never in the eighteen years of my acquaintance with him did I hear from him, even in the keenest debate, a sharp or scornful word. He was uniformly gentle, conciliatory, striving always for the things that made for peace; and though ready, if need be, to die for what he held to be the truth from other points of view than his, always willing to learn as he certainly was apt to teach."

The time came when the unexpected, and undesired, call to the episcopate had to be met. Mr. Disraeli, in a letter, which did him great honour, wrote to offer him a bishopric. He himself would hardly have selected the unknown land of Lincoln; but he soon threw himself into his new duties with all his energy. Christopher Wordsworth was a man of prayer. He shrunk at first from a new sphere of work. But his misgivings were happily overcome by the kindly presence of his brethren and other friends. They were certainly in the right. It would have been a grave misfortune to the English Church if men like himself and the late Bishop Moberly had not been raised to her highest offices. In recent years, the real life of the Church has been elevated and purified by the high standard of episcopal duty, aimed at by men differing widely from each other, but all in cordial agreement as to the essential characteristics of a bishop's duty, and high in the list of those who have done good service will stand the name of the late Bishop of Lincoln. Mistakes he undoubtedly made, and upon these it will be no pleasure to dwell. He was, however, nobly conspicuous as the spiritual father of his diocese. He could sympathize with men who differed widely from himself. His addresses to his clergy are redolent of his love of Scripture and his intense desire to speak the truth in love. At the Nottingham Church Congress, in 1871, a new feature of his character was unmistakably evinced. The Dissenters of that great town had shown unusual interest in the proceedings of the week, and the Bishop's address is an astonishing proof of the power with which he could express his genuine Christian feeling, without any sacrifice of his strong Churchmanship.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of this noble and well-spent life is the determined and resolute desire to ground all

his teaching, and all his practice, upon Holy Scripture. Whatever may be thought of the exact position which the Bishop's Commentary is likely to retain as a work of interpretation, it will always remain a most interesting memorial of the mind of the writer. The unity of Scripture possesses him. It is well said that he holds to it like an anchor; and there are passages, particularly in his interpretation of the Apocalypse, which reflect in a wonderful manner the hold which the progressive development and unity of the Bible had over his mind. Some of his hymns in the "Holy Year" have become deservedly popular. The place of "Hark the sound of Holy Voices," and "See the Conqueror mounts in Triumph," is safe; and we remember well how the late Canon. Morse delighted to speak of the joyful expression of the Bishop's features as the choirs sang the first of these hymns at the reopening of St. Mary's, Nottingham.

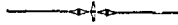
Bishop Wordsworth was most happy in his marriage to one who was indeed a true helpmate. Indeed we could well wish for more details of the happiness and pleasure of his life at Riseholme. He had the satisfaction before his death of visiting his son, recently appointed Canon of Rochester, and had expressed a wish to retire to Rochester on his resignation. But this was not to be. In 1884 a sudden chill overtook him, and on the 13th of July he and Mrs. Wordsworth were in Riseholme Church for the last time. The hymn of Baxter—the great Puritan divine, so honoured and admired by the Bishop's father, the Master of Trinity, who gave Baxter's touching review of his own life a place in his "Ecclesiastical Biography"—"Lord, it belongs not to my care, whether I die or live," happened to be sung that Sunday. For some days after this, his condition was critical. He felt that his work was over. The Southwell bishopric was nearly completed, and it seemed as if his end was near. Mrs. Wordsworth was taken away in the October of the same year, and on All Saints' Day she was laid to rest in Riseholme Churchyard. The Bishop lingered until the following March; and after a mysterious struggle, recalling Walton's description of George Herbert's death, he passed away, on the very day when the Chapter of Lincoln had met to elect his successor. He had resigned the See of Lincoln in October, 1884.

The life of this admirable man ought to be in the hands of all our younger clergy. It is not too much to say that the whole man, with all the acquirements and wonderful learning of his life, was entirely dedicated to the service of his Master. We cannot conclude this brief notice better than in the words of the present Bishop of London, whose appointment to the

See of Exeter he had deprecated, but whom he gladly welcomed as the successor of Bishop Jackson. Dr. Temple said :

I can myself speak of unvarying kindness, from the time when he wrote to me on my nomination to the bishopric of Exeter, and when, soon afterwards, he was so good as to allow me to make use of his examining chaplain, as I was not able in the circumstances to get the use of my own. From that time I had much communication with him on various occasions, when his conduct was always characterized by the same wonderful gentleness and sweetness. But I think that his sweetness of character was even more conspicuous when there was anything like a strong difference of opinion. For he entered into controversy freely and boldly, but he never concealed the warmth of his affection for those with whom he was brought into contact, even though he might have had reason to contend earnestly with them on points which he thought of importance, but in which they considered he was mistaken. Such a man leaves behind him a treasure for all time.

G. D. BOYLE.



ART. IV.—JACOB AT PENIEL.

THE narrative of Jacob's wrestling at Peniel must have possessed an intense interest for the Jew, as revealing the origin and significance of the name *Israel* in which he gloried.

It was now twenty years since the memorable night when the lonely wanderer, as he lay sleeping on his pillow of stones, had seen in his dream the ladder which reached from heaven to earth, and upon which the angels of God continually went and came, and had received from God the promise that He would be with him and prosper him, would keep him in all places whither he should go, and bring him back again to the land which he was leaving.

The Divine promise had not failed, and the pilgrim, who had passed over Jordan with his staff and nothing more, was now, in obedience to God's command, returning, having become two bands, with "wives and children, and men-servants and women-servants, and much cattle." Naturally he would look forward with great anxiety to his meeting with his brother whom he had so deeply wronged, and who had determined in his heart to slay him as soon as his father died. Since that time the brothers had never met: and no message from his mother had reached the younger to say that Esau's wrath was turned away. Had those long years made him forget his wrongs and mitigated his anger, or was he still cherishing his thirst for vengeance, and only awaiting the opportunity to satisfy it? Hoping, yet fearful, Jacob had sent messengers before him to announce his approach, and to pray that he might find favour in his brother's sight. These had, however, brought back no friendly greeting in response; only the tidings that Esau was advancing to meet him at the head of four hundred men. This