

in the long-run promote any cause; a general use of them must inevitably turn to the advantage of the Church—that is, of course, if patiently endured and proved unjust.

This, then, is the result to which in my judgment we must look forward—a vehement attack, unrestrained by few considerations of accuracy or justice, and tempered by no such moderating influence as that of Mr. Gladstone.

I do not anticipate an early bursting of the storm, nor do I share the opinion of many others, that, when it comes, it will be short and sharp; but I am sure it is a conflict we cannot prepare for too soon, and the character of which we shall do well to study by the light of agitation in Wales to-day.

H. GRANVILLE DICKSON.

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ART. V.—BISHOP KEN.

THE Dean of Wells has made good use of his leisure. No sooner had he completed his Dante labours than he resumed his work on the “*Life and Times of Bishop Ken*,<sup>1</sup>” and he heartily deserves the congratulations of all interested in Ken, on the production of a book which will do much to revive interest in one of the most remarkable figures of English Church history since the Reformation. The student has no reason to complain of any neglect in the province of the history of our Church since the Reformation. Canon Perry’s recent additions to Mr. Murray’s series of students’ manuals are excellent specimens of what such books should be. The Canon labours to attain a really judicial impartiality, and upon the whole succeeds. His account of the Elizabethan period is admirably done. To the “*Epochs of Church History*,” edited by Canon Creighton, Mr. Wakeman has contributed a volume on “*The Church and the Puritans*,” which possesses distinctive merits of its own. Mr. Wakeman never conceals his own opinions, but he is extremely fair to the Puritans, and his account of Laud’s singular career is full of interest. Mr. Benson’s sketch of Laud is a hasty and crude production; but there is, in spite of some grave errors, so much that is attractive in his spirited and vigorous writing, as to make us hope that he will re-write the whole story of the Archbishop’s life, and bestow more pains upon the theological attitude maintained by Laud. In the lectures and addresses of

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<sup>1</sup> *The Life of Thomas Ken, D.D., Bishop of Bath and Wells.* By E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D., Dean of Wells. Isbister and Co. 1888.

the late Professor Mozley, there is an admirable lecture on Laud's teaching as to Scripture, which will well repay perusal, and astonish many who have always looked upon Laud as the somewhat servile champion of traditionalism. Canon Overtor and Mr. Abbey have in the later periods of Church history done good service. But the Dean of Wells, in his most important and interesting volumes, has not only given us a really living picture of Ken, but has thrown strong and vivid light on the Church of the Restoration, and the non-juring movement.

Ken was born at Berkhamstead in July, 1637. He lost his mother in 1641, and his father died ten years afterwards. To an elder sister he probably owed much, and to his brother-in-law, Izaak Walton, more. The position of Walton was a remarkable one. He was the friend of the best men of his time, the pattern layman of his day, and, no doubt, the calm, contemplative cheerfulness of Ken's character gained much from the distinction and purity of Walton's habits and life. The Dean's picture of the early life at Winchester is interesting. He has drawn from Ken's poetry many illustrations of his youth, and the portrait of his gradual development is a pleasing one. He was prosperous and happy in his passage from school to college, and in 1663 we find him established at Little Easton, in Essex, where he was fortunate in finding in the great lady of his parish, Lady Maynard, a noble specimen of an English Churchwoman. The friendship was of the greatest importance to Ken, and there is nothing in the Dean's work more admirable than his description of the effect produced by the sight of a life which seems to have realized the ideal of Wordsworth's delightful lines, descriptive of "a perfect woman." The Dean has evidently acquired a true love for his subject. He has drawn a pleasing picture of Ken with his day, "given to study, to his duties as chaplain, to correspondence, and to pastoral visits among the poor," when he was residing at Winchester, as chaplain and fellow of the college. He had also at this time a pastoral charge. He was thirty-five, and had just written his manual for the Winchester scholars. It is interesting as a fact to know that the opening sentence of this little work is an echo of the first words of the Catechism of the Westminster Assembly: "Man's chief end is to glorify God, and enjoy Him for ever"—words of power and beauty which have remained with many true servants of God, as the watchwords of their spiritual life, and which seem to have found their most complete expression in the Morning and Evening Hymns—Ken's great legacy to the Church of England.

Our readers may remember the thoughtful criticism of Mr. Shorthouse's view of George Herbert, contributed to the

CHURCHMAN by Dr. Wace; and it will be seen from Dean Plumptre's second chapter, and Mr. Shorthouse's letter, how skilfully the whole subject of the tone of Ken and Herbert's poetry is treated.

The repose of these early days was soon ended. In 1679 Ken was appointed chaplain to the Princess Mary of Orange, and from that day till the close of his life the account of the Bishop's days is woven into the general history of the period. From the letters of Ken, and from the Sidney papers, we gain important information as to the relations of William III. and his wife. In very difficult circumstances, Ken behaved as we should have expected, with true courage. He insisted that one of the Prince of Orange's servants should repair the wrong he had done to a maid of honour by marriage, and William, though he threatened dismissal, gave way. Strength of character extorted from William the same tribute of admiration which made Charles II., in after-days, desire the appointment of Ken to his bishopric, though he had refused to sanction the use of his house at Winchester by the king's unworthy favourite. Some may, perhaps, be inclined to question the necessity for the lengthened account of the death of Charles II. given by the Dean, and after Macaulay's graphic narrative, it would, perhaps, seem almost superfluous. Dean Plumptre has, however, added so much that is interesting, that we can hardly desire any curtailment of this strange and wonderful scene.

Few men have ever been placed in such exceptional circumstances as Ken, and the purity and beauty of his character comes out in bold relief during the struggles and perplexities of the early days of James II.'s reign. Although the letters of Ken, which the Dean has collected with the greatest care, are, for the most part, formal compositions, having none of the charms of Swift's Journal or Cowper's letters, they throw light on the sterling integrity of Ken's character, and give evidence of the honour and respect he enjoyed from all classes. The relations of the Bishop with the infatuated and bigoted James II. were exactly what might have been expected, and the history of the struggle in the Bishop's mind between his personal loyalty for the king and his devoted attachment to the Church of England is a most touching one. When the moment for decision came, it is clear that Ken shrank from being confounded with those who had no scruple in transferring their allegiance. But although he took his part with the Non-jurors, he could hardly be classed in the rank of partisans. Their temper was altogether alien to his own. As Dean Plumptre well observes, "He shrank from their bitterness and hardness, from their scurrilous libels on

men better than themselves, from the anathemas which they dealt out to those from whom they had separated, from the restless conspiracies of some of them, from the tendency of others to take up a position like that of the Donatists and Montanists of old, as though they, and they only, represented the true Church of Christ in England, and all others were renegades and apostates. He foresaw more clearly than they did all the evils of a perpetuated schism. If among them there were men like Kettlewell, Fitzwilliam, Nelson, of whom the world was not worthy, whose holiness of life had probably contributed in no small measure to influence his decision, there were on the other side men of equal holiness, of equal wisdom, of equal loyalty to the principles of the Church of England. He could not and would not blame them. He continued to count Hooper his dearest friend, and he was content to find a home under Lord Weymouth's protection at Longleat, though both of them had taken the oaths which he felt that he could not take."

To part from his friendly clergy, his poor Sunday guests, and the boys who were his especial charge, must have been a grievous sorrow to Ken. It is painful also to find that he was often in considerable difficulties. The friendly shelter of Longleat had its drawbacks, and Lord Weymouth and the Bishop were not always agreed in their political views. It is pleasant to think that after the death of Bishop Kidder Ken might have resumed his position at Bath and Wells, and it is a delightful feature in the story of his latter days that he wrote to Bishop Hooper desiring him to accept the see. Dean Plumptre has extracted from the Bishop's Hymnarium quaint lines expressive of the writer's pleasure that his dearly-loved flock was again in safe keeping. A pension of £200 a year was granted to Ken in 1704, and his last days were spent in comparative comfort. The Dean gives a very interesting account of a book which has hardly met with the attention it deserves—"The Student Penitent," of 1695, which was published in 1875 by Mr. Paget. The book is a mixture of fact and fiction, but the letter of Bishop Ken to Mrs. Graham, which is to be found in the Dean's second volume, is a delightful specimen of the Bishop's power as a guide and consoler. The whole story is a romantic episode in the history of the time, and this portion of the life will have a great charm for all diligent delvers in the byeways of history.

Ken's end was in keeping with the quiet seclusion of his exile. In 1711 he was seized with paralysis during his stay at the house of the widow of Lord Weymouth's eldest son. Dropsy set in, and he was unable to reach Bath, from whose healing waters he hoped to find relief. He reached Longleat on the

10th of March, and it is presumed that he destroyed many letters and papers. In the diary of Dr. Merewether there is the following entry: "March 19—'All glory be to God!' Between 5 and 6 in ye morning, Thomas, late Bishop of Bath and Wells, died at Longleat." He was buried at Frome Selwood, and the grave was enclosed with an iron grating, coffin-shaped, surmounted by a mitre and a pastoral staff.

There is a most interesting and full account of the various editions of Ken's well-known hymns. The Dean, we think, is thoroughly successful in clearing Ken from the imputation of conscious reproduction from other writers. The account he gives of the Bishop's poetry is full of interest. He draws from his forgotten productions many interesting illustrations of the life, and we cannot be surprised that one who knows Dante as well as the Dean should have found in the Bishop's portrait of Lady Margaret touches which remind him of the glory shed by the memory of Beatrice on the exile and wandering of the great Florentine. The following extract from a sermon preached by the Bishop of Derry in 1885, at Wells, was worthy of the occasion, and is an admirable specimen of the writer's rich eloquence:

Other hymns have been more mystical, more impassioned, more imaginative; have, perhaps, contained profounder thoughts in their depths, have certainly exhibited richer colouring on their surface. But none are so suitable to the homely pathos and majesty of the English Liturgy; none are so adapted to the character which the English Church has aimed at forming—the sweet reserve, the quiet thoroughness, the penitence which is continuous without being unhopeful. They are lines which the child may repeat without the painful sense that they are beyond him, and the man without the contemptuous sense that they are below him. They appeal to the man in the child, and the child in the man. They are at once a form of devotion, a rule of life, a breath of prayer, a sigh of aspiration. They are the utterances of a heart that has no contempt of earth, but which is at home among the angels. When we listen to them, or repeat them with congenial spirit, in whatever climate we may be, the roses of the English dawn and the gold of the English sunset are in our sky. No church may be near us, no copse or lawn within a thousand miles, but there are the sounds which they always suggest—the roll of the organ and the music of the thrush. Such stands "the work" of Ken below us on this day. Such is it as suggested to us by the memorial window. How feebly it is now described, and with what imperfect knowledge, the preacher keenly feels! His deficiencies will be supplied by One who will bring to the task full knowledge, and the congenial inspiration of a poet. "Such his work is;" may its spirit more and more pass into our bishops and clergy. A bishop and pastor unsurpassed; a preacher of Christ unrivalled in that touch of the magic of grace, that witchery of heaven, that "light and sweetness" of God, which is called unction; a theologian of the true English type who brings us the purest silver of antiquity stamped with the honest hallmark of the English Reformation; a Churchman to whom the National Church was so dear that he subordinated all private feelings and preferences to the "peace of Jerusalem;" a poet who, if he has

written much upon the sand, has, at least, engraven some lines upon the rock, from which they have passed to the hearts and lips of millions in each successive generation.

The attentive reader of these full and complete volumes will hardly think that the Bishop's glowing eulogy is too strong. Some may deem the few remains of Ken's sermons insufficient to justify the great reputation he enjoyed as a preacher. But there is a pathetic earnestness in his well-known sermon on Daniel which enables us to realize something of the impression he undoubtedly made on his own contemporaries. We ought to add that these beautifully printed volumes contain some excellent illustrations by Mr. Whympers, and we must conclude by expressing a wish that the Dean may have the satisfaction of seeing his labour of love thoroughly appreciated.

An edition in one volume of this excellent Life will, we hope, long preserve

A name his country once forsook,  
But now with joy inherits—  
Confessor in the Church's book,  
And martyr in the Spirit's!  
That dared with royal power to cope,  
In peaceful faith persisting;  
A braver Becket—who could hope  
To conquer unresisting.

Many years have passed since the late Lord Houghton wrote these verses. They will often come back to the memory of pilgrims who, mindful of the debt they owe to the Morning and Evening Hymns, stand beside the grave of Bishop Ken.

GEORGE D. BOYLE.

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#### ARTICLE VI.—THE CHURCH IN NORTH QUEENSLAND.

*(Concluded from the February CHURCHMAN.)*

**T**HE rough primitive churches of North Queensland present features almost picturesque to a lover of early Church history in England. He seems to step back through long centuries and to live in the days when little St. Martin's was being built at Canterbury. Even "Augustine's Oak" finds its modern counterpart when some gum-tree becomes the bush centre for worship, and bears on one of its branches the bell that calls worshippers together.

It is curious to see townships born in a day. Some physical circumstance determines their situation. Perhaps a bay somewhere on the coast offers facilities for shipping whatever wool, hides or minerals may be brought from the back country;