Several suggestions, of course, have been made in regard to the working classes. The lay Diaconate, as the readers of THE CHURCHMAN are aware, seems to us an urgent reform. How otherwise can money and men enough for the Church's need be got? We have pleaded, also, for a diocesan system of mission-preaching; in parishes where Missions are sorely needed they are never held. Again, as regards our services, simplification and elasticity are needed; but upon these and other matters of Church Reform we do not now touch. We desire, with all earnestness, to recommend the Bishop of Liverpool's pamphlet; and the prayers of all true Christian people in this land may well be sought, that with more of hope the question may be asked about the myriads of our working classes—How shall they be brought in?

Reviews.

The Honourable Henry Erskine, Lord Advocate for Scotland, with Notices of certain of his Kinsfolk and of his Time. Compiled from Family Papers and other sources of information. By Lieut.-Colonel ALEX. FERGUSSON, late of the Staff of Her Majesty's Indian Army. Pp. 560. Blackwood, Edinburgh and London.

IN the year 1806, Thomas Erskine, the leader of the English Bar, was elevated to the Peerage and the Woolsack. Henry Erskine, after filling a corresponding position at the Scotch Bar, had been made Lord Advocate. As to which of these two brothers was the more highly gifted, not a few of their friends would have found it difficult to give an opinion. Thomas, perhaps, was the more eloquent, while Henry excelled in wit. Both were great lawyers, and gave ample proof of genius. Henry was born in 1746, Thomas three years later. The eldest son of the family, David Henry, Lord Cardross (the eleventh Earl of Buchan,) was born in 1742. Earl David, on one occasion, was speaking of the brilliant talents of his family, and the Duchess of Gordon inquired whether it was not the case that the family talents had come by the *mother's side*, and so were all settled on the *younger* sons. The "mother," of whom the brilliant Duchess spoke, was a woman of extraordinary intellect, highly cultured; the father, the tenth Earl of Buchan, was an amiable much-respected man, of no particular power. Certainly, the history of the "long descended" Erskines is curious, and presents many points of interest. A glimpse of the ancestry of *Harry* Erskine is given in the book before us. A learned professor, on looking over the display of great names which is laid before the reader—Visconti, Della Seala, and Doria, Bourbon, Lenox, Mar, and Royal Steuarts, Stair, Fairfax (and not the least honourable), Sir Thomas Browne—has remarked that if there be any faith to be placed in the

theory of the inheritance of mental qualities, especially through the female line, we should expect to see here, following this scheme of descent, "true genius or great eccentricity—perhaps both."

The wife of Henry David, the tenth Earl, was, as we have said, greatly gifted; she was both good and beautiful. The influence of maternal blood was never more strikingly illustrated than in the case of this lady's children. She was the daughter of Sir James Steuart, of Coltness, and his wife the witty and beautiful Anne Dalrymple.[1] Her grandfather was Sir James Steuart, the Lord Advocate, who occupied so prominent a place in Scotch affairs after the Revolution and in the reign of Queen Anne. This Sir James was the idol of one party and the abomination of another. Of his character Macaulay writes severely; on the other hand, according to Wodrow, he "was wonderful in prayer and mighty in the Scriptures," one of the excellent of the earth. The wife of this "great man and extraordinary Christian" was Agnes Trail, a member of an ancient Fifeshire family. Her father was the Rev. Robert Trail, who attended the Marquis of Montrose on the scaffold, and who became minister of Greyfriars' Church, in Edinburgh. Of Sir James Steuart many pieces of poetry, both in praise and blame, were published. For example, one began with these lines—

> "Quam formosa tua et facies tenebrosa Steuarte,
> Quam simplex, duplex, quam falsum pectus honesti,"

and in the vestibule of the Library of the Writers to the Signet is a fine portrait of this Steuarte, in which the countenance "formosa et tenebrosa" is strikingly recognisable. One thing is clear. The death of the Lord Advocate, as our author says, "was felt to be a heavy blow to the State and the Church of Scotland." According to Miss Mure, of Caldwell, a lady of an honourable house, the funeral remarkably displayed the esteem in which he was held.

It will readily be believed, writes our author, "that if ever there was a household, in more recent times, which might have been expected to be pervaded by the very atmosphere of the Solemn League and Covenant, it was that of the Earl of Buchan and his excellent wife, Agnes Steuart. In both their families the experience had been very much the same. In both, the memories of suffering, imprisonment, and exile, were fresh. In the case of Lord Buchan, doubtless, the traditions of the good Lord Cardross had some share in inspiring him with a strict, if not rigid Presbyterianism in opinion and manners, little differing from that of Lady Buchan herself, tempered though her views, no doubt, were by the enlightenment of a highly cultivated mind. Mr. Walter Bagehot has said that pure Whiggism is a character more than a political creed. One can well conceive it being so in a case like this, where precept, example, and family tradition all tended to a like result; and it is not difficult to understand how Whiggism became part of the character of Lord Buchan's three sons. His lordship is described by his grandson in the MS. which has been mentioned as partly forming the basis of this memoir, as 'a zealously religious man, strong in his anti-Roman con-

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[1] Anne Dalrymple was niece, and Agnes, Lady Buchan, grandniece, of the "Lammermuir," that is to say of Janet Dalrymple, daughter of the first Viscount Stair.

victions, though he inclined, in a quiet way, towards the Stewarts.'" He was cautious, however; by no means disposed to run risks for doubtful advantages. When Prince Charles Edward held his Court at Holyrood, Lord Buchan, though urged by his brother-in-law, Sir James Steuart, of Coltness, declined to present himself to pay his respects to the Pretender.

The two great lawyers, Henry and Thomas Erskine, were born at the family house at the head of Gray's Close. At that time the fortunes of this branch of the Erskines were far from being in a flourishing state.[1] Lord Buchan had sold the estate of Cardross to a cousin, and from one cause or another the family income was reduced. There remained enough, however, for a *ménage*, which, though on a comparatively limited scale, was sufficient, according to the notions of those days. The cosy "dish of tea," which was then an institution, and almost the only form of social entertainment, cost little and availed much in the way of unpretending hospitality. The countess had the name of a notable manager; and although a woman of "brilliant imagination," and of singular accomplishments—she had even studied mathematics under the famous Colin Maclaurin, the friend of Sir Isaac Newton—she had the useful qualities of a "careful house-mother." "My Lady Buchan's cyder," wrote Mrs. Calderwood, "is the best I ever tasted." The *entrée* to the little establishment, presided over by this excellent lady, became a thing to be sought after. The society to be met there was singularly attractive; as to others so also to the leaders of the general assembly. The countess, as has been said, was eminent for her earnest piety; and it was no wonder that distinguished Presbyterian ministers should pay every respect to the Erskine family.

At the country house at Uphall, the three Erskine lads were taught by a Mr. Buchanan, afterwards a professor at Glasgow. Lady Buchan's housekeeper was very economical, and the lads were sometimes made very cross by her canny cautions. For instance, when some dainty dish was set upon the table she was heard to say: "Noo, boys, ye're no to tak ony o' yon; I've just sent it up for lo'e o' my lord." This frugality on the part of the old housekeeper was the cause, no doubt, of the following effusion from Tom's pen, the first specimen of the future Lord Chancellor's "Thread-paper Rhymes":—

Papa is going to London,
And what will we get then, oh!
But sautless kail, and an old cow's tail,
And half the leg of a hen, oh!

Lord Buchan, it appears, had a high notion of the use of the disagreeable as a salutary discipline for young people. His children disliked veal, so veal was ordered every day as part of their dinner for a long while. To his children, at that time and in later years, overstrictness in such matters does not seem to have commended itself.

Thomas Erskine, after his naval and military service, matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1776. Henry matriculated as a student

[1] In his "Life of Lord Erskine," Lord Campbell exaggerated the poverty of the Erskine family. He desired, no doubt, to *point* the rapid rise of his hero. But, instead of the squalid flat, readers of Lord Campbell's "Life," ought to see a substantial town house; and instead of a half-ruined castle, a comfortable country house.

at St. Andrews in 1760. In that year the family had removed to St. Andrews, apparently on account of the younger boys' university education. Henry's instructor in natural philosophy was Professor Wilkie, an odd creature, author of the *Epigoniad*, which Hume rated highly; now utterly unknown. One of the professor's oddities was absence of mind. Meeting a former pupil in the streets, he said: "I was sorry, my dear boy, to hear you have had the fever in your family; was it you or your brother who died of it?" "It was me, sir," was the reply. "Ah, dear me, I thought so! very sorry for it—very sorry for it."

In the year 1763, the family removed to Bath.[1] Before leaving Scotland, the arrangements for sending Tom to sea, as midshipman, were completed. Sixty years later, when Thomas Erskine had become the most distinguished Scotchman of the day, he recalled the "long, lifeless, unadorned street of St. Andrews . . . ." To this description Lord Campbell rather demurred; but we think Lord Erskine was not far wrong. When his parents removed to Bath, Henry Erskine went to Glasgow, where, in 1764, he matriculated:—

Henricus Erskine, filius natu secundus viri adprime honorabilis Henrici, Comitis de Buchan.

With Lord Buchan's son matriculated William Hervey, only son of the Hon. Thomas Hervey, who was designated "*admodum* honorabilis."

In Bath, at this time—we quote Colonel Fergusson—the plain, old, simple, unfashionable gospel was preached in purity, under the auspices of George Whitefield and Selina, Countess of Huntingdon:[2]

No doubt the good old lord saw in the Calvinistic tenets which were characteristic of this section of the Methodist body, and the system of Church membership obtaining in Lady Huntingdon's party the nearest approach to his own ideas of doctrine and Church government that he was likely to find in the Church of England.

Moreover, the acquaintance of the Erskine family with both Lady Huntingdon and Whitefield is likely to have influenced the Earl in his choice of Bath as a residence. His sister, Lady Frances Gardiner, had been for years a friend and correspondent of Lady Huntingdon; and when Whitefield paid his first visit to Scotland he had made acquaintance with and been kindly received by more than one member of the family.

Indeed, the first invitation to Whitefield to come to Scotland was from the Earl's "far away cousins," the well-known Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine, who had but recently seceded from the Church of Scotland. They strongly pressed Whitefield to come to Dunfermline and preach, though they said he would find the Scotch "lifeless, lukewarm, and upsitten." Whitefild came to Edinburgh, but would neither preach nor stop till he had reached his hosts at Dunfermline. But a heavy disappointment befell them, for when they looked that their guest should have opened the thunders of his eloquence in execration of the demon patronage, and in praise of the Solemn League and Covenant, they found that he literally

[1] Horace Walpole writes from Bath: "There was [at the rooms] a Scotch countess of Buchan carrying a pure, rosy, vulgar face to heaven, and who asked Miss Rich if that was not the '*author of the Poets*.' I believe she meant me and the 'Noble authors.'" The sentiments of that witty worldling regarding everything Scotch are well known.

[2] In the society of Lady Huntingdon, and of the elder members of the Hawkstone family (the Hills), Lady Anne Agnes Erskine, at this time twenty-four years of age, found a companionship perfectly suited to her taste. On the death of her father, Lady Anne Erskine permanently took up her abode with Lady Huntingdon. In 1779 was opened Spafields Chapel; the house attached to the chapel Lady Anne made her home.

cared for none of these things, and that his one fixed idea was the saving of souls, and that so far from confining his preaching to the sect originated by the Erskines, he was ready and willing to preach in the Pope's pulpit if his Holiness would lend it to him.

Whitefield's work was stated to be nothing but "diabolical delusion." It is painful to read of such bitter sectarianism. The quarrel, however, after a time was "made up." By Lady Jean Nimmo, and others of the Scotch nobility, the great preacher was most graciously received.

In 1766, Lord Buchan, who had been the college companion of Pitt at Utrecht, obtained an appointment for his eldest son. Lord Chatham suggested to Lord Shelburne that he should appoint Lord Cardross, the son of his "intimate friend," as Secretary to the Spanish Embassy under Sir James Gray. The appointment was duly gazetted. Lord Cardross, however, declined to proceed to Madrid, alleging forsooth that the Ambassador was a person of inferior social rank. Sir James's father, according to Walpole, was first a box-keeper and then a footman to King James II. Boswell relates that at Sir Alexander Macdonald's a discussion arose whether the young lord was justified in his refusal. Dr. Johnson said that perhaps in point of interest he did wrong, but in point of dignity he did well. Sir Alexander held that he was altogether wrong, and said that Lord Chatham intended it as an advantageous thing for him. "Why, sir," said Johnson, "Lord Chatham might think it an advantageous thing for him to make him a vintner, and get him all the Portugal trade; but he would have demeaned himself strangely had he accepted of such a situation: Sir, had he gone Secretary, while his inferior was Ambassador, he would have been a traitor to his rank and family!" It is curious in these days to read such a discussion. Mr. Croker's query is pertinent. Would Johnson have dissuaded Lord Cardross, on such grounds, from joining the army?

When the old Earl died at his home at Walcot, Mr. Whitefield conducted a funeral service. On the narrative of the proceedings,[1] Colonel Ferguson makes certain comments, in which many of his readers, no doubt, will concur. Yet it ought not to be forgotten that at the time when Whitefield was carrying on his great work, few "noble" persons ranked themselves on the Lord's side; and, further, that pure evangelical preaching in Established Church pulpits or anywhere else was seldom heard either on the north or the south sides of the Tweed.

Whilst studying at Glasgow University Henry Erskine spent his vacations at the house of the Erskines, of Cardross. Mrs. Erskine was ever proud of Henry, her charge; and when he became famous she delighted to recall traits of his boyhood. After expressing admiration for his bright smile and happy temper, she would add, "But, dear sakes! he was a desperate laddie for lozing his pocket hankies!" In the year 1768 he was admitted a member of the Faculty of Advocates. His rise to eminence in his profession began at once, and was soon established; his superiority as a lawyer was never afterwards questioned. According to his son, the Earl of Buchan, he began his law career in Edinburgh

[1] *Life and Times of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon* (by a Member of the Houses of Shirley and Hastings). Vol. ii., pp. 16, 17.

with reluctance ; "he wished to go into the English Church ;"[1] and he did not exert himself. However this may be, he attained the highest rank in his profession without difficulty. His first success as a pleader was attained in the debates in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland ; so it was with his great rival Henry Dundas. His manners were in the highest degree polished ; he was witty and amiable ; he was one of the handsomest men in Scotland. No wonder that he so soon in the Courts, as elsewhere, became "a success." His speeches were brilliant as well as learned. "All his wit," said Lord Jeffrey, "was argument." If at times his language was "dashing and free," it betokened thought, and was effective. "Erskine's playfulness," says Lord Cockburn, "was always an argumentative instrument. He reasoned in wit ; and, untempted by the bad taste and the weakness of desiring to prolong it for his own sake, it ceased the very instant that the reasoning was served." On one occasion, having to address "the fifteen" judges, in a case which presented no difficulty, the young man began : "My lords, the facts of the case are so exceedingly simple, and the evidence that I shall adduce so perfectly conclusive, that I am happy to say I shall not need to take up much of your lordships' time. I shall be very brief." This exordium, however, did not harmonise with the expectations of some of their lordships, had settled themselves down for an intellectual treat, and one of them called out: "Hoots, Maister Harry, dinna be brief, dinna be brief."

In 1772, Henry Erskine was married to Christian Fullerton, an heiress, who made him an excellent wife. His brother Thomas had been married two years before ; but his income was almost nothing.[2] Mrs. Henry Erskine's four o'clock tea (the dinner hour being three) was much appreciated. At these teas a strict ritual was in force. What guests taste their tea with the tea-spoon nowadays, the hostess asking if it be "agreeable"? The routine of four o'clock teas in those days, when the tea-spoons were numbered, is described by Sir Alexander Boswell :—

> The red stone teapot with its silver spout,
> The tea-spoons numbered, and the tea *fill'd out!*

when "to all again at once" the hostess granted the boon, "dispensing her gunpowder by platoon." Henry Erskine was always a temperate, indeed an abstemious, man ; but society in Edinburgh, at that time, sadly lacked refinement. Sydney Smith's language about "barbarous sounds, bad suppers," and so forth, in his day, might with much more justice, perhaps, have been applied to the period of 1740—1780. At the tavern suppers there was a great deal of heavy drinking ; and many educated men, lawyers as well as lairds behaved like Balmawhapple in "Waverley." The picture in "Guy Mannering" was drawn from the life ; and ac-

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[1] Mr. Erskine, Colonel Fergusson opines, saw beauty in the regularity of Episcopal order, and admired the noble thoughts and language of rhythmical cadence in the Church of England's Liturgy. To come to a later date, Mr. Erskine engaged a clergyman, we may mention, Dr. Sandford (afterwards *Bishop*), to undertake the direction of his boy's studies.

[2] Another Lord Chancellor of England, who began his career in the Royal Navy, has described a midshipman's income as "Nothing a year and keep yourself ;" a young barrister's as "Nothing a year and keep yourself and your clerk." To this last definition add the item of a wife, and something not very far removed from the position of the Hon. Thos. Erskine at this time is described.

cording to Dr. Alexander Carlyle, ministers and elders were also prone to strong potations. "Convivialities," were, in truth, but feebly blamed. A warm joviality was apt to be looked upon, even among well-educated men, as a sign of good-fellowship. Of all the boisterous free-livers of the age, Thomas Erskine's cousin, the "musical" Earl of Kellie, was perhaps the most unruly.

Lord George Gordon, after the Gordon riots, was tried on a charge of high treason; he was successfully defended by Thomas Erskine, whose speech has been warmly and justly commended by Lord Campbell.[1] Thomas Erskine, it may here be stated, "was very proud and fond of his sister," Lady Anne, who carried on the work of the Huntingdon Connection. According to his nephew, the twelfth Earl of Buchan, he never let many days pass without going to see her, "in her little house in Spafields." Mr. Venn's expression touching the Countess of Huntingdon, "a star of the very first magnitude in the religious world," may in some sort be applied to her very sensible and spiritually minded successor, Lady Anne Erskine.

The volume before us contains a good many anecdotes, and some of these help us to understand the manners and customs of Edinburgh in that period. One relates to an ill-favoured, half-starved looking advocate named Arnot, of *quasi*-atheistical opinions. On a certain occasion, returning from a Sunday afternoon ride, on his well-known white horse, he met Mr. Erskine, who had been attending in divine service. Arnot called out to him, "Where have you been, Harry? What has a man of your sense to do consorting with a parcel of old women? I protest you could expect to hear nothing new;" adding, with an extra sneer, "What now, was your *text?*" "Our text," replied Harry, with a voice of impressive solemnity, his eye sternly fixed the while on the white horse and his rider, "was from the sixth chapter of the Book of Revelation and the eighth verse: 'And I looked, and behold a *Pale Horse:* and his name that sat on him was DEATH, and *Hell* followed with him.'" This was too much for the sceptic, and he rode off.

A young counsel, who was with Mr. Erskine in a case before "the fifteen," ventured to say, after some discussion, that he was *surprised* to hear their lordships say so and so. A sharp reproof followed, to the confusion of the junior and the probable prejudice of the client. When Erskine rose, he expressed the fullest concurrence in the regret felt by his young friend for the thoughtless expression; "when he has practised as long at this Bar as I have, I can safely say he will be *surprised at nothing* your lordships may say." The laugh that ensued had the effect desired.

When Dr. Johnson was being lionised in Edinburgh, Mr. Erskine did not seek an introduction; but as he passed the lion (or bear) and his leader, he slipped a shilling into Boswell's hand.

In 1783, under the Coalition Ministry, Mr. Erskine became Lord Advocate. An interview between the new and the old Lord Advocate (H. Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville) was held; and Mr. Erskine playfully remarked that he ought to order his silk gown. "It is hardly worth while," said Dundas drily, "for the time you will want it; you had better borrow mine." The new Lord Advocate replied he would not

[1] *Lives of the Chancellors*, viii. 250.

have it said of Henry Erskine that "he adopted the *abandoned habits* of his predecessor." But Dundas saw clearly; Erskine had but little use of his silk. When the short-lived Whig Ministry came to an end, Erskine was succeeded by Mr. Ilay Campbell, a shorter man than himself, and on offering to hand on the gown, he said, "My lord, you must take nothing off it, for I'll (*sic*) soon need it again." "It will be *bare* enough, Harry," retorted Campbell, "before you get it again." He did get it again, but not till after twenty years had passed.

When the Prince of Wales made a progress among the Whigs of the northern counties, Mr. Erskine was invited to meet His Royal Highness at Wentworth; and Lord Buchan writes that the Prince "appropriated" his father whenever he was in London. He was presented to "the sleepiest prince in Europe," as the Prince of Wales described the Stadtholder in an *aside* to Erskine, and his witty conversation served to keep the Stadtholder from nodding. Sleepy as this prince was, however, he was by no means stupid; on some occasions he showed himself inconveniently wide awake. An instance is given in a book which was noticed in THE CHURCHMAN some three years ago. According to Gunning's "Reminiscences," when the Stadtholder paid a visit to Cambridge, he was officially attended by the Vice-Chancellor to and from St. Mary's Church. When we were all assembled at the Stadtholder's inn, writes Gunning, he unfortunately asked whence the text was taken. "As we were none of us very clear on that subject, we held our tongues; but Beverley, with his usual intrepidity, answered, 'It was from the Second Epistle of Jude.'—'There is but one epistle,' said the Stadtholder.—'Certainly not,' said Beverley, 'I intended to have said the second chapter!'—'Unfortunately,' said his serene Highness, 'there is but one chapter!' Beverley's blunder soon spread, and two lines of a university song on it ran thus:—

For the future be shy, nor dare to reply,
But remember the Second of Jude!

As to the pronunciation of certain terms by Scottish lawyers, we may quote from Colonel Fergusson as follows:—

On one occasion, it is related, Harry Erskine was addressing a committee of the House of Lords regarding some trust business. In the course of his speech he had frequently occasion to mention the "cūrătors," always pronouncing the word in the manner approved in the Scottish Courts—that is, with the accent on the first syllable. One of the English judges—Mr. Erskine's son understood that it was Lord Mansfield who was so fastidious—could stand this no longer, and exclaimed:—

"Mr. Erskine, we are in the habit in this country of saying *curātor*, following the analogy of the Latin, in which, as you are aware, the penultimate syllable is long."

"I thank your lordship very much," was Erskine's reply; "we are weak enough in Scotland to think that in pronouncing the word *cūrător*, we follow the analogy of the *English* language; but I need scarcely say that I bow with pleasure to the opinion of so learned a *senātor*, and so great an *orātor*, as your lordship."

Lord Mansfield being himself an emigrant from Scotland, was doubtless not unwilling to show his own superior attainments in the direction of civilisation, forgetful how ticklish a question is that of the quantities of classical words in English.

Several passages in this volume, relating to the Moderates and the state of religion in Scotland before the time of Chalmers, we had marked for comment; but our space is exhausted, and we must forbear.

Central Palestine and Phœnicia. By WILLIAM M. THOMSON, D.D., forty-five years a Missionary in Syria and Palestine. With 130 illustrations and maps. Pp. 680. London: T. Nelson & Sons, 1883.

Central Palestine, comprising Samaria and Lower and Upper Galilee, was not only the largest, but also the most beautiful and fertile portion of the land of Israel, and is now pre-eminently distinguished for the number, variety, and importance of its historic sites and sacred scenes. There lived and laboured most of the great prophets mentioned in the Old Testament, and there also dwelt the Saviour of men during nearly the entire period of His life on earth. Though He was born in Bethlehem, Nazareth was His home, and in Capernaum, "His own city," on the shore of the Sea of Gennesaret, many of His mighty works were accomplished. He may not have entered those ancient Phœnician towns, still He visited "the coasts of Tyre and Sidon," and there performed one of His acts of tender compassion and healing mercy.

The preceding paragraph we have quoted from the preface to the volume before us, Dr. Thomson's work on "Central Palestine and Phœnicia." To the intelligent tourist, to the devout believer, and the student of the Bible, the entire conntry from Bethlehem to Dan, and from Dan to Hermon, the Mount of the Transfiguration, and from there to the "coasts of Tyre and Sidon," is invested with unparalleled interest. Dr. Thomson's "personal acquaintance with that region," we read, "has been exceptionally intimate; for through every part of it he has wandered with delight for forty years and more, and to describe it has been a labour of love." Where he has been he guides his reader, through that "good land" of mountain and vale and lake and river: to the shepherd's tent, the peasant's hut, the palace of kings, the hermit's cave, the temple of the gods—to the haunts of the living and the sepulchres of the dead—to muse on what *has been* and converse with what *is*, and learn from all what they teach concerning the oracles of God.

There is hardly a page of this book—readable and instructive from beginning to end—from which a reviewer might not take something of interest. The author's pen-pictures have life and truthfulness, and not a passage in either his descriptions or expository-illustrations is in any-wise dull. Open the book where one may, a choice historical allusion, or a pretty bit of scenery, or a suggestive criticism, or some attractive local gossip, is sure to meet the eye. For instance, of the city of Zacharias and Elisabeth, 'Ain Kârim (Luke i. 39), we read:

> Forty-five years ago 'Ain Kârim was nearly deserted, and the buildings about the sacred localities were in a state of wretched neglect. The Franciscan monks have now restored all the dilapidated sites, and have also erected one of the finest convents in the Holy Land. . . The dwelling-house of Zacharias has been erected since my first visit, and the entire appearance of the place is so changed for the better that I can scarcely recognise in the flourishing village of nearly 1,000 inhabitants, with its impressive monastery, the all but deserted hamlet of 1834. The name 'Ain Kârim means "fountain of the vineyards," and the rough hillsides above and south of it are clothed in many places with flourishing vines.

Again, of Nâblus, the ancient Shechem, we have a pleasing picture:

> One may be excused for becoming somewhat enthusiastic over the pretty vale of Nâblus,[1] sparkling with fountains and streams, verdant with olive-groves and fig-orchards, interspersed with walnut, apple, apricot, orange, quince, pomegranate, and other trees and shrubs. . . All this exceptional fertility is due to

[1] Nâblus, the modern name, is the Arabic for Neapolis, or New City, the name given by Vespasian.

those noble fountains. . . Nothing is more delightful than "the laugh of the mountain," the music of rills and brooks as they leap from terrace to terrace in garden or field. . . The houses of the city are solidly built of stone, having the same sort of courts, gates, doors, windows, and roofs as those at Jerusalem. . . The streets are narrow, crooked, dirty, and dark.

Again of Samaria, the royal borough of the Kingdom of Israel, and the seat of Samaritan worship in the time of Christ, the description is very good:

The hill Samaria, rising symmetrically to a considerable height westward, terrace above terrace; the ruined Church of St. John the Baptist overhanging the eastern brow of the hill; the village above it, and beyond the cluster of large columns crowning the western summit—these are the principal features of that first view. And the outlook from the standpoint on the top of "the hill," over the wide expanse of mountain and valley and plain, to the sea-coast of Cæsarea, and the Bay of Acre, north of Carmel, was precisely the prospect I was prepared to see.

The hill of Samaria, adds Dr. Thomson, could have been encompassed by a single wall, and it appears to have been strongly fortified. Shalmaneser, King of Assyria, besieged it three years before he was able to capture it. The entire site of Samaria is covered with rubbish, indicating the existence and repeated destruction of a large city. Ruins everywhere; in the valley, on the hillside, and on the mountain-top, amidst the olive-groves, the wheat-fields, and the vineyards, according to the word of the Lord (Micah i. 6).

Dr. Thomson's description of Mount Gerizim is full and clear. A plan of the ruins is given.

Opening at another passage we meet with this description of the little village of Nain, or Nein, as it is now called:

Nain was once a village of considerable importance; now it is little more than a shapeless cluster of ruins, amongst which dwell a few families of ignorant and fanatical Moslems. The site was so overgrown with weeds and tall grass when I was here last that it was difficult to find an open place from which to take a photograph. It is in striking accord with the one Biblical incident in the history of Nain that renders it dear to the Christian heart, that about the only remains of antiquity are tombs.

Endôr, now a small and wretched hamlet, is well described. There are caves in the hillside, and some of the habitations are made by merely building rude walls around the entrance to them. Cattle are stabled in the lower part of the cave, while their owners occupied the other. And so it was probably when Saul came to Endôr the night before his death. The "witch" may have dwelt in one of these caves. We know that she had "a fat calf" in her dwelling; and the doomed king was prevailed upon to partake of a quickly prepared meal. She must have been extremely expeditious in her cookery. With the Bedawin, says our author, it is nearly universal to cook the meat immediately after it is butchered, and to bake fresh bread for every meal. Visit any Arab sheikh, and you may see the entire process. A sheep or calf will be brought and killed before you, thrust instanter into the great cauldron which stands ready to receive it; and ere you are aware, it will reappear on a large copper tray, with a heap of cracked wheat, or of boiled rice and sour milk. In Cincinnati a hog walks into a narrow passage on his own feet, and comes out at the other end bacon, ham, and half a dozen other commodities: at the sheik's camp, it is a calf or sheep that walks past you towards the cauldron, and comes forth a smoking stew for dinner.

The natural history paragraphs of "The Land and the Book" are full of interest, as are also the historical-parallel allusions. In a Missionary sense, of course, this work has a peculiar value. The veteran traveller will be listened to with regard and respect; and his polished and pleasing literary labours are in themselves a testimony of no small weight. We tender our own sincere and grateful thanks.

Dr. Thomson's previous volume, "Southern Palestine," was warmly commended in THE CHURCHMAN when it appeared, and was also reviewed by the Dean of Chester in one of his Essays on the Holy Land in these columns. Of the illustrations in this charming work we can hardly speak too highly. The maps are very good. There are two indices. We have much pleasure in recommending this very attractive gift-book.

Short Notices.

The History of Preaching. With two chapters on the Matter and the Manner of Preaching. From the manuscript of the late Rev. THOS. GRINFIELD, M.A. With a Preface by ROBERT EDEN, M.A. (late Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford), Hon. Canon of Norwich, and Vicar of Wymondham. Pp. 90. Griffith & Farran.

BY an inadvertence, which we regret, this little book, which we read with pleasure when it was issued about two years ago, has been laid aside. Thomas Grinfield, who died at Clifton in 1870, was an accomplished scholar who loved to preach the truth of the Gospel; the deep conviction of that truth "which dwelt first in his father and mother," says Canon Eden, "lay at the foundation of his elevated religious character and equally high excellence as a writer of sermons."

Canon Eden has done well in publishing Mr. Grinfield's essay on preaching, and his excellent preface adds much to the interest of the book. He points out that if a preacher is so indolent (so averse from taking trouble, οὔτως ἀταλαίπωρος) as to leave matters to the last moment, and then pick up something at hand, some sermon skeleton, or "notes" (which oftentimes nobody but the man who wrote them can use), the rough and ready "impromptu" adventure—the sermon which "*will do*," is not likely to either interest or edify the unfortunate congregation.

Mr. Grinfield's keynote remark is sound: the essence of all good composition, or discourse, is *Unity in the midst of Variety.* Without unity, he says, there will be no strong effect at last:

Denique sit quod vis, simplex duntaxat et unum.

Without variety there will be no strong interest all along. You may have infinite variety in the details, yet absolute unity in the leading design. How richly in the Apostle Paul, you observe, appears this combination of great versatility of address with the utmost simplicity of intention! "Many preachers, however, content themselves with an extremely narrow range of subjects, and are pretty sure to be found ringing changes on two or three doctrines, justly their favourites, as the whole sum of the discourse, to the exclusion of all interesting and instructive variety." He proceeds:

The immense comprehension and grandeur and opulence of revealed religion perishes or declines in their hands. The riches of the household are forgotten,