

that in his mind his own aggrandizement was completely identified with that of his Church.

As a diocesan, Bishop Wilberforce was excellent, saving when the sympathies and antipathies of the party leader interfered with his sense of justice. His power of work was marvellous; abounding in life himself, he infused life into everybody and everything. He was also eloquent and effective as a preacher, though at last the substance of his sermons suffered from the lack of reading and thought, which were precluded by the restlessness of his practical activity, and for which his faculty of picking the brains of other people was but an imperfect substitute. Had he lived in ordinary times, and not been called upon to play a part at once conspicuous and hopeless, he might have won all suffrages, and preserved intact the veracity and simplicity of character which by walking in slippery paths he undoubtedly impaired. Great he never could have been: there was nothing about him which bespoke either depth of intellect or grandeur of soul; nor, had he possessed the insight of greatness, would he have spent his life in the attempt to realize a chimera. But he had gifts which threw a wonderful glamour round him. To do full justice to his memory, it may be added that his critics were mistaken in speaking with unqualified contempt of his horsemanship. He had a loose seat, which cost him his life; but he had a good hand. Perhaps his position as an ecclesiastical leader might be described in the same terms.

It has been the fate of this brilliant social leader to draw upon himself the wrath of society by a posthumous offence. That his diary ought not to have been published, and that a wrong has been done him by its publication, all agree. But why was it written? A man may let fall a hasty word in conversation, and if he is among gentlemen he will be protected by the sanctity of the social board. He may use an angry expression in a letter, which if his correspondent is a man of honour and a true friend, will be consigned to the safe keeping of the fire. But entry in a diary implies deliberation, and when the diary is left to fall into the hands of biographers, publication is morally certain. The day has gone by when the love of gratifying public curiosity and pro-