

the original school. Mr. Gore, their chief spokesman, gave great offence to the older High Churchmen, by his famous article on "Inspiration" in "Lux Mundi," whilst the method of such articles as those on "Faith," "Theism," and the "Preparation for Christ in History," would have been most repugnant to Dr. Pusey, to whom it would have appeared as the result of an alliance with that liberalizing spirit upon which both Newman and he looked as the very spirit of Antichrist.

Whilst, then, the influence of the Oxford Movement has been very great and mainly beneficial to the practical life of the Church, it has accomplished little of permanent theological value, and has entirely failed to stem the tide of modern thought. But it has succeeded in reviving one idea, which, in various forms, seems to be steadily permeating the minds of religious people, viz., the *idea of the Church*. The social aspect of Christianity has been too long overlooked in popular Protestantism, with the result that social questions of all sorts are loudly clamouring for solution. If we are to judge by the place which it occupied in His teaching, there can be no doubt that the establishment of "the Kingdom of Heaven" upon earth was the great object of our Lord's work. But Protestantism has either neglected this, the chief element in His teaching, or it has evaporated it to the vanishing point, by its insipid and uninspiring language about the Invisible Church.

The idea of an Universal Church is dawning upon men's minds. That its form can be that outlined by the Oxford Fathers seems impossible. For it is neither scriptural nor rational. The Church of the fourth or fifth century is set up not only in idea but in detail as a type for us! It is small wonder that Carlyle used to talk of "Spectral Puseyisms." So long as men call themselves Christians, they can understand that the New Testament should be the fount of doctrine. Every sensible man will admit that we should respectfully consult the views of all Christian ages in regard to the interpretation of those Scriptures, but why the Church of the fourth century, with its teeming heresies, with its hair-splitting orthodoxy, with its robber-councils, with its corrupt court, orthodox to-day, and Arian to-morrow, and more or less vile all the time, should be the ideal Church for ever, is what neither scholars nor men of common sense can understand. It is surely a conception which could only have emanated from the cloistered retreat of Oxford in 1834.

Yet the Oxford Movement has its lessons for a Protestantism filled with "divine discontent;" and the study of the spirit that animated the labours of a Pusey or a Newman may be of peculiar value in the present state of religious thought and religious life in America.

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HERBERT SYMONDS.

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Cairo Vignettes: The El-Azhar Mosque.

THE narrow winding streets of Cairo—streets swarming with native life, and as widely severed as the east is from the west, from the broad glaring modern boulevards and squares of the European quarter.

It is the end of a hot, dusty March afternoon, and the used up city air, heavy with every impurity, is redolent with the breath of greasy cookery. The whole town appears to be cooking. At every second doorway there stand the little open-air stoves, and beside them a negro woman is ever heaping up fresh piles of round fritter cakes.

But no one is eating these cakes, no one is having the little brass cups filled by the water carrier; the chairs in front of the cafés are deserted. There is no breath of tobacco on the air. Though the streets are so thronged, the usual shouts and shrill cries are rarely heard. Many are sleeping in doorways or on steps, huddled in their flowing garments. Those who are awake move about listlessly and silently; their faces are drawn and lined as if by pain; over their eyes is a curious film of dullness; and as they look at one there is a wolfish stare that makes one realize what Moslem fanaticism may be. The curse of Ramadan is heavy on the land. All are waiting for the sound that sets them free from the day's bondage, the gun from the citadel that allows the night's carousal to begin.

In cool darkened rooms the wealthy are sleeping through the last trying hours of daylight. The Khedive spends every day out in the quiet and seclusion of a country palace, only

driving in to Abdin Palace in time for the supper that follows sunset.

The rich may thus break the miseries of the Ramadan fast, but the poor must "dree their weird," and neglected or ill done work, brawls with the strong and cruelty to the weak are the inevitable results.

We have been driving about all the hot afternoon from one mosque to another, and as the hours pass our poor driver grows more stupid and lethargic, our guide more self-willed and determined we shall see what *he* wants not what *we* want, and the mosque keepers who produce the big shuffling yellow slippers at the door-ways, grimmer and grumpier. I feel it is full time that two lone, lorn females were back at tea in their own comfortable hotel. But there is one place that we must yet see—the El-Azhar Mosque—the largest Mohammedan university in the world. A great red-brown mass of buildings towering up, with that curious mixture of priceless old carving and colouring with the tawdry modern repairs or hopeless delapidation that mark all Arab buildings.

In the corner of this pile is a wonderful doorway, wonderful from the curve of its horseshoe arch, from the tracery of its lettering and scrollwork, and from the sombre richness of its deep-tinted browns and reds.

The usual tying-on of shuffling yellow slippers, calculated to fit the most giant-like of giants; a winding maze of dark passages, and we emerge in a great open courtyard, humming with life as every part of the vast hive appears to be. Sleepers lie rolled in their blue cotton garment up against every pillar; groups of boys whisper and giggle and cast scornful looks towards us; passers-by are ever hurrying through. Beyond is the "Liwan" or sanctuary, that spacious arcade, whose low roof rests upon nine rows of columns, 380 in all, every one the spoil of Egyptian temple or Christian church.

The floor is covered with yellow straw matting, and from it, the long rays of level red sunshine that stream in from the courtyard send up warm reflexes to the white roof and walls. The only furniture to be seen are rough wooden cupboards against the pillars which contain the few books and worldly goods of the students who come here from far and near, from Egyptian towns, from Arabia, Asia Minor and Turkey.

This broad arcade is not only their place of study but their home. They sleep on the matting, wash at the cistern in the great courtyard, pray at one of the four Kiblas for the use of the four orthodox Mohammedan sects, and if necessary, eat the frugal bread of charity which is here always to be had, which during Ramadan the Khedive himself has daily distributed at sunset.

These students generally number about 10,000, and young as they are—some seem mere children—there is none of the world's progress opening before their vision. It is the immutable bondage of Mohammedanism that is being built up around them, a wall to shut them in from all the fresh life of the world. This is the head centre of Mohammedan conservatism, and these boys learn exactly, neither more nor less, what their forefathers have for generations learnt.

The Arab grammar, theology, poetry, which includes the proper recital of the Koran law, secular and religious, both of which have their beginning and end in the Koran; these are the usual extent of their studies.

Almost everything is learnt by heart, and their mechanical memory becomes something wonderful, while original thought is seldom developed. From this university go out every year fresh forces against the march of progress in Egypt. These students swarm everywhere; seated cross-legged in a circle around some teacher; conning in solitude over a book, or swaying too and fro with half-closed eyes in an ecstasy of prayer.

And all and everyone, as we pass, cast at us that same dully hostile glance that vaguely chills and troubles one. How I should like to offer the poor, hungry, weary souls a cigarette all round!

But a slow stir of preparation grows. The sleepers are fewer, the washers at the cistern and the prayers before the Kiblas more numerous. The long sun rays are growing redder. Let us be off, for we have far to drive, and must not feel that we keep our dragoman and coachman one moment from their first cigarette and drink of water. The citadel gun will soon boom and the long day's fast be over.