

of Church and State, pushed concession to its utmost limits, abstained as long as possible from the use of spiritual censures, readily embraced a rational compromise as soon as it was offered. He interposed, when at the Council of Bari, the Pope, yielding to the clamour of the excited assembly, was about to excommunicate William Rufus. He shed tears, so his biographer assures us, when he heard of the Red King's death. He never for a moment forgot the temporal allegiance due to his sovereign, or leagued himself, for the purpose of obtaining temporal support for spiritual principles, with the King's enemies. In his bearing towards Rufus and in his letters to Henry he was invariably respectful. He met violence as a Christian prelate should, with meekness, and displayed throughout the contest the Christian's true chivalry, long-suffering and love of peace. He never thought of his personal position or of his personal wrongs. The end of the struggle in his case was not a tragic catastrophe, but a happy settlement, founded on a just distinction between the rights of the Church and those of the State, by which peace was restored to both. Becket's conduct in every respect was exactly the reverse. He eagerly embraced occasions for quarrel. He pushed everything to extremities. He treated all forbearance, all patience, all charity, much more all concession or compromise, as "the sin of Meroz." He hurled about his spiritual thunderbolts with reckless vindictiveness on all sides. He reviled the Pope, because the shrewd and patient Italian, who won his own game by waiting, hesitated at once to proceed to extreme measures against the King. He was always full of himself and of his own wrongs, and blasphemously identified himself with Christ, while he showed the difference between himself and Him who reviled not again, by styling one of his opponents "not Archdeacon, but Archdevil." In all his letters there is not a word that betokens the spirit of a real Christian, and his whole conduct is as contrary as possible to the plain precepts of the Gospel which he professed to make the rule of his life, and which was as intelligible to him as it is to us. Immediately on his departure from England he flung himself in violation of his feudal obligations, into the arms of his sovereign's enemy, the King of France. He bore himself towards Henry in the most offensive manner, addressing him generally as his equal in rank, while spiritually he assumed towards him airs of paternity utterly ridiculous and disgusting in one, who instead of having like Anselm passed a long life in the service of Christ and in the guidance of souls, was the King's boon companion of yesterday, and had just leaped from the saddle of the soldier into the throne of the Archbishop. Becket's renewal of the war on his return to England and after his reconciliation with the King would have left him without a defender among reasonable men, had not his breach of the amnesty been covered by his tragic fate. The proclamation of Henry VIII., which declared that Becket was killed in a brawl, contained a large amount of truth, though it was not its truth that recommended it to Henry VIII. Perhaps to the significant points of contrast between Becket and Anselm it may be added that Anselm though an ascetic, as all religious men were in those days, does not appear to have been a Fakir, while it was a principal element in Becket's Saintship, according to his monkish adorers, that he was covered with holy filth and swarmed with vermin. It is not surprising that Becket's name should be in all ages dear and

familiar to ecclesiastical ambition; that the pens of ultramontane priests should now again be glorifying his memory, or that an untruthful and sophistical life of him should have formed a prominent part of the literature of the Romanizing party at Oxford. A "worthy" of clerical aggrandizement he is, and one of the highest of them; but among the "worthies" of England, of morality, or of Christianity, we, notwithstanding Mr. Freeman's appeal, emphatically refuse a place to Becket.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS. By John Forster. Vol. I. 1812-1842. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

It does not surprise us to learn that this biography has already reached a ninth edition. A few months after the body of Charles Dickens had been deposited beneath the flag-stones of Westminster Abbey, certain of the critics held a *post mortem* upon his literary remains. They had not the slightest doubt that his works were as dead as himself; and if any spark of life were yet remaining, it seemed scarcely credible that a "subject" could survive the dissections of such anatomists. The critics were for once mistaken; they appear to have forgotten that *humour* has many champions. It was easy to declaim against the factitious popularity of Dickens; not so easy to destroy the troop of grateful friends he left behind him. Mr. Pickwick may be dead by this time, though we have no evidence of the fact; Sam Weller and Mary (*née* Nubbles) are certainly keeping a "public" somewhere to this day; Captain Cuttle, we have good reason to believe, is still "to the fore"; and Mr. Micawber, having no desire for anything else "to turn up," may, possibly, turn himself up from Australia as a witness in the Tichborne case. As for Dick Swiveller, there can be no doubt an advertisement in the second column of the *Times* would draw him out immediately. There is not a household in England or America where these genial folk would not find an open door and a hearty welcome: not to speak of the rest of the many characters who owe their name and fame to the genius of Charles Dickens. Therefore we say that the critics were mistaken; and, if any one be still in doubt, we beg to refer him or her to the enormous sale of the family edition of *Oliver Twist*, and the eager zest with which all classes have devoured the first instalment of Mr. Forster's biography.

We have no desire, even if we could afford the space, to imitate the example of some of our contemporaries, who, as it appears to us, have emasculated the work and detracted from the interest the reader would certainly feel on an independent perusal of it. Most children, young and old, are fond of plums; but if these are dished up as a preliminary to the pudding to which they originally belonged, it is only natural that they should fail to relish the mutilated after-part of the repast.

It is due to the biographer to give him at once, and in the first place, our humble tribute to the careful and discriminating style of his book. Many faults, though they could be detected here, would be forgiven in Mr. Forster, because he has loved much. A man who could have attracted the strong and manly affection displayed by the biographer must have had