

choose? Whom else, of all men, but James Anthony Froude? Apostate, --twice he put his hand to the plough wherewith Newman drove so strange and deep a furrow, across the fallow weed grown field of Mary's Dowry, and then turned back; Froude, who, thenceforward, had all an apostate's hatred of that which he once worshipped--there can yet be no doubt as to his place among the Oxford giants of his time, of his place in literature. And, of all his writings, his "Short Studies on Great Subjects" are most worthy of his place and time.

Froude, therefore.--his apostacy forgotten--shall be our guide; and shall interpret for us, as he can, and will, the language of the soul. And why? Because, he, too, understood and spoke it once; and, with such language once is always. It leaves a character as indelible--if one may say so, as that of priesthood. No matter if, for Bread of Angels, such men feed on husks of swine: the baser food can never still their hunger. Froude, to the last, was *mulgré lui*, "of the house and lineage" of the Tractarians.

"Whatever be the nature of these books" (of the Old Testament), he writes, "they (the critics) are all agreed that, at least, we should endeavor to understand them." He speaks of it, again, as the grandest poem in Hebrew literature, which is making a large claim, yet, surely not too large. Again, note the strangeness of this characteristic, that; "The hero of this poem is of strange land and parentage--a Gentile certainly, and not a Jew. The life, the manners, the customs, are of all varieties and places--Egypt, with its river and its pyramids, is there; the description of mining points to Phœnicia; the settled life in cities, the nomad Arabs, the wandering caravans, the heat of the tropics, and the ice of the north, all are foreign to Canaan. No mention, or hint of mention, is there throughout the poem of Jewish traditions or of Jewish certainties." Again, he writes of it that "the scenes, the names, and the incidents are all contrived as if to baffle curiosity--as if, in the very form of the poem, to teach us that it is no story of a single thing which happened once but that it belongs to humanity itself, and is the drama of the trial of man, with Almighty God and the angels as the spectators of it."

"The subject," he continues in a later page, "is the problem