

and the feminine craving for a spiritual director. Mr. Green proclaims an ecclesiastical anarchy: he declares that he will submit to nothing and be guided by nothing but his private judgment, or, rather, as judgment is out of the question, by his private taste and the private tastes of his congregation. If the Church will create a code of laws and an ecclesiastical system in accordance with his prepossessions, he will accept them and use them for the repression of all opinions different from his own; at present he claims to be a law to himself. But Bishop Wilberforce, as an ecclesiastical statesman, was compelled to provide himself with a platform; and it was in his efforts to do this that he floundered about like a man breaking through thin ice, and brought himself into disrepute as a shifty intriguer, when sheer perplexity was often the cause of his variations. Making theological platforms, it must be owned, is a business which, even more than that of making political platforms, affords openings for the scoffer. At one time the Bishop strove to combine the Evangelicals with the Anglicans in resistance to Rome and Dissent by superposing upon Anglican Sacramentalism the Evangelical doctrine of Conversion; and his soul, supposing it to have accepted his combination, would, if disembodied, have appeared like a man with two coats put on opposite ways. Safety and danger, not truth and falsehood, were his words: he altered his course according to the quarter from which the storm happened to blow; and just at the last, alarmed by the approach of the Ritualists to Rome, he, in a charge delivered at Winchester, put about with a suddenness which strained every timber of the ship.

In another respect, allowance must be made for the Bishop on account of his position. The excessive courtliness which earned him the nickname of Soapy Sam* sprang, partly at least, not

A strange controversy has been going on about the origin of the nickname "Soapy Sam." It was given to the Bishop on account of his suspicious seltzeriness of manner, alliteration perhaps lending its aid. On some festival occasion at Cuddesden Theological College, of which the Principal was the Rev. Alfred Pott, now Archdeacon of Berks, the hall had been decorated with the floral initials S. O. (Samuel Oxon) and A. P. (Alfred Pott). The decorator meant no mischief, but when the procession entered all eyes were caught by SOAP. The Bishop, with his ready wit, said "An enemy hath done this." The incident could not have occurred had not the nickname been previously in existence.