

before us as a well-fed, well-preserved, comfortable-looking man, with a severe expression of face, and penetrating eyes not looking *through* but over a pair of spectacles. He is too fat and portly for a Trappist, and not fat enough for a church dignitary. He might be a Benedictine who believes in a monastic life provided it be accompanied with solid creature comforts. His countenance says that others may doubt as they may, but *he knows*. He has become quite sure, not by the roundabout way of doubting and investigating and struggling against the fascinations of the carnal mind, but by believing from first to last. He thus looks the perfect embodiment of church authority. No one would suspect him of leading so many out into the darkness of Romanism except that he, being in the twilight, makes a further step easy to those who follow him. Probably Pusey would rather have had them stop where he was himself, but one cannot doubt that he would rather have them in the Church of Rome than anywhere *out* of the Church of England. "I was shown in," Mrs. Besant relates, "and saw a short, stout gentleman, dressed in a cassock, and looking like a comfortable monk; but the keen eyes steadfastly gazing into mine told me of the power and subtlety hidden by the unprepossessing form. The head was fine and impressive, the voice loud and penetrating, controlled into a monotonous and artificially subdued tone. He treated me as a penitent coming to confession." He would not deal with the Deity of Christ as a question for argument. He reminded me: "You are speaking of your Judge." The mere suggestion of an imperfection in Jesus' character made him shudder in positive pain, and he checked me with his raised hand and the rebuke, "You are blaspheming; the very thought is a terrible sin." Upon asking what I should read, he said: "You have read too much already: you must pray." When she urged that she could not believe without proof, he quoted the well known passage: "Blessed are they that have not seen," etc., forgetful, it would seem, that, though Thomas was not commended for his doubts, the Lord *did* give him more proof, and that his doubts were thus removed. He also said: "O my child! how undisciplined! how impatient!" The sum of his prescription was blind submission to the church. With all his penetration, Dr. Pusey can have formed very little idea of the sort of person