

fifty years"; while the Greeks—notwithstanding their faults—"have been martyrs to Catholic and eternal Truth"; and he asks indignantly:—"How long will Europe take to be dispossessed of the *demon* of old Rome?" The advice given to the Pope, to cure the evils of the past (now that the total spoliation of his temporalities is impending) is as follows:—

The Pope has one way left him of anticipating this the second crime of his children. He may with his own hands restore their gifts, bid adieu to their temporal interests, be quit of their politics, wash his hands of their diplomatic notes and Concordats. Laying aside his crown and court, he may shake of the trammels of party with the ties of earth, and be all in all to the whole Church once more. As successor of S. Peter, *though as plain Bishop of Rome*, he may publish to the world that the Greeks have been alienated from his communion by the malice or ignorance of party, *upon false pretences*,—their country lost to Christendom by a *fearful crime*; and he may call upon us all, high and low, to join him in humbling ourselves for the past, in *shaking off this accursed spirit*—this *demon of old Rome* as it may fitly be called—that *has possessed us all for so long*; and in making a public act of reparation to our oppressed brethren, for the *infamous treatment* that they have received at our hands: to humanity, for the ruin and barbarism that we have been for so many centuries entailing upon all that was, till then, the centre of civilization, and is by nature still one of the noblest and most favored zones of the earth. If his holiness would be pleased to do this, he might be doing humanity perhaps the greatest service that he had ever yet done; at all events he would be taking away the reproach of his predecessors. For that the Greeks have been *atrociously treated* must have been by this time made plain enough,—*enough to damn all our boasted civilization for ever*, unless we bestir ourselves without delay to *make amends for the past*.

The position maintained by Mr. Ffoulkes is, that all the Councils held since the Schism should go for nothing, and that the Greeks should be recognized as an integral part of the Church, quite as much so as the Romans, and much more faithful to the truth. His scathing exposures of the wickedness of the Latins, and his glowing eulogium of Greek ecclesiastics, especially that brave old hero Mark of Ephesus, are wonderful to read. And special notice is due to the explanation given by him of the famous Pope Joan story. Cardinal Mai, he tells us, has proved "irrefragably that the fable of Pope Joan must have been a contemporary fiction, originating in the hatred of the Latin party for the memory of Pope John VIII., not because his theology was defective, or his life immoral, or his rule arbitrary, but solely because he had the courage, the *manliness*, to appreciate the abilities and desire to cultivate the friendship of the great Patriarch of Constantinople (Photius) his brother."

We must stop, though we hardly know how. Before closing, however, we cannot but acknowledge that we are beginning to suspect that the Church of England, in losing such men as Mr. Ffoulkes to the Church of Rome, in reality took the greatest step that has been taken towards the solution of the hardest problem connected with the Reunion of Christendom: and that is, How to get *Rome* to think as she ought to think, both of her past and her present. Books such as these, *from Romanists*, must tell, sooner or later.

A HORSE'S PETITION TO HIS DRIVER.—Going up hill, whip me not; coming down hill, hurry me not; on level road, spare me not; loose in the stable, forget me not; of hay and corn, rob me not; of clean water, stint me not; with sponge and brush, neglect me not; of soft dry bed, deprive me not; tired or hot, wash me not; if sick or cold, chill me not; with bit and reins, oh! jerk me not; and when you are angry, strike me not.