

appointed of their sport, turned in wrath upon Savonarola, —these Florentines who had but yesterday worshipped him as a saint, to-day hurled stones upon him and followed behind with revilings and cursings. Against the real culprits, the dastardly Franciscans, who had clamoured for the ordeal but were afraid to attempt it when the challenge was accepted, against these miserable men the citizens felt no anger.

The next morning Savonarola was arrested and lodged in the lower cell, which had once harboured Cosimo de Medici.

It was now necessary to make some pretence of trying the Frate before the Government murdered him. In order to expedite matters they chose the condemned man's judges from his bitterest foes. Many days, however, were consumed in torturing the prisoner, in the hope that when, in a delirium of pain, some words might be wrested from him which, under liberal interpretation, should be taken to mean that he had been a deceiver of the people. This went on for forty days, his judges spending the time in devising new kinds of torture. Then one morning the rulers of the Florentines led Savonarola out before the howling multitude, and together with two faithful friends and disciples they hung the great monk-patriot, and burnt his body and threw the charred remains into the Arno. Florence had made itself the Pope's executioner.

A famous English novelist in one of her best known works has attempted to sketch the unique character of Savonarola. It is generally admitted, however, that the historical characters in *Romola* are not so well done as the original creations. We hold that George Eliot's Savonarola is not the true Savonarola, that her sketch is neither adequate nor strictly just. She pictures one of the most disinterested and sincere of men as power-loving and not without a mixture of falsity in laying claim to special inspiration. Both these charges are emphatically disproved in Dr. Clark's book. That Savonarola may have been deceived in believing that he had special inspiration is possible, but that he believed it himself none can doubt, save those who insist upon doubting. George Eliot's estimate of the Frate has been accepted far and wide as final. It will be long before the popular mind is disabused of her erroneous conclusions. But Dr. Clark's book will go far to set matters straight. His biography is the best that has yet appeared in our language. It has been reserved for a Trinity professor to present to the English-speaking world the true character of Savonarola, and rightly to estimate the worth of his services to the State, and his power as a witness for religion and for God.

J. G. CARTER TROOP.

#### DEAN CHURCH.

It must have fallen with a slight shock of surprise on many to learn during the last month, for the first time, how great was the late Dean of St. Paul's. His voice was not heard in the streets. He loved retirement. His life was different from other men's. In its calm strength, in the sense of peace and rest which it breathed, his life lived in this nineteenth century was like a river flowing silently through the heart of a teeming wood.

When the news came that the voice of Canon Liddon would be heard no more, we experienced a sense of something taken from us. The removal of Bishop Lightfoot seemed an irreparable loss. In the case of Dean Church our loss is as great, perhaps greater, but this is not our first feeling. Mastered by the beauty of his life, we are conscious of what he was, rather than of what he did. The first instinctive feeling of sorrow and loss at the news of

his death seemed to yield almost at once to another feeling, the sense, in his case, of the fitness of death. Life with its wear and tear seemed a cruel environment for that fragile body, that fragile body a poor habitation for that sensitive spirit.

His life, which was interesting without being eventful, falls into four nearly equal periods. His youth was spent abroad, for the most part in Italy, which he loved. His early manhood was passed at Oxford. In 1836 he graduated at Wadham. In 1838 he was elected to a fellowship at Oriel. There, surrounded by the leaders of the Oxford movement, he was the chosen friend of Charles Marriott, Newman and others. As Junior Proctor in 1845 he it was who inspired the *nobis Procuratoribus non placet* which prevented an irate Convocation from associating Tract 90 in the condemnation which had just been visited upon "Ideal" Ward. In 1853 he retired to the little village of Whatley in Somersetshire. Here he lived in retirement, with his wife, who was a Miss Bennett, the daughter of the Vicar of Sparkford. After the stirring scenes through which he had just passed, he welcomed this period of quiet. He spent his time winning the love of his people and in historical research. In 1871 he was dragged by Mr. Gladstone, not without the entreaties of Canon Liddon, to take the place of Dean Mansel, who had just died. It was under his direction, with the assistance of the late Bishop of Durham (then Canon of St. Paul's), Canon Liddon and others, that St. Paul's became what it now is—a great power in the religious life of the nation.

As a man Dean Church was universally beloved and revered. His sympathies were wide and generous. But "large wisdom" seems to have been his peculiar gift. He possessed the "faculty of judgment and the grace of justice." He seems to have been in this capacity of counselor, a moral compass, a higher conscience to all who knew him. "What will the Dean of St. Paul's say?" seems to have been on the lips of those in perplexity—whether bishops, prime ministers or private individuals—"What would Dean Church think?" in the hearts of those who were about to pass judgment. Indeed, the universal homage to his clear insight, purity of motive and justness of judgment points clearly to his peculiar greatness, and the Church and nation's peculiar loss.

As an author Dean Church has written more than is generally supposed. He is one of the most beautiful prose writers of English, worthy to be classed with Newman. His work is all careful because it was written without hurry, graceful because scholarly, interesting because he possessed a rich imagination and profound historical insight. As his life was the flower of a high Christian culture, so his work was the birth of a ripe scholarship. It is all more or less historical, and comprises, besides three delightful volumes of sermons, lives of Anselm, Bacon, Spenser, introductions to Dante, Montaigne and Pascal, and the "Middle Ages," his famous essay on the "Early Ottomans," and several other literary and historical studies. He is perhaps the greatest English student of Dante, and the revival of the study of Dante in England is largely due to his noble essay. Who can forget its splendid opening—"The *divina commedia* is one of the landmarks of history. More than a magnificent poem, more than the beginning of a language and the opening of a national literature, more than the inspirer of art and the glory of a great people, it is one of those rare and solemn monuments of the mind's power which measure and test what it can reach to, which rise up ineffaceably and for ever as time goes on, marking out its advance by grander divisions than its centuries, and adopted as epochs by the consent of all who come after." Of his "Gifts of Civilization" we wish to speak specially.