

CAUGHT AT LAST.

The devil sat by the river-side;
The stream of time, where you'll always find him,
Casting his line in the rushing tide,
And landing the fish on the bank behind him.

He sat at ease in a cozy nook,
And was filling his basket very fast,
While you might have seen that his deadly hook
Was differently baited for every cast.

He caught 'em as fast as a man could count—
Little or big it was all the same.
One was a check for a round amount;
An Assemblyman nabbed it, and out he came.

He took a gem that as Saturn shone;
It sank in the water without a sound,
And caught a woman who long was known
As the best and purest for miles around.

Sometimes he would laugh and sometimes sing,
For better luck no one could wish;
And he seemed to know to a dead sure thing
The bait best suited to every fish.

Quoth Satan: "The fish is rare and fine!"
And he took a drink somewhat enthused;
And yet a parson swam around the line
That e'en most tempting of baits refused.

He tried with his gold and his flashing gems;
Hung fame and fortune on the line,
Dressing gown with embroidered hems,
But still the dominie made no sign.

A woman's garter went on the hook:
"I have him at last," quoth the devil, brightening;
Then Satan's sides with laughter shook,
And he landed the preacher as quick as lightning.

—SAMUEL DAVIS.

THE LATE DR. PUSEY.

When the history, in its widest sense, of the English people in the nineteenth century comes to be written, two movements, important in themselves and in their consequences, will appear of paramount importance, viz., the Disruption in the Scotch and the Oxford movement in the English Church. The interest of the latter gathers round the three names of Newman, Keble and Pusey, of whom only the first and the greatest is now left. The death of Dr. Pusey occurred on Sept. 16th. Born of a noble family in the year 1800, Edward Bouverie Pusey was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. Shortly after graduating with high honors in classics in 1822, he was elected to a fellowship at Oriel College, to which body belonged also his two subsequently famous associates. As early as 1828 he was appointed Regius Professor of Hebrew, an office to which a canonry in the Cathedral is attached. By accepting this post he severed his connection with Oriel College and became again a member of his original college. In this position he continued for the fifty-three years that have since elapsed, and though hardly taking rank with the great Semitic scholars of our times, his learning and zeal threw lustre upon his tenure of the professorship.

Dr. Pusey had already distinguished himself as an author by his "Historical Inquiry into the Probable Causes of the Rational Character lately predominant in the Theology of Germany," the first part of which appeared in 1820, and his activity as a writer only ceased with his death. But what brought his name prominently before the world, and will cause it to live long in the annals of England, was his connection with the great movement which started in 1833. Many causes combined to bring about this reform, such as the threatening aspect of the State, the progress of rational theology, and the inert condition of the church. In a Historical Preface written by Dr. Pusey in 1865 for a republication of the celebrated "Tract 90," he thus defines the position of the authors of the Tracts:—"We had all been educated in a traditional system which had practically imported into the Articles a good many principles which were not contained in them nor suggested by them, yet which were habitually identified with them. The writers of 'The Tracts for the Times,' as they became more acquainted with Antiquity and the Fathers, gradually and independently of one another laid these aside. . . . We proposed no system to ourselves, but laid aside, piece by piece, the system of ultra-Protestant interpretation, which had encrusted round the Articles." In short the policy of the Oxford Reformers, like that of Pius IX in later years, was to take higher grounds, to put forward more excessive claims, in opposition to Rationalistic and Sectarian aggression. The beginning of the movement has been traced to John Keble's Summer Assize Sermon at Oxford in 1833, published with the title of "National Apostasy." I have already given Pusey's subsequent account of the views of the writers of the Tracts for the Times. It is interesting to compare this with the following extract from a letter by Keble to a correspondent. "Some of my friends at Oxford," he writes, "persons worthy of much confidence, are wishing for a kind of association, to circulate right notions on Apostolical Succession, and also for the defence of the Prayer Book against any sort of profane innovation, which seems too likely to be attempted." This was written in the year 1833, when the movement was in its inception. As yet Dr. Pusey had taken no part in it. Yet it was his name that gave it its importance in the eyes of the world, it was his influence that kept it within the channel of the Established Church when the tendency seemed to be in favour of absorption by Rome. Hence though a recluse and student, without abilities for publicity or organization, the popular instinct conferred his name rather than that of the talented Newman upon the school.

Cardinal Newman in his "Apologia" gives us the following account of Pusey's joining the cause, from which we can gather a picture of the man himself, as he appeared in those days:—"I had known him well since 1827-8, and had felt for him an enthusiastic admiration. I used to call him *ho megas* (the great). His great learning, his immense diligence, his scholarlike mind, his simple devotion to the cause of religion, overcame me; and great of course was my joy, when in the last days of 1833 he showed a disposition to make common cause with us. His Tract on Fasting appeared as one of the series with the date of December 21. He was not, however, I think, fully associated in the movement till 1835 and 1836, when he published his Tract on Baptism, and started the Library of the Fathers. He at once gave us a position and a name. Without him we should have had no chance, especially at the early date of 1834, of making any serious resistance to the Liberal aggression. But Dr. Pusey was a Professor and Canon of Christ Church; he had a vast influence in consequence of his deep religious seriousness, the munificence of his charities, his Professorship, his family connections, and his easy relations with University authorities. He was to the movement all that Mr. Rose might have been, with that indispensable addition, which was wanting to Mr. Rose, the intimate friendship and the familiar daily society of the persons who had commenced it. And he had that special claim on their attachment, which lies in the living presence of a faithful and loyal affectionateness. There was henceforth a man who could be the head and centre of the zealous people in every part of the country, who were adopting the new opinions; and not only so, but there was one who furnished the movement with a front to the world, and gained for it a recognition from other parties in the University. In 1829 Mr. Froude, or Mr. R. Wilberforce, or Mr. Newman, were but individuals, and when they ranged themselves in the contest of that year, the great Oxford election, on the side of Sir Robert Inglis, men on either side only asked with surprise how they got there, and attached no significance to the fact; but Dr. Pusey was, to use a common expression, a host in himself; he was able to give a name, a form, and a personality to what was without him a sort of mob; and when various parties had to meet together to resist the liberal acts of the Government, we of the Movement took our place by right among them. Such was the benefit which he conferred on the Movement externally, nor was the internal advantage at all inferior to it. He was a man of large designs; he had a hopeful, sanguine mind; he had no fear of others; he was haunted by no intellectual perplexities. . . . If confidence in his position is (as it is) a first essential in the leader of a party, Dr. Pusey had it. The most remarkable instance of this, was his statement, in one of his subsequent defences of the Movement, when too it had advanced a considerable way in the direction of Rome, that among its hopeful peculiarities was its *stationariness*. He made it in good faith; it was his subjective view of it."

In trying to get a clear view of Dr. Pusey, the first thing that we must do, is to recognize that, in whatever ways we may differ from him, he was one of the greatest Churchmen of the present century, great in his manhood of controversy, great too, when in advanced old age his voice of protest was raised in trembling accents from the University pulpit against German infidelity. Addressing the congregation of undergraduates as "My sons!" he would tell them how he had tasted of the polluted stream till his blood ran cold. Against science and the modern antagonists of Christianity his voice was not heard. His gaze was turned to the old battle field in which he had fought in youth and he reminded his hearers of the Laureate's description of King Arthur after the last great battle, when

"the tide
Rose, and the pale King glanced across the field
Of battle; but no man was moving there;
Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,
Nor yet of heathen; only the wan wave
Broke in among dead faces."

Recognizing his greatness Dr. Newman thus addressed him years afterwards, when their paths had parted and Dr. Pusey had published his "Eirenicon":—"you are not a mere individual; from early youth you have devoted yourself to the Established Church, and, after between 40 and 50 years of unremitting labour in its service, your roots and branches stretch out through every portion of its large territory. You, more than any one else alive, have been the present and untiring agent by whom a great work has been effected in it." If we wish to grasp Pusey's greatness, we should try to estimate his work. Let us first hear the Devil's Advocate, no weak voice, but one that had stirred England to its hearts' core:—"Of Puseyism—O Heavens, what shall we say of Puseyism, in comparison to Twelfth Century Catholicism!" writes Carlyle in Past and Present, "Little or nothing; for indeed it is a matter to strike one dumb."

The Builder of this Universe was wise,
He plan'd all souls, all systems, planets, particles:
The plan He shap'd all Worlds and Eons by
Was—Heavens!—Was thy small Nine-and-thirty
[Articles.]

That certain human souls, living on this practical earth, should think to save themselves and a ruined world by noisy theoretic demonstrations and laudation of the Church, instead of some unobtrusive, unassuming, but practical total heart-and-soul demonstration of a Church: this, in the circle of revolving ages, this was a thing we were to see." Yet could not Carlyle see that, in acting as

they did, Pusey and his followers were doing the work that lay nearest to their hand? The object of the Oxford movement was to raise the Church of England from its apathy and dull acquiescence, from its perfunctory discharge of duties, and to quicken her spirit, to arouse her to living work. Though the movement by provoking fresh opposition from Free-thought proved abortive in many ways, who will dare to say the condition of the church as a whole has not been bettered by it, that there has not been throughout the Church of England a higher spirit at work since the famous movement began?

Of Dr. Pusey's special work in this movement the following account by Mr. G. A. Simcox was contributed to the *Academy*:—"He had lived with the fathers till he had become as one of them. In his later sermons especially he reproduced them largely; and, as a rule, the extracts gained in their new setting. And all his authority was brought to bear upon the tenderest points; others were the theorists of providence and authority and schism and self-discipline; he was the preacher of the sacraments, of repentance and devotion. In all things he had much of the nature of a chieftain, and not least in this, that he was always ready to defend those who applied his principles consistently; even when he might have thought the application indiscreet or premature he never saved himself by saying so." Of his life and work in other ways the same writer speaks as follows:—

"His generosity to the weak was of a piece with his veneration for the poor, which was so deep and genuine that it preserved him more completely than any other great ecclesiastic of the nineteenth century from political partizanship; he never sought to make capital out of either the fears or the hopes which the advance of democracy excites. The piquant denunciations of luxury in the sermon on 'Our Pharisaism' have no partizanship; the aristocracies which have lasted longest have lived under written or unwritten sumptuary laws. If he wasted neither strength nor thought upon parliamentary politics, he was too powerful in Oxford to keep aloof from university politics. In these his attitude was that of a very determined and very enlightened Conservative. He was prepared from the first for all changes by which his principles had nothing to lose—such, for instance as the specialisation of study during the latter part of the academical course: and he resisted to the last changes, however inevitable, like the abolition of tests, which could not but be unfavourable to his principles."

As a preacher, Pusey's eminence was due partly to his *personnel*, partly to his learning, but was also due in part to the provision of nature. Those who heard him in later years, heard but the echo of his former self. "Pusey's voice," writes Mozley in his lately published Reminiscences, "might want music and flexibility, but, whatever the cause, it was a powerful engine." His style is often obscure, often quaint and scholastic, rarely what we should call eloquent, never rhetorical. We will give a few extracts from some of his best sermons as specimens of a once famous preacher. As we read the following passage from his Sermon on the Day of Judgment, preached in the year 1839, we seem to be, as indeed we are, listening to one of a different cast of thought, to one living among different surroundings, with different aims and different modes of viewing life:—"We are living in the ruins of a lost world. They who escape, escape, like Lot, out of the midst of the overthrow, out of the flames of God's wrath, wherein, 'the earth, and the works that are therein shall be burned up.' The Church into which we have been for the time brought, is but an Ark, wherein we have taken refuge from the destroying flood of fire. . . . Of those who have been so (*by baptism*) brought in, and are now walking in the narrow path which leadeth unto life, all, most probably, would have wandered from it, but that they were hedged round by the lightnings and thunders and the blackness of God's wrath which threatened them, and so durst not leave it; most, it is to be feared, once left it, more or less, and those who are now in it, have struck back again, some sooner, some later, scared into obedience by the fear of hell."

Imagine the following quaint piece of reasoning addressed to a modern congregation:—"God forecometh us in all things. As the beginning of our being was from Him, so from Him also is our recreation in Christ. Our own free will, as we now, since the fall, have it by nature, floats and sways, between good and evil, weak towards good, overmastered by evil," or the following reminding us strongly of the eighteenth century:—"But since the existence of evil in the works of God, is wholly beyond reason, and yet we must believe in the infinite love and goodness of our God, although we cannot in the least understand, why He who is all-good should have created that which He knew would become evil, then it were against reason to require as a condition of our belief, that we should understand anything bound up with the existence of that evil. Since we are wholly ignorant about the whole, it were childish to insist that we should fully understand a part." These fragments of a mighty voice will illustrate the people to whom he spoke, the feelings and aspirations to which his preaching was addressed.

In parting from Dr. Pusey, we feel that we are parting from one whose greatness and goodness contributed in no small degree to foster what is great and good in religion at the present day. We may not now regard as essential all that he did; but what we feel to be most essential in religion, he revered and fostered. As a man, he was a tender husband, an affectionate

father. He had long outlived any personal hostility which his polemical attitude attracted, and has passed away, recognized by all as one who played a remarkable part in the spiritual movement of our time, and who must always stand forward as a conspicuous form in ecclesiastical history. After all the most attractive part of the man was his passionate love towards his early personal friends, between whom a tenderness and depth of affection existed that, combined with his deep humilit y and personal piety, reminds us of saintly figures in the past, like Anselm and Andrews, with whom in the eyes of an age "beyond these voices," he, with Keble and Newman will doubtless be classed.

R. W. BOODLE.

MY TEMPTATION.

BY A POOR MAN.

There are those who (themselves altogether above wonder at the "shocking depravity" of the poor) feel a thrill of pious horror at the idea of a man who pleads poverty as an excuse for dishonesty, and who would not hesitate to affirm that they would die of starvation before they could commit so great a sin as to appropriate to themselves anything which they might not call their own. Ah! how little can they imagine the feelings of one who has *nothing* which he can call his own, save the loved ones who are perishing with him.

Let such stern moralists (lolling back in their arm-chairs over their wine after dinner) read my simple story:—

I am a laboring man—my hand is hard and rough; but if suffering could render me callous, my heart would be harder still.

In the beginning of the winter, a year or two back, I had saved about five pounds towards our support during the most severe weather—my work being of a description that could not be proceeded with in frost. I had then three children, and Mary (my wife) was shortly about to give birth to another.

The season advanced—work began to slacken, but there were still many days on which I could work, and we managed to live without touching my little hoard—little indeed—but I had been a long time in saving it!

At last my wife was confined, and five days afterwards a sharp frost set in. Poor Mary was very ill—dangerously ill; and before the doctors left her I had to pay them two guineas, and they told me that Mary must have warm, good clothing, and good food.

She had both while my money lasted; when it failed, the frost had not broken up.

I contrived to get a few occasional jobs, but I only knew one *business*, and that I could not follow.

I applied to my master to advance me a little money; but he had five hundred workmen in his employ, and four out of every five had made the same application—he refused.

We went to the pawnbroker next; but we had very little to pledge except our clothes, and they went fast, for my chance work was a mere trifle.

I could not have held out so long, but for Mary; she was always so cheerful, that I was ashamed to show myself less patient than she was; and when she gave me potatoes for dinner, and no supper, she looked so mild and gentle that I could not complain.

But my baby was weak and ill, poor creature! The fountains whence it should have drawn its food were almost dried up by pain and hunger, and secret sorrow.

Mary had been out one day, and had asked me to stay and take care of the children. We had been eighteen hours without food. When she returned she had a little money in her hand; she came up to me.

"James," said she, in her gentle voice, "don't be angry, I've sold something belonging to you—something which I think you were foud of."

"Something of mine!"

"Yes—promise me not to be angry."

I never could have been angry with her, and I was too glad to see the money not to give such a promise readily.

She took off her bonnet (it was a very old one)—she had cut off all her beautiful hair!

Angry! with her!

We were sitting at the window—the children were in bed; the frost had now continued nearly two months, and we were starving; we had not spoken for a long time.

"Mary," said I, "I have always borne a good character, and I am loth to lose it, but my mind is made up, I must either starve or steal."

She tried to reason with me at first, but I was maddened at the sight of her pale, suffering face, and I was dreadfully hungry. I would not listen to her.

"James," said she at length, "I declare to you most solemnly that hungry and ill as I am, and much as I grieve to see the children's thin faces, neither they nor I shall touch a morsel of bread that is not honestly come by—and God give me strength to keep my word!"

I sat down again in my chair—we had no food that night.

The next day the frost broke up.

SIR BEAUCHAMP SEYMOUR, G.C.B., is personally unwilling to accept the peerage which has been offered to him as a reward for his services in the Egyptian war.