

live on as if architects never heard of wind. A meteorologist would say that a Burmese pagoda was often built purposely to catch wind, but the hurricanes of a century sweep over it, and the temple stands, and the priests regard its strength as quite sufficient. Thousands of temples in Bengal have projecting eaves, which a cyclone ought to lift into the air, but does not. If the storms are so awful, why does not Calcutta, which is all of brick, and not much better built to resist wind than a London suburb, perish once a year? If the traveller says all roofs are made flat, lest the wind should tear them off, he is told that this is for another reason, to allow of a secluded yet airy promenade; and, indeed, the statement is not worth much, for buildings without flat roofs stand the gales very well. If he says the wind can blow shutters inwards, he is told that the hinges must be bad; and if he points to the trees levelled by the storm, he is requested to go into Windsor Great Park just after a gale, and asked if a jungle or forest is ever cleared totally away. It never is, and therein lies one more perplexity. Why, under the worst tropical hurricane, does so much survive? Bengal Proper, for instance, is swept every two or three years by a true cyclone, before which, as it seems to those who see it, nothing can live, which strikes paths through the forest as broad and visible as if a steam-roller driven by supernatural force had passed crashing along, and which blows men and cattle off their feet as if they were chips. Yet Bengal in the same districts is one hardly broken mass of orchards or fruit jungles, and they are rarely hurt, so rarely, that fruit-culture goes on from decade to decade as a safe and profitable industry. In 1850, the writer saw a mighty cedar bodily lifted into the air, and next day examined a section of the broken trunk, in which all fibres had been twisted, yet a fruit orchard thirty yards off almost entirely escaped. How could that fact, which is not only past denial, but past discussion, be true, if the cyclones of Bengal were so dreadful as they are described to be?

Some part of the difference in the impression created by gales and hurricanes is due, no doubt, to terror. An English gale does not frighten men unless, as sometimes happens, it rocks an upper story till the beds shake, as a tropical hurricane does. It is not, to begin with, accompanied by so much electrical disturbance. In a cyclone in Bengal, the rush of the wind is accompanied by what seem, and usually are, discharges of thunder-bolts, visible balls of fire, rushing downward with a sharp, cracking roar—very unlike, we may remark in passing, the roar of artillery, to which it is compared, resembling rather the clang of iron upon iron, or the *breaking* of something in the heavens—which strike the buildings, often fatally, within sight. The chance of the bolt, which is by no means a remote one, does not soothe the nerves; and if the discharges have continued, as often happens, for five or six hours, the watcher, perhaps with a shivering household round him, is in no condition to observe scientifically, or, indeed, to do anything except wait with a certain doggedness, and that rising of the temper which a true hurricane often provokes. The noise is so exasperating, and the wind does seem so devilish in its malice. It does not blow and then leave off, leave off and then blow again, as it does here; but keeps on blowing with a steady, persistent, maddening rush, which is more like the sway of the tide against you when you are half-drowned, than the action of anything which in Europe we call wind. We suppose the rush is not quite continuous, for the distinct and shattering blows on the walls which seem to accompany it must really be part of it, and indicate gusts; but there never is a moment while the hurricane lasts when the opening of a shutter or a door would not be followed by the entrance of what seems not wind, but an invisible battering-ram. The writer once saw a shutter incautiously loosened while a hurricane was high, and pressing outside like a hydraulic press. In an instant, not only were the shutters blown in and himself flung down as by a heavy weight, but the open door of a large wardrobe standing against the wall was blown off its hinges as if struck by a machine. It had not six inches to recede, and the hinges must have been literally crushed out. The struggle with the continuous impact of a blind force of this kind, pressing inwards for hours, is very terrifying, for no experience will make you believe in the resisting power of the walls. It seems as if they must come down, and if they do, you may be dead in five seconds, or worse still, stand suddenly alone in the world. The imprisonment, too, is nearly perfect. A hurricane will last sometimes twenty

hours, and during that time there is no five minutes during which you can walk ten yards. If you face the wind, it strangles you, literally and actually rendering respiration impossible; and as you turn round, you are thrown sharply down. There is nothing for it but crawling, and that is difficult, for whatever the scientific explanation may be, it is quite certain that the vertical edge of a tropical hurricane comes, in its full strength, much lower down, nearer the earth, than that of an English gale. All the while, moreover, we repeat for the third time—for after all, it is in this that the special horror of a hurricane consists—the watcher retains, ever rising higher and more resistless, that notion of the deliberate malice of the elements, of being attacked by them, of suffering from the spite and anger of some sentient will, which is at once hostile and perverse. You are fighting, while it lasts, not enduring. This is not the impression of an imaginative or over-sensitive man. It is strongly felt by children, who sometimes grow ill with the fatigue of a storm which has not touched their bodies, but has roused all their energies in “resistance” of hours; while among adults it is nearly universal and so strong, that very good men indeed have been known to lose control of themselves, and break into wrathful cursing at the wind, which, nevertheless, was still outside. The terror a hurricane creates will not, however, wholly account for the universal impression of observers that the force of a tropical hurricane, as compared with a European gale, is scientifically underrated. There is a force in the former beyond the apparent difference in pace, a driving strength, persistent and prolonged, which we have never seen thoroughly accounted for. Can the mass of the rushing air be perceptibly weightier, though the pace is not much more rapid, or are its blows directed through a different medium? A bullet will not strike hard through a very fleet sheet of water. Just before a cyclone, that marvellous clearness of the tropical atmosphere which always so develops eyesight, enabling the short-sighted to see, and making all edges so painfully distinct, is highly exaggerated, till it seems as if a veil were lifted, and you could see to double or treble the usual range. Is not the air so clarified positively thinner than in the North, till the mass of air invading it rushes on with less resistance, and therefore with a heavier impact? Or is that a hopelessly unscientific description of what is, nevertheless, the special fact, which, to the experienced, is the most peremptory warning to clear decks and close port-holes for what will be a sharp action, lasting through the night? When in the tropics you can see twice as far as you ought, run to the barometer.

CHRISTIANITY AND POLITICS.

WE have recently been occupied in the attempt to answer the question whether that scheme of society known as Socialism derives any special sanction from Christianity. We would to-day return upon the relation between politics and religion from a wider point of view, and attempt to answer the question which several recent utterances must have suggested to our readers,—In what relation does political duty stand to Christian teaching? The noble protest against the notion that religion stands out of relation to political duty, which was elicited from the Warden of Keble College, by Mr. Harrison's account of the Positivist worship in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, must have met with a welcome from many who felt indignant at having it assumed that this was a specially Christian notion: although they may have been quite ready to allow both that the behaviour of many Christians has encouraged it, and also that the behaviour of most Positivists is an excellent rebuke to it. And the wish recently expressed in Mr. Seeley's lectures on the “Expansion of England” that history should become more political, must have carried many thoughts in the same direction, if not exactly to the same goal. How far can those who consider that the most important truth is that which concerns the relation of God to man join in the wish that a record of human life should ally itself with the political spirit?

It must be admitted at once that if by Christianity we mean something of divine origin, and if by Politics we mean a theory of the relation between the governors and the governed, the idea that any connection exists between these two things would be confuted by history. There is no disputable theory of government which has not been defended by true Christians, and also opposed by them, at some time or other. If we confine our attention to our own time, it is, of course, possible to fancy that some such connection exists. We live on the edge of a great uprising against authority

which was combined with a rejection of Christianity, and it is natural that two things opposed together should be remembered together; but if we had lived in the England of 200 years ago, we should have seen an uprising against authority which was combined with a strong and marked assertion of Christianity, and should have been inclined to look upon religious enthusiasm as dangerous to civil order and secular rule rather than to liberty. And if in the fifteen centuries since Christianity was dominant it has oftener been in alliance with the spirit of authority than the spirit of freedom, that fact tells us nothing whatever of its own character, only of the tendency of mankind to mix the assertion of truth with claims for their own authority. About the result of any scheme of government Christian men are, it is plain, promised no supernatural illumination. They may be mistaken about what tends to true Liberty, as they may be mistaken about what tends to true Order. But they are as much the less Christians if they fail in sympathy with liberty, as if they fail in sympathy with order. We cannot say that one principle is more sacred than the other. The Christian teacher should most urgently insist on that, whichever it be, which Christians are most likely to forget, and he may be as much mistaken on that point as any one else may.

Nevertheless, to allow that Christianity had no influence on politics would be simply to allow that Christianity was false. Does our duty to our neighbour need a less potent sanction when its object changes from one to many? Do we require a divine wisdom to enlighten us as to the duties which concern the happiness of two or three, and can we dispense with it when we come to duties which concern the happiness of millions? The question answers itself. If a man be not a better citizen for being a Christian, then Christianity is a dream. It might be argued, with much plausibility, and not without some truth, that no other relation affords so sure a test of a man's moral condition as does that which he holds to the community of which he forms a part. Before we condemn a man who has failed, however unquestionably, as son or husband, we have to learn the character of the other member of the relation; but if he is a bad citizen, he cannot expect the community to divide the blame with him. We do not mean to deny that other points in the comparison suggest an opposite conclusion; but still it is true, on the whole, that while few duties are so important as political duties, there are none in which a man's responsibility is so absolute, as far as it goes. To ask whether political duty should be influenced by religion is like asking whether Scotland is a part of Great Britain. But if we defined Great Britain as stopping short at Edinburgh, and Scotland as bounded on the south by the Grampians, Scotland would form no part of Great Britain. And the ordinary conception of Christianity is not a more shrunken fragment of the region which that word should mark out than is the ordinary conception of politics. "General Christians," as Lord Palmerston called them, are no better illustrations of the meaning of Christianity, than is the ordinary Tory or Radical of that science which deals with the duties of a citizen. Our participation in the relations of civil life varies greatly, but not more than our participation in individual relations does, and it would not be easy to decide which are the most important of the two. Conceive, for instance, the change that would come over the world if only one single political duty were rightly fulfilled, if no one either gave or withheld his gift for any needy claimant without a sense of responsibility. So miserably has the very idea of politics shrunk, that it will sound odd to reckon our duty to the poor as a political duty; yet of all the duties that belong to a *polity*, surely it is the one to which ordinary individuals would do best to give heed.

We are far from urging that the ordinary meaning of Politics refers to something unimportant. It may be the duty of every man of influence to stand by that party whose principles, on the whole, he deems nearest the truth, and whose influence, on the whole, appears to him most useful to the community. And the struggle between the two armies whose watchwords are respectively "Freedom" and "Order," however we may regret it, is one which we are forced to regard as a permanent incident of national life. Although between the ideas of freedom and of order *themselves* there is no opposition, yet, as the whole of history shows us that the men who make each of these things their object are actually enlisted under different banners, this battle seems a part of the system of things, which we have to accept and make the best of. Loyalty

to a Party is, in many cases, a duty; and there is no doubt that it may be sacrificed to many things much lower than itself. But it may be at once confessed that this is a duty which Christianity tends to make more difficult. Christian belief has no tendency to endow a man either with political knowledge or political ability, any more than it has a tendency to endow him with arithmetical accuracy. It makes him wish to be an honest man, and, so far, it helps him to keep his accounts accurately,—and that wish is a real help. And so it is a real help towards party loyalty, to a certain extent. But a religious faith tends to increase the claimants on a man's loyalty; and no true claimant to loyalty—and we fully allow the claim—comes so low down in the scale as a party does. No kind of valid claim is so much subject to revision from the side of considerations that spring from Christian ground. Christianity is, in reference to what many people call politics, a disturbing element. The attitude which a profoundly Christian mind is apt to take towards party questions was well illustrated in all the political utterances of Mr. Maurice. He would always seek for the true principle at the root of any outgrowth of party feeling, would point out the distortion to which it was liable, and the failure which awaited it just so far as it admitted any influence from this distortion, and there he would stop. He never led his hearers to see that one side was right and the other wrong. And that is just what a politician has to see,—a politician, that is to say, in this narrow sense of the word, which we are obliged to give in to, even while we protest against it.

However, in all this there is nothing specially characteristic of Christianity, except so far as Christianity has been the moral faith which men have felt most earnestly. All such faith originates sympathies and beliefs which tend to confuse and trouble party union. The very protest from which we have taken our text fully allows that Christians owe to Comtists a most valuable reminder of that side of their political duties, however we name it, by which party feeling is cast into the shade. No body of men have done more to uphold the claims on politicians of "morality touched with emotion" than the Positivists have; and if they have not had to meet the accusation of "humanitarianism," "want of patriotism," and the like, it is only because it has not been felt worth while to make it. They have shown the truest patriotism in urging the duties of their country on those who represent its external action, and are as much bound to consider its duties as each one of us is to consider our own duties; but they have shown also exactly that *interference* of religious feeling with party feeling which provokes most hostility on the part of politicians. We may call it religious feeling, since it is their religion, though its object is humanity; and we may call the feeling with which it interferes party feeling, though its object is a country; for patriotism sinks to the level of party feeling when our country is regarded as a corporate being with claims, and without duties. And if Christians had been as true to their creed as Positivists had been to theirs (they are no worse men, but the task has been more difficult), they would have been better politicians in the larger sense, and worse in the narrower sense. Humanity is not the object of their worship. But it is the object of sympathies touched with new life from their creed, and of duties taking a new sanction from the same source. Who can doubt, for instance, that if Christianity had been a living, predominant influence, the anti-slavery movement would have been a distinctly Church movement? And who doubts now, whatever be his political creed, that the abolition of slavery was a great political step, and that every one who helped it on was not only a better Christian, but a better politician,—a soldier fighting on the right side, even if you mean by the right side nothing but the side which is going to win? At the same time, it must have happened more than once that this question weakened a party, even when a party was working for good. Nothing in Macaulay's prosperous life is so interesting as the sacrifices which he made to his father's principles, but at the time it must have seemed to many, and, perhaps, sometimes even to himself, as if he were sacrificing not so much his interest to his duty, as his political feeling to his personal feeling. Yet now there is no act of his life which would be felt so conspicuously right, in a political sense, by every one.

There is no subject which more distinctly exhibits the difference between the amalgam of Christian belief with ecclesiastical feeling which represents Christianity to the world, and its true spirit, as the history of slavery does. We must confess that

there have been men who would have laid down their lives to make other men Christians, and did all they could to keep them slaves; perhaps this must be said, for instance, of Whitefield. Of course, the very motives which make men cowardly about giving offence and careful of preserving their influence take strength from sources that call themselves Christian. But there can be no doubt in an unprejudiced mind what has been the influence of Christianity on slavery. "Ce n'est pas Spartacus quia supprimé l'esclavage, c'est bien plutôt Blandine," says a historian whose testimony to anything Christian will not be received with suspicion,—M. Renan. It is surprising that that tribute to the martyred slave-girl has not aroused more attention. It is a tribute not to this or that form of Christianity, but to the teaching of Jesus. He said, "Resist not evil." We say, "That is an unpractical, exaggerated doctrine; we must pare down its meaning to some much smaller, before we can make any use of it. M. Renan says this was the teaching that put an end to slavery. A pagan hero refused to be "butchered to make a Roman holiday," fired his oppressed brethren with the passion for liberty, and taught slaves to die in the strength of that passion. We cannot say that the genius and courage which it taxed the utmost strength of Rome to subdue did anything towards ending slavery. The quelled revolt of Spartacus rivetted the chains of his brethren, sharpened the scourge under which they groaned, and hardened against them the heart of the most humane of the Romans. Then came a faith which appealed with special promise to the slave, which offered duties he could fulfil and rights that he could claim; he accepted it, he believed the words of Christ literally, he feared not them which could kill the body, and after that had no more they could do; he accepted death and torture at their hands with unresisting hope, and when the storm of persecution was past slavery had become impossible. Slaves had taught freemen how to die, they were enrolled among the Saints, and it was impossible that humanity could continue to recognise a distinction which was thrown into the shade as much by common memories as by common hopes. We do not say that this is the way all historians would narrate the facts, but certainly the one from whom we have taken this view is not a prejudiced advocate of Christianity.

The records of history might be made to yield very different answers to our question, no doubt. The worst crimes it commemorates have been committed in the service of something that the criminals sincerely believed to be Christianity, and it is no unnatural inference to conclude that its teachings were not intended to be applied to the region where they were capable of so hideous a distortion. At times every Christian student of history must have felt an enormous relief in turning from modern to ancient history, and escaping from the atmosphere of something which calls itself by the name of his faith, but which must have seemed to him more nearly a complete antithesis to everything to which his faith bears witness than any kind of belief and feeling that was in the world before it existed. And then, of course, it is easy to go on to the wish that men should live politically as they did live before it existed, that the whole world of political relation should remain as untouched by the aims associated with Christianity as is the life of the men one reads of in Thucydides. At times, indeed, it appears as if this aim were to be realised in our day. We do not believe it can be realised in any day. But what we may say decidedly is that it will be something new in the world if it ever does come to pass that Christianity gives no colour to political life. History shows us an endless complexity of alliance between Christian feeling and that against which Christian feeling should be a perpetual struggle; but the modern idea of private life regulated by one code, and public by another,—this, whatever else there is to be said for it, is not a conception that can be illustrated from the life of the past. History may help us to understand how it arose. The Church was born in an age when civil virtue was as impossible as to an individual is filial piety in old age. It became the rival, not the ally, of a life which was younger than itself. A national life grew up beneath its shelter, and was not easily recognised as its equal. Yet it is the most theological of all poets, and the one in whom the spirit of the Middle Ages is most completely expressed, who gives a most emphatic sanction to the belief that these powers are equals. No ideal of life is more political than Dante's. The Emperor and the Pope are correlative authorities, performing functions equally sacred, alike agents in giving Christendom a unity which in this mediæval ideal it was to possess in a much higher

degree than our modern thinkers dare to dream of. From this point of view, the modern condition of a congeries of States struggling through some vague conceptions of international law to attain a certain approximation to the organic unity which was, according to the earlier view, to be something coherent and definite, would appear an enormous retrogression, a process the very reverse of Evolution. It may be said that this ideal was never realised; nevertheless, it remains an important fact that it existed. The religious conception of European civilisation was a far more organic thing than is that of our secular age. And whether or not any one can hope for the return of any similar ideal, whether or not we may believe that faith shall ever again be a bond of national union, we must surely allow that in this function it has no obvious rival; and that the unity of Christendom, if it is not to be achieved by Christian faith, seems likely, from all we can see, to remain a mere dream.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE MILES PLATTING JUDGMENT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—There is not much fear, as you cynically hint in your article this week, of the Evangelicals or Broad Churchmen being treated to the same measure which the Bishop of Manchester and the Judicial Committee delight in meting to the Ritualists. The cries of "Freedom of conscience" and "Religious liberty" are, as we see in France, unhappily quite consistent with persecution of a hated religion.

The Bishop of Manchester is, no doubt, perfectly conscientious in his persecution of the Miles Plating clergy and congregation. So, no doubt, were Queen Mary and the Holy Office in their persecutions. The Bishop sees nothing intolerable in claiming liberty to violate the undoubted ritual law of the Church himself, to encourage the omission of the Athanasian Creed and the celebration of evening communions—the one in direct opposition to the Rubric, the other to the unvarying tradition of the Church—while he persecutes those who worship as the Ornaments Rubric certainly seems to allow, and as the late Sir John Coleridge, among countless other distinguished lawyers, with all the arguments before them, declared that it does allow. Be it so. But I would respectfully remind the Bishop and his sympathisers that the persecuted in this case are neither schoolboys, nor even pupil-teachers, and that in the face of the very high legal opinion in their favour, to say nothing of the report of the Royal Commission, the Ritualists are not in the least likely to give up their religious liberty, nor are the historical High-Church party any more likely to desert them in their battle for the ancient reformed worship of the Church of England. Moreover, Providence has been pleased to make them masters of the situation, and they will deserve all those evils which the craft and subtlety of their persecutors may work against them, if they fail to seize their opportunity. The Nonconformists and a great number of other electors are claiming their share as citizens in the property locked up in mortmain for centuries past for religious purposes, and which was so devoted when all Englishmen were Churchmen. The moment we get an extended county suffrage, disendowment will become a very practical question indeed. Let the Ritualists at once decline to have anything whatever to do with maintaining the Establishment, which alone makes their persecution possible. They will be wise to keep aloof from all "Church defence" movements,—to support living agencies and mission-rooms in the hands of trustees, but to have nothing to do with fabrics to be handed over to the control of Parliament, and ultimately to be made "parish" property. They will get very good terms under the new régime, or failing that, they are quite strong enough to make a start for themselves. The experience of St. Alban's, Holborn, and St. Peter's, London Docks, is a happy augury for them, even in "Outcast London."—I am, Sir, &c.,

AN HISTORICAL HIGH CHURCHMAN.

THE COPE IN CATHEDRALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your issue of this day's date you write of the Bishop of Manchester,—“It is notorious that he has never worn a cope in his own Cathedral. It is notorious that the law requires him to wear a cope in his own Cathedral, in the performance of certain rites.” If any such law exists, possibly it would affect me, no less than the Bishop of Manchester. Will you kindly inform