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I. THE TEACHING OF THE THEOLOGICAL CLASS-ROOM IN RELATION TO THE SPIRITUAL LIFE OF THE STUDENT.

The aim of the theological student is generally a practical one ; he is in preparation for the ministry of the Gospel. With this end in view he is seeking to acquaint himself with the several parts of the theological curriculum. The promotion of his spiritual life—the increase of his faith and of the other Christian graces—is to him, therefore, of primary importance. Whether, indeed, the student has respect to his own well-being or to his qualifications for the ministry, the cultivation of the religious life should be his first concern. To know God and Jesus Christ is eternal life, and it is also the necessary condition of all effective service in the Kingdom of God.

Apart from his studies, there are various ways in which the candidate for the ministry will seek to cultivate and strengthen the life of the soul. He will do so through private prayer and reading of the Scriptures, through connection with religious societies in college or hall, through teaching in Sabbath school or elsewhere, through fellowship with some congregation.

But we are here rather to consider what help the spiritual life of the student may receive through his proper studies, and especially in the class-room. For we must not acquiesce in the notion that study is necessarily unfavorable to

VIII. MACBETH AND THE BIBLE.

The commentaries and critiques on Shakspeare would of themselves make a library, and yet something remains to be said. To say this something, it will be necessary to repeat several familiar thoughts which shall do service as points of connection.

1. The subject matter of Macbeth is three-fold, Temptation, Sin, Ruin. Therefore this drama belongs to all time, and to every land, and to all men. It is not so interesting a psychological study as Hamlet, nor so depressing a threnody as Lear, but in some of its aspects it is broader than either of them, and appeals more to the universal heart of mankind.

Temptation, Sin, Ruin, are not these in very large part the history of our race. With these our world-history began, in the garden that lay eastward in Eden.

The remarkable resemblance of Shakspeare's line of thought to that of Moses has fascinated the present writer, and this fascination may serve for his apology, if any apology indeed were needed for writing this article.

The brief intimations of Holy Scripture have led some of the wisest commentators to the belief that a similar course was passed through by a portion of the originally holy angels under the leadership of Satan. They were tempted, they sinned, they fell, and fell to rise no more.

By a narrow induction it has been inferred that this is the norm of Gods dealings with his intelligent and moral creatures as they successively come into being. This speculation, however, would take us too far from our subject. It is more *apropos* to call attention to the fact that in Macbeth the idea of Redemption is not introduced and in this particular Shakspeare does not follow the inspired writer of Genesis. There is no sunset glow in Macbeth; day dies in absolute gloom with no promise of a bright to-morrow.

2. Just as in Genesis, the first temptation comes from an already lost world.

The Witches are the agents of an Inferno. It is not necessary to hold that Shakspeare believed in witchcraft, any more than that. Homer accepted as true, all the stories he relates of the dwellers on Olympus. Of course Dante did not write the *Divina Commedia* as a history.

In justification of the introduction of these accomplices of Satan, several arguments may be adduced.

(a) In Shakspeare's day there was a widespread belief in the reality of witchcraft. This consideration alone is enough. Wordsworth had not nearly so much ground for bringing the Platonic doctrine of the pre-existence of all human souls into his deservedly celebrated ode on immortality.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting." The lines are as beautiful as they are widely known; but it is incredible that Wordsworth believed they were true.

(b) The Scriptures treat witchcraft very seriously. While the Israelites were still at Mt. Sinai and the thunders of the Ten Commandments still reverberated in the air, the ordinance was given: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live;" and, more than fifteen centuries later, Paul commanded a spirit of Python to come out of a soothsaying maiden at Philippi.

It is possible, of course, that the sacred writers regarded all sorcery as merely a wicked pretence of commerce with the devil for the purpose of gaining filthy lucre. Even in this view, it was a most abominable fraud on the part of the wizards and witches, and an execrable attempt on the part of the souls who resorted to them, to utilize the powers of darkness for obtaining knowledge which God and his prophets refused to give. In either case an epic or dramatic poet might well use an old tradition as Shakspeare did in this instance.

(c) Most, if not all, of the readers of the *QUARTERLY*, believe, with the writer, in the genuineness of the demoniacal possessions in New Testament times, and of the temptations of Satan and his spiritual ministers in all times, until indeed they shall be cast into the pit. Hence, although we

most cordially condemn the persecution of witches in England and in New England in former centuries, we are not prepared to deny the reality of witchcraft, or, still less, to disapprove of the use of witches in the drama. So that we are in no sympathy with the French critics in their ridicule of Shakspeare on this point.

3. The Witches then are not the Weird Sisters of the old Saxon mythology, nor human harpies, nor simply poor vagabond outcasts from society; but agents of the Devil, and indwelt and inspired by demoniacal spirits, precisely corresponding to the word, *מכשפה* translated witches in Ex. 22:18 and elsewhere, and to the maiden in Philippi, who had or at least claimed to have within her a spirit of Python i. e. Apollo.

As in Genesis Satan is represented as using a serpent for a visible, material vehicle; so in Macbeth his demons employ the Witches as the media of their temptations. So closely has the bard, whether intentionally or not, yet in fact, followed holy writ.

4. We have sometimes considered this the chief thought in Macbeth: We are tempted by an alien and infernal Power, whose baleful influence clings to our world, as the shadow, which we call Night, clings to our planet, and is not shaken off by all earth's rotations. Further reflection has led us to modify this pre-eminence so far as to say that it is one of the chief thoughts of the play. Yet we observe in connection with this, that Shakspeare introduces the drama by a witch scene. The curtain rolls up and a ghastly light falls upon the stage. To use an artist phrase, this lurid glare gives the pitch to the painting; in the last scene it alights upon Macbeth's bloody head borne in upon a pole by Macduff. So, too, the long world-struggle is foretold in Genesis. The scene, the light, the prophecy, the curse are there. Is not this more than wonderful? And after centuries and millenniums have passed by, the echoes answer faint and far from the heart of the island poet; not sweet and joyful, for the sweetness and the joy

have died away, and only the bitterness, and the sorrow remain.

We are pleased with this introductory scene. It is not so didactic as the first sentence of *Paradise Lost*; it does not tell so much of what we are to expect in the play; yet it tells enough to awaken attention, and would not, like Sallust's often criticized preliminary paragraph, fit any other piece of literary work about as well. And it is a happier beginning than Homer's account of the despicable squabble between Agamemnon and Achilles over Briseis; if it be not impious, as Burke said in reference to Sir Isaac Newton, to criticise so great a man.

Shakspeare's judgment has been pronounced equal, if not superior, to any other of his qualities as a poet.

5. But in his detailed treatment of the witches he must yield the palm to the inspired writers. His description of their personnel borders upon the disgusting. They are not only withered and wild, but each lays her chappy (chapped) finger upon her skinny lips.

"You should be women
And yet your beards forbid one to interpret
That you are so."

They are "secret, black and midnight hags."

Far worse than their appearance are the ingredients of their "hell-broth."

"Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-delivered by a drab."

Even worse are the lines:

"Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweated
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame."

With all our admiration for this incomparable band, must it not be admitted that we have here specimens of Teutonic coarseness, reminding one of *Beowulf*, and alas! of *Faust*? In *Genesis* the tempter is a serpent. His venom is not adverted to, but his craft, his superhuman wisdom in a bad cause, his wickedness, the first appearance of wickedness

in the whole narrative. The guile, the malice, the blasphemy came to the front. So, too, in the Cavern scene in Act 4th, which was evidently suggested by the extraordinary, and intensely dramatic interview of Saul with the witch of Endor. With what dignity and propriety do this hag, and the King of Israel, and the ghostly prophet deport themselves!

THE PLACE OF THE TEMPTATION.

6. In the scriptural narrative the place is one of divine beauty. Jehovah God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and adorned it with every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food. The LXX. translated the Hebrew גן by $\text{\textit{\textparadeisos}}$, the Greek form of *Paridas*, a Persian word which had crept into the later Hebrew; and thus we have the exquisite, soul-charming word Paradise. The conception of the Paradise has never been blotted out of the memory of the human race in all our wanderings. We perpetually strive to realize it on the surface of the earth; but the ideal will never be fully attained until the new heavens and the new earth shall have emerged from the final conflagration. Then shall be fulfilled the saying of the glorified Saviour to the beloved disciple in Rev. 2:7, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."

But in Genesis a curse was pronounced upon the earth—that earth which God himself had pronounced good, yea very good. One of the primal blessings was the ordination of labor in dressing and keeping the garden. This blessing survived the fall. One of the primal curses was that of the resistance of the soil, making man's healthful labor a painful toil. Cursed is the ground for Adam's sake, and the sorrow of toil falls upon us to-day. Thorns and thistles are still brought forth, and in the sweat of our face we eat our bread until we return unto the ground whence we came.

This is the long struggle of the ages; and by patient labor much of the curse has been driven from the earth. For in a certain sense labor is godlike: "My Father work-

eth hitherto and I work," and that most industrious, never idling, always busy worker aids us by the forces of nature which are his ministers for good; and coal and steam and electricity and mirrors and lenses lift us up one round of the ladder toward him who is everywhere present, and everywhere wise and strong.

The superb passage in the 8th of Romans settles all question as to whether Paul was or was not a poet as well as a philosopher. The earth waits and longs for the manifestation of the sons of God. When they shall appear in their true glory, earth also shall be delivered from the curse, and shall bloom and blossom as the rose. Earth too shall be delivered from corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God. But the time is not yet, nor does man or angel know when it shall be. Forty centuries after the curse was pronounced, Paul says that the *κρίσις* groans and travails in birth until now; and at the end of our nineteenth century we can but repeat the sorrowful refrain of the Church, "until now."

In the heath the curse still lingers. The unprofitable furze held dominion there in Macbeth's day, and holds it now, and the "blasted heath" is well associated with the accused witches. Surely in the promised Paradise there shall be no heath, no witch; no Satan nor other spirit of ill; no death, and no *disjecta membra* of men's or children's bodies boiling in horrid caldron.

Shakspeare has not disclosed his reasons for selecting a heath for the first interview of these three wild creatures with Macbeth. It may have been due merely to his having seen old croons haunting such localities; or by one of his intuitions he may have perceived the congruities of the case. To us following in his footsteps, the heath and the witches seem akin.

The principal of a city school in Louisville once showed us a pretty piece of his own work in water colors,—a huge, tawny camel standing on the sands of his native desert,—the desert stretching away in the far distance to the dim line of the horizon, where the skies are gray. The camel

was the daughter of the desert; and the witch with her hateful attire of muddy yellow, and browns and homely grays, is the daughter of the heath. And "in thunder, lightning and in rain," the heath sobs, and sighs for deliverance from the curse, and for the glory that shall be revealed.

THE CAVE SCENE.

If we may be pardoned for saying it, the cave seems incongruous with the heath. The Teutonic type of representation is jumbled together with the classic;—Hecate, the goddess of hell, and Acheron, the river across which the dead were ferried, now come upon the stage with the weird sisters. Yet some important points are gained. For instance the close connection of the witches with the infernal powers; and this proves the correctness of the view already set forth. The witches, are subordinate to Hecate, who meets them on a heath—Act 3, Scene 5—and rates them soundly for daring

"To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death
And I the mistress of your charms
The close contriver of all harms
Was never called to bear my part.
" * * * * * Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning.

The cave gives an opportunity for scenic exhibition; for apparitions that must have powerfully impressed the spectators in the Globe Theater.

As in Samuels' case, several of the apparitions, possibly all of them, arise; though it is not absolutely plain whether they arise from the floor of the cavern or out of the flame of the boiling cauldron.

The whole scene reminds one of Æneas's interview with the Crimean Sibyl.

" * * * *Horrendæque procul secreta Sibyllæ; Antrum immane.*"

THE SECOND TEMPTER.

8. A most noteworthy resemblance of Shakspeare's work to that of Moses is found here. Adam's second tempter is

Eve ; not the serpent now, but the man's best-beloved, the wife of his bosom ; and Macbeth's second, and indeed far the most effective tempter, Lady Macbeth ; Lady Ruach, as she is called from her maiden name by Richard Grant White. In a highly interesting article on this play, that accomplished critic gives the tradition that Lady Macbeth was a woman of remarkable personal charms. To us, indeed, she glares out of the past, a modern Jezebel, a fell spirit of crime and blood. Her "little hand" may have been beautiful ; but so was the exquisite marble once on exhibition in a Paris shop-window. A certain artist could not pass by it without stopping to admire its graceful curves, its admirable proportions, until he was informed one day that it was the hand of a murderess.

Milton's Satan is a villain of larger build than Lady Macbeth ; but in appalling atrocity he is hardly her equal. She might be styled the concentrated quintessence of Satan.

But, to Macbeth himself, she was his most ardent supporter. Her ambition was for him. He calls her, "My dearest love." He bids her, "Bring forth men children only." He idolizes his "dear wife," and she puts her soft hand in his and leads him down to the bottomless pit.

Now this brings us face to face with one of those mysteries which Shakspeare must have beheld, but which he does not take it upon himself to unravel.

We once met on a Lake Chautauqua steamer a perfect stranger, who proved to be a blatant infidel. We were told afterwards that he was a man of scandalous private life. He denied the existence of a personal God, the Deity was a mere farce. We asked him :

"Do you love God ?"

The question staggered him, he rallied, however, and said :

"Yes, I love him."

Which, of course, was impossible. But he was quite bitter at the idea "that God would quarter a Satan on this world. Ah ! no, I can't believe that."

Christ, however, said to Peter : "Simon, Simon, Satan

hath desired you, that he might sift you as wheat ; but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." Paul exhorts the Saints at Ephesus to "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil ;" and Peter gives us a very noted warning against our "adversary the devil." So that Moses and Christ and his Apostles dissent from the unclean infidel on the steamboat.

Now Shakspeare was not prone to discuss Apologetics, though he was an openly professed believer in Christianity, and in his last will and testament commits his soul to the Redeemer of sinners. But as to the mysteries of religion, he sets before us with extraordinary skill just what he saw with his own eyes.

"Look here upon this picture and on this, and work out your own solutions; I am a Poet, not a Philosopher."

The sacred writers tell us that Satan tempted our first parents and continues to plot the ruin of our race. Many of the profoundest students of uninspired history have reached the same conclusion; there must be some Ahriman, some Satan, some Spirit of Evil abroad in this world. But you cannot reconcile this with the existence of an Almighty, All-wise and All-holy God ?

Very well; but what are we to say of the undeniable facts in daily life, of temptation at the hands of men and women all around us—some of them of consummate skill and irresistible fascinations? Why does the blessed God permit this? Or why did he permit that foul man whom we met on the steamer to live forty or fifty years on the divine bounty, and then spew out his vile atheism as we have briefly recounted? We may be unable to answer these questions, but we cannot deny the facts. To an archangelic intellect the solution may be as easy as to a great mathematician the solution of a problem which baffles the understanding of an ignorant peasant. And surely to the infinite mind there is no difficulty in the matter; to him, and possibly to him only, the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to him.

The Scriptures give some explication of the unfathomable

mysteries of life and being; not so much, perhaps, as our sometimes fainting hearts might desire, but such, as being duly pondered, may furnish us the sweetest consolation. And Shakspeare is reticent, even painfully reticent, where we could wish that he had spoken, and we ask in whispers, Did he who saw so deeply into man and into life, understand these mysteries of the

“ * * * Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we may ?”

To which the answer is, manifestly not. Shakspeare indeed, knew no more on these perplexing subjects than has been known to the great teachers of the Church. We dare say, Not as much; that he was aware of his own limitations and acted wisely in doing very admirably what he could do, and in refraining from the attempt to do what in fact has never been done by any man born of woman.

9. DeQuincey has written a highly ingenious, psychological explanation of the effect produced by the knocking at the door after the murder of Duncan. Shakspeare, himself, however, gives a much simpler and more satisfactory account. Macbeth and Lady Macbeth are afraid of being detected. Why are they out of bed at this uncanny hour ?

M.—“Whence is that knocking?
How is't when every noise appalls me?”

The tell-tale blood is on his hands. When Lady M. re-enters the room she says :

“My hands are of your color ; but I shame to wear
A heart so white, * * *
A little water clears us of this deed.”

* * * * *

“Get on your night gown lest occasion call us
And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.”

i. e.—Do not lose your head in this crisis.

After Adam and Eve had sinned against God, they “heard the voice of Jehovah God, walking in the garden in the cool of the day ; and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of Jehovah God amongst the trees of the garden,

And Jehovah God called unto Adam, and said unto him, 'Where art thou?' And he said, 'I heard thy voice in the garden and I was afraid, because I was naked, and I hid myself.' "

While Dr. Samuel Johnson commended this play, he says, "But it has no nice discrimination of character." With all due deference to that great man, we see with our own eyes that Shakspeare in this scene, as indeed throughout the drama, does discriminate most effectively between Macbeth and Lady Ruach. Look for another instance at Act 2., Sc. 2 :

Macb.—I have done the deed—Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M.—I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

Here the description is by innuendo, yet unmistakable. It is more pronounced farther on.

10. Paul said to Timothy, "Evil men shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived." This is true of classes and individuals. Not only does one crime necessitate another, but one degree of wickedness in the heart leads to a lower depth. *Facilis descensus Averni*. In what a calculating, even a jesting way, Macbeth approaches the murder of Banquo! In the growth of sin in Macbeth's soul we find one of the choicest parts of the portraiture. As Lessing so well teaches in his Laocoon, the pen has here a great advantage over the brush and the chisel.

But how is it with the delineation of Lady Macbeth? She never descends below her first level of wickedness. We confess to some former disappointment at this apparent mistake of the author, but on maturer consideration we apprehend that he was wiser than we. Which was to be expected?

For observe: If Lady Macbeth had been portrayed as sinking deeper and deeper into the hell of crime, it would have been only a repetition of what we have already seen in her husband. Sameness and paucity of thought would have resulted. Again we should not have had the omnipotent force of contrast which Shakspeare uses so largely and with such prodigious power all through the play.

And once more, Lady Macbeth's nervous collapse, which

Richard Grant White considers not so much an individual trait as a characteristic of her sex. Concerning which he is most readable and maybe altogether sound.

There are three scriptural personages which we beg our readers to ponder in this connection. First, there is Elijah. Heaven save the mark! As had been so well said by Krummacher, Elijah flames out like a red meteor in the sky, without an announcement, and boding disaster. Only the pen of inspiration could or should have followed up the magnificence of that scene on Carmel, by that other scene a day's journey into the wilderness beyond Beer-Sheba, where he "sat down under a juniper tree and requested for himself that he might die, and said: It is enough; now O Jehovah, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers."

So that a fainting of spirit may come even upon the strongest of men. The second is the Elijah of the New Testament, John the Baptist. We do indeed have a glimpse of him in that charming idyll, with which Luke begins his gospel. Only a glimpse; for the child grew and waxed strong in spirit and was in the deserts—for some thirty years—till the day of his shewing unto Israel; and then the long-foretold voice of one crying in the wilderness is heard at last. What a phenomenon it was—that voice of a man clothed with camel's hair, and with a leathern girdle about his loins. "O generation of vipers," said those piercing tones, "who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" And multitudes went forth to hear that voice, as multitudes went forth long afterward at the cry of Wickliffe and Tauler and Savonarola and Whitfield. Such voices, such divinely impassioned cries, always reach the heart of humanity. But what is that which we hear from the fortress-palace of Machærus in the wild heights beyond Jordan? "Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?"

After all the attempts to explain and to apologize, our very deliberate opinion is that imprisonment, solitude, helplessness, and Christ's seeming forgetfulness of John wrung

a moan of weakness from one of the bravest hearts that ever beat in a human bosom. God help us all! for our hearts are weak. These two were men, not women; heroes, not poltroons.

Our third instance is that of Jezebel, from Sidon, a Phœnician city of wealth, material culture and Baal-worship, which was quite fashionable in that day. She was not, therefore, necessarily cruel, but a fanatical type of cruelty is the first personal quality ascribed to her. Jezebel cuts off the prophets of Jehovah. This is stated in the matter of fact way so characteristic of Scripture narratives. The meteor at first merely bright and glittering, sometimes turns to blood-red.

Shakspeare might have taken some hints from Jezebel; but it is surprising that the most daring, least nervous or hysterical, most self sustained of the three, whom we have named, was not a man, but a woman. She does not say with Milton's Satan :

“ * * * Myself am hell,”

Or, “Is this the region, this the soil, the clime
That we must change for heaven?”

A few groans were extorted even from Prometheus on his sea-girt rock.

But Jezebel—! When Jehu came dashing into Jezreel, did she fly, hide herself, shed womanly tears? Not at all. She puts her eyes in painting in the oriental style. See marginal translation, 2 Kings, 9: 30. The queen-mother tires her head, looks out of a palace window, defies and infuriates Jehu; is hurled down by two or three traitorous chamberlains, crashes against the wall, her blood flies everywhere, horses' hoofs and chariot wheels crush her, and an hour later only the skull, the feet, and the palms of her hands can be found of this cursed woman, who was the daughter of a king.

In the French Revolution women were as desperate, as unflinching and as deadly as Danton, Marat and Robespierre, and after the Franco-Prussian war the gentler sex furnished Paris with the petroleuses.

So that we can accept Mr. White's criticism only with reservations,

May we venture to say that the manner of Lady Macbeth's death is unsatisfactory? Birnam Wood is marching on Dunsinace. There is a shriek within of women: * *

* "The queen, my lord, is dead." Was it from remorse? fright, or disease? Why should she die at all! And be trundled away out of his thought by Macbeth with some philosophical reflections on the vanity of life in general.

" * * * It is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

The last topic to which we shall revert is that of the slow-following justice, which sixteen years after his crimes overtook Macbeth. It is well known that this idea of a Nemesis pervades the Greek drama. Nemesis with her white wings and her soft footfall, her two-edged sword and her relentless heart, pursues Oedipus and Clytemnestra on and on, until at the fateful moment she smites and slays. Is this thought peculiar to the Aryan race? Is it not also Semitic? And old as the human race in its very fountain, old as Eden, as the fall, as earthly sin itself?

"In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt die." Spiritual death supervened at once, and the Nemesis of physical death began her long silent march.

Dr. Kitto has compared the 5th chapter of Genesis to an old cemetery, with its gravestones and their brief inscriptions. All the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years, and he died. All the days of Jared were nine hundred, sixty and two years, and he died. All the days of Methusaleh were nine hundred and sixty-nine years, and he died.

Even more fearful than Dr. Kitto's thought is this of Nemesis following by day, by night, winter and summer, through the decades, and through the centuries, until she destroys one and all. Except when the last trumpet shall sound, and they who are alive and remain on earth shall not sleep, but be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, and death shall be swallowed up in victory. Then shall the two-edged sword smite Nemesis herself, and her white wings be reddened with her own blood.

If the readers of the Word of God shall more than ever reverence its sacred pages, and if the students of Shakspeare shall ponder more profoundly and more lovingly the wise sayings of that great seer—my labor will not be in vain.

Richmond, Ky.

L. G. BARBOUR.