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"EVEN AS WE HAVE BEEN APPROVED OF GOD TO BE INTRUSTED WITH THE GOSPEL, SO WE SPEAK; NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD WHICH PROVETH OUR HEARTS."

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A LANDSCAPE.

BY ELIZABETH STODDARD.

"At last the future can be but the past."

BETWEEN me and the woods along the bay
The swallows circle through the darkling mist,
The robins breast the grass, and they divide
This solitude with me. The rippling sea,
And sunset clouds, the sea gulls flashing flight
From looming isles beyond—I watch them now
With a new sense. Where are the swallows' young,
And where the robins' nests? Year after year
They hover round this ancient house, and I,
Within as heedless, saw the long years pass,
Nor ever dreamed a day like this might come—
A day when mourners go about the street
For one who always loved his fellow-men.
The wind flower trembles in the woods, the sod
Is full of violets, the orchards rain
Their scented blossoms. May unfolds its leaves—
Nature's eternal mystery to renew.
Must man be less than leaf or flower, and end?
If I go hence, when this departed soul
Has left no human tie to bind me now—
When spring unfolds, and I recall his past?
Then will remembrance bring me here again?
And shall I know his spirit comes to show
That Nature is eternal for man's sake?

MATTAPOISETT, MASS.

THE OLD GRAVE-DIGGER.

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

His eyes are dim, his voice is weak,
He has toiled through sun and shade,
And has watched for years unnumbered tears
By the graves that he has made!

"Ashes to ashes and dust to dust"
Are the words that chime their way
Through his heart and brain like a weird refrain
Half muffled from day to day!

He has lived so near the Shadow drear
I think when his earth-years end,
With waning breath he will welcome Death
As his most familiar friend!

CHARLESTON, S. C.

IN THE CLOVER.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

IN the pasture's clover deep
There I love to lie and sleep,
Over me the placid sky—
Blue save where his golden eye
Out of Heaven's window looks
In the mirrors of the brooks,
That Apollo may behold
How like me he too grows old;
All about me billows blown,
Emerald as Ocean's own,
By the drowsy gales that blow
Catching fragrance as they go.

Crusoe of that clover isle
There I come to dream awhile,
Far from worry, strife, or din,
Shut my island home within.
Deep-drawn breaths of winy air
Are the nectar I drink there;
Hebe ne'er her draughts served up
Brimming such a sapphire cup!
Thessaly ne'er grew a vine
Yielding such a sparkling wine,
Drinking which 'tis mine to feel
Blissful languor o'er me steal!

Give me then that clover bed
With its blue roof overhead,
There to lie and dream away
All the tedious hours of day.
Pan shall cheer me with his reed,
Fawns shall dance across the mead,
Daphnis tend his snowy herds,
And Theocritus make words
Mingle in soft melody
In my slumber—Sicily
Set the clover sea amid,
As of old in Greece he did!

NEW YORK CITY.

THE PLAGUE SPOT OF AMERICA.

BY RESECCA HARDING DAVIS.

THE Prince of Wales, it is said, is at the head of a movement to honor the memory of Father Damien, the hero priest of Molokai, by erecting a hospital for lepers in London. There are reported to be about twenty lepers in England; and it is for their comfort and seclusion that the house is to be built as well as for the opportunity it will afford to physicians for the scientific study of leprosy.

Father Damien's life and death were appreciated as highly in this country as in any other. There is among us no lack of keen sympathy for any kind of suffering nor of money to relieve it. As we all know, there is no disease, no form of want, no condition of misery (but one) for which the kindly wealthy Christian folk of our cities have not supplied relief in asylums, hospitals or some other form of active charity.

The one exception is that of leprosy.

It is high time that this most terrible of all human calamities should be brought under the control of Christian charity and scientific skill. The difficulty so far has been that the country is so vast and the cases so scattered that very few persons know to what an extent it actually prevails among us. Now and then vague statements are made in the newspapers of its increase among the Scandinavian settlements in the Western States. The fact is that leprosy has existed in Norway for nearly a century. It is an hereditary disease and breaks out among the children of the settlers in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Illinois. There is no attempt made to cure the wretched victims nor to isolate them. They are, as a rule, carefully and humanely treated; but they are allowed to go about scattering the germs of the disease until God in mercy suffers them to creep into the grave.

Leprosy also exists to a large degree in New Brunswick, near the Bay of Chaleur. It was reported in 1844, by a commission of scientific men appointed by the Canadian Parliament, to be "the true *lepra græcorum*, or Asiatic leprosy, known in Europe during the middle ages. It is both hereditary and highly contagious. No person contracting it in these districts has ever been cured."

The lepers in New Brunswick were isolated in a huge inclosure at Tracadie; their food, it is said, was thrown to them as to wild beasts. Vague rumors come to us of the horrors of that pen, of the filth, the sickening odors, the awful loneliness and the mad passions that raged within it. It was, I think, about fifteen years ago, that five sisters of some merciful order in the Roman Church in Montreal, looked their last on the outside world and voluntarily went into this place of living death. They have brought cleanliness and order and peace into it, and hope, too—for another world.

It is to the leprosy in Louisiana, however, that I wish to call the attention of my readers. The facts concerning it were mainly given to me by Dr. Joseph Jones, of New Orleans, formerly President of the State Board of Health.

As early as 1718 the Negroes imported into Louisiana from Guinea brought with them three kindred diseases—the African yaws, the elephantiasis, and the genuine leprosy of the Bible. So rapid was the spread of the last disease and so great the terror which it inspired, that Ulloa made an ineffectual effort to herd the victims together. In 1785 Governor Miro founded a hospital for them near the Bayou St. John. They were confined to a ridge of land surrounding it called *La Terre des Lepreux*. In consequence of this insulation, according to Gayarré, leprosy almost died out in Louisiana, the hospital was deserted, and the land now is a densely populated quarter of the city.

In 1870 the leprosy appeared again in Vermillion parish. A woman named Ourblanc, from the South of France, in whose family it had been hereditary, suddenly developed in her old age the terrible, unmistakable symptoms. Her husband and seven children all fled and left her to the care of a young girl of the neighborhood, who took pity on her extremity and tenderly nursed her to the end. After her death the disease appeared in this heroic girl and in six of the old woman's children. They all died. Other cases in which the contagion was clearly traced to the Ourblanc family appeared. Lepers now became frequent patients in the Charity Hospital in New Orleans. The most pathetic case among them was that of Father Boglioli, a Catholic priest, a powerful, muscular man of noble presence, from the Appenine mountains, who for fourteen years had ministered to the patients in this hospital. He was called upon to administer the last rites of his Church to some of the dying lepers, but was warned of the danger of contact. He quietly proceeded with his duty, nursing the lepers, giving them extreme unction and laying them in the grave. He was at once infected with the disease and died about two years ago.

The chief seat of leprosy in Louisiana, however, has always been on the bayou Lafourche, below Harang's Canal. In 1880 the legislature was roused to action on this subject, and Dr. Joseph Jones, of the Board of Health, with his son, volunteered to examine into the condition of the infected district.

He found the cabins of the inhabitants standing in low marshes—usually rice-fields—irrigated up to the very doors; their diet consisted largely of fish and rice. They were constantly subject to low, malarial atmosphere. The leprosy, inherited in some of these families from distant ancestors in Africa or Southern Europe, was spread by contagion and nursed by the low, poverty-stricken malarious conditions of their life.

The lepers fled on his arrival or were hidden by their families, as it was feared they were to be carried off to some isolated island in the sea, like that of Molokai.

Dr. Jones, however, discovered whole families in which Asiatic leprosy had existed for generations. Some of the victims with their leonine faces and hands turned to stone were living alone in huts thatched with palmettoes, among the swamps, feeding themselves on such rice and roots as they could find, abandoned by man, and, it must have seemed to them, by God himself.

Dr. Jones on his return vehemently urged the legislature of Louisiana to do something for the relief of this most wretched community. Nothing was done then and nothing has since been done.

It is rumored that leprosy is still on the increase in this region. As far as I know, not even the devoted Roman priest has pentrated into its shades of death.

Why should not we too do something in memory of Father Damien? Catholics, Protestants and infidels alike were stirred to the heart by his death; there were tributes of praise in every church and paper through the Union.

But what shall we do for these our own lepers? They are there in the malarious swamps dying by inches and spreading their mortal ailment to their healthy neighbors.

A practical movement to relieve, isolate and nurse them would be a more fitting tribute to Father Damien than any words or tears.

MARION, MASS.

THE PARADISE OF POETS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

WE were talking of Love, Constancy—the Ideal. "Who ever loved like the poets?" cried Lady Violet Lebas, her pure, pale cheek flushing. "Ah, if ever I am to love, he shall be a singer!"

"Tenors are popular, very," said Walter.

"I mean a poet," she answered, witheringly.

Near them stood Mr. Witham, the author of "Heart's Chords Tangled."

"Ah," said he, "that reminds me. I have been trying to catch it all the morning. That reminds me of my dream."

"Tell us your dream," murmured Lady Violet Lebas; and he told it—then.

"It was through an unfortunate but pardonable blunder," said Mr. Witham, "that I reached the Paradise of Poets. I had, indeed, published volumes of verse, but with the most blameless motives. Other poets were continually sending me theirs, and, as I could not admire them, and did not like to reply by critical remarks, I simply printed some rhymes for the purpose of sending them to the gentlemen who favored me with theirs. I always wrote on the fly-leaf a quots-

tion from the 'Iliad,' about giving copper in exchange for gold; and the few poets who could read Greek were gratified, while the others, probably, thought a compliment was intended. Nothing could be less culpable or pretentious, but, through some mistake on the part of Charon, I was drafted off to the Paradise of Poets.

"Outside the Golden Gate a number of Shadows were waiting, in different attitudes of depression and languor. Bowius and Maevius were there, still complaining of 'cliques,' railing at Horace for a mere rhymer of society and at Virgil as a plagiarist. 'Take away his crib from Homer and Appollonius Rhodius' quoth honest Maevius, 'and what is there left of him?' I also met a society of gentlemen, in Greek costume, of various ages, from a half-naked minstrel with a tortoise-shell lyre in his hand to an elegant of the age of Pericles. They all consorted together, talking various dialects of Æolic, Ionian and Attic Greek, and so forth, which were plainly not intelligible to each other. I ventured to ask one of the company who he was, but he, with a sweep of his hand, said, '*We* are Homer!' When I expressed my regret and surprise that the Golden Gate had not yet opened for so distinguished, tho collective, an artist, my friend answered that, according to Fick, Peppmüller and many other learned men, *they* were Homer. 'But an impostor from Chios has got in somehow,' he said. 'They don't pay the least attention to the Germans in the Paradise of Poets.'

"At this moment the Golden Gates were thrown apart, and a fair lady, in an early Italian costume, carrying a laurel in her hand, appeared at the entrance. All the Shadows looked up with an air of weary expectation, like people in a doctor's consulting room. She beckoned to *me*, however, and I made haste to follow her. The word 'charlatan,' in a variety of languages, greeted me by way of farewell from the Shadows.

"'The renowned Laura, if I am not mistaken,' I ventured to remark, recognizing her, indeed, from the miniature in the Laurentian library, at Florence.

"She bowed, and I began to ask for her adorer, Petrarch.

"'Excuse me,' said Laura, as we glided down a mossy path under the shade of trees, particularly dear to poets—'excuse me, but the sonnetee of whom you speak is one whose name I cannot bear to mention. His conduct with Burns's Clarinda, his *heartless infatuation* for Stella'—

"'You astonish me,' I said. 'In the Paradise of Poets'—

"'They are poets still—incorrigible!' answered the lady; then, slightly raising her voice of silver, as a beautiful appearance in a toga drew near, she cried, 'Catullo mio!'

"The greeting between those accomplished ghosts was too kindly to leave room for doubt as to the ardor of their affections.

"'Will you, my Catullus,' murmured Laura, 'explain to this poet from the land of fogs any matters which, to him, may seem puzzling and unfamiliar in our Paradise?'

"The Veronese, with a charming smile, took my hand and led me to a shadowy arbor, whence we enjoyed a prospect of many rivers and mountains of the poet's heaven. Among these I recognized the triple crest of the Eildons, Grongar Hill, Cithæron and Etna; while the reed-fringed waters of the Mincius flowed musically between the banks and braes o' bonny Doon to join the Tweed. Blithe ghosts were wandering by, in all varieties of apparel, and I distinctly observed Beatrice leaning on the arm of Sir Philip Sidney, while Dante was engaged in conversation with the lost Lenore, celebrated by Mr. Edgar Allan Poe.

"'In what can my knowledge of the Paradise of Poets be serviceable to you, sir?' said Catullus, as he flung himself at the feet of Laura, on the velvet grass.

"'I am disinclined to seem impertinently curious,' I answered; 'but the ladies in this fair, smiling country—have the gods made *them* poetical?'

"'Not generally,' replied Catullus. 'Indeed, if you would be well with them, I may warn you never to mention poetry in their hearing. They never cared for it while on earth, and in this place it is a topic which the prudent carefully avoid among ladies. To tell the truth, they have had to listen to far too much poetry, and too many discussions on the *cæsura*. There are, indeed, a few lady poets—very few. Sappho, for example; indeed, I cannot recall any other at this moment. The result is that Phaon is, of all the Shadows here, the most distinguished by the fair. *He* was not a poet, you know; he got in on account of Sappho, who adored him. They are estranged now, of course.'

"'You interest me deeply,' I answered. 'And now, will you kindly tell me why these ladies are here, if they were not poets?'

"'The women that were our ideals while we dwelt on earth; the women we loved, but never won or never wedded; they for whom we sighed in the arms of a recognized affection, have been chosen by the Olympians to keep us company in Paradise!'

"'Then wherefore,' I interrupted, 'do I see Robert Burns loitering with that lady in a ruffle—Cassandra, I make no doubt—Rousard's Cassandra? And why is the incomparable Clarinda inseparable from Petrarch; and Miss Patty Blount (Pope's flame) from the Syrian Meleager, while his Heliodore is manifestly devoted to Mr. Emerson, whom, by the way, I am delighted to see here?'

"'Ah,' said Catullus, 'you are a newcomer amongst us. Poets will be poets, and no sooner have they attained their desire, and dwelt in the company of their earthly ideals, than they feel strangely, yet irresistibly, drawn to another. So it was in life, so it will ever be. No ideal can survive a daily companionship, and fortunate is the poet who did not marry his first love!"

"'As far as that goes,' I answered, 'most of you were highly favored; indeed, I do not remember any poet whose ideal was his wife, or whose first love led him to the altar.'

"'I was not a marrying man myself,' answered the Veronese; few of us were. Ovid, Horace, Virgil—we were all bachelors.'

"'And Lesbia?'

"I said this in a low voice, for Laura was weaving hay into a chaplet, and inattentive to our conversation.

"'Poor Lesbia!' said Catullus, with a suppressed sigh. 'How I misjudged that girl! How cruel, how causeless were my reproaches; and wildly rending his curled locks and laurel crown, he fled into a thicket, whence there soon arose the melancholy notes of the Ausonian lyre.'

"'He is incorrigible,' said Laura, very coldly; and she deliberately began to tear and toss away the fragments of the chaplet she had been weaving. 'I shall never break him of that habit of verifying. But they are all alike.'

"'Is there *nobody* here,' said I, 'who is happy with his ideal—nobody but has exchanged ideals with some other poet?'

"'There is one,' she said. 'He comes of a northern tribe; and in his lifetime he never rhymed upon his impossible lady, or if rhyme he did, the accents never carried her name to the ears of the vulgar. Look there.'

"She pointed to the river at our feet, and I knew the mounted figure that was riding the ford, with the lady beside him like the Fairy Queen.

"Surely I had read of her, and knew her,

> "'Whose blue eyes their secret told,
> Tho shaded by her locks of gold.'

"'They are different; I know not why. They are constant,' said Laura; and rising with an air of chagrin, she disappeared among the boughs of the trees that bear her name.

"'Unhappy hearts of poets,' I mused. 'Light things and sacred they are, but even in their Paradise and among their chosen, with every wish fulfilled, and united to their beloved, they cannot be at rest!'

"Thus moralizing, I wended my way to a crag, whence there was a wide prospect. Certain Shadows were standing there, looking down into an abyss, and them I joined.

"'Ah, I cannot bear it!' said a voice, and, as he turned away, his brow already clearing, his pain already forgotten, I beheld the august form of Shakespeare.

"Marking my curiosity before it was expressed, he answered the muttered question.

"'That is a sight for Pagans,' he said, 'and may give *them* pleasure. But *my* Paradise were embittered if I had to watch the sorrows of others, and their torments, however well deserved. They are gazing on the purgatory of critics and commentators.'

"He passed from me, and I joined the 'Ionian father of the rest'—Homer, who, with a countenance of unspeakable majesty, was seated on a throne of rock, between the Mantuan Virgil of the laurel crown, Sophocles, Milton, and the semblances or Shadows of certain great poets, yet alive—Tennyson and Browning.

"At their feet I beheld, in a vast and gloomy hall, many an honest critic, many an erudite commentator, an army of reviewers. These were condemned to roll logs up insuperable hights, whence they descended thundering to the plain. Others were set to impositions, and I particularly observed that the Homeric commentators were obliged to write out the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' in their complete shape, and were always driven by fiends to the task when they prayed for the bare charity of being permitted to leave out the 'interpolations.' Others, fearful to narrate, were torn into as many fragments as they had made of these immortal epics. Others were spitted on their own critical signs of disapproval. Many reviewers were compelled to read the books which they had criticised without perusal, and it was terrible to watch the agonies of the worthy pressmen who were set to this unwonted task. 'May we not be let off with the preface?' they cried in piteous accents. 'May we not glance at the table of contents and be done with it?' But the presiding demons (who had been examiners in the bodily life) drove them remorseless to their toils.

"Among the condemned I could not but witness, with sympathy, the punishment reserved for translators. The translators of Virgil, in particular, were a vast and motley assemblage of most respectable men. Bishops were there, from Gawin Douglas downward. Judges in their ermine; professors, clergymen, civil servants writhing in all the tortures that the blank verse, the anapæstic measures, the meter of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' the heroic couplet, and similar devices can inflict. For all these men had loved Virgil, tho not wisely; and now their penance was to *hear each other read their own translations.*"

"That must have been more than they could bear," said Lady Violet.

"Yes," said Mr. Witham; "I should know, for down I fell into Tartarus with a crash and writhed among the translators."

"Why?" asked Lady Violet.

"Because I have translated Theocritus!"

"Mr. Witham, did *you* meet your ideal woman when you were in the Paradise of Poets?"

"She yet walks this earth," said the bard, with a significant bow.

. . . . . .

Mr. Witham was never invited to the Loors again—the name of Lord Azure's place in Kent.

The poet is shut out of Paradise.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

THE WESTMINSTER STANDARDS.

HOW FAR THEY HAVE BEEN REVISED.

BY PROF. CHARLES A. BRIGGS, D.D.

THE General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church at the May meeting, in response to overtures from fifteen presbyteries, sent down the following questions to all the presbyteries of the Church: (1) Do you desire a revision of the Confession of Faith? (2) If so, in what respects and to what extent?

This movement began with the Presbytery of Nassau, which sent up to the General Assembly of 1888 an overture, "asking that the proper steps be taken for a revision of the third chapter of the Confession of Faith, with especial reference to sections 3, 4, 6 and 7." The action taken by the General Assembly had little opposition. An attempt was made to limit the question of revision to the third chapter, but this failed. It was deemed best to give the presbyteries entire freedom in replies to the questions.

It is evident that the movement in favor of revision is much stronger than it would appear from the number of presbyteries sending overtures on the subject. It is also certain that there are many who recognize that there are sentences and expressions in the Confession of Faith that ought not to be there, and that there are tender consciences that stumble at them and are debarred from the Presbyterian Church thereby, who yet think that there are better ways of removing the difficulties than by revision. The questions sent down to the presbyteries do not suggest these other ways, but they cannot be kept out of the discussion. Those who are in favor of some change will have to discuss these different methods of relief. Many conservatives will oppose revision altogether as a dangerous and revolutionary process. It is important, therefore, that we should know what is the state of the question, and what the history of Presbyterianism has to say with reference to revision of the Standards.

We propose to divide the subject into three parts: I. How far have the Westminster Standards been revised? II. What further need is there of revision? III. Is revision the best mode of relief?

WHAT ARE THE WESTMINSTER STANDARDS?

The Westminster Assembly met in accordance with an ordinance of the English Parliament, July 1st, 1643, "to conferre and treat among themselves of such matters and things touching and concerning the liturgy, discipline and government of the Church of England, a vindicating and clearing of the doctrine of the same from all false aspersions and misconstructions."

The Westminster divines were chosen to represent all the counties of England and Wales, the two universities, and all parties except the extreme High Churchmen of the type of Laud and the Anabaptists. The Church of Scotland sent commissioners, with the aim of "settling of the so much desired union of the whole island in one form of Church government, one confession of faith, one common catechism, and one directory for the worship of God." These entered the Westminster Assembly September 15th. On Monday, September 25th, the entire body with the House of Commons took the solemn league and covenant in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, including among other things the vow:

"We shall endeavor to bring the Churches of God and the three kingdoms to the nearest conjunction and uniformity in religion, confession of faith, form of church government, directory for worship and catechising, that we and our posterity after us, may, as brethren, live in faith and love, and the Lord may delight to dwell in the midst of us."

It is clear that the Westminster Assembly was more concerned with the practical matters of Church government and worship than with matters of doctrine. It is interesting to note that the Westminster Assembly began their work by an attempt to *revise the XXXIX Articles of the Church of England.* They began July 8th, 1643, and advanced as far as Article XVI, when on October 12th, Parliament required them "to take in hand the discipline and liturgy of the Church." This partial revision of the XXXIX Articles is important in the history of doctrine, but has never been adopted by any of the Presbyterian Churches. The most of the work on it was done before the Scottish Commissioners entered the Assembly. If Scotland was to unite with England

in one Confession, something more than a revision of these English Articles was required.

The Westminster Assembly began its work on the discipline of the Church, Oct. 17th, 1643, and continued to debate matters of Church government and discipline until July 4th, 1645, when the draft of government was completed and sent up to Parliament for approval. The work upon the liturgy of the Church began May 24th, 1644, and continued until Dec. 27th. The Westminster Assembly now undertook the composition of the doctrinal standards, but the work was frequently interrupted by questions sent down from Parliament on the practical matters requiring immediate consideration. The work on the Confession began in the Assembly after preliminary work in special committees July 7th, 1645, and the debate continued until Dec. 4th, when it was sent up to Parliament. The preparation of the proof texts for the Confession took from Jan. 6th, 1646, until April 26th. The preparation of a Catechism had been given in charge to a committee of which Herbert Palmer was chairman. They began with a preliminary report May 13th, 1645, but the Catechism did not come before the Assembly until Sept. 14th, 1646. The debate on the questions reported went on until Jan. 4th, 1647. There was a considerable difference of opinion as to the form and the extent of the Catechism. This difference was removed by the decision, Jan. 14, to prepare two Catechisms, a Larger and a Smaller. Accordingly the debate on the Larger Catechism began April 15th, 1647, and continued until Oct. 15th, when it was sent up to Parliament. Mr. Palmer was chiefly responsible for the doctrinal parts, as indeed the Larger Catechism was chiefly based on his Catechism; but Mr. Tuckney was chiefly responsible for the parts dealing with the Ten Commandments. The Commissioners of the Church of Scotland took part in the preparation of all these documents but left the Assembly soon afterward, Oct. 19th, 1647. Mr. Tuckney was made chairman of the Committee on the Shorter Catechism. The debate began in the Assembly Oct. 21st and continued until Nov. 25th, when it was sent up to Parliament. The Scottish Commissioners were not present and were not responsible for the composition of the Shorter Catechism. Parliament required the Assembly to prepare Scripture proofs for both Catechisms. This they began to do Nov. 30th, but did not complete their work until April 12th, 1648.

This sketch of the work of the Westminster Assembly discloses several important facts that are commonly overlooked in our times.

1. As the Assembly was called by Parliament chiefly to determine the liturgy, discipline and government of the Church, so they gave their attention to these matters above all others. This is clear, not only from the time consumed in the composition of the documents relating to discipline and worship, but also from the fact that these matters take up such an unusual amount of space in the Confession of Faith itself.

2. There were several stages in the composition of the doctrinal standards which are worthy of attention. Three months were spent in the revision of sixteen articles of the XXXIX Articles of the Church of England. These articles were carefully and thoroughly considered. The revision is valuable as showing the improvements of the Westminster divines in the statement of these doctrines. More than twenty months passed before the Assembly again took up doctrinal matters. In the mean while the Episcopal party had withdrawn from the Assembly, which thus became more compact and more strongly Presbyterian. It was determined to make a new Confession of Faith, and to abandon the revision of the old articles. The composition of the Confession consumed five months. Dr. Temple and Dr. George seem to have been the leaders in this work. The composition of the Larger Catechism was a much more serious undertaking. Herbert Palmer was the leader in it. It took more than a year's work in the committee before it came before the Assembly. It was debated in the Assembly itself for thirteen months before adoption. It is, indeed, the most carefully prepared of all the Westminster symbols. Its doctrinal statements are more careful and more elaborate than those of the Confession of Faith. This is clear, especially in the doctrines of the Trinity, the Person and the Work of Christ, Sin, Effectual Calling, and the Sacraments. The reasons for these dogmatic elaborations in the Larger Catechism are to be found in the discussions that had broken out in conflict with heresies, which were making headway among the English people. The Larger Catechism may thus be considered the maturest expression of Westminster theology. The Shorter Catechism was prepared chiefly by Tuckney and Wallis in the brief space of five weeks, on the basis of the Larger Catechism by way of condensation and abridgment, after the Scottish Commissioners had left the Assembly, and after many of the ablest divines had died or departed to their homes in different parts of England.

CHANGE OF ATTITUDE TO THE STANDARDS.

When we study the history of Presbyterianism in America it is evident that the attitude of the Presbyterian Church to the Westminster Standards has entirely changed.

1. The questions of government and worship, which were the most important things to the Westminster divines, have so declined in importance that the American Presbyterian Church has substituted new forms of government and discipline for the documents so carefully prepared by the Westminster Assembly. And the doctrinal standards which were then regarded as of less importance have risen to such supremacy that the only changes in them have been in questions that relate more or less to Church government. The American Presbyterian Church has been radical and revolutionary in all questions of government and liturgy; but in matters of doctrine has been more conservative than the Westminster divines themselves.

2. The doctrinal standard that received the most attention in the Westminster Assembly, the Larger Catechism, has fallen into neglect. It is the most mature and the fullest expression of the faith of the Westminster divines; the most carefully prepared of all the doctrinal symbols, and yet it is little used and indeed little known among ministers and teachers. On the other hand, the Shorter Catechism, which was hastily prepared after a large number of the ablest divines had died or left the Assembly, and for which the Scottish Commissioners had no responsibility, has become the favorite doctrinal standard; and yet it is short and often unguarded in its definitions. It tends to a sterner Calvinism than the Larger Catechism on account of this brevity and conciseness, and in many cases cannot be understood until it is put in the light of the Larger Catechism.

3. The Westminster Standards were not composed with a view to subscription by ministers or elders. Anthony Tuckney tells us:

"In the Assembly I gave my vote with others that the Confession of Faith, put out by authority, should not be either required to be sworn or subscribed to; we having been burnt in the hand in that kind before; but was not to be publicly preached or written against."

Subscription to the Westminster Standards was forced upon the Scotch Church by the Scottish Parliament, and it was in the interest of breadth and liberty, to give all subscribers a right in the Church and to prevent that intolerance against the Episcopal clergy that burst out in Scotland at the Revolution and would drive them all from the Church. The Episcopal clergy who subscribed could not be excluded from the Church. It is thus one of the curious changes of history that a subscription that was ordered in the interest of toleration should become in after years the instrument of intolerance. Subscription was not required in Ireland until 1698, and was never used by English Presbyterians. The founders of the American Presbyterian Church did not subscribe to the Westminster Standards. The original Presbytery of Philadelphia knew nothing of subscription. The Synod of Philadelphia introduced it in 1729 when it passed the Adopting Act in which the ministers

"declare their agreement in, and approbation of, the Confession of Faith, with the Larger and Shorter Catechisms of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster as being in *all the essential and necessary articles* good forms of sound words and systems of Christian doctrine, and do also adopt the said Confession and Catechisms as the confession of our faith."

This Adopting Act was framed by Jonathan Dickinson, the greatest divine the American Presbyterian Church has produced. He made our subscription generous and tolerant. We do not subscribe to every article but only to "*the essential and necessary articles*"; that is, those essential to the Westminster system, as a system of doctrine.

The adoption of the ecclesiastical standards was still more liberal.

"The Synod do unanimously acknowledge and declare, that they judge the Directory for Worship, Discipline and Government of the Church commonly annexed to the Westminster Confession to be agreeable *in substance* to the Word of God, and founded thereupon, and therefore do earnestly recommend the same to all their members, to be by them observed as *near as circumstances will allow, and Christian prudence direct.*"

It is clear here that the American Synod abandoned the *jure divino* Presbyterianism of the Westminster Standards and adopted a *substantial, prudential* Presbyterianism in its stead.

Thus far, the American Presbyterian Church made no revision of any of the Westminster Standards, but only gave a definition of the measure of their adoption by the American Church, the doctrinal standards, in all essential and necessary articles, the ecclesiastical standards, in substance, and as near as circumstances will allow and Christian prudence direct. It opened a broad and generous path by its terms of subscription.

REVISION OF THE STANDARDS.

The American Presbyterian Synod in 1787, ordered a thorough revision of the Standards preparatory to constituting the General Assembly. They adopted the Constitution consisting of the Confession of Faith, the Larger and Shorter Catechisms, the Directory for Worship, and the Form of Government and Discipline. Their revision of the Westminster Standards was so thorough-going that it was revolutionary.

1. They made a new Form of Government and Discipline which they substituted for the Westminster Form of Government. This was revised again in 1805 in several chapters, and it has been revised several times in more recent times. The Southern Presbyterian Church, a few years ago, adopted a new "Book of Church Order," and the Northern Presbyterian Church, in 1884–5 made a new book of discipline. These revisions have been so radical as to change the doctrine of the officers of the Church and the structure of all ecclesiastical bodies from the Presbytery to the General Assembly.

2. The Synod of 1788, made a new Directory for Worship, casting the venerable Westminster Directory aside, not merely in its forms and language, but also in some of its most important principles and rules of worship. This Directory was revised again in 1821 and again in 1886, by the insertion of a new chapter, "Of the Worship of God by Offerings."

3. The Confession of Faith was revised in 1788 in the three chapters: xx, 4; xxiii, 3; xxxi, 1, and a new doctrine of the relation of Church and State was substituted for the Westminster doctrine. In 1887 the Northern Presbyterian Church revised chap. xxiv, 4, in order to get rid of the prohibition of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The Southern Presbyterian Church made the same revision. Thus the Confession of Faith has been revised in four different chapters by the American Presbyterian Church.

4. The Larger Catechism was revised in 1788 by striking out from Question 109 "*tolerating* a *false religion.*" The Shorter Catechism, the least important of the Westminster symbols, is the only one that has escaped revision.

5. It is also noteworthy that the Synod of 1788 removed the whole body of proof-texts from the Standards and published the Constitution without any proof-texts. We have seen that the Westminster Assembly not only had strong committees at work upon them, but also debated them in open Assembly. The proof-texts for the Confession consumed three months, and those in the Catechisms more than four months. The General Assembly in 1792 appointed a committee to prepare proof-texts for the Standards. This committee made a report of a specimen in 1794. They were directed to compare their work "with the proofs annexed to the Westminster Confession, Catechisms and Directory; to revise the whole, prepare it for the press, to agree with the printer for its publication, and to superintend the printing and sending of the same."

This slipshod way of adopting proof-texts by giving a committee full power is very striking when compared with the great pains taken in this regard by the Westminster Assembly.

It is true these proof-texts are no part of the Constitution of the American Presbyterian Church; but they are printed by the authority of the General Assembly with the Constitution, and so the public are deceived as to their authority.

It is clear from this history that the American Presbyterian Church has been radical in its revisions of the Westminster Standards. The 177 ministers who constituted the Synod that adopted the Constitution after such revolutionary proceedings were not noted for their wisdom or ability. They were pious, excellent, practical men, but there was not one really eminent divine among them. There was not one who could rank as a first-rate authority in biblical, historical, dogmatic, or even practical theology. They had only twenty ministers more than the present Presbytery of New York. No one at the present day would hesitate to say that they are outweighed in ability and scholarship, and all that goes to make up authority, by the present Presbytery of New York. The Synod of the Pacific with 194 ministers, is more like the Synod of 1788 in relative position and importance than any other synod in the American Presbyterian Church of to-day. Who would give them the authority to make a constitution for us that should endure for all time? The 177 ministers meeting in Philadelphia in 1788 had no such idea. As they did not hesitate to do what they thought best with the Westminster Standards, they naturally supposed that their successors would not neglect to change their work whenever changes seemed to be needed.

They entirely set aside more than half of the work of the Westminster divines. There is no reason to doubt that they would have made a new Confession of Faith and new Catechism if they had deemed it wise so to do. They were not deterred from it by any principle of authority, or by any undue reverence for the document; for they broke through these in their construction of a new Form of Government and a new Directory of Worship. We should not hesitate to follow them in making new documents if we have good reasons for so doing. We shall certainly be obliged to follow them in the no distant future and compose a new Creed and a new Catechism whether we are prepared for it at present or not.

The Synod of 1788 and the General Assembly of 1887 did not hesitate to revise the Confession of Faith and Larger Catechism when they deemed it best. There are no *a-priori* reasons why other General Assemblies should not follow their example and advance still further in revision. Four chapters of the Confession have already been revised. There is nothing to prevent our revising four additional chapters if there are valid reasons for so doing. It is a strange idea that has sprung up in recent times with the growth of American scholastic dogmatics, that the Confession of Faith and Catechisms are more sacred than the Directory for Worship

and the Form of Government. This conceit would have seemed very remarkable to the old Puritans and the Westminster divines, who made a life and death struggle for a Church government and a mode of worship that were founded, as they supposed, on the divine right of the sacred Scriptures. They sustained all these documents alike by proof-texts from the Word of God. But some of their children have forsaken them in this as well as in other things and now wish to exalt their work in the doctrinal department above the possibility of revision. It is very remarkable that the Westminster divines should be so fallible in Church government and worship and at the same time so infallible in their dogmatic theology. A deeper study of the divine Word has corrected their opinions in the former, as all admit; has it left their views on the latter entirely unchanged? No one would have repudiated such inconsistency more than the Westminster divines themselves.

The history of Presbyterianism shows three ways in which the Church has relieved itself of too strict adherence to the Westminster Standards. In the Colonial Church it relieved itself by generous terms of subscription. The Synod of 1788 relieved itself by framing two new Standards. The Church during the past century has relieved itself by occasional revisions. Any one of these ways has sufficient precedents. The questions to be determined are, (1) is any additional relief needed, and if so how much, and (2) which of these ways is best suited under present circumstances to accomplish the purpose? These questions we shall discuss in other articles.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY. NEW YORK, CITY.

ENGLISH NOTES.

BY JAMES PAYN.

THE recent raid upon the gambling-houses, with its exposure of high play among the upper classes, has evoked a great deal of indignation among those who have no weakness for the card-table. "I dinna mean drinking and flirting," once remarked a Scotch elder, when defending his son against the charge of immorality; "but gamblin' and such things as you lose money by." Baccarat is a vile game no doubt, but to read what is just now being written about it one would think that it was the only pursuit that defiles human nature, and in particular that there was no such thing as a race-course. In the particular case in question, where the majority of the offenders seem to be under five-and-twenty, the transgression can hardly have hurt any one but themselves; and if it be true that the £18,000 discovered in the shrine of their idol is to be confiscated, its devotees can hardly be said to have got off with a light punishment.

The Field Club appears to have been a very open one. In old times it was almost as difficult to break into a gambling-house as to break its bank. The doors were of sheet iron, well guarded, and opened to a pass-word known to its *habitués*. Moreover, when the police did get in there were not "fifty packs of cards," as in the modern instance, to tell tales of what was going on. Our gilded youth devoted themselves to hazard only; the "boxes" were destroyed at the first alarm, and one of the recognized duties of the groom-porter (who must have had a good digestion) was to swallow the dice.

To make gambling illegal was quite right, but in so doing (as always happens) the vice has assumed a more sordid shape. There is a dining-room in a well-known club, now the haunt of respectable city men (who risk their thousands neither at hazard nor baccaret, but only in stock and share), in which I never sit without thinking of what once went on there; the gilt and ormolu (which I well remember) have long disappeared from its ceiling, and elderly gentlemen consume their pint of port after dinner, who dream of dice only in connection with backgammon; but I people it with the old tenants, who used to lose a fortune or an estate in a single night there, without "turning a hair." Princes and politicians there mingled with the blacklegs and the gaming-table was not as now the haunt of reckless boys, plump little pigeons the prey of sparrow-hawks.

Some fine things have been recorded of these old-world gamesters. General Scott was one night playing very high, when a petition was circulated among the company from the widow of an officer who had once been one of them. Every one put a sovereign or two into the plate, but the General, on being applied to, said, "Stop a moment. Here goes for the widow"; and threw in for a stake of £500, which he won, and handed over to the plate-holder.

A Mr. Bradshaw, who was putting £200 upon the table, overheard a poor gent'eman in his vicinity murmur: "How happy should I be with such a sum," and having won it, handed it over to him, with, "Sir, I made that stake for you." The stranger, who was on his last legs, equipped himself with it for India, shook the Pagoda tree to some purpose, and afterward offered restitution to his benefactor, which was not accepted; but eventually Mr. Bradshaw became his heir.

The habit of high play among the upper classes was at one time universal. A gentleman who was averse to it, found himself compelled to join in it at a friend's house, where he won vast sums of money. His friend fell into poverty, and his guest, on learning his embarrassments, showed him a drawer in his bureau, stuffed with bank-notes. "This was once yours," he said, "and shall be yours again if you will promise me to play no more."

The golden pots did not trouble themselves to understand that a blow which did not even give them a crack, was destruction to the pots of earthenware. Smeaton, the engineer, when staying with the Duke of Queensberry, found himself playing cards for a very high stake; it became necessary, from the deal falling to him, to double it, when, instead of dealing, he began to set down figures on a scrap of paper. "What is all that about?" inquired the Duchess, impatiently. "Well, I am calculating that the field in which my house stands may be about five acres, three roods and seven perches, which, at thirty years' purchase, will be just my stake." The reproof was not only taken in good part, but stopped high play at her Grace's house for the rest of her life.

When the city is saved, we have good authority for knowing that no one remembers the name of the poor man who proposed the scheme that saved it. And the same thing holds good with regard to many other wise suggestions proceeding from an insignificant source. Some person in a more prominent position, calmly appropriates it to himself, and gets listened to. For many years, a certain literary person, who shall be nameless, has, both in essays and novels, insisted upon the advantages of utilizing the roughs who infest society by turning them into a regiment—the Blackguard's Own. Many people tell us that their brutalities are merely the result of high spirits and audacity, and that they only want a proper channel for these virtues to distinguish themselves; it is moreover quite certain that we do not want them in civil life. Under very severe discipline, and officered by individuals who are accustomed to deal with such material, there is no reason why they should not be made an important addition to our defensive force. General Lord Wolseley has now proposed this very thing, as an original idea out of his own cocked hat. He suggests a "corps of discipline," in which what is now "dirt in the wrong place," should be made serviceable to the State. The objection to it upon the ground that it would be "offensive to military dignity," seems to me to be most puerile. It might quite as well be said that the putting convicts to useful work is offensive to the dignity of labor. The corps would be, of course, apart from the regular army; and, tho good conduct and behavior would be gladly recognized in it, its existence would be a form of punishment. I cannot conceive a plan more excellently designed for doing a double service; getting rid of our greatest pests, and at the same time making a wholesome use of them.

Among other advantages, if this design is ever practically carried out, we shall learn by proof whether bullies are always cowards; a dictum one is glad to believe, but which was denied by Charles Lamb.

It is maintained by some military authorities that it is possible a man may be a good soldier, in the sense at least of his fighting qualities, without having the least morality to recommend him. There are sometimes unsuspected virtues brought to light by violent means. A certain British regiment, notorious for its ill discipline, served under Lord Cornwallis in the American war. Two of its soldiers went into a house and abused its inmates in the most cruel and shameful manner; a third soldier, who knew their names, refused to disclose them, and was sentenced to be hung for that offense. The commander-in-chief rode up to him, when on the gallows: "What a fool you are, Campbell, to die thus; give up these fellows' names, and you are a free man."

"No, my Lord," was the unflinching reply; "you are in an enemy's country, and can better spare one man than two."

I wonder whether it is true that the "Agony column" of the *Times* was once given as a dower to the daughter of one of its former proprietors, and produced her husband the nice little income of £2,500 a year. It may be what the children call "a story"; but at all events it is a very pleasant one, and throws a very agreeable light on journalism. It is not, perhaps, quite in accordance with the rules of romance that a bride should derive benefit from the woes of her fellow-creatures; but the Agony column is not all. Its contents have been collected in a little volume of that name, now before me, and the proportion of forsaken or faithless lovers and breaking hearts therein depicted is very small as compared with its miscellaneous advertisements. I have myself a very delicate and tender conscience, but I could draw the income from that source myself without a scruple.

It is a long time since the authoress of "Johnny Ludlow" went to join the majority, that great army which Mr. Grant Allen has justly called "our most successful rivals," and which is even more numerous than the host of living writers. But still, new books of hers continue to be published; there have been more posthumous books of hers than of any living writer; in her case, however, there can be no possible doubt about their genuineness. Concerning her larger novels readers hold different opinions, but none who understands the subject can deny the charm of naturalness that belongs to her short stories. Her last one, "Featherstone's Story," is longer than most of those which bear the *nom de plume* of "Johnny Ludlow," yet upon the whole it is the best. There is the same simplicity in the mode of telling it that belongs to the others, but it has a peculiarity of its own. It is not exactly "weird" like Lefanu's stories; it lacks the dramatic horror which is their particular attraction; but yet it is what simple people call "creepy crawley" to an intense degree. The reviewers, I see, generally confine themselves to saying that "it is a disagreeable book," which is quite true, but in so saying they do not do justice to its power. I have known many stories advertised with the ingenious warning that they had better not be read by twilight; so far as the eyesight is concerned this may be good advice, but I have never snatched from them that fearful joy which novel-readers call "the shivers." From "Featherstone's Story" this delightful sensation may be derived even by daylight.

"I have heard of stories of 'a cock and bull,'" sings Byron, but I am sure he never heard a better one than that which the correspondent of a northern paper has been writing about Dickens's "Dotheboy's Hall." He asserts that the account of that charming seminary is a libelous description of an actual school, the master of which was a monument of virtue and his family paragons; and also that it was notorious that in his (the writer's) grandfather's time, "geese and turkeys used to be supplied for the boys' consumption." In order that there may be no mistake about the latter phrase, he adds that the boys were singularly healthy, plump, and not consumptives. Under such circumstances, one rather wonders why Dickens—unless he had the same natural turn for misrepresentation that Mr. Winkle had for perjury—should have held up this educational establishment to reprobation. However, the thing is clear (says the correspondent), because the excellent pedagog in question was the only one with one eye who lived, as described, "near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire." It would be useless to point out to a writer of this kind that if a wicked schoolmaster had but one eye, any novelist who knew his business would be exceedingly careful in portraying him to give him at least two; but it is not necessary to advance that argument, because, since the law of libel was in existence at that period, the good pedagog would have had his remedy. But what makes our correspondent's story so "precious" (as the esthetic folk used to say), is his enthusiasm (fifty years kept in bottle) for the Squeers family, whom he also accuses Dickens of libeling. "If ever I am in the neighborhood where Fanny Squeers is interred," he says, "I hope to lay a flower upon the tomb of the patient, silent, injured dead." If this sort of lunacy is catching, we shall be hanging wreaths over the supposed "originals" of all sorts of disagreeable characters in Fiction. The whereabouts of the "patient, injured" dwarf of the "Old Curiosity Shop," is a little doubtful, or else one might look forward to a (personally conducted) pilgrimage to the tomb of Mr. Daniel Quilp.

It is said that we Londoners are much over-doctored; and that is certainly true in one sense, not alone of Londoners; but whether the number of doctors is out of proportion to our population, is the subject of controversy. The organs of the faculty assert that there are many more medical men in the metropolis than can possibly find subsistance, by which they mean not a house in a fashionable quarter, with a brougham, but a decent income. The lay organs, on the contrary, are of opinion that since there is only one doctor to 1,450 people, he ought, in whatever part of the town he is located, to live and thrive. Their proposal is that he should be paid a penny a week for his professional services, per head, which would give him about £300 a year. What they found this view upon is probably the great principle of "distribution" which supports our literary syndicates. In that case it works exceedingly well; to those who are acquainted with it, the late proposal to Mr. Gladstone that he should write twenty-five articles upon subjects of his own choosing for £5,000, seems by no means surprising; in the case of the syndicates, however, a single firm is responsible for the money; but who will guarantee the poor doctor his 1,450 pence a week? The cost of collection—for the poor are not one whit behind the rich in their disinclination to pay for medical assistance—would probably exceed the proceeds. It is curious how often in comparing the incomes derived from any calling, the ease or difficulty of realizing the money when it has been earned, is left out of the calculation. The fashionable physician who gets his guinea dropped into his hand at every visit, the famous lawyer who never goes into court without his fee, have an advantage over their less-known brethren in the certainty of their payments, far greater than that of their amount. Persons in commerce, who have to take bills instead of checks, I am told, also discover this. The simplicity of "the three per cents," tho they are not quite what they used to be, has still a "sweetness" about it.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

BISHOP PHELAN, who went to Johnstown after the disaster there, relates the following incident, illustrating the character of one of the local priests:

"Father Davin was trying to prevent a Hungarian from robbing dead bodies of jewelry or money. The fellow turned upon him and kicked him. It was some time before we knew that Father Davin was hurt. At last we noticed it from his walk. I demanded to know how he had been hurt. He told me. 'Was there no one with you?' I asked. 'Yes, a crowd was not far away.' 'Why didn't you call upon them?' 'Because they would have hung the man; and I didn't want him hung only for kicking me.'"

The Independent.

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"EVEN AS WE HAVE BEEN APPROVED OF GOD TO BE INTRUSTED WITH THE GOSPEL, SO WE SPEAK; NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD WHICH PROVETH OUR HEARTS."

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THE PRICE OF FREYA.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

[FREYA, in the Scandinavian mythology, was the goddess of Youth and Hope. While she remained with the gods and fed them daily with her golden apples they were all-powerful: but when Wodin parted with her as the price for the building of Walhalla, they suddenly became weak and weary, and a shadow rested over the world. Walhalla was of no worth without Freya.]

THE towers are strong and the towers are fair
As they rise and gleam in the sunlit air,
With bastion and battlement and spire
Built for one rule and one desire;
Fain would we enter there and sway,
But the giant builder the door secures
And mutters his price as he bars the way:
"Give up Freya, and all is yours."

There in the citadel fancy built
Are the riches of ages heaped and spilt;
Diamonds glitter and rubies gleam,
And moon-like pearls front the pale moon-beam.
Golden the roof and gold the floor;
The glittering splendor wooes and lures;
And the tempting voice repeats once more:
"Give up Freya, and all is yours."

What! *give* up hope with its rainbow sheen,
Give up the sparkle, the song, the jest,
The vision of something dreamed, not seen,
Which is sweeter by far than the thing possessed?
The flowers of May and the roses of June,
The sweet spring-breath of the April breeze,
The dew of morn and the light of noon—
When we give up Freya, must we give all these?

But we give; and we enter the towers of pride,
And we thread our gems and we count our gold;
And we bid our hearts to be satisfied
With so much to have and so much to hold.
But the smile is faded from the day;
Our drink is bitter, our bread is stone—
And amid the shadows we sit and say:
"Nothing is worth with Freya gone."

A WOODLAND SPRING.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

BENEATH the trees whose lisping brood
With every breath of summer wake,
And in the green aisles of the wood
Soft music make,

A sylvan deity her pool
Of crystal water deep has hid,
Perpetually fresh and cool,
The rocks amid.

Gray, like a carpet, lies the moss,
To shield from ragged stones her feet;
And for a roof the branches cross
Above and meet.

Birds in these rafters build and mate,
And rear their feather-coated throng,
And teach them well to imitate
Her happy song.

Thither came I upon a time
To rest me in the tranquil shade,
Led by a brook whose limpid rhyme
Its source betrayed.

I watched these minstrels, pair by pair,
Come to the fountain's silver brink
And, pausing first as if in prayer,
Dip down and drink.

They seemed to know the goddess who
Presided o'er this woodland spring;
And I, who longed to know her too,
Bade them to sing.

Then, as they sang, awhile I knelt
In worship at her sylvan shrine;
And even as I prayed I felt
Her lips touch mine!

NEW YORK CITY.

THE MYTH OF THE SHAH.

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

A FALSEHOOD is simply termed a lie when applied to the fabrications of every-day life. If a school-boy is trounced for misrepresenting the truth his fault is not in common usage called a myth, but a lie. When, however, misrepresentations and fabrications are related concerning exalted personages, it is the usage to honor such falsehoods with the more dignified name of myth; hence the word mythology, as applied to the fabulous deities and heroes of the ancient world. While there may be an original germ of fact in some of those tales, yet it has ultimately become so prodigiously exaggerated as to assume the character and be to all intents and purposes a fabrication pure and simple.

Now the tissue of falsehoods that have had the run of the American press concerning Nasr-ed-Deen Shah, the reigning monarch of Persia, is exactly of this nature. Owing to the exceedingly small grain of truth in these stories, and the high character of him about whom they cluster, we may speak of them collectively as the myth of the Shah. During his first visit to England the London *Fun* published a quaint caricature of a court ball. It was cleverly done in imitation of the bas-reliefs found at Nineveh; it purported to be an antique found in the neighborhood of Buckingham Palace, and represented Queen Victoria waltzing with Nasr-ed-Deen Shah. Now at that time there *was* such an English Queen and such a Persian sovereign; but no such marble was found behind Buckingham Palace, and that Queen and that King did not waltz together at the court ball. This precisely illustrates the myth of the Shah. There is such a King, but the incidents and traits so persistently repeated about him in our press have little or no foundation in fact. But because they are generally believed, and because mischief is caused by such belief, it is proper to give the matter a word of serious attention, provided the public has a sufficient sense of justice to wish to hear the truth of the matter.

The public has been treated *ad nauseam* to an account of the filthiness of his Majesty's habits and of the horror caused by his arrival at a foreign court. The facts are that on his first visit to Europe the ceremonial law of the Mohammedan religion, which ordains the preparation of meats in prescribed ways, was followed to a certain degree. Renewed contact with Europeans has, however, greatly modified these practices, which, indeed, were never carried to the absurd degree pretended; while as to cleanliness, we are able to state from personal observation that the Shah's palace at Teheran is as clean as any European palace. In his personal habits he is obliged, according to the ceremonial law, if for no other reason, to perform frequent ablutions. The steam and plunge bath are daily indulged in by the Shah just like any other Persian gentleman. The Persians of middle and upper rank are quite as cleanly as Europeans on the Continent, altho it is possible they do not quite reach the vaunted purity of some Englishmen who carry a tub with them wherever they go.

In this great Persian myth constant allusion is also made to the alleged bloody and truculent character of Nasr-ed-Deen Shah, when the actual facts are that no sovereign of more amiable disposition or intent to act justly has ever sat upon an Oriental throne. Possessing in his own dominions authority over life and death, no man ever showed so little inclination to abuse such power. Mistakes he may make, and doubtless has made, but not to do so would be more or less than human. Enlightened and humane, he allows the greatest liberality of speech in his dominions, and has likewise exhibited great tact in preserving harmony among the turbulent elements composing his people. One need not travel far out of Persia to find Christian nations governed with less liberality. The amazing facility displayed in manufacturing these stories about the Shah is shown by the statement published by a recent transient visitor to Persia that at every short distance along the public highways the traveler sees men built up alive in the walls and left there to die. This yarn was fished out of the early records and republished with additional details.

Such barbarities were once about as frequent in some Christian lands as they were in Eastern countries. But these cruel methods of punishment are not now employed in Persia, nor has this particular form of cruelty been practiced there for many years. During my residence in that country and my travels in various parts thereof, I never saw nor heard anything of the sort. What can we think of a writer making such statements?

The journeys of Nasr-ed-Deen Shah to Europe have been inspired by a genuine patriotic desire on the part of one of the most intelligent and progressive of Asiatic monarchs to study the condition of foreign countries and borrow hints for the improvement of his own. There is the highest authority for stating this to be the purpose of the Shah's present journey. Why such a praiseworthy personage should be made the subject of the jeers of the press, the butt of every witling who can handle a pen, the object of one of the most remarkable series of caricatures ever gathered about the name of an authentic individual, seems incomprehensible. There is much plausibility in the theory that in Europe at least these myths have been inspired and persistently reiterated by the secret agents of a power that has no uncertain designs on Persia, and by means open or concealed is busy doing all that is possible to reduce the influence of one of the ablest monarchs of Central Asia and belittle the weight of England's councils in that quarter. In Paris also, whose press cares for nothing less than the truth and where nothing is too respectable to escape the biting irony and wit of her humorists, it only needed some one to start the legends about the Shah to give them a perennial vogue. It is in Paris that an editor had the brass to state over his own name that he himself experienced an adventure at Fontainebleau on the very day preceding, whose incidents may be found almost word for word in the far-famed fables of Bidpay.

But why we in the United States should have found it necessary to catch up and repeat and even to add to the nauseating and unfounded stories which compose the myth of Nasr-ed-Deen Shah is beyond comprehension. He is a friendly ally of our country; he has always extended a cordial welcome to our citizens, who have enjoyed more privileges in Persia and with less difficulties than in Turkey, Greece, Russia or China and until recently Japan. He is anxious to promote a trade between the two countries and has distinctly testified his good will in this direction. Why should we condesend to become the agents of the intriguing despots of Europe and make our press a means for persistently flinging ridicule or casting obloquy on the name of a friend and a most respectable, worthy and enterprising king. Surpassed in wise intent by no Oriental sovereign, why should he be singled out from the rulers of Asia to be made an object for such steady and contemptible attacks? Instead of considering the tone of the American press on this subject funny, instead of considering it a fine example of a delicate vein of humor that should be confined to cowboys and bullwhackers, we ought to regard it as one of the most disgraceful episodes in the history of a press which while combining the greatest energy, intelligence and ability has yet not rarely exhibited a lack of refinement that seems in this case an absence of common sense. Let us have an end of this Persian myth.

NEW YORK CITY.

ON THE PROPOSED ABOLITION OF THE PLOT.

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

IT was said of the romantic Muse in Germany—of the Pegasus, or winged horse of Uhland—that, like its colleague, the famous war-horse Bayard, it possessed all possible virtues and but one fault—that it was dead. It is in this decisive way that Mr. Howells and others deal with the plot in stories and dramas; they decline to argue the matter, but simply assert that the plot is dead. If any one doubts the assertion they would, perhaps, still decline to argue the matter, and simply extend the assertion to any critic who differed from them, pointing out that he must be dead also. It may be so, since there may, no doubt, be room for such a possibility. "Tyrawley and I," said Walpole's old statesman, "have been dead these two years; but we don't let anybody know it." In the matter of literary criticism, however, the fact is just the other way. The critics who cling to the plot are not aware of their own demise; but Mr. Howells has found it out. To find it out is justly to silence them; for, as Charles Lamb says in his poem exemplifying "the lapidary style," which the late Mr. Mellish never could abide:

"It matters very little what Mellish said,
Because he is dead."

But if we grant for a moment, as a matter of argument, that whatever yet speaks may be regarded, for controversial purposes, as being alive, it may be well enough pointed out, that, if plot is dead and only characters survive, then there is a curious divergence in this age between the course of literature and the course of science. If anything marks the science of the age it is that plot is everything. Museums were formerly collections of detached specimens, only classified for convenience under a few half-arbitrary divisions. One may still see such collections surviving, for instance, in that melancholy hall through which people pass, as rapidly as possible, to reach the modern theater known as the Boston Museum. But in all natural history museums of any pretensions, the individual specimen is subordinated to the whole. The great Agassiz collection at Harvard is expressly named "The Museum of Comparative Zoology." In the Peabody Museum at Yale—in which, as Charles Darwin told me, quoting Huxley, there is more to be learned than from all the museums of Europe—you are not shown the skeleton of a horse, and left with that knowledge, but you are shown every step in the development of the horse from the time when, in prehistoric periods, he was no larger than a fox and had five toes. In science, plot is not only not ignored, but it is almost everything; only it is not called plot, it is called evolution.

And conversely, what is called evolution in science is called plot in fiction. Grant that character is first in importance, as it doubtless is, yet plot is the development of character. It is not enough to paint Arthur Dimmesdale, standing with his hand on his heart and despair in his eyes; to paint the hand anatomically correct, the eyes deep in emotion; but we need to know what brought him there; what produced the strange combination, a Puritan Saint with a conscience wrung into distortion. Lear is not Lear, Hamlet not Hamlet, without a glimpse at the conditions that have made them what they are. With the worst villains of the play, we need, as Margaret Fuller profoundly said, to "hear the excuses men make to themselves for their worthlessness." Now these conditions, these excuses, constitute the plot.

It is easy enough to dismiss plot from the scene, if it means only a conundrum like that in "The Dead Secret," or a series of riddles like the French detective novels. In these the story is all, there is no character worth unraveling; and when we have once got at the secret the book is thrown away. But where the plot is a profound study of the development of character, it can never be thrown away: and unless we have it, the character is not really studied. What we do at any given moment is largely the accumulated result of all previous action; and that action again comes largely from the action of those around us. "We are all members one of another." Just as we are all learning this in political economy, are we to drop it out of view in fiction? The thought or impulse that springs into my mind or heart this instant has been largely molded by a hundred men and women, living or dead; if the novelist or the dramatist wishes to portray me, he must include them also. Otherwise the picture is as hopelessly detached and isolated as the figure in this sketch a young artist has just brought me from the seaside—a little boy standing at the center of a solitary rock fishing in the ocean; the whole vast sea around him, but not a living thing near him—not even a fish.

We all find ourselves, as we come into mature society and take our part in life, surrounded by a net-work of event and incident, one-tenth public and nine-tenths private. If we have warm hearts and observant minds we are pretty sure to be entangled in this net-work. By middle life, every person who has seen much of the world is acquainted with secrets that would convulse the little circle around him, if told; and might easily eclipse all the novels, if the very complication of the matter did not forbid utterance. As no painter, it is said, ever dared paint the sunset as bright as it often is, so the most thrilling novelist understates the mystery and entanglement in the actual world around him. If he is cautious, he may well say, as the Duke of Wellington is said to have remarked when meditating his autobiography: "I should like to speak the truth; but if I do, I shall be torn in pieces." If our realists would say frankly: "We should like to draw plots such as we have actually known; but we dare not do it, let us therefore abolish the plot," their position would be far more intelligible. Miss Alcott's heroine, in writing her first stories, finds with surprise that all the things she has taken straight from real life are received with incredulity; and only those drawn wholly from her internal consciousness are believed at all. Life goes so much beyond fiction that those who are brought up mainly on fiction are more apt to encounter something in life which eclipses it than something which seems tame in comparison. And, on the other hand, when we put real events into the form of fiction, they seem overwrought and improbable.

Much of this applies, of course, to character as well as to plot. The seeming contradictions in the character of Hamlet, over which the critics have wrangled for a century or two, are not really so great or improbable as those to be found in many youths who pass for commonplace; and that man's experience is limited who has not encountered, in his time, women of more "infinite variety" than Shakespeare's Cleopatra. Character in real life is a far more absorbing study than character in fiction; but when it comes to plot, fiction is nowhere in comparison. Toss a skein of thread into the sea, and within twenty-four hours the waves and the floating seaweed will have tangled it into a knot more perplexing than the utmost effort of your hands can weave; and so the complex plots of life are wound by the currents of life itself, not by the romancers. If life thus provides them, they are a part of life, and must not be omitted when there is a pretense at its delineation. I once heard an eloquent preacher (W. H. Channing) express the opinion that we should spend a considerable part of eternity in unraveling the strange history of one another's lives. It might be easy, perhaps, to devise more profitable ways of spending eternity; but there is no doubt that the pursuit he proposes, if we undertook it, would occupy a good many ages of that period. It would be necessary, however, to stipulate that none of it should be given to us in the form of autobiography, since we have altogether too much of that offered to us in this life. To make our friends really interesting, we must be allowed to explore their secrets in spite of them, and perhaps against their direct opposition.

Of course we all view this drama of life around us through a medium varying with our temperaments. Heine says that he once went to see the thrilling tragedy of "*La Tour de Nesle*," in Paris, and sat behind a lady who wore a large hat of rose-red gauze. The hat obstructed his whole view of the stage; he saw the play only through it, and all the horror of the tragedy was transformed by the most cheerful roselight. Some of us are happy to have this rose-tinted veil in our temperaments; but the plot and the tragedy are there. "The innocent," says Goethe, speaking of life, "enjoy the story." They should be permitted to enjoy it, which they cannot do unless they have it. Grant that character is the important thing; but character will soon dwindle and its delineation grow less and less interesting, if we detach it from life. We are all but coral-insects or sea-anemones forming a part of one great joint life, and we die and dry up if we are torn from the reef where we belong.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE WESTMINSTER STANDARDS.

II

THE DIFFICULTY.

BY PROF. CHARLES A. BRIGGS, D.D.

THE difficulty with the Presbyterian Church in the United States at the present time is that ministry and people have drifted away from the Westminster Standards. This drift is very plain to any one who will undertake to measure the doctrines and practices of the leading divines of the present day with the doctrines of the Westminster divines. But the number of theologians who have any real acquaintance with the Westminster divines may be counted on the fingers of one hand. The ministry look at the Westminster symbols through the glasses of the dogmatic systems that they have been taught in the theological seminaries, and their real standard of orthodoxy is their teachers in theology. The people, as a rule, either follow their ministers or do not care to think about theological problems.

1. In former times the ministers used to expound the Confession of Faith to their people and systematic instruction was given to the children in the Shorter Catechism; but at the present time there is little of this work done in the churches. Hence it is that the people lack that systematic training in the doctrines of the Presbyterian Church that is necessary to enable them to subscribe intelligently to the Wesminster symbols. It is generally understood that this is not required of the people, and consequently it has come to pass that the Presbyterian people, as a people, no longer adhere to the Westminster Confession. They do not understand its hard doctrines, they do not know of them, and when their attention is called to them they are astonished at them and troubled with them. The people are calling for relief!

2. The difficulty is increased in those who are candidates for elders and deacons. It is necessary that these office-bearers should subscribe to the Westminster Confession. Many of them have little knowledge of the Confession until they are chosen by the people for these offices. They then examine the doctrines to which they are asked to subscribe with amazement, and many of them are troubled with doctrines and expressions that are unfamiliar to them. Their scruples may ordinarily be overcome by the counsels of their pastors. But large numbers who have the gifts and qualifications and seem to have the call of God to the offices of deacon and elder are debarred from these offices by the hard doctrines and severe expressions of the Confession of Faith. In Scotland the elders have long been demanding release from the terms of subscription, and the Established Church has the matter now under consideration. Presbyterian elders and deacons in the United States are calling for relief.

3. The Church depends largely upon the trained young men of the colleges for its supply of ministers. It has been evident for a long time that this source of supply is inadequate. The number is too small and the quality of the students is not equal to the demands of the Church. The Presbyterian Church for some years has been obliged to fill the ranks of its ministry very largely by recruits from other denominations. The radical difficulty with the young men in colleges is subscription to the Westminster Standards. When the call to the ministry is urged upon them, they are confronted with the question whether they can sincerely adopt the Westminster Confession and assume the ordination vows of a Presbyterian minister. They have not been instructed in the Confession and Catechisms. The doctrines are strange and hard to them. They shrink from entering upon a path of study that will lead them to such obligations. Young men of the best quality are high-spirited; they think for themselves and are not willing to accept anything on trust. They love their freedom and are determined that they will have liberty of investigation. They hesitate to become candidates in a Church which seems to them to compel men to an iron-clad creed and to discourage theological research and Christian liberty. The young men in Presbyterian colleges who are looking forward to the ministry are calling for relief.

4. Theological students who have entered upon their course of study in preparation for the ministry are involved in the intricate discussions of Christian Theology. They are brought face to face with all the difficulties and objections. They learn how hard the doctrines are and how difficult they are to explain. They see the vast advance that has been made in Biblical Theology and Historical Theology, and the numerous improvements that have been made in Practical Theology. The question is forced upon them, Why should Dogmatic Theology remain stationary? Why should the Westminster divines revise the XXXIX Articles of the Church of England and make a new creed that should keep the Presbyterian Church in bondage for two hundred and fifty years? They know the dogmatic systems of theology far better than they know the Westminster symbols, for they have been thoroughly drilled in the systems of the theologians; but all they know of the Westminster system is such part of it as has been used to buttress the systems they have been taught. When now they come to examine the Westminster symbols with a view to licensure and ordination they stumble at their unfamiliar expressions and hesitate to enter the Church that enforces subscription to them. There can be little doubt that a considerable percentage of Presbyterian young men after they have been trained in Presbyterian theological seminaries turn away from the Presbyterian ministry and either go into other denominations where greater liberty is allowed or else abandon the ministry altogether. Presbyterian theological students ask for relief.

5. The ministry of the Presbyterian Church do not find their subscription vows an easy yoke. The difficulties that have confronted them in college and seminary do not decrease; they rather increase in number and complexity. The ministers are troubled also by the difficulties of their people and office-bearers which they cannot remove. They are unable to preach the doctrines of the Standards because the people will not listen to them. If they persist they are politely requested to retire from their charges. They preach no longer the hard doctrines of the Standards; they preach the Scriptures or else sermons for the times. The experience of a Presbyterian minister does not bring him closer to the Standards of his Church, but rather increases his difference from them.

The troubled minister seeks relief in several ways. He studies the dogmatic system; he renews his course in systematic theology. This gives relief to few; it ordinarily increases the perplexities. Many seek comfort in the line of battle for the faith; apologetics is the favorite study. They think that they are doing God service by battling against Science, Philosophy, Socialism, Biblical Criticism and the New Theology. Others give up dogmatics and apologetics with disgust, and bury themselves in the devotional study of the Scriptures and consume their energies in practical Christian work. But it is useless to turn away from the doctrines of the Confession; they are the standards of the denomination to which the minister subscribes, and he must from time to time measure his conformity with them. The question will press itself upon him whether he can honestly subscribe or not. There can be little doubt that some of the noblest of the Presbyterian ministry, men with tender consciences, with noble ideals and with manly courage and honesty, are departing from the Presbyterian Church: and their place is supplied by men of less tender consciences and with fewer scruples, who come from other denominations. Certainly subscription to the Westminster Confession does not gain by such exchanges.

Most troubled consciences, however, relieve themselves by the terms of subscription. These do not bind them to the whole doctrine of the Confession or to every statement of the Confession, but only to the "system of doctrine taught in Holy Scriptures"; "the essential and necessary articles." There is room in the terms of subscription for great difference of opinion. It is very plain what the Adopting Act and the Presbyterian

Church in its official utterances mean by them. It is the Westminster system as a system, the articles essential and necessary to the Westminster system, to which the Presbyterian Church requires subscription. But many ultra-conservatives take refuge in Dr. Charles Hodge's opinion that they subscribe to the Reformed or Calvinistic system, and think that so long as they adhere to the five points of Calvinism they may hold contra-confessional views of the authority of the Scriptures, teach the premillenarian errors and neglect the great principles of Puritanism that make up the body of the Confession of Faith. There are others who think that they may hold to the Confession as to substance of doctrine—that is, virtually, what they themselves think is the substance of Christianity in it. There are still others who think that the terms of subscription only require adhesion to the Westminster Confession so far as it agrees with the Scriptures, and hence do not hesitate to reject the statements of the Confession when they think that the Scriptures are not in accord with them. By such loose and various interpretations of the terms of subscription many Presbyterian ministers remain in the Church, taking the liberty to differ from the Confession wherever it suits them to differ. Certainly the authority of the Westminster Confession does not gain by such subscription as this. It works confusion and disorder, and many thinking ministers on this very account desire relief from the inevitable chaos if such irregular subscription is to continue in the Church.

6 But all these demands for relief are superficial compared with those that are now to be mentioned. The Presbyterian Church is at an angle with the Westminster Confession of Faith. This could be shown in detail if we had space, but we have room only for a few characteristic specimens.

Modern dogmaticians have led the Presbyterian Church into contra-confessional views of the Scriptures and consequently there is a conflict between the common doctrine of the Bible and biblical criticism. The biblical critics in the Presbyterian Church adhere to the Westminster doctrines of the Bible, so far as I know, without any reservation whatever. They believe that "the authority of the Holy Scripture, for which it ought to be believed and obeyed, dependeth not upon the testimony of any man or Church, but wholly upon God (who is truth itself), the author thereof; and therefore it is to be received, because it is the word of God."

But the common view is that the authority of the Scriptures depends upon the testimony of the early Church and upon the authorship of inspired men; and so canonicity *depends* upon questions of human testimony *and human* authorship. This is the reason of the outcry against the higher criticism by those who held to these contra confessional theories. This contra-confessional doctrine is against the terms of subscription in their most liberal interpretation, for it not only sins against the Westminster system, but the very base of that system, the formal principle of the Protestant Reformation. This contra-confessional theory of the Scriptures seems to have possession of the minds of the majority of the Church and they endeavor to interpret the Confession in an unhistorical sense to correspond with their theories. But the Reformers and Westminster divines were so agreed against this theory that no relief is possible by misinterpretations. Biblical critics will not much longer tolerate persecution on the part of a contra-confessional majority, and will hesitate to give them relief by a revision of the Westminster doctrine of the Scriptures.

7. In the present generation the old conflict between Calvinism and Arminianism has passed away from the pulpit and the home, and is confined to the schools and clubs. Slowly but surely the more humanitarian views of the Arminians have entered the Presbyterian Church and even the ministry. Here is the chief practical pressure in favor of revision at the present time. The movement for revision of the third chapter begins in the same sections where the Cumberland Presbyterians were troubled less than a century ago, and on account of which they separated from the Presbyterian Church. There can be no doubt that Arminian and semi-Arminian views are largely represented among the people of the Presbyterian churches. Not a few ministers agree with their people in these matters. There can be no doubt that these views are excluded by the terms of subscription, and those holding them are in need of relief.

8. The doctrine of the Church and the sacraments in the Westminster Confession is as high as the doctrine contained in the Episcopal Prayer-book; and yet it is probable that the majority of Presbyterian ministers entertain low views of the Church and sacraments, and are out of harmony with the Standards. Many of them feel the need of relief at this point.

9. Premillenarians deny that the Church is the Kingdom of Christ and that Christ is now enthroned as King over his Kingdom. They claim that there are two resurrections and two judgments separated by a thousand years instead of the one ultimate resurrection and judgment of the Standards. These are errors that strike at the Westminster system of eschatology and of the doctrine of the Church. Many Premillenarians realize the difficulty here and seek relief.

10. There are grave difficulties in the minds of many at the present time with regard to the future life. Dr. Archibald Alexander and his pupil, Charles Hodge, led the Presbyterian Church to reject the Westminster doctrine of "elect infants" and to teach the universal salvation of infants; but neither of these divines give us any information how all infants are to be saved in harmony with the Westminster order of salvation. The Westminster system expressly excludes the salvation of the heathen, and asserts that

"They who have never heard the Gospel know not Jesus Christ, and believe not in him, cannot be saved, be they never so diligent to frame their lives according to the light of Nature, or the laws of that religion which they profess: neither is there salvation in any other, but in Christ alone, who is the Saviour only of his body the Church."

And yet there are few Presbyterians who do not recognize that at least some of the heathen are saved, while they confess that they do not see how to construct the doctrine of their salvation in accordance with the order of salvation laid down in the Westminster system, if that order is confined to this life. There are other Presbyterian ministers who look for relief in the unfolding of redemption in the middle state, or think that there is comfort in the doctrine of the annihilation of the wicked. What right have those who have already departed from the Westminster system, as far as the universal salvation of infants and the salvation of some of the heathen, to set up the bars against further differences and additional relief from the hard doctrine of everlasting punishment to vast multitudes of our race? The word of the apostle should be heeded: "Wherefore art thou without excuse, O man, whosoever thou art, that judgest; for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest dost the same things."

It would not be difficult to point out other departures from the Westminster system. We have given a sufficient number of examples to show that there is a deep and irrepressible demand for relief throughout the Presbyterian Church. There are many of the people, of the elders and deacons as well as the ministers, who find the Westminster Confession a heavy burden for their consciences. The Conservatives are in as great trouble as the Progressives. Each party naturally thinks its departures innocent and tolerable however perilous and intolerable they may seem to others. On all sides, in all parties, the cry for relief is spreading.

What measures of relief may be practicable is a more difficult question, to which we shall direct our attention in our next article.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, NEW YORK CITY.

THE SUPERNATURAL IN FICTION.

BY ANDREW LANG.

A NEW, and clever, and disappointing book, "Clement Ker," by George Fleming (Arrowsmith) raises that old problem—the treatment of the supernatural in fiction. As to this particular novel, it is almost as good as a success, because you are puzzled and excited to the end; and if, at the end, you find yourself more puzzled than ever, and quite dissatisfied, still you have had the pleasures of anticipation. Moreover, a new kind of supernatural horror is aimed at; there is, at least, an effort to cause "a new kind of shiver," and, tho the reader is like the boy in the nursery tale, and never does really learn to shudder, still he is always expecting to shudder, and that is something. The story is too long; and its good ideas—the lonely, accursed house of an evil race, in the solitudes of the Upper Tweed, the strange moss with its unseen floating tenant, the horror that stirs within the ruinous walls, the melancholy malevolence of the central character—all these lose by being dwelt upon, and explode when they are not explained.

It is a truism that the supernatural in fiction should, as a general rule, be left in the vague. You may describe a ghost with all the most hideous features that fancy can suggest—saucer eyes, red staring hair, a forked tail, and what you please—but the reader only laughs. It is wiser to make as if you were going to describe him, and then break off, exclaiming, "But no! No pen can describe, no memory, thank Heaven, can recall, the horror of that hour!" So writers, as a rule, prefer to leave their terror (usually, as in "Clement Ker," styled "The Thing") entirely in the dark, and to the frightened fancy of the student. So, on the whole, the treatment of the supernaturally terrible in fiction is achieved in two ways, either by actual *description*, or by adroit *suggestion*, the author saying, like cabmen, "I leave it to yourself, sir." There are dangers in both methods. The *description*, if attempted, is usually overdone and incredible; the *suggestion* is apt to prepare us too anxiously for something that never becomes real, and to leave us disappointed.

Examples of both methods may be selected from poetry and prose. The examples in verse are rare enough; the first and best that occurs in the way of *suggestion* is, of course, the mysterious lady in Christabel.

> "She was most beautiful to see.
> Like a lady from a far countrie."

Who was she? What did she want? Whence did she come? What was the horror she revealed to the night in the bower of Christabel?

> "Then drawing in her breath aloud
> Like one that shuddered, she unbound
> The cincture from beneath her breast.
> Her silken robe and inner vest
> Dropt to her feet, and full in view
> Behold her breast and half her side—
> A sight to dream of, not to tell;
> And she is to sleep by Christabel."

And then what do her words mean:

> "Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know it to-morrow,
> This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow."

What was it—the "sight to dream of, not to tell"?

Coleridge never did tell, and, tho he said he knew, Wordsworth thought he did not know. He raised a spirit that he had not the spell to lay. In the Paradise of Poets has he discovered the secret? We only know that the mischief, whatever it may have been, was wrought.

> "O sorrow and shame! Can this be she—
> The lady who knelt at the old oak tree?
> . . . . . .
> A star hath set, a star hath risen,
> O Geraldine, since arms of thine
> Have been the lovely lady's prison.
> O Geraldine, one hour was thine."

If Coleridge knew, why did he never tell? And yet he maintains that "in the very first conception of the tale, I have the whole present to my mind, with the wholeness no less than with the liveliness of a vision," and he expected to finish the three remaining parts within the year. The year was 1816, the poem was begun in 1797, and finished, as far as it goes, in 1800. If Coleridge ever knew what he meant, he had time to forget. The chances are that his indolence, or his forgetfulness, was the making of "Christabel," which remains a masterpiece of supernatural *suggestion*. For *description* it suffices to read the "Ancient Mariner." These marvels, truly, are *speciosa miracula*, and, unlike Southey, we believe as we read. "You have selected a passage fertile in unmeaning miracles," Lamb wrote to Southey (1798), "but have passed by fifty passages as miraculous as the miracles they celebrate." Lamb appears to have been almost alone in appreciating this masterpiece of supernatural *description*. Coleridge himself shrank from his own wonders, and wanted to call the piece "A Poet's Reverie." "It is as bad as Bottom the weaver's declaration that he is not a lion, but only the scenical representation of a lion. What new idea is gained by this title but one subversive of all credit—which the tale should force upon us—of its truth." Lamb himself was forced, by the temper of the time, to declare that he "disliked all the miraculous part of it," as if it were not *all* miraculous! Wordsworth wanted the mariner "to have a character and a profession," perhaps would have liked him to be a gardener, or a butler, with "an excellent character!" In fact, the love of the supernatural was then at so low an ebb that a certain Mr. Vanhall "went to sleep while the 'Ancient Mariner' was reading," and the book was mainly bought by sea-faring men, deceived by the title, and supposing that the "Ancient Mariner" was a nautical treatise.

In verse, then, Coleridge succeeds with the supernatural, both by way of description in detail and of suggestion. If you wish to see a failure, try the ghost, the moral but not affable ghost, in Wordsworth's "Laodamia." It is blasphemy to ask the question—but is the ghost in Hamlet quite a success? Do we not see and hear a little too much of him? Macbeth's airy and viewless dagger is really much more successful by way of suggestion. The stage makes a ghost visible and familiar, and this is one great danger of the supernatural in art. It is apt to insist on being too conspicuous. Did the ghost of Darius, in Æschylus, frighten the Athenians? Probably they smiled at the imperial specter. There is more discretion in Cæsar's ghost.

> "I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
> That shapes this monstrous apparition,"

says Brutus, and he lays no very great stress on the brief visit of the appearance. For want of this discretion, Alexandre Dumas's ghosts, as in "The Corsican Brothers," are failures. They make themselves too common and too cheap, like the specter in Mrs. Oliphant's novel, "The Wizard's Son." And this is the *crux* of the whole adventure. If you paint your ghost with too heavy a hand, you raise laughter, not fear; if you touch him too lightly, you raise unsatisfied curiosity, not fear. It may be easy to shiver, but it is difficult to teach shuddering.

In prose, a good example of the over-vague is Miriam's mysterious visitor—the shadow of the catacombs—in "Transformation; or, The Marble Faun." Hawthorne should have told us more or less. The dweller in the catacombs powerfully excites curiosity, and, when that curiosity is unsatisfied, we feel aggrieved, vexed, and certain that Hawthorne himself was puzzled, and knew no more than his readers. He has not—as in other tales he has—managed to throw the right atmosphere about this being. He is vague in the wrong way, whereas George Sand, in "*Les Dames Vertes*," is vague in the right way. We are left with that kind of curiosity which persons really engaged in the adventure might have felt, not with the irritation of having a secret kept from us, as in "Transformation." In "Wandering Willie's Tale," in "Redgauntlet," the right atmosphere is found, the right note is struck. All is vividly real, and yet, if you close the book, all melts into a dream

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THE BROOK.

BY EDWARD N. POMEROY.

Bright mountain brook that flowest at my feet,
Forever laving this unheeding stone,
The music of thy liquid monotone
Unchanging all day long dost thou repeat.
Musing I gaze upon thee from my seat;
Not lonely, altho never more alone,
Since thou art company and I am one
To whom thy noise is melody complete.
Would I could daily go my way like thee:
My voice as soft as thine, my smile as bright,
My course as fearless toward that mighty sea
That all the streams of life awaits; the night
Of gorge and chasm unthought of; my delight
To do each day the work appointed me.

BREAD LOAF INN, RIPTON, VERMONT.

MOUNTAIN PINES.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

See, on the mountain top afar,
Those lofty pinnacles that reach
So near to Heaven that a star
Burns like a taper bright in each.

There, changeless all the seasons through,
That green cathedral lifts its spires,
The first to catch the morning dew,
The last to hold the sunset fires.

Within its aisles no sound is heard
While summer's service decks the nave;
Its altar knows no priest; no bird
Sings from the emerald architrave.

But when wrapt in her shroud of snow,
Beneath the roof lies Earth asleep,
A mournful music, measured, slow,
Wakes in the summit of yon steep.

That solemn dirge of winter brings
The heart to ponder thoughts divine;
It is God's harper strikes the strings
Stretched on the forest harp of pine!

NEW YORK CITY.

THOUGHT ODORS.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Not what we do, not what we say, speaks for us
To fine souls here, or to the Throne of Light.
Tho words and acts be fair, gods will abhor us
And men distrust, if our hearts are not right.

Our secret aim, our hidden wish or longing,
Our silent thoughts of men or worlds above—
These are the tell-tale forces that come thronging
To point to us as ones to loathe or love.

Our thoughts are odors, and we cannot seal them
So close with actions but they will creep out;
And delicately fashioned souls will feel them,
And know them sweet or vile, beyond a doubt.

Good deeds fall dead if selfish causes guide them,
Good words fall flat that but from lips have birth;
And eloquent and noble seems, beside them,
The silence or inaction of true worth.

NEW YORK CITY.

"SHOPPING" IN THE FAR EAST.

BY FANNIE N. BENJAMIN.

OLD Kasar-Alar, our favorite merchant, was a *dollol* (or peddler) of great repute. As it was not permissible we should visit the bazaars, things rich and rare from the bazaars came to us; and to-day, the medium proved to be the wily little Hadji who entered with our tall and venerable Kasar-Alar.

We believed in the old merchant religiously. He was very undemonstrative, possessed of all the dignity of a caliph. He had a long beard dyed red with henna that even the prophet might have envied, and his faded blue eyes were mild and paternal, the whole face radiating a kindly "God bless you, my child!" He seemed always ready to rob himself to please the ladies with great bargains; indeed, so much was he a favorite with them, he could always count on a cup of *chi* (tea) or a present of sweet cake or bonbons, even did his purse not receive substantial additions.

To suppose one of his gravity capable of quibbling, was out of the question. Occasional suspicions were, however, aroused over some dirty bit of brocade, pronounced "of the time of Shah Abbas!" or some commonplace jewel said to come from the Royal Anderoon. The young Hadji brought to-day beautiful old embroideries of gold and silver thread, and divining quickly that we were eager to possess them, he named a fabulous price upon which he insisted with more than usual pertinacity. Our wily *nasir** learning from us the two embroideries we most desired, obtained from Hadji his price for *three*, and then, as if finally selecting one, demanded the lowest value for that one. Hadji fixed a high price naturally, and thus the remaining two were brought within a reasonable profit. Finding himself thus outwitted, Hadji rose and indignantly packed his rugs and embroideries. He crossed the court as if determined never to look upon us again; then seeing no one followed him he turned back assuring us, with tears in his eyes, that to sell at such a price would wholly undo him.

But the *nasir* was obstinate and Hadji departed.

Outside the gate, finding no swift messenger was sent after him, he suddenly relented, and coming back gave all the embroideries at the price offered.

During this bartering, old Kasar-Alar had looked on with a grieved surprise, as if greatly troubled that any *dollol* could thus deport himself! . . . Presently he unfolded with dignity a beautiful India shawl for our inspection that "had belonged," he said "to one of the Favorites of the Light of the Universe"; and he swore by his long beard "it had cost the royal treasury a great sum. It must be sold as the sultana had now lost favor with the king and had much need of ready money." He "had brought it to his favorites first, well knowing if any other European saw it the fair *hanooms* from *Yankee-doonia* could never have a chance to wear it."

The pale blue eyes had no trace of depth, and the kind frankness of his manners disarmed suspicion.

"Poor old Kasar-Alar!" my sister said, "he needs the money—and really, Teresa, the shawl *is* beautiful! besides, you know, coming from the palace"—

"Oh, I have already a half-dozen of that sort," I replied, laughingly; "really, I cannot afford it!"

Then the old *dollol* pointed to the exquisite colors, "so softened by time, the blue," he said, "impossible to copy now—hundreds of years old, and the intricate design, so beautiful, so effective!"

The design *was* beautiful. I leaned toward the shawl; I began to examine it with interest—still no trace of exultation in the watery blue eyes.

"If the *hanoom* would only take it! she is rich, and poor Kasar-Alar has no money to buy fuel for his hearth." I drew out my purse feeling like a culprit in refusing aid to the old man, and equally so in purchasing another shawl. I was just about counting out the silver, when some one pulled my gown from behind, and turning I saw my Persian maid, who assumed to be knitting, making some curious signals.

I finally decided the shawl must be left at the house for inspection till evening, I would perhaps take it *then*.

Kasar-Alar had hardly passed beyond the court when the maid, quickly taking out her pocket-handkerchief, wet and rubbed the delicate blue of the shawl. The threads were discovered to have been retouched by a modern brush, both on the right and wrong side.

The shawl being of fine quality, was probably an old and faded one, bought at the bazaars as unsalable, and thus deftly transformed.

It is needless to say, so perfect an actor as old Kasar-Alar had made himself one of the richest of all the *dollols;* indeed, we discovered eventually that he was at the head of a syndicate—so to speak—of traveling peddlers, and doubtless it was in his fertile brain many of the tricks and devices originated by which we had suffered.

I was told by an English official of rank in Teheran that he once bought a unique and very valuable gold coin from a *dollol* who had first taken it to a collector of curios in the city, who upon recognizing its value had offered at once a fair price for it. The *dollol* presuming from his readiness to pay so much that he would pay *more*, immediately doubled the selling price and the collector declined to take it.

The Englishman had had a longer experience in Persia and had gained worldly wisdom thereby. When the *dollol* told him what the collector had offered, he laughed in derision, exclaiming: "*Mashallah!* you had better take it back to him!"

The *dollol* grew frightened and his coin quickly depreciated in his esteem.

"What will the *sahib* give?" he asked, tremblingly.

The Englishman replied with a yawn, very indifferently: "Oh, perhaps *half* that sum"; the result being that the Englishman bought the coin for considerably less than had been at first offered.

This system of trading becomes, necessarily, extremely demoralizing. One rejoices to get out of the country, if for no other reason than to reach a land of "fixed prices."

The bazaars of Teheran are said to be next to those of Constantinople in interest; but are rarely, if ever, visited by ladies of rank.

It is hardly pleasant for European women to walk in the Persian quarter of the city, unless disguised in the Persian mantle and dress. Even then they are easily detected through the difficulty of walking gracefully in the Oriental slipper.

Their awkward gait at once attracts attention, and merchants increase their prices when a foreign customer is suspected. They are willing at any time to transport their goods to the house and allow ladies to select at their leisure, but naturally grow rather sullen when nothing is purchased. This is a trial to the veteran "shopper," who seldom has a definite idea of what she wishes to purchase, only a very clear idea that she wishes to *see* everything.

Shopping in the East, tho differing so widely in its conditions, often becomes as great a consumer of time with the ladies, as that of our populous Western cities.

The *dollol* once having gained entrance, the newcomers are marked as his legitimate prey, and he soon learns their fancies, their predilections and their weaknesses. He is more or less in league with a horde of other *dollols;* and on a bright day there is scarcely an hour when some one of them is not waiting to gain entrance at your door. There, as here, women are lured to buy what they do not need, and the only safe course is to hold one's self resolutely away from temptation.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

* Chief servant or butler

THE COLUMBUS PRIZE OFFERED BY SPAIN.

THE following is the official announcement of the International Competition to be held in connection with the Fourth Centenary of the Discovery of America, translated for THE INDEPENDENT:

A competition shall take place to celebrate this great festival by a literary monument which shall commemorate it and be enduring.

The prize work shall be a prose essay, and shall be a well-reasoned historical treatise, wherein the greatness of the event to be celebrated shall be appropriately treated.

So much has been written on the subject from the sixteenth century to this day, that it appears difficult to write anything on the subject that shall be good and new. Perhaps not a little remains to be ascertained with reference to the details or the circumstances of the life and deeds of Columbus, and the Royal Academy of History is now occupied in this learned and laborious undertaking, and is collecting and editing the unpublished and unfamiliar papers relating thereto.

The book proposed as a subject of this competition should be many sided. It shall be comprehensive and synoptical, and, without being obscure or dry, it must be concise.

Altho the histories of America, of voyages and discoveries, as well as geographical books and accounts of the settlements of the Europeans in the most distant regions of the world, are legion, there is no work dealing in a worthy manner with the enterprise of the nations of the Iberian peninsula, which, from the beginning of the fifteenth century, with a determined purpose and marvelous forethought and tenacity, throughout almost a whole century of extraordinary effort, explored vast continents and islands, navigated seas never crossed before

men qualified to do the work of Convention, but to find work that really able men could find it worth their while to do. The objection to letting Negroes take their first lesson in "governing" in a diocesan convention, is just the objection against learning to swim in a tank twenty feet square with two feet depth of water. There is nothing to learn. If three Negroes among a hundred and fifty whites were, by an impossible hypothesis, to stop all the proceedings, it would, in nine cases out of ten, be rather a benefit than an injury. The great curse of ecclesiastical legislatures is that they are always tinkering and trying experiments. They scarcely ever are wise enough to do nothing. There is not the slightest need for annual operations. It would be very unwise to have a meeting or convention only every three or seven years—but for reasons that have nothing whatever to do with "governing" and making canons, with or without Negro assistance. The real reason for the frequency of conventions is to give the rural clergy and their wives "a good time." And surely the blackest human being that was ever born—especially if baptized, confirmed and ordained—is competent to take his part in that high function.

BALTIMORE, MD.

VISIT TO THE VOLCANO OF IRAZU, IN COSTA RICA.

BY AN ENGINEER.

WE were two young engineers from New England, surveying the route for a railroad across Costa Rica, from ocean to ocean. Ever since we reached San José, the capital, this volcano, rising 13.000 feet from the sea-level, had sent up its column of smoke on our north-eastern horizon, at first far away; but we had surveyed our line thus far, till now we were on its very foot-slopes. John and I had talked and planned for this visit, and now came the opportunity.

Behold us then, early one April morning, riding along the lower slopes of the mountain. Our party consisted of ourselves, our guide, Rafael, a dark-looking man of Spanish extraction, and our best *peon*, Chinchilla, all riding on mules, with *ponchos* and blankets strapped to the saddle. Rafael beguiled the way by stories of the fearful deeds of Irazu in years gone by. The last eruption took place 120 years ago, but frequent earthquakes since have shown her dormant power.

"See, Señores, what a fearful thing was done by Irazu. In 1841, all yonder city," pointing to Cartago, that lay at our left, "was laid in ruins and her beautiful cathedral, her magnificent cathedral, was utterly destroyed. The vacant place where it once stood, see yonder."

Till sunset we rode on through great upland pastures, filled with herds. Late in the day we passed a small village of *vaqueros* (herdsmen), and, night coming on, we found a camping place by a running stream, where was grass for the mules. There we had our tent pitched, our hot supper of coffee and canned meats prepared, and shortly after rolled ourselves in our blankets and lay down to sleep and dream of home and sweethearts so far away.

At four the next morning we rose, had our hot breakfast, saddled our mules by starlight, and were ready to start by the time that dawn began to peep up in the east. Our road lay now through a belt of heavy timber, and in the course of an hour we saw that we had lost our way, Rafael, spite of his heavenly name, being an uncertain guide. Fortunately I had my pocket compass with me and had taken the bearings of the peak the day before. By retracing our steps we at length found a road that led in the right direction, and tho not the shortest one it brought us out right. When we emerged from the forest there lay before us the bare peak, composed of sand and scoriæ and ashes with here and there a stunted bush. We were at so great an altitude that the air was very thin and the difficulty of breathing great. Here we found our mules could bear us no farther. So we dismounted and struggled up on foot, the yielding ashes making it hard work. A thick fog enveloped us and a northeast wind cut our faces. But we toiled on till we emerged from the fog and stood in the clear sunlight on the mountain's top. And what a view! Below us tossed and tumbled, as it were, the waves of a mighty ocean of fog, the billows rising and falling and surging hither and thither. Far away to the northeast a rent in the fog-curtain showed us the blue Atlantic, while westward we caught the play of light on the bays of the Pacific. Two oceans at once! How our hearts leaped at sight of the Atlantic whose waves bathe our native shores.

"But where, Rafael, is our volcano?"

"This way, Señores," and he led us westward till before and below us lay the volcano. It was a huge crater, a mile in circumference, with sloping sides, 500 feet in hight, save on the lower rim, where a flood of lava had some time broken through. It lay not on the exact top of the mountain but on its northern side. There were eight volcanic cones, rising in this crater, only one being in an active state and this was on the farther side from us. From a yawning mouth, 300 feet across, it sent up volumes of sulphurous smoke, while far in the bowels of the earth we heard the continual rumbling as of distant thunder. Between us and it lay a fearful region of desolation filled with ragged rocks, glassy surfaces of lava and heaps of scoriæ and ashes.

Rafael here declared we could go no farther. "Irazu would be angry and destroy us should we venture into the crater." Seeing us determined to go on he begged us to walk very softly and not to speak a loud word, lest we be treated to a shower of stones. Faithful Chinchilla said: "Where the Señores go, there I will go." So slipping, sliding, rolling, we three went down the inclined plane and then picked our rough way over lava and scoriæ till, quite wearied out, we stood by the crater. A sudden gust of wind blew the sulphurous smoke in our faces and it was so suffocating we were obliged to flee before it. Coming up another side, we gathered for a trophy some of the sulphur that crusted all the rocks about; then as the wind blew the smoke aside, we threw ourselves flat down and looked over into the yawning gulf that opened to the bowels of the earth. Stones pushed over bounded from side to side till lost to sound and sight. Deep within raged those hidden fires that supplied the ever upward rolling clouds of smoke that ceased not to rise day and night, year in and year out. But what a sudden thrill of fear went through us as we saw that this crater sloped inward directly under us. Had the thin crust on which we lay broken beneath us then indeed would have come a tragic end to our story. More quickly than I can write it, we withdrew, and giving a parting salute with our pocket pistols to Irazu, we sought to return. "Easy is the descent to Avernus, but to retrace our steps that is the labor," and so we found. Now we slipped backward on glassy surfaces, now waded through ashes and scoriæ, and, climbing with incredible labor, we found ourselves on the crater's western rim directly opposite the point at which we ought to have emerged. Between us and that was a narrow ridge in some parts but two feet wide, nowhere over ten, a quarter of a mile in length, one side falling in, a precipice steep as the wall of a house, the other a slope of sand and ashes stretching away five thousand feet and ending in a like precipice. A dog stumbling here once was unable to save himself, rolled the whole distance and was lost. To make the path the more dangerous, a strong wind was now blowing. But we were engineers accustomed to climbing fearful hights. Thanks to our good habits, our heads were clear, our nerves were steady and we walked the ridge. But ugh! how the wind did blow as if it would take us like a leaf and sweep us far out to sea.

"What, alive?" exclaimed Rafael. "When I heard you fire your pistols, I gave you up for lost."

"Ho!" said I; "our people are not afraid of such things." He looked at us as if we were indeed superior beings.

As we came down the mountain and got below the belt of fog we had a lovely view of the green fields and the red-roofed city of Cartago. Late in the afternoon we arrived at our quarters too tired for anything but to lie in our hammocks and dream over what we had seen.

HATFIELD, MASS.

THE WESTMINSTER STANDARDS.

III.

METHODS OF RELIEF.

BY PROF. CHARLES A. BRIGGS, D.D.

WE have seen in our first article that the American Presbyterian Church has taken several methods of relief from the Westminster Standards in the past two hundred years, and in our second article that further relief is necessary. We now have to examine the methods of relief that have been proposed in recent times.

(1) The easiest method of relief is a *Declaratory Act*, such as was adopted by the United Presbsterian Church of Scotland. This Act gave relief to semi-Arminians, and has been helpful to many ministers in that energetic branch of Scottish Presbyterianism. Such an Act in the American Presbyterian Church would give relief to those who are troubled by the third chapter of the Confession. The Cumberland Presbyterian Church, through its delegates to the Reformed Council at Belfast, represented that that Act was satisfactory to them. The difficulties with such an Act are chiefly two: (*a*) It introduces a secondary standard that is not in harmony with he primary standard, and (*b*) it gives relief to one party and ignores all other parties. It is doubtful whether, under present circumstances, semi-Arminians will be given relief at the cost of other parties in the Church. These other parties are willing that the third chapter should pinch and fret the semi-Arminians until they learn to become more generous and tolerant in other matters. If they are to have liberty and relief they must concede it to others. The demand for relief is too general to be overcome by a single surgical operation.

(2) The present movement in the American Presbyterian Church is in the direction of *Revision*. The Free Church of Scotland has also taken a step in the same direction. We have seen that the American Presbyterian Church has already revised four chapters of the thirty-three that make up the Confession. The movement for revision might go on in several other chapters without any great peril and without any conflict with precedents. But there are several difficulties in the way of revision.

(*a*) The revision of the four chapters mentioned was in accordance with a well-nigh unanimous change of doctrine in the Presbyterian Church. But there has been no such unanimous change in regard to the other chapters. It is true that there are semi-Arminians and Arminians in the Presbyterian Church who need relief in Chapters III, IX and X; but these are still in the minority. The vast majority of the ministry are Calvinists. They cannot consent to change the faith of the Church to semi-Arminianism by revision. It is difficult if not impossible, to make statements on the doctrines contained in these chapters in which Calvinists and Arminians can agree. The only way would be to ignore the points of difference. If that could be done then the war would be over and there would be no sufficient reason to keep the Methodist and the Presbyterian Churches apart. But it is not likely that the Presbyterian Church will forget more than two centuries and a half of testimony against Arminianism, and confess that the long combat has been a mistake and a sin.

If we could revise these three chapters to suit the semi-Arminians, the Premillenarians would put in their claim for a revision of three other chapters. There can be little doubt that the Premillenarians constitute a larger party in the Presbyterian Church than the semi-Arminians, and they are generally extreme Calvinists. These two parties are antipodes in the Presbyterian Church. Is it at all likely that the one will yield to the claims of the other, or that both will unite for mutual relief? Even if such a union for revision were possible, both parties combined would still be in a minority in the Church, and the majority might well hesitate at the serious task of revising six chapters of the Confession.

The low-churchmen are not pleased with the six chapters on the Church and Sacraments, for these chapters contain *jure divino* Presbyterianism and high views of sacramental grace. It is probable that the majority of Presbyterian ministers are at the present time low-churchmen; and they do not hesitate to depart from these chapters on the plea that they are not so essential and necessary to the Calvinistic system of the Confession as the earlier chapters that contain the characteristic doctrines of Calvinism. It is probable that it would be easier to secure a revision of these chapters than of any other section of the Confession. And yet there is a strong minority of high-churchmen in the Presbyterian Church who would not grant revision here without a struggle, for they see in these chapters a bond of union with the great historic Churches of Christendom.

It is also probable that the majority of the ministry hold contra-confessional views of the Bible, and would, if they could, insert verbal inspiration and inerrancy of the original documents, the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch and modern theories of canonicity and authenticity into the Confession; but the minority of the ministry who hold to the Westminster faith and the Reformed doctrine of the Bible would not consent to a revision that would undermine and destroy the formal principle of the Reformation and bring the Confession into conflict with biblical criticism.

It is without doubt that a large majority of the Church believe in the contra-confessional doctrines of the salvation of *all* infants and *some* of the heathen. It is probable that the phrase "*elect* infants" might by a majority vote be removed from the Standards; and the section declaring against the salvation of the heathen might be blotted out. But those who think that relief is needed in the doctrine of the Middle State or in conditional immortality would hesitate to grant relief to those who would be unwilling to grant relief to them.

It will be clear that relief is demanded in some cases by a minority and in others by a majority of the Presbyterian Church in at least thirteen chapters of the Confession of Faith. But there has been no such general change in these doctrines as in the four chapters already revised; and any attempt of a majority to make new definitions of faith in its interest would involve a protesting minority and probable division of the Church.

(*b*) The revisions that have been made have not been altogether satisfactory. The revision of 1788 removed the Westminster doctrine of the relation of Church and State but did not define the American doctrine; and so the Northern and Southern branches of the Presbyterian Church are divided, and there is great difference of opinion in both sections on this doctrine. The revision of the Chapter on Marriage and Divorce removed the prohibition of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, but left the whole question of the relation of the Church to the Levitical laws of marriage undefined. It is probable that any other revisions would have the same result. They might remove some difficulties, but they would make other and possibly greater difficulties.

(*c*) The revisions now asked for require more thorough changes than any that have been attempted hitherto. They enter into the very pith and marrow of the system; they have to do with the Calvinism of the system. It is impossible to remove the Calvinism from the Stand-

ards by a revision of the three more difficult chapters. Sentences and phrases will need changing here and there throughout the Confession. The Calvinistic doctrine of the order of salvation is involved in these proposed changes, the great fundamental principles of the Reformation, the doctrine of the Bible and justification by faith, the whole question of the Future life. If any historical scholar will look at the matter with his eyes open he will see that any revision that proposes to satisfy the cries for relief, will be so thorough that the greater part of the Confession and Catechism must be revised, and they would be patched all over with inconsistent and inharmonious statements. The work is so great, the possibilities of success are so slight and the results are sure to be so unsatisfactory that I do not see how any wise theologian can consent to engage in any such movement.

(3) The Presbyterian Church of England undertook the work of constructing a *New Creed*. This Creed has been composed by an able and wise committee and is now before the Church for adoption. It gives general satisfaction, and will probably become the Creed of that compact little Church at the next General Synod.

The American Presbyterian Church, in 1788, made a new Form of Government and a new Directory of Worship. Why should there be any hesitation about a new Confession of Faith and New Catechisms? The only question we have to determine is whether this is the way to give relief under present circumstances.

(*a*) In my opinion the American Presbyterian Church cannot construct new doctrinal standards at the present time. There are many differences of opinion that can hardly be harmonized in general statements. The only way in which a new Confession could be composed would be either by a majority vote with a protesting minority or by consent to exclude from the Confession all moot questions and make a very short and simple creed. It is possible that the American Presbyterian Church may come to this result after some years. But at present the several parties are not prepared to make the concessions.

(*b*) We are passing through a transition period in Theology, and no one can tell what will be the doctrines of the next century. It is probable that a period of great theological conflict is upon us. The battle will result in new definitions of the Faith; and a new Creed will spring forth from the victories of divine truth. No good creed was ever made in cold blood.

(*c*) If the Presbyterian Church is to construct a new creed to harmonize all its parties, why should it enter upon this work alone? We have to consider the possibilities of a Federal Union or Confederation of all the Reformed Churches. Would it not be wiser and safer to leave the new creed for such a Federal Union? Moreover, the spirit of unity is abroad and there are possibilities of a reunion of some kind in which all Protestant bodies will share. The irenic movement is advancing more rapidly than the polemic, and will probably envelop it and absorb it. Such a united Protestantism will need a new creed to express the common faith. It is probable that new doctrinal standards in the Presbyterian Church would hinder rather than forward the advance toward Reunion.

For these reasons it seems to me that broad-churchmen will agree with the conservatives that new doctrinal standards are not practicable at the present time in the American Presbyterian Church.

(4) What relief then is practicable? I answer (*a*) The first method of relief is the *historic interpretation of the Westminster Standards*. The great difficulty in the Presbyterian Church at the present time is, that the ministers and the people do not know the Westminster Standards. The first step to take when a Church is dissatisfied with its Standards is to study them. The dissatisfaction is due chiefly to ignorance. Let the Shorter Catechism be studied in a systematic way in the Sabbath-schools. Let the Larger Catechism be expounded to the people by the ministers in courses of lectures. Let the Confession and the Catechism be studied systematically in the theological seminaries and in clubs of ministers. That is the only way in which the ministry and the people can know the Westminster system of doctrines. That is the way in which they used to know it in former generations when they found few difficulties and felt no need of relief. The difficulty has been that the theological seminaries have taught dogmatic systems that are not in harmony with the Westminster system, and the ministers have preached other forms of doctrines than those of the Westminster system, and the people do not know the official doctrines of their Church. If a Church neglects to study its Standards it surely will have difficulty with them. Such a neglect is an indirect way of casting them aside. The Presbyterian Church is guilty of this sin against its Standards. This sin has brought its inevitable punishment of difficulties. The difficulties of this ignorance will be removed by the light of knowledge. A study of the Confession and Catechism through their authors, the Westminster divines, will give relief in many directions to many minds and remove not a few difficulties. The Westminster system is more comprehensive, more catholic, more scriptural, more liberal and more progressive than the doctrines that now prevail in the Presbyterian Church.

(*b*) The second method of relief is the *historic interpretation of the terms of subscription*. The American terms of subscription are the most generous that can be found in any Presbyterian Church in the world. They were designed to be broad, catholic and comprehensive. They bind the minister, elder and deacon, to the Westminster system of doctrine, to the articles that are essential and necessary to the system. Whatever is unnecessary and unessential does not bind. In all these matters he is free to think and teach in accordance with his judgment. The terms of subscription also protect from the imposition of extra-confessional doctrines. A presbytery cannot lawfully impose upon any minister, licentiate or student any more than the essential and necessary articles of the Westminster system. But presbyteries are constantly transgressing these bounds and are imposing the opinions of a majority of ministers upon a minority of their own members, and especially upon candidates under examination for licensure. Here is the point where relief is chiefly needed. Presbyteries are too exacting of young men. They exact of them what they do not exact of ministers among themselves; they exact of them what they have no right to exact under the Constitution of the Church; they violate the law of the Church, which protects the minister and student from the imposition of extra-confessional doctrines or anything that is not in the essential and necessary articles of Confession. The chief matters of discussion in theology at the present time are beyond the bounds of the Standards, in matters of biblical, scientific and historical criticism, and the future life, that have not been determined by the Westminster divines. The chief difficulty is the effort on the part of the so-called conservatives to prevent progress in theology by the imposition of the extra-confessional theories of traditional theology. I do not know whether it is possible to stay the hands of majorities in presbyteries in any other way than by appeals to the General Assembly and possibly to the civil courts; but in some way the presbyteries must learn to keep within the limits of the Constitution and respect the rights of men who are called of God into the ministry. Some of the presbyteries are little better than a new inquisition. The historic interpretation of the terms of subscription and strict conformity to the Constitution of the Church on the part of all the presbyteries, will give in large measure the relief that is needed.

(*c*) If any minister is in doubt whether he is in accord with the essential and necessary articles of the Confession, the Presbytery has authority to resolve the doubt; and if this is not sufficient, the question may be determined by appeal to the Synod, General Assembly and ultimately to the civil courts. It is my opinion that if such appeals were taken in behalf of semi-Arminians, Premillenarians, non-Churchmen, and Scripturalists, who base the authority of the Scripture on the testimony of the Church or human authors, these men would all be rejected as conflicting with the essential and necessary articles of the Westminster Confession. For such brethren the only possible relief is toleration. They cannot be officially tolerated under the Constitution of the Presbyterian Church, but they may be unofficially tolerated so long as no one undertakes to play the part of a heresy hunter and bring them to trial. We grant that this is an unsatisfactory state of affairs for them. They would prefer the recognition of the orthodoxy of their views. They, doubtless, would be rejoiced if their theories were victorious over all others. But they can hardly expect the majority to give way to them and change the historic faith of the Church for their accommodation. All these views that ask for toleration are heterodox, and we cannot recognize them as orthodox. Those who hold them must ultimately give way to the truth of the Westminster system. The Westminster system will not yield to them. Toleration is a convenience in British and American Christianity for minorities in Church and State, and, so long as the majorities are generous, kind and catholic, the minority have all that they can reasonably expect.

Intolerance is, however, one of the weak points of historic Presbyterianism. The conscience of a Presbyterian has been, as a rule, rather stiff. He has been inclined to identify his conscience with his opinions; and accordingly the history of Presbyterianism has been a history of conflict and division. The Presbyterian conscience in recent times has been softened and made more sensitive to the rights and opinions of others; and the spirit of toleration, charity and catholicity has gained ground. This is the most hopeful feature of the situation, and suggests the third mode of relief. *A broad, catholic Presbyterianism will tolerate differences, and strive to harmonize them in the bosom of the Church.* This will beget a true revival and progress. This will prepare the way for the reunion of the Church, not only in its Presbyterian branches, but also in all its evangelical members.

Then, when the Church is full of the Spirit of God and alive to all that is true and good, and is united in its efforts to overcome the world and transform it into the kingdom of God—then we may expect an advance in theology to greater hights, where differences will disappear in larger harmonies, and a new creed will spring forth from the minds of men that will express the new faith and new life, and be the common doctrine of the holy and Catholic Church of Christ.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, N. Y.

"DOWN IN OREGON."

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

"LET us go down in Oregon, God's country, and eat red apples." This is an old expression of the California miner. It meant a great deal in the dear old days. For it cost more time and a deal more money to cross the huge black mountains that hung in the clouds between Oregon and California then than it does to make the trip to Europe now.

This glorious black mountain, dense with pine and fir and cedar, spotted with snow-white clouds, green with grasses, too, under the tremendous trees, sits serenely between the two great Pacific States quite as notable and far more magnificent than the Alps that divide the nations of Europe.

And now the hush of woods "where rolls the Oregon" has at last been broken by the thunder of the engine. This splendid array of mountains was the last in all the vast dominion of the Union to surrender. This was the "old guard." It deserves more than a passing mention. It is destined to be the most famous passage in all the extended route of travel that reaches from Mexico to British America; because it is the most magnificent. Indeed, I take the responsibility of saying that it presents the grandest and most inspiring spectacle to be encountered on this continent.

Bear with me. I do not intend to attempt a description. I have not the audacity to undertake the impossible. Besides that these papers are meant to be of a very practical character. I am to keep down out of the clouds and set my feet solidly on tillable soil. But a brief outline of the nature and name of this matchless cloud-land will not be lost on the reader, I am sure. For this is new. The road by rail is only this year completed, and the glorious scenery here sits waiting for its poet.

The Cis-Ca-yu Mountains! Forty years ago this was a name of terror. Savages prowled here and made the only land-way to California impossible for half a year together. Besides that the mountain trail, muddy at all times from the continuous clouds and mountain springs, blocked with fallen timber, perilous from precipitous rocks—well it was a dreadful way at best; and yesterday when I heard a kid-glove gentleman from San Francisco say that it was "a pity to spoil such scenery by building a railroad through it," I almost wanted to lift him up by the hair and let him fall a few thousand feet "down into Oregon." If this man had struggled up these slippery steeps on foot, or even clung to the back of a mule, as we Oregonians so often had to do in the old days, he would have been better able to appreciate what the builders of this newest and noblest piece of engineering have done for civilization.

This mountain range runs at right angles with the ocean bank, sixty miles distant to the west here where we cross it, and here is set up, by Nature, a single tower of granite hundreds of feet above the clouds. This marks the line between Oregon and California. Here is rudely outlined the portion of a horse. The "oldest inhabitant" tells me that this gave the name to this remarkable range of mountains. In the old days we did not call a horse a horse, we always called him a coyuse, the Indian name for a horse, and so the mountains came to be called Coyuse Mountains. But years after when a trail was broken over the black barrier into California then the Oregonian began to say "Cis-Coy-use"; or, this side of the Coyuse, just as the Romans used to say Cis, or this side of the Alps. Later on the spelling was phonetically rounded down into Sis-ki-you. To-day the northern county of California thus finds its limit here against the granite formation of "the horse" is called Siskiyou County on the maps. But the pronunciation all over the land is now simply "Sis-kew."

I have been thus tedious over the formation of this word "Sis-kew"—and have taken great pains to get at the truth, at the same time admitting that I am far from certain that this is entirely right; for like many another pretty name its origin grows dim with the obscurity of time—because, as said before, this is destined to be one of the most notable points, simply because of its supreme splendor, on all the circuit of railroad travel in the United States.

The two huge engines here, specially built for the purpose, pull you up through the precipitous black woods that shut in Oregon with an effort that amounts almost to human agony. And you are glad to the heart when they cease to groan and burrow their black faces in the long tunnel that opens into Oregon.

It is in the tortuous descent here that the sublimity breaks in upon you in all its cloud-built splendor. For, far below lie the emerald valleys of Oregon in all their sunlit glory. The clouds are still below you as you twist and turn and dart and dash around the granite peaks and through the somber trees, but far below the clouds at your feet lie the sunlit valleys of Oregon. And you can see orchards looking down over and through the tree-tops, and down over and through the clouds below you. And you can see flocks and herds, no larger than fly-specks, resting by the silver river as it winds and winds and winds away toward the ocean. There are roads and lanes that look to be no larger than the lines on the paper on which you write. There are many little towns; the houses look to be no bigger than the