

The Princeton Theological Review

CONTENTS

Apocalypses and the Date of Daniel	529
R. D. WILSON	
Marxian Socialism	546
W. M. CLOW	
Oberlin Perfectionism—Article IV	568
B. B. WARFIELD	
James Waddell,—The Blind Preacher of Virginia	620
C. E. MACARTNEY	
Modernism in China	630
W. H. GRIFFITH THOMAS	
Reviews of Recent Literature	672
Survey of Periodical Literature	707

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS
PRINCETON

LONDON: HUMPHREY MILFORD
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

1921

The Princeton Theological Review

EDITED FOR

THE FACULTY OF PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

BY

OSWALD T. ALLIS

Each author is solely responsible for the views expressed in his article
Notice of discontinuance must be sent to the Publishers; otherwise subscriptions will be continued

Subscription \$2.00 a year, 60 cents a copy, for the U. S. A. and Canada

Foreign postage 50 cents additional

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at Princeton, N. J.

BOOKS REVIEWED

BACON, B. W., <i>Jesus and Paul</i>	684
BAKER, E. D., <i>The Beginner's Book in Religion</i>	692
BOREHAM, F. W., <i>A Reel of Rainbows. A Bunch of Everlastings, or Texts that Made History</i>	695
<i>By an Unknown Disciple</i>	691
CADMAN, S. P., et al. <i>The Problem of Christian Unity</i>	696
CAMPBELL, J. M., <i>What Christian Science Means and What we can Learn from it</i>	673
DAU, W. H. T., <i>At the Tribunal of Caesar</i>	688
FOERSTER, E., <i>Gottes Ernst und Güte</i>	705
GARVIE, A. E., <i>Tutors unto Christ</i>	699
HERZBERGER, F. W., <i>The Family Altar</i>	691
JORDAN, L. H., <i>Comparative Religion</i>	703
KYLE, M. G., <i>Moses and the Monuments. Light from Archaeology on Pentateuchal Times</i>	675
KYLE, M. G., <i>The Problem of the Pentateuch. A New Solution by Archaeological Methods</i>	675
LANGDALE, J. W., <i>Citizenship and Moral Reform</i>	695
MACKAY, W. M., <i>The Disease and Remedy of Sin</i>	672
MANNING, W. T., <i>The Call to Unity</i>	696
MEYER, H. H., <i>The Lesson Handbook, 1921</i>	692
MUNKERS, A., <i>Primary Methods in the Church School</i>	692
PATTERSON, W. P., and RUSSELL, D., Eds., <i>The Power of Prayer</i> ..	693
PETRE, M. D., <i>George Tyrrell's Letters</i>	694
RICE, J. A., <i>The Old Testament in the Light of Today</i>	676
SMYTH, J. K., and WUNSCH, W. F., <i>The Gist of Swedenborg</i>	689
SNOWDEN, J. H., <i>The Attractions of the Ministry</i>	690
SNOWDEN, J. H., <i>The Truth about Christian Science: The Founder and the Faith</i>	673
SOPER, E. D., <i>The Religions of Mankind</i>	699
WISHART, C. F., <i>The Range Finders</i>	690
WOOLBERT, C. H., <i>The Fundamentals of Speech</i>	704
ZWEMER, S. M., <i>A Moslem Seeker After God</i>	702

The Princeton Theological Review

OCTOBER, 1921

APOCALYPSES AND THE DATE OF DANIEL

Apocalypse means revelation. In Biblical literature and the literature connected with it, there is a large number of books either in part or in whole of an apocalyptic character, either real or assumed, in which there purports to be unveiled before us the secrets of the past, the present, or the future, which could not have been learned by mere human insight or foresight. The preliminary question, and perhaps the more important question, to be answered before we consider the specific case of Daniel, is therefore, whether such a thing as a revelation has taken place, or at least whether it is possible. Every one who believes that Jesus is the Son of God and also every one who believes in the claims of the prophets of the Old Testament, must believe both in the possibility and the fact of such a thing as revelation by God to man. It is to such, and such only, that the discussion in this article is addressed, and we shall discuss in their proper place whether there is anything in the revelations contained in Daniel either in form or in character and content which renders it impossible to believe in the possibility or in the actuality of their having been made in the 6th century B. C.

The necessity of entering upon this discussion arises, not from the fact that their predictive character is denied by those who reject the Theistic system, but because in its most essential features it is impugned by many who profess their belief that "God who at sundry times and in divers manners spoke in times past unto the fathers and the prophets hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son." The objections to Daniel to which attention is called will be stated, then, in the words of Professor Charles, profes-

JAMES WADDELL,—THE BLIND PREACHER OF VIRGINIA

It is not always easy to say how much of the fame that has gathered about a man of the past is due to his native abilities and how much to the pen of his biographer. There had to be, indeed, some measure of public note and recognition before the man attracted the attention of the biographer. His name appears frequently in the records of the Presbyteries of Virginia; but it is doubtful if today anyone ever would have heard of the blind preacher, James Waddell, had it not been for the celebrated sketch of him and his preaching by the graceful pen of William Wirt in the "British Spy." However famous the preacher may or may not have been, the account of him by William Wirt is one of the finest pieces of American prose.

James Waddell was born in Ireland, July 1739. That same year his parents migrated to America and settled in Pennsylvania. His parents were God-fearing, and the prayers of his mother had a thrilling and an abiding influence upon his mind. One of the reasons for the boy being sent to school was an accident of which he was the victim when on a hunting expedition, his hand being nearly severed by the blow of an axe with which he and a brother were chopping out a hare from a tree. He was sent to the Academy at Nottingham, then under the principalship of Dr. Finley, who died as President of Princeton. Among his schoolmates at Nottingham was Benjamin Rush, and William L. Tennent. When at school in Nottingham he became deeply and definitely religious and grounded his hopes on the propitiatory death of Christ on the Cross. He longed to see Christ on earth that he might ask Him who healed withered limbs to heal his hand.

After a short term as a teacher in Virginia he came into the pastorate of the churches in Lancaster and Northumberland counties, in the lower part of the Great Northern Neck of Virginia, that portion of Virginia lying between the

Potomac and Rappahannock Rivers. There he quickly made a mark for himself and continued as pastor until ill-health and the incursions of the British during the Revolution occasioned his removal to the church of Tinkling Spring in the Shenandoah Valley. Here he had a ministry of seven years and then removed to Louisa, near Gordonsville, in Orange County, and on the east slope of the Blue Ridge. His meeting house was rude, a "ruinous, old, wooden house in the forest," as William Wirt describes it, and his congregation so small that visitors would leave the house exclaiming, "Does nobody here know what an orator James Waddell is?"

Always deficient in eyesight, his later life was shadowed by complete blindness. The rude surgery of the times afforded him some temporary relief from the cataract, and for a brief day his sun shone again, but only to go out and leave him in total darkness. His method of preparation for the pulpit during these years of blindness was to have his children read the analogous passages from Cruden's Concordance and the notes from the various commentaries. He then dictated the heads of the sermon which were afterwards read over to him. "For hours he would lie at full length upon his back, his right arm thrown carelessly over his head, his long fingers moving in measured beats noting both the vacuity and fulness of his thoughts, and the passage of time. That tapping of those fingers, like their gentle swing in the pulpit, was full of feeling and eloquence. The man of power was listless, or in a reverie, or his checked feeling was seeking some fit expression for a glowing thought." No doubt this deep introspective homiletical method has the effect of adding to the intensity of his preaching, giving the impression that the sermon was something which had come up out of the innermost depths of his soul.

A friend who enjoyed the intimacy of Waddell's home thus writes in the *Southern Literary Messenger* of the joy of the old man when his sight was temporarily restored:

"The scene, without dispute, was the most moving I had ever witnessed. The father could again see his children who rivetted his attention and absorbed his soul. Among these, emotions of intense interest and varied suggestion were visible in the eye, the countenance and hurried movements. The bursts of laughter—the running to and fro—the clapping of hands—the sending for absent friends—and then the silent tear bedewing the cheek in touching interlude—the eager gazes of old servants, and the unmeaning wonder of young ones—in short, the happy confusion from the agitation of joy—all taken together, was a scene better adapted to the pencil than the pen, and which a master's hand might have been proud to sketch. How I regretted that the mantle of some Raphael or Michael Angelo had not fallen upon me; then had my fame and my feelings each been identified with the scene, and others should have been permitted to view upon the canvass what I must fail to describe upon paper.

"The paroxysm produced by the arrival of the glasses having passed away, and a partial experiment having satisfied all of their adaptation to the diseased eye; behold! the Patriarch seated upon his large arm-chair, with his children around him, and scanning with affectionate curiosity the bashful group. There was a visible shyness among the lesser members of the family community while undergoing this fatherly scrutiny, not unlike that produced by a long absence. The fondness of a father in contemplating those most dear to him was never more rationally exemplified, or exquisitely enjoyed than on this occasion.

"And now, the venerable man arising from his seat and grasping a long staff which lay convenient to him, had proceeded but a short distance, when the staff itself seemed powerfully, but momentarily, to engage his attention—it had been the companion of his darkest days, the pioneer of his domestic travels, and the supporter of a weak and tottering frame.

"He next proceeded to the front door to take a view of the mountains, the beautiful south-west range stretching out in lovely prospect at the distance of about three miles. All followed, myself among the rest; and the mountain scene, though viewed a thousand times before, was now gazed upon with deeper interest, and presented a greater variety of beauty than ever."

One who knew him thus describes his personal appearance: "He was tall, thin—spare,—very spare as he grew older—had a long visage,—his forehead being high,—his nose and chin long,—his face thin,—his eyes light blue and his complexion fair. He wore long white boots,—small clothes buckled at the knees—a long loose strait-bodied coat,—and a white wig. He was seldom vehement in delivery—often excited, never boisterous,—often deeply pathetic in tone and manner,—very courtly in his manners—and used much gesture with both hands."

One of the anecdotes which carries the tradition of the power of his preaching is of his once preaching to a congregation of rough sailors who had come up the river. His text was, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" In the midst of the sermon Dr. Waddell put the inquiry, "And what does Peter say?" An old sailor of that name, rising from his seat, with tears running down his face, and supposing that the preacher had spoken to him, replied, "Lord, thou knowest all things. Thou knowest that I love thee!"

From the reports of his preaching it is perfectly clear that he had for the foundation of his eloquence a complete adherence to the great doctrines of grace. He was not distributing finely turned ethical epigrams, but heralding the great story of the redeeming passion of Christ. What an arena that is for the display of all the powers of logic and all the beauties of emotion! There is an eloquence associated with the preaching of the saving grace of God in Christ which obtains nowhere else. It makes its own peculiar appeal as it has its own peculiar source. Henry Ward Beecher, Phillips Brooks, and other celebrated preachers of the American pulpit were great preachers. But their sermons and their preaching had little of that eloquence which springs out of the effort to make real to men the love of God as revealed in the propitiatory death of Jesus on the Cross. That old word "unction" is about as near as I can come to explaining what I mean. Waddell, it is plain from the beautiful description of Wirt, had this

glowing evangelical eloquence. Paul had it; Spurgeon had it; and to a greater or less degree it has been possessed by thousands of humble preachers of the Cross of Christ over whom has fallen the mantle of oblivion. Indeed, it is such preaching—preaching that seeks to exalt Jesus as a Saviour—that has kept the Church in the world; and all other kinds of preaching, of which there is now, alas! such a quantity, really presupposes that there are those who do make the effort to present Christ as the One who reconciles sinful man with an offended God. Moral sermons may be very powerful and make an appeal and an impression which shall last a long lifetime; and mystical preaching may stir the meditative faculties of man; but the highest form of preaching, and the only transforming kind of preaching, is that which glories in the Cross of Christ.

The following passages from the exquisite brochure of William Wirt will let us see the blind Boanerges as he appeared in the pulpit:

“It was one Sunday, as I travelled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house, in the forest, not far from the roadside. Having frequently seen such objects before, in travelling through these States, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

“Devotion should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity, to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance; he was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

“The first emotions which touched my breast, were those of mingled pity and veneration. But ah! how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of administration of the sacrament; and his subject, of course, was the passion of

our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times—I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos, than I had ever before witnessed.

“As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

“He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour; his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion, and his death. I knew the whole history; but never, till then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so coloured! It was all new: and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enumeration was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews: the staring frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet; my soul kindled with a flame of indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clenched.

“But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven; his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, ‘Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do’—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter; until his utterances being obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

“It was some time before the tumult had subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But no;

the descent was as beautiful and sublime, as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

"The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rousseau,—'Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!'

"I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you can perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. . . . You are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well accented enunciation, his voice of affecting trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then, the few minutes of portentous, death-like silence which reigned throughout the house; the preacher removing his white handkerchief from his aged face, (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears), and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence,—'Socrates died like a philosopher'—then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his 'sightless balls' to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice—'but Jesus Christ—like a God!' If he had been indeed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

"Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon, or the force of Bourdaloue, had fallen far short of the power which I felt from the delivery of this simple sentence. The blood, which just before had rushed in a hurricane upon my brain, and in the violence and agony of my feelings, had held my whole system in suspense, now ran back into my heart, with a sensation which I cannot describe—a kind of shuddering, delicious horror! The paroxysm of blended piety and indignation to which I had been transported, subsided into the deepest self-abasement, humility and adoration. I had just been lacerated and dissolved by sympathy, for our Saviour as a fellow-creature; but now, with fear and trembling, I adored him as—'a God!'

"This man has been before my imagination almost ever since. A thousand times, as I rode along, I dropped the reins of my bridle, stretched forth my hand, and tried to imitate his quotation from Rousseau; a thousand times I abandoned the attempt in despair, and felt persuaded that his peculiar manner and power arose from an energy of soul, which nature could give, but which no human being

could justly copy. In short, he seems to be altogether a being of a former age, or of a totally different nature from the rest of men.

"Guess my surprise, when, on my arrival at Richmond, and mentioning the name of this man, I found not one person who had ever heard of James Waddell. Is it not strange, that such a genius as this, so accomplished a scholar, so divine an orator, should be permitted to languish and die in obscurity within eighty miles of the metropolis of Virginia?"

It is now clear that this "so accomplished scholar and so divine an orator" was not a prophet so little honored and known as the words of Wirt's eulogy would lead us to suppose. He was well known, and seems to have been one of the celebrities of the church in Virginia. James Madison, President of the United States, was a neighbor and a frequent hearer, and the leading men of the day were often seen in his house. Patrick Henry knew his preaching well and thought that Waddell and Samuel Davies were the greatest orators of the day.

The reader of Wirt's sketch is tempted to wonder how much of it is pure poetic imagination and how much is fact. One of the sons-in-law of Waddell asked Wirt that very question at Baltimore in 1830. Wirt responded that he may have drawn on imagination for time, place, and occasion, and that what he had heard by the fire-side may have been introduced into the sermon from the pulpit; but that so far as the eloquence and impression of his sermons were concerned the sketch far from being an exaggeration, had fallen short of the truth. Wirt himself knew Waddell and was frequently in his home, though one might judge from his eulogy that he had never seen him before. A copy of the article by Wirt was sent to Dr. Waddell and the old man was much grieved with it. In reply to a complimentary letter which spake of the eulogy by Wirt Waddell wrote, "*Haud merita laus; opprobrium est.*"

The sun was setting on a summer's day in 1801 when a young Presbyterian minister reined up his horse at a Vir-

ginia cross roads and deliberated as to whether he should take the road leading to the home of the Rev. John Todd or the Rev. James Waddell. He chose the road that led him to the door of the blind preacher. It was a trifling incident, yet one of those little events in a man's life upon which great issues turn. The young man was none other than Archibald Alexander. He found Waddell's charming daughter Janetta reading to her father and helping him in the preparation of his sermons. In the following April Janetta became the wife of Archibald Alexander. James Waddell is thus brought very nigh to all Princetonians, for by this marriage he became the father-in-law of Archibald Alexander and, in the course of time, the grandfather of James Waddell Alexander, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, and professor of ecclesiastical history in Princeton Theological Seminary, and his brother Joseph Addison Alexander, who occupied almost every chair in the Seminary.

Dr. Archibald Alexander, writing from Princeton in 1848, says that he heard his celebrated father-in-law preach only once. His subject was the Pharisee and the Publican, and he recalled how Waddell gave a vivid description of the Pharisee, not as the narrative paints him, but as he appeared to the people, a man of probity and high character. Alexander also speaks of hearing Waddell defend an accused minister before a meeting of the Hanover Presbytery. He says it was the most moving piece of eloquence that he had ever heard. A learned elder who was present said he had heard Patrick Henry at his best and that this speech by Waddell was a perfect specimen of eloquence. Before his death Waddell left directions that all his manuscripts should be burned. There are therefore no specimens of his sermons extant. The sermon reported by Wirt is probably, so far as the matter is concerned, more that of Wirt than that of Waddell. Old Father Mitchell once said to Waddell's grandson, James Waddell Alexander, "When other men preach, one looks to see who is affected; when Dr. Wad-

dell preaches those who were *not* affected were the exception. Whole congregations were bathed in tears." There are many anecdotes carried down on the river of tradition which tell of the remarkable effect this man's preaching had upon those who sat under him. Doubtless these are preserved in households in Virginia and elsewhere unto the present day. His grandson Dr. James Waddell Alexander speaks of the great number that were current in his day. We wish, but wish in vain, that we might come upon some of them in our day. Yet enough remains to let us know that here was a real Boanerges, able to sweep with a master's touch all the strings of that harp which God hath hung within the breast of man.

Philadelphia.

CLARENCE EDWARD MACARTNEY.