

The Independent.

Entered at the Post-office at New York, as Second-class Mail Matter.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

VOLUME XXXV.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1883.

NUMBER 1790.

The Independent.

EASTER.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

I HAVE no frankincense, no myrrh,
I have no spice, no oil;
But here are snowy Roses, Christ,
Without a stain or soil.
O fairest Lord, for thy dear sake,
My Roses take.

I have no silver, and no gem,
No virgin gold for thee;
But here are Lilies white as light
And sweet with purity.
O fairest Lord, for Thy dear sake
My Lilies take.

JOHN'S ISLAND, N. C.

GOOD FRIDAY.—EASTER.

BY MARY L. McLANATHAN.

Muse on thy Lord's sharp pains
Borne, soul, for thee;
Think how He broke Death's chains
To set thee free.

Muse on the joy He brought
Forth from the tomb;
Think how thy life He bought,
Bearing Death's doom.

Lilies of Easter-tide
Blossom for thee;
Pardoned and purified,
Rise, soul, set free!

NEW YORK CITY.

THE RESURRECTION.

BY THOMAS HILL, D.D.

WHILE yet the western heavens were all aglow
With lingering steps of day, the full-orbed
moon

Rose slowly o'er the heights of Olivet;
The Sabbath stillness had not passed away.

The guilty city, which the day before
Exulted in the murder of the Just,
Lay hushed in moonlight. Through its lonely
streets

But few were moving. On its level roofs
Reclining groups held converse with the stars,
Or in hushed whispers spoke of Jesus' death.
"Might it not be," some asked, "He was, as
claimed

By fond disciples, Israel's rightful king?
'Twas said, indeed, that, at the judgment bar
Of Pilate, He had owned He was a king.
Perchance his taking off was treason's act,
Which must bring judgment down from
righteous Heaven.

This moonlight stillness, was it but the lull
Which prefaces the tempest's awful wrath?
And still they dared not answer, to themselves,
The questions which they asked.

The night wore on;
The moon, at length, rode down the western
sky;
And feverish watchers scanned the eastern
hills,

With longing, for the earliest glimpse of dawn.
Then from the northern gate two women
steal,

To seek, alone, the spot where Jesus lies.
His sacred body they would still embalm
With spice and nard, and with affection's tears.
Soon, hastily returning, they arouse
The impetuous Peter and the ardent John.
The four go back, to seek the garden grave.
The sepulcher no longer holds its dead!
The women weep that sacrilegious hands
Have robbed the tomb; the men go in the
cave.

There lies the napkin; here the linen cloth;
The cerements which had wrapped the holy
clay;

But that which they had held was gone!
Then John and Peter, wondering at the theft,
And wondering that the thieves had left the
cloths,

Return, with one companion, leaving there
Mary, who stands and still in silence weeps.

"Oh! grateful heart! what strong affection
beats

In every pulse that shakes her heaving breast!
Oh! grateful heart! what treasures shall be
thine,

What honors, that shall be vouchsafed to thee,
To thee alone? Thou art the first to know
That fact which soon the Roman Empire raised
From its abyss of sin; yes, all the world.
Lo! thine arisen Lord has deigned to come,
To still, with tender words, thine anxious fear
And give thee peace. "Why weepest thou?"
he asks.

But she, half blind with tears (while yet nor
moon,
Descending low, nor dawn was giving light),
First peered within the tomb, and angels saw;
Then thought the gardener had approached the
spot.

A third time Jesus speaks and calls her name.
Her name, thus spoken, thrills through all her
soul;

Her sense is opened and she knows her Lord.
The tide of feeling, suddenly thus turned
From grief to joy, tumultuously rolls
Within her heart, and its own utterance
chokes;

But, falling at his feet, she simply cries:
My Master!

He replied: "Detain me not!
Go, tell my brethren, I will meet them soon."
She, still bewildered, goes to tell the tale
To those who saw, with her, the empty tomb.
From mouth to mouth the rapid tidings fly.
The faithful friends of Jesus hear with hope;
His foes with unbelief, yet trembling fear.
Day wore away, and later moonrise left
A transient darkness; ten of those whom he
Had chosen from the rest, in secret meet,
To talk of Mary's news or question her.
Lo! when the doors were shut, Himself was
there!

All stand amazed; while He, in gentle tones,
Bestows his blessing; bids them all behold
His wounded hands and side, and then receive
His last commission, take the keys of power,
And bear the Gospel forth through every land.

Oh! ne'er before, nor since, have words so sweet
Borne fruit so rich, produced effect so great.
Henceforth shall Peter well deserve his name,
Nor maiden's taunts make him deny his Lord;
No longer, at the sight of Roman guards,
Basely shall all forsake the Crucified.

But that new life which, in the garden tomb,
Brought forth the Conqueror, in immortal
strength,

Now lives in all the ten; its floods shall rise
And flow through every land, through every age,
Giving all nations an eternal Spring.

'Twas in the Springtime God from Egypt
called

His chosen race; 'twas Springtime when he
raised,

From death's Egyptian darkness, his dear Son.
The ten in deep amazement, bid him joy,
Receive his parting charge; he then departs.
And when their swelling hearts an utterance
found,

The first glad Easter hymn as incense rose to
God.

"From the midnight of the grave,
All victorious, strong to save,
Comes refulgent as the sun,
Jesus, God's anointed One.

"Darkness He has driven away;
He has brought immortal day;
Death and Hades strive in vain
Night and chaos to retain.

"Hail! though mighty Conqueror,
Wonderful and counselor,
Lord of glory, Prince of peace;
Never shall thine empire cease.

"Jesus, from among the dead,
Raises his triumphant head;
Sings the glad, exultant strain,
Hell is conquered, Death is slain!"

PORTLAND, ME.

MATTERS OVER IN FRANCE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

GAMBETTA called 1892 "*Une année funeste*," and so it seemed to us, when, after all its fatal work, its last receding wave laid a stealthy hold on the magnificent wreck of his great life, and bore it off in the midnight darkness, and down into the tideless, soundless Dead Sea of the past. But the new year seems thus far to be outdoing its predecessor; almost every day's record being of disaster, loss, suffering, tragedies, and most unnatural horrors. The elements seem to be in a state of anarchy—fires, explosions, and overflows, shipwrecks and land-slides; the subsidence of towns, the moving of mountains, the flooding and firing of mines alternately appal us. From Ireland comes the strange story of an ancient reliable bog taking suddenly to traveling and whelming acres of cultivated land. All that we lack are earthquakes and tidal waves; but the new year may have them also in store for us. Here in France we have been spared physical disasters; but the political ground seems a little shaky—the political skies a trifle stormy—the institutions of a free government seem threatened by fires of sedition and Communism, and the guards of the Republic by floods of anarchy and monarchical reaction. Yet the danger seems far less serious and imminent to us in Paris, than to anxious onlookers beyond the sea. We smile over letters entreating us to flee from this City of Destruction, while it is yet time. As yet all is quiet on the Seine. Theaters and operas, concerts and balls are in full blast and not a barricade is to be seen. Nowhere are there any signs of popular disaffection or excitement. The government has been and is in a condition of perplexity, to designate it by no stronger term; but something like this was looked for when Gambetta died. Napoleon said "No man is indispensable to the world"; but it certainly seems that this man was necessary to the very existence of the French Republic. His hand held the invisible reins of power, and when it fell cold at his side the steeds of state, always "fiery and skittish" here in France, ran wildly right and left, and each chariot-tyer who has attempted to guide them since has met the fate of Icarus. Still the Bonapartist scare, what there was of it, is well over for the present. Nobody has been hurt or even badly demoralized outside of the Elysée and the Palais de Bourbon. Indeed, the incipient throes of revolution have all been confined to the legislative and administrative bodies; the people have been strangely unmoved, following steadily and intently their usual avocations and pleasures, bent on money-making or money-spending. Even the *ouverts* are undemonstrative. The reddest of the reds seem unstirred by the magnificent old ideas of patriotism and plunder. Royal palaces and the hotels of aristocrats no longer present such temptations as formerly to the Parisian populace, because it may be there is "metal more attractive" in the possessions of the stranger within their gates—in the gold easily won and lightly held of the ever-increasing multitude of rich Americans, who are making Paris one of the most prosperous and one of the dearest cities of the world. At all events, the mass of the common people evidently consider the legitimate profits of trade, the sure wages of

labor, and even the uncertain gains of speculation better than the very problematical advantages of a revolutionary *émeute*, with a communistic partition and distribution of spoils. Prince Napoleon, in arguing for a *plebiscite*, says rather pertinently: "The present rulers of France are governing on the strength of popular apathy, not by popular assent." But this apathy, when it results from disillusion, rather than from despair, from preoccupation, rather than from idleness, may be something hard to move. The old romance, chivalry, and loyalty have been in a great measure bled and taxed out of the French character, out of that of the common people, at least. *La Gloire*, as a military and patriotic shibboleth, has lost much of its power and charm. It is now gold first and glory afterward with this mercurial and mercenary people. During the late war in Egypt, there was very little shame or indignation, except, perhaps, in the breast of Gambetta, over the inglorious part played by France. Had the august ghost of the first Napoleon appeared, in his gray capote and *chapeau à cornes*, and, pointing eastward with the sword of Marengo, had again cried: "Frenchmen, from yonder pyramids forty centuries look down upon you." I believe the masses of his countrymen would have replied, in effect: "Let 'em look, if that is their business, while we attend to ours, which is not spilling the Egyptians or fighting and dying on the sands of the desert. Our looking can be done nearer home. Our battles are about the Bourse, or with the *crue* of our rivers, or the phylloxera, the small enemy which attacks our vineyards."

By the way, I am glad that, from whatever motives, pusillanimous or patriotic, France kept out of that war, and that England, the representative of the highest European Christian civilization, went in alone and did up that dreadful but necessary piece of work speedily and effectually. I rejoice to see the cross set above the crescent, even if it be in the shape of a sword-hilt. I believe England's intervention, while checking and humbling rampant Mohammedanism, opened a better way and a better life than the old for Egypt herself. If there are in that people any great elements lying dormant, a desperate struggle for national existence may bring them forth and strengthen them mightily; but, if ever a rank, wild growth of humanity needed weeding out, to give opportunity for the survival of the fittest, it is this on which the pyramids look down with the disdain of the Sphinx gazes in melancholy hopelessness.

But to return to affairs in Paris. The Bonapartist demonstration, absurd as it was, furnished us with a little not unwelcome excitement. Though there was nothing very romantic about a Pretender of over sixty, "fat and scant of breath," and saddled for all time with a ridiculous nick-name; yet there was a startling touch of romance in the fact that we had again a Bonaparte in limbo. It seemed like a little reproduction of history, especially as the Prince was incarcerated in the Conciergerie the most famous and historical of the prisons of Paris. Here Marie Antoinette spent two months of agony, with her broken heart, and Robespierre a night of torture with his broken jaw; from here the Girondists went singing to the guillotine, and here the first Napoleonic Pretender was imprisoned for awhile after

No; but let us study more as we read the Bible. Let us not read it as a mere form, so many verses or chapters a day, to be gone over with a blind confidence that somehow, by a mysterious process which we do not hope to understand, the mere reading will make us better. But let us read intelligently, expecting to see truth we have not seen before, and to have familiar truths sent home to our consciences with new power. Confidently believing that these words carry more of infinite truth than we have yet discerned, let us be expectant and desirous as we read of such clearer vision of God and His Will.

Let us have continually at hand, for more or less of daily study, some book which embodies sound Christian thought and demands systematic study.

But it may be asked: "If I study my Sunday-school lesson and listen to one or two sermons on Sunday, is not that enough?"

Your Sunday-school lessons, if you teach, will be more intensely alive with conviction of truth, if you are following by yourself an independent line of study. It is a law of the intellectual life, as well as a truth taught by Christ himself, as holding good in the moral and religious life, "Unto him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly." The stronghold of our Protestant Reformed Churches has always been this prayerful study of God's truth by individual Christians. The lessons of the pulpit are sure to fall into good ground when such hearers are in the pews.

Such systematic study of the noblest themes, pursued at first, perhaps, from a sense of duty, soon comes to be an engrossing pleasure. If it leads us, as it should and will, to Christ, as the great center of all truth, the power of his love will save us from neglecting kindly, sympathetic efforts for the welfare of others, and we shall become "fruitful in every good work, increasing in the knowledge of God."

HUTCHES COLLEGE, NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

THE REVISED VERSION AND ITS CRITICS.

THE GREEK TEXT.

BY PROF. PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D.

THE Revised New Testament is still on trial and the literature is increasing. The two most serious, we may say the only serious objections made to it are directed against the underlying Greek text and the character of the English. The former is opposed as a dangerous innovation, the latter is charged with being too literal, deficient in elegance, smoothness, and rhythm, and inferior to the classical English of the Authorized Version.

We shall first consider the Greek text and endeavor to make the difference intelligible to the general reader. Textual criticism has, since the days of Bengel and Weststein, or we may say even since the publication of Mill's Greek Testament (1707) gradually assumed the proportions and importance of a special branch of biblical learning. Its object is to ascertain as far as possible from surviving documents the original text of the inspired writers. It is one of the most difficult and complicated studies, which requires years of the most minute and painstaking labor. Only few devote themselves to it even in Germany and England. There are not more than a dozen scholars now living who may be called specialists in this department and who have the requisite learning and experience for an intelligent judgment on any of the one hundred and fifty thousand variations of the Greek Testament. Among the declared opponents of the Revision who have published their views, two only are entitled to a respectful hearing, notwithstanding their strong prejudices—Dean Burgon, of Chichester, and Canon Cook, of Exeter, the editor of the "Speaker's Commentary." Dr. Scrivener is claimed by them; but he has identified himself with the Revision movement and no word of protest has yet fallen from his pen. We must, at all events, wait for the third edition of his "Introduction," which he is now preparing. Dean Burgon, the author of a very learned and elaborate vindication of the genuineness of the last twelve verses in St. Mark, 1871, attacked the Revision and the Greek text of Westcott and Hort, most unsparingly and bitterly in

three now famous, we may say historical articles in the London *Quarterly Review* for October, 1881, January and April, 1882, which are announced for republication in book form. He recalls very vividly the memory of the great Hebraist, Hugh Broughton, who informed King James that he would rather be torn to pieces by wild horses than allow a copy of his now universally accepted mistranslation to go into any of the poor churches of England. The dash and audacity of the Quarterly Reviewer frightened a large number away from the Revision and made his cause "to seem just," but "his neighbor cometh after him and searcheth." Canon Cook, with more moderation and in better temper, first attacked the Revisers' changes in the Lord's Prayer, to which Bishop Lightfoot replied in the *Guardian*. He appears now again on the battle-field with a much larger work: "The Revised Version of the First Three Gospels." London (John Murray), 1882. It is an attack chiefly on the Greek text. Both these critics defend in the main the *textus receptus*, so-called, from which the Authorized Version was made, against the text adopted by the Revisers (which is substantially the same as that of Westcott and Hort and is published by Clarendon Press). They assume against it the same reactionary attitude as Owen took against Walton's Polyglot; Dr. Whitby against Mill's Greek Testament; Frey and Iselin against Weststein; Fritzsche and Reiche against Lachmann. They put themselves in antagonism to the whole modern progress of criticism and attempt to turn the stream backward or to arrest the motion of the earth around the sun.

The controversy between the traditional text of the Authorized Version and the critical text of the Revised Version may be reduced to the following points:

1. An infallible text is impossible, as the apostolic autographs are lost and most of the variations date from early transcription in the first two centuries. And even an infallible text would not be available without an infallible interpretation. We must, therefore, be content with as near an approach to the original as is possible by the most careful and conscientious study of the existing documents—i. e., manuscripts, versions, and patristic quotations.
2. The history of textual criticism is a gradual ascent from the river to the fountain, from the medieval to the Nicene, and from the Nicene to the ante-Nicene text. This movement began with Bentley and Bengel and has been steadily pursued by their successors; with a corresponding accumulation of material. It is analogous to the Reformation, which went back from medieval traditions to the primitive sources of Christianity.
3. The traditional text is derived from Beza and other printed editions of the sixteenth century, as these again were derived from a few cursive manuscripts of the middle ages, which happened to fall into the hands of Erasmus and his successors. The critical text is derived from the combined use of all the documentary sources which have been brought to light.
4. The traditional text can be traced through the Byzantine (Constantinopolitan) family of manuscripts to the fourth century or the Nicene age. The critical text to the third and second centuries, or the ante-Nicene age.
5. The traditional text is supported chiefly by Cod. A (Alexandrinus), of the fifth century (but only in the Gospels), the Syriac Peshito Version in its present revised shape (whose authority, however, has been weakened by recent discoveries and researches), St. Chrysostom (d. 407), and many of the later Greek fathers, together with the mass of cursive MSS. The critical text is supported by Cod. B (Vaticanus) and Σ (Sinaiticus), both of the fourth century (also by A in the Acts and Epistles, and by C, L, P, T, D), by the prevailing testimony of the oldest Versions (the Curetonian Syriac, the Coptic or Egyptian, especially the Memphitic, the Old Latin and Jerome's Vulgate), and by the ante-Nicene fathers, especially Eusebius (d. 340), and Origen (d. 254), the two greatest biblical scholars of their age.
6. The traditional text is abandoned and the critical text accepted by the ablest textual critics of the present century, as Griesbach, Lachmann, Tischendorf, Tregelles,

Alford, Westcott and Hort, and the first exegetes, such as Meyer, Weiss, Ellicott, and Lightfoot. We may also add the names of two American scholars—Dr. Ezra Abbot and Dr. Gregory. The former has no superior as a textual critic in America, and the latter has been for years engaged in the preparation of the Prolegomena to Tischendorf's eighth edition, which will soon be published.

7. The traditional text is longer, on account of interpolations from parallel passages (especially in the Gospels), quotations from the Septuagint, and explanatory glosses. The critical text is shorter from the absence of these interpolations.

And this is a strong internal evidence of its priority. For additions once made would not be omitted; scribes and purchasers being naturally zealous for complete copies. But what is lost in spurious additions is more than made up by greater purity, simplicity, and force.

8. Both parties in controversy agree in their aim to secure the apostolic text; but the anti-Revisers stop with the fathers, the Revisers go back to the grandfathers. If the former proceed a little further in the search of the "evangelic verity," they will arrive, at last, at the same conclusion as the Revisers and will shake hands with them over the oldest and purest attainable text, which they equally revere and love as the infallible standard of the Christian faith and practice.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

THE DIVINE MISSION OF MOHAMMED.

BY GEORGE WASHBURN, D.D.,
PRESIDENT OF ROBERT COLLEGE, CONSTANTINOPLE.

In a previous article was given the argument of Rahmat-Ullah, of Delhi, for the inspiration of the Koran. He goes on to prove the divine mission of the Prophet. The direct argument is as follows:

- (I.) He wrought miracles. Forty of these are specified, of which the most important are:
 - (1.) The night journey from Mecca to Jerusalem. This journey was real, in spite of the fact that many Moslems regard it only as a vision.
 - (2.) He split asunder the moon.
 - (3.) Water flowed from the hands of the Prophet, on several occasions, in great quantity.
 - (4.) On several occasions he fed a great number of persons with two or three loaves of bread.
 - (5.) He overthrew with a sign the 300 idols of the Temple of Mecca.
 - (6.) He raised the dead in several cases.
 - (7.) He healed the sick in many cases, opened the eyes of the blind and caused the dumb to speak.
 - (8.) When Khosroës tore the letter that the Prophet had sent him, Mohammed prayed God to destroy his kingdom. This was the end of the Persian Empire.
- (It should be said that all these miracles rest upon the authority of the Traditions.)
- (II.) The Prophet possessed such brilliant virtues, such speculative and practical perfections, such qualities of body and mind as could only coexist in a prophet.
- (III.) The teaching of the Prophet was so perfect that it could only have come from God.
- (IV.) His success was miraculous.
- (V.) He appeared at a moment in the history of the world when there was the greatest need of a prophet.
- (VI.) The coming of Mohammed had been announced by preceding prophets.

Here follow eight observations.

- (1.) As the Hebrew prophets announced future events, such as the rise and fall of kingdoms, it is very improbable that so great an event as the founding of the vast Kingdom of Islam should not appear in their prophecies.
- (2.) When prophets announce the coming of a prophet after them, they never give exact particulars—such as names, dates, or places.
- (3.) It is not true that the Jews did not expect other prophets after Elias and the Messiah.
- (4.) Even the Christians recognize the apostles as prophets.
- (5.) The prophecies upon which Christians most rely as relating to Christ are not so understood by the Jews.

(6.) The prophecies which Christians depend upon in regard to Christ are all forced interpretations of Scripture.

(7.) Jews and Christians have the habit of translating proper names and give different significations in different quotations.

(8.) We do not recognize the authority of Paul. He was a hypocrite and liar. When he found that he could not destroy Christianity by persecution, he pretended to become a Christian, that he might undermine and destroy this faith from within.

We have now the discussion of eighteen prophecies relating to the coming of Mohammed.

- (1.) *Deut. xlviii*, 17–22.—This prophet was to be raised up not from the Jews, but "from among their brethren"—i. e., the Ishmaelites. Nine other reasons are given to show that this must refer to Mohammed.
- (2.) *Deut. xxxii*, 21.—This foolish or ignorant nation must refer to the Arabs.
- (3.) *Deut. xxxiii*, 2.—Jehovah's coming from Sinai is the revelation to Moses; his coming from Seir the revelation of the Gospel to Christ; and his coming from Paran is the revelation of the Koran, for Paran is one of the mountains of Mecca.
- (4.) *Gen. xlvii*, 20.—Mohammed is the only descendant of Ishmael who has founded a great nation.
- (5.) *Gen. xlix*, 10.—Shiloh must refer to Mohammed. The scepter is Moses. The legislator is Christ. It was Mohammed who founded a religion and gathered the people.
- (6.) *Ps. lxxv*, 1–18.—Christ is described in *Is. liii*; but in this passage we have a description of Mohammed which is true to the letter.
- (7.) *Ps. cxxxix*, 1–9.—The word *saints* should be the *faithful*. The coming of a king is announced. Mohammed was a king and his followers are always known as the *faithful*.
- (8.) *Is. lvi*, 9–17.—The name *Kedar* proves that this refers to Mohammed, who descended from Kedar, the son of Ishmael.
- (9.) *Is. lvi*, 1–17.—The sterile woman is Mecca. The sons of the desolate woman are the sons of Hagar.
- (10.) *Is. lxx*, 1–6.
- (11.) *Daniel ii*, 31–45.—The stone cut without hands is Mohammed; but the full accomplishment of this prophecy will come in the last days, when the *Mehidy* shall appear.
- (12.) *Jude xiv*, 16.
- (13.) *Matt. iii*.—The Kingdom of Heaven is the kingdom founded by Mohammed.
- (14.) *Matt. xiii*, 31, 32.—This is a description of the growth of Mohammedanism.
- (15.) *Matt. xx*, 1–16.—The *last* must mean the people of Mohammed, for the older prophets could not enter Paradise until after Mohammed had taken his place there.
- (16.) *Matt. xxi*, 33–45.—The *cornerstone* cannot be Christ, for no one could be astonished to see a descendant of David become the cornerstone. The wonderful thing was that a descendant of Ishmael should become the head of the corner.
- (17.) *Rev. ii*, 26–29.—The morning star is the Koran.
- (18.) *John xiv*, 15–30.—The author occupies twenty pages, with arguments to prove that the *Paraclete* is Mohammed, whose coming was thus foretold by Christ himself. The word used was, no doubt, *Periclytos*, which means the same as Mohammed, the glorified. What Christ said of him could not refer to the Holy Spirit, whom Christians believe to be God himself; but his words do describe Mohammed. Finally, the Jews and Christians who first became Mohammedans all recognized the fact that his coming was announced in the Scriptures.

In considering the objections of Christian writers to the divine mission of Mohammed he says that they attack the character and the teachings of the Prophet, and he answers these objections, as before, with a *tu quoque*. He takes up the lives of those whom Christians recognize as prophets, and shows that their characters were no better than that falsely assigned by the Christians to Mohammed. He takes up Christian history, also, and shows that nothing in the acts of Mohammed can compare with the wars and persecutions carried on by Christians in the name of Christ. The Inquisition and the religious wars in Europe are compared with the propagation of Mohammedism. He

The Independent.

Entered at the Post-office at New York, as Second-class Mail Matter.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

VOLUME XXXV.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1883.

NUMBER 1792.

The Independent.

PRAYER OF AN INVALID. IN A TIME OF ILLNESS.

BY ANDREW A. LIPSCOMB, D.D.

GENTLY, Lord, unloose the ties
Which so long have bound me here;
Softly veil my failing eyes,
Lest they yield to phantom fear.
Oft this pillow Thou hast blest,
Soothe it now with final peace,
Gather all the past to rest,
Rest in Christ—then glad release.

If I've learned the lessons taught
By the pain of later years,
Lessons with deep meanings fraught,
Deeper far than earlier tears;
Let me whisper life's adieu,
In a cadence low and sweet,
And the earth's dissolving view
Fit me fairer scenes to greet.

Ah! not much is left to die;
Youth—full years—long since have fled;
Cherished hopes in dust now lie,
Friends most dear sleep with the dead;
Yet within me lives a heart,
Clinging close unto its own;
With its all—how can it part,
Going forth—alone—alone!

Whither? Oh! not long the way
To the realm that glows between
Shadow of earth's sinking day
And yon world of bliss serene.
Oft that interlying sphere
Presses closer than the air;
When I feel Christ with me here,
Then know I that Christ is there.

ATHENS, GA.

DE SKEPTIC AN' DE BIBLE.

BY THE REV. PLATO JOHNSON.

Wz allers prints de Bible wid a werry large B,
An' de reason wy we does it you shall pretty
plainly see.

Wile de oder books suggest dat you had better
not,

De Bible is de only one dat stops you on de spot.

It tells you you muss do wat's right, an' den you
shake your hed

An' make remark: "I don't know how, an' might
as well be ded."

But soon you claim dere aint no right, an' to
pervert confusion.

You say de worl's a accident, an' morals is delu-
sion.

Wen you's cumulat' riches, an' in many sing-
ler ways,

De Bible aint no book, ob course, for sech as you
to praise.

Taint no wonder you don't like it, cos it don't
like you,

For it 'sists you is a sinner, an' dat wont nebb-
er do.

Dere aint no inspiration, cos it's everlastin' true
Dat de planet can't perjure such anoder man as
you;

An' if you aint yourself inspired, wy, common
sense can see

How perposterous it seems for anoder man to be.

You's so werry much advanced, dat you don't
believe in noffin:

An' sense you wont obey de law, you take it out
in acotin;

Dere aint no God but Science, an' all science is
a guess,

So wenneber dere is sorrow roun, you's in a or-
fle mess.

You's evolved from sumfin lower, from de mon-
key in de wood;

So you could'n be an angel, an' you wouldn't ef
you could.

It's a monkey's reptation you muss 'deavor for
to fill,
An' you do it jess as easy as you slide down hill.

Wat you want is a religion dat will let you do
Jess exactly as you want to, an' den see you
froo;

Froo de gate ob de city dat is garded by de saint,
An' swear dat you is righteous, wen you know
dat you aint.

Now listen to me, brudder, for I wouldn't tell no
lies;

You is paddlin' 'gainst de current, an' you isn't
werry wise.

De religion you don't relish is de one you'd better
mind,

Cos de one dat you is lookin' for you'll nebb-
er find.

Although I don't know werry much, I know enuff
for dis,

Not to grieve my Holy Master, nor betray him
wid a kias.

De religion ob de Bible, it is plenty good for me,
An' de hebb- ob de Bible, I hope sum day to
see.

THE RED ROSE.

BY LAURA SANFORD.

ON his black mantle he wears a red rose;
Beneath it, aflame, his heart's ruby glows.

I know his soul's blossom of dew and of fire,
Words dyed in splendor of love and desire.

He gives the red rose; with each heart-shaped
leaf

Comes grief and a joy; a joy and a grief.

I know that red rose; and where it has lain,
Yes, ev'n on marble, it casts a red stain.

From his black mantle he gives the red rose;
Would that its perfume could die when he goes.

NEW YORK CITY.

A CHANCE AFTERNOON IN CALIFORNIA.

BY H. H.

Two days' journey northwest by west
from the town of San Luis Obispo, is
the little village of Jolou. Its reason for
existing does not seem plain; it lies only six
miles from the old Franciscan Mission of
San Antonio, and in the days of the mis-
sion's prosperity was, no doubt, a farm and
colony of the mission. It has been in later
times a stage station; from this and the
certain though small incomes to be made by
feeding hungry stage passengers it took a
second lease of life after the mission went
to ruin and fell into decay.

The name is Indian and signifies "the
lassoed Coyote." It is pronounced "Hoo-
lou," with a curious elongation and a hollow
w in the sound of the last syllable, difficult
for foreigners to imitate.

To reach Jolou from San Luis Obispo,
one passes through "Paso de Robles," or
"The Pass of the Oaks," a favorite water-
ing-place, or, to speak more accurately,
mud-ding-place of the Californians. Any
invalid who has faith to believe that,
in the shade of thousands of oak
trees, combined with a perpetual
smell of sulphuretted hydrogen, and the
opportunity of spending many hours a day
up to the neck in soft mud also reeking
with sulphuretted hydrogen, lies a sure
road to health, may safely journey to Paso
de Robles. He will find these conditions
fulfilled there. He will also find a tolera-
ble inn, with a dozen dormitory cottages
attached; these cottages, also perfumed
with steam of the sulphuretted hydrogen,
with which the whole underground seems

to be a-boil. Between the hot waters and
drugs simmering under ground, and the
white sand everywhere shimmering on the
surface, Paso de Robles is in a June day
as scorching a spot as is to be found north
of the Equator; but the Californian from
the coast goes to these interior ovens of his
country to get warm in the Summer. He
basks in sun, and revels in heat, at which
strangers are nigh fainting by the way.
Nothing is a greater surprise to one travel-
ing for the first time in California than the
transition from the climate of the coast-
belt of country, where it is always cool by
day, chilly at eventide, and cold by night,
to that of the next belt inland, say thirty
to forty miles back from the sea, and divid-
ed from it by hills or mountain ranges.
Here sand burns the feet at mid-
day. To walk under a noon sun is
to stumble along dizzily with one's eyes
blinded, and the stifling scorch of the stir-
less air is like that of an African desert.

It was on such a noon that we reached
Jolou. Forty-eight hours before we had
been in the San Luis Valley, with sea-breezes
sweeping across the twenty miles interval
between it and the sea, as keen, steady, and
salt as if they had come only a few rods.
The change from the moist coolness to the
dry heat was indescribable; sudden enough
to paralyze every nerve and disorder every
tissue in the body. One felt as if he had
come under some swift, malignant spell, and
would never be himself again so long as he
lived. Horses, as well as men, were prostrated
by it.

The thermometer record did not explain
the misery. The mercury stood only at 93
degrees in the shade. The inhabitants of the
place seemed not to be aware of the heat.
In fact, one or two persons of courage said
it was not hot at all; that they often had it
much hotter—a hundred and a hun-
dred and six. There was a certain
loftiness and air of superiority of
even condescending pity in their way
of observing our tortures, which by no means
lessened our suffering. It was terrible.

After this sort of dry heat reaches a cer-
tain pass there is born of it a fierce stimu-
lus to exertion. Passive endurance, quiet
become impossible. One is ready to do any-
thing—to plunge recklessly into the most
violent exercise—rather than sit still another
minute. Under one of these desperate im-
pulses, after we had been sitting for hours,
speechlessly wretched on the sunless, but
not shaded verandah of the inn, we sprang
up and defiantly set off for a walk.

The reflected glare of the almost blade-
less sod was so quiet that we had to walk
with half-closed eyes; the very umbrellas
over our heads seemed to be canopies of
hot metal, radiating heat down on us. After
a very few minutes we were thankful to
take refuge in the shelter nearest at hand.
It proved to be a rival inn, the oldest in the
place, one which had been an inn fifty years
ago, in the days when the mission and its
properties were in administrators' hands,
and spoilers, plunderers, traffickers, and
revolutionizers were swarming in the
neighborhood.

The inn was a long, low, adobe building.
A broad verandah, reaching across its entire
front, was walled in by tangles of vines;
its roof was made in the old Indian fash-
ion of reeds tied in bundles and laid across
saplings; above the reeds a layer of red
tiles; linnets had builded nests by dozens
in the crevices between the reeds and sap-
lings; their pretty red heads were peeping

out everywhere and the flying, chirping,
and singing made the whole verandah seem
like a green-shaded aviary.

In a chair tilted back against the wall
of the house, lazily looking up at the lin-
nets overhead, sat a man—coat off, waist-
coat off, a battered slouch hat on the side
of his head, he was a typical representa-
tive of the extreme of California laziness
and unthrift.

"May we rest a few moments in your
cool verandah?" we asked. Without alter-
ing his attitude, he nodded, nonchalantly,
and said, in a not more than half-courteous
tone: "And welcome, if you want to." We
took seats. He continued to gaze up at
the linnets. Our presence had scarcely in-
terrupted his reverie.

Suddenly, his glance falling on a scarf-
pin worn by one of our party, he leaned
forward, rose, came slowly nearer, and ex-
claimed, eagerly: "Isn't that an old
Roman coin you are wearing?"

It would be hard to convey the startling-
ness of the question, under the circum-
stances. If one of the red-headed linnets
from its nest had suddenly spoken out a
knowledge of and interest in Roman coins,
it would not have seemed much more
astonishing.

The ice was broken. The real man
and the interests of a former life had crept
out to surface from under the debris of
the half-wreck of both self and life in which
we had surprised him.

He talked on, and we sat answering and
listening, till we forgot not only the scorch-
ing heat, but the time and the place.

He was the son of an English father and
a Huguenot mother; was born in Canada;
grew up in Connecticut; married the grand-
daughter of a Massachusetts governor; and
then wandered away to Australia, Sand-
wich Islands, Arizona, and, at last,
California.

"All men who succeed in life," he said,
"I've always noticed, do one of two
things. They either stay right on in the
place they were born in; or they go round
the whole world. I've done neither one
nor the other. I haven't traveled enough;
that's the trouble," and he sighed. That
he had not succeeded was only too evident.
Broken shutters, dusty window-panes, and
a posted placard announcing a "sheriff's
sale on these premises" told the story. He
was not entirely cast down, however; he
considered himself to be in a sort of "drift
period" of his life and was disposed to
philosophical meditation on its probable
next trend on shore.

The talk on old coins, in which he showed
a genuine interest and no inconsiderable
knowledge, naturally led to the mention of
other old relics of interest; and, finding that
we were full of enthusiasm in regard to
everything connected with the early
Spanish occupation of California, he said:

"I've got one thing you'd like to see.
It's some of Junipero Serra's writing. I'll
bring it out." After walking a few steps
toward the door, he came back, hesitating-
ly, and said, with a little laugh, which
sounded clearly hereditary from Dick
Swiveller:

"I'll have to ask you not to mention
that you've seen any of these things here.
The fact is, the goods in my store and in
the house are under an attachment, and
I'm not supposed to have anything more
than I've given in. But there's a few things
of this kind that are a great deal more value
to me than goods I've just hid away." It

was an old Latin Missal, which he brought out, bound in rawhide, with rawhide strings to fasten its covers together; printed in 1629; probably rebound in the rawhide at the San Antonio Mission, late in the Eighteenth Century; tattered by age, but still more so by devout daily use; and its margins and fly-leaves written full of pious annotations and references in the clear, delicate handwriting of Junipero Serra, a handwriting which no one who had once seen could ever mistake. It was, without doubt, a book which that grand old friar had used for his own personal devotions.

Coveting it unspeakably, we, at last, asked if it could not be bought.

With gentle hauteur this California Swivel, through all his poverty and misfortune loyal to himself in sentiment and enthusiasm, replied: "Money couldn't buy it. I've had several chances to sell it before now; but I'll never part with it. I shall have a museum of old curiosities when I settle down."

"Money wouldn't buy this either," he continued, drawing out of an old sheaf of bedding a rusty iron lance, with a barbed head. It was of hammered iron. "I found this myself," he said, "twelve feet below ground, when I was digging a well. They say it is over two hundred years old. There was a man here digging up things for the Government who knew about it, and he tried hard to get it away from me; but I shan't ever part with it."

Next out of the sheaf of bedding came an old pewter tankard.

"That I know is over two hundred years old," he said. "My mother had a dozen of them, and they had belonged to her grandfather. Many's the time these old tankards were all tied up in a sack and let down into the well, when the French were coming, in the times of the old French Canadian War. That was a pretty good hiding-place, down at the bottom of a well."

"Here are some teaspoons, too," he added, drawing out a half dozen of the narrow-handled, small-bowled, thin little eighteenth-century spoons we all know so well. "These came over in the 'Mayflower' certain," he said. "My wife's grandmother brought them. But that isn't so very long ago. I don't care so much for those as she does. She thinks more of them than anything else in the house."

While we were talking a young man, carrying a little girl in his arms, had sauntered up and stood listening to our conversation. The child was restless, and irritable, and kept breaking out into fitful and seemingly causeless crying. Tenderly as a mother could have done it, he went to the pretty red olla, hanging in its fringe of grasses in the corner of the verandah, poured out some of the cool water, dipped his handkerchief in it, and slowly bathed the little girl's forehead, cheeks, throat, hands, and arms, again and again. With slow, lingering strokes he passed the cool, wet cloth over her feverish skin, till her restlessness ceased, her face grew placid, she smiled, and at last sank to sleep.

"That's my little girl," said the landlord; "but she won't ever stay with me a minute when he's round."

"I suppose he has children of his own," I said. "He seems so accustomed to them."

"No. That's the odd thing of it. He's never been married; but there isn't a child in the place wouldn't rather he'd hold it than it's own father and mother. Its always seemed queer to me."

"A very good sign," we said; and we looked at the young man's face with renewed interest. Its expression was of great gentleness and refinement, with an undercurrent of sadness. We recollected afterward that a half twinkle had appeared in the landlord's eyes when we exclaimed: "That's a good sign." The key to this twinkle came later, when, a few hours further on in our journey, we chanced to mention the curious relics we had seen at Jolou, and our interesting talk with their owner.

Looks were interchanged between those to whom we were speaking, and their brief but expressive silence was followed by irrepressible chuckles of incredulous amusement.

"Well, you don't say you got took in by him. He's as big a cheat as there is going

in all California. There ain't an honest bone in his body."

With some resentment, we replied that there was no question of cheating about the old relics we had seen; for of those we could ourselves judge, and that, if he had been disposed to cheat us, he could have easily done so, as we were ready to give him for one of his relics whatever he had chosen to ask; but he refused to part with it at any price.

"Yes, he has got a bee in his bonnet about all sorts of old trash," was the uncompromising reply. "He had the house all lumbered up with it, one spell, till you couldn't walk round; but I did hear he'd got rid of some on 't."

We fell back on the young man with the gentle face and the tender manner to the little girl.

A few inquiries as to his size, features, etc. enabled our new acquaintances to identify him, also. Their amusement increased.

"He? Of all things! Now, doesn't that just show how little strangers can tell about folks? Why, ma'am, that's one of the very worst fellows in the county. He keeps a low billiard saloon and grog-shop right opposite the old hotel-stand. That's the reason him and the landlord are so thick. He buys all his liquor over to the hotel, and he's been in the states prison twice for horse-stealing. That's the kind of young man he is."

THE REVISED VERSION AND ITS CRITICS.

No. II.—IMPROVED RENDERINGS.—THE LORD'S PRAYER.

BY PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., LL.D.

THE total number of changes in the Revised Version amounts, according to a calculation made by a correspondent of the *English Guardian* to about 36,000. This includes the textual changes which, according to Dr. Scrivener's count, exceed 5,000. These are formidable numbers, and are apt to frighten those who slavishly adhere to the letter that killeth and virtually confound the English version with the inspired original. But every student knows that there are over 100,000 variations in the Greek text of the New Testament, which have been gradually collected from manuscripts, ancient versions, and patristic quotations by the conscientious industry of critics from the days of Mill (who already counted 30,000 in the year 1707) to Tischendorf and Tregelles; and every candid scholar must admit, with the great classical scholar Bentley, that these variations do not unsettle a single dogma or a single moral precept; but that, on the contrary, they only increase our facilities for ascertaining the original text, which is sure to be found among so many readings, without resorting to the precarious method of subjective conjecture, as in the case of most ancient classics, of which but very few copies have come down to us.

The same is true of the departures of the Revised Version from the Authorized Version. The English reader need not fear any injury to his faith. The overwhelming majority, we may say nine-tenths of the changes, do not materially affect the sense at all; but are, nevertheless, important because they are more accurate renderings and bring out certain shades of meaning which are obscured in the Old Version from defective scholarship. Here belong all the thousands of cases where King James's translators neglected the article (by arbitrarily omitting or inserting the definite article, as if they followed the Latin Vulgate, rather than the Greek), confounded the Greek tenses (changing the aorist into the perfect, the perfect into the simple preterite, the present into the past, the past into the present, etc.), or mistook the precise meaning of the prepositions and little particles. Another very large class of changes is due simply to consistency; for it is notorious that the old translators adopted the utterly vicious principle of varying for the sake of variety, and thus created artificial distinctions (even in one and the same chapter or verse, as in the double rendering of *αἰώνος* in Matt. xxv. 46), which do not exist in the Greek, and they carry this into the proper names; so that we have Elijah and Elias, Isalah and Isaias, Jeremiah, Jeremias and Jeremy, Timotheus

and Timothy, etc. for one and the same person. On the other hand, they often followed the very opposite course of using the same English word for two or more Greek words of a different meaning (as *Hades* and *Gehenna*, *devil* and *demon*, *living creatures*, *ζῶα*, and *beasts*, *θῆλα*), and thus obliterate real and important distinctions of the original.

Every candid student who will carefully compare the two versions with his Greek Testament (I mean with any good critical edition of Griesbach, or Lachmann, or Tischendorf, or Tregelles, or Westcott and Hort, or Von Gebhardt, or Palmer, or Scrivener's latest ed.) must admit that at least 35,000 out of the 36,000 alterations (assuming this number to be correct) are real improvements, demanded either by the correct Greek text, or by the laws of the Greek language, or by consistency and faithfulness. There remains, then, only a small number of changes about which good scholars may differ as to their necessity of propriety or felicity. But we should always remember that the Revised Version is a compromise between about fifty scholars, of different denominations and theological schools, and that it is impossible to please everybody. No other committee would probably reach, upon the whole, a more satisfactory result. There is no consensus among outside critics; otherwise it would be easy enough for the committee to reconvene and vote on those changes backward or forward which the Bible reading public demand.

It would require a volume to review and defend in detail all the alterations from Matthew to Revelation. Such a book has just been published by Dr. Humphry, one of the revisers, under the title "A Commentary on the Revised Version of the New Testament," London, 1882, 474 pages.

We propose to select, as a specimen, the *Lord's Prayer*. The alterations in that prayer of prayers which enters into the daily devotions of Christendom, private as well as public, have given by far the greatest offense and the widest dissatisfaction. They form, therefore, a crucial test. If they are ultimately approved, there is little difficulty in accepting the rest. The popular objection derived from usage is much weakened by the want of uniformity already existing. Even the Episcopalians do not follow the Old Version in their Prayer Book; but sometimes repeat the Lord's Prayer with the doxology, sometimes without it, and depart in the fifth petition from the A. V. ("Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors") by adhering to the older but less accurate version: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." We should remember, also, that the New Testament itself gives us the prayer in two forms, a longer one in Matthew, in the Sermon on the Mount, and a shorter one, without the doxology, in Luke.

If the revisers had followed prudence and expediency, rather than their conscientious conviction, they could easily have avoided the offense by putting their changes in the margin and retaining the doxology in the text, instead of taking the opposite course. But truth is the highest consideration, to which all others must yield. Christ is the truth, not the habit. If a translation is not truthful and faithful, it is worthless.

The changes in the Lord's Prayer have been fully discussed in England. First, Canon Cook (the editor of the *Speaker's Commentary*) attacked them in an open letter to the Bishop of London. Bishop Lightfoot, of Durham, one of the leading revisers and one of the first, if not the very first of living exegetes in England, defended them in several numbers of the *Guardian*, in September, 1881. Canon Cook vindicated his position in a second letter to the Bishop of London, and again in his recent book against *Revision*, to which we have referred in the first article. To this new attack Bishop Lightfoot has not yet replied; but he informed me by letter, a few days ago, that he intends to revise and enlarge his former articles, and to issue them in book form, as soon as he can find leisure from his episcopal duties. The controversy, therefore, is not yet closed.

We shall now briefly discuss the several changes (See Matt. vi. 9-13). 1. "Thy will be done, in earth, as it is in heaven";

changed into "Thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth."

This change of order has been condemned as bad English. If so, the charge involves the Old Version, which follows the same order in the parallel passage, Luke xi. 2. But it is the order of the Greek in both cases (*ὡς ἐν οὐρανῷ, καὶ ἐπὶ γῆς*); and it corresponds to the direction of the petition which starts with the divine will in heaven and prays it down upon earth.

2. "As we forgive our debtors": "As we have forgiven our debtors." This is a question of reading. The aorist *ἀφίκραμεν* (literally: we forgave, as an act past and gone) is better supported than the present *ἀφίκεμεν*, having in its favor Σ^* (uncorrected), B, F, the Peshito Syriac, Origen, Gregory of Nyssa, Basil, etc.; while the reading of the *textus receptus* may easily be explained from a desire to conform to the parallel passage in Luke. The difference in sense is obvious. The Old Version makes the act of forgiving simultaneous with the petition, while the New Version implies that we must already have shown a forgiving disposition before we venture to ask God's pardon. This is more forcible and receives support from verse 14.

3. "Lead us not into temptation": "Bring us not (*μὴ εἰσενέγκῃς*) into temptation." This seems to be a trifling and useless change; but it is required by the difference between *εἰσάγω* and *εἰσάγω*. The former means to bring and is always so translated (Matt. xiv. 18; xvii. 17; xxi. 2, etc.). Moreover, the change relieves in a measure the difficulty which most people feel. God cannot tempt us to sin (James i. 13); but he may allow us to be surrounded by circumstances which are tempting. This is expressed by *bring*; while *lead* implies direct action on the will and consent of the will. *Bring* is a milder, *lead* a stronger word, and too strong in this case, as implying direct agency.

4. "Deliver us from evil," "from the evil one" (with "evil" on the margin). This change of the abstract *evil* into the concrete *evil one* is the most unpopular of all the alterations made by the Revisers, and the American Committee first protested against it. The Greek (*ἀπὸ τοῦ πονηροῦ*) admits the neuter as well as the masculine rendering; and, hence, the difference among good commentators. But the reference to Satan has in its favor (1) the majority of passages where *ὁ πονηρὸς* undoubtedly is a designation of Satan, who is emphatically the evil or wicked one, the author of all sin and misery in the world, see Matt. xiii. 19, 38; John xvii. 15; 1 John ii. 13; iii. 12; v. 18, 19; while only in two passages *τὸ πονηρον* is used as a neuter noun, Luke vi. 45; Rom. xii. 9. (2.) The unanimous consent of the Greek commentators (Origen, Chrysostom, etc.), who were, upon the whole, better exegetes than the Latin fathers, most of whom depended on the Itala or Vulgate. To the testimony of the Greek fathers must be added the ancient Greek liturgies and the oldest Latin fathers, Tertullian and Cyprian. (3.) The majority of the Calvinistic and the strictly grammatical commentators (as Fritzsche and Meyer). The Heidelberg Catechism (which translates *vom Bösen*) has given it the masculine rendering popular currency in all the German Reformed Churches. Luther follows Augustin (*a malo*) in his translation of the Bible (*vom Uebel*), but in his larger Catechism he distinctly refers the word to Satan. (4.) The close connection of the two clauses of the sixth petition by *μὴ* and *ἀλλὰ* favors the rendering of the Revisers. "Bring us not into temptation, but deliver us from the tempter." Such deliverance involves at the same time deliverance from all sin and evil. The petition goes to the root of all evil. We may, also, add that Christ had, shortly before the Sermon on the Mount, come out of the great conflict with the prince of darkness.

5. The doxology is omitted from the text and relegated to the margin. This has raised another loud protest. But the Revisers could not do otherwise, if they were to be true to their sense of duty and the facts in the case, for the following reasons: (1.) The doxology is omitted in the oldest and best uncial MSS. (Σ , B, D, F), in the old Latin and Vulgate versions and in the oldest comments on the Lord's Prayer, by Origen, Tertullian, and Cyprian, all of the

third century. The whole Latin Church, following the Vulgate of Jerome, omits it. (2.) It is omitted by all authorities in the parallel passage in Luke. (3.) Its insertion in the text, from liturgical usage, can easily be explained; but the omission of it, if it was a part of the original text, cannot be explained, for it is entirely unobjectionable and appropriate. There is a similar doxology in David's prayer, I Chr. xxix, 10 ("Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory and the majesty. . . . Thine is the kingdom"). It is quite natural that, when the Lord's Prayer came into use as a form of devotion, the Christians should add a doxology, which then found its way into manuscripts and the Syriac Version, first as a marginal gloss and afterward in the body of the text. All critical editors take this view of the case and treat the doxology as an interpolation. "There can be little doubt," says Dr. Hort, "that the doxology originated in liturgical use in Syria, and was thence adopted into the Greek and Syriac Syrian texts of the New Testament. It was probably derived ultimately from I Chr. xxix, 11 (Heb.); but it may be through the medium of some contemporary Jewish usage."

Our Lord did not intend so much to prescribe a fixed formula of prayer to be slavishly followed; but to suggest proper topics for prayer and to teach the spirit of prayer, whether extemporaneous or liturgical; and, hence, he immediately proceeds to enforce with a connecting *for* (*ὑπὲρ*) to explain and emphasize the duty of forgiveness (verse 14).

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

INTIMATIONS, LIMITATIONS, PRECOGNITIONS.

BY BISHOP CLEVELAND COXE.

To me there are great intimations in what are called the *properties* of matter. There is a dull, inert mass, to all appearance; but no! it has the property of attraction in a very exceptional degree and with marked elective affinities. Passed over a floor sprinkled with the dust and dirt of mechanic toil, it lifts up particles and even bits of iron, secreting them from other fragmentary material with an unerring elective force. "Oh! yes," you say, "it is a magnetic stone, we are familiar with its properties." Precisely so, and, if you were not familiar with its properties, you would say, "A miracle"; or, more philosophically, you would say: "Here's something preternatural." You give it a name; you call the stone a "magnet," and you cheat yourself boasting of your familiarity with its "properties," as if these made it any less mysterious. All "properties" are mysterious till we become familiar with them; nor, to a thinking brain, are they any less mysterious even then. All Nature being a mystery unfathomable, how can we deceive ourselves as we always do when we rest in the superficial knowledge of properties and phenomena. Science itself is empiricism till it goes further and assigns or, at least, seeks a cause.

We rub amber and find it, in certain conditions, magnetic; its property gets the name of electricity, and we leave off marveling when we have given it a name. In other matter we talk about "elective affinities," and are equally learned and empirical. The whole mystery of secretion, in plants and animals gets a name. We detect certain properties in glands and vessels of organized matter, and again we look learned and are scientifically empirical and are contented to be so.

These things intimate a world of powers and forces, and of possible powers and forces, which are not limited by our immensity of ignorance. But they prove to me that the realm of the preternatural is unfathomable. There exists—that is to say—an infinite store of forces, powers, capabilities, or what you please, all about and beyond those which we recognize as *natural*, which are not less real and operative, and which may, at any time, be called to work in with and through what we agree to recognize as *nature*, only because we are familiar with it. How profoundly does a great thinker object to this empiricism about Nature, of which he demands the cause, and asserts it to be mined anterior and superior to matter; mind, not neces-

sarily an Infinite Mind to begin with. There may be mind, in Nature, so he supposed, to account for all these properties. At any rate, thus he talks, sublime creature that he is, against his will empirical often, but always struggling into light and truth.

"Q. Why? [is the word *nature* wrong?]
A. Because, those who use the term mean to say that *nature* is the first creative power."

So pronounces the majestic soul of Plato, who profoundly felt that inert matter can have no properties and can exert no forces without preexistent mind, somewhere. Thus he advanced beyond the sophists, who cheat themselves with words, and recognize nothing as before and beyond matter, and who affirm that the argument from design or art, in nature, proves nothing or proves too much. He replies, as common sense enacts, that when we speak of Nature we talk nonsense unless we mean mind somewhere behind or above matter, energizing and enlivening it. It is not all one to stop with matter, or to stop with mind, when we search for cause. Matter harmonized, organized, and reduced to law and order absolutely demands and exhibits mind, somewhere.

Arguing with the sublime Plato, who is but a child of Nature, prepossessed with no Christian ideas, we must regard those as sciolists and sophists in philosophy, however admirable they may be in their material investigations, who have no philosophy of the cause, and who fail to perceive what their own intellectual powers imply; who reduce the power of thought, itself, to the operation of matter, arranging no *rationale* of this operation, and whose investigations carry them only as far as their five senses permit them to explore.

Once I lived near Laura Bridgeman and was able to visit her, as I did not infrequently. What thoughts that interesting creature inspired me with concerning the soul. Blind, deaf and dumb, and almost destitute of taste, she might have lost the faculty of smelling, also, as many otherwise healthy persons have done. Glory to God, and praise be to Dr. Howe his servant, for his work, in drawing out that imprisoned spirit, and sowing it with ideas derived through the senses of others, to which she was otherwise an utter stranger. But now it is conceivable that all mankind exist in just that state, without any ideas derived from external auxiliaries. Let us suppose a race of persons, destitute of the power of smell, taste, sight, and hearing, unable to speak, and with only the sense of feeling. Two reflections occur to me in view of this conception. One is that we are all prisoners of matter, in this present state of human existence; prisoners somewhat enlarged, as compared with Laura, it is true, but still cooped, cabined, confined to a very dark house, with little power of looking out or of getting light into our essential nature, whatever that may be. The other reflection is, that, Dr. Howe was a supernatural being to Laura's first impressions, no doubt, though we know that, with respect to her he was only a preternatural being; nothing supernatural about him. I am inclined to think much which the ignorant would call supernatural is, in like manner, with respect to ourselves only preternatural in fact, and that, if we had ten or twenty more faculties added to our ordinary ones, we should find them preternatural no more. Imagine Laura endowed, first of all, with a healthy faculty of taste, then with hearing, then with sight; what worlds would open to her with each of these successive gifts. How much more "Nature" would signify with each additional endowment. How the marvelous and the supernatural would roll away, like mists and clouds, before the dawn of rising intelligence. Now I suppose that the soul, emancipated from matter, may come at once into such daylight, and that here we see "through a glass darkly," even with the educated use of all our faculties and powers.

For we have many hints of what we shall be when we get out of this chrysalis state; hints, too, of the worlds that lie beyond. Our fashionable scientists are, at best, a parliament of chrysalis minds, determined to know nothing apart from their chrysalis nature, although, if they would give heed to it, their worm estate is ever

intimating wings that are coming, like the tardy efflorescence of the Agave, and even the earth, in which they delight to grub, is always intimating to them that there is an ethereal atmosphere in which they are destined to soar. Who shall deliver them from the body of death in which they so delight to grovel and to grub?

Let us look at some of these intimations, and that not with the vague curiosity which stares and wonders and forgets. Let us never cease to experiment and to inquire. I am persuaded that the day of these modern sophists will deepen into the night which is destined to envelope their stupid theories, just so soon as nobler men than your Huxleys and Tyndalls begin to investigate *mind*, as Plato's instincts presented it to him, using the same patience of research and honorable diligence of investigation which have dignified their devotion to *matter*. Note, I honor their facts and have called them sophists only with reference to their theories and with reference to their willful indifference to the human soul and the possibility of souls not imprisoned by matter nor enslaved by sense.

Let me illustrate this last remark by one of Tyndall's reports as to the limits of sense. "I once crossed a Swiss mountain," he says, "in company with a friend. A donkey was in advance of us." Alas! that he failed to perceive that a mere donkey might be "in advance" of many men, whose eyes he has put out: poor Laura Bridgeman sees much more than they. "A donkey was in advance of us, and the dull tramp of the animal was plainly heard by my companion, but to me this sound was almost masked by the shrill chirruping of innumerable insects, which thronged the adjacent grass—my friend hearing nothing of this. It lay quite beyond the range of his hearing."

The first reflection upon this is, the limitation of our perceptions thus indicated. The second is, that, were all men (with only few exceptions) like the traveler who could hear the donkey, but not the cricket, then the exceptional man who could say, without seeing them, "Yonder field is full of crickets," would seem to exercise preternatural powers: the ignorant would call them supernatural powers.

The eye and the ears have thus alike their scale of sensibility, graduated to vibrations more or less numerous. What falls below the scale is invisible or inaudible, and what surpasses it is equally imperceptible. Some men are color blind; others purblind. Sir Francis Palgrave makes a pretty use of the purblind estate, as it must have been viewed in days of unscientific darkness. "Our young prince," said an Anglo-Saxon courtier of those ages, "is almost blind, poor youth; but there came a palmer out of the Levantine countries, with a magic stone. The prince puts it to his eye and he sees all things clearly." It was, of course, a crystal, which the Saracens had made into a double concave lens. It appeared to be something preternaturally endowed to those who knew no better. As to mind itself, take Zerah Colburn, or others, not altogether rare, who have possessed similar faculties. Pascal, splendid creature of intellect that he was, made a calculating machine; but Zerah had such a machine in his mind. What it was and how it worked he could not tell. It was an intimation of the mind's inherent faculties—"what we shall be" when we get out of prison. How much food for thought there is in all such instances. They have not been investigated as Darwin investigated atoms; and yet they are as much more worthy of close investigation, as mind is superior to matter—though the sophists degrade it to matter. "secreting thought as the liver secretes bile." I offer no excuse for considering the man (Vogt) who said that a sophist and a very gross one, Plato being his judge, not I. And now another class of exceptional creatures; take such a man as Swedenborg. I think he was an impostor, but probably an honest one, who first imposed upon himself. He was no vulgar enthusiast, like the table-turners and wrappers. But, as truths often lie at the root of "popular superstitions," so I think they are to be found at the root of religious delusions and even of fanaticisms in general. Swedenborg seems to have had that sensitive organization which responds to invisible influences in a manner confounding past all speculation, until the

electric wire, in our days, has shown us that a man in New York or San Francisco may be in London, at the same moment, for some purposes, practical in the highest degree. That Swedenborg, in Gothenburg, was able to describe, with details, a conflagration raging at the time in Stockholm and, also, to announce when it had ceased (*teste Immanuel Kant*) seems to be historic fact. Other anecdotes of his personal history, of similar character seem to be authenticated. Alleged visions and ecstasies, also, are in some cases not of suspicious character, though they are so generally. Take the case of Colonel Gardiner, which seems to be well accredited, as an example. The trance of Wm. Tennant is authenticated by evidence not to be refuted, I suppose. Dean Stanley told me the strangest story, afterward published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, touching "Ticonderoga and Inverawe," and he appeared to believe it indisputable fact. And so I come to Scottish second-sight and have dashed into the strangest part of it, that which I venture to call *precognition*, as differing from mere *recognition*, or the Swedenborgian faculty of perceiving events in distance scenes at the moment of their occurrence. That comparatively numerous instances of this sort are known to be facts, is, I suppose, indisputable; no need to dwell upon them. But there is something much more mysterious in the case of asserted and well-attested precognitions, like that of Lochawe; or like that in the fiction of "Lochiel," so strikingly depicted in the poetry of Campbell. That such detailed ideals of coming events have been given in memorable cases I think proved. Why have they not been scientifically investigated? I suppose, because men flinch from the stigma of imputed superstition. And so such things are classed among "old wives' fables," and what is true about them is given over to superstition and encourages it, when it might minister to scientific truth. I should be as much ashamed of cowardice in declining the work of serious inquiry, for fear of such a stigma, as of superstition itself, which I take to be a weak persuasion that certain phenomena have no rational explanation. We all know stories about presentiments, and I think they are generally of no account at all; but these detailed precognitions are a very different thing. Taine more than half dismisses as a fiction that story of La Harpe about Cozotte's minute foreshowing of some of the catastrophes of the Reign of Terrors, in Paris. Yet it is accepted as history by others, and apparently by Dr. Kahn, for example, in his animated historic sketch of German Protestantism.* I cannot say that I have any opinion on the subject. I believe less interesting precognitions of the same sort are well attested. They belong to the cloudland of the Preternatural; to the debatable ground between the known and the unknown, the familiar and the unfathomably mysterious.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

* It is told, dramatically, in *Scribner's Magazine*, p. 328, 1875.

REMINISCENCES OF GAMBETTA.

BY THEODORE STANTON.

It is just a month ago to-day that Léon Gambetta was finally laid to rest in the wind-swept cemetery of Nice, high up on a hill overlooking the Mediterranean. Since then the foreign and domestic press has been full of appreciations and estimates more or less fair, of anecdotes and sayings; and the dead orator's many and devoted friends have, at last, begun to talk of their lost hero. I have recently had conversations with some of these early companions of Gambetta, and, as my interlocutors ran on from one episode to another—from father to son, now dwelling on his youth, now on the grand events of his manhood—I made notes, which have since been verified by the speakers themselves. There have been so many falsehoods set afloat concerning Gambetta that, before laying these few statements before the readers of *THE INDEPENDENT*, I have taken great pains to be sure that they are true, at least, in so far as it was possible for me to do so.

Gambetta's father came to Cahors, the orator's native town, well down in the south of France, when he (the father) was three or four years old, and later in life be-

The Independent.

Entered at the Post-office at New York, as Second-class Mail Matter.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

VOLUME XXXV.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1883.

NUMBER 1795.

The Independent.

APRIL.

BY MARY CLEMMER.

O, HERE is April, April! I know her, for her sun-shine
Holds life to all things living within its woof of gold.
O, here is eager April a-wooing my shy woodbine,
Whose sea-green, purpling pendants unto its love unfold.
O, here is April, April! her lovely incompleteness—
Her far, fine, floating fragrance from willows by the mere.
All Nature springs, expectant. O, tantalizing sweetness,
From myriad farms and forests, you will not tarry here!
O, acolytes of April! ye fill the wide air spaces
With fresh'ning wafts of incense from temples whence ye came;
Your penetrating pollen from odorous wood places
Upsprings in azure hyacinths—in crocuses aflame.
Below the feathery alder that glows with ruddy flushes,
Beside the pallid pool I hear a cumulant thrum:
O, list the pleasant uproar that rises from the rushes,
Where every martial frog in joy inflates his mellow drum.
O, see the many pipers perched amid the marshes!
Monotony of music their melody doth bring—
The first sweet cry of life, it seeks the listening larches,
The prophecy of beauty, the herald note of Spring.
O, perfect April morning! The earth can show no fairer,
So lyrical thine atmosphere, I can only hark.
Of trouble by my door-way the thrasher is the bearer;
But sweeter tenor floods the fields—O, hear the meadow lark!
Even the lowly black-bird alone in last year's stubble
Pours deep into the chorus all his euphonious note;
Like gurgle of glad water I hear it bubble, bubble,
I hear his liquid laughter fill all his happy throat.
O, here is April, April! And all the world is waiting
Its budding and its blooming, the beauty it will bring;
And human youth is waiting its meeting and its mating,
The last sweet, full fruition, the miracle of Spring.
For life is all an April! its sunshine chasing sorrow
With joy that comes forever, that can never stay;
Its dreams, its hopes, its blisses light all the great to-morrow,
And all our lovely life-time is but an April day.
WASHINGTON, D. C., April, 1883.

A PRAYER TO THE HOLY GHOST.

BY THE REV. M. WOOLSEY STRYKER.

O, Thou final revelation
Of the perfect Trinity,
Help my needy supplication,
With Thy love's infinity!
Fill me with Thy vital current,
Pledge of Jesus' risen oath!
By that dear Redeemer's warrant,
Trust I Thee to keep His troth.
Move my soul with godly sorrow
For thy grieving o'er and o'er;

Fit me for a different morrow,
Let me never vex Thee more!
Change my forwardness and folly;
Hold me to the heavenly road;
Lead me, O Thou Spirit Holy;
I would be a child of God.

Give me, then, for ashes beauty,
Turn my heaviness to praise;
Gird me for each daily duty,
Calm and hallow all my ways.
Quench the fiery darts of Satan,
Plead my cause, and bear my part,
Speak to faith, when fears dishearten,
"God is greater than thy heart."

Power Most High! Oh! brood above me,
End confusion with Thy light;
Search and chasten, purge and prove me,
Sure that all Thou dost is right.
Bid me grow in grace and knowledge,
Recreated from above,
Make me bear with patient courage
Fruits of joy and peace and love.

All-controlling, all-enfolding,
Present Christ and Paraclete,
Thou hast, all my want beholding,
Laid my life at Jesus' feet.
Make the waiting world to hear it,
Testify His changeless word;
Save in Thee, Thou Holy Spirit,
None can call the Saviour Lord.

He, when enmity defiled me,
Ended in His death my strife;
Much more, now He's reconciled me,
Shall He save me by His life!
Well delivered from all evil,
Unto glorious liberty,
Victor over doom and Devil,
I, at last, the Christ shall see.

But, amid that adoration—
Bride and Bridegroom face to face—
When the day of coronation
Dawns, with shoutings to His grace,
When salvation's song is swelling,
Through the age-long heavenly rest,
Still my heart shall be Thy dwelling,
Unseen and eternal guest.

ITHACA, N. Y.

MARRIAGE AS A CRIME.

BY GEO. W. HEPWORTH, D.D.

THERE are certain demonic tendencies in modern society, among which, occupying a prominent place in the list, is the tendency to pay for money more than it is worth. The infatuation for the Golden Calf is not simply an eccentricity, but a terrible hallucination indicating organic weakness. We have absolute confidence that "if money go before, all ways do lie open," and when we deign to pray, it is not for daily bread, but for a daily dollar. The jingle of coin throws us off our balance, as the full of the moon does the lunatic. Poverty is the one thing we dread, and little consolation do we get from the fact that, at least, we are honest. Wealth is the one thing we desire, and it scarcely mars our happiness that we have run through crooked paths to get it. We stoop to "unconfinable baseness" for gold, and we even marry for gold, which, if the grim and horrible truth must be told, is only a mild phrase which throws the mantle of rhetoric over deliberate but well-paid prostitution. Whosoever gives the person, through the solemn rite of matrimony, without the heart, whosoever, for the sake of houses and lands and equipage and position, and not for love and love only, puts her hand into the hand of a man, is thenceforward no wife, but something far other. That certain legal forms have been complied with may seal the lips of open criticism; but facts are facts, in spite of it all.

A large purse and a full one, and the highest ambition is satisfied. When a man steals a small sum, he is a villain, without doubt, and we search the dictionary in vain for a word with which fitly to express our contempt; but when he steals bank-notes by the ton, our horror at his crime is mingled with admiration for his genius, and the moral resultant of this combined admiration and horror is toleration. What the world wants is bulk. Nothing petty suits its mood. Croesus is always elected to be a god by universal suffrage, even though piracy be behind his gold. Similarly, when a girl marries a man with a damaged reputation and a mere competency, we are unanimous in the opinion that she is culpably reckless and has thrown herself away; but when she marries a well-known debauchee whose income is beyond competition, Envy forgets the inevitable future and glares at the pile of glittering coin. A man with slender means must needs remain a bachelor, because the devotees of the Golden Calf have never even deigned to look upon him; but money with physical and moral corruption behind it in the disguise of manhood is in such demand that maneuvering mammas go wild in the competitive chase for it, and ambitious young ladies stimulate their fascinations to the utmost in the fond hope of possessing it.

Just here you cry Halt! and tell me that I do not keep step with the rest of the world. Thank God I do not, if the rest of the world either admires or excuses this state of affairs. My language may be harsh, but it is not cynical. I am not looking through a personal disappointment, for the best thing my parents ever taught me was to be content with my porridge, if I could get nothing better, and to hate all shams and artificialisms. There is no better time to speak than now. There are seven facts in connection with New York life which have served to sharpen the point of my pen, and if I were to dip that pen in vitriol and write with strokes that should burn, every one of them, into the paper, I could not with sufficient sarcasm arraign the silliness and wickedness of people who barter bodies and souls for gold. These seven facts have a ghastly family likeness, for they look, as Portia says, like "a death's-head with a bone in his mouth."

In what is called "good society" in the City of New York (heaven save the mark! What is it good for, with seven such demons from the pit shaking hands with it in the familiarity of mutual confidence?) there are, at this moment, seven divorce cases, in connection with some of which are rumors so incredibly vile that even men speak of them to each other in a whisper. If you had seen these seven couples married, and had known even the hearsay about them, you would have lost your respect for yourself as a prophet, if you had not declared that three years or five years from that "dicer's oath" of loyalty, they would separate in unspeakable disgust, and that "thus saith the Lord." Shall we prate of a mysterious dispensation of Providence? If we are idiots, yes; but if we have common sense, we shall recognize the vigilant and successful providence of Satan. The laws of well-ordered society were tampered with in the very beginning, and the result was at least one heart broken beyond mending. I say one broken heart, because, in a majority of these cases, the man has no heart to break. His marriage was only the freak

of a spoiled child with a lap full of dollars, a whim, something to do in a life made up of nothing to do. It was a new excitement, the novelty of which lasted a few months, and then came neglect, insults such as no pure woman has any right to endure, and, in more than one instance, blows—cruel, wicked blows—from a brute who did not have even beastly drunkenness for an excuse. This is not romance; it is history. There is more, and, if possible, worse yet. In one case, year followed year, filled with patient, dumb endurance, and children were born into the world with the unspeakable horrors of nameless disease raging in their systems, the mother's only hope, as she looked into their already wrinkled faces through her blinding tears, that they would not live. God was too good to leave such souls in such bodies, and let them die.

All this is going on in ranks whose complacent boast is that they can afford to be idle. The class which needs not to earn its living, because it has money enough—fairly or foully won, I know not, though the air is full of reports—the class which arrogates to itself the right to lead society, is simply leading it to perdition. It is setting an example for fools to follow, and the world is full of them; and the result of it all is something which would shock barbarism itself. Fashionable society has left its brains and its heart in the keeping of its ancestors. It is as leprous as the man in Scripture; only he went to Christ for cleansing, while it nurses its leprosy, and never heard of a God.

Let me discriminate. We have in New York a limited number of princely families. They have not usurped power; they have inherited it. They hold it by the divine right of deserving. They look back along an honorable record, none the worse because poverty coupled with honesty is at the farther end of the vista. They have had wealth so long that it has ceased to intoxicate. The bewildering novelty of money possession has worn off, and their long bank accounts are not an incentive to rush into pleasures which are all the more pleasurable because they are immoral. Here, at any rate, we have the ideal of democratic aristocracy. These home-like, genuine folk have homes which are not gaudy pretenses. They do not fresco their houses as an advertisement, and an ostentation of plethoric riches. They are the calmest, the most quiet and unpretending, the most dignified element in the community. To know them is to know real men and women, not merely gentlemen and ladies. Cash is only the staid butler or coachman to do their bidding, and to make no display of himself. Dollars are so much a matter of course that they never intrude themselves in order to show their finery. For such, all honor and respect, say I.

Just below these grand dukes is a clique of persons, male and female, whom no thoughtful man can look upon without wondering what purpose they subserve in the general economy, and at length giving up the problem as unsolvable. That they call themselves fashionable does not render them less dangerous as reptiles. They have money, but that is only another way of saying that they can afford to do their worst and procure partial means of concealment. Their peculiarities are chiefly developed in secret and after dark. They dare not tell the half they know about their neighbors, nor listen to half of what their neighbors

know about them. Their gospel is the gospel of six per cents., and beyond a large income and an unchecked passion lies the *terra incognita* of morality, which they have no desire to explore. Their time is spent in a round of pleasures, suggested by a painful *ennui*. Intrigues of the most compromising character are not infrequent, and the air is at times made foul by scandals which point to the hopeless wreck of domestic happiness.

You say I am talking about Madagascar, or Central Africa, or Russia—more corrupt than Paris. You are, perhaps, a simple-minded man, and have gone to and from your home so quietly that you have not heard the low mutterings of this demon of phallism. He has left Madagascar, where decency is just beginning to find a foothold, and is successfully engaged in founding a petty dynasty within a stone's throw of your own house. He was driven from Phrygia, Greece, Rome, and from the wigwams of the American savages, notably, the Seminoles of Florida; but he is an honored teacher in New York, and his mysterious rites are numerously attended, if we may judge by the unutterable details of these seven cases of divorce. His temple is not on Chatham Square, where the refuse of all nationalities is gathered, nor yet in certain parts of the Bowery, where crime hides itself from the garish light of day, but on the Avenue, to have a house fronting on which is the last attainable end of the highest earthly ambition of some of us.

Now the wonder of this whole matter is that pure young girls can be fascinated by a man—I use the misnomer in the way of politeness—who ought never to throw his shadow on their path. A marriageable girl who feels herself to be in the market is not in the slightest degree shocked because her lover dare not tell her where he goes when he leaves her; on the other hand, his known impurity seems to be an added charm in her sight. She has not been taught to set any high value on virtue, neither does she regard it as indispensable in a husband. She excuses the inexcusable, and ignores the prime conditions of happiness. So she has money, she ceases to ask questions. It is better so, perhaps, because if she were at all curious she would never marry. Old-maidism is the purgatory of social life; and so, rather than live in purgatory, she moves into a palatial residence in the nameless region beyond. Who does not know that in the set to which she belongs simple honor and fidelity are regarded as "slow," and that the appetite for excitement is so quickened by the condiments of vice that excitement is tasteless and insipid unless it is highly seasoned with immorality. Nay, the whole community, for that matter, is wallowing in the pit. In dramatic representations, for example, Shakespeare is adored with a sham adoration, but never listened to with even tolerable patience. In the rivalry between Shakespeare and a semi-lewd play, the bard of Avon is voted out of the house. The sensational drama in which the heroine totters in the first act on the dizzy edge of a vicious precipice and in the last act falls into the fathomless depths of domestic infidelity, rouses us to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Nothing pays so well in a play as disguised indecency; and if the disguise be very thin, we do not allow our scruples to mar our enjoyment. Good reading, also, has suffered a characteristic "sea change." In order to be really interesting, a novel must have a sulphurous plot, one the heroine or hero of which has a reputation which ought to bring a blush to the cheek of the reader, but which generally falls in the accomplishment of that end. We use the word "French" to express, not the nationality of a book, but its character, that is, its bad character. James or Howells may be found on the sitting-room table, sham representatives of the style of writing we most enjoy; but Zola, always kept out of sight, has thumb-marks which show that it is the source of oft-repeated pleasures. The most salable books are made up of the piquancy of broken vows and the delights of a life of shame.

This Moloch worship, which demands that mamma shall turn their daughters into the open and fiery and consuming arms of an unholy marriage, is far more prevalent than we think. Young girls are drilled into the belief that an elegant mansion on a cor-

ner lot in a matrimonial inferno is preferable to an honest snuggery on a side street in the matrimonial heaven. Money must be had at any cost; and since the only merchantable article in her possession is herself, the young girl gets the largest price the market offers, and runs the risk with the man who pays it. I use the word risk, but that implies a chance of happiness, and the chance is so small that I may as well be a little more exact, and say that she gets the largest price, endures the new relationship for awhile, and then either seeks her own pleasure in her own way, or applies to a divorce court for relief. A blasted life with fashionable society, or alimony as a last resort, is the history of scores.

When girls become ambitious for happiness, rather than cash, things will change, and not till then. When they want homes, instead of establishments, when they fall in love with a man, instead of a pocket-book, when pomp and show and sham cease to hold them in a vile thrall, then we shall look upon wifely virtue and manly honor; but we are all wrong as yet. The alarm bell has sounded, but we laugh so loud we cannot hear it. It will keep up its clangor, no doubt, for the iron and fatigued hand of natural law is on the bell-rope, and after a while we shall be compelled to listen, for the spectral fingers that write our doom on the wall will command the silence of horror.

I do not croak, and do not belong to the family of ravens. I am simply telling a truth which no one wants to hear, and one which every one acknowledges to himself, while he denies it to the world.

NEW YORK CITY.

THE REVISION AND ITS CRITICS.

THE ENGLISH IDIOM OF THE REVISION.

BY PHILIP SCHAEFF, D.D.

THERE is not a competent Greek scholar in England or America who, on careful examination, will not admit that the Revised New Testament is, as to accuracy and faithfulness, a very great improvement on the Old Version. But competent English scholars are not so unanimous as to the English style of the Revision. Not a few charge it with an excess of accuracy at the expense of the English idiom. It is thought to be more loyal to the Greek than to the English language. The severest assailants, however, are not Greek scholars, or have not taken the trouble to compare both versions with the original, nor considered that the Authorized Version is in some phase or other guilty of the same alleged violation of good English. Moreover, the fault-finders do not agree; the majority blame the Revisers for departing too much from King James's Version, while some blame them for not departing much more from it and for not adapting the idiom to the rules of modern grammar and the present use of the best writers. It is impossible to satisfy both parties, and the Revisers have, upon the whole, done as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

Let us endeavor to examine the case dispassionately, without fear or favor.

A good translation must be both true and free, faithful and idiomatic. It is not a photograph made by mechanical process, but a portrait by the hand of an artist. It is not simply a transfer from one language to another, but a vernacular reproduction in the very spirit of the writer, and reads like an original work. This requires full mastery of the two languages, and intelligent sympathy with the subject. Only a poet can reproduce Homer or Virgil; only a philosopher can translate Plato or Aristotle; only an orator can do justice to Demosthenes or Cicero. The best versions of the Bible are from men who most heartily believed in the Bible and were inspired by its genius. Pre-eminent among them stand Luther's German, the official Dutch, and the English Authorized Versions.

The Revisers, in obedience to their rules and to public sentiment, have faithfully adhered to the idiom of the Authorized Version, which is classical English from the golden age of English literature, and has indelibly impressed itself upon the memory and heart of two great nations. The Revision has the familiar ring and flavor of the Old Version, and whole chapters may

be read without perceiving the difference between the two.

But some changes were imperatively required by faithfulness, consistency, and the progress of the English language. Fidelity to the original must overrule fidelity to the vernacular in translating the Oracles of God. The Apostles did not write classical Greek, but the then prevailing Greek of the common people; and translators have no right to improve it or to break up the long and often anacoluthic periods of Paul into short, smooth sentences, although these would be more congenial to the genius of the English language.

I. Archaisms.—Every living language changes more or less, by throwing out old words, adopting new words, and modifying the meaning of words, sometimes turning it into the very opposite. Unintelligible words and phrases ought to be removed from a popular version for practical use and replaced by intelligible equivalents. The people's Bible is not a museum of linguistic antiquities and curiosities. It is not a herbarium, but a flower-garden. The sacred authors, like speakers and writers, wished to be understood by their hearers and readers, and wrote in the language familiar to their contemporaries as clearly and forcibly as they could. They used no obsolete words or phrases. The Hebraisms of the Greek Testament are no exception, for they were unavoidable for Hebrew ideas, and were familiar to readers of the Old Testament and the Septuagint.

But there is a difference between what is antiquated and what is antique, or between the obsolete and the old. One class of archaisms is unintelligible and misleading; the other is intelligible and harmless. The English Revisers removed the former, but retained and even increased the latter; the American Revisers would remove the latter also, at least as far as they conflict with the rules of grammar.

(1.) *Misleading Archaisms.*—The two Committees were unanimously of the opinion that these should be removed, and they differed only as to their precise number. The following is a list of obsolete words and their substitutes:

- "Atonement," in the sense of reconciliation.
- "By and by," for *immediately* or *forthwith*.
- "Carriages," for *baggage*.
- "Coast," for *seashore, border, or region*.
- "Conversation," in the sense of *conduct* or *manner of life*.
- "Damn" and "damnation" for *condemn, condemnation, or judgment*. "Damnable" has been replaced by *destructive*.
- "Diddest," for *didst*.
- "To fetch a compass," for *to make a circuit* or *to go round*.
- "His" for *its*.
- "Horse bridles," for *horses' bridles*, or *bridles of the horses*.
- "Instantly," for *urgently*.
- "John Baptist," for *John the Baptist*.
- "To let," for *to hinder* or *to restrain*.
- "Lewd" (originally *ignorant*, then *vicious*, then *profligate*). "Lewd fellows" now *vile fellows*. Also "lewdness" (*wicked villainy*).
- "Lively," in the sense of *living*, "lively oracles," "lively hope," "lively stones."
- "Nephews" for *grandchildren*.
- "To prevent" (from *praevenire*, to come before), for *precede*, or *spoke first*.
- "Proper," for *beautiful*. Heb. xi. 23.
- "Room," in the sense of *place*.
- "To do to wit," for *to make known*.
- "Sometimes," for *sometime, i.e., once, formerly*.
- "Ware of" (lit. *wary, cautious*), for *aware of*.

We add two more archaisms which have been retained in the Revised Version, but against the protest of the American Committee.

"Charger," in the sense of a *large dish* or *platter*, Matt. xiv. 8; Mark vi. 25, 28. The American Committee proposed *platter* in their notes on Mark (vi. 25). "Charger" is now almost exclusively used of a war horse.

"To hale" and "haling" in the sense to *drag* (*haul*) has gone entirely out of use in America.

Some intelligible words have also disappeared from the Revised Version and are replaced by more accurate renderings, *e.g.*, "banquetings," "bishopric," "bottles," "bottomless pit," "brawlers," "damn," "damnation" (replaced by *condemn, condemnation*), "flux," "heretical," "hinder part" (stern), "pillow," "stuff," "whoremonger" (five times replaced by *fornicator*, consistent with other passages), "witchcraft" (Gal. v. 20, replaced by *sorcery, φαρμακεία*).

(2.) *Innocent Archaisms* are words and

grammatical forms which have gone out of use, but do not affect the sense, and have become familiar to the reader of the Bible, and even carry with them a certain charm to a great many people. Here belong the uniform use of the "th" ending of the verb ("hath" for *has*), the very frequent use of "which" (as applied to persons) for *who*, the occasional use of "the which"; "they" and "them" for *those*, "how that" for *that*, "for to" for *to*, "be" (in the indicative) for *are*, "he was an hungred" for *he hungered*, "whiles" for *while*, "wot" for *know*, and "wist" for *knew*, "ambassage" for *message*, "ensample" for *example*, "entreat" for *treat*.

Here, however, there is a difference of taste between the two Committees, as already remarked. The English Revisers, representing an ancient nation that is fond of old things and nurses its very ruins, naturally adhere to these archaisms, and have even unnecessarily increased them; while the American Revisers, who share in the young, fresh, progressive spirit of their nationality, would modernize the diction, deeming it unwise to perpetuate a conflict between the language of the church and the language of the school. They object especially to the use of "be" for "are," in the indicative, and of "which" for "who," when applied to persons, as "God which," "Christ which," etc. The one is just as good old English as the other is good English; but each in its proper place. Why should we censure a boy for violation of grammar when he imitates the language of the Bible? The Revisers have actually made the change in a great many places, and thus conceded the principle. Sometimes they are strangely inconsistent in the same connection—as Matt. vii. 24, every one *which* heareth, but in verse 26 "every one *that* heareth"; Col. iv. 11, "Jesus, *which* is," and in the next verse, "Epaphras, *who* is" (following in both cases the Authorized Version). But matters of national taste and habit are very tenacious.

In this connection I may mention another case which is not archaic, but involves a change of meaning as used by the two nations. The Americans wish to substitute "grain" for "corn" (Matt. xii. 1; Mark ii. 23, I Cor. ix. 9, etc.), because "corn" in American English designates Indian corn or maize, which does not grow in Palestine; but the English still use it in its generic sense and overruled the Americans.

The Americans also object to the English names for coins where they convey a wrong impression, as is the case with "penny," which stands for a ridiculously small sum, while the corresponding Greek *denarius* is a comparatively large sum, a day's wages, and comes much nearer to the English *shilling*. The English persistently retained the penny in the text, but consented to put the correct value (in English money) on the margin.

In all these questions of archaic forms of speech the American public will approve the course of the American Revisers, and several American editions have been changed accordingly, though some of them at the expense of accuracy and consistency. In England, too, there is a respectable minority in favor of harmonizing the language of the Bible with the language of the school.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

HOW TO CONDUCT A BIBLE CLASS.

BY MRS. SARAH B. COOPER.

DURING the past year I have received many letters of inquiry, from different parts of the country, in regard to methods of Bible class teaching. The answer to all such inquiries must necessarily be more or less unsatisfactory, as the efficiency of any method is so largely dependent upon the personality of the teacher. But in view of the manifest interest in Bible class study, I gladly respond to the suggestion of THE INDEPENDENT, embodied in the words, "We should be glad of an article from you on 'How to conduct a Bible class.'"

A thoughtful writer has said that at every great *renaissance*, or period of new birth of the world in real progress, man has gone to childhood for inspiration and instruction. Jesus, the Great Teacher, took a little child as the object-lesson to teach of His coming kingdom; and so, when the world has