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THE CONVENT OF CHICOUTIMI.

By Rev. D. Schaff.

A visit to the far northern convent of Chicoutimi formed a most pleasant episode in a journey through Canada, and gave an insight into a life which seemed, at least to the outside observer, singularly self-sacrificing and peaceful. The little village of Chicoutimi is quaintly perched on an overhanging hill on the Upper Saguenay, seventy miles from the St. Lawrence. During the thirty years since the first white settlers began to share with the Indians in the frugal products of the soil and the choicer beauties of the surrounding scenery, a considerable cluster of one-story houses, with some more ambitious ones, has grown up. With the dwellings have come religious houses. The sun was setting on the evening of the Fourth of July when we entered the bay, and saw before us the little town in modest repose. High up on the summit of the hill a shaft appeared, devoted to the memory of a certain Mr. Price, whom the residents honor as the pioneer who opened up the Saguenay to public attention. Higher than the shaft of the monument, though built on lower ground, soars the spire of the great stone church. It is the first building on the brow of the hill above the boat landing, and with the grave-yard opposite guards the entrance to the town. It is reached by a steep road, up which the tough and stocky little Canadian ponies struggle to haul the two-wheeled carts and caissons. As we pushed our way through the crowd of villagers at the wharf, and ascended the steep path, here and there a boy with characteristic French politeness took off his hat to the strangers.

The great church whose tin-covered spire had glistened in the sunlight, is finished without but not within. Its well-enclosed stone walls and great size were evidence of the enterprise of the bishop and his clergy. The heavy wooden columns and rafters are still in the rough, and the walls are still unplastered, awaiting future contributions and artists for their completion. The two hundred and seventy pews on the main floor give some idea of the magnitude of the structure. A deep gallery seemed to indicate a general religious fervor in the village. A few humble villagers were even then, despite the excitement at the wharf below, offering their devotions on bended knee before the altar.

After walking through the town and picking some of the buttercups which brightened the meagre grasses and frequent rocks, we were suddenly met by a party of Sisters clad in faultless black, with a little fringe of white around the face. A silver crucifix hung down upon their bosoms. In the sweetest, softest English accents one of them, who proved to be the Sister Superior, said "Have you been to the convent? You want come back up the hill again and see it?" We thanked the pleasant interlocutor, pleaded want of time, and the Sisters passed on. The opportunity, however, seemed such a rare one, that we despatched one of our company to the boat to inquire of the captain whether he would give us time to visit the convent. The way of a handkerchief was the signal that our request was granted. We thought we had seen the best when we left the cathedral. We were mistaken. The most interesting episode remained.

The Sisters were sitting on a verandah under the trees when we arrived at the gate of the convent garden. The gentlemen stood back, not thinking they would be admitted. To their surprise the Sister Superior beckoned to them with a gracious smile to enter also. The convent is a plain, two-story brick building with steep roof. Here ten Sisters connected with the convent of Le Bon Pasteur (The Good Shepherd) of Quebec passed the winter and summer. They all arose and bowed very cordially. The coming of strangers well-dressed is not a frequent event in their lives. The Sister Superior conducted us through the building. The first room was the bishop's room. A photograph above the mantel betrayed the features of a good man of fifty-six years of age. Bishop Racine is the first Bishop of Chicoutimi, and has administered his wide and sterile See reaching to Hudson's Bay with ability and self-denial for six years. A library of well-bound French volumes filled the bookcases around the room. The refectory is a small room, uncarpeted, like all the rest of the building, and plainly furnished with a small dining-table. "We never have a tablecloth," said the Sister Superior, "and these are the drawers" (opening one under the table) "in which each Sister keeps her plate and napkin. We do our own dish-washing at the table." Then taking out a plate of wood six inches square, she told us that they placed their hot dishes on them. The writer asking for one of them, received the courteous response "O certainly you may have one, if it is of any interest to you. But it is very plain." It seemed to him he would prize it more than many a costly article bought at the store, for this had a history.

The Sister then conducted us to the kitchen, faultlessly clean and neat, to the school-room, and showed the old-fashioned spinning-wheels (alas for the curiosity lover that Chicoutimi is so remote), on which the village girls are taught the homely art of spinning. These are the teachers of the community, and this the lower university. On the second floor we entered first the chapel, with its sacred altar and pictures. The Sister bent reverently and crossed herself, and then lowering her voice to a subdued undertone, softened us likewise into reverence and awe as she drew the window blind and pointed to the beautiful valley and hills beyond. On the top story under the roof is the dormitory, with ten iron beds, side by side, for the ten Sisters.

Our guide had spoken so softly and in such pure English, that she had completely won us. A really brilliant woman in the elegance of her speech and the softness of her manners, she possessed a sweet and delicate beauty of countenance rarely equalled. As we passed out over the threshold, the nine Sisters again arose. I said to one of them "Do you not get lonely here sometimes?" "Yes, we do get a little lonely, but the object of our life is to overcome the passion for life." "Yes," I said, "and it is quite natural for you to feel just a little lonely; your Winters are so long, and you are so far from the world." "That is true, but grace helps us." She was going on, when the Sister Superior arrived and added that the Winters were very long, beginning the first of November and concluding with the severe storms of April. "But you are contented here." "Yes," she said, "it is our work, and in that we must be happy." But ten minutes more and it would be eight o'clock. The Sisters were waiting for the hour, for they rise then and arise at half-past four. "Sister St. John Baptist" wrote her name on the wooden plate,

adding "If it is worth anything," and we bade them goodbye.

It was a happy ending of a splendid day's ride on the picturesque Saguenay. The shadows of evening were thickening fast. We looked once again at the very beautiful view, all most Alpine in its quiet repose and variety of water and crag, far-off blue mountains, and meadow closer at hand with thatched cottages. Then we turned around to catch a last glimpse of the water-fall, bounding in ceaseless foam over the rocks back of the village. But that which will remain longest in our memories, was the convent. We would not have gone to the great hospital, even if the sun had lingered longer, nor to the monastery. A repose seemed to rest upon the convent life of the ten Sisters of the Good Shepherd as quiet and calm as that upon the scene of nature darkening in the evening shadows. The Sisters were altogether of a higher order from those we are apt to see on the thoroughfares of our great cities—calm, refined, young, and some of them singularly attractive of countenance. It is said, very sad (so we mused), that these lives should be spent in this cold and bleak village, far away from seats of culture and homes of refinement. And yet we could not but agree that there was something very noble and heroic in these women devoting their culture and piety to elevate and purify the life of the rude northern village. Was not this devotion of the very essence of Christianity, after all? Without commending the irrevocable vow, we could not withhold our applause of the life-long self-dedication to the well-being of others. It is said that the coloring of the lichens grows more brilliant the further north we go and the bleaker the climate. It seemed to us that some of the most refined and delicate of womanhood flourished amongst the Winter storms of the Upper Saguenay. The episode had subdued and softened us all. It was an evening idyll. The Convent of Chicoutimi has left its impression.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR NED?

Stockbridge, July 10, 1885.

Within the past few days visitors to our home in the country have observed, amid the general happiness, that there was one subject the mention of which gave us a pang. I don't like to speak of private griefs to a cold, unsympathizing public; but with you, dear reader of THE EVANGELIST, I have grown into a habit of being more familiar, and so if you will sit down with me here under the trees for a few minutes, I will tell you all about it.

We have had a domestic affliction—not a mere sentimental grief, but a real sorrow, which has touched every member of the family, from the oldest to the youngest, and given us a shock as if a favorite child, who had been caressed and petted and trained up with the greatest care, had turned out at last a prodigal son. Our Ned has turned out badly. Ned was our household dog—the mainstay and protector of the family. Though but a recent addition to our little circle, he had so won our hearts by his beauty and his devotion, that the discovery of any defect or vicious quality in him came upon us as a surprise.

We had had a small experience of dogs before. There was "Tig," a Scotch terrier which a friend gave us several years since. His full name was Tiglah-Pileser, but we called him "Tig" for short. He was a very minute specimen of the genus canis, but what he lacked in size he made up in vivacity. Every hair stood on end, while his sharp nose was turned up before, as his tail was turned up behind. He was in constant motion. To watch that little creature wriggling and whisking about, one might ask with Dunderberg "whether the dog wagged the tail, or the tail wagged the dog?" For a time he amused us by his antics, but he was always breaking out in the wrong place, barking at the wrong people, getting under horses' heels, especially when gay equestrians were galloping by at full speed.

Finding that he was neither useful nor ornamental, it occurred to us that it might be a timely act of generosity to give him away. It is an easy way of doing our benevolence to part with what we need, and to bestow it on those who need it. So we bestowed this treasure upon our old gardener, who had taken a fancy to the little imp, and now that "Tig" was his own, took him up as tenderly as a shepherd would take a pet lamb, and carried him home, where he has kept the house lively ever since. Thus he was pleased and we too, for we had the sense of having performed a virtuous action, and having followed the Scripture rule of giving freely what had been freely given to us.

After that we were for some time dog-less, and might have remained so but for the unfortunate incident of Oct. 1st, 1883, when our house was entered by burglars, who went from room to room, making themselves very much at home—opening drawers and carrying off silver—all of which we remained in blissful ignorance till the next morning, when the intruders were gone, and our silver with them. Then we armed ourselves with revolvers, of which we were more afraid than of the thieves. We thought it would be an additional security if we could have a trusty dog—one who was not a mere plaything, but a vigilant watcher, who would always be around the house, keeping an eye on everything with that keen sense which dogs have, who would know as by instinct a rogue from an honest man, who would not bark at women and children, but lie quietly all day long while peaceable neighbors were passing by, but wake up as darkness came on, and at night long sleep with one eye open, ready to start up at the slightest noise and spring on an unwelcome intruder. This was the way we were in a fair way to have supplied as one day Joseph came up the hill bringing in his arms a bull terrier, which though a mere puppy, had something in his stocky build and square jaws that looked as if he might grow to something. I took him up and carried him about to the neighbors, to whom I presented him proudly as "Our Protector."

He grew very fast, and soon fulfilled the promise of his beginning. He would lie with his head close to the ground between his paws, keeping a sharp lookout on all that came within his horizon. No man came into the yard but "Rab" had his eye on him, watching every step he took, and if there was anything suspicious about him, if his clothes were tattered and torn, or he hung round the house as if spying out a chance to steal, Rab sidled up to him, and with a low growl signified that his room was better than his company. But when the winter came, and we packed off to the city, Joseph's occupation was gone, and so he took his way down the hill, and Rab followed him.

After that we made diligent inquiry for a dog to take his place, and heard of an Irish setter in Eastern Massachusetts, a famous breed, that "was just what we wanted," and at once entered into negotiations for him, and had him sent up to Berkshire, where he soon made himself at home. He took to his new master (the farmer who had charge of the place), and would not let him be out of his sight, following him in his goings out and his comings in. Whenever he went to the barn to do the "chores," "Ned" (that was his name, taken from his former master) would follow to see that the cows were properly milked; and when he came in

to sit by the fire, would crouch at his feet, looking up wistfully in his face. All Winter long we heard the praises of that dog. To be sure, there was now and then a slight intimation that he was a little capricious in his moods, once in a while snapping at the hands that fed him; but remembering how we were all subject to infirmities, we were ready to forgive him. It was cruel to abuse a poor dog for a fault which we might have ourselves. What if he had a temper? That only proved that he was a dog of high spirit, which might make him all the better in guarding the premises: for he would fly at a thief as a shepherd's dog would fly at a sheep-stealer.

But it was not till Summer returned, and we came up into the Hill Country, that we were introduced to this new member of our family, and looked upon Ned face to face. With all that had been said of him, the half had not been told. He was a beauty! Red in color, with long, silky hair, he looked as sleek and handsome as a leopard, and was as graceful in his movements. And then he was so affectionate! Of all that welcomed us to our home, none was more glad to see us than Ned. He instantly recognized us as having a right in the place, and came up to us with an air of confidence, as if he knew that he was one of the family, and had a claim upon our affection. We agreed that he had been slandered in the idle tales that had come to us of his temper, and that there never was a better dog in the world. With the natural reaction from needless mistrust, I said in my heart, "Ah Ned, Ned, may I say what they will, you are the dog for me!"

Every day we saw something new in him to increase our admiration. With slender body and long, clean limbs, he was like and springy, and as swift as a greyhound. His great delight was to follow the horses. When he saw them being got ready, he sprang to his feet, eager for a run. Sometimes we had to shut him up in the barn to keep him from following us; but he soon saw through that, and would anticipate us by starting in advance, and hiding by the roadside till the carriage came out of the gate, when he would bound from his covert, springing to the horses' heads, leaping into the air, whirling round and round, and the dashing of it at the top of his speed in the excess of his joy. It was a pleasure for that dog to live!

Nor did he forget his duty to us. He was an excellent watch-dog. As night came on, he took his post, and never left it. He slept in the back kitchen, but with ear so attentive that he could hear the faintest sound in any part of the house or around it. If he heard a carriage driving along the road, or stragglers coming up from the village, talking and laughing, he made no sign, for these were sounds of peaceful life; but if a stranger crossed the lawn, and drew near the house with cautious step, his ears were erect, and any one passed under a window or in front of a door, a low growl warned him that he was observed, and that he had better depart as quickly as he came.

If members of the family were late in coming in, and the front door was left open, with only the outer shutters closed, Ned knew that he was not right, and leaving his usual place of rest, he came and curled up on a mat before the door, from which he could not be driven away till the last one of the family had come in, when he retired quietly to his usual resting-place, and made himself snug and comfortable for the night.

Such a dog one could not help loving. I loved him to the very heart of my heart. Why it was I cannot tell, but he seemed to have a particular fondness for me, perhaps recognizing me as the head of the family. If he saw me across the lawn, he would run to meet me. One morning I was late in appearing. Ned wandered about the house, evidently looking for some one, and could not be pacified till the door of my room was opened, when he jumped upon the bed, and gave way to the most extravagant demonstrations of joy.

Ned seemed to have a devotional turn. He would come in to family prayers, and stretch himself on the soft carpet, and keep as quiet as the little girl on her knees beside her mother. I think it was his really earnestness as if he felt the solemn influence of the unaccustomed stillness, which he would not break by sound or motion.

With so many virtues, it was not strange that we were very proud of this guardian of our household. Imagine then our surprise as one day, when we wished to introduce him to our friends, he answered to our call with a growl, and showed his teeth like a wolf!

If this had been a solitary instance, we should have let it pass. But it was soon repeated. Once he snapped at the child of the family; at another time he tore a lady's dress. In several instances he had attempted to bite. These things excited a feeling of alarm. What could be the matter with poor Ned? Was he going mad?

The last time I came up from the city, he did not come to meet me. I looked round for him in the family group, but he was not there. Another dog was in his place—a little Scotch collie, who had been chosen to be his companion—but no Ned, and then I heard in whispered tones a dreadful tale. During my absence he had shown repeated outbreaks of temper. At last he flew at our driver, who replied with a stick, when poor Ned turned and fled to the open door of the cellar and hid himself under the house, and could not be prevailed upon by threats or entreaties to come out. We were sorely troubled. A sudden fear had come over the family, and yet this fear was mingled with pity. We could not sleep much that night, for we were thinking of poor Ned, and sometimes it seemed as if we could hear his moans.

The next morning they opened the door and he came out. But he was never the same dog again. He hung round the house as if he knew that he was in disgrace. We did not think it prudent to be as familiar with him as before, and finally he was tied up under a tree like a captive. We had become seriously alarmed, recalling all the stories we had heard of dogs [even good dogs] going mad. What if he should be stricken with this terrible malady, and in his rage should attack one of the family! Perhaps we exaggerated the danger, but at any rate we could not be blind to the fact of its existence: and sorrowfully came to the conclusion that he must be sent away. At this we all felt very much cast down. To think of our beautiful Ned, that had slept on our hearstone—our protector by night as well as our companion by day—being an outcast dog, having no house nor home, and instead of being loved and caressed, being kicked and cuffed and driven from door to door! I would rather see him in his grave, for then he would be at rest. But I could not bear to think of his being killed. So we only sentenced him to be banished, and even softened that by sending him only a little way off—only to go down the hill with the man who had the care of him during the Winter. But even then, as I saw him led away, I felt as if he was going to execution, and had a misgiving that I should never see him again.

The next morning the man brought him up when he came to his work, but only to tie him under the tree, as when we looked on quite as unhappy as Ned himself. Then we consulted a gentleman from the city who is an expert in such matters, who thought the poor creature was not mad,

but only sick! This turned our feeling of sorrow into one of remorse. We had been punishing him when he ought to have been in the hospital. This opinion coincided with that of the good, kind-hearted woman who was in the house with Ned for months, and who stands up for him against all doubters. "That dog," she says, "knows more than a great many humans," and "He's always good to them as is good to him," and it breaks her heart to think that any harm should come to him.

So here we are in the greatest doubt and perplexity. The last advice for holding on to our favorite, and yet avoiding danger, is to keep him muzzled! I suppose this is necessary for safety, and yet it seems a kind of degradation—a reflection upon a respectable dog's character. But what shall we do? Altogether we are in a state of worry and anxiety. Who will tell us what to do with our Ned? It would be a happy day for us all if we could see him come up the hill restored and in his right mind, his old self again. What would we not give to have him come back like a repenting prodigal, a wanderer and yet forgiven, and be a good, loving, happy dog once more!

I beg your pardon, dear reader, for keeping you so long under the trees, telling you this little story. But I have felt so badly about it that I could not keep silent. Do you think I give too much time and thought to "a poor dog?" But he is the creature of the same God who made you and me. And it is a part of religion as well as of humanity to care for these dumb animals that cannot speak for themselves.

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast."

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All that he sees and sees himself;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The dog has a special claim upon man, as he is man's most faithful companion, sometimes his last and only friend. When one is in misfortune and his friends desert him, his dog is perhaps the only living creature that clings to him. He never deserts a master because of his low estate. He goes with the beggar from door to door, and even leads the blind through the maze of city streets. Nor does this devotion always end with his master's life. Many a tale is told of a dog grieving for his human companion when he died, sometimes even to the point of refusing food, and throwing himself upon his master's grave to die. He who does not appreciate such fidelity is not worthy of it. The man who does not love a faithful dog does not deserve to have even a dog love him.

H. M. F.

Our Book Table.

TEACHING OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

It is hardly necessary to say to our readers that the making up of a paper like THE EVANGELIST calls into service a great many pens, and thus represents a great many minds. Especially does a department so critical as that devoted to the Review of New Books, require not only general knowledge, but particular knowledge. Different books have to be committed to different hands—scientific books to scientific experts, theological books to theological professors, and different portions of Biblical study to those who are most learned in the several departments. The following paper, for example, is a criticism of the work of three of the most eminent scholars of this country, a task which we should be very unwilling to assume, and therefore (as a matter of necessity, if the review is to have any critical value), transfer it to one who is worthy to be reckoned the peer of these authors themselves. In such case we do not, of course, assume responsibility for the particular judgments expressed, any more than we do for the opinions of all our contributors, who often differ as widely from us as they do from each other. All that we can assure our readers is that the work of review shall be committed to men of the requisite learning and ability. This we do, even though we may not always be convinced by their arguments. We beg our readers to bear in mind the following as an editorial dictum—the expression of editorial learning (or ignorance), but as the carefully prepared opinion of one of the first of American scholars.—ED. EVAN.]

The readers of THE EVANGELIST are sufficiently familiar with the venerable document called the Teaching of the Twelve Apostles. The EVANGELIST was one of the first to give its readers information with reference to it, and in successive issues discussed the most important questions raised by it. A considerable number of publications have since appeared treating the document from many different points of view. We have at last two matured works from Professors of the Union Theological Seminary. It seems at first strange that two distinct works on the same subject should come from the walls of the same Theological Hall. But there are two reasons for it: (1) President Hitchcock and Dr. Brown issued an edition of the Teaching of the Twelve Apostles in a few days after the first copy had been received in New York. They owed it to themselves as well as their readers to present them with a revised edition. Dr. Schaff is the author of a valuable work on Church History, and he not unaturally felt that he owed it to his readers to give them this important document in its relation to the views which he had expressed in that work. (2) There are striking differences in opinion between the two chief Church historians of America on several important subjects, especially the mode of baptism. Dr. Schaff had committed himself to the view of his teacher Neander, that the primitive mode of baptism was immersion. This theory is badly damaged by the Teaching of the Twelve Apostles, and Dr. Schaff felt the necessity of vindicating his opinion in this regard. Hence it is that these two works upon the Teaching of the Twelve Apostles greatly differ in point of view and treatment of the document. The work of President Hitchcock and Dr. Brown is a splendid piece of historical criticism. Everything that critical discernment and accurate, painstaking scholarship could accomplish, has been done to present the venerable document in its true, historical setting, and draw from it its meaning. The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles is treated as Lightfoot treats the Epistles of Clement, or Weiss treats the Gospel of Matthew in his edition of Meyer.

The work of Dr. Schaff, on the other hand, is really an Appendix to the first volume of his Church History. The Church History was written without its valuable assistance. The learned author endeavors throughout to connect it with his previous study and to set it in the light of his Church History. It is not unnatural, therefore, that his Church History should be used to explain the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," rather than the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles" to supplement and improve the Church History. The careful reader feels convinced that, notwithstanding

TEACHING OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES. Recently discovered and Published by Philotheos Bryennios, Metropolitan of Nicomedia. Edited, with a Translation, Introduction, and Notes, by Rowell D. Hitchcock and Francis Brown. A New Edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE OLDEST CHURCH MANUAL, CALLED THE TEACHING OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES. By Philip Schaff. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

the great value of this most ancient of all uncanonical Christian documents, Dr. Schaff has not been compelled to change or even modify any of the views expressed in his Church History. Under these circumstances one is surprised that Dr. Schaff should have taken this trouble to edit a document which has given to him so little additional information.

In the critical estimate of the document, which is chiefly in the Introduction of Prof. Brown, everything is said which could be said by an accurate and judicious scholar. He carries his readers with him in his study and steady arguments. Dr. Schaff agrees in general with the results of Prof. Brown, although his argument is lighter and less extensive. In a single item we must follow Dr. Schaff—in looking to Palestine or Syria as the birthplace of the document rather than Egypt, as Prof. Brown supposes.

The translation of Dr. Schaff is free, but it lacks the minute accuracy, and at the same time the striking brevity and power, of the version for which Drs. Hitchcock and Brown are jointly responsible. The exegetical notes of Dr. Schaff are fuller and richer than those of Dr. Hitchcock. The notes of Dr. Hitchcock are entirely original, and are the enlargement of the brief notes of the first edition. They are brief, concise, and confined to important matters. The notes of Dr. Schaff are really a gathering together of the interpretations of all the editors who preceded him. These are arranged in that encyclopedic fashion for which Dr. Schaff is famous, colored with the genius of the editor, and shaped so as to express the views which the author has elsewhere given to the public.

This brings us to the chief items in Dr. Schaff's book. His primary title is "The Oldest Church Manual," and from this point of view he enlarges upon its contents, in order to set forth its theology, its ritual, its baptism, its ecclesiastical organization, and its view of the end of the world. In the presentation of its theology, Dr. Schaff takes too much for granted. His presentation contrasts unfavorably with the sober discussion of Dr. Brown. It is safer to tend toward the minimum with Prof. Brown, than grasp for the maximum with Dr. Schaff. The same is true of the use of the canon in the *Didache*. Dr. Brown concludes "that there is little or no proof that the author used any written materials from Christian sources, or knew any of the New Testament Canonical writings except one Gospel." Dr. Schaff (p. 22) says "It echoes only the Synoptical Gospels, and even them only in part; it ignores, with the exception perhaps of a few faint allusions, the rich Johannine and Pauline teaching." But yet on p. 92 Dr. Schaff goes so far as to say:

We conclude then that the writer of the *Didache* was acquainted with our four Gospels and the other Johannine writings, or at all events with the Johannine type of teaching. . . . The *Didache* shows acquaintance with several Epistles of Paul (Romans, First Corinthians, Ephesians, and Thessalonians).

It seems to us that Dr. Schaff strains a point or two on page 22, but on page 92 he so far transcends the bounds of moderation, that he excites grave doubts as to his critical sagacity. There are two points of difference between Drs. Hitchcock and Schaff which are of such great importance that we must call attention to them more at length. It is well known that Dr. Schaff has committed himself to the Baptist view of the primitive mode of baptism. Dr. Hitchcock however urges very strongly the view of the Presbyterian and other Christian churches. Dr. Hitchcock rightly affirms that dipping was the original mode (of baptism) is violently improbable. . . . A picture in the Catacomb of St. Callistus, dating according to De Rossi about the year 200 A. D., represents a youth about ankle deep in water and receiving baptism by water poured from the hand of the baptizer. The water running down from the head is distinctly indicated as the water in which both the baptized and the baptizer stand.

Dr. Schaff, however, represents that immersion was the primitive mode of baptism. It is curious to see how he follows the Baptist brethren in their representations of the Catacombs. Thus he describes the fresco picture of the baptism of Christ in the Catacomb of San Panziano: "Christ stands undressed in the Jordan with the water up to the waist, and John the Baptist from a projecting rock places his hand upon the head of Christ to immerse Him," whereas there is nothing whatever in the picture to lead to the inference that John the Baptist is about to immerse Him. That is an unnatural inference to support a theory. It is more natural to interpret the hand upon the head here as in the other representations, where the head is poured upon the head from the hand of John the Baptist. It is gratifying to observe, however, that Dr. Schaff's eyes are opening a little in two particulars. He recognizes the freedom in the *Didache* to use pouring, and claims that "It cannot be supposed that the Twelve Apostles were less liberal than the writer of the *Didache*, who writes, as it were, in their name." So also he sums up his discussion of the representations in the Catacombs:

We have a right to draw the inference that the immersion was as complete as the depth of the accessible stream or fount would admit, and that the defect, if any, was supplemented by pouring water on the head. The baptism of the head is always the most essential and indispensable part of baptism.

In this very remarkable sentence of Dr. Schaff, his concluding statement is correct; but it is not in harmony with the inference which precedes it, and which he has no right to make. If the baptism of the head is the essential part of baptism, then the immersion of all but the head is something more than incomplete by a mere "defect": it omits the essential thing. The vast majority of pictorial representations of baptism, exhibit this essential act of baptizing the head by the pouring of water upon the head from a shell or a basin or the hand, or by sprinkling upon the head with the hand or a hyssop sprig, while the candidate is standing in more or less water. There are no pictorial representations of baptism by immersion of the head. When the hand of John the Baptist rests upon the head of Christ, or when the candidate comes up from the water by taking hold of the hand of the baptizer, there is not the slightest evidence that there has been an immersion of the head. It is most natural to follow the more complete representations of baptism, and to think of the partial immersion of the body, and the baptism of the head by sprinkling or pouring. The fact is that Neander and Schaff and other German historians, with the Baptists, have failed to distinguish between immersion and submersion. No one doubts that our Saviour was baptized while His body was partially immersed in the Jordan, or that this was the method preferred in the ancient Church; but there is not the slightest evidence that the essential act of baptizing the head was performed

by dipping, in the case of Christ, or in the apostolic or sub-apostolic Church. The body was partially immersed in water, and the essential baptism of the head was by pouring. This indeed is the representation of the *Didache*. The essential baptism was "Four thrice upon the head in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." This was sufficient even if there was not water enough for the candidate to stand in; but if there were sufficient, then he was to go into the water and stand in it, but he was not baptized until the water was poured upon his head thrice in the name of the Blessed Trinity.

Dr. Schaff argues back from the thrice pouring to a true immersion in the preceding clause, but entirely without ground in text or context. The statement of the first clause is, "Baptize ye into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, in living water." The living water is the place of the baptism here, and not the baptism itself. The second clause allows of the substitution of other kinds of water. The third clause now permits baptism without standing in water, and gives the one essential mode which must be applied in all cases—pouring thrice upon the head.

This method of baptism, as Dr. Schaff himself admits, is the mode in Greece at the present day. He says (page 43) "In Greece, as I was informed in Athens, the priest dips the child only up to the neck, and then supplements the act by pouring water on the head."

The Baptists will gain little by exalting Dr. Schaff, and railing at Dr. Hitchcock. Dr. Schaff in his edition of the *Didache* is endorsing a previously adopted theory. What he surrenders damages the Baptist theory vastly more than what he advocates can help them. In his interpretation of the resurrection of the saints mentioned in the closing verses of the *Didache*, Dr. Schaff, in accordance with the views advocated in his Church History, represents that

Probably the *Didache* means a first resurrection preceding the Millennium, to be followed by a general resurrection after the Millennium; but as he says nothing on either the Millennium or a general resurrection, we have no right to commit him to a particular theory. His silence might as well be construed in favor of the annihilation of the wicked. Barnabas, however, Papias, Justin Martyr, Irenaeus, and Tertullian, were pronounced Chiliasmists.

Dr. Hitchcock is more discreet when he says "This of course might be understood of the resurrection of the wicked. But nothing is said about the resurrection of the wicked, and nothing anything said or implied of a *millennial* interval between the two. For aught that appears, the vision before the mind of the writer may have been simply that of 1 Thess. v. 16, 17—dead saints rising first, and living saints being then caught up in the clouds, nothing at all being said about the wicked. It must not be overlooked that the New Testament throughout deals mainly with the resurrection of the righteous. . . . The peculiar Chiliasm of Barnabas, so unlike that of Papias, is best explained by supposing it to have come in between the Teaching and Papias."

Dr. Schaff's discussions of the ritual of the *Didache*, and the ecclesiastical organization, are more satisfactory. His volume is also enriched with the chief original documents, which are brought into comparison with the *Didache*, and also with several fac-similes and woodcuts. We wish the publishers had been a little more attentive to their part in the production of the book. The illustrations are not what they ought to be. The paper, type, and entire appearance of the book that the Scribners have given us, are vastly better.

FROEBEL'S EDUCATION OF MAN.

Frederick Froebel, the great German pioneer in rational methods of child-instruction, began his efforts about seventy years ago, and published his first work in 1827. It appeared under the broad title of "The Education of Man," and contained in its several parts all the essential ideas now so widely known and popular as the Kindergarten System. His plan was to have children continue at home with their mothers until seven years of age, and accordingly this first book is addressed to mothers. Setting forth at the start what is termed the "Foundation of the Whole," we come next to "Man in the Period of his Earliest Childhood"; then to "Man as a Boy"; and finally to "Man as a Scholar." All the author's statements and deductions are elaborated with true German painstaking and minuteness. Froebel, however, soon found that he had laid too heavy a burden even upon willing maternal shoulders, and in 1839 he invented the Kindergarten. His plan was to gather from twelve to twenty-five children for three hours daily (and of course from several families), under the care of a mother's assistant, whom he called a kindergarten. The little ones were to be helped and directed in their play, rather than thwarted and disciplined, until about seven years old, which age was sufficiently early for them to enter upon school and learn the signs of the ideas they would already have acquired in a spontaneous and pleasing way.

The present work is translated by Josephine Jarvis, and published by A. Lovell and Company. Elizabeth P. Peabody, who furnishes the American preface, informs us that the "Mother-Love and Nursery" was another publication by Froebel, was translated by the same able hand, and published in Boston by the aid of Mrs. Quincy Shaw. The author intended it as an aid to his general scheme. Miss Jarvis has in translation, but not yet published, the only remaining writings of Froebel, consisting of articles published by him in several periodicals of his time. They were gathered after his death in 1852, and published by Richard Lange.

The Magazine of American History for July has for a frontispiece a wood engraving of President Lincoln. "Washington in March and April, 1861," deals with the opening events of the war, as do several articles of the number next following. They have for their authors Gen. C. C. Stone, Thomas Jordan, Meredith Reed, Col. C. C. Jones, the editor (Mrs. Lamb), Gen. E. L. Viele, while Mr. George Rutledge Gibson writes of "Wall Street in the Civil War"—thus altogether forming a symposium on the beginnings of the great conflict. The minor departments of the number are well filled.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Harper & Brothers, New York. Harper's Handy Series, issued weekly. She's all the World to me. A Novel. By Hall Calne, author of "The Shadow of a Crime." 25 cents. —Harper's Franklin Square Library. Barton Expanding Expedition, under command of Lieut. Isaac C. Strain, U. S. N. By J. T. Hendley. Illustrated. 15 cents. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. New York and the Conquest of 1863. A chapter in the history of the Civil War. By James R. Fry, retired Assistant Adj. Gen. U. S. Army. 25 cents. L. Appleton & Co., New York. The Adventures of Harry Martine, or, Notes from an American Missionary's Lucky Voyage. By Admiral Porter. 25 cents. —A Nemesis; or, Tamed Vagabond. By J. Mackenzie Colman, author of "The Circle of Souls." 25 cents. Colverbrook Company, Chicago, Ill. The Morals of Christ. A companion with contemporary systems. By Austin Bierbrocker. Vol. I. April, May, and June, 1885.