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

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A NIGHT-SCENE FROM THE ROCK OF CASHEL, IRELAND.

BY S. M. B. PIATT.

AND this was, then, their Cashel of the Kings,
As babbling legends fondly call it; oh,
The Cashel now—certain other things;
Come, look by this blurred moon, if you would know.

From darkness such as hides the happier dead,
On the wet earth-floor grows a ghastly flame;
A woman's wasted arm, a child's gold head,
Shrink back into the wind-stirred straw for shame.

Through the half-door, down from the awful Rock,
The death chill from some open grave creeps in—
The skeleton's fixed laugh is seen to mock
The cry for bread below. Oh, shame and sin!

Warm only with the fire of its starved eyes,
In one grim corner, crouches a black cat.
Night moans itself away. The sun must rise
As it has risen—spite of this or that.

And look! In meadows beautiful, knee-deep
In bloom for many a shining mile around,
The undying grass is white with lambs and sheep
And wandering cattle make a pleasant sound.

CORK (QUEENSTOWN), IRELAND.

"BUT FOR A MOMENT."

BY ELIZABETH AKERS.

I WILL not think of thee as gone afar
To some invisible and distant shore,
Unreached by human eye or earthly lore,
Farther from me than the remotest star
Where undiscovered constellations are
The sparkling dust of Heaven's eternal floor;
But rather say, "Why should my heart be sore?
After the long day's tumult, toil and jar,
Thy work is done a little while before
My own, and thou hast entered, gladly free,
Into another room, and left the door
Of its calm peace and rest unclosed for me
To follow soon—and in a moment more,
My darling, I am coming after thee!"

SUNSET.

BY HERBERT BASHFORD.

LIKE some huge bird that sinks to rest,
The sun goes down—a weary thing—
And o'er the water's placid breast
It lays a scarlet, outstretched wing.

TACOMA, WASH.

WHAT SHALL THE COLUMBUS CELEBRATION BE?

BY THE REV. THOMAS S. POTWIN.

In the lively dispute as to where the Columbus celebration shall be, the question what it shall be seems almost left out of account. This is to be unmindful of the fact that what a thing *shall be* is a most essential preliminary to determining where it *should be*.

The well-worn expedient of a World's Fair, and the much older story of "a tower whose top may reach unto heaven and make us a name," seem to exhaust the possibilities of the case if we may judge from current discussions.

Few stop to think what it is that we are to celebrate; the only idea is to have a great time.

But the country has seen many celebrations during recent years and had many good times; so that the first need now is to recognize the fact that we have in the present an opportunity for something more than a mere celebration, and certainly for something more than a mere display of civilization. In civilization we have been but imitators or partners of the older nations whose search for gold and "spicery" finally carried them over the waters which were so wide to them but have become so narrow since.

The world is now to have its opportunity for a truly secular commemoration of what the ages have brought forth for the welfare of mankind in their highest inter-

ests and relations. But, if we fail to come up to it the world must wait another century before its adolescence shall yield a consciousness of what it has become.

Greatly as the material aspect of life has changed in four hundred years, it is not herein that the real progress of mankind has occurred. Indeed, in some respects we have not to-day the luxury and magnificence of the Roman Empire.

The real progress of the world has been in the political and social status of humanity, and to this new condition no event has contributed so much as the discovery of America by the Europeans. Here then is found what we have chiefly to celebrate. And fitly to do this there must be first of all a goodly assemblage of representatives of all the races and nations concerned, of those who brought civilization and Christianity to this continent, of those races to whom they were brought, and of the race who were brought here to meet civilization and Christianity. The marshalling of such an assembly would of itself be a most inspiring ceremonial. Then let the gifts of oratory, essay, music and poetry be drawn upon to set forth what the wisdom and will of man and the goodness of God have wrought.

1. The celebration, then, must be first of all historical, a renewal of our knowledge of those noble days. And besides, an impulse should be given to research which will add to that knowledge by drawing upon original and yet unworked sources, which are by no means wanting, and thereby bringing into the light much that is obscure or wholly unknown.

2. It must be ecclesiastical. When we think what the Church was in 1492 and what it is to-day, it is easy to understand that the discovery of America was equal in importance to the rise of a Luther.

3. It must be political. What was human liberty in 1492? We know what it is to-day, and we recognize that God's great gift to mankind was a new continent, on which to "try again."

4. It must be social, and for all the people to exhibit the development which the individual man and woman has reached in millions upon millions.

5. It must be industrial. And here come in the World's Fair and the tower. We have some things that Rome and Egypt did not have, and let us spread them out to view and light them up with our electric lights, and let the world see what America has produced through her Franklins and her Edisons. And the tower will give no end of amusement to the boys and girls, tho precisely how it is proposed to connect it with the events of 1492 has not yet transpired. Perhaps it is hoped, if it be built high enough, to get a sight of Columbus himself, or, at least, to get a bird's-eye view of all the Americas. If not, it will certainly serve to illustrate how Columbus *did not* discover America.

For all this the learning, eloquence and art of the world must be enlisted. University faculties, learned societies and all scholars will recognize their opportunity, and will gladly improve it. Music and the drama must do their part. Let the musical talent of the world be assembled as it has never been before, and do their grandest. Let historical plays be put upon the stage such as all can approve and enjoy.

Then let the Government generously publish and distribute to all the libraries of the people the literature to which the occasion shall have given rise for the education of the present and future generations of our youth.

Then, and then only, shall we have celebrated, as we ought, the birth of the New World.

HARTFORD, CONN.

THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF THE EDITOR.

BY CHARLES EMORY SMITH,

EDITOR OF THE PHILADELPHIA "PRESS."

I AM asked to write of "The Trials and Triumphs of the Editor." I suspect my friend, Murat Halstead, as on the eve of distinguished honors he finds himself suddenly haled and halted by the ghosts of old manifestoes which once in cold type will never down, could tell us something of the trials, as he certainly knows much of the triumphs of his craft. The free lance has its risks as well as its rhapsodies. In a different way there is no more plaintive yet humorous revelation of the trials of the editor than is contained in the recently published letters of Horace Greeley to Mr. Dana. Mr. Greeley was the powerful editor; Mr. Dana the accomplished journalist.

Mr. Greeley was all politics; Mr. Dana all news in its broadest sense. Mr. Greeley had no interest in the drama, and when he piteously protested to Mr. Dana as managing editor against leaving out Greeley's most important political article to make room for Fry's eleven-column dramatic review and against embarrassing him by printing a violent assault on his best friend in Congress, he gave us an illustration at once touching and amusing of some of the vexations of the editor. Mr. Greeley had his trials in many ways; but in spite of them all, how splendid and impressive the triumphs of the greatest and grandest editorial career in this or any other country!

These will answer for introductory surface indications; beneath them are deep mines of suggestion with veins of difficulty and of advantage running in every direction. Journalism both as a business and as a profession has been revolutionized within thirty years. Before that time it had very little of the profit of the one or of the rank and character of the other. As a vocation it was limited and precarious; as an intellectual exercise it was narrow and unexciting. Neither in its rewards nor in its achievements taken as a whole did it rank at all with the pulpit or the law or medicine. Outside of the few who became political oracles and who were more politicians than editors, it offered no positions worthy of any ambition. Now all this is completely changed and there has been no such marvelous progress in any other field, unless it be in railroading and one or two other lines of development which combine intellectual and material requirements. As a business journalism has become a great enterprise with vast capital, heavy expenditures, an army of workers and large profits, and requiring the best business management. As a profession it has immeasurably broadened in its scope, attractions, demands and opportunities. The old journalism was little more than political pamphleteering; the new journalism is the comprehensive epitome of the world's life, and the leader and reflex of human thought and activity. The one generally involved party servility and limited careers; the other offers individual independence and the most splendid pecuniary and personal prizes.

The great change has come partly through interior evolution and partly through exterior conditions. Each reacted on the other. The momentous issues and intense stress of the War produced a demand for the earliest possible news over the widest possible territory. That feverish, importunate demand bred the enterprise of the field and forced the ingenuity of the press-room. With the invention of fast printing-presses, the multiplication of stereotyped plates, the development of world-wide enterprise, the lavish use of the telegraph, the cheapening of paper, the growth of population and the education of the people in newspaper reading, has come the possibility of great newspaper circulations; and great circulations carry almost unlimited possibilities as a business. When Greeley and Bennett disputed as to whether the *Tribune* or *Herald* printed the more papers, the trial showed that the maximum was about 18,000. Now we have several newspapers with a daily or weekly circulation of nearly 200,000, and every large city counts a number of journals with circulations varying from 50,000 to 150,000. The difference between the old maximum and the new is the difference between a small income and a bonanza. When we reflect that a single penny on a circulation of 100,000 means a thousand dollars a day, we can realize the import of the figures. The elder Bennett plumed himself in a leading editorial on his approaching marriage and a profit of \$40,000 a year; now the paper of corresponding position makes an annual profit of not less than three-quarters of a million, and scores of papers can be named that carry \$100,000 a year and upwards on the right side of the ledger.

With this mechanical and material development—partly as the cause of it and partly springing from its increasing resources—has come a great intellectual growth. The brain equipment of the metropolitan newspaper has, indeed, relatively advanced beyond the physical equipment. As already suggested, the old journal was little more than a political handbill. Its range was narrow, its discussions limited, its news meager, and its interest restricted and ephemeral. It was for the most part the product of one mind. If he was a Weed or a Greeley, he made a potent political organ. If he was not a giant he made a dull paper and a poor living. The great modern newspaper, on the other hand, springs from no single Jupiter, but shines with a whole constellation of stars. The chief may be as able as the masters of the past, but

ing could have been held, unless it was in church; for here, at least, the Jew is everywhere. It is possible that they may be only 1-350 of the population; but in that case they must be concentrated in London and Brighton. There are places—and not synagogues either—where the Gentiles are a distinct minority. How people who frequent theaters should be unacquainted with Jews, seems strange indeed; for there are plenty of them in the theaters. They are a theater-loving race. The comic Jew, it is true, is rare. I know many Jews, and some of them are very good fellows; but not a single comic one. Their humor, when they have any, is cynical. The Jewish journal speaks of "the relics of medieval prejudice"; but no one associates Isaac of York with a Jew financier, or even Mr. Moss, of the Minorities. There are plenty of Jews in real life for the playwright to draw from; and if he draws them ill, the unlikeness cannot certainly be ascribed to the causes it suggests.

Collaboration in novel writing is getting to be quite a common occurrence. One gentleman does the plot, and the other the dialog; or better still (tho surely a little dangerous in the case of such sensitive natures), a lady is introduced into the partnership, to do the love scenes from her view of the question. Men are apt to make mistakes in this matter and *vice versa*. An author was once discovered to be a spinster from her describing a husband and wife going on with a quarrel at the breakfast-table at the exact point where they had left it at supper time. Still collaboration doesn't do in everything. In athletics, for instance, it was recently discovered that two gentlemen were in the habit of entering one another's names for races, instead of their own. The less speedy of the two modestly appeared on the list and was given a start on account of the indifference of his previous performances, which the quick one ran for him and won. Untouched by this spectacle of so much friendship, a magistrate has sent both Orestes and Pylades to jail for obtaining money under false pretenses.

Every one has a right to his own opinion as regards erecting monuments in cathedrals to favorite authors. One does not see why a popular author should not have his niche in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, as well as those statesmen and generals whose names but for that circumstance would in many cases be forgotten. Still Charles Dickens's view that his best monument was in the hearts of his readers, seems to me the true one. In the case of a divine there is some association with the cathedral; in that of the imaginative writer there is none. He is almost always, what has been aptly termed "a Canopist," one whose church is the canopy of Heaven, and whose creed is without dogma. Where his literary claims, as in Dickens's case are national and overwhelming, it is a different matter; but where difference of opinion as to merit or influence is widespread, it is a pity to provoke discussion. Tablets on houses which have been the homes of eminent personages invest our streets with interest, and rescue them from monotony and dullness, but on the cathedral wall they are often out of place; if the person it is designed to honor is buried elsewhere, the record seems still more hollow and artificial.

In Siam it seems that to write on a postcard unfavorable news of its people and government is a little dangerous, and involves seven months imprisonment. One is sorry for the victim; but what a fool a man must be to write to his wife, apropos of the country in which he was a settler, "All vices flourish here. What a contrast to the high civilization of Japan," and omit to put these sentiments into an inclosure. Yet how similar, in a less degree, is the conduct of many of us at home. I have read postcards (directed I beg to say to myself, however) full of the most private and compromising matters, such as one would even speak of in a whisper, and all to save a half-penny. That is really about what it comes to; it is not to save time—for there are correspondence cards for that very purpose you have only to slip into an envelope—but to save money. It is impossible to exaggerate the meanness of that large class of our fellow-creatures who delight in niggardly economies. There is nothing more useful than the open postcard when making a legitimate complaint because it is liable to be read by those who can redress it, as well as the offender; but it is not intended as a vehicle for ill temper, discourtesy, accounts of our friends' diseases, or proposals of marriage.

It is curious how late in the day of human existence the question of excessive hours of toil is beginning to assert its proper place. To produce such apathy it must have taken indeed generations of slavery. The old political economists give the matter comparatively small importance. Their notion of self interest seems to have been almost entirely confined to getting money. That will, of course, be always a very powerful motive, and rightfully so, since the effort to obtain it makes the greatness of a nation. But it is now becoming generally understood that gold—and especially copper and silver—may be bought too dear. Let your great discoverers—your Edisons and the like—rise early, and burn the midnight oil, and keep their noses at the grindstone all day long; they like it, and they sell their patents for millions; but for those who have no such ambition, and no chance of patents, it has begun to dawn upon them that they should have an hour or two a day to themselves, besides what are spent in needful slumber. It may be "quarreling with their bread and butter," but, even if they lose their butter by it, it is better to have dry bread without the neces-

sity of eating their meals standing. As to "trade flying the country" this is a consideration which can hardly have much weight with the man who sacrifices two-thirds of his existence upon the altar of trade, or with the woman who makes a shirt for a penny, and has to find the needle and thread. The time, one fears, is a long way off, when by the proper recognition of this matter, all over the world, trade will have no need to fly, but in the mean time, at whatever cost, it is certain that the people of this country will more and more insist on having time to breathe, to think, to eat, and, in a word to be men and not mere machines. When the Saturday half holiday was instituted, it was affirmed by many employers of labor that the work was done so much better, by those less weary "hands," that the loss of time was made up to them. If this be true, why should not efforts be made in the same direction? Lord Rosebery accounts it "shameful" that a tramway man in fifty years' service must needs spend thirty-seven and a half of them at his monotonous toil, but adds that the reform of this gigantic evil must come from the action of the victims themselves, since in that of the legislature there is no hope at all. But what are the women to do? Is the "Bridge of Sighs" to remain for another fifty years the only means of release?

Southey used to complain that what seemed to be an advantage in his case, namely, that he wrote both prose and poetry well, was in fact a disadvantage. The public resent the "admirable Crichton," and refuse to believe that a man can be a good poet if he writes good prose, and *vice versa*. The same sort of misfortune has, it seems, befallen the author of "Vice Versa." The reviewers, or some of them, decline to accept his novel, "The Pariah," upon the ground that no man has a right to be a humorist and a novelist also. That strikes me, at least, as the chief reason for their objecting to it. It is true that it is a book much too full of disagreeable people, and with a distressing ending, but of its power and originality there can be no doubt. The Pariah himself is one of the most pathetic creatures in fiction. The lady who marries his father to benefit her children is a character of which any novelist might be proud, tho he could hardly be pleased with her. Mr. Chadwick is drawn from life, tho certainly not from high life. These excellencies are almost ignored, because Mr. Anstey has not given us another "Vice Versa." I wish he had done so with all my heart, but I am still thankful for his novel, which is by no means "a small mercy." That we have no young painter in it, wrapt in "his art" should be in itself a cause of gratitude. How I hate that painter!

LONDON, ENGLAND.

THE WESTMINSTER DOCTRINE OF INSPIRATION.

(WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO SOME QUOTATIONS BY DR. BRIGGS.)

BY BENJAMIN B. WARFIELD, D.D.,
PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY IN PRINCETON SEMINARY.

"CONTROVERSIALISTS in general," says the late Principal Cunningham, in one of his essays, "have shown an intense and irresistible desire to prove that their peculiar opinions were supported by the Fathers, or by the Reformers, or by the great divines of their own Church; and have often exhibited a great want both of wisdom and candor in the efforts they have made to effect this object." We have earnestly sought to avoid this danger and to assume a purely historical point of view in our study of the teaching of the British theologians of the Westminster age as to the extent and effect of inspiration. They are certainly entitled to have their opinions accurately represented; and we, on the other hand, would be unwilling to be understood as indorsing their whole teaching. Nevertheless, they appear to us very distinctly to teach both the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures and the inerrancy of the original autographs, and we have therefore felt it incumbent upon us to examine the evidence to the contrary which has been presented by Dr. C. A. Briggs in his recent book, entitled "Whither?"

Dr. Briggs devotes two sections to the subject of the present paper (pp. 64-68 and 68-73). In the former he presents a catena of six quotations under the caption: "We shall give the opinions of a few Presbyterians of the seventeenth century on this subject, in order to show how far modern divines have departed from the Westminster doctrine of the Bible." It is, perhaps, not perfectly certain to what immediate antecedent the words "this subject" here refer. But, in any event, the catena of citations is meant to show that the Scriptures, in the estimation of the Westminster men, are not inspired in their "verbal expression." In the second section, two quotations are given to illustrate the statement that "the Westminster divines did not teach the inerrancy of the original autographs."

We take up the catena on verbal inspiration first; and (on the principle of *ex pede Herculem*) we begin with the last quotation. It is from John Ball's Catechism and reads as follows:

"The testimony of the Spirit doth not teach or assure us of the letters, syllables, or several words of holy Scripture, which are only a vessel, to carry and convey that heavenly light unto us, but it doth seal in our hearts the saving truth contained in those sacred Writings into what language soever they be translated."

Now, on the assumption that the sole conclusive evidence that the Scriptures are the Word of God, is the witness of the Holy Spirit in the heart, such a passage as this might seem to assert that only the matter of Scripture is inspired. But tho this may be Dr. Briggs's point of view, it is not John Ball's. The very object of the passage quoted, is rather to guard against this overworking of the testimony of the Spirit; it is one of six rules which are given professedly "to prevent mistaking" in the use of this evidence. The immediately succeeding rule warns us that "the Spirit doth not lead them in whom it dwelleth, absolutely and at once into all truth, but into all truth necessary to salvation, and by degrees"; and one of the previous ones warns us not to forget that it is "private, not public; testifying only to him that is endued therewith." Ball's object, thus, is not to suggest that the Scriptures are not verbally inspired; but to deny that this can be proved by "the testimony of the Spirit." By other forms of testimony, however (he teaches) it can be proved; and resting upon them as giving a "certainty of the mind," he unhesitatingly teaches verbal inspiration. Let us hear his statement of it.

"Q. What call you the word of God?"

"A. The holy Scripture immediately inspired, which is contained in the Books of the Old and New Testament. . . ."

"Q. What is it to be immediately inspired?"

"A. To be immediately inspired, is to be as it were breathed, and to come from the Father by the Holy Ghost, without all means."

"Q. Were the Scriptures thus inspired?"

"A. Thus the holy Scriptures in the Originals were inspired both for matter and words."

Examination of the other quotations, given in this catena, would lead us to similar results. In the first of them, for example, quoted from Lyford, the writer is not speaking of inspiration at all, but is arguing the widely different question whether the Word of God, that is, as he defines it (p. 46), "the mind and will of God," is so completely conveyed in translations that the unlearned may have in them a divine foundation for faith. But tho he holds that "Divine Truth in English, is as truly the Word of God, as the same Scriptures delivered in the Original, Hebrew or Greek"; he feels bound to add: "yet with this difference, that the same is perfectly, immediately, and most absolutely in the Original Hebrew or Greek, in other Translations, as the vessels wherein it is presented to us, and as far forth as they do agree with the Originals." The difference between the originals and the translations arises from the fact that "the Translators were not assisted immediately by the Holy Ghost," while "such extraordinary assistance is needful to one, that shall indite any part of Scripture" (p. 50). With all his tendency to defend the value of translations, therefore, he does not assimilate the inspiration of the originals to the divine element common to the two.

This enhancement of translations is carried, perhaps, a step higher by another of Dr. Briggs's witnesses, Richard Capel. The quotation which is made from him is somewhat spoiled in its effect on the reader, by the omission of the italicizing which indicated the words that Capel was borrowing from his opponent. For Capel is here not calmly stating his own view, but controverting another's. He is inveighing against the carelessness of the welfare of human souls, which is shown by those who dwell upon the uncertainties of copies and the fallibilities of scribes and translators, as if the saving Word of God does not persist through all these dangers. It is this mode of procedure which he says "may let in Atheism like a flood"; the passage quoted by Dr. Briggs being a positing of difficulties which he at once sets himself "to help" by laying down a series of contrary propositions. Accordingly, he had said at an earlier point (p. 38):

"I cannot but confess that it sometimes makes my heart ache, when I seriously consider what is said, *That we cannot assure ourselves that the Hebrew in the Old Testament, and the Greek in the New, are the right Hebrew and Greek, any further then our Masters and Tutors, and the General consent of all the Learned in the world do so say, not one dissenting. . . . All infallibility in matters of this nature having long since left the world. . . .* And to the like purpose is that observation, *That the two Tables written immediately by Moses and the Prophets, and the Greek copies immediately penned by the Apostles and Apostolical men are all lost, or not to be made use of, except by a very few. And that we have none in Hebrew or Greek, but what are transcribed. Now transcribers are ordinary men, subject to mistake, may fail, having no unerring spirit to hold their hands in writing.*

"These be terrible blasts, and do little else when they meet with a weak head and heart, but open the door to Atheism, and quite to fling off the bridle, which only can hold them and us in the ways of truth and piety; this is to fill the conceits of men with evil thoughts against the Purity of the Originals: And if the Fountains run not clear, the Translation cannot be clean."

Capel's purpose, in a word, is not to depreciate the infallibility of the autographs, but to vindicate the general purity of the transmission in copies and translations. The originals were "the dictates of the Spirit," and their writers, being "indued with the infallible spirit," "might not erre" (cf. "Remains," pp. 12, 38, 43, 55; "Tentation," fourth part, pp. 244, etc.). His tendency was not to lower the autographs toward the level of the translations, but to elevate the translations, so far as may be, toward the originals,

by claiming for them a kind of secondary (providential) inspiration. Accordingly, altho he would confess that the transmitters of Scripture, had "no unerring spirit to hold their hands in writing," he yet asserted that God so assisted them "that for the main they should not erre," and "did so hold the hands and direct the pens of the translators, so that the translations might well be called the Word of God" (p. 31). No student of the history of doctrine need be told that the affinities of this view are with the highest, even the most mechanical theory of inspiration (cf. Ladd, "Doctrine of Sacred Scripture," Vol. II, pp. 182, sq.)

Samuel Rutherford, the first writer whom Dr. Briggs quotes to prove that "the Westminster divines did not teach the inerrancy of the original autographs," is an even more extreme representative of the same type of thought that Capel stands for. If the reader will read the long passage quoted from him in "Whither?" with an eye to the italics which mark the phraseology borrowed from John Goodwin whom Rutherford is there refuting, he will not fail to catch a hint of Rutherford's high doctrine. Rutherford here, in a word, is almost bitterly attacking Goodwin's assertions of the fallibility of the transmission of Scripture; over against which he posits an "unerring and undeclinable providence" (p. 363) presiding over it. So far is he from suggesting that the autographs are not inerrant, that he is almost ready to assert that all the copies and translations are inerrant too. He evidently feels himself to be making a great concession, and to be almost straining the truth, when he admits that there may be "errors of number, genealogies, etc., of writing in the Scripture, as written" [i. e., in the manuscript form] "or printed." The God has used means which, considered in themselves, are fallible, in transmitting the Scriptures; yet he has not left the transmission to their fallibility, but has added an unerring providence, keeping them from slipping. He urges that Goodwin's argument "makes as much against Christ, and his Apostles, as against us," for they, too, had but copies of the Old Testament, the scribes and translators of which were then no more than now, "immediately inspired Prophets," and were consequently liable to errors; so that "if ye remove an unerring providence, who doubts but men might adde a 5 or subtract, and so vitiate the fountaine sense? and omit, points, change consonants, which in the Hebrew and Greek, both might quite alter the sense?" Yet both Christ and the Apostles appeal to the Scriptures freely, with such phrases as "as David saith," and the like, staking their trustworthiness on the true transmission. Nor will he allow the argument that it is the inerrancy of the quoters not of the text quoted, which is our safeguard in such cases; this, he says, presumes "that Christ and the Apostles might, and did finde errors and mis-printings even in written" [i. e., manuscript] "Scripture, which might reduce the Church in after ages to an invincible ignorance in matters of faith, and yet they gave no notice to the Church thereof." To Rutherford, therefore, the whole Scriptures were spoken by the Holy Ghost (pp. 353, 354), were all written by God (p. 373), are a more sure word than an immediate oracle from Heaven (p. 193), and were written under an influence which secured them from error and mistake (pp. 336, 369, etc.).

It is an interesting indication of the universality of high views of inspiration that John Goodwin, Rutherford's adversary in this treatise, himself held them. So far as the points we are here interested in are concerned, indeed, the dispute was little more than a logomachy, since Rutherford and his friends were constrained to admit (tho sometimes grudgingly) that the providential preservation of Scripture is not so perfect but that some errors have found their way into the copies, and that the translations are only in a derived sense the Word of God, and only so far forth as they truly represent the originals; while Goodwin was ready to allow that God's providence is active in preserving the manuscript transmission substantially pure, and that the truth of God is adequately conveyed in any good translation. In Goodwin's reply to his assailants it is made abundantly apparent that he too believed in the inerrancy of the autographs, his objection to calling copies and translations the Word of God, in every sense, turning just on this, that no one extant copy or translation is errorlessly the Word of God (see "The Divine Authority of the Scriptures," pp. 8, 9, 11, 12, 13).

But what about Richard Baxter? Dr. Briggs tells us that he "was the leading Presbyterian of his time," and that "he knew what he was about in his warning," which is quoted as Dr. Briggs's final proof that "the Westminster divines did not teach the inerrancy of the original autographs." But the passage that is quoted has again really nothing to do with the inerrancy of the autographs. It is only one of Baxter's frequently repeated statements of his sound apologetical position as to the relative value of different portions of Scripture and the relative importance of the sense and letter. It is partly on account of his firm grasp and clear expression and defense of this apologetical position, that we think of Baxter as one of the wisest and soundest writers on the subject of Scripture in his day. Despite the fact that he has been frequently misunderstood and misquoted, he did not doubt the verbal inspiration and autographic inerrancy of the Scriptures. It is one thing to refuse to make the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures the ground of all religion, and another thing to deny its reality.

Baxter's practical works are accessible to all in Duncan's London edition of 1830, and we may content ourselves here with the adduction of a passage or two from them in which he clearly asserts his belief in the inerrancy of the autographs of Scripture:

"All that the holy writers have recorded is true (and no falsehood in the Scriptures but what is from the errors of scribes and translators)."—Vol. XV, p. 65.

"No error or contradiction is in it, but what is in some copies, by the failure of preservers, transcribers, printers and translators."—Vol. XXI, p. 542.

"If Scripture be so certainly true, then those passages in it that seem to men contradictory, must needs be true; for they do but seem so and are not so indeed."—Vol. XX, p. 27.

"These that affirm that it was but the doctrine of Christianity that was sealed by the Holy Ghost, and in which they were infallible, but that their writings were in circumstantial, and by passages, and method, and words, and other modal respects, imperfect and fallible as other good men's, (in a less degree), though they heinously and dangerously err, yet do not destroy, or hazard the christian religion by it."—Vol. XX, p. 95.

"Though the apostles were directed by the Holy Ghost in speaking and writing the doctrine of Christ, so that we know they performed their part without errors, yet the delivering down of this speech and writing to us is a human work, to be performed with the assistance of ordinary providence."—Vol. XX, p. 115.

"All the credit of the Gospel and christian religion doth not lie on the perfect freedom of the Scriptures from all error: but yet we doubt not to prove this their perfection against all the cavils of infidels, though we can prove the truth of our religion without it."—Vol. XX, p. 118.

Let these serve as samples.

Probably no one man has a better right to be quoted as an exponent of the doctrine of the Westminster divines as a body on this subject than "the Patriarch of Dorchester," John White. He was chosen by them at the outset of their labors to serve as one of the two assessors, whose activity was expected to supplement the little public capacity of Twisse. His book, "Directions for the Profitable Reading of the Scriptures" (1647), was introduced to the world by one of the leading Westminster divines, Dr. Thomas Goodwin, in a glowing eulogy. And Baxter (Vol. XXII, p. 335) names it among the works on the divine authority of the Scriptures, which he especially recommends to the English reader. It is, therefore, a truly representative book. And we cannot do better than bring this paper to a close by adducing White's general statement as a fair representation of the prevalent view of his time. He founds his remarks on 2 Pet. i, 20, 21, and writes as follows:

"The Apostle . . . describes that kinde of assistance of the holy Ghost, in the delivery of the Scriptures, two ways, *First*, by way of negation, that they were neither of private interpretation, nor came by the will of man. *Secondly*, he describes the same assistance affirmatively, testifying that they spake as they were moved by the holy Ghost.

"In the former of these, wherein he expresseth this manner of delivering the Scriptures by way of negation, the Apostle excludes the working of the naturall faculties of man's minde altogether: *First*, the understanding, when he denies that the Scripture is of any private interpretation, or rather of men's own explication, that is, it was not expressed by the understanding of man, or delivered according to man's judgement, or by his wisdom. So that not only the matter or substance of the truths revealed, but the very forms of expression were not of man's devising, as they are in Preaching, where the matter which men preach is not, or ought not to be the Minister's own that preacheth, but is the word of truth, 2 *Tim.* ii, 15, but the terms, phrases, and expressions are his own. *Secondly*, he saith that it came not by the will of man, who neither made his own choice of the matters to be handled, nor of the forms and manner of delivery. So that both the understanding and the will of man, as farre as they were merely naturall, had nothing to doe in this holy work, save onely to understand, and approve that which was dictated by God himselfe, unto those that wrote it from his mouth, or the suggesting of his Spirit.

"Again, the work of the holy Ghost in the delivery of the Scriptures is set down affirmatively, when the Pen-men of those sacred writings are described, to speak as they were moved by the holy Ghost, a phrase which must be warily understood. For we may not conceive that they were moved in writing these Scriptures, as the pen is moved by the hand that guides it, without understanding what they did: for they not only understood, but willingly consented to what they wrote, and were not like those that pronounced the Devil's Oracles, rapt and carried out of themselves by a kinde of extasie, wherein the Devill made use of their tongues and mouths, to pronounce that which themselves understood not. But the Apostle's meaning is, that the Spirit of God moved them in this work of writing the Scriptures, not according to nature, but above nature, shining into their understandings clearly, and fully, by a heavenly and supernaturall light, and carrying and moving their wills thereby with a delight and holy embracing of that truth revealed, and with a like desire to publish and make known the secrets and counsels of God, revealed unto them, unto his Church.

"Yea, beyond all this, the holy Ghost not only suggested unto them the substance of that doctrine which they were to deliver and leave upon record unto the Church, (for so far he usually assists faithful Ministers, in dispensing of the Word, in the course of their Ministry), but besides, hee supplied unto them the very phrases, method, and whole order of those things that are written in the Scriptures, whereas he leaves Ministers in preaching the Word, to the choice of their own phrases and expressions, wherein, as also in some particulars which they deliver, they may be

mistaken, although in the main fundamentals which they lay before their hearers, and in the generall course of the work of their Ministry they do not grossly erre. Thus, then, the holy Ghost, not only assisted holy men in penning the Scriptures, but in a sort took the work out of their hand, making use of nothing in the men, but of their understandings to receive and comprehend, their wills to consent unto, and their hands to write downe that which they delivered.

When we say, that the holy Ghost framed the very phrase and style wherein the Scriptures were written, we mean not, that he altered the phrase and manner of speaking, where-with custome and education had acquainted those that wrote the Scriptures, but rather speaks his own words, as it were in the sound of their voice, or chooseth out of their words and phrases such as were fit for his own purpose. Thus upon instruments men play what lesson they please, but the instrument renders the sound of it more harsh or pleasant, according to the nature of itself. Thus amongst the Pen-men of Scriptures we finde that some write in a rude and more impolished style, as *Amos*; some in a more elegant phrase, as *Isay*. Some discover art and learning in their writings, as *S. Paul*; others write in a more vulgar way, as *S. James*. And yet withall the Spirit of God drew their naturall style to a higher pitch, in divine expressions, fitted to the subject in hand." (Pp. 59-62.)

It is almost pathetic to observe White's efforts to mitigate the effects of his mechanical conception of the mode of inspiration, in the matter of the style of the authors. Others made similar efforts and sometimes with more success. But the time had not yet come when the true synergism of inspiration, by which we may see that every word of Scripture is truly divine and yet every word is as truly human, had become the common property of all. In this, too, therefore, White is a fair exponent of his day, and reminds us anew that so far from denying verbal inspiration and the inerrancy of Scripture, the tendency to error of the time was in the opposite direction; and in the strenuousness of its assertion of the fact of an inspiration which extended to the expression and secured infallibility, it was ever in danger of conceiving its mode in a mechanical way. That this was the ruling attitude of the middle of the seventeenth century among the Continental theologians, whether Reformed or Lutheran, everybody knows. It is clear from what we have seen, that the English Puritans and Scotch Presbyterians were not an isolated body cut off from the currents of thought of their day, but were in harmony with the theologizing and the dogmatic conceptions of their Continental brethren.

PRINCETON, N. J.

FROM PUEBLO TO SALT LAKE CITY.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

I AM constantly surprised at the number and endless length of the railroads here. Only within the past year or so, however, have the mountains been so entirely seamed and cut and crossed by lines of cars; and the Plains as well. I came to Pueblo from Kansas City—a long, continuous cornfield of more than five hundred miles on the Missouri Pacific—a road so new that but few people coming this way are aware of the new world that it opens up as yet. And just now the new road to Santa Fe, direct from Pueblo, is pointed out as we pass on with faces lifted to the Rocky Mountains and the awful gorges of Colorado.

I am setting out for Salt Lake City, direct, by the Denver & Rio Grande road; because I am told that such engineering and enterprise as has been exhibited in its building is not matched outside of Mexico.

We are leaving Leadville and other famous mining centers to the right or to the left; all accessible by rail now. We are going to pierce right straight through the granite walls of the Rocky Mountains.

Another thing that continually amazes one is the weary distance. "How far is it by this short cut to Salt Lake?" I ask, as we wedge our way on up a fertile valley between its gray-white walls.

"Oh, only about six hundred miles," says some one at my side. So here we go, good reader, on a ride of the biggest half of a thousand miles through the canyons of granite and over the gold and silver and copper and the iron ribs of the Rocky Mountains!

We are winding up the narrow and fertile valley of the Arkansas River, the one great stream that waters the Indian Territory. It is all thickly settled; and the most of it is plowed and planted.

And such orchards as we see on every side as we wedge on and up and into the fearful gorges through this narrowest and richest of little valleys! The apple trees are literally red with their loads of fruit; and so rounded and shapely are the trees, too. They look all along here as if they had only to-day escaped out of picture books! But after all, with all their abundance and their beauty, they are not quite so cheap here as they are away back yonder in the heart of Kansas, where the cry from forty little throats was, "Five for five!" "Fi' fo' fi'!" But maybe that was because the white boys have little black girls for competitors in the apple trade. But, be that as it may, the cry here is: "Three 'f' nickel; three 'f' nickel, three 'f' nickel, an' a pear throwed in!" And such succulent and rich fruit, too. Fruit like this could not possibly be had, with all its sweet freshness, in New York for love or money; and even the semblance of it, with all the soul and sense of perfume and blossom gone out of it, would cost easily five times what this costs here.