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I.

DR. ABRAHAM KUYPER.*

I.

IT goes without saying that the following pages do not contain everything that might well be said about Dr. Kuyper. What

* [We depart from our ordinary custom of publishing only fresh articles written expressly for the REVIEW, in order to give our readers a translation of this, no doubt somewhat inadequate, account of Dr. Kuyper's life up to 1888 by Jhr. Mr. Witsius H. de Savornin Lohman. In Dutch it forms one of the issues of a series of booklets published by H. D. Tjeenk Willink at Haarlem, under the editorship of Dr. E. D. Pijzel, and designed to describe the *Mannen van Beteekenis in Onze Dagen*; and it appeared as long ago as 1889. This early date, of course, detracts seriously from the completeness of the sketch: for so far from Dr. Kuyper having been idle during the last decade, this is precisely the period of his greatest activity and of his greatest achievements in Church and State—including his breach with the State Church and his successful leading of a large body of "Doleerenden" (as his followers were suggestively called) out of its bondage and finally into union with the "Christian Reformed Churches," so forming the strong existing body of free churches known as the "Gereformeerde Kerken." Mr. Witsius Lohman has, however, given a fair account of Dr. Kuyper's teachings during the earlier years of his public activity, and the facts that the stress of the sketch is laid rather on Dr. Kuyper's political program than on his theological work and that it is written distinctly for a Dutch audience, we are persuaded, constitute an apparent rather than real drawback to its usefulness. For Dr. Kuyper is about to make himself known to the American public in his work as a theologian—not only in the course of "Stone Lectures" on *Calvinism* which he will deliver before the Theological Seminary at Princeton this autumn, but in the translation of a portion of his *Encyclopædia of Sacred Theology* just now appearing from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons: and there may be some danger that we should not realize that he has long been as significant a figure in the political life of present-day Holland as in its theological thought. This essay may be taken, therefore, as supplying in some sort a preliminary preparation for the knowledge of the man which we shall derive from his

and the anthropoids an early Eocene Primate "differing from the Simiæ, Catarhinæ, Platyrrhinæ and Tauridæ," while these tribes unite only in a "Mesozoic insectivorous ancestor," and back of that we are not to assume descent through Marsupials, Monotremes and Sauropsids, but must go back independently to the amphibian father of all. Here are "more parallel" lines with a vengeance: and a layman may be pardoned for beginning to suspect that they converge at all, away back there "in the world's young prime," only because "evolution" was in the assumption. Certainly if every new obtrusion of facts should still further separate the lines at their back ends, the "genealogical tree" will soon begin to look amazingly like a plantation of canes, each growing independently from a common soil; and the lines may become so nearly parallel that they will only meet in infinity. Possibly this result may not disturb "evolutionists:" they seem to be more concerned to lay down new hypothetical lines of phylogeny here, there and everywhere, than to ask seriously whether any such really exist in nature; and they appear to have nothing less than eternity to dispose of (p. 26). But laymen, who are more concerned to learn what is true than to adjust an old theory to fit the new facts which may from time to time be brought forward, will not fail to observe that every æon in the infinite past, back into which the origin of man is pushed, and every step toward making the lines of descent of the various animal forms "more parallel," raises a new difficulty in the path of the prevalent assumptions of "evolution." The steps which are made in this direction by Prof. Hubrecht, and so interestingly outlined in these lectures, will suffice to rouse in the lay mind (or what he is prone to call his mind) a reflection of that scientific imagination by the aid of which Prof. Huxley was enabled to look back into the infinite past and see "the evolution of living protoplasm from not living matter;" and to tempt it to contemplate as possible the coming of the time when the accumulation of facts will press out all the main lines of phylogeny into real parallels, and push back the origin of man to "the Beginning." Possibly this time may never come, just as the time seen by Prof. Huxley never was: but the time has already fully come when the adherents of "evolution" should do something to make it clear to the lay mind that it can never come—or else abate a little of the confidence of their primary assumption.—*Letters from the Scenes of the Recent Massacres in Armenia.* By J. Rendel Harris and Helen B. Harris. With Maps and Other Illustrations. 8vo, pp. xii, 254. (New York, Chicago and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co., 1897.) It is impossible to read the account which these familiar letters give of what Prof. and Mrs. Rendel Harris saw in their journey through Armenia from Alexandretta through Aintab, Ourfa, Diarbekir, Mardin, Harpoot, Malatia, Arabkir, Eglin and Marsovan, in the spring and summer of 1896, without a boiling of the blood and an impulse to repeat the imprecatory Psalms with a personal application. Clearly the Western world has not half realized the incredible atrocity and calculating barbarity of what seems already to have passed somewhat out of its mind as "the late Armenian massacres." Not that these letters are a record of the horrors which came to the knowledge of the travelers. The force of their effect is in large measure due to the restraint which their writers put on themselves in this matter. They do not revel in the terrible details: they simply tell us in the most controlled way the condition in which they found the people *after* the massacre, and the dreadful state of a whole region where the social fabric has been destroyed by the slaughter of the men, the destruction of all industry, and the casting of the widows and children, unclad and unfed and without means or hope of livelihood, into the streets. No one who would understand what the Turk has done or under what incitement he has done it, or what the Armenians have

suffered and with what spirit they have suffered it, or what the task of the future is relatively to them, can afford to miss reading this illuminating volume. Incidentally the volume has two other claims to our interest. One arises from its testimony to the devotion and efficiency and splendid results of the mission work carried on in this region by the agents of the American Board. Few bodies of missionaries can have been placed in such difficult circumstances: few can hope to receive such hearty encomiums from travelers so well-fitted to judge of their work and their single-hearted devotion to it. It makes one proud of the name of American Christian to read of what has been done in Armenia by these American missionaries, to whom is evidently due the praise—and very high praise it is—that their courage and faithfulness have equaled that of their persecuted flocks themselves. Such a comment as the following touches the point of the American missions from its statesman-like side: “The Armenian question is an American one. The civilization of Asia Minor is American; it is covered by a network of American agencies; there are good colleges and schools, medical colleges and schools for training preachers. The same thing is going on as in Bulgaria: the Americans are training the future rulers of the country” (p. 181). Every page of the narrative bears witness to the wisdom of the methods and the success of the work of the missions of Asia Minor: and the book thus becomes a most valuable one for the student of mission methods. Another source of interest in it arises from Prof. Harris’ inability to keep his scholar’s instincts down, and the consequent intrusion now and again into his letters of hints to the student of the Christian origins. Now he points out the instruction to be derived from the scenes he was witnessing as to the state of the early Christians under persecution: now he devises hints for the interpretation of the Apocalypse: now he traces to its source an odd word in the text of the Apology of Aristides (p. 62). Of course, this is all purely incidental, and there is not much of it—just enough to prevent the picture of the dreadful state of Armenia from becoming too oppressive to be read. It is altogether an informing book.—*Shakespeare, Puritan and Recusant*. By the Rev. T. Carter. With a Prefatory Note by the Rev. Principal J. Oswald Dykes, D.D. 12mo, pp. 208. (Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, 1897.) A delightful historical essay, which, as far as we can see, makes good its main contention. This is that John Shakespeare, alderman of Stratford and father of William, so far from being the Roman Catholic he has ordinarily been represented, belonged rather to the extreme Puritan party and was subjected to persecution on that account. The point is not only of high historical interest, but also of importance in understanding the character and allusions of the dramatist, and Mr. Carter’s book may easily take rank as the most important contribution to Shakespeareana of the year. Probably no point indispensable to his case has been omitted by Mr. Carter from his account: but we hardly think that he has presented his case in the most winning way to his readers. There is a slight lack of orderly arrangement and an apparent tendency to drive small points too hard, which seems occasionally to obscure the real strength of the presentation. But, as we have said, we think the facts presented fairly support the new interpretation suggested, and the book is certainly good reading. To ask more were hypercritical.—*Oliver Cromwell: A Study in Personal Religion*. By Robert F. Horton, M.A. D.D., Author of *John Howe*, etc. 12mo, pp. x, 208. (New York: Thomas Whittaker, 1897.) This is a little book that needed writing, and Dr. Horton has written it well, with a clear hold on the facts and a steady advance to his goal. How any one can read even a dozen of Cromwell’s letters and not perceive him to have been, above all things, a man of deep personal religion is one of those inexplicable things