

The Independent.

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

VOLUME XXXV.

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The Independent.

AMONG THE BUTTERCUPS.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

I know a field whose rough wild grasses,
With clover and buttercups flaunting free,
Win scarcely a glance from whose passes,
But always a smile from me.

O thick green grass which no mower moweth!
O yellow buttercups waving high!
You cover a secret which no one knoweth,
No one save only I.

I can see where, hid in your blossoming tangles,
No higher than clover or dandelion stem,
Stand ranges of stakes, set in regular angles,
And I know the meaning of them.

They are nothing but sticks, yet they tell me a
story;
They are dull and brown, but they seem to
glow,

As I stand and look, with a sudden glory,
And I see them rise and grow.

They spread to wall and they climb to rafters,
They open windows for glimpses sweet,
Their spaces echo with happy laughter
And the dance of childish feet.

There is the line where the morning will enter,
Here is the point for the cool sea-breeze,
This is the heart of the house, the center,
Where the mother shall sit at ease.

That buttercup marks where the children's
places
Will be when the Winter fire is lit.

I can see its shine on their rosy faces
As they bask in the light of it.

In the air-drawn nursery far above them
I picture the little heads all in row,
Pillowed in slumber where those who love them
Can softly come and go.

Close to that red-and-white clover tangle
The doors shall open to welcomes bright,
And here shall the Christmas stockings dangle
In the hush of the holy night.

O low brown stakes in the blossoming cover!
You have no beauty for man to see;
But I smile on you with the smile of a lover
As the pledge of a home to be.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE FOOL HATH SAID.

BY EDWARD WILLETT.

"There is no God!"—an easy thing
For any fool to say.
The fool hath said it in his heart
This many and many a day.

"Prove this and that!" the fool demands.
"Explain eternity!
Reveal to me that awful form
Which mortals cannot see!"

Of microscope and telescope
The limits we can find;
The limit of the human eye,
The limit of the mind.

What we perceive is all that is
The sodden fool insists;
Beyond the limit of our ken
Nothing at all exists.

But any fool must still admit,
If any fool reflects,
That there are many things unknown
Except by their effects.

We do not know the life within
The merest blade of grass,
Nor can we see the vagrant winds
That lightly come and pass.

Nor form nor size the lightning has;
We only feel the stroke.

An unseen force, we hold and bind
And tame it to our yoke.

We mortals boast of what we know,
Exalting reason's throne,
While there is far beyond our reach
An infinite unknown.

The lessons of eternal space
The fool takes not to heart,
And all the endless universe
He gauges by a part.

If he could pass his narrow bound:
And freely range abroad,
He must confess that all he sees
Are but effects of God.

NEW YORK CITY.

THE ANSWER.

BY FRANCES L. MAACK.

In what soil does courage grow?
Where the sunbeams warmly shine?
Where the flowers of fortune twine—
And her scented breezes blow?

On the bleak and rugged height,
In the chill and starless night,
Courage struggles to the light.

In what garden blossoms trust?
Is it where the morning dew
Lights up every cherished hue
And the roses never rust?

Not till reading storms sweep by
Does the spirit make reply
To the Master's "It is I!"

Tell me where is triumph found?
Work is weary, victory far.
Undereath what happy star
Is the laurel's native ground?

Pomp and praise and gain are naught,
Noblest fame is dearest bought,
Death must seal what life has wrought!

BANGOR, MAINE.

THE TURKISH MISSIONS.

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

As I have already stated, the delegation from the Prudential Committee has left Constantinople and the Missionary Conference adjourned after passing various resolutions designed to open the way for a fuller and more perfect co-operation between the missionaries and the native churches, in view of a transfer of the work to native hands as soon as practicable.

The Western Turkey Mission held its annual meeting last week and adjourned on Saturday. It passed resolutions heartily indorsing the action of the Conference in regard to co-operation. It took no action in regard to the admission of native delegates to the annual meetings of the mission, as it was understood that this question could only be decided by the Board at home; but it passed three votes of a practical nature. The first was an invitation addressed to the four "Unions" of native churches to appoint one-half of the members of the committee on publication. If this invitation is accepted and acted upon, the native churches of the empire will have an equal voice with the missionaries in all the work of the press.

The second vote invites the Bithynia and Central Unions to choose one-half of the trustees of the Marsovan Theological Seminary.

The third vote recommends to the stations of the W. T. Mission that, henceforth, the estimates for evangelistic and educational work be prepared, and, as far as possible, that missionary operations in station fields

be carried on by councils composed of missionaries and native brethren.

There are some stations in the missions where this principle is already acted upon, and so far as I can learn the experiment has been a success. It has given equal satisfaction to the missionaries and the churches. The first proposition was also made to the Unions several years ago; but no answer was ever made to the invitation. It remains to be seen whether it will be accepted now.

The removal of the Theological Seminary from Constantinople to Marsovan was so bitterly opposed by the native churches in this vicinity that they have ever since regarded it with disfavor, and it is hardly probable that they will agree to assume any responsibility for it so long as it remains there.

As there can be no co-operation between two parties without the consent of both, the action of the Western Turkey Mission settles nothing; but, so far as it goes, it proves the willingness of the missionaries to recognize the rights of the churches and their desire for co-operation on a reasonable basis.

The Bithynia Union is still in session, and the course which this controversy is to take will depend entirely upon its action. It remains to be seen how far this action may be modified by the conciliatory resolutions of the Missionary Conference and the action of the Western Turkey Mission. The delegation from the Portland Committee is still here; but expects to finish its work today. I think that President Chapin and Prof. Mead have now the confidence and sympathy of all who have met them. They have been here for five or six weeks, and have listened with admirable patience to everything which could be said by the native Protestants in regard to the past, present, and future of the missionary work in Turkey. I do not think that a more impartial or judicious delegation could have been found. My only regret is that they have no authority to settle anything. So far as I know, they are not authorized even to suggest a settlement. Their report, however, will be one of the most important and interesting ever presented to the Board, and their judgment in regard to what ought to be done in Turkey, if expressed, will be worth more than all other opinions combined. I say this without any knowledge of what their report will be. My confidence is based upon what I have seen of the men and upon the fact that the native Protestants have opened their hearts to them more freely than they have ever done to any one else. President Chapin will no doubt be at the meeting of the Board at Detroit, and the American churches will have the satisfaction of knowing the whole truth in regard to this controversy.

I have expressed my regret that it could not have been settled here rather than in America; but there will be one advantage in discussing it there. Modern Missions are still an experiment. They are conducted under conditions very different from Apostolic Missions and very different from Roman Catholic Missions. There are many questions concerning them which remain to be settled and in which our American churches ought to take the deepest interest. Some of these questions which must arise in all successful missions are involved in this controversy, and if the discussion of them at Detroit is wisely conducted some advance may be made toward

their solution, and mistakes which have been made here may be avoided in other missions.

I hope to be able next week to send a full report of the action of the Bithynia Union.

CONSTANTINOPLE, June 28, 1883.

WAKING DREAMS AND VISIONS AND COINCIDENCES AGAIN.

BY BISHOP A. CLEVELAND COXE, D.D.

It is singular that another sort of visions has attracted little or no remark from philosophers who have reasoned of mind and matter in their relations. The impressions upon the optic nerve which produce effects of light in the dark, as when one sees sparks or stars in the moment of a confusion, are perhaps not sufficiently accounted for. Much less do theorists account for those vivid impressions of color which are other than the result of actual vision, remaining when the objects are withdrawn, just after a sight of flowers or pictures, but which one often sees in the dead of night in waking fancies. In certain forms of blindness, the nerve not being obliterated, does the blind man see colors? Those only who were born blind would be proper subjects for this inquiry. But this in passing. I come to an experience, I dare say common to all mankind, which seems to me more unaccountable. Often, when our eyes are closed in a dark room, there come before us distinct, sharp-cut, well-defined visions of sights such as we never saw in life; features of men and of strange beasts; bats, owls, and vampires; heads of old wizard-like men and witch women; hateful looking savages, black, red and pale; grotesque monkey figures and laughable imps and elfin shapes innumerable. Is it not so? I never wonder at the terrors of opium-eaters and of those who rave in the *delirium* of drunkenness when I recall these experiences of moments the most sober in life, produced I cannot imagine how, in the marvelous mind in the deep night and when one lies waking and musing. It is not imagination, but vision. One sees these things, and has no active part in creating them. They come before the eye, and an artist might paint them were they not generally transient. They are distinct and clear and might be photographed were there any process to transfer them to a chemically prepared surface. Sometimes they are not wholly evanescent. Features confront you with a stare that stays. Often have I looked and said: "How wonderful you are"; or sometimes: "Art thou a healthful spirit or a goblin damned?" But, on the other hand, sights of the supremest beauty come before us—the forms of radiant children with wings, glorious creatures like those of Fra Angelico, who caught his ideas, no doubt, from just such visitations. These, and then creatures of flesh and blood, majestic portraits; "the rapt one of the godlike forehead"; and women, mother and child; and young phantom maidens, appareled in misty rose-color, blue eyes swimming with purest emotion, lips parted to speak, and pearly teeth shining from the coraline setting with a glory superhuman. Paradise comes around one in such moments, as Tophet at others. How can all this be accounted for? The mind is passive. These impressions come upon us. What creates them, and by what law? I have been inclined to think the vis-

confirmed by the experience of many churches where a voluntary assessment has been substituted for a fixed rental.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

TWO DAYS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

III.

BY SUSAN E. WALLACE.
(MRS. GENERAL LEW. WALLACE.)

WE naturally look for the grave of Queen Elizabeth, whom a strange destiny brought so near to Mary, the unhappy Queen of Scots, in their safe, final resting-place. On a lofty and elegant tablet, supported by four lions, lies the statue of the lion-hearted Queen, last of the illustrious house of Tudor, greatest of England's sovereigns. Judge her not as a woman but as a ruler. Consider the country and the government as they were when she came to the throne, at the age of twenty-five, the treasury empty, the state weakened by exhausting wars, the army a mere handful of ill-armed men. See to what a height the kingdom rose, and how speedily its strength departed when the scepter passed from her firm hand to the weak House of Stuart.

The sculptured, imperious face of Elizabeth is strikingly like that of the portrait of George Eliot. I have thought their souls might be akin; that, under different training and environment, the author of "Romola" might have made a ruler of the visible kingdoms of men, even as she has swayed the invisible realm by the compelling force of her genius. Each of these women had her full measure of glory, and their conduct in later years proves they had learned—as, sooner or later, all women must learn—that a little love is sweeter than much fame.

The homely, high-arched forehead and beaked nose, the set determination in the lines of the mouth of Elizabeth make a haughty and tyrannic face. The Loves and the Graces did not flutter round the steps of her who could box the ears of the Lord Lieutenant, and send a courtier with muddy boots in disgrace to the Tower. At the same time she was on watch night and day, steering the ship of state through stormy seas. And loyal Englishmen are in the habit of saying never has it been so uniformly well done except in the days of the gentle and gracious Victoria. Still is the Elizabethan era named the Golden Age, and after eight generations have spent their criticisms her name is yet dear to the hearts of her countrymen.

While we gazed on the rigid features, so full of softness and delicacy, there rose a sense of absurdity in the idea of scholars, poets, statesmen, courtiers, a shining ring whispering soft nonsense, mingled with sweet love songs in the ear of the withered maiden Queen, in her latter days a witch-like creature, haggard and to the last degree unlovely. Of the men of letters who laid their laurels at her feet, it has been recorded they made their period a more glorious and important era in the history of the human mind than the time of Pericles, of Augustus, or of Leo.

The portraits at Hampton Court and the waxen effigy in the Tower are very like, and by that comparison must be correct likenesses. She had, with the Tudor lust of power, mingled the caprices and vanity of Anne Boleyn; and her three thousand robes, all fit for use, attest the feminine falling of extravagance.

She was a strange mixture of strength and frailty; at the age of seventy, doting on the handsome, chivalrous Essex, yet condemning him to the vilest of deaths; and then remorsefully lamenting him as she tossed in feverish unrest on the cushioned floor at Richmond Palace. What a comment on the vanity of human wishes are her last words, gasped out between heart-breaking moans: "All my possessions for one moment of time!" In that awful hour of anguish and humiliation, who may guess what pale specters haunted the wretched chamber of death without hope?

Her body was brought by the Thames to Westminster. On the oaken covering of the leaden coffin were engraved the double rose and the august initials "E. R., 1603." Raleigh was on duty as captain of the guard, his last public act, and there was

"such a general sighing, groaning, and weeping as the like has not been seen or known in the memory of man."

She was borne to Henry Seventh's Chapel, to share the narrow grave of her intolerant predecessor. At the head of the monument above that contracted sepulcher are to be read the names of the rival queens, the daughter of Catharine of Arragon, and the daughter of Anne Boleyn. The sisters' vault admits none other occupant, and the massive coffin of Elizabeth rests on the coffin of Mary. These two daughters of one father, so wide apart and repellent in life, will never be divided more. They rest in peace after storm in the bosom of our common mother.

When the search was made for the grave of James First (1603) the excavations laid bare the wall at the east end of Elizabeth's monument, and through a small opening the Dean of the Abbey, with reverent glance and bated breath, looked into the low, cramped black vault where the two queens lie alone together, the Tudor sisters, partners of the same throne and grave, sleeping in the hope of resurrection. There was no disorder or decay apparent, except that the wood had fallen over the head of Elizabeth's coffin, and the wooden case had crumbled away at the sides and had drawn away part of the decaying lid. No coffin plate was visible, but the murky light gave to view a fragment of the lid, slightly carved. This led to further search, and the entire inscription was discovered, the Tudor badge, a full double rose, on each side the proud initials "E. R.," and date. The coffin-case was of inch elm, but the ornamental lid was of fine oak, half-an-inch thick, laid on the inch elm cover. The whole was covered with red silk velvet, "as though the bare wood had not been thought rich enough without the velvet." The vault was immediately closed again, never, in all probability, to be opened till the great day for which all other days were made shall rise and every burial stone be rolled away.

In the tomb of the half-sisters, the children of Henry Eighth, the series of royal monuments is brought to an end in Westminster Abbey.

We did not take a guide or book, preferring to wander about the immense Abbey where every inch of space is storied and find it out for ourselves. We guessed at what was not apparent, and smiled over some mysterious effigies not easily solved by pilgrims unused to distant shrines. The tomb of Henry Fifth has suffered strange mutilations, but must have been a singular thing in its best estate. Upon it, his statue, cut from the solid heart of an English oak, was plated with silver and had a head of solid silver. No other monument in the Abbey has been so despoiled.

Two teeth of gold were early missing, and some years later the whole of the silver head was carried off by robbers who broke in at night. Sir Roger de Coverly's anger was roused at sight of the figure of one of our English kings, without a head, which had been stolen away several years since. "Some whig, I warrant you. You ought to lock up your kings better. They'll carry off the body, too, if you don't take care."

High above Henry hangs his great emblazoned shield, his saddle, and his helmet. The shield is dented, bruised, and rusty, hacked in many a bloody battle; the helmet, gashed by heavy saber-strokes, is the "very casque that did affright the air at Agincourt"; the same bruised helmet which he refused to have borne in state before him on his return to London. Is there a reader who does not instantly recall the madcap Prince Hal, made familiar to the theater-loving by the grand players of our day? Here is the cumbersome antique saddle, and all armed he

—"vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble horsemanship."

Who does not remember him in his wild pranks with Falstaff; the scene in the Jerusalem Chamber of this very building where he tried on the sleeping king's crown, in the spirit we can imagine a prince might this day long for that self-same crown? Can we forget his repentance in agony of tears and remorse and the never dying

honors of his later life? And then his rebuke to Falstaff:

"I know thee not, old man! Fall to thy prayers!
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!"

A gallant prince and noble king he loved the Abbey; and, the obstinate enemy of heretics, determined, had he conquered France, to cut down her vines with a view to suppressing drunkenness. A wondrous change from the sack-drinking companions of Bardolph at Dame Quickley's, intent only on laughing away the roystering hours. And his sweet Kate, his Flower-de-Luce, the bright, bewitching princess with her broken English and liquid French words—how sleeps she, waiting for the last summons to rise? Here is the chronicle of Catharine of Valois. The remains were thrust carelessly into the vacant space beneath her husband's chantry. The body, the tender daughter of the royal line, was laid in a rude coffin, in a badly-appareled state, open to view. There it lay for many years. On the destruction of that chapel by her grandson it was placed beside her noble husband, and "so it continued to be seen, the bones being firmly united, and thinly clothed with flesh, like scrapings of fine leather."

What strange impiety was this which gave the corpse of a princess to the eyes of the gaping crowd for years? Old Westminster walls do not record. History fixes the fact; but makes no comment on the disgraceful, brutish exposure.

U. S. LEGATION, CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE PROBABLE FATE OF THE REVISION.

BY PROF. PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D.

SOME readers of the articles on the Revision desire to know my views on the probable fate of this international and interdenominational work of twelve years. I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, and can no more forecast the future than anybody else. It was the business of the Revisers to do their duty and to leave consequences to God. The aim of the undertaking was indeed to provide a substitute for the Authorized Version for public worship as well as private edification and instruction. Hence the Revisers were selected from all the leading denominations of English-speaking Christendom and directed to save the idiom and general character of the time-honored and familiar version as much as faithfulness to the original admits, so as to make the transition as easy as possible. But it is for the Churches or the Christian public to decide whether the Revision is fit and worthy to take the place of the Old Version which has had an undisputed sway of more than two centuries and a half. Such a verdict can hardly be expected before the whole work is completed. The Old Testament is still in the hands of the American Revisers. They have finished the revision proper, and are now engaged in preparing the American Appendix so called; that is, in selecting from all their readings and renderings which the British Revisers have rejected those which they deem worth preserving and laying before the public for its final decision. The preparation of such an Appendix is a delicate and difficult task, and will require several monthly sessions. But it is now confidently expected that it will be brought to a close before the end of the year, and that the Revised Old Testament will be published by the University Presses of Oxford and Cambridge before next Spring.

Then and not before then will the Convocation of Canterbury, which originated the whole movement, take up the revised book and subject it to official judgment. Three ways seem to be open: to reject, to adopt, to recommit. The rejection seems impossible in view of the fact that many of the British revisers are leading members of the Upper or Lower House of Convocation. They and their friends will not allow that venerable, dignified, and eminently conservative and cautious body to stultify itself and to disown its own child. The adoption without any qualification will meet with strong opposition, no doubt, from those who were always opposed to any revision, who had no share in the present work and are dissatisfied with the results for some reason or other. Dean Burgon, of Chichester, for

instance, will oppose the adoption with all his might; and it remains to be seen whether he has weight and influence enough to prevent it. The third possible course is a recommitment of the Revision to the Committee, with instructions to consider the chief objections that have been made, with a view to remove them as far as their principles and honest convictions permit. This would not be a revision of a revision (which cannot be expected in the present generation), but simply a final edition of the revision, possibly with such corrections and improvements as every author is apt and anxious to make in his own work. The changes will, in any event, be very few and not affect the general character of the work. If this Anglo-American revision cannot stand, all further attempts at a revision must be abandoned for the nineteenth century.

As far as the Church of England is concerned, the action of the Convocation of Canterbury would not be sufficient. Authorization for public use requires a concurrent action of the Convocation of York, and perhaps an act of Parliament or Privy Council. For although the days of royal supremacy in matters of religion are passed, the Church of England is still united to the state and cannot change her organic law without the consent of the civil government.

The action of the Church of England will decide, in all probability, the course of the Episcopal Church in the United States and exert a strong moral influence upon all other ecclesiastical organizations which use King James's version.

But the Dissenting Churches in England and the free churches in America need not wait till the fate of the Revision is decided by Convocation and Parliament and Queen Victoria. They are independent, self-supporting and self-governing bodies. They are not bound to King James's Version, except by long use and habit. They had no share in making it; they never voted for it; they are under no obligation of gratitude to the monarch who originated it, whose motto was: "No bishop; no king," and who announced it as his short method with Dissenters, "I will make them conform. If not, I will harry them out of the land; or do worse; just hang them, that's all." They can adopt the Revision at any time by a simple resolution of their highest Church court, or allow their minister to use it without any formal legislation.

The ice is broken much sooner than I expected. One of the American Churches has recently taken action, and others will follow in due time. The Baptists have formally sanctioned the *Anglo-American Revision*, and resolved to circulate it through the Board of Publication and Missionary Society, in its *Americanized* shape; that is, with the amendments of the American Committee incorporated into the text.

The following is the adopting act as furnished to me on the spot by the secretary, the Rev. Dr. Morgan:

"At a meeting of the Baptist Bible Convention held in Saratoga, N. Y., May 23d, 23d, 1883, at which there were present and voting four hundred and thirty-six delegates, the following resolution was adopted unanimously:

"Resolved, (4th) That, while in the judgment of the Convention, the work of revision is not yet completed, whatever organization or organizations shall be designated as the most desirable for the prosecution of home Bible work among American Baptists should now circulate the commonly received version. *The New Revised Version, with the corrections of the American Revisers incorporated in the text*, and the translation of 'The American Bible Union,' according to demand; and that all moneys specially designated for circulation of either of these versions should be faithfully appropriated, in keeping with the wish of the donor.

Attest: THOMAS J. MORGAN, Secretary."

This is an important event in the history of the English Bible, as will appear from the following considerations:

1. The Baptists are, next to the Methodists, the largest denomination in the United States, and the pioneers in the Bible revision work. For twenty years before the Convocation of Canterbury began the present revision the "American Bible Union" was at work on a Baptist version and completed the New Testament and several books of the Old. The Baptists spent a vast amount of money on their enterprise from

1850 to 1870, probably a great deal more than the total cost of the Anglo-American Revision will amount to. And yet the work did not satisfy even them, although, and partly for the very reason that "baptism" was changed into immersion and "John the Baptist" into John the Immerser. Still less could it commend itself to other denominations which had no share in it. The adoption of the Anglo-American Revision is a virtual abandonment of the specific Baptist Version. It never had very much authority and will now pass away from the stage with the credit of a tentative pioneer work made at a time when revision was very unpopular. It is important to add that Dr. Conant, the veteran scholar and chief among Baptist Revisers, is in cordial sympathy with the American Revision Committee, and has of late regularly attended the sessions of the Old Testament Company, of which he has been a member from the beginning.

2. The Baptist Bible Convention, at Saratoga, was, I am told, the most widely representative Baptist convention ever held on this continent, and included many of the most influential leaders from all parts of the country. I was present during a part of the sessions and witnessed the intense interest which was felt in the proceedings and the extraordinary enthusiasm which the unanimous conclusion created in the audience that filled every spot of the large Baptist church at Saratoga. For years the Baptist denomination has been agitated by the question which Bible they should adopt and by what agency they should circulate it. Some favored the Authorized Version and the American Bible Society; others the Baptist Version and the Baptist Bible Society; still others the employment of their Board of Publication and the Foreign Missionary Society as the agents. All favored the Anglo-American Revision as one of the Bibles to be adopted and circulated by the denomination. The matter was long and ably discussed. Only one speaker opposed the "Canterbury" Revision, as he mis-called it, and threatened to cut his right arm off and to leave the denomination if they adopted it; but he found no one to second his motion, while several of the weightiest speakers nobly defended the work in which such Baptists as Drs. Kenrick, Osgood, Conant, and the late Dr. Hackett took a prominent part.

3. The conclusion reached after a most animated contest was absolutely unanimous. (The one dissenting member alluded to was either absent or silent at the concluding session. We hear he is still a Baptist with both arms in sound condition.) Those who had first voted in the negative in the afternoon, nobly came forward in the evening session and begged to change their vote to the affirmative. Even the most unmanageable advocates of an independent Baptist Bible Society and Bible Version gracefully submitted to the wishes of their brethren. It was a scene such as is rarely witnessed in an ecclesiastical assembly. All shook hands and joined with ringing enthusiasm in singing "Blessed be the tie that binds" and "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

4. A liberal Baptist of Brooklyn has already presented the Baptist Board of Publication with electrotypes of the Revised New Testament in which the renderings of the American Appendix are incorporated in the text, and large sums of money have been contributed toward its freest and cheapest circulation.

The action of the Baptist Bible Convention was the wisest that could be taken by it in the present state of things.

The most ardent advocates of the Anglo-American Revision could not wish for more than a fair chance and trial. Any legislation prohibitive of the old and coercive of the New Version would be preposterous and defeat its own end. Let both be used together and leave it to the future whether the new, by its superior merits, will supersede the other. The common sense of the Christian people will ultimately prefer the better to the good. Every scholar admits that the Revision is better. Therefore it will stand. Revolutions never go backward. King James's Version is doomed to a peaceful death and honorable burial, like its predecessors which it gradually superseded without any special legislation. Or

rather, let us say, whatever is true and good and beautiful in the venerable Old Version will survive in the new.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

CHRISTIAN AND NOT CHRISTIAN: THE RADICAL DIFFERENCE.

BY THE REV. RUFUS O. FLAGG.

It may sound strangely to call a man a Christian who never heard of Christ; but it would be folly to talk about the subject named above unless we assume that any man is a Christian who enjoys the favor of God in this life and will be saved in the life to come; Melchisedek and Socrates, if we believe them to be saved men.

Now, both common sense and inspiration teach us that the terms Christian and not-Christian are identical with good and bad, righteous and wicked. There is no *genus tertium* to be interposed, such as a class of moralists. To say that men are either Christians, moralists, or not-Christians is the same way of speaking as to say that they may be divided into the good, the bad, and the Republican Party. Moralists are indeed a class really existing, but are not co-ordinate with the others; moralists must fall under the head either of Christians or not-Christians. A moralist is either good or bad. If good he is a Christian, if bad he is not a Christian. Of course we mean good and bad in the judgment of God, who cannot err.

This is the conclusion of common sense. It puts an intolerable strain upon us to believe that any really good man lies under God's frown and condemnation, or that any such will be excluded at last from a standing-place at his right hand. It would take away from the place of final punishment some of its most dreadful terrors could we be assured that some good men go there. But this is incredible; and but few believe it when stated in this way. It is in the highest degree important that all teachers of the public guard the public mind from confusion with regard to these fundamental distinctions. That will be a disastrous day when it is widely thought that to be a Christian is something different from being a good and righteous man.

The Bible uses these terms interchangeably. It certainly teaches that to be a Christian is necessary to salvation. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life." But it says also: "The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a net that was cast into the sea and gathered of every kind; which when it was full they drew to shore, and sat down and gathered the good into vessels but cast the bad away." The conclusion is unavoidable that to be a good and righteous man and to be a Christian are one and the same thing.

The question then is as to the precise difference between a good man and a bad man. Nothing is surer or plainer than that mere good nature, kindly feelings, and generous impulses do not constitute a good man; for one may have all these and yet be notoriously false and unworthy.

It is not so plain, but equally true, that mere conformity in outward respects to the rules of common morality does not constitute a good man; though in my opinion strict conscientiousness goes much further in proving real goodness of character than we have been wont to acknowledge. For a scriptural example of a moral man who was not a good man we may cite the case of the young ruler. A stream may be clear to the eye and still contain deadly poisons.

What then is the distinctive thing? To my mind it is this. When a man has a disposition to take the side of that which is good whenever and wherever it is placed recognizably before him he shows himself to be a good man, and, therefore, a Christian. It is not of *absolutely* supreme importance in what form it manifests itself, whether in the form of a political measure, or a charity to a beggar's child, or in whatever way; if it is manifestly one's disposition and ruling principle to take its side and do its requirements, running all necessary risks, he is doubtless a good man and may cherish a hope of Heaven.

"Then Christ has nothing to do with the matter. We may be Christians as well without Christ as with. He may be ignored."

By no manner of means; for he is the one supreme manifestation of goodness to us all; its divine impersonation; its most bright and engaging example. In his own person, in the words he uttered, in the cause he espoused and in the death he died, he is the one great light of goodness in this world; the fountain light of all our seeing. To say that to be a Christian consists in a disposition to stand on the side of goodness, and then to add that it makes no difference whether we turn to Christ or not is an absurdity so great as to make us doubt the sincerity of the man who should be guilty of it. Certainly no man who has ever had even a glimpse of Christ could say such a thing.

Indeed, this way of viewing this subject shows why we must make so much of Christ in our efforts to make men good. In him we see goodness, not as an abstract quality, but as a person; as a perfectly pure and holy person; as a person whose moral excellence and sublimity, together with his works, prove him to be divine; as a person engaged in a mission of self-sacrificing love on behalf of men, which is always the best manifestation of goodness; and finally, as a person whose teaching must forever be an authority in matters of the Spirit. The name of Christ is above every name, whether in Heaven or on earth, and so is the test of real goodness of character. The good man is the one who has accepted Christ as his portion for time and eternity, and who stands on his side against all opposers. Whatever the appearances, whoever is against Christ, cannot by any possibility be a good man, inasmuch as he is opposed to goodness in its supreme manifestation. He cannot love money who hates gold.

All this goes on the supposition, of course, that the man in question has seen Christ. But what if he live in heathen lands, where the name of Christ was never spoken? Or, if he live in Christian lands, what if his mental and spiritual surroundings have been such as to shut out the light of life or to pervert it so that he never gets any true view of the Saviour? There are myriads of such persons; and to them the incarnate Christ can be no decisive test of goodness. They have never seen him. If they have any conception of Christ at all it is so untrue that it is more of a caricature than a real image.

While the supreme manifestation of goodness is denied to such unfortunate beings, they doubtless see innumerable other manifestations; and if they really do take its side and stand there for its own sake they take Christ's side and are, therefore, in the eye of God Christians. Goodness is one indivisible thing; and if we embrace it in one of its most humble manifestations, we thereby embrace Christ, who is its supreme manifestation. Thus is open to us a wide field for the exercise of charity, and we can exercise it without relaxing our hold on Christ.

To be a Christian is to take the side of what is good for its own sake. But Christ is the supremely good; the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely.

FAIRHAVEN, VT.

OUR "MAN OF MACEDONIA."

HIS DEEDS AND OUR DUTIES.

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[PREACHED BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF EMORY COLLEGE AND THE CITIZENS OF OXFORD, GA., JANUARY 22D, 1883, ON THE OCCASION OF DR. CALLAWAY'S TAKING LEAVE OF THEM.]

"Therefore, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."—Acts xvi. 19.

WHATEVER may be said of "visions," this much is true; they come to men of an earnest nature, and of a devoted purpose. "Visions" do not create earnestness, they direct or intensify it. Saul, riding up to Damascus, was as intent as Paul rebuking Greek religiousness on Mars Hill. Moses was a patriot, though a petulant one, when slaying the Egyptians, as well as when leading Israel. Inspiration to noble enterprise then, it seems, is elective; it is partial to him who is in some sort equipped; it shuns him who is careless and incapable. The apostle would never have seen the "Man of Macedonia," or heard his cry, "Come over and help us," had he not, a short time before, been looking across the sea, prospecting for the Master.

Every call to a higher work, or a better work, or a larger work, is of God, though there be no accompanying voice, or sheet, or cloven tongue,

or descending dove. In each and every instance the vision—if one there be—is in itself but an adjunct graciously granted by the Father in adaptedness to the person called, the purpose to be accomplished, or the people to be effected. Our blended spiritual and material nature requires concessions to each of its constituents. The personal disclosures of the Father himself are but kindly adjustments to our dual constitution. Our spiritual is tied down by our bodily nature, and so in Eden it was needful, it may be, that God should be represented by a voice; but now the Christian hears inly the message of the Spirit, as also "what the Spirit saith to the Churches." On Sinai, God appeared in fire in the unburning bush; but now the Christian knows, with Mrs. Browning, that "every bush is afire with God." In the religious rites of the Jews, the flame and beast and blood were helpful to the unspiritual worshiper, and pointed out, as well as types and shadows could, the spiritual truth of the later religion; and the climax of the cross was for the reconciling descent of the Divine One, the shuddering, suffering God-man. Now, however, since redemption is wrought in the tragedy at Calvary, in which the agony of the crucifixion demanded the endurance of a God, and the else dead soul is alive through the Christ, the communion of God with man begins to assume, not at once and abruptly, but by a sort of progression, the spiritual form, in keeping with the aroused and freshly endowed spiritual nature, ever existing but slumbering from the heaviness of the body. We are not surprised, then, that the calls of God to man later in the Christian era should be suited to the changed or advanced conditions of such period.

It is not, however, the "vision" as such we are to discuss, but the conditions of a *Christly* call, and the Christian response to such call.

A conscience in matters religious is a prerequisite to a call to Christian work. The fiery Saul was no careless religionist, no ecclesiastical dilettante, no inert sectarian. He was alive to all that pertained to the synagogue, jealous of the dignity of the Sanhedrim, and scrupulous of the righteousness of the Pharisee. No danger daunted his patriotism or cooled the ardor of his religion. "In all good conscience" he championed the cause of his sect, and, with the thought of doing God service, challenged the followers of Jesus whenever and wherever met with. But the honest man is not long left in error; and soon the stricken Saul, a moment ago a persecutor of the saints, now "not disobedient unto the heavenly vision," by Christ's own command is "set up for the defense of the Gospel." A conscience Paul had, intelligent of the best forms of good and the best means of securing it; for Pharisaism itself ranked next to Christianity, and whenever, in his new devotion, a better way of advancing the cause of Christ was indicated, the better way was adopted. Were the message to his own countrymen, well; to the Gentiles, well. At Rome or at Athens, anywhere, so that the Gospel be preached. A conscience had he, daring enough to break through the restraints of tradition, hardy enough to bear the censure of long-time comrades, to confront the oppositions of new relationships with men and affairs and move on in his sphere with the strength of a God-given conviction. A conscience had Paul sensitive to the right and inciting to its discharge. The light from Heaven shines about him, blinding yet illuminating him, and his submission is prompt, positive, unhesitating. The Lord speaks; he cannot doubt. He turns not back to bury the dead of Pharisaism, to answer the possible questionings of a father, the probable pleadings of a mother, the assured arraignment of the elders, nor selfishly to look upon the heritage of his home. No; he has met the King on the highway, and acknowledging his sovereignty, and proclaimed a Knight of the Cross, he delays only to receive the brotherly God-speed of Ananias, and enters at once the lists of Christian enterprise. A conscience had he, suggesting and enforcing obedience, involving the unconditional surrender of the cherished friendships and intimacies and ambitions of young manhood, a manhood already masterful among the spirited and cultured of his countrymen; an obedience so sacrificial as to claim the all of his past, that he might bestow the all of his future on the King and his Kingdom. And in this his heart, like David's, was fixed. Had he looked back his heroism would be less striking but more human. But there is no regretful retrospect, no longing to return to the former life. "It was Jesus," he says. "I saw the Lord." "He has commissioned me, and I lay down my commission only with my life." A conscience had he, commanding an obedience not only to renounce or negatively to endure, but pressing him through perils in numbers and fearfulness hitherto unencountered; an obedience that bears the voice of duty, and heeds and labors and suffers, and dies if best, because God calls for the sacrifice. And no wonder, if in his case the words, "It is Jesus whom thou persecutest," rang, as doubtless they did, with the pathos of a wounded friend and with the holy indignation of an offended God. One flash of divine light burns up his hereditary pride and discloses in its brightness the face of Jesus, one word from whom was enough to win his love and