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THE OLD AND NEW THEOLOGY.

By Rev. Charles A. Briggs, D.D.

The Old Theology and the New Theology are relative terms. Everything depends upon the point of view and the extent of the survey. Theology is in a transition state at present in all the Churches of Christendom. From this point of view the Old Theology is the traditional dogmatic theology with all its divisions into sects and parties, and the New Theology is the higher and better theology which is to take their place and bring about the ultimate union of Christendom. It is this he the point of view, we are on the side of the New Theology. Theology has not remained stationary in the history of the Christian Church. It has advanced from age to age into higher and grander achievements in doctrinal definition and in experimental Christianity. There is every reason to believe that Christianity is advancing to-day more rapidly than ever before, with the inevitable result at no very distant time of a reconstruction of theology and of ecclesiastical lines which will transcend anything the world has yet witnessed.

The New Theology, like the Old Theology, has many doctors, and there is even less agreement as to the New than as to the Old. Over-anxious champions are exchanging fire, but the battle has not yet been joined over the real issues which are to determine the future of the Church and the world. There are many crude theories, and blunders are common on both sides. We have just been reading "Old and New Theology: A Constructive Critique," by Rev. J. B. Heard. It is a bright, suggestive book, full of freshness and vigorous criticisms and dogmatism, but on the whole it is crude and blundering both in its criticisms and its dogmatism. It is safe to say that the father of the New Theology has not yet arisen, or that the spirit of the new age has not yet presented himself to the multitudes who are tired of the old and are anxious for the new. The book of Mr. Heard and other similar productions suggest some general principles which should be kept in mind by the conservative and the progressive forces in the impending controversy.

1. It is not a question between Old and New, but between truth and error. History teaches us that we are not to find infallible truth in the Old, or entire error in the New. There is a mixture of truth and of error in all the previous constructions of Christianity. The new is to be a like mixture of truth and of error in the New Theology as well as in the Old Theology. The truth-loving will not have implicit confidence in the Old Theology because it is old, but will earnestly seek to separate the true and the permanent in it, from the false and the variable connected with it. Those advocates of the Old Theology who battle for the Old because it is old, are risking the truth with the error. The faithful student of the Old will welcome any new truth from the advocates of the New Theology, because he is assured that the Church of Christ has not reached its goal, and that "there is more light to break forth from the Word of God"; and he knows that the Spirit of God often reveals new light in unexpected places, and surprises us in His agents. The question between Old and New should be merged in the supreme quest after the truth of God.

2. The Old and the New have equal claims upon us. If there is a presumption that the Old Theology as the product of the Christian centuries is the truth of God, there is also a presumption that the same Holy Spirit who has guided the Church thus far in her history, will also guide the Church in the present age and the future age into new truth. The Saviour promised that the Spirit would guide His disciples into all truth. If all truth has not yet been attained, then the guidance into the new truth is as certain in the present as the guidance into the old truth was in the past. If it is said that the past is definite and reliable, the future indefinite and hazy, the Christian's reply is that the foes of progress in theology have always said so since the Jewish Christians contended against Peter and Paul, until the present day. The New Theology is indefinite and hazy to those who contemplate it at a distance; but if they would advance into a serious examination of the New, the indefiniteness and haze might disappear. The distance and the future are always hazy to those who stand afar off and hug the past. On the other hand, it may be said that the Old Theology is not as definite as the New. That theology can hardly be sure and assuring which has divided Christ's Church into a multitude of hostile sects. The Old Theology is not without haze, obscurity, and indefiniteness in the scholastic definitions and hair-splitting refinements with which it has shut in and covered over and entombed genuine Christian doctrine. The Christian student of our day says to the advocates of the Old Theology and the New Theology alike, "Strip off your refinements and subtleties, and give us the pure, unadorned Truth of God; give us the Old Theology of the Reformation, and the Westminster divines, and strip off the scholasticism of Turriano, Voetius, Owen, and the dogmatists of later times; give us the genuine Old Theology without the traditions of later generations which have usurped its place; give us the New Theology of the Spirit of God—a theology that is more Biblical, that is more in accordance with the genuine developments of Christianity, that is suited to the needs of the human soul and the practical necessities of our time; strip off the conceits of your human consciousness, and the subtleties of your wayward intellects. We are not willing to substitute new theories for the old. We want no new scholasticism, no new mysticism, no new rationalism. It is not a new race of dogmatists of another type that will construct a New Theology. The Spirit of God will give us the New Theology. If you cannot give it to us from the Word of God, with the genuine marks of the Spirit upon it, we will have none of it. The New Theology will have equal claims upon us with the Old Theology, when it proclaims truths and principles from God which will assure the Christian soul that they are Biblical, and that they are fruitful in every good word and work. The New Theology, like the Old Theology, will be judged by its fruits, whether they be the fruits of the Spirit or not.

3. The New Theology will be a reconstruction of the Old Theology. Christian theology has made genuine progress and permanent achievements in the Christian centuries. That is no new theology which proposes to overthrow Augustinianism and the whole work of the Western Church since his day, in order to react to the theology of the Greek Church. Such a theology is the reverse of new: it is antiquated. The theology of the Greek Church, falling to advance, has remained an unfruitful fossil for ages. That is no new theology which would

overthrow Protestantism and return to Romanism. That is no new theology which would overthrow Calvinism and the creeds of the Reformed Churches. All such new theologies are rather reactionary theologies. They are old-fashioned and have no claims to be new. They propose to go backward, and not forward. A genuine New Theology takes its stand on all the achievements of Christianity and marches forward to new achievements. By a faithful historical criticism it eliminates everything that is crude and defective in the previous representations of Christian doctrine and life, but it is faithful to every genuine attainment. No New Theology is worth the name that is not Christian, catholic, orthodox, Protestant, Puritan. In Great Britain or America which does not build on Jonathan Edwards and Henry Boynton Smith, and which does not assimilate the more recent achievements of the Protestantism of Europe in Schleiermacher, Rothe, Julius Müller, and Isaac Dörner.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF WORSHIP.

By Rollin A. Sawyer, D.D.

The acts of public worship are, with us, Praise, Prayer, and Preaching. The primary act is Praise. Hymns to Jesus were sung by the early disciples in all the East, so that the Roman dialectant talked about them. Sacrifices and the chant of psalms made the worship of Solomon's Temple known to Nineveh and Babylon and Thebes on the Nile. Those praises woke as an echo the Vedic hymns beyond the classic Caucasus, and toward them men first yearned before they journeyed westward. Praise meets a hunger, an instinct, of the human soul. Praise rightly directed to the true God, is the satisfying exercise of man's mind and heart.

The development of Praise into our modern hymnology is so vast and exuberant that it needs wise but relentless pruning. If we had all hymn-books put into a crucible and distilled, the result would be unity in praise, and a good deal of rubbish would go off to our gain. But this is the work of a century, and it will be two, probably, before the ideal is reached.

Prayer rose first on the smoke of sacrifice. It was offered by a few. Fathers prayed for the house; priests for the people. John the Baptist taught his disciples to pray. Christ gave to His disciples a matchless "symbol"—a jewel and a model. Out of it grew the litany, in which praise and authorized prayers for the world were which ignorance was taught and offensive learning restrained; and finally vocal and extemporary prayer, which has also become so exuberant as to need restraining and pruning, or so poor as to need enriching, or so much like a philosophic soliloquy or poetic rhapsody as to suggest the idea that the prayer is addressed to the soul of the speaker.

Revelations of religion are alembics in which true prayer of the noblest type is evolved. Prayer-books that strike the high level of devotion and hold men up on an ascending scale of prayerful sentiment, are not easy to find. They will come doubtless in the progress of Christian thought. At present the English prayer-book is incomparably the best.

The fatal thing about any liturgy is exclusion. Liberty with a liturgy, to prevent the abuses of dullness or of effusion, is the ideal toward which the mind of the Church seems to be marching on.

Preaching was first an inspired message; then an exhortation or rebuke or encouragement; at the sacrifice. The "voice in the wilderness" is the type now. The preacher is a man "apart," alone, and yet speaking to others. The old-fashioned high pulpit expressed the idea. A man must go up in order to preach. Platforms have helped some preachers, but the platform idea has spoiled more, and demoralized the people.

The fatal thing about any preacher's place of authority, the bench of the judge is his place. The robe and wig of an English jurist mark his official character; the surplice of an English priest does the same. Every argument used now for a proper dress for officials, is an argument for an official dress for the preacher. The "millinery" talk is ephemeral. The time is coming when the preacher will generally, as now in a few places, be expected to wear an official dress. It may be serge, it may be silk; but it will mark him, as the garb of John or the mantle of Elijah.

And this will be an expression of the idea that the preacher is an essayist, or paragrapher, or poet, if he writes; not an orator, or lecturer, or lampooner, if he speaks; for he is not any one of these as a preacher. In his official place he speaks for God—His simple truth—with every power of mind and heart, through voice or pen or both, for the one object of bringing men to true views and to true relations to God. The conduct of worship is a matter of concern—increasingly so. Its true dignity and supreme importance demand a fit expression.

The house of prayer is not a lecture-room, nor a club-room, nor an opera-house, though the prayer can be held in any of them. A church is not a real-estate corporation, to sell rent sittings or building lots. The growth of cities and the extraordinary popularity of some preachers, has given a trend of the public mind in this direction which is disastrous to some, and is offensive to a true sensibility. But this also is ephemeral. The personality of the leader of worship is now in all non-liturgical churches much too large a factor for a true worship. "I cannot pray in public if Dr. H— don't lead," is not a Christian expression, but a common one.

The power of the English Prayer Book is being felt here. It is used every church and every chamber is on an equality of elevation. Our worship needs help just here. A good preacher is usually a good prayerer. He is apt to preach too much in his prayer. I have found myself rested by going to an Episcopal church, simply by being borne along on the tide of worship, which, whether said or sung, kept itself distinct from person or place, but held you close to God as a needy creature—a sinner who might become a saint.

I believe therefore (for I must bring this short sketch to a close) that our worship would be kept up, or brought up, to its ideal, by making prominent in it the praise of responsive chanting or reading—the joining of all in the symbol of prayer, and the uniting of all the people in the symbol of faith, the "Credo." And there is one reason for doing this which with me is supreme. The unity of worship is the natural outgrowth of true unity in the church. It is most desirable that each denomination at least should have a worship which takes its form and character from the whole body, and not from the personality of its representative solely, as is now too much the case. And if I read the signs of the Spirit aright, I think all

denominations are verging to a unity of worship, which, while it is not rigidly liturgical, shall be an expressive symbol of Christian praise and prayer, as a background for powerful preaching.

Carmel, N. Y.

SOME HARVARD "IDEES."

Happening to be in Boston on June 24th, and discovering from a casual reference in The Journal that it was Commencement day at Harvard, I thought I would avail myself of the opportunity to see somewhat. No one who has ordinary interest in the problems of education, as they touch both private interest and our national life, can be indifferent to the part which that great University may choose to take in them; and Commencement week is the one time to observe this on the ground.

I was busy in Boston—too late to hear any but the last of the speaking of the undergraduates. The Greek oration was just done, and entered the elegant "Sanders' Theatre." It would have been a luxury to hear that tongue spoken where it had but a year or two ago its famous revival in the play of *Oedipus*. But it is a great sight—a graduating class at Harvard! The pit, or parquet, of the theatre is wholly devoted to them, and they fit in or out continually between the speeches, in the enjoyment of that liberty which is so unattestedly conceded there at all times. One cannot but look curiously at these hundred and eighty young men, attired (under the rigorous requirements of Harvard etiquette) in full dress, giving the impression at least of uniform wealth and station; the speakers among them wearing also the academic gown, and out of doors perhaps the shawl-board. The platform was crowded with the dignitaries of the University—the Governor's Staff, resident in uniform; the Governor of the State, at the edge of the platform, remote (thanks to a Mr. Butler) from the small knot of gentlemen who were to be decorated with the Doctorate in Laws; the distinguished guests of the occasion, chief among them ex-Minister James Russell Lowell, who went in and out amid tumultuous applause—Harvard's darling; and Bates would have it, the Vice-President of the United States, Thomas A. Hendricks, "fresh from Yale," as Chairman Choate subsequently described him. President Elliot sat "looking cold and stately," as the Boston Globe remarked, behind a rail at the extreme rear and centre of the stage. When, however, he delivered his Latin sentences of "presentation" of the candidates to the officers of the University, and of conferment of their degrees, his elocution was charming. Using the now almost discarded "English" pronunciation with inexorable completeness, he addressed now one, now the other company of his speakers with a fluency and an ease that should go far to redress one national reputation as the sorriest of linguists; but alas! alas! when it came to those lengthened comments upon the lives and achievements of the six Doctors-to-be of Laws, and the one *causa-honoris* Master of Arts, the President of Harvard University revealed the source of that pleasing fluency, and read the sentences which were too long and numerous to have been memorized.

I was afraid that I—a mere Yale man—could not get in at the Alumni dinner, though notices were upon the elms everywhere that tickets could be had for one dollar. But the *billé* took my name and year and dollar, and I stood near the procession as the solemn list of years revealed themselves in the heads, now bald, now gray, now iron-gray, till I thought my year was about in sight. I asked twice in vain. Too old! The third man whom I asked "What class is this?" proved, curiously enough, to be my own classmate, whom I had not seen for more years than I need to mention. He couldn't speak my name, nor I his, for awhile; for we were not quite so "fresh from Yale" as the Vice-President, though we might claim one of the Cabinet Secretaries; and we went in and sat down with the Harvards.

Memorial Hall, where the dinner is held, is in daily use of the same kind during term-time. One can stand in the gallery then, and look down upon something less than a thousand collegians neglecting the stained windows and portraits and marbles, for Harvard salmons and peas and other foods of the body. It is a magnificent hall, and magnificently well filled on Wednesday, the 24th ult. The seats at the long tables were crowded beyond comfort of eating, and yet there were some hundreds without seats; for if report goes true, there were between eleven and fifteen hundred educated gentlemen—most of them, I suppose, Harvard men or Bostonians—to listen to Vice-President Hendricks, and to greet their old friend, Mr. Lowell, just out of his double quadrennial at the English Court.

It was before this imposing assemblage that a Democratic Vice-President received a recognition which will be, as it has already been, variously regarded. Hendricks was humorously but courteously mentioned in the introductory address of the Vice-President of the Alumni, Joseph H. Choate of New York; and when, later, Mr. Choate called upon him to speak, it was with words suited to his high station, if they were not marked with any special warmth of greeting. Nor is it to be particularly criticized that when Mr. Hendricks had taken his seat, the Chairman immediately introduced Mr. Lowell with the remark "Gentlemen, the desire of your hearts is now accomplished." But Mr. Lowell himself (received with an enthusiasm which was almost surprising in such a place, yet of such indubitable heartiness as laid upon him at once a thoroughly representative character) proceeded to speak in this fashion:

Beginning with an allusion to the 349 past Alumni dinners of Harvard as reminding him of the many times he had spoken here in years gone by, he remarked a little further on that as he was sitting once next to Lord Coleridge at dinner, that gentleman was giving him some instruction as a person unexperienced in public speaking. (Great laughter.) He said that one should always prepare his anecdote. Now (said Mr. Lowell) I have not prepared my anecdote, but one was irresistibly suggested to me just now to the Democratic Vice-President of the United States. (Applause.) It was when Elbridge Gerry was chosen Governor of Massachusetts—the first Democratic Governor that we had had for a long time. Old Dr. Osgood of Medford, the last of our Tory clergy, was obliged to read the Governor's Proclamation—you know the formula—and he read "Elbridge Gerry Governor of Massachusetts? God save the Commonwealth!"

The story was made familiar to New Yorkers years ago by Dr. Adams in his well-remembered Thanksgiving sermon on Politics and the Pulpit (changing Gov. Gerry for Gov. Marcus Morton); but in that genial series of discourses there were no ungracious intensions possible to be read between the lines. Perhaps it was not so in this case; but the uncomfortable dilemma is presented to an unprejudiced hearer of Mr. Lowell's address, either that Lord Coleridge was correct in his estimate of our countryman's after-dinner powers, or else that the exhilaration of the moment made him forget the distinction between an alumnus and a guest—a guest who was also a High Magistrate of the whole Nation. Not a few faces around me darkened amid the applause which followed that singular anecdote of Harvard's favorite son.

The Vice-President had rather a hard time all around in his Boston visit. His brief speech just preceding Mr. Lowell's was not brief enough to conceal a sense of embarrassment; nor could he have gained any courage for the occasion by the fact that nobody was at hand to greet him on his premature arrival in the city. Governor Robinson was the first to do him honor at a later hour.

One allusion was made at the Alumni dinner which reached clear across New England and down to the middle of New Jersey, and may supply that "and an o" for the lack of which Presbyterian readers may pass over this letter. Mr. Choate, in his opening remarks, referred thus to the war upon the classics which has late distinguished his College: "Gentlemen, I did want to say a word about the elective system, but President Elliot tells me not to do it. He says the Faculty are incubating upon that subject, and there is no telling what they may hatch out. Gentlemen, do not let us disturb them while they are on the nest. [Prolonged laughter and applause.]

"The Anglo-Saxonism of the idea's a brackin' 'em to pieces. Anybody that says that man does just as he damn pleases."

The Alumni of the College are often stunned by the representations of other Colleges. Very, one of them that we hear from Princeton [laughter], that we were going to the everlasting bow-wow. [Laughter.] The trouble is, the world is moving on, and the College moves with it. In Cotton Mather's time, when he said the sole object of the foundation of the College was to furnish a supply of godly ministers, it was well enough to send men to Greek and Latin roots; but now that Harvard men have everything to do, give them a chance here to learn anything they want to [applause], and I hope that our President will persevere in one direction at least until it can be said that whatever is worth learning can be taught at Harvard.

If this letter were not already too long, I should mention many other facts and events of interest; but I close after mentioning Prof. Tyndall's gift to Harvard, which, with Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania, he has chosen to receive the profits of his lecturing tour in America. The amount to each of the three institutions is \$10,000, and is to be applied to the support of one or more American pupils in pursuing, either here or abroad, the study of physics, having previously shown aptitude and ambition in that direction. Harvard also receives a gift of \$250,000 from Robert Treat Paine for the Observatory. W. H. B.

A TONIC FOR THE TIRED.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

Watch the faces as they go by on a crowded street, and just notice what a tired look many of them wear. If we could read all the hearts around us, we would find multitudes who are weary in spirit, and sometimes sigh for a pillow in the grave. Some are tired out with life's hard struggles, with bearing the heat and burden of the day. Others persist in piling up anxieties as high as an old-fashioned pedlar's pack. They carry a huge load of care as to how they shall make both ends meet, and how they shall "foot the bills," and accumulate, and how they shall provide for all the hungry mouths and scanty wardrobes. One is tired from trying to do too much, and another of waiting for something to do. A grievous burden of spiritual despondency makes Brother Small-faith's heart ache, and puts an extra wrinkle into Sister Weakback's countenance. Here is a disciple who is tired of waiting for success, and there is another of waiting for answers to prayer.

Do you suppose that the dear Master does not see all these tired bodies and exhausted nerves and weary hearts? To those who are honestly run down with honest toil, He says "Come ye apart into a quiet place, and rest awhile." God put a night of sleep after every day of work for this very purpose—recounting lost force. To Christians with small purses He kindly says "Your life consisteth not in the abundance of things ye possess. I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich. My grace is sufficient for thee; at my right hand are treasures forevermore." There is not really money enough in this land to give everybody a fortune; but there are promises enough in the Bible and grace enough in Christ Jesus to make everybody rich to all eternity. Just think what a millionaire a man is who has a clean conscience, and a clear hope of heaven hereafter. To poor Brother Small-faith and sorrowful Mrs. Weakback He gives a wonderful life in these words "Lo! I am with you always. No man shall pluck you out of my hands. It is my Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

But the most frequent cause of weariness is the attempt to carry an overload of care, especially in the cases of those who have a mad haste to be rich, or a vain ambition to outshine their neighbors. It is not honest, sober, legitimate work that breaks people down. Nor is it the wise forethought for the future, or the prudent preparation for life's "rainy days" that wrinkles the brow, or wears out the strength. It is the restless devil of worry, Christians often ham-string themselves with this besetting sin, as well as Godless worldlings. To all these tired-out and overloaded Christians the loving Master comes along and kindly whispers to them "Cast that burden on Me, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

If we had the sense and the grace to drop all superfluous anxieties, and pitch off all sinful desires, and leave overboard all worry, Christ will give us strength enough to carry every legitimate load in life. What a precious word for the weary is this "Cast your care on Him, for He careth for you." I need hardly inform intelligent Bible-readers that this verse literally reads "For He has put on His heart." He who piloted the patriarch through the deluge, and fed the prophet by the brook, and supplied the widow's cruse, and watched over the imprisoned Apostle, and numbers every hair of our heads, He has every one of us on His great almighty loving heart! What fools are we to tire ourselves out and break ourselves down, while such an All-powerful Helper is close by our side. Suppose that a weary traveller who is trudging up-hill on one of these hot July

days were overtaken by a wagon, whose owner kindly said to him "My friend, you look tired; throw that knapsack into my wagon; it will rest you, and I will see that it is safe." Imagine the foolish pedestrian eyeing him suspiciously, and blurring out the churlish reply "I can't trust you, sir; drive along; I'll carry my own luggage!" But this is just the way that tens of thousands of Christians treat God.

When our divine Master says to us "Cast your care on Me," He does not release us from legitimate duty, or the joy of doing it. He aims to take the needless tire out of us by taking sinful anxiety out of our hearts, and putting the tonic of trust into its place. This glorious doctrine of trust is a wonderfully restful one to the overloaded. For let us remind ourselves again that it is not honest work that usually breaks God's children down. Work strengthens sinew, promotes appetite, and induces wholesome sleep. The acute-fit of worry consumes strength, disorders the nerves, and banishes sweet, refreshing slumber. A life consecrated to Christ, that oils all its joints with cheerful faith, and tones its blood with the iron of the promises, never grows pale in the cheek, or crippled in its gait. Look at that glorious old giant of Jesus Christ who drew the Gospel-chariot from Jerusalem to Rome, and had the "care of all the churches" on his big heart; he never complained of being tired. He never chafed his limbs with the shackles of doubt, or loaded one extra ounce of godless anxiety on his brawny shoulders; and so he marched on to glory shouting! Knowing whom he believed, he was only solicitous to do his Master's will and finish his Master's work; he knew that his strength would be equal to the day until he had won the everlasting crown.

Three quickening thoughts come to my pen ere I lay it down for a few days of voyaging on a Summer sea. Lean on Jesus and He will rest you. Labor for Jesus and He will bless you. Live for Jesus, and your soul shall mount up as on an eagle's wing; you shall run and never weary, you shall walk arm-in-arm with Him and never faint.

"Tired? No, not tired!" While leaning on His breast My soul hath full enjoyment Of His eternal rest." Saybrook, Conn., June 30, 1885.

Our Book Table.

COREA WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

This volume is timely, meeting a very general want, every one being curious to know something about the country so recently opened to foreigners. In 300 pages it gives an excellent general idea of the country and its people. The geography is made plain by a good map—one of the first we have seen to give an accurate idea of the country. Though the peninsula appears as a very small appendage to Eastern Asia, yet it is as large in area as Minnesota, and has a coast-line on the Pacific about 750 miles in length, lying between the same parallels of latitude as Wilmington, N. C., and Portsmouth, N. H. Estimates of the population vary from eight to fifteen millions. Situated as it is between Japan on the east and China on the west, it partakes of both civilizations. It has been at times a battlefield between the two powers, under the dominion for a time of one, then of the other. The recent murderous outbreaks in July, 1882, and December, 1884, were the result of the longstanding jealousy between these rival "protectors."

A number of chapters are taken up with an account of the experiences of Hammett Hammett and his crew, who were shipwrecked in 1853 from the Dutch ship Spar-wehr (Sparrowhawk) upon the island of Quelpert, belonging to Corea. They were held as slaves, not in servile bondage, but were not allowed to leave the country. They were kept under close surveillance, and some of them were nearly murdered for attempting to get away in a small vessel. The final escape of eight of them to Japan in a coasting vessel which they stole and made away with, forms quite an exciting chapter.

The Government has until recently forbidden all intercourse with foreigners—only two years ago a man having been beheaded for venturing to cross the border by land, the line being constantly kept under guard.

Among other matters of interest, we learn that the condition of woman is unspokeably wretched. Engaged by her parents to her future husband when but eight, or in years of age, she at once goes to live in the house of her future father-in-law. In after-life, though she may become the mother of many children, yet it is in her husband's power to put her away for the slightest fault, and compel her to take the children and provide for their support. The education of children, however, is considered very important. The high position and learning of their ancestors are constantly held up before them, and they are generally induced to study without rigor or punishment. Children of four or five years of age use tobacco, and everybody smokes, male and female.

When the King goes out, he is carried under a very rich gold canopy, and proceeds with such silence that the least possible noise is forbidden. Just before him goes a Secretary of State with a little box, into which he puts all the petitions and memorials which private persons may present, each on the end of a long cane, or which they may hang along on the walls or pallings. All the doors or windows of the houses in the streets through which the King passes, are shut, and no one presumes to open the least cranny, much less to look over the wall or pallings. When he passes any great men or soldiers, they must turn their backs to him, without daring to look or so much as cough, the soldiers putting little sticks into their mouths that they may not be accused of making a noise.

The Chinese superstition of "Feng-shuey" (wind and water) dominates all Corea, and gives employment to crowds of so-called fortune-tellers. No Corea would think of building a house, selecting a field, garden, or tomb, without consulting one of these gentry. The professors of the superstition have millions of docile pupils. The air is populous with active and malignant spirits. Every tree, mountain, and water-course, every kitchen or chimney, has its tutelary genii, who must be propitiated by prayer, gifts, or penance.

Rev. Charles Gutzlaff, the devoted pioneer, visited Corea in 1832. Scotch missionaries of the United Presbyterian Church have had a Mission in Manchuria, just over the northern border of Corea, where they have learned the language, and have translated the New Testament. They are prepared to enter Corea from

the landward side. Hundreds of portions of the New Testament have been printed at the Presbyterian Mission Press at Shanghai, with metal type supplied by the Scottish Bible Society, and circulated in Corea—3000 copies of Luke and John having been exhausted as early as February, 1884. This year the whole New Testament will be in circulation. Rijitai, formerly of the royal household of Corea, has been studying with other Coreans in Japan since the Revolution of 1862. He and several others have been converted, and are laboring zealously for the enlightenment of their country with pen and tongue. "The diction of a native must necessarily be vastly superior in force and eloquence to the work of a foreigner, however scholarly or consecrated." The Scottish Presbyterians already have Bible depots in the open ports. The Methodists have a hospital and dispensary in the Capital. Five of their missionaries left New York for Corea in January of this year. The Presbyterian Board have a missionary studying the Korean language in Japan, beside two medical missionaries, Dr. J. H. Heron and Dr. H. A. Allen. The latter has at once become popular, holding his ground unharmed through the terrible outbreak and bloodshed in the capital, Seoul, in December last. His further progress is told in the Foreign Missionary of July, just issued.

The United States was the first foreign nation to make a treaty with the Korean Government. It was effected after long and patient negotiation by Commodore Shufeldt in May, 1882. It was in September, 1883, that the first Korean Embassy arrived in San Francisco. It consisted of the Prime Minister of Corea (who was a nephew of the Queen), his son, and nine subordinates. Great Britain and Germany formed treaties some eighteen months after the United States.

Rice and millet are the staple products. Wheat and Rye are grown in small quantities, as are sweet and white potatoes. Fruits like our own are grown, but are scarce and imperfect. Horses and cattle are raised. There is considerable trade in furs, as many as 1000 tiger-skins being sold in a single year, beside the skins of smaller animals. Thirty thousand dollars' worth of raw silk has recently been exported in a single year. Fine timber is abundant, and is exported to China. Cotton, tobacco, ginseng, and indigo, are also produced.

This fresh volume only whets the appetite for more information in regard to this last of the nations to open its doors to the Gospel. G. W. M.

THE TRAVELLERS' SERIES.
G. P. Putnam's Sons add three new volumes in paper covers to "The Travellers' Series," viz: "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains," by Isabella L. Bird; "Ten Years in Siberia," by George Kennan; and "The Abode of Snow," by Andrew Wilson. These volumes are portable and readable, and something more. They abound in incident and information conveyed in a most agreeable style. The seventeen letters which make up Miss Bird's volume are none the worse for having first been written to her sister.

Mr. Kennan's "Siberia" has run through a dozen editions, and not unworthily; for it records a journey altogether unique, and not likely to be repeated in many a day. He was of the party of surveyors, or rather adventurers, sent out by the Western Union Telegraph Company in 1866 to construct an overland line to Europe through British Columbia, Alaska, and crossing at Behring's Straits into Siberia. Ocean cables being distrusted, this bold scheme to reach the Eastern Continent overland was set on foot, and picked men strove to carry it to success. In the course of two or three years they explored nearly six thousand miles of unbroken wilderness extending from Vancouver's Island on the American coast to Behring's Straits, and from there to the Chinese frontier in Asia. "The traces of their deserted camps," writes Mr. Kennan, "may be found in the wildest mountain fastnesses of Kamtchatka, on the vast desolate plains of Northeastern Siberia, and throughout the gloomy pine forests of Alaska and British Columbia. Mounted on reindeer, they traversed the most rugged passes of the north Asiatic mountains; they floated in skin canoes down the great rivers of the North; slept in the smoky pogs of the Biberian Chookchees, and camped out upon desolate Northern plains in temperatures of 50° and 60° below zero. The poles which they erected and the houses which they built now stand alone in an encircling wilderness—the only results of three years' labor and suffering, and the only monuments of an abandoned enterprise." Thus we have a book of veritable adventure.

"The Abode of Snow" is reprinted from Blackwood, where the series of papers attracted much attention. The title is a literal translation, says Mr. Wilson, of the Sanscrit compound "Himalaya," and nowhere, so far as we know, may one learn more of those lofty fastnesses and those who roam their sides and valleys, than by touring with this author from Chinese Tibet to the Indian Caucasus, by the upper valleys of the Himalaya.

The Homiletic Review for July begins a new volume. The Symposium article on "Ministerial Education" is by Prof. Valentine of Gettysburg Theological Seminary. Dr. John Hall will give one in the August number. Dr. D. S. Gregory gives the first of a series of articles on "Sabbath-School Bible Study." Dr. Broadus contributes an able paper on the topic "Is the Pulpit Declining in Power?" Prof. Wiedner adds the seventh to the Symposium on Romans. And not to specify all, two of the full sermons are of unusual interest: "The Stoning of Stephen," by Dr. Dabney; and "The Earth Holy Ground," from the pen of Dr. F. Therman, translated by Dr. J. E. Rankin. Other sermons are by Drs. L. W. Bacon, R. S. Storrs, Alex. Blackburn, R. B. Kelsay, and others. The Editorial Department is full, as usual. Funk & Wagnalls, 10 and 12 Day Street, New York.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.
D. Appleton & Co., New York: The Life and Letters of General Amory Upton, Colonel of the Fourth Regiment of Cavalry and Brevet Major-General United States Army. By Peter S. Michie. Professor United States Military Academy. With an Introduction by James Harrison Wilson, late United States Army. \$2.—*Applauder's General*. A Tale of the United States and Canada. Illustrated with Halfway House, Plans of Cities, a Table of Horology, a General Guide to the United States and Canada. Illustrated with Halfway House, a Farical Romance. By F. Ansley. 25 cents.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: The Traveller's Series, 25 cents each. "Ten Years in Siberia," by George Kennan; "The Abode of Snow," by Andrew Wilson; "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains," by Isabella L. Bird.

Harpur & Brothers, New York: Harpur's Handy Series, 25 cents each. "Home Influence," a Tale for Mothers and Daughters, by Grace Aguilar. 25 cents.

A. Lovell & Company, New York: The Education of Man, by Friedrich Froebel. Translated by Josephine Jarvis. 1884.

Magnificence for July, 1885: The Presbyterian Review; The Bibliotheca Sacra; the Andover Review; the American Review; the English Illustrated Magazine; the American Education; the Paper Word.