

# THE SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.

VOL. XXVII.—NO. 4.

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OCTOBER, MDCCCLXXVI.

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ARTICLE I.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF DR. BLEDSOE.

*The Sufferings and Salvation of Infants, and Reviewers Reviewed*, being Dr. BLEDSOE'S rejoinder to the strictures of the SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW on his *Theodicy*. Southern Review, January, 1871.

*History of Infant Baptism*. Southern Review, April, 1874.

*The Southern Review and Infant Baptism*. Southern Review, July, 1874.

*The Suffering and Salvation of Infants*. Southern Review, January, 1875.

*Infant Baptism and Salvation in the Calvinistic System*. By C. P. KRAUTH, D. D.

*Our Critics*. Southern Review, October, 1875.

*The Perseverance of the Elect*. Southern Review, Jan., 1876.

We have a long score to settle with Dr. Bledsoe. Something more than twenty years have elapsed since we noticed, in two *critiques*, his great work, then newly published, "the *Theodicy*." This dogmatic and spirited book, as we then showed, has for its key-note the Pelagian doctrine, that, in consequence of the self-determination of the rational will, omnipotence itself cannot efficaciously control a soul without destroying its freedom. And the great "theodicy" or vindication of Dr. Bledsoe, for God's admission of sin into his universe is, that *he could not help it*. These strictures Dr. Bledsoe resents in his Review of January,

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## ARTICLE III.

## GOD AND THE BIBLE.

*God and the Bible: A Review of Objections to "Literature and Dogma."* By MATTHEW ARNOLD, D. C. L., formerly Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, and Fellow of Oriel College. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Company. 1876.

We give it up. We cannot devise a theory of Mr. Arnold and his book, which the book itself does not seem to overthrow. Whether he is teaching us, or quizzing us, or burlesquing the pretentious infidelity of the day—these are questions! While we have our own opinion of his purpose, as may presently appear, we confess it will not be difficult for friend or foe to quote his own words in disproof thereof.

It will only be respectful to the Professor, however, to hear his own statement of his object and the business of his treatise, and believe it if we can. That, we venture to say, will be found more difficult than believing in the inspiration of the Bible.

"But 'Literature and Dogma' had altogether for its object, and so too has the present work, to show the truth and necessity of Christianity, and its power and charm for the heart, mind, and imagination of man, even though the preternatural, which is now its popular sanction, should have to be given up. To show this, was the end for which both books were written.

"For the power of Christianity has been in the immense emotion which it has excited; in its engaging, for the government of man's conduct, the mighty forces of love, reverence, gratitude, hope, pity, and awe—all that host of allies which Wordsworth includes under the one name of *imagination*, when he says that in the uprooting of old thoughts and old rules we must still always ask:

'Survives *imagination*, to the change  
Superior? Help to virtue does she give?  
If not, O mortals, better cease to live!'

(*Risum teneatis, amici.* We are not at the climax yet.)

"Popular Christianity, drenched in the preternatural, has enjoyed abundantly this help of the imagination to virtue and conduct. I have always thought, therefore, that merely to destroy the illusions of popular Christianity was indefensible. *Time, besides, was sure to do it;*\* but

\* Italics ours.

when it is done, the whole work of again cementing the alliance between the imagination and the conduct remains to be effected. To those who effect nothing for the new alliance, but only dissolve the old, we take once more our text from Wordsworth, and we say:

‘Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
The years to bring on the inevitable yoke,  
Thus blindly with man’s blessedness at strife?  
Full soon his soul will have have its earthly freight.’

Soon enough will the illusions which charmed and aided man’s inexperience be gone. What have you to give him in the place of them?

“Dr. Colenso had nothing, and hence our dissatisfaction with his work. . . . But at the present moment, two things about the Christian religion must surely be clear to anybody with eyes in his head: one is, that men cannot do without it; the other, that they cannot do with it as it is.”\*

Our readers will bear with us, we hope, while we add a few detached sentences, to make this wonderful programme a little more clear:

“The indispensableness of the Bible and of Christianity cannot, therefore, be exaggerated. . . . So it is with perfection and salvation in conduct, men’s universal concern, *the way of peace*; they are not to be reached without the Bible and Christianity. By the Bible and Christianity, though not by what our missionaries now offer as such, the non-Christian nations will finally be won.” “It is true that the Bible is the great means for making men feel this, and for saving them. It makes them feel it by the irresistible power by which Israel, the Seer of the Vision of Peace, testifies it; it saves them by the method and secret of Jesus!” † “Compared with Professor Clifford, [a wild assailant of Christianity,] Messrs. Moody and Sankey are masters of the philosophy of history.” ‡

*Per contra.* “Is it [the story of Adam’s Fall] true? . . . Now, sooner or later, as our experience widens, we must see that the story is not true; we must inevitably come to say to ourselves, ‘It is all a legend! it never really happened, any of it!’” And he goes on with good taste, quite equal to his good sense, to liken it to the Peruvian legend of Manco Capac and Mama Oello. At great length he accuses the Christian world of a “want of intellectual seriousness.” Pp. xxiii.–xxxi. Thus he ranges from mystically pious phrase to the baldest contradictions of this indispensable and invaluable Scripture.

Perhaps the most delightfully astonishing thing in the book is

\* Pp. xi., xii., xiii.

† P. xxxv.

‡ P. xvi.

the arrogation to himself and the sceptical world, of "intellectual seriousness." Our churches, prayer-meetings, revivals, our home and foreign missions, our Sunday-schools and seminaries, our prayers, tears, lives, deaths, all betray an unintellectual seriousness or a non-serious intelligence—it is hard to say which. But to sit at home and write books on sweetness and light; to call religious language "materialised poetry," and accuse the religious world of being the real Atheists—this is the fruit of "intellectual seriousness."

Mr. Arnold has doubtless observed many things in his life; but we borrow from Thomas Hood the doubt whether "he ever looked at a human gullet with the aid of a spoon." There *are* some things that cannot be swallowed.

The plan and avowed object of the work is to eliminate—no, we are wrong—to *assume the elimination* of the "preternatural" in which we are "drenched," and then to restore to us, or to inform us that we have not lost, anything worth having in religion.

Now, if the Professor had called out to us in tones of alarm, that the great Pyramid was being undermined, and called for help from the science and fine feeling of all nations to preserve it, we might at least thank him for his good will. But when he backs up to the mighty pile, crowned with "forty centuries," standing like a rooted mountain in its place, and calls out cheerfully, with hands on knees, "Observe, gentlemen! the foundation is all dropping out, but there is no danger—I hold it up:" we find him decidedly original and grotesque.

But it may be asked, What does he propose to take away—or to ask us to surrender—or to inform us that the "intellectually serious" have surrendered—of the long-accepted notions of Christianity?

He substitutes for "God" the formula, "the Eternal, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness." P. xxxvi. *et passim*. He ridicules—for one cannot well call it arguing against—the application of the words "person," "being," "existence" even, to this Somewhat, called God. Chap. II. He calls the miraculous histories of the Bible "a beautiful and powerful fairy tale;" p. 117. His principle of criticism of the Gospels, whereby to find

and give us a better Saviour than the writers knew, is—in his own words, italics and all, “*Jesus over the heads of all his reporters!*” This is “the only safe guide” in reading the Gospels;” p. 256. He denies that Christ really rose from the dead; p. 261—and also that he ever promised so to do; p. 263. He treats the Incarnation as an impossibility, and the Miraculous Conception as a myth. And—deeper yet, if deeper wrong may be, because it invites utter scepticism concerning all revealed facts—he avers that religious language (and by consequence, the language of the Bible,) “is approximative merely, while men believe it to be adequate; it is *thrown out* at certain realities which they very imperfectly comprehend;” p. xxxvii.; “its anthropomorphic language about God is *aimed at*\* a vast, though ill-apprehended, reality.”

Now, when the emphatic and enthusiastic language we have quoted in praise of the Bible is recalled, and compared with these other sayings, the difficulty of believing that Mr. Arnold is in earnest will begin to be appreciated.

Let us add one other extract, and we shall have dwelt enough, perhaps, upon a point of subordinate importance—yet not really idle or irrelevant, if it shows with what kind of enemies in the high places of literature the only true religion in the world has now to deal. Our author is stating—and we will do him the justice to say, lamenting—the probable rise of a “revolutionary Deism” among the working classes of England, with which the “political Dissenters” may think it good policy to fall in; and he proceeds to show them up in a strain of *badinage* which it is not unjust to call ribald:

“The God of this religion will still be a magnified and non-natural man indeed, but by no means the magnified and non-natural man of our religion, as now current. He may be best conceived, perhaps, as a kind of tribal God of the Birmingham League. Not by any means a *Dieu des Bonnes Gens*, like the God of Beranger, a God who favors garrets, grisettes, gayety, and champagne; but a *Dieu des Quatre Libertes*—the God of free trade, free Church, free labor, and free land—with a new programme, therefore, and with Birmingham for his earthly headquarters, instead of Shiloh and Jerusalem, but with the old turn still preserved for

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\* Italics ours.

hewing Agag in pieces, and with much even of the Biblical worship and language still retained; Mr. Jesse Collings and Mr. Chamberlain dancing before the ark, and Mr. Dale and Mr. George Dawson in the Birmingham Town Hall, offering up prayer and sacrifice!" (P. 48.)

After this, such little affectations as a few constantly recurring phrases—"vigor and rigor," "the method of Jesus," "the Eternal, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness," and such like—may be dismissed as merely betraying the weakness and vanity of the ex-Professor of Poetry.

It may be more profitable, however, to examine his way of treating certain momentous topics; still, rather as features of his class than as remarkable or dangerous assaults on the truth. And we select three, viz., miracles, the words "being" and "existence," and the sayings of Jesus in the Gospel of John.

But a preliminary matter arrests us for a moment. The object of Mr. Arnold's discussions of miracles, personality, etc., is to rid religion of a personal God. He and Mr. Newman have an exasperating way of condescending, smilingly, to the æsthetic and emotional infirmities of mankind, and indulging us in the use of such phrases as "a personal God" *as poetry or rhetoric*. But they, superior beings! have a higher craving, which can be satisfied even in religion only by SCIENCE. They find that language incapable of precise definition, and the fact alleged equally incapable of rigorous proof. They, therefore, will none of it.

Somewhat dashed—as much by their compassion and kind forbearance as by their conscientious stickling for precision—we venture to ask them, at last, for *that* about God which shall be, not poetry—oh no! not rhetoric, but science. They, nothing loth, from their serene heights, hand it down to us: God is "*the Eternal, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness.*" For fear we should not appreciate it at once, Mr. Arnold kindly arrests our attention by italics. We do hope we are not rhapsodical, but is not that *lovely*? The words so delicately guided—reined up short, one may say, lest they say too much—the adjective bereft of its noun, and comforted with a capital letter—the verb, "make for," so nicely selected to convey almost, but not quite, nothing—but above all, that sweetly modest "not ourselves!" O Mr. Arnold, how did you do it?

*Sed serii simus.* The Professor is not laughing, if he is the cause of laughter in others. Does he seriously believe that that phrase—"the Eternal, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness"—is scientifically precise language, or that the thing asserted is scientifically verifiable? Not at all: the word "science," as employed by these writers, is mere strategy; to borrow the author's own happy term, it is "thrown out" at an idea to which it is not at all adequate. As the less may be contained in the greater, as the part is involved in the whole, the fact alleged may be proved by proving the existence of that personal God whom Mr. Arnold discards. Otherwise it can no more be established than a drop of quicksilver can be held between the finger and thumb. It is too *unfixable* to be proved.

But the author of "God and the Bible" alleges that "support for them [*i. e.*, the magnified and non-natural man called God, and the etherealised men called angels,\*] is obtained from two grounds—from metaphysical grounds and from the ground of miracles." P. 71. The implication is that metaphysics and miracles are the only support of man's belief in a personal God. This we flatly deny, inasmuch as Mr. Arnold's little brochure on miracles does not include among them—Creation. But let that pass for the present.

How does our author deal with this great question, the truth of the record of miracles?

He surrenders the old dogma of the Germans, that miracles are impossible—admits that such impossibility cannot be proved. He concedes in terms the fallacy of Hume's argument that the evidence for a miracle cannot countervail the overwhelming evidence of the

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\*Lest it should seem incredible that a gentleman could write such things, we quote: "But it is different when we profess to speak exactly, and yet make God a person who thinks and loves. Some, we know, have made their God in the image of the inferior animals. We have had the God Apis and the God Anubis; but these are extravagances. . . . So we construct a magnified and non-natural man, by dropping out all that in man is a source of weakness, and by heightening to the very utmost all that in man seems a source of strength, such as his thought and his love. . . . Then between this magnified man and ourselves we put, if we please, angels, who are men etherealised." (Pp. 70, 71.)

the uniformity of nature. And then he brushes lightly away all the testimony for the wonders of power in the Bible, by reminding us that they were produced in an age given to believing such things. He considers that it is no longer worth while to discuss the evidence. The miracles gravely recorded by Herodotus are not even canvassed in these days; the greater intelligence of mankind now dismisses them. It knows their natural history. And just so, he says, with the narratives of John or Luke. We can make room for only a sentence or so, but that will show we are not misrepresenting:

“But we do not believe that Phylacus and Autonous arose out of their graves and were seen fighting with the Persians: we know by experience, we all say, how this sort of story grows up. And that after the crucifixion, then many dead saints arose and came out of the graves, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many, is not this too a story of which we must say, the moment we put it fairly side by side with the other, that it is of the same kind with it, and that we know how the sort of story grows up? . . . The miraculous beard of the priestess of Pedasus is really just like the miraculous dumbness of Zacharias, the father of John the Baptist.” (P. 76.)

So far as the argument here is made by comparing the legends of mythology with the histories of religion, it was worn out before Mr. Arnold was born. It amounts simply to this: that the travesty of a good thing proves the non-existence of that thing. It is difficult not to be disgusted with the revival of such nonsense. So far as it turns upon what is called “the natural history of miracle,” there is nothing new about it but its impertinent flippancy. Mr. Lecky had labored it after his solid-looking fashion, and set out a great show of learning and philosophising around it. But its only weight, even in the “History of European Morals,” is in the way of stating it. Sift it, and you get just this—that what is believed in a credulous age, and doubted in a sceptical age, is not worthy of belief. The difficulties about accepting this as an argument are two: first, that the rule itself is not sound; and secondly, that the thing implied (*i. e.*, that the gospel miracles were received first in a credulous age,) is not true. The rule is not sound. The belief of a reasonable being is to be founded, not on other men’s belief, but on evidence. True, the

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amount of credence given any alleged occurrence is a part of the evidence, but only a part. And if Mr. Lecky had accepted the whole of the principle, that the credulity of an age discredits all that the age believes, his history would have been a short one. Or suppose we reverse the order of the ages, and apply the rule: must we discard all that this age receives, but other ages doubted or disbelieved? Then down goes the Copernican system, and the earth no longer revolves on its axis! If Mr. Arnold protests that this is not a credulous age, and only believes on evidence, we answer, no man considers himself credulous. The Professor has no more authority on that point, in the judge's seat, than has Herodotus. But he will not take that ground, for he compassionately permits (good, easy man!) so much of mankind as cannot rise to his height, to go on believing. And for our part, we declare that the men who accept this book and its notions are "sceptics" of a very peculiar class indeed. Like philosopher Bayle, in Charles the Second's sarcasm, they can believe anything but the Bible.

The "natural history" rule, therefore, runs down to this—"What other ages have received, and we (free-thinkers) reject, will soon be rejected by everybody, and ought not to be believed by anybody;" which is a very comfortable way of inviting the mountain out of our road. As a matter of fact—and we challenge denial—a larger proportion of mankind believe the miracles of the Bible, and discard all other miracles now, than ever before since the Bible was penned.

But is it true that the age of the Gospels was a credulous age? We have not so read history. We have understood—and Mr. Lecky confirms us in that opinion—that belief was *drying up* in the lands all round the Mediterranean. And the evangelists themselves make confession of *incredulity* with a frank simplicity that adds its own charm to their recital, and its own weight to their testimony. The women who had seen Christ after his resurrection reported the fact to the twelve, and it seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed it not—and that, though John, at least, believed that Christ had risen. When the ten had seen and been convinced, Thomas held out against them all, until he

should put his finger in the print of the nails, and thrust his hand into the cleft side. And, to cut the matter short, when the Lord appeared to above five hundred brethren at once, though the greater part believed and worshipped, *some doubted*. Indeed, the whole aspect of the history makes Pilate seem almost a representative of the period, when he asks, with supercilious levity, What is truth? The people to whom Christ preaches is "like a wave of the sea driven of the wind and tossed;" as sheep having no shepherd, they wandered and fainted. They seem singularly incapable of resolute religious belief until drawn under the vital influences of the Redeemer himself. National pride and factious hatred kept the sacrificial fires burning; but the venerable beliefs that had kindled them at first were well nigh extinct.

But we propound one other question before we leave this topic. What arrested the growing incredulity of the age—brought on that "loose-jointedness" of which Mr. Arnold so poetically speaks? It is a settled principle of historical philosophy, that the occurrence of any great and deep sensation begets imitations and spurious or morbid repetitions. "Moral epidemics" arise just in that way. The passions, convulsions, sins of to-day, are the echoes of distorted images of the sublime event of yesterday. The French Revolution of 1789 was the illegitimate child of the American Revolution of 1776. The Koran is the broken shadow of the Bible. The Deluge-legends, from Assyria to Mexico, are reverberations of the most venerable and pathetic history in human speech. About the light is the twilight, everywhere—with its sheeted mists, its half-seen objects, its soft and its terrifying illusions.

No! the ebb and flow of the spirit of mankind is effected by *facts*, not by fancies, in the first instance; though the facts will immediately begin to breed fancies. And the question to be met by every "intellectually serious" thinker is, What are the facts? And this, clearly, is a question to be answered not by theory, but by evidence.

When we inquire, What changed to so large an extent the temper of a sceptical age? How was it that, whereas the augurs of the day of Cicero could hardly look into each others' faces

without laughing, the children of the second generation following could and did die for the name of Jesus?—when we put such questions, the Professor of Poetry may say, if he pleases, that it was the change that made the difference (for it amounts to that); but history will say, it was the Resurrection of Christ, and the consequent miracles of his apostles.

To sum up on this point, then: Mr. Arnold finds one of the two chief supports of the belief in a personal God in miracles, ignoring entirely the argument from creation, and barely mentioning that from design. In treating of miracles, he does himself the dishonor, and the Christian world the outrage, to liken them to the fables of Paganism, forgetting alike their obvious object, their common majesty, their massive unity of character, and their inextricable *embedment* in the Bible he professes such a desire to preserve. He not only asserts, in the face of established fact, that they owed their acceptance to the credulity of the age in which they occurred—whereas *that* age was *not* credulous but sceptical, and the easy belief of the following age was the indirect result of the slowly accredited wonders of Christianity; not only that, but he makes this assertion in applying a principle, which, if sound, would crumble all history to pieces, profane as well as sacred—the principle, namely, that what one age believes and another doubts, the next must deny.

We approach a much more difficult portion of our task when we examine our author's account of "the God of Metaphysics." Not because of the power of his arguments, indeed; but by reason of the intolerable diffuseness of his style, and the *fractionary* way in which his thoughts are brought out. Indeed, we may as well acknowledge that we cannot quote enough to reproduce his discussion of his "Unknown God;" we cannot even promise that what we do quote shall be entirely consistent with all we do not quote. Our readers must be content with our own summary, and a very few sentences, *purpurei panni*, as samples of the cloth. Let us prepare the way by the very threadbare inquiry, How do we obtain our abstract terms?

Everybody knows that an abstract term is that by which we indicate a point in common between things that otherwise differ—

that it simply names that point, whether of quality or fact—and that it expresses our conviction of some sort of *actuality*. The term so employed either had itself a concrete use and signification, or is derived, by one or two removes, from such a term. Etymology does often cast a light upon the history of abstract words, and the manner in which they came to be selected, and even the erroneous views of those who employed them abstractly in the first instance. But the last thing a sound and careful reasoner would do would be to pin down such a word to its original sense, and insist not only that it *should*, but that it *does*, bear only that meaning always and everywhere.

Mr. Arnold tosses about, in his talk, his ignorance and lack of philosophy, as airily as Mr. Harold Skimpole did his ignorance of the value of money. And there really seems to be some ground for the boast, (or confession,) if his treatment of the present matter is taken as a test.

He insists largely (p. 94) elsewhere, that metaphysicians continually employ the words essence, being, existence, without defining them, and that he could not and did not know what idea they intended to convey by them, and therefore could neither admit nor deny the truth of those things which they constantly affirmed, because the main term in their propositions was thus left obscure. He relates in a very lively way, how, having in vain sought relief from the professors of logic and metaphysics, who were "altogether above entertaining such a tyro's question as what *being* really" is (p. 95), he was happily delivered and restored to the sunlight of clear knowledge by—*Curtius's Greek Grammar*. There he found that *εἶς*, *esse*, is, essence, are forms in different tongues of a very old substantial verb, whose original meaning, addressed to the senses, it is "all but certain," was *breathe*—the almost certainty being furnished by "the Sanscrit *as-u-s*, life-breath, *as-u-ra-s*, living, and *as*, mouth, parallel with the Latin *os*. "The three main meanings succeed each other in the following order: *breathe, live, be.*"\* "Here was some light at last! We get, then, for the English *is*, the Latin and French

\* Quoted from Curtius's Principles of Etymology, on p. 97.

*est*, the Greek *estin* or *esti*—we get an Indo-European root *as*, breathe." (N. B. The "*all but certain*" of the Professor of Grammar disappears swiftly, with the Professor of Poetry. It drops out here.) So Dr. Curtius digs up "the root *bhu*, in Greek *φν*," which reappears in *future*, *physics*, French *fus*, Latin *fui*. "The notion *be* attaches to this root, says Dr. Curtius, evidently on the foundation only of the more primitive *grow*."

It seems nearly incredible, and yet it is true, that this logomachist wastes page after page, on this discovery, of which the philosophers were ignorant! (P. 102.) "Virtue *is*," means, Virtue *breathes*; "Truth does not cease to *be*," signifies, Truth does not cease to *grow*; which two last propositions, we remark in passing, will be identical just when two and two make five. And "*I Am* hath sent me unto you," (Latin, *ero*,) is, "*I will breathe* hath sent me unto you!" He even dares—after a gloss upon the word *anima*, animal, as meaning a *breather*—to translate *Être Supreme*, the Supreme Animal! The object of these contortions and ribald violences is to wrench away these accepted abstract terms, and give us nothing in their place. It is to convince men that we cannot predicate being, far less personality, of the Eternal God, without talking bald nonsense.

After playing with these terms thus for a while, and even admitting that philosophers used them figuratively, (p. 105,) *i. e.*, of course, *borrowed* them from their original employment—an admission that virtually nullifies all he had been saying, and puts us back where we were before—after all this, he proceeds to tell us something:

"Or again, they become aware of a law of nature, as it is called—of a certain regular order in which it is proved, or thought to be proved, that certain things happen. To this law, to the law, let us suppose, of gravitation, they attribute *being*. They say that the law of gravitation is, exists, *breathes*, *steps forth*. . . . Or, finally, they become aware of a *law of nature\** which concerns their own life and conduct in the highest degree—of an *Eternal*, *not ourselves*, which makes for righteousness. For this is really a law of nature, collected from experience, just as much as the law of gravitation is.\* . . . We no more pretend to know the origin and composition of the power that makes for righteousness than of the

\* Italics ours.

power that makes for gravitation." P. 107. These be thy gods, O Israel!

Significantly enough, when Mr. Arnold attempts to show us how man made his God, he abandons this wonderful illustration of the law of gravitation. It is certain man never "made that into" a human being, and called it a God. His object of comparison now becomes "the sun." P. 109. But feeling that the hiatus must be covered, if it could not be filled, he proceeds thus: "What was the Apollo of the religion of the Greeks? The law of intellectual beauty, the Eternal, not ourselves, that makes for intellectual beauty. . . . *Who doubts this?*"\* A trace of Mr. Bayle again. This idle assumption, to back up the other incredible assertion, is the sort of Bible and God this wise man would give us, in place of what we have. We make no detailed reply to this "stuff." We merely set over against it the following brief showing.

The constitution of man's mind is such that—guided toward the truth by the sense of power exercised upon us, (as upon the child by its mother or nurse,) and the consciousness of power exerted by us—it refers events to causes. Ignorance, whether in the individual or the race, makes continual mistakes, and continually ascribes causal power to that which has none. But the principle is intuitively true, let the applications be ever so erroneous.

Each discovery that a thing, or a series of things, had a beginning, converts such thing, or series of things, into an *event*—for which, of course, a cause must be found. If it cannot be found, it is still recognised as necessarily existent: it is *x*, the unknown cause of *a*, the known event. And when, by a generalisation that true science has only and always confirmed, the world itself is placed in the class of events, (*i. e.*, a series that had a beginning,) it comes under the same necessity of being referred to a Sufficient Cause.

But there are two sorts of causes known to man, which may be called, respectively, mechanical, and voluntary, causes. It will be seen, a little farther on, that the radical difference which divides science from sound theology at present, is just the differ-

\* Italics ours.

ence between the allegation of a mechanical and the allegation of a voluntary cause of the Cosmos. At this point we are concerned simply with the natural history of man's actual beliefs, and of the terms by which he indicates them. Man has always, everywhere, by an inward necessity, decided in favor of a Voluntary Cause, and justified his decision by proving Design.

True, Mr. Arnold says that "when we are speaking *exactly* of the ear or the bud, all we have a right to say is, it works harmoniously and well"—not that it was contrived to do so. We respectfully submit that Mr. Arnold is not as foolish as he thinks he is; and that when he discovers harmony and goodness, *he knows they had a capable cause*. Showing that *be* is derived from *bhu*, and *is* from *as*, does not upset everything!

The question arises, now, How shall this dimly known Voluntary Cause of the Cosmos be named? Clearly—on the supposition that no revelation of a name is made—either some one term must be set aside as the Name, or various words must be employed to adumbrate what is known or thought concerning Him in various directions. And as the thought and worship of Him outran by many ages the advent of scientific terminologies, it is nearly certain, in advance, that many different names would come into use. And even on the supposition that this Great Cause revealed himself, it might confidently be expected that he would *set* the most impressive facts concerning himself in names, as precious stones are set in gold.

And it is a fact of the highest interest here, that the Hebrew tongue is rich in names of God beyond all other riches: El, Elohim, Jehovah, Jah, Shaddai, The Mighty, The Rock, Jehovah of Hosts—these are the usual titles the God of the Bible wears, and upon them are heaped other words of glorious meaning, like embroideries upon royal robes. Or it may be fitter to say that they are the windows of the divine palace, through which, standing afar off, we see the King.

Now let it be settled in our readers' minds, that when proofs of Design and Volition are seen in that which had a cause, then the *personality* of the cause is a fact absolutely unquestionable. The valves in our arteries, the *suspension-bridge* (as it has been in-

geniously called) in the foot of a cat—the grouping of the masses of land in the northern hemisphere, so that nine-tenths of mankind have their summer when the sun is in *apogee*, and their winter when he is in *perigee*—the incommensurability of the times of the heavenly bodies—these, and the million other facts like them, by showing Thought and Will, show that the First Cause is a Person. And then it follows that Religion is not Morals, but Worship, Obedience, and Love.

We had intended to examine at some length Mr. Arnold's theories and vanities concerning the Fourth Gospel, but really cannot waste the space or time upon it. They are little more than yesterday's Germanisms warmed over. This precious word from God is, according to him, the work of a "literary arranger [of traditionary accounts derived originally from John] sometimes embarrassed in dealing with his materials (p. 253)—marred by literary blemishes, "blots and awkwardnesses" (p. 248); reporting inaccurately, grouping incorrectly, and putting into the mouth of Christ sayings such as he *could not* have spoken.

All this would seem to shake the Gospel pretty much to pieces, and leave us bereaved of the sweetest messages of the Love of God. But Mr. Arnold cheers us up. He assures us he is equal to the occasion. The casket is broken, and the jewels are fallen into the sea; but he shall fish them up for us. The "*logia* of Jesus" were but half-remembered by John, and dismembered by the literary arranger; but never mind! By sheer force of the critical faculty, the Professor will restore to us—so much of the word of God as he believes himself; and who would be so unreasonable as to ask him for more? Not we, certainly—not of *him*. We shall ask very little of the man who thinks he has cut down the Tree of Life, and consoles us with a basket of chips.

We are not indignant with Mr. Arnold—far from it. He seems to be an amiable, somewhat frisky, young man, who has made a great mistake. The critical antics at which one might smile, while performed about human poets, are pitiable indeed before the Ark. *Pitiable* is the word. The Ark is in no danger; but the man who trifles with its reverence and grace is in peril indeed—

none the less because he "rushes in where angels fear to tread." We advise him, in all kindness, to get back to his poetry, and let his noble old father's religion, and mankind's, alone.

Taking our leave of him at this point, we devote our few remaining pages to a matter of great interest and encouragement, chiefly in the hope of stirring up some competent teacher to do in full that of which we can give but a meagre outline. It is the progress actually made in the Great Controversy between Bible Religion and Secular Thought.\*

Paley's *Natural Theology* is the representative of the Christian argument on this theme during the earlier years of this century—the *Bridgewater Treatises* simply expanding that argument, without attempting to modify it. It was simply an application of common sense to the question, whether the universe had a Designer and Creator.

The *Nebular Theory* (as a part of this controversy) was simply an attempt to *disperse* without refuting. It proposed to explain the order of the universe by tracing it back to star-dust reduced by the cloud-compelling force of gravitation to fiery and then to fruitful worlds. After an effort to discredit the very existence of genuine nebulae by the resolution of spurious nebulae into systems of stars—an effort that could not succeed, inasmuch as comets have this very nebulous quality whose existence was questioned—the sounder answers were made: (1) That the star-dust itself, by the very hypothesis, must have begun to be, and must have had a Creator to impress its laws upon it; (2) that the proofs of Design were not in the least disturbed by the theory; and (3) that Life was the gift of Infinite Power alone.

The first of these three positions is virtually unassailable. But if it could not be carried, it might be turned and rendered valueless, if the *personality* of the First Cause could be drawn into doubt. Secular Thought, therefore, addressed itself to an assault

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\* The writer feels constrained at this point to explain that his inability to consult even his own few books, or to visit any well-furnished library, makes this sketch even more jejune and unsatisfactory than he imagined when the plan of the article was made.

upon the second position. It undertook to show that those facts which were continually quoted as marks of Design, were really and simply the products of Natural Law. Vital laws, including the laws of heredity, accounted for the eye. Laws of gravitation, of motion, of chemistry, accounted for the material world. And so on through the whole round of nature. These are the positions of the "Vestiges of Creation," and other similar works. The old "development theory" is simply an attempt to ascribe power to Law, and get rid thereby of Design.

To this, Bible Religion presented two replies: First, upon the question of fact, it was shown (by Hugh Miller and Agassiz, to name no more,) that the *progress* proved and conceded involved no *paternity*—that no race or kingdom, through all creation, was *bred out* of another, but *superinduced* upon it. Secondly, and as we venture to think, far more conclusively—it was shown (1) that the *Design was visible in the laws*, and had equally to be accounted for there; and (2) that the laws themselves were in many cases simply and only LAWS OF THOUGHT, and compelled belief in a thinker. While this main battle was being fought, a very remarkable flank attack was also made, which "came to grief" in an extraordinary way. This was the debate upon the Unity of the Human Race.

The proposition on which Messrs. Nott, Gliddon, Morton, and all their allies, laid out their strength, was, the unalterable fixedness of type in the various races of mankind. The monuments of Egypt and the mounds of America, the negro's foot and the Indian's skull—things small and great, new and old—were ransacked for evidence, and triumphantly declared to have produced it too, that the negro could not be, and never was, anything other than he is to-day.\*

But now arose Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace, and undertook to prove *the very opposite!* namely, the utter fluidity of specific

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\*We take this opportunity to urge that careful measurements, casts, etc., of the present negro race be made and preserved; inasmuch as the race is *now changing*. The American negro and the African are not physically the same. That was abundantly seen when the Niagara brought captured slaves into Charleston Harbor.

types. The laws of nature for which they plead—the law, namely, of incessant, minute variation, and the law of natural selection—so far as they may be established—go to show that no amount of departure from any given human type can be taken to disprove the genesis of one from the other.

Let it be conceded that the present statements of their doctrine are extreme; that the tower they are building *leans over* beyond its foundation so far as to threaten its fall. Nevertheless, they have made one infidel position untenable; they have proved that the descent of all men from one pair is, in the judgment of science, possible. What remains is simply the question of fact.

The two latest phases of Secular Scientific Thought are contemporaneous or nearly so, involved with each other, and indeed parts of one system; they may therefore be mentioned together. The last is, that life is not only the subject, but also the creature, of law, and the product of natural forces; that therefore the intervention of a Creator-God is unnecessary. This is the sum of Mr. Huxley's deliverances concerning Protoplasm. We may say, in passing, that Mr. Huxley is far too good a logician not to know that he has done nothing in the way of proof in such a matter until he produces a fact. Let him make the living creature! Theories and inferences are not to be endured as evidence in science. And if he should ever produce such a fact and establish it—what then? Why, he would simply have taught us that the power of God flowed through one channel more than we had yet discovered. We should but be the more impressed with his magnificent greatness.

But this is, after all, only a branch of a yet wider scheme of Secular Thought, which may be called Transcendental. Mr. Tyndall's studies of what used to be called the Imponderables, have led him, and many after him, to deny the substantial existence of Matter, and refer all its manifestations to Force. "*All matter is force,*" says Mr. A. R. Wallace, who has said something else equally memorable, to be rehearsed presently.

No solid rocks, no rolling water, nor clouds, nor trees, nor people, in any substantial way! The earth is dissolved, and the

inhabitants thereof. The promise and the potency of all life, mentally or bodily, is in Force.

Now we have not the remotest desire to break this fancy on the wheel. Religion need not answer it at all, until it enunciates itself much more clearly, and brings a world of proof at its back. But we are glad to be able to point out how wonderfully—all the more wonderfully because unconsciously—how swiftly and near (at one point) this speculation draws to the Great First Truth; so near, that one of their best thinkers has actually stepped across the line of difference. In the paragraph succeeding that which is entitled "All Matter is Force," Mr. Wallace states and argues the theorem—"All force is probably will-force." What the "advanced thinker" refers to Force, the Theist ascribes to STRENGTH. They are *Biaotai*; we are *Powotai*.

Whether or not there must be solid nuclei, from and to which forces must act; whether the word molecule itself is or is not a blunder, and Mr. Tyndall's own terminology is likely to be swept away in this new cataclysm: these and such as these are very interesting questions to *Science*. But Religion is far more interested in the coming debate between Force and Power. It may safely be prophesied that Power will hold the field, so far as human belief goes. Mr. Tyndall cannot keep men in the horse latitudes; they will cross the line with Mr. Wallace, and the trade-winds will sweep them home.

It is to this issue that the great debate is rapidly narrowing down. In the presence of the mighty phenomena of the heavens and the earth; while the plains are tilted up into mountains, and the mountains are swept into the sea; while the thought of man grows god-like, and that chiefly through the discipline acquired in studying the Thought and Plan impressed on Being; while our physical energies are more and more felt to be as nought, measured against the energies of Nature: is man's normal condition to be Fear or Awe? Is he condemned to dread, or commanded to love?

Let it be confessed that Science, as such, can never produce, define, or place the First Cause. In "a voluntary humility and will-worship," its apostles often confess so much. And therein

they simply acknowledge the truism that Science is only one department of Thought. To Science the sea saith, It is not in me ; and the depth, It is not in me. But they have another voice for the heart—the heart, whose existence Mr. Tyndall's own manhood admits. It was not as astronomer that Herschel knew God ; but it was Herschel knowing God that illuminated astronomy.

Let it be confessed, we say, that the place of Jehovah is not within the petty landmarks of scientific thought. It is not, just as the sun's place is not among the flies and beetles of the entomologist. Nevertheless, it is in his rays the ephemeridæ disport themselves ; from his fulness the diamond beetle and the emperor butterfly draw their glitter and their tints. And he would be but a poor student even of insect-life, who took no account of the sun, because he was not on the lists of the Coleoptera.

We need not waste time now to show that certain assumptions are always and absolutely necessary, in order that Science should exist. The assumption of a God is necessary, that Science may be glorified. Without him, it is but a landscape under a north-east rain ; the headlands are there, and the rivers, and the trees, but all is dank and dreary. When he appears, the sunlight pours in and touches every pebble with glory.

“Ye Ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow  
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—  
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty Voice,  
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge !  
 Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !  
 Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven  
 Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun  
 Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living flowers  
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?  
 God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations  
 Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !  
 God ! sing, ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice !  
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !  
 And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,  
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God !  
 Thou, too, hoar Mount, with thy sky-pointing peaks,  
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,  
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene  
 Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—

Thou, too, again, stupendous Mountain! thou,  
 That as I raise my head awhile bowed low  
 In adoration, upward from thy base  
 Slow travelling, with dim eyes suffused with tears,  
 Solemnly seemest like a vapory cloud  
 To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise;  
 Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!  
 Thou Kingly Spirit throned among the hills,  
 Thou dread Ambassador from Earth to Heaven,  
 Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,  
 And tell the Stars, and tell yon rising Sun,  
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.”

We respectfully suggest that the Professor of Poetry may yet learn a good deal from the poets.

At the point at which “advanced thought” has now arrived, viz., the theorem that Matter is Force, it is evident that the lines of scientific and philosophic thought overlap, and that, just where Natural Theology is especially interested in them. So soon as the acknowledgment of Will-force is made, the question of the personality of the First Cause will be settled.

It is true that Mr. Matthew Arnold attempts to block the wheels by insisting that the word “personality” is unintelligible, or at any rate unscientific, when applied to a being without a body; but then he is *philosophe manque*, by his own boastful confession. Only a fractional man, like himself, here and there, will hesitate to infer thought, will, plan, reason, where their work is seen, in advance even of the question whether that thinking nature inhabit a material body.

But when the Personality of the First Cause is admitted, even advanced thinkers must soon see the possibility, and then the probability, and then the necessity, of a way of communication between Him and us; the doctrine of Revelation, and the doctrine of Prayer, will follow by a natural necessity. In them are involved all the essentials of the Christian position.

The Church, which has been almost always and necessarily the assailant of the world on the spiritual side, has been almost equally the assailed party on the intellectual side. Knowledge itself has not made the trouble, but hasty inferences from knowl-

edge—inferences often made by champions of the Church, we confess; but oftener made and urged by her enemies.

But, looking back thus over the long campaign, it appears that all the main positions taken for the Bible are still held, and more abundantly fortified; while the attacking forces have had to reconsider, and even reverse, their positions.

Every struggle, in its turn—and the order of the contests, as we have seen, follows a logical sequence—settles something; and every settled something is ultimately a gain to evangelical religion. It is impossible that any actual fact or established principle should militate against the truth of God. The Church has less to fear from Science than the Science of to-day has to fear from the Science of ten years hence.

“The counsel of the Lord standeth forever;  
The thoughts of His heart to all generations.”

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#### ARTICLE IV.

### OUR CHURCH NOT SUFFICIENTLY EVANGELIS- TIC: WHY?

It is the purpose of this article to plead for a policy more aggressive than our Church has been pursuing. Far be it from the writer's mind to concede that Presbyterianism is a failure in the South, or to claim any warmer love for the stones of her beautiful temple than that of his brethren. We sound the trumpet for no revolution, but only to wake any that may be slumbering, and to call them to sterner resolves for duty. The question to be considered is one of public policy. It is not, Are we evangelistic, but, Are we *sufficiently* evangelistic?

I. To this inquiry, we think that facts give a negative reply. We are not sufficiently evangelistic in the policy of the Southern Presbyterian Church.

We recall with much gratitude that the Head of the Church has added many souls to our communion. Our actual growth