

The Independent

"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 TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

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The Independent.

MAY.

BY JOHN JAMES PIATT.

HARK! as if the morning stars were singing
O'er the first glad Six Days' Task divine—
What rapturous sounds are these
Of quickening ecstasies!
Earth from her dark spell-bound slumber
breaking,
To the sun's far-journeyed kiss awaking,
Lo! the blissful palpitation
Of the newly-warmed creation!
With a myriad mingling voices
All the electric air rejoices;
All about, beneath, above,
Rings the tender note of love;
Everywhere around are heard
Fountain-laughter, song of bird,
In-ct-murmur, wild-bees' hum,
Beat of flock, and low of kine—
All of new-born Eden bringing,
With her lilting, light-heart lay,
Dancing, stotting,
May is come!
Open doors and let in May!

SOME GENUINE NEGRO SONGS.

BY MARY W. PORTER.

It was a quiet, lovely evening in Autumn,
and I sat looking out over the land, enfolded
in its soft haze, which we have grown to
consider our Indian Summer, though it is
only caused by the smoke from the
neighboring sugar-houses, which all
through the grinding season covers us with
its cloudy mists, till the air is heavy and
sweet with the smell of the boiling cane.
But this was Saturday night; and those
great rushing mills were still now for a few
hours, and there was not a sound stirring
except the tinkle of a distant cow-bell and
an occasional hoot from some early-rising
owl. Brief tropic twilight, as lovely as
short-lived, had vanished; and I sat still by
the opened window, listening for the
sounds with which Saturday night has
made me so familiar. Soon I was rewarded.
A clear, ringing blast on a horn told me
that it was time for service, and I settled
down more comfortably to listen patiently
till the singing should begin in the little
Negro church hard by. They were praying
now. I could hear them distinctly.
The words were recited in a shrill, high
key, almost as musical as their songs; for
they cannot speak in public without falling
into this sing-song, chantlike voice. Then
all was still again; and after a few minutes,
as I sat watching the fireflies, I heard the
sudden rush of voices,

"Softening with Africa's mellow tongue
Their broken Saxon words,"

singing these words:

"Watch dat sun, see how she run,
If you don't mind she'll catch you wid your works
undone!
True believer, run home, run home,
For the sun d'ne rose,
An' I don't want to stay here no longer!

"Sister better mind how you step on de cross,
For your foot might slip an' your soul git loss.
Chorus.—True believer, etc.

"Some goes to church to make a mock of God's
works,
But dey don't know nothing 'bout a Christian's life.
Chorus.—True believer, etc.

"Come along Moses, come along cross,
Smote de water, an' don't git loss.
Chorus.—True believer, etc.

"Stan' back Moses way in de north,
An' let God's children walk on de cross.
Chorus.—True believer, etc.

"Stan' back Moses way in de east,
An' let God's children hab some peace.
Chorus.—True believer, etc.

"Stan' back Moses way in de west,
An' let God's children hab some rest.
Chorus.—True believer, etc.

"Stan' back Moses way in de south,
An' let God's children hab a shout.
Chorus.—True believer, etc."

"Why were they so hard on Moses?"
I could not help wondering, as the last
sound of this hymn was borne to me on the
evening breeze. But I had not long to think
about it. They soon changed the tune,
and their voices were ringing loud and
clear:

Some say John de Baptist
Ain't nothing but a Jew,
De Holy Bible tell me
Brudder John was a preacher too.
Been a-listening all de night long,
Fur to hear some sinner pray,
They laid him in sepulcher,
Down in his grave,
But de grave could not hold him,
Neider death's cold iron hand."

How the chorus rung forth, to the sound
of the stamping feet, keeping time.

"Come run along home to my Jesus,
Come run along home to my Lord;
Come run along home to my Jesus,
An' wait for sho' reward!"

"De book of Seven Selem,
An' de book of Revelation,
When de book was open,
De word of God was there.
Chorus.—Come run along, etc.

"Ole Serpent beguiled de woman,
An' weeman beguiled man;
By man's disrebeliant,
Sin came in de land.
Chorus.—Come run along, etc.

"All on a Christmas morning,
Just by de break of day,
De angel flew from Hebben,
An' rolled de stone away.
Chorus.—Come run along, etc."

I thought that verse would be the last.
They had shown a slight tendency to con-
dense sacred history, that betokened want
of time, or memory, or something; and I
was not mistaken. This is the hymn that
I have been wanting to hear. None of
them have sweeter, wilder music, none
of them quainter words. Listen:

"Oh! Joshua fought de battle at Jericho,
At Jericho, at Jericho!
Oh! Joshua fought de battle at Jericho,
An' de wall come a-tumblin' down!

"I got my personal, an' my eagle-wings placed on,
mounted on ole Pilgrim an' flew beyond de
blooming skies.
Chorus.—Oh! Joshua, etc.

"De very first blessing Sister Mary had,
It was de blessings of one,
To think that her Son Jesus Christ
Was suckled at de breast so young.
Chorus.—Oh! Joshua, etc.

"De very next blessing Sister Mary had,
It was de blessings of two,
To think that her Son Jesus Christ
Could read dat Holy Bible through.
Chorus.—Oh! Joshua, etc.

"De very next blessing Sister Mary had,
It was de blessings of three,
For to think that her Son Jesus Christ
Could set po' dying prisoners free.
Chorus.—Oh! Joshua, etc.

"De very next blessing Sister Mary had,
It was de blessings of fo',
To think that her Son Jesus Christ
Could enter in at Hebben's do'.
Chorus.—Oh! Joshua, etc.

"De very next blessing Sister Mary had,
It was de blessings of five,
To think that her Son Jesus Christ
Could bring de dead to live.
Chorus.—Oh! Joshua, etc.

"De very next blessing Sister Mary had,
It was de blessings of six,
To think that her Son Jesus Christ
Got all thing fixed.
Chorus.—Oh! Joshua, etc.

"De very next blessing Sister Mary had,
It was de blessings of seven,
To think that her Son Jesus Christ
Was de ruler of Hebben.
Chorus.—Oh! Joshua, etc.

"De very next blessing Sister Mary had,
It was de blessings of eight,
To think that her Son Jesus Christ
Could enter into Hebben's gate.
Chorus.—Oh! Joshua, etc.

"De very next blessing Sister Mary had,
It was de blessings of nine,
To think that her Son Jesus Christ
Could change de water to wine.
Chorus.—Oh! Joshua, etc.

"De very next blessing Sister Mary had,
It was de blessings of ten,
To think that her Son Jesus Christ
Could save po' dying men.
Chorus.—Oh! Joshua, etc.

"De very next blessing Sister Mary had,
It was de blessings of eleven,
To think that her Son Jesus Christ
He laid his crown in Hebben.
Chorus.—Oh! Joshua, etc.

"De very next blessing Sister Mary had,
It was de blessings of twelve,
To think that her Son Jesus Christ
Chained de dragon in Hell.
Chorus.—Oh! Joshua, etc."

I thought this hymn would never end.
And they say it can be brought down
through all the years of our Saviour's life
on earth. I have never heard any more
than this or met any one who knew the
rest; and I am sure I thought, after so
much, that it was as well the other twenty-
one verses were not remembered, but that
the singers settled themselves to rest and
to hear the sermon. The text was as clear
and distinct to me as to any of that little
congregation. "Let not your hearts be
troubled. Ye believers in the Lord Jesus
Christ, believe also in me." And then I
sat still, looking out into the soft, summer-
like night, dreaming of many things, un-
disturbed alike by the voice of the preacher
or the encouraging comments of his listen-
ers; and my reverie was only broken when
the singing began again. What a low,
sweet minor refrain it was that they took
up, and what curious words:

"Little children, you better believe
I'm most done wagging wid de crosses

"My knee-bones aching, my body rack me wid de
pain,
If you don't believe I'm a child of God
Throw me on de odder sho'.

Chorus.—Little children, etc.

"If I had some pleasant friend
For to tell my secret to,
I'd tell dem 'bout hard trial,
An' tribulation too.
Chorus.—Little children, etc.

"My Lord, he call Adam,
Adam 'fuse to answer:
The second time he call,
Adam said, 'Yea Lord!'
Chorus.—Little children, etc."

I thought at first this must be a serial
hymn, "to be continued"; but nothing
more was added to it, and I could not help
feeling that it ended in a very unsatisfac-
tory manner. It was followed by a prayer,
and then there came one great last burst, as
they sang and shouted:

"Glory and honor, praise King Jesus!
Glory and honor, praise de Lamb!"

It was nearly midnight when this song
finished, and I guessed by the sound of
the voices that the worshippers were pour-
ing out of their little church and scatter-
ing among the neighboring cabins. Then
I knew that my concert was ended, and I
turned away to write down what I had
heard.

FRANKLIN, ST. MARY'S PARISH, LA.

THE INTUITIONS AND VIEWS OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES HODGE, D.D., LL.D.

THE INDEPENDENT of April 11th contains
a suggestive article on the subject which at
present is engaging much of public attention.

The article consists of two parts. The
former is editorial; the latter is an ex-
tract from a letter "from one of the best
known and most thoughtful Presbyterian
divines, than whom scarce any other stands
higher in the esteem of the churches."

The editor says: "The question of eter-
nal sin and misery is not raised at all in
the interest of skepticism; but much more
in the interests of faith." "We have in-
sisted and still insist that the first question
is not the exegetical, but the ethical one.
We want to know what God says; but it is
impossible to believe that God says any-
thing which our moral sense tells us he
ought not to say."

His correspondent says:

"THE INDEPENDENT has seemed to me
to be the only paper that has understood
the depth and momentum of the current of
thought now sweeping underneath the sur-
face and throughout the religious world."
"The most of the religious papers say noth-
ing worthy of attention. They have calmly
expected to stop the rill they have
seen. They have not discovered the chan-
nel. They might as well try to stop Niaga-
ra with a straw as to attempt to stay the
real movement by their inconsequent edi-
torials and communications." "The ques-
tion involves the whole matter of the inter-
pretation of the Scriptures and the sound-
ness of the methods of theologizing in
vogue in the past."

"Are our intuitions valid? Do they ob-
tain in the sphere of morals? Can we use
them to prove that the Bible is the Word
of God, and then abandon them when, in
the exercise of the right of private judg-
ment, we examine and interpret the con-
tents? Do we not violate all sound princi-
ples of interpretation when we make a
statement of a sacred writer amount to an
absurdity? Do we not equally when we
make a statement of a sacred writer amount
to an immorality, judged by intuitions the
criteria of which are 'immediateness, nec-
essity, and universality'?"

"These are questions for this and the
next generation to consider; and they are
the bottom of the whole matter. The
movement will not stop until they are set-
tled, and the settlement will unsettle some
things commonly considered certain."

We have no belief in the "momentum
and current" above referred to. The sur-
face of the ocean is seldom perfectly
smooth. There is always a ripple and
sometimes waves "mountain high." But
a few fathoms deep all is calm. It is so
with the Church. There are always "di-
verse winds of doctrine" sweeping over its
surface, producing ripples which none but
those who make them think much about.
The Church as a whole is secure, and the
truth is secure. There is no danger to the
truth from "currents of thought." Its
only danger is from the decline of piety.
Men do not firmly adhere to doctrines of
which they have not experienced the power.

While this is true of the Church as a
whole, there is no security for either the
Church or truth in any particular age
or country. Where are the apostolic
churches? The Reformation was a great
revival of religion, and, of course, both as
cause and effect, a revival of the truth.
The Church of England for a hundred
years after the reformation was Augustin-
ian; then under Archbishop Laud it became
Romanistic; then Rationalistic; then at the
time of Whitefield and the Wesleys there

was a great revival of evangelic piety and, of necessity, of evangelic doctrine. Now Ritualism, or Romanistic theology appears to be in the ascendancy, although the banners of Rationalistic Broad Churchism are flaunting here and there over high places—colleges, abbeys, and episcopal palaces. Such changes do not, come from "thoughts." Thoughts come from the heart. If the heart be good, the thoughts will be good. If the heart be evil, the thoughts will be evil.

What is to be our fate in this country? The answer to this question does not depend upon those who call themselves "thinkers." It depends entirely on whether or not we provoke God to take his Holy Spirit from us. Should he depart, then cometh "the abomination of desolation." Should this happen, woe be to them who shall then live. We have, however, no fear for the Church, either here or elsewhere, except from the decline of piety. Wherever the Spirit comes as a sanctifier, he comes as a teacher.

THE INDEPENDENT says: "It is impossible to believe that God says anything which our moral sense tells us he ought not to say." Its correspondent says we are to be guided in the interpretation of the Bible by our intuitions; and that the question to be settled by this and the next generation is the authority of such intuitions, intellectual and moral, in explaining the Scriptures.

The first remark which the above statements suggest is that these questions are as old as history. They have been discussed thousands of times; and if they are not settled now they never will be settled. Least of all are they likely to be settled by the men who have now taken them in hand. From all appearances, they are making sad work of it. They begin wrong. They may understand themselves; but they fail to make themselves intelligible to their readers. They say that the interpretation of the Bible must be controlled by our intuitions. But the word intuition is used in two very different senses. Popularly it means an immediate judgment of the mind that a thing is true or false, right or wrong. Such immediate judgments, whether intellectual or moral, are as variable as the wind and as unstable as water. To make them the rule by which to interpret the Word of God is simply to annihilate it as a rule of faith and practice. It is to substitute our reason for God's reason, our moral judgments for his moral judgments. Whatever euphuistic phraseology may be adopted, this is the soul and essence of infidelity. In the proper sense of the word, only those immediate judgments are intuitions which are necessary and universal, the correctness of which no man can doubt and no man does doubt. Such intellectual intuitions are the axioms of Euclid, which every human being of necessity pronounces to be true as soon as they are apprehended. Moral intuitions are no less certain and authoritative. No man can believe that an infinitely wise and holy God can teach anything which is false or wrong. No man can deny the distinction between right and wrong. Every human being knows that sin deserves punishment. The Apostle says even the most degraded heathen know the righteous judgment of God, that those who sin are worthy of death. Such intuitions rest upon the authority of God. We can conceive no way in which God can reveal more clearly a thing to be truth or right than by so constituting his rational creatures that they are under the necessity of so believing. Such primary truths are part of the law written by the finger of God on the hearts of men. They are the barrier against utter skepticism. The man who breaks through them plunges into the abyss of outer darkness.

THE INDEPENDENT'S correspondent does, indeed, lay down the criteria of intuitions—viz., immediateness, necessity, and universality. But he immediately throws off these fetters, and uses the word in its popular sense for the immediate judgment of the mind that a thing is true or false, right or wrong. This is obvious:

1st. Because he and **THE INDEPENDENT** are clearly of accord. The latter does not use the word intuition; but takes as its equivalent "our moral sense." Every

man, he says, is at liberty to disbelieve that God says anything which contradicts his moral sense. That is the moral sense or judgment of any individual man. Each man is to be governed by his own immediate judgments. He is to be his own rule of faith, etc.

2d. Intuitions, in the proper sense of the word, have always of necessity controlled the interpretation of the Bible. No man believes that God has eyes, or ears, or hands, or feet, or that he rides on the wings of the cherubim. No man believes that Christ is a lamb or a lion; or that Heaven is a great city, with streets of gold, gates of pearl, and walls of sapphires. No human being who has the scriptural idea of God or Heaven in his mind can fail to understand such representations figuratively. In such cases intuitions do control the interpretation of the Bible.

The writers in question do not use the word in the sense of primary truths. With them it means the immediate judgment of an individual man as to what is true or right. This is obvious because they propose to introduce a new rule of interpretation, which shall upset the theology of the past and unsettle what is now regarded as certain. But it is a sheer impossibility that the theology of the past and the common faith of the present should be founded on principles which no man ever has believed or ever could believe.

3d. A third proof on this subject is that this loose sense of the word is very common, and the use now proposed to be made of it is precisely that which has been made of it by skeptics and rationalists in all ages.

Thus, there are many men who say that it is intuitively certain to them that an infinitely powerful, wise, and good God cannot permit the occurrence of sin and misery among his creatures. Sin and misery, however, do exist to a fearful extent. Therefore, it is intuitively certain that there cannot be a God; or, as Stuart Mill, toward the close of his life, said, there may be a God, but it is impossible that he should be almighty; or, as Pelagians hold, God cannot control the acts of free agents. They can sin in despite of all the influence which he can exert over them, short of destroying their nature as free agency. In point of fact, he does prevent all the sin he can prevent. He converts every man he can convert. According to this doctrine, there can be no predictions, no promises involving the free acts of men, no regeneration by "the mighty power of God," no security of the permanent blessed of the people of God. Heaven may become Hell; and Hell, Heaven. Thus one-half of the Bible is blotted out.

Other men say that their intuitions forbid belief in the doctrine of the Trinity. They maintain that the one divine essence should subsist in three personalities is as impossible as that one man should be three men. It matters not to them that Pantheism, the most prevalent and persistent form of human philosophy, teaches that the one infinite being subsists in the unnumbered successive generations of men; so that every man is an existence form of God. Neither are they concerned that the old realists taught that there is a generic human nature; a substance objectively existing, rational and voluntary, of which each individual man is a manifestation. They still insist that the doctrine of the Trinity involves to them a contradiction; and is, therefore, impossible of belief.

In like manner, it is confidently said that it is impossible that the same person should be both God and man; finite and infinite; ignorant and yet omniscient; weak and almighty. It matters not that the same man can be a worm of the dust and yet a child of God; mortal and yet immortal; that we can predicate of him all the attributes of a material body and all the attributes of an immortal spirit. It is still asserted that Christ cannot be both God and man. Yet on this truth hangs our salvation. Nevertheless, it must fall before the scythe of "our intuitions."

Again, there are many who assert that moral sense forbids them to believe that the innocent can justly be punished for the guilty; or that one can bear the sins of others, and thus satisfy justice in their behalf; or that Christ redeemed us from the

curse of the law by being made a curse for us. There is no mediation, or expiation, or substitution, or imputation of righteousness involved in the plan of salvation. Men are not justified by faith; but on account of faith and its fruits. Sinners are not to be told to come to God through Christ. What father, it is asked, needs a mediator between himself and his son? In the parable of the prodigal son the father rushes to meet his returning child. He demanded no atonement. All he desired was that the lost one should come home. Accordingly, when a sinner asks what he must do to be saved, he is not to be told to receive Christ, to rest upon his atonement and intercession; but, as salvation means deliverance from sin, if he desires to be saved, he must stop sinning and become good. He should look to Christ as his model and gather inspiration from him. Thus the whole Gospel plan of salvation is subverted.

All this supposes that there is no such attribute in God as justice and no such thing as guilt in man. By justice is not meant benevolence, nor mere governmental rectitude; but that divine perfection which renders it certain that God will punish sin. This is a principle which, as the Apostle says, is revealed from Heaven—that is, clearly and unmistakably revealed—revealed even in the constitution of our moral nature. It is a truth which, therefore, all men do, in fact, believe, however they deny it and for a time suppress the conviction. When conscience is aroused, it is sure to assert itself and produce a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries. This principle Paul lays down, in Rom. i, 18, as his starting-point in developing the method of salvation. After declaring that the wrath of God is revealed against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, he shows that all men are sinners, and, therefore, exposed to the divine wrath, from which they cannot deliver themselves. But that God, in his infinite love, gave his own Son to be a propitiation for our sins, so that he, consistently with his justice, can justify the ungodly. And now salvation may be freely offered to every creature under Heaven on the condition of faith in the "blood" of Christ.

Guilt in man is the relation which sin bears to justice. Until justice be satisfied, guilt or the debt which sinners owes to justice remains. If justice be satisfied, then guilt is removed. There remains no reason or propriety for the infliction of punishment. It is certain, therefore, that no man who has this sense of guilt will ever trust to his repentance, his sanctification, or his good works for his salvation.

On no subject, however, have men been more disposed to transfer their faith from the Bible to reason and feeling than the state of the souls of the finally impenitent after death. This, however, is precisely the subject as to which our ignorance is the most absolute. The darkness which lies beyond the grave is impenetrable. Every torch lighted by human device is extinguished at the first step into that darkness. All that is known, ever has been known, or ever can be known is due to the supernatural revelations of God. It is at the mouth of the tomb, more even than elsewhere, it becomes us to lay our hands upon our lips, and, with bowed heads, listen to what God the Lord has said.

It is said by many that they cannot believe that God will permit the vast majority of the human race to perish eternally. Happily, the Bible does not require us to believe anything so dreadful. However it may be with Romanists, the great majority of Protestants, and every Presbyterian we have seen or known, believe that all who die in infancy are saved. If this be so, more than half of the human race are already in Heaven and are hourly crowding through its gates. If to these be added the millions of the children of God who have lived through all the generations, and the still larger number who are to live when the knowledge of God shall cover the whole earth, and when every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father, then we shall understand what Paul meant when he said "Where sin

abounded grace has much more abounded." The time will surely come when Christ shall be hailed, in a glorious amplitude of meaning, as the SALVATOR HUMANUM.

Again, many say they cannot believe in a hell of physical "fire and brimstone." It is probable that not one in many millions of educated Christians believes it. There is no more reason for believing that the Bible teaches any such doctrine than for believing, as before stated, that the Bible teaches that Heaven is a real city, built of gold and jewels. This is a misrepresentation of scriptural doctrine, which errorists often employ.

Others, again, say that their intuitions teach them that there can be no "imposed punishment"; that whatever suffering is endured in a future state is due to the subjective state of the sufferer—that is, to sin and its natural consequence. There is no additional suffering imposed as penalty. It is, no doubt, true that the essence of Hell is sin; that the state of a soul abandoned by the Spirit of God and given up to the dominion of evil passions, with the self-loathing, self-contempt, despair, and remorse therewith connected, may produce a degree of suffering to which literal fire and brimstone would be a positive relief. It is no less true that the essence of Heaven is holiness. Perfect holiness is perfect (that is, unalloyed) blessedness. Both of these great truths are taught by the Apostle, when he says: "To be spiritually minded is life; and to be carnally minded is death." But does it follow that all the blessedness of Heaven consists in holiness and its natural consequences? Is there nothing in "the beatific vision"; nothing in the presence of Christ and the manifestations of his love; nothing in the society of saints and angels; nothing in the exaltation of the powers of the saved and in the higher sphere of activity and usefulness into which they are to be introduced? Does their subjective state exhaust the inexhaustible declaration of our Lord, "The glory which thou gavest me I have given them"?

What right, then, has any man to say that sin is the only source of the misery of those who perish? Is there nothing in the loss of all known good, in the loss of hope, in the constant society of the Devil and his angels? The Bible uses the strongest terms human language can furnish and the most fearful images which human imagination can frame to depict the misery of the finally impenitent, to induce men to flee from the wrath to come.

The Bible is full of declarations that God will punish sin. These declarations are not to be evaporated into mere assurances that sin will produce misery. They are revelations of what he purposes to do. When David committed murder, the crime was not allowed to be its own punishment. God brought upon him and upon his house a long series of calamities, as the punishment of his offense. The Deluge was an imposed punishment; so was the destruction of the Cities of the Plain; so were the famines and pestilences which God brought upon his people for their sins; and so were the destruction of Jerusalem and the final dispersion of the Jews.

According to this theory, there can be no such thing as either punishment or pardon. You cannot pardon pain. Remove the inflammation, and the pain is gone. So, remove the sin, and the suffering is gone. The most malicious murderer has only to lay aside his malice, and he has nothing to fear, at least from the hand of God. According to this doctrine, there is no such thing as guilt in man or justice in God.

The Apostle says that when men do not like to retain God in their knowledge he gives them up to a reprobate mind. So, as it would appear, when they do not like to retain in knowledge the doctrines which he has revealed in his Word, he gives them up to vanity of intellect, so that, professing themselves to be wise, they become the opposite.

So much as to the nature of future punishment. As to its duration, the intuitions of men are singularly discordant. Some say there is to be no such punishment; all men at death immediately pass into Heaven. Others say that at death the wicked are annihilated. Others say there is to be a limited period of

suffering, Others, a mortem main imp which of reader el the heav No one o authority knows as reason th about th PENDENT an exege moral inte must be individual mean the necessary tion to s for ages ability duration cided by is a There is present o as a little a greater in this v consisten unending conflict w wise reas ought we other. T teaches i sophical in virtue ture, mu tain that the Bible teach. A Churches now bel eternal pa can be no doctrine PHUNCE

LEFT O A T It was turned, a ing to us and I sat It grew i ness. A side, and at once t him. "Whe "She Do you "No. "Well "O I fully," I self upo hands an of the s and wait his head sumed his "It's a no one li Wyeth to "So so "So s her for t as she weeks." "Wha different "He!" ward me tween us would no "Dick you. Yo Nor am pointed. would so but isn't feels, ju too youn sagung y

suffering, and then comes salvation. Others, again, say there is to be a *post mortem* probation, and those who remain impenitent will be annihilated. On which of these bridges of straw will the reader elect to stand in the day in which the heavens shall melt with fervent heat? No one of these conjectures has the least authority; for on this subject one man knows as much as any other man, for the reason that no man can know anything about it except by revelation. THE INDEPENDENT, indeed, says the question is not an exegetical, but an ethical one. We must interpret what God says by what our moral sense says. By moral sense here must be meant the moral sense of the individual reader. It cannot by possibility mean those moral judgments which are necessary and universal. It is a contradiction to say that the Christian Church has for ages believed what no man can by possibility believe. If the question of the duration of future punishment is to be decided by every man's private judgment, there is an end to all need of discussion.

There are only two remarks which the present occasion calls for. The first is that, as a little wrong is as impossible to God as a greater, if the existence of sin and misery in this world for thousands of years be consistent with his moral perfection, its unending existence cannot necessarily conflict with that perfection. If there are wise reasons for the one, there may be, for aught we can know, wise reasons for the other. The other is that what the Bible teaches is a matter of fact. It is a philosophical axiom that what all men believe, in virtue of the constitution of their nature, must be true. It is scarcely less certain that what all Christians believe that the Bible teaches, in point of fact, it does teach. And, as all historical Christian Churches have from the beginning and do now believe that the Bible teaches the eternal punishment of the wicked, there can be no rational doubt that such is the doctrine of the Word of God.

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

LEFT OVER FROM THE LAST CENTURY.

A TALE IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

BY HORACE E. SCUDDER.

VII.

It was not long before Wigglesworth returned, and went to his room, without speaking to us. My wife was tired and left me, and I sat reading and waiting for Richard. It grew late, and I wondered at his slowness. At length I heard his footsteps outside, and opened the door for him. I saw at once that something was not right with him.

"Where's mother?" said he.

"She was tired and has gone to bed. Do you need her for anything?"

"No, Father!"

"Well, Dick?"

"Oh! you needn't speak up so cheerfully," he burst out, and then flung himself upon the sofa, resting his chin in his hands and throwing his feet over the arm of the sofa. I drew my chair to his side and waited for him to speak. He turned his head and looked at me, and then resumed his fixedness.

"It's all up. I suppose I was a fool; but no one likes to find it out. I asked Molly Wyeth to marry me, and she said—No."

"So soon!" I said.

"So soon! Haven't I known and loved her for three years? About as many years as she has known that dolt up-stairs weeks."

"What has he to do with it?" said I, indifferently.

"He!" said Dick, turning his face toward me. "Everything. He has come between us. Even when I told her so she would not deny it."

"Dick," said I, "I'm not going to pity you. You don't want pity; that I know. Nor am I going to pretend I'm not disappointed. There is nobody I know whom I would so gladly see you marry as Molly; but isn't it possible that Molly instinctively feels, just what I see clearly, that you are too young and have no business to be engaging yourself and her."

"Too young! Why, I'm older than she is."

"No, you're not. You may be by the almanac; but you ought to know that Molly is more mature in many ways than you are. You haven't shown yet what you are going to be; and she has. I know very well that you loved her, and do love her still; but something more than your loving her is necessary."

"I suppose she's got to love me," said Dick, moodily; "and I thought she did."

"She did, and she does still. But she loves you as a great boy; not as a man, to whom she can look up and whom she can obey. Prove yourself that, and you will win her."

"Then you don't believe it's all over?"

"That is for you to say, Dick. That you should have asked her and had her refusal may be the best thing, after all. I don't say that it is; but it changes the old relations. It lets a new idea into her mind. She can't look at you as she used; but you can make her look at you differently. Prove that you have stuff in you. Don't say a word to her again about marrying you; but, if you love her still, show your loyalty to her. Let her see that you have gone to work in dead earnest to be worth her respect. Make her honor you for what you are, and she will love you as a woman may love her husband." Dick was silent a long time. At length he said:

"Meantime, what's to prevent some one else—"

"Yourself. You block the entrance just now. Whoever comes in must get past you. These things are not in our own control altogether; but we always can refuse to be cowardly and weak. Whom do you fear? Wigglesworth?" The answer was long in coming.

"Yes. She listens to him. For all he's so uncouth and moony, she likes to hear him talk, even about his beastly old great-grandfather. She watches him. I've heard her say that he had ideals, and she liked people who had ideals. It was the way they went on to-night that drove me into speaking to her; and then I thought she had relented a little. I went out to see Abercrombie, to find out something about this stranger we've taken into our bosoms. He couldn't tell me anything about him, except that he was the laughing-stock of Kokomo, for going about mooning so. When I came back, Molly seemed to have been wanting me and she was excited when we started home. And I told her what Abercrombie had said; and she didn't like it. And I grew angry; and then I asked her, and she refused me. And I taxed her with liking that driver, and she would not deny it." It certainly did not sound like a very propitious mode of proposing. The confession, perhaps, helped to disclose this to Dick; for he went on, after a pause: "I don't suppose I did it the best way. But hang it! I was desperate, and I couldn't stand it any longer."

"Richard," I said, "if you are what I know you to be, you will ask Molly again some day, and you will ask her in such a way that she will not refuse you. You do not yet know how to ask her, and you will not know for a good while yet. Forget this evening as much as you can; but think of the evening that is yet to come."

"I'd like to go away."

"You want to run away. No. Stay where you are and show that you have stuff in you. Don't remind Molly of it by anything you say or do. Treat her with perfect courtesy and throw yourself into your college work. That's the best relief for you."

"I don't suppose Molly will come here as she has."

"Probably not; but don't let that make any difference. Begin all over again. Win her as you would a place in the bar." Dick sprang from the sofa and paced up and down the room.

"Good-night, Father," said he, stopping suddenly. And then: "Shall you tell Mother?"

"Yes. Your mother and I have no secrets about you."

"Well, I'm glad I told you. But it took me a walk to Brighton and back to make up my mind to it."

"Good-night, Richard. I have faith in you." But, though I spoke cheerfully, I was stirred as I had not been for many a

day. It is the test of my boy, I said to myself. I said so to Peggy also, the next morning, as I recounted our conversation of the night before.

"Yes," she said, "it is; and it's a test of Molly too. I did not think it would come so soon, and I don't believe Molly did. She was driven into refusing him; and she will think more of that than even Dick does."

She said nothing to Dick, when she met him at breakfast; but she gave him a warmer greeting than usual. I remember the breakfast that morning—how gay we were, and how carefully we kept clear of the matter that was in all our minds. And when Dick had left, Peggy sat and talked it over again with me.

"I think we had better invite some one to visit us," said she; "and tell Mr. Wigglesworth that we need his room."

"I would not," I replied. "It is a subterfuge and looks as if we were conspiring against him. Look! there comes Sarah. You may manage her alone, Peggy. I'm no match for her," and I retreated up-stairs. But I was called down presently to see a visitor, and, entering the parlor, I was confronted by Mrs. Wyeth.

"Business, my dear Mr. Archibald," said she. "Nothing else would have induced me to break in on your morning. Such business, at least, as belongs to me to attend to. I will be frank. It relates to my own affairs. I am in some difficulty, and I want your advice. Let me tell you briefly what my affair is, and then you can know how to say the exact word. I have met here your friend, Mr. Wigglesworth, and Molly has occasionally mentioned him. He seems to be a little out of the ordinary way and I have been interested in what I have heard. Now it seems that he has been engaged for some time in collecting papers relating to his great-grandfather; with reference I, should imagine, to publishing, perhaps, some biographical or historical work. His ancestor was here at college a hundred years or more ago, and, according to Mr. Wigglesworth's conjecture, had an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Wyeth's grandmother. At any rate, he has found some letters which passed between the two—not many, perhaps a dozen in all; and these letters he gave to Molly to read. She has asked me this morning to return them. I have read them, out of curiosity. They are written in rather a formal style, but I should say sincerely written. They give one a kindly feeling for those unfortunate people; though I confess it is rather hard to call up a great deal of sympathy with people who missed their happiness so long ago."

"I follow you in general terms," said I, interrupting her; "but, not having read the letters, nor having the remotest notion of what they contain, I don't altogether take your meaning."

"You have not read the letters?" I assumed that this Mr. Wigglesworth was a special friend of yours, and that, of course, he had shown you what it seems he was ready to show to Molly." Something in her tone irritated me, and I asked:

"Why does not Molly herself return them, since she is on such good terms with my friend?"

"Molly is not well this morning. Indeed, she is not quite herself, and has asked me to let her go away, for a little change. She is going this afternoon to New York, to visit her uncle; but she was quite earnest that I should return these letters through you before she left."

"Through me?"

"Yes. She asked that. Now, my dear Mr. Archibald, I said that I would be candid with you. Be equally frank with me. This is a delicate matter; but we are too old friends and too old people—at least I am—to play at any game of hide-and-seek. Tell me, then, frankly, has Mr. Wigglesworth seen Molly much alone?"

"With my hand on my watch-pocket, my dear Mrs. Wyeth, never to my knowledge."

"Not yesterday evening?"

"Certainly not yesterday evening."

She sat silent a moment.

"Something occurred between them yesterday which I cannot quite make out. Molly is silent. You are—like an obstinate witness."

"Why not come to the point, and see Mr. Wigglesworth himself?"

"Oh! dear, no," said she, hastily.

"That would be candid, eminently candid," I suggested. She looked at me narrowly.

"Tell me again (I see that you wish to tease me), has Mr. Wigglesworth given you reason to think that he was in love with Molly?"

"This is like the game of twenty questions," I said, lightly. "You are entitled to twenty and three guesses. Is that a question or a guess?"

"You must not put me off so, Mr. Archibald. There is something inexplicable about Molly; and I have come to you as a friend—at least I thought you a friend—because I regard it as my first duty to act wisely by my daughter. It is here that she has met this singular man, who has never said anything to her, that I can learn from you or Peggy, or from Molly; as far as Molly has disclosed anything; yet has succeeded, I must believe, in rendering her wretched and unlike herself. That she has been preoccupied of late I have seen; but the past twenty-four hours has done something for her, and it is that something which I wish to know. I think I have a right to call upon you."

As Mrs. Wyeth went on, I was collecting my thoughts; as, indeed, I had been from the beginning. It seemed to me certain that Molly had not confided to her mother what Dick had confided to me; and, of course, I had no right to disclose this. Yet I could not honorably make a blind of Wigglesworth, and I was myself somewhat puzzled to understand how the two were entangled. Mrs. Wyeth might be on the wrong scent; but was that quite certain? There is free-masonry enough in love to make it possible, I thought, for him to have communicated far more than I had detected, since I myself was partly aware of his feelings toward Molly. I resolved to give everybody the benefit of my doubts, if possible.

"I have honestly told you what I do not know Mrs. Wyeth," said I. "I do not know that Mr. Wigglesworth has had any words with Molly. On the contrary, he is so silent and reserved that I should hardly have failed to notice any difference which he might make in the treatment of Molly or any one else whom he saw here. I think highly of him. If you like, I will return the letters, and it is possible that this would bring out his attitude toward her. But I should not like to seem to do this as a secret thing. Let me ask him to come down. You can give him the letters; or I will for you, though the latter would be rather more formal. We can say nothing about Molly and can fall back on the old family connection. If it is nothing but an antiquarian interest, he will gladly talk with you. I think I am bound to you all to make this proposition, for I do not wish to seem like a plotter against the peace of your family."

"I am not sure," began Mrs. Wyeth; but just then there was a knock at the door and Mr. Antipas Wigglesworth entered.

GOSPEL MIRACLES AND ECCLESIASTICAL MIRACLES.

II

BY PROF. GEORGE P. FISHER, D.D.

5. THE ecclesiastical miracles are very commonly grotesque in their incidents, and are in this particular remarkably dissimilar to the miracles of the Gospel.

The miracles of the Apocryphal Gospels (such as that of the sofa or throne drawn out and made longer by the child Jesus, to remedy a blunder of Joseph in making it) give no unfair idea of the character of many narratives in the legendary annals of the Church. Mr. Froude has lately described the wonders attributed to the slain Thomas Becket. The eyes of a priest of Nantes who doubted them dropped from their sockets. "The aperture in the wall around the tomb contracted or enlarged according to the merit of the visitants." "In remembrance of his old sporting days, the archbishop would mend the broken wings and legs of hawks which had suffered from herons." "Dead lambs, pigs, and geese were restored to life, to silence Sadducees who doubted the resurrection." The biographers of St. Francis Xavier relate that, having washed the sores of a poor sufferer,