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I. Literary.

ICONOCLASTS.

BY J. W. LAPSLEY.

“YE shall destroy their altars, break their images, and cut down their groves.” This was the divine command to Israel as they invaded Canaan. Policy as well as reverence for the divine authority demanded strict obedience to the command. But it was not so obeyed as to put out of sight the temptations to idolatry; and again and again Israel sinned after the example of the heathen they had supplanted, became image worshippers, and suffered grievously for their apostasy. Hence image breaking was accounted a sign of devotion to Jehovah. Jehu said, “Come with me and see my zeal for the Lord,” and he went and broke down the image of Baal, and the house of Baal, burnt his images with fire, and slew his priests and votaries with the sword. But this was as far as Jehu’s zeal for the Lord carried him. While he had no real devotion to God, and, in fact, renewed the idol worship at Dan and Bethel, he made the divine commission an excuse for pursuing with lavish bloodshed his own schemes of worldly ambition. And there have been others besides Jehu in other ages who have trod in his steps. “Mohammed,” says Dr. Schaff, “started as a religious reformer fired by the great idea of the unity of the Godhead, and filled with horror of idolatry.” And he and his Caliphs, long after they became world-wide conquerors, full of ambition and given up to every cruel and sensual passion, continued to proclaim, “There is but one God,” and continued to the last their warfare on image and image worship. They made their professed zeal for the one God a cover and ex-

the life may still continue when the brain is dead." He also attempts to show that the vast number of things that must be admitted to be immortal, if we ourselves be held to be immortal, is really no reason for denying our own immortality.

This book may be of some use about Harvard, as well among idealistic pantheists, materialists, agnostics, and those insane philosophers generally who trample under feet our primary cognitions. Nor is it without interest and a degree of instructiveness to men of common sense. Such men can take Professor James' materials for use in meeting these objections in their own way.

Professor James meets the first of these inferences by teaching that there are several sorts of functions, viz., functions of "transmission" as well as functions of "production." He admits that if brain produces thought, then thought ceases when brain dies. He asserts correctly that a fallacy of the materialist is in making all function that of production. In answer to the second objection, he illustrates nobly the fact that because we do not see why so many things should be immortal, if we are, is no reason for our denying that they and we are immortal. He shows that after all there may be fully as much justification for their immortality as for our own.

The greatest objection we have to the book is that the whole line of argumentation suits an idealistic pantheist better than any theist with whom we have acquaintance; that the writer appears to be too much under the control, nevertheless, of physiological psychology; that there is here a sort of undigested syncretism.

A robust theist may take the facts of the physiologist, the primary intuitions given by the mind on occasion of sensation, but not through sensation, the immanence of God in his created works, and knock these objections into pi more successfully, we think, than has been done in the work before us.

THOMAS C. JOHNSON.

Richmond, Va., September 26, 1899.

HUGH WYNNE. Free-Quaker, Sometimes Lieutenant-Colonel on the Staff of His Excellency, General Washington. *By S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., LL. D., Harvard and Edinburgh.* New York: The Century Co. 2 vols., 12mo. 1897.

This is admitted to be one of the greatest novels issued from the press during the year 1897. By some it has been declared "the greatest."

A very pleasing love story runs through the books from start to finish. The stalwart young Quaker, Hugh Wynne, loves Dorothea Peniston as another stalwart hero loved Lorna Doone. The men are not alike. There is no suggestion of imitation of Blackmore's character; but they have the same large primordial mass of manhood. They are men of the same inexhaustible resources. They, alike, love very attractive women, too; albeit for ourselves, we did not fall quite so deep in love with Dorothea as with Lorna Doone.

The picture given of the manners and character of the times gives

the work of Dr. Mitchell a real historic value. In order to understand the past, we must have more than the accounts, which so many historians seem to regard as all of history, of the work of armies and politicians; we must look into the homes and churches; into the places of amusement and business; into the schools and workshops of the people. A good historical novel is almost necessary as a supplement to the ordinary history, therefore.

But just here the historical novelist is in danger of a mistake. As the realist, he may try to portray the evil dreams, thoughts, conduct and character of the people with no lofty and controlling didactic purpose. He may, therefore, gild the evil he portrays, and thus allure his thousands of silly readers into the very kind of life of which he writes. Or, as the romanticist, he may incidentally bring into his descriptions, out of mere indifference, or through momentary carelessness, accounts of lax moral living in a way to incite to similar laxity, rather than to deter from it.

We believe that Dr. Mitchell has fallen into this apparent disregard of the moral consequences of his pictures in one or two instances. No man may do this and plead that he is only being true to life. He is not true to life, for he does not tell the whole truth. That the wages of sin is death, is a principle of universal prevalence. The true historian may tell of evil as it has happened without fear of consequences if he will tell the whole story. The ugliness and the dire consequences he must tell if he tell the whole truth. The whole truth about sin is deterrent from sin. But men would not like that in a novel.

Hence, the novelist, being morally responsible for all his creations and their effects on the minds of his readers, should be exceedingly careful not to speak of certain phases of the life of a people. He cannot tell the whole truth. He should not tell anything that will, as it is left, make for evil rather than good. Hence, certain pictures given in this book of the baser element following our Revolutionary armies had better been kept back. They are ugly excrescences on one of the most delightful and instructive novels of the decade.

The picture given of Quaker life and their strained bearing during the War of the Revolution is one of the valuable features of the work. The practical commentary, written in the actions of the best of their men of the times on their doctrine of non-resistance, leaves room for nothing to be said further on this subject.

But this is only one of many features of special value. We venture the assertion that many a youngster will get a better idea of the looks, bearing and character of not a few of our Revolutionary heroes from Dr. Mitchell than from several stately many-volumed octavos of historical works.

It is one of the books that we may well place on the library shelves in our homes.

THOMAS C. JOHNSON.

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