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I. Literary.

PASTORAL VISITING.*

BY REV. E. M. GREEN, D. D.

WHILE preaching is the chief work, it is by no means the only work of the ministerial office. In order to perform the duties of his calling with any measure of fidelity, the pastor must come near to his people—nearer than he can get in the pulpit. It is the “house-to-house” part of his work that brings him and his message into closest contact with them. Not only does pulpit work need to be supplemented by personal work, but his intercourse with his people in their varied and often striking experiences develops to the pastor’s view innumerable applications of divine truth, sometimes new and surprising; the experimental knowledge thus acquired he carries back with him to his study and his closet, and subjecting it to the crucible of his own thoughts, he seems to get a new message from on high; then carries that message into the pulpit, prepared to preach with unwonted appropriateness to their real necessities. The best sermons are not manufactured in the study; they are born amid the throes of pastoral sympathy.

The pastor must know his people—know them all, old and young; and there is no way in which this can be done so well as seeing them in their homes. He must cultivate their affections, drawing them to himself, that thereby he may draw them to Christ. He should feel, and lead them to feel, that he is one with them in heart, and in those great interests of the soul which bind men closest together—one with them not only in church

* Part of an address to the students of Union Theological Seminary, May 28, 1899.

KATE CARNEGIE. By *Ian Maclaren*. One vol., 12mo. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1896.

We have here another very sweet and simple love story. It is a story of high and pure love on both sides. It, so far, is altogether wholesome. Moreover, Ian Maclaren feels no necessity to bring into his fiction many sordid and vile characters as foils to his sweeter ones. He loves the Scotch people too well to find many vicious men and women among them. He finds some of them stupid and some of them hard. But even they are rare. And there is so much positive goodness among the men and women he sees and writes of, and so much brightness, that his pages have all needed taste and color when they merely bring out these common excellences and this universal wit. His books certainly prove that in order to be fascinating it is not necessary that an author should deal at all with the vile, or even with the morally squalid.

It is a pity, however, that the author should take occasion in this attractive Highland love story to caricature and ridicule the doctrines of Calvinism and the proceedings of a Scotch Presbytery; and no less a pity that he should champion here in a vague way, "Higher Criticism," and make his hero pose as the apostle of the modern tenet of the "Fatherhood of God."

It is a fact that some of those who try to teach the Calvinistic faith run into hyper-Calvinism, which ought to be condemned. But it is unhappy, and something worse, that our author appears to repudiate essential parts of Moderate Calvinism as well as hyper-Calvinism. It is true, again, that Presbyteries come far short of being what they ought to be and doing what they ought to do. But caricature is slander. Again, there is a "Higher Criticism," which is worthy of all praise. It does much to help us understand the word of God and to vindicate it against hostile attacks. But the phrase has been largely appropriated by certain schools and applied to their work—work marked by false fundamental postulates, pretentious methods, sophistical argumentation, skeptical and infidel spirit. And it is this sort of Higher Criticism which the uncultivated reader is going to think approved by the popular author and preacher, the Rev. John Watson.

Finally, God is father of his covenant people in a way far other and more intimate than he is father to all men. There is fatherhood and fatherhood. "The hoar frost of heaven, who hath gendered it?" Dr. Watson should follow God in distinctions. THOMAS C. JOHNSON.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE, OR THE FALSE CHRIST OF 1866. An Examination of the Origin, Animus, Claims, Philosophical Absurdities, Medical Fallacies, and Doctrinal Contents of the New Gospel of Mental Healing. By *William P. McCorkle*, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Graham, N. C. Pp. 321. Price, \$1.25. Richmond, Va.: Presbyterian Committee of Publication.

This is a timely, evangelical, and able exposition and overthrow of the so-called Christian Science.

Our age is an age of religious vagaries. It is naturally vagarious,

inasmuch as it is an age of widespread disbelief in the existence of an inspired revelation of God's will. Apart from revelation the philosophers of all ages and climes are about equally able to speak with authority of God, man's relation to God, and of man himself, his nature and destiny. Indeed, on some of these questions the besotted Hottentot has as much right to claim certitude for his teachings as the European sage for his. Man, unenlightened by a genuine revelation, is incompetent to speak of them. All men are. Hence, if the belief that we have no inspired revelation prevail, inasmuch as man must have a religion, multitudinous vagaries will spring up, the bastard children of unbelief and pressing circumstance.

Moreover, as many of our contemporaries have refused to have God in their knowledge, God gives them up to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not fitting, being filled with all unrighteousness, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; . . . whisperers, backbiters, hateful to God, insolent, haughty, boastful, *inventors of evil things*, etc., etc. Hence, such pests as foul Mormonism, silly and impious spiritualism, and the gross imposture discussed in this book—*Christian Sciences*. They spring up. They have their hosts of devotees, but we wonder not. In religion men are fools except when guided by the word of the living God. We may adapt the words of Macaulay, We have seen an old woman, with no talents beyond the cunning of a charlatan and cheat, and with the education of a scullion, exalted into a prophetess, and surrounded by tens of thousands of devoted followers, many of whom were, in station and knowledge, immeasurably her superiors; and all this in the nineteenth century, and all this in New England. Yet, why not? For the hub of the universe, Boston, without the Bible, knows as little of the ways of God with man as the negroes of Liberty County, Georgia.

But this and all other anti-biblical fads ought to be refuted, torn up, root and branch. Hence, we set out with the assertion that this book is timely. Some may be inclined to think that Mr. McCorkle has treated his subject with too heavy a hammer; that ridicule and the lighter weapons would be quite as effective against such a fabrication of shreds of false philosophies, sputum of the inspiration of Mrs. Mary Mason Baker Glover Patterson Eddy, and raveled ends of Quimbyism. They may think that the best way to handle a Flora McFlimsy is to laugh her to scorn; and that to make people see that a cesspool is a place neither pleasant to look into, nor to bring one's nose close to, it is not necessary to give a detailed analysis of the various constituent elements of the pool. But Mr. McCorkle's way is vastly more Christian. He takes "Christian Science" up and soberly analyzes it and exposes it fairly as it is; and his earnestness, it is hoped, will win some deluded persons back from discipleship to Mrs. Eddy, and keep many others from falling into her snares.

Mr. McCorkle has gone about his work as an earnest Christian and with a full sense of the truth of the doctrine of the divine inspiration of the Christian Scriptures. With him they are the sole source of au-

thority in religion; and in the Scriptures he finds his chief weapons against this dump of pantheism, mysticism, rationalism, allegorism, and charlatanism. His method, so far, is perhaps the best he could have hit upon. As Mrs. Eddy accords to the Bible inspiration, in the Bible the antagonist finds everything necessary to demolish her anti-biblical system. Moreover, our author's testimony to his belief in the inerrancy of the Christian Scriptures will do much incidental good.

He does more, however, than simply show the contra-biblical character of "Christian Science." He exposes the spurious philosophy on which it rests and teaches a more correct philosophy.

The book is one of real and marked ability, and the church owes Mr. McCorkle thanks—hearty thanks for it.

By the way, there is one bit of philosophizing over against which we have set an interrogation point. He says (page 184), "An oyster is not a person, because it has only life and self-consciousness, lacking self-direction and reason. A dog has life, self-consciousness and self-direction, but is not a person, because it has not reason." Has an oyster "*self-consciousness?*" Has a dog "*self-consciousness?*" Has not the being capable of "*self-consciousness,*" thought? Does the author mean here simply "*consciousness,*" and not at all, as he says, "*self-consciousness?*"

The book is well written, and many chapters are as interesting as a good novel.

THOMAS C. JOHNSON.

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PHROSO. *By Anthony Hope, Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Heart of the Princess of Odra," "Simon Dale," etc.* New York: The American News Company. 1899.

This story is rightly called a romance; and it is as full of surprises as Neopalia itself, the sea-girt Island of Phroso. We have enjoyed it much, as we would one of Stockton's best stories, but *more* than we would one of his. There is a real love story in it, which gives it a rich and regal flavor. And, in spite of the surprises, there is in the book a deal of verisimilitude. We have good pictures of Englishmen, and Turks, and Greeks, and Dutch, and also of English women and Greek women. We have more, good representations of English manhood, and of the higher type of Greek womanhood perhaps, for Phroso, some of her views to the contrary, had in her not only beauty of face and form, but the potentialities of the highest beauty of character.

We are not going to tell the story. The reader can follow it best in the book. He will find some things to condemn, but much to admire, and will be carried in a pleasant whirl, and at length find himself refreshed at the close.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF HOME MISSIONS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH 31, 1899. *Rev. Dr. J. N. Craig, Sec.*

We wish this report were accompanied by maps of all the Synods in which the General Assembly engages in Home Mission work, with the