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PROGRESS IN THEOLOGY.

THE topic indicated by this title is one which is very much discussed at the present day, both in the American and British Churches, and it was touched on in the late very interesting Council meeting at Philadelphia. The question is, Whether there be a real progress in theology or not? It is a question in regard to which there is room for no small exaggeration and misunderstanding on one side or another. It shall be my endeavour briefly and calmly to consider this subject, and to show, *first*, in what sense progress in theology is not to be looked for; and *secondly*, in what sense such progress is possible, and, if so, by what means it is to be striven after and realised.

I.

(1.) Here let me explain, first, in what sense progress in theology is not possible. We shall all agree that it is not to be looked for *through any new revelation*. This would undoubtedly be an effectual instrument of progress; but the overwhelming majority of those who, in any way, assume the Christian name, have no expectation in the present life of any such Divine disclosures. Something like this is claimed in the ungrounded and incoherent system called Spiritualism; something also in Swedenborgianism; and I had lately occasion, by personal contact, to know how earnestly it is claimed by Mormonism, and how, in the strength of their delusion, the adherents of that unhappy scheme deny to those who refuse to exalt its so-called revelations to an equality with Bible truth, any part in the kingdom of heaven. There would be undoubted discovery and novelty if claims like these could be sustained; but the internal evidence so breaks down, and the external so distinguishes itself from Christianity in the way of contrast, that these alleged Divine communications only prove how much has to be done in order to put a true revelation on a solid footing, and how contentedly, resting on that revelation, we may stop with it, as having been delivered once for all.

But we cannot forget, nor must we let our people forget, that after pastors and teachers have done all that is in their power, it is still at home that the most efficient pastorate must be found. There must be a little church, Sabbath-school, and Bible-class at every Christian fire-side ; and it must be our highest aim, as it will be our best success, to secure that state of things in the households of our people. In the words of Jonathan Edwards :—

“Every Christian family ought to be, as it were, a little church, consecrated to Christ, and wholly influenced and governed by His Word. And then family education and order would become one of our chief means of grace. And if these fail, all other means of grace are but too likely to prove ineffectual also. But if these are duly administered, all the other means of grace are likely to prosper and prove successful.”

ALEXANDER WHYTE.

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## DR. CHARLES HODGE.\*

IT is not the object of this paper to attempt any estimate of Dr. Hodge's place as a theologian. Nor is it intended to gauge, in any judicial sense, his general worth. The language of eulogy rises so naturally to the lips of every pupil of the venerated Princeton divine, as to require distinct repression in speaking of him to those who did not come under the spell of his personal influence. All that is at present intended is, to convey some idea of the contents of this goodly volume—to focus, if possible, in a miniature representation, the leading outlines of the graphic portrayal now happily furnished of one whom to know was to love, even more than to admire him.

The first two chapters, which deal with his childhood and youth, were written by Dr. Hodge himself, at the repeated solicitations of his friends, during the last year of his life, and contain many interesting reminiscences that cluster about the opening years of the present century. From them we learn that his grandfather, Andrew Hodge, was the second of three brothers, who emigrated from the north of Ireland in 1730. He settled in Philadelphia, and became in due time a prosperous merchant, an active churchman, and the parent of fifteen children. The eighth of these, Hugh by name, born in 1755, who followed the medical profession, was Charles Hodge's father. He was a man highly esteemed for character and intelligence. His wife, a lady of Huguenot extraction, was “the beautiful Mary Blanchard of Boston,” whom he married in 1790. Of their children, the first three died in infancy ; the fourth was Hugh, afterwards a distinguished Philadelphia physician ; the fifth and last was Charles, the subject of this sketch.

\* The Life of Charles Hodge, D.D., LL.D. By his son, A. A. Hodge. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons.

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Six months after the birth of her youngest son, Mrs. Hodge was left a widow. She seems to have been a lady of strong character, as well as of sincere piety and active benevolence. Her income from the property left by her husband was more limited than it might otherwise have been, owing to the troubled state of the country; but by keeping boarders and exercising a self-denying economy, she was enabled to accomplish her cherished wish of providing both her boys with a first-class education. They in turn recognised that "to their mother, under God, they owed everything," and they regarded her with a beautiful devotion till her death in 1832. How early and successfully she had imbued the minds of her children with religious principles, may be gathered from the following interesting extract from Dr. Hodge's autobiographic record:—

"There has never been anything remarkable in my religious experience, unless it be that it began very early. I think that in my childhood I came nearer to conforming to the apostle's injunction, 'Pray without ceasing,' than in any other period of my life. As far back as I can remember, I had the habit of thanking God for everything I received, and asking him for everything I wanted. If I lost a book, or any of my playthings, I prayed that I might find it. I prayed walking along the streets, in school and out of school, whether playing or studying. I did not do this in obedience to any prescribed rule. It seemed natural. I thought of God as an everywhere-present Being, full of kindness and love, who would not be offended if children talked to him. I knew he cared for sparrows. I was as cheerful and happy as the birds, and acted as they did."

After attending primary schools in Philadelphia and elsewhere, Charles Hodge entered Princeton Academy in 1812, which happened to be the year in which the Theological Seminary there was founded. He always retained a lively recollection of lying on the rail of the gallery in the old Presbyterian Church, listening to the inaugural address of his future mentor, Dr. Archibald Alexander, to whom he was introduced the same summer, when Dr. Alexander walked into the school-room one day and found him stammering over a verse in the Greek Testament. In September of that year, he entered Princeton College, then under the Presidency of Dr. Ashbel Green. His opportunities in some branches cannot have been first-rate, judging from what he tells of one professor who "had a favourite idea that civilisation had reached its highest stage before the deluge," and had a pleasant way of enforcing duty, by telling his pupils that "one of the best preparations for death was a thorough knowledge of the Greek Grammar!" Yet his acquisitions were considerable by the time he graduated in September, 1815, as was shown by his sharing the second highest honour, and being chosen to deliver the valedictory address on behalf of his class.

Meanwhile, his religious life had been advancing. In January, 1815, the news went round in student circles that "Hodge had enlisted." This was soon discovered to mean, not that he had sworn to fight the British, but that he had enlisted under the banner of Christ, by making

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an open profession of faith in Him. These were blessed days for Princeton, to which, long years afterwards, the old man sometimes referred with glistening eye and quivering lip. His companions, Johns and McIlvaine, and many others, afterwards eminent for ability and godliness, came under the influence of that revival, and helped, along with him, to extend it.

He had to spend a year in general reading, after the close of his college course, in order to recruit his overtaxed physical strength; but he never wavered in his choice of a profession, and was eager to enter on definite preparation for it. It was with intense satisfaction, therefore, that he enrolled his name, on 9th November, 1816, as one of the twenty-six students attending Princeton Seminary that year. He soon showed himself an earnest and successful student—diligent at his books, ardently devoted to his professors (then only two in number), and warmly attached to his comrades. His friendship for John Johns (afterwards Bishop of Virginia), already begun at college, here grew into an intimacy of mutual affection, that seemed steadily to deepen during the fifty years and more that followed. Nothing was more characteristic of Dr. Hodge than the tenderness and tenacity of his friendships.

On 28th September, 1819, he graduated from Princeton Seminary; and, a month later, the presbytery of Philadelphia licensed him to preach the Gospel. Though Hodge, apart from occasional bursts of eloquence, was never to become an eminent preacher, the quiet but deep enthusiasm with which he regarded the work of the ministry was abundantly evinced both in his missionary labours at this time, and in the view he took of a proposal already mooted, that he should be assumed as assistant-teacher of Biblical literature and exegesis in Princeton Seminary. We find him writing: "Did the duties of the contemplated office require me to give up the prospect of preaching altogether, I think I should not hesitate in declining it; for I believe that preaching the Gospel is a privilege superior to any other entrusted to men;" and again: "I would give the world, were my desire of honouring Christ and of saving souls so strong that I should be indifferent to what related merely to myself."

He accepted his appointment to the assistantship in 1820, at the munificent salary of £80 (\$400) a-year; and so well did he acquit himself in it during the two following sessions, that his two senior professors—Dr. Alexander and Dr. Samuel Miller—resolved to ask the Assembly to elevate him to a regular professorial chair. Here is how he himself viewed the proposal: "I believe that I would rather be homeless and penniless through life, than in any way whatever enter such an office unsent of God." At the same time, he confesses that the fondest wishes of his heart would be accomplished in being called to such a post, which he would prefer to any other situation with the largest salary in the country. This disregard for pecuniary emolument was another distinguishing mark of his whole subsequent career.

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Happily, the £80 were increased to £200, when, in May, 1822, he was actually made Professor of Oriental and Biblical Literature; otherwise, the step he took, a month later, would hardly have been possible. This was his marriage to Sarah Bache, great-grand-daughter of Benjamin Franklin, a young lady of unusual beauty both of person and character, whom he had met, for the first time, nine years before, in his mother's house at Philadelphia. She always attributed her religious life to his instrumentality; and the following, written by her on 4th August, 1820, may be taken as a specimen of the serious "love-letters" that passed between them:—

"I love to feel myself bound to you by indissoluble ties that not even the grave can change—to feel that after being cherished and guided by you through time, I shall, through your instrumentality, stand by you purified before the throne of our Heavenly Father when time shall be no more. Can any conception comprehend the ecstasy of such a moment, or any earthly happiness equal it? Am I guilty of detracting from the true source and first cause of all happiness, when I suppose that even in heaven it may be augmented by the reflection that a beloved partner was the means of our attaining it?"

After living for a short time in apartments at Princeton, the young pair "began housekeeping" on 1st January, 1825, in the new house built for them close to the Seminary—that familiar home where Dr. Hodge lived, and loved, and laboured for more than half-a-century to come. There his eight children, except the eldest, were born, and there his loved partner was reft from him by death in 1849. As the trees grew up which his own hands had planted, and the walls turned old which were then so new, and every familiar object became entwined with the dearest associations, we cannot wonder that he came to feel as though the place were almost part of himself. His biographer instances, as a characteristic trait of conservatism, that he went on "for forty-five years reclining and sitting, reading, writing, praying, and talking in one spot of one room;" and that he said pathetically a few years before he died, "This chair and I for forty years have been growing to each other very closely." It is also mentioned that he could never be induced to have his clothes made anywhere else than at the same old shop which he had patronised from the first; for "there was no element of his nature inclined to new measures any more than to new doctrines." It ought, however, to be added, that to the very last the outlook from this home of many years was keenly observant and warmly sympathetic. He continued to be intelligently alive to all the movements of the day, and brought to bear on the most distant of them a telescopic interest that made the remote near, and then surveyed it with honest appreciation.

We may regard, as the closing event of this first period of his life, his inauguration, in 1825 of the *Biblical Repertory*. It was at first a mere reprint of foreign articles; but it assumed an original character four years later, and afterwards developed into the well-known *Princeton*

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*Review*, which, for forty-three years in all, Dr. Hodge made the medium of exerting an untold influence in his own country on the great religious and social questions of the day.

It was a somewhat startling announcement for Hugh Hodge to receive from his steady-going brother Charles, in 1826: "I want to leave you all for two years, wife and child, mother and brother." This desire was prompted by the experience already gained in his brief professoriate, which, as it had raised his ideal of the work, had served at the same time to convince him of the necessity for a fuller personal equipment for it, by a period of private and uninterrupted study under the most eminent living teachers of Biblical science. His proposal was cordially taken up by the senior professors, and, on their recommendation, agreed to by the Board of Directors; so that, in October, 1826, he sailed for Havre, leaving his wife and young family at his mother's home in Philadelphia.

While he was away, his "paternal professors" bore him constantly and anxiously on their hearts; but they had in him a confidence which his after-life showed was in no way misplaced. Dr. Alexander's letters show only a natural and becoming solicitude when he writes:—

"Remember that you breathe a poisoned atmosphere. If you lose the lively and deep impression of Divine truth—if you fall into scepticism or even into coldness—you will lose more than you gain from all the German professors and libraries. . . . The air which you breathe in Germany will either have a deleterious effect on your moral constitution, or else, by the strength of faith required to resist its effects, your spiritual health will be confirmed."

His prayer, that his young colleague "might be kept from the poison of neology," was certainly fulfilled; and there cannot be a doubt that Hodge's stay in Europe had an expanding and consolidating influence on his mind, which impressed itself afterwards on all his work.

He first spent three months in Paris, studying French, Arabic, and Syriac with De Sacy, keenly observing Old World institutions, and preaching occasionally in the English Chapel, where he had Thomas Guthrie one day as an appreciative hearer. Then he proceeded to Germany, where he had first seven months in Halle, and then nearly a year in Berlin. His journal and letters at this time abound in interesting references to the state of religious and philosophical opinions then prevalent in the country, and also in lively personal impressions of the different men of the day. His German tutor in Halle was George Müller, afterwards of Bristol. There he became acquainted with Gesenius, Jacob, Niemeyer, and, above all, with Tholuck, between whom and himself a lifelong friendship sprang up. His description of Gesenius—afterwards modified, however, on hearing his clear and animated prelections in the class-room—is somewhat amusing:—

"When viewed from the other side of the Atlantic, these men seemed something out of the ordinary course of things, but here, whatever their minds may

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be, their bodies are made of very vulgar clay. I have never been so disappointed in my life as in the appearance of Gesenius, who is the first Hebrew scholar probably in the world. He is not more than forty years old, *frivolous*, and, what is a wonder here, rather foppish in his appearance. He has a silly laugh for everything he says, and is in short the last man I should have selected from ten thousand as a distinguished philologist."

Hodge's regard for Tholuck was strong from the first, and it was thoroughly reciprocated. They were both young men, under thirty, and in their long discussions and frequent walks together, found much that they held in common, and not a little that they could learn from one another. Tholuck, being from his evangelical piety a kind of *rara avis*, and even an object of suspicion and talebearing in Halle, was glad to find in the young American a congenial spirit. He afterwards writes to Hodge in Berlin:—"You have been sent to me through God's mercy as a messenger of glad tidings, as a comforter in cheerless hours, as an elder brother to show me the simple way to heaven." And as late as 1877, Tholuck sent his friend a copy of his own photograph, with warm expressions of undying love.

Hodge came more or less into contact with such men as Twisten, Ritter, Baumgarten-Crusius, Schleusner, Heubner, Blumenbach, Lücke, Nitzsch, and Krummacher, his references to whom are interesting, but cannot here be instanced. In Berlin he heard Hengstenberg, Schleiermacher, Marheinecke, Baron Humboldt, and others. But there he especially came under the influence of Neander, that prince of German theologians, who not only valued him as a pupil, but received him warmly as a personal friend. Tholuck was for a time in Berlin, and the three used to have long and animated discussions on questions such as inspiration and predestination, after which Neander would say kindly to Tholuck, at parting—"Tell our friend Hodge that though we dispute with him, we belong to the same Lord, and are one at heart." Here is how Neander outwardly impressed Hodge the first time he saw him:—

"He is rather an old-looking man for thirty-five, has much of the Jewish countenance, and his manners, though peculiar and awkward, are exceedingly kind. The poor man has studied himself almost to death."

Tholuck had introduced Hodge to Otto v. Gerlach, "the Wesley of Berlin," and other leaders of the revival movement which about that time was stirring in parts of Germany. Hodge's sympathies were, of course, entirely with the movement, while quite alive to its dangers, which he describes, in connection with a sermon he heard by Krummacher, as being twofold—*first*, a tendency among some few of the preachers to Antinomian principles; and *second*, a fondness for extravagant allegorical interpretation of the Old Testament.

He did what he could to advance the cause of true religion while in Berlin. In this endeavour he had the warm co-operation of his house-

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companion, Monod of Paris, and the cordial approval of Hengstenberg, who felt closely drawn to the young American from his "simplicity, modesty, and sincerity," and made a personal friend of him in spite of the fact that there were "the wildest and most wonderful stories about Hodge and Monod" circulating among their fellow-students.

But the time came for leaving Berlin. How much his residence there had been appreciated we learn from Hodge's own words—"When I bade my friends farewell, I cried like a child. Neander's farewell I shall never forget." He took with him, and left behind him, many happy memories. On his homeward way he visited Göttingen and Bonn. In the former he saw, among others, Lücke and Ewald. Of the latter he writes:—"I regard him as one of the most remarkable men I have seen in Europe. He is about twenty-four, looks much younger, is modest in his manner, even to bashfulness, though confident even to arrogance in his writings." At Bonn, then a university of about only ten years' standing, he heard Schlegel lecture, but was disappointed in his appearance and manner.

Before returning to America, Hodge paid his only visit to England. "With a swelling heart," he says, "I trod upon the soil of the mother-country, which, with all her faults, is the most wonderful and admirable the world has ever seen." This is exactly in accord with the frequently-expressed sentiments of his mature life, and falls in with what his biographer afterwards says of his attitude to "the old country:"—

"Although heartily and conscientiously an American patriot, maintaining that the United States is a nation, and loving it and admiring its institutions as more excellent than those of any other, he was ever proud of his part in the inheritance of Anglo-Saxon traditions and glories. Great Britain was loved and honoured as the mother-country, and her history and prestige were sacred to him. Above all was he a life-long admirer of the Duke of Wellington, and the history of all his campaigns and battles was known to him in all its various versions and critical details."

His stay was unfortunately brief. He had time to see a little of London and of the English universities, and to hear a debate in the House of Commons. British parliamentary eloquence does not appear to have impressed him very favourably, for he says he "never heard so much poor speaking in his life." Edinburgh he rapidly visited, before his vessel sailed from Liverpool; but not a line of record concerning that visit survives, and unfortunately it was never to be repeated. About fifty years later, he would fain have been back in the Scottish capital, in order to be present at the first General Presbyterian Council, held at Edinburgh at July, 1877; but failing health by that time prevented the fulfilment of his wish.

On 18th September, 1828, he reached his home in Princeton, where family and friends were met to give him their heartiest greeting. In his introductory lecture, the following winter, he enforced three considera-



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tions which his stay in Europe had pressed upon himself. These were, the value of civil and religious liberty, the importance of religious instruction in the public schools, and the intimate connection between speculative opinion and moral character. Under the last head, he bears the following decided testimony :—

“Whenever you find vital piety—that is, penitence and a devotional spirit—there you find the doctrines of the fall, of depravity, of regeneration, of atonement, and of the Deity of Christ. I never saw or heard of a single individual, exhibiting a spirit of piety, who rejected any one of these doctrines.”

The third period of his life now began. Into the details of it and of those which follow, we cannot and need not enter. As has been said, it was a time of considerable literary activity, carried on under serious physical disadvantages. His fame both as a writer and as a teacher now steadily increased. In 1834, he received his title of Doctor of Divinity from Rutgers College, New Jersey ; and he soon began to earn a European reputation, as a sound theologian and able controversialist. He took his due share in politics as an old Whig, while that party lasted, and then as a Republican—believing that “when connected with morality, and the character and interest of a country, politics is a subject second only to religion in importance.” He likewise put forth his full influence in the ecclesiastical domain, in order to guide the Church through the fierce storms of the Disruption controversy. Dr. Hodge led the Princeton wing of the Old School party, which took such a temperate view of the question at issue as to fall under the displeasure of the opposing extremes. While thoroughly Old School in sympathy, they were not in favour of the Disruption policy of some of the leaders, and perhaps the best vindication of the position they then took up has since been given in the reunion of 1870, when Hodge dared to repeat the same policy of independence ; because, while he would not divide the Church, he saw no sufficient reason then for uniting the actually and long-divided branches, and thereby sinking what he regarded as the peculiar and valuable testimony of the Old School Presbyterian Church for strict Calvinistic doctrine.

In all his controversies, he was, however emphatic, consistently impersonal and even generous towards his opponents. Strife was certainly not congenial to his nature. The glimpses we have into his home life during this period are of the most attractive kind. The supposed grim Calvinist there softens into the most lovable of men. His study is the home of his wife, and not only the gathering place of the entire family, but the highway of the children between the outside world and the other apartments of the house.

During the fourth section of his life (1840-72), Dr. Hodge was at his best. Like the grandest trees, he was slow in reaching his fullest development. In 1847, he himself writes :—“I feel that almost all the usefulness of my life is to be crowded into the coming ten years,

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should I live so long." Even at the beginning of this period, however, he had achieved no mean reputation. This appears in a variety of ways, and not least notably in connection with the intercourse and correspondence between him and Dr. Cunningham, the Hodge of Scotland, whom the biographer well describes as "beyond question the greatest logician, polemic, and theologian of the second heroic age of the Church of Christ in Scotland." Each of these distinguished men regarded the other as the most eminent living theologian, and Cunningham strongly encouraged his students, when they consulted him on the subject, to take a year of study under Hodge. The events of this period in the Princeton calendar are easily told, but the importance of some of them is not so easily measured. In 1840, much against his own wish at first, Dr. Hodge was transferred to the Chair of Exegetical and Didactic Theology, which subsequent experience proved to be his proper sphere, and for which the previous twenty years of linguistic and exegetical study and practice had been a most valuable preparation. In 1841, his "Way of Life" appeared. Then came numerous papers in the *Princeton Review*, to which he contributed 142 articles in all. In 1846, he was elected Moderator of the Assembly in Philadelphia. In 1849, his wife died; she was followed by his colleagues, Dr. Samuel Miller in 1850, and Dr. Alexander in 1851. These successive bereavements Dr. Hodge felt most keenly. Returning from his last interview with Dr. Alexander, he exclaimed to his son in an agony of weeping—"It is all past; the glory of our Seminary has departed." It was natural for *him* to think so at such a moment, though others knew and were comforted by the thought which has since been fittingly expressed, that if the Socrates of Princeton was gone, the Plato or Aristotle remained,—that if her Elijah had ascended, Elisha still remained with his mantle and a double portion of his spirit. In 1852, Dr. Hodge married Mrs. Stockton, a noble Christian lady, who became a true mother to his children as well as an admirable helpmeet for all his later life. In 1856-7, he wrote his commentaries on Ephesians and Corinthians. In 1860, came what he regarded as the second greatest sorrow of his life, the unexpected death of Dr. J. Addison Alexander, who had been appointed to his former Chair of Oriental and Biblical Literature twenty years before, and during all that time had been to him a kind of second self.

There are few more impressive scenes in his public life than when, in the National Presbyterian Convention held in Philadelphia, November 1867, he was brought forward to respond, in the name of all, to the Episcopalian delegation which was headed by Bishop M'Ilvaine, of Ohio, his old school and college friend. His closing words breathe the true eloquence of a loving and catholic spirit, and were delivered with such feeling that "there was scarcely a dry eye in the house." We may be pardoned for adding them, as one more quotation:—

"And now, sir, after these fifty odd years, here we stand, gray-headed, side by side, for the moment representatives of these two great bodies of organised Christ-

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ians, feeling for each other the same intimate cordial love, and mutual confidence; looking, not backward,—not downward to the grave beneath our very feet,—but onward to the coming glory. Brethren, pardon this personal allusion, but is there not something that may be regarded as symbolical in this? Has not your Church and our Church been rocked in the same cradle? Did they not pass through the same Red Sea, receiving the same baptism of the Spirit, and of fire? Have they not uttered, from those days of the Reformation to the present time, the same great testimony for Christ and His Gospel? What difference, sir, is there between your Thirty-nine Articles, and our Confession of Faith, other than the difference between one part and another of the same great cathedral anthem rising to the skies? Does it not seem to indicate, sir, that these Churches are coming together? We stand here, sir, to say to the whole world, that we are one in faith, one in baptism, one in life, and one in allegiance to our common Lord.”

His own jubilee celebration furnished the most unique evidence of the high place he held in the esteem and affection of all the Churches. During most of the congratulatory addresses, he was reclining, out of sight, in the pulpit sofa behind the stage. When a friend asked him, as they closed—“How did you stand all that?” “Why,” said he, with a pleasant smile, “very quietly; it did not seem at all to be me they were talking about. I heard it all as of some other man.” It was the testimony that day borne to the unity of the faith, and to the common love of all for the same Gospel and the same Lord, that he was thinking about. His humility was of the most deep and unaffected kind. When one was saying to him, “You ought to be a very happy man, considering what you have accomplished, and the universal feeling toward you——” “Now, stop!” said he, with a wave of the hand; “all that can be said is, that God has been pleased to take up a *poor little stick* and do something with it. What I have done is as nothing compared with what is done by a man who goes to Africa, and labours among a heathen tribe, and reduces their language to writing. I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose the shoes of such a man.” His sympathy with foreign missions, here indicated, was intense all through his life.

His closing years were singularly beautiful. The reviewer had laid down his pen, the controversialist had put aside his armour; there was the calm of evening and the mellowness of autumn all about his life. The present writer, who was a member of his last class in 1878, can testify that his outward form was even at that time still erect, his intellect vigorous and clear, his emotional nature unblunted by age. Only his body was growing weary, and there was an evident ripening for rest and for glory. There was in his face an incomparable blending of sweetness and strength. If the massive brow, the keen eye, and the firm-set mouth bespoke the theologian, there was a tender softening radiance, an indescribable something about the natural expression of the face which as clearly bespoke the mellowed saint.

For the secret of his unrivalled success as a teacher, as well as for an

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exposition of his qualities as a writer, we must refer to the volume itself, which closes with several singularly discriminating estimates of Dr. Hodge's character and work, on all their different sides.

CHARLES A. SALMOND.

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## NOTES OF THE DAY.

1881.—On the edge of a new year, a new decade, and the last fifth part of the nineteenth century! Everything seems to indicate that it is a stirring page of the world's history that will be written on the new leaf. We welcome with unusual thankfulness the Evangelical Alliance invitation to united prayer during the first week of the new year. No earnest heart should lose, through forgetfulness, the opportunity of joining in earnest in the cry which the children of the entire family purpose to raise to their Father in their time of anxiety and need.

“Thou framer of the light and dark,  
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark :  
Amid the howling wintry sea  
We are in port if we have Thee.”

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.—This Society has been commemorating the jubilee of its continental agency. The handsome edifice which forms the headquarters of the Society in London is situated a few doors from the office of *The Times*, and the leading journal has been commenting, in an interesting vein, on the remarkable career of its neighbour. It feels that the Society, with its vast and wide-spreading work, is a wonderful fact. *The Times* points to a time of questioning, partly begun, but destined to be more general, through which the Bible has yet to pass. To the issue of that questioning its friends look forward with perfect confidence. “The simple circulation of the Bible in all languages is the one commandment, the one creed, the one virtue, the one grace, the one battle-cry, the one banner, the one palladium, the test of a rising or falling state, the way to possess the earth and climb the skies. Such is the sweet belief and the balmy confidence of myriads, whom no reasonable person would wish to disturb or rob of their life's joy. But it is not given to everybody, either by nature or circumstances, to live entirely by the rule of blind faith and gregarious practice. All the world is accepting the gift. Not a savage but will one day have his Bible. So far well. But the day must come, as it has come even with a famous Zulu, when all the world will ask questions, and not be easily satisfied.”

SUCCESS OF CHINA MISSIONS.—Another important paper, the *Scotsman*, not much in the habit of praising missionaries, has been bearing cordial testimony to their work in China. Commenting on the official reports of the English consuls in China, after adverting to commercial progress, the *Scotsman* says:—“Several of the consuls bear testimony to a much more significant illumination of the dark ways of Chinese life which is in progress. The missionary as well as the trader was more successful than usual in 1879; and singularly enough, the spread of Christianity, like that of foreign commerce, was helped by an event apparently so untoward as a great famine; for the charitable acts of the European communities, and the self-sacrificing devotion of many of the missionaries, produced an important change of feeling towards the foreigner and his creed. Consul Gardner, of Chefoo, looking back over an experience of twenty years, is struck by the vast strides which Christianity has lately made; and he compares the condition of China to that of the later Roman Empire, when faith in the older religions had almost entirely died out, and the world was ripe for a