

The Independent

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"EVEN AS WE HAVE BEEN APPROVED OF GOD TO BE INTRUSTED WITH THE GOSPEL, SO WE SPEAK; NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD WHICH PROVETH OUR HEARTS."

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For Table of Contents see Page 10.

HIS HAND.

BY ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

His hand was rough and His hand was hard,
For He wrought in wood, by Nazareth town;
With naught of worship, with no regard,
In the village street, He went up and down.

His hand was rough; but its touch was light,
As it lay on the eyes of him born blind;
Or strake sick folk in its healing might,
And gave back joy to the hearts that pined.

His hand was hard; but they spiked it fast
To the splintering wood of the cursed tree;
And he hung in the sight of the world, at last,
In His shame. And the red blood trickled free.

HALIFAX, N. S.

THE GARDEN.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

Oh! LET me shun this spot,
I fear the signs I see,
This is the Garden, is it not,
That's called Gethsemane?
The Garden where the broken heart
Cries vainly to its pain, "Depart!"

This is the spot and thou must weep,
Now enter in thy watch to keep!

Oh! save me, save from this,
I pray on bended knee;
Relieve my soul and let it miss
Bitter Gethsemane;
Lock fast the Gate nor let me face
The awful anguish of this place!

It may not be! Enter thou in;
None can from this exemption win!

Oh! would I might delay
The night when I must be
The solitary soul to stay
In dark Gethsemane!
Whisper to me ye who have known,
Do mourners wrestle there alone?

Enter the Garden, nor despair,
For Christ shall watch beside thee there!

CINCINNATI, O.

THE WINGS OF THE WIND.

BY MARGARET GILMAN GEORGE.

SICK with sorrow I left the house,
Dragged my feet through the crunching snow,
Climbed away from the little town,
Cried from the hill-top, "Blow, wind, blow!"

"Blow against me with might and main
Curse me! Sweep me under the snow!
Freeze forever my freezing heart—
Blow, wind, blow!"

Sighing, singing the wind came down;
Cooling, crooning, above—below—
Circling soft as a mother-bird
Over the snow.

"All the sorrows of all the world
Child, I see, as I come and go;
Yet they bless—being bravely borne—
This I know,

"Child, child, child! if you could but see!
Ah! you would prize your sorrow so:
Using it as your God-sent key
To every heart locked up with wo."

Sighing, singing the wind passed by;
On—away over fields of snow;
And down the hill to the town I sang,
"Blow, wind, blow!"

"Blow forever such songs as these;
Warm, sweet songs, till a kindly glow
Melts the ice from my selfish heart!
Blow, wind, blow!"

LEWISTOWN, ILL.

MY DENOMINATION.

BY WM. G. FROST, PH.D.,
PROFESSOR OF GREEK IN OBERLIN COLLEGE.

"I BELIEVE in a holy Catholic Church." So runs the Lutheran version of the Apostles' Creed, discreetly substituting the indefinite for the definite article. And very few Christians can repeat it without a thought which quite outsoars the boundaries of any particular sect. How much more precious is the assurance that we are members of this holy universal communion than our connection with the special branch of the Church to which inheritance or geography has bound us!

The present writer has always been greatly troubled about denominationalism; but a prolonged residence abroad has brought some strange experiences, and given me what I so long lacked, a denominational feeling, a local root, a personal element in my devotion to the universal Church.

I came with the full expectation of entering into fellowship with all who worship the Father, and I have participated in many forms of service. I have sat in the Poets' Corner at Westminster Abbey and watched the preacher as he marched up the aisle preceded by an attendant bearing the crosier or some other emblem of Apostolic humility. I have sat in the Stadt Kirche at Wittemberg and seen the German soldiers marshalled to their seats under military command. I have not been afraid to pray in Charlemagne's great cathedral at Aix la Chapelle, and have recognized a spiritual affinity with the poor woman who stole into the vacant church to place her candle and to tell her needs before a crucifix. I still cherish the hope that I may join with true worshippers in the Greek churches at Athens, and it may be even in Mohammedan mosques.

Nevertheless I have felt a lack, I have experienced a hunger which none of these could fully satisfy. Here in Göttingen, I have listened to many strong and beautiful discourses. But it has all seemed formal, bookish—yes, except in the dissenting churches in England, I have not heard a single prayer that was not read! And there are several other things which go with these prayers read out of books—the admission of children to the Church as a kind of graduation from the catechism class, the absence of church discipline, the elevation of "the Church" and the effacement of the individual.

It is a little comical to hear my boy say that he shall be glad when the end of this term comes, because several of the meanest boys in his grade are to join the Church, and after that they will not come to school any more! Once "confirmed" in the Church, the religious life for most of them is finished. "The only way a man can get out of the Catholic, the Lutheran, or the Episcopal Church is to die." No lapse of faith or morals is likely to cut him off.

But most painful of all is the elevation of "the Church" at the expense of individual development. It is useless to attempt to have one unprinted prayer in a foreign city where the Episcopal service is the only service for English-speaking Christians; nor can Scripture be selected, which would illustrate the sermon to be read, instead of the portion appointed. "The Church has appointed prayers and Scriptures for all occasions, and shall we set ourselves up as wiser than the Church?" My eyes fell upon a notice in the paper of a Methodist meeting in an obscure street, and I began to make some inquiries. Our Mädchen assured us it was of no account, "only a few old women"; but last Sabbath we went to see for ourselves. It was, indeed, an "upper

room," and the audience was small. The minister was also the chorister and organist, and he wore no robe. He was young and earnest, speaking good German in a very simple style. The text was "Abba, Father," and the subject was prayer. The need, the duty, the naturalness of prayer were set forth in glowing words. Every one in the room listened—they did not merely look on. After the sermon came song and prayer, and then—he asked if any one wished to add a word of experience or testimony! I sat in breathless eagerness, for I had heard no word of experience or testimony since leaving America. Yes, a man near the door got up, and in strong German told the story of his recent struggles and triumphs. It was worth all the cathedral glass in Europe! Then a timid woman, dressed in mourning, began to speak, but sat down before she could finish. The minister spoke a few words of comfort and gave out a hymn. A middle-aged woman, just back of us, then told how she had learned to pray, how impossible it seemed at first to do anything more than to read the book, and how new and blessed an experience had come to her since she had learned to speak the language of the Kingdom herself.

Somehow that little room with its plain windows and illuminated faces seemed nearer to Heaven than even the organ-swept cathedral. At any rate I found my feeling of fellowship quite different from anything experienced in any prayer-book congregation. I had found my denomination, my sect, my set, the type of Christians with whom I can live and labor best.

How trifling are all other distinctions among Christians! What matters it, in comparison, how the machinery of Church management or government is carried on, or in what particular form the ordinances are administered, or even in what phrases Christian truth is expressed?

Is the Church made for man, or is man made for the Church? Is conversion an individual choice uniting the soul directly to Christ? Is there a standard of Christian life to be insisted upon apart from ceremonial? Is the individual Christian to be encouraged to formulate his own petitions to the throne of grace? In short, is the prayer-meeting, where the laity may speak and pray together in their own dialect, the ideal expression of church life rather than the liturgy? There must be some deep psychologic cause, which has made the prayer book and the prayer-meeting mutually exclusive.

There are two great denominations of Christians, the liturgical denomination and the prayer-meeting denomination. I can fellowship them both—so far as they will let me; but I can work best with the latter. I appreciate the prayer book and the liturgy, but I cannot accept them in place of the prayer-meeting.

There are distinct advantages in the form of Christian life fostered by the great Græco-Romano-Episcopal-Lutheran denomination, but those advantages were for other times rather than for ours. Of all its branches, the Roman seems now the most vigorous, and its best work is done among populations which are still lingering in the outskirts of the Middle Ages.

Our denomination (I have never used that term before), I mean the denomination of revivals and prayer-meetings, including Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and the Salvation Army, has its grievous faults and shortcomings, but it seems to me to "sort best" with the democratic ideas of the present, as well as with the spirit which I find in the New Testament. Let us not attempt to serve God in the nineteenth century by building Gothic churches or cultivating a Gothic type of Christianity.

GÖTTINGEN, GERMANY.

A SINGLE VISIT TO THE OMAHA RESERVATION.

BY ANNA L. DAWES.

In some respects the Omaha Reservation is the most interesting we have. For various reasons the Indians of this tribe are further advanced in civilization than any others, if you are speaking of the mass. Here the experiment of lands in severalty is older than in other reservations by years enough to bring it to the period of new difficulties. Here the Indian citizen is already trying his wings, and, as might be expected, as often fails as succeeds. Here the influence of certain leaders works for good and for bad, very strongly. In the midst of unusually good conditions and with especially good oppor-

tunities, the usual result mixed of good and evil has occurred. Most of these Indians are already allotted and thus full-fledged citizens; indeed, their votes were necessary to political success in November! But the provisions of the Severalty Act, which make the United States trustee for the Indian for a space of twenty-five years, require some sort of a Government officer to superintend their affairs to some extent. Unfortunately the Government has construed this necessity into an opportunity to retain the Agency, the Agent, and too many of the old methods. Fortunately in this case the agent is honest, and if he is not always wise in judgment the mistake is usually in favor of the most helpless. For this reservation is so far blessed with civilization as to be possessed of inhabitants more shrewd than scrupulous, and far along in the commercial methods of the white man.

You may enter the reservation at any one of many points, and find the scene very much the same. We came to the new and somewhat crude town of Pender, in Thurston County, Neb., in the early morning; and, under the guidance and kindly hospitality of some of its leading men, started to drive across the reservation. The great waves of the prairie roll away for twenty-five miles between the Agency and any other civilization. In the other direction fifteen miles will bring you to the Winnebagoes; but whether you go north or south, east or west, the Indian is the only neighbor for the little cluster of houses, once the home of the Agent and now the school buildings, but still the center of governmental supervision. Whether you drive east in the brilliant morning light and look upon the dawn of a new living, or return in the slowly fading twilight, with the splendor of the glorious clouds all about you, and meditate on the sunset of an old heroism, you are alone with your thoughts and the land and the sky. The rolling prairie is always a surprise to the uninitiated. In the distance it seems to be compounded of hills and valleys, and at present it is so flat; or, it may be, the process is just the opposite—you are going up and down a sharp pitch to a little watercourse, and yet the land stretches out to the sky on every side! These great, smooth billows, all alike to your closest scrutiny but each with its own characteristic to the familiar glance, are real prairie, more impressive than the flat plains of Kansas. They repeat each other so interminably that they add mile to mile as no level trail can ever do, and constantly they lure you on with the promise of an end.

Every mile you cross of this Omaha country is richness itself. Acres of it are fenced in with wire to protect the great bunches of cattle that look so few but count up to so many hundreds. It may be that some reader does not know how to drive over a wire fence! But the resident of Nebraska can show the particular post where the wire is slack, and hung, not fastened, and will take it off and hold it down on the ground while you drive calmly over. Ten and fifteen miles inland, if I may use the phrase, we come to a more broken country with water and brief wood, and still further on the bluffs of the Missouri appear. Near the creeks, after the old Indian fashion, are located most of the Indian farms, altho now and then one was wise enough to forecast the future or docile enough to listen to counsel, and locate on the rich prairie land near the railroad. The frame houses are not very large, but they are extremely comfortable, and orchards, gardens, outhouses, wells, all tell of thrift and industry. There is none too much order and the places often look untidy; but it needs very little knowledge of the West to find that New England habits have not followed the course of empire. If the Indian house and farm is not as neat and well kept as it might be, it looks quite as well as that of his German or Swedish neighbor, whom perhaps he is copying, or even quite as well as some native American homesteads of this region.

The great farmers of this region counting their fields by the thousand acres, look with some contempt on the Indian's small efforts at agriculture and announce with a somewhat scornful accent: "Yes, that is an Indian corn patch; you can always tell it by the size." But whether for the purpose of developing manhood this is not just as well as to add field to field is another question. Already the Indians have learned the advantage—the necessity—of machine labor, and like everybody else they combine and hire the required machines for short periods, as the seasons come around. Unfortunately the charms of leisure have seized some of them, and they have rented the land, or leased it on shares, and with no clubs to occupy their own time are deteriorating at a pace quite equal to more civilized citizens, in like case. The harvest was nearly over as we passed through the country, but wherever the Indian fields were being reaped, there near at hand were the picturesque tepees. The Indian takes his family with him when he goes out to the field, and for the time being they live in the tent as their fathers did. It serves for bedroom and for shelter; but the women sit outside for the most part and look around upon all the world as they sew or tend the children in the brilliant sunshine or the cool twilight. Indeed, you will see the tepees set up in the yards of most of the houses, and it marks no retrogression, but rather a wise adaptation to the climate, if the Indian thus seeks the open air in the great summer heat. It provokes a smile now and then to hear an Eastern critic complain

of the tepee apparently with no remembrance of his own "camping out" in the summer.

The Government buildings, which are the only objective point of the Omaha Reservation, are quite numerous; but most of them are old and not in good repair. This is what is called a "reservation school," and it proceeds on exactly the same lines as the large schools, so far as size will permit. There are the four large dormitory rooms in the main schoolhouse, with the familiar names, the "large girls' dormitory," the "small girls' dormitory," and those for the large boys and the small boys, with their iron bedsteads and wire mattresses. Here the blue blankets for coverlids were exchanged for white cotton that could be more easily washed. This and the question of uniform dresses for the girls, either of gingham or flannel, are points left very much to the individual matron. In the dining room the tables were laid with white spread and napkins; but these are luxuries for special occasions or for a single day in the week. At another and larger school the superintendent justifies the omission by declaring that the taxpayers would not stand it an hour if they were told he was giving Indians napkins. And I think he was right.

In the Omaha schoolrooms the children were mostly quite young, and the class of little girls was full of interest in the kindergarten balls; but why Indians needed to be taught color was a mystery. English and arithmetic would seem less familiar, at least. Among the staff are two sisters of a remarkable family, Mrs. Margaret La Flesche Picotte and Dr. Susan La Flesche—the one a young widow, teaching with patience and care and success and the charm always in her family; the other the Agency doctor, doing a wonderful work both as an example and an inspiration, and by her personality and labors among the sick. Born to be leaders, every one of the many children of the old French trader, La Flesche, stands out from the men and women around, and in some fashion influences the situation. Happy for the race that Bright Eyes began the battle for her people which the doctor is carrying on with more enlightenment and in wiser fashion. Shut away from the world, this cultivated woman has given her life to work for her people, and hardly allows herself to remember the delights of the East lest her heart fail. How young and pretty she looked in her pink gingham with its long floating ribbons, is perhaps too undignified a reminiscence for this paper. The work itself is of infinite value in prevention of disease and improving hygienic conditions, as well as in cure of the sick. Industrial training is carried on in various branches at this school, tho the shops are simple enough. But after all it is in these smaller schools, holding seldom more than a hundred, that we come face to face with the problem. Here the teacher meets the pupil in a close companionship, and endeavors to instill many lessons not set down in books. The Indian educated here has seen the world only from a very small point of view; and it is necessary that he should meet it at a larger institution, either in the West or East, before he graduates into an independent life. But it is equally necessary that in such schools in the midst of the conditions where he is to live, and surrounded by his own people, he should learn a new way. At present this school, with the influences centering there, and what instruction may be found for an Indian at Pender and similar towns, with a few sustained or sporadic missionary efforts, sum up the greater part of the influences that are brought to bear upon the Omaha Indian. The most potent of them is the influence of the large number among his own people who already take a man's place in the world in every respect. But that he needs more of all kinds of help, practical, mental, moral, all allow who hear or know much of the contradictory forces at work on this skirmish line of the new civilization for the Indian.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"THE INERRANCY OF THE ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPHS."

BY BENJ. B. WARFIELD, D.D., LL.D.,

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OUR Lord and His Apostles looked upon the entire truthfulness and utter trustworthiness of that body of writings which they called "Scripture," as so fully guaranteed by the inspiration of God, that they could appeal to them confidently in all their statements of whatever kind as absolutely true; adduce their deliverances on whatever subject with a simple "It is written," as the end of all strife; and treat them generally in a manner which clearly exhibits that in their view "Scripture says" was equivalent to "God says."

Following this example and teaching, the Westminster Confession of Faith calls "all the books of the Old and New Testament," in their entirety, "Holy Scripture or the Word of God written" (I, 2), "all which," it affirms, "are given by inspiration of God," who is "the author thereof," being himself "truth itself" (I, 4). Accordingly, it declares all these "books of the Old and New Testament," in their entirety, to be "of infallible truth and divine authority" (I, 5), and asserts that "a Christian believeth to be true whatsoever is revealed in the Word, for the authority of God himself speaking therein" (XIV, 2). For the further clearing of difficulties, the Confession distinguishes between trans-

lations of Scripture and the originals, and with reference to the originals between the transmitted and the original text (I, 8). Of translations, it declares that they competently transmit the Word of God for all practical purposes. Of the transmitted text, it affirms that it has been providentially kept so pure as to retain full authoritativeness in all controversies of religion. Of the original text, it asserts that it was "immediately inspired of God"—a technical term in common theological use at the time, by which the idea of divine authorship, in the highest sense of the word, is conveyed. To this original text alone, therefore, it is to be understood, are attributed, in their fullest sense, the various "qualities" of Scripture which are ascribed to it in the Confession, on the ground of its being the Word of God—such as divine authority, perfection, perspicuity, entire trustworthiness, and the like.

Efforts are at present being made to undermine the historical truthfulness of the scriptural history, in the interests of a school of criticism whose view of the historical development of religious usages and doctrines in Israel is not accordant with that of the biblical writers. The Presbyterian Church has thus been forced, under the constitutional provision of its Form of Government (XII, 5), to remind the churches of its communion of their confessional doctrine of Scripture, which is being attacked and endangered by this advocacy of a historically untrustworthy Bible. In the course of the controversy which has arisen, the phrase which has been placed at the head of this article has somehow been forced to the front, and a strong effort is being made to make it appear the sole "bone of contention." This is not at all the case. The present controversy concerns something much more vital than the bare "inerrancy" of the Scriptures, whether in the copies or in the "autographs." It concerns the trustworthiness of the Bible in its express declarations, and in the fundamental conceptions of its writers as to the course of the history of God's dealings with his people. It concerns, in a word, the authority of the biblical representations concerning the nature of revealed religion, and the mode and course of its revelation. The issue raised is whether we are to look upon the Bible as containing a divinely guaranteed and wholly trustworthy account of God's redemptive revelation, and the course of his gracious dealings with his people; or as merely a mass of more or less trustworthy materials, out of which we are to sift the facts in order to put together a trustworthy account of God's redemptive revelation and the course of his dealings with his people. It is of the greatest importance that the Presbyterian Church should not permit its attention to be distracted from this serious issue.

Nevertheless, altho the phrase "the inerrancy of the original autographs" is not an altogether happy one to express the doctrine of the Scriptures and of the Westminster Confession as to the entire truthfulness of the Scriptures as given by God, yet it is intended to express this doctrine, and does, in its own way, sharply affirm it; and the strenuous opposition to it which has arisen, has its roots in doubt or denial of this scriptural and confessional doctrine. It is important here too, therefore, that the true issue should not be permitted to be confused by the skillful manipulation of a mere phrase. It has therefore seemed proper to call attention to some of the curiosities of the recent controversial use of this phrase with a view to keeping the real issue clear.

It is certainly a curiosity of the controversial use of a phrase, to see the Church's limitation of her affirmation of the absolute truth and trustworthiness of the Scriptures in all their declarations, to those Scriptures "as they came from God," represented as an additional strain upon faith. Would these controversialists have the Church affirm the absolute truth of scribes' slips and printers' errors? If we were to take some of them "at the foot of the letter," they would seem to represent it as easier to believe in the infallibility of compositors and proof readers than in the infallibility of God. Everybody knows that no book ever was printed, much less hand-copied, into which some errors did not intrude in the process; and as we do not hold the author responsible for these in an ordinary book, neither ought we to hold God responsible for them in this extraordinary book which we call the Bible. It is *the Bible* that we declare to be "of infallible truth"—the Bible that God gave us, not the corruptions and slips which scribes and printers have given us, some of which are in every copy. Yet a recent writer, with a great show of solemnity, calls upon the Presbyterian Church for "a frank and full disavowal," "of any intention to make the Inerrancy of the Original Autographs (as distinguished from *the Bible as it is*) a test of orthodoxy." But what is it that distinguishes "the Bible as it is" from the Original Autographs? Just scribes' corruptions and printers' errors; nothing else. And so this controversialist would have the Church "frankly and fully" disavow attaching more inerrancy to the Word of God, given by inspiration to men, than to the errors and corruptions of careless or bungling scribes and printers! Taken literally, this demand would amount to a strong asseveration of the utter untrustworthiness of the Bible.

It is another curiosity of the controversial use of a phrase, to find the Church's careful definition of the complete truth and trustworthiness of the Scriptures as belonging, as a matter of course, only to the genuine text

of Scripture, represented as an appeal from the actually existing texts of Scripture to a lost autograph—as if it were the autographic *codex* and not the autographic text that is in question. Thus, we have heard a vast deal, of late, of “the first manuscripts of the Bible which no living man has ever seen,” of “Scriptures that have disappeared forever,” of “original autographs which have vanished”; concerning the contents of which these controversialists are willing to declare, with the emphasis of italics, that they know nothing, that no man knows anything, and that they are perfectly contented with their ignorance. Now, again, if this were to be taken literally, it would amount to a strong asseveration that the Bible, as God gave it to men, is lost beyond recovery; and that men are shut up, therefore, to the use of Bibles so hopelessly corrupted that it is impossible now to say what was in the original autographs and what not! In proportion as we draw back from this contention—which is fortunately as absurd as it is extreme—in that proportion do we affirm that we have the autographic text; that not only we but all men may see it if they will; and that God has not permitted the Bible to become so hopelessly corrupt that its restoration to its original text is impossible. As a matter of fact, the great body of the Bible is, in its autographic text, in the worst copies of the original texts in circulation; practically the whole of it is in its autographic text in the best texts in circulation; and he who will may to-day read the autographic text in large stretches of Scripture without legitimate doubt, and, in the New Testament at least, may know precisely at what rarely occurring points, and to what not very great extent, doubts as to the genuineness of the text are still possible. If our controversial brethren could only disabuse their minds of the phantom of an autographic *codex*, which their excitement has raised (and which, apart from their excited vision “no living man has ever seen”), they might possibly see with the Church that genuine text of Scripture which is “by the singular care and providence of God” still preserved to us, and might agree with the Church that it is to it alone that authority and trustworthiness and utter truthfulness are to be ascribed.

Another curiosity of controversy is found in the representation that the Church, in affirming the entire truthfulness and trustworthiness of the genuine text of Scripture, asserts that this text is wholly free from all those difficulties and apparent discrepancies which we find in “the Scriptures as we have them.” Of course the Church has never made such an assertion. That some of the difficulties and apparent discrepancies in current texts, disappear on the restoration of the true text of Scripture is undoubtedly true. That all the difficulties and apparent discrepancies in current texts of Scripture are matters of textual corruption, and not, rather, often of historical or other ignorance on our own part, no sane man ever asserted. We must not, indeed, confuse *real* discrepancies and *apparent* discrepancies, quoting Dr. Charles Hodge’s confession (“Syst. Theol.,” I, 170), of his inability “to account for” some of the difficulties of the Bible, to justify our implication that they may very easily be accounted for—viz., as natural human errors in the genuine text of Scripture. The Church does indeed affirm that the genuine text of Scripture is free from real discrepancies and errors; but she does not assert that the genuine text of Scripture is free from those apparent discrepancies and other difficulties, on the ground of which, imperfectly investigated, the errancy of the Bible is usually affirmed. The Church recognizes her duty to preserve the text of “the Scriptures of truth” committed to her keeping pure, and to transmit it pure to future generations; it is only that text that she trusts, and only on it will she hang the credit of her teachings. But she does not expect to be freed from the duty of studying this text, or from the duty of defending it against the assaults of unbelief. It would be a miraculously perfect text indeed with which imperfectly informed men could not find fault.

Still another curiosity of the present controversy is found in the constant asseveration which we hear about us, that the distinction drawn by the Presbyterian Church between the genuine text of Scripture and the current and more or less corrupt texts in general circulation, is something new. This is a rather serious arraignment of the common sense of the whole series of preceding generations. What! Are we to believe that no man, until our wonderful nineteenth century, ever had acumen enough to detect a printer’s error or to realize the liability of hand-copied manuscripts to occasional corruption? Are we really to believe that the happy possessors of “the Wicked Bible” held “Thou shalt commit adultery” to be as divinely “inerrant” as the genuine text of the Seventh Commandment—on the ground that the “inerrancy of the original autographs of the Holy Scriptures” must not be asserted “as distinguished from the Holy Scriptures which we now possess”? Or, that those who read in their copies at 1 Cor. 15: 51 (as the possessors of one edition did), “We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,” would violently defend “the Bible as it is” against the claims of the genuine text? Of course, every man of common sense from the beginning of the world, has recognized the difference between the genuine text and the errors of transmission, and has attached his confidence to the former in rejection of the latter.

Richard Baxter was speaking no more for himself than

for his whole age, and all the ages before him, when he defended the present position of the Presbyterian Church with such direct statements as these: “All that the holy writers have recorded is true (and no falsehood in the Scriptures but what is from the error of scribes and translators);” “No error or contradiction is in it, but what is in some copies, by the failure of preservers, transcribers, printers and translators;” and many more passages of the same purport. In exactly similar manner Calvin and Luther repeatedly assign special difficulties to the corrupt form of transmitted Scripture as distinguished from the genuine text—no doubt sometimes without sufficient warrant; but that is so far from being the question that it is an additional evidence of their full recognition of the distinction in discussion. The fathers, because they were dependent on manuscript (as distinct from printed) texts, in which corruption was unavoidably greater, were even more free in assuming that difficulties which they could not explain were due to corruption of text, rather than to lack of insight, on their part, and much more rather than to aboriginal error in Scripture. Augustine’s statement fairly represents the judgment of the patristic age:

“I have learned to defer this respect and honor to the canonical books of Scripture alone, that I most firmly believe that no one of their authors has committed any error in writing. And if in their writings I am perplexed by anything which seems to me contrary to truth, I do not doubt that it is nothing else than either that the manuscript is corrupt, or that the translator has not followed what was said, or that I have myself failed to understand it.”

From these facts alone, it is already apparent how seriously erroneous it is to say, as has been recently said, that the Westminster divines never “thought of the original manuscripts of the Bible as distinct from the copies in their possession.” They could not help thinking of them. I fancy I see John Lightfoot’s face, on some one making that remark to him, just after he had risen from the composition—say of his “Harmony, Chronicle and Order of the New Testament.” And I should vastly like to read his account of the remark and of his answer to it, as he might write it to one of his friends—say to “the great Mr. Selden, the learnedest man upon the earth,” or to “the all-learned Mr. Wheelocke, to whom nothing is too difficult or unattainable,” or to “the admirable Dr. Usher, the magazine of all manner of literature and knowledge”—who was just then helping Walton in the preparation of his great polyglott. I should like to see how such a remark would affect Samuel Rutherford, while the ink was still wet on the pages of his controversy with John Goodwin on the very point of the relation of the inspired autographs to the uninspired but providentially cared-for transmission. Why, this was the burning question as to the Scriptures in the Westminster age. Nobody in that circle doubted the plenary inspiration and absolute errorlessness of the genuine text; the question in discussion was in what sense and to what extent could there be posited a divine superintendence of the transmission, and how far could the current copies and translations be depended on as vehicles of the Word of God. The Westminster men took high ground in the controversy; and their writings are full of the echoes of it.

It is, therefore, thoroughly misleading to represent the distinction made in the Westminster Confession between the “*immediate inspiration*” of the original text of Scripture and the *providential supervision* of the transmission as either accidental or meaningless. The historical doubt really is not whether it may not mean less than is now attributed to it, but whether it must not mean more. And the declaration of the Presbyterian Church that her Standards teach that “the inspired Word as it came from God is without error,” is a simple affirmation of the obvious meaning of those Standards, and certainly is accordant with the teachings of the Bible and within the limits of common sense.

PRINCETON, N. J.

REMINISCENCES OF GARIBALDI.

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWKES, M.A.

THERE are some days and hours of one’s life that remain as vivid and bright upon the canvas of memory as those mosaics in St. Peter’s which record exactly the tints of Raphael’s “Transfiguration,” that hangs now somewhat faded in the Vatican. The autumn of the year 1860 thus arises before me—in scene after scene. I can number the eventful days, almost the hours, which made me acquainted with the Italian revolution at its culminating point of triumph, and which brought me face to face with the great patriot, soldier, liberator and dictator of the Two Sicilies—Joseph Garibaldi.

It was a glorious moonlight night. Our steamer of the *Messagerie Imperiale* was crowded with volunteers flocking to Naples, just in time to be too late for the battle of the Volturno. Young English scapegraces, with more money and leisure than brains, in brand-new scarlet uniforms—volunteer soldiers, who found nothing to do but to kick their heels about Naples—Queen’s messengers accredited to a royal personage, who had already fled to Gaeta—adventurers of all kinds, myself among the number. It was a mixed, very mixed, company. Somehow none of us could sleep; we went down to our

berths and came up again to find a restless crew of all sorts and conditions of men and women pacing the deck, smoking, talking, in little excited knots. I snatched at last an hour’s sleep before daybreak, and hurried up on deck just in time to see the sun rise gorgeously over Italy. The sky was a serene and cloudless pale blue, the water a shimmer of gold and silver wavelets; the lovely Bay of Naples was thronged with every conceivable craft, from the lordly French and English war ships riding at anchor side by side, to the wandering lateen sail, rude fishing smack, or tubby rowboats that plied ceaselessly to and fro, manned by what looked like, and in all probability were, Neapolitan banditti. Before I had been a week in Naples I made the pleasing discovery that between a Neapolitan and a bandit there was little distinction. The most peaceable-looking and affable citizens would try their hand at the trade on occasion in those troubled times. I was myself once nearly assassinated by a *veturino*, who got me between him and a wall in a dark passage and drew his knife with a view of extorting five francs too much; when it came to that, having unluckily left my pocket revolver at my rooms, discretion being the better part of valor, I elected to pay. The price of assassination was just then down to a very moderate figure. When I was in Milan, in the spring of ’60, it cost about fifteen francs to get a man stuck; but at Naples it could be done for about five francs—exactly the sum I paid for my own life—and thought at the time rather cheap at the money.

I shall never forget the scene on landing. The helpless Neapolitan police, whose occupation was of course gone, hung about still in Bomba’s blue uniform; but the blue blouse had been ousted by the red shirt, and they had no authority. One asked me mechanically for my passport; but I laughed in his face, and he shrugged his shoulders and laughed back. There was no government in Naples but the word and the will of the Dictator. Soon after Garibaldi took the town, he left, and lived mostly at Caserta, and General Turri was appointed nominal governor of Naples, Garibaldi being engaged in prosecuting the dilatory siege of Capua from the heights of St. Angelo. No one had any money except a few English tourists; but as swarms of Garibaldians had to go to and fro from Naples to Caserta, where was the military hospital, garrison and general depot, Garibaldi ordered the trains to run for nothing; and I have actually been backward and forward without paying a cent. It was supposed that there was some money in the Neapolitan Bank, especially as the unhappy King of Naples, greatly to the indignation of his beautiful and plucky young wife, had offered Garibaldi £30,000 to go and attack Venice instead. The only guard at the bank, however, was a raw boy of sixteen in a red shirt and ragged boots, who walked up and down before that national edifice with a drawn sword, looking very sheepish and tired.

Of course the town was still in the wildest ferment about Garibaldi’s recent entry into Naples and the flight of the king. The king, however, had left Naples strongly guarded with troops, who had injunctions to resist the great bandit to the death. What followed is one of the most astounding and sensational events in history, ancient or modern. I know no parallel to it for sheer romance and inspired daring. There is but one other figure that can be compared to Garibaldi at Naples—it is that of Gordon at Khartoum; but Gordon failed—Garibaldi succeeded. After landing on the Calabrian coast, and taking Reggio by storm with a handful of men, most of whom he left there to garrison the place, Garibaldi pushed on toward Naples with astonishing rapidity, accompanied by only a few tried followers, rousing the villages through which he passed.

On the seventh of October he arrived at Salerno, leaving behind him the few troops and the greater part of the motley throng of country folk who had accompanied him. He advanced almost alone to take Naples. The train that steamed out of Salerno contained only Garibaldi and his staff, a few revolted National Guards, and some English amateurs; but out of Torre del Greco, Resina and Portici, swarmed a surging multitude. They boarded the engine, the train had to be stopped, the railway was almost impassable for the dense masses that kept thronging on to the lines with the wildest shouts and transports of enthusiasm. Slowly the train began to move, and it was thus at last the invading army approached Naples.

I wrote at the time from Naples:

“Inside the station, by means of temporary barricades and a strong guard extemporized on the spot, some order was maintained. Outside, the scene baffled all power of description. Horses and carriages apparently piled on the top of each other, with masses of human beings piled on the top of them. Ladies covered with Sardinian scarfs on foot, on horseback, on donkeys, or crushed to pieces. Swarms of lazzarone with a bit of red somewhere, gaping Neapolitan *gens d’armes* and stupefied national guards, rival committees with rival flags shouting, ‘*Viva Garibaldi! Viva Victor Emanuele! Viva l’Italia!*’ All the din blended together, with drums and trumpets, and a pandemonium of brass instruments attempting Garibaldi’s hymn in a hundred different places and a dozen different keys; and as a kind of background to this turbulent scene the Castello Nuovo and the St. Elmo fortresses, dark, silent, bristling with loaded cannon and crowded with sullen Neapolitan soldiers, who alone took no part in the fes-