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Doctrinal Theology.

BIBLIOLOGY.

(Concluded.)

The doctrine of the inspiration of Scripture, the essentials of which have been presented in our last issue, is the cardinal topic of Bibliology. According to this doctrine, the Bible was written by divine inspiration¹⁾ inasmuch as the inspired penmen²⁾ performed their work as the personal organs³⁾ of God,⁴⁾ especially of the Holy Spirit,⁵⁾ who not only prompted and actuated them toward writing what they wrote,⁶⁾ but also suggested to them both the thoughts and the words they uttered as they wrote.⁷⁾

1) 1 Tim. 3, 16.

2) Rom. 15, 15. 1 Cor. 5, 9. 2 Cor. 2, 3. 4. 9. Gal. 1, 20. Phil. 3, 1. 1 Tim. 3, 14. 1 John 1, 4; 2, 1. 13. John 5, 46. 47. Luke 3, 4. Matt. 13, 14; 15, 7. Luke 20, 42.

3) Matt. 2, 5. 17; 8, 17; 12, 17; 13, 35; 24, 15; 27, 9. 35. Acts 2, 16; al.

4) Matt. 1, 22. Acts 4, 24. 25. Hebr. 4, 7. Rom. 9, 25; 1, 2.

5) Acts 1, 16; 28, 25. 2 Sam. 23, 1. 2. 2 Pet. 1, 19—21. 1 Pet. 1, 11. 12. Matt. 13, 11. Luke 12, 12.

6) 2 Pet. 1, 21. 2 Tim. 3, 16. Rom. 15, 18. 19. Gal. 1, 11. Jer. 30, 2.

7) Jer. 30, 2. Rom. 15, 18. 1 Thess. 2, 13. Acts 2, 4. 2 Pet. 1, 19—21. John 10, 34. 35. Matt. 22, 43. 44. Rom. 15, 9—12. Gal. 3, 16. Rom. 10, 16. 1 Pet. 3, 6. Heb. 12, 26. 27; 8, 8. 13; 7, 20. 21; 4, 7. Rom. 4, 6. 7. 9. Eph. 4, 8. 9. John 7, 42. Luke 16, 17.

Theological Review.

The age of the Renaissance. By Paul Van Dyke. With an introduction by Henry Van Dyke. New York, the Christian Literature Co. MDCCCXCVII. XXII and 397 pages; price: \$1.00.

In the January issue of the QUARTERLY we have reviewed Dr. Du Bose's work on *The Ecumenical Councils* as an exponent of American progressive theology. Here we have a volume of the same series,¹⁾ widely differing from the former in plan and execution, but likewise typical of its kind. Modern progressive theology is thoroughly untheological. So is this book. It is a clever book, by a clever man, for clever people. It is rich in historical detail. Persons and events are generally well grouped and arranged. The style is brisk and rhythmical. But when a book professes to exhibit an "epoch of church history," the reader is entitled to more than all this. Church history is the history of the wondrous work of God carried on in this world by the Gospel of Christ for the salvation of sinners, and of the progress of this work, the obstacles thrown in its way, the reverses which it encounters, the persons by whom and the favorable or unfavorable circumstances under which it is advanced or retarded. This work of God must ever be foremost in the church historian's mind, no matter how prominent the rival or adverse factors or movements may make themselves. The writer of ecclesiastical history must never forget that the being and well-being of the church depends upon the Gospel, the means of grace, that letters and learning, however brilliant and prolific they may be, can never in themselves secure or restore the prosperity of the church of Christ or lay low the synagogue of Antichrist. Rulers and potentates, high seats and shining

1) "Ten Epochs of Church History."

lights of learning and literature, political and social conflicts and revolutions, the ascendancy and decadence of empires and nations, are of interest and importance to the writer of church history only as they have in their day and in succeeding ages sustained a relation to the Gospel of Christ and its work, and to point out that relation is one of his chief tasks and duties. Why was it that the so-called reformatory councils of the XV century, Pisa, Costnitz, and Basel, while professing to attempt a reformation of the church in head and members, not only failed in the end, but did not even make the slightest beginning of a reformation of the church? Why was Girolamo Savonarola, one of the grandest preachers of all ages, a man of sincere piety, and a valiant impugner of the tyranny of Rome, still unfit to bring about a reformation of the church even where his influence was more powerful than that of any other man? Why were the Humanists jointly or severally, Italian, German, and English alike, the magnificent Mediceans, Reuchlin, Erasmus, Morus, and all their numerous disciples, unable to cope with the mystery of iniquity, that scarlet woman, drunken with the blood of the saints? What was the fundamental difference between Luther and Erasmus, whereby Luther was as truly and consistently as Erasmus was not and could not be a reformer of the church? The answers to these and similar questions must appear on the pages of a work which would exhibit the age of the Renaissance as an epoch of church history. And here the book before us comes short of what it should furnish forth. The great distinctive feature of the period here portrayed is Humanism. But it is a gross misconception to mistake Humanism for a reformatory movement. Our author introduces a long account of the second generation of the men of the New Learning, "because the success of their movement finally brought about the end of the drama in the triumph of reform."¹⁾ This is crediting these "men of the New Learn-

1) p. 145.

ing" with what they have not achieved, because they neither would nor could achieve it. Of the Reformation he says:—

“The Reformation of Religion in the sixteenth century was a European movement, the result of forces which had been working for generations, and the men who made it were also made by it. . . . For one hundred years the transalpine world had asked again and again for the ‘reform of the church in head and members’ which the Council of Constance had left to the Popes. And when Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII., Alexander VI., Julius II., and Leo X. had demonstrated the unwillingness of the Papacy to reform itself, the Council of the Lateran chose that instant to revoke the decrees of Constance and deny the right of the church to reform the Papacy. The loyalty with which the nations of the north had clung, in spite of almost unbearable rebuffs and disappointments, to the venerable institution of their fathers was exhausted. They were weary of patience. At last they were reluctantly compelled to admit that they were confronted, not by an ecclesiastical theory, but by an intolerable religious situation. They abandoned all hope of reform and ripened rapidly to revolution. And the men who could give voice and form to this new desire were at hand among the Younger Humanists.”—pp. 340 f.

This is again putting a thoroughly and radically wrong construction upon the Reformation. The humanistic Renaissance was essentially the resuscitation of the classical literature of ancient Greece and Rome and of the spirit by which that literature was pervaded. That spirit was not of God, not Christian, but pagan, either positively irreligious and antireligious, carnal and sensual, or at best imbued with a false religion, that of so-called virtuous heathen, a religion of works, and therefore directly opposed to Christianity, the religion of faith and grace. Thus Humanism might very consistently, as it actually did, join hands with Romanism, which is also a religion of works. Humanism might even, as it was in Leo X, be enthroned on the Roman see, and rule at the pontifical court, as it did for generations; but it could never in itself reform the church of Christ, break the fetters of Antichrist, set the enslaved conscience free, and restore to the bride of Jesus Christ her dignity and inheritance. Luther himself was not freed from the bondage

of popery by Humanism. After his intercourse with the "poets" at Erfurt, yea, with Plautus and Virgil in his hands, he entered the convent where he took those vows and performed those works for which, as he afterwards said, the earth must have swallowed him but for the excessive longsuffering of God, and whence with his Humanism and Romanism together he would have sunk into hell in hopeless despair, if God had not quickened and freed him into life and liberty by the same means whereby the reformation of the church was to be effected: the Gospel of the grace of God, the doctrine of justification by faith. As in the days of Paul, when to the enlightened Greeks the gospel of Christ crucified was foolishness,¹⁾ it pleased God by foolishness of preaching to save them that believed,²⁾ and thus to build his church on the one foundation than which none other can be laid,³⁾ so in the days of the Reformation, when the wisdom of those Greeks of old had been dug up and polished to its pristine lustre, it could not make wise unto salvation any more than before its burial, and God chose to rebuild his church, not by the dialogues of Plato, but by the Gospel of which Paul had not been ashamed,⁴⁾ though to many of the Humanists as well as to other Papists it was both a stumbling block and a foolishness. And thus it was that the Reformation of the XVI century was successful, unlike the reformatory efforts of the XV century, of Jean Charlier de Gerson, Pierre d'Ailly, Nicol. de Clemengis, Emperor Sigismund, not one of whom knew or learned to know that the Roman hierarchy had not only degenerated by abuses, but was wrong and ungodly in principle, a perversion of the Christian religion and an insurrection against Christ, the sole head and teacher and foundation and savior of his church, and that, therefore, a true reformation could not consist in reforming that hierarchy in head and members, but only in rejecting and abandoning it as antichristian

1) 1 Cor. 1, 23.

3) 1 Cor. 3, 11.

2) 1 Cor. 1, 21.

4) Rom. 1, 16.

to the core and incapable of reform. The Reformation of the XVI century was so far from being a work of the Humanists or a result of the New Learning, that it was even in various respects opposed and retarded by humanistic interests and their representatives, by such men as Erasmus and More, and the humanistic spirit in Melanchthon and Zwingli did more real harm to the cause of the Reformation than all the Old School men and Charles V and Henry VIII taken together.

We now proceed to give a number of extracts which will interest the reader and serve as fair specimens of what the book contains.

“The general movement of the human spirit during the fourteenth century, producing patriotism, new theories on the seat of authority, and the desire for freedom, found a special expression for itself in Italy in the beginnings of the New Learning or the movement of the Humanists. This used, by a narrowness of thought and diction, to be called the Renaissance, but is now rightly regarded as only the intellectual centre of that broad movement which affected every side of life.

To define so complex a movement as the New Learning is impossible. It can best be made clear in a sketch of the work and character of Petrarch, the prophet and prototype of Humanism, who died at Arquà, near Padua, three years before the return of the Papacy from Avignon.

His father was a Florentine notary, banished by the same decree with Dante, who finally settled at Avignon to practice his profession in the neighborhood of the Papal court. In the jurist's library were some manuscripts of Cicero, and as soon as Petrarch could read he loved them. Doubtless his father, who destined the lad for the law, smiled approval at such appropriate tastes. But he soon found out his mistake. This youngster with a voice of extraordinary power and sweetness, who loved to play his lute and listen to the song of the birds, was not seeking in the works of the great Roman lawyer legal information. It was the majestic swing, the noble music, of the Ciceronian Latin which charmed him, and as the years went on he suffered the pangs which have been common in all ages to the lovers of the Muses held by parental worldly wisdom to the study of the law. Bad reports came back from the tutors of Montpellier and Bologna. Reproaches and excuses ended in a parental raid, which

discovered under the bed a hidden treasure of tempting manuscripts. They were promptly condemned to the flames, and only the tears of the lad saved a Virgil and one speech of Cicero, to be, as the father said, smiling in spite of himself at the desperate dismay of the convicted sinner, one for an occasional leisure hour, the other to help in legal studies. And Virgil and Cicero became to Petrarch lifelong companions. The copy of the Aeneid thus saved from the flames had been made by his own hand, and he wrote in it the date of the death of his son, his friends, and the woman he loved. It was stolen from him once, and returned after ten years, and he wrote in it the day of its loss and the day of its return. To Petrarch Virgil was "lord of language," a character noble as his genius, half poet and half saint, a divine master. But to say this was only to repeat Dante, and Petrarch did little for the influence of the Mantuan—could not, indeed, escape from that habit of allegorical interpretation which thought of a poet as a riddle-maker whose object was not to make truth clear and beautiful, but obscure.

But Petrarch may with truth be called the modern discoverer of Cicero. Not, indeed, that Cicero's name was before unknown, but that Cicero's works were little read and still less understood. Many of his finest pieces had not been seen for generations. And from his youth, Petrarch followed like a sleuth-hound every possible trace of a lost manuscript. When, riding along the roads, he caught sight of an old cloister, his first thought was, 'is there a Cicero manuscript in the library?' In the midst of a journey he suddenly determined to stop at Liege, because he heard there were many old books in the city, and his reward was two unknown speeches of Cicero. He not only hunted himself, but as his circle of friends and his means increased, he spread his efforts to Germany, Greece, France, Spain, and Britain—wherever any chance of a find was suggested. Of course he had his disappointments. Once he imagined he had secured the lost 'Praise of Philosophy'; but though the style was Cicero's, he could read nothing in it to account for Augustine's enthusiasm, which had first put him on the track. At last the doubt was ended, for he found a quotation in another writing of Augustine's which was not in his manuscript. He was the victim of a false title. And when he discovered that what he had was an extract of the 'Academica,' he always afterwards rated it as one of the least valuable of Cicero's works. Then he thought that he had found the treatise on 'Fame.' He loaned the volume which contained it, and neither he nor the world has ever seen it since—surely the costliest book loan on record.

But no disappointment damped his enthusiasm. When the manuscript of Homer was sent to him as a present from Constantinople, though he could read no word of Greek, nor find any one who could, he knew that this was the book beloved of Horace and Cicero. He took it in his arms and kissed it. How great must have been his joy when, in the cathedral library of Verona, he unexpectedly stumbled on an old half-decayed manuscript of some of Cicero's letters! He was sick and tired, but he would trust his frail treasure to no copyist. He announced his find to Italy in an epistle to Cicero himself, and henceforth he enriched literature by a stream of citations whose source, warned by experience, he never trusted out of his own hands. Why he never allowed it to be copied during his lifetime can best be explained by those collectors who dislike to have replicas made of their pictures. Nor was he content with the writings of antiquity. The portraits of Roman emperors on coins excited his imagination. Others had collected coins and medals as rarities, but he was the first modern to understand their value as historical monuments.

From the great men of the past he learned to exercise a common-sense criticism on the methods and results of the traditional learning of his time. In scorn and enthusiasm he flung himself with all his powers on the scholastic system of instruction, and denounced the universities as nests of ignorance, adorning fools with pompous degrees of master and doctor. In particular he objected to the division of the disciplines. If he were asked what art he professed he would answer that there was but one art, of which he was a humble disciple: the art of truth and virtue, which made the wisdom of life. But he was not content with vague denunciation. The professors of every discipline—history, arithmetic, music, astronomy, philosophy, theology, and eloquence—heard his voice accusing them of an empty sophistry without real relation to life.

The objects of his first and bitterest attacks were astrology and alchemy, whose pretensions flattered the ear of princes and dazzled the hopes of peasants. He denounced astrology, stamped with the authority of a teacher's chair at Bologna and Padua, as a baseless superstition, and, in the very spirit of Cicero toward the augurs, related with glee how a court astrologer at Milan had told him that, though he made a living out of it, the whole science was a fraud. He accused the physicians also of being charlatans. When Pope Clement VI. was ill, Petrarch wrote a letter warning him against them. He was wont to say that no physician should cross his threshold, and when custom compelled him to receive them in his old age,

wrote with humor of his persistence in neglecting all their orders and his consequent return to health. But he made far more effective attacks than any mere witty expression of a personal mood. To his friend the distinguished physician Giovanni Dondi he gave strong reasons for his scorn of the ordinary practitioner. He did not deny that there might be a science of medicine. He suggested that the Arabs had made a beginning of it. But he denied to the empirics and pretenders who were imposing on the people by wise looks and long words every title of real learning. And he pointed out as the path to a science of health and disease the entirely different method of modern medicine. The lawyers so hated in his youth felt the lash of his invective. He called them mere casuists, splitting hairs in a noble art once adorned by the learning and eloquence of Cicero, but sunk to a mere way of earning bread by clever trickery in the hands of men ignorant and careless of the origin, history, and relations of the principles of law. And he took a keen delight in pointing out the blunders in history and literature made by the greatest jurist of his time. But it was in philosophy that he came into sharpest conflict with the scholastic method, which hung like a millstone around the neck of learning. To make dialectics an end instead of a means he called putting the practice of boys into the place of the finished wisdom of men. Logic was only an aid to rhetoric and poetry, and ideas worth far more than the words which the schoolmen put in their place. When they hid behind the shield of Aristotle, Petrarch was not dismayed. In the pamphlet 'Concerning his Own Ignorance and that of Many Others' he dared to say that Aristotle was a man and there was much that even he did not know. And he finally asserted that, while no one could doubt the greatness of Aristotle's mind, there was in all his writings no trace of eloquence—a word which took as much courage to cast as the stone from the shepherd's sling that freed Israel.

It was the word of an independent. And this independence, this assertion of his personal individual judgment marks the second service of Petrarch. He was not only a critic of scholastic methods and an instaurator of learning, but he threw a high light on the value of the individual.

We have seen why the mediaeval man instinctively regarded himself as one of a class. The serf or burgher, the noble or ecclesiastic, was a member of a great corporation, and his chances and duties were limited not only by circumstances and abilities, but by obligations joining him to his fellows in every direction. The necessities of a half-barbarous condition had made the social unit, not the

man nor his family, but the community. And the ideal of the feudal system was a single great organization, ruled in ascending stages by a civil hierarchy of overlords, with every detail of life guided and directed by the spiritual hierarchy of the clergy, who bound or loosed the oaths that held society together, directed consciences by the confessional, and, by denying the means of grace in the sacrament, could cast any man out from the fellowship of God and man in this world and the next. Hence mediaeval society lacked the mobility and freedom needed to develop individuality. In those days traveling was difficult. For the most part a man expected to die where he was born, and to do his duty in that rank of life to which God had called him, unless, indeed, his relation to the social corporation drew him from his home on war or pilgrimage. As against the overwhelming pressure of this corporate sense there was little to develop the consciousness of the ego. Even if the man of the middle ages went to the university, traveled, and mingled with his fellows, his mind was still confined. He found there no chance or impulse to measure the heights and depths of his own nature, or to investigate freely the world without.

The literary instinct of Petrarch has presented in dramatic form the moment when he first broke these bonds and realized the value of self. That love of nature which appears in his sonnets in such close connection with his power of self-analysis gave the occasion. So far as we know, Petrarch was the first modern man to climb a mountain for the sake of looking at the view. About the year 1336, when he was thirty-two years old, he and his brother Gerard set out from Vaucluse to climb Mount Ventoux. Gerard was evidently very much bored. . . . But Petrarch wrote: 'I stood astonished on the top. Under my feet floated the clouds. . . . Thus gazing, now singling out some single object, now letting my sight range far into the distance, now raising eyes and soul to heaven, I unconsciously drew out of my pocket Augustine's 'Confessions,' a book I always carry with me, and it opened at this passage: 'Men go to wonder at the peaks of the mountains, the huge waves of the sea, the broad rivers, the great ocean, the circles of the stars, and for these things forget themselves.' I trembled at these words, shut the book, and fell into a rage with myself for gaping at earthly things when I ought to have learned long ago, even from heathen philosophers, that the soul is the only great and astonishing thing. Silent I left the mountain and turned my view from the things without me to that within.'

And this dramatic announcement marks the beginning of the modern habit of introspection. Naturally he developed the defects

of his qualities, and complains constantly of a spiritual malady he calls *acedia*. Melancholy, the mood of heavy indifference to all objects of thought and feeling—the malaria of the soul,—had long been known. The early fathers denounced it, and the mediæval theologians, who saw much of it in the cloisters, ranked it among the deadly sins. But a single trait of Petrarch's character developed this old-fashioned melancholy into the modern *Weltschmerz*. He was the victim of a ceaseless appetite for fame which no praise could satisfy—a passion which tormented most of the early Humanists and spread from them to the whole society of Italy during the fifteenth century. This passion led him constantly to do things he despised and made such a gulf between his knowledge of what he was and his ideal of what he ought to be that he despaired at times of himself and the world.

For no sketch of Petrarch is complete which fails to show him not only as an instaurator of learning and an asserter of individuality, but also as a humbug. Even Napoleon, with the resources of France to help him, could not pose with the ceaseless subtlety and variety of Petrarch. Every strong and true passion of his soul was mingled with self-seeking and self-consciousness. He was a lover of nature and of solitude; but he always took care to select an accessible hermitage and to let all the world know where he was. When he dwelt in his house by the fountain of Vaucluse, with an old housekeeper and two servants to look after him, and an old dog to lie at his feet, he describes his life among the simple peasants as that of one busily content with watching the beauties of nature and reading the words of the mighty dead, who was willing to let the striving world wag on as it will. But in reality it was that of a scholar listening eagerly to every echo of his fame which reached him from the outer world, and counting the pilgrims drawn to his solitude by his growing reputation. He was fond of beginning his letters, 'in the stillness of the dusky night,' or, 'At the first flush of sunrise,' and perfectly conscious of the interest aroused by the suggested figure of the pale student bent over his books in mysterious and noble loneliness. With that curious weakness which leads inveterate vanity to find pleasure in betraying itself, Petrarch has written that when he fled from cities and society to his quiet houses at Vaucluse or Arqua, he had done it to impress the imaginations of men and to increase his fame; which, like all the acts and words of a *poseur*, was probably about half true and half false.

One who thus enthroned and adored his own genius demanded, of course, tribute from his friends. And in all the letters he ex-

changes with his intimates we find that the topic is never their concerns, but always the concerns of Petrarch. He is fond of decorating his epistles to them with Ciceronian phrases on the nobility of friendship. All the great men of antiquity had friends. But he who stepped from the part of playing chorus to Petrarch's rôle of hero did so at his peril. To criticise his writings even in the smallest was to risk a transference to the ranks of his enemies.

His love for Laura was undoubtedly genuine. There is a breath of real pain in his answer to a teasing friend: 'Oh, would that it were hypocrisy, and not madness!' But Petrarch was not unaware that all the world loves a lover. . . . As his fountain of Vacluse became more beautiful to him because he had made it famous, so he loved Laura more because he had sung his love for all the world to hear.

Petrarch was religious. . . . He is continually denouncing the profligacy of the Papal court at Avignon, whose members deserted their duties at home to live in luxury on the income of benefices they never visited. But Petrarch himself was a priest, canon, and arch-deacon without ever preaching a sermon or saying a mass, residing near his cathedral, or caring for the poor. And no man of his time was more persistent in the attempt to increase his income by adding new benefices to the ones whose duties he already neglected. He who runs may read this in a mass of begging letters, where pride and literary skill ill conceal the eagerness of the request and the wrath and bitterness of disappointment. He was a lover of freedom, whose praises he sang with all his skill. But he shocked even his most faithful friends by accepting the hospitality and making gain of the favor of the Visconti, whose unscrupulous power was threatening every free city of North Italy.

This egotism was fed by such a banquet of admiration as has been spread for few men. The cities of Italy did not wait for his death to rival each other in honoring him. A decree of the Venetian Senate said that no Christian philosopher or poet could be compared to him. The city of Arezzo greeted him with a triumphal procession and a decree that the house of his birth might never be altered. Florence bought the confiscated estates of his father and presented them to the man 'who for centuries had no equal and could scarcely find one in the ages to come;' 'in whom Virgil's spirit and Cicero's eloquence had again clothed themselves in flesh.' Wherever he went men strove who should do him most honor. An old schoolmaster made a long journey to Naples to see him, and arriving too late, followed over the Apennines to Parma, where he kissed his head and hands. Letters and verses in basketfuls brought admiration from

every part of Italy, from France, Germany, England, and even from Greece. Perhaps the most prized of all these symbols of admiration was the bestowal of the poet's crown — a revival of a traditional and seldom-practiced rite. At the age of thirty-six two invitations to receive it reached him on the same day: one from the University of Paris, and one from the Roman Senate. He chose Rome as the inheritor of imperial dignity, the true center of Christendom. Led by a stately procession through the city to the Capitol, he received the crown from the hand of a Senator, delivered a festal speech, and went in procession to St. Peter's, where he knelt before the altar of the apostles and laid his wreath upon it." pp. 20—33.

"Boccaccio was a contemporary of Petrarch's, for he was only nine years younger and died only one year later; but he took toward his friend so entirely the attitude of a disciple that he is always looked upon as a follower and successor. He had neither the greatness nor the meanness of his master. He did not, because he could not, do as much, but he did nothing for effect. He longed for fame, but he scorned riches, not in words alone, but with the pride which several times refused to change the independence of a scholar and a citizen of free Florence to become the favorite of a court. Once only he tried to sit at the table of Maecenas. When the rich Florentine, Niccola Acciajuoli, became Grand Seneschal of Naples, Boccaccio accepted a pressing invitation 'to share his luck' and become his biographer. But when he was given in the splendid palace of his patron a room and service far below that of his own simple house, the proud poet resented the insult by leaving at once, and answered a sarcastic letter from the Seneschal's steward by the only invective which, in an age of quarrels, ever came from his pen. The plump little man, with his merry round face, and twinkling eyes never dimmed by envy, and a clear wit untinted with malice, lived all his life among the bitterest party and personal strifes, he became a distinguished citizen, and conducted with success three important embassies, but he died without an enemy. His enthusiasms were deep and self-forgetful. When he spoke of Dante, whose poem, by a vote of the City Council, he expounded in the cathedral every Sunday and holyday, his eyes moistened and his voice trembled with wonder and love. He writes to Petrarch with a humble and touching joy in his friendship to one so unworthy, which asks for no return. Petrarch used this feeling, which he accepted as if it were a homage due to him, as incense to burn on the altar of his insatiable egotism; but, after all, he loved the faithful Florentine, and left him by will fifty gold florins to buy a fur-lined coat to wear cold nights when he read late.

Boccaccio is known to the untechnical reader only as the author of the Decameron. The book is the beginning and still a model of Tuscan prose, and ranks him forever among the rarest masters of the art men love best—the art of story-telling. He took his material wherever he could, and it is difficult to believe that to offer some of the tender and pure stories of the collection to those who were willing to enjoy some of the others was not casting pearls before the swine. But we must remember that it was written for a princess by a man of the world, who gives no sign that he is offending against good manners. For there existed in that and for succeeding generations an incredible freedom of speech. Whether this of itself indicates a larger license in living than that which prevails among the idle and luxurious of this age, in which vice is spoken of chiefly by *double entendre*, is hard to decide—at least for those who know the vast distinction between essential morality and social custom. But whatever may be the truth of this comparison, it is certain that Boccaccio had lived openly, after the fashion of the age, the life of a libertine, and it is difficult to see how any moral defense of the Decameron as a whole can be accepted by a serious-minded person. The only consolation under the brand-mark of a Philistine which is certain to follow the confession of such a judgment is that Boccaccio himself thought so; for he begged an old friend not to give the book to his wife, who would certainly judge him unfairly by it, or, if he insisted on doing it, at least to explain that he wrote such a thing only in his youth. In his vulgarity, and also to some extent in his repentance, he is a representative of the Humanists. In every generation, from Petrarch down, many of their leaders were willing to use the utmost skill of their pens in promoting the worship of the goddess of lubricity amid the laughter and applause of Italy.”—pp. 62—65.

“Florence, like London to-day, was the centre of trade and the financial exchange of the world. The most remarkable of her merchant princes and rich bankers was Cosimo de’ Medici. His father, Giovanni de’ Medici (died 1428), left to his two sons, Cosimo and Lorenzo, a fortune acknowledged as 179,221 gold florins. This wealth was enormously increased by Cosimo’s skill as a merchant and banker. The figures will indicate what this means. Lorenzo, who died in 1440, left 253,000 florins, Piero, Cosimo’s son, who died in 1469, left 238,000; and, besides the expenses of living, the family spent between 1434 and 1471 in taxes, benefactions, and public buildings 664,000 florins, of which Cosimo, who died in 1464, paid 400,000. So that, beside the expenses of living, the 180,000 florins of the

grandfather had in less than fifty years gained for his descendants 1,000,000 florins, or one half the total coined money circulating in the Republic in 1422.¹⁾ It was the rule, so well illustrated in the history of some American families, that money skilfully handled breeds money; but more than two thirds of the increase of two generations of the Medici accrued to the public benefit in taxes, charities, and gifts to learning or the arts.

The relation of Cosimo to his city can be easily appreciated by the Americans of to-day. He was the boss of the little Republic of Florence, then a city of about ninety thousand inhabitants. His family were among the hereditary leaders of the democracy against the party of millionaire manufacturers and middle-class merchants who desired to retain power in order to control the tariff. And they had been very influential in the uprising of 1378, which resulted in the extension of suffrage to the working-man. Cosimo was simple in his habits, given to hospitality, liberal in sharing the enjoyment of the treasures of art and learning with which his palace was filled, generous where it would do the most good, reserved, but affable of speech. Hiding his secrets behind an impenetrable veil of invariable courtesy, he gathered into his hands all the wires that moved Florentine politics, and, seeking no public honors for himself, was nearly always able to control the City Council and quietly shape the policy of the Republic. His hands were free from taking bribes, though he did not scruple to handle for its full value the patronage he controlled.

The Florentine merchant nobility had long been in the habit of protecting and enjoying art and literature. It was natural, therefore, that Cosimo should employ his striking critical taste, trained by reading and discussion, his enormous wealth, his knowledge of men, finished by travel and the conduct of affairs, his correspondence, spread over all countries of the world, in forming collections of books and manuscripts, in employing men of genius, and becoming the leading patron of art and letters in Italy. The most efficient of his friends and protégés in his work was Niccolò de' Niccoli. He was the son of a small merchant of the city, who, inheriting a very modest fortune, abandoned business and gave himself up to the profession of a connoisseur and collector of manuscripts and objects of

1) These figures do not mean much to the modern reader. The florin was worth about \$2.50, but the cost and scale of living are difficult to estimate. In 1460 the Patriarch of Aquileja was called the richest man in Italy. He left 200,000 florins.

art. The stout little man who always dressed with scrupulous care was very fond of society, and the soul of every company; but somewhat feared withal, because of a touch of sarcasm in his irresistibly funny speeches. He was a good deal of a beau in his younger days, and we learn from letters that he and his friend Bruni used to wait round the doors of the churches to see the pretty girls come out. But he never married, because he knew that if he had a wife he must give up collecting books. He was more than consoled by forming out of his moderate income the best library in Florence—eight hundred manuscripts, all rare, some of them unique. When an over-enthusiastic purchase, as, for instance, the library of Salutato, had reduced him for the time to poverty, he hung on to the books and economized until he could pay for them. He had, besides, a small but good collection of gems, statues, coins, and pictures. But he lived no comfortless life of the traditional old bachelor. He loved to see a piece of fine linen, a crystal goblet, an antique vase, some bits of choice pottery on his table.

He was the centre of correspondence for the Humanists of his day, and not to know Niccoli was to be unknown in the realm of letters. He was the greatest living authority on manuscripts, with an infallible eye for an old codex, and an extended practical knowledge of the then unknown science of diplomatics. He was the first collector who let his uniques be copied, and showed a liberality in regard to his treasures absolutely unequalled. At his death it was found that two hundred of his volumes were loaned. His house was always open and was the meeting-place of the literati and artists of Florence. It was also a sort of free school, for sometimes there were ten or twelve young men reading quietly in the library, while Niccoli walked about the room, giving instructions or asking now one and then another his impressions of what he read. And yet he was no easy man to go on with. His spirit was intensely critical, and a friend writes that even of the dead he never praised any but Plato, Virgil, Horace, and Jerome. He was neglectful of formalities to others and exceedingly touchy in regard to himself, and the later years of the peppery old man were filled with quarrels. Cosimo did everything for him. His word was law in regard to appointments and dismissals at the High School of Florence. And it was understood that whenever he was unable to pay for a book he had only to send a note to Cosimo's cashier, who had standing orders to discount it at once—a graceful way of making a gift, for Niccoli died five hundred florins in his patron's debt. He had always been wont to rebuke the jest against religion of the free-thinkers among his literary

friends, and he made an edifying end. His last words gave directions as to what should be done with his books.

Men like these—for Cosimo and Niccoli were only the most skilful of many connoisseurs of art and letters in Florence—searched the world for the remains of classical antiquity. And there was no lack of patient explorers who gladly gave their years to this service. We have a suggestion of such toils and pleasures in letters describing the book-hunts of three young secretaries at the Council of Constance.

Another very useful man in this book-collecting was Giovanni Aurispa, not much of a scholar, but a skilful buyer, particularly of Greek manuscripts. There was great excitement in Florence when he landed in Venice with two hundred and thirty-eight books in his chests. To pay for them he had sold all he had except the clothes he wore, and still owed fifty florins for freight and other debts. Cosimo's brother immediately advanced the money. But the shrewd Aurispa would not visit Florence till, by sending an occasional volume and an imperfect list of his treasures, he had roused the appetite of the literati to fever-heat. Then he doubtless came well out of the speculation.

These collectors and the patrons whose homes sheltered the inheritance of the past were surrounded by a swarm of teachers and writers, and the wandering masters found more dignified successors in the incumbents of new schools founded in many parts of Italy. The greatest of this generation of teachers are Vittorino da Feltre (1377—1446) and Guarino da Verona (1370—1460). In his youth Guarino had gone to Constantinople to learn Greek of Chrysoloras, and when he was called to Ferrara as tutor to the princes of the royal house he had taught in many cities and was sixty years old. But, old as he was, the real labor of his life, that was to make his name gratefully honored throughout Italy, was just begun. He was lecturer on poetry to the University, and the hearers who soon filled the room included men as well as youth, and not infrequently women. But his genius as a teacher was best displayed in his private school. And his house gathered scholars from all parts of Italy, Dalmatia, Germany, Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, France, England, and the islands of the Levant. . . . There are recorded instances of men, young and old, who, beginning Greek, could, after less than a year in Guarino's house, read it freely and with pleasure. At the age of ninety he called his sons around him, blessed them, and crowned a life of gentle labor with a peaceful death.

But it is in Poggio and Filelfo that we see the typical figure of the Humanist, the successor of Petrarch, a scholar and writer living

by his knowledge and his pen, not directly through teaching or the sale of his books, but by the presents and sinecures offered by admiring patrons.

Poggio Bracciolini (1380—1459) walked into Florence, like Franklin into Philadelphia, with only a few pieces of silver in his pocket. But he soon found a friend in Salutato, who put him in the way of earning a living as a copyist of classical manuscripts; and his beautiful handwriting brought him plenty of work. Niccoli lent him books and money, and, guided by the advice of both, he hammered out for himself without teachers a mastery of Latin and a passable knowledge of Greek. While still a youth he got a position as secretary of the Papal Curia, which he held for fifty years. But his heart was always in Florence, where his treasure of books was, either stored in his little villa, or under the care of his friend Traversari. There he married, when over fifty, a young girl of eighteen, a match which, to the amazement of all his friends, was the happiness of both. He was forty before the discovery of the *Quintilian* at St. Gall brought him anything like fame, and it was afterward that he was ranked among the first scholars and stylists of his day. Poggio did not serve *Minerva* for nothing. He wrote, it is true, essays on 'Avarice' and 'The Greed of Gold,' but both as a curial secretary and litterateur he understood perfectly the art of feathering his nest. His pride was of the vulgar stripe which keeps constantly asking for something, not the noble self-respect of Salutato, which is always content with its wages and stands aside to watch, half in scorn and half in amusement, the universal struggle for the almighty dollar. Until the time when he gave it up and married he was, like Petrarch, a patient hunter of benefices, and no rich patron in Italy need despair of the services of his pen, most skilled in eulogy. Nor did he scruple to skilfully solicit this kind of business.

He was even more skilled in invective than in eulogy. And woe betide the man who in the smallest way crossed Poggio's path. He was pilloried in Latin letters whose style spread them all over Europe. To this rule Guarino was the sole exception. His character awed even the pen of Poggio, and their dispute as to whether Caesar or Scipio was the greatest man was carried on, if not with all the courtesy of an old-fashioned village debating society, yet with what for Poggio was decency. On the other hand, in defending his patron Cosimo against Filelfo he stopped at no personality. No member of his adversary's family was left untouched by dirty accusations. And there was scarcely a crime so mean and unmentionable that he did not accuse his opponent of it. Some allowance must be made, of

course, for the contemporary customs of dispute. But even a tough-skinned generation shrank before the poisoned bitterness of Poggio's darts.

Francesco Filelfo (1398—1481), when he landed in Venice in 1427, had served for five years as secretary to Emperor John in Constantinople, whither he had originally been sent by the Venetian State as secretary of the trade-house — a sort of consul. Two years later he brought his chest of Greek manuscripts and his beautiful young Greek wife, the grand niece of Manuel Chrysoloras, to Florence, to lecture in the employ of the city on Cicero, Livy, Terence, Homer, Thucydides, and Xenophon. He did not stay long. For it is not to be supposed that continual peace brooded over the Florentine garden of the Muses. . . . He went to the High School of Siena, and the war of words passed to knives; for after Filelfo's life had twice been attempted by assassins, hired, as he charged, by Cosimo and his friends, the great Grecian joined with other exiles of the 'noble' party of Florentine politics to hire a band of murderers to kill Cosimo and Marsuppini. . . . But it was not many years before he again sought Cosimo's patronage, promising to destroy all his invectives. And at the end of his life, when he hoped to gain from Lorenzo, Cosimo's grandson, a position at the new university at Pisa, he planned a great eulogy of the Medici in ten books, of which he sent a flattering preface as a sample. And at eighty-three years he was actually recalled to Florence, to die almost on reaching it. Meanwhile he had not suffered. He was always complaining of poverty, even when he had six servants or kept six horses and dressed in silk and fine furs. And his measureless importunity supported this state. For it was actually the believe of the age that the key of the heaven of fame was the pen of the Humanist, and the sale of their eulogies has been well compared with the sale of indulgences by the Church.

For the rest Filelfo and Poggio were pretty thorough heathen. They did not quarrel with the Church, for it was dangerous. . . . But these two most typical Humanists, who sought the glory of men through the glory of letters, and lived by patronage, looked upon the priests as Cicero on the augurs. They dropped altogether the sense of sin which Jesus of Nazareth brought into the world, and when they thus turned to the Greek ideal they did not replace the penitence issuing in the love of God and man of his doctrine by the stoic self-respect which had produced an Epictetus and taught Marcus Aurelius to write that 'even in a palace life might be well lived.' A few of their successors in the New Learning put on the simple garb of that philosophy. But the typical Humanists of this generation, with most

of their successors, set up nothing in place of what they abandoned, and, borrowing one of the worst portraits of classic life, stamped with the authority of culture and good taste those vices which constantly threaten to rot society to the point of dissolution. Filelfo's 'De Jocis et Seriis' has never been printed. His biographer (Rosmini 1808) was ashamed to quote it because of its 'horrible obscenity.' Poggio tells how a knot of choice spirits among the Papal secretaries, all of whom belonged to the clergy, used to meet after work in a remote room of the palace. They called their informal Society 'Bugiale,' or 'The Forge of Lies,' and he collected and published the tales he heard there under the title of 'Facetiae.' It went through twenty-six editions in sixty years. Any one attempting to circulate an English translation through the United States mail could be sent to the penitentiary. Nor was this all. The worship of lubricity became deliberate. In Valla's dialogue 'De Voluptate,' while the formal victory remains with virtue, the freshness and strength of argument are all on the side of the Greek view; and the conclusion, 'Whatever pleases is permitted,' lies near to every reader.

"But in Beccadelli's 'Hermaphroditus,' by which the author won instant fame at the age of thirty-one, the astonished modern reader finds a veritable Priapean orgy. The polished Latin verses, decorated with all the skill of a poet and rhetorician, have for their subject those things which St. Paul says it is a shame even to speak of. It was received with a perfect storm of applause, and gained for Beccadelli the laurel crown of a poet from the hand of the Emperor Sigismund. Not, of course, without protest. . . . But it is certainly a sign of additional corruption to find a crime, now stamped as infamous by every statute-book of Europe, and then punished by death in France, openly praised with more than Turkish cynicism and the applause of men who assumed to lead taste and learning." pp. 124—143.

A. G.

Religions of Primitive Peoples by Daniel G. Brinton, A. M., M. D., LL. D., Sc. D., Professor of American Archaeology and Linguistics in the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London, 1897. Price, \$1.50.

This is an intensely interesting book. It contains the second course of the "American Lectures on the History of Religions" delivered under the auspices of the association which had also arranged the first course, on "the History

and Literature of Buddhism'' by Prof. Rhys Davis.¹⁾ The book is not a theological, but an ethnological work, and the learned author's principles, both philosophical and religious, are utterly untenable. He says:—

“And here I must mention a startling discovery, the most startling, it seems to me, of recent times. It is that these laws of human thought are frightfully rigid, are indeed automatic and inflexible. The human mind seems to be a machine; give it the same materials, and it will infallibly grind out the same product. So deeply impressed by this is an eminent modern writer that he laws it down as ‘a fundamental maxim of ethnology’ that, ‘we do not think; thinking merely goes on within us.’

“These strange coincidences find their explanation in experimental psychology. This science, in its modern developments, establishes the fact that the origin of ideas is due to impressions on the nerves of sense.”—pp. 6 f.

This “startling discovery” of “recent times,” startling as it may be, is neither recent nor a discovery, but a fiction as old as materialistic philosophy. Yet this is the principle upon which Dr. Brinton's entire theory of primitive religion is based. He writes:—

“Nowhere, however, is the truth of it more clearly demonstrated than in primitive religions. Without a full appreciation of this fact, it is impossible to comprehend them; and for the lack of it, much that has been written upon them is worthless. The astonishing similarity, the absolute identities, which constantly present themselves in myths and cults separated by oceans and continents, have been construed as evidence of common descent or of distant transmission; whereas they are the proofs of a fundamental unity of the human mind and of its processes.” p. 9.

Of course, Dr. Brinton is also an evolutionist in anthropology. *We* know something about the earliest men and of their religion, having the authentic record of man's creation and of his intercourse with God in his primeval state; we also know that ours is a fallen, degenerate race,²⁾ and that the gentile nations have passed through a process of

1) See THEOLOGICAL QUARTERLY Vol. I, p. 230—236.

2) Gen. 3—8.

*de*volution under the righteous wrath of God.¹⁾ Dr. Brinton, on the contrary, says:—

“I must define, however, more closely what ethnologists mean by ‘primitive peoples;’ because the word is not used in the sense of ‘first’ or ‘earliest,’ as its derivation would indicate. We know little, if anything, about the earliest men, and their religion would make a short chapter. ‘Primitive’ to the ethnologist means the earliest of a given race or tribe of whom he has trusty information. . . . Hundreds of generations have toiled to produce even their low stage of culture up through others, far inferior, of which we can form some idea by the aid of language and prehistoric archaeology.

“They are therefore not degenerates, ruins fallen from some former high estate, some condition of pristine nobility. That is an ancient error, now, I hope, exploded and dismissed from sane teaching. Even the rudest of savages is a creation of steady, long-continued advancement from the primeval man.—p. 11.

“There must, however, have been a time in the progress of organic forms from some lower to that highest mammal, Man, when he did not have a religious consciousness; for it is doubtful if even the slightest traces of it can be discerned in the inferior animals.”—p. 35 f.

But Dr. Brinton is in the same berth with Mr. Darwin in still another respect. Mr. Darwin and all his disciples have failed to find either among the thousand millions of human beings inhabiting the globe in the latter half of the XIX century, nor among the remains of former generations of men, one single individual not essentially Man. And, likewise, Dr. Brinton cannot point to any period of time when, or any inhabited part of the earth where man, as he is actually known, “did not have a religious consciousness.” Here are his own words:—

“The fact is that there has not been a single tribe, no matter how rude, known in history or visited by travellers, which has been shown to be destitute of religion, under some form.

“The contrary of this has been asserted by various writers of weight, for example by Herbert Spencer and Sir John Lubbock, not

1) Rom. 1, 18—32.

from their own observation, for neither ever saw a savage tribe, but from the reports of travellers and missionaries.

"I speak advisedly when I say that every assertion to this effect when tested by careful examination has proved erroneous." pp. 30 f.

And it is because of the ample detailed substantiation of these statements that we find this to be a highly interesting book. There are in the various chapters several things beside the general principles to which we seriously object, and we are grieved to think that many have heard these lectures and many more will read them who are not sufficiently armored to be proof against the unwholesome influence such teaching is apt to exert. But there is a good deal of material embodied in the book which can be turned to excellent advantage by a theologian, and which would be all the more enjoyable if presented in better surroundings. A number of extracts will be relished by our readers:—

"This question settled, another arises. The religions thus found everywhere among the rudest tribes, did they take root and exert a deep influence on the individual and society, or were they superficially felt, and of slight moment in practical life?

"In reference to this I can scarcely be too positive. No opinion can be more erroneous than the one sometimes advanced that savages are indifferent to their faiths. On the contrary, the rule, with very few exceptions, is that religion absorbs nearly the whole life of a man under primitive conditions. From birth to death, but especially during adult years, his daily actions are governed by ceremonial laws of the severest, often the most irksome and painful characters. He has no independent action or code of conduct, and is a very slave to the conditions which such laws create.

"It is especially visible in the world-wide customs of totemic divisions and the *tabu*, or religious prohibitions. These govern his food and drink, his marriage and social relations, the disposition of property, and the choice of his wives. An infraction of them is out of the question. It means exile or death. The notions of tolerance, freedom of conscience, higher law, are non-existent in primitive communities, except under certain personal conditions which I shall mention in a later lecture. . . .

"Let us take as an example the Dyaks of Borneo. A recent observer describes them as utter slaves to their 'superstitions,' that is, to their religion. 'When they lay out their fields, gather the harvest,

go hunting or fishing, contract a marriage, start on an expedition, propose a commercial journey, or anything of importance, they always consult the gods, offer sacrifices, celebrate feasts, study omens, obtain talismans, and so on, often thus losing the best opportunity for the business itself.'

'This is equally the case with most savage tribes. Mr. J. Walter Fewkes informed me that it was a severe moral shock to the Pueblo Indians to see the white settlers plant corn without any religious ceremony. . . . — pp. 37—39.

'The word to the god is Prayer. It is a very prominent and high universal element in the primitive religions. The injunction 'Pray always' is nowhere else so nearly carried out. Captain Clark, an officer of our army with the widest experience in Indian life, writes: 'It seems a startling assertion, but it is, I think, true, that there are no people who pray more than Indians. Both superstition and custom keep always in their minds the necessity for placating the anger of the invisible and omnipotent power, and for supplicating the active exercise of his faculty in their behalf.'

'In fact, Prayer may be said to be the life of the faith of savage tribes, and it is so recognized by themselves. According to the legends of the Maoris of New Zealand, when they first migrated to the island of Hawaii, they did not bring with them their ancestral gods, but took care to carry along the potent prayers which the gods cannot but hear and grant. . . .

'The earliest hymns and prayers do not, as a rule, contain definite requests, but are general appeals to the god to be present, to partake of the feast which is spread, or to join the dance and continue his good offices toward those who call upon him. Such are the hymns of the Rig Veda, and those of ancient Mexico, which I have collected and published. They are like the *evocatio* deorum of the Romans.

The three forms of 'the Word to the gods,' or Prayer, are those of thanksgiving, by praise or laudation; of petition for assistance or protection; and of penitence or contrition for neglect of duty. All these are common in the most primitive faiths. In all of them you will find the deity appealed to as great, mighty, a lord, a king, terror-inspiring, loving his followers. . . .

As we may expect, most of the petitions in primitive prayers are for material benefits. The burden of most of them is well expressed by one in the Rig Veda: 'O God, prosper us in getting and in keeping!' They ask for increase of goods, abundant food, success in war, and fine weather. . . .

At other times the prayer is for moral control, as in this of a Sioux Indian: 'O my grand father, the Earth, I ask that thou givest me a long life and strength of body. When I go to war, let me capture many horses and kill many enemies. But in peace, let no anger enter my heart.' . . .

In many prayers we find formulas preserved which are no longer understood; and very frequently the power of the prayer is believed to be increased by repeating it a number of times. 'The prayer choruses of nearly all savage tribes offer endless examples of this.' — pp. 103—106.

"The word from the gods is clothed under two forms, the Law and the Prophets, — in other terms, Precept and Prediction. . . .

In the earliest phases of religion, the law is essentially prohibitory. It is in the form of the negative, 'Thou shalt not —.' Ethnologists have adopted for this a word from Polynesian dialects, *tabu*, or *tapu*, akin to *tapa*, to name, that which was solemnly named or announced being sacred, and hence forbidden to the *profanum vulgus*.

The *tabu* extends its veto into every department of primitive life. It forbids the use of certain articles of food or raiment; it hallows the sacred areas; it lays restrictions on marriage, and thus originates what is known as the totemic bond; it denounces various actions, often the most trivial and innocent. . . .

The penalty for the infraction of the *tabu* includes all that flows from the anger of the gods, reaching to death itself." — pp. 108 f.

"The second 'Word from god,' was when it was uttered as a prophecy, a prediction of the future. In this form it appears throughout the world under the innumerable aspects of divination, as oracles, prophetic utterances, forecasts of time to come, second-sight, clairvoyance, and the like." — p. 110.

"The Word concerning the gods. . . . What, indeed, does the term 'myth' itself mean? It is merely the Greek for 'a word,' something spoken, and in this general sense it is used by Homer. Later, its connotation became restricted to what was spoken concerning the gods, the narratives of their doings, the descriptions of their abodes and attributes. . . .

As examples of such notions, I may take the Bushmen of South Africa. They enjoy the general reputation of being the lowest of the human race. They have no temples, no altars, no ritual; yet the missionary Bleek collected among them thousands of tales concerning their gods in their relations to men and animals." — pp. 112 f.

"Look in what continent we please, we shall find the myth of a Creation or of a primeval construction, of a Deluge or a destruction,

and of an expected final restoration. We shall find that man has ever looked on this present world as a passing scene in the shifting panorama of time, to be ended by some cataclysm and to be followed by some period of millennial glory."—pp. 122 f.

"The Creator is often referred to as the Father, the parent, more or less literally, of all that is. . . . We find this in the rudest tribes of North America; and among the sedentary Zunis of New Mexico, it is said of their demiurge Arvonawilona that at the beginning 'he conceived within himself and thought outward in space,' in order to bring nature into existence. . . . According to the myths of Hawaii, it was 'by an act of the will' that their triple-natured Creator 'broke up the night' (Po), and from its fragments evoked into being the world of light and life."—pp. 124 f.

A. G.

The Life of Dr. Martin Luther, offered to the Lutheran Church in America by Prof. W. Wackernagel, D. D., translated from the German by Prof. C. W. Schaeffer, D. D. With 45 illustrations. Fourth edition. Reading, Pa. Published by the Pilger Book Store. 1897. Price, \$1.50.

To write a Life of Luther is one of the most delightful tasks an author may select. The subject is among the grandest in all history. The material is abundant and within easy reach. The plan of arrangement is so distinctly laid out by the course of events, every period and epoch so clearly defined, that it is more difficult to go wrong than right. And when the work is finished, it is almost sure to command a fair sale. As a consequence, there is no lack of "Lives of Luther," especially since the quarto-centennial of the Reformer's birth has given a new and powerful impetus to the study of this chapter of history, of which the greatest German of all centuries, the greatest theologian of post-apostolic times, and one of the greatest men of all ages, is the central figure.

And yet there are comparatively few biographies of Luther which deserve to be unrestrictedly recommended. Some of them are not portraits at all, but vile caricatures,

among them such as were not drawn by mendacious papists who have viewed with unclean eyes and bedaubed with filthy hands the object of their aspersions. Others are painfully flat for want of perspective, or printed from an over-retouched negative, sadly impairing the likeness.

The present volume, the German original of which was first published in 1882, is as to form and substance a creditable book. Of the five general topics of historical composition, it cultivates nearly exclusively that of *narratio*, very little of *descriptio*, *probatio*, *relatio*, and *aestimatio* being interspersed. While this is a defect, it tends to secure the advantage of a smoothly-flowing narrative. It is the story of Luther neatly told, and we hope that it may find many readers also in the present edition. A. G.

Sermons on the Gospels for the Sundays and principal festivals of the church year by Dr. Martin Luther. Translated from the German. Vols. I and II. Rock Island, Ill. Lutheran Augustana Book Concern.—Price, \$2.50.

Sermons on the Passion of Christ by Dr. Martin Luther. Translated from the German. Rock Island, Ill. Lutheran Augustana Book Concern.—Price, 75 cts.

These are in no sense new books except inasmuch as they were recently printed and bound. Luther's House Postil is not a new book, and the three volumes before us are a translation of the House Postil. Nor is the translation a new one, having been first published in 1871 at Columbus, Ohio. The version, as far as we have collated it, is fair, though in some instances the original is not adequately rendered. Thus on p. 17 of the Sermons on the Passion of Christ we read: "From this pit we could not rescue ourselves unless by the help of God." This is not what Luther says, his words being: "Aus solcher Grube, sagt Zacharias, haben wir nicht können kommen, es machte

denn Gott einen Bund mit uns." The English words would seem to imply that we could rescue ourselves, but not without divine assistance, while in Luther's words this is neither said nor implied. That the "Sermons on the Passion of Christ" were published in a separate volume affords an advantage of which many may avail themselves by procuring this volume for use during the lenten season. But we would warmly recommend that all our English-preaching pastors keep this English House-postil within easy reach when they prepare their sermons on the gospels. A. G.

Bible History for parochial and Sunday schools. *St. Louis, Mo. Concordia Publishing House. 1897. Price, 30 cents.*

This book contains 35 chapters of sacred history from the Old Testament and 44 from the New Testament, composed in words of the English Bible, and illustrated with engravings designed for the publishers. It is a text book for schools conducted by competent teachers, and not a substitute for the teacher. This accounts for the absence of notes and questions and similar "aids" with which many modern text books for religious instruction are encumbered. The book is beautifully printed on excellent paper and substantially bound, a model school-book in every way. The only improvements which we should recommend would be the addition of references to the books and chapters of the Bible whence the various stories are taken, and of a map of Palestine. A. G.

A Week of Dedication in eight sermons. 68 pages. Price, 20 cents.

This little volume contains the "sermons preached at the dedication of the new English Ev. Lutheran church of Our Redeemer" at St. Louis, Mo. The contributors to the

collection are the Revv. pastors M. Sommer, R. Kretzschmar, W. P. Sachs, C. L. Janzow, C. C. Schmidt, C. F. Obermeyer, and C. J. O. Hanser. Five of the sermons are English, two, German. An eighth sermon, the author of which is not named, fails in the exegesis of the word "righteousness," Eph. 5, 9, and says some things concerning the "days of Noah" and the people of Sodom, Gomorrah, and Niniveh, which may or may not be true; and the statement that "hypocrites are sinning against the Holy Ghost" is not tenable. Nor do we believe that St. Paul "had been taught a lesson at Athens." But to our brethren in the ministry we can, with these restrictions, cordially recommend this "Week of Dedication," orders for which will be filled by *Rev. W. P. Sachs, 3443 S. Jefferson Ave., St. Louis, Mo.*

A. G.
