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ART I.—*Die Kirchengeschichte des 18 und 19 Jahrhunderts, aus dem Standpunkte des evangelischen Protestantismus betrachtet, in einer Reihe von Vorlesungen, von Dr. K. R. Hagenbach.* Leipzig. 8vo. Vol. I. 1848. pp. 511. Vol. II. 1849. pp. 467.

OTHER works of Dr. Hagenbach have made him sufficiently known as a writer of comprehensive views and unusual sprightliness. This, rather than what the Germans love to call depth, is at the bottom of his popularity. Yet he is decidedly a German; looking on the world's history and the world's geography as finding their central region in central Europe; but with a kindly, liberal, and even all-embracing welcome to the rest of the earth. Without being a Hegelian, or even in all details a follower of Schleiermacher, he shows both in nomenclature and opinion the influence of the modern philosophy. Without being one of the churchly orthodox, or anything like a Puritan, he has a warm side towards pietism, and even goes to insular Great Britain, to seek and applaud what is good in Methodists. So far as sentiment, feeling and philanthropy are extant in evangelical religion, he gives it his hand, and is

clearly on ascending ground towards what we hold to be good and right. In his record of the decline of orthodoxy, he is unsparing in his censure, even where he characteristically throws in lenient judgments on the other side.

We have chosen to take up these volumes, because they so nearly resemble in manner the French and English treatment of such topics. Here are none of the needless and endless partitions into books, chapters, sections, subsections, paragraphs, and notes, by which German cooks and their American pupils make mince-meat of the viands. The lectures have all the air proper to oral delivery before a promiscuous assembly. They are diversified by anecdote and citation, and enlivened by a constantly recurring ebullition of pleasant humours. In the notices which follow, it is not our purpose to follow the lecturer into his sources of authority, nor to indicate every instance in which we employ his words. Still less do we mean to be accountable for the opinions which we recite. But the period of time which is here brought under view is too deeply momentous, in regard to the decadence of Protestant Christianity and its partial revival, and too instructive and admonitory as to the beginnings of similar ills at home, for us to pass it by. This we say, with full knowledge that there are those among us who regard the mention of a German name as symptomatic of neology; and who think safety consists in not knowing the dangers of those who have fallen, and in shutting the eyes hard at the first steps of downward tottering in our own land. Dangerous as it is to walk the wards of an hospital, it is nevertheless the only means of arriving at a sound pathology and a preventive regimen. And when, *quod avertat Deus*, the new hypotheses respecting Inspiration, Scripture myths, the Athanasian Creed, and the probative force of miracles, shall have crept a little more into light through our colleges and magazines into our young ministry, these doctrines will find their stoutest impugnors and staunchest confuters, in those who shall have learnt their rise, growth, and decay in the older churches of Europe. Every age has its own race of objections; and though truth is one, sufficient, and triumphant, the aspects of truth, towards this or that error, are special, and therefore best defended by turning our re-

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gards humbly and believingly towards specific forms of contemporary falsehood. The monstrous doctrines of Cousin, Emerson, Parker, and the like, have made least havoc among those who have examined their natural history, not in mutilated, disjointed articles, but in the living though fearful organisms from which these parts have been filched for importation, and which can be duly known only, as the naturalists say, *in situ*. Dr. Hagenbach looks on the eighteenth century as pre-eminently the Age of Toleration. Some remarkable exceptions, it is true, meet him at the very threshold, in the cases of the Camisards and the Salzburgers; but these are only trailing clouds of the preceding night. The influence of Voltaire in promoting toleration, in the famous affair of the Calas family, is brought boldly forward. We willingly pass from the speculations on this head to consider the progress of religious sentiment in the German States. For the understanding of this, the author thinks it necessary to delineate the portrait of the times, including those of the kings of Prussia, and there is uncommon life and entertainment in his picture.

Frederick William the First, the father of Frederick the Great, reigned from 1713 to 1739. He was like his great ancestor in this, that he opened a door for the persecuted Salzburgers. But he caused their leading men to be deeply probed upon their tenets, by two court divines, and found them happily orthodox. A number of these exiles came to America, in 1733-4, and are mentioned in all histories of South Carolina and Georgia. The case was remarkably like that of the Portugese who lately arrived from Madeira. Frederick William came of a religious stock. He was taught in childhood by a Huguenot lady, Madame de Montbeil, and was then consigned to the care of Count Dohna. The directions given, in 1695, to his governor, in regard to the prince's education, are still extant. "True fear of God," said the royal father, "must betimes be so imprinted on the young heart, as to take root and bring forth fruit during the whole life, even when direction and superintendence shall cease. Especially must the Electoral Prince be so well instructed as to the majesty and omnipotence of God, as to be always possessed with a holy

fear and veneration of God and his commands: for this is the only means by which sovereign power, exempt as it is from human laws and penalties, can be kept within the bounds of moderation: as other men are impelled to good and deterred from evil by rewards and punishments of the supreme magistracy, the same end must be attained by the fear of God, in the case of great princes, over whom no human power can hold out rewards and punishments." It is then ordained: "First, that the Electoral Prince with all his attendants shall pray to God on their knees, every morning and evening. Secondly, after prayer, a chapter of the Bible shall be read, and that not superficially, but, after the reading, the chief contents of the passage shall be briefly summed up; a few striking sentences, suitable to the prince's condition, shall be extracted, for the prince to repeat and get by heart, and the same shall be done with the most useful psalms, and short spiritual prayers. Thirdly, the Electoral Prince is to be well instructed in the articles of faith, principles, and leading topics, of the Christian, true, Reformed religion, by means of diligent catechizing. Fourthly, he shall be taken regularly to preaching in the church, and caused to retain somewhat there heard. Fifthly, no one shall have admittance to the Electoral Prince, who could lead him to cursing and swearing, or to unclean and vicious talk. . . . So likewise if at any time the prince should curse or swear, or otherwise use bad language, the principal governor shall first solemnly admonish him, and if this prove ineffectual, shall bring him to us."

The mother of the Prince joined in the work of education, and among other things read *Telemachus* with him; but she was weakly indulgent. As the boy grew up he soon showed his German blood, and set himself doggedly against the French pomps, which were infecting the court and even the language. He served under Marlborough, before coming to the throne in 1713. We do not often get so near a glimpse of a genuine German Protestant monarch. He carried Spartan simplicity to the extreme. He turned the French fashions into ridicule by putting them on his court fools, a class of functionaries in whom, after old German precedent, he took great de-

light. Equally opposed was he to all the specious gallantry of the age of Louis the Fourteenth; living in perfect observance of the marriage tie, and exacting the same from others. On a certain occasion, the queen staid out too late at an evening party at Monbijou. Her stern lord, wrapt in a cloak, went at a late hour to the house of the Propst Reinbeck, one of his chaplains, and gave to the servant at the door a billet for the chaplain, requesting him to represent to the queen the indecorum of her proceeding.

The king began every day with prayers, then received his cabinet council; at ten o'clock the parade, and then inspection of the stables. At eleven the privy council, and dinner at noon. His table was simple, but he did not proscribe Rhenish. He loved cheerful talk, but would never allow a syllable that was loose. After dinner he walked or rode. On his promenades he often accosted those whom he met; and woe to him that was detected in any impropriety! Such were made to feel the weight of the king's stick, or sent to Spandau, to the house of correction. He required those who spoke to him to look him full in the eyes, for he persuaded himself he could thus read the character. This was naturally alarming, especially to women and children; but he insisted on the apprehension of any who ran away. A poor Jew, on one occasion, offended him by trying to get out of his sight. The king caused him to be pursued and brought to a parley. When he found that the poor fellow had fled for fear, the king was enraged, fell upon him with his stick, and left him with the injunction never to dare to be afraid of him again, but to love him as long as he lived. Early in the evening, in place of French refreshments, the king held what he called his *Tabakscollegium*; consisting of six or eight persons, general and staff-officers, and sometimes a distinguished foreigner. Each guest was furnished with a clay-pipe, which he must keep in his mouth, even if he did not smoke; and before each guest stood a white pitcher of beer and a glaßs, which about seven o'clock were exchanged for bread and butter. Only on rare occasions was the provision more sumptuous.

This royal humourist scoffed at literature, as idle and luxu-

rious; he knew nothing of science, and wrote his mother-tongue with a princely neglect of grammar and orthography. The scholar, he placed as an unproductive creature, on a level with the player, the ropedancer, and the merry-andrew. For ancient languages and history he avowed a sovereign contempt. Once he caught Frederick's governor explaining to him the Golden Bull, and gave him instantly the discipline of the stick, with a "Look out, scoundrel! I'll golden-bull thee!" *Warte, Schurcke! ich werde dich beuream bullamen!*

Under all this shell there beat a heart of some religious earnestness. The old king was no hypocrite. Wherever piety was oppressed, in the Palatinate, Poland or Austria, it found a sympathizing helper in Frederick William the First. His religion, if legal, was yet honest, and led him to endure correction. Frelinghausen, son-in-law of the excellent Francke, was once invited to the king's table, and in the spirit of old-time ministry, felt moved to rebuke the king for his stag-hunting, an amusement which suited his soldierly nature, as it did that of the British William the Third. The king listened with respect, and seemed affected, but still followed the hounds. That no evangelical softness reigned in his soul is plain from the proverbial severity of his punishments, and the imprisonment of many persons for life. His adherence to dead orthodoxy is fairly cited as a type of a temper prevalent in Germany, and not a little connected with the subsequent rise of rationalism. When the king was dying, his private chaplain Roloff thus addressed him, in the presence of the court: "I have often told your Majesty, that Christ is the ground of our salvation, only when we apprehend him by faith, and when moreover we conduct ourselves after his teaching and example and receive his spirit. While this change of heart is wanting, we cannot hope for salvation. Even if God should choose to save your Majesty *par miracle*, of which we have no example, you would, remaining as you now are, have little joy in heaven. Your army, your treasure, your domain stay here. You will be followed thither by no one of those servants, on whom to vent your passionate anger; and those who are in heaven must be heavenly-minded." Words savouring of a better period! The king was silent, and looked sadly upon

his attendants, as if seeking aid. On the retirement of the others, the dying man began to make particular confession of his sins; but Roloff, in the stern spirit of protestantism, declined to receive this, and insisted on the necessity of a change of heart, which the king could not admit. Roloff detected the lingering desire to be justified by works: and when a bystander interposed on the king's side, he charged upon his conscience the sin of oppression, the exaction of excessive feudal service in the way of building, and the severity of his capital punishments.

It was in such a guise that orthodox Christianity presented itself to the youthful mind of Frederick the Great; and the revulsion produced is matter of notoriety. The king ordered that the prince should be bred to strict religion as he had been himself. After laying down undeniable but frigid principles of religion, his written orders go on to say: "Every Sunday, my son Fritz shall rise at seven o'clock. As soon as he gets on his nether garments, he shall fall upon his knees by the bedside, and pray to God, aloud, so that all who are in the room may be able to hear. The prayer which he must learn by heart, shall be as follows." . . . "As soon as this is done, he shall quickly and nimbly dress and wash himself neatly, then comb and powder. The time allowed for the short prayer and dressing shall be a quarter of an hour, for it must be all through by a quarter before eight. He shall then break his fast in seven minutes. After this, all the domestics with Duhan (his governor) must come in, to hold the long prayers, on their knees. Upon which Duhan must read a chapter in the Bible, and sing one or two good hymns. The domestics shall then retire, and Duhan shall read with my son the Sunday's gospel, with a short exposition," etc.

The same regimental punctilio reigned in public worship; and it was enjoined on the clergy, that no sermon should exceed an hour, under penalty of two rix-dollars for each excess. The king looked sharply to the supply of pulpits and the training of candidates, and forbade all oratorical flourishes. Indeed he seems, like Cromwell, to have gathered the best preachers around him. Reinbeck and Roloff possessed much of his confidence: though it was known that Reinbeck leaned

towards the Wolfian philosophy, which Frederick William abhorred. When on one occasion the king said proudly, "I know what is right;" Reinbeck replied, "That servant which knew his Lord's will, and did it not, shall be beaten with many stripes." The king was nettled, but at length gave way to the voice of conscience.

Frederick William the First died in 1740. He gave minute directions about his funeral, even to the place and mounting of every battalion, and the volleys at the grave. He chose the text for his funeral sermon, "I have fought a good fight," and prescribed the hymn to be sung. "Of my life and conversation," he further ordered, "and of what concerns my deeds and personal history, not one word shall be said; but the people shall be informed that this I have expressly forbidden; with the addition, that I die as a great and poor sinner, seeking grace from God and the Redeemer."

In the first part of the eighteenth century, Dr. Hagenbach notes a three-fold conflict in German Christianity; between the Lutherans and the Reformed—between the Orthodox and the Pietists—and between the Pietists and the Wolfians. Of the rancour between the two confessions we can scarcely have a notion in our day of union. The feud was carried over from the preceding age. In that previous period there were cities where the Calvinistic assemblies had to struggle for their places of worship. At Hamburg, Götze, a famous Lutheran divine, called the doctrine of the Reformed a doctrine of devils. Half a century earlier, in 1720, Neumeister had used like expressions in the same place; attempting to prove that the Reformed believed no one of the twelve articles of the creed, nor one petition of the Lord's Prayer; that their doctrine violated every command of the decalogue; that they had no religion, that their creed was a beggar's cloak of scraps from all heresies; and adding that he would rather be an irrational beast or a wretched worm than the greatest Calvinistic theologian, inasmuch as the said theologian would infallibly go to hell. The only approach to this blistering of the tongue produced by Calvin's name, is to be found in the most vulgar specimens of rant from the unlearned class of Methodist preachers in attacking what they deem Calvinism.

The breach was wide between the confessions, and many attempts were made to heal it; in these the house of Brandenburg took an active part. But they were surpassed in success by certain prominent men among the theologians, who began to remit somewhat of their tenacity in regard to the points at issue. This is in every country a stage of theological development which needs to be studied with caution and represented with delicacy. The very same words which from the lips of a sound man are only the effusion of charity, become in the vocabulary of latitudinarians the watchwords of indifferentism. In 1705 the Friedrichsstadt church was founded under royal auspices at Berlin, and at its dedication, as a token of peace, the Lutheran and Heidelberg catechisms lay side by side on the altar. It was high time to separate the contending parties, and notwithstanding the reclamation of good old Lutherans like Loescher, the king was disposed to throw down his truncheon. It is very evident, even from Dr. Hagenbach's partial statement, that in many minds this tendency to sink differences arose from the loss of vital warmth in those who still subscribed the old symbols. That distinction began to be generally taken, between the theology of the schools and the theology of the pulpit, which has resulted in the actual dissociation of the two in Germany to a degree unknown among ourselves.

In the Reformed church there was a manifest drawing off from the ancient Dort tenets, especially in Switzerland. The names connected with this are familiar to our readers; those for example of John Alfonso Turretin, Werenfels and Osterwald. To Turretin we may ascribe the removing of the first stones out of the Genevan arch. When we compare him with his father, we are instantly reminded of those Boston preachers who mark the transition from the Cottons and Mathers to the Channings and Frothinghams. Turretin was an elegant scholar, an incomparable latinist, a courtly preacher, a master of apologetic theology, and a devoted friend of union. His friend Samuel Werenfels went hand in hand with him, in promoting comprehension. Frederick Ostervald, whose books on preaching and the pastoral care are still reprinted among us, joined in the same freedom of speech respecting the venerable

standards of Calvinism. Here was the first distinct step in that series of which we seem to observe the lower degrees in the present state of theology in Switzerland; a step which has its startling analogy this moment in New England. "What is most necessary," said Ostervald, "is clearest: what is obscure in religion is not essential." Accordingly he was opposed to teaching children the Heidelberg catechism. German Switzerland could not but feel the influence of such men. Even Zurich, stiff in an orthodoxy of which Dr. Hagenbach speaks as sneeringly as our neighbours do of Puritanism, yielded slowly to the leaven. When Zimmerman, in 1737, became professor there, he was suspected, as of the new school, and almost denounced. The following remarks of Dr. Hagenbach are characteristic of a certain way of thinking in Germany, which begins to be common in America: "Let us however be just and forbearing about this, and judge every phenomenon with reference to its time. I have no belief that the Ostervaldian theology, which was a necessary and therefore a beneficent manifestation a hundred years ago, could satisfy the deeply searching spirit of our day; nay I believe if the inquiry be simply for a theology, that is for a system, or sharp, compacted structure, complete in itself, that the preference must be given for solidity and depth to those old scholastic theologians. Yet I own I linger willingly before the bright portraits of those men, that gaze on us out of their ancient drapery and their capacious bands and wigs, with such humanity, friendship and cheerfulness, rather than before the sombre wrinkled brows and bristly beards of inquirers and heresy-hunters of an earlier time. Those cheerful faces greet us like the first beams of the vernal sun after a hard winter. True, it is not a tropical sun, calling forth by its heat a luxuriant vegetation, but rather the March sun of our colder region, a friendly sun nevertheless, cheering and warming as in the spring thaws. Yet the warm sunshine of noon was not wanting. Along with the mild moderate theology of recent illumination, there was a tendency of sentiment or feeling penetrating further into the depths of the soul and awakening strong impulses of the breast; a tendency which at that time so far fell in with the modern illumination, as to

agree in deprecating a religion of mere dogma and memory, on the other hand in giving prominence to practical necessities. This latter disposition we find stamped on what is called Pietism." By Pietism is here meant not merely that general direction of mind which in various countries has borne the name, but the particular form of awakened piety and devout zeal which had its principal seat in Halle, under Spener, Francke, and their coadjutors. The enemies of revived piety employed the same weapons against the Pietists, which not long after were used in England against the followers of Wesley and Whitefield. A fair match for Bishop Lavington's scandalous raillery against Methodism may be found in Loesch's "Harmless News;" in which he offered up the Halle people to unmingled scorn if not detestation. But now there arose a new controversy, on one side of which stood the Leibnitz-Wolfian philosophy.

It is not our intention to recite the interesting history of Wolf, and of the transformation which his labours wrought in the stiff nomenclature of old fashioned theology. The elegant chimaera of the Preestablished Harmony admitted of easy connexion with the sublimest doctrines of divine sovereignty. But it filled with alarm many pious Lutherans. Open war broke out on a festive occasion, July 16, 1721, between Wolf and the Pietists, in consequence of an eulogium of Wolf on the morals of Confucius. Then arose the question of professorial liberty in teaching, and pulpits resounded with the inflammatory topic. Most of the students were on the philosopher's side, and this tended still more to prejudice the educated youth of Prussia against the Pietists. The stout old king, who knew more of barracks than of schools, felt the argumentum ad hominem, when he was told that the Preestablished Harmony would demoralize his army. By an ordinance of November 8th, 1723, he expelled Wolf, not only from Halle, but from all his dominions.

Wolf found a refuge in Marburg, and it was not long before the king regretted his hasty act. The benevolent Reinbeck lent his aid, and many efforts were made to restore the philosopher to Prussia. He stood upon his dignity however, and did not accede to any of the earnest propositions till the suc-

ceeding reign, when in 1740 he re-entered Halle in triumph. Wolf was certainly no Pietist, but modern Germans would as certainly call him a Puritan: for the card is extant in which, replying to an invitation to a university feast, he writes that he is to partake of the Lord's Supper on that day, and adds that he must consult his clerical adviser as to the propriety of his attendance.

It is encouraging to observe how solid are the foundations laid by good men in whatever they do out of love to Christ, and how long the superstructure remains in strength. The visitor at Halle still sees the pile which reminds him of the persecuted but great Francke; but those edifices are little, compared with the preachers and authors who proceeded thence. In the first twenty-nine years of the university more than six thousand theologians were educated there, of whom a large number bore the peculiar impress of the school. Thousands of persons, in addition, went through the Orphan-house schools, with the same effects. The Canstein Bible Institute, of 1712, though much forgotten, was the real forerunner of all Bible Societies. But by no single means, not even by preaching, did the evangelical men of Halle so widely disseminate their peculiar views as by sacred poetry. We need scarcely name Schmolck, Frelinghausen, Tersteegen, and Woltersdorf, to any who have Knapp's collection. To those only who happen to be acquainted with the extent of German spiritual poetry will it be credible that Schmolck's hymns amount to more than a thousand. It was Frelinghausen, however, who by his hymns was the most exact type of the Halle pietism. At the age of forty-five he was married to Francke's only daughter, whose godfather he had been. Some of his best hymns were composed during fits of the toothache, so that his friends sometimes congratulated themselves on an access of his pain. Bogatzky, still known among us by his *Golden Treasury*, also wrote hymns, which are full of unction and love to Christ. But no sacred poet of the age was more genial or is more affectionately remembered than Father Tersteegen, as he used to be called: he died unmarried, in 1769, leaving behind him more than a hundred hymns. We tear

ourselves with some reluctance from a subject which we have seen nowhere else treated so fully.

While Dr. Hagenbach gives ample praise in certain places to the Pietists, there are others in which he bears with some rigour on the shades of the picture. Sometimes he gives a weight to a sort of testimony which we have learnt to think very unsafe, by the examples of our suffering forefathers. We know who they are that testify concerning Calvinistic Scotland and Massachusetts, as if nothing like a smile ever played upon the Presbyterian or Puritan countenance; while the quaintnesses of their "pun-divinity," as Lamb calls it, and every effervescence of Rutherford, Cotton Mather, Gurnall, and the Henrys, give the lie to such a supposition. Our author furnishes abundant proof of the comfort given by the pietistic religion. "In my boyhood," says an eminent preacher, "I have seen both in private and in the pulpit, some old men of this school, and to this day, the blessedness of a firm and confirming faith, the cheerful and calm friendship of a life indestructible and imperturbable by all the storms of time and all the sufferings and injuries of man, still floats before me as a lovely flower of memory." While these and many such things as these, are favourably reported by the author, he lends, we think, too ready an ear to persons who, for all that appears, may have been under a bias disqualifying them for judging of the true work of God on the soul. There are none who speak and write so bitterly against evangelical piety, as do apostate children; those who remember the wounds but not the balm, who were convinced but not converted. Such are many of the Boston Unitarians, children of Christian parents, who hate the name of Calvin or Edwards or the rumour of a revival, with a rancour that is nowhere laid down in their dove-like treatises on liberality and love. Such testimony as that of Semler is affecting however in no common degree. While we recognise a certain resemblance, such as is in every caricature, we shudder at the nearness of his approach to true grace, and can scarcely help speculating on the question how different might be the present condition of Germany if he had never lived, or if he had lived the life of his despised fathers.

In Semler's autobiography he recounts the prevalence of

high views respecting regeneration and conversion, which are no other than those entertained by ourselves. That law-work, which has never died out of the Presbyterian theology during three centuries, seems a strange and amusing thing to some Germans, and Hase has more than one sneering phrase to denote the anguish of a converted sinner. Semler's own brother, it appears, was thus concerned, so that one night he had to rise from his bed, and go into the adjacent library, where he was in prayer, kneeling and sometimes prostrate. The lamenting voice and sobs awoke Semler, who sought to comfort the anxious youth, repeating to him verses, sometimes in Greek and Hebrew. The brother embraced him passionately, but declared those promises were not for him. Semler then denounced as perverse and unworthy the kind of religion which could render a generous youth so miserable, and adds to the story some agreeable gossip about the moonlight devotions and hymns of the revivalists and the devoirs of the duke to comely pietists. It is not for us, as foreigners, to judge here. We know that nothing is more disgusting than the forms of revival, when the revival is gone. We prefer rubrics a thousand years old, to the stereotype rules of camp-meetings and anxious seats; and are ready to believe that under all these exaggerations there were some things ridiculous and some things insincere in individuals belonging to the second generation of Pietists. It is fully admitted, not only by Zinzendorf but by Tholuck. In another direction the revived religion of Germany shaded off into mystical exercises, such as we have seen as a back-ground to our own revivals. Into the history of these we shall not follow our guide.

We shall take the liberty of sometimes using the familiar English word *freethinking* in place of several German words which would need a glossary, such as *Aufklärung*. The history of English Deism is too well known to our readers, to make any German account needful. It is entertaining however to see, according to the modern philosophy of history in which everything is connected with everything, and every man a type of some age-spirit or age-tendency, how great a place can be suddenly given to some poor fellow whom one never thought of putting among the 'representative men.' In the German

method, no event or individual stands alone, or can be even left alone, till a day of more data; the individual must be brought into the series, and if there is no chain to connect the parts, it must be forged. This no doubt makes history very amusing, and leaves nothing unexplained. Dr. Hagenbach is one of the most moderate of Germans in this respect, approaching more nearly the French temper, and abounding in biographical pictures. We should not wonder indeed to hear that he has no philosophy at all. Yet now and then even he makes us smile at the earnestness with which he bustles about to work some unimportant separatist or madman into the process of development. Time is wanting to show how Bolingbroke begat Voltaire and Voltaire begat Strauss. The portraits of Voltaire and Rousseau are admirable, we wish it was in our power to give them here in English. But we are led by obvious associations to another name.

Frederick the Great, though not so often named by us as by our fathers, rises before us as a well-known portrait. In Germany, picture shops and pipes repeat three faces, to wit, Luther, Fritz, and Napoleon. How Frederick's father provided for his education, we have seen; he might have learnt in his stables that noble blood could not brook the perpetual curb. The metaphor of a German preacher is different, who said the ship was so full of religious ballast, that sink it must. It was not religion, but religious yokes and burdens in the absence of religion, that wrought the mischief. The old king's orders were supreme, and the mercurial boy was made to get hymns and catechism as a punishment. It is happily said that we look back on Frederick through the coloured eloud of his successes; the father saw in him only an effeminate flute-playing scholar, who preferred a concert or a sonnet to the hunting horn and the Tabakseollegium. How far he was right we say not, but he set the prince down as "a selfish, illeconditioned knave, always counterworking his father, an effeminate fellow without the common inclinations of humanity." Frederick clung to Quantz, the musician, and to Lieutenant von Katte, whose tragic fate is known. At the age of twenty he was first made to witness the execution of his bosom friend and then cast into prison, where even pen

and ink were denied him. Such were his associations with German orthodoxy; no one need marvel at his infidelity and his Gallomania. The Lutheran chaplain Muller was sent to give him religious discourses in gaol. The morning and evening prayers were enforced as duly as the drill of a guard-house. When he obtained the mastery of his own household, the bow was unbent, and he surrounded himself with artists and litterateurs, studied the proscribed works of Wolf, and entered on his ill-starred commerce with Voltaire, the Mephistopheles of his tragedy. Frederick may well be named among the typical men of Germany, for in regard to the French philosophers he far anticipated the age in what is now known as genius-worship. To preachers he confessed it as a misfortune that he laboured under a sad debility of faith. If he admired Bossuet and Massillon, it was because they were eloquent and because they were French. It was natural for such a mind to further the cause of toleration. His father had violently endeavoured to brush away popish remnants from the Lutheran altars, such as the tapers and crucifix; Frederic gave absolute discretion to all the clergy, and full license even to Romanists. He allowed a Greek church at Breslau and relieved the Socinians in Livonia and East Friesland, as well as the followers of Zinzendorf and Schwenkfeld. In a cabinet-order, 1781, respecting the Berlin hymn-book, he said: "Every man may, for me, believe what he pleases, so he is only honest. As to the hymn-books, any one is free to sing *Nun ruhen alle Wälder*,* or the like stupid and silly pieces. But the priests must not forget toleration, for persecution is not permitted to them." He contemptuously remitted the presentation of pastors; but took pains to withdraw education from the hands of the parsons, or as he called them, *Faffen*. His definition of a theologian was "an animal void of reason." It is characteristic, that his tolerance stopped short in regard to the Pietists, or *Mucker*, as his father had taught him to call them.

In 1745 Professor Francke attacked the stage. The king wrote as follows: "This comes of the ghostly Muckerpack.

* One of Paul Gerhardt's most beautiful productions, which was dear to the childhood of Schiller.

They *shall* play, and Herr Francke, or whatever the scoundrel's name is, shall be present, in order to make public amends to the students for his foolish representations; and the attestation of the comedians shall be returned to me, that he has attended." In another rescript: "The Halle parsons must be taken up short; they are evangelical Jesuits, and must in all circumstances be kept from having the least countenance." Had Deists been so treated, as Dr. Hagenbach adds, what exclamations would have ensued! In regard to a teacher named Hahn, he wrote thus: "The abbot is good for nothing, and must give place to another; no one will send children thither, because the fellow is an extravagant pietistic fool."

His well known rupture with Voltaire did not scatter the coterie of French infidels. Chief among them was la Mettrie, a physician, who reduced vice to a system. Of this man, the marquis d' Argent, himself one of the clique, said, that he preached the doctrines of vice with the shamelessness of a fool. As might have been expected, the foul stream flowed rapidly downward into the common plain, and there were many beyond the precinct of the court who re-echoed the blasphemous watch-word *d'écraiser l'infame*. But that religion, which Voltaire in writing to Frederick likened to black bread, such as at best was only fit for a dog, still lives and is the nourishment of kings and sages: all are hungering for the bread of life, and many are returning with zest to this bread, after having blunted their wisdom-teeth on the stale white loaf doled out to them by Voltaire."

We do not regret the large space afforded to the critical and hermeneutical studies of Wettstein and Michaelis; but these are generally known. It is perhaps more needful to pause over one venerable name, of which the merits are in danger of being forgotten; we mean the Chancellor von Mosheim, "a man whose nobleness of character was as worthy of love as his learning was deep and comprehensive. Scarcely is there a department of theology in which his labours were not enlightening and suggestive. Mosheim is the father of modern Church History. In ethics, for a long period at least, he marks an epoch; and in the history of the German pulpit a new era dates from the eloquent Mosheim. He was called

the German Tillotson, and the German Bourdaloue. That exquisite sensibility and taste, which were wanting even in Michaelis, existed to an extraordinary degree in Mosheim, and gave a peculiar charm to his learned dissertations and narratives, as well as to his sermons. In his creed Mosheim was thoroughly orthodox, but mild and forbearing towards others; in this differing from the older orthodox. He was the first to assume that dignified impartial stand in Church History, which concedes the rights even of the erroneous and the dissentient, and which yields to their systems a complete investigation and illustration, subjecting them, as the physician does diseases, to a purely scientific treatment. In his theological way of thinking he has been justly compared with Melancthon."

Among many whom we must omit, in Dr. Hagenbach's lively portrait-gallery, we cannot leave Semler unnoticed, if for no other reason because he is continually referred to as noting a critical juncture and point of transition from the strict to the lax theology. Loose as Semler would have seemed to Flacius, he could not but be straitly antiquated to Paulus or Röhr. We do not indeed look at Semler with the eyes of Dr. Hagenbach, for two reasons; first, because our doctrinal position is what our author would regard as too Calvinistic or Dordrechtian, and next because we cannot take that optimistic view of history, which even among those who are not Hegelians, prevails in Germany, and which sees in every turn of the dogmatic wheel an almost needful item in the revolution.

Semler was the son of a clergyman and was born in 1725. The convictions of his boyhood are sacred in our eyes, nor do we regard them as he himself did. "There was not," says his autobiography, "a corner of the house, in which, for secrecy, I did not kneel, pouring out many tears, and crying to God for this great grace of conversion. But still I remained under the law. Moravian hymns did me no more good than many others known in Saalfeld and sung in the societies." At seventeen he went to Halle. Since Wolf's departure great changes had taken place. Lange, the head of the Pietists, died about this time. Baumgarten, a more moderate man, succeeded to his influence, and Semler became his favourite

pupil. He testifies to the affection of the Halle Christians, but says he could not follow their counsels by cutting off unnecessary studies. He regarded himself as unconverted. "Well do I remember," says he, "that one evening, walking all alone in the great square of the orphan house, in the deepest distress, I said to myself, O that I were that lump of ice, or that log!" Even then he began to distinguish between religion and theology, and to attempt the problem, since familiar at Harvard, how much error a man may have in his head, and yet be right in his heart. Still he was far from adopting Frederick's maxim, 'Let every man be saved, after his own *façon*.' But he could not detect in himself the Halle evidences. After this we find him at Coburg, then professor of History and Poetry at Altorf; but at length recalled to Halle to teach theology. He seems to have entered on these labours with great honesty; but as by degrees he felt his strength he deviated more and more from the teachings of that school, and was apparently in the condition which was passed through by Buckminster, and in which others, who have not declared themselves, are at this moment. For example he began to wish the Canticles out of the canon. He was ill at home in the Apocalypse. He descried Judaism in New Testament expressions, as concerning the devil and demoniaes. As he proceeded to remove one husky integument after another from the truth, he found the abiding kernel of Christianity to be the 'improvement of mankind.' His private life was beautiful and blameless; indeed these conditions seem indispensable to the success of the downward theology, by saving it from public repudiation, in this stage of its decline. He was as vehement against deism and rationalism as against orthodoxy and pietism: attacking Basedow, Bahrtdt and the Wolfenbüttel Fragments. Even of the Pietists it was the theology which he rejected, while he applauded their piety. Semler died March 14th, 1791. Long before this date, he had seen his comparatively timid innovations seized and carried onward by the reckless extravagance of neology.

Lessing is too great a genius to be despatched in a few sentences, nor shall we attempt it. Like many an infidel of the age, he was brought up to pray and read the Bible, and his first poetic awakenings were caused by the hymns

which he learned. He was a prodigy at school, so as to be called "the admirable Lessing." His wilful nature soon broke out in youthful dissipations. To reconcile his parents to the theatre, he wrote a play in ridicule of freethinkers. At Berlin he felt the influence of Nicolai and Mendelssohn, who were on the deistical track, and who welcomed him to join them in their brilliant journalism. In Hamburg he became acquainted with Götze, already named by us as a doughty old Lutheran, who was quite disconcerted to find in the young man of the green-room an intimate acquaintance with all the questions of the Augsburg Confession. In 1770 Lessing was librarian of the ducal library at Wolfenbüttel, where in 1774 he became famous by the appearance of the antichristian *Fragments*. Nothing since that day has made a greater sensation till Strauss's *Leben Jesu*. The absurd impiety of these tracts is too well known to allow of repetition here. It is generally agreed that Lessing, though the editor, was not the writer of the *Fragments*: the author remains unknown. Lessing now found himself involved in a conflict with Mr. Götze, against whom he uttered a work entitled *Anti-Götze*. "The controversy between them," says Hagenbach, "touched in its extensive sweep one point in particular which enters deeply into the essence of Protestantism, namely the relation of the Bible to Christianity. While the Protestant Church, as against the Catholic, has set up the Bible as the only source of religion, Lessing attempted to show that Christianity is older than the writings of the New Testament, which had their very origin within the Christian church." Lessing had no theological system: his turn was critical and not constructive. His eloquence, wit, and imagination made him one of the most dangerous of the German infidels; and we slightly lose patience with our historian, when, in the exercise of his impartial liberality, he undertakes to show how much worse his infidelity might have been. It is the temper of our lukewarm age, even in America, to pardon any thing to genius. There were those in Germany, as these volumes tell us, who seriously maintained that such a mind as Goethe's is beyond the ordinary scope of moral rule. Something akin to this has lately come to our knowledge in the idle extravagance of a public

lecturer, who in speaking of licentious books absurdly and mischievously tried to show that when they proceed from great genius they can do no harm.

The 'Illumination Period' in Germany, or Age of Reason, as Englishmen might say, was marked by the same pretensions to philanthropy which appeared in England under Godwin, and which re-appear in America under the re-organizers of society, and violators of property and marriage. They were too sagacious to overlook the common schools, and some of the most audacious strokes were aimed by innovating educators. These lectures represent the collusion between the new *Paedagogik* and the new philosophy, against the time-honoured institutions of the church. "The old building, with its Gothic towers and windows, its gloomy cloisters and tombs, was no longer a fit place for the free, merry plays of the young or the neutral philosophy of the aged. The church must be turned into a cheerful school-room, the carved pulpit, with its winding stairs of stone, into a trim desk of wood, and the mighty nautilus of the church, into a broad convenient ferry-boat, plying safely between the flat banks." The first great name in the school-reform is that of Basedow. He was the son of a wig-maker, and was born at Hamburg, in 1723. After an erratic youth, renouncing in various universities, and even acting as professor and author, he left theology and pursued his remarkable bent for teaching. Inspired by Rousseau's *Emile*, he set about his great work of education, with such popularity that it brought him in fifteen thousand dollars in five years. His system, like the favourite ones among ourselves, was so comprehensive as to offend neither Jew nor Gentile. "The spirit of the age was on his side." His normal school, the *Philanthropin*, was founded in 1774. His plan was remarkable for its superficial easiness, its liberality, its vacillation in religion and morals, its educating of precocious ratiocination, in a word for its extreme and degenerated Protestantism.

In harmony with these endeavours were the editorial advances of Nicolai, and the *Allgemeine Deutsche Bibliothek*, and of the profane neologist Bahrtdt. This daring zealot for wild irreligious interpretation overshot his mark, became a laugh-

ing-stock, and lost his character. Even the liberal poets made him their butt. "It is characteristic," says Hagenbach, "that Goethe, who called himself a decided non-christian (*einen decidirten Nichtchristen*) derided the three so-called rational Christians, Basedow, Nicolai, and Bahrdt, while he made companions of Jung Stilling and Lavater." Bahrdt's position is described by a single sentence; "I regard Moses and Jesus, as I do Confucius, Socrates, Luther, Semler, and—myself, as instruments of providence, by which good is wrought in mankind, according to its good pleasure." He ended his wretched and at length abandoned life, at Halle, in 1792.

Much might be extracted from the vivacious lectures, on the defenders of Evangelical religion, and the semi-rationalists. or tame and moderate links between orthodoxy and neology, such as Spalding, and Zollikofer. The latter were very like the gentle preachers of Boston and Cambridge who preceded open Unitarianism, and not unlike the Presbyterian Moderates of the school of Robertson. Of these calm, polished, and learned men, the book has many good things to say. Looking back, we can perceive the declivity on which they were gently sliding. It is more delightful to accompany the author into the warmer climate of Southern Germany, and to renew our acquaintance with the blessed Bengel, the "patriarch of Suabian Pietism." His memoir by Burk has been translated into English, and his Gnomon and other Latin works are familiar to scholars; but we may still refresh the heart with glimpses of so remarkable a form.

Bengel was born in 1687, near Stuttgart. His life was spent in the double work of preaching and teaching, in both which he showed the warm, gushing, and affectionate piety, which is the same in all times and countries. His biography takes us back to the Finleys and Livingstons of our own land. In biblical labours his efforts were parallel with those of Wettstein, but they were full of the flavour of grace. In the pulpit he was more the catechist than the orator. Though he rose high as a dignitary, he maintained an apostolical simplicity. Ripe in erudition and worn down with authorship, he died in a good old age. His death-bed was without scenic pomp, though as he once said, a "child of God will not sail away in-

cognito." He partook of the Lord's Supper with his family, but made little ado even with his wife and children, saying that he should be awhile forgotten, but that he should again come to remembrance: a true prophecy. His pupil Oetinger carried out his views; a man called the Magus of the South, as Hamann the Magus of the North. Another eminently useful disciple of Bengel's was Philip Matthew Hahn. Among them must be named also the great hymn writer, Hiller, whose volume of sacred poems was more common in Wurtemberg than any book but the Bible.

Of course we shall entertain our readers with nothing about Whitefield and Wesley. Of Zinzendorf, notwithstanding his blemishes, affection would lead us to say more, but his career lies somewhat aside from the great course of German opinion and progress. Our author gives an importance to Baron Swedenborg, which, however beneath the deification of his moon-struck disciples, is more than we can comprehend. Then we alight upon the twin names of Stilling and Lavater. To readers of English books Lavater presents the image of an amiable physiognomist: he was a philosopher, a poet, and a Christian. Of his specific tenets in theology, we are not competent to report, but if inward grace can be inferred from blameless living, enthusiastic benevolence, and a devotion to Christ that wells out in streams of the clearest sacred song, then was Lavater an eminent child of God. One of his sayings reveals his gentle longings: "Blessed are the homesick, for they shall reach home." Complementary to this are these words: "Joy, nothing but joy, is the intention of the Guide of mankind; joy, nothing but endless joy, the sole end of all the suffering laid on us. Jesus and Author of joy are perfectly equivalent expressions. To him who deems Jesus other than the author of joy, the Gospel is other than glad tidings; and he who regards affliction as any thing but a fountain of joy, knows not God, nor Christ, nor the Gospel." The Godhead of Christ, says the historian, as the all-sovereign power in heaven and earth, in all possible relations, was his one theme, which he taught and amplified in words and writings. Like Zinzendorf he might have said, "One passion only I have—it is HE, only HE!" And it was not an ideal but a historical Christ, that

he loved and worshipped. With all this Lavater was liberal in his estimate of errorists, to a degree which may be explained by the melting charity of his heart, but which we regard as both unsafe and unwise. Hence we find him in the most extraordinary connexions with heretics and even Deists. Something is perhaps due to the physiognomic whimsey, which urged him to study every aspect of humanity. Dr. Hagenbach distinctly separates his place from Pietism, Methodism, and Puritanism. His sermons were not essays, but burning, streaming gushes from the heart, and so fitted to the moment, that each one might be called an occasional sermon. The following account of his preaching is from the hand of Steffens.

“It now happened that Lavater made a visit to his distinguished Christian friends in Holstein, and from thence came to Copenhagen. As might be supposed, he was not unknown to us. We were acquainted with some of his writings, had turned over his Physiognomy, had been interested in his essay to christianize Mendelssohn, and had observed the warmth with which he was received by some and attacked by others. It was the first striking *notabilité* that had come to Denmark from the spiritual vortex of Germany, and we were all impatient till he arrived. He preached in the Reformed Church, where I saw and heard him. His appearance, now before me, was highly interesting. A long spare man, a little stooping, with a most spiritual physiognomy, the sharp lines of which told of an eventful past and inward conflicts, and an eye of surprising brightness, fire, and penetration. If I remember aright he seemed older than he was, for I find he was then about fifty-two. The Reformed Church, which was not large, was packed full, and a solemn stillness pervaded the assembly. We were prepared for a rough pronunciation, for some of our German physieians had given us imitations of the Swiss dialect; the contrast with the prevalent mode was the more striking, as the weak sounds of the Danish were flatter still. But on hearing the sharp voice clinging to the gums, and the hollow, piercing tones of the celebrated man, I was so impressed as almost to lose the prayer. The greatest attention was required to understand. I was wonderfully seized and moved by the discourse: I seemed to hear a voice that I had

longed for. The subject was Prayer. The dialect, which at first seemed so repulsive, began to sound finer, clearer, even lovely, and so blended with what he was saying that any other had been out of place. Having described a soul in utter hopelessness, he paused for a little, and then cried with a loud voice *Bättet!* (Pray!) The E was almost a diphthong, and the hard redoubled T gave the word a fearful emphasis. The loud cry reached and shook my inmost soul, and I have never in all my life, been able to recall it without something of the deep impression by which I was then agitated."

The two men of the age, in Dr. Hagenbach's estimate, were Herder and Schleiermacher; and if amount of influence on theology is concerned, few will dissent from his opinion. Lavater and Herder, in very different ways, conduct us into the new domain of modern German religion. Herder's brilliancy in the literary heavens has often kept foreigners from estimating him as a theologian and a preacher. He was born in 1744. He often made mention of his godly mother, and of the evening hymns which, more in Germany than any where else, are means of grace; and in later life, he would sometimes at dead of night go to an instrument and accompany himself as he sang the old chorals. Arndt's True Christianity was among the household books. In Koenigsberg he felt the power of two unlike men, Hamann and Kant. Hamann was, to use Herder's own idiom, "a good handful of years" older than he; it was Herder who named him the Magus of the North. Herder's relations to Goethe are abundantly known to English readers; but at Weimar he was ultimately connected also with Wieland, Schiller, and Richter. Part of his work on Hebrew poetry appeared in the Biblical Repertory twenty-four years ago, in a version by Mr. Marsh, afterwards President Marsh, of Vermont. This and his treatise on the Study of Theology did much to lead back German youth of genius from the scat of the scorner. He travelled over large parts of Europe, and brought the spoils of all his culture into the service of religion. Herder was what his countrymen love to call a many-sided character. To use Jean Paul's figure, "he was not a star, either of the first or second magnitude, but a group of stars, out of which every one might figure

his favourite constellation." Or, to repeat Hagenbach, those who look only at eminence in a single branch will prefer in poetry Goethe and Schiller, in philosophy Fichte and Schelling, in theological learning Mosheim, Michaelis, Eichhorn, Planck, or others. Yet take him for all in all, his power on the German mind was without parallel. Though less universal than Goethe, he had what Goethe lacked, the religious element. William von Humboldt, naming him with Goethe and Schiller, says that Herder surpassed them both in a certain blending of spirit and fancy, such as constitutes religious genius. Herder threw out fewer great results of biblical erudition than Michaelis; but he electrified his young countrymen with enthusiasm for the Old Testament; which no Michaelis could have done. On his works in poetry and the philosophy of history we cannot dwell. Neither can we pretend to abstract the points of his creed, which, as our author admits, was too lax for one side and too strict for the other. He was a poetic theologian and a theological poet, yet he repudiated the hypothesis that the Bible is all poetical. "Rather," says he, "would I abjure all poesy, and prefer to it the nakedest, driest annals." He was a powerful champion for the historic verity of the Old Testament. Amidst much that we now look back upon as leading the way to the prevalent unbelief of our day, there was much that showed a heart not unaffected by the inward tendencies of grace. The gospel of John had become the banner of a party of mystics which flat Rationalism despised; yet Herder was so far from undervaluing this part of scripture that he says: "That small book is a deep tranquil ocean, in which we see heaven mirrored with its sun and stars; and if there are for man such things as eternal truths, (and such there are) they subsist in John."

Cultus, or Christian worship, was prominent in Herder's system of religion. Himself a noted pulpit orator, and a devoted classic, he nevertheless denounced the method of erecting the ancient Gentile discourses as models, and would probably have disallowed the recent labours of Theremin. As a religious poet he deserves to be heard in regard to hymnology; indeed we wish our American collectors of sacred song could

be rebuked by his stern, true and unanswerable words, for their sacrilegious mutilation of ancient hymns, which has reached such an extent that many a venerable author would scarcely recognise his own verses after the pretended emendations of book-makers and music-masters. In preparing the Weimar Hymn Book in 1778, Herder showed a more excellent way, the exact reverse of what prevails among ourselves. Wherever it was possible he retained the original text of hymns.

“An effusion of truth and of the heart,” says he, “such as all Luther’s hymns were, is no longer the same, when foreign hands alter it at pleasure, any more than our countenance would be the same, if every passer-by should cut and hack and disfigure it, according to his notions. Whoever knows the origin of these songs, and the history of our church, knows without my suggestion that they are genuine signatures of our growth and our doctrinal purity; and no right-minded and worthy descendant will trade away the heirloom seal and scutcheon of his race for a street picture, however finely painted. The church of God is infinitely more concerned in doctrine and testimony, in the power of her origin and the early healthful blossom of her growth, than in corrected rhyme or smooth equability of metre. No Christian assembly comes together to exercise itself in poetry, but to worship God, to admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, making melody in their hearts unto the Lord. For these ends the old hymns are clearly more adapted than the newly altered, or than many of the new; as I call all sound hearts and consciences to witness. In the hymns of Luther and his contemporaries and successors (so long as the object was to make genuine church-songs and not fine verses) how much heart and soul! Sprung from the heart they go to the heart, which they lift, comfort, teach and edify, so that we feel ourselves constantly in the domain of truth believed, of God’s church, of open liberty, and remote from our every-day thinking and busy nothingness. Is it not a grievance when men alter such hymns; that is, amputate living members from the thought and soul of so many good men? It pains us to see even worldly books, read by us of old, with which we have grown up, so changed in new editions; because we feel cheated.

as if a thing were first given us and then snatched away: much more pained are we, when these changes rob us of our first childlike impressions of religion. Good remains always good; gold always gold. If simple exalted nature will not brook the officious hand of art, how much less the highest noblest nature, the religion of God! Such hymns are the reflections of our fairest years, the comrades of our life, the joy of our home, the trusted consolers of our distresses; it is the hand of an enemy which despoils us of these, or which, with the verse that once blessed us and now is missing, deals us the blow of a scourge. These very persons make little account of the hymns, even when altered, as of hymns in general. They sing them with inward disregard or coldness, because the world they live in is a different world; and is it for such people, that we cheat the children of their bread? I hold that country or province for blessed, where they retain their ancient service and ancient hymn-book, and where whole assemblies are not every day or every Sunday put to the rack by alterations. The hymns of our church bear with them the witness of their worth, in the great impression which they make, and the excellent effects which they produce. . . . But the best thanks we can give, is to bring back the old times and the old spirit into houses and churches; times when all clung to these hymns with reverence and with the whole heart; when the father passed no day which he did not begin and end in the lovely vocal circle of his household. If Luther calls the Old Testament a sorrowful mute testament, we may well call the New, beginning as it does with loud praises, a joyful testament, under which we ought to be much in singing and praising. Of a truth we are now plainly going back from this new joyous dispensation to that of the Old Testament; for the voice of spiritual song becomes every year more indifferent, and tends more and more to silence. GOD GRANT US ONCE MORE THE DAYS OF HEARTY, JOYFUL, CONGREGATIONAL PSALMODY!" To which we respond, Amen and Amen!

Too much space would be occupied by these remarks if we should follow Dr. Hagenbach into his account of the German philosophers, who occupy a large place, as was to be expected. Even in regard to Schiller and Goethe, the confessed giants of

German poetry, we can only gather here and there certain matters which may be suggestive of observation. It is almost comic when our author sets about vindicating Schiller from the charge, that he never composed a religious hymn. The very issue joined is characteristic of the German mind in its present condition. The attempt to descry, under strong magnifiers, any filaments of Christianity in this great poet's writings is ingeniously made by his admirers. These lectures contain a justly indignant protest against those who love to degrade Schiller in order to the apotheosis of Goethe. While we cannot go all the length of De Quincey in regard to the later productions of Goethe, we feel no disposition to cast ourselves into the retinue who burn incense to the philosophic phantoms of the Faust.

We have seldom laid down a couple of volumes with more satisfaction or entertainment. In a travelling companion we are apt to look not so much for a man of definitions, ratiocinations and profundities, as for a full, ready, clear-headed, affable and vivacious scholar and gentleman; and such is Dr. Hagenbach. We were never more satisfied with our Anglo-American type of theology and religion, than after spending these agreeable hours before a panorama of the German churches and schools from a German pencil. We were never more confirmed in the belief, that the boasted progress of opinion in philosophical theology is imaginary; and that the brightest hopes of modern Germany are to be elicited from those things in which she is going back (alas, how slowly and interruptedly) to the truths of the reformation. The most valuable lesson which we have to learn from the fearful defections and apostasies of German Protestants is one which regards our own American prospects. *Mutatis mutandis*, we are doing over the same things which the Germans did before us. The path which the latitudinary reformers of the eighteenth century pursued is opening before the Young America of our theology. Our first steps were taken under their guidance. Part of our theological writers and instructors have not yet advanced beyond the first milestones of the journey. For all that we know, there may survive in villages about Boston antiquated ministers, who have not yet banished to the chan-

bler and trunk-maker that opprobrium of all learning and all honesty, the "Improved Version," and who halt along on the broken crutch and under the frowzy peruke of Paulus. More certain are we that sober, diligent, microscopic, exegetical compilers are still compounding the mixtures of rationalistic hermeneutics after the formulas of Rosenmüller, Kuinoel and the like. But their own neighbours are ashamed of them, and their younger followers grow weary of so scrupulous a coldness and so bloodless a learning, which belong to a former generation. A more recent corps of young scholars, from institutions chiefly in New England, have advanced much further than their fathers, and are following on in the direction of what is vaguely called Transcendentalism. They join us in smiling at the stolid earnestness with which some of their seniors are just beginning to catch a notion of Kant and Fichte, but the instructive fact is, that those most advanced in the recent theology of New England are only one stage beyond their forerunners, in a career of which we see the later and perhaps inevitable stages in Germany. For those who are wise, it is a providential blessing that the curve of which we have but a few actual elements at home has been completed abroad. Already we are becoming familiar with expressions about the Athanasian Creed, the teleological argument in Natural Theology, Final Causes, Miracles, Plenary Inspiration, Subjective Atonement, the Nature of Sin, and Eternal Punishment, which a few years ago would have branded a man as a Unitarian if not a Deist. Now we hold it to be useful to our rising theologians, who have this battle to fight, that they should see how it has been fought on the Continent of Europe. This, and not the matter of the doctrines taught in German schools, is the fruit to be obtained by the study of this subject; and for this study, we scarcely know a more valuable book, or one more level to the capacity of ordinary, unsophisticated men of sense, than the one which we here lay down.