

THE
AMERICAN
PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1871.

THIRD SERIES.—NUMBER 11.

ART. I.—FAITH,—ITS PLACE AND PREROGATIVE.

FIRST PAPER.—THE FIELD OF THE PHILOSOPHIC AND FINITE.

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SHALL faith be ruled out? This is not exclusively a question between philosophy and theology, but also a question of philosophy with philosophy. It has of late been fashionable in certain quarters to satirize Christian faith as folly, to admit nothing but "positive knowledge," to sneer at belief as irrational.

One class of these pretentious foes to faith, who occupy the realm of sense, assume the modest appellation of philosophers, yet magisterially limit all knowledge to this realm. What appears to sense they know. The phenomenal is the real—the only real. Just what it is, they are not able to say; but that it is, they know. The senses are the media of communication, and the senses are the source of knowledge—the source of all knowledge.

Another class, in the same field of the sense, despising the appearance of modesty, reject the name philosopher; affirm the paradox that "there are more false facts than false theories" (Lewes' Biographical History of Philosophy, etc.); and resolutely press their theory to its legitimate conclusion, "that a valid philosophy is impossible," "that science is radically opposed to and excludes all philosophy and theology." As said the sophists, so say they, that nothing is truly known;

ART. VI.—THE ANTAGONISMS, PERILS, AND GLORY
OF THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.*

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NO LIVING man has a right to be indifferent to the nature and laws of his own mind. Only a serious misjudgment and undervaluation of himself can lead to such neglect. The maxim, KNOW THYSELF, can not be disobeyed with impunity. Life in all its aspects, social, domestic, political, commercial, and even religious, without philosophy, will be common-place, hard, worldly; or it will be material, gross, luxurious; with no higher enthusiasm than for some merely utilitarian project; some march in the line of material greatness. It is the testimony of the eminently wise student of history, De Tocqueville, that though no metaphysician himself, he found the ages in which metaphysics have been most cultivated to be in general those in which men have been most raised above themselves.

Many of the hinderances to the study of mind are common to all ages and circumstances. The mind needs to be stimulated and keyed up to the work of self-inquiry. Turning away from the visible, the audible and the tangible, from the varied and interesting phenomena of nature, from things that may be weighed, and measured and numbered, from the monuments of literature, and history and art, it gives us a sensible shock to pass into those inner regions where not the most shadowy material forms are to be met, to the simple, sacred, silent shrine of thought, of truth, of being. In calling forth and cultivating the reflective consciousness, it is as if a new sense was brought, with pangs, into being, and long and patiently must the dim forms of thought be scanned, and the powerful spell of a keen and unvarying attention must be laid upon the Proteus, that assumes all the changes of which it is capable, in an almost indivisible moment of time.

How irksome to break up that characteristic half involun-

* Inaugural Address delivered at Hamilton College, July 18, 1871.

tary flow of the mind's experience, which is determined by the laws of association, by the current of passing events, or by the necessities of business! Indolently the mass of men let the inward tide flow on. Drifting is so comfortable! But to know the nature, the dimensions, the laws, the dynamics, the sources of the stream which is bearing them on, would require them to face the current, to ply the oar, to dam up the waters and to turn them into altogether a different channel. Philosophy is the reverse of revery, and it is the most opposite and uncongenial pursuit to lazy folk that can be found.

Naturally the mind is not patient of self-inspection. It is exceedingly awkward to be the student and the thing studied at the same moment. Generally, it is a severe enough trial to keep the mind to the text-book, or the problem before us; but to be the problem which one is to solve; to hold the mind as the book which the mind is to master; from this, indolent, easy-going, worldly-minded, peace-at-any-price human nature turns, with an aversion well-nigh unconquerable.

And yet those who do master this central, supreme domain of knowledge, who penetrate to the core of things, who comprehend the might of ideas, who advance the limits of human knowledge on the field of philosophy, rule the thoughts of men and at last have the world itself at their feet. For men who do not study philosophy, are keenly alive to the broad philosophic generalizations, which touch society, politics and religion. "After all," says De Tocqueville, "men in every age like to hear about their souls, though they seem to care only for their bodies. Indeed, though I care little for the study (of metaphysics) I have always been struck by the influence it has exercised over the things which seem least connected with it and over society in general. Even among the nations that read least, certain ideas, often indeed very abstract ideas, in the end govern society. Condillac, I have no doubt, drove many people into materialism who had never read his book."

Without doubt, we have lighted upon an age, in some peculiar respects, unfriendly to the pursuit of philosophical studies; an age whose professed philosophical studies even

are antagonistic to the essential character of philosophy, and some of whose most elaborate and able systems proceed upon the negation of a large and leading field of philosophical inquiry as chimerical. To all man's native hinderances or disinclination for such pursuits, especially in their higher branches, we now must add a certain uncongenial atmosphere, a certain ubiquitous, unfriendly sentiment, a discouraging posture of much of the thinking mind of the world at large. I deem it not amiss for one entering upon the position which I have been called to hold, on such an occasion, to dwell upon the Antagonisms, the Perils and the Glory of the Spiritual Philosophy.

Certain it is, that the last of the great lights of that philosophy have ceased now for half a generation to shine upon the earth. Sir William Hamilton, dying in 1856, closed the line of great teachers in the Scottish school, himself the greatest of them all. The strength and majesty of his character, the purity and loftiness of his aims, the giant energy of his thought, the matchless keenness and subtlety of his dialectic; the clear and healthful glow which he poured around the obscure and tangled field of his inquiry; his aspiring genius linked to the most conscientious sobriety in investigation; his vast erudition, which never detracted from his originality, made him the fitting close of that eminent line of thinkers to whom the mature Anglo-Saxon mind of this day owes its chief philosophical training. In that grand intellectual phenomenon of our century, Teutonic modes of thinking, long uncouth and foreign, became thoroughly Anglicised; they were gauged and fathomed, they were mastered and analyzed by Sir William Hamilton, as by no one out of the country of their origin; their pretensions were exposed, and their errors were rebuked, with a power that startled the thinking world; while their excellencies were recognized and appropriated and made current as the common treasures of philosophy.

Gone too are the days of those famous, and, in many respects, unparalleled, masters of speculation, who, from the time of Immanuel Kant, for a century, made Germany mistress of the universal empire of thought; made Koenigsberg, and Heidelberg, and Jen^a, and Berlin, more classical and more

popular than the Academy and the Porch; made the lecture-halls and the erudite philosophical discussions of Kant, and Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, the gathering-places of crowds of listeners, as enthusiastic as an American political meeting; made kings willing ministers to their projects; brought officers of state as disciples to their feet, and set the land in joyful ferment with the splendid achievements of philosophy.

England is without a Coleridge, France once had a Victor Cousin, America a Jonathan Edwards. Able and effective defenders of the spiritual philosophy are, indeed, not wanting in either of these countries at this day, and never will be wanting; but it must be admitted that the grand and elevating interest in philosophy, which in other times swelled the breasts of youthful scholars, and stirred and gave tone to all social and intellectual life, has dwindled away or sought a widely different channel.

The great antagonist of the spiritual philosophy is the immensely aroused scientific interest of our day. Its demands and its attractions are absolutely overwhelming. There was a time, and it lasted for centuries, when only loose, arbitrary and unprofitable methods were employed in the study of nature; while intellectual philosophy had long held a mature and well-established position. The accounts are balanced now. Natural science is revenged to the full. And now, in the eager realization of its just and newly acquired rights, behold this science striding victoriously to the front, unconscious of any rights of precedence in any other branch of knowledge but itself, ready to demonstrate its own primacy, not more by the vastness of its discoveries than by the marvelous utility of its results.

In fact, the terms "science" and "philosophy" have fallen into a sort of popular antagonism; as if one could not be the other; as if all of science belonged to nature and material objects and laws, while philosophy was mere unsubstantial theory and speculation. The scientific man, in popular phrase, is the one acquainted with the round of natural sciences, in their modern development, or specially skilled in some one of their branches. What he may know or believe of intellectual science is of little account in this popular estimate. And the

effort is being made, with a respectable show of success, to disparage that whole class of studies which can not be directly connected with the pursuit of natural science, or with the material interests, with the commercial, manufacturing, agricultural pursuits of men, with the mines, the railroads, the shipping and the telegraphs of the world.

It is demanded that our established systems of education shall be tested and re-organized according to the standard of direct material utility in the sphere of natural science. Places must be found in our institutions of learning, not only for chairs of natural science—than which nothing could be more just or appropriate—but for what are called “Scientific Courses,” and for applied mathematics and physics, the obvious purpose of which too often is, not learning or mental training, but the turning of the newly-discovered capacities of these branches most rapidly and most powerfully upon the wheels of the mere money-making machine, which the American youth, in school and out of school, and which even the wives, daughters and sisters of America are threatening to become. It is to seize and subsidize Great Nature herself, and to extort her secrets, that we may set up a trade with them.

Science is courted as a bride, but it is as far too many brides are now-a-days ; not for intrinsic loveliness or worth ; not for beauty ; not from pure affection ; not in the simple, unconscious exercise of a divine instinct ; but from a cool calculation of the effect upon the profit and loss column of the ledger. How much is she worth ? Will it pay ?

But whether with a view to profit or not, it is certain that an aroused and keen interest in the whole broad field of material knowledge prevails as never before in the world's history. The keys are discovered to so many surprising secrets of nature. Even the remotest stars flash to us the story of their being, and rude rocks and scratched and worn boulders, and dark, grimy excavations in the bowels of the earth, and the mud and sand of alluviums, and the tiny particles dredged from the motionless abysses of the ocean, all shine with a lustre and shape themselves into a language as coherent, as eloquent and as captivating as a poem or a romance. Such prying eyes and so many recording hands are directed

towards the phenomena of the atmosphere, that the subtle laws of the winds, the clouds, the storm and sunshine, are fairly laid hold of by the hand of science. An army of explorers is girdling the earth, penetrating the awful solitudes of the Polar seas, or overcoming tropic heats and miasmas, encountering the perils of barbarism, thousands of miles from the centres of civilization, sinking out of sight for years, and only heard of in doubtful rumors of death and life, of safety and peril. The long-buried vestiges of ancient history, sacred and profane, are being unearthed with indefatigable industry.

The fact is, man *has* fallen in love with this lower world, this earthly home of his, as modern science is explaining and unfolding it to his view, and discovering, in grander fullness and efficacy, its power to contribute to his comfort and to aggrandize his position. Nature has appeared to him anew, dressed by modern science in the trappings of youth and novelty, with broader brows and queenlier aspect, and he is bewitched into a new idolatry, as real as when every element was personified, and every natural feature was haunted by a divine or a godlike personage.

Such an exaltation of material forces and interests is unfavorable to self-inquiry; excites prejudices against metaphysical studies, and usurps the time and energies in exactly opposite lines of thought, vacates the mind of spiritual employments and associations, and leaves that class of its faculties so long unused, that they become enfeebled, paralyzed, and for all practical purposes extinct.

And yet so universal are the claims of intellectual philosophy, that they may be justified on this very field of natural science in some of their most impressive and convincing aspects.

Every science includes a study of the instruments by which its facts are reached. The astronomer revelling in the vast disclosures of his telescope, dares not despise or consider superfluous an inquiry into the nature and laws of the instrument on which he depends. On the contrary, the perfection of his discoveries has been in proportion to his knowledge of, and power over his instrument. The slightest flaw in his

lenses, the slightest error in the arrangement of his delicate measuring apparatus, will put him out in his calculations hundreds of millions of miles, and will utterly invalidate his results.

In like manner, the chemist is solicitous about the quality and purity of the agents by which he interrogates nature, the delicacy of his balances, the materials of his crucibles, the strength of his acids and the genuineness of his tests. He is only a dilettante in his profession, a trifler on the outskirts of his science, going to his experiments as playthings, if he is ignorant of the powers and principles of his apparatus.

And what is the student, the scholar and the philosopher, who sends penetrating glances all around the cosmos, and neglects the observing agent, the grand capacity that gauges, marshals and moulds all objects into a scientific whole, but a greater trifler, a child only playing amid the vast enginery of the universe? He takes his flight through all the realm of nature, and revels in the magnificent wealth of his discoveries. And great as is that vast ocean of being and of worlds, its most impressive lesson and most legitimate inference is the marvellous capacity of the being that can know and measure and systematize them all. And this is the very object he deems it unessential to his pretensions as a philosopher to know. In all that round of discovery he has come upon no being that discovers but himself, and without him and beings formed like him, capable of scientific knowledge, the divine order of the universe would be as if it were not. Chaos would not differ from cosmos. "Man is but a reed," says Pascal, "the frailest in nature; but he is a reed that thinks. Should the universe crush him, man would be nobler than that which destroys him; for he knows that he dies: while of the advantage which the universe has over him, the universe knows nothing!"

It is mind that observes; it is mind that looks brightly through the eye, that prolongs itself through the optician's tube, that initiates itself into the secrets of the heavenly motions by the delicate instruments and mathematical processes of the astronomer, that knocks at the very doors of

remotest stars and wrests from them the secrets of their being by the spectroscope.

It is from the depths of the mind that those laws of generalization are evolved; and that great, that supreme instrument of scientific progress, that fountain of science itself, that only possibility of reaching scientific results in any and every department of human research, the Principle of Generalization, is a simple fact of our mental organization.

How defective that knowledge which ignores the knower; which searches every corner of the kingdom, but is unconcerned about the king; which revels in the splendor, vastness and profundity of knowledge while turning its back upon the incomparably greatest, richest, profoundest object of them all—the intelligent, conscious nature of man! Man, made a little lower than the angels, crowned with glory and honor, and with all things put under his feet, shows unmistakably that the moral disorder of his nature has penetrated his intellect, by the reluctance with which he obeys the axiom KNOW THYSELF. “There is but one object,” says Augustine, “grander than the rational mind of man; and that is the Creator himself.”

Are we pursuing natural science as a means of cultivating the higher powers of thought? We are far from despising it on that view. But that peculiar mode of study which we are inculcating, in which the object of the study is the student, and the student is the thing studied, aside from the results obtained, is a most effective exercise and culture. The mind steadies itself to observe and steadies itself to be observed. Every effort is a double process, a two-fold obstruction. The power to think is cultivated with peculiar efficiency; we acquire facility in grasping elusive and intangible shapes. We gain a power of seeing clearly in what was formerly the dark. Tracts of truth as indefinite as the outlines of a planetary continent, grow distinct; grand laws and processes as certain and invariable as gravitation, are recognized in the domain of spiritual knowledge, and at last a science arises. The facts shape themselves into a sublime and continuous whole, and DIVINE PHILOSOPHY, nearest to the skies of all human sciences, is born. Eldest of Urania, she bears

a brow all garlanded with stars ; her looks are directed now upon the nearest, and now upon the most remote objects, or rise in recognition of her home. Meditation sits upon her soulful and pensive countenance. Her sceptered arm is stretched forth in the attitude of command. Queen absolute of all sciences, she gives them their laws, which they can not transcend or alter. Even those who despise or neglect her, unconsciously follow her guidance, and render her homage at every step of their progress in a true knowledge of nature. Their triumphs are her triumphs, and their most splendid conclusions are reached in accordance with her primal laws. To her, and her alone, is the final appeal in deciding the ultimate principles of all science.

And whence arose the revolution in scientific inquiry which commenced with noticing the fall of an apple as an instructive event, and which has led to such amazing results in physical science in our days? Not in the laboratory of a chemist, or the observatory of an astronomer, but in the brain of an intellectual philosopher. It is Lord Bacon's *Novum Organum*; his announcement of the great mental process of the induction of particulars, that stands at the front of the movement. It was Lord Bacon who broke down the paramount influence of the scholastic philosophy; who branded the class as spiders, whose webs are spun out of their own bodies, and who held up the true way of observation as that of the bee, which gathers its material from the flowers of the field and of the garden, and then, *ex propria facultate*, elaborates and transforms them.

To the inquirer, whose mind has been imbued with this first philosophy, and who has learned to trace in the wonders of every science the wonders of his own intellectual frame, there is no physical research, however minute its object, which does not at once elevate the mind and derive elevation from it. Even the material world will appear more admirable to him who contemplates it from the height of his own mind, and who measures its infinity with the range of his own aspiring faculties. There is, indeed, in nature a wonderful correspondence to the innate capacities of the human mind. As the younger Fichte has beautifully said, "There is something

in the individual phenomenon, of the nature of a herald or prophet, an intimation of something higher. And while the primal word, the general truth, exists already in the observing spirit, it is only when this herald's torch touches the sense that the enkindled word leaps from the depths of the spirit to consciousness." "And thus," he says, "true knowing is rather comparable to a sympathising, mutually-completing conversation between spirit and world, in which, like two lovers, each one guesses at the thought of the other before it is half expressed." Rather would we say, that the external world is itself the bearer and witness of the glorious thoughts, the sublime laws, the transcendent beauty, and the order of another mind, and that it has all its interest to us because we are created in his image, and because, through the knowledge of his works, we gain knowledge of him, and find in them a link intermediate between the finite and the infinite; a stepping-stone from the creature to the Creator.

Not the only, nor, perhaps, the worst result of this outward, earthward tendency of the popular thought of our time, is to disparage and neglect metaphysical study. Sometimes this very earthly-mindedness, with scarcely a shade of spiritualizing faculty, will undertake to philosophize. What it can not destroy it will degrade to its own dreary level. It will attempt to show us the mind, but it will be only in its outer relations, with a mangled, fragmentary view of its powers and processes, stripped of its spiritual dignity and its pure fountains of original truth. It will essay to philosophize, but the result has been called, with more truth than gracefulness, "dirt philosophy." The gold and silver and jewels of speculation are cast into the crucible; there is an elaborate and prolonged use of workmen's tools, and, amid a flourish of trumpets and the hosannas of an infatuated throng of worshipers, there comes out this modern calf of materialism and sensationalism.

The sensational school, without formally questioning the vast difference between mind and matter, yet places the mind in such a state of dependence on the outward world as involves an abject slavery. The greater becomes the tributary of the less. Sensations present, sensations remembered, sensations associated, sensations expected—behold the meagre

wardrobe from which all the splended departments of human thought are to be furnished! The original elements of all thought are found only in the meeting point of our mental nature and our bodily organization. Knowledge; positive genuine, trustworthy possessions of the thinking being, there are none. Knowledge, which the spirit has by creative gift, as the stamp of its divine original and mark of divine relationship, knowledge of self and of the outward world, judgments to be recognized and trusted as pillars of truth, conscience with unquestioned assertion of supreme authority, with the sublime, unresolvable idea of virtue as intrinsically and everlastingly good, find no room or recognition in a strictly consistent sensational philosophy. These inestimable jewels of the soul it steals away, and puts mere paste imitations in their place. Truth itself becomes a name, a shadow, under its sophistries. "No infallible objective mark, no common measure, no canon of evidence, recognized by all, has yet been found," in the judgment of these sensational philosophers. I quote the language of the late George Grote, Esq., one of their leaders. The axioms of geometry and mathematics, the simple intuitive assertion that two and two make four, are not distinguished from any other class of our beliefs. They are not unalterably necessary or certain; they may not be true in every part of the universe; elsewhere two and two may make five, and two parallel lines may meet each other. We are liable to be deceived about them, as the inhabitant of the tropics, in his belief that water must always be fluid, and as our ancestors were, in the belief that there could be no antipodes. Our minds have no inalienable, infallible treasures of truth. On the contrary, falsehood is ingrained in the very nature of our minds, which constantly keep up a delusive show of necessity and certainty to which they have no right. Instead of being born for truth, we are victims of ignorance and error, to whom the idea and the love of truth is a curse and not a blessing. They only come nearest the truth who deny its attainableness. Admit that truth is a riddle, a sphinx; that is all the truth you can know. It is interesting; it tends to culture; it gratifies a natural

craving of the mind to pursue inquiry ; we can have no better occupation than the search after truth ; but no one can be sure that he has it save in some relative form, either in his premises or in his conclusions. A philosopher has declared, in so many words, that if the Almighty should offer him truth in one hand and the search for it in the other, he would prefer the search to the truth itself. The advocates of the sensational philosophy, which refuses to allow of intuitions, or of absolute truth, might well use the language of Lessing. For them the process of inquiry has all the interest, and the results have almost none at all. Against such as they, may we not fitly quote the words of inspiration : " Ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth."

And what an ominous black shadow is cast before, as we proceed to apply the principles of this philosophy to moral topics ! There is in fact but a single brief step from the denial of necessary intellectual, to the denial of necessary moral, truth. If the axioms of geometry and numbers are no more certain than the gatherings of our experience, what deeper origin have the axioms of morals ? If there may be worlds where two and two make five, and two parallel lines enclose a space, it is equally supposable that in such worlds also lying may be a virtue, and truthfulness a vice. Here, God encourages veracity ; might he not, according to this sensational school punish it in the planet Mercury ? And no great degree of acuteness is needed in discovering the plausibility of such inferences, however much ingenuity must be expended in setting forth the premises. And the sensational philosophy, although taught by men of culture, and often, not always, of pure lives, soon has its following among the masses, who care only for the restraints which it weakens and removes.

In truth,* the moral philosophy of Mill has no genuine conscience, and no *sui generis* quality of right or wrong. Our moral judgments are not, in his view, a peculiar part of our

* I desire to acknowledge my great indebtedness, in all this discussion of the Sensational Philosophy, to the admirable works of President McCosh, on the Intuitions of the Mind, and the Defence of Fundamental Truth.

nature : it is true—but nothing more is true—that our feelings of moral approbation and disapprobation are peculiar feelings ; “ but so,” he immediately adds, “ we have peculiar feelings, created by association, every day.” He knows nothing of the special feeling of obligation which claims precedence over every other, and which impresses every other with its right to supremacy ; the royal faculty of the soul, recognized as King *Dei gratia*, even when its authority is disobeyed, and its place usurped by passion or selfishness. The instinct which flushes in the cheek of every child, the belief that is cherished as an inestimable jewel, by the best and purest of human beings, and that bows with dismay the foulest and the worst ; that gives the dignity of eternal truth to the simple thought of a child, and that vibrates, with the keenness of remorse and the anticipation of the worm that never dies, in the bosom of the guilty man ; the fine inward sense of the mind, discerning moral quality as the eye discerns light ; the moral reason which at once perceives and distinguishes between good and evil, and which, as God’s vicegerent in the soul, gives no account of itself to the other faculties ;—of this grand and noble idea, the philosophy that builds upon a series of sensations, knows nothing. It knows nothing of morality as a distinct sphere, or as a reality worthy the name. Utilitarianism. That is what it preaches ; not morality, but altogether a different and pretty much an opposite thing. Utilitarianism—a method which starts in sensations, and which ends in sensations—not quite so crude or so unsatisfactory, but sensations after all. What has morality to do with that ? It is excluded. Utilitarianism is a theory set up in her place. It is a culpable abuse of language to call it by her name.

Set up everything else beside this inward, unfathomed, unanalyzable sense of moral obligation, gather around whatever mass of other feelings, collateral associations, sympathy, love, fear, recollections of childhood, and of past life, self-esteem and desire of the esteem of others, as Mr. Mill does, but without this one entirely peculiar sense of right and wrong, the key-stone of the arch is wanting ; you have in fact no arch, no mental structure, no morality. Behind all other

restraints, the inquiring youth will still ask for this, which gives all their validity and efficiency to the others. Or, missing that, he will listen to the voice of passion, pleading that there is none at all, and plunging him in all the madness of unrestrained indulgence. For such a thing as sin, these philosophers have no place in their systems. Their ideal is not lofty. You may miss it and not be vastly the worse. It has no mountain heights, no ringing "Excelsior," with which to inspire arduous youths for the steep ascent; no sweep of glorious landscape at one's feet; no awful summit above, where the pure in heart may see God. It is a broad platform, but little raised above the common level of human aspiration. A fall from it is no catastrophe, and there is no special nomenclature for the fall, as there is no special idea involved in maintaining one's position upon it. To fail of utilitarianism is a matter of regret, but it is a sin to fall from virtue and from God.

And what has Natural Theology to expect from a school that questions all certain possession of truth by the mind? If the mind has no right to say more of anything outside of itself, than that it is the "possibility of a sensation," how can it inform itself in any rational way of the existence of a God? If it has not inherent power to grasp truth as true; if its supposed original idea of Deity is not original, and does not come with the very nature and construction of the mind, but is a matter of experience, which further experience may show to be false; if the very idea of cause and effect is stripped of all necessity, and becomes a mere inference of a fallible being of exceedingly limited observation, does it not follow that Natural Theology becomes a series of guesses, exercises of mental faculties, without a particle of that character of authority essential to the very idea of religion?

According to Mr. Mill, every one of our natural sciences, nay, the very principles and axioms on which we gather and pursue them, may one day be subverted, and even shown to be the reverse of what they are now to us. That would have a very unsettling effect upon our pursuit of science; but bring it into the domain of theology and morals, and its effect is absolutely overwhelming. Concede that our most

fundamental ideas of Deity as infinitely just, benevolent and true, may be wrong; and that the future experience of men may just as fairly bring them to the very opposite view of the attributes of God. Concede, I say, the remotest possibility of such a reversal of the poles of morality and theology, and you practically abolish both, and leave us without either. You invade our most sacred and potent ideas of a future state of personal existence, and you utterly confound the relations between that existence and the present.

And, it is to be remarked, that no place is provided in the sensational philosophy of our day for the usual argument for the existence of the Deity. The philosophy reaches forth in a thousand directions, and cherishes the most ambitious plans of induction, analysis, and generalization, among hitherto intractable and subtle regions of fact. But the deadly vapors of atheism hang around it. Its chief teacher was an avowed atheist, and his philosophy is proudly set forth as the last achievement of the human mind in casting off the trammels of religious faith.

But even in the founder's own person, the religious instinct has already had its ample revenge. He was compelled to recognize the craving of the mind for some kind of religion. The last act of the positive philosophy, which was to do away with all religion, is to frame a new religion. And that act is admitted to be a farce, by Comte's own followers. The human race is to be the object of the worship of man, the "Grand Etre" of the new religion. That which craves an object of worship, is to satisfy its cravings by worshiping the craving subject. Collective humanity, "the continuous resultant of all the forces capable of voluntarily concurring in the universal perfecting of the world"—there is the object to which childhood, and youth, and hoary age; to which the sorrowing and the bereaved; all those that labor and are heavy laden; those that through lifetime are in bondage from fear of death; those that toil from dawn to night under the weary burdens of life—to this dim chimera of a diseased brain must they direct their prayers. Nine sacraments, a priesthood, and daily hours of devotion were prescribed. Liberty of opinion

there was to be none. These new philosophers are as intolerant as old popes and fanatics. Private adoration besides was to be addressed to some woman, living or dead, to one's wife, or sister, or mother; or to some historical personage, who was to be viewed as our guardian angel.

Thus, in the very sphere in which Positivism was to show its all-sufficiency, it has shown itself merely ridiculous. Some of the most distinguished followers of Comte join in the laugh against his religious scheme. He complained of his British followers that they would not contribute to the beggarly support of the religious ceremonial which was kept up in Paris. A trace of madness is not unreasonably suspected in this development of his system, the whole of which, however, shows the workings of a great but morbid intellect. It is known as a historical fact that Comte, in the opening of his career, had a severe attack of brain fever, terminating in temporary insanity. In 1827, according to De Tocqueville, he attempted self-murder, by throwing himself into the Seine. He was rescued by a policeman, to whom thus the world is indebted for the light of the Positive Philosophy.

Yet Mr. Mill, while scorning to accept his master's religious views and observances, proves how widely astray the sensational philosophy has led him, by talking of a religion without belief in a God, which may rival, in its ascendancy over the human mind, all other systems.

The man who thinks two and two may make five somewhere else in the universe, is the very man to believe that some time a religion may exist without a God. Nor is there anything in his philosophical system to prevent him from going a step further, and conceiving a religion in which the Prince of Darkness takes the place of Deity, as the actual and rightful Lord of the universe. Such a result of the sensational philosophy was anticipated in Byron's *Manfred*, where Satan is made to say:

“He who bows not to God, hath bowed to me.”

Permit me to relieve the tedium of an abstract discourse by some lines, in a different vein, from *Blackwood*, in which the peculiarities of Mr. Mill's philosophy are hit off in a very humorous and effective manner:

His system by some very shallow is reckoned ;
 Three facts, or three fancies, fill up his cast ;
 SENSATION comes first, RECOLLECTION is second,
 And then EXPECTATION, the third and the last.
 We *feel* something present
 That's painful or pleasant—
 We repeat or recall it by memory's skill ;
 What happened before,
 We look for once more—
 And that's the whole Soul of the great Stuart Mill.

At a glimpse of things real we never arrive,
 Nor at any fixed truth that we try to explore ;
 In some different world two and two may make five,
 Though appearances here seem to say they make four.
 Our mental formation
 Has small operation ;
 The mind, if we have one, is passive and still.
 We are ruled by our senses
 Through all our three tenses—
 Past, present and future, says great Stuart Mill.

What we never have witnessed, we can not conceive ;
 What we can not conceive must a nullity be ;
 In a God or a Devil can any believe,
 When the one or the other they don't feel or see ?
 A future existence
 Had best kept its distance
 Till there's ocular proof that the thing's a true bill.
 Any childish emotion
 Of faith and devotion
 Is fully explained by the great Stuart Mill.

Three different stages of changing opinion
 Are traveled by men in this planet of ours ;
 In the first, Superstition exerts its dominion ;
 In the next, metaphysical forces and powers.
 When these two are passed,
 Comes the best and the last—
 Comte's positive laws every purpose fulfill ;
 But about the GREAT CAUSE,
 That founded those Laws,
 There's nothing in Comte, and as little in Mill.

Yet without any God a religion may be,
 Which in priesthood and power with its rivals may cope ;
 Which in dead men and women may Deities see,
 And have Comte for its prophet, and Mill for its pope ;

But what's called Right and Wrong,
 Is just an old song ;
 Nor tell me of Duty, Good Actions, or Ill ;
 Being useful or not,
 Determines the lot ;
 So Bentham found out, and so thinks Stuart Mill.

Now, let all men have freedom to speak and to write,
 And let others who differ stand up for the truth ;
 But I think we should pause as to those we invite
 To make laws for the land, or to train up our youth.
 To the helpless and young,
 You do a great wrong,
 To give them a teacher, false views to instill ;
 And I won't by your leave
 Pin my faith to the sleeve
 Of so godless a guide as the system of Mill.

That the sensational and associational school, just referred to, is not necessarily materialist, may be admitted, in view, especially of the case of J. F. Herbart, who joined with the associational theory an ultra-spiritualism. But he is a notable exception. There is nothing in the limitation of human knowledge by Positivism at all necessarily involving the doctrine of materialism. And yet Comte was an outspoken materialist. And the sensational and associational school show, as a whole, a very decided leaning towards blank materialism. The truth is, most of them have come to the study of mind fresh from earnest inquiry into the physical sciences, or with minds saturated with the popular interest in physical inquiry. The phenomena of mind are regarded in the light of material objects with which the eye has grown familiar. In the impulse given by the physical sciences to the student, the facts of the mind's experience are swept along as parts of the same current, and are to be explained and classified according to the same principles.

From whatever direction men approach the study of the mind, if they once deny to it its prerogatives as a knowing being, as having original and fundamental laws, powers and principles which the external world can not give, because it never had them to give ; if once they cheapen the rights and dignities of the mind, they are on the high road to materialism.

But it is to be noted that the materialism of our day is quite another thing from the crude speculations of the past. The devotees of materialist science have pushed their investigations into the dimmest and least explored of all regions of inquiry. They have traced the growth of the material body from the single cell to the perfectly developed individual. They have applied their tests to the whole nervous system, the ganglia and the brain. They have surprised and instructed their fellow men by the keenness of their analysis, the wide sweep of their inquiries, and the rich additions they have made to the domain of physiology. They have revealed hitherto unsuspected and marvelous relations between the body and its occupant, the soul. Subtle movements of the mind and habits of pure thought, they have found unmistakably reflected in the condition and the changes of the nerve-material of the human body. So that the conclusion is fairly indicated, that no mental movement takes place without a corresponding change in the bodily organism. The very matter of the brain of a cultivated person is different from that of the ignorant ; it has changed and developed with the changing mind.

But when we are asked to believe that the changing material of the brain actually is the changing mind ; that thought is a secretion of the brain, that feeling, knowledge and will are mere nervous excitements, we stand amazed at the immensity of the demand, the vastness of the logical *non sequitur*. That mind and matter are closely related to each other, are intimately interwoven in the subtlest connection, are old-established truths. But that mind *is* matter, is no more true than that the face is the character, because character so infallibly writes itself upon the countenance, sculpts the features, and dominates all those subtle details called, in one word, the expression.

Let these patient and keen-sighted analysts of the subtler phenomena of the nervous system continue their inquiries ; let them multiply the powers of their microscopes and the delicacy of their neurometers. Science will gratefully recognize their services in their own sphere. But they are only physiologists not psychologists. Their subtlest facts have

nothing in them in the slightest degree akin to consciousness. They no more reach consciousness than the biologist with his cells reaches life. As well pile up an immense brush-heap and attempt to persuade the by-standers that you have made a fire. They have seen a fire and they know better. A pile of inflammable material is indispensable to a fire, but fire it is not.

Matter and mind go together in this world, but sift matter to the bottom, and conscious thought will not be there. Conscious thought is sifting matter: that the materialist inquirer himself knows; where is matter found sifting and testing and analyzing conscious thought? The mind knows itself as knowing and thinking; it does not know itself as brain. If the brain be a knowing, conscious agent; in a word, the mind—why does it not know itself as what it is—brain? If the mind is mistaken in knowing itself as an entirely peculiar, self-conscious, knowing agent; if it is in error, in not knowing itself as brain, then it must surrender that which it truly knows, if it knows at all, and exchange it for that which it only guesses. But if the mind can not trust its own affirmations, how can it trust its guesses? What it does not in the slightest degree know, by consciousness, of its own being, can not be thrust upon it by any indirect process. The only possible way in which we can *know* that the mind is brain, nerves, or nervous fluid, is by being conscious of it, and the very revolt of the consciousness in the attempt or experiment at being conscious of anything material, is irrefragable testimony against such an assumption. No more than I can make myself conscious of this hand as part of my mental being, can I make myself conscious of the subtlest nerve cells, or nervous fluids as part of that being. Consciousness, knowledge, thought, and the *I* that thinks, knows and reasons, are, so far as they consciously are at all, utterly *sui generis*. There is nothing like them in all the earth. Everything else is set over against them. To break up this radical distinction is to confound everything and make a mere mockery of the knowing power.

The irreligious and atheistic tendencies of materialism are too powerful and notorious to need special mention. There

has always been a recognized affinity between religion which teaches the being of a spiritual God, the maker of man in his own image, and a spiritual philosophy. Theology and philosophy in this regard are sister sciences. While the system that, Sadducee-like, denies spirit, almost necessarily denies God, immortality and religion, and lends itself most readily to the ruder and grosser forms of attack upon the religious beliefs of men.

Singular exceptions to this tendency have not been wanting. It is claimed that Hobbes was a sincere believer; yet he taught that God must necessarily be body, really something extended. F. A. Lange, son of the renowned Bible Commentator, has recently written a history of materialism, describing its progress, as his German critics say, "from a thoroughly religious point of view." In one of the most characteristic of his declarations, Sir William Hamilton says: "I do not mean to assert that all materialists deny, or actually disbelieve a God. For, in many cases, this would be at once an unmerited compliment to their reasoning and an unmerited reproach to their faith." But what he does assert is, that the doctrine of the materialist not only affords no basis on which to rest any argument for a God, but, on the contrary, would positively warrant the atheist in denying his existence.

And what room is there for the immortality of a being wholly matter? If thought is only a function of the brain, where is thought when the brain is disorganized, decayed; ashes and dust? Whither has fled the sublime power of reason, imagination and will, when the nervous organism with which they are identified yields to the inevitable mandate of death, and lies a heap of mouldering ruins? If the soul is nothing but matter, how can it soar when the matter of which it is composed sinks in dissolution? You bury the soul when you bury what you call the body. The grave has closed over all the thinking faculty you ever had. Death is an eternal sleep. Eternity and judgment, heaven and hell,—what room for these in the materialist's theories?

A painful spectacle is now beheld, in the incessant activity of a whole school of accomplished thinkers and investi-

gators in the interest of materialism, who combine, to a degree hitherto unknown, the most eminent qualities of men of science and of popular writers. The daily and weekly press, the monthly and quarterly periodicals, are more largely occupied with statements and discussions of their principles, than with any other topic of scientific interest. They may be said to have the ear of the public, both educated and uneducated, as no class of scientific men ever before have had. In the judgment of many, this is not only a painful, but a portentous phenomenon. It is accepted as augury of the near approach of an era of materialism, in which the influence of the spiritual philosophy and of all the departments of thought and belief connected with it, will be practically overthrown.

The schools of Mill, and Herbert Spencer, and Bain, and Lewes, in intellectual philosophy; of Buckle in sociology, and of Tyndall, and Huxley, and Darwin in physical science, are, without doubt, powerfully co-working, whether with conscious purpose or not, for the establishment of a refined and elevated, but genuine materialism, involving all the evil consequences, in the fields of psychology, morals and religion, which we have learned to expect from that system. Even when materialism is not positively inculcated, all spiritual causes are systematically ignored, and the all-sufficiency of physical elements and principles taken for granted, with supreme assurance. No gap is left in their speculations, for the appearance of any other agency. Matter, brain, nerves, organism, protoplasm, material surroundings, climate, soil, topography—these are enough to build up such a world as ours. And as the spiritual in man is overlooked, and the animal part emphasized, what wonder that man's physical relations to the lower order of animals become more prominent and characteristic? We behold men devoting their lives to tracing the physical relations of man downward to the lowest type of animal life; and as they come back from the dark and slimy depths of their investigations, announcing, with a complacent smile, the flattering discovery of man's lineal descent from something less highly organized than an oyster, passing through I know not how many generations of monkeys, apes, baboons, chimpanzees, gorillas, and lemurs,

by the way, and natural science decks itself with honorable laurels, and blows ever so many and so noisy trumpets over this its latest and most comprehensive discovery!

And why not go a step further, and make the generalization yet more comprehensive, by breaking down the barrier between animal and vegetable life? why not include inorganic as well as organic forms and forces? Why not link me with the crystal as well as with the oyster? It would be just as reasonable to call life electricity or chemical affinity, as to call mind a secretion of the brain; and as for the matter of instinctive prejudice, I had about as soon be told that my nature originated in the crystallizing forces of the rock as in the soulless oyster that clings to it.

Or what, indeed, matters my origin to me, if only blind material law is the arbiter of my destiny; if material law is enthroned over my free-will and above the free-will of God himself; if material law is indeed the ultimate and supreme and only ruler of the universe? If no room is left for miracles, for the fact of a revelation, for real answers to prayer or for a personal God, is science or the world, or life, of any great consequence to me?

I think we are not wholly brain,
Not only cunning casts in clay;
Let science prove we are, and then
What matters science unto men?

It is incumbent on the friends of the spiritual philosophy that they thoroughly understand this new birth of materialism; that they challenge its pretensions, and pierce the mask of its arrogance; that they resist the advance of its serried columns upon the citadel of truth, where morality, and theology, and religion, and the Bible, and Christianity are entrenched; and save those threatened foundations in the human mind, on which rests the very possibility of religion and of virtue.

The materialist philosophy has run its course and borne its fruits conspicuously, as it is the nature of so outward and concrete a system to do. It is something which can not be confined to a narrow circle of adherents, but rapidly and surely makes its way through the masses of society. France

has been especially famous for its schools of sensational and material philosophy. And the prevailing religious belief of France is such a materialized form of Christianity, that it can furnish no effective defense against materialism in philosophy. It has no power to tone up the mind of the masses against the demoralizing tendencies of the system. And the marvelous literary ability with which materialism and sensationalism were commended to the French people in the last century—the wit, the sarcasm, the invective, the argument, the appeals to common-sense, and the splendid learning of the Encyclopædists, Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot, Condillac, Helvetius, saturating the minds of the people with their doctrines, furnished the necessary mental atmosphere for the Revolution of 1789 and its excesses; just as the positive, rather than negative, philosophy of Comte, in our day, educated men, on the one hand, to accept the hollow material glories and the fatalistic pleas of the Empire; and on the other hand, when the Empire collapsed, to deny all moral restraint, and to war against all divine order in the State. Voltaire, the Goddess of Reason and the Revolution of 1789: Comte, the Worship of Humanity, and the Commune of 1871. These are not merely chronological; they are logical coincidences, full of instruction and warning.

If there is a breakwater against the influence and tendencies of such a philosophy, I believe it is to be found in the Protestant Christian Colleges of America. Free America, the off-spring of a Protestant spiritual Christianity, divorced from materialist forms, and hierarchies, and political dependencies, holding to a spiritual God, a spiritual worship, and a spiritual morality, is thickly sown with institutions of learning, many of them of humble pretensions otherwise, but almost every one of them honorable as the direct offspring of the purpose to maintain and perpetuate a spiritual religion and philosophy in the land. I rejoice, with trembling, that I am called to fill the place of all others most directly connected with this exalted purpose, in a College eminent for the abundance and the power of the spiritual influences which it has exerted, and still continues to exert. I rejoice that the name of its most distinguished alumnus, distinguished

exactly for the degree and quality of the spiritual influence he exerted, is connected with the Professorship. Although he would not have wished to be called a metaphysician, the exalted character of Albert Barnes presented, in rarest combination, the very elements which are most necessary to a sound spiritual philosophy. The clearness, the simplicity, the crystal purity of his motives; his love of the truth for truth's sake; his fidelity to his principles amid years of prejudice and obloquy, borne without a trace of fanaticism; his recognition of, and respect for, the great intuitive convictions of the mind, which he would rather leave wrapped in mystery, than sacrifice or compromise in the slightest degree by attempted explanation; his reverent and candid acceptance of the facts of revelation; his cool and sober judgment, unaffected by plausible and illusory speculations; his independence of human authority, and his zeal for freedom of thought; his marvelous inborn sagacity, or genius, which put him in such direct and familiar contact with the common thoughts and the common wants of Christendom; in a word, the supremacy in his nature of that common-sense, which is the very essence of the spiritual philosophy, makes it eminently congruous and proper that his name should be associated with the Chair where such a philosophy is to be taught. If ever the incumbent of this professorship should be tempted to flights of vain idealism, or down the dreary, cavernous track of a hard fatalism, or into any by-road aside from the plain but heavenward-pointing path of the common, universal and necessary intellectual and moral convictions of men, and declarations of consciousness, the precious name, the unblemished reputation, the world-wide usefulness of Albert Barnes will act as the most powerful conservative influence which you, Gentlemen of the Trustees of Hamilton College, could affix to the office.

Were I to attempt to give an estimate of the bearings of a true philosophy upon religion, I could not do better than repeat some of his own words, uttered here a full generation ago, when in the glory of his opening career, and the spiritual beauty of his youth, he came back, at the invitation of the Alumni Association, to deliver the annual address, as his successor in the pastoral office will do to-morrow. It was in his

address of July 28, 1836, that he declared the skepticism of science to be "as unphilosophical as it was contrary to the spirit of true religion." "True science," he said, "has not one word to say in favor of atheism or skepticism. There is not one star of all the heavenly hosts that responds to the feelings of the skeptic and the atheist; nor one insect, nor the petal of one flower, that does not contradict their feelings, and rebuke the spirit with which they look at the works of God."

And, again, in an address delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, of Yale College, in 1840, he quotes from Lord Bacon's *Essays* a passage which deserves to be commended to the busy investigators of nature in our age: "A little philosophy inclineth a man to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them and go no farther; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity."

An awakened ardor, an enthusiasm for the spiritual philosophy, is something greatly to be coveted in the experience of the American student. The even balance of that philosophy between extremes, its unwillingness, in the interest of speculation, unjustly to deny the reality of either of the poles of thought, matter or mind, God or man, subject or object; its adherence to the firm ground of consciousness, and its refusal to try Icarian flights upon the frail wings of the idea, seem unfavorable to enthusiasm in its votaries. But that there is nothing in this philosophy calculated to call forth the ardor, the devotion, and the whole-souled pursuit of our generous youth, we deny.

It is the philosophy which rescues from the mire of utilitarianism the jewels of eternal and immutable morality; which boldly maintains the freedom of the will as a simple fact of consciousness, not to be shaken by the mystery of the fact or the sophistry of its opponents; which challenges the claim of material law to the supremacy of the universe, and which, rising through the free-will and moral sense of man, grasps at the idea of an infinite free-will that rules the world with infinite justice and wisdom.

It is the philosophy which lights up the world with the glow and glory of a supreme intelligence, instead of leaving it the dreary domain of blind forces and material laws and processes of thought; which points to a personal, immortal existence of the soul after death, instead of down a yawning abyss of dissolution; which directs the soul to trace its origin beyond the stars instead of grovelling beneath the ape and the oyster.

It is the philosophy which upholds the reality of knowledge, which honors the mind's own profound inward sense of truth, as neither cheating nor being cheated, but as grasping the very pillars of the universe; which, standing at the threshold of the intellect, accepts the simple assertion, I THINK, as an axiom of personal spiritual existence, and as establishing a difference between mind and matter, broader than thought can grasp or measure, as stamping the soul with a royal preëminence—an incomparable superiority over nature, and over every other known form of life.

It is the philosophy which teaches that the mind is not launched into the world in a kind of destitute, pitiable orphanage, a mere beggar for the truth, waiting, like Lazarus, for the crumbs of doubtful nourishment that fall from the sumptuous table of the sensations or the material world; a mere sheet of white paper, a blank canvas, a mirror passively receiving all its value from the impressions of the external world; but a being grandly endowed with intuitive principles, perceptions, laws, rules and properties; possessions not the gift of experience, but necessary to the commencement of all experience; not given by any principles of reasoning, but fundamental to every process of reasoning; incapable of demonstration from their extreme evidence and inherent clearness; necessary to be accepted, because they are acts of the clearest, purest, profoundest reason; not supported by other truths, but bearing up others, and though without support of their own, seen to be firmest, and most secure of all; truths higher than sense, deeper than logic, earlier than education, original to our nature, implanted there by the Creator, and partaking of his self-existence and his might, a never-ceasing witness of his wis-

dom, providence, and beneficence in the plan of our intelligent being.

It is the philosophy which leads her followers along the celestial pathway, until, without marking the precise point of transition, without fear or sense of contradiction, she has handed them over to Faith ; as if graduating them from her own honorable but subordinate course, into the university of truth. The philosophy which, so far from seeing in the objects of faith, such as the Infinite, the Absolute, the First Cause, the Personal Creator, antagonisms to herself, and interferences with her full development, welcomes them as foundation truths, as the very guarantee of her own first principles, as the only light in which she can see light, as her very vital atmosphere, the ground and reason of her own being and of that of all the round of objects with which she is conversant. Such a philosophy indeed has none of the false charms that appeal to the unbalanced imagination, but as an object of the pursuit of the earnest, generous-souled student, it is as much to be preferred as the starry heavens, populous with worlds, to the gorgeous but unsubstantial vapors that sometimes hang for a little season around the rising and the setting sun.

Who here loves his country, and would stay it on its downward career of luxurious materialism, and godless utilitarian science, and gross, unthinking, self-aggrandizing, partisan politics ; who would save our great cities from the practical atheism and dominant dissipation and organized violence that, like volcano fires, swell and rage in pent-up wrath until they burst forth with a convulsion that startles the world ? who would rescue from the scorching, withering blast of a base materialism, the modesty, the delicacy, the refinement, the womanhood of our women ? who would see our American scholars inspired by the true philosophic spirit to greatness of soul, and to nobleness of aim—in the language of the master Plato himself, taking no part, even unobserved, in any meanness ? Who would see their moral natures invigorated by healthful, honorable views of truth, and virtue, and duty ; their religious natures justified, developed and harmonized with the claims of right reason and culture ? who would see installed at the fountains of influence—in the law, in the pulpit, the press and

the academy—the most powerful ally of Christianity, of sound morals and of true science in every department? For him no degree of interest can be too ardent, no devotion too deep, no welcome too hearty, to any and every opportunity he may enjoy of pursuing and mastering the Spiritual Philosophy as a student, and of fostering and perpetuating to latest generations, the institutions in which it is faithfully upheld.

ART. VII.—THE EPISTLE OF BARNABAS.

EXAMINED PARTICULARLY IN REGARD TO ITS ORIGIN AND ITS AUTHOR.*

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Translated by Rev. HOWARD KINGSBURY, Newark, Ohio.

The Apostolic Fathers, among whom the author of our Epistle is usually reckoned, engross our interest not simply on account of their particular contents, but chiefly because they belong to the end of the first, or the beginning of the second century—to a period, therefore, from which comparatively few written sources are extant that instruct us concerning the condition of Christianity at that time, and its relations to our Biblical Canon. Our Epistle has, therefore, recently, for various reasons, been the subject of a more careful examination, and we must acknowledge our gratitude to Professor Müller, who was peculiarly prepared for such an effort by his writings on Philo of Alexandria, for producing in the Commentary mentioned below a work on the whole so deep and thorough.

The introduction preceding the explanations—after which comes the complete Greek text of our Epistle, as it is established in the Commentary—embraces (§ 1-30) examinations in regard to 1, the category of the Epistle; 2, its object, contents, and divisions; 3, its readers; 4, its author, and the time of its composition; 5, the sources of the text, and,

* With special reference to the recent commentary by J. G. Müller, Explanation of the Epistle of Barnabas. An Appendix to Dr. Wette's Exegetical Handbook of the New Testament, 1869. Translated from the *Jahrbücher d. Theologier*.