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HOLD FAST THE FORM OF SOUND WORDS—Paul.

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UPWARD, OUR MOTTO
BY REV. JAS. SPENCER.
A POEM WAS SUNG AT THE GRADUATION
OF THE CLASS OF '81.

UPWARD was the motto
Of our saviours fathers chose,
When from the first foundation
This Institution rose.
Who disaster followed,
And flame its walls illumed,
The motto they had chosen
Could never be consumed.
Upward, on our banners,
In letters large we'll write,
In victory will follow,
In every lawful fight.

UPWARD! the voice of nature
To tree and valley speaks,
And from their wintry slumbers
With energy awakes.
Slightly the budding branches
Are clad in flower and leaf,
The trees give forth their fruitage,
And fields the golden sheaf.
The sun is rising upward,
The seeds our toil has sown
In every work of mercy,
Our gracious leader own.

UPWARD! on every hilltop
Our motto we will raise,
Our every eye turned upward
Shall on the Saviour gaze.
Upward from degradation
The fallen shall be raised,
The great King of Glory
By all the nations praised.
Upward every step be upward,
Through this vale we move,
To heights of endless glory
And reached in realms of love.

UPWARD on the basis
Of progress here attained,
Of gems of knowledge added
And greater wisdom gained.
Structure rich in beauty
Above the world will rise
Rising its towers heavenward
To glisten in the skies.
Upward on wings of glory,
We'll soar in endless light
Never lose our motto
And our soaring flight.

WATCH.
BY JESSE CLEMENTS.
Beware for the foe that your pathway be-
setting,
He would tempt you from virtue to
stray;
Beware for the half-hidden, treacherous
netting,
He would spread to deceive and betray.
Beware for the foe that your bosom infest-
ing,
When sleeping, is ever awake,
When the hour when the waves you
are breathing,
Your heart may its Helper for-
sake.

Beware for the friend who is wilfully sin-
ning,
And daringly battling with God;
For the grace which is powerfully
winning,
Will bring him to heaven and lead in the
end.
The Senior Secretary of the Reli-
gious Tract Society London, Dr.
Young is a Baptist and his report
of the receipts of the Society
for the year to be £192,000.

CARLYLE AS SEER.

ABSTRACT OF A LECTURE BY J. G.
SCHURMAN, PH. D., PROFESSOR IN
ACADIA COLLEGE.

Nothing can be more significant of an age than the character of its hero. Were all other records and traditions of the French Revolution lost to us, we might ideally reproduce the society which bore and nourished it from the simple circumstances that when Voltaire came up to Paris, nobles disguised themselves as tavern waiters that they might serve him, ladies almost stifled him under roses, and princes vied with one another in doing him homage. And that Europe is struggling to recover from the sceptical blight of the 18th century is manifest from the kind of heroes it has since set up in succession to Rousseau, Voltaire and Diderot. A man who was active in reconstruction as the French were in destruction has been our British hero for the last 40 years. Pilgrimages to the shrine of a martyred saint are not now customary, but pilgrimages to the habitation of a living Seer have been fashionable throughout the life time of our own and our fathers' generations. In my student days I once waited three hours in a drizzly rain before the old house numbered 5 in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, and I had at least the pleasure of seeing the venerable Sage and receiving from him a friendly look of recognition which, though perhaps an insignificant matter, was precious to me at that time, and has now become hallowed in the pale moonlight of memory as a sacred personal reminiscence of the noblest piece of manhood that has turned up in these late ages of the world's history. The Seer Carlyle was the spiritual child of John Knox. But little dreamt Knox himself of such an offspring. He sowed the seed; the harvest was in the hands of God. It is with opinions, as with arts and sciences. The rude stiff figures of the lions which after 3,000 years still watch over the gate of Mycenae, must have seemed to the Greeks of the pre-Homeric period the masterpiece and the final consummation of the sculptor's art, but the æsthetic spirit which took this primitive embodiment passed restlessly through successive transformations till Phidias moulded it on Olympian Zeus and Praxiteles gave it a Cindian Aphrodite. The great world spins forever "down the ringing grooves of change." It is startling, but yet essentially true, that the Presbyterianism of Knox held in solution the practical philosophy of Carlyle. It had, however, to be waked out of its dumb potentiality, and this was the function of German philosophy and German literature. Scottish Religion and German Thought are the warp and woof of our Seer's spiritual life. The mutual adjustment of these two produced what he calls his "conversion" or "aphoretic fire—baptism." The first stage towards this new birth is scepticism. From out the starless night of his beclouded soul, there come multitudinous voices of horrid import and suggestion. May not this universe of ours, with its long-drawn spaces and countless sons of years, be but the abode of a fiend, whose thou art, and whom thou servest? And the poor groping soul passes from doubt to unbelief, from unbelief to despair, cloud after cloud enveloping its black Tartarean gloom. Atheism, scepticism together in his cup; poisonous draughts bringing inanition of will, torpor of intellect, and bitterness of heart and life.

But in absolute negation the soul of men can never rest, has never rested and will never rest. Thoroughgoing scepticism is eternally impossible. For as the philosophy of Hume, when developed to its logical issues turns out a speechless philosophy, which can say nothing in its own defence—which cannot even assert itself without denying itself—so the adherents of such a system must repudiate it, were they but consistent, and do practically repudiate it by defiantly continuing to live and to act as other men. Scepticism is not the final haven beyond the troubled sea of doubt and obstinate questioning; it is only the unavoidable line of shoals and quicksands through which the daring adventurer must pass in first setting out. Earnest pilgrims to the celestial city must ever face Doubting Castle and vanquish Giant Despair.

Carlyle's victory over absolute scepticism leads him to the stoical standpoint of grim fire-eyed Jeahane. Be the universe then what it may—the habitation of a God or of a Fiend

—I shall meet it and defy it, for I at least am a man, and strong with the strength of manhood! The only valuable result of this first step is the new-born consciousness of the freedom and the perennial worth of man. The "conversion" will not be complete till indignation, defiance and withering scorn have in their turn vanished, and faith and hope and love clasp hands with reverence to encircle him forevermore. For this, as Carlyle finds, a "greater than Zeno was needed, and He, too was sent." By him there is complete reconciliation. The *Everlasting No* was but the dusky herald of the celestial *Everlasting Yea*. Through the dark clouds of the soul, and even because of them, has sprung forth in rainbow splendour the promise of a brighter day. The earnest thinker feels at last that the universe is not a Pandemonium, where devils meet to play their hellish game, of which the powers are men, but a star-domed Temple of God with sun for centrepiece and constellations for perpetual altar-fires. With this spiritual new birth begins the life of Carlyle as Seer. It is the function of the Seer to look through the shows and appearances of things into the things themselves—to gaze fixedly on existence till it disclose its minor meaning and significance. First of all, *what* in reality is this material universe by which we are encompassed and of which our bodily organization forms a part? To Mr. John Stuart Mill it was but the blank possibility of sensations; to his greater contemporary—our Seer—it was the living garment of God. It mirrors itself on his eye as the visible administration of the Deity. A Divine idea lies at the bottom of the universe, whence alone it has its reality and significance. The glorious rainbow of creation we all see, but so dull is human sight, that only a few can pierce to the sterner sun that glides the rainbow. This doctrine of Carlyle must be distinguished from Pantheism, with which it has been ignorantly identified. His text is not that spinozistic line of hope, "know God and Nature only are the same," but those very different words of Goethe, "Nature is the living garment of God." Nature is the symbol of God, its laws are the thoughts which the Divine creative Thought has built into things. If any one word can express the character of Carlyle's system, that word is "Transcendentalism." It is a philosophy which was first given to the world just one hundred years ago, in the great epoch-making book of Immanuel Kant, on the *Critique of pure reason*. It recognizes Spirit as the sole reality, and regards Nature as its objectivation, its sensuous perishable embodiments. In a universe at once so mysterious and so divine the becoming attitude of man is wonder. On this perhaps, no one has laid so much emphasis as Carlyle since Plato closed his Academy by the Cophissus. According to Plato, wonder arises; when the soul, which has come to this earthly life "trailing clouds of glory" from its celestial "home" recognizes for the first time in the objects of the material world dim, faint copies of the heavenly archetypes, which birth into these lower spheres has not wholly effaced from its recollections. Wonder springs forth, Carlyle might be supposed to say, when the mind becomes conscious of its own inability to comprehend the universe, and yet in spite of weakness, feels itself related to the Infinite Being from whom the universe proceeds. The man who cannot wonder, how learned soever he be, is but a "pair of spectacles behind which there is no eye." For our knowledge, if measured by God's creation, sinks into an infinitesimal fraction. What, for example, is your law of the convertibility of Forces, but an equation between unknown quantities which you suspect may be combined into a single aggregate of nescience? But if all true intellectual life culminates in wonder (and worship), it must be remembered that the chief end of man is not thought, but action. The moral life, therefore, presents the chief problem to the Seer, and for a British Seer this problem was quite unadmirable. His nation is famed for its deeds, not its thoughts; it has lived deep in the actual, scarcely at all in the ideal life. It has no Hegel, no Raphael, no Beethoven; but it has Shakespeare and Milton, Knox and Wesley, Watt and Stephenson, Drake and Nelson. The distinguishing mark of our literature is the moral and religious conception of duty. This was the light in which our greatest authors worked; it plays about Chaucer's pilgrims, it

beats fiercely upon Hamlet and Macbeth, it shines in mellow glory through Wordsworth's Temple of Nature. And it is by his deep insight into the moral world that Carlyle shows himself, more than in any other way, a true Briton and an heir of Puritanism. He sees that man, with his little life, "reaches upwards high as Heaven, downwards low as Hell, and in his three score years of Time holds an Eternity fearfully and wonderfully made." The moral law is, as it were, written on the soul of man by the finger of God himself. Carlyle has no patience with those who reduce human life to a piece of wooden mechanism, and who deny man any other motives than a love of pleasure, and a fear of pain. Against such a view of his moral nature, Carlyle has protested with fiery, burning words—and protested often, too, for he was the contemporary of Bentham, who first enunciated, as moral law, the principle of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number;" and of John Stuart Mill, who first proclaimed it under the name of Utilitarianism. Carlyle's criticisms have been a light to the wandering feet of many earnest students, and the Utilitarians have not forgotten him to this day, as Mr. Herbert Spencer's late attack only too clearly demonstrates. Carlyle's "Pig Philosophy" is perhaps, the best *reductio ad absurdum* refutation that has ever been opposed to Hedonism—to the Ethics which make pleasure the only good in life. In conception and execution it ranks among the choicest products of Swift and Rabelais, apart from whom it has, I suppose, never been equalled. Carlyle's religious teaching has been much censured by ignorant and un-discerning critics. On these no words need be wasted, for against stupidity, as it was written of old, the gods themselves are powerless. But since earnest, thoughtful men have also come to the attack, we must discover what they at least find unsatisfactory. No doubt, a complete analysis of the phenomenon would show that the adverse criticism is founded on a variety of grounds; but I think it may be asserted, without fear of misrepresentation, that most of the objections proceed from opposition to one particular doctrine. The notion of development, which has been used to explain so much in Cosmology and Biology, is applied by Carlyle to the sphere not only of mythology, but also of Religion; while the theologians, for the most part, yet hold with Lord Macaulay, that theology is a non-progressive science. Nevertheless, Arnold, of Rugby, not to speak of Robertson, of Brighton, adopted the notion of development as a first principle in exegesis, and they were unconsciously anticipated more than a hundred years ago by the greatest thinker this continent has yet produced—I mean by Jonathan Edwards, in his *History of Redemption*. The conception which these great thinkers have adopted, tentatively, and with limitations, is systematically and unreservedly applied by Carlyle to the elucidation of all religious problems whatsoever. Christianity he regards as the mature fruit of the God-given seed that blossomed centuries before in a full-blown Judaism. Nor will he contrast Christianity with all other religions in such a way as to imply that it alone is of God, and they *entirely* of the devil. In the very fact of their existence he finds an argument against their total depravity. A bundle of mere errors could not hold together; it could never live; it could by no possibility become a moving force for millions of our fellow mortals. That is conceivable only if it have a soul of truth—a soul which no envelopment of error can utterly abolish or destroy. Heathenism, however, is but an alloy—an alloy, too, whose best constituent is of an inferior order. But Christianity in all its parts is genuine gold of the highest quality. It is, therefore, imperishable, though the forms in which it expresses itself are changeable and transitory. A primitive church is succeeded by a gorgeous catholicism—a form in which a man of Dante's acute intellect can rest in perfect contentment. Time advances; and Dante's interpretation of Christianity—Dante's symbol of eternal truth—shows itself an absurdity to the meanness of Luther's disciples. Though the truths embodied are unchangeable, the form or fashion of embodiment is eternally changing. May we not, for example, look for a new Luther to deliver us from the soul-killing formalism into which our Protestantism is fast lapsing? Nay, is not the pen already superseding the

pulpit, the writer taking the place of the preacher? Such questions Carlyle answers affirmatively. The full significance of the discovery of printing has, he believes, never yet been comprehended. For our fathers in the early centuries next to no spiritual teaching was conceivable except by means of spoken words. There were then no newspapers, no magazines, no books, nothing of that kind but a few laboriously written manuscripts. If a pious St. Francis of Assisi has felt in his own soul the splendor and the terror of that celestial mould, on which man's life is rooted with infinite significance, it is only by means of the spoken word that he can reveal to his contemporaries his insight into the deep things of God. But now all that is changed, and writers "are the real, effective church of a modern country."

This exaltation of the literary man is of German rather than English origin. If Carlyle in his philosophy of nature is a disciple of Goethe, and in his philosophy of morality a disciple of Kant, he is in his philosophy of religion and literature a disciple of Fichte. True to his nature, Fichte regards the literary man as the priest and prophet of his generation,—his mission being to discern for himself and to make manifest to others the "Divine significance that lies in the being of every man and of everything." Borrowing this teaching of Fichte's Carlyle has introduced into English thought a view of literature of which the full import has, I believe, never yet been pointed out. For since the literary man has but to discover and to interpret the Divine idea of the world, and since, according to Carlyle there are for us only two manifestations of this idea—the one in the actual events of the past, the other in the soul of a living prophet, seer or poet,—there cannot be more than two distinct classes of literature, namely: *History*, which "unfolds the God-like," as manifested in the past, and *philosophico-religious poetry* which "unfolds the God-like" that encompasses us in the present. And the discerning student will find that Carlyle does not in practice recognize any other species of literature than these two, which he might have deduced from Fichte's definition of the literary man. These alone are based on reality, as he conceives it, that is to say, on the manifestations of the Divine idea which lies at the bottom of the world. It is true that he has written of poets not coming under my category (as, e. g., Burns), but you will find that in such cases, it is the author's lives rather than the poetry which interests him. And poets of this class, if their lives contain no tragedy—no Titanic struggle with adverse powers, either within or without—are more commonly left unnoticed by Carlyle. He has left no word on Petrarcha, on Moliere, or even on our own Chaucer, Shelley or Wordsworth. The same high regard for actuality leads him to disparage utterly our literature of novels. The meanest event in the past, which is all sacred because actual, impresses him more deeply than the highest "Calista that ever issued from story-teller's brain." He satirizes the fashionable novels as the Bibles of the Dandies, which no earnest man can read without falling into "magnetic sleep" or "delirium tremens." In expounding this abstruse subject, I have endeavored (1) to present to you a connected view of Carlyle's conception of the universe of Spirit and of Nature, and (2) to throw some light on the genesis of his system with regard to the sources whence it is derived. First of all, it seems to me that no man has ever lived whose writings might be more easily ridiculed. Language, style, and manner are all foreign to us; and the masquerade in which the profoundest speculations are disguised is at first bewildering. Reputations weary us; and one grows wrothly over a Silence whose praises are celebrated in never-ending speech. But, as we continue our study of Carlyle, we recognize that these are merely flaws in a truly noble and artistic style. Secondly, Carlyle's doctrine of hero-worship is, in my opinion, a gross caricature of the admiration we cherish for great men, and the reverence we feel for good and noble men. The great man—be he the greatest—shall not have our worship, which is the right of God alone. The great man is, after all, no Deity, but like the rest of us, a mere bubble in the ocean of immensity, issuing for a moment from God and again returning to God. Thirdly, Carlyle's social and political theories are utterly impracticable. His ideal was an absolute Despotism under a strong and

wise ruler. But the scheme is as Utopian as that government by philosophers, which Plato delineated in the *Republic*, for no means have yet been devised for discovering the wise men. But Carlyle's political insight was much more profound than has yet been recognized. He discerned long ago what we now actually see, the tendency of modern society to divide itself into two classes,—on the one hand, Radicals, Communists, Nihilists and Paupers; on the other, Dandies, Mammon-worshippers and respectable "Gignons." He predicted the catastrophe that would ensue when these negative and positive forces once came together—a catastrophe that has just passed through its first stage in St. Petersburg.

Carlyle's conception of literature, with all its nobleness, is yet narrow and insufficient. It is here that his deep-seated Puritanism is most glaringly apparent. But we have now learned gladly to welcome the poet who faithfully catches our passing moods of joy and sorrow, and fixes them in verse, though the product be no *Paradise Lost* or *Divine Comedy*, but simply a *Loerley Hall* or an *Ode to the Nightingale*. Fifthly, Carlyle's account of the Christian Church, betrays, I venture to think, a misunderstanding regarding its appointed functions. The Church exists for the realization of that high ideal teaching that found its first expression in the sermon on the Mount. Its aim is to produce personal piety and practical benevolence—an aim which no combination of literary men, from the printer's devil up to the Heaven-inspired poet, will ever be able to accomplish.

One is astonished to find the learned and accomplished editor of the *By-stander* asserting that Carlyle's "philosophy is naught or worse than naught," because the doctrine of Hero-worship is untenable. Hero-worship has no more necessary connection with his philosophy, than Milton's *Tetrachordon* of divorce with *Comus* or *Paradise Lost*. Carlyle's philosophical teaching is essentially noble. And the Divine Idea which he finds veiling itself by matter in the natural world, and revealing itself through the moral law in the spiritual world seems to me the truest exposition which philosophy has yet given of this mysterious universe, in which we find ourselves so mysteriously appearing and so mysteriously vanishing away. And Carlyle believed what he taught and acted on it. Indeed, I might say he was a theorist only for the sake of practice. What he preached he made a part of his own life. And I shall say of him what he himself wrote of Goethe: "In the being and in the working of a faithful man, is here already (as all faith from the beginning gives assurance), a something that pertains not to this wild death-element of Time; that triumphs over Time, and is, and will be, when Time shall be no more."

MISSION HELPERS NEEDED.

Miss C. A. Hammond writes an earnest appeal from Chicago for such help in her arduous work as can only be rendered by an unmarried woman, whose heart is full of love to Christ and her perishing fellow creatures. It is evident that the field for such Christian helpers as are anxious to devote their lives to the work of carrying light and hope, and life, into the regions of darkness, despair, and death are widening every day, and that the call from the women of India to the women of our land is one that ought to meet with a ready and hearty response. Are there not among our churches young ladies who are willing to bring themselves thus as a gift to be laid on God's altar? If there are such, or if our pastors or friends know of such as are desirous of consecrating their lives to this noble work they will do well to communicate with the Secretary of the Central Board of N. B. W. M. Aid Society, St. John.

M. E. MARSH.
The Report of the Canadian Baptist Telugu Mission for the year 1880 printed in Madras is received. An interesting resume is given of the work of our brethren in the Upper and these Provinces. The statistical tables show 205 baptisms for the year and a total of 627 members.

The Revised New Testament for sale at the Visitor Office, from 25 cents and upward.