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Acts xxiv. 17), although there are at least twenty-five passages in their writings, in which they might have done so with perfect accuracy.

III.

(*a*) The Septuagint usage gives no authority for translating 'offer' in Luke xxii. 19 and 1 Cor. xi. 24, 25, since the context does not indicate that meaning.

(*b*) There is overwhelming authority in the New Testament for the rendering 'do,' especially since the verb is followed by the pronoun τοῦτο.

(*c*) The translation 'offer' must therefore be absolutely rejected.

CHARLES M. OSMOND.

ART. V.—THE RELIGIOUS POETRY OF TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON, born in 1809, in a Church of England rectory, was about thirty years of age when the Oxford Movement began to stir in the Church of England and to revive ecclesiastical theories long dormant or discarded, while about the same time criticism and philosophy, which had passed over to Germany from England in the last century, were now returning with renewed vigour, to search the foundations of belief, to drive many into scepticism, and to widen religious belief, and make thought more tolerant. By the former movement he was influenced only in his sense of the picturesque; to the teaching of Coleridge, Maurice and Kingsley his own is nearly akin. Tennyson, having probably the most representative mind in the present century, and sensitive with poetic responsiveness to every wind of thought, speculation and emotion, with a very firm and independent will and a noble character, becomes a figure typical of the mental difficulties and struggles of his era, and the positive conclusions at which he arrives are of profound importance to contemporary religious belief.

All through his life he took a deep and even passionate interest in theology and religion. Thus we read in the Biography that in 1842, "the new poems dealt with an extraordinarily wide range of subjects: chivalry, duty, reverence, self-control, human passion, human love, the love of country, science, philosophy, simple faith, and the many complex moods of the religious nature. 'It was the heart of England,' wrote Aubrey de Vere, 'even more than her imagination, that

he made his own. It was the humanities and the truths underlying them that he sang, and he so sang them that any deep-hearted reader was made to feel through his far-reaching thought that those humanities are spiritual things, and that to touch them is to touch the garment of the Divine. Those who confer so deep a benefit cannot but be remembered.'"[1] The service of Tennyson to religion was that in an age when literature and philosophy are largely agnostic he brought religious thought, truth, and feeling into the very front rank of the mental results of the age, and kept them there. Our religious debt to him is inestimable.

"His creed,"[2] says his son in another part of the Memoir, "he always said he would not formulate, for people would not understand him if he did; but he considered that his poems expressed the principles at the foundation of his faith.

"He thought, with Arthur Hallam, that 'the essential feelings of religion subsist in the utmost diversity of forms,' that 'different language does not always imply different opinions, nor different opinions any difference in *real* faith.' 'It is impossible,' he said, 'to imagine that the Almighty will ask you, when you come before Him in the next life, what your particular form of creed was: but the question will rather be, 'Have you been true to yourself, and given in My Name a cup of cold water to one of these little ones?'"

"'This is a terrible age of unfaith,' he would say; 'I hate utter unfaith; I cannot endure that men should sacrifice everything at the cold altar of what with their imperfect knowledge they choose to call truth and reason. One can easily lose all belief, through giving up the continual thought and care for spiritual things.'"

"And again: 'In this vale of Time the hills of Time often shut out the mountains of Eternity.'"

The Bishop of Ripon wrote of him: "With those who are impatient of all spiritual truth he had no sympathy whatever; but he had a sympathy with those who were impatient of the formal statement of truth, only because he felt that all formal statements of truth must of necessity fall below the greatness and the grandeur of the truth itself. There is a reverent impatience of forms, and there is an irreverent impatience of them. An irreverent impatience of formal dogma means impatience of all spiritual truth; but a reverent impatience of formal dogma may be but the expression of the feeling that the truth must be larger, purer, nobler, than any mere human expression or definition of it. With this latter attitude of

[1] Tennyson, "A Memoir," I. 189. [2] *Ibid.*, I. 308.

mind he had sympathy, and he expressed that sympathy in song: he could understand those who seemed

> To have reached a purer air,
> Whose faith has centre everywhere,
> Nor cares to fix itself to form.

He urged men to "cling to faith, beyond the forms of faith." But while he did this, he also recognised clearly the importance and the value of definitions of truth; and his counsel to the very man who prided himself upon his emancipation from forms was:

> Leave thou thy sister, when she prays
> Her early heaven, her happy views;
> Nor thou with shadowed hint confuse
> A life that leads melodious days.
>
> Her faith through form is pure as thine,
> Her hands are quicker unto good:
> Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood
> To which she links a truth divine!

(Flesh and blood here would of course mean the outward form or intellectual presentment.)

He warned the man proud of his emancipation from formal faith that in a world of so many confusions he might meet with ruin "even for want of such a type." And we are not surprised, knowing how insidious are the evil influences which gather round us.

> Hold thou the good; define it well,
> For fear "Divine Philosophy"
> Should push beyond her mark, and be
> Procuress to the lords of Hell.

"And thus he had (at once) sympathy with those who feel that faith is larger and nobler than form, and at the same time he had tenderness and appreciation of those who find their faith helped by form. To him, as to so many, Truth is so infinitely great, that all we can do with our poor human utterance is to try and clothe it in such language as will make it clear to ourselves and clear to those to whom God sends us with a message; but meanwhile, above us and our thoughts, above our broken lights, God in His mercy, God in His love, God in His infinite Nature, is greater than all."

"Assuredly," says the present Lord Tennyson, "religion was no nebulous abstraction for him. He consistently emphasized his own belief in what he called the Eternal Truths:

(1) In an Omnipotent, Omnipresent and All-loving God,
(2) Who has revealed Himself through the human attribute of the highest self-sacrificing love.

(3) In the freedom of the human will.
(4) And in the Immortality of the soul.

But he asserted (and with that every man of faith would agree) that 'Nothing worthy proving can be proven'; and that even as to the great laws which are the basis of science, 'we have but Faith: we cannot know.' He dreaded the dogmatism of sects, and rash definitions of God. 'I dare hardly name His Name,' he would say, and accordingly he named Him in 'The Ancient Sage' 'The Nameless.' 'But take away belief in the self-conscious Personality of God,' he said, 'and you take away the backbone of the world.' 'On God and God-like men we build our trust.' A week before his death I was sitting by him, and he talked long of the personality and of the love of God, 'that God whose eyes consider the poor,' 'Who catereth even for the sparrow.' 'I should,' he said, 'infinitely rather feel myself the most miserable wretch on the face of the earth with a God above, than the highest type of man standing alone.' He would allow that God is unknowable in 'His whole world-self and all-in-all,' and that therefore there was some force in the objection made by some people to the word 'personality,' as being 'anthropomorphic,' and that perhaps 'self-consciousness' or 'mind' might be clearer to them; but at the same time he insisted that although 'man is like a thing of nought' in 'the boundless plan,' our highest view of God must be more or less anthropomorphic; and that 'personality,' as far as our intelligence goes, is the widest definition, and includes 'mind,' 'self-consciousness,' 'will,' 'love,' and other attributes of the 'Real,' the 'Supreme,' 'the High and Lofty One that inhabiteth Eternity, whose name is Holy.'"

There are many of his poems that express this idea of God, the deepest, truest, and most comprehensive, perhaps, outside the New Testament. Tennyson had a wonderful way of summing up a whole philosophy by a happy phrase. These are the words which he composed for an anthem about God, at the request of Professor Jowett, for Balliol College Chapel:

Hallowed be Thy name. Hallelujah!
Infinite Ideality!
Immeasurable Reality!
Infinite Personality!
Hallowed be Thy name. Hallelujah!

We feel we are nothing—for all is Thou and in Thee;
We feel we are something—*that* also has come from Thee;
We know we are nothing—but Thou wilt help us to be.
Hallowed be Thy name. Hallelujah!

It would be impossible to put more tersely the great truths that in God we live and move and have our being; that we

are differentiated from Him in order that He may be surrounded with happy existences; and that unless we co-operate with Him, and submit voluntarily to His will, we shall not fulfil the end of our being, but shall die the "spiritual death" of theology.

There is another magnificent poem on this subject, which turns the tables in the most brilliant manner on Pantheism. The doctrine of Pantheism is that "Everything is God"; the doctrine of Christianity is that "God is everything." Tennyson seizes this idea, and treats the material universe as the vesture of God, and ourselves as only separated from Him for the purposes of individual entity:

> The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains—
> Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him Who reigns?
>
> Is not the Vision He? Tho' He be not that which He seems?
> Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?
>
> Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,
> Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him?
>
> Dark is the world to thee: thyself art the reason why;
> For is He not all but that which has power to feel "I am I"?
>
> Glory about thee, without thee; and thou fulfillest thy doom,
> Making Him broken gleams, and a stifled splendour and gloom.
>
> Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and Spirit with spirit can meet—
> Closer He is than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.
>
> God is law, say the wise: O Soul, and let us rejoice,
> For if He thunder by law, the thunder is yet His voice.
>
> Law is God, say some; no God at all, says the fool:

and the reason of these various views is:

> For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool;
>
> And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see;
> But if we could see and hear this Vision—were it not He?

To the enormous difficulties suggested by the facts of Nature he is keenly alive. Partly he discounts them by the majestic theory of evolution; partly by a humble confession of human limitations and blindness, and a confidence in the abiding reality of truth, could we but see it.

> The wish, that of the living whole,
> No life may fail beyond the grave,
> Derives it not from what we have
> The likest God within the soul?
>
> Are God and Nature then at strife,
> That Nature lends such evil dreams?
> So careful of the type she seems,
> So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

But the difficulties increase. Science shows past and obsolete stages of creation.

"So careful of the type?" but no.
From scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries: "A thousand types are gone:
I care for nothing: all shall go.

"Thou makest thine appeal to me:
I bring to life, I bring to death:
The spirit doth but mean the breath:
I know no more. And he, shall he,

"Man, her last work, who seemed so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who rolled the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

"Who trusted God was love indeed,
And love Creation's final law—
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shriek'd against his creed—

"Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or sealed within the iron hills?

"No more? A monster they, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime
That tare each other in their slime
Were mellow music matched with him.

"O life as futile, then, as frail!
O for thy voice to soothe and bless?
What hope of answer or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil."

Who has not felt these difficulties? Would that all could be satisfied with the true answer: "Here we know in part, but then shall we know even also as we are known." "The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God, because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious

liberty of the sons of God. For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."

Belief in God is not so much derived from scientific investigation, as from innate conviction and irrefragable experience:

That which we dare invoke to bless:
Our dearest faith, our ghastliest doubt;
He, They, One, All; within, without;
The Power in darkness whom we guess;

I found Him not in world or sun, (Natural Science.)
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;
Nor through the questions men may try, (Metaphysics.)
The petty cobwebs we have spun:

If e'en, where Faith had fallen asleep,
I heard a voice, "Believe no more,"
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the God-less deep;

A warmth *within* the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answered, "I HAVE FELT."

No, like a child in doubt and fear;
But that blind clamour made me wise;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But crying, KNOWS HIS FATHER NEAR;

And what I am beheld again
What is, and no man understands;
AND OUT OF DARKNESS CAME THE HANDS
THAT REACH THROUGH NATURE, MOULDING MEN.

In lines which blend with the truest philosophy, he sums up "In Memoriam" by describing the purpose of God in creation:

A soul shall draw from out the vast
And strike his being into bounds,

And, mov'd thro' life of lower phase
Result in man, be born and think,
And act and love, a closer link
Betwixt us and the crowning race

Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
On knowledge; under whose command
Is Earth, and Earth's, and in their hand
Is Nature like an open book;

No longer half akin to brute,
For all we thought and loved and did,
And hoped and suffered, is but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit:

Whereof the man that with me trod
This planet was a noble type
Appearing ere the times were ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in God,

That God which ever lives and loves;
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves.

The birth of the soul, its earthy sojourn and trials, its future regeneration and perfection either in some kind of millennium, or in Paradise or heaven, and the abiding ever-progressing purpose of the Almighty Eternal Omnipresent Being, are all touched in with unparalleled power.

God's purpose and process in making man is nobly described in the ode to his son:

I.

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
From that great deep, before our world begins,
Whereon the Spirit of God moves as he will—
Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
From that true world within the world we see,
Whereof our world is but the bounding shore—
Out of the deep, Spirit, out of the deep,
With this ninth moon, that sends the hidden sun
Down yon dark sea, thou comest, darling boy.

II.

For in the world, which is not ours, They said
"Let us make man" and that which should be man,
From that one light no man can look upon,
Drew to this shore lit by the suns and moons
And all the shadows. O dear Spirit half-lost
In thine own shadow and this fleshly sign
That thou art thou—who wailest being born
And banish'd into mystery, and the pain
Of this divisible-indivisible world
Among the numerable-innumerable
Sun, sun, and sun, thro' finite-infinite space
In finite-infinite Time—our mortal veil
And shatter'd phantom of that infinite One,
Who made thee unconceivably Thyself
Out of His whole World-self and all in all—
Live thou! and of the grain and husk, the grape
And ivyberry, choose; and still depart
From death to death thro' life and life, and find
Nearer and ever nearer Him, who wrought
Not Matter, nor the finite-infinite,
But this main-miracle, that thou art thou,
With power on thine own act and on the world.

The place of man in Evolution is again designated with sympathetic insight and skill in "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After":

Evolution ever climbing after some ideal good,
And Reversion ever dragging Evolution in the mud.

What are men that He should heed us? cried the king of sacred song;
Insects of an hour, that hourly work their brother insect wrong,

While the silent Heavens roll, and Suns along their fiery way,
All their planets whirling round them, flash a million miles a day.

Many an Æon moulded earth before her highest, man, was born,
Many an Æon too may pass when earth is manless and forlorn,

Earth so huge, and yet so bounded—pools of salt, and plots of land—
Shallow skin of green and azure—chains of mountain, grains of sand!

Only That which made us, meant us to be mightier by and by,
Set the sphere of all the boundless Heavens within the human eye,

Sent the shadow of Himself, the boundless, thro' the human soul;
Boundless inward, in the atom, boundless outward, in the Whole.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

(*To be continued.*)

Short Notices.

The Biblical Illustrator: 1, 2, 3 *John and Jude.* By Rev. J. S. EXELL, M.A., 1898. Price 7s. 6d. London: Nisbet.

THE value of Mr. Exell's "Biblical Illustrator" is too well known by this time to require more than passing notice. The compiler has gathered together a host of illustrative matter on the verses of the Bible, from a wide range both of English and foreign literature. Hence the volumes of the "Illustrator" cannot fail to be serviceable to the clergy in particular, with a view to sermon-preparation. No man can preach effectively without giving careful thought to his sermon beforehand; and thought is quickened and enriched by reading the thoughts of others, as well as by private meditation.

The only fault we have to find with the book is its very untaking appearance; clipped margins, small and closely-packed type in long unbroken paragraphs, offend the eye, and make continuous reading a by no means easy task.

The Mutable Many. By ROBERT BARR. Pp. 394. Methuen and Co.

An extremely interesting and well-written novel on the subject of strikes, dealing with the reasons for and against, and giving both points of view with great fairness. The book tends to show how easily the people are led astray, and how great a responsibility lies on agitators.

Norman's Universal Gambist. By JOHN HENRY NORMAN. Pp. 275. Effingham Wilson.

This is a ready-reckoner of the world's foreign and colonial exchanges; of 7 monetary and currency intermediaries, with the aid of less than 60,000 figures, by which 756 tables of exchange, consisting of from 13,800 to 200,000 figures each, can be dispensed with. The volume also contains further aids to the construction of the science of money since 1892. It is in reality the second edition of Mr. Norman's "Ready Reckoner of the Exchanges of Gold and Silver," issued in 1893. This is a clear and scientific work by a great authority on a very obscure and difficult subject, but of great interest to mathematicians and to those engaged in the vast and intricate commerce of the British Islands.