

THE BOOMERANG;

OR,

THE BISHOP OF NATAL SMITTEN WITH HIS
OWN WEAPON.

BY

“A MAN OF ISSACHAR” (Jud. x. 11).

AND A RETURNED PILGRIM FROM THE EAST.

AN ARGUMENT AND A DEFENCE. WITH A FEW FACTS
AND FIGURES FOR PRACTICAL ENGLISHMEN.

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“The Men of Issachar had understanding of the times.”—1 Ch. xii. 32.
“I am set for the defence of the Gospel.” Phil. i. 17.

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1863.



THE PENTATEUCH AND BOOK OF JOSHUA,
CRITICALLY EXAMINED BY DR. COLENZO.

Par. 7.—“I have arrived at the conviction — as painful to myself at first as it may be to my reader, though painful now no longer, under the clear shining of the light of Truth—that the Pentateuch, as a whole, cannot possibly have been written by Moses, or by any one acquainted personally with the facts which it professes to describe ; and, further, that the (so-called) Mosaic narrative, by whomsoever written, and though imparting to us, as I fully believe it does, revelations of the Divine will and character, cannot be regarded as historically true.”

Par. 8.—“Let it be observed that I am not here speaking of a number of petty variations and contradictions, such as, on closer examination, are found to exist throughout the books, but which may be in many cases sufficiently explained, by alleging our ignorance of all the circumstances of the case, or by supposing some misplacement, or loss, or corruption, of the original manuscript, or by suggesting that a later writer has inserted his own gloss here and there, or even whole passages which may contain facts or expressions at variance with the true Mosaic books, and throwing an unmerited suspicion upon them,” &c. &c.

In page 10, par. 10.—He says : “But I wish to repeat here most distinctly that my reasons for no longer receiving the Pentateuch as historically true, is not that I find insuperable difficulties with regard to the *miracles*, or supernatural *revelations* of Almighty God recorded in it, but solely that I cannot, as a true man, consent any longer to shut my eyes to the absolute, palpable, self-contradictions of the narrative.”

TO THE BRITISH CHRISTIAN PUBLIC.

MEN, BRETHREN, AND FATHERS,—

I am a living personal responsible being, and not a body corporate, or an editorial “We”; and, therefore, choose to address you in the first person singular, assured that those who know me will acquit me of egotism.

You are at liberty to challenge my arguments, judge me, and smite me if you can; but hear me. I recall now the feelings which thrilled me as I stood beneath the emblem of our faith in the Colosseum at Rome. Eighteen hundred years ago the “irrepressible conflict” between light and darkness, truth and error, commenced in the city of the Seven Hills, and in a brief period of time the despised sect, which was everywhere spoken against, succeeded in supplanting and superseding the hoary and venerable system of idolatry, whose imperishable memorials lay scattered around me.

Mars and Mercury, Neptune and Vulcan, with all the gods that filled the Pantheon, and even the lofty Jove, bowed to Jesus.

To-day the religion that assailed is in turn attacked, and professed friend and profane foe have come up in firm phalanx or single file, to assault the faith of our fathers. My imagination filled those vacant seats with the gay and dissolute Romans who sat there when the gladiator or the Christian was “butchered to make a Roman holiday,” and now it surrounds me with British spectators who are as eager to know

what will be the fate of the Bible, as those Romans were to see the issue when the cry rang, and was re-echoed by the crowd, "The Christians to the lions."

Are we to have an "*auto da fe*?" or is the Bible to be put upon the shelf among the obsolete and lumberous records of a past age?

The latter alternative would be forced upon us by the "seven champions of unchristendom."

We have not yet recovered from our surprise and alarm at their bold attempt, before a solitary but strong successor, stands forth to aim another blow, and demolish a little more of the bulwark of our faith and freedom.

Stepping into the arena, to combat with one who has his own chosen weapons—one who is mighty in mathematics—may well make a stout, strong, and brave man tremble. Besides, the accomplished editor of "Guesses at Truth," says, "It is not without a whimsical analogy to polemical fulminations that great guns are loaded with iron, pistols and muskets fire lead rapidly, incessantly, fatiguingly, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred they say without effect." But truth results from discussion and controversy, and I will throw a polemical pebble at the head of the new Goliath.

I prefer keeping my visor down, having before my eyes the story of Ulysses and his bow, and the "Black Prince," in Ivanhoe, as eminent illustrations of concealed strength and skill; and also of less successful men, who had no great reason for raising it.

I shall then be able to bear my blushing honour or burning shame into the retirement for which I am fitted alike by constitution and habit. But my chief reason is that truth may go forth in her native worth, without the meretricious garb of a great name, or the mean attire in which the "great unknown"

are, alas! too often compelled to clothe *their* dependents and companions.

You will not know whether I sit upon the bench of bishops—send my *brief* answer from the “Temple”—“*Wite*” from the West end—or proclaim my firm and indignant protest from the lowest stratum of society. It shall be a virtuous indignation, however, such as a true knight felt when defending and protecting the honour of his lady.

But whether lay or clerical, the rules of fair and lawful controversy shall be observed, and you may rest assured that beneath the mask there is a genial face, with all the warmer glow for the wearer’s knowledge of the “Old Testament,” with its Pentateuch and “Israel in Egypt.”

I am conscious of “short comings,” but you will have *longer* ones from abler hands. I commit this contribution to the interests of truth, to your custody, and the blessing of Him whose cause it aims to defend.

Your visible, yet invisible,
Friend,

THE AUTHOR.

“COLENSO’S ARITHMETIC APPLIED TO THE
PENTATEUCH.”

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“ Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad ;
The rule of three it puzzles me,
And practice drives me mad.”

PART I.

A QUICK CALCULATOR.

Some of the feats of mental arithmetic performed by men who have the bump of number very large, are truly extraordinary; and those who have seen the rapidity with which they combine figures and draw conclusions, must have been surprised at their general accuracy. Very few are endowed with such a wonderful gift.

But the author of a work on arithmetic—which has been variously estimated—has quite eclipsed the most gifted of them by a more recent production, bearing, however, as some affirm, a family resemblance, and sent into the wide world upon the same benevolent mission, to wit—to correct the mistakes of his predecessors.

The success of the first effort has inspired the confidence and emboldened the courage of our author—for if a generous public witness with satisfaction the removal of old *figures* from our schools, why should not that same arithmetic applied to the Pentateuch remove the old faith in fables from our sanctuaries, and gain for him the thanks of all wise men!

A generous public does not bind itself to admire and embrace every bantling that claims brotherhood with one of its pets; and may regard this birth of the Bishop's more matured manhood as a premature abortion of his brain.

I propose showing in this section, how *quick* his calculations are, and how readily he reckons up old and hard questions, when once he is moved to real zeal by a Zulu. It will be seen as we advance that he puts his *strong* arguments first; but let them come when they may the defences of the Bible are as safe as those of the British at Waterloo.

The Bishop places great stress, and very properly, upon a striking passage in Zech. xiii. 3: "Thou shalt not live; for thou speakest lies in the name of the Lord." I will place one passage side by side with that, to show how virtuously indignant the Jews were when Moses, in whom they trusted, was

assailed—even though the life of the offender were never so pure. When Stephen was brought upon trial the witnesses said, “We have heard him speak blasphemous words against Moses.”—Acts vi. 11.

Let us see how far these solemn words have exercised a wholesome and salutary influence over his mind, as made known to us in the production of his pen.

The first sixteen pages are introductory and contain very little to the point, but rather a kind of “special pleading,” and deprecation of any uncharitable criticism, and severe censure, and a profession of ardent love for the truth—such as is generally made by all parties—secularists and sceptics of all shades—as well as those whose writings are tinged by some very questionable views of scripture truth—with a repetition of much of the preface, and strong appeals to God as to the purity of his motives, and a willingness to bear all that fidelity to convictions may entail upon him as a man, and especially in his official position as a bishop.

All this is natural and allowable, but when we know that this is done by all parties there is not much gained by it, except some few pages for the printer—for men in these days of rapid reading are anxious to crack the shell that they may get at the kernel. There is an honest out-spoken intention to look “facts in the face,” and this is repeated three or four times in the course of a few pages, and keeping this, as a kind of motto, in view, I shall proceed at once to meet the Bishop as well as the facts “face to face,” and, what is more, scripture with scripture, so that some supplementary passages may elucidate a few things which have been buried beneath many figures. There are some “*old* saws which I will meet with modern instances,” culled during my travels in many lands, and through some years of practical observation.

I cannot accept this book as a sufficient guide, for the following among many other reasons:—

- I. His figures are not facts.
- II. His philosophy is fallacious.
- III. His religion is rationalistic.
- IV. His leadership of the modern crusade is loose and irregular.
- V. I have drunk the old wine, and desire not the new, for I believe the old is better.

I shall not take up these points seriatim, as it would involve too much labour to cull out the different passages scattered with reckless prodigality through the bishop's book, and resembling "Joseph's coat of many colours" (if he ever had one) more than the modern methodical way of dressing up a new work—but shall allow them to tell their own tale in the web, warp, and woof of this pamphlet. To the best of my belief I have never seen the Bishop of Natal, nor any of the Zulu people, but just at the present time it is important to know that there are some brains in Africa, and that the untaught sables of that much abused country, must stand very well on a phrenological chart—and measured by the doctor's most exact rules, and weighed by the nicest scales, the African, in this instance, has more than the educated Englishman.

The scholar in this case became wiser than his teacher, and the missionary was converted by the pagan. A melancholy instance this of an old saying, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." It was bad enough for William Jay to try the experiment upon a pious parrot, by allowing it to associate with a profane parrot, until the songs of the sanctuary were replaced by the not very moral "songs of the ship," but when such a metamorphosis takes place in a civilized and educated man, we are almost inclined to reject the plea of the African, "Am I not a man and a brother?" and look upon him as an angel of darkness, or as another Balaam, causing a bishop "to err from the right way." I submit one of my "modern instances" by way of comparison. I once travelled in company with a schoolmaster from Shechem to Jerusalem, who was perplexed about our Lord's words, "For as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth," Matt. xii. 40. "How," said he, "can these things be? for Christ was buried on Friday, and rose again on Sunday." There seemed to be a good deal of oriental obtuseness about this "enlightened native," for when I told him that if he went to a hotel where they charged so much by the day, he would have to pay for three whether he stopped from Friday over Sunday night or not, he could not see the force of the argument, although in a country where, in counting time, the night is included in the day. If this work had then been in my hands I might have settled the

point at once by referring to the account of *two* evenings in one day, as explained by the bishop in his account of the offering of the evening sacrifice. I feel thankful, however, that he did not drag *me* down into that darkness in which he may now be stumbling, even in this day of arithmetical light, for aught I know. The bishop, as will appear, was not so fortunate in his dealings with the "enlightened Zulu."

I beg leave to submit a problem to those who are able to solve one. If one Zulu, in the simplicity of his mind, could effect such a change, what might that one have done multiplied by three, and those three designing and sophistical knaves?

I am here forcibly reminded of the story of the Brahmin:—

PILPAY'S FABLE.—A pious Brahmin made a vow that on a certain day he would sacrifice a sheep, and on the appointed morning he went forth to buy one. There lived in his neighbourhood three rogues who knew of his vow, and laid a scheme for profiting by it. The first met him and said, "Oh, Brahmin, wilt thou buy a sheep? I have one fit for sacrifice." "It is for that very purpose," said the holy (?) man, "that I came forth this day." Then the impostor opened a bag, and brought out of it an unclean beast, an ugly dog, lame and blind. Thereon the Brahmin cried out, "Wretch, thou touchest things impure, and utterest things untrue. Callest thou that cur a sheep?" "Truly," answered the other, "it is a sheep of the finest fleece, and of the sweetest flesh. Oh, Brahmin, it will be an offering most acceptable to the gods." "Friend," said the Brahmin, "either thou or I must be blind." Just then one of the accomplices came up. "Praised be the gods," cried this second rogue, "that I have been saved the trouble of going to the market for a sheep! This is such a sheep as I wanted; for how much wilt thou sell it?" When the Brahmin heard this his mind wavered to and fro, like one swinging in the air at a holy festival. "Sir," said he to the new comer, "take heed what thou dost; this is no sheep, but an unclean cur." "Oh, Brahmin," said the new comer, "thou art drunk or mad." At this time the third confederate drew near. "Let us ask this man," said the Brahmin, "what the creature is, and I will stand by what he shall say." To this the others agreed, and the Brahmin called out, "O stranger, what dost thou call this beast?" "Surely, O Brahmin," said the knave, "it is a fine sheep." Then the Brahmin said, "Surely the gods have taken away my senses," and he asked pardon of him who carried the dog, and bought it for a measure of rice and a pot of ghee, and offered it up to the gods, who, being wroth at this unclean sacrifice, smote him with a sore disease in all his joints.

The story, as applicable to the present case, carries its own moral; and that it may be so applied will appear, I humbly think, in the sequel. When in Africa, the bishop (no longer a simple incumbent) found out a new canon of interpretation for "Till I come give attendance to reading: Meditate upon these things: Give thyself wholly to them, that thy profiting may appear to all," 1 Timothy iv. 13—15; and he could no

longer neglect the study of the Pentateuch, and by implication teaches us that only bishops in the modern, and not apostolic and New Testament sense of the word, ought to give themselves to the study of Moses and the law. A very novel discovery, indeed, when looked at in light of the Master's command to all, "Search *the* Scriptures." When he made this discovery, the sudden awakening of conscience from a long siesta, must have been as startling and vivid as the sensations of drowning, when all the acts of a long lifetime pass in rapid review, and the fearful Nemesis disturbed the disobedient bishop (who couldn't wholly neglect the Pentateuch as a clergyman, *much* less as a bishop) lashed him on to a hasty, and mayhap a rash atonement, which, like a sorrow that needeth to be repented of, will require to be atoned for.

The bishop, like the Brahmin, has offered the unclean, the lame, and the blind for sacrifice, and many will feel inclined to ask, in the solemn language of Scripture, "WHO HATH REQUIRED THIS AT YOUR HANDS?"

The story of the deluge, and the sun and moon standing still, as related by the bishop, will supply us with some examples of quick calculation.

One can hardly tell why a few lines only on the subject of the deluge are vouchsafed, except it be to prejudice the mind in favour of the startling statements about to follow—and why Lyell alone should be quoted when other authorities have pronounced in favour of the harmony between Scripture and geology. (See Hitchcock's "Scripture and Geology.")

The same remarks apply to Joshua's miracle, when the sun and moon stood still in Gibeon and the valley of Ajalon, as recorded in Jos. x., 12. To his flippancy on this passage I offer a brief reply, and the reader will bear with me if I use his own weapons. I suppose the earth revolves in one *direction*, and I *know* that the wind veers round, and does not always come from the same point,—and yet notwithstanding the immense velocity of the earth, and the very high wind which *must* come sometimes from an opposite direction, most quiet people manage to keep their equilibrium, and retain their beavers and bonnets, but as the objector is so very *fast* in his calculations, and rapid in his advancing movements, he naturally objects to the whole narrative, as, should such an event happen again, he would have a poor chance of

standing erect on "terra firma," and would indeed be among the first to fall. I might also reply that He who controls gravity can manage his own affairs.

But the secret of much of the Bishop's positivism is at once disclosed when he tells us that he has not only a Zulu teacher, but has called to his aid "German schoolmasters," and shows a decided preference for the *mist* of the fatherland, while nothing that *Cook* can prepare in his motherland will satisfy his mental appetite, and he has a decided objection to the fog which hangs over one of her "*Pools.*" Indeed, most English commentators and scholars, with the exception of Dr. Davidson, are treated by him in rather a cavalier way, while the living ministry are regarded as incompetent or afraid to unsettle the basis of their belief by facing the difficulties of the Pentateuch. But they may console themselves with the reflection, that his love for the Germans is easily quenched when they cross *his* purpose.

Now it is a noteworthy fact, that while the German Neologists have been beaten on their own chosen ground, and a reaction has set in in favour of evangelical religion, Englishmen—so belauded for their common sense, and withal so practical—should be content to wear for a time the "O'clo'" of their phlegmatic neighbours, or the still more threadbare garments which have been imported of late from more Eastern climes. It may be as well, perhaps, for me to inform you that I have no objection to German writing *per se*, only to its misty manifestations, and profound smoke. Clear away all that smoke, and we shall have as much reason to rejoice as any foreigner who ever came to our own London in a fog—and was fogged up in a garret, or down in a cellar for days—when he saw that glorious Phœbus was shining in his glittering car, and fair weather had come out of the North.

I hold to free trade—in feeling as in fabric, in mind as in material—and believe that a look into the mental display of the Zollverein will please some, and profit many, as much as those now remembered looks we took at the beautiful display in the west end of the Exhibition building. From Germany we received the Reformation, and the men and works which the world will not willingly let die; as also the garish garbs of the Strauss school which are temptingly offered to the young, free, and ardent. But in going to the mental market to buy,

let us remember that it is not all gold that glitters, and that there is some "Brummagem ware" passed off as genuine upon the simple who sometimes seek after the truth. Some "ask for bread, and receive only a stone," from those who profess to feed them.

An antiquarian society, whose fundamental law should bind its members to gather up the cast-off garments of the high priests of scepticism, might render immense service to the world in its next great fair. I venture to offer a small contribution to be preserved in its archives. In my peregrinations the other day I saw a book on the Pentateuch, a production of the New World, containing many sober and some senseless things (Boston, 1838). It had evidently fallen into the hands of some one learned in the law of Hermeneutics. Here are a few choice flowers of rhetoric culled from the borders (only pencil sketches). For the sake of brevity I shall only quote enough from the Boston author to indicate what part of the Pentateuch he refers to, and shall enclose the marginal notes of his Commentator in inverted commas, and my object is to show that the Bishop's objections are not so novel as some suppose:—On attributing the books to Moses—"Dodges the question." The Samaritans—"Moses' is the later religion." Time of Ezra and The Books of Moses—"Manufactured then." From the earliest period the Jews had the doctrine of one God.—"Nonsense." Admit the truth of the Mosaic history, and all is clear; deny it and the most extraordinary and perplexing problem in all history is presented—"Not at all." The reading of the law by Ezra.—"This is in favour of its being written after the captivity." Tabernacle—"Fabulous;"—"Cabala like"—"So Temple." I am at a loss to point to any principle in human nature which will help us to account for such a composition, (5 B Moses) proceeding from any other than one so situated as Moses is related to have been—"I am not; true to this day, for the desert never changes." We cannot question God's right to withhold, &c.—"No?"—"All taken for granted." On a revelation from God—"And can the Jews prove they had one?" "No need of a revelation. Why? Because man has everything in himself." Moses smites the Nile—"What a fiction! fancy it." Ye shall not go very far—"How could they?—80 miles" The mortality of the firstborn—"Nonsense!" 270

per diem with a population of 5,000,000!" Slavery a sin—"Why?" 72 (Jacob's family, 70) mystic number. "Suppose the population to have doubled once in 25 years, as in the United States, (independently of immigration) 430 to the EX would have raised it, not to 3,000,000 only, but to more than ten.—"Stuff!" "A perfect absurdity, history and statistics." God inflicted leprosy on Miriam—"God is said." Jewish system—"All Levitical, priestcraft." Plan approved by God, "*i.e.*, Moses lied." Marah—"The name gave origin to the Myth." Manna, two kinds—"Delirious, confound both." Keep, "Why not? a miracle presents no difficulty." Twelve tribes—"Signs of the zodiac." Attribute the writings to Moses, and all is natural—"Oh no, several." Who would think of writing it in a later age?—"Priestcraft would." Aaron—golden calf—"Skulking." "Who but a calf would credit it?" Ephraim and Manasseh. "What is the cabala of these numbers?" Jacob's family—"What nonsense when viewed as history." The breach of Moses and Aaron—"He actually takes it all as history." Balak—"Why not grant him too the miraculous power among those blackguard outcasts from Egypt?" The marches of the Jews—"Just as if it were all history."

And these are only a few samples of choice selections from an unpublished scribe of the present age, put in perhaps to make an unsaleable book realize a little higher pecuniary consideration. I can supply more from the second volume, and will promise to spread them over a page or two should they be called for. I have put before you the free comments of a man who never expected them to see the light in the form in which they are now presented to the world. But those who appear before the public in the more formal garb of an author, and in the first impression of "my publisher," have to refine a little, put a guard upon their pen, and draw their language a little more mild, as we have not gone back to the barbarism of the last century. There is too much, however, as it is, that is common between the "published" and unpublished *pensée* of scepticism. But happily the time when bold blasphemy raved at revelation has passed away, we hope, for ever. I think I am warranted in saying, with the above samples before us, and without giving instances of a similar kind from more ancient authorities, from Celsus down to our own day, that

much of the merit of novelty is taken away from the Bishop.

And if any of my West-end young friends want to make a sensation, without having any mental capital to begin with, let them go to some book-worm, and I promise them they can "come out" in the sceptical world without paying such a high rate of interest as some of our friends we wot of pay, who apply for money on the "usual terms," to Moshes & Co. But I warn my "young friend" that some of the "knowing ones" will say his coat is made of shoddy, his hat is off an old block, and he is standing in other men's shoes. Look you well to your head, your heart, and your feet. Keep the one clear, the other warm, and have firm ground for your understandings, as "there is nothing new under the sun."

In answer to the question, Who wrote the Pentateuch? we have another example of quick calculation. And on no subject is the author more positive than this—that Moses did not write it—and the old worn-out objection, how could a man write an account of his own death, is brought out with all the novelty of a grand discovery—Eureka!

I reply that the internal evidence is sufficient to prove that Moses wrote the books which go by his name—and the following passages are adduced in proof thereof: "And Moses wrote all the words of the Lord. . . . And he took the book of the covenant and read in the audience of the people." Ex. xxiv. 4—7. "And the Lord said unto Moses, write thou these words: for after the tenor of these words I have made a covenant with thee and with 'Israel.'" (Ex. xxxiv., 27). "And Moses wrote this law and delivered it unto the priests, the sons of Levi," (Deut. xxxi., 9—4) And I suppose he, wrote the sublime song recorded in the end of the book if we are to believe verse 22: "Moses therefore wrote this song the same day and taught it to the children of Israel." Ample proof is provided in these Scriptures to show that the Bishop's objection falls to the ground; and the *external* evidence is as conclusive against him. As I shall take up these two points of evidence more at large when I come to look at the *moral* bearings of the whole question, I shall content myself by answering now in the following way: Moses did not write the last chapter of Deuteronomy, therefore Moses did not write the Pentateuch. Very good,—and now for the logical sequence.

A large portion of the Bishop's book was written by many

other authors—and yet no one would say the Doctor was dishonest, when he called it “Colenso on the Pentateuch,” except he had been trained in this new method of reasoning. Practical Englishmen will deal with such reasoning as a high authority recommends sensible people to treat physic, “throw it to the dogs ;” and it may be that some *future* Oriental scholar will attempt to prove, by his own logic, that Dr. Colenso, Gibbon, Hume, Macaulay, and others, never wrote the books ascribed to them, because events which took place subsequent to their death have been added by later editors.

It should be borne in mind that in the short space of two years the bishop discovered, among many other things, that the Exodus, as recorded by Moses, is a myth ; and, contrary to his ordination vows, he rejects the canonical authority of the Pentateuch ; for on the subject of its inspiration, he rejoices that he has escaped from slavery, and that the cord has been snapt altogether. “Our examination has forced on us the conviction, by reason of the utter impossibilities and absurdities contained in it, that the story of the Exodus is a fiction.” It is thus seen that the moving of men—as the moving of the waters of the deluge—has the same effect upon him. He cannot believe in the historical veracity of the deluge or the Exodus. If you are perplexed, and ask the question, What is authentic history ? hear the bishop. “The story of the Exodus, &c., though based, probably, on *some really* historical foundation, is certainly not to be regarded as historically true,” and yet he has just told us that the “cords are snapt altogether”—why break loose altogether, if there is the least anchorage, and be driven out to sea in a storm ? For my part, I should not like to sail under such a captain, as I fear we should soon be cast upon a lee shore.

We next come to a very handsome piece of fine “Broad Church” altar cloth—or a *memorial* stained glass window—giving “a dim religious light.” The Bishop’s belief in God is unquestionable, and clearly testified—“God Is”—and is, though the Bible be not. Undoubtedly—amen ! say R. W. Emerson and Theo. Parker. But the religious life of England looks for and is nourished by an objective revelation. The “unwritten” inward testimony is there too, that is, the “inner light,” of which others boast so much, and unites with the Bible in making the strong, active, and progressive Christian men of

the present day; and to those who accuse us of a slavish cleaving to the mere "letter," to the neglect of the "subjective experience," we say, "the Spirit giveth life." "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." "The Spirit Himself beareth witness with our spirit."

Having virtually avowed that we might do as well without the Bible as with it, we find the bold innovator, startled by the prospect before him, as though he saw a number of innocents slaughtered by the shafts from his quiver, and he hastens to assure them, that though their prejudices may be shocked at first, they will soon get rid of their fear for the safety of the Ark. "I have arrived at the conclusion—as painful to myself at first as it may be to my readers, though painful now no longer under the clear shining of the light of truth" (p. 7). Those words were before him then, "Take heed that ye offend not one of these little ones."

"No wise man will offend the weak in that which pertains to their faith," are words we do well to remember; but while the "letter" seems to have been before the eye, the spirit appears to me to have been absent, and in his anxiety to spare the feelings of the devout, he has evidently forgotten the distinction between "milk and strong meat." Is this the way in which prudence and providence have approached the babes? "I felt that I dare not as a servant of the God of truth urge my brother man to believe that which I did not myself believe, which I *knew* to be *untrue* as a matter-of-fact historical narrative." I think the "little ones" will be offended by that, and become "weaker," unless he recalls his "assent and consent," and resigns his place in the Church.

But the verdict of Dr. Lushington, in the Court of Arches, has opened a door of hope for oppressed and burdened consciences, and the Bishop of Natal has availed himself of the relief afforded, and although he has "dared the venturous deed," he seems to discover that there is written over that door the mystic words, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here," as he is afraid to consecrate a man who believes as much as he does. The Pharos which has lighted him into his present snug harbour, may have even a royal name *outside*, but the one name *conscience*, which alone in such cases can give security, is inscribed in deeper and more indelible lines, and, if I am not mistaken, sways its sceptre still, and pro-

claims itself within as the "Higher Law." Else why those fervent and fervid appeals to the laity—that wail over the *few* candidates for holy orders—and that hesitancy to receive and ordain the man whose faith he had made his own, and whom he was following in the most eventful and momentous step of his whole life? There is a story told in one of the books reviewed by the bishop (Joshua) of a certain Jephtha who took a rash vow, and lost thereby the lamb that had been nourished in his bosom. Whether he would regard it as a myth or true history, the same thing is happening among us, and thousands who have vowed to do great things for themselves or others have had to bite the dust, while their peace, which once flowed as a river, has been disturbed and destroyed by the waters of strife. A prophetic high priest of the last century said "I will crush the wretch." It was a rash vow, and the man who purposes to supersede the Pentateuch reckons without his host, and will fail as signally as others. The object of this section has been to remove some of the outposts and skirmishing parties, that I might advance to the bishop's main positions unimpeded; and also to prove that with all his mathematical precision he has not calmly looked at the bearing of the Bible testimony to Moses; and finally, that while as a bishop, he remembered the apostle's command, "Lay hands suddenly on no man," and was careful not to commit himself by ordaining the Zulu, he has not been so cautious in laying hands on figures, but has marshalled as many as possible, and sent them into the world, for weal or for woe, without, I fear, duly calculating the cost.

PART II.

MULTIPLICATION A VEXATION.

Before we go down into Egypt, whither the writer seems to have gone with all haste, and taken the family and *flock* of Jacob, with a facility which would do credit to a Scotchman in coming over the Border; I will supplement his deficiency by a little, as I suppose, authentic history. Abram was sent out of Egypt with flocks, herds and *servants*, Gen. xii. 16,

and when he (Abram) called his *household* together in order to pursue the northern kings we find that he could muster three hundred and eighteen men capable of bearing arms. He was then a sheikh of some power and distinction, Gen. xiv. 14. Another case of some importance is supplied in the xxvi. chapter and 15th verse. When the nomad Isaac had a dispute with Abimelech, the king was anxious to make a covenant touching territory and the wells, because Isaac had grown great—"Go from us (to Gerar) for thou art much mightier than we." "Swear to us that thou wilt do us no hurt:" and he swore to him at Beersheba.

When Jacob met Esau on the east side of Jordan, he became alarmed, and divided his retainers and goods into two bands; and gratefully acknowledging the great increase with which God had blessed him, saying, "With this *staff*, that is in my hand, I passed over this Jordan, and *now* I am become two bands," while Esau brought with him four hundred men. After this interview, prosperity attends the patriarch for many years, during which time his children's children are born, and then the fearful famine drives him down into Egypt. It is evident that much depends upon a correct view of the number who went down with him, and the time of their sojourn. The usage of the East, in every day language and life, has not materially changed, and in one respect we resemble those people, for when a family of distinction returns to town all their names appear in the "Court Journal," (answering to the geneological tables,) and it often happens that the *servants*, whose names are not entered, are more in number than the parents and children, (in fact, sixty for a complete household,) and it is well known that in India, one man may often have at least ten personal domestic attendants. Now in Gen. xv. 2, xxiv. 2, we get an occasional glimpse into the domestic life of the Patriarch, and find that Eliezer was the tried and trusty (eldest) servant of Abram. We might not have known that but for some *special* service rendered to his master's son. In Chap. xvi., Hagar, the hand-maid of Sarah, in like manner has her name brought before us, because of the peculiar relation she stood in as the mother of the wild man Ishmael. Moreover, Abram was commanded to circumcise all the males born (sons, servants, and slaves) in his house, and surely there must have

been other handmaids than Hagar, who became the wives of some at least of the three hundred and eighteen men—unless an ancient Dr. Malthus alarmed them by his frightful facts and figures on the evils of an increase in the population; and it is implied, in Gen. xv. 2—3, that Eliezer, of Damascus, had one son at least—“and one born in my house is mine heir.”

Again, in Jacob’s household there are only two handmaids mentioned—Billah and Zilpah (Gens. xxx.)—and nothing whatever is said of the men who had charge of the *two bands*. But there must have been some, for as yet his sons were too young and tender to look after them.

The natural inference I draw from all this is that *only* the immediate descendants of the Patriarch Jacob are mentioned in Gen. xlvi.; but further, that he was not so unfeeling and so unnatural as to leave his servants behind him to die of famine; and they must have swelled the number very largely.

Here we cross the path of chronology at a very important point in our inquiry, for we are to examine the trunk of the chronological tree, and see whether the branches are natural or grafted on by designing men; and the question, how many went down in *all*, becomes a very vital one, especially when coupled with the other, How long did they sojourn in a strange land? How are we to decide it? All parties are driven to the Scriptures as affording the only key to unlock the mystery. In prosecuting this inquiry I shall be mindful of the canon, that one doubtful passage must give place to the many which are clear and explicit, and that the doubtful ones may have some light cast upon them by a fair exegesis, and a careful attention to the *usus loquendi*. I shall waive for the present the clear statements made in Exodus as to the rapid increase of the Israelites. How, then, are we to account for that increase? Can we approximate to anything like that number (2,000,000) by the natural course of events without resorting to some special and Divine disposing causes? With the limited knowledge we have of those times we cannot dogmatise, and I only venture to offer a few hints towards a solution. At the time they went to Egypt I shall assume that they were all well received by Joseph, and by Pharaoh for his sake.

Joseph has married a person of distinction, a native princess, and his great-grandfather, Abraham, had an Egyptian concu-

bine, Hagar. Moses married a Midianitess; and in after days the property of a family was saved by the marriage of a daughter with an Egyptian proselyte (2 Chron. ii., 3, 4). These were the circumstances in which they were brought up in Canaan, and in Egypt. We discover no law against this even among the sons of Jacob, for one of them married a Canaanitish woman; and only a repugnance to it on account of the bad issue in the case of Esau. The example and favour of Joseph, however, would naturally lead men to follow in his footsteps—at least so we think and act when an advantageous offer presents itself in the case of a rich foreign heiress—and unless the Egyptian ladies were more particular than our own, who show a decided preference for a foreign gentleman of good, or even indifferent prospects, there is some *a priori* ground to believe that the two peoples intermarried during the times of peace and friendship,—at least that the men, who loved the brunette, would seek spouses from their swarthy neighbours. Long after this, when they had been trodden down as the mire of the street, “a mixed multitude followed them into the wilderness,” thus showing their sympathy with them; and the women spoiled themselves of their jewels, so that their sister sex, though of another race, might appear well in the wilderness at a religious festival. The slightest knowledge of female human nature will teach us how very probable and feminine such a friendly act appears. This weakness for display—if you will call it so—is closely allied to that kindness which prompts the fair to lend their jewels, &c., upon such occasions as parties, balls, &c. As I do not intend to reveal the secrets of high and imitative high life, I shall proceed at once with my argument.

The common practice of polygamy, and the absence of any law, at that time, forbidding them to marry strangers would operate in favour of a rapid increase, and that they married Egyptians is put beyond a doubt by the following and other passages of Scripture:—“And the son of an Israelitish woman, whose father was an Egyptian, went out among the children of Israel, &c.—Lev. xxiv., 10, and in Deut. xxiii., 8, there is an express law relating to mixed marriages—“The children which are begotten of them shall enter into the congregation of the Lord in their third generation.” With these facts before us we are now prepared to examine the question whether the bishop is right in concluding that only seventy went down to

Egypt, and that their descendants come out again in 215 years. This is such a vital point, that I wish to put it in a clear light. Archimedes is reported to have said, "Give me a fulcrum, and I will move the world." Dr. Colenso thinks he has found a fulcrum in figures, and is resolved to move the Pentateuch out of its present position in the canon of sacred Scriptures. Grant him his premises, and he can do it—for seventy souls increasing at 23 per cent. in ten years during only 215 years would not exceed 5,000. This is the key of the position—the Malakoff—and for it we will do battle with all the fair and manly moral courage which distinguishes British warfare. Chronology is the mooring to our ship in this storm, and we feel thankful for the tables which have been preserved.

Having examined into the previous habits of this household, and given a view drawn from a wide range before, during, and subsequent to their life in Egypt, I think the following estimate of those who went down to Egypt to form the basis of a mighty people will not be deemed extravagant.

There are seventy souls mentioned in the text, consisting of fathers, sons, daughters, and Tamar (servants not included). It is noteworthy that all who died were *mentioned* by name (Rachel and Onan, Leah, &c.) Hence I infer the rest were alive, though the Bishop concludes they were dead. Adding Zilpah, and Bilhah, and the twelve wives of the patriarchs, would make the number of the household eighty-four,—what would be a fair proportion of servants and their families, judging from what is recorded of the habits of Abraham, Jacob and Esau? Looking at the fact, that the flocks and herds of Jacob extended from Hebron as far north as Shechem, and at the close and intimate connexion between the master and servant, I think we might safely say that there were at *least* three servants of all grades to each of the souls that came out of the loins of Jacob, and that would swell the number to 252, to be still further increased by allowing that half were married, and that on an average each married servant had a child, you will then have in round numbers say 462. Not an extravagant calculation, when we remember how many able-bodied men Abraham, &c., had as a retinue; and it must always be borne in mind that the Doctor is very liberal in his calculations, always making the strong men represent *four*.

Moreover, the domestic and religious arrangements of this family were such that *all* born in the house, or bought with the money, were circumcised and formed part of the *tribe* to all intents and purposes. Had not the men of Shechem joined them on their own terms? and if treachery had not crept in, they would have fused and been as one people, as the Gibeonites did subsequently. Starting with the 462, and taking 430 years as the time of the sojourn, and assuming that the population increased at 25 per cent. every ten years, and it can be shown that there would have been about 6,000,000. The history of the Edomites, and their increase and power, will help us somewhat here. How did they grow in the interval of separation? Esau was the father of the Edomites, and this is the blessing wherewith Isaac blessed him when he lost his birthright, "Behold, thy dwelling shall be the fatness of the earth, and of the dew of heaven from above" (Gens. xxvii. 39). When Esau and Jacob parted on friendly terms, as recorded in xxxvi. 8, "Thus dwelt Esau in Mount Seir : Esau is Edom." Ages after this, Moses recognised the relationship between their descendants, when he sent messengers from Kadesh to the King of Edom with this message, "Thus saith thy brother Israel, 'Thou knowest all the travail that hath befallen us ; how our fathers went down (Num. xx.) into Egypt ; and we have dwelt in Egypt a long time, &c.' Let us pass, I pray thee, through thy country ; we will not pass through the *fields*, or through the *vineyards*, neither will we drink of the water of the *wells* ; we will go by the king's *highway*. . . . And he said thou shalt not go through : and Edom came out against him with *much people*, and with a *strong hand*." It is evident from this that the family of Esau had become strong, numerous, and wealthy. Why should the descendants of Jacob, who had the greater blessing, be less prospered in the fruit of their body at least. Yet the Bishop says they were not 5,000 in all? Hear some testimony about Edom. Volney speaks of the once prosperous condition of Idumea, and that the natural and nearest passage from the Red Sea to Judea was through Edom. Job was one of its princes, and at one time possessed 14,000 sheep, 6,000 camels, 1,000 yoke of oxen, &c. ; and whatever be the date assigned to his residence in the land of Uz, the book contains the most conclusive proofs of prosperity

and artistic progress,—that the weaver plied his shuttle, and the sculptor left the impress of his chisel on the rock. Evidence which confirms the Scriptural account of the importance of the rock city may be gathered from the writings of Virgil, Lucan, Pliny, Strabo, Ptolemy, Diodorus Siculus, Josephus, &c., while modern historians and travellers have stood amazed at the revelations of the rocks, temples, tombs, palaces, theatres, &c. Lying beneath the curse, and doomed to perpetual desolation, it was concealed for ages, and apparently sealed up effectually from the curiosity of the Saxon. The withering curse under which it has languished and died was long supposed to extend literally to the man who should pass the forbidden bounds, and go *through* Edom; and the boldest men have experienced a mysterious awe as the question has been debated, Shall we break the seal, or turn away from the awful mystery?

It has now become apparent that the language of Scripture, in this, as in many other instances, must be used with certain *limitations*, and this should be borne in mind.

If Mount Seir was to be a desolation, &c., one purpose to be served thereby would be that of *warning*. “These things happened unto them for ensamples,” and if *no* man ever went through, how would the nations know, that they might remember? Their example was lost to the West until lately, for Burkhardt was the first Frank who for ages had burst the barriers which *fear* and Arab jealousy had imposed, and, dressed in the costume of the country, he penetrated the narrow defile from the east; and passing between rocks rising from 400 to 700 feet high, and extending for two miles along the Wady Mousa to the opening in the city, he stood in sublime solitude, and awful and mysterious silence, before the splendid monuments of dim and misty ages.

After seeing all he could he writes, “In many places it (Petra) is overgrown with wild herbs, and must once have been thickly inhabited, for the traces of many towns and villages are met with on both sides of the Hadj road. At present *all this country* is a desert.” The same uniform testimony is borne by Captains Irby and Mangles, Laborbe, Stephens, Dr. Robinson, and all who have turned aside from the beaten track to see this great sight.

It seems to photograph itself upon the minds of all who

look upon it, and amid the crowded incidents of commercial life never loses the freshness of its first impression. The blending of many styles of architecture in the narrow limits imposed by Nature on the city would point to distinct periods in its artistic and civil life. Names, characters, and traditions carry the mind back to the days of the Pharaohs, and monuments on the Hadj road show that Egyptian artists wrought upon the rocks in the solitary desert. The graceful Corinthian column, and the names found on the tombs, lead us to trace the effects of Alexander's conquests in the East, while Roman remains, posterior to Trajan and Adrian, tell of the tenacity with which the mistress of the seven hills nourished her most distant dependencies. Long after Josephus describes the fierce men of Idumea, who were called to the defence of Jerusalem, a Roman governor is found at Petra, and his name is traced upon one of the tombs which have been brought to light. It is evident, then, that Edom must have been fertile, for traces are here and there found even now of rich grain and luscious fruit. The vine, tamarisk, fig, oleander, acasia, caper, &c., flourish under the shadow of the rocks, and upon the few cultivated terraces, making an ample return for small toil, when the robber is for the nonce honest, and the locust does not devour. The Edomites appear to have been on friendly terms with the Egyptians from an early period; and in the days of David, Hadad, the king, fled from the face of Joab, and went to Pharaoh, who made royal provision for him, and when he was married to an Egyptian princess, the daughter of Pharaoh wished him to remain in the land. But he broke through all restraint, and returned to Mount Seir (1 Kings xi.), so highly did he value it.

The Ishmaelites and Midianites were friendly neighbours to Edom, and Moses, as he fed Jethro's flocks, must have known the power of its dukes; yet when he is celebrating the wondrous power of God in his song of deliverance, he anticipates great things when he sings, "The dukes of Edom shall be amazed." In Gen. xxxvi. and 1 Chron. i. we are told something about the kings and dukes of Edom. We obtain an insight into the early dukedoms, and then, long before there were any kings in Israel, eight reigned in *succession* in Edom—Bela, Jobat, Hushan, Hadad, Samlah, Shaul, Baalhanan, and Hadar. Eleven dukes succeed the kings, and they in their turn

are succeeded by kings who reigned cotemporary with the kings of Judah and Israel, and were more or less subject to them until the final revolt under Joram, when they secured their independence, and finally drew off the Israelites to the worship of their gods in the days of Jehoash. At one time there was no king in Edom, a deputy was king, and garrisons were put by David in their cities; "every male was cut off," and this affords us another instance of the license of language, which compels us to the conclusion that the men who *opposed* simply were put to the sword, just as it happens in a modern army, when no quarters are given to the besieged. Yet all about Saul, David, and Edom is questioned by the Bishop.

2 Kings iii. contains a graphic description of the route through Edom to Moab, when Elisha brought forth water by miracle, and saved the army and flocks.

From the time when Saul the first king in Israel smote them, until they were smitten by Titus, when Simon commanded them at Jerusalem, and they fell a prey and lost their sceptre as Judah did, and became what Balaam and truer prophets than Balaam said they would, their history, running coeval with that of the descendants of Jacob, shows that to both were granted a prolific increase and a remarkable destiny.

I return now to the descendants of Jacob.

The statistics showing the growth of modern populations would make one open his eyes in absolute amazement, as Rip Van Winkle did when he saw his native village after a few years slumber; and the most sceptical must hold his peace if he would save his credit for common sense. We are increasing at the rate of 23 per cent. in ten years, and the United States of America, as I shall presently show, and it is easy of explanation, exceed that. For the purpose of setting forth the possible growth of Israel with as few figures as will suffice for clearness, and which may soon be worked out when the key is given, I follow the Doctor, and strike the mean as near as I can conveniently between 23 per cent. in England, and 28 among the slaves in the Southern States of America; and it will be seen in the following calculation that this is a fair way of dealing with the subject, and then there may have been about 6,000,000, as any one can prove by working the above figures, 462 at 25 per cent., 10 years, for 430 years.

I come now to the question, How long did they sojourn? I have shown what Esau did, and the time must have been longer than 215 years. Joseph was 110 when he died, and he saw three generations (Gen. 1.) Up to the time of his death there is no intimation that the Israelites suffered much, but we have every reason to suppose that the oppression in its strict sense did not commence for some time after, when another king arose who knew not Joseph; perhaps Cheops.

The passages in (Gen. xvi. 13, 16.) They shall afflict them 400 years, and in the fourth generation they shall come hither again, (Ex. xii. 40.) "Now the sojourning of the children of Israel who dwelt in Egypt was 430 years," &c., (Acts vii., 6.) Stephen says: "And God spake on this wise, that his seed should sojourn in a strange land, and that they should *bring* them into bondage and entreat them evil 400 years" (Gal. 3, xvi., xvii.) Now to Abraham and his *seed* was the promise made . . . the law which was 430 years after, &c. King, in his *Chronology of Sacred History* (Houlston and Wright), a work which I heartily recommend to every Biblical student, has some judicious remarks on these passages, p. 5. "The passage on Exodus speaks of the children of Israel" (not of Abraham), and again, (Gal. iii. 17) may signify 430 years after the entrance of Jacob into Egypt. Indeed, as to Abraham, this passage refers to the promises made to him and "confirmed to his seed." My own impression is that Paul refers to the time when the promise was last *renewed* to Jacob at Beersheba, and there is something suggestive in the fact that it ceased after his day. Why then if it was not intended to mark a distinct period or epoch? Upon this data I am prepared to prove the rapid *increase*. Facts are stubborn things, and America is a great fact. We find that the United States population has increased at a startling rate, doubling every 23 years from about 3,000,000 to 31,000,000 in 85 years. I will not avail myself of the license which these facts and figures afford me upon the Bishop's theory and philosophy; arguing from the known to the unknown, but will take the cases which are analogous, at least, as near so as any we can find. The condition of Israel in Egypt was as much like the slaves in the Southern States as you could find any two people in this respect (I speak in general terms) for some years, say 40, none were

added to either by immigration. What are the facts brought to light by the last official census of the United States? Taking the mean, I assert that they double in 25 years. The increase among the slaves in the Southern States of America has been going on ever since the slave trade was abolished in 1808, upon the principles of geometrical progression, and under circumstances very much resembling the condition of Israel in Egypt. At the time when Moses was born, the people had increased so as to alarm the Pharaoh, as recorded in Ex. i. 9. "They are more and mightier than we." Now, making all allowance for the excited imagination of the monarch and his myrmidons, granted they wanted to get up a sensation panic; and then a considerable margin must be allowed for the existence of a disturbing thought at the number actually existing among them, who might join an invading army, and turn the tide of battle against their oppressors. Take the number as set down by some at 5,000, (the Bishop even puts it at that 80 years after) and deduct the women and children, and you have at most 1,500 fighting men, not a very formidable host, but rather a ridiculous number for a nation to fear, especially as they had no arms, which is shown or assumed by our accurate calculator. They were more likely to have been 500,000 in all at that time. Eighty years after this date Moses goes down to deliver them by Divine command, how did they stand upon the muster roll? We infer what was possible to them from what has taken place in our own day, and here is one of my facts.

In forty years from the suppression of the slave trade, just half that time, in the South the negroes have multiplied at least twice. Surely we are on the safe side without allowing for Divine interference, in saying that they had kept up the same rate of progression, and you will then find that they could not have been far short of the 2,000,000; if not above that number. Look closely at the case thus: Joseph lived to see the third generation (Gen. l. 26), and yet he was only 110 when he died. I conclude therefore that they married young at that time when they were prosperous, as the Romans and the early Christians did, as may be proved by the tombs taken out of the catacombs, which I saw at the Lapidarian Gallery of the Vatican. One died aged 40, having been married 25 years; another had married at 17; and my own grand-

mother's cousin was followed to the grave by five generations. The Americans marry from the age of 13 up. For 80 long years after Moses was born they continued to multiply; and whatever objection may be taken to the language employed in Exodus to set forth their marvellous increase; and however much we may put down to the exaggerated fear of the Pharaoh, common sense teaches us that allowing the Egyptians to have decreased after the decline of Thebes, it is agreed on all hands that they were 7,000,000; and they must have been cowards indeed if they were intimidated even by 1,000,000, or one in seven. But availing myself of half that number at the birth of Moses, I have shown that they might have been at least 2,000,000 at the exodus.

I can thus see my way clear to accept the statement in Exodus without resorting to Bishop Patrick's theory, or making the number swell to that given by Kurtz and others up to 10,000,000.

Let me be convinced that Aristotle truly represented the case of the Egyptian women, that they bore many children, and I see everything to favour his words in the massive remains of Ancient Egypt, its temples and pyramids, and tumuli covering its buried cities, &c. For as I looked upon them I asked who built them? Where did the people come from? those who worked in almost countless myriads upon the massive Cheops for 40 years, and received their radishes, bread, garlic, and leeks, according to the inscriptions on the stones seen by Herodotus! Who cut the canals and did other things which baffle our most skilful engineers to conceive, much less accomplish? and the answer I get to all these questions from nature, from history, and from art, is but the feeble echo of those grand descriptive words of her glory and her shame, found in sublime harmony in the Pentateuch and the Prophets. The multiplication of the Israelites, which is such a vexation to the Bishop, is thus easy of explanation, and especially so when we remember God's favour towards them.

PART III.

PRACTICE (EXODE) MAKES MAD.

If the "multiplication" of the people in Egypt puzzled our scholar, their severance from Pharoah and the house of bondage, with *all* its results, has evidently driven him to his wit's end, as I shall proceed to prove. As the Passover and the Exodus together constitute the great stronghold of the Bishop, I shall use every lawful iustrument of warfare to dislodge him; and if I succeed in this his minor outworks will be of no use to him.

A certain Darius, as ancient story runs, an ambitious Persian, purposed to subjugate glorious Greece, and headed an army of 300,000 men; and a few years after Xerxes went thither with a host variously-estimated from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000; and he had to pass to Athens, over the narrow Pass of Thermopylæ, which will only admit of *one* chariot at a time.

Now if figures could have restrained the fancy of those *once* supposed veracious historians—as the leader of this second mighty multitude tried to chain the sea—then they might have reduced the number within the bounds of our belief.

But after recent oracular statements based on figures "which cannot lie," I am compelled to reject the whole story as fabulous. Why? Because I have been to Marathon and stood upon the narrow strip of land between the mountains and the sea. I have also been on part of the desert leading from Cairo to Suez, much more open than Marathon; and as you look upon the wide waste opening before you from Heliopolis and the petrified forest, you think of the lines of our great Poet, on the expulsion from Paradise—

"The world was all before them were to choose,
And Providence their guide."

and find on that barren tract of earth ample scope and verge enough for the feet of two or three million pilgrims.

If I am to renounce that as impossible, then what becomes

of my Herodotus and his Persians on the sea and hill-bound plain of Marathon?

How could they effect a landing? But they did nevertheless, and were driven back by the Greeks into the sea. And somehow or another, caravans of pilgrims in incredible numbers, and in incredible ways, still flock to Mecca and Jerusalem, as I have seen them, with an hurly-burly, and a pell-mell, haphazard kind of irregular movement, which would frighten any accurate man of figures out of his propriety. I begin to be very sceptical on the subject of such figures as we have had recently worked out for us, and confess that I am tainted with an English practical turn of mind, and certainly I have had enough to raise grave doubts in my mind. For instance, when in America I became acquainted with a grave mathematical Doctor of Divinity who had wrought out the theory of redemption upon geometrical principles; he was a "smarter" man than his countryman, who wished to "calculate" the water-power of the Niagara, for my friend also took a mental survey of Westchester County, Pennsylvania, and proved to a certainty that it would make a cemetery capable of containing all the people that had ever died since the foundation of the world.

Certainly, America "*is* a great country," and that is a great county in one of its States; but when I find that a great authority in figures tells me that only two or three millions of men, with their flocks and herds, *must* make a train leading more than two-thirds of the way from Cairo to Suez, that is sixty-eight out of ninety miles,—as the Bishop says,—I am staggered by the two statements, and find relief in the well-known distich—

"When doctors disagree,
Disciples then are free."

Turning to one or two of my modern instances, I become more sceptical—it is the doctor's fault. For example, I find that 400,000 or 500,000 men get into Hyde Park to witness skating by torchlight, or when some great political or patriotic tidal wave bears them westward on a fine Sunday afternoon; and again, that 500,000 people—one-fourth or fifth of the number of the Israelites—pass over London-bridge in *one* day, besides the cabs, carriages, carts, waggons, and drays, &c., and other four-legged and creeping things. Now, no sane man

would doubt for a moment that the whole population of London might go over the five bridges which span the Thames from Westminster to London-bridge, supposing the day were before them, and the way clear. Yet we are gravely assured, that with an open country before them, extending for miles from the banks of the Nile to the breezes of the free desert, and their tyrants "thrusting them out," and affording every facility for their flight, in their frantic desire to get rid of them, "it was utterly *impossible* for the Israelites to leave Rameses in *one* day." It is assumed that they *all* went to Rameses, but it is probable that only the vanguard left the city, while the others fell in from the Goshen district through which they would pass. I shall not enlarge upon the well-known fact that caravans encamp on the borders of the desert the first night after starting from Cairo, and that during the rendezvous the final arrangements for the order of march are settled, and the word to "move on" is passed from the "captain of ten up to the captain of fifty or five hundred, but it will be seen at a glance, that although "600,000 men went out harnessed," five in a row, they might have *spread* out until they were a consolidated square, and moving on as a Macedonian phalanx or a Roman cohort, with their distinct yet combined ranks of five.

But how were they to know that the hour of freedom struck for them, when the destroying angel smote the first-born in all the land, so that they might muster for the march? To spread the news through the city and country seems to the man of rules and precedents, purely impossible. Hush! death enters the gate and goes up into the palace at eleven o'clock on a gloomy December, 1861, "a night to be remembered," and "Albert the Good" sleeps with the slain, and he "has fallen in his high places." By eleven o'clock on the next day, as we went to worship, all London knew that the nation had sustained an irreparable loss. But there was one slain in every house—"the firstborn of man and beast," and it was spoken of as such a mourning as Egypt never knew; and yet we are told that their neighbours did not know it! Did not the mothers and the wailing women lift up their voices? "Tell it not in Gath," only "to the marines." In matters of this kind, I cannot be guided by men who "think by rule and feel by precedent,"

and believing I have reason to conclude that his figures are not facts, I cannot pin my faith to the theory based upon them, especially as he shows an utter ignorance of Egypt and the Egyptians, ancient and modern.

But allowing them to get out, how are they to live? for the goodly tents of Jacob are "black but not comely" in the estimation of our learned and sympathetic friend; and whether harnessed and going out "five deep" reposing in the tented camp, or going out to war with Amelek or Midian, he is intent on showing how utterly impossible and unworthy of belief the whole story is from beginning to end. I answer. The simple provision made by the Bedouin Arabs, and the Christian and Mahommedan pilgrims, will show how possible it was "to go out for three days," and the subsequent arrangements for their long pilgrimage may be explained by reference to the many places visited by them as recorded in Numbers, after definite instructions had been given them, when the camp had been fairly organized, and the order of march proclaimed.

The pilgrims to Mecca and Jerusalem carry with them sufficient provision—bread, fruit, &c., except meat, and as many as 30,000 crowd into Suez in a day, and 70,000 take up their abode in Mecca during the three festivals.

How do they carry and cook their provisions? How do they take their tents, and where do they tabernacle? Many of them carry "bags," as the Arabs do, with rings attached, so that by drawing a cord through them, they make a "trough" or bag, and spread that out as a table when they eat; and the vessel in which they cook their food becomes the dish into which they dip their hands, while the Arab "flat-bread," like cakes, substitutes the spoon or the knife and fork of the Frank. I had a striking illustration of this custom the last night I was in Palestine, at a village near Ramleh, where I was detained by the sheik, lest I should be plundered on the plain. I was among a more settled people, and yet when the boiled meal, which seemed like Scotch porridge, was brought on to the floor (not the table), our host leading the way, beckoned us to follow suit, and out of courtesy we joined in his primitive pursuit of getting dinner under difficulties. As to tents, how many did they require at first, for it was the spring of the year? I have seen Greeks in December going up the gulf of Lepanto wrapped up in their shaggy capotes, lying

on deck and sleeping as soundly as if they belonged to the "seven sleepers," and everywhere in the Levant I met with the lower orders, and some who appeared a step removed above them, dressed in the Arab "abba," made commonly of camel's hair or the shaggy goat skin, while the sheep and lamb skins make softer garments for the "upper ten thousand."

I have seen the pilgrims *en route* for Jerusalem, and sailed with many from Smyrna to Syria; and all of them lay on the deck in the month of January, with very little more than these, and the cloth they spread upon the floor to kneel upon, when they pray towards Mecca, as a covering and bed. An ordinary travelling-rug and a knapsack have served me as bed and bolster upon more than one occasion, but "I was not to the manner born," and yet I found it no great hardship after a little use; and I suppose that the Israelites could accommodate themselves to a condition very little, if any worse, than the hard bondage in which they had been brought up in Egypt. One might well ask, where do the Mahommedans find even standing-room in the miserable little town of Mecca? Why, all the houses are open to them, and it is the "season," as at our watering-places, and families stow themselves away as only our sea-coast population can do, when there is an influx of strangers, and money to be made. The public buildings and the broad canopy of heaven bend over them in their slumbers; and, moreover, the Lazzaroni of Naples show plainly how possible it is to live and be lively under their hard condition of midnight musings and open-air repose. The mosques, churches, convents, and similar places at Jerusalem, swarm with men, women, and children during Easter, "thick as autumnal leaves which strew the vale in Valambrosa."

Now, with these facts patent before us, I can easily conclude that they were tolerably comfortable in that first night of their march in the fine spring equinox.

Let us now follow them in their route: Succoth was the point at which they aimed, and the direct course would be to keep N.E. from Rameses, and skirting the Mukattam range of mountains, whose dark shadow looks down on Cairo now, as it did on Rameses then, and whose extreme north base rests upon the Arabian desert. There is a good lake about twelve miles from Cairo, where the Mecca caravan draws up, and the

most delightful disorder prevails, even among the decorous disciples of the Prophet, so that everywhere, except immediately around the Hadj, "confusion worse confounded" seems the order of the day, and the spirit of misrule reigns even in the nineteenth century, and with all the appliances for modern travel.

Leaving the locality of the lake we find they turned to the south, and, after the passage of the Red Sea in their march still south, they came to the waters of Marah, which were bitter.

Marah stood near the shores of the Red Sea, and the water, though unpleasant to the taste, would be easily taken by the thirsty traveller, and they did not go very far before they found a spot where purer water satisfied the people and their flocks, for Elim contained seventy palm trees—and wherever they are found it is a sure sign of water—and even in that sterile region most travellers are often cheered by the graceful towering palm, beneath whose broad and beautiful branches they may shelter, and share with their animals, nature's beverage. Dr. Shaw found a place far south of Elim which he tried to identify with the Elim of Scripture; but it was evidently too near to Midian and Tor. There were 2,000 palm trees and a large lake of pure water, and its existence there may serve to silence those who think there is no water to be found in the desert, any more than rain in Egypt. Both these impressions are wrong, and a man often finds springs in the desert whose waters can gladden the soul.

But I hasten to look at another objection, and one often made. How could so many people, &c., find a resting-place in the narrow valleys around the awful mount? The group of mountains at Sinai formed a diameter of forty miles, so that there was sufficient space for 2,400,000. London contains a population of nearly 3,000,000—dwelling-houses, churches, chapels, public buildings, docks, warehouses, with the most ample provision for artificial life, such as no city ever had before, and very unlike the circumstances of those wandering ones—yet we find it quite possible to live and breathe in a city, with its suburbs, about half the dimension. We know what we require for comfort, and look for the same amount when abroad; but what a contrast in the case of the children of the desert!

The outfit of an Arab, and the free and friendly life of the child of the desert, as described by all who have had an opportunity of judging, will throw some light upon the early life in the wilderness.

The affection of the Arab for his horse is a proverb, and other animals share it in part. I have seen the camel driver take out his bread and roll up a leak in it, and thus making a sandwich, and then seat himself, a la Turk, among his grumbling beasts,—and, night and day, whether living in their sunshine or under their frown, he is their constant companion—where they lie he lies, and whether in the desert or in the khan a circle is formed by the animals, and man rests in that circle; and this is done, not always from necessity, but often from choice, not only by the Fellahin, but by the sheik, for some of them respectfully declined to share Laborde's tent, and slept with their animals and in the more settled habitation, where they dwell in houses, one is often reminded of the life in a log cabin in Ireland, where all the live stock dwell together under one roof, dogs and donkeys, pigs and poultry, and whatsoever else seeks shelter from the darkness and the cold. In the mud hut, however, of the Fellahin they generally contrive to have one part—say about half—raised some two feet or so above the other, and it is upon this the family live, cook, eat, and sleep, while in the winter time the quadrupeds occupy a lower platform in the social scale. If these facts are borne in mind they shew how very far wrong every calculation upon space, based upon *our* experience, must necessarily be, for where a quadruped will live man can live, and where he rests man will rest, and be warmed by the wool or the heat of other bodies. Water, such an essential to our comfort when we rise from slumber, is not such an absolute necessity in the desert, for the fine sand serves the purpose for ablutions, and down beneath the surface man often finds water for himself and beast. So bountiful is a kind providence, very often causing things to spring forth, and the desert to blossom as the rose.

I protest strongly against judging of the past condition of a people and a country *solely* by what we know of both now. Historians, and apologists for men and nations, have taught us to deal more kindly by their memories, and to judge of what they were by some of their imperishable remains, more

than by the miserable and pitiable plight in which modern travellers see them. If the Bishop had studied the anatomy of his subject—looked at the greatness of the Egyptian nation in the light of her monumental remains with the broad grasp of some explorers on the Nile and at Nineveh, if he had read the mystic characters on the frowning rocks of Sinai, and stood beneath the shadow of the hills overhanging rocky Petra, and gazed upon the temple and theatre amid the wild wilderness, and read the awful fulfilment of the prophetic curse in the silence, solitude, and symbols of that awe-inspiring region, it might have taught him to cherish a wholesome fear of trespassing on forbidden ground, such as Mr. Stephen's felt when he proposed a visit to Idumea and the rock city. Who inscribed those characters? Who built that city? Surely no people would be mad enough to settle in a country such as that which thrills the traveller with a mysterious awe as he enters it! I turn from my Bible, and find that the Roman legions defended the treasures which came through that now howling desert from the Ezion-Geber of Moses and Solomon, the Akaba of our day. I pass through Syria and Palestine now and can see no traces of the Roman road, except here and there, and in this I see a purpose. From Dan to Beersheba there was but one solitary vehicle which might stand instead of an Egyptian, Roman, Syrian, or Assyrian chariot, and, as I rode over those rough roads, and felt that my life was in jeopardy if the horse made a false step, I said where are the chariots and horsemen? Where the countless hordes of vassals whom the shepherd kings marshalled for conquest and defence? Where Cyrus and Cæsar, Alexander and Artaxerxes? where Titus and Vespasian? Am I to believe that all have vanished into thin air? that the muse of history is a myth? The stones on the steps of Tyre, and the fallen arches of the Roman bridge over the Orontes, and other dumb oracles, like Cæsar's wounds, cry out against me! I mount my Arabian steed, and gallop off to the Dog river (Nahr-el-Kelb), a few miles north of Beyrout, and bright in the light of a Syrian sun stand the cuneiform figures of the well-known Assyrian cast, while high above the sea, and under the frowning brow of Lebanon, runs the Roman road, where the ruts of the chariot wheels and the war waggons are deeply imbedded in the solid

rock. A little further on, a brick aquaduct recalls to mind the long lines of similar construction which I had seen near the cities, and crossing the plains of sunny Italy. I cross in imagination to the plain of Marathon; I get into confidential communication with my host, the "demark" or governor of the village; he is in good heart and high spirits, for Otho and Amelia, with a German prince, have been here, and honoured me with a visit; the king has pledged his royal word that he will make a road from Athens to Marathon, so that men may visit the immortal field in some comfort, and not be subject to the ups and downs of a jaunty journey upon a horse or mule. Long live the king, and may he do such a work! Poor Otho! his royal word was of as much value to the "demark" as his own faded crown is to himself in this year of grace.

But for similar "ups and downs" in history; what must I say to my experience to and fro on foot from Athens? Why, that the history of Miltiades and the 192 men who lie buried beneath the mound on which I stood when I had reached the goal of my pilgrimage, is misty moonshine, more shadowy than the moonlight which saved me from a perilous position in my descent from Pentelicus.

The more I read the Pentateuch in the light of imperishable monuments, and the unchanged habits and customs of eastern nations, the more satisfied I am, not only of "the divine legations of Moses," but of the practical wisdom and adaptation of the minute details to the circumstances of the people at the time. Camp life, and town life, came before his comprehensive legislative mind, and he fixed the bounds for both; the people understood them and were content—others do not, and murmur. The Bishop displays an ignorance of the books themselves, which convinces me he has not read them, and this, with his shallow knowledge of the literature of all the subjects involved, in a fair and full investigation, satisfies me that his philosophy is fallacious.

There are several grave blunders in this book, and none more glaring than those touching the preparation for, and the institution of the Passover. The Bishop forgets that it came upon them as the coming of the Son of Man—by surprise—but not unexpected, or without warning, as attempted to be shown by an explanation of the xii. chapter. And he overlooks the fact that in Ex. xi. they were instructed to "borrow"

of their neighbours some days before the lamb was slain, and they were to take the lamb or *goat* on the tenth day and keep it prepared for the fourteenth; and if a man was too poor to get one, his next neighbour was to join him. From these circumstances, it is seen that they were like Londoners expecting a Royal visit to the Metropolis, when the event is certain, but the exact day not fixed. They were not unprepared, therefore, for the death of the first-born, as asserted, although they did not know the exact issues involved,—to return after offering sacrifice, or go on to some other goal. Nay more, things were left unexplained and indefinite as to the time of their occurrence, while they were even led to expect that their removal would be sudden.

They were told, “Pharoah will *thrust* you out,” which he actually did in the end, when his madness of heart culminated, and the first-born was slain. Nay more, they had borrowed (or asked) of their neighbours, and said to the king, “Let us go three days,” and there was a willingness on his part to allow a portion of them to go. And Moses rose in his demand, and compelled the monarch to *give* him cattle, &c. But Pharoah was fickle and capricious in his movements, and hence they had not provided any victuals, and one reason was that there was no *leaven* in their houses, though they may have had plenty of meal, as is implied in the command to take the “baking troughs.” Just as an army or regiment may be under marching orders for days, and yet have to leave before they could cook food and prepare a hasty meal. At length the final instruction came, and the heads of families informed their household—“Thus shall ye eat it, with your loins girded,” &c., and they were as men ready to go out at a moment’s notice after they had kept the Passover. This religious rite was instituted in Egypt under the circumstances detailed in Exodus, and circumstantially related in the Pentateuch when again observed in the wilderness, and enjoined in the law as a perpetual memorial, to be kept by the Israelites and their children to *all* generations. Let us see how this matter is treated. On page 54 we have “a minute and particular” relation of the number of “lamb” required by the heads of families; and with a liberality which does credit to the writer’s heart, he makes a compromise between ten and twenty, and allows fifteen persons to partake of one lamb.

I suppose his reason for excluding the "kids" is, that he has an antipathy to "goats" and all their kith and kin. 150,000 of the first year lambs would be required for all the families, and there *must* have been between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 sheep to produce them. An appalling number!

Now, where did they come from, and how were they fed? That was the question that puzzled the priest. And with this burden upon his mind he betook himself to his "Zulu." "A friend in need is a friend indeed." Again he finds that friend in a "far off country," and is "confirmed" in his new faith when informed that a Zulu is liberal enough to allow *two* acres of "rich" Zulu grazing land to *one* sheep. The "Zulu" has come "to the rescue" of his protege, or proselyte, with a right good will, and with some considerable success; but with all his gratitude there seems to be a lingering doubt, or perhaps it is to "make assurance doubly sure" that he resorts to a New Zealand grazier to ask his opinion on the momentous question pending.

I may as well say, that he was not put to the trouble and expense of a long sea voyage to New Zealand before he found this great authority; but it was fortunate for him that, allured by the superior richness of the Zulu country, or led there by business or pleasure, the right man was found in the right "place," and at the right time. I might describe the meeting of these men, and the dialogue which ensued, but forbear, as I want to lay the result before you. Eureka again! Fortune favours the brave; aye, and figures too! The New Zealander is more liberal than the Zulu, for he allows three or *five* acres for each sheep. Oh! most kind friend!

What can the Doctor do now but apply the facts to the case in hand, and ultimately give us the result of his profound research? On the strength of this discovery he proclaims the utter impossibility of the story as told in the Pentateuch: or imagined by him—which? Of course the land of Egypt, in the valley of the Nile, does not now, nor did it ever, equal in richness either the Zulu country or New Zealand! Yet I must again bring out one or two of my "modern instances" to bear here. It matters not how long, but not long ago—and now that Egypt is considered the basest of kingdoms—I went to see the mausoleums of its mighty men, the pyramids of Memphis and Gizah. I would have gone in grander style had circum-

stances permitted, but I went in the usual way—on an Egyptian donkey. Abdul Fatah, the donkey-boy, looked with a longing eye upon the fine fields of clover grass as we passed by, and presently came for a “backsheesh” to buy some for his favourite beast. In a short time he returned with his arms filled with food, taken from fields on the very border of the Lybian desert.

I don't know whether “sheep” confabulate or no, but I dare say Cowper, who made birds do so in spite of J. J. Rousseau, would, were he living, make them move the Doctor a vote of thanks for allowing them to “live in clover” from *two* to five *acres* each, or impeach him for cruelty to animals in over-feeding them. In all seriousness, should I be justified in applying *my* experience of this case to the experience of men and their flocks who lived 3,500 years ago? Or, in taking an opposite view, and saying that, because I passed through a portion of the land of Goshen, and found it bare and barren, therefore it could never have been productive? Yet it is upon such uncertain evidence the Doctor decides that 2,000,000 sheep could not have been kept in Goshen.

Shades of the philosophers of the groves of Attica, and of the shepherds of ancient Greece, what would ye say if I dared to tell the world that ye never felt delighted in, and wooed philosophy or the muse under the umbrageous shade of the olive, or played your peaceful pastoral pipe on that now barren plain, or among those lovely vales, where I saw your successors armed to the teeth while watching their *flocks*?

Let an English farmer tell me that he can maintain five sheep on one acre of fine meadow land near the Metropolis, or in some rich pastoral district, and am I warranted in showing by the rules of arithmetic that Goshen was as good land, and that not only 2,000,000 but 20,000,000 sheep might have roamed at their own sweet will over the fertile fields? I don't wish to bring a railing accusation against my countrymen; but any market day these many years, in the old market at Smithfield, or the new one, as many as 20,000 sheep are brought to the slaughter from one market only, making over 1,000,000 a year. Surely we might put down one sheep for each Israelite, and then the difficulty of getting the 150,000 lambs and goats vanishes into thin air.

But granted that so many were well cared for in Goshen,

what becomes of them during the time which elapsed between the first and second Passover? How did they get through the Desert to Sinai? and how were they nourished until the next holocaust was offered? On these points the humane feelings of the Bishop burst all bounds, and speak well for the warmth of his heart. No comparison is more appropriate than that of David: "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan!" How does this burst of grief look side by side with the piteous wail of these reiterated words. "But what became of the sheep?" I wonder whether, as a "Bishop of souls," he is as careful to "feed the sheep and feed the lambs?" And what kind of pasture they were led to? Rather *dry* and hard, I fear.

Let us see what facts will do in helping us to tide over this difficulty. I shall assume that they could travel as fast as our own flocks, and that they could live on as little as our own on a push, and they go all day on the way to market without eating, except the occasional nibble they get at the grass on the road side. They would, therefore, be able to go as fast as their encumbered masters, and their wives and little ones. Three miles an hour is the average speed even of small parties in Palestine, and that when they have horses and asses only to bear their luggage. I think, therefore, they may have kept company without the men being compelled to say to the bleating sheep, "Kawam" (come on), as I was frequently compelled to say to my muliteer, or mukiro. Let it be remembered that it is not the first time they are found in company, for Jacob had them in two bands, and excited the wonder of his brother Esau. A second time we find them on the move, and the Bishop, as I have shown, gives them every facility, and that in a time of famine and through a desert, to go down into Egypt, but hampers them very much in their efforts to get out, as though he were a very Pharaoh who knew neither Jacob nor Joseph, and had forgotten his former kindness to his friend; or as though they were all Scotchmen, who, having once crossed the border, are proverbially reluctant to return, and truly if they had been mindful of the land from whence they came, they might have had opportunity to have returned; and indeed, some of them turned back in their hearts, if we are to believe New as well as Old Testament authority.

But softly! How did Jacob and his flocks and herds get through the desert, especially as they (the flocks) must have been, like Pharaoh's lean kine, ready to devour anything green, after that "severe famine" felt in the land of Canaan? The difficulty is of the same kind in both cases, and only differs in point of *numbers*, for both wildernesses were "waste places."

The good old Book tells how a certain Hagar was driven into this same wilderness, and there sat down under a shrub; how a caravan of Ishmaelites and Midianites went that way bearing spices into Egypt, and that they took with them the purchase of blood money, in the person of Joseph; still more, that this was the high road down to Egypt; that turning to the left, men and armies would go, in the days of Solomon, to Ezion-Gebar; and what else shall I say? why, that modern travellers let loose their cattle and camels at night to nip the sweet herbage that God grows there, while they themselves are supplied with a lamb or a kid from the flock of friendly Bedouin Arabs.—See Dr. Robinson, Stephens, Laborde, and others. Beautiful and truthful!—"God never sends mouths without food to fill them." And by miracle or otherwise, He fed His people and their flocks, and "led them by the hand of Moses and Aaron."

It is taken for granted that countless flocks and herds went with them into the wilderness, and had to be fed there; but it is probable that many of them became food for the hungry, while their skins helped to clothe the people, and formed the material out of which the tents were made; and if this be so, the difficulty of feeding the flocks is diminished, and what of them remained were doubtless nourished in a way not made known to us in the brief narrative of Moses, but may be accounted for in part as follows:—They were soon supplied with water at Elim; and as they were not slow to complain, it is fair to conclude that they had water until they came to Rephidim—(Ex. xvii., 1—3)—where they made their first recorded complaint on behalf of themselves and their cattle. I shall not make them worse than they really were. Ah! but they have to pass by Sinai? "When they wanted they *cried out*;" and the smitten rock yields water, while the manna and quails supply the people with food. Miracles are not denied, on the admission of the Bishop, and the Bible says that they were performed in the desert. "Ye shall buy meat of them for

money" (Deut. ii., 6.) is the lesson of honesty they receive when the miracle ceases; and they come where provision may be purchased for money.

Canon Stanley is quoted on page 69, and he bears testimony to the wild and wierd, bleak and barren region around Sinai; and yet he speaks of a "thin transparent coating" of herbage, and it is upon this the camels feed in part, when the camp fires are lighted for the night, and deep sleep falleth upon man. Besides, God may have given special fertility to the soil.

We have only to account for their subsistence during their encampment at and around Sinai, when miracles were performed for them; for afterwards they visited, during their long roamings, as many as forty-two towns, and might have traded with the tribes, and they were as able to cultivate the land, and to live upon it, as the myriads of Bedouin Arabs who roam through Arabia at the present time; and it must not be forgotten that commerce leads to a higher state of cultivation, and that commerce had some of its central marts on and near the line of march taken up by Moses, who knew that country well, having spent forty years actually feeding Jethro's flocks. Besides, fallow ground is improved when flocks and herds are turned out to feed upon it. As it is said, "The appetite grows with what it feeds on."

In celebrating the second Passover he takes it for granted (p. 130) that the same order was observed as in Egypt: a gratuitous assumption, as may be seen by looking at 2 Chron. xxx. and xxxv., 6, and the time of our Lord.

Lev. xvii., 2—6 must be susceptible of some interpretation which may throw light upon it; and the reference in ver. 7 to idols shows that it looked more to the future than to anything that had happened among them before the giving of the Law.

Kurtz says on (p. 5) "In the place where I record my name." "Where the Tabernacle was pitched, the enclosed camp was holy ground." Already they had performed the office of the priesthood, when they slew the first paschal lamb, and they were a nation designated a kingdom of priests—(Ex. xix., 6)—and, in fact, the prohibition extended to the *place* and not the *person*. Did they offer in conjunction with the priests, and assist in some way as the Levites did, allowing the high priest and his sons to perform the more solemn act? This is answered by the

fact that, although there were 8,000 Levites, each *man* killed his own sacrifice before the Tabernacle, except the pigeons and doves, whose heads were twisted off by the priests.

Now what was the custom of the people, long after the Temple was built, and the number of the priests had increased, and there was more room in the several courts?

2 Chron. xxxv. We find upon a special occasion, when after a long neglect of the rite, Josiah wished to revive a memorial so impressive, that the families were represented by their heads only. If they were allowed to go unpunished for the *non*-observance of the Passover when they were quietly settled in their own land, and they had set at nought practically the injunction for *ever*, to all *generations*, surely it is not to be supposed that the people who rebelled so often in the wilderness kept "each minute and particular" point, and, for aught we know to the contrary, points which were prospective—why, even the rite of circumcision was neglected. (see Jos. v.) It was not until the second year after the exodus that the Tabernacle was erected, and the priests set apart to their office by Moses. The spirit of the rite was maintained, but the form was altered, if we may judge by their subsequent conduct.

Did our Lord deem it irregular to keep the Passover in any other place but the Temple? He went up to Jerusalem for the express purpose; but we find Him saying, "I will keep the Passover at *thy* house with My disciples." Paul strove to be at Jerusalem at the Passover; and before the destruction of the city 1,100,000 people were there, but they could not *all* be present at one time in the Temple, but were there by representatives, the elders and heads of families.

In Amos v., 25, we find these words, "Have ye offered unto me, &c.?" but it does not follow that all required by the law were offered as affirmed by our literalist. If he had read with care the nature of the work allotted to the priests, and the part the man who brought the sacrifice, and the Levites took in the service of the sanctuary he might have spared his compassion for them, and saved himself from the just charge of inefficiency. Fancy a Jew taking him to book!

He has as much sympathy almost for Aaron and his sons, who were hard worked but well fed, as for the pastureless sheep of the desert. No modern priests were ever so *dealt* by, for the Doctor allows no room for escape from the conclusion that they were to work and eat incessantly.

Poor men ! if they had lived in our times they might have found "Curates" to do the work while they received the lion's share of the pay, and the poor priests' wives and families might have been fed with the fat of the sacrifices, even to repletion, and clothed with the fine wool of the offering.

Now the Bible says their sons, daughters, &c., are allowed to eat thereof. But he compels three of them to eat 90,000 lambs in a year, and with a little tinge of sarcasm, wants to know whether they brought the pigeons from Egypt.

I have read of a Roman Emperor who demanded a dish of the most delicate part of a rare bird to be brought to his table every morning. But perhaps that was written or spoken in a post prandial speech, and therefore I shall not attempt to prove that the epicure never had them, because I saw *none* like them at Rome. But you may take a bit of authentic modern history which was told me in the presence of a prudent and wise man, by a Missionary at St. Helena, who had it from the old natives of that island. The British Government generously allowed the illustrious exile Napoleon anything he might express a wish for. Now whatever his dislike for the monarchs who sent him there, he felt for the men who obeyed their orders. He asked for a bullock's heart for breakfast every morning, and his request was granted. Some said it was a whim, others a petty pique; but a benevolent intention lay at the bottom, for he knew that the British soldier loved beef, and he would get part of the carcase slain each day. The supply in the island was soon exhausted, and the governor had to obtain more from the Cape. Supply and demand are about equally balanced, and I have no doubt the Israelites found their pigeons and turtle doves as they wanted them for use; for any one who reads of the "doves flocking to the windows," and has seen the holes in the eastern rocks, which serve as dove cotes, will be at no loss to account for their presence in and around the camp of Israel. "Where the carcase is there will the eagles be gathered together."

But again the question returns, How did the priests dispose of them (p. 129)? Many of the provisions of the law were prospective, and we know they had assistants afterwards, why not then, though not specially named; and, besides, they might have given portions away to the people, as they do now in the Convents of St. Bernard, Carmel, Bethlehem, and St. Cath-

rine's, at Sinai and elsewhere. I conclude therefore that only special parts were to be eaten by the priests alone, and the rest of the sacrifices were used by the Levite's households, &c., (p. 130) and after strict orders are given that *all* must be eaten, it is immediately added, "and such as is left shall be burnt."

What number of priests, Levites, and their families does the *Bible* bring before us in contrast with the Bishop's few poor hard worked priests? Of the three branches there were 22,000 and 8,000 above 25, and under 50 years, eligible to the work of the Tabernacle. If it be objected that they were "Laymen," I reply that Moses offered a sacrifice for himself when he consecrated Aaron and his sons, and then each of them offered one for himself, and so when *any* man brought a sacrifice, he offered or killed it himself, and the priest only sprinkled the blood, except when *one* offering was to be made for the congregation. What becomes then of the great expenditure of sympathy for the priests? and there might have been absenteeism after all; and the priest might have had a sinecure instead of being a slave; for while Eliezer offered the *oil* and *incense*, others attended to the rest of the offices of the daily service. If there had been more made out of the *Consecration*, perhaps the Bishop might have known how many they *were*, and what they *did*.

There are so many other points upon which he might be set right by a scholar in a Sunday School Bible Class, that I feel it would be a waste of time to follow him upon all the points where he is palpably open to a damaging exposure; but I will give one out of many instances, it is the passage on the door of the Tabernacle (p. 32). He enters upon an elaborate calculation to show that it was impossible for "all Israel" to present themselves at the door of the Tabernacle, as they were between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 (p. 35). Now, no scholar will doubt for a moment that this is a Hebraism, as "*all* the congregation were to stone the Sabbath breaker," and does not always mean the entire number, and frequent instances are recorded in Exodus, which conclusively show that the writer meant a large number,—about the effect of the plagues, to wit, just as we say, "I saw thousands," or I have told you a thousand times, &c.

The same indefinite language is used in the New Testament

by the apostles. Jacob, when he stood before Pharaoh, said, "few and evil have the days of the years," &c., (Gen. xlvii. 9) and yet in dying, he records, "The God who fed me all my life long," &c., and "redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads" (Gen. xlviii. 15, 16).

In 1855, I witnessed a grand review of 45,000 troops in the Champ de Mars, Paris, and they all passed before the Emperor and the King of Portugal, who were on horseback, while the Empress was seated on the balcony of the Ecole Militaire, in an open space, much less than the door of the Tabernacle. And last summer I went to the Crystal Palace one day when there were 84,000 persons present, and nearly all of them must have passed in and out of the entrance facing the grounds again and again, yet when they occupied the ground in front to witness a spectacle, I was surprised to find what a small portion was covered by such a host of people. 68,000 persons were in the Exhibition in one day, and probably at the same time. The mathematical measurement of the camp, and his reduction of it to a particular size, reminds me of a certain philosophical mathematician, who contended that "a pentagon was the proper figure for a field," and raises certain other historical and statistical doubts.

But the war on Midian seems to crown all the extravagant demands made upon our credulity. It ought to be sufficient to say that we judge of that by the past, and recognize the prerogative of one who smites when the iniquity is full (p. 139): "One has great faith in the mere *inertia* of religious faith." Some have very little in the political and Protestant faith in quiet times, but let an Orsini plot incite some foolish French generals to fulminate against free England, and the French Government to demand of ours the repeal of the Alien Bill and ask for the Conspiracy Bill; a strong Government headed by a popular premier, goes to the wall upon the measure. And let a pious Pope invade England with a lot of scarlet, and divide our land into pastoral districts for foreign shepherds, and the law of premium starts up before the mind of British Protestants, and the cry—"No Popery!" makes the wide welkin ring.

How far this attempt to move it will rouse a too credulous people to examine the reason of faith, and be able to answer for the "hope they have within them," one cannot tell; but it must lead them to "search the Scriptures," "to see whether

these things are so." And the language used on page 133-4 to describe the share of the "Lord of Midian" in the spoils. "Jehovah's tribute of slaves" will not increase their confidence—in one of their teachers, at least. The time taken up in the war, and the movements of the men, women and cattle, make the story incredible to the Doctor. Now the first war in which any of the Patriarchs engaged is recorded in Gen. xiv., and we find that Abram made short work of it, when he spoiled the kings.

The number and rapid movements of men will be painfully illustrated by a reference to the unhappy war which is being waged in America. The many and bloody battles which have been fought within a few months on the banks of the Potomac, must show what is possible when the dread arbitrament of war is decided upon. The raid into Maryland, and the almost lightning speed with which the inert McClellan pushed forward his avenging columns, point distinctly to the possibility of the case as recorded in Numbers. Virginia alone is as large as England, yet we no sooner hear that the siege of Richmond is raised, than the army of the South is wheeled to the north, baggage and heavy war material, with the speed and destructive power of the whirlwind. Neither have we forgotten Havelock's avenging column, and their swift deeds of vengeance. And while a future sceptic may pronounce all this "fiction," we know it to be the "stern logic of fact."

(Page 41.) Allison's "History of Europe" is cited, and the number slain on the side of the allies at Waterloo is put down at 4,172, as proof that the figures of the Bible on the battles fought are fictitious. That was the great decisive battle of modern times—*ergo*—there were more men slain than in any other! Come to life again, O most logical grave-digger, and reason once more for the benefit of our distracted Hamlet! Happy shall we be to hear thy most clear proofs, that less than that number fell at Alma and Inkermann, Magenta and Solferino, Mannasses, and Antietam.

War estimates of men and material are very loose, and we know that the number of men on the paper of an Austrian, Russian, French, and American minister of war, are very imposing—always much more than the men under arms—and we make allowance for their exaggeration. There were 3,000,000 armed men in America when I was there, but to Europe they

were only 25,000, because that was the peace establishment of soldiers—the rest were militia. Who shall say that something like this is not the case in Judah. 2 Chron. xvii., where 4,000,000 are made out? The men of war were in Jerusalem—the King's guard of chosen men of war, I think—while the others in the castles and cities were ready on a call for special service. "The kingdom of Judah embraced only 4,500 square miles—not as large as three of our counties—therefore the numbers are impossible." I reply London alone contains nearly as many.

But in his treatment of this case, he is evidently nibbling at an old objection, and one based upon the present population of Palestine, and the poverty of the land; and forgetting those truthful words—"a fruitful land maketh He desolate, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein." And yet at the present time the Druses and Maronites on Mount Lebanon alone number 300,000, and nearly all the men are armed, and as the Arabs carry arms, the Israelites could have bought some from them; and with what they had when they left Egypt, and found on the shores of the Red Sea, and the protecting power of the "God of battles," they were able to do what is recorded of them.

His whole argument is destructive and not constructive; and before he leaves it he becomes the apologist of Balaam, and in his perplexity, forgets that the Old and New Testament tell us of him. But I will remind him of Peter's words—2 Peter ii. 16, "The dumb ass speaking in man's voice forbad the madness of the prophet." Let us now listen to the voices of men in all ages, who forbid the *madness* of the Bishop.

PART IV.

THE TABLES TURNED.

"Should not years teach wisdom?" And should not mathematics? Yet both have failed, the Bishop as the leader of the modern crusade against the Bible, for on page 10 we find him using the following language: "My difficulty is not with miracles,—but solely that I cannot, as a true man, con-

sent any longer to shut my eyes to the *absolute* palpable self-contradictions of the narrative!"

In this statement he certainly gives the advantage to those who contend for the integrity of the narrative, for nothing can be more contrary to our experience than many of those mighty wonders recorded.

As a man whose matured intellect should have taught him to render all points of attack impregnable to the assaults of the literary harpies who might prey upon him, he is one of the most unskilled of generals. The thing which Job desired in vain he has freely granted to the critics—"Oh! that mine enemy had written a book." But while he disclaims for the present, all intention of grappling with the great question of miracles, and is pursuing a shorter method to get rid of "the old wives' fables" by the facile process of figures; he is attempting to perform a miracle that shall be as striking as that of Aaron's rod; for if he succeeds he may then say "let me die," and will be at once entitled to canonization.

One by one all the evidences of the "Divine legation of Moses" are removed, or at least the attempt to do so, is put forth with a confidence which must make the timid tremble, and think that the old land-marks are being removed. Ought we to wonder if some begin to spiritualize and say, "Cursed is he that removeth his neighbour's landmark?" especially when such words as those are found in a Book which the Church for ages has regarded as one of the Five written by the meekest of men?

To recur to the Bishop's own canon—while there is such a general agreement, men will range themselves with the many and not with the few. Is it credible to suppose that from the times of Joshua and the Judges down to our day, all the kings of Israel, who were bound to transcribe one book at least, of the five Books of Moses, the Seventy, the Rabbis, Josephus, Eusebius, &c., should have been deluded into the belief that Moses wrote the five books, and that some future historian shall have to say of the Bishop "Among the faithless faithful only he?"

It appears to me that there is a disposition (among many even so called teachers of the people) to ignore not only the Pentateuch, but the whole of the Old Testament, or, at least, to put it into the lumber room of forgotten and effete lore—to

revive and outbid the antinomianism of the past generation—to outlaw and out-gospel those who believe that they dove-tail, and are not to be divorced. And this is done under the profession of doing honour to the “Spirit,” and to sacrifice the “letter” to the better genius of the newer birth of time, and in accordance with the advanced state of humanity. Very good! but if we are taught carefulness in weeding up “tares” found among the wheat, how much more guarded should we be, when from many a heart and home there comes the entreaty—“destroy it not, for there is a blessing in it.” “These things ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.” And above all there comes forth the solemn sound, “that which God hath joined together let not man,” &c. “Wherefore, the law is holy, just and good.” I repeat it, there is a studious and plausible attempt to undervalue, if not ignore the teachings of the Old Testament, and the “Inner Light” is made to supercede the objective Written Word, which was given under such solemn sanctions.

“Not to exceed and not to fall short of facts, not to add to and not to take away, to state the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, are the grand, the vital maxims of English law—and, let us add, of Christian faith.” The spirit of fair play and honest dealing is supposed at least to hover over our courts at Westminster, and the integrity of our statute books is a guarantee that justice will be administered in a court of equity. But it has come to pass that bit by bit and book by book the old Bible has been nearly frittered away. One man doesn’t like dogma or discipline, another will have pathos but dreads power. Another thinks there is not sufficient unction in historical sermons, such as those preached by Peter and Stephen, &c. It would not be difficult to imagine a company of Biblical epicures whetting their appetites for a high festival Problem to be discussed at table—“given the Bible,” how much of it will be left after each has been allowed to dissect and devour his favourite part? Cowper’s fable of the Prophet’s perplexed followers may help us here,—

“Thus says the Prophet of the Turk,
 Good Musselman, abstain from pork;
 There is a part in every swine
 No friend or follower of mine
 May take, whate’er his inclination,
 On pain of excommunication.

Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
 And thus he left the point at large.
 Had he the sinful part expressed
 They might with safety eat the rest.
 But for one piece they thought it hard
 From the whole hog to be debarr'd,
 And set their wit at work to find
 What joint the Prophet had in mind.
 Much controversy straight arose—
 These choose the back, the belly those;
 By some 'tis confidently said
 He meant not to forbid the head,
 While others at that doctrine rail
 And piously prefer the tail.
 Thus, conscience free from every clog,
 Mahomedans eat up the hog."

I verily believe that if we were to reject the different portions of the Word of God which the *most conscientious* men have declared spurious there would be a "famine of the Word." But we wo'nt give up the Bible thus, for it has been handed down to us in its integrity by inspired and uninspired men.

Josephus—who was born 37 Anno Domini—says, "There are not with us myriads of books, inconsistent and conflicting, but only twenty-two, comprising a record of all time, which are justly confided in; and of these, five are the Books of Moses, which embrace laws, and the tradition of the origin of man, extending to his death. This period falls a little short of three thousand years, and it is plain in our conduct what credit we have given to our Scriptures, for, though so long a time has passed, no one has ventured to add anything to, nor take away from, nor alter them."—Lib. iv., cap. 26. Eusebius writes of Melito, Bishop of Sardis, in Lydia, A.D., 170:—"Since," he writes to his brother or friend Onesimus, "in thy zeal for the word thou hast often desired to have selections from the law and the prophets concerning the Saviour, and the whole of our faith.—Having come, therefore, to the East, and arrived at the place where these things were preached and done, and having accurately acquainted myself with the books of the old covenant, I have subjoined and sent them to thee. Of which the names are these:—of Moses, five, Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy," &c.

It would be very easy to multiply proofs gathered from the Fathers and the Rabbinical writings, of the uniform antiquity

ascribed to the writings, and without entering into the question of the Samaritan version, and the manner in which it came into their hands after the return from Babylon, upon which an argument of some importance may be built up, I will say that the miserable remnant of Samaritans of Shechem—the Karaites Jews in the Crimea, and the orthodox Jews scattered throughout the world, widely differing upon many social and secular points, and minor ones about certain observances, are one in their estimate, alike of the man Moses, and the Five Books of the law which he gave to the priests and the Levites, just before he took his leave of the people, over against Bethpeor, where he died and was buried. “His works do follow him,” in all the solemn testimony which has been accumulating through the ages, among a people whose history from his day to ours has been a mystery and a miracle.

But I shall leave the voices of both Jew and Gentile secular historians to attend to the words of him who came according to promise—“a prophet like unto Moses”—and who was “faithful in all his house as Moses was.” And the words of the Lord Jesus shall be followed by a few of those who were taught of Him, that they might teach others. I avow my full confidence in their wisdom, knowledge, and integrity, but what are we to think of them now that a point has been raised which touches the character of Jesus and His Apostles, and their competency to teach? The Bishop brings us “face to face” with the moral aspect of the whole question, and has no sooner done this, and anticipated the verdict of the whole true Church of Christ, than he expresses a fear lest we should bring the “Ark” into the battle-field. But he has forced upon us the awful and blasphemous question—Christ or Colenso? And while he believes that the voices of the “crying children” near the priest prevented the people hearing the law read between the two mountains, Ebal and Gerizim; I believe the “voices of the children” of Mount Zion, as they shout Hosanna to Moses and his Master, will say of this new voice in the wilderness, “Go ye not out to hear him.” Notwithstanding his remonstrance, I shall consider in what way the New Testament is affected by the questions raised and the inquiries instituted. This is a question of the gravest import, and the conclusion we reach must be of vital interest. The character of Christ and His disciples for intelligence or

honesty will be gravely compromised if we accept the conclusions of the volume before us. We are not competent to decide when the Divine and human in the person of Jesus were united or separate in their action; this is too deep a question for us, and we content ourselves with the assurance that "secret things belong unto the Lord our God, but things which are revealed to us and our children," but "fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

To those things we shall limit ourselves in the present enquiry, borrowing such aids as the facts of his life supply, as recorded in the Gospels. We have received in the simplicity of our childish faith, such passages as these. That is the *true* light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. "I am the way, the *truth*, and the life." And I for one, feel shocked at language which throws a doubt upon His competency and veracity. "We do not know when he spoke the truth or when he was mistaken." This is the grand question—Was He true—the truth—and an infallible guide? That settled, all is settled, as to Him in this inquiry.

In speaking of the numbers used in the Old Testament who fell in battle, there is charity enough in the good Bishop to allow for an *occasional* mistake, but when they *all* bear the same cast and character, there is nothing left for him but to reject the whole as a delusion; designed or otherwise, he has not yet determined. I accept his statement—for I am using his own weapon, and apply the foregoing deduction, only reversing—happily, as I think, for me and others—the result attained.

The Doctor rejects the Pentateuch because numbers tell against its authenticity. I accept it because they confirm its truth and authority. What did Jesus do and say in relation to it and its author? If He and His disciples speak one language, and uniformly agree in ascribing to Moses the words and the things recorded in the Pentateuch, and never call in question the authenticity thereof; then it affords the strongest *prima facie* evidence of its genuineness.

He was circumcised the eighth day, according to the instructions laid down in the law: Luke ii. "To do after the custom of the law," and followed invariably by the Jews. He went to Jerusalem to worship, at the time prescribed by the law (twelve years old). At thirty, standing on the banks of

Jordan, He said, "Thus it behoveth us to fulfil *all* righteousness." He enjoined obedience to the (ceremonial) law upon the cleansed leper—"Go and offer the gifts which Moses commanded." The Scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat; *all* therefore that they command do ye; and He himself went up to Jerusalem, "that the law of Moses be not broken," at least three times to keep the Passover. He avowed his purpose to fulfil, and not destroy the law, and in His life, and in His death "magnified it and made it honourable." He *expounded* the law—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with &c., and thy neighbour as thyself." "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." He expounded the law to His disciples; and, beginning at Moses, He opened unto them the Scripture—"O! fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken." "Did not Moses give you the law?" Both before and after His resurrection, He substantiates His claim to the Messiahship by the most cogent and convincing arguments drawn from the writings of the great Lawgiver, and silenced those who sought to entrap Him by saying—"If ye believed Moses, ye would believe me, for he wrote of me." "If ye believe not Moses' writings, how shall ye believe my words?" "Did not Moses give you the Law?" And yet further He gave Moses a pre-eminence for power, above the ghostly miraculous signs which an evil and adulterous generation sought after. "If they believe not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." Surely this does not look as though he had any misgivings as to the historical truth of the Bible; and I prefer to follow where He leads, than to grope my way in the dark, with a guide who is as liable to err as myself.

Finally, He reminded them in effect, of what He had once told them before in the case of Abraham, &c., "that God was not the God of the dead, but of the living," and that though they might reject His message with impunity, they would not escape. "There is one that accuseth you, even Moses, in whom ye trust."

The same uniform and even tenor of testimony is uttered by the Evangelists and Apostles. "The law was given by Moses." (Jo. i. 7.) "We have found him of whom Moses in the law, &c.;" and under still more glorious circumstances do they discover and recognise him with Elijah and the Master

on the Mount of Transfiguration. "There appeared unto them Moses and Elias." Stephen answers the accusation of blasphemy against Moses in the address or defence recorded Acts vii. in a way that must be very satisfactory—or unsatisfactory—to some who profess to avoid it. The Epistles sparkle like stars in a dark night with genius borrowed from these books, and the writers remind the Church that they "received the law by the dispensation of angels," therein agreeing with an old song—"The Lord gave the word, and great was the company of angels, or witnesses." Where and when? Let Paul inform us;—"They were all baptized into Moses; they did all drink of that rock which followed them, and that rock was Christ." "The law which was given," (430) says Paul to the Galatians. "Neither tempt ye as some of them and were destroyed in the wilderness;" and the Epistle to the Hebrews would be unintelligible without the Pentateuch, as it is the key by which we explain the ceremonial law. If inspired men have not forgotten his doings, neither have they his destiny, for when the discordant notes of men shall be hushed and the feet of the redeemed ones from the earth shall tread the plains of heaven, and all shall "see eye to eye" the only name found worthy to be associated with "that name which is above every name," will be that of the "meek man Moses," the legislator, whose "law was a schoolmaster to bring men to Christ," and a harmony of sound such as was never heard below, shall pronounce the final and unalterable verdict in the song which couples the two names, "the song of Moses and the Lamb."

I have shown by internal evidence that Moses wrote the books ascribed to him, and one standing proof is found in the number of his disciples who cleave to him as the father and founder of their religion. Wherever they are found an unvarying testimony is borne, and this is as strong an argument as you can find externally, for the existence and teachings of such men as Confucius, Zoroaster, Mahommed, the Sikh Goooroos, and others, in whom the Bishop places such confidence.

Coming down the stream of time Moses rises like the Father of his Country in every emergence, and from Nehemiah down, the principal ordinances instituted by him have been kept as a perpetual memorial by the Jews. From the remotest period of authentic history the chain has never been broken. Where

did they get their notions? for on their first settlement in Canaan long years before the captivity, or Ezra's days, the people kept their appointed feasts.

Why did not the Pharisees, and Saducees, and Scribes, confound Christ by proving "his ignorance?" Were they not rather at first surprised at his questions and answers as a boy in the Temple, and confounded by the *spiritual* light which he brought to bear upon the Law? Moses was as needful to Christ as the Baptist. "Wherefore, the Law was our school-master to bring us to Christ." That is, the Law in its integrity, the ceremonial and moral Law, the one denouncing disobedience, and the other pointing to the cleansing by "a better offering," as eloquently and forcibly explained in the Epistle to the Hebrews.

"There was a grand and complete unity in the whole narrative, and a want of unity in the form of it which rendered foolish the notion that the work was merely a compilation." It is doubtless a condensed narrative, but complete and harmonious; but we have seen from the earliest ages down to the present time traces of the master hand have been discerned, and tradition has been too vigilant on both sides, orthodox and heterodox, to allow of interpolation; and whether the Samaritan priest at Shechem, who told me that the copy of the Pentateuch which was enrolled for me was written six years after the death of Moses, is correct or not, it certainly bears marks of great antiquity. Again I repeat, all things combine to assure me that nothing shall prevent that sublime consummation which the seer of Patmos beheld in vision, when the *multitude* sung the song of Moses and the Lamb; and I say of the man who rejects so much testimony to him, that his religion is rationalistic.

I don't know whether the New Zealander taught his lordship the use of the *Boomerang*, but I am given to understand it is used most dexterously by the natives of Australia.

It is a very curious wooden instrument with a joint, and possesses a very elastic spring. They throw it an immense distance in the air, and a skilful man can make it rebound and return to its starting-point with deadly precision, so that he is obliged to remove from the spot, or run the risk of being smitten by his own weapon.

Figures are the boomerang which the bishop has unskil-

fully used in his novel warfare, and the weapon will return to do its own work. The eagle sometimes supplies the feathers to the hunter with which he sends the unerring arrow to her quivering heart; and before this book is done with, its inherent weakness will furnish the friends of truth with sufficient material to show its transparent fallacies and its shallow philosophy, and the tables of a "ready reckoner" will be completely "turned."

A man who was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, and whose profound knowledge of the Law enabled him to be its best expositor under the new dispensation, cautioned a bishop against those who "were ever learning, and never coming to a knowledge of the *truth*," and coupled with his caution a fact drawn from the life of Israel's lawgiver. (2 Tim. iii. 8.) "As Jannes and Jambres, (the Egyptian magicians,) withstood Moses, so do these also resist the truth."

Adopting this language as bearing upon the present attempt to weaken and destroy the influence of one who survived all the efforts to thwart his mission in Egypt, I feel as little concerned for the issue, for that is safe, and will revive in our day the lustre which has always encircled his name.

It would be false modesty on my part to say that I have not done something to bring about the consummation, for I feel that as far as I have carried my argument and defence, I believe my effort meets the case; for in the main my position is unassailable. Others will doubtless follow, and meet points which my time will not allow me to grapple with. With this deep conviction on my mind, I have no hesitation in using the language of the Apostle in the same connection, "But they shall proceed no further, and their folly shall be manifest unto all men as theirs also was."

PART V.

CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER.

"Now of what we have heard this is the sum." We have had to look at a grave indictment brought by a bishop against not only one, but many parts of the Bible; but thank God a "bill of divorce" has not been made out, and British faith

will cling to the "Old Book." It believes in promise and performance; and looks upon the comprehensive scheme of Moses as a proof of a master mind, which could form a complete code for the present and prospective race of Abraham.

Let the "orthodox concede the probability of *some* other interpretations," to the joy of the Bishop, and others perplex themselves about the "various versions" of the Bible, the "simple babes," whose privilege it is to "know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven" will still see a perfect harmony between such words as "Look now toward heaven and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them; and He said so shall thy seed be." Gen. xv. 5; xxii. 17; xxxii. 12, and many others to the same effect; and the wondrous increase of the seed of Abraham as recorded in the Pentateuch.

It is to be hoped that they will not lay aside the whole subject because "the objections are old, all of them; they have been refuted over and over again," for I believe the most sifting inquiry will serve the interests of truth. "Forewarned, forearmed."

It would be easy to point out how far the change in the use of words may have modified the meaning of scripture. Here is a case in point in reference to the priests "carrying the offal, &c., out of the camp." In Addison's Spectator the writer says "Will Wimble came . . . and carried me to the theatre,"—quite a task for a friend to perform with his frilled shirt and ruffles; but still worse for a man in Virginia, where they say to the slave "car," for carry, "that horse to water."

But unhappily for the Bishop, he takes everything as it stands; and in the absence of poetry, and imagination, I shall not be surprised if in the "second part" he should tell us the result of an experiment with optical instruments upon the passage "the waters saw Thee, O God," or give us after feeling the pulse, the exact answer to the questions, "What ailed thee, O sea, that thou fleddest? thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back?" "Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams, and ye little hills like lambs?" Alas! "trifles light as air," urge him to "pull down," while we look in vain for attempts to "build up," but in this he is only following his predecessors in scepticism. "Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?" Ps. lxxviii. 19. I would recommend him to read that, and other psalms, and to look more closely at the chrono-

logical tables, and then he will find here and there a hiatus, easily explained, which will account "for some difficulties," whereas, if we lose sight of that, it can be proved that there were but *two* generations from Moses to David, as Moses son was treasurer to David (I Chron. xx. 24). Many of his calculations utterly break down because of their anachronism as to time, place, and circumstances; and I am driven to use the Apostle's language, "But even unto this day when Moses' is read, the veil is upon their heart" (2 Cor. iii. 15).

To characterize the book in one word, it is *shallow*; it is a proof that there is professorial as well as popular ignorance. Who can describe the evils arising from both?

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the pyerian spring."

A little knowledge will merely unsettle a man's prejudices without giving him anything better instead. Many of the supposed increases in knowledge have only given a new name, and often worse, to what was known before. And it is a great truth to be borne in mind that faith and love must interpret the Bible, and the Gospel is only comprehended by the heart. "Generally speaking, it is only the half thinker who, in matters concerning the feelings and ancestral opinions of men, stumbles on new conclusions." The Jews have a saying—"He that would understand God's meaning must look above, below, and round about." I have met with the following remarks endorsed by men whose wisdom, knowledge, and charity were unquestionable. "Religion presents few difficulties to the humble, many to the proud, and insuperable ones to the vain." And the most dangerous fiction and poisonous poetry is that which insinuates itself into the good opinion of the reader by its close resemblance to virtue, while the hero is in reality a double distilled villain. The most mischievous liars are those who keep sliding on the verge of truth; and the polished shaft of a dexterous archer, who apparently draws the bow at a venture, does more harm than the poisoned arrow of a Voltaire or a Paine. Besides the most difficult man to deal with, is a conscientious but obstinate good man; and history and experience teach us that a sincere and conscientious man may do many things in the name of religion, thinking he is doing God's service, while all the time he is violating some of the first principles of

Christian faith. "Oh! Liberty," said the French heroine, as she was being led to the guillotine, "what crimes have been committed in thy name." Men who act against the truth in this way are like Milton's moon—

"One that had been led astray,
Through the heaven's wide pathless way."

The most flippant philosophy of the past and present age has tried to whet its wit upon the difficulties and seeming contradictions of the Scriptures, but of the laughter produced thereby we may say with Solomon, "I said of laughter it is mad." (Eecl. ii. 2.)

The inevitable tendency of this superficial way of thinking is to obscure the light which otherwise might stream into the understanding, so that seeing they might see. "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent." "The letter kills, the spirit giveth life." Peter Bell is as qualified to interpret nature, as such men Revelation—

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was *nothing* more."

Let us never forget that truth is one; and the old and the new must agree, though we may have to wait awhile before we see their harmony. But however imperfect our knowledge of the olden times, and the people who received the Gospel, no thoughtful man can fail to see that one was preparatory to the other.

We take the whole as dove-tailing the promise made to Abram, and the law which was given 400 years after its last renewal to Jacob, and the Gospel which was brought in in the fulness of time, as constituting a perfect revelation of the Divine will, and by this Book we will yet conquer as our fathers did.

Our fathers received the lively oracles from God through Moses, but we are called upon to cast them aside as an "old wives' fable," and to look upon Moses as a great mountain myth, appearing to the diseased and exaggerated imagination of the Oriental mind.

There are some whose attachment to a worn out heir-loom expresses itself in the well-known line—

"A sacred thing is the old arm chair."

Others will say, "Sceptic, spare that Book!"

The Bible is more to them than mere sentiment, however touching and tender, and is more sacred than aught else beneath the sun; and, were it necessary, I could quote votive literary offerings which have been made to it by the best, most brilliant, and most base, but that is not my purpose. I only remark that amid all vicissitudes

“Age cannot wither, and custom cannot stale
Its infinite variety;”

and as I have found my own faith confirmed by a renewed study of some of its fundamental principles, my prayer is that he who has moved me to it may come back to the old faith he learned beside his mother's knee. When a man has put forth his highest power and finds that the grand oak cannot be bent, he may well ask, was it a wise expenditure of strength?

I feel thankful that a stronger case has not been made out against the claims of the Bible to my confidence. There are those who think that the Bishop smites with the flat hand of rhetoric, and not the fist of logic. “Bring forth your strong reasons,” and then, as of old, “The things which remain cannot be shaken.” Pliny tells us of some cattle who fatten on smoke, and I fear the Bishop has been too much in “cloud-land,” or among the casuists of a warmer and more hazy clime. But he will yet find how futile the attempt to overthrow the faith of those who are resolved to “hold fast the things which they have received,” and be left at last a warning to rash men—

“To point a moral, and adorn a tale.”

I would respectfully say to him, “Put up *thy* sword into its scabbard, for he that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword.”

One in whom the genius of our race found a fitting and trusty echo said, “I am set for the defence of the Gospel;” and “When Peter was come to Antioch I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed;” and spiritual wickedness in high places, even though it be “the sin of ignorance,” must be called to account, lest those who pass it by are censured as Eli was as touching his *own* sons. However painful it may be to come face to face with a man occupying a high place in the Church, I have no fear of meeting the same fate as Korah, &c., when they said, “Ye take too much upon you” (Num.

xvi.); but feel emboldened, because "strange fire has been offered upon the altar."

It is for the Bishop to consider how far a wider application may be made of those words to which the people at Ebal said Amen—"Cursed is he that removeth his neighbour's landmark. Cursed is he that maketh the blind to wander out of the way"—(Deut. xxvii. 17, 18); and those also, "Ye shall not add unto the word which I command, nor diminish." (Deut. iv. 2.)

I may attack the character of the book, for thank God this is an age of free criticism and fair play; but I am not at liberty to "do evil that good may come," and therefore all personalities are avoided. I feel moved, however, when the slightest suspicion is cast upon the character of the Master, and think it a challenge to investigate that of the man who brings it, although I shall leave others to do that. Herein I think "he is to be blamed."

I do not impute motives; for on the very face of the movement you are led to believe that with the tremendous power which can, and may, be brought to bear against him, there is evidently more to lose than gain. The clearest definition of the writer, to my mind, is supplied in the words, "My inheritance is a speckled bird." But if underlying all this cry of conscience, there be a lurking desire to become a proto-martyr bishop of these last days, it is to be hoped that a little of the practical wisdom of William III. will prevail in the modern Sanhedrim, the Convocation:—"Mr. —," said William, "has set his heart upon being a martyr, but I have made up my mind to disappoint him."

The Bishop is no infidel; yet a man may under a mistaken notion and with the best intentions, inflict a great injury on the cause he professes to love; and this is not the first time that Christ has been wounded in the house of his friends, and many as honest as he will think they hear a voice saying, "Is this thy kindness to thy friend?"—" *Et tu Brute!* "

I recall with pleasure an incident which happened in the history of my people. When the land was divided by lot to the twelve tribes, and they were settled in their own boundaries, the inheritance of my forefathers became the chosen battle-ground.

Through long years the Canaanites who were left to prove

the people, were often aided by the Midianites and the nomadic tribes who made war upon Israel; but they were defeated by Deborah and Barak, Gideon, Jephtha, Samson, and other deliverers, and at length a king was chosen, who betrayed the interests of the people, and was doomed by God to be deposed by David. (1 Chron. xii. 23.)

When the rival of Saul raised his standard at Hebron the representatives of the tribes rallied around him, and honourable mention is made of the little tribe from which I sprang, "and of the children of Issachar, which were men that had understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do." "The heads of them were two hundred, and all their brethren were at their commandment." (1 Chron. xii. 32.)

We have ever been distinguished for understanding and a consistent subordination to command; and though we have shared in the dispersion of the ten tribes, we are known among the nations, and our old spirit still walks the earth. Do not think I am *the* "wandering Jew" because you have followed my wanderings in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, for it is our mission to have "understanding of the times," and to collect and collate facts, so that fiction may fall before them as Dagan did before the Ark of the Lord. But our grand "Repertory of useful knowledge" was collected by wise men during many ages, and we have in it the collective wisdom of lawgivers, poet princes, prophets, evangelists, and apostles, and have ever found it the most valuable magazine from whence to draw supplies when called upon to defend our own. It helps us to testify for the truth, and confound those who gainsay or resist it.

I should be recreant to the traditions of my tribe if I did not, in this instance, stand "in the old paths" and say, "this is the way, walk ye therein," and should fear to hear the reproach, "Why abodest thou among the sheep-folds to hear the bleating of the flocks?"—(Judges v. 16)—and still more the dread words, "Curse ye Meroz bitterly, because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

In bidding adieu to the reader, I would say that, like most other young men, I started out in life under the banner of the "truth-seekers," and accepted as my liberal creed—

“Seize on truth where'er 'tis found,
 On Christian or on heathen ground;
 The plant's Divine where'er it grows:
 Reject the thistle, and assume the rose.”

I was not long before I found myself in “Doubting Castle.” I wanted some one to “minister to a mind diseased,” and soon found enough of alimentary food supplied by the “free thinkers” of the day. But I was like the woman who went to Christ, and told him she had suffered much from many physicians, and was no better, but rather the worse. I too could say, as I say now, with Tenmyson, “In Memoriam”—

“There is more faith in honest doubt,
 Believe me, than in half the creeds.”

And doubt was the ladder by which I was to climb to belief. There was something liberal in Pope also which appealed to, and obtained my warm suffrage—

“For modes of faith let graceless bigots fight,
 He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.”

Experience has since taught me to reverse my judgment of Pope thus—

“Dark thoughts and deeds to darkened minds belong,
 He can't live right whose faith is in the wrong.”

But I wanted more than a negation and an eternal *seeking* after truth, and began to ask myself the question, Is man doomed to be involved in the endless study, “Ever learning, and never coming to the knowledge of the truth?” and in an agony of desire I prayed to be delivered from weakness and darkness, and now what joy to feel and know—

“Rolled away that fearful darkness,
 Past my weakness, past my grief;
 Washed with bitter tears I sat
 Full in the sunshine of belief.”

Thank God “the sable cloud turned forth her silver lining on the night.”

The simple means by which this change was effected, was a careful reading of the New Testament. The internal evidence of its authenticity left me no room to doubt; and although I have read much, *pro.* and *con.*, since, my fixed faith has remained unshaken by any foe; and is very little firmer for the services rendered by any friend who has put forth his hand to save the ark which contained it from falling. I re-

peat it—"truth is one"—and wherever found, utters the Gospel of wisdom to men, and whenever there is another voice, those who have been taught by her will not be deceived, as Isaac was by Jacob when he simulated Esau's voice. "My sheep hear my voice." With the Bible in hand, a clear head, and an honest heart, I have no fear of the issue of that ordeal through which we are passing or shall have to pass. But what we want is to awaken inquiry, and to be like the heroic Bereans, who "searched the Scriptures daily, and demand of those of whom it is said "should not the priest's lips keep knowledge," that they go to the law and the testimony. "For if they speak not according to that, it is because there is no light in them." The *beaton* oil, which is for the lamps of the sanctuary, will give the steady and true light—not the yea to-day, and the nay to-morrow—but if it has been kindled by Him who is "the Father of lights," it will be the "everlasting yea." "He that believeth in me shall not walk in darkness, but have the light of life." Bring all things to the real touchstone of truth, and not simply to its semblance. In one word, to use the language of the prince of dreamers, as he sends out his pilgrims—"Let truth be free to make her sallies upon thee and me, which way it pleaseth God."

And then mental perplexity will give place to perfect peace, and man will learn how true it is, that to live to the full, we must live in the faith that works, with the love that never fails, and the hope that blooms with immortality. This will yet prove the glorious "Excelsior" of our young men; and though through heedlessness or ignorance, they may be tempest tossed upon the sea of doubt, yet their earnest cry will bring to their aid One who once said, "Peace be still," and with Kirk White they will thankfully sing:—

"Once on the raging seas I rode—
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind, which tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my life, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored, my peril's o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem
For ever, and for evermore,
The star—the star of Bethlehem.”

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