

as preposition, *in*. Comp. the kindred, simply-reduplicated stem in the substantive **בַּב**, **בַּב**, entrance, *door, gate*, **بَيْب**, ⁹ *canal*, (*pr. way*). Hence the opinion of the old grammarians is not so utterly groundless, who regarded **ב** as nearly related to **בַּי**, if we have correctly derived this latter word, p. 524, which will scarcely be doubted. Ewald (*Ausführ. Lehrb.* † 217, 9) compares **ב** with **בַּי**, *between*, which appears, however, inappropriate both for the form and signification. The etymology of the Arab. **بِي**, *in*, is precisely similar, which is a derivative from **فُو** mouth = aperture, entrance, variously applied, as **فُوهُة**, ⁹ *os, ingressus plateae, viae, vallis; principium rei*; so that the preposition has nothing to do with **ב**.

ARTICLE VIII.

NEANDER'S CHURCH HISTORY.

General History of the Christian Religion and Church; from the German of Dr. Augustus Neander. Translated from the second and improved edition, by Joseph Torrey, Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in the University of Vermont. Volume First comprising the first Great Division of the History. pp. 723. Boston: published by Crocker and Brewster. London: Wiley and Putnam. 1847.

By Rev. Dr. Sears, President of Theological Institution, Newton, Mass.

At length a part of the long-expected translation of Neander's church history by Professor Torrey has appeared. For ten long years, the theological student has been rejoicing, with some little abatement towards the end, in the near prospect of possessing this truly Christian and philosophical history of the church. The unskilful and repulsive translation of a part of the work by Rose, only increased the general desire for the expected American translation, which, it was believed, would be more worthy of the original. Indeed, it may be said that Professor Torrey, from his known scholarship and the force of peculiar circumstances, enjoyed a good reputation, as a translator of Neander, even before the work was executed. Winer has, for the same length of time,

been praised for his *Lexicon of the New Testament*, which no human being has yet, ever seen. These two works have, for sometime, been considered by the learned as indefinitely postponed. But here, as in most other cases, it turns out, that nothing takes place without a reason. At least, this is true in respect to the delay of Professor Torrey; and it is hinted, by the friends of Winer, that in consequence of some change in his views, occasioned by the recent investigations of other scholars, he has found it necessary to remodel his lexicon, which, according to promise, should have appeared in 1834.

When the recent splendid edition of Chrysostom's works was nearly ready for delivery in Paris, the painful intelligence reached us that the whole edition was destroyed by fire. The great work of F. W. Schubert, entitled *Staatskunde*, giving a statistical view of the different countries of Europe, was arrested in 1839 by a fire which destroyed the manuscript of the volume relating to Prussia, then ready for the press. The announcement of its appearance in 1846, however gratifying to the public, brought with it the sad recollection of seven years of lost labor. A similar occurrence in respect to Niebuhr's Roman History, is familiar to all. Professor Torrey's misfortune, if we are rightly informed, for we have only the proof-sheets of his work without the preface before us, was somewhat different. Just as he was ready, after an immense amount of labor, to publish his translation, it was announced, that a new edition of the original, materially altered and improved, was already in progress. Had the translator, fatigued with his toil, and shrinking from a repetition of it, published at that time, what he had prepared, the public would have been deprived of the benefit of the author's last revision. It was a manly resolution, to sit down to the task of a re-translation, for the sake of giving to the reader the improvements which seventeen years of study and reflection had enabled Neander to make in the two volumes, which in the translation before us are united into one.

As our views of any work are affected by our knowledge of its author, and as but little is generally known of the personal history of Dr. Neander, we have deemed this a fitting occasion to lay before the reader some particulars relating to the most interesting period of his life, which have accidentally been brought to light from an unexpected quarter.

In the years 1803 and 1804, there were living at Berlin several young men of high aims and of some poetical talent, extensively

known at a later period of life as elegant prose writers, who, according to a good custom then very prevalent, formed themselves into a club, for purposes of literary improvement. They were Varnhagen von Ense, Chamisso, Neumann, Hitzig, Theremin, and a few others, to whom Klaproth and Neander were subsequently added. They published at that time a *Musen Almanach*, familiarly called by them "The Green Book," from its color, which attracted some attention, and was variously reviewed by the different and dissentient schools of critics. It was condemned by Merkel, but commended by Schlegel. At first, the business of the day with each being ended, they went and passed a half, and sometimes the whole of a starry night with Chamisso, who stood as sentinel at the Brandenburg or Potsdam gate, discussing poetical subjects, and laying out plans for study. Afterwards, when they had their "Poetical Tea of the Green Book" at the house of Hitzig, Theremin, or of others who could furnish the accommodation, their love of the poetical hours, when all was silent and the stars were inviting to thought, led them to hold their meetings from midnight to day-light. In 1804, a separation became necessary. Hitzig, who had finished his course of legal study, was to go to Warsaw, in a civil office as "assessor." He is chiefly known as *Criminal-Director*, in Berlin. Theremin was to go to Geneva to complete his theological studies. He afterwards became celebrated, as an evangelical court preacher at Berlin, and continued to attract large audiences till his death, which recently occurred. Varnhagen von Ense went to Hamburg to prepare for the university, where Neumann, a few months later, joined him. Chamisso, as lieutenant in the army, was soon removed from Berlin to Hameln in the south-western part of the kingdom of Hanover, where he remained till after the battle of Jena. Klaproth did not go on his journey to Chiua till the next year. Before the circle was broken up, a permanent bond of union was effected by the formation of a society, called τὸ τοῦ πύλου ἄστρον, the North being symbolical of intelligence. A lively and enthusiastic correspondence was carried on between the members of this society after their separation, and to this we are indebted for our information concerning Neander.¹

It was while Varnhagen von Ense and Neumann were prosecuting their studies at the "Johanneum" at Hamburg, of which the celebrated Gurlitt was then the rector, and where Kraft now

¹ *Leben und Briefe von Adelbert Chamisso*, herausgegeben durch J. E. Hitzig, Leipzig, 1839.

is, that they made the acquaintance of Neander, then but seventeen years of age. The facts brought to light in respect to his pursuits and character at this period of his life, and which throw light on Neander's character as a historian, are as instructive as they are interesting. Neumann, in a letter to Chamisso, dated Hamburg, Feb. 11, 1806, says :

" We [i. e. himself and Varnhagen von Ense] have become acquainted with an excellent young man among our fellow students, who is in every respect worthy of being received into the society of the North Star. Plato is his idol, and his perpetual watch-word. He pores over that author night and day ; and there are probably few who receive him so completely into the very sanctuary of the soul. It is surprising to see how all this has been accomplished 'without any influence from abroad. It proceeds simply from his own reflection, and his pure and innate love of study. Without making himself particularly acquainted with the Romantic school of poetry, he has, from the impulse given by Plato, worked out the results in his own mind. He has learned to look with indifference upon the outward world."

This first gleam of light cast upon Neander's early history, reveals important mysteries. It shows us, in part, the laboratory, where those processes commenced which are now of such potent efficacy in the Christian world. We here learn from a few hints, what we shall learn more fully from Neander's own letters, that he was as original, as singular, as susceptible of deep and intense emotion, and as distinct from the rest of mankind, as was John Foster. Unexpected as it may be to some of our readers, we cannot help alluding to the parallel which has forced itself upon us while reading this correspondence. Neander is no less profound and independent than was Foster, while he is more comprehensive, and incomparably more learned. Introspection was equally the peculiar habit of each, and with each the secret of his great power. We seem to be introduced by them into the chambers of an immense subterranean cavern, where some of nature's greatest mysteries stand revealed. Both are distinguished by magnificence of thought, and reach of imagination ; but these qualities are combined in different proportions, and directed to different objects. The thought of the one is both massive and regular, and moves like the heavy wheel by which the solid bars of iron are cut in our machine-shops. That of the other is more elastic, and has more of the irregularities and free movements of genius. The imagination of the one is like the broad flapping

wing of the albatross, heavily soaring high and far; that of the other is like the pinion of a more aerial bird, decked with a brilliant plumage, and having a motion infinitely more rapid and varied. Neander's imagination is more historical, constructive and architectonical; Foster's is more creative, free and salient. In the former, a philosophical intellect prevails over and suppresses the fancy and regulates the imagination; in the latter, an intellectual imagination allows the play of the fancy, and moves with ease and freedom. Religion is with each the central object of regard, around which all other things revolve. The religion of each is his own, a matter of personal conviction, and too deep to be affected by the tastes and fashions of the times. Neither feels obliged, or inclined to pay much regard to the orthodoxy of the church as such, and consequently, agreement or disagreement with it, is a matter of comparative indifference; while both have an interest in evangelical religion more pure and unfeigned than that of most of the zealots who denounce them. Both of these great men, we regret to say, have, in consequence of indulging too freely in speculation on certain topics of the Christian system, fallen into what we must regard as errors. Still, they are preëminently teachers of the present generation on the subject of a vital Christianity; the one speaking from the professor's chair, the other writing from the author's solitude; the one read and studied by the educated clergy of the age, the other, the favorite popular writer with the virtuous, the intelligent, and the refined both in England and in America. In respect to Foster, the public have the means of information before them. In respect to Neander, it is proper for us to proceed to justify the observation now made.

The three young men were now (February, 1806) nearly ready to enter the university. Neander, at first, seemed inclined to enter at Göttingen, as it might be supposed he would, that being the place of his birth. Varnhagen and Neumann gave the preference to Halle. Chamisso, whose literary tastes were very decided, was desirous of leaving the military service, and joining his friends. At length, Neander promised not to separate from his companions, and the plan was formed, for the three to go in company to Halle, and to take Hameln where Chamisso was stationed, on the way, and, if possible, to persuade him to leave the army and accompany them. The heart of each seems to have been fully set upon this scheme; and they afterwards looked upon Halle as their common home. Their anticipated union

(which, indeed, was merely anticipated, but never realized,) in this place, in which they could indulge their warm hearts in the delights of friendship, and their enthusiasm, in study and mutual improvement, continued to be the subject of their most ardent desires, and was to their youthful imagination a state of paradise where every wish would be gratified. Chamisso, in a letter to Varnhagen, dated Feb. 17, 1806, says: "Union at the university at Halle,—that is the question! It is my most ardent wish, but"—. And again Feb. 26: "Yes, brothers, I will do my utmost, and what that is, we will see when we are together. To belong to each other, you to me, and I to you, that is my desire. Yes, brothers, let us all keep this in mind, and do our best to bring it about. I will use your own expressions, 'You must, *must* do it, as certainly as you are my friends,'—you must, as you do not go by way of Berlin, come this way and visit your brother in the wilderness.—The account you give me of Neander, affords me great pleasure; and I send him a most sincere and hearty salutation. But he must not go to Göttingen. Tell him so. I know how things go there."

The earliest letter from Neander to Chamisso, was written from Hamburg, March, 1806. In this he says: "I thank you that you have anticipated me in declaring fraternity with me.—I found no one of similar tastes, with whom I could form an intimacy; and being of a timid nature, I was disinclined to seek for one; but that law of nature, by which kindred souls are brought together, led to an acquaintance with my excellent friends, Varnhagen von Ense and Neumann, who made me a member of the society. I can truly say, that from that time many things became clear and intelligible to me, which before were obscure, and seen, as it were, in the distance. I now understood myself better. No one really comes to feel what he is blindly in pursuit of, till he is brought in contact with others who are like himself. Outward circumstances, which, however, can affect only what is outward, threaten, indeed, to separate us, now that we have become acquainted. Let them have their sway over outward events, and over men of slavish sense, who are as external as the events themselves, but the free immortal spirit is like its divine author, who by the silent laws of nature, calmly exercises supremacy, unconcerned about favor or opposition from without.—Union and brotherhood are accepted from you, and proposed, in turn, to you by

August Wilhelm [Neander],

τὸ τοῦ πόλου ἄστρον."

We have given but a part of this first letter, written throughout in a Platonic spirit, and that part, on account of its abstract character, has been given in a free translation. By some unknown cause, Neander was prevented from going with the others and visiting Chamisso at Hameln. They went directly to Hameln, and spent the night with him on guard, and by moon-light, passing back and forth along the walls of the city near one of its gates, these three ardent young men deliberated upon their plans of life, and course of study. To Chamisso it was an important crisis. After weighing all the considerations for and against abandoning his military prospects and devoting himself to literary pursuits, and warming into enthusiasm, as the project of living with his friends at Halle became the distinct topic of conversation, he fell upon the necks of Varnhagen and Neumann and solemnly promised to join them, as soon as he could obtain his dismissal. Afterwards, May 8, he says, in a letter to Neumann: "I have already, ἀδελφοί ἀδελφοί, sent a large package to Halle, addressed to brethren K. A. Varnhagen, W. Neumann, and A. W. Neander, students in Halle." In July, he writes to Varnhagen at the close of his letter: "Farewell, friend of my heart. Embrace Neumann cordially in my name, and go to Neander, tell him how I love him. Let us not only be associated, but united in one." To the same he writes July 23: "I hope soon to write to Neander and Raumer [Karl, now professor in Erlangen]; salute both for me. Raumer's beginning is splendid. He must not go to Rome without first promising to remember us.—Neumann, Neander, Raumer, Schleiermacher, Blanc and Theremin's brother, greet them all. Χαίρετε, τέκνα."

But we must recur to Neander's intellectual and religious history. His next letter without date,—for he appears to have been, at that period, as indifferent in respect to time as he was in respect to space,—but probably written just before his journey to Halle, shows very clearly that his mind was approaching to a transition state from Platonism to Christianity. Of his former Jewish education, under the influence of which he had continued until a comparatively recent date, there is here no trace.

"Dear friends, all of you together," he now writes, "it is a good omen for our society, that each of us felt an electric excitement in favor of it, before he was aware of a similar impulse in the others. My letter of Wednesday will explain my meaning. Even such accidental circumstances, [as his acquaintance with Varnhagen and Neumann?] although they are not accidents in

reality, but the necessary results of our similar intellectual tendencies, only serve to proclaim the existence of the all-controlling *ἀνάγκη*. May our society, by contributing to our higher improvement, prove to be one of the forms under which motherly nature [The *τιθήνη* of Plato?] appears. In the ever during music of ages, may it not leave behind expiring sounds. 'Pray and labor,'—let that be the bass note; or rather praying merely. For what else should a human, or even a superhuman do than pray? Whatever he does is nothing but a prayer, directed to the all-controlling divinity. The result of effort is but the giving or the withholding of what was supplicated. This order of things is common both to the initiated and the uninitiated in religion. All persons, either consciously or unconsciously, pray; but the prayer of the pious man only can be heard; for he does not pray for this or that particular thing. He rather *inquires* than prays. The *result*, whatever it be, is the answer, declaring that this or that particular occurrence *ought* to take place,—that such is the divine will. In this way, the answer is always favorable; for the good man desires nothing else. He will always fall in with the notes of the *ἀνάγκη*, and never wish to introduce his own. Thus true freedom is the product of necessity, and identical with it. Monday, perhaps I shall be with you. Should I come, I hope to find you all there. Saturday, I expect to receive letters from you all. Do and suffer what you may; I cannot merely *wish* you anything; but one thing I can do, I can *will*, and I can *strive* to be one with you."

What seriousness, what philosophical earnestness does this letter betray, of an unaided youth, seventeen years of age, struggling out of Judaism through Platonism into the fulness of Christian truth! A mind so honest in its inquiries, and so intense in its action, could not long remain in darkness, nor fail of exerting great influence, if once truly enlightened from above.

The next letter, bearing no date, but evidently written not long after, shows some progress in his knowledge of religion. He was still living in an inward world peculiarly his own. The truest subjects were connected in his mind, with the theory of the universe and with God. He was now struggling, like a young Hercules, with "the monster" of rationalism, and, in his odd Platonic phraseology about "cold" and "heat," he states the true principle of piety far more philosophically and comprehensively than those do who passively inherit their faith, or learn it from the catechism.

"My hearty thanks," he begins, "for your kind letter. I have

often replied to it in thought, and it was only necessary for me to give an outward form to the reply in order to send it to you. But precisely when one is most in harmony with himself, is he least inclined to disclose himself to others. It is that happy and glorious state, where thought, feeling, intuition and everything about us, is one. How difficult must it be for such a person to unfold successfully, part by part, that which is simultaneous and which exists only as a whole.—To apprehend the mind of the Deity from the successive and partial manifestations made in his works, is attended with the same difficulty as the attempt to recognize a friend, in his whole nature, from his letters. In the magnificent epistle of nature, we cannot understand the spirit which produced it, except we have the key to it within ourselves, —except, from within, we recognize the Deity, having our life in him, and our communion with him, so that what comes to us from without shall be a mere sign of his character.

With me the outward and the inward are still in conflict. There are three grades of what is called coldness. First, the lowest grade, where everything is decidedly cold, that is, either bald sensuality, or mere intellect without feeling. The second is that in which there is some inward warmth, but not enough to penetrate through the outward coatings in which it is enclosed,—the state in which the inward and the outward are not in harmony. In the former case the *ἀσθένεια* is internal; in the latter, it is external. The third grade is that in which there is neither excessive cold nor excessive heat, but in which heat and cold are suitably combined, so as to produce a coldness which is the result of *σθένος*. Of these three the multitude know only the two extremes. Those in whom the two extremes properly meet and harmonize, call the one extreme a freezing cold, and the other excessive heat or fanaticism. These have that union of maturity with childlike simplicity, which constitutes the *ἁπλοῦς ἐφ' ὅσιον*, or moral perfection. To whichever of the above-mentioned grades we belong, we should aim, each from his own position, at this perfection. I will aim at it from mine, which is the second above described. I am not striving for that blind and senseless harmony in which the outward and the inward are *taktier qualiter* kneaded together, that common factitious unity or negative harmony, by virtue of which one stands midway between different parties, seeking the friendship of all. The character must be developed from within, and not built up from without."

The fourth letter, written before their arrival in Halle, and

probably in April 1806, exhibits Neander as triumphant over the doubts and difficulties which had perplexed his mind, and as a fresh convert, decided and clear in his faith, and fully resolved on a life of active piety. Here we perceive the first aspirations of this remarkable youth, towards that standard which he has, at length, attained. The inward triumph over rationalism was now complete. Now he was ready to devote his life to theology, having discovered its central point, which gave to it a unity and consistency, and in view of which he could best understand his own moral history. By devoting his life to these studies, he believed he could most successfully develop his own powers, and most effectually promote that religious reform which had become the object of his strongest desire.

"Dear friend," he now writes to Chamisso, whom he had hoped to visit on his way to Halle, "I regret very much that I was not permitted to see you in Hameln. Halle will be our place of meeting. There we shall all meet, secluded, as far as possible, from the outward influences of the *worldly* world (as, alas! it everywhere is), and enjoy the spiritual peace of a *civitas Dei*, whose foundation stone is, and always must be, love. The more I become acquainted with myself, the more I am dissatisfied with the world; and, for the same reason, those who are not my particular friends must be dissatisfied with me. Their presence makes me dumb. I cannot swear allegiance to mere human reason, which departs more and more widely from the one centre of all that is holy and divine, and from the sacred, and to them unknown, pleasures of the city of God,—I cannot follow that reason, so called, which, with cold and perverted moral feelings, creates idols [i. e. invents new systems] of its own. Yes, against such a system, against everything which it holds sacred, its gods and its temple, let there be eternal war! Let each one fight with the weapons which God has given him, till the monster is slain. O that there were union and coöperation among those who contend for the true God and the true church! It is sad and heart-sickening, to see them separate on account of mere forms, overlooking the fundamental truths in which they agree. But let us trust in God, whom we desire to serve, and let no sacrifice be to us a sacrifice. I have made up my mind to study theology. May God give me strength, as I desire and shall endeavor to do, to apprehend and proclaim to erring men the only true God in a spiritual way, which the unassisted intellect can never comprehend. Holy Saviour, thou alone canst reconcile us

with the ungodly race, for which, contrary to their desert, thou didst burn with love,—didst live, and suffer, and die. Thou didst love the profane; and we can only hate and despise them!"

The letter which follows was written sometime during his six months' residence at Halle; we do not know when, except that it could not have been either at the beginning or at the end of that period. In it there is evidence that the whole realm of a spiritual Christianity was rising with more and more magnificence before his vision. We are here not to look for a nicely adjusted doctrinal system, which he had not yet attempted to work out in detail, and respecting which he now manifests no particular concern; but we are to look for those general conceptions of Christianity to which a sanctified heart and a newly awakened imagination were leading the recent convert. This is the feature in which Neander's mind bears the most striking resemblance to Foster's. He is giving pictures—panoramic views of the spiritual world, as he now, with a clearer vision, beholds it.

"My dearest friend," he says, "I was prevented by a theological dissertation which I had on hand, from answering your letter as early as I desired. That you do injustice to your own virtue, only renders you the dearer to me. We all, while passing through conflicts and striving after inward peace, find occasion to reproach ourselves. But you must allow that you over estimate me by placing me above yourself. Christian friendship does not make one blind to the faults of a friend. Even joined with virtue, the germinating evil of an unsubdued imperfect nature is not overlooked by it, though the good which is mixed with the evil is equally recognized as a ray of the divine goodness.—So long as there is evil in us, (and how much is there in me!) we ourselves are evil; there is still a conflict remaining,—the forbidden fruit still allures us.

There are earthquakes in the spiritual, no less than in the natural world. The vitiated mind is always, as it were, in an earthquake. In such an individual, nature is never in a state of repose; conscience will avenge itself on him. At one time his nature spits out its fire through the crater of the passions, and scathes everything with its livid streams. At another his whole soul is buried under the lava of indolence, so that, for a long period, the splendid fabric of former exertions or of natural genius lies under ashes, till it shall be uncovered with the spade and the mattock of reason.

“In the Bible, my friend, we read of demons; and what are we, sinful beings, but persons demoniacally possessed? Demons are symbols of the corrupt nature within us, which makes us rage and foam, and fall prostrate, and run into the water, and into the fire. Is it in the body only, that we find palsies and convulsions? And are there not demons which in the Scripture language make us deaf and dumb? And what does the Saviour effect? He speaks to the demons and they flee. Yes, so it is; the Saviour found in us the abode of demons. That was the first step towards our recovery. The untaught mind, that cannot understand itself, looks abroad to find Satan. We must find him within ourselves, if we would learn his impotency. So soon as the demons recognize the presence of Christ, their power is gone; for then they must come to a knowledge of themselves, and flee into the dry and desert places of the stupid and sottish, where there are no refreshing waters. For, like a mad dog, they dread these waters.

Why do you not attempt to represent in genuine poetry the divine life of Christ, in its deep symbolical import, as you find it to correspond to what passes within your own breast! Single scenes in his life embrace the entire spirit of recent times. The healing of demoniacs, the rage of the demons is a poetical representation of the religious features, which appear in the moral struggle of the present age. Such a theme, one worthy of your character, I should like to see treated by you. I speak as it appears to me, from a religious point of view; as an uninitiated person, I cannot tell how it would appear from a poetical point of view, whether or not it would correspond with the requisites of the divine art.

In the religion of the Cross, Satan himself is a servant of God. He is to try the righteous, acting sometimes upon the body, sometimes upon the mind, in order that they may the more glorify the grace of God. The good, who are in a state of union with God, laugh at him. To them he is as nothing. He exists only to bring them to the knowledge of this fact. Through weeping, they are to learn to laugh. The story of the two old philosophers, the one of whom laughed at everything, while the other wept at everything, represents the two poles of the ancient world—comedy and tragedy, Aristophanes and Aeschylus.—With nations as with individuals the sportiveness of youth, the result of a buoyant nature, passes away with youth itself. But antiquity was to weep also, in order that He might come, who was to dry

all tears, and restore men to an enduring serenity and a holy cheerfulness, delivering them alike from a mirth that is volatile and a seriousness that is gloomy, thus uniting and correcting both extremes.—In the ancient world appeared, at first, fate as that in which all things are swallowed up and lost, represented poetically in the mythical world, and socially in the State, where every individual was merged in the mass. Next, individuality began to appear; a dissolution and conflict ensued, the individual energetically opposing himself to the all-subduing fate. The iron-hearted Stoic came forth, with the motto given by Lucan: *victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni*. At last comes the reconciliation of the individual with the universal in Christ, in which the individual, as such, has a personal immortality secured to him, and is, at the same time, fraternized with the mass. I have now given you the pitch and prelude. You may go on with the tune, if they touch a responsive chord in your soul, and thus let us echo and reëcho to each other notes which shall make a pleasing and perpetual symphony."

As these letters of Neander are thrown into an appendix to the first volume of Chamisso's life, and no letters of the latter to the former are found in the collection—they were probably not preserved by Neander—we are deprived of one important source of information. A few things, however, may be gathered from Chamisso's letters to his other friends. There can be no doubt that Neander's condition was but little above that of indigence. In a letter to Varnhagen, dated, Hameln, Sept. 7, 1806, Chamisso says: "Apropos of the letter from France, how our accounts stand with Neander, I do not know. I desire by no means to be too exact with the saint. If you think it best, pay the postage for him." This remark was evidently dictated by a delicate regard to Neander's pecuniary circumstances. In the same letter, he says: "I cannot, at present, prosecute my Greek studies. With the aid of a translation^o I have read the *Enchiridion* of Epictetus, respecting which I shall, perhaps, write to Neander. His letters to me are admirable." In a letter to Neumann, he says: "The letters of this original genius, as I can comprehend him, are first rate." About the same time he writes to Varnhagen: "From Neander I have received a letter [probably that, the substance of which has been given just above], such as he alone could write. It must have been written about the fourteenth [of October, 1806].—he never thinks to give the date." This negligence was probably connected with a mental peculiarity which

has accompanied him through life. His custom is not to take notes when he reads for historical purposes, but simply to write, on the blank leaf at the end of the Greek or Latin folio which he is consulting, the number of the page, trusting to his memory for the rest. So when he lectures, he has no notes before him, except a small slip of paper, containing dates and references. Prodigious as his memory is known to be in other respects, it seems not to be favorable to the recollection of numbers.

Within three days after the destruction of the Prussian army by Napoleon at Jena, that is, on the 17th of October, Bernadotte captured Halle, and on the 20th the university was suspended by Napoleon and the students ordered to disperse. Chamisso writes to Mrs. Fanny Hertz, of Hamburg, Nov. 5: "I have just received a letter from Neumann at Göttingen, whither he and Neander have fled. The University of Halle, which was to be my second home, has ceased to exist.—After a wearisome journey on foot, during which Neander was taken ill, forsaken by all and destitute, they reached Göttingen, where a certain Dr. Gesenius, of that place, was a guardian angel to them." Gesenius, once relating to the writer the incident here mentioned, said that he was returning to Göttingen from Nordhausen, his native place, which was then in flames, the French having set fire to it. The soldiers of the broken Prussian army were returning to their homes. In the general confusion, Gesenius saw two youths, on their way from Halle to Göttingen, one of them unable to walk any further, and penniless. He procured a carriage for the unknown young student and conveyed him to Göttingen. It was Neander; and this circumstance led to a friendship which lasted for life. Gesenius himself, then but twenty years of age, was just beginning, at Göttingen, his career as teacher of Hebrew, and Neander was one of his first pupils in Hebrew and Arabic.

Though Neander became attached to Gesenius and Planck and other teachers in the university, as men and as scholars, he refused to acknowledge them as religious guides. At no period of his life, do we find him more thrown back upon his own convictions, or more dissatisfied with the theological influences with which he was surrounded. Indeed he could scarcely endure to live in so cold a religious atmosphere as that which then prevailed at Göttingen. In his last letter to Chamisso, written in 1806, we find him saying: "At first it was painful to me to be thrown into this place of icy coldness for the heart.—But now I find it was well, and thank God for it. In no other way, could I have

made such progress. From every human mediator, and even every agreeable association must one be torn away, in order that he may place his sole reliance on the only Mediator.—What are the words of a teacher? If he has the truth, he has taken it from that source where I can find it also.—I cannot see the light except with my own eyes, and through the light. It beams upon me just in the way in which my eye is fitted to receive it. But if they [his teachers] are seeking after anything else than the only true God, whether it be nature, or the universe, or humanity, or art, or Satan—whatever it be, if it be not offered to him and sanctified by him, the voice of all nature, and charity itself will pronounce it a lie.” He had before drawn a true picture of himself, when he said, in the same letter: “The *γνώθεις σεαυτόν*, the aim and the substance of all theology, has been the goal and the guiding star of all my studies. I have been endeavoring to sink lower and lower into the depths of the soul to find there the light of the true God, who illumines and gives warmth to all.”

Judging from these early letters of Neander, the only specimens of his private correspondence, which, so far as we know, have come before the public, we cannot doubt that should as full a record of the heart and inner life of Neander, in the form of journals and private letters, come to light, as that which has recently been laid before the world from the papers of Foster, it would give a similar interest to his published works, and furnish a similar explanation as to their origin and character.

Neander, as a historian, has written no less from his heart, than from the records of antiquity. He has not, like most ecclesiastical historians, looked, through the cold medium of the intellect and of criticism, at Christianity and then at its history, as two outward objects, comparing them with each other and setting down the results. As a true believer, whose whole life was in Christ and for Christ, he studied Christianity, carrying to it an interpretation from his own heart; and he studied history in the same way. No man has examined either the New Testament, or the remains of ancient Christian literature with more scrupulous care. No historian relies more exclusively on well authenticated facts in support of whatever finds a place in his narrative. But we do not so much perceive these facts themselves as we do the reflection of them from the mirror of the author's mind. To this union of the objective and subjective methods, to the sound principles which he entertains in respect to each, and to the thoroughness and fidelity with which they are followed out, the history

presented in this translation owes its chief interest and its chief value. As to the investigations on which the work is founded little can be said by way of objection. If the author's critical labors are not perfect, they are certainly unsurpassed. As to the coloring which Christianity itself and its history have received from his own mind, we feel disposed rather to be thankful that it is so good, than to complain that it is no better. Milner is nearly the only one with whom he can be compared in this respect, and he represents the piety of the English mind. The type of Neander's piety is less exclusive, or rather is less the product of any one country or of any one age. It is more comprehensive or generic, but also more indefinite. Hence he unites the suffrages of all parties more than any other writer; and yet scarcely any party is exactly satisfied with him. The historical school of Tübingen, under the able and learned Bauer as its Corypheus, are loudly protesting against *Neanderizing* Christianity and all history. While they profess great respect for Neander as an individual, they cannot endure to see his individuality transferred to the mass of the whole church. Though we have no sort of confidence in the projected reform of church history by that new and ambitious school, and infinitely prefer Neander's view of Christianity and of history to Bauer's, according to which a subjective and even Hegelian *speculation* is substituted for a subjective *piety*, still we think Bauer has assailed Neander at his weakest point. The careful reader of the "Planting and Training of the church under the apostles," will discover here and there that Neander has lent to the apostles a little of his own theology and liberal principles. So in his history of the church in later times, we are sometimes led to suspect that he has given a tinge of his own feelings to other men whose characters he was portraying. We are the more confirmed in this opinion from the fact, that he over-estimated the piety, or supposed piety, of some of his early companions. Chamisso did, indeed, possess, in early life, an unusual elevation of character, and had a good *poetical* conception of Christianity. Perhaps, in the time of his outlawry by Napoleon, he passed through an inward struggle in which the subject of religion was concerned. Still we cannot, without a smile, read such expressions in Neander's letters to him as, "My dear friend and *brother in Christ.*"

Any extended examination of the contents of the volume before us, which we might wish to make, is precluded by the length of the preceding remarks. We have only room for a word in re-

gard to the character of the translation. In general terms, it may be said, that it answers very nearly to the expectation which the public have entertained in regard to it. Few are at all aware of the number and magnitude of the difficulties which a translator of Neander must encounter. A strictly literal translation would be wholly unintelligible to the English reader, so peculiar are the workings of the author's mind, and his manner of expressing his thoughts. And yet the thought and the form of expression are so blended and inwrought into each other, that the former can hardly be recognized without the latter as its counterpart. The translator has wisely adopted a middle course, giving a literal version wherever the analogies of the language would bear it, and substituting other modes of expression, where a verbal translation would be intolerable in English. His ingenuity must have been often tasked to the utmost, and in a few cases he seems to have given over in despair. The truth is, complete success in representing Neander's thoughts in English is altogether out of the question. Very frequently the only alternative is to adopt a word which is not so used by English writers and leave the sense to be gathered from the connection, or to resort to loose and inadequate English expressions at the sacrifice of force and precision. The book would have been more attractive to the general reader, had both the phraseology and the structure of the sentences been less strictly conformed to the original. As it is, it must be *studied* in order to be understood, and with superficial and hasty readers, a great and constantly increasing class, the *Entwicklungsprozess* in finding out the meaning will be slow. But for such the author never wrote, and to such no translation, perhaps, would be of any use. To those who bring to the perusal of this work habits of deep reflection and a love of fresh and original truth, it will not be difficult to follow the clear though unbeaten track of the author's mind, and to learn to associate both ideas and words in his way, though new to them. Such persons will highly prize this rich mine of thought, and will work it the more successfully for the strict fidelity of the translation.