

LITERARY ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE.

II.

THE BOOK OF DANIEL (*continued*).

iii. 7. "When he was away from his beloved Hanover, everything remained there exactly as in the prince's presence. There were eight hundred horses in the stables, there was all the apparatus of chamberlains, court-marshals, and equerries; and court assemblies were held every Saturday, where all the nobility of Hanover assembled at what I can't but think a fine and touching ceremony. A large arm-chair was placed in the assembly-room, and on it the king's portrait. The nobility advanced, and made a bow to the arm-chair, and to the image which Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up; and spoke under their voices before the august picture, just as they would have done had the king Churfürst been present himself" (Thackeray's *The Four Georges*: "George the Second").

iii. 14 f. "Whom shall I honour, whom shall I refuse to honour? If a man have any precious thing in him at all, certainly the most precious of all the gifts he can offer is his approbation, his reverence to another man. This is his very soul, this fealty which he swears to another: his personality itself, with whatever it has of eternal and divine, he bends here in reverence before another. Not lightly will a man give this,—if he is still a man. . . . Will a man's soul worship that, think you? Never; if you fashioned him of solid gold, big as Benlomon, no heart of a man would ever look on him except with sorrow and despair. To the flunky heart alone is he, was he, or can he at any time be, a thing to look upon with upturned eyes of 'transcendent admiration,' worship, or worthship so-called" (Carlyle, *Latterday Pamphlets*, "Hudson's Statue").

iii. 8-18. "Here were they who formerly resolved not to defile themselves with the king's meat, and now they as bravely resolved not to defile themselves with his gods. Note—a steadfast self-denying adherence to God, and duty in lesser instances will qualify and prepare us for the like in greater" (Matthew Henry).

iii. 18. *We will not.*

"The Reformer's chief business always is to destroy falsehood, to drag down the temple of imposture, where idols hold the place of the Almighty.

"The growth of Christianity at the beginning was precisely this. The early martyrs . . . died, it cannot be too clearly remembered, for a negation. The last confession before the praetor, the words on which their fate depended, were not, 'We do believe,' but 'We do not believe.' 'We will not to save our miserable lives take a lie between our lips, and say we think what we do not think'" (Froude).

"We meet in joy, though we part in sorrow;
We part to-night, but we meet to-morrow.
Be it flood or blood the path that's trod,
All the same it leads home to God;
Be it furnace-fire voluminous,
One like God's son will walk with us. . . .

Yet one pang searching and sore,
And then Heaven for evermore:
Yet one moment, awful and dark,
Then safely within the veil and the Ark;
Yet one effort, by Christ His grace,
Then Christ for ever, face to face."

(C. G. Rossetti, "Martyr's Song").

iii. 24 f. See Keble's lines on "The Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity."

iii. 24-25.

"Yea, and as thought of some departed friend
By death or distance parted will descend,

Severing in crowded rooms ablaze with light,
 As by a magic screen, the seër from the sight. . . .
 So may the ear
 Hearing not hear,
 Though drums do roll, and pipes and cymbals ring ;
 So the bare conscience of the better thing
 Unfelt, unseen, unimaged, all unknown,
 May fix the entrancèd soul 'mid multitudes alone."
 (Clough.)

"O Holy Lord, who with the Children Three,
 Didst walk the piercing flame,
 Help, in those trial-hours, which, save to Thee,
 I dare not name ;
 Nor let these quivering eyes and sickening heart
 Crumble to dust beneath the tempter's dart."
 (Newman.)

"That Babylon has fallen ; but there is another Babylon which still goes on, and always will go on, till Christ comes again to judgment. There is the overwhelming and over-awing spectacle of this world, with its pomps and glories. Its look is lofty, and it speaks great things, and its vast array is ever before us. We cannot get away from it. Go where we will it follows us. It is a vision before our minds if not a sight before our eyes ; it is the scene of Babylonian power and greatness still going on, though in another form, and accommodated to every age in succession. . . . Men reject everywhere the office of witnessing to Divine truth ; they throw it off as an obstacle, a shackle, and a burden, something that stands in their way, and prevents them from being friends with the world, and from getting on in the world. They know the truth, but will not witness to it. They know that the world is transitory, and they act as if it were eternal. . . . Yet we may venture to say, and with certainty, that never, on any occasion, by any one of the humblest servants of God, was this office of witness to the truth executed without a reward. Never in this mixed world did a Christian soul offer to God

the sacrifice of a practical confession of Him, by standing apart from the ways of the world—not accepting its voice, not yielding to its spells, or being over-awed by its show; never did anyone face any measure of adversity or gloom, or isolation or deprivation, as the consequence and penalty of bearing witness to the truth and expressing that truth in action, but he had, like the three witnesses, in that adversity a companion” (Mozley).

iv. 19 f.

“Then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night,
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.”

(Belisarius in *Cymbeline*.)

iv. 22–30. “Can we believe that He whose words were so terrible against the pride of Egypt and Babylon, against that haughty insolence in men, on which not Hebrew prophets only, but the heathen poets of Greece looked with such peculiar and profound alarm,—that He will not visit it on those who, in their measure, are responsible for its words and temper, when it takes possession of a Christian nation? Can we doubt what His judgment will one day be on the cynical parade of exclusive selfishness, the cynical worship of mere dexterity and adroitness, in the sophists and tyrants of the old heathen world; and can we doubt what He will think when Christians, disciples of the Lord of truth and righteousness, let themselves be dazzled in matters of right and wrong, by the cleverness of intellectual fence? . . . We have almost elevated pride to the rank of a national virtue; so far from seeing any harm in it, we extol it as a noble and admirable thing. You see it unconsciously revealed in the look and bearing which meet you constantly in society and in the streets. You see it in that tone of insolence which seems to come so naturally to many

of us in the expression of our disapproval and antipathy" (R. W. Church).

iv. 27. "We can figure the thought of Louis that day, when, all royally caparisoned for hunting, he met, at some sudden turning in the wood of Senart, a ragged peasant with a coffin: 'For whom?'—It was for a poor brother slave, whom Majesty had sometimes noticed slaving in those quarters. 'What did he die of?'—'Of hunger':—the king gave his steed the spur" (Carlyle).

iv. 30-37. "Sorrow, pain, and death are sweet to whosoever dares, instead of fighting with or flying from them, to draw near, to examine closely, to enquire humbly, into their nature and their function. He began to perceive that these three reputed enemies, hated and feared of all men, are, after all, the fashioners and teachers of humanity; to whom it is given to keep hearts pure, godly, and compassionate, to purge away the dross of pride, hardness, and arrogance, to break the iron bands of ambition, self-love, and vanity, to purify by endurance and by charity" (Lucas Malet: *Sir Richard Calmady*).—"The greatest obstacle to any improvement or change in John Bull's sentiments just now is the egregious vanity of the beast. He has been so plastered with flattery, that he has become an impervious mass of self-esteem. Nothing is so difficult as to alter the policy of individuals or nations who allow themselves to be persuaded that they are the 'envy of surrounding nations and the admiration of the world.' Time and adversity can alone operate in such cases" (Cobden, to John Bright, in 1851).

iv. (25) 37. "This Nebuchadnezzar curse, that sends men to grass like oxen, seems to follow but too closely on the excess or continuance of national power and peace. In the perplexities of nations, in their struggle for existence, in their infancy, their impotence, or even their disorganization, they have higher hopes and nobler passions. Out of

the suffering comes the serious mind ; out of the salvation, the grateful heart ; out of endurance, fortitude ; out of deliverance, faith " (Ruskin, *Modern Painters*).

" I found occasion at this time to conclude, that the *Unio* of our river fords secretes pearls so much more frequently than the *Unionidæ* and *Anadonta* of our still pools and lakes, not from any specific peculiarity in the constitution of the creature, but from the effects of the habitat which it is its nature to choose. It receives in the fords and shallows of a rapid river many a rough blow from sticks and pebbles carried down in times of flood, and occasionally from the feet of men and animals that cross the stream during droughts ; and the blows induce the morbid secretions of which pearls are the result. There seems to exist no inherent cause why *Anadon cygnea*, with its beautiful silvery nacre—as bright often, and always more delicate than that of *Unio margaritifera*—should not be equally productive of pearls ; but, secure from violence in its still pools and lakes, it does not produce a single pearl for a hundred that are ripened into value and beauty by the exposed current-tossed *Unionidæ* of our rapid mountain rivers. Would that hardship and suffering bore always in a creature of a greatly higher family similar results, and that the hard buffets dealt him by fortune in the rough stream of life could be transmuted, by some blessed internal predisposition of his nature, into pearls of great price " (Hugh Miller, *My Schools and Schoolmasters*).

v. 1. " *Pomp*, in our apprehension, was an idea of two categories ; the pompous might be spurious, but it might also be genuine. It is well to love the simple—we love it ; nor is there any opposition at all between *that* and the very glory of pomp. But, as we once put the case to Lamb, if, as a musician, as the leader of a mighty orchestra, you had this theme offered to you—'Belshazzar the king gave a great feast to a thousand of his lords'—. . . surely no

man would deny that, in such a case, simplicity, though in a passive sense not lawfully absent, must stand aside as totally insufficient for the positive part. Simplicity might guide, even here, but could not furnish the power; a rudder it might be, but not an oar or a sail" (De Quincey, on *Charles Lamb*).

See Byron's *Hebrew Melodies* ("The Vision of Belshazzar").

v. 2 f. "If men love the pleasure of eating, if they allow themselves to love this pleasure, if they find it good, there is no limit to the augmentation of the pleasure, no limit beyond which it may not grow. The satisfaction of a *need* has limits, but pleasure has none. . . . And, strange to say, men who daily overeat themselves at such dinners—in comparison with which the feast of Belshazzar, that evoked the prophetic warning, was as nothing—are naïvely persuaded that they may yet be leading a moral life" (Tolstoy).

v. 27. In the *Spectator* (No. 463) Addison describes a dream of a pair of golden scales which showed the exact value of everything that is in esteem among men. Among the experiments which he made with this balance was the following: "Having an opportunity of this nature in my Hands, I could not forbear throwing into one scale the Principles of a Tory, and into the other those of a Whig; but as I have all along declared this to be a Neutral Paper, I shall likewise desire to be silent under this Head, also, though upon examining one of the weights, I saw the word *TEKEL* engraved on it in Capital Letters."—In his *Bible in Spain* Borrow describes his feelings when he boldly opened a shop in Madrid for the sale of Testaments. "'How strangely times alter,' said I, the second day subsequent to the opening of my establishment, as I stood on the opposite side of the street, surveying my shop, on the windows of which were painted in large yellow characters, *Despacho*

de la Sociedad Biblica y Estrangera; 'how strangely times alter . . . Pope of Rome! Pope of Rome! look to thyself. That shop may be closed; but oh! what a sign of the times, that it has been permitted to exist for one day. It appears to me, my Father, that the days of your sway are numbered in Spain; that you will not be permitted much longer to plunder her, to scoff at her, and to scourge her with scorpions, as in bygone periods. See I not the hand on the wall? See I not in yonder letters a *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*? Look to thyself, Batushca.'"
v. 30 (cf. 28).

"Canst thou discern
The signs of seasons, yet perceive no hint
Of change in that stage-scene in which thou art
Not a spectator, but an actor? or
Art thou a puppet moved by enginery?
The day that dawns in fire will die in storms,
Even though the noon be calm."

(Shelley.)

v. 30-31. "Kings and Emperors have long ago arranged for themselves a system like that of a magazine-rifle: as soon as one bullet has been discharged, another takes its place. *Le roi est mort, vive le roi!* So what is the use of killing them?" (Tolstoy).

vi. 3-4. "Whatever the world thinks, he who hath not much meditated upon God, the human soul, and the *summum bonum*, may possibly make a thriving earthworm, but will most indubitably make a sorry patriot and a sorry statesman" (Berkeley).

vii. 1 f. "I am amusing myself with thinking of the prophecy of Daniel as a sort of allegory. All those monstrous, 'rombustical' beasts with their horns—the horn with eyes and a mouth speaking proud things, and the little horn that waxed rebellious and stamped on the stars, seem like my passions and vain fancies, which are to be knocked down one after another—until all is subdued with a

universal kingdom over which the Ancient of Days presides—the spirit of Love—the catholicism of the universe—if you can attach any meaning to such a phrase” (George Eliot to Sara Hennell).

vii. 12 f. “By resigning his strength, by declining to appeal to force, by committing himself into God’s hand, Jesus took the direct path to supreme power and universal dominion. Such is the honour which he felt to be owing to the kingdom of the Truth, to leave it to win its own way against the suffrages of all men. ‘He must reign. . . .’ Christ steals on and on in the world of human thought, and the enmity of one age falls before him in the next. ‘Every battle (among men) is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood’; but after quite another manner God is bringing about the unification of all nations under Christ. Truth’s battle, which is Love’s success, steals on, like some sweet mystic fire which ‘subdues all things to itself’” (Dr. John Pulsford).

viii. 2. *I was in the palace . . . and I saw in the vision.* “Even in a palace life may be lived well” (Marcus Aurelius).

viii. 3 f., 7 f. “As I gazed out into vacancy, the grey masses began to move, to wave to and fro; it seemed as if the wind swept heavy veils away, and suddenly there lay disclosed right before me a sheet of cold, dark northern sea. A rock rose out of it, snow-covered, and carrying on its crags long icicles, which hung down to the sinister-looking water. On the top of the rock sat a huge polar bear; his paws were holding the carcass of the last animal he had found in this wilderness, and he looked triumphantly around as if to say, ‘Now am I sole lord of the world.’ But already the black waters moved and gurgled, and out of them arose the shining body and the huge fins of a snake-like monster; his walrus head carried a real mane, and from his mouth hung seaweed and the remnants of

some small fish—the last he had found in the sea. His glassy, greenish eyes stared about, and they also seemed to say, ‘Now am I quite alone, master of the world.’ But suddenly the huge white bear and the sea monster caught sight of each other; the enormous fins beat the waves, the cruel paws clawed at the rock. Both were yet gorged with food, but already they were measuring one another with angry looks like future adversaries. They had devastated the whole world, and now they met in this desolate waste for the ultimate fight. . . . I believe that for a moment the clouds which ever surround us had lifted, allowing me to catch a glimpse of the history of the world; which often is a history of wild beasts” (From *The Letters Which Never Reached Him*).

viii. 27. “Great position often invests men with a second sight whose visions they lock up in silence, content with the work of the day” (John Morley).

“He dreamed a dream so luminous,
He woke (he says) convinced; but what it taught
Withholds as yet. Perhaps those graver shades
Admonished him that visions told in haste
Part with their virtues to the squandering lips,
And leave the soul in wider emptiness.”

(George Eliot.)

ix. 2. *I understood by the books.*

“For if I write, paint, carve, a word indeed
On book or board or dust, on floor or wall,
The same is kept of God, who taketh heed
That not a letter of the meaning fall
Or ere it touch and teach the world’s deep heart.”

(E. B. Browning.)

ix. 3. *With fasting.* “Fasting is an indispensable condition of a good life; but in fasting, as in self-control in general, the question arises, with what shall we begin?—How to fast, how often to eat, what to eat, what to avoid eating? And as we can do no work seriously without re-

garding the necessary order of sequence, so also we cannot fast without knowing where to begin—with what to commence self-control in food. Fasting! and even an analysis of how to fast, and where to begin—the very notion of it sounds ridiculous and wild to most men. I remember how, with pride at his originality, an evangelical preacher, who was attacking monastic asceticism, once said to me, ‘Ours is not a Christianity of fasting and privations, but of beef-steaks!’” (Tolstoy).

ix. 4. “The *attractive* aspects of God’s character must not be made more apparent to such a being as man than His chastening and severer aspects. We must not be invited to approach the Holy of Holies without being made aware, painfully aware, of what Holiness is. We must know our own unworthiness ere we are fit to approach or imagine an Infinite Perfection. The most nauseous of false religions is that which affects a fulsome fondness for a Being not to be thought of without awe, or spoken of without reluctance” (Bagehot).

ix. 4 f. “For God is at hand, and the Most High rules in the children of men. . . . The same light which lets you see sin and transgression, will let you see the covenant of God, which blots out your sin and transgression, which gives victory and dominion over it, and brings into covenant with God. For looking down at sin and corruption and distraction, ye are swallowed up in it; but looking at the light, which discovers them, ye will see over them” (George Fox to Lady Claypole).

“I have told,

O Britons, O my brethren, I have told
Most bitter truth, but without bitterness.
Nor deem my zeal or factious or mistimed;
For never can true courage dwell with them,
Who, playing tricks with conscience, dare not look
At their own vices. We have been too long
Dupes of a deep delusion! Some, belike,

Groaning with restless enmity, expect
 All change from change of constituted power;
 As if a government had been a robe,
 On which our vice and wretchedness were tagged
 Like fancy-points and fringes, with the robe
 Pulled off at pleasure . . . Others, meanwhile,
 Dote with a mad idolatry; and all
 Who will not fall before their images
 And yield them worship, they are enemies
 Even of their country!"

(Coleridge, *Fears in Solitude.*)

ix. 20. See Miss Rossetti's lines "By the Waters of Babylon."

My sin and the sin of my people.

"Do you know, when I see a poor devil drunk and brutal, I always feel, quite apart from my aesthetical perceptions, a sort of shame, as if I myself had some hand in it" (W. Morris).

"No man's thoughts ever fell more into the forms of a kind of litany than Mr. Maurice's. . . They were the confessions befitting a kind of litany, poured forth in the name of human nature, the weakness and sinfulness of which he felt most keenly, most painfully, but which he felt at least as much in the character of the representative of a race by the infirmities of which he was overwhelmed, as on his own account. . . . Whenever you catch that he feels—as all the deeper religious natures have always felt—a sort of self-reproachful complicity in every sinful tendency of his age, you feel that the litany in which he expresses his shame is not so much morbid self-depreciation as a deep sense of the cruel burden of social infirmity and social sin" (R. H. Hutton).

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(To be continued.)