

notion seems to be that the Divine oracles have been adequately explained when illustrative matter has been accumulated out of the works of travellers, the remains of antiquity, the collections of naturalists, chronologers and geographers. Let but philology and ethnology lend their aid, and a liberal set of German writers be added, and all has been accomplished. Without disrespect to compilations of this class, let me be permitted to point out this single circumstance, which generally seems to be lost sight of: namely, that the utmost which criticism of this kind can ever hope to effect, is to put modern readers almost on a level with the vulgar of that generation to which Scripture (presenting *then* exactly the same difficulties as *now*, and standing just as much in need of an interpreter), was originally addressed."

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"But an illustration will perhaps make my meaning plainer. The Ethiopian understood the *text* of Isaiah liii. 7-8 (the sense, I mean, of the prophet's *words*), as well as Philip the Evangelist. Accordingly, his question was, "I pray thee, *of whom speaketh the prophet this?* Of himself, or of some other man?" He did not invoke the aid of a philologist, a "guide" as he himself declared; an *interpreter* of Scripture was what he wanted. Is it not plain, therefore, that an engraving of the scene of the incident alluded to, a dissertation on the geographical limits of Ethiopia, a note to inform us that the second syllable in "Candace" is short, together with a vignette of the kind of chariot in which the Eunuch was possibly sitting, and of the kind of roll in which he was probably reading, as well as of a coin (if it existed) of Queen Candace herself: is it not plain, I say, that illustrations of this kind, however ably executed and set off with all the graces of a graphic pen, instead of admitting us to a share in Philip's discourse, do *not nearly* put us moderns on a level with the meanest slave who waited on the Ethiopian, and in his stupid wonder observed the scene at a distance? Who sees not that the work of interpretation is still to come, when helps of this class have been multiplied to any extent? And yet, the men of this generation seem supremely ambitious of that slave's privileges, terrified beyond expression, at the bare idea of being invited to take a seat by his master's side, and listen to Philip."—From "A Treatise on the Pastoral Office," by Rev. J. W. Burgon (Macmillan & Co.), collected and communicated by the Rev. C. H. Waller, D.D.

"Thou that didst bow the billow's pride
Thy mandate to fulfil:
Oh, speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say, "Peace, be still!"