

Foreign Department.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

We cannot forbear to give the following capital extracts from a late speech by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, at the Bishop's Stratford High School. After speaking of the English soldiers at the battle of Alma he said:

"They did not hear the roar of the cannon, to whose very jaws they were led on with unflinching tread; they only heard the whisper at their hearts, 'And if we do our duty this day, what will they say of us in England?' Ay, and when a boy sits down resolutely to his desk, puts aside all idle pleasure, faces every tedious obstacle, firmly bent upon honorable distinction, it is the same elevating sentiment which whispers to him, 'And if I succeed, what will they say of me at school?' or a clearer motive still, 'What will they say of me at home?' Boys, when I look at your young faces, I could fancy myself a boy once more! I go back to the day when I, too, tried for prizes, sometimes succeeding, sometimes failing. I was once as fond of play as any of you, and, in this summer weather, I fear my head might have been more full of cricket than of Terence or even Homer; but still I can remember that, whether at work or play, I had always a deep, though a quiet determination, that, sooner or later, I would be a somebody or do something. That determination continued with me to this day; it keeps one hope of my boyhood fresh, when other hopes have long since faded away. And now that we separate, let it be with that hope upon both sides—on my side, upon yours—that, before we die, we will do something to serve our country, that may make us prouder of each other, and, if we fail there, that at least we will never willfully and consciously do any thing to make us ashamed of each other.

PALEY.—When Paley first went to Cambridge he fell into a society of young men far richer than himself, to whom his talents and conviviality made him an acceptable companion, and he was in a fair way for ruin. One morning one of these comrades came into his bedroom before he was up, and he, as usual thought it was to propose some plan of pleasure for the day. His friend, however, said, "Paley, I have not slept a wink this night for thinking of you. I am, as you know, heir to such a fortune, and whether I ever look in a book at Cambridge or not, does not signify one farthing. But this is not the case with you; you have only your abilities to look up, and no man has better, if you do but make the proper use of them. But if you go on in this way, you are ruined; and from this time forward I am determined not to associate with you for your own sake. You know I like your company, and it is a great sacrifice to give it up; but give it up I will, as a matter of conscience."

Paley lay in bed the whole day, ruminating upon this. In the evening he rose and took his tea, ordered his bedmaker to make his fire over night, and call him at five in the morning; and, from that day forward, rose always at that hour, went out first wrangler, and became the fortunate man he was. This he related to his intimate friend, Mr. Sheepshanks, from him it came to Broome, and he told it to me this evening, October 6th, 1808.—*Southey.*

Selections.

NEW VERSION OF THE BIBLE.

To the Editor of The Times,—

SIR,—Both here and in America there has sprung up among some divines and zealous Christians a desire to have a new translation of the Holy Scriptures. In America a new version is being published, and I must say, judging from the only specimen I have seen—that of the Book of Job—my desire to see a new translation in this country is by no means increased. The subject, at all events, is very much discussed. Some parties, holding peculiar doctrinal views, are very anxious to see the project carried out. Much very plausible evidence of the necessity of it is adduced. It may not be useless or unreasonable, in such circumstances, to adduce a few facts not unlikely to make reflecting minds more satisfied with what we have, and less likely to urge or acquiesce in the necessity of what I venture to call a very radical and questionable change.

It appears to me very improbable that so learned, impartial, and judicious a body of translators as the authors of the version of 1611 can be brought together in the 19th century. Their names are dear to every scholar.

Lancelot Andrew, Bishop of Winchester, intimately acquainted with 15 languages, Overal, Dean of St.

Paul's, whose scholarship alone raised him to eminence; Adrian Fortescue, a first-rate linguist; Richard Clark, celebrated for his profound acquaintance with Hebrew, Greek and Latin; Bedwell, the very first Arabic and Oriental scholar of his day, to whom Lightfoot acknowledges the deepest obligation; Lively, Regius Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge, pronounced by a competent judge to be the "very chiefest of those who were the flower of the University for knowledge of tongues;" Dr. Rainolds, described in Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* as "prodigiously read in all kinds of learning, and most excellent in tongues;" Kilby, renowned for his Hebrew and Rabbinical learning; Miles Smith, "who, says Wood, "was so conversant and expert in Chaldean, Syriac, and Arabic, that he made them almost as familiar as his native tongue."—Brett, rector of Quainton, was, according to the same competent judge, "famous for learning as well as piety, and versed in the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldean, Arabic, and Ethiopic tongues." Ward, the learned friend of Usher and Boile, reputed to be the first Greek scholar in Europe.

These are a few specimens of the profoundly learned, judicious, and pious men who executed the translation of 1611.

Let me now adduce several impartial testimonies to its excellence, its accuracy, and faithfulness.

Baldon says—"The English translation of the Bible is the best translation in the world."

Pocock, the highest authority in Oriental literature and languages, describes our version as "being so agreeable to the original that we might well choose among others to follow it, were it not our own."

Dean Swift says—"I am persuaded that the translators of the Bible were masters of an English style, much fitter for that work than any we see in our present writings, which I take to be owing to the simplicity that runs through the whole."

Bishop Lowth says—"The vulgar translation of the Bible is the best standard of our language."

Bishop Horsley observes—"Their adherence to the Hebrew idiom is supposed at once to have enriched and adorned our language."

Lord Monboddo—"I hold the English Bible to be the best standard of the English language we have at this day."

Bishop Middleton—"The style of the present version is incomparably superior to any which might be expected from the finical and perverted taste of our own age. It is simple, it is harmonious, it is energetic, and—which is of no small importance—use has made it familiar, and time has rendered it sacred."

Dr. Whittaker states—"It may be compared with any translation in the world, without fear of inferiority. It has not shrunk from the most rigorous investigation, and, in spite of numerous attempts to supersede it, it has hitherto remained unrivalled in the affections of the country."

Dr. Adam Clarke—"For accuracy and general fidelity competent judges allow that this translation greatly exceeds all modern versions, either English or foreign."

Godde, a learned and laborious Roman Catholic, candidly admits, "If accuracy, fidelity, and the strict attention to the letter of the text be supposed to constitute the qualities of an excellent version, this, of all versions, must in general be accounted the most excellent. Every sentence, every word, every syllable, letter, and point, seem to have been weighed with the nicest exactitude, and expressed, either in the text or margin, with the greatest precision."

Dr. Newman, whose earliest and purest creed was drawn from it, thus writes of it, as if the miserable contrast to it presented in the Douai and Rheims had awakened all his better feelings, sympathies and recollections:—"Who will not say that the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy (Protestantism) in this country? It lives in the ear like a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of the church bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its alliterations seem to be almost things rather than mere words. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in it. The power of all the griefs and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments, and all that there has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him forever out of it; the English Bible is his sacred thing, which doubt has never dimmed and controversy never whittled. In the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of religiousness about him whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon

Bible." Trench, who quotes and admires these words of Newman, himself a master of the English tongue speaks of our version as "having the happy wisdom the instinctive tact with which its authors have steered between any futile mischievous attempt to ignore the full rights of the Latin part of the language on the one side, and on the other any burdening of their version with such a multitude of learned Latin terms as should cause it to forfeit its homely character, and shut up great portions of it from the understanding of plain and unlearned men."

It is also worthy of remark that almost every change in the Douai and Rheims version during the last 30 years has been an approximation to, or an adoption of the Protestant version.

It is also worthy of remark that if all the defects in our version were remedied, the great truths embodied in the articles, creeds and confessions of the reformed churches would stand out in brighter and more prominent relief; but the danger of beginning to alter the present state and temper of parties, does seem so real, that as long as there can be secured a faithful and learned ministry, it is better to leave slight mis-translations to their living correction. With a severe logical mind, our early, deep, and inveterate associations with its very letter may go for very little. But human nature is not all understanding, and its only nutriment is not hard logic. Few of us are aware how small a share pure reason has in the formation of some of our deepest and most decided convictions.—The words of our English version have been wrought into the very substance of our speech, our thoughts, and our household terms. They ring like sweet chiming in our hymns, our prayers, and our best sermons. The best and purest literature of our country has its roots in that noble version, and never does orator speak with such force or poet sing with such pathos as when they find fit vehicles of their thoughts in its imagery, its texts, and its homely Saxon. It is no slight apology for retaining the present version that it is the common anchorage at this moment of all the sections of the Protestant church. Here they ride out many a heavy storm, and feel nearer and more akin to each other as they look at and love and study their common heritage. The Catholic tongue of Protestant Christendom is here, and our various denominations, after talking in their respective dialects and peculiar provincialisms, return and are refreshed by speaking their common mother tongue. Here is the broad, quiet field where all Christians may feel, after they are weary with jostling in the narrow paths of sectional differences, a freshness and a dewy purity in the air, and a fragrance and a music all around that must serve to deaden and diminish.

Should you have space, and I have time, I may venture to add in another paper a few comparative proofs of the vast superiority of our common version to the trim, new fangled version now issuing from the American press—the miserable so-called "improved" version of the Unitarian body, and the heavy and distorted production of the learned men of Douai and Rheims. Meanwhile let the importance of the subject, the recent propositions of Mr. Heywood in Parliament, and the busy agitation of it out of doors, plead my apology for this communication.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
JOHN CUMMING.

Wednesday, Aug. 13.

THE LANDMARKS OF FAITH.

Another school now opens gates, too narrow to admit grand truth. Its main feature is the absence of distinct ideas. It undermines, subtracts, and demolishes. It makes a vacancy and leaves it void. It scatters, hints that the sublime doctrines which Christendom reveres, have held a prominence too bold, and so extorted slavish homage from ensnared minds. It levels revelation to the plains of common sense. It handles it as a worn out garment—too threadbare for this fall grown age. Its deity is reason. The all-creating giver is placed at the footstool of the created gift. Incense surrounds the idol, while it sits sifting the testimonies of heaven, smiling on some as probable, casting the rest as chaff before the wind.

When such conceit spread the unhallowed wing, what can their course be but headlong impact on the foundation articles of faith?

Foundation articles of faith! Through boundless grace we have such landmarks: God's own hand erects them. They are the golden pillars on which true religion rests. They are high as the very heights from which they come. They are strong as the stony Rock on which they are based. They are solid as all Omnipotence can make them; and they stand, the bold bulwarks of our faithful church.

Mark rapidly the distinct features which here unequivocally show themselves.

All is solid and substantial grandeur. The Spirit,