

wrong-doing by the fear of consequences. The Israelites were as children. The only conception they could form of punishment was that it was a penalty imposed upon them by the arbitrary will of their great invisible King. That is the notion of law and punishment common to all the untaught. To children, the laws of home are quite arbitrary things, imposed by the parents. They cannot conceive of them as rules of conduct formulated from a larger experience, and a desire for their good. There are masses of people in this country who regard our national laws as being simply a code of rules, formed in the interests of the higher classes; and government is the grim force which vindicates them by smiting the transgressor. But others of us look upon them differently. We know that laws are made, and administered, for the general well-being of us all. We do not exist for law—law exists for us. We are not under law—we are over law. We are the law-makers. Government itself is the creation of our popular needs. The law breaker is punished not to uphold the dignity of the law, and not simply to satisfy a public sense of justice—but in the higher interests of society, and in the higher interests of the law breaker himself. To hide the offence, or the offender against society, is not only to wrong society, but it is a wrong done to that sinner. Better that punishment should follow the offence. And the Jewish conception of the divine relation to them was just the conception many people have of natural law and government. God was the King, pledged to uphold the laws which He himself had made. The Christians have got the same notion. We think of God as a great King, or a stern Judge. He has made certain moral laws and put men under them: and He will punish any and every violation of them. But that is to think, and talk, as children do. We talk of the laws of God—but they are not laws to Him—they are only laws to us. They come from the very nature of our being. When I thrust my hand in the fire it is burnt, and I suffer pain. But I do not say that God punishes me for it. I find it a law, that if I put my hand into the fire, I shall suffer pain. Pain is the unavoidable consequence of an avoidable error or crime. And so, when I do moral wrong, I disturb the harmony of my being—I introduce elements of destruction into my nature—and when because of it I suffer mental torment—when I am driven up and down by the fierce fire that burns in the heart—when I fly from the face of man ashamed—when from my dry, hot lips break curses on myself—I am not to say that the torture is inflicted by an angry God, who is concerned to uphold the law. It is self-imposed suffering, I am my own tormentor.

To the Jewish mind two thoughts were ever present—the one was the national unity—and the other the national providence. Their enemies were enemies to God, and whoever did them a wrong, insulted the Most High. They prayed for destruction upon their enemies because they were thus God's enemies. So Deborah sang a wild and triumphant song over as foul a deed of treachery and murder as the world has ever seen. The exaltation with which the poet dwells on the treachery of Jael, and the helpless prostration of a great captain's corpse before a mere woman's knees, no doubt indicate a fierce personal, as well as a fierce patriotic triumph. But the whole tenor of the poem is given in the conclusion: "So let all thy enemies perish, O God." It was Paganism in a religious dress. The idea was perpetuated. Necessarily perhaps, when the people had become so sinful. The prophets denounced the popular sins of the people, and threatened them with the divine vengeance. It was only natural that the punishment inflicted by an angry God should shape itself to their mind as eternal. They never thought of a day of mercy for their foes. The doom was destruction—unending destruction. I shall show directly what use Christ made of that belief. But the use Christians got to make of it was just this—they adopted it altogether. They could scarcely help themselves. Having taken the Jewish notion of sacrifice, that it was to appease the anger of God, they were almost compelled, in order to logical consistency, to adopt the Jewish notion of eternal punishment.

With the priests of the Romish Church it was not so much a creed as a scourge in their hands to keep the people down. There was a place of everlasting fire and they could send any rebellious soul thither to suffer eternal torture. Protestantism, strangely enough, wrote it out in still more livid lines. In the Calvinistic creed God is painted in the most awful colours of the Old Testament. Still "the very heavens are not clean in His sight." Still He is the grim, awful King of the world, "a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children," "angry with the wicked every day." The vast majority of the human race shall be damned—that is, punished with all of torture which infinite thought can devise and Omnipotence apply. He is a Creditor, and will exact to the uttermost farthing. He is a King, against whom the smallest offence is high treason, to be visited with Almighty fury. And most horrible of all, over the burning and wailings of those damned, the few saved—those who found favour by faith on earth—shall say Amen. The wife shall feel no pity for her lost husband, and the mother shall not so much as utter a regret for the doom of her son. In hell not a gleam of joy, and in heaven not a shade of sorrow. And Calvinism is consistent. In constructing a theory begin with the Sovereignty of God: depict Him as the King of the Universe, making, and sternly upholding, all moral laws, angry with the sinner, but to be appeased by a sacrifice of blood, and you must kindle a hell somewhere; a place of everlasting torment. But to adopt that notion is to adopt Paganism. It is not Christian at all. It is not the Christianity which Jesus Christ taught. He taught men to make of God, not a King, but a Father, infinite in power, wisdom and love. In Himself, in His word and work and life. He made known a God not of law, but of love. God made the world to bless and save it. His decree of love is for every soul of man. He mourns over the prodigal's wandering, and will wait until shame and want shall drive him home again. The Love which is infinite has desired the best thing for each man, the infinite Wisdom has devised means for that end, and the infinite Power will bring about the result. His Fatherly heart must suffer grief while a soul stands off in sin. His glory can never be complete until all that live are forever His. If men are to be damned as they tell us, would the tender God have made the world? Would He have created man with such tremendous possibilities of evil, would He have placed him in such circumstances of peril, would He now perpetuate the race, if it be true, that the place of endless torment is being filled with the souls of men?

CHRISTIAN.

RARE WORDS AND FOREIGN PHRASES.

"Why in the name of common sense don't people write English?" Such is the question that has crossed my mind, or fallen from my lips hundreds of times during the last thirty years, as in the course of my reading I have stumbled against some word or expression in a foreign language. Is this English so poor in words that writers must constantly resort to Latin or Greek; French, Italian or German to find fitting expression for their thoughts? The fact is, for one writer who uses a foreign phrase because he thinks it conveys his meaning better than its English equivalent, there are ninety-nine who find this a cheap way to air their "little Latin and less Greek."

I pick up the last number of the SPECTATOR and in the last sentence but one of the article on "Sensitiveness" read, "It is probable that those who have come from the mother land have brought some of the 'Acht Britische beschränktheit' along with them." Now what does that mean? I have no German Dictionary, and so far as I am concerned, the writer might just as well have left the space occupied by the German *blank*, nay better. Then I might have tried to supply what was wanting by some such expression as "brought the 'nothing like the old country' feeling with them." Again, there is the continued story of "Nino Bixio." Here is a dainty dish to set before a King, "Morituri te Salutant," "coup d'etat," "Qu'y a-t-il à faire pour l'Italie," "Fare Italia anche col diavolo," "Cacciate a tu o della Alpi," "Kepi." There is learning for you! It ornaments the page about as prettily as the "Epluribus num multum in parvo probono publico," of the American stump orator who when his audience began to show signs of restlessness was advised to give them a little Latin. The *Globe* came out the other day with an editorial upon "Lethal Weapons." Lethal? Why Lethal? Why not "*deadly*?"—that is what it means. And for one reader who knew the meaning of the word there were a thousand who did not.

In the olden time, a man was looked down upon as an ignorant know-nothing unless he could interlard his sentences with scraps from Horace or Virgil. But this ought not to be the case now-a-days.

This sandwiching of foreign phrases and dovetailing of rare and obsolete words, resorted to by so many writers for the public press, is no proof of either linguistic attainments or literary culture. It is to the Press the general reader looks for the remedy. It is the Press that has fostered it, and it is the Press must begin the reformation. A notice to contributors that all articles containing foreign words and phrases without translation will be refused, will bring about a healthy reaction in the style of writers for the press: necessitate a more careful study of our modern English classics; and cause fewer references—both by writer and reader—to that popular fraud—"The Dictionary of Foreign Phrases in common use."

C. H. ASHDOWN.

Sandwich, March 30, 1878.

NINO BIXIO.

BY EVELYN CARRINGTON.

(Continued.)

For Marsala they made. To this day, the strange fact of the landing being effected without the interference of the Neapolitan fleet remains unexplained. It has often been stated that the English squadron lay between the Garibaldians and the Bourbon men-of-war; but such was not in reality its position. It seems to us, however, certain, that the vicinity of the English iron-clads did deter the Bourbon commanders from attacking the "Piedmont" and the "Lombard," though how, we do not pretend to understand. Possibly the Bourbons feared that a stray projectile might fall upon one of the houses along the coast hoisting the British flag, and that this might lead to English intervention.

The "Thousand" marched on Calatafimi, where the Royalists were entrenched in seven strong positions, and the most bloody encounter of the whole expedition ensued. Garibaldi had with him only the men he had brought in the steamers (by the way, not 1000 at all, but about 800), and such *squadre* of *Picciotti*—Sicilian insurgents, as had hitherto been able to join him: brave fellows they proved themselves on many future occasions, but they were at present totally unorganized, and not unsusceptible to panic. The plan was to carry each position at the point of the bayonet. At a certain juncture the struggle appeared hopeless; the best had fallen, the ammunition was gone, the glaring Sicilian sun was wearing out the hardiest. The commander of the first company, who had exposed himself all the day through with reckless gallantry, approached Garibaldi, and whispered in his ear, "General, I fear we must retreat."

The chief started as if he had been stung by a scorpion, but on seeing who it was that addressed him, he answered gently, "Never say that, Bixio. . . Here we *die*."

"Sooner than hear those words, I had wished myself a hundred feet under the clod," Bixio used to say, when he told the story. He made up his mind to hold his peace on the subject of retreating in future.

"My sons," said Garibaldi to the volunteers, "I require of you one last desperate charge. Five minutes' rest, and then—forwards!" The time past, he cried, "To the bayonet!" and the whole little host repeating, "*Alla baionetta! Viva l'Italia! Viva Garibaldi!*" dashed up the mountain side. In a quarter of an hour Calatafimi was won!

The taking of Palermo gave Bixio an opportunity for greatly distinguishing himself, and Garibaldi acknowledged his services by publicly embracing him, and signaling him for the enthusiasm of the people. "*E una ricompensa che vale bene una croce*" ("It is a recompense well worth a cross"), wrote Bixio to his wife. In the attack on Palermo he received what he called a slight contusion—a bullet in the ribs—which he extracted himself. When he could get about, he was despatched on the disagreeable though important mission of pacifying various districts of the island, where old feuds and rancours had, in the name of Socialism, given rise to deplorable excesses. Having conducted this business to the satisfaction of those who sent him, he and his division sailed for Calabria.