

fessor Godet's handling of this subject furnishes a good specimen of his method and manner.

First he takes up the "last days and the death of Paul," in connection with which the author holds to the later date, believing, as we do, that St. Paul was set free after his imprisonment in Rome, and that the pastoral epistles belong to a second captivity. He declares that "the Martyrdom of Paul and Peter at Rome under Nero is a fact universally admitted;" and although we fear that some persons will not admit this fact we, for our part, have no more doubt about it than Dr. Godet has.

In the next section the author takes up the contents of the three epistles. In his preface he almost apologizes for the length to which he carries these analyses of the various epistles. No wise student will need any such apology. These descriptions of the contents of the epistles almost amount to expositions and are of the greatest value. Having accomplished this part of his task, the author proceeds to consider "the inadmissible situations for the three letters." He decides against the period of the three years' sojourn at Ephesus and also a period immediately after that sojourn; so that, he says, we must either declare against the genuineness or admit an interval between the apostle's captivity spoken of at the end of the Acts and his martyrdom soon before which these epistles were written.

It is impossible here to summarise his treatment of the authenticity of the three epistles. Every opinion on the subject, ancient and modern, is here adequately represented. The higher criticism is seen almost at its worst, and it is safe to say that there is not a single objection to the genuineness of these epistles, drawn either from their ecclesiastical characteristics or from their linguistic peculiarities, which is not met successfully by the writer.

We deeply regret that we cannot do greater justice to a book which may well form the crowning glory of a life devoted to biblical studies; and we can only hope that the life of the venerable author may be preserved for the completion of the work which is so admirably begun.

"STRUWWELPETER."

Last week the children of Europe and America lost their poet-laureate, Dr. Heinrich Hoffmann, the immortal author of the songs that tell of Shockheaded Peter, Harriet and the Matches, and the Blackamoor. If the babies could be polled, there can be no question that they would give their votes in favour of the "Struwwelpeter" as the king of nursery-books. The verses and pictures hit the children of from two to five just between wind and water, and make them happy as do no others in all their literature. It is true that Mr. Lear's nonsense-poems and nonsense-drawings are always very pleasing to the children, and are probably enjoyed more greatly by the older boys and girls than even Dr. Hoffmann's book. They have, too, a literary and artistic excellence beyond that which can be claimed by the "Struwwelpeter." Still, take it all in all, the little ones love more to hear about Cruel Frederick and Dog "Tray" than even about the old man of Spithead, who opened the window and said, "Chickabee, Chickabaw, and he said nothing more." People of from two to five are not quite advanced enough to see the acute-

ness of the nonsense in Edward Lear's writings, and find greater pleasure in Dr. Hoffmann's poems. The "Struwwelpeter," then, must be reckoned one of the really great nursery-books—not the comet of a season, but a classic,—a book which will be as much read by our children's children as by us. To have written such a work is no small achievement. It means that the author has managed to touch a very difficult and fastidious public, and to touch it just where it feels most keenly.

It is worth while to inquire in detail what are the elements in the "Struwwelpeter" which give it its peculiar charm. We believe that it is the young child's book above all others, because it so successfully appeals to every one of the emotions which interest and please children. In the first place, the poems are all narrative,—tell, that is, a simple story. But the first thing a child wants to hear is a simple story. Next, they all have in them the element of the strange and the marvellous,—the element of exaggeration and wonderfulness. It is this love of the grotesquely marvellous that makes children so fond of stories of pink bears and blue cats. Next, children all like to hear about other children. Dr. Johnson was utterly wrong when he said, "Depend upon it, Sir, babies don't want to hear about other babies." That is always exactly the thing they do want to hear about. But every one of the poems in the "Struwwelpeter" has to do with babies. Next, the poems are about naughty children. Little boys and girls undoubtedly like to have their flesh made to creep by hearing about their wicked brothers and sisters. A wicked grown-up person rather appals them, and is seldom a favorite. He is out of proportion. The naughty child is, however, near enough to be interesting and not too dreadful. His deeds of darkness give, too, a pleasant sense of virtue to those who hear about them. Without being hypocrites, the children have a right to feel satisfied that they are not as Shockheaded Peter, Cruel Frederick, Augustus, Suck-a-Thumb, or Johnny Head-in-Air. Then, too, children are by nature intensely didactic. They love a moral, and a moral which is well rammed home to their own breasts. Nothing is more delightful to a child than to say sententiously, "Little boys should be seen and not heard." The effect is not the least spoiled to the child by the fact that the enunciation of this great principle cuts clean through Mr. Jones's eloquent description of how he nearly voted for the wrong candidate at the last General Election, owing to a fixed mental confusion between Johnson and Jones which has always possessed his mind. Again, children have a keen sense of fun, and the "Struwwelpeter" is full of fun. Lastly, children have very quick ears, and the "Struwwelpeter" is written in a very pretty jingle,—a jingle which is well kept up in the English version. The "Struwwelpeter" thus gives children satisfaction all along the line, and supplies all their emotional needs, moral and æsthetic. It is a perfect child's book because it tells just the things children want to hear. If any of the poems are examined in detail, it will be seen how exactly they fulfil the conditions we have named. Take, for example, the poem of Cruel Frederick. It is a capital short story of a boy who was punished for cruelty:—

"He caught the flies, poor little things,
And then tore off their tiny wings.
He killed the birds and broke the chairs,

And threw the kitten down the stairs.
And oh! far worse than all beside,
He whipped his Mary till she cried."

The infantile sense of pity and terror is delightfully played upon. There is something awfully thrilling in reading of these desperate acts. The poem, too, pleasantly reminds the good little boys and girls how virtuous they are in not yielding to these temptations. The poetic justice, for which children are always so hungry, is amply rendered. After Frederick has tortured good dog "Tray," he is severely bitten in the leg in return:—

"So Frederick had to go to bed,
His leg was very sore and red.
The doctor came and shook his head
And made a very great to-do,
And gave him nasty physic too."

But the curtain cannot fall till the rewards have been distributed as well as the punishments:—

"But good dog Tray is happy now,
He has no time to say 'Bow-wow,'
He seats himself in Frederick's chair
And laughs to see the good things there.
The soup he swallows sup by sup
And eats the pies and puddings up."

Here, too, that sense of fun which children possess so greatly—the sense which shows them not to be little savages, but the young of a civilized race—is specially appealed to. The notion of dog "Tray" sitting up and eating Frederick's dinner, is to them delicious—especially when brought home by the picture of "Tray," with a napkin round his neck, standing up on a red-seated chair, with his forepaws on the table, enjoying his soup. Over the back of the chair hangs Frederick's whip. The feeling of horror is conveyed by the story of "Harriet and the Matches." This, it will be remembered, is the story of the girl who burnt herself to death while a troop of pussy-cats first warned her, and then bewailed her fate, like the chorus in a Greek tragedy:—

"Then how the pussy-cats did mew!
What else, poor pussies, could they do?
They scream for help—'twas all in vain,
So then they said 'we'll scream again.'"

Who can have forgotten the picture that closes the story? The pussy-cats, with mourning bows on their tails, weeping over the fate of naughty Harriet! The fairy-tale side is represented by the story of the boys who mocked the harmless Blackamoor, and were, in consequence, seized by tall Agrippa and put into the great inkstand. It is not stated who Agrippa was, but one always imagined him to be a magician. This was no case of premature knowledge that there was such a person as Cornelius Agrippa, but simply a deduction from general appearances. It is true that Agrippa wears a brown dressing-gown and bedroom slippers, but these cannot conceal the nature of the man. His fur cap with a red top is ample compensation for any little irregularities in the rest of his get-up. For children of four, Agrippa stands for the romantic and the marvellous. He is what "The Arabian Nights" and all the cycles of romance, Merlin, and the Knights of Loggess or of Lyonesse, are to the grown-up. "The Story of the Man that went out Shooting" is almost pure comedy, but it has the great charm of introducing an animal who puts on spectacles and fires a gun. A child's first idea of fun is generally derived from the notion of an animal acting as a man. Why this should be, it is not easy to see. Perhaps because that incon-