

aware, with the A.V. and R.V., that *κατὰ τὴν ἐνέργειαν* is *not* to be joined with *ἡμῶς τοὺς πιστεύοντας*; for in this case no comma would have place after 'believe'; *κατὰ τὴν ἐνέργειαν* is commonly construed with *μέγεθος*; yet Scrivener places a comma even in the Greek text after *πιστεύοντας*, and seems to indicate by it that *κατὰ τὴν ἐνέργειαν* is to be connected with *εἰς τὸ εἶδέναι ὑμᾶς*. But now refer to the parallel passage, Col 2¹², where we read *διὰ τῆς πίστεως τῆς ἐνεργείας τοῦ Θεοῦ τοῦ ἐγείραντος*, and from this it seems impossible to doubt that Eph 1¹⁹ *κατὰ τὴν ἐνέργειαν* is also to be constructed with *ἡμῶς τοὺς*

πιστεύοντας, and a marginal note at least ought to be added in our Testaments: 'or: believe according (without comma).' That he came to believe, was for the apostle a wonder of the same divine power which had raised Christ.

10. JOHN xviii. 16.

Westcott-Hort, Weymouth, and others place no comma after *θυρωρῶ*; Tischendorf, Weiss, Scrivener have it. In the former case we must translate 'and he (the disciple) brought in Peter'; in the latter it may be 'and she, the maid at the door, let him in.'

At the Literary Table.

Tamate Vaine.

THE directors of the London Missionary Society have clear notions of what a missionary's wife should be. When they licensed James Chalmers and sent him out to Rarotonga, they allowed him to take a wife with him. They had their fears. For 'the woman who goes to the mission field with a man, and is yet not in fullest accord with him as to the great work and purposes of his life, inflicts a grave injury upon both him and the cause dear to his heart. Every mission can show such cases.' But James Chalmers' wife was 'a true missionary.'

Chalmers and his wife left Rarotonga after a time, and went to dwell among the cannibals of New Guinea. On January 24, 1878, Chalmers wrote: 'We are tolerably well. I have got much lighter during the last few weeks, but am so much better that I shall soon pick up again. We have begun speaking of God's love to the people in very broken language, yet I hope sufficiently well to make them think a little. The people here are dreadful cannibals. Their finest decorations are human jawbones and other bones, and sometimes the wretches appear with pieces of human flesh dangling from their arms. There is no doubt that many of them had hoped to secure our bodies for a feast. We are warned even now not to wander too far away from the house.'

Within three months Chalmers was away on a voyage, having left his wife alone among them.

The day after he left, the natives said among themselves: 'They trust us; we must treat them kindly; they cannot mean us harm, or Tamate would not have left his wife behind.' And they were as good as they said. 'They are not at all troublesome,' she enters in her journal. They brought her food, and told her to eat plenty, so that when Tamate returned she might be looking well and strong. The experiment was successful, and was worth making. Yet 'it would be difficult,' says Mr. Lovett (we are quoting from his *Autobiography and Letters of Chalmers*¹), 'in the splendid record of nineteenth-century missions to find a more courageous and self-denying action than this consent of Mrs. Chalmers to remain alone amid a horde of cannibals for the sake of Christ's work among them, and for the benefit of her Rarotongan fellow-workers. When her husband left her there was no possibility of receiving any tidings of him until he himself brought back the tale of his wanderings. She knew him well enough to realize that places of danger rather attracted him than repelled him, and that the worse the reputation possessed by any tribe or place the more likely he was to visit it. They had only a few weeks before passed through experiences which might well have unnerved the strongest. Chalmers came to know afterwards, from one of the chiefs, that again and again the murder of the whole missionary party had been determined, and that those appointed to

¹ *James Chalmers: His Autobiography and Letters.* By Richard Lovett, M.A. Religious Tract Society, 1902.

do the deed had come once and again to the low fence which surrounded the rough mission house. They had only to step over it and rush in upon and murder the unarmed man and his wife. . . . When we recall that Mrs. Chalmers allowed her husband at the call of duty to go from her, leaving her at the mercy of savages who were only just beginning to know them and their ways; when we remember that her only helpers were two or three Rarotongan teachers and their wives; that all her possessions were eagerly coveted by her savage neighbours, and that the bodies of herself and the Rarotongan teachers would have been considered choice dainties for a great cannibal feast, we marvel at her courage, at her faith, at the quiet heroism which led her to endure the almost unendurable, because she did not think it right to leave the weaker teachers to bear the strain alone, and because she thought that if she accompanied her husband the absence of both would injure the work so hopefully begun.'

Her health did not bear the strain very long. She had to go to Sydney, and died there on February 20, 1879. The first word Chalmers got of her death was an accidental paragraph in a newspaper.

Then nine years of loneliness. Pass them by. It is Tamate Vaine, not Tamate himself we are speaking of. After nine years, a visit to England, an affection returned, and in 1888 Mrs. Harrison came out and was married to James Chalmers in Cooktown.

'Mrs. Chalmers threw herself with great spirit and courage into the new work, and it was upon her that the brunt fell most heavily. Chalmers had for long years been roughing it among savages, and was inured to any possible experience that could befall him. But Mrs. Chalmers went to Motumotu with but a very inadequate notion of what life there would mean. What contrast could be greater than for an English lady to come from all the comforts and customs of our civilization, and suddenly find herself planted in the midst of a tribe of fierce savages, of whose language she was ignorant, and whose customs outraged every sense of fitness? Her husband was the only other European nearer than Port Moresby, 170 miles away, and he was often absent for weeks at a time.' But Tamate Vaine the second could endure. This is her own account of the home-coming after marriage—

'A week ago we got here after a long tedious voyage in the boat; we landed at 3 a.m., and I was too ill to walk to the house, so Tamate sent for something to carry me on. The scene was fine. Two boatloads of us landed, pitch-dark. We could not land on the beach owing to heavy seas and surf; so we entered the river some miles farther on. We knew there were alligators in plenty. I declare I hardly dared get out on the banks. At last, in answer to our shouts, came answers from the natives and the teacher, and on came a lot of wild fellows with blazing torches. They crowded round me and gave me an excited welcome.

'The natives are a very wild-looking lot indeed, and very powerful. The men fine-looking and independent; they are very fond of dress, and ornament themselves in all sorts of ways. Their heads are beautifully decorated with leaves, feathers, and shells. One man I admired very much, I thought he had a gaily coloured net over his face, the pattern was quite artistic. I was surprised when Tamate said it was stained on the skin. There are always a lot of these men about. They come to see me and shake hands. One chief wanted to kiss me at first, but I objected, and now they are all satisfied to shake hands. At Lese, where we called on our way here, I was introduced to a great cannibal chief and his followers, also two of his wives. None of them wore any clothing at all, and they had just come in their canoes from a great cannibal feast.'

Mrs. Chalmers can describe better than her husband. She gives us, apparently with ease, a perfectly clear picture of her surroundings, and a deeply moving conception of her experiences. This is the house she dwells in—

'I am just beginning to feel alive after my last bad dose of fever. I do wish you could see this house. Tamate thinks it is a delightful place. I am not quite so much in love with it. The walls are of very roughly sawn planks, which overlap each other; so inside there are ledges innumerable from floor to thatch—every ledge a nice accommodation for all kinds of insect life. I should think the house is fifty feet long, and divided into three rooms; the partitions are the height of the outer walls only, and leave the very high pointed thatched roof open from end to end. At night it is *too* lively,—rats, mice, and, on the

roof, lizards all over in armies. I do not object to the latter; they are very tame, and make a cheery chirp, and best of all they hunt the spiders, tarantulas, and others, big and little, cockroaches and crickets, and beetles of all kinds. Ants and mosquitoes abound, and they like me very much. I am bitten all over, and my only place of peace is under the mosquito netting. If you look down on the mats and floors, you perceive they are covered with life, and even this paper is continually covered with tiny moving things which I blow off.'

Chalmers still goes away and leaves his wife alone. 'I got back last week,' he says, 'from my nine weeks' western trip with the governor. Tamate Vaine was left alone. The first few weeks Mr. Savage was here, but he had to leave, and then she had all the work on her shoulders, and right well did she bear it. You know she is yet what is called a "new chum," but she carried on every branch of the work quite in "old chum" style. She has been very ill with fever, but on my arrival was better. If we could agree to part, I suggest she takes up a central station and out-stations for herself; but I fancy we can get on better together.'

When she does go with him she fares little better. But we are glad she went once, for that journey has given us this description of the way to get through the surf and reach a boat at Oiabu—

'At 2 p.m. we thought it might be possible to reach the boat, so the large canoe was again launched. It was very hot indeed, and I dreaded the sun. However, start we must, and now came a new experience for me, and anything but a pleasant one. Tamate and I got into the middle of the canoe; natives pushed us out and swam on each side, raising the bow to meet the rollers. So we got over two lines; then the men paddled their hardest, but could not ride the great waves which broke in turns over, under, and all around us. Every time the waves broke over us the men sprang into the sea, holding up the canoe and then swinging it high on the advancing wave and letting it be washed back on it: this was to empty the canoe of water. We two, seated on the connecting plank with nothing to hold on to, were anything but comfortable. I held on to a stalwart native who was in the water on my side, and with the other hand clung to Tamate. I never had

such a time, swinging backwards and forwards, every other moment just enveloped in white surf. We were, of course, drenched at the very first start, and we were out in the midst of that surf for nearly an hour. No one can imagine the more than strange sensation of seeing an immense wave all white with surf, which one feels must come over you, and then suddenly the bow is raised; the men give one swing in unison, and you are on the crest and washing back before you have time to feel nervous. I got quite accustomed to it, and quite as excited as the men; I believe I shouted as they did as the rollers came thick and fast. The natives on shore were in a great state of excitement. Tamate thought we should have to try and get back, which would have been almost as bad as getting forward. There was a very heavy swell beyond the breakers; the boat had come in as near to them as she could with any safety, and was pitching and tossing in a frantic manner. Even if we got through, I thought it would be almost impossible for us to get into the boat. Our Toaripians are good surf swimmers, and four of them had reached the boat. All at once there was extra shouting and commotion on shore, responded to by the men with us. We saw a man swim out with two others. The leader was a grand swimmer. Tamate said, "I believe that's the great sorcerer; they've fetched him to subdue the waves." He came on right across our bows, and we saw he had a half cocoa-nut shell in each hand. The men made a desperate effort to follow him and paddled for dear life. We should have been washed off but for the men on each side, and for a moment or two could see nothing—we were in the midst of it. Then the surf settled, and Tamate said, "Look! the fellow's got oil in the shells; fancy their knowing that trick." We did get through eventually by the aid of the sorcerer or the oil. The natives were triumphant, of course, their sorcerer had more power over the waves than Tamate.'

In July 1900 Mrs. Chalmers became seriously ill, and on October 25 she fell asleep in Jesus. 'A few days before her death I said to her, "We shall all soon meet over yonder." Then unhesitatingly she replied, "Yes, but I am so tired. I want a long rest first with Jesus, and then I shall be waiting for you all." Another day she said to me, "You know, Tamate dear, you are always in such a hurry, you make people feel very uncom-

fortable. Now, at your time of life, try and take things a little easier, and all your friends will feel more comfortable.”

She got her rest with Jesus, but she had not to wait very long. It was the 8th of April 1901 when Chalmers and his young fellow-worker

Tomkins lost their lives to cannibals at Dopima in the island of Goaribari.

The book has to do with Tamate, not Tamate Vaine. You may judge the greater by the less, the essential by the incidental. When have we had a biography like this?

THE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THE EMPHASIZED BIBLE.

The last volume of this difficult work has now been published, and we should like to say more emphatically than before that we look upon it as one of the most original and successful works on the Bible that have been produced in our time. The best description of it is its own title-page, which we hereupon transcribe: The Emphasized Bible; a new Translation designed to set forth the exact meaning, the proper terminology, and the graphic style of the Sacred Originals; arranged to show at a glance narrative, speech, parallelism, analogical analysis, also to enable the student readily to distinguish the several Divine Names; and emphasized throughout after the idioms of the Hebrew and Greek tongues; with expository introduction, select references and appendices of notes. By Joseph Bryant Rotherham. London: H. R. Allenson. 1902.

In the Old Testament Mr. Rotherham has adopted Ginsburg's text, and in the New Testament the text of Westcott and Hort.

When a page of this Bible is looked at, the first thing that strikes the eye is a series of unfamiliar signs. These signs must first be explained. Four are for emphasis: (') and (| |) call for slight stress; (|| ||) and (< >) call for more decided stress. One is for punctuation; the comma having usually too much to do, a half comma (,) is used to set the comma free for clause division.

Now take a fair example. Let it be Is 40¹²—

Who' hath measured, | with the hollow of his hand | || the waters ||,

Or < the heavens with a span > hath meted out,

Or hath comprehended, | in a measure || the dust of the earth ||,

Or weighed | in scales | || the mountains ||,

Or || the hills || in a balance?

Let that example speak for the book. There is

no craving for novelty. The work is competent and thorough. The printing is beyond all praise.

THE TEMPLE BIBLE.

All through the holiday weeks *The Temple Bible* came. Let other publishers play, Messrs. Dent have kept at work. There are six volumes awaiting recognition. This is their order, and these are their editors: **KINGS**, by Principal Robertson of King's College, London, with reproduction of Lord Leighton's picture, 'Elisha and the Shunamite's Son,' for frontispiece; **CHRONICLES**, by Archdeacon Hughes-James, with reproduction of Burne-Jones' 'The Building of the Temple,' off a photograph by Mr. Hollyer; **PSALMS**, by Dr. A. W. Streane, with frontispiece off Hollyer's photograph of Rossetti's 'David the Psalmist'; **JEREMIAH** and **LAMENTATIONS**, by Mr. E. Tyrell Green, with a reproduction for frontispiece of Michelangelo's 'Jeremiah' in the Sistine Chapel; **EZEKIEL**, by Principal Owen C. Whitehouse of Cheshunt College, with Messrs. Alinari's photograph of Raphael's 'The Vision of Ezekiel'; and the **ACTS**, with the Pastoral Epistles, by Professor B. B. Warfield of Princeton, with a reproduction of Millais' 'The Stoning of Stephen.'

Besides the Notes, which are always as brief as ever notes can be, each volume contains an Introduction which is sometimes just sufficient and masterly, and a list of English works which contain illustrations of scenes or persons in the book. This feature is always well done. We understand it is the general editor's own work.

Take an example of it. *Stings of Conscience* is the title, the passage is Ezk 44¹⁻³¹. The places are: Langland's 'Vision of Piers Plowman,' pt. iii. 350-370; Chaucer's 'Parson's Tale,' 141; Shakespeare's 'Tempest,' iii. 3. 104; Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' iii. 194; Herrick's 'Noble Numbers' (To his