

As we came out three Catholic sisters entered the women's ward to do what they could for the patients there.

Shortly before leaving the colony we were led to a small concrete structure (near the furnace where all combustible waste is burned), and as the door was opened we saw before us on a concrete slab four bodies so wasted and shrivelled that they seemed scarcely human. These were those who had at last been cured in the only way that this dread disease admits of cure. About forty per month are released by death, and those we saw were the last crop of the here *merciful* not "dread reaper."

At the back of the colony we met four lepers of incipient stages carrying a long box on their shoulders. Just as they came abreast of us they set it down, to rest themselves, and we saw that in the box was another "cured" leper. He was being carried to the cemetery not only "unhonored and unsung" but also "unwept": not a single friend nor relative followed his wasted body to its final resting place. After this pitiful spectacle, added to the horrors of the hospital wards, we were not sorry to turn our steps back toward the boat. As we passed through the fence at the "dead line," going *away* from the colony, we were compelled to wade through a shallow box of water containing a small percentage of carbolic acid which disinfected the soles of our shoes, the only things about us that had come in actual contact with the leper colony. In this way all visitors when they leave the colony are compelled, not to "shake its dust from their feet" but to wash its germs from their soles.

As an antidote for dissatisfaction with one's lot in life, or as an object lesson for the pessimists who claim there is no unselfishness in the world, or as an illustration of the value of the medical missionary, this little island, lying "somewhere east of Suez" between the Sulu and the China Seas, is not easily surpassed.

THE MISSING LOG-BOOK OF ST. PETER'S MISSIONARY JOURNEYS.

BY F. W. ORDE WARD.

LONG ago it was finely and indeed plausibly suggested that the Odyssey represented the log-book of some ancient Greek merchant captain. And it is by no means improbable that Homer, with his knowledge of the sea and his passion for it, was a sailor himself or a seafaring traveler and explorer, who wove into his wonderful epic the adventures of his hero at a time when legend and history

were one and the borderland between fact and fancy was peopled with strange imaginations and the two worlds overlapped each other. The visible and the invisible, the possible and the impossible, were not sharply divided then, and anything or everything might happen at a moment's notice. Inconsistencies and incongruities would not be noticed. As a matter of fact all old histories and myths, and no less all sacred books, abounded in flagrant contradictions. But logic was undreamed of, and poetry in art and science reigned supreme. If a tale was pretty and pleasing, if a marvel only stirred the mind or aroused the emotions of awe and admiration, it soon found a public and a permanency, and went from land to land, acquiring fresh embroidery as it passed. No one criticised, no one objected. Pity or fear or the sense of beauty was touched, and the inventions found a home in the hearts of men, by the marauder's camp fire and the shepherd's tent and at the hearth of the lowliest farmstead. There were giants in those days, but the thoughts of men were the thoughts of children.

Now, as every one can see for himself, the Acts of the Apostles, while being records of the early church, are to a great extent a log-book of St. Paul's missionary travels through the Greco-Roman world. Were these cut out of the book little would remain—it would resemble the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. In the Acts, as we have the chronicle, there is no real end apparent. It may fairly be conjectured that Luke intended to write a third book and give us some account of St. Peter's wanderings and evangelization.

Even from the beginning we find traces of various parties in the Christian communities. There was, we are expressly told, a Cephas party and a Pauline party, and even a Christ party, to say nothing of Apollos, but the Pauline party seems to have been much the strongest and most influential. They may have gone so far as to suppress any published account of St. Peter's missionary journeys and activities. We know that the two apostles had their differences, and St. Paul's more aggressive and enterprising character naturally inspired more enthusiasm and attracted a larger body of admirers and followers. In the Acts it is clear enough that the call for a crusade to the Gentiles was given not to St. Paul but to St. Peter. And none can have failed to wonder why the latter afterward disappeared from prominent notice, and how it was that the former "cuckooed" his rival out of his appointed office. St. Paul was no doubt the best speaker and the best writer, and carried all before him with his soul of fire and his infectious zeal.

Unfortunately, as Sir W. Ramsay has remarked, "The earliest Christians wrote little or nothing." Yet we may well believe that St. Peter wrote many more epistles than the first, of which alone we can be sure. Were these destroyed by the more vigorous and combative Paulinists? To say the least, it looks strange, and we may almost think startling, that after the consecration of his charge to the Gentiles and the vivid drama of his experience with Cornelius St. Peter simply drops out of the story and subsides into obscurity and insignificance, eclipsed by the exploits of St. Paul and silenced by the noisy clamor of the Paul party. In one chapter, the tenth, St. Peter is everything and from that point he becomes practically nothing.

And yet here and there we get bright glimpses of his energetic presence and power in the mission field. Even before his call, we discover him busily at work, Acts ix. 32, "And it came to pass, as *Peter passed through all quarters*, he came down also to the Saints which dwelt at Lydda," and we know he was intimate with the Hellenistic Jews. In the famous scene recorded in Acts xv., St. Peter himself in so many words claims with all boldness the apostleship to the Gentiles. He evidently smarted under the ascendancy of St. Paul and resented his somewhat selfish predominance. "Men and brethren, ye know how that a good while ago *God made choice among us, that the Gentiles by my mouth should hear the word of the Gospel and believe.*"

Anyhow we must all recognize here the presence of a problem which remains to be solved, and urgently demands explanation. Hitherto it has been entirely ignored and theologians have been more enamored of the *otium* than the *odium theologicum*, by a singular laziness in leaving a difficult question severely alone. The old proverb told us to let the sleeping dogs lie, but not the sleeping dogma "lie."

We gather little help from "The Preaching and Doctrine of Peter," "The Revelation of Peter," and the legends contained in the "Recognitions of Clement." Tradition alone can help us, though we may fairly read between the lines of Acts and expand hints thrown out here and there. Whatever we may think of the Pseud-epigraphical literature, it seems absolutely certain that the wildest documents must possess a core of truth. Error can only crystallize round a nucleus of fact, and it is fact that keeps it alive, so that it sometimes appears almost imperishable. As the water-drop condenses out of mist and forms round a particle of dust—to which indeed, as Tyndall taught us, we owe all the beauty of our blue sky—

St. Paul was the stormy petrel of the infant church, pugnacious, it may be with a touch of epilepsy that so often accompanies genius and which eugenics would soon stamp out if ever carried into effect, and perhaps a little overbearing and unscrupulous in his missionary methods. But, if we may credit Jerome and Eusebius, St. Peter played even a larger part than St. Paul in the establishment and extension of Christianity at first, though his movements may have been considerably hampered by the companionship of his wife. Though even before his call to the Gentiles, he must have entertained very liberal views, as we know he was lodging for a time with Simon the tanner—that is to say, a man who conducted an unclean trade.

The date of the Acts is somewhere about 62 A. D. So the incidents related there must have been fresh in Luke's mind and memory, though he was plainly obsessed by the masterful personality of St. Paul. And if the author ever wrote a third book, it must have been suppressed at once by the strenuous Paulinists, that the more popular presentation of Christianity, which absorbed so much of the dearly loved mysticism from the East, might reign without a rival. But it is just possible that some day the explorer's pick and spade may unearth a lost Petrine Gospel or missionary log-book in the treasure house of Egypt and the receptive and retentive Fayum.

St. Paul once seems to have felt some conscientious scruples in Romans xv. 30: "Yea, so have I striven to preach the Gospel, not where Christ was named, *lest I should build upon another man's foundation.*" This can only refer to St. Peter's previous work in Rome, which was in the summer of 42 A. D. when he paid his first visit to the imperial city. In his earliest recorded speech at the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the Pentecost feast, he addressed "strangers of Rome" among many others, and there were probably some from the synagogue of the Libertines. His friendship with Cornelius and the soldiers of the *cohors Italica* must have given him a leverage for dealing with men from the governing center of the empire, and the liberty conferred by great benefits bestowed, almost equal to the advantages of his rival's Roman citizenship or freedom. Travelers, merchants, the *Graeculus esuriens*, the Stoic and Cynic itinerant philosophers, might easily have carried the news of the conversion of a Roman officer to the metropolis. It must even then have made something of a sensation at any rate among the Jews resident there, before the decree of Claudius. But when we consider how well the empire was policed and the great trade routes

patrolled by the central authorities, and how, though ages before the quick transit we now enjoy, vital communications were maintained by the imperial road-builders all over the length and breadth of vast regions and different continents, we may feel assured that the Gospel of Christianity was naturally introduced early into Rome. We need not for a moment suppose that St. Peter was the foremost to bring the good news. He found the rudiments of a church there on his first visit. St. Mark's Gospel should have been written about 44-45 A.D. And the earlier epistles of St. Paul throw little or no light on St. Peter's missionary movements. Nor does it appear likely that the document "2" if ever recovered *in extenso*, will assist our inquiries. But there can be no reasonable doubt that the second Gospel dates from Rome.

St. Paul, the supplanter, bulks so preponderantly in our oldest documents and overshadows every one else, though at the commencement of the Acts it is all St. Peter. He seems to have left Rome with Mark during the year 45, and was present at Jerusalem in the spring of 46. His imprisonment and the persecution of Herod Agrippa must have been a crisis in the apostle's life. Subsequently he made Antioch the center of his evangelistic work and may have founded the church there and even been its bishop. From this city, as a base of operations, he appears to have itinerated and preached to the Diaspora in Asia Minor. He may have visited Mesopotamia in the east, and Cappadocia and Pontus in the north, between 47 and 54 A.D. Tradition tells us that the apostle stayed twelve years in Jerusalem, and then they divided the Greco-Roman world among them. And to St. Peter Rome would naturally and inevitably fall, as he held a sort of acknowledged primacy. St. Peter and Barnabas were at Corinth later in 54, and he was co-founder with St. Paul of the church there. It is a pity our only letters to this lively and interesting city were by the latter. St. Peter may have written some also. Later on, he and Barnabas were in Italy and at Rome, 55-56, the second visit. How long he remained there we cannot pretend to say. But his third and last visit appears to have taken place in 63-65, his first epistle was probably written in 65, and his martyrdom took place in the summer of the same year.

We are beginning to learn now the importance of church tradition in general and local tradition in particular, as Mr. Edmundson has so convincingly shown in his Bampton lectures, the work of a true scholar with the insight of an historian and the grasp of a theologian, and in all respects an admirable and masterly book.

Our materials for the reconstruction of St. Peter, who never praised himself as St. Paul did, and for the recovery of his missionary log-book or itinerarium, are few indeed, but we can see at a glance that his was an active life, as energetic as his rival's and as fruitful. His wife also must have been equally zealous, if sometimes in hours of peril an encumbrance, and inspired with the same martyr spirit, or the apostle would certainly not have taken her about with him. In spite of only too few outstanding landmarks in his life there are no doubt terrible blanks between, which provoke speculation and invite conjecture. Jerusalem, Antioch, Corinth, Rome, perhaps Pamphylia, all have secrets to betray, and the catacombs are an unexhausted and inexhaustible mine for the seeker of hints. We want a theologian just now, like the philosopher Crates, who was called the "Door-opener." And we cannot in this sense agree with Hegel that "there is nothing behind the curtain other than that which is in front of it."

The beautiful story worked out at length in a great novel recurs to the mind at this point. We often find ourselves addressing the elusive missionary apostle in the words addressed to him by Christ—*Quo vadis?* "Whither didst thou go, and where are there abiding traces of thy pilgrim feet?" It is not beyond the bonds of possibility that even to-day there exist somewhere, tenaciously handed down from father to son through the intervening centuries, oral records of St. Peter's presence and teaching in the East. For the East has a long memory and a strong memory, and to it a thousand years are but a single day. The impression created by the apostle must have been tremendous from what we read in the fifth chapter of the Acts: "Insomuch that they brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that at the least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them." Such an immense personality must have left living traces, and words that were new worlds in their creative force to multitudes of hearers. *Littera scripta manet*, we say now, but in the retentive East ever awake from its sleep to fresh mysteries and fresh revelations, it would be equally true to say *Littera dicta manet*.

We have reason to believe that St. Paul, though a saint, like many saints was a very quarrelsome man and brooked no rival near his throne. He could not agree with Barnabas: "And the contention was so sharp between them, that they departed asunder one from the other." And we know from St. Paul's own confession, that there was a breach or sad difference (and not of his making) which separated him from St. Peter also. We ought to face the

facts honestly. In spite of his undoubted inspiration, and the fact that he stands forth in history as one of the greatest figures that ever lived, St. Paul had the defects of his grand qualities, a temper that refused all opposition and crushed all resistance with an indomitable will. He was not a man to be lightly crossed or contradicted. St. Peter was too much like him, impulsive and fiery, for them ever to be lasting friends or co-workers in the mission field. Each naturally preferred his own way and took it at all costs.

All his life St. Peter must have felt that the charge committed expressly to him in the call of Cornelius and the conversion of the Gentiles was to a considerable extent stolen from him or impaired by the egotistic pretensions of St. Paul who was not even one of the twelve apostles and who therefore could never possess the authentic qualifications that were his—the gifts and graces of the Rock man—and stood on a lower level than that of the “pillars.” Notwithstanding his frequent self-depreciation, the “chief of sinners” did not always appear particularly modest. “For I suppose I was not a whit behind the very chiefest apostles.” Indeed 2 Cor. xii is rather painful reading, and also the twelfth chapter of the same epistle. Though he was “the least of the apostles,” and “less than the least of all saints,” he unquestionably magnified his office and also himself again and again. He blew the trumpet aloud in Sion and all over the Gentile world, but he took good care that every one should know who blew it. It is perfectly impossible to exaggerate the merits of this colossal man, one of the holiest and one of the most enthusiastic missionaries and pioneers that ever lived. But we dare not allow ourselves to ignore his faults, which were many and grave.

St. Paul was practically the founder of Christianity, while Christ himself was Christianity. But for better or worse, and sometimes for the worse, our religion has taken the mould impressed upon it by this giant in the faith. Brought up in the rabbinical schools and steeped in the Jewish mode of interpretation, soaked in the atmosphere of the old mystery religions and influenced beyond doubt, as we have shown elsewhere, by the Stoic philosophy, St. Paul gave a fatal curve to the message of the cross, and his teaching or construction of the Gospel—we had almost said his perversion—lies like a fatal shadow, as does that of St. Augustine, on the church in every land. If we only had the corrective and complement in St. Peter's Gospel in other epistles that have been perhaps irretrievably lost, or in his missing log-book of missionary

journeys, we should be all the richer and the world would be all the wiser.

The change in St. Peter's life after the crucifixion is indeed marvelous. The St. Peter before that cosmic crisis and the St. Peter after seem separated *toto coelo*. The perfervid, precipitate, rash and even reckless fanatic with his appeal to the sword, by that one little look of his Master was transformed into a sober and temperate and yet fearless professor of the faith and protagonist of the cross after the outpouring of the Pentecostal baptism of fire. He might indeed have received a double portion of the Spirit, if we may judge from his recorded words and splendid actions and the dominant part he took in the government of the infant community. He spoke, he worked, with the weight of an authority which St. Paul never commanded. He had sinned, and he had repented and been forgiven. The betrayal, the denial, so public and so repeated, had under the blessing of the divine pardon produced a glorious reaction and called a new world of spiritual possibilities into being. He had proved a second Judas. But in the fires of remorse he returned to his old grand confession stage, and mounted on his dead self the very highest things. Forgiven greatly, greatly did he love, and greatly did he serve for the remainder of his life. The martyr's spirit dormant in him from the first awoke at last, transforming the clay to gold, the mud to marble, and sending him forth as the leading captain of the cross with words that burned and shone. He moved along the road of illumination, with his eye forever on the vision and his face set toward heaven. The message of mercy, which he carried, uplifted him as well as ten thousands of converts. For he had been tried in the furnace as St. Paul never was, and his face bore the traces of his fiery ordeal. "If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God; if any man minister, let him do it as of the ability which God giveth; that God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ, to whom be praise and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

St. Paul's agonies and raptures, the passionate experiences of the advanced mystic, find no counterpart in the sublime sanity of St. Peter's more inspired utterances. And though of course we cannot accept his second epistle, we feel the writer must have recognized the difference between the two evangelists. "As our beloved brother Paul, according to the wisdom given unto him, hath written unto you—as also in all his epistles, in which are some things hard to be understood." For no doubt St. Paul had never even harmonized the various strands of his doctrines, if indeed he always

understood himself what he said. It is plain that the final St. Peter was a far more modest and humble person than the impetuous man of Tarsus—they might almost have exchanged characters. We might venture to think that 1 Peter v. 3 was meant to be a quiet allusion to the autocratic egotism of his rival and fellow laborer. "Neither as being lords over God's heritage, but being ensamples to the flock."

St. Paul never seemed to forget himself; he was perpetually pushing to the front and (though of course unconsciously) advertising himself and his sufferings. Never man endured so much misery as he did—he positively died daily. The churches must have grown rather tired of his endless lamentations and intolerable woes. St. Peter merely said, "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you. But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings."

PRO-ALLY LITERATURE.

BY THE EDITOR.

BEFORE me lies a pamphlet entitled *Germans in America* by Lucius B. Swift of the Indianapolis Bar. It is a paper read before the Indianapolis Literary Club, the first edition of which amounted to 5000, and we have now the second edition of 10,000. The purpose of the brochure is to increase the tension that pro-British interests have undertaken to produce between the United States and Germany, emphasis being laid on the reproach made to the hyphenated Americans for sympathizing with the Huns of Europe.

It is difficult to say whether the author's ignorance is greater than the malevolence with which he treats his subject or *vice versa*, perhaps both are equal. The innumerable errors and misrepresentations may be unintentional, but they are certainly displayed with a spitefulness which is most regrettable and can do no good whatever.

In his address Mr. Swift represents Germany as a land that stands for autocracy, and the Anglo-Saxondom of England as the stronghold of liberty. Here is a sample of the author's knowledge of Prussian history:

"The Teutonic Knights having conquered Prussia, became in-