

whither it goeth." For I now feel that as I was bound before, I am now free as the wind; you say yourself you perceive good effects of something on me, just as we see the beneficial effects of the wind everywhere; and how it exactly happened, I must confess, I could not explain to you except to say that God did it.'

It is now some years since the above happened, and the man has all along been and is still the same free, good man, and now occupies a worthy and responsible position in the town.¹

¹ Donald M. Henry.

Eberhard Nestle.

By J. RENDEL HARRIS, M.A., LITT.D., LL.D., HON. FELLOW OF CLARE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

THERE is, probably, no one in the great world of German theological scholarship whose removal could have created such a blank in England as has been caused by the recent death of Dr. Nestle, of Maulbronn. To the writer of the present lines, who has been in close and constant correspondence with him for over thirty years, the loss is one that appears irreparable; and there are many others to whom the deprivation will be almost as acute. Frankly, I do not like writing an obituary notice; it would be my own wish to slip away as unobserved as possible, and what one wishes for one's friend, richer in the grace of modesty than oneself, should be something like what one desires for one's self. At the same time I do not feel free to say nothing, because my sense of vacancy is shared by a wide circle of those who prized the man's acquaintance, admired his gifts, recognized the scholarship, linked to Teutonic simplicity and sincerity (which made it as easy for him to disagree with you as it would have been to another man to praise you), and the phenomenal, almost magical accuracy with which he presented the results of his work and exposed the defects of those whom he criticized, so that he might easily and without a rival have been the patron saint of proof-reading and manuscript collation. Add to this that whatever he was and had was at the service of those whom he admitted to the inner circle of his friendship. So I write a few lines in his memory, because I believe I am, in the world of letters, 'the greatest loser of all that ever had a share in his life.' I know there are some who will contest the claim, but my acquaintance goes back to the year 1883, which is long before some well-known scholars in Great Britain had made his acquaintance, and had realized what a choice spirit he was, how valuable was his co-operation, and how sound his judgment. At the date

mentioned he was about thirty-two years of age, and I was a few months his junior: he was the trained and expert scholar, just beginning to make his mark in the critical history of the New Testament, and I was an untrained amateur, who had blundered into fields of investigation for which I had never qualified, and was trying to solve old problems by new methods, as has been the case ever since. What vistas of incompetence he could open up before an unfortunate tyro; and, in doing so, he was as gracious as he was wise.

I believe the first thing that passed from Nestle to myself was a post-card, an inquiry of some sort with regard to work upon which I was engaged. A post-card in correspondence is a mustard-seed with evangelical virility; it soon dilated and expanded and multiplied. I think I have lost that first post-card, though I have still with me many illuminating letters from that period, in which he offered me brotherly help and information, giving freely where I had little, in the shape of accumulated knowledge, to offer in return. And then, just at the last, our intercourse ended with a post-card again; it lies before me; I think I will venture to print it.

The work by which he is best known, and will be long remembered, is his edition of the Greek New Testament, in its first form for the Stuttgart Bible Society, and then, later on, at the suggestion of some leading English scholars, for the British and Foreign Bible Society. Quite recently, as I was driving through a town in the heart of Asia Minor (I think it was the ancient Philomelium, from which the church of the place once sent to Smyrna for details of Polycarp's martyrdom), I passed a colporteur who was engaged in the arduous and often thankless task of the circulation of the Scriptures. I stopped the carriage and bought from him a Romaic Greek Testament and

a copy of the older Greek in Nestle's latest edition. Nor did I miss the opportunity of writing to him in his last sickness to tell him how I had come across his book in an out-of-the-way place, where Christianity lies very low, and will some day revive again: when it does, it will owe its new vitality in part to the circulation of the Scriptures in such editions as Nestle spent the best part of his life to produce.

When the long illness in the hospital at Stuttgart appeared to be drawing towards health, and the two operations that he passed through were supposed to have been successful, I thought of nothing so inspiring for him as to point out a mistake in his printed Gospel of Luke. His family were preparing garlands for his house-door and home in expectation of his return, my welcome was to point out one more of the very few errors into which he had fallen. And then came the news of his relapse and passing away, and that the garlands had been laid upon his bier.

And here is the pencilled card that he sent me just before the collapse came.

'MY DEAR FRIEND,—Hearty thanks for your cheery lines. The operation was on the 5th. I am nicely recovered from the shock, but a complete success is not yet visible, though the doctors make all good hopes. These are the first lines I try to write. I must still [be] like your Moslem Saint on Mt. Sinai, who was very holy because he was doing nothing at all. Happy are you in your work. *η δυναμις εν ασθενεια τελειται* were my last conscious thoughts before the narcotics took away conscience. Just what you wrote to me. God's blessing upon you and your work.—Your friend,
'EB. NESTLE.

'STUTTGART, 17/12/12,
KATHARINEN HOSPITAL.'

I am not quite sure whether there was another written message. This seems to be the last. It expresses the quiet courage and inward faith of my dear friend. |

Literature.

ANCIENT IDEALS.

IN 1896 Mr. Henry Osborn Taylor, Litt.D., published in two volumes a great work under the title of *Ancient Ideals*. Discerning men discovered at once a new writer of power. The conception of the book was original. It was neither history pure and simple, nor philosophy. The facts of an historical narrative were given, after most conscientious verification, but they were given, not to be arranged as links in an historical narrative, but to be interpreted as the outcome or impulse of ideas. And yet ideas were never taken apart from external facts. This new conception may have retarded the circulation of the work somewhat. But when, in the year 1911, Dr. Taylor published another work on the same lines, entitled *The Mediæval Mind*, the plan was better understood and the new book had a fine reception.

It is enough now to record the issue of the second edition of *Ancient Ideals* (Macmillan; 2 vols., 21s. net). It is substantially a reprint of the first edition. Great discoveries have been

made since 1896 in every corner of the Near East, especially in Greece and Syria. But the worth of Dr. Taylor's book is not seriously affected by discovery. We knew enough of the Greek mind before 1896 to estimate its influence on the world. And although, as we have said, he bases all his conclusions on verified facts, the ancient ideas of Greece in so far as they are of world-wide importance, are not much modified by discoveries in Crete of primitive religious customs.

ORATORY.

History has often been written by means of biography. The Rev. Robert Craig, M.A., D.D., has written the history of England from 1213 to 1913 by means of oratory. His *History of Oratory in Parliament* (Heath, Cranton & Ouseley; 10s. 6d. net) is a history of Parliament, and the history of Parliament is a history of England. This is not to say that Dr. Craig has neglected his proper subject to attend to other things. His book is really and truly a history of oratory. It is to say that the oratory of Parliament has,