

of this country to plant all the land possible in food products. Who is going to do this? And if planted where are the laborers coming from to work and save these crops? As stated above a part of a valuable food crop is being eaten by crows, and to show that times are not so hard in the country I was at our railroad station yesterday and was telling three farmers about the riots in the cities. They had never heard about them! I mentioned the scarcity of potatoes. One said that he had twenty bushels, the second said that he had fifty bushels, and the third said that he had a good many more than he could use, and was selling them for two dollars a bushel! I had just seen them quoted at \$7 in Eastern Virginia. In conclusion, I would say to my fellow-country church workers, go on with your work, you are not working for men, you are working for God, and it is nowhere stated in His word that He will let the work or the workers die until their time comes; and, listen! I will tell you a secret. It was told me by that matchless soldier, Major John W. Daniel. You are not dying any faster than anyone else, and it is my firm belief that a great many of you will long outlive those pessimistic prognosticators that proclaim you are already dead.

Rapidan, Va.

IS PELOUBET ORTHODOX?

By Prof. R. E. Fulton.

In Peloubet's Notes for this year occurs the following statement: "The majority of modern scholars think that there were two or more Isaiahs or authors. The strongest reason given is that in the second part, Cyrus the king who granted the permission for the Jews to return is named in some of the chapters, although Isaiah died almost 150 years before Cyrus gave this permission; and in some parts there is an atmosphere of return and reference to the destruction of the temple." Two remarks are then made. First, "That it is very difficult to believe that the name of the author who surpassed Isaiah in 'the brilliance of his genius, the splendor of his imagination,' and his glorious visions of God, and wrote the greatest poetry ever written, and who in that dark age wrote prophecies which today after twenty-five centuries are coming true, should be entirely forgotten." Second, "Whichever view of the book is taken, there is no question of its inspiration or its truth."

The first remark is well said. I cannot agree with the second. Why should the utterances about Cyrus and the return of the captives rule out Isaiah as the author? Only because, as these "modern scholars" say, he lived before Cyrus' day and so could not know about him. But if Isaiah was inspired could he not know of things that would occur in the future? Indeed this is one of the arguments employed, and this passage in particular, by apologists for the divine origin of the Bible. In Alexander's Evidences of Christianity. By "modern scholars" is simply meant the moderate school of liberal critics.

It seems to the writer unfortunate that this question should have been brought into our Sunday-school literature. Peloubet's Notes comes with the imprimatur of our committee and goes into the hands of our officers and Sunday-school teachers. One is reminded of the words "Hath God said?"

It is not the purpose of this article to discuss the question at length. That may be found in the International Standard Bible Encyclopedia. Suffice it to say that the Isaianic authorship has been the traditional view of the Church until modern times, that it was first challenged by a Jew, and that those "modern

scholars" which hold otherwise base their arguments on premises which question the supernatural, and that there are some modern scholars who still hold the traditional view.

S. P. University, Clarksville, Tenn.

BEREAVEMENT.

By Miss Nettie Mayers Allemong.

O heart of mine! how still you lie tonight,
With placid brow upturned, so smooth and white.
The yesterday of time for thee is past;
It's friendships and its tears are o'er, at last.
You stand beyond the boundary and see
The unveiled wonders of eternity.
For thee no more death's pangs or dreaded woes;
God's peace enfolds thy couch of deep repose;
In that bright world beyond, how blest thy lot!
Henceforth, the earth for me a desert spot.
Here at your side, within the shadows gray,
I count again the joys that made my day
Of life so sweet, the smiles, the songs of cheer
The love on which I leaned each passing year.
Would I but live one day again with thee,
How I would grasp the opportunity
To speak the word of praise, approval due
The many acts of thine; would strive anew
To make the measure of thy joys complete;
The path a smoother way for those dear feet!
Could I but pierce the veil tonight and reach
Your listening ear with tender, yearning speech;
This heart would bound to speak the loving words
More musical to thee than heavenly chords!
How deep the hush, the loneliness I feel,
As here beside your pulseless form I kneel,
Knowing the worth of life forever fled,
That I must walk alone, uncomforted!
Heart-wrung, love comes to take its leave of thee,
Its last long look, yet ere mortality
Shall tinge with deeper shade the lips, the eye
That speak so tenderly their last good-bye.
Once more I press your lips, before the tomb
Engulfs my all, yet ere the roses bloom
Shall breathe its dying fragrance o'er thy head,
And thou art gone to join the dreamless dead.
It seems your voice must answer to my call,
Your hand reach out to mine beneath the pall
And draw me once again unto the breast
Where oft this head has lain in blissful rest.
But, no—my dream of life is past.
In vain I call to thee to soothe the poignant pain
Which numbs the heart with its great agony!
Be kind, O God, and lift the veil for me;
I'll question not Thy love, or righteous will,
If this one prayer Thou grant, desire fulfill:
Give me to know ere dawn's returning light,
My soul, transported, lives with her tonight.

RANDOM REMARKS OF ERASMUS.

Riches Came at Last.

(Luther's income was perhaps as much as 40 gold florins a year, and Luther counted himself rich.) Erasmus writes: "Anthony Fugger sent me 100 gold florins. . . . The Bishop of Angsbury brought me 200 florins and two princely drinking cups. I have a room full of letters from men of learning, nobles, princes and cardinals. I have a chest full of gold and silver plate, cups, clocks, and rings which have been presented to me, and I had many more which I had given away to other students." (Died possessed of 7,000 ducats.)

Corrupt Clergy.

"The saying of masses has become a trade, like shoemaking or bricklaying—a mere means of making a livelihood." "Oh, heart of Rome, deaf and dead to the one thing needful, and buried in the pleasures of the world."

The Increased Attention to Education.

"Compare the world as it was 30 years ago (he was writing in 1530) with the world as it is now, and then ask what it owes to Erasmus. Then, not a prince would spend a farthing on his son's education; now, everyone of them has a paid tutor in his family."

An Old Man's Farewell.

"I am ill and old and worn out, and want to be at rest." . . . "Wealth at the end of life

is but fresh luggage when the journey is over." "You talk of the great name which I shall leave behind me, and which posterity is never to let die, . . . but I care nothing for fame and nothing for posterity. I desire only to go home to find favour with Christ." "I will bear anything before I forsake the Church."

THE PREACHER'S WIFE.

By Rev. James Russell.

It is said a good wife cometh from the Lord, and truly many of these preachers' wives are gifts from God Himself. In the days of the early Church the women were always ready both to do and to suffer for the cause and kingdom of Christ, many of them sealing their testimony with their blood. To-day the Church has a goodly army of faithful women in our preachers' homes. I speak especially of the country preachers' wives, these women giving their time, their talents and their lives in the service of God. They can hire no servant, so have the task of three meals a day for three hundred and sixty-five days a year. They must also be connected with the ladies' societies and teach classes in Sabbath school, and receive callers at the manse and entertain such as may be brought to the home by the preacher. What reward in this life? No salary, almost no holiday. Last summer a home was provided for the ministers of the Synod of South Carolina, but no provision made for their wives. Let us see to it that in the coming season ample accommodation be made, so that these faithful women may enjoy the blessings of rest for a season.

Chester, S. C.

THE ROSE WITHOUT ITS PERFUME.

By L. S. Marye.

In Macaulay's essay on "The Opening of the Trial of Warren Hastings," contributed to the Edinburgh Review in 1841, he says that Hastings had ruled an extensive and populous country; had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes; and in his high place he had so borne himself that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and hatred itself could deny him no title to glory except virtue.

No title to glory except virtue. What an exception! What glory is a man entitled to who is destitute of virtue? The exception includes all that is really worth having, all that constitute character. It is the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. What is a man, however accomplished, however learned, however brilliant he may be, if he lacks virtue? It is the harp that is mute and without melody, the rose without its perfume.

Charlottesville, Va.

HOW GOD SPEAKS TO US.

We sometimes complain that God does not speak to us in some direct way. An ignorant man brought a message to a telegraph operator, and sauntered around, awaiting the reply. Becoming impatient, he complained to the operator, who replied: "Your answer is coming, now; I am taking it." The ticking of the instrument had meant nothing to the man. He could not recognize his message when he heard it. So it is with us; the heavenly Father is speaking continuously in the wonders of physical nature, in the beauty and heroism of human lives, and in the still small voice within our heart. Oh, that this too-active age could learn how to listen to the All Father!—The Christian Register.