

as the Law of all the people. If these critics can believe the Law had its origin under the circumstances, which they assume, then it should not be difficult for them to believe anything. Should they not be able to believe the whale swallowed Jonah? Yea, that "Jonah swallowed the whale" if need for such belief should ever arise?

These inventors of new ideas also tell us, as Peloubet remarks, that a second Isaiah wrote the last twenty-seven chapters of the book bearing that name. At this point they exhibit a faith also of the lustiest type in believing some men, living after the Exile, composed the most beautiful part—that which dwells principally upon the glories of the restoration from the Babylonish captivity and of an incomparably vaster event in the world's deliverance from bondage to sin through the purifying and uplifting grace of the Messianic Kingdom—and yet not a word about such a man, ever having existed, has sifted down to later generations of Jews. In fact, the world remained ignorant of this really marvellous writer and prophet, whose predictions of a second casting away of the Jews, of the life, death and sufferings of their expected Messiah and the world-wide growth of his kingdom have been fulfilled, ignorant of him until these critics, by digging out microscopically noted differences in literary style, at last discovered him. They say a man lived really, who was never known to Jewish history, and can believe it! Verily their power to believe along lines that suit them is equal to Gulliver's sixty-foot Brobdignagians in stature. What a pity they could not exercise their wondrous ability as believers in accepting some facts needful to keep the vessels of our Christian faith from becoming "cisterns that can hold no water"! Their ability to believe heathen records is magnificent. Prof. Cheyne thinks a record of Cyrus is "an unassailably authentic cylinder inscription" for the apparent reason that it is "not favorable to the mechanical view of prophecy as involving absolute accuracy of statement on points not essentially connected with moral or religious truth." Now why not an error in an "authentic" Persian record? Might not a "cylinder inscription" have lied, not by its own choice but through its maker having some ulterior purpose? He thinks the aforesaid cylinder proves Cyrus not to have been the high character pictured by the prophet. Now the only words of Isaiah to be possibly construed in that way are where Cyrus is called God's "servant" and is said to "perform all His pleasure." But Isaiah also terms Nebuchadnezzar God's "servant" and no one was thereby led to ever think of him, save as an unconscious heathen instrument in his hand—"he thinketh not so." And in this particular case we are told exactly in what respect Cyrus would be a "servant" to "perform" all of God's will, namely, "saying to Jerusalem, Thou shalt be built." "He hath not known me" is God's word about Cyrus. Isaiah's sublime doctrine is that even heathen conquerors, such as Cyrus and Nebuchadnezzar, are thrown aside as worn-out shoes on the junk heaps of history when God is through using them. Prof. Cheyne, if anything, is certainly facile in the face of difficulty. Does he come now and then, as he admits, to a passage in Isaiah that fits not into his theory? With a wave of the hand it is dismissed as "a gloss," not stopping one moment to explain how the "gloss" was discovered. And really in this respect he was wise, because he had no rival manuscript copy of Isaiah to compare with that used by the translators. He simply asserts, for our acceptance on the basis of his "expert" scholarship, whatever he finds

necessary to render his conclusions a consistent whole, often having no more proof than of the other assertion that all the Law was written, when all the great prophets, such as Amos and Jeremiah, were hostile to it, and yet gained a universal acceptance among the Jews without even one historic record of its being challenged as "new" and therefore non-Mosaic. They remind me of a certain globe-trotter, who converses fluently on all subjects, never fails to meet an emergency; if things get a little tangled or for any reason memory halts, a nice invention to fill the gap comes instantly from his facile brain. They are leading many over "a troubled sea (of doubt) that cannot rest; whose waters cast up mire and dirt," but the world will yet "inquire where is the good way and find rest unto their souls."

Morrilton, Ark.

A GENTILE ENDEAVORING TO REACH THE PRESENT DAY JEW WITH THE GOSPEL.

By Rev. Thomas Mowbray.

The writer has from time to time testified the gospel of Jesus Christ to Jews. The result is not encouraging. They with much unanimity reject their Messiah, the Lord Jesus Christ. Addressing a Jew, with a prepossessing face, from the prophecy of Isaiah, "He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities," he quietly replied, "We have cut all that out." A suffering Messiah they repudiate. Accosting another, he took in hand to instruct the writer. Taking a pencil he first drew a few horizontal lines representing earth, then a few higher, representing heaven. He then drew a few vertical strokes from the lower to the upper lines. These vertical strokes said he represent the various denominations ascending from earth to heaven. One distant stroke represented the Jews. "Why," he asked the writer, "should not the Jews ascend to heaven on a par with the other denominations? Do you love me, Do you love me, Gentile preacher," he asked. I replied, "I do." "Prove it," he said. "I will," I answered. "To-day I walked several miles to ask you to become a Christian. Surely this is a proof that I love your soul." "I can prove," he replied, "that you hate me. You would have me to become an Apostate; is their love in that. Have you," he asked, "a grown son?" "Yes." I replied. He said, "He is a member of the Presbyterian Church?" I answered, "Yes." "Well, now," he replied, "I shall prove to you that I love your boy. I shall proceed to your home and ask him to renounce the Presbyterian faith and instead thereof to accept the Jewish faith. Am I not showing my love to your boy by persuading him to become an Apostate." "Ephraim is joined to his idols—let him alone." Hos. 4:17.

Graham, Va.

The kindness and generosity of Robert G. Ingersoll won for him many friends who deeply regretted his opinions. Among these was Henry Ward Beecher. In the study of the famous preacher was an elaborate celestial globe which had been sent him with the compliments of some manufacturer. On the surface, in delicate workmanship, were raised figures of the constellations and the stars which composed them. The globe struck Ingersoll's fancy. He turned it around and round with admiration. "This is just what I want," he said. "Who made it?" "Who made it, do you say, colonel?" repeated Beecher. "Who made this globe?" "Why nobody, of course. It just happened."—The Youth's Companion.

THE PEAKS OF OTTER.

By Mrs. Nettie Mayers Allemong.

(Inscribed to Mr. William Eubank, Bedford, Va.)

O mighty Peaks of mystic blue,
Upraised to heights of glory;
The morning stars thy birthday hymned
When rang Creation's story.
A primal Temple, granite strong,
Thy Builder's thought expressing,
Enduring stands from age to age,
Eternal power confessing.

When blazing worlds took glorious form,
From out His contemplation,
High o'er thy lofty dome they shone
In matchless constellation.
When from the dark abyss of space,
New forms the void supplanted,
God gave thee favored place, great mount,
Amid green groves enchanted.

Thy sacred annals, deathless name,
Virginia's proud possession!
Virginian tongues thy praise will wreathe
With eloquent expression;
While from the South, the West, the North,
The traveler seeks thy glory,
He'll twine with Old Dominion fame
Thy ever-living story.

Sublime the heights where vistas spread,
The dim horizon cleaving!
Deep emerald vales, rich sapphire hills,
Tyrolean beauty weaving.
The spreading plains, the changing skies
Are mines of inspiration;
Uplifting thought to Nature's God
On wings of exultation.

Here forest choirs in chorus chant
Sweet songs of pure elation,
As through thy cloistered aisles they move
To shrines of adoration.
The matin lay, the vesper hymn,
From grateful hearts upwelling,
Are borne in cadence on the breeze,
In joyous music swelling.

Before thy face the seasons roll,
As sweep the tides of ocean!
Time's ever-changing scenes to thee,
But pageantry in motion.
The lives of men as fleeting clouds,
Wind-blown twixt love and duty,
As transient as the forest leaves,
Or summer rainbow's beauty.

Thy placid mien paternal Mount
Rebukes man's strife and worry,
Whose span is as an hour to thee,
Ill-spent in anxious hurry.
Thy solemn silence woos his heart
From scenes of toilsome fretting,
Thy peace instructs his weary soul
In science of forgetting.

Above thy head the storm clouds sweep,
Destructive combat waging;
Across thy breast the lightning leaps,
Like fiery billows raging;
Yet on thy ever-youthful face
The tempest leaves no changes;
Serene you stand, defying shock,
Amid surrounding ranges.

At dawn thy beauteous face reflects
The crimson tints of morning,
Proud noonday sets her coronet
Thy kingly head adorning;
When to the glow of western skies
The god of day surrenders,
Thy summits flame with radiant fires,
Entrancing sunset splendors!

When Evening soothes to charmed repose
The world for dreamless slumber;
She sets on high her vigil lamps
In glittering, glorious number;
The peerless moon, the blazing stars
Come forth to tell Night's story,
And set upon thy regal brow
A diadem of glory!
Roanoke, Va.

If we desire more joy, more ability, more holiness, what we desire is more of the divine life; pray for the Holy Spirit.—Exchange.