AN EPIC OF THE INNER LIFE

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT CONSIDERS JOB'S STORY A DRAMATIC POEM.

A Truly Wonderful Book, Written for the Purpose of Portraying the Actual Experiences of Life.

Brooklyn Eagle.

At Plymouth Church, last Sunday night, the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott continued his series of sermons on the Bible as literature, taking up the Book of Job, which he characterized as an epic of the inner life. He said:

"The Book of Job has been well called by Professor Genung, of Amherst College, in what is one of the best fruits of modern criticism, 'an epic of the inner life.' He contrasts it with the story of Ulysses—an epic of the outer life. The Book of Job is a dramatic poem. It undertakes to portray a drama of human experience; not an experience of outward activity, an experience of the inmost soul. It is the struggle of skepticism with faith, in the presence of sorrow and without the guidance and the illumination furnished by Revelation. In strictness of speech it is not didactic, but dramatic. That is, the author of this book does not write for the purpose of enforcing a philosophy; indeed, he concludes the book without reaching any philosophic result. He writes the book for the purpose of portraying the actual experience of life, and he leaves us to draw our own conclusions. We are better able to draw them now than he was when he wrote this poem.

"The story is of the very simplest description. A man who has always believed in the justice of God and who has always lived an upright life is suddenly subjected to overwhelming calamities. His friends, who believe that because God is just, calamity is punishment and prosperity is reward, visit him and insist that he must have sinned and sinned grievously, or these great calamities would not have come upon him. He, on the contrary, insists that he has not sinned. He stands for his integrity and when his friends argue that by so doing he reproaches God, sometimes he accepts that issue and does reproach God and sometimes he repudiates that issue and declares himself simply in a great mystery and darkness. Occasionally a gleam of future light shines in on him out of his despair. Again and again he cries out for just such a revelation of God and the meaning of life and Christianity affords. With intensity he protests against the self-satisfied theology of his superficial friends. And so the dialogue goes on between Job and his three friends until it comes to the simple conclusion at the end that no man can understand the problem of suffering; that this is one of the mysteries that must be left to the future. If we look in this book for a consistent philosophy we shall look in vain. Job is not consistent. Who is ever consistent when his heart is rent and his eyes are blinded, when he is racked with sorrow and beaten upon by what seems to be injustice?

A LITERARY DRAMA.

"The Book of Job ranks with the great dramas of literature. It has been not inaptly compared with the 'Prometheus Bound' of Aeschylus, with Goethe's 'Faust' and with Shakspeare's 'Hamlet;' but of all the great dramas of literature that deal with the spiritual life it is certainly safe to say that this stands among the first. I believe the judgment of literary scholars conversant with comparative literature puts it in the very first place. I think in literary quality, in profoundness of insight, in strength, in grasp and in a certain audacity of courage in dealing with truth, it surpasses Shakspeare, Goethe or Aeschylus.

"The author is absolutely unknown. The date of the composition is unknown. The older scholars regarded it as the oldest book in the Bible. Modern scholars think it dates from a time subsequent to the days of Solomon. I hesitate very much to differ from the concurrent judgment of modern scholars whose ability in judging of such a question far surpasses my own; nevertheless, I am myself personally inclined to hold to the older view and to think Job the oldest book in the Bible save only that book of the Covenant, of which I spoke in the second sermon in this course of Sunday evening lectures. There are two reasons which lead me to this judgment. One, that it unquestionably deals with a period of life long anterior to Moses. It deals with the partiarchal age. As a drama it concerns an age centuries prior to Solomon. Now historic dramas are invariably full of anachronisms. Shakspeare's plays do not pretend to report with accuracy the historic setting of their time, the times in which they are placed. Of all modern historical novels there are, I think, but two that aproximate a correct representation of times in which their scenes are set. But this Book of Job is almost without any anachronism. If it was written in the time of Solomon or subsequently thereto we must attribute to the writer either the most extraordinary genius or we must account for the fidelity with which he represents the patriarchal age by attributing it to inspiration. The other reason why I believe it belongs to an earlier age is its simplicity of form and structure. It seems to me in its literary elements to be much more like the age of Homer than like the later age. It is not, however, important for our purpose to-night to determine either when it was written or by whom it was written. The time which it represents is unquestionable. It portrays a condition of life in or about the age of Abraham. Of its pictorial qualities I shall not speak to-night, for my time is quite too brief for my purpose. Its moral qualities, however, belong to that patriarchal age. We have here four men discussing the profoundest problem of religion—How can we reconcile the justice of God with the existence of sin and suffering?—and in that discussion they never once refer to Moses, or to the Mosaic law, or to the ten commandments, or to the Levitical code, or to the temple, or to the tabernacle, or to any prophet, or to any event in Jewish history. Whenever, therefore, the book was written, it describes a mental condition outside of revelation and anterior to it. The object of the book, whoever wrote it, is to portray the mental condition of souls, deep, earnest, profound, spiritual, devout, discussing this great problem of theology and religion simply in the light of nature. That fact is to be borne in mind in the whole consideration of the book.

THE PROLOGUE.

"The drama opens with a prologue in the celestial sphere. Job is a just man, good, upright, commended by Jehovah himself. The sons of God come on a certain day before the throne of Jehovah to give account of themselves. They are like inspectors, who have gone out into the various parts of the king's domain and come back to report what they have seen. One of them is a cynic. He is called the Adversary. It belongs to this primitive condition that the Adversary comes into the court of heaven with the pure and upright angels. No one thinks of objecting. Jehovah says to the Adversary: 'Have you considered Job, my servant, how upright a man he is?' 'Yes,' replies the adversary, 'upright! Who would not be upright if he were paid as well as Job? Doth he serve God for naught? Take away his prosperity and see how quickly he will part with his uprightness.' Jehovah accepts the challenge. 'We will try the experiment,' He says. 'Take away his property and we will see what happens; only do not lay a finger on him.' The permission is no sooner granted than the Adversary takes advantage of it. The Sabeans come and carry away a part of Job's property; the Chaldeans come and carry away another part; a firebolt from heaven destroys another part; a whirlwind from heaven strikes upon the tent where Job's seven sons and three daughters are feasting and buries them beneath the ruins; and messenger after messenger comes to tell one disaster after another to Job, until he who just before was happy and prosperous finds himself bereft and poverty stricken. He accepts it. 'Naked I came into the world,' he says, 'and naked shall I go out; the Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' The cynic goes back to Jehovah to make his report. 'Well,' says Jehovah, 'how did the trial come out?' 'Ah,' replies the cynic, 'skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life. Touch him and see what happens.' 'Very well,' says Jehovah, 'you may touch him; you may bring sickness upon him, only do not take his life.' And then the cynic goes forth—the Mephistopheles of this drama, the character from whom unquestionably Goethe borrowed the Mephistopheles of 'Faust'—he goes forth and touches Job with pestilences. The patriarch sits down upon a ash heap smitten with boils. His wife loses her faith and bids him renounce the Jehovah that treats him thus and die. One of the curious difficulties of this book is the various renderings of which its somewhat strange language seems to be capable. In our English Bible the wife's counsel is 'Curse God and die.' In the vulgate, followed by the French, it is 'Bless God and die.' And yet, radical as seems the difference, the difference is more apparent than real: in the one case she speaks seriously, 'Of what benefit is your God to you? Curse him and then die;' in the other she speaks ironically, 'You bless your Yahve, do you? you worship him, you say blessed be the name of Jehovah that taketh away? Well, bless him and die! What will he do for your blessing?' She becomes a cynic also. The last prop of this man is taken from him. It goes hard with a man when in the hour of his temptation his wife becomes a temptress. The three friends come to see him in his misery. They are sympathetic friends, but they are not supporting friends; and there is a great difference. They feel keenly his sorrows. They sit down by his side; they share his grief, and it so overmasters them that seven days and nights they sit in silence there. But they do not believe in his integrity. They become themselves his critics. Their theology is very simple; it is this: God is just. Therefore if suffering falls upon a man he has sinned, because justice requires that sin should be punished. If prosperity comes to a man he has been virtuous, for justice requires that prosperity should be rewarded. Suffering has come upon Job. Therefore Job has sinned. It is very hard for a man when he is suffering injustice to have the friends on whose support he has relied accuse him of wrongdoing.

"I propose to-night, as far as I can, with this introduction, to let this drama, this epic poem, speak for itself and to read, with some running comments, enough of it to give a conception of it to you in its modern interpretation. After the seven days and seven nights of silence have passed Job utters the curse with which the poem, after the prologue, begins:

THE CURSE.

Job.

Perish the day wherein I was born;
And the night which said, A man child is conceived!
That day—let it be darkness;
Let not God inquire after it from above,
And let not light shine upon it!
Let darkness and shadow of death reclaim it;
Let cloud rest upon it;
Let darkenings of the day terrify it!
That night—thick darkness seize upon it;
Let it not rejoice among the days of the year;
Let it not come into the number of the months!
Lo! that night—let it be barren;
Let no joyful voice come therein!
Let them curse it who curse days,
Who are ready to rouse up leviathan!
Let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark!
Let it look for light, but have none;
Neither let it behold the eyelids of the morning:
Because it shut not up the doors of thy mother's womb,
Nor hid trouble from mine eyes!
Why died I not from the womb?

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For now would I have lien down and been quiet;
I should have slept; then had I been at rest,
With kings and counselors of the earth,
Which built solitary piles for themselves;
Or with princes that had gold,
Who filled their houses with silver;
Or as an hidden untimely birth I had not been;
As infants which never saw light.
There the wicked cease from troubling;
And there the weary be at rest.
There the prisoners are at ease together;
They hear not the voice of the taskmaster.
The small and great are there;
And the servant is free from his master.
Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery,
And life unto the bitter in soul?
Which long for death, but it cometh not;
And dig for it more than for hid treasures;
Which rejoice exceedingly,
And are glad when they can find the grave.
Why is light given to a man whose way is hid,
And whom God hath hedged in?
For my sighing cometh before I eat,
And my roarings are poured out like water.
For the thing which I fear cometh upon me,
And that which I am afraid of cometh unto me.
I am not at ease, neither am I quiet,
Neither have I rest, but trouble cometh!

"Eliphaz, one of the three friends, speaking on their behalf, gently and in kindly fashion at first, presents to Job the consolations of a theology which declares that adversity is divine punishment. He begins with an apology:

If one essay a word with thee, wilt thou be offended?
Yet who can forbear speaking?

"He expresses the message with tact as a revelation from the unseen:

To me once a word came stealthily,
And mine ear caught the whisper of it.
In wandering thoughts from visions of the night,
When deep sleep falleth upon men,
Fear came upon me and trembling,
Which made all my bones to shake.
Then a spirit glided before my face—
The hair of my flesh rose up—
It stood still, but its form I could not discern,
A figure before mine eyes.
Silence—and I heard a voice:
Shall the strong man before his Maker be pure?
Behold, in His servants He putteth no trust,
And He imputeth error unto His angels;
How much more them that dwell in houses of clay,
Whose foundation is in the dust;
Who are crushed like the moth;
Who are beaten in pieces from morning to evening;
Who for lack of one that regardeth perish forever?
Is not their tent cord within plucked away?
They die, and not in wisdom.

"He follows his message with an exhortation. It is easy in prosperity to exhort those that are in adversity. Rochefoucauld has said it does not require much patience to bear the troubles of another:

Behold, blessed is the man whom God correcteth;
Therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty.
For He it is that woundeth and bindeth up;
He bruiseth and His hands make whole.
In six troubles shall He deliver thee,
And in seven shall no evil touch thee.
In famine He shall redeem thee from death,
And in war from the power of the sword.
When the tongue scourgeth thou shalt be hid,
Nor shalt thou be afraid of devastation when it cometh.
At devastation and dearth thou shalt laugh;
Nor hast thou aught to fear from the beast of the earth.
For thou hast a league with the stones of the field,
And the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee.
And thou shalt know that thy tent is peace,
Shall review thy household and miss nothing.
Thou shalt know also that thy seed is numerous,
And thine offspring as the grass of the earth.
Thou shalt go to the grave in a ripe old age,
As the sheaf is garnered in, in its season.
Lo, this; we have searched it out; so it is;
Hear it, and know thou; it is for thee.

"Imagine for one moment this poor man, bereft of his children, sitting on the ash heap in his misery and hearing this for his consolation! Job protests; he declares in very emphatic language the hopelessness of relying on human friendship; he compares his friends to a brook in the hot country, to which one in his thirst comes in midsummer to find the brook dried, parched, gone.

Kindness from his friend is due to the despairing,
Who is losing hold of the fear of the Almighty.
My brethren are deceitful, like a brook,
Like the channel of brooks that pass away;
Which are turbid by reason of ice;
Whereon the snow falling hideth itself.
What time heat toucheth them, they vanish;
When it is hot, they are dried up out of their place.
The wayfarers along their course are turned aside;
They go up into the wastes, and perish.
The caravans of Tema looked;
The companies of Sheba set their hope upon them;
They were ashamed because they had trusted;
They reached the spot, and were dismayed.
See now—ye are just like that;
Ye have seen a terror and are confounded.

"And then he turns from his friends to the Almighty, pleads with Him, rehearses again his misery and pleads pathetically with Jehovah, 'Watcher of Men,' who makes man the mark for his arrows and will not pardon his iniquity, also denies him even the respite of sleep, but scarest the sufferer with dreams. He protests:

If I have sinned, what difference would it make to Thee; what could I do unto Thee?

"Bildad next takes up the argument, repeats and reaffirms it—the justice of God—with greater warmth than Eliphaz:

Will God pervert the right?
Or will the Almighty pervert justice?
If thy children have sinned against Him,
Hath He given them over into the hand of their transgression?
But thou—if thou wilt seek earnestly unto God,
And to the Almighty make supplication,
So be that thou art pure and upright,
Verily then He will awake for thee,
And will restore the habitation of thy righteousness.
Then, though thy beginning be small,
Thine end shall increase exceedingly.

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Behold God will not despise the perfect man,
Nor will He grasp the hand of the wicked.
While He filleth thy mouth with laughter,
And thy lips with a song of joy,
They that hate thee shall be clothed with shame,
And the tent of the wicked shall be no more.

"Thus the issue is joined. On the one hand is a real man in a very real sorrow. He endured with patience the loss of property and of children and even the cynical counsel of his wife, but he resents injustice and if the current theology is correct and suffering is a penalty for wrong doing life is unique, grossly unjust. For he has done no wrong that deserves such penalty. He does not, indeed, deny some imperfections. How can a mortal be pure with God? But God conceals Himself, will not reveal His will, leaves His child in darkness.

THE UNSEARCHABLE GOD.

Lo! He goeth by me, and I see Him not;
He passeth along and I perceive Him not.
Lo, He snatcheth away, and who will restrain Him?
Who will say to Him, What doest thou?
God will not turn away His wrath;
Beneath it bowed the helpers of Rahab;
How much less shall I answer Him,
Choosing out my words against Him!
Whom, though I were righteous, I could not answer;
I must supplicate Him that judgeth me.
If I should call and He should answer me,
I would not believe He listened to my voice,
He—who overwhelmeth me with tempest,
And multiplieth my wounds without cause,
Who suffereth me not to recover my breath,
For He surfeiteth me with bitterness.
Is the question of strength—behold the Mighty One He!
Of judgment—Who will set me a day?
Were I righteous, mine own mouth would condemn me;
Perfect were I, yet would He prove me perverse.
Perfect I am—I value not my soul—I despise my life—
It is all one—therefore I say,
Perfect and wicked He consumeth alike.
If the scourge destroyeth suddenly,
He mocketh at the dismay of the innocent,
The earth is given over into the hands of the wicked;
The face of the judges He vaileth;
If it is not He, who, then, is it?

"Since God is thus hidden he longs for some mediator, some interpreter, a 'Daysman:'

Who might lay his hand on both of us;
Who might remove his rod from upon me;
That the dread of him should not unman me.

"As the debate goes on his friends grow more provoking and Job sometimes loses his patience and speaks in bitter sarcasm:

Of a truth, ye are the people,
And wisdom will die with you!
I also have understanding as well as you;
I am not inferior to you;
And who knoweth not things like these?
A laughing stock to his friends—such must I be—
I who call upon God, and whom He answereth—
A laughing stock I, the just, the upright.

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Hear ye now my rebuke,
And listen to the charges of my lips.
Will ye speak what is wrong for God?
And will ye, for Him, utter deceit?
Will ye respect His person?
Or will ye be special pleaders for God?
Would it be well if He should search you out?
Or will ye mock Him, as man mocketh man?
He will surely convict you utterly,
If in secret ye are respecters of persons.
Shall not His majesty make you afraid?
And the dread of Him fall upon you?
Your wise maxims are proverbs of ashes;
Your bulwarks turn to bulwarks of clay.

"He longs in his darkness for that light which the gospel has brought to the world. If he could only be sure that there is a life beyond the grave in which justice would be rendered—but what hope is there of this?

For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down,
That it will sprout again,
And that the tender branch thereof will not cease;
Though the root thereof wax old in the earth,
And the stock thereof die in the ground,
Yet through the scent of water it will bud,
And put forth boughs like a plant.

But man dieth, and wasteth away;
Yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?
As the waters fail from the sea,
And the river decayeth and drieth up,

So man lieth down and riseth not;
Till the heavens be no more they shall not awake,
Nor be roused out of their sleep.

Oh that thou wouldst hide me in Sheol,
That thou wouldst keep me secret, until thy wrath be past,
That thou wouldst appoint me a set time and remember me!
——If a man die shall he live again?——

All the days of my warfare would I wait, till my release should come;
Thou shouldst call, and I would answer thee.
Thou wouldst have a desire to the work of thine hands.

But now thou numberest my steps;
Dost thou not watch over my sin?
My transgression is sealed up in a bag,
And thou fastenest up mine iniquity.

And surely the mountain falling cometh to nought,
And the rock is removed out of its place,
The waters wear the stones,
The overflowings thereof wash away the dust of the earth:

And thou destroyeth the hope of man;
Thou prevailest forever against him, and he passeth;
Thou changest his countenance, and sendest him away;
His sons came to honor, and he knoweth it not;
And they are brought low, but he perceiveth it not of them;
Only for himself his flesh hath pain,
And for himself his soul mourneth.

"Once out of his very despair a gleam of hope is struck, like a spark from the rock by a flint, or like a gleam of sunshine through the clouds in a November day:

Oh that my words were now written;
Oh that they were inscribed in a book,
That with an iron pen and lead
They were graven in the rock forever.

For I know that my vindicator liveth
And that He shall stand up at the last upon the earth;
And after my skin hath been thus destroyed,
Yet without my flesh shall I see God.

Whom I shall see on my side,
And mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

"Zophar affirms that the joy of the ungodly is but for a moment:

Though his summit mount up to heaven,
And his head reach unto the cloud,
Yet like his own dung shall he perish utterly.
They that see him shall say, Where is he?
Like a dream he flitteth and is no more found
And he is chased away as a specter of the night.

"But Zophar is really describing not what is but what he thinks ought to be. Job repudiates this false picture of life and in contrast with it depicts life as he actually sees it:

Wherefore do the wicked live,
Become old, yea, wax mighty in power?
Their seed is established with them in their sight,
And their offspring before their eyes.
Their houses are safe from fear;
Neither is the rod of God upon them.

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They send forth their little ones like a flock,
And their children dance.
They sing to the timbrel and harp,
And rejoice at the sound of the pipe.
They spend their days in prosperity,
And in a moment they go down to Sheol.
Yet they said unto God, "Depart from us,
For we desire not the knowledge of Thy ways.
What is the Almighty that we should serve him?
And what profit should we have if we pray unto him?"

"Once more his friends declare that he must have sinned against God or he would not suffer, but now they are not satisfied with generalities they invent charges in order to justify their philosophy. Eliphaz is determined that Job shall be wicked whatever happens with the facts, his theology must not be gainsaid:

Is it thy fear of him that he reproveth thee,
That he entereth with thee into judgment?
Is not thy wickedness great?
Neither is there any end to thine iniquities.
For thou hast taken pledges of thy brother for nought,
And stripped the naked of their clothing.
Thou hast not given water to the weary to drink,
And thou hast withholden bread from the hungry.
But as for the mighty man, he had the land,
And the honorable man, he dwelt in it.
Thou hast sent widows away empty,
And the arms of the fatherless have been broken.
Therefore snares are round about thee,
And sudden fear troubleth thee.

"He counsels Job to reconcile himself with God and be at peace, to return to the Almighty and be built up. Pathetic, indeed, is Job's reply to the complacent counsels of his prosperous friend.

Oh that I knew where I might find him,
That I might come even to his seat!
I would order my cause before him,
And fill my mouth with arguments.
I would know the words which he would answer me,
And understand what he would say unto me.
Would he contend with me in the greatness of his power?
Nay, but he would give heed unto me;
There the upright might reason with him;
So should I be delivered forever from my judge.
Behold I go forward,
But he is not there;
And backward,
But I cannot perceive him;
On the left hand, when he doth work,
But I cannot behold him;
He hideth himself on the right hand,
That I cannot see him.
But he knoweth the way that I take;
When he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold.
My foot hath held fast to his steps;
His way have I kept and turned not aside.
I have not gone back from the commandment of his lips.

"He is drawing near to the final denouement of the drama—its lesson that life is a mystery, insoluble and that all we can know is, our duty. Save in the last chapters of the book there is nothing finer than Job's illustration of the unsearchableness of life drawn from the mysteries of mining.

THE PARABLE OF THE MINE.

Surely there is a mine for silver,
And a place for gold which they refine.
Iron is taken out of the earth,
And brass is molten out of the stone.
Man setteth an end to darkness,
And searcheth out to the furthest bound
The stones of thick darkness and of the shadow of death.
He breaketh open a shaft away from where men sojourn;
They are forgotten of the foot that passeth by;
They hang afar from men, they swing to and fro.
As for the earth, out of it cometh bread;
And underneath it is turned up as it were by fire.
The stones thereof are the place of sapphires,
And it hath dust of gold.
That path no bird of prey knoweth,
Neither hath the falcon's eye seen it:
The proud beasts have not trodden it,
Nor hath the fierce lion passed thereby.
He putteth forth his hand upon the flinty rock;
He overturneth the mountains by the roots.
He cutteth out passages among the rocks;
And his eye seeth every precious thing.
He bindeth the streams that they trickle not;
And the thing that is hid bringeth he forth to light.
But where shall wisdom be found?
And where is the place of understanding?
Man knoweth not the price thereof;
Neither is it found in the land of the living.
The deep saith, It is not in me;
And the sea saith, It is not with me.
It cannot be gotten for gold,
Neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.
It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir,
With the precious onyx, or the sapphire.
Gold and glass cannot equal it,
Neither shall the exchange thereof be jewels of fine gold.

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God understandeth the way thereof,
And he knoweth the place thereof,

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And unto man he said,
Behold, the fear of the Lord—that is wisdom;
And to depart from evil is understanding.

"These are the last words of Job. Elihu then comes upon the scene and in a long address sums up all that the three friends had before uttered. While he is speaking a whirlwind gathers in the horizon. He calls attention to the gathering storm.

And now men cannot look upon the light when it is bright in the skies,
When the wind hath passed and cleansed them.
Out of the north cometh golden splendor:
God hath upon Him terrible majesty.
Touching the Almighty, we cannot find Him out;
He is excellent in power;

And to judgment and plenteous justice He doeth no violence.
Men do therefore fear Him;
He regardeth not any that are wise of heart.

"Out of this whirlwind the voice of Jehovah speaks:

Gird up thy loins now like a man:
I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto Me.

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Wilt thou even disannul my judgment?
Wilt thou condemn me, that thou mayest be justified?
Or hast thou an arm like God?
And canst thou thunder with a voice like Him?

Deck thyself now with excellency and dignity;
And array thyself with honor and majesty.
Pour forth the overflowings of thine anger;
And look upon everyone that is proud, and abase him.

Look on everyone that is proud, and bring him low;
And tread down the wicked where they stand.
Hide them in the dust together;
Bind their faces in the hidden place.

Then will I also confess of thee
That thine own right hand can save thee.

TEACHING ITS OWN LESSON.

"The last four chapters, as it stands in our Bible, of this drama is eloquent with the picture of the mystery of life, and with that picture of the mystery of life the drama ends. To read these chapters through is impossible to-night. To read a portion would fail to produce the effect which is dependent wholly upon the accumulation of mysteries.

"The epilogue is as simple as the prologue. The three friends are told to offer sacrifices for their evil treatment of their friend, and Job also shall pray for them. Then all Job's wealth is returned to him doubled in quantity; his seven sons and his three daughters come mysteriously back to him, and his life ends in greater wealth and honor and prosperity than before. And the Adversary, what of him? He still goes about the world preaching his utilitarian philosophy, shrugging his shoulders over righteous men and saying, 'Does Job serve God for naught?'

"It were perhaps best to leave this drama to teach its own lesson. Though as one may draw lessons from life, so, briefly, I may state some of the lessons of this life picture. First, the reality is always better than falsity. The man who in the reality of his experience challenges Jehovah stands commended beside the men who are liars for God. Secondly, that humility is wisdom. There are some problems too great for our understanding. There is a divine truth in certain phases of agnosticism; there are some things it is well we should say we do not know. Thirdly, suffering is not punishment for sin. Whatever it may be hereafter, it is not so to be interpreted here. That sometimes it may be penal is true, but there is some deeper understanding than that to make life reconcilable with divine justice. Finally, and to my mind most important and essential of all, this dogma of Job is the dark background on which the luminous cross of Christ is erected. This drama of Job is an illustration of what natural religion will do for men who have not the light of prophecy and revelation. Cast Christ away and His cross away, and all revelation that comes from it, and we come back to the same darkness of experience of Job, and the same impossibility of reconciling the strange, weird, cruel experiences of human life with the moral order of the universe or the justice of Jehovah. But now in Christ the prayer of Job is answered. The cry that some book may be written, the cry that some Daysman might be found, the cry that God might show himself, that he might be found—all this is responded to in Christianity, and to-day, standing with this strong picture of a terrible experience, this wrestling of faith with skepticism in the night of ignorance, we sing the song of Paul, if we will: 'Neither life, nor death, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, shall separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.'"

When Riley Sings.

When Riley sings
We lay aside the thousand things
Which fill our lives with gloom and care,
And all the world grows bright and fair.
Our souls pour forth "Ike Walton's Prayer."
Pure as the wayside fount it springs—
No gold we crave—when Riley sings.

When Riley sings
Our memories, like his, take wings,
And soar away to woods and fields,
Where nature's sweetest anthem peals.
To "swimmin' holes" bright fancy steals
Where every boyhood glory rings
With childish laugh—when Riley sings.

When Riley sings
Of joys which only childhood brings;
Or tunes his lyre to rustic lay,
And sings of some sweet summer day,
Fame vanishes, like mist, away.
Knee-deep in June fond memory clings
To days gone by—when Riley sings.

Huntington, Ind. —Ean Boyd Heiney.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

An Incident in Riley's "Child World" Traced to Its Foundation.

Zanesville (O.) Courier.

The latest volume published by the beloved Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley, has a very special interest to Zanesville people by reason of the inclusion in it of a romantic story which is based on one of our local traditions. Its site is the old rock spring on the National pike east near Greenwood cemetery, and it commemorates the heroic life of the two colored people who long lived near by the spot.

The title of the volume is "A Child World," and it is composed of a number of stories strung together under guise of being told to a company of children, whose appreciation of the tales is vividly described in the interludes. The varying styles in which these stories are told well illustrate the versability of Riley's genius, but in none is he more pleasing than in the Zanesville tale to which allusion is made. The rhythm is free and unconstrained, but always musical. The narrative is put in the mouth of the "Famous Traveler," who tells of it as the most interesting tale he has heard in all his travels.

The local description is unmistakable and painted accurate enough, except that the noted spring is put a little farther from town than it really was, even in the days when the city was only a country village. The traveler recounts how, in approaching Zanesville, along the National pike, he was told of the brave old colored people, by the driver of his stage.

As the poem runs the story unfolds thus: A slave and his wife were liberated in Virginia by a master, who, as he died, repented of his slave-holding. The couple's five sons had previously been sold by the master, and he could not free the whole family. So the father and mother came to Ohio and began to work and save in order to buy back their sons.

They settled along the National pike at the point named, and began truck farming. They also kept a small tavern, which became a favorite stopping place for movers going West along the road. The poetic sign, which has long been locally famous, is incorporated bodily in Riley's story, and he goes on to tell how they prospered. At length, by stern economy, they accumulated enough to redeem their oldest boy.

They traveled to Virginia in a little shackly cart, got the son and brought him home. Then he set to earnest toil with them to help them save enough to buy the second child; and he, being redeemed, joined hands with the others for the same purpose. This went on thus until four were freed.

But the night before the old couple were ready to leave on their journey to liberate their last son, robbers broke into the house at midnight and tried to steal their little hoard. Providentially three horsemen were just then passing, and heard the screams of the old "aunty." They rushed to the rescue, captured and bound the burglars and saved the poor parents' treasure.

In the end of the poem Riley pays a beautiful tribute to the native grandeur of character which could show such sublimity of self-sacrifice and parental devotion.

A Joke That Has Gone Far Enough.

Dr. Henry S. Williams, in North American Review.

Under existing conditions, expert testimony in criminal trials is to be regarded, according to the point of view, as a farce or a tragedy. The expert witness presents us the humiliating spectacle of the alleged scientist turned advocate, mountebank and trickster. He appears as a professed partisan—for hire. He hides his true opinions behind equivocal or evasive answers—for a consideration. He expresses by implication views he does not really hold—that he may seem to earn his fee. In a word, he sacrifices his mistress, Science, at the shrine of Mammon. At all events, he is openly accused of all of this, and much more in kind. He is railed at, scoffed at, jeered. The most charitable of popular opinions as to his character seems to be that which regards him as an unmitigated joke. And meantime he is placed in such a position that it is impossible for him to defend himself against these allegations. He may be a true scientist, learned, honest, conscientious, but under existing methods he cannot prove that he is such. The populace will judge him by his company, and, as matters stand, some portions of his company are pretty certain to be bad. Whatever his real character, the fate of poor Tray awaits him. The spirit of the law is said to be common sense. But its letter has certainly permitted a wide departure from this alleged standard. The attempt to add to the communal weal by utilizing the knowledge of experts has culminated in something not far removed from total failure. What should be a most serious function has passed into a joke; and by common consent the joke has gone far enough.

FOR FEMININE READERS

NERVOUS AND TIMID CHILDREN ARE TOO OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD.

The Servant Problem Being Studied Scientifically—Work Is the Common Lot of Men and Women.

In his "children" stories Kipling says: "Only women understand children thoroughly, but if a mere man keeps very quiet and humbles himself properly and refrains from talking down to his superiors, the children will sometimes be good to him and let him see what they think about the world. But, even after patient investigation and the condescension of the nursery, it is hard to draw babies correctly."

It is true, comments a writer in the Philadelphia Press, that where a man must wonder in this regard a mother will step in and understand. Otherwise the great men and good women of the world would not exist, and the old world would have less record of noble deeds than it shows to-day.

But in spite of this quick "mother soul" the fact remains that thousands of little ones grow to manhood and womanhood without for a moment being understood thoroughly, without knowing the entire sympathy which can develop the blossom.

"I believe," laughed a young father the other day, "that if I found anyone forcing my young ones into 'the dark' as I used to be forced, I should murder that individual upon the spot. My own tortures remain with me too vividly for that. As a child I was of a frightfully nervous temperament. My people being all sturdy, healthy beings, could not understand 'nerves' in a boy. They ridiculed the thing openly. Endeavored in all possible ways to 'harden me.' One of my fiercest trials was descending to the cellar to bring up apples. My family were New Englanders, and used to eat apples during the evening reading circle. Of course, when the apples were to be brought I was dispatched to the cellar. The agonies I underwent in going up and down that dark stairway have determined me to spare my own youngsters all similar tribulations."

What a ridiculous thing it is this process of "hardening," as it is understood. "Hardening" is certainly desirable, the strengthening of the child's physical powers, quieting his nervous system and developing his reasoning powers. But these ends were never yet accomplished by adding new shocks to a frail constitution. It is claimed by those women with whom child study is a life work, that a child who from babyhood has been understood will not know the meaning of nervousness or fear.

The true problem of the matter lies in the case of the child who has been misunderstood and has become a victim of nervousness. What can be done to bring him to a rational view? Gentleness and patience are the only means possible. Don't ridicule his fear—especially before strangers. Don't refer to it at all. Treat him as if in every respect his valor equaled yours. Don't send him upon missions which, on account of nervousness, he dreads. Trust to time and development, which are powerful and blot out many fears.

The nervous child should be protected from all shocks; all sudden excitements and terrors contain poison as subtle as the microbes of contagious disease. The thoughtless practical jokes which older children will play at times upon the young and timid should be guarded against. "Old wives' tales," as Shakspeare calls them, have often a bad influence upon a nervous young one. The healthier children can cast off the effect of these bloodcurdling yarns. But to the frail little people this is well nigh impossible. Any man or woman who, in childhood, loved an old family nurse, will remember that there is no tale of medical clinic, of graveyard, of spirit world and of strange coincidence in which these old people are not adept.

The Fashionable Coiffure.

New York Sun.

How to arrange the coiffure is not the only problem in fashionable hairdressing in these days, when color is such a potent factor in producing the up-to-date effect, and if you would be quite correct you must invest in the "red gold" tint, which can be had for the price at any first-class hairdresser's.

However necessary it may be to possess this adorable shade, there is nothing which so improves a woman's appearance or disguises her apparent age as the becoming disposition of her locks, no matter what color they may chance to be. No universal mode of arranging the hair can be followed if she would have artistic proportion and bring out the best expression of her face. So it is a wise woman who studies her own defects. The medley of modes in hairdressing which are seen this season are certainly proof that women at least make an attempt to suit their coiffures to their heads.

An extremely pretty fashion for those who find it becoming is to wave the hair slightly all around, like the heads seen in classical sculpture, and arrange a soft, twisted knot directly at the back, a little above the nape of the neck, and fasten it with a fancy dagger pin. The mystery of fashionable hairdressing is solved very effectually at the hairdresser's, where there are all sorts of valuable aids in the form of frisettes to give the desired pompadour effects and help out the full puff at the sides so much in vogue. These cushions, with additional puffs and fancy combs, and, for evening dress, other ornamental decorations of flowers, feathers and ribbon, add much to the size of the head; but that seems to be the one object fashion has in view this season. The pompadour effect is decidedly the ruling style for evening dress, and the knot, which is arranged on the crown of the head, must not tower any higher than the front, the extra height being given by the feathers, aigrettes and bows. The prettiest ornament worn is a white aigrette, with diamonds here and there set on tiny wires that tremble with every move of the head. The Marie Antoinette coiffure, arranged with a large bowknot at the back, is charming for some women, and little bowknots of gold or silver set with fancy stones are suitable ornaments. No one need to fear an excess of decoration, for three or four sidecombs and as many fancy pins are only a beginning toward the complete fashionable coiffure. Mercury wings in spangled gauze or set with precious stones are very effective when they crown a Madonna-shaped face, and silver set with ordinary brilliants is very showy. A dainty decoration worn by young ladies is a narrow wreath of violets, or some fine flower, around the back hair and fastened at the top with an upright bow of white satin ribbon. The fashion of waving the hair all around seems to have come to stay, but it must be done in the large soft waves, not the close crinkled ones of last season.

A Bit of Common Sense.

Walter Besant.

I have been reading yet another paper on the divorce question. I observe in all these papers that a great deal is made of the "slavery" of the wife. Now let us put the facts before us. If the wife is an heiress, she can afford to keep a housekeeper. If the husband is rich he can afford to pay for a housekeeper. But, in the middle class, to which most of us do really belong, whatever our pretenses, the wife is not an heiress; she has no dot at all; it is considered a great deal if her father gives her on her marriage a thousand pounds. Further, though her father may be willing to allow his daughter to live at home, he will not be able to leave her enough to live upon when he dies. An insurance of, say £2,000, and as much more saved, is a fair average fortune to leave. Practically, therefore, all middle-class girls recognize the necessity of work. Marriage offers them a kind of work that to most girls is pleasing, and far more to their choice than any of the ordinary methods of making a livelihood. Ask the first girl you meet whether she would rather marry and become the British matron, the "loafgiver," the administrator of her husband's fortune? or whether she would rather become a postoffice clerk, a journalist, a typewriter? You know perfectly well—you who talk so glibly about the wife being a slave—what her answer will be. Well, but if you like to speak of this necessity as slavery, you can; I do not. Only remember that the poor, prosaic husband is a slave as well. He goeth forth to his slavery every morning, dull, unfeeling creature—with an inane smile upon his lips. He has none of the finer feelings, you see. To me, however, it seems ignorant, foolish and mischievous to call the British matron a slave. But then, I am a Philistine. Why, I actually, slave as I am, sit down every morning without any resentment or repining to my slavery. I am bound in fetters and in chains adamantine. I must work, else who will pay the baker and the grocer? I must work, and so besotted am I that I really work as if I enjoyed it. Fair sister slave, when I have finished this job and got the money I will try to weep with thee over our joint sorrows. Let us, meanwhile, shake our chains; they are not unmusical, are they? To me they are like a peal of harmonious bells—or would if it had time—for thy sufferings undeserved. Poor slave! To order the dinner—what degradation. The husband—he has no pity, he cannot understand; he went off at 9 this morning; he will come home at 7; he will work at his papers from 9 till 12 at night. Oh, he has no pity; he cannot understand. Insensate wretch!

I wonder if the American girl looks upon it in that way? I doubt it.

Women and Their Kitchens.

Womankind.

It is a shame that more women are not mistresses of their own kitchens. Houses of even moderately well-to-do people must be equipped with the apparatus of a gymnasium, that the mothers and daughters may have exercise. Harriet Beecher Stowe long ago cried out against the necessity or the pretended necessity of the masseur for indolent women. "Women," she say, "lie for hours to have their feet twigged, their arms flexed and all the different muscles worked for them, because they are so flaccid and torpid that the powers of life do not go on. Would it not be quite as cheerful and less expensive a process," she asks, "if young girls from early life developed the muscles in sweeping, dusting, ironing, rubbing furniture and all the multiplied domestic processes which our grandmothers knew of?" and then adds: "I will venture to say that our grandmothers in a week went over every movement that any gymnast has invented, and went over them to some productive purpose, too."

But it is not only the women of wealth and leisure who are not mistresses of their kitchens. The slatternly housekeeper whose kitchen is always "in a mess," whose food is half cooked, whose dining room is untidy, fails in her duty as surely as does the woman who never goes into her kitchen because the man who supports her can afford to keep a cook and a butler.

And, too, the woman who is a good cook and tidy and all that one can desire in that way makes an utter failure of her work if she is tied down to her kitchen and her household duties all of her waking hours. If she is her household's slave, she is not its mistress. Mrs. Senator Cannon, of Utah, in a recent interview, gave it as her opinion that the women who stay at home all the time make the most unpleasant homes, while those who think about something besides cook stoves, wash tubs and baby flannels make the best mothers, a truth that most people who know women and mothers will readily assent to.

Whether a woman does her own work or not, she ought to manage it—not let it manage her—and she ought to have time for other things, for outdoor walks, a ride—yes, on a wheel if she wants—for clubs, just so she is not clubbed to death; for a little playtime with the children, a visit to friends, a little courtship with the husband, time for new books and old ones, and papers and magazines. She need never suffer from ennui. And that's the kind of a woman who makes a home that is something more than "four square walls."

Domestic Service.

Boston Transcript.

We have watched with much interest the signs in regard to improvement in the state of domestic service, and among these signs we have been glad to notice not a few which are hopeful in their promise of better results in the future than exists in the present or have existed in the past. And we are glad to see that there is an inclination on the part of those women most in earnest in the establishment of a better condition of things, to go to the root of the trouble. The tendency of practical, philanthropical work in this scientific age is to ignore personalities and superficialities and look for general and fundamental causes, and having found them to consider them in relation to their results; then from this study to involve ideas which, carried out, will bring about remedies. In the consideration of the subject of household service in this special department of the field of economics, it is true that women are taking hold in the right way; and it is a question if the results of their efforts do not show that they will manage the labor question, eventually, with success. A determination to improve the character of domestic service has taken a deep root in the minds of many of our best women, although comparatively little has been said about it. Still waters, in this case, are running deeper than the surface indicates. And from what we have gathered here and there we know that women are convinced that the time is ripe for earnest effort and we are much mistaken if, at the end of the first ten years of the next century, perhaps earlier than that, the entire system of domestic service shall not have radically changed, and shall be established on an entirely different and more satisfactory basis resulting in a marked benefit to labor as well as to capital. For, to the true philanthropic person, the most satisfactory feature in the effort of these earnest women is the kind and unselfish consideration that they are showing for the labor side of the problem. More than any other question before the public, this one of domestic service has a claim to the intelligent consideration of our people.

A School to Teach Gardening.

New York Ledger.

In some respects our foreign sisters are far ahead of us, if we are to believe some of the stories that come to us from the other side of the water.

In Berlin there is a school where young women are taught to make garden, and there are a goodly number of pupils already. The girls are taught the business from its rudiments, and this in the most thorough manner. They wear a sort of uniform, consisting of a dark gray bodice and a skirt, which can be made longer or shorter at pleasure. The material is washable, and the girls are expected to keep themselves as neat and presentable as the nature of their occupation will permit. They do the entire garden work of the establishment, planting and harvesting, growing fruit, flowers and vegetables with the most pronounced success.

The young women have competed with men at the exhibitions, and have won a majority of the prizes. What is more to the purpose is that they have met with the recognition they deserve, in that they have been engaged as gardeners at good pay. One of the graduates has just taken a position as head gardener on a large place, and is considered as the equal of any one in her profession.

With so many intelligent young women and with such a crying need of good gardening as is everywhere apparent, it would seem to be one of the next things in order to set up schools where our young women could be instructed in this delightful business, and where they could at one and the same time acquire information that would enable them to obtain a livelihood and to make the world in which they live better and more beautiful.

Care of Palms.

Vick's Monthly.

Several kinds of plants are quite suitable as house plants, and their employment for this purpose is rapidly increasing. They appear to do well with very little care and always make a fine appearance. They should be placed where they will have a fair amount of light—but not direct sunshine. In parlors with lace curtains before the windows they seem to be suited, though at north and west windows it would be best to have no shade between the plants and the glass. They will after a time show failure if kept on a table in the center of a room or in a dark hall. They are not particular about any exact degree of temperature; in living rooms where the temperature, according to different customs, usually ranges two to three degrees below seventy, or three or four degress above, they seem to do equally well, the night temperatures being several degrees below those named. The soil should be kept moist and therefore, as a rule, daily watering is needed. However, it is best not to overdo this matter and keep the soil sodden, or to have water standing in the saucer or jardiniere. Better to let the soil become somewhat dry and then give a good supply of water, sufficient to thoroughly wet it. The fronds and stems should be kept clean by occasional sponging, and scale insect never should be allowed to fasten upon the plants and increase. If they appear they should be promptly removed.

Charity and Society.

New York Tribune.

"For new people, charity is one of the best ways of getting into society," said Mrs. Knickerbocker, "besides being much more respectable than most methods. A couple of hundreds sent to the board of directors of a fashionable nursery or hospital has an excellent effect, and taking a large number of tickets for a philanthropic entertainment is also appreciated. I should say, on the whole, that almsgiving pays better than entertainments at the beginning of an ambitious woman's social career. No one would refuse a donation, and it must be thankfully acknowledged. I have seen the most exclusive women, who would not have deigned to call on a new society aspirant, visit a liberal subscriber to their pet charity, and become intimate with women whom, under other conditions, they would not have looked at. I have watched many failures and successes in my life," concluded the good lady, "and I recommend philanthropy as the best of all entering wedges!"

Various Suggestions.

New or pure white laces that are to be used with a lace that is creamy or yellowed by age should be held a few moments in the steam from boiling coffee and then carefully laid upon a flat surface until perfectly dry. Lace thus treated will be found to have taken on an antique creamy look.

Among the elegant gowns to be worn in Washington next month are some very youthful ones of white satin, cut neither square nor rounding in the neck, but low at each side to show the shoulders entire, but not extremely low just in front nor at the back. These low corsages are called the Recamier style.

Fashionable modistes say that they make nearly as many fancy zouave bolero and Spanish jackets or jacket effects for stout as for slender women. These jackets interfere in no way with the outline or size of the waist, and the rather broad effect imparted by the jacket makes the waist look smaller by contrast, and at the same time tones and conceals the over-full outlines above it.

One of the small things desirable on occasions to know is how to prevent confusion in medicine glasses where homeopathic remedies are used. A trained nurse gives a simple rule, easily remembered: Alyaws set the just given medicine furthest away from the patient, then, no matter what the arrangement of spoons, it is the forward and nearest glass that is to be taken from.

"Steel wool," as it is called, really fine iron filings, it is Miss Parloa's advice, should be always kept on hand. It can be bought at any painters' supply store, and is useful in two grades, the fine for furniture, the coarser for wood floors. It is used to rub off spots, stains, blisters, and the like. It takes off all the polish with the blemish, and the place must afterwards be treated to restore the color and surface. The wool runs in numbers, 00 being fine and about 1½ a good grade for floors.

Here is a suggestion that may be new to some housekeepers; and sewing societies which make kitchen aprons for sale will do well to follow it. Make your kitchen aprons with a ruffle on the bottom. This will stand out a little fuller than your dress skirt and will catch whatever you may drop or spill, thus protecting the dress skirt. The front hem of a dress is often soiled because the apron does not quite cover it, or is drawn tightly across it, but this ruffle will remedy the matter so effectually that you will wonder you did not think of it before.

A quick way to make a strong beef extract rather than tea for an invalid needing plenty of nourishment is by a process of searing and pressing. Raw juicy beef is cut into pieces the size of a small egg; these are put into a very hot skillet and quickly seared on all sides; they are then rapidly taken off in a hot deep dish and pressed firmly with a wooden spoon or spatula to extract the juice, the meat being often returned to the fire to continue its heat, and as often taken off to squeeze out more. A glass lemon-squeezer may be used if preferred. The juice should be served very hot, slightly salted, and in a colored glass.

Accordion and wider knife-pleated satin skirts are put forth by leading importers for dressy spring wear. These are a valuable addition to the great variety of ready-made skirts. They come in black, white, in cream and ivory tints, mauve, heliotrope, old rose, Nile green, Spanish yellow, gray, brown, and the dahlia tints. They have no lining, and the improvement made upon their shape renders them a temptation to even rather stout women who have hitherto eschewed the accordion-pleated skirts on account of their volume about the hips. Before the skirts are pleated they are cut in circular shapes with much fullness on the lower portion and little or no superfluous material at the top. The umbrella shape is therefore obtained when these skirts are pleated.

To encourage children in some form of charitable work is a valuable lesson in coming good citizenship. If it is only saving pictures to make scrapbooks for hospitals or taking care of toys and books that they may have a second life in some less favored household, the interest aroused is a healthful one. In a suburban home the children of the family have, during the summer months, a flourishing vegetable garden whose proceeds are devoted to a special philanthropy in which the family is interested. At English country homes this garden is a part of the establishment, though it is not always kept up for charitable purposes. It is a recognized source of pocket money for the children, who are always paid market prices, and always, too, paid as scrupulously as any tradesman would be.

HERETICAL ON KIPLING.

He Is a Poet Whose Poetry Is Not Yet Written.

The Independent.

Most of the pieces in this collection (Mr. Kipling's "Seven Seas") are nautical in spirit, having ships, seamen and the seas for subject. Some of them are decorated with dialect, more or less difficult to accept as quite suitable to poetic expression; and nearly all of them are marred by glaring crudities of both style and taste. After all, however, there is true gold of poetry in this matrix of unpoetic substance. We feel that Mr. Kipling apprehends, if he does not quite exercise, the poet's business, and that if he is very often merely grotesque when he means to be picturesque, if he is frequently but musical when he tries to be lyrical, he yet is sometimes almost absolutely poetical.

He has not struck a new chord. Bret Harte gave him the pitch, the tone, the timber, even the texture of his work—there is no escaping this conclusion. What is new and fresh in Mr. Kipling's verses belongs to subject and scene more than to the poet's art. His sailors and soldiers are serio-comic figures, set among influences and incidents unfamiliar, and somehow they are, although real enough, scarcely unmasked while they act their droll parts and speak their "bloomin'" jargon. It is easy enough for the hurried critic to be misled into overestimating Mr. Kipling's work; it is easier still to underestimate it after a careful study.

Mr. Kipling is a poet unclassified, unless we set him with Bret Harte. It will not do to call him an artless genius, for no man has tried harder to be both original and artistic. He comes of artist stock; he is not ignorant of artistic limits, nor unaware of the difference between artistic effects and bald natural conditions; but he has aimed at and hit a fair popular mean between high art and no art. There is a great deal in this volume and Mr. Kipling's other volumes to attract instant attention and to satisfy for awhile the feverish thirst for what is sharply spiced and liberally flavored with novelty. We feel sure, however, that immoral poetry does not come by this route, and that no departure from artistic purity of form and expression can ever result in imperishable song. Mr. Kipling is a poet; but his poetry is not yet written, novel, droll and catchy as his ballads certainly are.

Froude and His Critics.

Max Muller, in Cosmopolis.

Concerning Froude's book, the "Nemesis of Faith," which made a famous stir and did him severe damage in his prospects, there is this story: "I saw him almost daily while his persecution at Oxford was going on, gaining strength every day. He had to give up his fellowship, on which he chiefly depended. I will not repeat the old story that his novel was publicly burned in the quadrangle of Exeter College. The story is interesting as showing how quickly a myth can spring up even in our own time, if only there is some likelihood in it and something that pleases the popular taste. What really happened was, as I was informed at the time by Froude himself, no more than that one of the tutors (Dr. Sewell) spoke about the book at the end of one of his college lectures. He warned the young men against the book, and asked whether any one had read it. One of the undergraduates produced a copy which belonged to him. Dr. Sewall continued his sermonette, and, warming with his subject, he finished by throwing the book, which did not belong to him, into the fire, at the same time stirring the coals to make them burn. Of what followed there are two versions. Dr. Sewall, when he had finished, asked his class, 'Now, what have I done?' 'You have burned my copy,' the owner of the book said in a sad voice, 'and I shall have to buy a new one.' The other version of the reply was, 'You have stirred the fire, sir.'"

A Touching Appeal.

Yonkers Statesman.

"Would you please help me," said the poor beggar to the pedestrian. "I have a wife and five children at home and an installment to pay on my bicycle to-morrow."

I CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Postoffice address.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., New York