

From the New York Observer.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

Third Quarter.

BY REV. HENRY M. GROUT, D. D.

AUGUST 21.

Lesson 8.

THE MANNA.

Ex. 16: 1-5.

GOLDEN TEXT:—"Moses gave you not that bread from heaven; but my Father giveth you the true bread from heaven."—John 6: 32.

Central Truth:—God can be trusted to supply the daily temporal and spiritual wants of his people.

The wonderful deliverance they had experienced in their own safe passage through the sea, and the destruction of their pursuers, filled the Israelites with gratitude and joy. They gave expression to their exulting emotions in songs of thanksgiving and triumph. Then they set out on their wilderness journey. To avoid the warlike Philistines, God led them by a circuitous way. First they went a three day's march in the Wilderness of Shur; this took them southward along the shore of the Gulf of Suez, some miles inland. Coming to Marah they found water indeed, but it was bitter. Here, for the first time, they gave way to a murmuring spirit. But God directed Moses to a tree which sweetened the waters. From Marah they went to Elim, where they found palm trees and wells, and where they tarried for some days. Their next halting place was in the Wilderness of Sin, between Elim and Sinai. Here our lesson finds them; and here began one of the most wonderful of all God's gracious and miraculous interpositions for his people.

We are not to think of the entire wilderness as either a sandy desert or a dense wild. The northern part of the peninsula between the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf is high table land. South of this is a "belt of yellow sand." Toward the apex of the peninsula the scenery is an irregular mass of mountains, with intervening valleys and gorges. Here and there are cultivated patches with palm trees, and gardens and fields and rich pasture ground. The Israelites ordinarily had no difficulty in supporting their herds and flocks, or finding food and water for themselves. But the Wilderness of Sin was a "dreary, desolate tract," an "inhospitable desert," along the shore of the Red Sea. Into this they had now come.

It was now a month since they came out of Egypt, and the provisions they had brought with them were by this time exhausted. Considering all the great things God had done for them, it may seem surprising that their faith forsok them, and that, instead of crying unto God, they murmured against Moses. And yet, in their case, should we have done otherwise? With our larger knowledge of God and experience of his goodness, how often do we complain!

Small privations and light sorrows shake our faith. And yet their murmurings were not blameless. They had good and abundant reasons for trusting the power and faithfulness of God.

Their longing for their good things left behind in Egypt was not unlike the feeling sometimes indulged by young Christians in hours of unbelief. The sinful delights and seeming freedom of the days before conversion are remembered with regret. Crossing the Red Sea did not cure Israel of all unbelief and carnal desire. Nor does conversion make its subject perfect. Before Israel were years of wilderness training. The perfecting of faith and love and obedience is with the true Christian oftentimes a long process. The design of God's peculiar dealing with his people was to "prove them, whether they would walk in his law or no"—that is, whether they would follow him implicitly, depending upon and taking such provision as he should send. So God puts us to the proof. And it is a great and precious lesson he would thus fix in our hearts.

The wonder which God now wrought has been questioned by some in all ages. Attempts have been made to explain the narrative on natural grounds. There was a natural manna, a resinous gum which exudes from the Tamarisk tree, and which Arabs still gather. But it was not this which God fed his people. Nor was it much like it. The natural manna is seen in but few districts of the desert, and at only certain months of the year. It exudes from shrubs, and does not fall with the dew. It could not take the place of bread. The manna which God provided for his people "was like coriander seed, white, and the taste of it was like wafers made with honey." The people "ground it in mills or beat it in a mortar and baked it in pans, and made cakes of it." Other things marked it as a miraculous gift from heaven. It fell in quantities suited to the needs of the Israelites, and on each of six mornings, but not at all on the seventh, or Sabbath. The average amount on five mornings was a supply for the day, while on the sixth there was a supply for two days. The gatherings for the five days could be kept but one day only, while that of the sixth could be kept for the two days. Truly, "man did eat angels' food." The miracle was not for a day only, but long continued. Every day for forty years the people were reminded that "man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word which cometh out of the mouth of God."

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- 1. Often, in Christian experience, the inhospitable Wilderness of Sin lies just beyond the delightful Elim. Hunger and tears come after refreshment and exultation. Let us not think that some strange thing has happened to us when such is our experience. We need the trial as well as the delight.
2. A murmuring spirit is a sign of unbelief. When faith fails past mercies are forgotten. From songs and praises we go to sighs and complaints.
3. God's patience is wonderful. He does not straightway turn from his un-

believing people. He deals bountifully with them, that they may learn to obey and trust. Indeed, he brings us into troubles, that we may discover our dependence, and own that every benefit ever has, and does come from him.

4. "A backslider is apt to murmur against his spiritual leaders."

5. The manna was a type of Christ. He is the true Bread which came down from heaven. When earthly good is abundant, he is too often undesired. When that fails the need of him is felt. God takes away early delights, and makes the world as a desolate wilderness, that we may desire and welcome him.

6. The manna was a gift, and yet it was to be gathered. God does not encourage idleness. He expects us to labor. Luxurious ease would be no blessing, but a great curse. Spiritual luxury and self-indulgence is as dangerous as any other.

7. Like the manna, spiritual food must be gathered daily. Yesterday's supply will not suffice for to-day. Every day we must receive Christ afresh.

8. By all his dealings with us, God is proving us, whether we will keep his law or no. Do we show ourselves willing to obey and trust him?

9. God put especial honor upon the Sabbath. He shows us how we may be able to keep it; namely, by making seasonable preparation for it, by adjusting labors and plans with reference to it as a day of spiritual refreshment as well as rest.

10. We must welcome Christ, the heavenly manna, or perish.

11. Trust and obedience ensure great reward. It is a way of blessing: "At even, then ye shall know that the Lord hath brought you out from the land of Egypt; and, in the morning, then ye shall see the glory of the Lord."

RANDOLPH'S ATTACK ON PRESIDENT JACKSON.

From the New York Sun.

It is a fact not creditable to the civilization of Virginia that one of her sons, who belonged to a First Family, set the example of making a violent assault upon the President of the United States. This national disgrace occurred on board a Potomac steamer at Alexandria on May 6, 1833.

Lieut. Robert B. Randolph of the navy, on board the frigate Constitution, was appointed by Captain Patterson, in the year 1828, to assume the duties of Acting Purser, in place of John B. Timberlake, the Purser, who, in a fit of drunken delirium, had committed suicide. Timberlake was the first husband of the future Mrs. Gen. John H. Eaton, nee Peggy O'Neale, who enjoys the dubious honor of having caused the dissolution of General Jackson's first Cabinet. Randolph took charge of the office or duties of Purser; and, in his statement of the case, he complains that the survey and inventory required by the regulations of the law were not made, and that he was held accountable for an amount of stores which were not on hand. After some years he was found to be a defaulter, on what he insisted was an assumed state of facts, when he took charge of the Purser'ship. A court of inquiry was appointed to investigate his accounts. Their report exonerated him from intentional misuse of public property, but not from the default. They reported him to be careless or neglectful, though not dishonorable. Otherwise he was an efficient officer, who had rendered the country valuable service. On this report Gen. Jackson dismissed him from the service, in spite of the strenuous efforts of influential friends in his behalf. It was to avenge himself of this injustice as he regarded it, that he made the violent assault upon the President. The friends of General Jackson were never willing to admit the fact, but his opponents insisted that Randolph pulled the old hero's nose. That seems to have been the purpose of the ruffian, at any rate; and the blood upon the General's face would seem to prove that the attempt was successful.

The opportunity for this outrage was furnished by a trip of the President, a portion of his Cabinet, his Private Secretary, and other friends, down the Potomac to Fredericksburg, in Virginia, to witness the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the monument to the memory of the mother of Washington. The boat stopped at Alexandria for a few moments, and while there a number of persons came on board, and among them Mr. Randolph, the late Lieutenant in the Navy, who had recently been dismissed from the service. He entered the cabin where the President was seated and engaged in reading a newspaper. He advanced toward the President as if to address him, and seemed to be in the act of drawing his glove. "The President," says the account in the Globe, "not knowing him, and supposing it was some person about to salute him, and seeing him at some difficulty in getting off his glove, stretched out his hand toward him, saying, 'Never mind your glove, sir.' Randolph having then disengaged himself from his gloves, thrust one hand violently into the President's face, and before he could make use of the other received a blow from a gentleman standing near by him with an umbrella. Almost at the same time two other gentlemen in the cabin sprang upon him, and he was dragged back and thrown down.

"The moment he was assaulted the President seized his cane, which was lying near him on the table, and was forcing his way through the gentlemen who had crowded around Randolph, insisting that no man should stand between him and the villain who had insulted him; that he would chastise him himself. Randolph by

this time had been borne toward the door of the cabin and pushed through it to the deck. He made his way through the crowd on deck and the wharf, being assisted, as is believed, by some ruffian confederates, and made his escape. He stopped for a few moments at a tavern in Alexandria, and passed on beyond the district line. The Grand Jury, then in session, in a few minutes found a presentment against him, and the Court issued a bench warrant. A Magistrate had just previously issued a warrant, but before the officers could arrest him he was gone."

An eye-witness, writing to the Richmond Enquirer, gives some additional particulars, as follows: "When the President said, 'Never mind your glove, sir,' Randolph said in a low tone that he came to 'take his revenge by pulling his nose,' suiting the action to the word. The President exclaimed in astonishment, 'What, sir! What, sir!' Randolph on the instant was struck by Mr. Potter with an umbrella a very severe blow, which knocked him against the berth. Capt. Brown seized him and dragged him with violence from the President and Maj. Donaldson rushed toward the table in his anxiety to protect the President. It was the work of an instant. The President exclaimed, seizing his stick, 'Let no man interfere between me and this personal assault; I am an old man, but perfectly capable of defending myself against, and punishing a dozen cowardly assassins.' It is said that a person named Thomas approached the President, and, tendering his hand, observed that if he would promise to pardon him he would murder the dastard. 'No, sir; I do not wish the majesty of the laws insulted for me. I am capable of defending myself against insult.'"

There was a general expression of condemnation of the outrage upon the President. The Administration organs expressed themselves in strong terms, but not stronger than the case called for. But it must be confessed that the censures of the opposition press were uttered in measured phrase, and not without apologetic suggestions. Even the conservative National Intelligencer, while condemning the act, used no term of reproach which could wound a sensitive nature or warrant a demand of redress from a punctilious observer of the code of honor. It was styled a "violent assault," and the editors "considered the occurrence as one deeply to be lamented in every relation in which it is considered, and in every view which can be taken of it." This mild censure accompanies the bare announcement of the fact on the morning after its occurrence. The next day the Intelligencer copies from the Globe the leading facts stated above, while three columns are devoted to a history of the charges against Randolph, and his vindication. These papers are referred to editorially as follows: "We have thought that our readers would expect us to lay before them the history of the dismissal of Lieutenant Randolph from the navy. We have accordingly done so to-day. Without the disposition to extenuate in any degree (far less to justify) the personal violence he has since offered to the President on the ground of his dismissal, we must say that he has been hardly dealt with. To an officer of his standing and gallant services, if the finding of the court of inquiry was not satisfactory to the Executive, the privilege of a trial by his peers (a legal court martial) ought to have been allowed."

The organ of the Nullifiers and of Mr. Calhoun in Washington, the United States Telegraph, took no notice of the assault, not even to publish an account of it, until the 9th of May, three days after its occurrence. On that day it spoke of the assault as "a violation of the laws which no one can justify," and as aggravated by the fact that it was committed on the President on account of the manner in which he had discharged his official duty. "The only palliation of which it is susceptible are the aggravating causes which produced it. In making up an opinion upon the act, the peculiar circumstances and the education and opinions of Mr. Randolph should be taken into consideration." It was "intended to retaliate on the President, in the only way in his power, the indignant and cruel injustice done him by striking his name from the navy list." The Telegraph states that the citizens of Fredericksburg were so indignant at the dismissal of Randolph that they debated the propriety of withdrawing the invitation extended to Gen. Jackson to attend the corner stone ceremony. The Telegraph says: "We learn that Mr. Randolph left Alexandria to attend a wedding party in the neighborhood, and purposes to return and deliver himself up to the civil authorities in a few days. The story in the Globe about his escape is 'leather and prunella.'" This is from the Telegraph, May 9.

The Charleston Mercury spoke of the affair as a "necessary result" of an "abuse of discretionary powers" to purposes of private and personal revenge.

The Richmond Whig, edited by John Hampden Pleasants, one of the most brilliant paragraphists of the day, revelled in fun over the affair, and amused its readers by a chapter on "Moses."

At a public dinner given to Mr. Coke, a Virginian politician of the Nullifiers' school, the following toast was given: "Lieut. Robert B. Ran-

dolph, late of the United States Navy—may he yet receive justice, though at present withheld by corruption." The Globe charged the Nullifiers with aiming to break up the Union by bringing the Government and the President into contempt. It says: "To attack the person of the Chief Magistrate, we were before apprised, was a cherished feeling with many of them, and we do not doubt that he would be assassinated if they could find a wretch reckless of life willing to perpetrate the act."

Randolph was never brought to the bar of justice for this outrage, and his immunity may have emboldened Lawrence two years later to attempt the assassination of the President.

MAJOR THROCKMORTON'S SHADOW.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

LOUISVILLE, July 7.—To-day came news of the death, in Mississippi, of Major John R. Throckmorton, of Louisville, a man of leisure and of style, a bachelor of 65, a famous beau of a quarter of a century ago, and the lover of the beautiful Sallie Ward at the time when the bewitching Southern girl captured the son of the Puritan Gov. Lawrence, of Massachusetts. When the young bride went to her New England home, Throckmorton followed. It is asserted that jealousy of Throckmorton, which Mrs. Lawrence was too proud to resent by explanation, was in reality the cause which led to the separation of Lawrence and his wife. Sallie Ward came back to her father's house, and a divorce was granted Lawrence on the ground of desertion. The lady gave no explanation. Throckmorton still hovered around devotedly, but was not rewarded by the lady's hand. She married Dr. Hunt, and after his death became the wife of a wealthy pork man named Armstrong. When this gentleman died, it was rumored that at last Major Throckmorton was to be blessed for the lifetime devotion, but the handsome widow drives about in the finest private turnout the city affords, and has paid no more attention to the addresses of the Major than in the days of her girlhood. The beauty of the Kentucky belle, Sallie Ward, made her fame world-wide, and the persistency with which the Major followed her gave him a certain interest in the eyes of the multitude, but it was another woman that held him up to the gaze of mankind, a woman who shadowed him more constantly than he haunted the path of the famous belle.

Throckmorton was a pleasing and frivolous man of the world when he first met the school-girl, Ellen Godwin. He was about 30 years of age; she was 15. Her family were at least the equal of his, and to an older sister he had been paying attention. The girl was impulsive, interesting, and innocent. He deliberately set to work to feign love and to gain her heart. Having gained it, he threw it aside without concern and went his way.

Soon after a veiled figure appeared on the streets of Louisville—a girlish form that moved silently after the man wherever he went. She never spoke to him, neither upbraided nor reviled. When he entered the hotel she stood at the door; when he emerged from his clubhouse she was waiting. In New York, in New Orleans, she was at his side, phantom-like. He jocularly spoke of her to his friends as his "Hell's Delight."

Ten years passed. Her old friends decided her crazy for keeping the thing up.

Fifteen years rolled round, the police knew her, they watched her faithfully, as some harmless, demented thing, and passed her from beat to beat, as she ploughed her way homeward in the wee sma' hours of the stormy night. No human ever offered her harm or insult, although she often stood all night before the places where her guilty lover was hidden.

Twenty years were gone; old friends had died—father, mother, schoolmates. Her hair had thinned and whitened; her form stooped, a cough sounded hollowly on the air; her step was more feeble; yet none the less it tracked a portly, gray-haired, fashionably attired man from mansion to mansion on New Year's Day, from theatre and club room, night after night.

Twenty-three years passed. Even the little children grew to know the plain, shabby, black-robed woman, and tiny fingers pointed at Throckmorton's ghost. Young girls looked wonderingly after her as she passed them silently. Wives sighed or smiled pityingly—they were so secure and sheltered—when her garments brushed their own. Mothers grasped their girls more closely—suppose this woman's wrong should be the fate of their sweet daughter in the days to come. So for twenty-three years, the phantom, silent, certain, dogged the betrayer's steps. At last friends of his had her arrested as a lunatic, and, through their misguided precaution, the man and woman were brought face to face in the court room at Louisville. Then it was that all the city woke up to the knowledge that this woman was neither crazy nor a fool. Her language was eloquent, her manner refined, her face firm. The whole sad story of her life was told—her vow to follow him until the hour of retribution, her persistent watching, her silence and revenge. Before the woman he had wronged Throckmorton quailed, and his bravado was not equal to the cross-questioning to which

he was exposed. At last one evening as I was walking on Jefferson street, near the Court House, a great shout ascended; cheer after cheer went up. The old Court House rang with applause. Men threw up their hats. Ellen Godwin was acquitted, and Throckmorton's ghost was laid; for the woman, having brought him to the bar and having told the story of his perfidy, said that her work was done and she would haunt him no more.

Throckmorton, conscious of his guilt, had refrained from arresting her, greatly as she annoyed him, during all the twenty-three years, and the story would have been untold, and she would have lived and died, regarded by the present generation as a monomaniac, had not the gallant Major's friends interposed their well-meaning blunder. There never was a trial in the city that equalled this in interest. At its close the entire room was filled with shouts, which those outside took up, until the whole city rang with the news of the vindication. The jurors crowded around and shook hand with the accused, and persons who for years had passed her without recognition asked pardon of their old friend.

After the trial, my friends tell me that Ellen Godwin never in any way noticed or spoke of Major Throckmorton. A time spent in retirement, and then the desire seemed to awaken in this blighted heart to know and feel some of the happy things of life, from which she had debarred herself. Her shabby black was laid aside; plain clothing, but the richest, took its place; study, books, and music filled the days. One day the guests at the Galt House saw an elegantly dressed lady enter the dining room with Mrs. Gen. Preston. This beautiful lady paid her friend every attention, and poor Ellen Godwin awakened wonder at her ease in the new position. She boarded some time at the Galt House, and then traveled for a while. But the purpose that had kept her up so long was now lacking, and she sank gradually from earth, until, a few years after her arraignment, she quietly passed away.

It has been a mystery how she kept track of Throckmorton on his tours. Some persons say she possessed clairvoyant power, or could read the mind of her lover; others supposed that the Major's body served, who always accompanied him, gave the information. I am told that in her last days she regretted having neglected the beauty of the body so long. It was her desire that at death she should be handsomely robed. The direction for her funeral were left with her lawyers, and she went to her last sleep dressed like a queen, in a black velvet burial robe, with rich laces, silken hose, and dainty slippers.

A BOY'S GRIP FOR LIFE.

HANGING BY A PIECE OF TIN OVER THE EDGE OF A HIGH ROOF.

From the Louisville (Ky.) Commercial.

William Stonestreet, a twelve-year-old son of Mr. James Stonestreet, had a narrow escape from a sudden and terrible death yesterday. The boy says he was throwing a base ball up against the side of his father's house, near Hancock and Lampton streets, when the ball lodged in the gutter at the top of the house. He immediately started up to get it, getting out on the roof through a hatchway. The house has three stories and an attic; the roof is rather steep and as the boy slowly edged over toward the gutter he felt a sinking at the heart. His little sister Mary was standing in the yard eyeing her brother and calling out to him every instant to come down. He made some boastful answer and continued his dangerous journey. He reached the edge of the roof, caught a firm hold of some projecting shingles, and leaning over seized the ball. Before he could arise from his stooping position he felt the shingles to which he was clinging giving way with him. He clutched them nervously and began to draw himself up slowly. Suddenly the shingles gave way and in an instant the boy seemed to be hurrying to instant death. The pavement was fully thirty feet below, and there seemed nothing to prevent his being dashed to pieces on the bricks. Just as he was rolling over the gutter he involuntarily seized hold of it and clung there desperately. The gutter was an ordinary tin affair, not very strong; nor was it bound to the roof very tightly. The sudden weight of the boy made the tin sag down, and a few of the fastenings gave way, leaving the boy hanging down over the abyss, with only a broken, rotten piece of tin between him and eternity. William was now thoroughly aroused to his danger and cried out for help. His sister ran into the house and happening to find a colored man there told him of her brother's danger. The man ran out and getting a long ladder which was lying in the yard put it up against the side of the house. The boy was now almost exhausted. The perspiration was running down his face in streams. His eyes were dilated with terror and exhaustion and it seemed impossible for him to hold on until the assistance came. The colored man ran up the ladder nimbly. Scarcely had he reached the top when the boy, who could hold on no longer, dropped him down and when the boy reached the ground he fainted. He was taken

into the house and physicians were summoned. Last night he was still insensible and it is not known how serious his nervous injuries may prove.

A THOROUGH JOB.

Judge M—, a well known jurist living near Cincinnati, was fond of relating this anecdote. He had once occasion to send to the village after a carpenter, and a sturdy young fellow appeared with his tools.

"I want this fence mended to keep out the cattle. There are some unplanned boards—use them. It is out of sight from the house, so you need not take time to make it a neat job. I will only pay you a dollar and a half."

The judge went to dinner and coming out found the man carefully planning each board. Supposing that he was trying to make a costly job of it, he ordered him to nail them on at once just as they were, and continued his walk. When he returned the boards were all planned and numbered ready for nailing.

"I told you this fence was to be covered with vines," he said angrily, "I do not care how it looks."

"I do," said the carpenter, gruffly, carefully measuring his work. When it was finished there was no part of the fence as thorough in finish.

"How much do you charge?" asked the judge.

"A dollar and a half," said the man, shouldering his tools.

The judge stared. "Why did you spend all that labor on that job, if not for money?"

"For the job, sir."

"Nobody would have seen the poor work on it."

"But I should have known it was there. No; I'll take only a dollar and a half." And he took it and went away.

Ten years afterward, the judge had the contract to give for the building of several magnificent public buildings. There were many applicants among master-builders, but the face of one caught his eye.

"It was my man of the fence," he said. "I knew we should have only good, genuine work from him. I gave him the contract and it made a rich man of him."

It is a pity that boys were not taught in their earliest years that the highest success belongs only to the man, be he carpenter, farmer, author or artist, whose work is most sincerely and thoroughly done.

A Maine Woman who Knows About Farming.

From the Lewistown Journal.

A brown-faced and pleasant-looking woman, with a short, well-built figure and firm step fastened a plump, bay horse in front of the Boston tea store, and tossed a molasses jug out of her wagon. She wore a widow's veil and shawl. "There," said a gentleman, is "one of the most wonderful women in the country, Mrs. Osgood of Minot Centre, the woman farmer." So when Mrs. Osgood came out of the store we asked her:

"How much hay will you cut this year?"

"Twelve or fifteen tons. I've cut about six tons already. I commenced mowing at 7 o'clock this morning, and mowed most of the forenoon. I spread thirty-five common stacks of hay, and after dinner I got in four good one-horse loads in season to get down here at 4 o'clock and market a lot of berries."

"Do you cut your hay with a machine or a scythe?"

"Both; I can mow either way. I have a one-horse mower."

"Do you have any help?"

"Only what I get from the children. There's a girl of 14 years and a boy of 11 years who help me a little."

"Is the girl going to make a farmer?"

"I don't know. I want to make a farmer of her, but she says she don't like the idea very well."

"How much of a farm have you?"

"I have now about forty acres. I have planted this year half an acre of onions, two acres of potatoes, and three-fourths of an acre of beans, and sowed half an acre of oats. I have done all the work myself. I have run the farm five years, and I haven't paid out a cent, not one cent, for help, and I ain't going to, either. Last winter I went down in the woods and cut and teamed out ten cords of cordwood."

"Does your farm pay well?"

"Yes, it's beginning to pay pretty well now. It was all run down when I came there and commenced work. It only cut hay enough for a cow and a horse. Now it cuts twelve tons. See the difference? I have dug out the rocks and leveled off the fields with my own hands, so I shan't be thrown out when I ride my mowing machine. I keep two cows, a horse and a lot of sheep, and there are a lot of hens running around."

Mrs. Osgood is a woman who finds time between the planting her acres of potatoes and onions, mowing ten cords of wood in snow knee deep, and all the hard work of running a forty acre farm, to take care of the milk of two cows, make butter and bread, and do all the kneading, cooking and sewing on buttons for a family of children.

The moment a man begins to rise above his fellows he becomes a mark for their missiles.