

From the New York Observer.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

Third Quarter.

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

AUGUST 28.

Lesson 9.

THE COMMANDMENTS.

Ex. 20: 1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment."

Central Truth.—To love God with all the heart is man's first duty and highest privilege.

From the Wilderness of Sin, Israel journeyed to Rephidim, where three noteworthy things transpired.

Finding no water, they were angry with Moses and ready to stone him, whereupon God directed him to smite the rock of the mountain, and out of it gushed a stream of living water.

From Rephidim, Israel came to Sinai. Sinai or Horeb, as a general name, is applied to the centre group of the great mountain system to which it belongs.

Why God brought his people to this place we do not know. It was not the nearest or easiest way. But it was well suited to the solemn and important scenes to be here enacted.

God had two purposes now to accomplish. First, he would enter into covenant with his people. Of this we have the account in the nineteenth chapter.

In just what the law was written and communicated, we are not told. In Acts (7: 53) it is said that it was "received by the disposition of angels."

Which commandments were written on the first table, and which on the second, we are not told. Commonly four are reckoned to the first, and six to the second.

The "preface" to the commandments declares the ground on which the Israelites were required to keep them.

It should be observed that the first commandment is fundamental and comprehensive. It includes the spirit of the entire first table.

To be more specific: the first forbids our giving to any creature or object the place, homage, or service which is due to the one God.

The second requires that He should be worshipped as a Spirit, and in spirit. It specifically forbids the use of images or outward representations.

applies to it in its connection with the first. God is a "jealous God" in that he cannot, and will not, tolerate any rival.

The third forbids the profaning of the name of God, or of anything by which he expresses himself or makes himself known.

The fourth requires that one-seventh portion of time be reserved, from secular toils and pleasures, for purposes of rest and worship.

Practical Suggestions. 1. The knowledge and service of God are man's first privilege and duty.

2. He has done far more for us than he ever did for Israel.

3. The commandments are all personal. Each begins, "Thou."

A Peculiar Pair of Eyes.

ONE A PERFECT TELESCOPE AND THE OTHER MUCH LIKE A MICROSCOPE.

From the Winsted Herald.

One day last winter a gentleman living near Litchfield, Conn., took with him to a sleigh ride his daughter, who is just past sixteen years of age.

One day last week, while she was sitting there all alone, she felt a new sensation about her eyes.

When I winked they felt cool and natural and it was a pleasure to wink them.

Now comes the strangest part of the story. Her eyes, which six months ago were straight and natural, are now what we call cross-eyed.

The young man's thirst for exact knowledge was intense and unceasing. One day he found at a street book-stall a portion of the Septuagint, the first and purest translation of the Hebrew Scriptures into the Greek language.

At near the middle of the eighteenth century, an emigrant from the County of Derry, Ireland, a widower with four children, sailed for America.

cross-eyed expression or shape, and then she sees again as any other person. It is the intention of her father to take her to New York at no distant day to let some of the celebrated physicians there see this wonderful phenomenon.

The Well.

Dark and cool the water lies In the old time honored well;

Down deep the bucket falls, And how often, who can tell?

For the school boy, hot with play, For the laborer, tired with toil,

For the traveler on his way, Both the tireless rope uncoil.

And how often, who can tell? Or, who first the gracious draught

Drew up from the bottom well? Or, who sunk the ancient shaft?

They are dead, who staked their thirst At the little silver fountains;

In the wild woods, where it first Called the huntsman to dismount;

Who are dust, the pioneers, Who the strong-armed forest broke,

Where the old well now appears, Where now cuts the village snake.

So shall we within the vale, With our children's children dwell,

In the old time-honored well.

A FORGOTTEN TRANSLATOR OF THE BIBLE.

Benson J. Lossing, in Christian Union.

At the beginning of September, 1774, the first Continental Congress assembled at Philadelphia.

One of these children was a bright, blue-eyed boy, eleven years of age. The captain placed him in the family of a blacksmith.

Pleased with this answer, the good woman took the boy home with her and sent him to school.

He consented to do so, and immediately seating himself at a table, with pen, ink and paper before him, he entered upon the duties of Secretary to the Continental Congress.

With leisure for literary pursuits, after the war, Mr. Thomson prosecuted with great zeal, industry and fidelity, his self-imposed task of translating the Septuagint and the New Testament into English from the Greek.

Mr. Thomson's labors upon his translation were chiefly performed at his quaint country house, built of stone and yet standing, half a mile from Bryn Mawr, on the Pennsylvania railroad.

The young man's thirst for exact knowledge was intense and unceasing. One day he found at a street book-stall a portion of the Septuagint, the first and purest translation of the Hebrew Scriptures into the Greek language.

At near the middle of the eighteenth century, an emigrant from the County of Derry, Ireland, a widower with four children, sailed for America.

tents, he renewed his study of the Greek language with great zeal, and became one of the most profound Greek scholars in America.

Being an ardent patriot, he had entered warmly into the hot political discussions during the ten years' quarrel between the British government and the American colonies.

At the beginning of September, 1774, the first Continental Congress assembled at Philadelphia.

He consented to do so, and immediately seating himself at a table, with pen, ink and paper before him, he entered upon the duties of Secretary to the Continental Congress.

With leisure for literary pursuits, after the war, Mr. Thomson prosecuted with great zeal, industry and fidelity, his self-imposed task of translating the Septuagint and the New Testament into English from the Greek.

Mr. Thomson's labors upon his translation were chiefly performed at his quaint country house, built of stone and yet standing, half a mile from Bryn Mawr, on the Pennsylvania railroad.

Mr. Thomson carefully translated his translation at least three (and probably four) times before it was given to the printer.

and was published in 1808, in four octavo volumes, by Jane Aitkin, widow of Robert Aitkin, who, in 1782, published the first English edition of the Bible issued in the United States.

The first European banner unfurled upon the shores of the new world, of which we have any authentic account, are those of Columbus, who landed on the small island of St. Salvador, October 12, 1492.

The red cross of St. George floated from the mast of the Mayflower, 1620, when the pilgrims landed on Plymouth rock.

Some flags were all red, white, blue or yellow. Others were red, with white horizontal stripes, or red and blue stripes.

On January 2, 1776, at Cambridge, Mass., was first hoisted the "Grand Union" flag of the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew.

This was the flag in use when the Declaration of Independence was read by the committee of safety at Philadelphia, in the presence of Washington in New York, and from the balcony of the State house in Boston.

On the 14th of August, 1777, Congress resolved "that the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternately red and white, and that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

The inhabitants of Akyab, in Burmah, are self-sacrificing, having informed the government that, so sad are the effects of opium-eating there, they will willingly make up any loss of revenue which may ensue upon the abolition of the trade in the drug.

The Mechanic.

Yonder, moving with steady tread, Toiling with patience for daily bread,

Sleeves uprolled and cheeks health-flushed, While the city in sleep is hushed,

Oh, the strong mechanic!

The stoney armed mechanic!

The man who would scorn to be idle or base, But is proud to be a mechanic.

With broad chest swelling to the stroke Of the hammer against the lusty oak,

Driving the plane with a hearty will, Whistling and caroling, never still,

But to be doing his Master's will, Oh, the strong mechanic!

The stoney armed mechanic!

Who toils with brain and hand, because He is proud to be a mechanic.

Insulate hearth-stones and want and shame Off are the outcome of wealth and fame,

But to tap the veins of the rock-ribbed earth, And its sleeping marble give shape and birth,

These do the mechanic,

The stoney armed mechanic!

A Titan's labor at bench and forge Is the work of the skilled mechanic.

But, mind, I speak of the real thing, Not of the kind who swear and stog,

And smoke at taverns and curse abroad, And care for neither themselves nor God,

But to be doing his Master's will, Oh, the strong mechanic!

The pure, whole-souled mechanic.

He is the nobleman among The noble band of mechanics.

The man who polishes heart and mind, While he frames the window, shapes the blind,

And utters his thoughts with an honest tongue, That is set true as his hinges are hung;

Whose soul is strong and whose faith is ripe, As he holds the graver and sticks the type,

The true, the earnest mechanic!

The pure, whole-souled mechanic!

The prince of workers, this man, among The noble band of mechanics.

God, the Maker, I reverence say, He is a worker by night and day;

Framer of skies and builder of hills, Measuring worlds by the space He fills,

Making a palace of every star, Fashioning out of the void a rag

For the sun to speed on his royal way Over the fire-white track of the day,

Listen, O earnest mechanic, O pure, whole-souled mechanic!

God, the Maker, I reverence say, He is the Master Mechanic!

He is the Master Mechanic!

(Mary A. Denison.)

A Colorado Sunset.

SCENES WHICH LINGERED IN THE MEMORY OF A TOURIST.

From the Omaha Herald.

Standing upon the margin of a lovely lake in the bosom of the nesting mountains above the beautiful village of Georgetown, in Colorado, one can see a sunset more brilliant and beautiful than was ever looked upon in the East.

In this paper I have given a brief account of the character of the American translator of the Bible, but not of his work. Much might be said in his favor in comparison with the New Revision, but this article is already too long.

The first European banner unfurled upon the shores of the new world, of which we have any authentic account, are those of Columbus, who landed on the small island of St. Salvador, October 12, 1492.

The red cross of St. George floated from the mast of the Mayflower, 1620, when the pilgrims landed on Plymouth rock.

Some flags were all red, white, blue or yellow. Others were red, with white horizontal stripes, or red and blue stripes.

On January 2, 1776, at Cambridge, Mass., was first hoisted the "Grand Union" flag of the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew.

This was the flag in use when the Declaration of Independence was read by the committee of safety at Philadelphia, in the presence of Washington in New York, and from the balcony of the State house in Boston.

The inhabitants of Akyab, in Burmah, are self-sacrificing, having informed the government that, so sad are the effects of opium-eating there, they will willingly make up any loss of revenue which may ensue upon the abolition of the trade in the drug.

Well Deserved Praise.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

What an alert type of men the conductors on the steam railroads are! Probably the engineers are also, but there's no good chance to get a look at them while they have their hands on the levers and their eyes are peering along the line of track as far as keen vision can reach.

A few days since, Drs. D. V. Rannels and C. O. Dunlap of this place, were called upon to attend a son of Mr. Wing, residing in Vinton township. The child is now 21 months old, and is afflicted in a very extraordinary manner—in fact, in a manner unheard of in this country heretofore.

A noble part of every true life is to learn how to undo what has been wrongly done.