

Lesson 4.—The Peace Offering.

Leviticus 7: 11-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy vows unto the Most High.—Psalm 50: 14.

Central Truth:—Joyful communion with God the privilege of the justified believer.

Of the various Jewish sacrifices the most important were three, the sin-offering, the burnt-offering and the peace-offering, which are the subject of our present lesson. All these had points of resemblance. In each there was the sacrifice of animal life. In each the offerer made the victim his own representative by laying his hand upon its head. And in each there was the pouring or sprinkling of blood on the altar, round about, and a portion at least of the offering was to be burnt. But, besides these points of resemblance, they had also others of difference. In the burnt-offering the entire animal was consumed on the altar. In the peace-offering the sacrificial meal was the point of chief importance. A portion, after being waved to and fro or lifted upward in token of its presentation to God, was set apart for the officiating priest and the remainder was carried away by the offerer to be eaten by him self with his household and friends.

It should be observed that the unleavened cakes and the wafers with oil were rather accompaniments of the peace-offering than parts of it. These were of themselves a "meat" or food offering, expressive of thanksgiving and praise. The leavened bread was not placed on the altar, but was added to make the meal palatable.

The peace-offerings were either public or private, for all the people or for the individual. The two lambs offered at Pentecost were a public offering. So was that which Solomon offered at the dedication of the temple when "he offered two and twenty thousand oxen and one hundred and twenty thousand sheep." Private peace-offerings were, as our lesson indicates, of three kinds, the "sacrifice of thanksgiving" for mercies received, the "vow" or fulfillment of some promise to God, and the "voluntary offering" dictated by a glad and loving heart. The Psalms are full of allusions to these, as where it is written: "Thy vows are upon me, O God; I will render praises unto thee;" "I will freely sacrifice unto thee; I will praise thy name, O Lord, for it is good;" "I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving and will call upon thy name, O Lord; I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all the people."

The peace-offering was a joyous sacrifice, the most so of all. As the burnt-offering specially expressed consecration, this signified reconciliation and communion. Of this there could be no more impressive symbol than the meal in which God himself was supposed to share. There was in this meal a fitness to promote human friendship and family affection, as there is in our own thanksgiving reunions. But the purpose in it was higher than this. It was to express and promote fellowship with God, and how significant it is that atonement always went before, as if to prepare the way for the joyous meal! Does it not remind us that there can be no really happy fellowship with one another, much less with a covenant-keeping God, until the conscience is relieved of the burdening sense of guilt? We cannot praise God truly until we are at peace with him through the one sacrifice of Christ. "By him, therefore, let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually."

It is to be remembered that in this sacrifice the whole was first given to God. Therefore the portion which went to make up the sacrificial meal was in reality given back by God to the offerer. Thus it was God who spread the table. It was he who provided the feast, just as it is he who spreads and furnishes every joyous board. And his condescension to share the feast was the fulfilling beforehand of the gospel promise, "I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

Of this peace-offering there are many antitypes. There is a delightful one in the act by which the sinner closes with the Savior and takes him to be his atoning sacrifice, and in the great joy which sometimes fills the soul in its new sense of reconciliation and oneness with God. There is one in the table of communion at which we commemorate the dying love of Christ for our pardon and life, and then, with emotions of grateful love, feed upon him as the "living bread." That is a glad feast, and never is God more sensibly with us. Indeed, any expression which brings God, as our pardoning and covenant-keeping God, near to the heart, and in which we feel that he it is who is loading us with benefits, or granting to us great deliverances, or gladdening us with good things, is of the nature of this feast of peace. And such high joy it is God's good pleasure to renew to his people every day.

It will be noticed that in the "sacrifice of thanksgiving" (v. 15) the flesh was to be all eaten the same day. But in the others any remainder might be eaten on the morrow. Would this indicate that the offering of praise was the more sacred and so to be "exhausted by generosity to the poor on the day of its offering?" But in no case could anything be kept to be eaten after the second day. It would then be corrupt and unfit for a feast at which God is to share. "It shall be an abomination."

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Since the mercies of God are abundant and constant should not we offer the sacrifice of praise continually?

2. All the Jewish sacrifices somehow pointed to Christ. To understand them fully we must go to the New Testament

for its added light. On the other hand to understand Christ, to see the fullness and many-sidedness there is in him, we need to approach him sometimes by way of the ancient symbols described in the Old Testament. The most intelligent faith and richest experience come of the study of the whole Bible.

3. Again we are taught the absolute dependence of all human hope and true good on an accomplished atonement for sin. But for it there could be no acceptable consecration on the sinner's part, no acceptable offering of praise, no flowing together of the human and divine heart. Never can we express all the gratitude we owe for the great sacrifice made for us on the cross.

4. Religion is not all self-denial and struggle. The pardoned soul has a right to be glad. God provides for his reconciled ones a daily feast. Even the fulfillment of vows is attended with joy. We are to watch and to be faithful, but we are also to "sing and give praise."

5. The table of communion ought to be a place of humble joyfulness. 6. It is impossible to estimate the happiness of being included in the company of God's accepted people. Into this blessed fellowship God himself has opened the door. We have no victims to offer, but only to accept the one sacrifice provided in Christ. Thus coming and making to him an honest self-surrender we are in the way of peace. Our portion is now much gladness here and an everlasting feast above.

THE WIFE'S STORY.

MRS. CHRISTIANCY DESCRIBING THE CRUELTY OF HER HUSBAND.

A few days since the counsel for Mrs. Christianity in the divorce suit now pending between her husband, ex-Minister Christianity, and herself, intimated to the attorneys for Christianity that they had no desire to make a witness of the wife in the case, and would prefer that the principals to the suit be not called upon to testify. The other side informed them that the ex-senator would be placed upon the stand, and his testimony taken at the proper time. Upon becoming acquainted with the fact, the counsel for Mrs. Christianity decided that in justice to themselves they must hear the testimony of their client in the case. Accordingly a session was held at Washington on Saturday and the lady placed upon the witness stand, where she was kept three hours, and the cross-examination was not finished at the time of adjournment. In addition to the attorneys ex-Senator Christianity was present and remained during the hearing. Mrs. Christianity not being a competent witness as to the charges of adultery, her testimony was confined to acts of cruelty as alleged in her cross bill. She testified that while residing in Lansing, Mich., with her husband in the month of March, 1877, on one occasion he struck her knocked her down. Again during the Christmas holidays in the year 1878, while they were residing in Washington, he struck her and knocked her down and during the night would not permit her to have any clothing on the bed. The weather was extremely cold and she arose and went to an adjoining room trying to make herself more comfortable. When she started to leave the room which they had been occupying together he refused to permit her to take any clothing into the next room with her, and she was compelled to pass the night with the raiment she wore and what little could be found in the room which she had entered. In Peru in the month of August, 1879, while living at the Legation, he struck her several times, and on one occasion pushed her out of the house and shut the door against her. Afterward she returned with her husband's son. He struck her again, and shut both herself and his son outdoors. He then called the son to come back, and told him if he went away with witness it must be forever. The son answered that it would be forever, and kept on and escorted her to the hotel, where she remained over night. The next day he sent for her to come back, the messenger saying that he was very sick, delirious and in almost a dying condition. She went back to the Legation, and instead of being sick, as stated, she found her husband quietly sitting in the sitting room in his right mind. He became very kind to her and remained so until the next Monday. Then he came to her bed, abused her, pinched her, and used all sorts of violence, and said that he told an untruth when he said that he was sorry for the manner in which he had treated her. One month later at the Legation he assaulted her while dressing. As he was striking her a gentleman stopping in the house over night stepped into the room and came to her protection. After that she refused to live with him longer and a few days later left Peru for home. No material change in her direct testimony was produced by her cross-examination.

The speech of Mr. Vest, of Missouri, in the Senate, yesterday, together with other efforts of that gentleman during the past two years, stamp him as one of the most effective debaters and polished orators in the body. His arguments were succinctly stated, and covered every phase of the subject advanced by the Republican side. By quotations from Senator Edmund's former speeches he completely overthrew that gentleman's arguments and vanquished him in his chosen position, which he selected with such care and defended with such deliberation and conscious virtue. The close attention which Mr. Vest received, both on

the floor and in the galleries, was a deserved compliment to his able effort in behalf of the right of the Democrats to fill the vacant chair, and was an expression of the interest in which the public held the subject under consideration. In the retirement of Judge Thurman to private life the Democrats lost their best debater in the Senate; and the promising manner in which Mr. Vest looms up as an opponent of the leading speakers on the other side of the chamber will be the cause of general congratulation among Democrats.

THE PRINCE OF TRAMPS.

THE GRANDSON OF THE GREAT ORATOR, PATRICK HENRY, A BEGGAR.

The recent romance of tramp life was exemplified recently by a delapidated looking individual with only one leg, whose name was registered at the station house as W. H. Cardwell. He is known to many persons as a reporter, and has lived a most variegated life. His full name is Wyatt Henry Cardwell. His father was the eminent Dr. Cardwell of Richmond, Virginia, and his mother was the eldest daughter of the world renowned orator, Patrick Henry. Cardwell is said to be a graduate of Washington University and has withal a polished education. He has the remarkable faculty of repeating long poems from memory. It is said he can troll out Childe Hadrod, Don Juan, and such poems from beginning to end. At the age of fifteen he joined the Confederate army and was shot at Manassas, losing his leg. He was taken to the Richmond hospital, where he excited the attention of prominent ladies and gentlemen by his precocity. Afterwards he became private secretary of Senator Foote. He has wandered all over the country, being heard of in New York, now in Cincinnati, now in Louisville, and now in Washington. At the present time he is heard of in Memphis. He has done considerable newspaper work in his time, was connected with the National Star at Goodman, Mississippi, in 1878, and afterwards was on the Kosciusko Chronicle. Wherever he has been, he has had a pursuer—whiskey. It has made him tramp all over the United States and has frequently caused him to be arrested. He has an extensive acquaintance with the great men of this country, and has now in his possession a letter from Alexander H. Stevens congratulating him on his reform. He is a man of good address and has reduced begging to a fine art. For instance, in approaching a stranger, he will say: "Will you pardon the perfect ingenueness of the request, but could you lend me half a dollar to get a night's lodgings?" Should the person thus approached deny the request, he will not be indignant or insulting but will gracefully change the conversation to national politics, the ethics of journalism, the traits of great men or similar topics. He is an accomplished performer on the banjo. With all his bad habits, he is said to be honest. It is the one remnant of the Virginia gentleman. A more remarkable career could hardly be imagined. From a fine family to the profession of a common tramp, and he is only about thirty-five years of age. There was a time when he would force his way into the families of respectable people, but he does so no longer, and it is only too palpable that he has lost caste with himself.

The Good Old Times.

It sounds very poetical to say "the good old times," but if we should be strictly truthful, having an eye on the actual rather than upon the sentimental, we should be more inclined to designate them as the "mean old times," especially, if by some powerful freak of nature, we should be taken up and set back among the days that fell to the lot of those who were men and women when our grandparents were little children. It is no wonder that Benjamin Franklin, with his prophetic vision, wished it had been his destiny to be born two or three centuries later. Think of the journeys then requiring days, that may now be accomplished in as many hours, and with far more comfort. Think of sitting in church winter after winter without the cheerful light of a fire; save that which was kindled in the imagination by the glowing eloquence of the preacher, as he described the torments of the damned. Think of paying forty or fifty dollars a year for a newspaper, and think, also, of the beggarly little sheet and all its meagre quantities. Think of living without a friction match in the house, or a tooth brush, or a carpet, or gaslight, or furnaces, or a sewing machine, or doing without overshoes and umbrellas and a thousand other things we call necessities. It is startling to consider the multitude of things, small and great, that we possess, which contribute to our comfort, our welfare, our ease, our enjoyment, that were utterly unknown to our grandfathers, and never could have entered their dreams. The spirit of progress consults our convenience and multiplies advantages in every direction, enhancing the charm of life, diminishing its pains, and inviting us to come in, welcome and enjoy its innumerable gifts.

Put boys at work and see how they will play. Set them to play and see how they will work.

The Eastern Sentiment Toward the Mormons.

G. C. Goodwin, in Harper's for October.

While this system is spreading and being daily strengthened, while something is going on in Utah, which, if left exclusively to itself, would, in a generation, bring women to the auction-block, and utterly brutalize men, the people of the east do not seem to be greatly worried. Though the gentiles of Utah never wronged the Mormons, though they have given to Utah its prosperity and accumulated wealth, though they own quite two fifths of the property of the territory, and though they have never asked anything of the Mormons except that they obey the laws, still, the sentiment of the East is that they are a predatory set and that the Mormons are entitled to peculiar and tender consideration, because they, when their presence and customs had become intolerable to the people among whom they dwelt, started out in the wilderness and established a thriving Territory. While doing this the Mormons have shrunk from no crime, recoiled from no falsehood, have murdered and robbed Americans in secret, and laid the crime to savages, and still, while despoiling Americans, have shed crocodile tears over their extreme sufferings. They have disobeyed and derided the laws, and still continue to do so; they have insulted and driven away United States officials for no offense except that of trying to do their duty under their oaths, and all this has been performed by the order of less than thirty men, who, in the mean time have absorbed so much of the earnings of the people that they possess more money and property than five times twenty thousand of their dupes possess. Worse than all, they have again forged the chains of an ignominious slavery on the wrists of women; what they call their religion offers a perpetual premium for men's lusts; their teachings kill the germ of chastity in the hearts of childhood before it is ever warmed into life, and destroys the honor and sacredness of home. The men of the east should consider these things, and should remember that once before there was an institution in this country around which there was a shield of sympathy; its divine rights were declared from a thousand pulpits; Congress was too sordid and too cowardly to deal with it; wholesale merchants and great corporations lent their influence to perpetuate it, and a venal press rang with anathemas against any who dared to denounce it. But there came a day at last when men had to choose which should live and rule, that institution or this nation. The history of what followed is fresh in all minds; and little as the masses believe it now, there will come a time, if this monster in Utah is left to grow, when there will be another call of volunteers and for money; and, as before, tens of thousands of brave young men will go away, never to return, as before, there will be an enormous debt incurred; as before, the country will be hilloked with graves, and the whole land will be moistened by the rain of women's tears.

"Is this the Dark Horse?"

THE MESSAGE THAT CONKLING SENT TO GARFIELD AT CHICAGO.

From the Grand Rapids Times.

From the Eagle of yesterday we excerpt the following:

The Dayton Journal mentions a little incident of the Chicago convention which seems to show that Senator Conkling foresaw the outcome from nearer the beginning than many others. It was an incident in which Conkling and Garfield, one for Grant and the other for Sherman, were the characters, and it is related as follows:

"Among the late President Garfield's papers will probably be found a little memorandum from Roscoe Conkling to him in pencil, written in the hall of the national convention in Chicago, in about these words:

"My Dear Garfield: If there is to be a dark horse in this convention there is no person whom I would prefer before yourself. CONKLING."

"The reply was: 'My Dear Conkling: There will be no dark horse in this convention. I am for Sherman. J. A. GARFIELD."

"This was pending the great struggle and just before the mighty tornado which carried Garfield into the Presidency—and the grave."

Our esteemed contemporary must needs forego such pleasure as it may derive from fancying that "Conkling foresaw the outcome." We were fortunate enough to have been present at the Chicago convention and to have seen the incident which gave rise to the above item. Conkling—arrogant, able, presuming, peacocky and plucky—was trying to throttle all opposition by passing a gag law binding all delegates to support the nominee of the convention. A delegate from West Virginia—he who replied to the sneering inquiry as to his identity made by the turkey gobbler from New York by saying that he was the man who made a hundred speeches for Mr. Hayes in the last campaign while Conkling was making but one—opposed the motion, but just before it was put General Garfield came to the front and made his famous plea for peace. The waters were troubled for a time, but the oil poured by the politic Senator-elect from Ohio quieted them, and the motion was withdrawn. It was at this moment that Conkling turned to General Garfield a face flaming with indignation and impudence. As the General took his seat with the

Ohio delegation Conkling impetuously pulled from his pocket a card and wrote something upon it. Calling a page he sent the card to Garfield, who glanced over it, tore it into pieces and threw them upon the floor. Having noticed the affair we were curious about the contents of the card, and when the convention adjourned we explained to a journalistic friend, who was upon the floor of the house. He found the card. Upon it was the single sentence, with no address or signature:

"Is this the dark horse putting himself forward?"

The occurrence made a marked impression upon us at the time and since then we have narrated it upon several occasions. We tell the story again only because it is presented in a distorted light by several of our contemporaries.

The Chinese Pigtail.

ORIGIN OF THIS PECULIAR CUSTOM IN THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE—THE LONG-HAIRED RACE—BADGE OF CONQUEST.

A recent imperial edict on the subject calls attention to the origin of the pigtail, which is now the distinctive mark of a native of the flowery kingdom. It is one of the strange phenomena of that country, where everything is so ancient and where so few innovations have been tolerated, that this practice, which was originally the badge of conquest, should have been not merely accepted but permitted to intertwine itself so closely with the national life that it would require forcible measures to induce the people to forego it. For in the days before the Manchu conquest, when the throne was occupied by the great dynasties of antiquity, the Chinese allowed their hair to grow as best it pleased them, and they were even then known to some of their neighbors as the "long-haired race." But when the great soldier Noorhachu marched southward from Moukden to conquer China and establish the Manchu dynasty he gave an order to his lieutenants to compel the people as they submitted to shave their heads in token of their surrender. The Manchus were thus enabled to discover at a glance which of the Chinese were vanquished and which were not, while the thoroughfares of their success was expressed in the most formal and emphatic manner. This practice, which was adopted partly from the exigencies arising out of the conquest of the multitudes of Tartar soldiers, was continued, and became an integral portion of the Manchu system of government, and the result has tended to confirm the wisdom of the founders of the present dynasty. The popular views on the subject of the pigtail have not yet been ascertained with any degree of certitude; but it may be remarked that all the insurrections of the last twenty years have put forward as one of the features the intention to renew this practice, which has been represented as a badge of conquest. There now, however, seems more chance than ever of its perpetuation.

Sonnambulistic Drawing.

A PECULIAR CASE WHICH APPEARS WORTHY OF SCIENTIFIC INQUIRY.

A case of sonnambulism, which would appear to be worthy of expert investigation, is that of a little New York boy of 14, Martin Frobisher by name. The boy's father is a teacher of elocution and acting and says that little Martin, who has been from his earliest boyhood in the habit of rising in the middle of the night in a sonnambulistic state, has become greatly fascinated with the study of drawing, for which he shows marked talent. This study has taken such an intense hold of the boy's mind that he rises in the night in a completely unconscious state and will continue to work on an unfinished piece of drawing with as much skill and dexterity as though he were awake. The other night he got up and drew a head, from a cast which he had drawn on paper during the previous day, on the wall of his chamber. Last winter he caught a serious cold during the night in his night-shirt engaged upon his usual absorbing pursuit, and next morning his mother found him with a decided stiffness of the knees. "I can understand," the father said, "how a sonnambulistic subject can go through certain mechanical motions, but it is inconceivable to me how the boy is able to draw with such perfect attention to every detail—to put expression into an eye, for instance, and spirit into a face." He exhibited some very clever drawings by the boy, partially done, as he declared, while the little fellow was in this remarkable condition. When asked whether it was a hereditary tendency in the family he said that his own brother—the boy's uncle—had been subject to it, and, strange to say, Martin's youngest brother was now catching the infection of nocturnal escapades. The boy is a bright, good-looking little fellow, who appears to be thoroughly sound, but has evidently somewhat suffered from confinement and overstudy. He was closely questioned, but he could not be induced to say anything except that he was utterly unconscious of what he had done in the nights in which he had been up until he saw his drawings next morning on the table or the wall. The father hopes that the case will have the light of a scientific investigation, as he says it is a great mystery to himself and the entire family.

The Stewart Grave Robbery.

THE BODY STOLEN FROM THE ORIGINAL THIEVES—A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

St. Louis, September 27.—A new phase of the Stewart body robbery is given by an officer of the secret service who has been working upon the case. When the attempt was made in 1876 to steal Abraham Lincoln's remains this officer was cognizant of the plot and rendered valuable service. The men who were captured and sent to jail—Mullin and Hughes—he says were merely the tools of a ring. This same ring is at the bottom of the Stewart robbery. "I may say," he says, "that from the first I had an impression that the attempt which failed in Springfield would be repeated elsewhere and with more prospect of success. Yes, there is evidence of the fact that some, at least, engaged in the planning of the Lincoln conspiracy formed the plot carried out in the Stewart case. The plan was the same substantially. In fact, there was a point of resemblance beyond even the suspicion of those who at first regarded the plans as the same. In both cases the conspiracy was two-fold, or, rather, there were what might be called two antagonistic conspiracies—one to rob the grave and the other to steal the body from those who had broken open the tomb. In the Lincoln case if the robbery had been accomplished the men who did the desperate deed would not have profited by it. There were men behind Mullin and Hughes who would have caused the body to have been removed from the place of concealment first agreed upon and held it for ransom." The officer declares that the body has been removed from its first place of concealment. The five who participated in the first robbery were in turn victimized. The body was long since stolen from them. He says he knows where the body is and has offered to tell Judge Hilton all the facts of the case and secure the remains without reward, but Judge Hilton has not seen fit to accept his offer.

Peck's Advice to Daughters.

From the Milwaukee Sun.

"Come here, sis, and sit down beside me and let me give you a little talking. I wish to speak to you of your mother. It may be you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours, but it is your duty to chase it away. I don't mean for you to run at it and shake your skirts and tell it to 'shoo,' as you would a hen, nor do I expect you to get on the other side of the fence and throw old oyster cans and pieces of barrel staves at it. But I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast; and when your mother comes down and begins to express her surprise go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten up her dear old face. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more, and yet if you were sick that face would appear to you to be more beautiful than an angel's as it hovers over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear old face. Those burdens if not lifted from her shoulders will break her down. There, there, don't cry; she has not left you yet. She is down in the kitchen stringing beans for dinner, and if you feel so badly you might go down and finish them and let her change her dress and rest an hour before dinner. And after dinner take down her hair and do it up for her. You need not wind it over your finger and fuss to make spit curls, as she used to do with yours, but give it a good brushing and wind it up gently, tenderly, as if you enjoyed doing it for her. The young man down in the parlor can wait till you have performed these duties. If he expresses any impatience you may explain to him that you feel under more obligations to your mother than you do to him.

The Woman who Shot at Arnold.

An interesting incident of the revolutionary war not recorded in the books—Benedict Arnold's narrow escape from death at a woman's hands—is recalled by the death of Mrs. Ann Hinman Kellogg, of Fairfield, aged 92 years. She was the daughter of Captain Elisha Hinman, of the United States navy, and her mother was the only American who remained in the town of New London when it was burned by Benedict Arnold in 1781. The latter knew Mrs. Hinman, and when he saw her on her doorstep as he entered the town he saluted her and offered to save her property if she would point it out. She indicated several neighbors' houses as well as her own, and they were not burned. The sacking of the town, the capture of Fort Griswold and the massacre of Colonel Ledyard and his soldiers followed, incensing Mrs. Hinman so greatly that she descended from her house-top, from which she had witnessed the outrages, and taking a musket from a closet she leveled it at Arnold as he sat on his horse in front of the house. With a long and deliberate aim she pulled the trigger, and the piece missed fire. Hearing the snap of the lock Arnold turned and asked what the noise was, but with great presence of mind she dropped the gun out of sight and said it was the breaking of a chair.