

Lesson 6.—The Day of Atonement.

Leviticus 16: 16-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"We also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement."—Rom. 5: 11.

Central Truth.—By his one sacrifice on the cross Christ has obtained eternal redemption for us.

In the round of the Jewish year the great day was the "Day of Atonement." The Feast of Tabernacles, the grand harvest festival, closed the festival circle, and—since rightly to rejoice in the gifts of God one must be at peace with him—the Day of Atonement immediately preceded that joyous feast. But there were special things which made it the greatest day in the year. The truths it taught and the lessons it brought home were of the very highest importance. It kept alive and impressed the supreme facts of the holiness of God, the evil of sin, man's need of atonement and pardon, and the completeness of the pardon offered. These things were more than hinted at in the other sacrifices, and in some of them were unmistakably taught. But in the rites of this day they were expressed with peculiar distinctness and force.

The day was one of "holy convocation" or solemn meeting. On it no work was to be done "from even unto even." From the command that every Israelite should "afflict his soul" it has been inferred that it was kept as a fast. On this day the sacred rites were all performed by the high priest alone, and there was something significant in the fact that he laid aside his usual splendid robes, embroidered with threads of gold, for a garment of simple white, thus impressively symbolizing the perfect purity with which one must enter the immediate presence of God.

The day began and ended with the usual morning and evening sacrifices, at which the high priest wore his ordinary dress. The morning sacrifices being ended the high priest bathed his entire person and put on his garments of white. First, with a bullock procured at his own cost he made a sin offering for himself and his associates in the priesthood. The bullock having been slain its blood was left standing in a basin, while the high priest, with a censer of live coals from off the altar in one hand and handfuls of incense in a golden vessel in the other, proceeded to the Holy of Holies. Lifting the veil he cast the incense on the coals, and at once the place was filled with fragrant clouds of smoke. Returning, he took the basin of blood and again entering the most holy place sprinkled first the mercy seat, and then before the mercy seat on the ground. This was his atonement for himself and the priests and for the more sacred parts of the tabernacle in their relation to the priesthood.

Next followed the atonement for the people. This was a complex rite for which the two goats were already in waiting. One of these was slain and its blood was sprinkled, as was that of the bullock, on and before the mercy seat in the most holy place. This was the atonement for the people and for the tabernacle in its connection with them. The next thing was the cleansing, with the mingled blood of the bullock and the goat, of the altar of incense in the holy place and of the altar of burnt offering in the forecourt.

The atonement was now complete with the exception of a single rite, which was, however, most expressive and important. It was the part for which the other goat was in waiting. Laying his hands upon its head the high priest made confession of all the sins of all the people, thus symbolically putting them upon the goat, which was then sent away to Azazel, supposed by some to be "the most desolate wild" of all the wilderness. This was not a ceremonial by itself, but a completion of the atonement already made. The two goats were in effect one victim; the two being made use of to express a complex idea which could not be conveyed by one. Together they expressed the truth that sin, when cleansed by blood, is not simply covered but borne far away. It was the fulfillment beforehand of the promise, "As far as the east is from the west so far hath he removed our transgressions from us."

The parts of the bullock and of the first goat not destined for the altar were now "burned without the camp," and thus the ceremonies peculiar to the day were completed.

The great things signified by all this are too plain to be mistaken. God is holy and man is a sinner. Save as his sin is covered or atonement is made for it he cannot enjoy the blessing of the divine favor. Nor is it enough to find an offering for special errors and transgressions. As a sinner in all that he is and does he needs atonement and pardon. To his ancient people God sent this home by the special sin offerings of this great Day of Atonement, assuring them, by means of these symbols, of pardon not less complete than if he had cast all their sins into the depths of the sea. And yet all these were symbols only. The real efficacy was not in them; it was in that greater sacrifice which they prefigured, in that one costly and precious offering made in due time on the cross. It is and ever was the offering of the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world" that truly effects atonement and procures pardon. That offering the ancient Jews saw at the shadow; it is our greater joy to have seen the substance.

But there is one other special point not to be overlooked. It was a statute never, a solemn ordinance, that on this day every Israelite should "afflict his soul." This does not merely mean that he should fast. It is not at all certain that in these words there is any al-

lusion to fasting. It specially points to a humiliation of soul under the memory of sin; to that godly sorrow with which sin should ever be remembered. The plain and important teaching of this was that needful as atonement is, and free as is the pardon offered through it, there is yet one indispensable condition of its benefits. Not only is it to be regarded with faith; there must also be true repentance. Rather, sincere faith is repentance, or has it for one of its elements. The faith which offered or appropriated the atonement was an humble faith. So must ours be if we would so rest in the one sacrifice of Christ as to be sharers in his eternal redemption.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Sin is base and defiling. Not only priests and people, but the sanctuary and altar with which they had to do, had need of cleansing. 2. The very best men need an atonement, just as the high priest had first of all to make an offering for himself. This is to some a hard saying. Nevertheless it is a primary truth of both the Old and New Testaments that as none are too bad to be accepted through Christ so none are so good as to be ever saved without him; "for all have sinned."

3. We see how compassionate God is. So holy is he that he cannot save the least sinner without an expiation, and yet he has made ample provision for the greatest.

4. The Old Testament sacrifices were but shadows. In Christ we have the substance. All pointed to him, "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."

5. The live goat sent far into the wilderness, bearing the iniquities of the people, is a striking symbol of the completeness of salvation through Christ. In him is fulfilled the promise, "I will remember their sin no more."

6. The high priest carried the blood of atonement to the very mercy seat; so Christ has passed into the heavens, bearing thither the merit of his own blood, and ever liveth there as our intercessor.

7. The sinner who comes truly to Christ comes with godly sorrow for his sin. He needs no stern command to afflict his soul. His desire to be freed from all sin is a part of his faith in the atoning Saviour.

8. The sacrifice on the cross availed not only for all the past but for all time to come. Our Saviour's next appearance will be not only "glorious," but "unto salvation."

SENATORIAL ORATORS.

A Description of the Methods of Some of Our Distinguished Senators.

The Senate is soon to meet again, and the expected presence of the Solons here inspires us to say that there are very few men in either house of Congress who speak upon any important measure without having made the most elaborate preparation. The library is ransacked for books, old newspaper files are brought from their nooks, and cords of paper are used in taking notes. These notes are filled out, put in order, and then you have a set speech.

David Davis, perhaps more than any other Senator, indulges in manuscript, preparing even a five-minute speech with great care. This is his inflexible rule and has been since he entered public life. After he delivers his speeches, or rather after he reads them, he hands his manuscript to Mr. Murphy, the Senate stenographer, who sends it to the government printing office. The compositors never have any anathemas for the judge's writing, which is large, distinct and full of character.

Edmunds never uses notes and once a speech is out of his mouth he doesn't bother his head about it. During all the years he has been in the Senate he has not revised a single speech. He turns everything in his mind beforehand and he never rises to address the Senate without having weighed in the scales of his great mind what he intends saying.

Ben Hill will speak for three hours without a scrap of paper. The only preparation he makes is marking references or passages in this book or that. I have seen him time and again thunder away for two hours without stopping even for a glass of water. He revises his speeches, however; makes additions and corrections in a clear hand, much like that of a college boy, and gives the printers little trouble with his proof. Hill has an astounding memory, and no man in public life except Edmunds has such imperturbability. The only man who could well worry Hill or excite his wrath in debate was the late Matt Carpenter. How it tickled Carpenter to put some adroit question at the Georgian and get him confused—a hard thing to do at any time, but Carpenter often succeeded. And it was more the result of an irresistible propensity for fun than anything else, for never was man who had less malice than Matt Carpenter. He had a heart as big as a mountain. He was exceedingly particular about his speeches when they were upon legal questions. After he got the proof from the foreman of the "Record" he would hack it to pieces and send the corrected proof back, get a second and treat it in like manner. His writing was characteristic, hard to read—a rollicking, harum-scarum sort of fist—and a study to the printers. He used to say "The shortest road is the best road when you are in a hurry," and though he could write a fine, full, round hand he dashed off everything at lightning speed.

Another Senator who, like Edmunds, never revised a speech was Thurman. Occasionally he spoke from manuscript, but the stenographer took

down every word he said, as the old gentleman would forget his manuscript and drift into extempore eloquence. Thurman, though never a graceful speaker, was always forcible. He was, beyond all doubt, the ablest of the Democrats and their leader from the time he entered the Senate.

Bayard works hard at his speeches, and though he writes them out and follows his manuscript closely he revises after proof is taken. He makes few changes, however, but holds the proof very often until 2 o'clock in the morning, as he spends his evenings generally in social circles. He is a good penman, writing a medium-sized running hand.

Lamar is a great reviser, cuts proof into tatters and writes a horrible hand that tries the soul of a printer. Occasionally he goes down to the government printing office to look after his speeches, which when published are vastly different from the stenographer's report of them.

Senator Conkling seldom made a correction of his utterances in the Senate chamber. He is perhaps the best extemporaneous speaker in the United States, and even his remarks in running debate are indices of great ability. During the extra session of the Forty-sixth Congress he delivered a speech upon the Army Appropriation bill without note, papers, book or reference of any kind. When the Vice President announced "The Senator from New York" up rose the stately form of Roscoe Conkling. Never before or since had Senator such an audience. He spoke for four hours. Before the adjournment of the Senate one hundred and fifty thousand copies of his speech had been subscribed for. Every printing office in Washington sent to the Senator its lowest estimate. In a very short time Oyster, one of the best living typos and foreman of the "Congressional Record," had the proof of the great speech ready. He took it up to Wormley's about 9 in the morning and asked for Senator Conkling. "He is not up yet," said the private secretary; "the Senator breakfasts about 11; however, as you are in a hurry and want to see after the speech, I shall call him." "Tell Mr. Oyster to come in—ah! how do you do, Mr. Oyster?" and Lord Chesterfield was never more polite than was Conkling in his nightshirt. After rubbing his eyes he looked at the proof, made a few changes and struck out the "Hon." before "Roscoe Conkling." You will never find it prefixed to his name in any speech intended for general distribution. After he received the speech he wrote his thanks very kindly to Foreman Oyster as follows:

U. S. SENATE CHAMBER, May 7, 1879. Dear Sir: I beg you to receive my thanks for the bound speech and for your kindness throughout. I am glad to have made your acquaintance and trust I may know you better in the future. Cordially yours, ROSCOE CONKLING.

E. W. OYSTER, ESQ.

Of all the Senators Conkling writes the best hand—large, easy, graceful and legible. His signature, however, would be a study to any one not acquainted with it.

The present Secretary of State when a member of the Senate used to look carefully after his speeches, which for the most part were made up of "headings." Probably there never was in the Senate a man who needed less preparation than James G. Blaine. He is infallible in history and impregnable in debate. His memory of facts and faces is absolutely wonderful. He can begin with William the Conqueror and give you the name of every sovereign down to Victoria, with the dates of their reigns. Now and then the Senator would give his personal direction to the printing of a speech. One morning Oyster found him busily engaged "cutting up copy" for the printers. "Hello, Oyster, I'm ahead of you. See, I'm dividing the copy."

"Yes, Senator, I see you are ahead of me; but I went home only six hours ago and shall be here for sixteen consecutive hours." "Well, I know it's hard work, Oyster. I've been at it, and I know what night work means."

Voorhees prepares his speeches carefully and revises moderately. He is one of the few, very few, men who use manuscript in such a way that not a single oratorical grace is diminished thereby. Whether this is because he commits his speeches well to memory or not we never could tell. We rather think he does. But with or without manuscript Voorhees is an orator. As a rule the very sight of manuscript in the hands of a speaker is enough to nerve one for a bore. Demosthenes was right when he said "Oratory is delivery—delivery—delivery" and delivery is killed by manuscript.

Jones, of Florida, always a hard student, labors diligently at a set speech. He is passionately fond of Edmund Burke—knows his works as we never knew any one to know them. He has a memory equal to Blaine's or Ben Hill's, and time and again we heard him repeat page after page of Burke's immortal speeches. It is the same with the speeches of Phillips, Grattan, Curran and O'Connell. Jones is a very able man. His Democracy is extreme, but out of politics he is one of the best fellows the world over. Davis, of West Virginia, though an old member of the Senate, has made but one speech and that on agriculture. It was printed exactly as it was written. His remarks are left to the tender mercies of the stenographer. Beck, Davis' colleague on the Com-

mittee of Appropriations, is the most rapid talker in either house of Congress. Well for him that the Senate has such a stenographer as Dennis Murphy, whose hand travels over paper like lightning. We doubt if his equal could be found anywhere. Beck is an untiring worker, has the constitution of a Kentucky racehorse, and no amount of labor is too heavy for him. He is not much of a reviser, going on the principle of Pontius Pilate—quod scripsi, scripsi. He is as blunt as Joey Bagstock and as good-natured as Mark Tapley. As there are no "leaves to print" in the Senate no Senator can publish a speech without having at least read it from manuscript. The first page of the "Record" is quite a desideratum as the place to air the title of a speech, and many a grave Senator who would willingly sit at the end of McGregor's table is loath to have his speech hidden in the middle of the "Record." In vain to attach Solomon's theory about variety!

Unhappy Homes.

Rev. Dr. Scudder.

In a country of the East the bride and bridegroom eat a quince together to sweeten their breath. What a pity that all brides and grooms could not eat some sort of fruit whose fragrance would remain to make them sweet-voiced and sweet-tempered all their lives. What a pity that all the newly wedded could not remember that from the apples of discord is expressed the vinegar of hate, while from the sweet-tempered grapes of kindness is distilled the wine of perpetual bliss. Look at that man who has just shut his gate with a bang and is scraping his feet at the door. What a pity he could not scrape his heart, too, before he opens the door. There is as much dirt and defilement on his heart as on his boots, and the effects will be far more serious. The selfish, sordid, cross, ill-tempered, pitiful little soul! His devoted wife dare not ask him for a dollar. She would rather have a tooth pulled any time. He is always grumbling. He is a chronic growler. He thinks the world was made for him and wonders it was not made bigger on his account. He is like an old bear that goes snarling after the mother bear, and if she chances to drop the little cub that she is tugging along in her mouth he gives the toiling creature a grim and ugly bite. I saw just such an old Bruin near Salt Lake once.

A husband and wife emerged from a car. She was loaded down with the baggage and his overcoat and he was bustling along and hurrying her up lest she should fail to catch the train. I wanted to interview that man for about two minutes. There is in the countries of the East a species of black art that suddenly attacks articles of furniture. Their work is insidious and unseen. Externally all seems right, until suddenly the whole thing collapses in a cloud of dust. So it is where discord and harshness exist in domestic life. It will eat out the very life of home. Heaven is transformed to hell. The angelhood of earth is exchanged for demoniacal sorrow and sin. It always takes an angel to make a devil. That which is most beautiful is made most hideous by unworthy transition.

The Magnitude of the Rag Trade.

Few persons have any adequate conception of the magnitude and importance of the rag trade in this country. Rags seem to be so cheap and insignificant a commodity that it is surprising to learn that, with the exception of the staple products of the West, they are more largely transported by railroads than any other article of merchandise. At Chicago the Michigan Central railroad has erected a special building for this kind of freight, and it is estimated that not less than one hundred carloads of rags leave and enter Chicago daily. A good idea of the extent of the trade was recently given a Chicago reporter by a wholesale rag dealer. Said the latter: "There are fifty millions of people in the United States, and it is safe to presume that every one of them discards on an average five pounds of clothing every year. That gives us two hundred and fifty million pounds of rags to start with. Then there are the tailoring establishments, big and little, whose cuttings are not much less in quantity in the aggregate than the cast-off clothes of the nation at large, while their quality as rags is greatly superior. Then there are the carpets and bedding and curtains, and other domestic articles of cloth of some kind, which make up a goodly bulk in the course of a year. The different articles combined make up another two hundred and fifty million pounds of cloth material which has been discarded from use and which eventually finds its way into the ragman's bale."

There is nothing new under the sun—especially in the matter of jokes. Mark Twain has an anecdote of a Scotchman who enters an eating house on Holborn Hill and calls for a penny loaf. Then he says that he has changed his mind, and that he will have a pennyworth of beer instead. This process he repeats twelve times, and he is then going on his way, rejoicing and full of beer, when the cookshop keeper demands payment for his beer. "I gave you a penny loaf for each pennyworth of beer," answers the canny Scot. "But you have not paid for the loaves," continues the incensed Boniface. "But I had them not," replies the Scot.

This story is to be found in an old cheap book published late in the seventeenth century; and it is very probably a survival of some mediæval joke current among the schoolmen, since its humor hinges on a false premise in logic.

Hunting Alligators in Florida.

From Jacksonville Cor. Savannah News.

Parties are hunting the 'gators way down on the Calcoosahatchie and Kissimmee rivers, and upon the numerous lakes in that region. Nothing is used except the skins upon the belly and legs, the rough, scaly plates upon the backs of the animals being rejected. The heads are cut off and buried for a few days until the tusks can be detached. It was announced some days since that one person had collected alligator teeth to the amount of three hundred and fifty pounds. This fact alone will give some idea of the destruction now going on among these creatures. On the St. John's river a new method has been devised for the successful pursuit of this game. A dark lantern with a powerful reflector is used on suitable nights, and no difficulty is experienced in approaching the quarry. The animals appear to be perfectly bewildered by the strong glare, and make no effort to escape. The gun is held within a few feet of the head, a touch to the trigger, and there is a 'gator less in Florida. This new process is very effective, as the hunters are enabled not only to kill but to secure the prey. It is said to reflect that the race of the saurians is in danger of being extirpated. Thousands are slain annually by tourists and others for amusement merely, in addition to those slaughtered for profit.

Thousands of baby 'gators are stuffed as specimens or sent off alive as curiosities, while myriads of eggs are blown and disposed of by dealers. Amid all these causes combined the brute seems in a good way to become extinct. This is somewhat unfortunate, as the beast is a constant source of interest to our northern brethren, and every hunter from that section eagerly craves the distinctions of an alligator scalp to his list of trophies. If their wholesale destruction continues it will be necessary to call on the fish commissioners to restock our lakes and rivers with these valuable animals.

The Star Route Frauds—Mr. Tyner's Statement.

First Assistant Postmaster General Tyner sent in his resignation a few days since. It was not unexpected. After the statement made by him recently in relation to the Star route service his retirement was a foregone conclusion. According to his own account as far back as 1879 three persons in official position in Washington were aware of the Star route service frauds. These were Mr. Tyner himself, who made at that time a personal investigation of them; Postmaster General Key, to whom he submitted a written report of the result of his inquiries, and President Hayes, whom he afterward consulted in relation to what should be done with his discoveries. According to Mr. Tyner the Postmaster General and the President both advised the suppression of the report, the former on the ground that if it was published "there would be a row," and the latter from the fear that it would injure the party. In compliance with their wishes Mr. Tyner, like a dutiful public servant, hid away his report and never allowed it to see the light until now, when he produces it simply to vindicate himself from the suspicion of being in league with Brady, the Third Assistant Postmaster General, who had the giving out of the contracts. That Mr. Tyner should have charged that Postmaster General Key and President Hayes had knowledge of these facts and counseled their suppression was a declaration so remarkable that many would have hesitated to give it credence had not ex-Postmaster General Key since admitted that so far as he was concerned Mr. Tyner had told the truth, and that the report was suppressed at his instance and for the reasons stated. But what shall be said of the conduct of Postmaster General Key and Mr. Tyner, his first assistant, who being cognizant of these frauds were not only silent about them but allowed them to proceed up to the time that Postmaster General James took the office, and found the rumors that had long been current completely established by the investigation that was then ordered? If the two highest officials of the Postoffice Department could be so derelict in their duty as to connive at these frauds, even though they may not have shared in the plunder, it could scarcely be matter of surprise that other officials subordinate to them should profit by their opportunities and that the favored contractors should feel they had secured immunity from punishment. The whole history of this Star route mail service is a sad commentary on official morals. It leads to the belief that the support of a political party is in these latter days held to be paramount to the public welfare and the honest administration of a public trust. Brady and some of the worst of the contractors with whom he is charged to have been in collusion are to be brought to trial, but if the rumors afloat about the revelations they are capable of making be only partially true the chances of their being adequately punished are remarkably slight.

Horse Talk.

The American horse Foxhall won the Cesarewitch stakes at New Market races, in England, on the 10th instant. Foxhall is a three year old-bay colt of good size and fine muscular development. He was bred by A. J. Alexander at the Woodburn farm, in Kentucky, and was bought by Mr. Keene's agent in 1879 for \$650. His sire is King Alfonso, the son of the imported stallion Phaeton, whose sire was King Tom. King Alfonso's dam was Capuola, a daughter of Vandal. King Alfonso was foaled in 1872, and was an excellent race-horse, but was injured and retired early. He is the sire of Grenada, Fonsoe, Alfambra, Lavacia and other well-known racers, as well as Mr. Keene's two colts, Foxhall and Don Fulano. Foxhall's dam is Jamaica, a daughter of Lexington by Fanny Ludlow, she by imported Eclipse out of Mollie Jackson. Thus Foxhall's breeding combines the choicest strains. He was sent to England last year, and won his first race at Newmarket, October 13, when he won the Bedford stake. The next day he was second in the Ashley stakes, and on October 28, he won the Bretby Nursery Handicap. This year in the City and Suburban Handicap his performance in running second to Bend Or was considered so good that English turfmen gave him a high place among the 3-year olds. By an unfortunate oversight Foxhall was not entered for the two thousand guineas, Derby, or St. Leger, but on June 12 he won the Grand Prix de Paris after a gallant contest, in which nine other horses took part. In this race the struggle toward the finish was very exciting, Foxhall beating Tristan only by a head. Fiddler, who ran third to-day, finished fourth. Foxhall's second appearance in England this year was at Ascot Heath on June 16, when he ran in the race for the Gold Cup a distance of 2½ miles. The favorite, Robert the Devil, won by five lengths, Foxhall never standing higher than third and finishing fourth. On September 29, at the Newmarket 1st of October meeting, Foxhall had better luck, winning the Grand Duke Michael stakes from three competitors, and the second place being secured by his half-brother, Don Fulano.

Pharaoh's Daughter.

The statement is boldly made that among the mummies recently discovered at Thebes is that of the identical "Pharaoh's daughter" who rescued the infant Moses from his dangerous hiding-place in the cradle among the bulrushes. The body is that of a lady of rare beauty, and is so perfectly preserved by the embalmers' art that it appears as if only recently laid away. The coffin is decorated with mosaic work of costly stones, some of which has been chipped off by curiosity seekers. Ramesses the Second, the father of this lady, is said to have had many wives, and to have been the father of more than one hundred and fifty children. It is supposed that many of his other sons and daughters are similarly embalmed, and that their mummified bodies will be found among the treasures of this description which are now being brought to light.

Dreary Places.

Of all the dreary places, deliver us from the dreary farm-house which many call home. Bars for a front gate, chickens wallowing before the door, pig pens elbowing the house in the rear, scraggy trees never cared for or no trees at all, no flowering shrubs, no neatness, no trimness; and yet a lawn, and trees, and a neat walk, and a pleasant porch, and a plain fence around, do not cost a great deal. They can be secured little by little, at odd times, and the expense hardly felt. And if the time comes when it is best to sell the farm fifty dollars so invested will often bring back five hundred, for a man is wrong who will not insensibly give a higher price for such a farm, when he thinks of the pleasant surroundings it offers his wife and children.

DURING the past year the progress of discovery at Pompeii has been rapid. Several very important houses have been opened for the first time since their memorable closing up in the early years of imperial Rome. One of them is built and furnished on an entirely original plan. Some of the statues found are of bronze, and are said to be of exquisite workmanship. Furniture discovered is also of high excellence.

A NEGRO went home from a Georgia camp meeting in a state of ecstasy, declared that he was going to Heaven by way of a tall tree that grew in the yard, climbed to a height of seventy feet and then undertook to fly the rest of the journey. The fall killed him.

AN Illinois man, with a foresight worthy of a better cause, popped the question on a railroad train, and now the maiden is at a loss to decide as to which county she had better commence proceedings in for a breach of promise.

"SHE was a daisy," but she put her little French heeled shoe on a banana peel, and in a flash was transformed into a lady slipper, and then arose blushing like a peony.