Your smile and beauty fair; I have no crown of high renown, But, O my love so true! What rooks it me since well I know

That I have you? The soldier wins a dying wreath In leaping leaguered walls And spoil of slaughtered victims brings Beneath the funeral palls; Such trophies are the meed of war,

And crimson in their hue; My wreath, my spoils, are all of love; For I have you.

- Edward Orville Sharpe.

THAT MISS BENTON.

BY EDITH BORINSON.



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? HAVE some bad news for you, girls. Don't call me an eavesdropper-unless it is in the sense of dropping from genial host, Mr. Tuttle, persists in holding his domestic conferences beneath my window, in the

tone he uses to his oxen, on a in listening.

When she had made this speech Lou Saxe dropped on the bed, already occupied by Bertha Lewis and Jeanie Foster, in an attitude of mock despair.

"What has happened?" asked Pris Armstrong, whose room they were in. She was at the bureau, where she was trying to heat a curling iron over the flickering flame of a small lamp.

"Some one is coming to-night to take the corner room," answered Lou. "She is an invalid-at least, Mr. Tuttle said she was 'coming for the quiet.' and nobody but a sick person wants to be quiet, of course."

"Ah!" remarked Pris, after an ominous pause.

"This means," went on Lou, "that we must give up our evening kettledrums in your room, for when the invalid goes to bed she will want to go to sleep. We must not sing when we cons home from a hay ride, or dance down the corridor after we have retired for the night. Neither must we gather here for midnight ghost stories, because an invalid can hear every whisper.

"It is too bad that she should come here to spoil our good times!" said "Sick people Pris. indignantly. should stay at home!"

"I know all about the way a person who has nervous postration behaves, because my Aunt, Kathleen had it."

girls, she could not bear to see the dog wag his tail, and she put her hands to her ears if he threatened to bark. She did not like to have any one eat toast, because the crunching affected her nerves; and if I sat down in front of clared, was to lie abed all day in a my room -" her in a rocking-chair, she would beg me to stop rocking, for the motion made her so nervous! "Mere affectation!" exclaimed Pris.

"If people let such notions take possession of them, there is no knowing to what extremes they may be led. like the nuns in the Middle Ages, who had a nervous epidemic of barking. I really think we have a mission work to perform, girls, in the midst of our good times.

"Aunt Kathleen didn't like clocks, either," pursued Lou. "Her power of hearing them tick was simply supernatural. Her room was et the top of the house, but she could hear the up. clock in the dining-room. She said she should like to emigrate to the village in South America that Darwin tells about, where there was not a had a good idea of time."

"It is clearly our duty to keep our neighbor from developing into a hypochondriae, like your amiable relative," said Pris, decisively. should not come to a summer hotel for quist. We are here to have a good time, and not to look after invalids!"

The gong sounded, and the girls gathered on the piazza to watch the arrivals.

"That is she!" whispered Lou, as a roundfaced, dark-eyed young woman

came up the steps.

"But she doesn't look like an incalid," demurred Jeanie.

"They never do! Nervous invalids always look the picture of health," returned Lou. "That is one way you can tell them. Another way is by their bags, to which they cling as to Pear life. These bags contain little pellets, or a bottle of caffee-bromine, or a treatise on how to care nervousness, according to the mental endowments or disendowments of the owner.'

Miss Benton-as the name of the you. new guest read simply on the register -retired early, but a light gleaming beneath her door showed that she was still awake when the girls assembled in Pris's room to exchange their gossip. I'ris had dragged the rockingchairs from the other apartments into her own chamber, and they began their discipline of their unwelcome neighbor by a series of thumps. The door was left open; a small round go! clock having wonderful ticking pow-

ers was placed in the entry.

If the four girls, after this, could appear at the breakfast table looking as fresh as though they had gone to bed with the sun, such was not the case with their neighbor; Miss Benton's heavy eyes and languid manner bore witness to a disturbed night.

The people in the smaller diningroom, having come early in the sea-

timacy for which even a few weeks together in a summer hotel are suffi-Miss Benton made no attempt to join in the merry, desultory chat-ter which was, indeed, skilfully di-rected by Pris to the end of excluding her. What had begun in a mere spirit of frolie and a passing resentment developed, as the days went on, into scarcely concealed dislike, the reason for which none could have told. There was certainly no apparent

and attractive in appearance. Even gentle Mrs. Forsythe, who had hitherto welcomed so kindly any solitary stranger, was swept along by the current, and save for a stately inclination of her head and a formal greeting ignored Miss Benton. She was very fond of her niece, Lou Saxe, and "A summer hotel was not a hospital," she said.

So in the picnic at the Rapids, during the long, bright day spent at the Shaker settlement, and at the climb up Saddleback, Miss Benton was ignored. She was not invited to join in the evening games, in which even the elders participated, nor did any one suggest that she was included in the eaves. If our the bidding to the hop at a neighboring hotel, or to the concert given in the village by the summer residents.

youth in the near neighborhood, who, in the hope of remuneration, had showered his rustic attentions upon the city visitors. The sawmill of subject intimately related to my peace | which he was the owner stood on the and welfare, I consider myself justified | brink of a great dark pool, that had been named by the girls the Styx. Mark Mudgett was his name; and "Mark" was an abbreviation of "Marquis de Lafayette," a given name originally bestowed, under the impression that the French patriot's name was a

> party, and boats were to be let on the Styx. The girls had enlisted the interest of the other hotels and the Marquis's fete was a great success.

the crowning festivity, the last frolic of the season, had been reserved for the following day. There was to be dazed tone. "You are not-you canatwenty-mile drive to the lake, a sail not be Kate Eleanor Benton? Why,

around it and a moonlight drive home. Early on the morning following the Marquis's lawn party, Lou entered Pris's room to find her friend, with a ghastly face, scated upon the side of the bed.

gasped. "Oh, dear? Is this the way it feels to be sick ?"

by stop the dizzy whirl in her aching The other girls came in and suggested various unsuitable remedies.

"Leave me! I don't care if I die! I'd rather die than feel like this. heard the clock strike every hour till tour—think of it, gi And then, ust as I began to Wel sleepy, the cows commenced to low, and Mr. Tut—moment, so I stuffed my manuscript tle began his usual conference through the kitchen window."

Mrs. Forsythe was called. The darkened room; and to that treatment Pris was condemned.

"Please go," she said, when Mrs. Forsythe wished to give up the proposed expedition. "You can do nothto feel that I have robbed you of a day's pleasure."

You will be quite alone. Everyone is going but Mrs. Tuttle and that join you. Your extempore orchestra Miss Benton," urged Mrs. Forsythe, of whistling and blowing on combs "I don't want to talk. I am going to sleep all day." The other girls, with noisy sympathy, yielded commiseratingly to Pris's command that Pris, abjectly. the expedition should not be given

Presently she heard the groaning wheels of the mountain wagon roll up to the door. One horse was restive; would he neigh again? The girl put single clock or watch, but the hours her hands to her ears in an agony of were guessed at by an old man 'who apprehension. What a shrill voice Lou Saxe had, and how long they were getting ready!

They were gone at last, and the girl turned her pillow to see if there were not a cool spot upon it; but no leep came. The day was intensely hot. She had closed the window to shut out the sound of Mrs. Tuttle, the hostess, beating eggs in the kitchen. scattered to their rooms. Later they Her sense of hearing was a torture to

> By and by Mrs. Tuttle came to the room, seated herself in the rocking chair—the one that had been utilized in Mrs. Benton's treatment- and entertained the invalid with a graphic account of all the funerals, accidents and illnesses that had come under her

> observation. "Seems though you'd ought to have something for dinner," she urgod.
> "Couldn't you eat a bit o' cheese?" "No, thank you," answered Pris,

struggling to speak gently. "It's home-made. 'Twouldn't hurt

"But I don't care for any, thank

"Jest a grain. You could soak it in your tea.

"Please, no! murmured Pris. "If you soak it in your tea it would make it soft."

Pris's self-control was at an end. Desperation gave momentary strength. -don't-want - any cheese!" she cried, fiercely. "I never mean to eat anything again as long as I live. Do

Mrs. Tutile moved toward the door in evident alarm; with her hand on the knob she hesitated and turned, with a feeling akin to that of the deserter condemed to be shot, and expectant of the word of command, "Fire!" Pris dived beneath the bedclothes. The next moment the bang of the door quivered through and

through her acaing heard. How the hours dragged! In the si-

son, had fallen into the pleasant in- lence of the great house a creeping sense of loneliness came over the girl, till it amounted almost to terror.

"If I live to get home, I'll never leave it again," she thought. "Jow do you do?

The last words were spoken aloud, in a sudden trenzied desire to hear a human voice, and to ascertain whether she had not lost the power of speech. "Not at all well, thank you," she answered herself, still aloud. "I am in a position to realize, as I never did

before, the figures given in the arithmetic beneath the 'Table of Time reason, for Miss Benton was well-bred Measure,' of the appalling number of seconds there are in a day! Presently there was a gentle tap at

> "Come in!" called Pris, ready to welcome even Mrs. Tattle. But it was Miss Benton who stood upon the threshold!

the door.

"I thought I heard you speak," said Miss Benton, "Can I do anything for you?"

It was more in the tone than even the kindly words, but the last vestige of Pris's self-control vanished, and an incoherent outburst was the only answer. Miss Benton listened at first in astonishment, and finally with a look of understanding, while her mouth, with Pris noticed for the first time was so fine and true, lost its smiling The next festivity was a "lawn curves. But in the gravity that had party," given by an enterprising stolen over the face, the girl was vaguely aware that a rare depth of feeling was revealed.

> "Oh, it is awful to think of the way we have treated you!" Pris concluded, breathlessly.

> The smile came back for a moment to Miss Benton's face.

"This is the first I have known of my ill treatment," she said, calmly. "I should have gone home to-morrow under the impression that this was a remarkably agreeable household, I Christian name. The girls politely have been so unutterably thankful called him "the Marquis." have been so unutterably thankful that you let me alone, did not force that you let me alone, did not force Ice cream was to be sold at his lawn me to 'talk shop,' ask for my autograph, inquire if it were not necessary for me to 'keep my mind calm,'-a query with which one poor unfortunate agonized me at Scranton,-and The girls all enjoyed it much; but above all, did not allude to me as an 'authoress!' "

"An authoress!" repeated Pris, in a dazed tone. "You are not-you canyes, you are the Miss Benton!"

Oh, the difference conveyed in a girl'stone between "the Miss Benton" and "that Miss Benton!"

"Please!" The owner of the name made a funny little gesture of abhor-"It was the ice cream!" Pris rence. That word-authoress-always conveys to my mind an impression of a being with long curls, who writes Poor Pris clasped the bedpost with verses for the Poet's Corner of the both hands, as though she could there- local newspaper. You see," she went on, in a communicative tone, for Pris was too much overwhelmed for the discovery that the occupant of the corner room was a woman whose name was a household word wherever there into my bag and fled. I could devote myself to my work here without one ear pricked up for fear of interrupremedy for a sick headache, she de tion. It was so delightfully quiet in

> "Quiet!" interrupted Pris, amazement.

"Wasn't it?" queried Miss Benton, inrocently. "But I acknowledge that I am deat, dumb and blind when I am ing by remaining, and I do not want at work on the last pages of a story. I did hear your good times together, though, after you came upstairs for the night, and sometimes longed to was my evening refreshment.

"We wouldn't have done it for the world if we had known," murmured

"I am a disappointment, of course," returned Miss Benton, laughing. 'Confess that you thought an authoress must be seven feet tall, with a dictionary under one arm, an encyclopedia under the other, goggles on her nose and a pen in her hand! I'm sorry you're ill. I will have your door and mine open, so you shall not feel lonesome, and perhaps you can sleep. Oh, no, don't thank me just for being neighborly.'

A crowd was gathered around Miss Benton the next morning, and a chorus of lamentation arose that she was going by the morning train.

"This is what I have escaped!" she exclaimed, in mock despair, as autograph fans and albums were produced

by the adoring circle of girls. In one album there was written a line that, as Pris Armstrong, who felt quite well the next day, looked upon it, choked back her "thank you:

"I was a stranger, and ye took me not in I"-Youth's Companion.

Startling Results.

Some startling results, stated Lord Rayleigh the other day at the Royal Institution, have been obtained in investigating the sensitiveness of the ear to sounds. By one method he found that the ear is capable of responding to an amount of condensation and refraction in the air equal to one twenty-millionth of an atmosphere, though by other experiments the amount seemed to be a tenth less. A point of some difficulty is how do we know the direction of sounds. By trial he found that pure sounds, such as those of a tuning fork, tell their direction with certainty only when at the right or left; while with other sounds, such as those of the voice or of clapping the hands, the ear could easily judge the direction, wherever it was. - New York News.

The Largest Camellia.

Perhaps the largest camellia in existence is at Piluitz Castle, near Dresden, Germany. The tree is about twenty-four feet high and annually produces about 50,000 blossoms, -Chicago Times-Herald.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

An electric gun is announced.

Paper water pipes are a possibility. Electrical power is at present profitably transmitted over a distance of 155 miles.

Boston is to have sterilized school books. The books are simply baked to kill disease germs.

A Nunda (N. Y.) man claims to have invented a contrivance to do away with carbons in are lights. The use of brick-dust mortar as a

substitute for hydraulic cement, where the latter cannot be obtained, is now recommended. It has been discovered that granu-

lated asphalt makes an excellent fertilizer. It is especially adapted to grawing potatoes. A balloon recently sent up in Paris equipped with self-registering ther-

mometers and barometers reached an altitude of ten miles and the thermometer recorded 110 degrees below Dr. Pictel asserts that heat radiations at temperatures lower than sixty-five below zero pass as readily

board as a ray of sunlight through One who describes himself as a practical floriculturist, has discovered a remedy for hot-house pests in a soap made from the oil of the fir tree. Nothing, he avers, is more disliked by

through a fur overcoat or a wooden

the insects. A street-car compressed air motor recently underwent a trial in Rome, N. Y. The motor and car were hung on elliptic springs and the ease with which wide joints, frogs and imperfections were passed over attracted much favorable comment.

A Hollander has invented a process of sterlizing milk by subjecting it to the passage of an alternating electric current. All micro-organisms taken up by the milk from the sir, etc., are permanently destroyed by the electric current. This germ-killing quality of the electric current does not hurt the milk.

It is said that perfectly bright iron and steel will not rust in absolutely pure water. Carbonic acid or some similar agent must be present. In any case iron or steel highly polished will resist corrosion for a long time, but when the rust once starts it spreads rapidly over the surface. The purer iron is, the more easily it will

The Tenderfoot and the Burro.

An amusing incident concerning how burros are guided occurred some time ago when a "tenderfoot" from the East was induced to mount an animal noted for his unruliness. The stranger had never seen a burro before, and supposed he could ride the insignificant-looking "sheep," a little larger than a Newfoundland dog, with ease. The burro's grotesque appearance was heightened by the addition of a Mexican saddle. This curious attachment was made of two wooden crotches that looked like wishbones, and were fastened on each side by cross-bars at the lower extremities. dry. The shrinkage made it perfectsolid. Instead of a blanket a sheepskin was thrown over the burro's

back for the saddle to rest on. The "tenderfoot" clambered upon the strange looking craft, when, to his astonishment and alarm, the tricky animal started off at a lively pace with his head down, moving in a narrow circle. The stranger had no bridle nor halter nor even rope to guide his Rosinante, and was still further disconcerted by the yells of derisive laughter that came from the crowd assembled to witness the sport. The could not get off without losing his balance, and at the same time he had all he could do to stick in the saddle. Besides, he did not wish to display his lack of horsemanship, and so he stayed on. Finally the burro took another tack, and started at a lumbering "lope" down a neighboring hill, one ear high in air and the other dopping like a loose sail. At the bottom of the hill the ranaway dashed through a creek deep enough to wet the rider, say "Chee!" to his animal; and, aithough the former did not know what it meant, he yelled "Chee!" at the top of his voice. The barro stopped as suddenly as if he had been struck by a maul. By digging him in the ribs with his heels the "tenderfoot" managed to get him started again, and by use of his newly-acquired vocabulary of one word of burro language and sundry cuffs over the ears, he finally guided him back to the starting point. -Demorest's Magazine.

Stuff Men Are Made O'.

Men are composed chiefly of charcoal and water. As beings of this composition cannot exist in any heat great enough to set the charcoal on fire in spite of the water, the scientists are now speculating as to the possibilities of the hot stars being inhabited by animals with silicon substituted for charcoal. Silicon is saud, or at least it bears much the same relation to sand that carbon does to charcoal. - New York World.

Land of Milk and Honey.

Switzerland is veritably the land Switzerland is "flowing with milk and honey, and "flowing with milk and honey, and thousand hills." Great attention is paid to spiaries; the boney is famed for its aroma and delicacy; though some tourists are disposed to doubt if that which is on every breakfast table is all the product of the busy little hymenopter. - Detroit Free Press. .

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

BELIEVES THE BIBLE.

No Effort to Change or Destroy the Book Has Ever Succeeded.

TEXT: "Let God be true, but every man a liar."--Romans iii., 4.

a liar."—Romans iii., 4.

The Bible needs reconstruction according to some inside and outside the pulpit. It is no surprise that the world bombards the Scriptures, but it is amazing to find Christian ministers picking at this in the Bible and denying that until many good people are left in the fog about what parts of the Bible they ought to believe and what parts reject. The heinousness of finding fault with the Bible at this time is most evident. In our day the Bible is assailed by scurrility, by misrepresentation, by infidel scientists, by all the vice of earth and all the venom of perdition, and at this particular time even by all the vice of earth and all the venom of perdition, and at this particular time even preachers of the Gospel fall into line of criticism of the word of God. Why, it makes me think of a ship in a September equinox, the waves dashing to the top of the smokestack, and the hatches fattened down, and many prophesying the foundering of the steamer, and at that time some of the crew with axee and saws go down into the hold of the ship, and they try to saw off some of the book, much of it forty centuries of the ship, and they try to saw off some of the crew to-day more discussed than any or and it challenges the admiration good and the spite and the venom forest.

iness for the crew to be helping the winds and storms outside with their axes and saws inside. Now, this old Gospel ship, what with the rouring of earth and hell around the stemand stern and mutiny on deck, is have ing a very rough voyage, but I have noticed that not one of the timbers has started, and the captain says he will see it through. And I have noticed that keelson and counter timber knee are built out of Lebanon cedar, and she is

she is going to weather the gale, but no credit to those who make mutiny on deek.

When I see professed Christians in this particular day finding fault with the Scripparticular day inding fault with the Scriptures, it makes me think of a fortress terrifically bombarded, and the men on the ramparts, instead of swabbing out and loading the guns and helping fetch up the ammunition from the magazine, are trying with crowbars to pry out from the wall certain blocks of stone, because they did not come from the right quarry. Oh, men on the ramparts, better fight back, and fight down the common enemy, instead of trying to make mmon enemy, instead of trying to make

breaches in the wall!

While I oppose this expurgation of the Scriptures, I shall give you my reasons for such opposition. "What!" say some of the theological evolutionists whose brains have the old in the Scripture of the Scri been addled by too long brooding over them by Darwin and Spencer, "you don't now really believe all the story of the garden of Eden, do you?" Yes, as much as I believe there were roses in my garden last summer.

"But," say they, "you don't really believe that the sun and moon stood still?" Yes, and if I had strength enough to create a sun and noon I could make them stand still or caus the refraction of the sun's rays so it would appear to stand still. "But," they say, "you don't really believe that the whale swal-lowed Jonah?" Yes, and if I were strong chowed Jonah? Yes, and if I were strong enough to make a whale I could have made very easy ingress for the refractory prophet, leaving to evolution to eject him if he were an unworthy tenant! "But," say they, "you don't really believe that the water was turned into wine?" Yes, just as easily as water now is often turned into wine with an admixture of strength and leaves. of strychnine and logwood! "But," say they, "you don't really believe that Samson slew 1000 with the jaw hone of an ass?" Yes, and I think that the man who in this day assaults the Bible is wielding the same

There is nothing in the Bible that staggers me. There are many things I do not understand, I do not pretend to understand, never shall in this world understand. In this world understand, never day take down the general shall be a stage of the stage of shall in this world understand. But that would be a very poor God who could be fully understood by the human. That would be a very small Influite that can be measured by finite. finite. You must not expect to weigh the thunderbolts of Omnipotence in an apothecarry's bulances. Starting with the idea that God can do anything, and that He was present at the beginning, and that He is present now, there is nothing in the holy Scriptures you? The whole was then covered with raw-hide, which had been stretched over the sticks when green and allowed to antiquarian, a man in the latter part of the glorious nineteenth century believing in a whole Bible from lid to lid.

I am opposed to the expurgation of the Scriptures in the first place, because the Bible in its present shape has been so miraculously preserved. Fifteen hundred years after Herodotus wrote his history, there was only one manuscript copy of it. Twelve hundred years after Plato wrote his book there was an after Plato wrote his book there was only one manuscript copy of it. God was so careful to have us have the Bible in just the right shape that we have lifty manuscript copies of the New Testament a thousand years old, and some of them 1500 years old. This book, handed down from the time of Christ, or just after the time of Christ, by the hand of such men as Origen in the second century and Tertullian in the father beginning and reading animal veered so rapidly that the rider | third century, and by men of different ages who died for their principles. The three best copies of the New Testament in manu-script in the possession of the three great churches—the Protestant church of England, the Greek church of St Romish church of Italy. of St. Petersburg and the

It is a plain matter of history that Tischen-dorf went to a convent in the peninsula of Sinai and was by ropes lifted over the wall into the convent, that being the only mode of admision, and that he saw there in the waste basket for kindling for the fires a manuscript of the Holy Scriptures. That night he cop-ied many of the passages of that Bible, but it was not until fliteen years had passed of marvelously protected.

Do you not know that the catalogue of the books of the Old and New Testaments as we have it is the same catalogue that has been coming down through the ages? Thirtynine books of the Old Testament thousands of years ago. Thirty-nine now, Twenty-seven books of the New Testament 1600 years ago. Twenty-seven books of the New Testa-ment now. Marcion, for wickedness, was turned out of the church in the second cenand in his assault on the Bible and Christianity he incidentally gives a catalogue of the books of the Bible-that catalogue corresponding exactly with ours-tes timony given by the enemy of the Bible and the enemy of Christianity. The catalogue now just like the catalogue then. Assaulted and spit on and torn to pieces and burned, yet adhering. The book to-day, in 300 lan-guages, confronting four-fifths of the human race in their own tongue. Four hundred million copies of it in existence. Does not that look as if this book had been divinely protected, as if God had guarded it all through the centuries?

Is it not an argument plain enough to every honest man and every honest woman that a book divinely protected and in this shape is in the very shape that God wants it. It pleases God and ought to please us. The epidemics which have swept thousands of other books into the sepulcher of forgetfulness have only brightened the fame of its wanted is not that the Bible in the class of the colors of a calculation. this. There is not one book out of 1000 that lives five years. Any publisher will tell you that. There will not be more than one book out of 20,000 that will live a century. Yet here is a book, much of it 1600 years old and much of it 4000 years old and with more re-bound and resilience and strength in it than when the book was first put upon parchment

or papyrus.
This book saw the cradle of all other books, and it will see their graves. Would you not think that an old book like this, some of it forty centuries old, would come along hobbling with age and on crutches? you not think that an old book like this, some of it forty centuries old, would come along hobbling with tage and on crutches? Instead of that, more potent than any other book of the time. More copies of it printed in the last ten years than of any other book tion of the heart is what is

—Walter Scoti's Waverley Nivols, Rallay's "History of England," Distachs dymion," the works of Tennyson and Lafellow, and all the popular books of our having no such sale in the last ten year this old worn out book. Do you know a struggle a book has in order to get the one century or two centuries? So one century of two centuries? Some oids during a fire in a seragilo of Cose nopie, were thrown into the street. A without any education picked up one of books, read it, and did not see the value A scholar looked over his shoulder and it was the first and second decades of and he offered the man a large reward would bring the books to his. would bring the books to his study the excitement of the firethe two pa the first and second decades of Livy the first and second decades of Livy we ever lost. Pliny wrote twenty books of tory. All lost. The most of Mena writings lost. Of 130 comedies of Phall gone but twenty. Euripides wrote all gone but nineteen. En wrote 100 dramas, all gone but nineteen. En wrote the laborious biographies of 700 mans, not a fragment left. Quintilian his favorite book on the corruption of quence, all lost. Thirty books of Tallost. Dion Cassius wrote eighty books twenty remain. Berosius's history all

good and the spite and the veno animosity, and the hypercriticis and hell. I appeal to your come a book so divinely guarded and its present shape must not be in hat God wants it to come to Not only have all the attempt om the book failed, but all the

add to it. Many attempts were the apochryphal books to the Ol The council of Trent, the synod the bishops of Hippo, all decide apochryhal books must be added Testament. "They must stay in learned men, but they staid ou not an intelligent Christian man will put the book of Maccabees o of Judith beside the book of Romans, Then a great many must have books added to the ment," and there were episti-pels and apocalypses written to the New Testament, but the fallen out. You cannot add any cannot substract anything. tected book in the present shi man dare to lay his hands on it :

Besides that,I am opposed to the tion of the Scriptures because ift were successful, it would be the a of the Bible. Infidel geologist "Out with the Book of Genesis tronomers would say, "Out w of Joshua;" people who do n the atoning sacrifice would sa the Book of Leviticus;" people believe in the miracles would so all those wonderful stories in New Testament; and some Out with the Book others would say, "Out with the tateuch," and the work would there would not be enough of to be worth as much as last v The expurgation of the Seri,

their annihilation. I am also opposed to this prop-gation of the Scriptures for the proportion as the people be-fleing and good and holy ar they like the book as it is. a man or a woman distingui-sacrifice, for consecration to day take down those family Bit out if there are any chapters been erased by lead pencil or pe any margins you can find the

plenty of opportunity during century privately to expure Besides that I am oppose. purgation of the Scriptures, called indelicacies and cruelt have demonstrated no evil book will produce crucity. will produce uncleanness the ages fetch me a victim been made impure by this ! of, for thirty or forty years ening, had all the me gether, and the servants of and the strangers that happ the gates-twice a day, a chapter or a verse, they

book, morning by morning, a Not only the older children, child who could just spell he the verse while her mother ! then all the members of the reading a verse. The father integrity, the mother maintain rity, the sons grew up and fessions and commercial life, sphere in the life in which the daughters went into Christ was honored, and all and pure and righteous reign For thirty years that family Scriptures. Not one of the Now, if you will tell me of

the Bible has been read two-years, and the children havup in that habit, and th ruin, and the mother went sons and daughters were d if you will tell me of one will throw away my Bible your veracity. I tell you is with what he calls the word of God he is prurient imagination. If a man ea mon's Song without impu-

is either in his heart or in The Old Testament descri ness, uncleanness of purposely and right necount, instead and the Parisian vernac sin attractive instead of those old prophets point ; man having begun to do rig wickedness and gives up Bible does not say he was Inscinations of the festive surrendered to conviviati came a little fast in his he you what the Bible says, "I to his own vomit again and the washed to her wallowing in gilding of iniquity. No gariands head. No pounding away with let at iniquity when, it needs an

is wanted is not that the Bit ed, but that you, the critic, and heart washed with caris

I can easily understand bow per

that a man who does not he who is critical as to its content shocked and outraged with it has never been soundly coing on of the hands of copney does not always heart, and men sometimes pit, as well as into the |