

The last lecture compares the Biblical and cunieform accounts of the Deluge, shows that in the Bible the writer's object is primarily theological and points out some difficulties in the way of the critical hypothesis. Then the alleged unhistorical character of the patriarchal narratives is briefly dealt with and it is shown that the critical hypothesis is quite unable to account for the characters that are drawn, as *e.g.*, of Abraham or Joseph while the discoveries of the recent years, such as the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, have thrown much light on what was obscure before.

Dr. Body shows us in his lectures that while he is strongly conservative in the main, he yet feels that much is to be said for the documentary hypothesis, and that at least we shall have to fall back on the theory of a re-editing or a redrafting of the sacred writings at the hands of Ezra, which found favour with a number of the early fathers. The tradition of Mosaic authorship does not foreclose this question since we have, in the Psalms of David and the Proverbs of Solomon, composite books which have a long literary history. Nor should the appeal to our Lord's paramount authority preclude examination since "in any event we may believe He will, by His Spirit, guide the devout research of His servants into a right conclusion in harmony with His own mind and will." We find throughout these writings a human element, we find that many Semitic conceptions form the earthly vessel into which are poured the rich treasures of a special inspiration. Each act of this inspiration is a vital assimilation of the human element into a living fellowship with the Divine, whereby the human element is purified and its qualities enlarged to their fullest capacity.

In conclusion these lectures are an attempt to show that the literary composition of the Pentateuch is by no means settled, and that even granting the critical hypothesis, the abiding value of the revelation in these early chapters of Genesis cannot be impaired "The Bible will always remain unlike any other book." It is not a question on the essence of Christianity. "Christians rightly feel that the battle for the supernatural . . . has been fought around the personality and office of Jesus the Christ and on the trustworthiness of the Christian writings. They know that this battle has not merely been fought but that it has been won."

H.H.B.J.

### THREE SUNSETS.

#### I.

The Sun sets bright,  
And though the softly tinted pane  
Casts holy light within the Church—  
Man ever strives to grasp, in vain,  
The subtle glow 'round oak and birch,  
In Autumn even light.

#### II.

A silence reigns,  
The Autumn foliage overhead  
Reflects the fire of Heaven above,  
And 'though it is a hectic red,  
The dying blush of Nature's love,  
How beautifully it flames!

#### III.

Dark grows the sky,  
The leaves soft rustle down,  
The ruddy glow departs with day,  
And soon across a forest brown  
The restless birds will wing their way,  
As to the South they fly.

#### I.

The pine trees rise,  
Like groined arches of a Gothic pile,  
Whispering and sighing in the wintry breeze,  
Was there e'er a stone carved aisle  
With half the majesty of these,  
Pointing to the skies?

#### II.

Light falls the snow,  
Sifting down in flakes of white.  
Silence, silence reigns supreme,  
And the slanting winter light  
Tints the snowy boughs that gleam  
With ruddy glow.

#### III.

The brooklet flows  
Beneath its case of ice and snow,  
With a rhythm, and overhead  
To her tune, the trees nod slow,  
While light gives place, as day has fled,  
To a deepening rose.

#### I.

The murmuring sea  
Falls with a plash upon the shore.  
The white-limbed birches rustling sigh,  
And sea birds in great circles soar  
Toward the rosy tinted sky  
Where dark clouds flee.

#### II.

The day is sped.  
Behind the mass of broken rift  
Stream golden rays like Undine's hair,  
And as the bright-lined vapors lift,  
With his halo's lurid glare,  
The Sun sets red.

#### III.

His orb sinks low,  
A line upon the water darkling  
Follows the wind, and each billow's crest  
Shines from the black with livid sparkling,  
While o'er the reef, in wild unrest,  
The waters flow.

William F. Hubbard, '97.

### EDISON.\*

THE biographies of living men are seldom satisfactory, and, though the authors tell us that the present volume is satisfactory to Edison, we cannot say that we think it an exception to the rule. It is a fine bit of letterpress, with wide margins and two hundred of those photographic illustrations which Americans have learned to produce so well. It is the result of thirteen years' intimate association with Edison, and the authors were evidently furnished with the necessary equipment of scientific knowledge. But the style! The authors are inspired with a sort of newspaper transcendentalism, a mixture of Emerson and the *New York Herald*. They seem to have so exhausted themselves in the search for epithets that they have no strength or patience left for plain and clear description. Open the book at random, and one comes across the most marvellous bits of unmeaning verbiage, peculiarly out of place in the life of a man of action. Let us try. We open at page 87, and we find that Edison's first wife "belonged to that rare order of women who are prepared to admit the inevitable nature of certain existing conditions, and who do not exact as a primary concession to their new-fledged dignity the sacrifice of all pre-marital claims." What can it mean?

\* The Life and Inventions of Thomas Alva Edison. By W.K.L. Dickson and Antonia Dickson. London: Chatto & Windus.