

learned world. Three hundred facsimile copies of it have been made by a photographic process, and distributed among the libraries of Europe. The preservation of this valuable manuscript is the thing above all things else which has distinguished that old convent at the foot of Mount Sinai in the wilderness among all the civilized nations of the world.

It is a queer life the monks have led in that old building for more than fourteen hundred years. Travellers and curiosity-seekers occasionally visit them from different parts of the world; but in the main they are buried alive in the depths of a wilderness which has been a place of horrors to the imagination since the days when Moses as a fugitive, with a conscience squirming under the crime of murder, hid himself there for forty years, in banishment from a home of luxury in a king's palace, humbly watching Jethro's flocks for his daily bread. It was a wilderness then, and it is a wilderness yet.

The ingenuity and labor of man at different times have united to redeem this barren desert and make it blossom as the rose; but the results, which seemed to promise well for a season, have all been fruitless so far as permanent improvements are concerned. Stone dams have been built across the valleys in the wilderness to resist the force of the rushing waters from the rugged mountains in the rainy season, and the hillsides have been terraced and clothed with gardens and groves. But after many years of toil and planning, the Mohammedans drove out the patient laborers, swept away the improvements, destroyed the gardens, cut down the groves of valuable trees, and left the wilderness as bleak and as barren as in the dreary days of old, when God fed his chosen people with manna from heaven for forty years in its harvestless solitudes. It is a land of hopeless desolation, buried in an "awful stillness that might be seen as Egypt's darkness could be felt." It is a wilderness broken in many places by "a perfect forest of mountain peaks and chains," whose awful fastnesses have never been trodden by human feet, and whose eternal silence has never been broken by any sounds save the roaring of the winds, and the howling, screaming, and chattering of wild beasts and untamed fowls. The scenery is, in many places, rich and varied in coloring, and wild and desolate and awful beyond description in nature. None but the Great Artist could have designed such a picture.

—School Visitor.

### Wyclif's Bible.

WYCLIF was the greatest scholar in the England of his time, as he was also the dominant force in religious, political, and social reform. He did more than any other to shake off the rule of Rome over England; but he did as much for the cause of liberty and equality in English society itself. His influence extended far beyond England. He has rightly been called "the Morning Star of the Reformation." John Huss in Bohemia was simply an apostle of Wyclif. Luther simply preached the same doctrines and used the same methods which Wyclif used in England a century and a half earlier.

One of Wyclif's chief instruments, like Luther's, was the Bible in the language of the people. Wyclif was the father of the English Bible; and the English Bible has played a part in the political history of the English race almost as conspicuous as in English religion. The directors of the Old South Work in history, therefore, devote a special leaflet in their valuable series of Old South Leaflets to Wyclif's Bible, printing large sections of his translations (Leaflet No. 125). In an earlier Old South Leaflet (No. 57) upon the English Bible, selections are also given from Tyndale's, Coverdale's, Cranmer's, and other early versions, making a comparative study easy and interesting. These leaflets should have wide use in the Sunday Schools of the country as well as in the common schools. Price, only five cents. Directors of the Old South Work, Old South Meeting House, Boston, Mass.

We print Paul's hymn on charity, 1 Cor. 13.

If Y speke with tungis of men and of aungels, and Y haue not charite Y am maad as bras sownynge, or a cymbal tynkyng. And if Y haue prophecie, and knowe alle mysteries, and al kunnyng, and if Y haue al feith, so that Y meue hillis fro her place, and Y haue not charite, Y am nought. And if Y departe alle my goodis in to the metis of pore men, and yf Y bitake my bodi, so that Y brenne, and if Y haue not charite, it profitith to me no thing. Charite is pacient, it is benygne; charite enuyeth not, it doth not wickidli, it is not blowun, it is not coueytouse, it sekith not tho thingis that ben hise owne, it is not stirid to wrahthe, it