

*makes* the woman out of part of the man. The Hebrew text says "The rib builded he into a woman." He *walks* in the garden and *talks* to man. He *makes coats of skins* for Adam and his wife. He *repents* that He made man. He *shuts the door* of the Ark. He *smells* the sweet fragrance of Noah's sacrifice. He *goes down to see* the city and the tower which the sons of men build. He goes down to see whether the cry concerning Sodom and Gomorrah is true.

The Elohist narrative is entirely different in form and character. The Elohist is especially an annalist—treating his material in an orderly, consecutive manner, so that his narrative contains a systematic account of the religious observances of the Hebrew people. His style is more spiritual, so to speak. God says "Let there be," and at the word the universe is created. He does not fashion things as man does. He does not make, or form, or plant, He creates. The Elohist's God does not speak to man, as the Jehovist's God does, but His angels speak for Him, or He appears in a dream. Wherever the narrative in Genesis introduces a dream we may be sure it is a part of the Elohist document. For instance: "And the Angel of God said to me in a dream, 'Jacob,' and I said, 'Here am I.' And he dreamt and, behold, a ladder set upon the earth, and its top reached to heaven, and behold the Angels of God met him." So, too, in the story of Joseph, we may detect the Elohist's allusion to dreams. The writer has passed beyond anthropomorphic ideas of the Jehovist and sees God only in visions, or through His angels. God to him is more in the character of Spirit. The Jehovist and the Elohist were not contemporaries, though nearly so. According to the authority of modern Bible commentators both writers were of the eighth century, B. C., the period of Israel's greatest literary achievements, and the time of the great Prophets, but the Jehovist's is the earlier

writing, ante-dating that of the Elohist about fifty years.

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[To be continued.]

For the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

### THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

"Whence came I here and how, so marvelously constructed and conceived? Unknown! This clod lives surely through some higher agency, For of itself alone it could not be."

These expressions of Derzhavin, a celebrated Russian poet, unexpectedly entered my mind, as, wending my way in the distant past to a neighbor's house, I turned mechanically to enter the lane leading to his dwelling. "This clod lives through some higher agency." What is this higher agency? I queried with myself. Why do my feet turn in this direction, instead of proceeding onward? I can not tell them where I wish to go. Should I say, "Feet, take me there, or take me some where else," will they understand and do my bidding? When I eat or drink, why does my hand, involuntarily as it were, lift the food or the liquid to my mouth, instead of to my eyes, or nose, or any other part of my face? When I hurt my head why do I so instinctively apply my hand to the injured place, instead of to some other part? The hand itself possesses no intelligence, it knows nothing of the hurt received; why then does it so immediately ascertain the exact locality of the hurt? Why do we give to our friend the hand-clasp of friendship; why grasp the handle of a knife or fork? Do we see any thing about to fall, how suddenly are our hands put forward to intercept it in its descent. Why and whence is all this? Who can tell? Who can solve for me the mystery? That wonderful piece of mechanism, the eye, presents unmistakable evidence of the existence of this "higher agency." How quickly do the eyelids close on the approach of any external object that might injure it. Does the eye itself know there is danger to its deli-