

tablets, and the condition of the Israelites is vividly described. The name Moses is shown to be purely Egyptian, and means "son," a very appropriate name for the adopted son of an Egyptian princess. Such names could not have been invented at a later period, when the Israelites were settled in Palestine, and these very stones cry out in vindication of the sacred record and the traditional view.

I cannot linger longer here, nor is it necessary. Sufficient has been referred to to show that the authorship and authenticity of the Pentateuch are buttressed by proof so unassailable that like a rock it stands unmoved by the hurtling storm or surging waves of rationalistic criticism and materialistic animosity.

There is, however, no cause to fear that the citadel of truth will be taken. Already the tide seems to be turning; the master-minds of Europe are flinging aside these ill-founded theories and reverting to former positions, and those who seem to think it a proof of superior intellectuality to be of their way of thinking will doubtless follow them in their retreat, and out of it all the Scriptures will shine with increased beauty and lustre. Once I passed an old fort on the outskirts of Paris soon after the siege of the Prussians, where I saw sticking in the wall the shells thrown there by the German artillery. To me they did not mar the grandeur of the massive fort or disfigure the splendor of that solid masonry. Nay, rather they seemed to add to its beauty, and to hang