

human understanding, are incomprehensible, so inconsistent do they seem, so utterly at variance with our ideas of the fatherhood of God, as accepted in these later times, that it is difficult, nay almost impossible, to reconcile them as the utterances of a just and merciful being, but we know these writings have passed through many translations, made by persons as fallible, as full of human nature, as we ourselves, albeit perhaps more learned in book lore, and who can tell how many mistakes have been made in these different translations and revisions? Yet, admitting they are accurate, why not accept the book, as we would any other? There is enough that we *can* accept and understand, which, if allowed to govern our lives, would make of us better Christians, better citizens, better neighbors, better parents, than we now are. There is so much of the grand, the sublime, the pathetic, the moral and the spiritual, contained therein, that it *is*, taken as a whole, emphatically *the* "book of books," and likely to remain so as long as the world lasts. What a lesson in forbearance and magnanimity can we learn from Abram, in his interview with Lot, when their herdsmen strove together; *he* would have no strife; he gave to Lot the choice of location, and *he* would take the other; anything to avoid strife. Our rulers might take this lesson to heart sometimes, advantageously. In the history of Joseph, what do we see? When his brothers are in his power and he could punish them for their cruelty and injustice to him years before, he *forgave* all, and without conditions, *simply* and *wholly* forgave. Where will we find a more touching expression of undying affection than that exhibited by Ruth for Naomi? "Where thou goest, I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." What can equal the mournfulness, the pathos of the Jews' lament when in exile, "by the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion; we hanged our harps upon the willows

in the midst thereof," unless it be the cry of Jesus over Jerusalem? "(O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" as though his heart, his loving heart, wrung by the knowledge of unappreciated sacrifice. Listen to David's wail over the death of Absalom, "Oh, my son, Absalom; my son, my son Absalom! would God that I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" All the agony of a father's love for a cherished, though unworthy child, concentrated in that one lament. Hear Job's vindication of himself to his accusing friends, and his appeal to God.¹ Note also the beauties of the thirty-eighth chapter of Job. I know not where they can be surpassed. Where will we find more uncompromising hostility to hypocrisy than is manifested by Jesus in denouncing that sin of the Jews personally to them. How our sympathy is enlisted for the bereaved sisters of Lazarus, and how eloquently that one little sentence, "Jesus wept," speaks of his love for that family. How tersely is our duty to our neighbor summed up in the parable of the good Samaritan; how comforting the assurance contained in the promise to those weary ones who are willing to accept the sheltering care of his boundless love, who are willing to bear the yoke of his service, which he declares is easy. Where can a finer code of ethical and religious teaching be found than in the Sermon on the Mount, fit basis for all governmental structures. Would the Christian world, not only theoretically, as it does, but practically as well, acknowledge the truth and the power of its precepts. How long ere we would see the dawn of the millennium? War and oppression of all kinds, intemperance and its accompanying evils of misery, rags and starvation would disappear, and in the