

gan altar was broken down, and the idolatrous grove levelled with the earth, there was a thrill of joy in his heart,—joy to know that in such degenerate times, there were those who did not fear to declare themselves for the God of Israel. And what must have been his joy when told that Gideon, his own son, was the man who had done this thing! And Joash said unto those who demanded the young man's life, "Will ye plead for Baal? Will ye save him? He that will plead for him, let him be put to death whilst it is yet morning; if he be a god let him plead for himself, because one hath cast down his altar."

III. "But the spirit of the Lord came upon Gideon, and he blew a trumpet; and Abieser, (that is the people of his native place) was gathered unto him." Jud. 6. 34. He goes no longer about his work in the gloom and darkness of night, but in the bright blaze of day, he blows with a trumpet the shrill blast of war, summoning the people to battle. Oh, how has his faith increased! Who is this around whom the thousands of Israel are gathering in battle array? Who is this that blows so mightily the trumpet of war? It is none other than Gideon who was "threshing wheat by the winepress, and hiding it for fear of the Midianites." It is none other than Gideon who "threw down the altar of Baal" *by night*, "and cut down the grove that was by it," for "so it was, because he feared his father's household and the men of the city, that he could not do it by day, that he did it by night." *"But the spirit of the Lord came upon Gideon,"* he became strong, bold, "and he *blew a trumpet*, and Abieser was gathered unto him."

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REASON AND FAITH.—An old writer says:—Faith and reason may be compared to two travellers. Faith is like a man in full health, who can walk his twenty or thirty miles at a time without suffering. Reason is like a little child, who can only, with difficulty, accomplish three or four miles. "Well," says this old writer, "on a given day Reason says to Faith, O, good Faith, let me walk with thee." Faith replies, "O, Reason, thou canst never walk with me!" However, to try their paces, they set out together; but they soon find it hard to keep company. When they came to a deep river, Reason says, "I can never ford this;" but Faith wades through it singing. When they reach a lofty mountain, there is the same exclamation of despair; and in such cases Faith, in order not to leave reason behind, is obliged to carry him on his back; "and," adds the writer, "Oh! what a luggage is reason to Faith!"—*Feathers for Arrows.*