

OUR SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

No. XL.

For Bible Students.

No Money Required. Try Your Skill.

Week by week we find increasing pleasure and satisfaction in our work in connection with the Scriptural Enigma. We have no experiences to speak of but what are in the highest degree pleasant. Our correspondents are reasonable, pleasant and friendly. They say they get pleasure and many of them are kind enough to add that they have derived profit as well. We should be sorry if the mere success in answering the Enigmas were all. We hope that though some may have been led at first to study the Bible from the mere wish to solve our Enigmas, yet that the result has been that they have continued the reading of the good old book for its own sake; so that they begin to sympathize with what the great and learned Sir William Jones, so famous for his oriental learning, wrote on the fly leaf of his Bible, "I have regularly, prayerfully, and systematically read this book and am convinced after all I have learned in other ways that, apart altogether from its Divine origin, it contains more authoritative history, more genuine philosophy and finer strains of poetry than, all the other books in the world put together."

We give the following from Oshawa, as a specimen of what we have often the pleasure of receiving:—

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In concluding this Enigma, which is rather longer than they have been lately, although all the more interesting and instructive on that account, I think my interest in them must be increasing, as I seem to like them more and more every week, and I think were you to drop the Enigma Column in TRUTH, you would take away the chief attraction for a great number, because there are plenty who study them but do not send any answers. I know of one or two cases myself, and who knows but what it may be the means of doing many a one good? So continue on in your work and may success attend your efforts.

Yours truly,
OSHLAWA.

We are pleased if we give interesting and profitable employment for leisure hours that might otherwise hang heavy on the hands of not a few, and can only add that in the meantime at any rate we have no intention of dropping the Scriptural Enigma. The correct answers to No. XXXVII. are as follows:

THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE.

Revelations xxii. 5.

1. Torch John xviii., 3.
2. Heaven, Acts i., 9.
3. Egypt, Exod. xii. 30.
4. Rahab, Josh. ii., 6.
5. East Wind, Exod. xiv. 21.
6. Samuel, 1 Sam. iii. 10.
7. Hannah, 1 Sam. i. 15; ii. 1.
8. Abimelech, Esth. vi., 1.
9. Lot, Gen. xix., 17.
10. Ladder, Gen. xxviii., 12.
11. Belshazzar, Dan. v. 4-5.
12. Endor, 1 Sam. xxviii., 11.
13. Net, Luke, v., 5.
14. Oak, Judges vi., 11.
15. Nicodemus, John iii., 1.
16. Israel, Gen. xxxii., 28.
17. Gethsemane, Matt. xxvi., 36.
18. Heber, Judges iv., 17.
19. Thrice, Matt. xxvi., 75.
20. The Sword of the Lord, etc., Judges vii., 20.

21. Hezekiah, 2 Kings xx., 2-3.
22. Earth, 2 Sam. xii. 10.
23. Rhoda, Acts xii. 14-15.
24. Elijah, 1 Kings xix., 4-6.

The following have answered correctly: Chas. Hendry, jr., Stirling; E. M. Wiley, Kingston; M. J. Wilkins, City Road, St. Johns; S. A. Cheson, Stamford; Wm. Jameson, Moorfield; T. A. MacNaughton (particularly good). Some of our most regular and accurate correspondents are this week more or less out of their reckoning as we think they will see. One for No. 1, gives "The Apostles;" and the "Thundering and Lightning;" and then "The Pillar of the Cloud," etc. We fear the printer left out a letter in No. 19.

Not very many have favored us with construction of clocks, but most of those who have, have done their work in a singularly neat and accurate fashion.

Nothing, for instance, could be neater or more accurate than the clocks sent by R. Griffith, 2 Oxford St., London; R. Mackay and E. Mackay, Hamilton; E. MacNaughton, Cobourg, and Lily Young, Ingersoll. Not quite so fine, yet very good ones come from M. J. Wilkins, City Road, St. Johns; E. M. Wiley, Kingston; Edith Nazer, Ingersoll; Douglas Simpson, Toronto; S. Acheson, Stamford; and Frankie McDonald, Philadelphia. Grace Parkins, St. Catharines, has given all the twelve texts, but has not attempted the construction of a clock face.

For No. XL. take the following:—

If these initials side by side you place,
A text to comfort you will clearly trace,
Which to the Christian mourner brings relief,
And is a sovereign balm for every grief.

1. A seer who wrote the lives of monarchs three,
And 'gainst their warlike foe did visions see.
2. What town would yield into a tyrant's hand
The man who saved them with his little band?
3. A guiltless victim of a wicked king
Whose crime did on himself sore judgment bring.
4. 'Neath this the holy Joshua placed a sign
To witness to the sons of Israel's line.
5. What is the greatest gift we can obtain
Which God has said shall not be asked in vain?
6. What is the name of that most useless weed,
That like the wicked, bears no precious seed?
7. That which supports us in our hour of woe,
And beckons us to glory here below.
8. A type of the security of those
Who on the faithfulness of God repose?
9. A type of that which to the heavens ascends,
And God, in answer, richest blessings sends.
10. What nourishes each tree and floweret fair,
And which the Lord doth to His word compare?
11. The mount from which God gave his holy law,
And Israel stood oppressed with fear and awe.
12. Beneath this tree, the sons of Israel raised
Her idol-gods, which they so vainly praised.
13. These safety gave from the avenging sword,
And thus were emblems of our blessed Lord.

14. To what sweet flower, whose fragrance scents the air,
Doth Christ in Holy Writ Himself compare?

15. Who from the Lord a blessing great obtained,
For in his house the ark long time remained?

16. What typifies the saints of God below
And also Him from whom all blessings flow?

17. What sheds light, joy and fruitfulness around,
And thus an emblem of our God is found?

For a Clock take the word BRING.

EDITOR OF ENIGMA COLUMN.

JACOB FAITHFUL.

A Few Remarks on Municipal Matters
—With some Thoughts on Charity
Balls—A Little Interview, and
Its results—Immediate and
Probable.

JACOB has been bothering his head about municipal matters, but can make nothing of them. It is to be feared that he has not got the right hang. The inner circle, as it were, has not been reached.

There is an awful fuss about a new city hall and it is pretty evident that there is a nigger on the fence somewhere. It is an old dodge to get a thing started for a certain sum, perfectly inadequate to complete it, and then to use this argument for more, that if it is not given, all already spent will have been thrown away. New York City Hall and its infinite spoliations in the good old days when Tweed was king, may well suggest infinite caution even in Toronto. We have no stealers by the million, but it is wonderful what a keen scent for a job is easily developed in aldermanic nostrils. The electric light job is a caution. The two companies bid against each other for lighting the city. The higher valued. They immediately coalesced and the defeated company and directors became the chief, and carry out the contract at 10 cents a light more than they said was amply sufficient. *O Tempora! O Mores!* It is curious and no mistake. I was, some short time ago, sauntering along King street and forgathered with David Walker, for shortness often called Dave. We did not "liquor" but we talked. I like David.

HE IS NOT A BAD FELLOW IN A WAY,

has his weak points, of course, as all have, but upon the whole—! Now I was just going to break confidence and tell what David and I talked about. But I won't, I know my manners. I know my catechism. The good man seemed a little "riled" but I stroked him "canny wi' the hair," and he soon came round. Of course David is Scotch, and though I don't belong to that fraternity, except very remotely, yet I respect them very much in spite of haggis, parritch, St. Andrew's day and curling. David, by the way, was full of the great ball on the 2nd. It was to be, according to him, by far the greatest affair of the season. And all for charity, you know. Sweet, sweet charity. Yes, and nice for quiet Presbyterian elders and ministers getting a suitable opportunity for show-

ing off their marriageable daughters to the best advantage. In fact, a St. Andrew's ball is the only kind of marriage market that their worthy, somewhat strait-laced people have. I asked if any of the Presbyterian clergy were to be there to open the meeting with prayer and lead off the first dance. David did not know, but thought that it would be a grand hit if it could be managed. "Man," he cried, and turning squarely round he looked me square in the face "Man, di' ye think they wad come? Wad McDonnell, or Oaten or McLeod? It wud be a hundred additional dollars to the Society and the pair!" I said I thought they would, for I could see nothing in conscience to hinder them. I tried to explain to the worthy man that the Christian liberty of a Presbyterian Minister was not a bit more limited than that of a Presbyterian Elder or Member; that in the church there was not

ONE LAW FOR THE PULPIT AND ANOTHER FOR THE PEW,

so that if it were right for elders, managers and members with their wives and daughters to dance and drink and gallivant at a ball with every Tom, Dick and Harry that could beg, borrow or steal five dollars wherewithal to buy a double ticket for himself and his young woman it cannot be wrong for the clergy "to go, and do likewise." "That's the best doctrine I've heard for money a day" cried David, "and I'll put it to the test this very minute," and off he shot round the corner of Simcoe street, making a beeline for new St. Andrew's Manse at a 2.40 stride.

If I did not on that occasion plant a little seed which will fructify. I shall wonder at it.

Hurrah for balls and charity! It brings together and

HARMONIZES THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD, most delightfully. Come, children of the church, turn out and show your paces. I don't know how it came about but just when David left me and I had taken a last longing look at the zealous man, whose movements were even like those of Jehu the son of Nimshi, I felt a strange fainting of heart—a sort of "goneeness" as some phrase it—and though it was quite contrary to my fixed principles and ordinary practice, I had to go into the corner tavern to fortify myself with a "nip," so as to be able to walk home. I managed it with difficulty, and have been in bed ever since. I am better, but have to dictate and am easily fatigued, so I can merely sign myself

JACOB.

P.S.—I am bound to use the ball on the 2nd, though I should go on a stretcher. Jacob flatters himself that he knows a thing or two about making "the best of both worlds." If it is my duty to dance I'll dance though I should die in the very act.

London has a society to promote winter gardening.

Every adjuration of love, every oath of fondness, always contains this mental reservation: "As long as you are what you are now."

A worthy Quaker thus wrote; "I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to my fellow human beings, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I will not pass this way again."