

## TRIALOGUE.

Gem.

Why was I taken from my rest  
Deep in the earth's warm, silent breast?  
Why dost thou vex and wound me so  
With thy sharp edge, that hard and  
slow  
Goes cutting, cutting, all the day,  
Now this and now the other way

Disk.

I do not on my errand stand;  
I am a tool, and not a hand.  
What if I fret, and grind, and wear,  
And raise thine anger or despair;  
It is not well or ill in me:  
I do not shape my destiny,  
I do but that which I am bid;  
The reason of it may be hid.  
I do not ask or seek to know.  
Where that hand sends me, there I go.

Gem.

I bore the wrench from darkling sleep  
When I was wrapped in peace most  
deep;  
I felt not anger or despair  
When I was born: I knew not where.  
But this slow nuck and fret all day  
Wear my poor patience quite away.  
A blow, a wrench, a final end.  
Were the kind torture of a friend;  
Cut so by atoms to expire  
Is worse than wasting in a fire.  
Why must it be—this daily grind  
That ceases not, nor leaves behind  
A precious promise for the morrow,  
Nor offers me surcease of sorrow?

Lapidary.

Poor heart so hard! poor eyes so blind!  
The graver's work seems all unkind.  
Yet over thee, day after day,  
I toil and strive, nor turn away  
Though broken tool and weary hand  
Thy flinty nature understand.  
Know that thy hardness, by my art  
Shall make thee master of the mart.  
The petty anguish thou dost bear  
Of daily trouble, hourly care,  
Is that thy facets all may shine  
Which lay so dull within the mine.  
My gracious purpose is alone  
To make a jewel of a stone;  
Whenever ray of heavenly light  
Shall flash to Heaven in answer bright  
From thy perfected blaze and glow,  
The use of sorrow thou shalt know.  
Not by the hammer when it broke.  
But by revolving stroke on stroke.  
Thy worth and beauty grow to be  
A wonder for the world to see;  
And men shall say, who see thee shine,  
A Master wrought it from the mine.  
—Rose Terry Cook, in *Christian Art Work*.

## THE REVISED VERSION.

Among the many criticisms of this famous book, the following may be interesting to our readers:

The *Guardian* remarks that the Revised Version will have to win its way against the strongest possible prepossessions. The Bishop of Gloucester's announcement that the alterations made amount to three for every two verses in the Gospels and to every single verse in the Epistles, suggests the dilemma that either the changes are important, and then the alteration is serious, or they are unimportant, and then the alteration is of questionable necessity. The necessity of forming a new Greek text as well as a new Version will account for a vast number of changes, as everybody acquainted with modern criticism must know. At the time of the Authorized Version Greek Scholarship was in its infancy, and many a schoolboy can now see further than good scholars of earlier days. The Revisers, therefore, could not have avoided considerable change except at the sacrifice of faithfulness. Still the Version is certain to encounter formidable difficulties. Passages, to the music of which our ears have been accustomed from infancy, will come to us changed in their whole tone and rhythm, and will seem to us to have lost their life and beauty. Some alterations, like the well-known changes in the Lord's Prayer—the alteration of the petition, "Deliver us from evil," and the omission of the doxology in St. Matthew—will create a feeling of repugnance

which is almost pain. If the Revision is really at once faithful and conservative, it will triumph over these difficulties. But, as it is not to be at present "Authorized," it will have to make its own way, and prevail, if it does prevail, by its own intrinsic merits.

The *Hatchman*, recalling the shock experienced by the Wesleyan body, when it was proposed to revise the Conference Catechisms and the Hymn book, says that a far more painful impression will be made by the Revised New Testament. It will make little difference to tell people that the Bible remains what it was. The English Bible has ever been to them the Word of God, and the English words were His words. To lose those familiar words would be to lose their safe foothold. For if God's Word can be changed at the will of men, however scholarly, who can assure us of the truth? If the words to which they have ever listened are not the right words, then who will guarantee that any other words are right? One result of the discussion on this subject will probably be to clear many minds on the subject of inspiration. Nothing that has yet been done interferes in the slightest degree with the firm belief that "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," and that therefore whatever words were spoken were the words of the Almighty, inasmuch as they came with His authority. But when this is acknowledged the question remains, What were the words originally written, and what did these words mean? In order to answer the first part of this question much research has been necessary. It is enough to say that the Greek Text, which is now given to the public, represents as to all variations affecting the meaning of God's Word the accumulated wealth of ages. There is a consciousness of security when sitting down to the latest emendation it is found that nothing has yet been discovered which can affect in the slightest degree any single doctrine of the New Testament. Practically, therefore, the verdict of the combined scholarship of the two hemispheres is that we have without important difference the words of the original documents. Nothing now proposed will cause the New Testament of the future to differ in its truth from that of the past. The old doctrines are untouched, and the old promises are unchanged.

The *Christian World* cordially welcomes the new version, and thinks that those who looked forward to it with apprehension will be agreeably disappointed. They feared that they would have to exchange an old friend for a new acquaintance; what they meet is their old friend with some slight change of costume—or, rather, with a few stains brushed off his dress. The change, which the Revised Version has undergone, corresponds to the change that takes place in growth, not to the change that takes place in revolution.

The *Baptist*, in a general survey of the Revised New Testament, writes in a tone of approbation. A great work, it says, has been done—done reverently, nobly, and thoroughly; the Word of the living God has been anew interpreted for us by men of pre eminent gifts, and, most of all, men themselves deeply imbued with its holy spirit, and in the issue that Word now stands before us in still more full-orbed brightness than before. After all the sifting through which it has passed it remains substantially the same as of old; no doctrine of our holy faith shaken, no heavenly hope blasted, no dream even of our spiritual imagination cast aside. The *Baptist*, however, shares in the general regret at some of the alterations in the Lord's prayer, particularly the unnecessary substitution of "bring" for "lead," and the adoption of the phrase of "the

Evil One" instead of "evil," as the original would bear either expression, and the manner of the prayer seems to support the old rendering. It also regrets that so large a number of the suggestions of the American Revisers have been relegated to the Appendix.

The *Rock* points out the clear gain that by the changes made accrues to the Evangelical interpretation of the inspired volume, and regrets that many of the suggestions of the American Committee have not been adopted, particularly the proposal to strike out S from the title of the Gospels. Episcopal American Churches have long ago set us an example in Prayer Book revision, eliminating as they have done all that seems to savour of a Popish age, and in their recommendation they have been evidently moved by the same spirit.

In a second article, the *Rock* comes to the conclusion that the Revisers have not adhered to the wise rules laid down by them for their guidance. In too many cases the language of the Authorized Version has been changed by the Revisers apparently for the sake of change, without any possible or conceivable gain.

## WON BY KINDNESS.

The following story is related by John B. Gough in his autobiography:—

At a temperance meeting in a town in England, a man and a woman came forward together to sign the pledge. Their appearance was wretched in the extreme. The man was bowed down, his hands twitched nervously, and he had a silly look, as if the drink had scorched up his intellect. The woman was fierce-looking, dirty and slovenly; the ragged remains of her garments were tied round her waist by a bit of rope, and above these nothing but an old shawl twisted and brought over one shoulder and under the other. While they were scrawling their names in illegible characters, the secretary and other gentlemen were busy making out certificates for those who wished to join the society. These certificates were very attractive, fit for framing, being printed in colours; the price of them was sixpence each. The man looked dreamily and wistfully at them, and Mr. Gough said to the gentlemen, "Please do not say anything to this couple: I wish to see what they will do."

After a few moments, the poor fellow remarked to his wife: "I would like to join and get a 'stiffkit.'" "There's sixpence to pay for them things, now you come long o me, repeated the woman, pulling him away. "No I won't," he answered, almost whining; "I won't go 'long o' you; I want a 'stiffkit.'" The woman gave a fierce look, and the man was stupidly dogged, and it seemed as though a quarrel was commencing, when a gentleman stepped up and said: "Well, good people, I hope you will sign the pledge." He spoke very kindly, and the man looked up and said quickly, "We have signed the pledge, me and my missus—she's my missus—and we want to get a 'stiffkit and join the society.'" "Well, why do you not?" "There's sixpence to pay for 'em." "That need make no difference," said the gentleman, cheerily. "Here, Mr. Secretary, make these good people out a couple of certificates, and here is a shilling for them."

The man and the wife were very differently affected by this act of kindness. The former stood erect, with a more manly air, but the woman put on almost a savage look, as if resenting the first approach to kindness. The secretary asked their names, as they could not be made out on the pledge. The husband gave his name, and with a pleased expression received the embossed card of membership. When it

came to the woman's turn, she stood sulky; her eye grew cold and hard; she returned no answer. Again she was kindly asked to give her name. No reply; but her brows knit and grew dark as if a storm was brewing. She gave a quick, nervous glance around her, but no reply. "Come, madam, if you please, we will take your name. Your husband has his certificate, and we have one for you; we only wish you to give us your name; it is a rule for those who receive cards to give their names; we are willing to wait for you."

Still no reply; but the mouth twitched nervously, and her fingers twitched nervously. Suddenly she lifted her arm, as if to strike a blow; but no! it was to dash away a tear! Then another—and another—but they would come; so, covering her face with her hands, she let them come. The tears ran over her hands, she could not, nor did she try to, keep them back. The eyes of those who stood near were dim, but not a word was spoken. At last she hastily let fall her arms, and shaking out the shawl drew it over her shoulders, and with both hands held it down upon her breast, and stood with bowed head. The words of kindness had recalled the womanly nature in her. She gave her name; the certificate was handed to her; and the two poor creatures looked bewildered, and almost lovingly, at each other; the man at her and she at him.

The gentleman who had paid the shilling laid his hands on the man's shoulder, and said:

"Now remember, you are one of us. You have signed the temperance pledge, you belong to the society, and you must always remember you are one of us."

"Did ye hear that, old woman?" cried out the man. "Did ye hear that? He says we're 'one of us.' Come away wi' me—'one of us,'—the gentleman—'one of us.'" And they went out of the hall.

Three years and more had passed from the time when the above scene occurred, when, at the close of a lecture in a town at some distance, a person told Mr. Gough that a man wished to see him.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"He is a mechanic; he has been living here some time, and is an active member of our society. He says, if I tell you 'it's one of us,' you'll know."

"Show him up."

A man, clean, tidy and healthy, entered, and shook hands with Mr. Gough. Mr. Gough told him how glad he was to meet him; and that he should not have known him; and then asked:

"Have you ever seen the gentleman who said, 'you're one of us?'"

"No, sir," replied the man; "you see I don't move in that class of people, and I left the town soon after and got work here, but I'll never forget him, if I never meet him till I meet him in heaven. I'll tell him how his good, kind words helped me when I needed help. Ah! Mr. Gough, you ought to see my wife; she's a changed woman now, and she remembers him, and when she teaches the children to say their prayers, she weaves in little bits beautiful, that God would bless him. She's a knowing woman. Well, good-bye, Mr. Gough, wish ye a safe voyage home; and come back and see us again. Good-bye, God bless ye!"

At the sale of a part of the Brinley Library in New York city recently, a copy of the Guttenburg Bible, probably the first book printed from movable types, was sold for \$8,000.