PETERKIN'S WOLF SONG.

A Thrilling Adventure on a Russian

Peterkin stands thoughtfully listening to the thunder and roar of the waters, as fretful of restraint they have leapt from captivity, and, with a sound like the roaring of hungry wolves, flow onward under the masses of ice to the Arctic Ocean. The face of the little lad grows less serious as he listens; gradually a smile flits over the pinched features, for the significence of that sound is unmistakable. Spring has come-spring with all its power of sweetness over a frozen land-and Siberia, traversed with three thousand miles of river, will lose its look of desolation to blossom into beauty as he journeys southward, ever nearer to the gay capital wherein dwells the Czar. Wonderful visions fill his mind-dim, half-remembered stories of the great Cathedral of St. Isaac's, wherein echoes the sweet-toned singing of choristers in gorgeous tunics of blue

and gold. St. Petersburg stands out in his imaginings with the dazzling brilliancy of a perfect sun at noontide, and ever toward this shining goal his childish feet shall journey. The one thought impelling to this decision, through all the pain and loneliness of the long, dark winter, has been that here, if anywhere, will recognition be accorded his genius, and, in some undefined manner, a way be opened by which he may be taught at one of the many schools of music. The stupendousness of the undertaking does not appall him. There can surely be no greater dangers or privations to be encountered on the toilsome journey than are likely to fall pleasure. "Press onward at whatever to his lot as things now are. He is free to do as he wishes; there is naught to hold stranger if need be and boldly seize his him back-no one in all the great universe to stretch forth a hand and battle for him with that unknown world lying beyond the quiet lintel of his low-browed doorway and the realization of his dreams in the distant capital. Behind lies a life of toil and hardship; before, a new world great with possibilities, forgetfulness of the past, freedom from the monotony of the flat, never-ending bogs stretching on all sides, without a break, against the leaden skies. The Russian language, with its harsh sounds and many per- increasing storm. plexities, holds for him always, in bright, untarnished letters, the word "success."

There is nothing to impede his footsteps by an added weight on that journey, forbeside the blackened, greasy tuit of sheepkin which he wears-his sole possesion is his dead father's violin slung across his shoulders in a quaint bag fashioned by the peasant mother's unskilled hands. The summons for that mother had come in the darkness of night, when quietly out from the plain filled and, up over the frozen meadows and glistening ice-clogged rivers the weary heart saddened with life-long toil had ceased to beat, and entered into its rest. Peterkin had kissed her and, with young heart quickly beating against the silent one, had called her many times, but no answer came from the one who through all the homely toil that filled her days had been dimly conscious that her boy was not as others; that to him

had been given genius. So Peterkin turns his back upon the old life, and journeying southward, keeps body and soul together as best he may. Primroses in their first pink flush of bloom, violets, golden hearted daisies, and now a field blue as heaven with forget-me-nots greet him in their beauty and sweet-scented bloom. Sometimes the blossoms are gathered to sell in the market of the nearest village, and so a night's shelter or a crust of black bread is obtained

At first he is disappointed to find elsewhere so little change from what he had left behind, for one Russian village differs little in outward aspect from another save in its poverty and squalor. On either side of the long, straggling street, detached houses are fashioned hastily for shelter, with rarely a touch of beauty, the second story of overlapping boards dovetailed together at the corners rising above the unlovely foundation of roughly cemented stone. This upper story, reached by a ladder, is the family home, from the centre of which warmth is diffused by a large brick stove. Against the whitewashed walls hang prints of the Imperial family, heads of saints or family photographs. In the lower story are herded whatever cattle the peasant may possess. Often the home of the very poor is but a low-roofed, mud-plastered hut, wherein human beings and cattle huddle together in a community of suffering.

Spring deepens into summer, summer wanes, outrun by autumn's fleeting stride, and Peterkin journeys on, subsisting for the most part on berries which Nature, so niggard of her gifts in most things, here strews broadcast. Yet now and then when the boy's heart grows weary and he sinks for a rises to throw himself to certain death, and while to rest by the roadside there sparkles he turns to see the officer's uplifted arm on the green, luxuriant grass a drop that is pointing straight at him the pistol whose far too salt for dew.

village through which he must pass to the Russian capital.

ing the only daughter of the rich land owner in [the loud, rapid movement of a Polish | license. is to wed an officer of the Czar, and the measure picked up somewhere upon that fiddler engaged for the occasion has failen | weary tramp. The effect is magical, and on the ice, hurting his arm so that playing | the unaccustomed sound; rise above the is out of the question. A sorry wedding howling of the wolves. They pause, hold indeed it will be without music; the bride up their heads to listen as though scenting is in despair and hails with joy news of the danger, and slackening speed, almost halt. little peasant who that morning entered the village and declared his ability to draw music from the old violin slung in a sack | runs! Bravo! If thy fingers grow not numb across his shoulder.

Yes, Peterkin says he can and will play, if in return he be granted permission to motion of the sleigh, for the peasant knows travel with the wedding party to St. Petersburg. The curious proposition at first in keeping dry the strings, which vibrate amuses the officer to whom it seems a good joke, then noting the little fellow's But 'tis no easy thing, with the snow cutpersistency he contemptuously refuses | ting keen and chill, while the fearful cold to have so sorry an object travel with them. The bride with ready wit, perceiving Peter- othy breathes aloud a prayer to Heaven, for And yield the fruits divine in heaven's immortkin's stolid refusal to play for other consideration, pleads with her lover until she gains a reluctant consent for which he is not | nearness of the city. peasant wakes the echoes with Polish dance | thy haven, the city is in sight. Keep, lad, mother should send you for half a dozen | times unwillingly, having no sort of inclinasocry in the end, since with his violin the tunes which set their pulses throbbing and to thy music and we shall be saved. keep their feet in motion. The boy flushes day sount you in the Imperial band?"

couga ring out a marry chime to Ruler of the Russias. The City of the mother gets everything on tick !"

feet and legs from the bitter cold.

sight. Only the journey of another day and close over the brave boyish heart. night lies between him and the long-for goal. The horses shake their heads impatient for the start, their manes, after the curious fashion of the country, tied like a horn between the ears, and Timothy sits with one hand holding the reins while the other grasps a short stock with leathern lash at the end, devoid of snapper. This seems as it should be to the boy climbing to his place beside the driver, for the long slender whips of Western Russia are not used along the border country, and whip-cracking is an unknown sound in Siberia.

As the day advances, the snow, which began to fall lightly at noon, increases in violence, and Timothy moves uneasily, urging the horses ahead, for only too well dees he know the danger of a heavy storm over the frozen steppes, where the icy blasts whirl it here and there in treacherous drifts. Delay officer bears despatches of importance to the |ear : Czar, and better far it were to brave the fury of storm than risk the Imperial dishorses, but at all hazards proceed." Under all else. Silence deepens through-out the Concerning the personal life of Isaiah we pain of banishment Timothy dare not dis- great gilded apartment, as the waves of know little. The first verse of his book, obey such orders, so muttering beneath his sound in melodious measure sweep over the which is a heading added by the men who breath onward they go, almost blinded with tuneful strings. An unrest grows, the mel- gathered these sermons together into this the snow as the sleigh is jerked hither and yon by the plunging horses.

The short day dies without a twilight, and Timothy knowing from boyhood every verst of the way shakes his head in despair, calling to his horses that their | the quick measure of a Polish dance and on- among the little provinces of Palestine courage may not flag through the ever-

Peterkin's keen ears have been the first to notes of ectasy, and Perterkins, bow in hand before the same great enemy. Amos and hear? There-again it comes-he breathes is kneeling low before the Ruler of the Hosea were the great preachers in Israel a frightened whisper-" The wolves-they Russias are upon us."

Not a muscle of the weather-beaten old face shows that the lad's whisper has been installed, and his masters claim great heard, as leaning forward the driver calls to

his horses: "Away! Fly, my beauties-my pretty brothers, to thy stables in St. Petersburg!" | a brilliant future.

The long, low howl of the oncoming foe sounds nearer, but unmindful of the danger the officer sits with his bride enveloped in furs, too much absorbed to give head to outside events. They are out now on the trackthrough the drifts while the wolves speed in | man who stood leaning against the piano. their tracks. Timothy's voice rings out again:

Speed onward, doves-an officer of the Czar lines. Onward! Haste, my brothers!" Again there sounds that long, low howl, | the piano.

and the swiftly moving black mass gains gain the sides, the whole yelping pack leaping up with gleaming eyes and cruel, hungry R-r-r-rum-tum. jaws. Aroused from his dream of bliss, the officer sees their peril and leaning forward fires right and left into the howling mass. The cry of the wounded, seized upon and torn limb by their fellows, is almost human | friend, so as not to break off too sudden and in its agony, and in the momentary respite get people to talking. Wasn't it?" Timothy shouts:

"Haste, little doves! Spread thy wings straight for St. Petersburg. Haste, and Heaven help thee !"

The hungry demon which would have lock | ing. ed its jaws in the leader's throat drops before the officer's unerring shot, and the Gracie. I've been coming occasionally. Once

horses gallop onward. Peterkin sits awed by the night peril, but for all he is so quiet, there is no cowardly thoughts in the little peasant who, with or four times a week you know, it looks as connection with the truths which Isaiah was each panting breath, is making a bold re- if he were getting off the occasional basis solve, bidding good bye, brave heart, to his and trying to make a new deal. That's Thus Shear-jashub means "a remnant will cherished dreams-the golden visions of what's worrying me." fame in the great city. Those two behind, the officer and his bride whose sweet voice let such a thing as that-lum-ti-tum-tumpleaded so earnestly in his behalf, have worry me." everything to live for, while he-only those dreams and a soul full of unuttered music. thought he will kiss it, will give it one part- sional than it is now. And it'll be pretty be destroyed. ing caress of exceeding bitterness, and tough on me to make it any less occasional.

A cry of terror smites the air as Peterkin last shot has been reserved for that purpose. Autumn's breath grows keen, and winter In both minds there has been the same holds the land in an icy embrace, levelling thought. A second's pause as peasant and the steppes with a drifting pall of whiteness officer gaze into each other's eyes, then Petover which rise treacherous fogs, when erkin noting the detaining hold of the day-Peterkin crosses the border and enters the old wife upon her husband's arm, calls out :

"Hold! I will save thy life and mine!" With a sudden powerful blow he smites An unwonted stir and bustle of excite- the violin as he regains his seat, and strong

"Bravo, lad, thy music doth give good cheer to the horses. See how the leader

we shall make the city. The boyish figure sways adroitly with the that the lives of all depend upon his success with one loud note-strain after another. almost paralyzes the willing fingers. Timahead a faint light grows upon the horizon -a light telling to practiced eyes of the

"Courage, brave fellows! Fly, doves, to

The wolves are following close again with | much would you pay for them!" with pride when the officer calls out in their long, swinging trot, the chase telling praise: "Well done-well done little on the horses and upon Peterkin, to whom fellow; who knows but the Czar may some | the strain is almost beyond his strength, | tion?" stone-hearted and stout-armed as he is. His The walding at length is over, good byes eyes flash with renewed courage; he had are said and three horses harnessed not thought thus to enter St. Petersburg abreast to the sleigh dash forward on the keeping death at bay with that violin long journey. The bells beneath the which should grant him the hearing of the

which the flying hocf-beats mark the Czars, with its broad streets and massive a rhythmic cadence. Beside the driver sits | stone quays, rises now before their eyes, min-Peterkin, in place of the yamstchik or post- aret, dome and spire cleaving the sky in a boy, a low-crowned hat covering the mop of | blaze of light. A little longer, and over the yellow hair cut straight from ear to ear. frozen Neva resounds the baffled yelping The board seat is covered with leather cush- of the vanquished wolves, as tearing along, ions while a large wolfskin protects their the foaming steeds dash into St. Petersburg, and the gallant leader under whose Onward they go, resting only when night | douga jangled the merry bells, falls blindfalls to renew the journey in the morning; | ly forward, crashing to the earth, stone dead. but to Peterkin there is little rest, for now | And Peterkin, the little violinist? In the after the long year of patient plodding, ever frozen fingers, blue and stiff, clasped so southward, St. Petersburg is almost within | tight they may not move it, lies the violin

> It is spring, and the world is waking once again to beauty, when Peterkin sits up to hear the wonderful news that on the morrow patched clothes of sheepskin the little peasant stands waiting, bow in hand. That there is such a thing as failure does not enter his mind, or in his simplicity the thought is given no place. He knows that he has a gift-did not even the wolves, those fierce, untamed beasts, hearken to his playing? Why, then, should he tremble in the presence of the Czar?

> abash this peasant, save in so far as all beautiful things must necessarily affect such

"Courage, Peterkin. Play as thou did'st | book of Isaiah is a book of sermons. to the wolves and all will be well."

the music trembles forth Peterkin forgets preacher. ody snaps asunder, away in the distance volume, tells us that he lived in the days of scarce louder than a frightened whisper, Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz and Hezekiah, kings howl the wolves, while through it all is the of Judah. This means the eighth century tangle of sleigh bells tossed by the leader in | before Christ. The eighth century before that mad gallop for life. A cry of anguish, Christ was that day of national trouble ward the bells jangle in hot haste. Muffled which saw the destruction of the Northern hoofbeats sound as the flying steeds gallop | Kingdom by the armies of Assyria, and the Hark! What was that sound which onward, a sob as the leader dies, a few brief | fearful dangers of the Southern Kingdom

In the gorgeous choir of St. Isaac's, clad | in Judah. in a tunic of blue and gold, Peterkin is now genius for the little Siberian peasant who, family of high social position in the aristounmindful of cold or hardship, traversed on cratic circles of the capital. He belonged foot more than a thousand miles in that land fluttering doves-my Golobki! Haste, my of snow and ice where he will one day have

An Interlude with Which the Piano had Nothing to Do.

"Gracie you-you don't think I come less steppes, the horses, uncertain of their here too often, do you?" was the anxious infoothold, plunging with frenzied snort quiry of the ingenious, open-faced young "Certainly not, Frank," said the young "Hi! Hi! Whoa there, my beauties! | lady sitting on the piano-stool.

Lum-ti-tum-ti-tum-tum. R-r-r-r-tumrides behind thee. Fly quickly for thy tum. Which the sagacious reader will understand to be an interlude on the part of

"I didn't know," pursued the young man steadily upon it now, running swiftly to reflectively, "but I had been overdoing it." R-r-r-rum-tum. Lum-ti-tum-ti-tum-tum

> "What made you think, so, Frank?". "Why, it was the stipulation, you know, when you gave me the-the cold shake that I should come to see you occasionally as a

Lum-ti-tum tum. Piili-willi-willi-williwilli-willi. Ker-chug. Ker-chug. R-r-r-rum-

"Yes, I believe that was the understand-

"That's what I've been doing you know, or twice a week is occasionally, isn't it ?" "Yes, I suppose you could call it so." "But when a fellow gets to coming three

"I wouldn't-r-r-r-rum-tum. Ker-chug

friends, Gracie, but it's going to take a long | refused to follow his advice concerning the The violin is slung across his back mutely time to break it to 'em gently if this occawaiting for the bow's light touch. Quick as sional business gets any more-h'm-occa-

> Lum-ti-ti-tum. Rum-tum. "Some day, of course, I'll have to quit. It has been a pretty long time now since I have bored you, Gracie, with a word about to get away from it, even in their home,

"A long time?" exclaimed Gracie, pensively. "It's been an eternity, Frank!" Yum! Yum! Yum-yum! Yum-yum!

Which the sagacious reader will understand to be an interlude with which the the state. They gave their whole life to piano had nothing whatever to do.

And Frank is to go to see Miss Gracie one day next week with a regularly ordained ment pervades the place, for this very even- and clear the first discordant sounds are lost minister, a new black suit and a marriage

A Good Remedy.

Would'st thou from sorrow find a sweet relief And is thy heart oppressed with woes untold Balm would'st thou gather for the deepest for some reason which no one knows now, Pour blessings round thee like a shower of

'Tis when the rose is wrapped in many a fol Close to its heart the worm is eating there, Not when all unrolled, its bosom rich and fair, Sends forth its perfumes on the ambient air.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love, And thou an angel's happiness shalt know, Shall bless the earth, while in the world above

The good begun by thee shall onward flow In many abranching stream, and widergrow. The seed that in these few and fleeting hours Thy hands unwearied and unsparing sow, Shall crown thy grave with amaranthine

Quite Right.

"Nothing," replied John.

ed a boy at the other end of the room. "You are as great a dunce as John," said

the teacher.

THE WORK OF ISAIAH.

BY GEORGE HODGES.

The book of Isaiah is remarkable among the books of the Bible for its interest and its value. The Bible is made up of a considerable number of books, some in prose had ever seen it before. In the place of and some in poetry, some history, some pro- the mercy seat a great throne was set up, verbs, some letters and some sermons. The

book of Isaiah belongs among the sermons. The word prophet, we ought to keep in mind, means preacher. You can find another meaning in the dictionary and in common conversation. The conjunction of Venus and Jupiter is just now giving occupation to the exercise of prophecy. Prof. Totten, of Yale University, is a prophet. But this use he will play before the Czar. In his worn, of the word is quite a recent definition. The idea of prediction has been prominent in this old world only since some time in the last century. In the days when Jeremy Taylor wrote in defense of the "Liberty of Prophesying," everybody understood that he was advocating the principle of free

In the bible, the prophet is a preacher. We may read a good many of the writings The magnificence of the palace does not of the Old Testament "prophets" without discovering any prediction at all. The prophet is not a fore-teller, but a fore-teller. He natures. About the apartment cluster the is the man who speakes for God. And that court attendants waiting to hear the strange | is the business of every preacher even tochild make music for their amnsement. day. Thus God appointed Aaron, we read, even of a single night in safety at some | Near him stands the officer's bride, who, as | to be the prophet of Moses. That is, he was farm house is not to be thought of, for the the Czar waves his hand, whispers in his to speak for Moses, he was to carry Moses' messages. Isaiah was a preacher. The

I want to say somthing this morning about Quick to perform its master's bidding, this prophet and his book, about the preachcost," calls out the officer; "stop the next the bow quivers across the strings, and as er and his sermons. I will begin with the

during the youth of Isaiah. Isaiah preached

Isaiah was a man of education, culture and evident literary gifts. He belonged to a in Jerusalem, and was much about the court, and was a personal friend of the greatest of the Jewish sovereigns of his lifetime, King Hezekiah. Isaiah, like St. Peter, was a married man. He had two sons. Is liah's wife was called the prophetess, probably because she helped her husband in his work by her sympathy, by her wise advice. Nobody knows how much of the family history of Isaiah is hidden away under that ancient title. There is no record of the indebtedness of Isaiah, and through him of all the religious world, to Isaiah's excellent wife.

Perhaps he read to her the notes of these great sermons. Some of the critics, who are so much interested in making out that nearly every chapter in the Old Testament was written by two or three different persons, may some day discover for us how many good things in Isaiah's sermons are due to the suggestions of his wife.

Isaiah's two sons had quite remarkable names. The Old Testament names have many of them a queer sound in our ears. Fathers and mothers do not often resort nowadays to the first five chapters of the First Book of Chronicles to get names for their children. But Isaiah's boys were burdened with names which even in those days must have seemed grotesque, angular and awkward in the mouth. One was named Shear-jashub, the other was Mahershalal-hash-baz! These names, we find, had meanings. That was one advantage which many of the old names had over our modern ones-they meant something. And the meanings of these names had an intimate

remain." That, we will see presently, was one of the most notable of the doctrines of Isaiah. Maher-shalal-hash-baz means "speedy prey, swift spoil." That was what "It's all right, of course, to go on being Isaiah said when the politicians of Judah foreign relations of the Government. He declared that the kingdom would speedily

Thus Isaiah's boys had names that were condensed sermons. That shows how deep the prophet and the prophetess had their hearts in the great work. They never tried never shut the door upon it. It was the whole of their life. Every interest they had, even their children, was wrapped up and included in this deepest and widest interest, their interest in the church and in their country.

It is likely that Isaiah continued preaching 40 years. He spent 40 years in one par-He was probably about 70 when he died. His death, according to old traditions, was by martyrdom in the reign of the bad King Manasseh, when he is reported to have been sawn asunder with a wooden sword.

The call of Isaiah, the beginning of his ministry, is described in a chapter which, is numbered in the book not one, but six.

In the sixth chapter of Isaiah we learn what it was that made this man a minister. It was not because he had tried two or three avocations and had not succeeded very well in any of them, that he concluded to try the clerical profession. Neither was it on account of the persuasion of his friends. Nor was it even in consequence of a deliberate decision made at the end of a serious endeavor to discover his duty. This man was called to God. At least that is what he said himself, who ought to know.

The prophets, indeed, are all unanimous in the assertion that God called them. They were going on about their ordinary business so they say, and somehow there came a voice. "Now, John," said a teacher, "if your God called them. And they obeyed, someeggs and they were three cents each, how | tion toward that kind of work, desiring most earnestly to keep out of it, living, some of them, in a day when, as they say, a "Can some other boy answer the ques- wise and prudent man will preserve a discreet silence. They were somehow impelled "He would pay nothing, sir !" exclaim- into this ministry by some sort of influence from without.

face to their sermon. There is something notable in this constant affirmation of the old preachers that God called them.

In the year that King Uzziah died, Isaiah had a vision. He seemed in a dream to be standing in the temple, only the temple was a hundred times greater and fairer than he and upon this throne sat One hidden by the wide folds of his imperial vestments. Beside the throne, on either hand, floated in the air choirs of angelic beings with the wings which ever since have had place in the pictures, expect that each of these had six wings, covering their faces and their what we are accustomed to call nowadays | feet and spread for flight, emblems of reverence, of humility and of prompt obedience. Isaiah heard the angels singing, now one choir and now the other, answering each other in melodious strophe and antistrophe, saying the words that are uttered still in one of the supreme moments of the greatest of our Christian services of adoration, the holy communion, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of thy glory."

And then the whole great temple seemed to reel and shake, and a great mysterious cloud of smoke, as of the incense of the prayers of heaven, descended upon it. And Isaiah, standing by the door, cried, "Woe is me, for I have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts; and I am a man of unclean lips." And one of the angelic beings taking a coal from the flaming altar touched his lips, in token of forgiveness and of cleansing. And there came a voice, crying, "Wnom shall I send, and who will go for us?" And Isaiah answered, "Here am I, send me!" Thus his work began.

Isaiah may be thought of as a statesman,

as a reformer, as a theologian. It is notable that the first thing which this wonderful commissioned preacher did was to go into politics. Isaiah was first of all a politician. He was a religious politician. Isaiah made no separation in his thought between the Church and the State. It is not likely that he cared much for any institution as an institution, whether civil or ecclesiastical. Isaiah's interest was altogether in the people. His highest desire was to have the land full of good men and

Thus he concerned himself in whatever concerned them. And the chief concerns of his time were of a political complexion. Great measures were pending, and great perils impending. From the East the Assyrian was every day getting a little closer to the West. In the North Syria and Ephraim were allied against Judah. The people were terribly afraid of Syria and Ephraim and were determined to ask the alliance of Assyria. Isaiah was opposed to that alliance. The people, however, had their way. But no sooner had they allied themselves to Assyria than they repented and wished instead to join hands with

Isaiah was all the time on the side of national independence. These were great questions. The supreme need of the time, as indeed of every time, was a wise man and a good man who could look at these critical questions from the religious point of view-that is to say, from the point of view of deep and eternal principles. Isaiah was that man. He saw no end of abuses, political and social. And lie was conscious of his own personal responsibility. He felt that he had no right to stand by and see these things go on.

St. Paul, who was a good judge of religious audacity, says that Isaiah was very bold. He was indeed. The boldest thing that a man can do is to denounce the sins of his own class. It is easy for the poor to revile the rich. The poor man who abuses the rich wins popularity among his peers. But when a rich man speaks his mind, and opposes himself to the opinion of his associates, he becomes a candidate for all sorts of martyrdom. Social ties, companionship,

business association, shut men's mouths. This man stood in the midst of the court, a rich man, a man of social standing, a layman, too, with no allowance for professional zeal possible in his case, and spoke his mind about the iniquities of priest and prince. This is a man worth knowing. I want to introduce some of my newspaper congregation to the prophet, Isaiah, of whom they have perhaps heard, but whom I am sure they do not know. A brave, good man, a patriot, a hero, not only the writer of one of the small number of supremely great books of the world, but a man of action, whose splendid example ought still to be an inspiration to us. So we come to the book. There are 66 chapters in this book. They fall into two quite distinct divisions. The first chapter of the second part is number 40. These two division, are so different that a good many scholar, think they were written by quite different men. Of the 39 chapters of the first par there may be made a three-fold division.t In the first division, 12 chapters; in the second, 15; in the third, 12 again. The first and third divisions are consecutive prophecies; that is, connected sermons. The middle division is made up of isolated prophecies, single sermons. The single sermons begin with the thirteenth chapter and end with the twenty-seventh. They are chiefly taken up with the affairs of other nations.

The whole world was of interest to Isaiah. There was nothing narrow or parochial about him. Babylon and Egypt, Moab and Edom, Arabia and Tyre, had their places in his sermons. The God whom Isaiah believed in was the ruler of the round earth, all the movements of the nations were in the ordering of his wide providence. The consecutive sermons of the first twelve chapters begin with an arraignment of the Jewish nation for their political transgressions. Then follow the questions which rose out of the war with Syria and Ephraim. The consecutive prophecies of the third part deal with the invasion of Sennacherib. How far away these old names sound! And yet human nature has not changed much. The questions that Isaiah met are even to-day coming up again for answer. It ought not to be altogether wasted time, if we go back with our disinterested and unprejudiced minds and study them.

Too Nervous.

Golightly-" Girls make me weary !" Quidnunc-"Why; what's the matter?" Golightly-"They're so nervous and ex-

Quidnunc-" How do you mean ?" Golightly-"Why, I was engaged to a They were stopped, and suddenly turned girl awhile ago, and the night before the about, and sent on a message from God. wedding I went around and told her I "No I ain't," retorted the boy, " for his Thenceforth the words they speak are God's guessed we'd better let it drop; and hang words. "Thus saith the Lord" is the pre- me it the girl didn't got positively fidgety !"