NEBRASKA BOYS FAR AWAY

Members of the First Regiment Have Had Enough War.

WOULD LIKE MUSTER OUT

Their Entry Into the City of Manila and the Service Rendered There—Private Lynde of York Kills a Boatman With an Accidental Shot.

The following correspondence to the Lincoln Journal from Nebraska's First regiment, now doing duty in Manila, will be read with interest. It bears date in August:

"Well, have you heard yet when we are going home?" says our brave soldier stitching up his sorry-looking overalls to another brave warrior who is trying to tie up the ends of an old pair of drawers so that they will answer as well for socks. And they are not the only ones. That is the only and all-absorbing topic with us now. Once we wondered when we would get to the Philippines. Then we put in a month wondering when we would get into Manila. When at last we stood inside its frowning walls we wondered how the thing had been done. We wondered then what we would do with the Spaniards, and we wondered what Uncle Sam would do with us. Finally we stopped speculating upon all else and have been wondering ever since when we were to be sent home. Altogether with the common soldier this is a very wonderful world.

One of the boys remarked the other day that he was afraid the government was going to try turning us into Filipinos. Judging from the coats of sunburn and the coats of native make which the Nebraska boys are wearing the changing process is not likely to take so very long a time. Others have ventured the proposition that the army is to be kept here for an unknown length of time pending possible international derangements. Whenever this supposition is mentioned it calls forth a general wail of woe, for almost without exception the boys are anxious to get home as quickly as possible.

Some one very aptly expresssed the sentiment of the regiment when he remarked, "I enlisted to fight, and when there is no more of that, I want to get back to plow corn." Barrack life at best is not present. It savors too much of incarceraton to suit your independent volunteer soldier. In the face of danger he will bear restraint in the interest of discipline and play his part with the precision of a well-constructed machine (that is if his officers don't get rattled). In the barracks, however, it is different. There is likely to be, "discipline be hanged," and when restraint is put upon him he holds indignation meetings the same as any other American citizen. He arraigns the government and indicts his officers just as though he were at home, and then subsides, eats his hardtack, smokes a cigarette and goes to sleep in a corner.

The fellowing I found the other day on a stray bit of paper, evidently torn from the page of a diary belonging to one of our boys. Because of the circumstances under which it was written it becomes well worth the reproduction.

"Before the inside gates of Manila, and inside its frowning walls, noon, August 13, 1898, (an unlucky day for Alphonso XIII.)

"People of Nebraska: We, of the victorious army of the United States and Dewey took a big city which seems all moss-grown walls, smells bad in every alley-like street, and hasn't a bite of bread within its confines.

"We don't know yet just how much in pound precious blood of our brothers it has cost us. Three thousand of the Spanish soldiers crowd the walls and bastions, gazing all mouths and eyes at the boys of the First Nebraska as they stand resting before their gates while one of our boys from California lies dying at our feet, struck by one of the bullets from the enemy's last fire. We have heard that other regiments have lost but know not to what extent. (One's sensibilities become deadened to such things in times of war.)

"Even though it is true that we as a regiment took very little active part in the capture of the city, neither also did any of the land forces. Yet we were prepared to contend every inch of ground with the enemy and would have covered ourselves with gore and glory if he had but given us a chance."

Reading the above recalls forcefully the day when we all formed in line of battle just within gun range of the fated city and rested while Admiral Dewey's fleet drew up to bombard its ancient walls. Then came fifty-five minutes of roaring from the giant guns (such a performance as amply supplied our wanting Fourth of July celebration.) Although we rested near the bay, intervening trees hid the cruisers so that our view of the firing was much obscured. Lieutenant Corcoran of company A was stationed as signal officer on the beach and was in a position to witness both the firing and the places where the missles struck. He says that it was a sight that he would not have missed for anything. Hedges, ditches, barb-wire fences, broken bottles, sharpened stakes and masked barricades of earth hiding sharpshooters would have demoralized any assault, making the loss of life fearful and turning the battle into a carnage.

Viewing these works I think all of us experienced a sense of satisfaction in realizing that we would never be called upon to attach such a formidable position in the dead of night, but marched unchallenged around its uncovered flank next the beach.

Speculating, floating wild conjectures and gaping about us like children we marched on and up the sand of the beach and toward Manila. On the first ramparts the guns were silent, and there proudly floated the American flag. How we cheered when we saw it, and further on what applause we gave that now historic band of Colorado which rising to the exigency of the occasion played "Hot Time" as we went marching by.

Then came more walls. Lines of walls, squares of walls, walls standing and walls shattered, and all surmounted by ugly rows of jagged glass bottles sunk into the mortar. Every one of sufficient importance to keep a tom cat or mangy dog has a huge stone wall thrown about his small patch of ground.

And while we were marching with Nebraska leading the procession that flanked all these walls by wading the skirts of the sea, roving parties of the enemy began to fire, their bullets whistling close over our heads so that our officers ordered us and themselves to lie down behind low stone parapets for protection. We soon resumed our march, however, with the bullets pattering into the sea all about us. To the bullets and firing we paid little attention but prepared ourselves with no small measure of exultation to fight our way through every street of the city. When we found that there was to be no fighting we were grievously disappointed. Had the Spaniards possessed the nerve to make a last desperate stand there would have been a struggle unparalleled in the annals of history. With us well into the city the enemy might have surrounded us and in a house to house fight take such revenge as they never had before. With us mixed up in the city Dewey could have done nothing. Whatever the cost however, we would have won in the end a victory to be proud of.

As you know, though, we didn't fire a shot that day. Our guns itching in our hands were of no more value than shovels. Before we were aware of it we stood before Manila's garrison, and our fighting chances were over.

Friday afternoon, August 22, about 5 o'clock Myiton Lynde of company A, accidentally shot and killed a native boatman. He didn't know his gun was loaded.

Young Lynde was resting with two companies about thirty feet from where a canal flows into the river Pasig. The three were waiting for the corporal of the guard to post them on the new relief. While they waited two Filipino boatmen paddled in a little canoe up to the side of the canal next to the boys. The water being low only their heads appeared over the stone abutment. One of the guards called the attention of his companions to the excellent target which they presented, whereupon Lynde brought his gun to his shoulder, aimed at the man in the stern and pulled the trigger. The gun was fired and the native dropped to the bottom of the boat. "My God," cried Lynde before the report had died away, "who put that load in my gun?" Even then the three did not realize that any harm had been done, but when they saw the man lying in the boat dead, the unfortunate soldier broke down entirely.

A crowd of natives quickly gathered and were with difficulty kept back by the guards. While Lynde was being conducted to quarters many followed crowding closely about his escorts with sullen angry mutterings, but attempted no act of violence.

Lynde, nearly heart-broken, was confined at regimental headquarters and the next morning the remains of the native escorted by the regimental band and First batallion were given a burial with military honors; and his friends generally were made to understand the nature of the accident, together with the keen regret it caused both officers and men.

Myiton Lynde contends that someone unknown to him must have loaded his rifle, for he says that he has not put a cartridge into it since coming into the city. He has always been of exemplary character. He has always done his duty as a soldier and a man, thereby holding the respect of all who knew him. He will be tried by court martial on the charge of negligence in the use of firearms.

His father is a minister of the gospel at York.

Exposition Financially a Success.

Everyone interested in the welfare of the western country will be pleased to hear of the wonderful financial success of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, now nearing the close of its five months' run in Omaha. If its gates were closed today, there is money enough in the bank to pay every dollar of indebtedness and return to the stockholders large portion of the stock subscriptions. If there is any truth in the old saying that "nothing succeeds like success," the month of October should be marked by a prosperity unprecedented in the history of expotions.

According to the books of Secretary Wakefield, the finances of the exposition on September 26 stood as follows:

Cash balance in bank	$128,000
All liabilities	68,000
Net balance	$ 60,000

For some time past all bills have been paid whenever presented with the proper vouchers and the cash surplus has steadily accumulated. When the above figures were given out the exposition had thirty-six days to run. October, on account of the peace jubilee celebration, and other attractive features, is expected to draw by far the greatest crowds of any of the five months of the exposition season.

The exposition will close November 1.

Great Day for Veterans.

In some respects the most striking feature of peace jubilee week at the exposition at Omaha will be the friendly meeting of the Blue and Gray on "North and South Handshaking Day," October 11th, and on "Army and Navy Day" and "Veteran Soldiers' Day," October 13th. Great efforts have been made to secure a large attendance of federal and confederate veterans for this occasion, and there is no doubt that the gathering will be one of the most memorable of its kind in the history of the country. The Grand Army of the Republic, through its commander-in-chief, the Women's Relief Corps, through its national president, and the Daughters of the Confederacy, through their national president, have been invited to be present, and the invitations have been given very wide publicity. A number of prominent speakers have accepted invitations to deliver addresses at campfires to be held morning and evening of the two days named. It will be a fitting accompaniment to the celebration over the close of the war of 1898 that the men who bore the brunt of the fight in the early sixties shall stand upon the same platform and address the participants in that great struggle.

The oil run which was recently sunk near Homer in the bluffs will be worked. A stock company has been incorporated and preparations to sink wells will be begun immediately.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE HOUNDED REINDEER" SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"As the Hart Panteth After the Water Brooks, So Panteth My Soul After Thee, O God!"—Psalms, Chap. XLII, Verse 1.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 2.—Dr. Talmage, drawing his illustrations from a deer-hunt, in this discourse calls all the pursued and troubled of the earth to come and slake their thirst at the deep river of Divine comfort. Text: Psalms 42: 1: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

David, who must some time have seen a deer-hunt, points us here to a hunted stag making for the water. The fascinating animal called in my text the hart is the same animal that in sacred and profane literature is called the stag, the roebuck, the hind, the gazelle, the reindeer. In Central Syria, in Bible times, there were whole pasture-fields of them, as Solomon suggests when he says, "I charge you by the hinds of the field." Their antlers jutted from the long grass as they lay down. No hunter who has been long in "John Brown's tract" will wonder that in the Bible they were classed among clean animals, for the dews, the showers, the lakes washed them as clean as the sky. When Isaac, the patriarch, longed for venison, Esau shot and brought home a roebuck. Isaiah compares the sprightliness of the restored cripple of millennial times to the long and quick jump of the stag, saying, "The lame shall leap as the hart." Solomon expressed his disgust at a hunter who having shot a deer is too lazy to cook it, saying, "The slothful man, roasteth not that which he took in hunting."

But one day, David, while far from the home from which he had been driven, and sitting near the mouth of a lonely cave where he had lodged, and on the banks of a pond or river, hears a pack of hounds in swift pursuit. Because of the previous silence of the forest the clangor startles him, and he says to himself: "I wonder what those dogs are after?" Then there is a crackling in the brushwood, and the loud breathing of some rushing wonder of the woods, and the antlers of a deer rend the leaves of the thicket, and by an instinct which all hunters recognize the creature plunges into a pool or lake or river to cool its thirst, and at the same time by its capacity for swifter and longer swimming to get away from the foaming harriers. David says to himself: "Aha, that is myself! Saul after me, Absalom after me, enemies without number after me; I am chased; their bloody muzzles at my heels, barking at my good name, barking after my body, barking after my soul. Oh, the hounds, the hounds! But look there," says David to himself; "that reindeer has splashed into the water. It puts its hot lips and nostrils into the cool wave that washes its lathered flanks, and it swims away from the fiery canines, and it is free at last. Oh, that I might find in the deep, wide lake of God's mercy and consolation escape from my pursuers! Oh, for the waters of life and rescue! 'As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.'"

The Adirondacks are now populous with hunters, and the deer are being slain by the score. Taking one summer with a hunter, I thought I would like to see whether my text was accurate in its allusion, and as I heard the dogs baying a little way off and supposed they were on the track of a deer, I said to one of the hunters in rough corduroy: "Do the deer always make for water when they are pursued?" He said: "Oh, yes, Mister; you see they are a hot and thirsty animal, and they know where the water is, and when they hear danger in the distance they lift their antlers and sniff the breeze and start for the Racquet or Loon or Saranac; and we get into our cedar shell boat or stand by the 'runway' with rifle loaded and ready to blaze away."

My friends, that is one reason why I like the Bible so much—its allusions are so true to nature. Its partridges are real partridges, its ostriches real ostriches, and its reindeer real reindeer. I do not wonder that this antlered glory of the text makes the hunter's eye sparkle and his cheek glow and his respiration quicken. To say nothing of its usefulness, although it is the most useful of all game, its flesh delicious, its skin turned into human apparel, its sinews fashioned into bow-strings, its antlers putting handles on cutlery, and the shavings of its horn used as a pungent restorative, the name taken from the hart and called hartshorn. But putting aside its usefulness, this enchanting creature seems made out of gracefulness and elasticity. What an eye, with a liquid brightness as if gathered up from a hundred lakes at sunset! The horns, a coronal branching into every possible curve, and after it seems complete ascending into other projections of exquisiteness, a tree of polished bone, uplifted in pride, or swung down for awful combat. The hart is velocity embodied. Timidity impersonated. The enchantment of the woods. Its eye lustrous in life and pathetic in death. The splendid animal a complete rhythm of muscle, and bone, and color, and attitude, and locomotion, whether couched in the grass among the shadows or a living bolt shot through the forest, or turning at bay to attack the hounds, or rearing for its last fall under the buckshot of the trapper. It is a splendid appearance that the painter's pencil fails to sketch, and only a hunter's dream on a pillow of hemlock at the foot of St. Regis is able to picture. When, twenty miles from any settlement, it comes down at eventide to the lake's edge to drink among the lily pods and, with its sharp-edged hoof, shatters the crystal of Long Lake, it is very picturesque. But only when, after miles of pursuit, with heaving sides and lolling tongue and eyes swimming in death the stag leaps from the cliff into Upper Saranac, can you realize how much David had suffered from his troubles, and how much he wanted God when he expressed himself in the words of the text: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Well, now, let all those who have coming after them the lean hounds of poverty, or the black hounds of persecution, or the spotted hounds of vicissitude, or the pale hounds of death, or who are in any wise pursued, run to the wide, deep, glorious lake of divine solace and rescue. The most of the men and women whom I happened to know at different times, if not now, have had trouble after them, sharp-muzzled troubles, swift troubles, all-devouring troubles. Many of you have made the mistake of trying to fight them. Somebody meanly attacked you and you attacked them; or they overreached you in a bargain, and you tried, in Wall street parlance, to get a corner on them, or you have had a bereavement, and, instead of being submissive you are fighting that bereavement; you charge on the doctors who failed to effect a cure; or you charge on the carelessness of the railroad company through which the accident occurred; or you are a chronic invalid, and you fret, and worry, and scold, and wonder why you cannot be well like other people, and you angrily blame the neuralgia, or the laryngitis, or the ague, or the sick headache. The fact is, you are a deer at bay. Instead of running to the waters of divine consolation, and slaking your thirst and cooling your body and soul in the good cheer of the Gospel, and swimming away into the mighty deeps of God's love, you are fighting a whole kennel of harriers.

I saw in the Adirondacks a dog lying across the road, and he seemed unable to get up, and I said to some hunters near by, "What is the matter with that dog?" They answered, "A deer hurt him." And I saw he had a great swollen paw and a battered head, showing where the antlers struck him. And the probability is that some of you might give a mighty clip to your pursuers, you might damage their business, you might worry them into ill-health, you might hurt them as much as they have hurt you, but, after all, it is not worth while. You only have hurt a hound. Better be off for the Upper Saranac, into which the mountains of God's eternal strength look down and moor their shadows. As for your physical disorders, the worst strychnine you can take is fretfulness, and the best medicine is religion. I know people who were only a little disordered, yet have fretted themselves into complete valetudinarianism, while others put their trust in God and come up from the very shadow of death, and have lived comfortably twenty-five years with only one lung. A man with one lung, but God with him, is better off than a godless man with two lungs.

I saw whole chains of lakes in the Adirondacks, and from one height you can see thirty, and there are said to be over eight hundred in the great wilderness of New York. So near are they to each other that your mountain guide picks up and carries the boat from lake to lake, the small distance between them for that reason called a "carry." And the realm of God's Word is one long chain of bright, refreshing lakes; each promise a lake, a very short carry between them, and though for ages the pursued have been drinking out of them, they are full up to the top of the green banks, and the same David describes them, and they seem so near together that in three different places he speaks of them as a continuous river, saying: "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God;" "Thou shalt make them drink of the rivers of thy pleasures;" "Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water."

But many of you have turned your back on that supply, and confront your trouble, and you are soured with your circumstances, and you are fighting society and you are fighting a pursuing world, and troubles, instead of driving you into the cool lake of heavenly comfort, have made you stop and turn around and lower your head, and it is simply antler against tooth. I do not blame you. Probably under the same circumstances I would have done worse. But you are all wrong. You need to do as the reindeer does in February and March—it sheds its horns. The Rabbinical writers allude to this resignation of antlers by the stag when they say of a man who ventures his money in risky enterprises, he has hung it on the stag's horns; and a proverb in the far East tells a man who has foolishly lost his fortune to go and find where the deer sheds her horns. My brother, quit the antagonism of your circumstances, quit misanthrophy, quit complaint, quit pitching into your pursuers, be as wise as, next spring, will be all the deer of the Adirondacks. Shed your horns.

Through Jesus Christ make this God your God and you can withstand anything and everything, and that which affrights others will inspire you. As in time of an earthquake when an old Christian woman was asked whether she was scared, answered: "No, I am glad that I have a God who can shake the world;" or, as in a financial panic, when a Christian merchant was asked if he did not fear he would break, answered: "Yes, I shall break when the fiftieth Psalm breaks in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me." Oh, Christian men and women pursued of annoyances and exasperations, remember that this hunt, whether a still hunt or a hunt in full cry, will soon be over! If ever a whelp looks ashamed and ready to sink out of sight it is when in the Adirondacks a deer by one tremendous plunge into Big Tupper Lake gets away from him. The disappointed canine swims in a little way, but, defeated, swims out again and cringes with humiliated yawn at the feet of his master. And how abashed and ashamed will all your earthly troubles be when you have dashed into the river from under the throne of God, and the heights and depths of heaven are between you and your pursuers! We are told in Revelation 22:15: "Without are dogs," by which I conclude there is a whole kennel of hounds outside the gate of heaven, or, as when a master goes in through a door, his dog lies on the steps waiting for him to come out, so the troubles of this life may follow us to the shining door, but they cannot get in. "Without are dogs!" I have seen dogs and owned dogs that I would not be chagrined to see in the heavenly city. Some of the grand old watchdogs who are the constabulary of the homes in solitary places, and for years have been the only protection for wife and child; some of the shepherd dogs that drive back the wolves and bark away the flocks from going too near the precipice; and some of the dogs whose neck and paw Landseer, the painter, has made immortal, would not find me shutting them out from the gate of shining pearl. Some of those old St. Bernard dogs that have lifted perishing travelers out of the Alpine snow; the dog that John Brown, the Scotch essayist, saw ready to spring at the surgeon lest in removing the cancer he too much hurt the poor woman whom the dog felt bound to protect, and dogs that we caressed in our childhood days, or that in later time lay down on the rug in seeming sympathy when our homes were desolated. I say, if some soul entering heaven should happen to leave the gate ajar, and these faithful creatures should quietly walk in, it would not at all disturb my heaven. But all those human or brutal hounds that have chased and torn and lacerated the world, yea, all that now bite or worry or tear to pieces, shall be prohibited. "Without are dogs!" No place there for harsh critics or backbiters or despoilers of the reputation of others.

Oh, when some of you get there it will be like what a hunter tells of when pushing his canoe far up north in the winter and amid the ice-floes, and a hundred miles, as he thought, from any other human beings! He was startled one day as he heard a stepping on the ice, and he cocked the rifle ready to meet anything that came near. He found a man, barefooted and insane from long exposure, approaching him. Taking him into his canoe and kindling fires to warm him, he restored him and found out where he had lived, and took him to his home, and found all the village in great excitement. A hundred men were searching for this lost man, and his family and friends rushed out to meet him; and, as had been agreed at his first appearance, bells were rung and guns were fired, and banquets spread. Well, when some of you step out of this wilderness, where you have been chilled and torn and sometimes lost amid the icebergs, into the warm greetings of all the villages of the glorified, and your friends rush out to give you welcoming kiss, the news that there is another soul forever saved will call the caterers of heaven to spread the banquet, and the bellmen to lay hold of the rope in the tower, and while the chalices click at the feast, and the bells clang from the turrets, it will be a scene so uplifting I pray God I may be there to take part in the celestial merriment. "Until the day break and the shadows flee away, be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."

Mr. Curzon's Salary.

The Indian vice royality was in time past regarded as the one great financial prize among satrapies, but it is understood to have become, in part, no doubt, by reason of the fall in the rupee, much reduced in value. The salary ($125,000) is not large for a functionary who has to maintain so much pomp and circumstance, but the allowances for expenses are on a very liberal scale. In the case of other governorships it is almost impossible to "do the thing well" and to effect any saving out of the salary. It may be observed that wealthy men very rarely accept these positions. In fact, it may be questioned whether a wealthy man has ever held the vice royalty of India. Lord Brassey, Lord Jersey and Lord Aberdeen, among governors, are rare exceptions, and the first named, as governor of Victoria, when the salary had been reduced from $50,000 to $35,000, refused to take it if a further reduction were made.

No Evidence.

A man was on trial in Western America on a charge of catching a certain fish that weighed less than two pounds. The constable who made the arrest testified to catching the prisoner with the fish in his possession. "Where are the fish?" asked the lawyer for the defendant. "Why, they wouldn't keep," answered the officer. "What did you do with them." "Well, I knew that they wouldn't keep, so—I—disposed of them." "But what did you do with them?" "My wife cooked them." "And you ate them?" "Yes." "Your Honor I ask that his case be dismissed." "Charge dismissed and defendant discharged," ruled the Justice of the Peace, "on ground that the arresting officer ate the evidence."—Tit-Bits.

She Lost and Won.

Her Mother—"I saw him kiss you; I am terribly shocked! I did not for a moment imagine he would dare to take such a liberty!" Herself—"Nor did I, ma—in fact, I bet him he daren't!"—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON II, OCT. 9, 2 CHRON. VII: 1-10.

Golden Text—"In All Thy Ways Acknowledge Him, and He Shall Direct Thy Paths—Prov. 3: 6"—Jehoshapnat's Good Reign.

The section includes the work of Jehoshaphat for a quarter of a century, and its influence on the kingdom of Judah (2 Chron., chaps. 17 to 20).

Suggestions to Teachers.—The second period of the history of Judah, like the first, is one of reformation and prosperity under a good king who sought to build up his people in true religion first, and then, as a natural concomitant, in education, justice, and peaceful prosperity. Here, too, as in the case of Asa, there was a flaw in the diamond, a fly in the apothecary's ointment. We naturally study the whole life of Jehoshaphat, and not merely the few selected verses, or we shall miss the meaning of this quarter of a century. We should ever keep in view what was going on in the other kingdom. The map and the chart are helpful.

Historical Setting.—Time—Jehoshaphat reigned twenty-five years, from B. C. 914 to 889, or, Rev. Chron. 876-851. Place—The kingdom of Judah. Rulers—Jehoshaphat, king of Judah; Ahab, of Israel; Benhadad I., of Syria. Homer may have, according to Herodotus, lived not far from the time of Jehoshaphat. Prophets—Elijah, in Israel; Jehu, the son of Hanani, Jehaziel, and Micaiah, in Judah.

His name means "Jehovah is judge;" was the son of Asa and Azubah. He began to reign when he was 35 years old, and reigned twenty-five years. His was one of the best and most prosperous reigns in all Judah's existence. It gives us an insight into the true road to prosperity, and by his one failure warns us against one of our chief dangers.

1. "He strengthened himself against Israel." Which nation had attacked his father Asa. He defended his borders in such a way that there was little danger of attack.

2. "He placed forces," garrisoned with troops, "in all the fenced," fortified, "cities of Judah." The fortifications which had been begun by Solomon, carried on by Rehoboam, and with less vigor by Abijah and Asa, Jehoshaphat continued on the largest scale. He built "palaces" (or "castles") and "cities of store" throughout Judah; and following the precedent "wisely" set by Rehoboam, he placed in them his six younger sons (chap. 21: 2, 3), as well as other "princes," chosen from the "host" (chap. 17: 7).—Stanley. "Set garrisons." Military posts, with commanders, soldiers, and supplies, in strategic places, in addition to the cities referred to above. "In the cities of Ephraim." Probably on the southern borders near his own kingdom. "Which Asa his father had taken." They were first taken by Asa's father Abijah (chap. 13: 19), but held, defended, and strengthened by Asa, who probably aided his father in capturing them, so that they went in his name.

3. "The Lord was with Jehoshaphat." Strengthened, blessed, defended, prospered him. Whoever is on the Lord's side is on the side of blessing. "He walked in the first ways of his father David." His active, devoted, earnest, religious ways. In all the first part of his reign till he fell in the matter of Uriah. "And sought not unto Baalim." Baalim, the plural of Baal, is used on account of the great number of images of Baal, and the various forms under which he was worshiped. Baal and its licentious worship had many attractions for the people.

4. "But sought to the Lord." To seek to the Lord is to strive to find out what God's will is, and then to do it with all the heart. "And not after the doings of Israel." "He observed with scrupulous fidelity, and employed his royal influence to support, the divine institutions as enacted by Moses, abhorring that spurious and unlawful calf worship that formed now the established religion in Israel."—D. Brown, D. D.

5. "All Judah brought . . . presents," i. e., "free-will offerings," in addition to the regular taxes. They expressed their loyalty and good-will in this way. "Riches and honor in abundance." His prosperity was greater than that of any king since the days of David and Solomon (1 Chron. 29: 28; 2 Chron. 1: 12).

6. "His heart was lifted up." Not with pride, but with courage and hope. Jehoshaphat was emboldened, by his sense of the divine favor resting upon him, to go farther than he had ventured at first. He began by setting an example of faithfulness to Jehovah. He proceeded to use his best endeavors to extirpate idolatry.—Cook. "Took away high places and groves." Or pillars of Astaroth. In chap. 20: 33, it is said that "the high places were not taken away (all of them); for as yet the people had not prepared their hearts unto the God of their fathers."

7. "Sent to his princes." The peculiar construction, which does not elsewhere occur, seems to be used in order to mark that the princes were not sent as teachers themselves, but only had the duty committed to them of seeing that the people were taught. The actual teachers were the priests and Levites of the next verse.—Cook.

7, 8. The five princes, nine Levites, and two priests, named in these verses are otherwise unknown.—Zochler. But it is a good thing to have such names go down the ages and "echo through the corridors of time."

9. "And they taught in Judah." They had a campaign of education. It was practically a Sunday-school work. Schools were instituted as the only means of making the reformation thorough and permanent. "Vice will always find opportunities; it is little use to suppress evil institutions unless the people are educated out of evil propensities. He would take away the inclination as well as the opportunity for corrupt rites."

The text-book was the "book of the law of the Lord." All of the Bible that had then been written. There was no printing, and copies were scarce and expensive. "We may be sure it was a grand and noble enterprise, and may trust that it bore along with it waves of the waters of salvation."—Cowles.

10. The fruits of the king's policy were seen in many directions. (1) "The fear of the Lord fell upon all the kingdoms." They realized the power of his blessing, and the strength of his defense, so that they dared not attack Judah, but brought presents of peace instead (v. 11). (2) It brought business and prosperity (vs. 12, 13), so that Jehoshaphat's reign was long remembered as one of proverbial splendor.

HONEY FROM THE ROCK.

Heroism cannot be estimated by the dollar.

Give no quarter to sin: it will give none to you.

War turns the tyrant inside out, revealing the slave.

There are many valuables where the wayfarer lays down his lead.

The fire of sin will not be quenched by the use of a rose-water spray.

Dandies with diamonds and toughs with tatters, all to the same hell.